

AS  
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TITLE #73

In answer to Poll Question #4b in which genre-representative authors were selected for an anthology, I picked up some classification schemes for the genre.

Specifically, Whittier, Dixon, Glycer, Chilson, Brown, Hecht, Mayer, and Covell supplied some ideas. Hecht had two categories: Old Fashioned or Psychedelic New Wave. Chilson had three: Puzzle, Action, or Hard Science. Brown had four: Adventure, Science, Fantasy, or Fine Writing. Covell: Philosophy, Ideas, Love, or Alien Romance.

Dixon has: Space Opera, Humanities, Soul-Purging, Triumph of Physics, The Outrageous, The Real, or Humor. Glycer and Whittier go all out-- as tabulated:

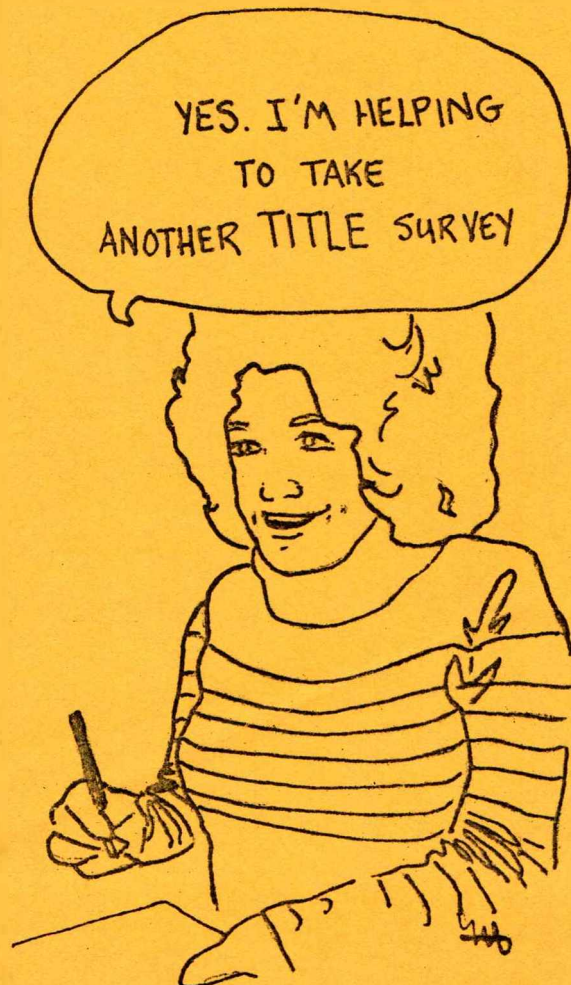
WHITTIER

GLYER

Mood	Hard Science
Insight to ESP	Idea Tripping
Blow You Away	Space Opera
Present Technology	S&S (psychological)
Fast-paced Prose	S&S (hack & slash)
World Constructs	Logical Fantasy
Violent Fantasy	Satire
Heroes	Social Commentary
Heroic Fantasy	Future War
Humor	Romantic Aliens
Warmth of Characterization	Theological
	Pretentious

THAT'S THE SINGLE POLL QUESTION FOR THIS ISSUE: HOW WOULD YOU BREAK DOWN THE GENRE OF SF & F ?

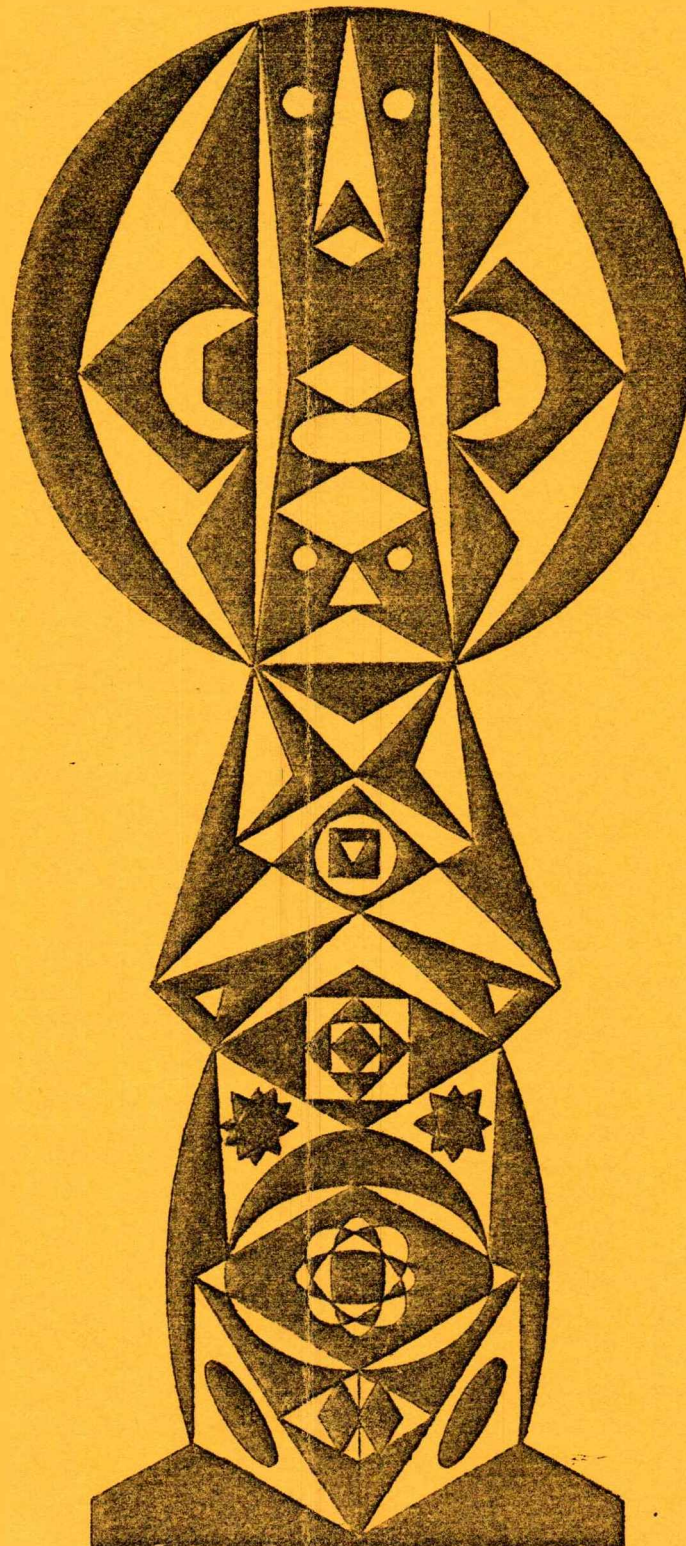
Off the top of my head I come up with this list: Space Opera, Science Ideas, S&S, Psychological/Social, Weird/Horror, Fantasy, Whimsy/Humor, Utopia/Dystopia, Alien-Human Interaction, and Sardonic. I wonder if a non-overlapping list is even possible?





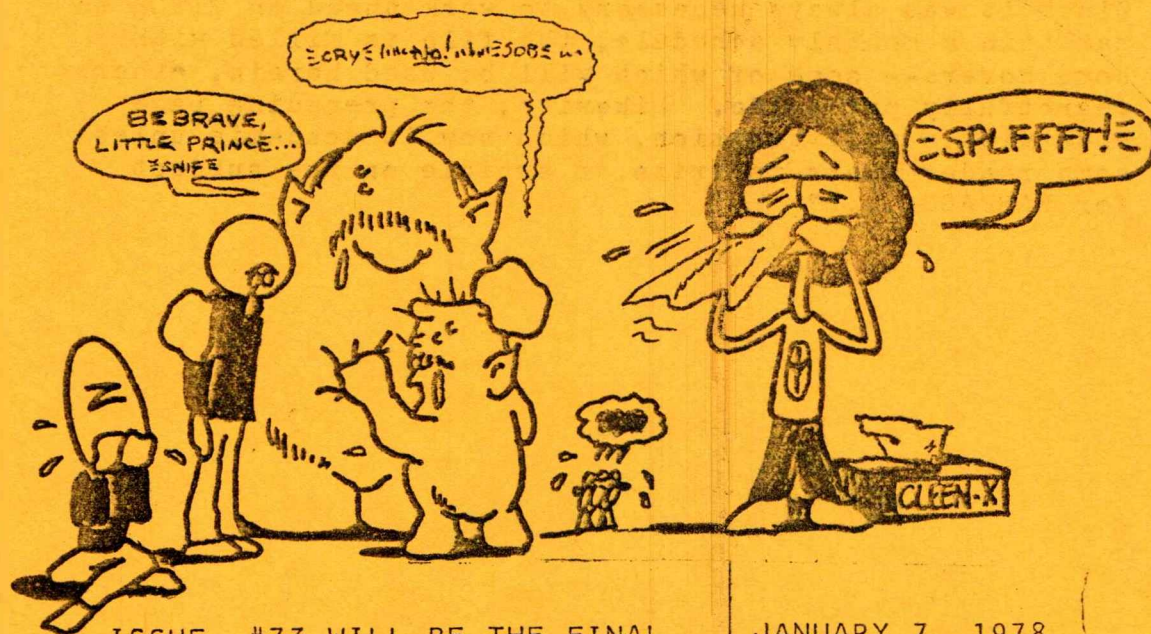
A.O.T.  
1:30 P.M.  
6-21-77

Since it was always necessary to work ahead on TITLE to maintain a monthly schedule, the file is filled with some covers-- some of which will be used herein, others regretfully put aside. Likewise, the preceding page ends with a poll question, which now is academic unless some reader wants to write an article on the subject for FARRAGO.....??



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ISSUE #73 WILL BE THE FINAL  
ISSUE OF TITLE. CONTRIBUTIONS  
WILL BE RETURNED.

JANUARY 7, 1978

TO EXPLAIN ... With most of TITLE 73 already done, and TITLE 72 completed, I ran into a very unusually tiring week beginning February 6th. I was physically exhausted and depressed because of a personal frustration having to do with the day by day encroachment of my "office" or den at home. I could very seldom play my hi-fi system, and hardly ever sit down at the typewriter for some quiet LoC sorting and stencil typing. This encroachment has been gradually growing worse over a two year period, and has caused me to attempt a back and forth from family room to den, back and forth from moved typewriter to the files. Gradually I took to running off TITLE pages on the Xerox machine at work, since stencils couldn't be cut at home. Gradually, since the files of LoCs were not at work where the masters for the Xerox were made, I was compelled to rely less and less on segmented LoC quotes and more and more on contributions of one sort or another easily carried from home to work. Grumblings from the readers as this shift became noticeable.... Grumblings from the wife as more and more it became evident that my fanac was costing money, and my guilt at certain deprivations thereto, and my inner complaint that I wasn't buying records and books anymore. And a nagging worry that TITLE was growing a bit stale in the ranks of readers who, above all, like most people, enjoy novelty.

Though I'm not sick, or drugged, or injured by accident, most rationalizations above would be just that-- if it were not for their additions to my fatigued bodily (and mental, too) state. But add everything together, and in that fateful week I came to a decision on a matter that had been bothering me for some months. I said to myself, well, I've got to quit sometime-- there's no putting off that final moment. So why not now? And I did! TITLE had a built-in, self-imposed deadline. Were the zine to become irregular in appearance, it definitely would no longer be TITLE. But FARRAGO, on the other hand, has no deadline. As my spirits rise, as time is available, as it's a 100% Xerox zine anyway, I feel FARRAGO can continue-- and it will. Perhaps it will take on a little of the informality of TITLE. Who knows, maybe there'll be at



some future date, a personalzine issued by the Wilde Pickle Press-- perhaps called AITOI in remembrance of things past. Perhaps a kind of Ned Brooksonian It Comes in the Mail with variations...

Obviously then, I am not tired of fans, fanac, SF -- just tired. Also, the fact that this last issue appears in April has no bearing on the matter. If the encroachment at home disappears (as I'm sure it will at some unknown date) and as, I hope, that my energy is in surplus after growing affairs at the museum reach a peak and subside, I will resume the fanzine game. Meanwhile I hope I can loc more often and knock out some "droll" Brazier pieces.



With a thankyou for all the phone calls & letters that have come in, and an apology for any worry caused, let's leave the subject and go on to other things...

#### MORE ON THE KINDRED POLL

Quite some time ago TITLERS filled out a "profile" data sheet. It might be interesting I thought to see if there were a correlation between the fans in CLIQUE #1 and their replies to the "profile" (as compared with Non-Clique #1 fans' replies). There were 12 of the Clique and 24 of the non-Clique whose "profiles" were on hand.

Here are some differences that may or may not be really significant in the statistical sense: 1) The C#1 averaged about 6 years older, and were born 1 1/2 months earlier in the year; 2) A larger percentage of C#1 were still in school- 39%

to 17%; 3) None of C#1 were unemployed as compared to 33%; 4) Oddly, I think, since I'm in the C#1 and intensely interested in science, only 68% likewise were as compared to 92% of the others; 5) C#1 are 58% eye-glass people as compared to 71% of the others; 6) The C#1 group favor peanut butter, 75% to 67%.

Showing the validity of the "profile" and the poll, we find that Clique #1 group split half and half between favoring novels or short stories, whereas the others give a whopping 91% to novels! No difference at all was shown in numbers who had some college, or were working full-time, or going to SF cons, or liking the color green or blue.

MYSTERIOUS LETTER FROM LOS ANGELES... Envelope stamp uncanceled, this legend in lower left corner; RE: RED HAired FAN FUND. Inside, no further message, just a glob of red curly short hairs. I'd say, to be very much in good taste, that the hairs came from a clipped beard-- just about the color of that facial stuff on the visage of Don Ayres, a resident of that part of the country. I shall forward this donation to the man most in need-- Ben Indick.





TITLE



TITLE #73 FINAL ISSUE APRIL 1978 MAILED IN MARCH

T I T L E

Front cover... Dave Moyer    Back cover... Ken Hahn  
AITOI... screamer by Buzz Dixon    Pollster- Hank Heath  
"Cut-glass" creature -- Fred Jakobic  
Group of mourners - Ken Hahn    Smoker - Barry MacKay  
Fantasy cover - Steve Sneyd    SF cover - Joyce Ryan  
Onion man - Barry MacKay...    Title? - Mike Bracken  
Too slow - Tody Kenyon    Hair with girl- Steve McDonald  
Bubble-spitter-- Simon Agree    SCA - Hank Heath  
Crab Monster- Steve McDonald    Beanie - Bill Bliss  
"Dog"-- Teresa Nielsen    Fan w/ beanie- Barry MacKay  
Space Scenes - Morris Dollens  
Wrinkled Man - Barry Kent MacKay    Bird- Pam Sneed





Still ATTOI... Mike Glicksohn sent me another edition of SNAPSHOTS before he found out about TITLE's demise... While waiting for his permission, I have already done it up for FARRAGO #7. That zine will shift a little in its content-- less fiction and some of TITLE's columns and departments. I have asked Eric Mayer to continue his "Crab Nebula" in FARRAGO. By the way, loccing won't get you FARRAGO. Editorial whim, a printed contribution of some substance, or 75¢ is what it'll take. Back to Mike's fanzine reviews in FARRAGO 7... He ended the column with these words: "Lots of other good fanzines out this month but seven of them being a lucky number, this is a good place to stop. With the perversity of faneds, though, next month I'll probably have nothing but TITLE to review!" Ironic....

Gee, the demise prompted this from Mary Long: "...so much for my modest ambition to appear in Title's 'centre spread'. Alas, as the Bard would have said, for o'erweening ambition..." Take heart, Mary; I'm sure somewhere out there is a faned with a 'centre spread' proposition...

Marty Levine said: "...how about filling all 24 pages with yourself for a finale in T73? Tell us how the 6 years were." Well, maybe sometime in FARRAGO--and maybe a reprint now and then from an old TITLE...

Dave Szurek always wrote long, long letters, filled with minor but excellent essays almost impossible to condense and too long to print in full. I'll miss them, Dave. At the end of his last LoC he asks: "I guess I'll never learn now, but I've occasionally wondered if faneds covered by Glicksohn are sent a sample copy..?" At the beginning, no, because my print run was used up; lately, yes. From 150, TITLE's circulation dropped to 115, well on the way to my goal of 100...

What's this, what's this? A very red postcard from Jodie Offutt at the Funny Farm contains a caption 'balloon' with a series of... #&@%!/ø.. and a penned message: "What! No More Title!"

My apologies to all those readers (creatures of habit?) who, after noting Title's passing, went on to LoC the zine without any chance of future printing. Of course, the editor's not dead and enjoyed all the comments, regardless. Still...there's really no reason to LoC this last issue unless you simply want to brighten my day.

In the latest BOCWAT, Garth Danielson wrote on my part in the 'Glicksohn Death' affair. I forgave him, not for the hoax but for the worrisome night he caused me. Only Glicksohn would have the right to forgive the hoax. If my action was condescending, so be it-- a minor attitude considering what I really felt toward Garth and James A. Hall. Yes, I could have telephoned, but I was too scared to find out on the phone that the death might be true.

TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	"C.D.Doyle's UNTITLED POEM is not what
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	it purports to be. Here is an untitled
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	poem. You will notice that I retained
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	C.D.'s rhyme scheme." -- Marty Helgesen
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	
TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	TITLE	

I forgot some correlations on the Clique #1 versus Others. You'll note that 25% of the so-called Clique are Canadians; this compares to 4% of the others. Also there's 17% female to 8% in the remainder. Ah, 42% of the Clique list music as another hobby as against 25% in the Others. Drinking & eating preferences are about the same in both groups, though none vehemently disliked peanut butter whereas 13% of the others did.

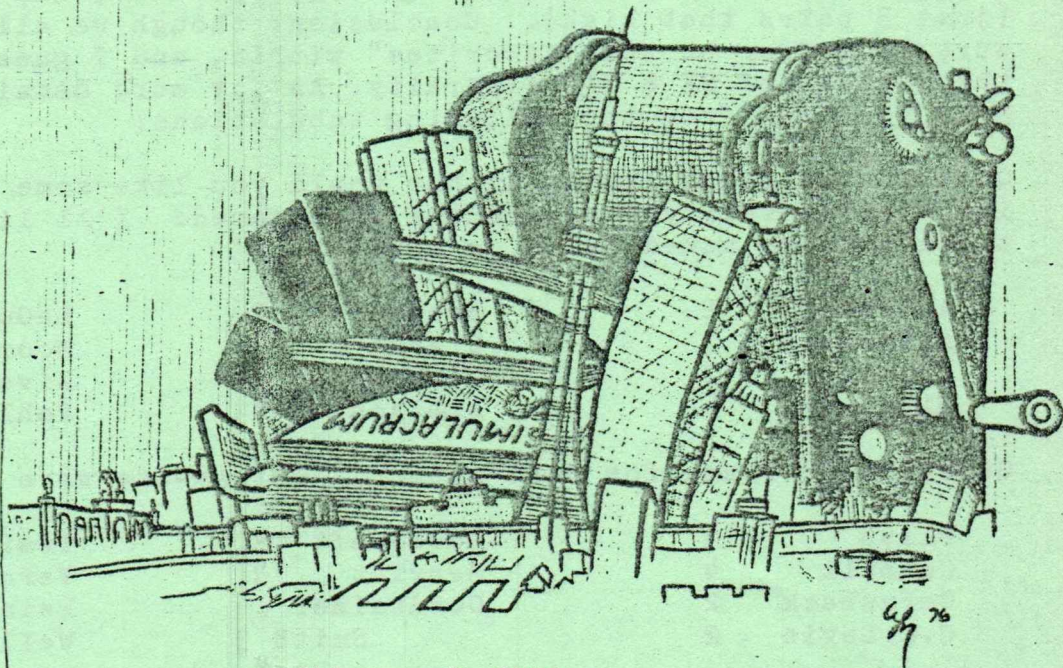
Speaking of eating...Steve McDonald, the jasper from Jamaica, wrote: "I am the guy who ate two eighteen inch full house pizzas in one night. I spoke with an Italian accent and burped pastrami for two whole weeks." A very accomplished fellow and the thought of Italian on top of his English (?) accent is mind boggling enough but nothing compared to his burping pastrami while strumming his ever-present guitar.

This

may be the end of ATTOI...yes.



victoria vayne  
p o box 156 stn d  
toronto ontario



February 4, 1978

Dear Donn;

You challenge us, in T71, to ramble on about what we thought was significant about the year 1977. Okay...

Fanzines...Several great issues of MYTHOLOGIES; continued good issues of titles like NOTA, MAYA, KNIGHTS; the closing down of SPANISH INQUISITION. Finally, after long-time promising, two significant issues surface in 1977--Moshe Feder's PLACEBO 5, and Taral's DELTA PSI 1. Bruce Arthurs gets his FANTHOLOGY 75 out about a year late; I get my FANTHOLOGY 76 out in the right year. Best? I'm partial to MYTHOLOGIES 11 for the winner, with DELTA PSI 1 a good second. Of course I'm even more partial to FANTHOLOGY 76 but then I'm prejudiced.

Best first issue for 1977 has to be Neil Ballantyne's TIN WOODMAN 1; most promising, then, if you want to argue with me on "best". Allyn Cadogan & Bill Gibson's GENRE PLAT is a possible strong contender for "best" here too. No candidates from me about "fastest rising" fan; although a number of people who increased their activity in good ways in 1977 include Carl Bennett, Avedon Carol. On the decline, now--seems many formerly super-active people have gone on to pro-dom or semigafia or temporary semigafia, or whatever. Glicksohn isn't writing as many LoCs as he used to. Also reducing their amount of fanac during the course of 1977 are Suzle Tompkins & Jerry Kaufman with the folding of SPANINQ; Linda Bushyager with the announced folding of KARASS. Whatever happened to Jon Singer? Bill Bowers? Tony Cvetko?

1977 has to be the year of the Women's Apa and increasing interest in feminist matters in fandom. A year of migration or planned migration of various east coast fans to the west coast.-

Media...STAR WARS, of course, and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS; and some miscellaneous turkeys. I ignored the crap on TV. Likewise the sci-fi spinoff "music" on the top forty in the wake of the success of STAR WARS. CLOSE ENCOUNTERS is a flick I thought would be a colossal turkey and it turned out not to be--a fun, enjoyable movie with some nice things in it, even though it's no STAR WARS.

*Victoria*



## RESULTS OF THE SF POLL

Introduction: Excluding question 4b which called for authors to go in-to a "dream" anthology to represent the SF & F genre, there were 21 bits upon which people could agree/disagree. Roughly, no greater than 1/3 agreement among the most "kindred spirits", and mighty few of them (just 3 pairs that high). Conclusion: though we all like the genre we sure do differ on the "favorites" within, and I guess that explains the success of SF & F's diversity. As for more detailed conclusions, draw your own from the following tabulations:

Question 1a (What living author would you like some private conversation with?) Thirty-four authors were named. I'll list alphabetically those authors named twice or more:

Anderson	2	Bradbury	2	LeGuin	5
Asimov	3	Clarke	2	Moorcock	2
Bradley	2	Dick	2	Niven	2
Bloch	4	Ellison	6	Pohl	2

Question 1b (Same for dead author) Thirty-one were named:

Blish	4	Lovecraft	3	Twain	2
Cambell	4	Merritt	3	Verne	2
Gernsback	2	Cordwainer		Weinbaum	3
C.S.Lewis	2	Smith	3	Wells	4

Question 2a (Favorite five novels) 164 different novels named:  
(Listing only those novels with 3 or more votes)

Dispossessed	5	Moon is a Harsh Mistress	6
Dune	3	More than Human	3
Foundation Trilogy	3	1984	3
Left Hand of Darkness	4	Ship of Ishtar	3
Lord of the Rings	6	Stars My Destination	5
Man in the High Castle	3	To Your Scattered Bodies Go	3
Martian Chronicles	4		

Question 2b (Favorite five short-stories) 135 different stories named. (Listing those with 2 or more votes.)

All You Zombies	2	Moon Moth	3
By His Bootstraps	3	Martian Odyssey	3
Black Destroyer	2	Morning Comes Mistfall	2
Colour out of Space	3	Nightfall	8
Deathbird	2	Repent Harlequin...	3
Driftglass	2	Rose for Ecclesiastes	3
I Have No Mouth...	2	Star	2
Little Black Bag	2	Who Goes There	5

Question 3 (Favorite SF/F film) Twenty-two were named, and CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND had not yet been released:

Dark Star	2	THX-1138	2
Forbidden Planet	4	2001	13
Star Wars	12		



Question 4a (Selection of artist for a one-man show) Twenty-eight artists were named:

Barr	4	Fabian	3
Bonestell	2	Frazetta	3
DiFate	2	Freas	2
Dillon, Leo & Dianne	2	Paul	3

Question 4b (What authors would be in an anthology to represent the diverse aspects of the SF & F genre?) - 123 authors were named; all those getting 5 or more votes will be listed:

Asimov	11	Farmer	7	Niven	7
Anderson	7	Heinlein	19	Sturgeon	10
Bradbury	13	Howard	5	Sheckley	5
Brown, Fred	5	Lafferty	6	Silverberg	5
Bloch	7	Lovecraft	11	Smith, E.E.	9
Clarke	10	LeGuin	12	Wilhelm	5
Dick	6	Moorcock	6	Wells	8
Ellison	19	Norton	5	Kornbluth	5
				Vance	5

Question 5 (If all books in your collection had to go, which one would you absolutely not part with?) This question caused a minor revolution in the ranks; 9 people absolutely refused to reply to this heart-rending possibility. ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE achieved 7 votes. Only three others had two votes, a sizable spread from the Number One choice: STARS MY DESTINATION, CYBERIAD, and TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE.

Question 6 (Worst book ever read) There was absolutely no agreement, i.e. no book received more than one vote. 43 books were named, and 8 people did not have a "worst favorite".

Question 7 (At that GreatCon you were to select 5 fan Guest-of-Honor) A poll-taker should disqualify himself when he's eligible for votes; I have done so, even though picking up some votes. The five fan GoH's will be:

Bob Tucker	16
Harry Warner	14
Mike Glicksohn	10
Walt Willis	9
Gil Gaier	8

There were a total of 92 people named; among them are Titlers and Non-Titlers. In no particular order, here are people who received 2 votes or more:

Susan Wood	3	Terry Carr	3	Bill Bowers	2
Bob Shaw	7	Jodie Offutt	3	Bill Rotsler	2
Richard Bergeron	3	Terry Jeeves	3	Ed Cagle	2
Mae Strelkov	4	Victoria Vayne	3	Gene Wolfe	2
Ben Indick	5	Don D'Amassa	3	Jackie Causgrove	4
Buck Coulson	3	Forry Ackerman	3	Harlan Ellison	2
Richard Geis	3	Paul Walker	4	Don C. Thompson	2
Lee Hoffman	5	Sheryl Birkhead	2	Sam & Mary Long	2

Regular Titlers picking up at least 1 vote: Robert Whitaker, Rob Chilson, Gary Grady, Ned Brooks, Ian Covell, Richard Brandt, CD Doyle, Randy Reichardt, Buzz Dixon, Brian Earl Brown, and Anna Schoppenhorst.



Comparing all bits (except those in question 4b about what authors would be included in an SF anthology) of each respondent with each other respondent, we find the matching number of bits in the chart (where readers' names intersect). Example: Cox & Brazier jibe on 5 bits; Stoelting & Szurek on 2 bits.

Of these 12 pairs it is interesting to see that 12 individuals are represented in cross-connections. This might be called

16											
	17										
4		18									
3	3		19								
1	1	1		20							
	2	1	3		21						
	1	1	3	3		22					

Clique #1. It includes: Cox, Boutillier, Brazier, Vayne, Whittier, Doyle, Heath, Hecht,

[illegible]



I have ranked the adj. scores. Thus, Boutillier is highest (#1) & Grady is lowest (#46). The lower your number the higher you rank in thinking like everyone else.

NAME	RAW SCORE	INFO BITS	ADJ SCORE	RANK
Andrus, Reed	57	25	42.9	31
Palazs, Frank	80	22	68.5	12
Beatty, Allan	22	14	29.6	38
Boutillier, Lester	110	20	103.6	1
Brazier, Donn	107	22	91.6	3
Brooks, Ned	50	20	47.1	27
Brown, Brian Earl	20	17	22.2	41
Chilson, Robert	54	25	40.7	35
Cox, Brett	67	19	66.4	13
Cuthbert, Chester	23	21	20.6	42
Covell, Ian	27	16	31.8	36
Deindorfer, Gary	50	21	44.9	29
Dixon, Buzz	85	20	80.1	6
Doyle, Carolyn	78	26	56.5	18*
Franson, Donald	5	6	15.7	45
Garrett, Glenn	55	21	49.3	25
Glyer, Michael	68	24	53.3	22*
Grady, Gary	2	4	9.5	46
Heath, Hank	83	20	78.2	7
Hecht, Jeff	77	16	90.6	4
Jakobcic, Fred	51	18	53.3	22*
Jeeves, Terry	30	21	26.9	40
Larson, Randall	79	21	70.9	10
Levine, Marty	20	20	18.9	44
Libe, Burt	30	20	28.3	39
Long, Mary	2	2	19.0	43
Long, Sam	52	13	75.3	8*
Macdonald, Taral	80	20	75.3	8*
Mayer, Eric	60	20	56.5	18*
Meadows, Jim	75	20	70.6	11
McDonald, Steve	50	23	41.0	33
Palmer, Pauline	35	12	54.9	20
Reichardt, Randy	83	19	82.3	5
Szurek, Dave	44	17	48.8	26
Shoemaker, Michael	48	21	43.0	30
Stoelting, Wally	26	12	40.8	34
Tackett, Roy	33	20	31.1	37
Thiel, John	46	21	41.2	32
Thornhill, Ira	72	25	54.2	21
Vayne, Victoria	80	29	51.9	24
Warner, Harry	62	20	58.4	16
Whitaker, Robert	60	19	59.5	15
White, Laurine	51	21	45.7	28
Whittier, Terry	74	21	66.3	14
Wolfe, Gene	61	20	57.5	17
Wooster, Martin	64	12	100.4	2

\* Indicates a tie rank.



As educated folk like the readers of TITLE will know, snapshots were originally called daguerrotypes: since the only fanzines on hand that merit a mention here are ones I've already discussed in this column, the temporary change of name seemed appropriate. Hopefully the new year will bring a new batch of fanzines: heaven knows, we need a little fresh blood.

About the last of the big, snazzy mimeo genzines is SIMULACRUM from Victoria Vayne. Number 7 has been out for some time now but it is still available and worth getting. With multi-colour mimeography of superb quality, lots of artwork (much of which is good), and eighty-six pages, this is a weighty tome indeed. Contents feature long editorial ramblings of a personal nature interspersed through many pages of letters on previous issues. But the letters often form mini-articles and are grouped into topics so one doesn't need to have seen #6 to appreciate what is going on. Articles on women, friendship, dogs, and a brilliant piece by Darrel Schweitzer on disgusting toys, plus fanzine reviews round out the issue. Not a typical SIM but a very solid, surprisingly balanced fanzine worth getting.

Doug Fratz continues to take THRUST along the road towards semi-pro status and #9 is a definite step forward. Offset, nicely designed and featuring good graphics and artwork, the issue highlights an article by and interview with Norman Spinrad which will probably tell you more than you ever really wanted to know but is still good reading. Other material: Ted White's column on HEAVY METAL, an intelligent piece on the non-SF fiction of Dean Koontz, a brilliant comic strip by Stiles, a tripartite look at STAR WARS which includes White's rather negative analysis of the film's faults, a very provocative essay about the worst aspects of fans & fandom by Dave Bischoff along with letters, reviews and fillers. It's a jam-packed issue sure to contain much to entertain and infuriate every reader and I recommend it highly.

QUANTUM v2 n3 is, unfortunately, not quite up to the usual standards of this Cincinnati-based genzine. Q has dropped from its original six editors to just half that number and yet it hasn't, as I'd expected, become stronger in the process. This issue has a good general editorial, fanzine notes, the mandatory STAR WARS review, a good lettercolumn including a typically Ellisonian loc, and two pieces of fan fiction. Compared to the two previous fanzines I've mentioned it simply lacks density. Good light reading, but not up to par for Q.

I probably ought not to review AMOR, the ultimate personalzine from Susan Wood, but in a time of relative paucity of good fanwriting it's hard to pass AMOR by without singing its praises. In #16 Susan writes with typical skill and enthusiasm about life, music, people, and a friend's victory over cancer. AMOR exudes a love of life and a positive belief that things will work out for the best and contains some of the best personal writing in fandom. It's much like Close Encounters of the Personalzine Kind and if you can get on the mailing list, it'll be worth it.

With #3 ROTHNIUM continues to be an attractive and readable fanzine coming from Dave Hull and (dropping out with this issue) Andy Forgrave. It is even more impressive when one realizes the editors are only fifteen and are working essentially in a vacuum, having little if any contact with other fans and fanzines. In this issue Don D'Amassa dissects and finds wanting the fiction of William Cochrane, a Fortean writes about the work of Charles Fort but doesn't proselytise, there is advice for would-be writers from Wayne Hooks (?!), and fiction, reviews and letters. ((I feel it necessary at this point to remind TITLE readers that only remarks bracketed in double parentheses are the comments of TITLE's editor. Like this.)) It's a competent read and an admirable job: if Dave sticks with it, he'll be a faned to watch in the next few years.

While one cannot say anything really negative about BSFAN #8 from Mike Kurman, it's hard to find much to be enthusiastic about either. The Stiles cover is fine and the coloured back cover is intriguing but the contents are rather inconsequential at best. A rambling readable editorial covers SUNCON and some recent films, Steve Brown tells about the Milford-Clarion anniversary gettogether, a piece on locating used books, a droll article by multi-talented Steve Stiles about his adventures with a friend's snake, an often funny adaptation of official government ad-



vice to babysitters by Anna and C.D. ((Schoppenhorst and Doyle)) and fanzine reviews and letters. Nothing bad, but little that's really outstanding either. Much like the majority of fanzines, come to think of it.

It would seem that not only has the influx of fanzines diminished of late but also the number of new fanzines has dropped too. If this keeps up, I'll either have to review RIVERSIDE QUARTERLY or start publishing myself! Ulp! ...ENERGUMEN 16 anyone? ((You could review FARRAGO but I would rather see NERG 16.))

((Mike's note accompanying the above column: "The very first thing I wrote last year was a column for you, so it seems fitting that the first output for 1978 is also an installment of my TITLE contribution. As a math teacher, I enjoy patterns and symmetry! ... Being perceptive, you'll no doubt already have observed that I'm still alive. It seems James and Garth thought this death hoax was a real thigh-slapper and all fandom would just enjoy it all to hell. Needless to say I wasn't amused. They quickly apologized and the whole incident is over. The weird thing is they meant it as a compliment.)))

+ + + + +

In Response to OUT OF PRINT  
by Wayne DeVette

((In T-70 Rick Stoker took issue with Harry Warner on the "impermanence" of SF short-stories, Rick's thesis being that SF short stories were (and are) the most popular genre for anthologization (if that's a word.)))

I am in full agreement with Rick's observation.

I myself read pulp magazines often. There is a demand for pulps of all kinds, some more than others, perhaps, but nevertheless a demand. I would say that stories from the more popular SF pulps are read more often ((because of anthologies?)), but out there somewhere there is someone reading a SF story in some old and decaying pulp magazine. I compiled a list of over 300 titles, using dealer lists. Now keep in mind that these 300 titles are ones that dealers sell. Think of the countless 100s of other pulps that were printed and forgotten. But someone is reading or has read these pulps.

I, too, have paid high prices for AMAZING STORIES from the early 1950's. Some dealer thought just because they were AMAZING STORIES, they were worth more. ((Does SF pulp command a generally higher price than other pulps?)) I have since stopped paying more than \$2-\$3 for AMAZINGS from that time. But dealers will never learn; that is why you pay upwards of 100 bucks for copies of WEIRD TALES. Granted, some are worth that much, but because WT published Lovecraft, Howard, Bloch, etc. dealers assume that any issue is a collectors' item. ((Would dealers have such inflated prices if buyers refused to shell out? Just today I received in the mail a tabloid adv of SF mags & books from HJMR, PO Box 610308, N.Miami, FL 33161, and looking over the lists I find quite a variety of prices for SF magazines by the issue date. Prices vary according to condition, but picking out some examples all marked 'good' I find a Feb 1938 ASTOUNDING sells for \$7 and March, same year, sells for \$7.50. Examining this price list more closely I see that the largest factor in same year issues is the condition. Looking at the prices asked I shed tears (well, almost) to think that I once had all those old WT's, ASTOUNDINGS, UNKNOWNNS-- even the first issue of AMAZING, 1926. Well, I was young once, too-- all things pass...))

SIMULACRUM, Box 156 Stn D, Toronto Ont.  
M6P 3J8, Canada. 86pp mimeo, 2 or 3 per year. Usual or \$2.50

THRUST, Box 746, Adelphi MD 20783. 48pp much-reduced offset. Twice yearly. \$1 $\frac{1}{2}$  or 4/\$4. Some usual.

QUANTUM, 3904 W. Liberty St., Cincinnati OH 45205. 34pp offset (9"x7"). Quarterly. Usual, \$1

AMOR, Susan Wood, Dept. of English, U.B.C. Vancouver B.C. Canada V6T 1W5. 10pp mimeo. Irregular/frequent. Editorial whim only.

ROTHNIUM, Box 471, Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada N4K 5P7. 60pp offset. Quarterly. \$1 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 4/\$4, usual.

BSFAN, 6633A Glenbarr Ct., Baltimore MD 21234. 30pp mimeo, three a year. 25¢ or usual.



TO AVERT CATASTROPHE  
THIS MUST BE PRINTED  
WHILE THERE IS YET TIME

I mean, there I was at the Gates.  
And there was the Man. Peter,  
right? There he was, sitting on  
the other side of the Gates, feet  
on the old oaken desk.

I cleared my throat several times  
but Peter just sat there, occas-  
ionally reaching for his beer and  
chuckling in between mouthfuls. I  
peered at that giant desk. On one  
side lay mint copies of HYPHEN,  
TRUMPET, OUTWORLDS and GRANFALLOON  
while on the other side a stack of  
ENERGUMEN, WARHOON, FAPA Mailings,  
and the latest APA-H Mailing. In  
his hands, the latest LOCUS.

Then he spied me. "Ah, your name?"

"Stoelting, Wally," I said.

"Who? Oh, never mind. Lemme see."  
Reaching down, Peter pulled a draw-  
er four feet and began going  
through file cards.

"Let's see, Stoelting...WAHFS...  
locs... Noreascon... SAPS member..  
pubs fanzines...hmmm..good, good..  
ah.. Oh-Oh."

Looking up at me were two eyes.  
Sad, but accusing eyes.

"You've never had a loc printed in  
TITLE!"

There it was. My whole fannish  
career, and the one failure I could  
never live down was now haunting  
me in death.

"You're blushing," said Peter.

-- WALLY STOELTING 1/23

+ + + + +  
TO C.D.-- UNPOEMED TITLE  
by Hank Heath

UNOFFICIAL  
PRINCESS  
OF  
FANDOM

++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++ ++



BURIED ON MARS -- MARTY LEVINE

A recent comment in TITLE: Would  
you leave Earth to go live on an-  
other planet?

Donn, at one point I entertained  
the notion of being buried on  
Mars. Yep, the subject of destiny  
would come up and I'd proudly pro-  
claim my otherworldly intentions.  
For various reasons my mother took  
exception to this notion-- other  
than its unfeasibility. I remain-  
ed undaunted, and my mother re-  
mained unworried; parents can be  
proud of their children's dreams  
while being convinced that they  
are follies.

This was some years ago, when I  
valued my aloneness more than I  
do today. Being buried on Mars,  
as I look back, must have been a  
glory in death I could not achieve  
in life. . . "Bury me on Mars,  
dammit, you screwed me in life!"  
"You" were people, nameless and  
dim figures who didn't know me  
and who I thought I knew all too  
well.

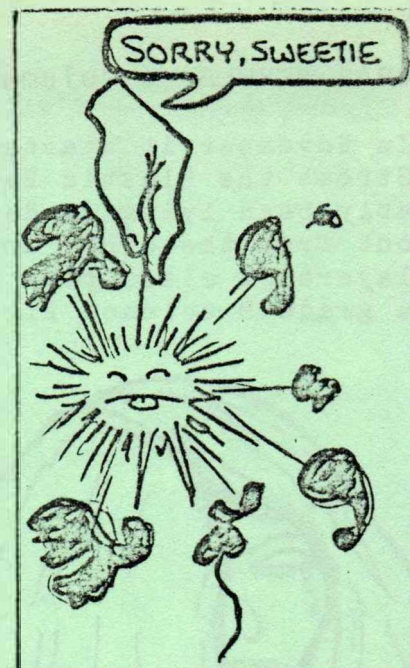
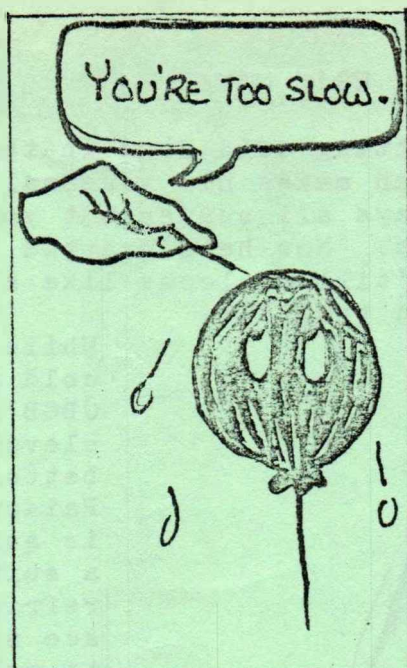
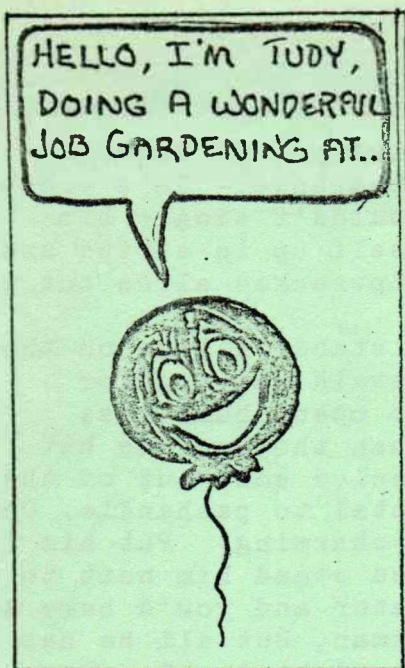
I grew up of course, and so did  
all the people around me. But  
it wasn't until twelfth grade  
that I found out what friendship  
was all about. Last year I fell  
in love with some people amid the  
emotional trauma of pubbing a  
high school daily paper and month-  
ly magazine. And I found out two  
very important things.

First, that the surest bond be-  
tween two people is silence. If  
you can be comfortable in silence  
with someone, then you have found  
a person with whom you can feel  
good in many other situations.

And second, that people are what  
count; people are all that count.  
How much I missed in those early  
years! I don't want to be buried  
on Mars. I don't think I ever  
want to be buried.

Yeah, but  
what's its  
TITLE?





# "YOU'RE TOO SLOW" BY TUDY KENYON

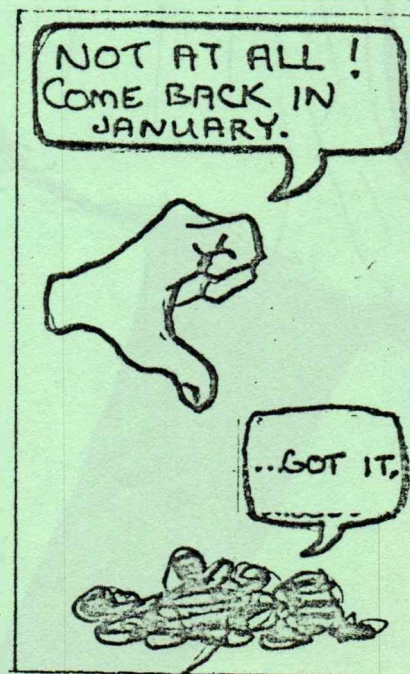
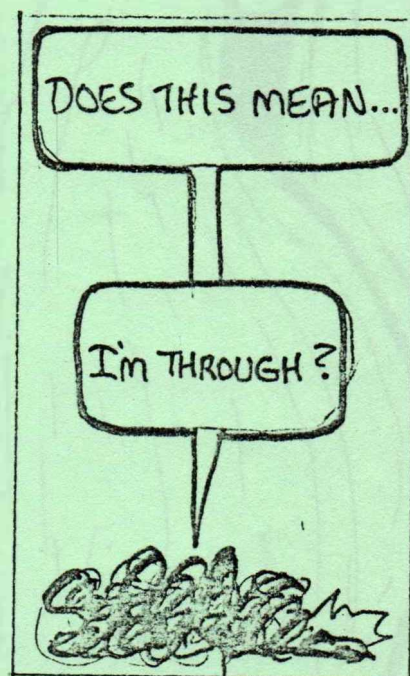
*I just can't believe you never got that letter I wrote two summers ago-- one of my better efforts with a cartoon depicting my adventures as the gardener of Mrs. \$ Zabruskie. The experience was all such a trauma, I knew you'd appreciate it. Shall I tell you the story again....?*

Two Julys ago, I got this job gardening for a lady in town. Quite a big place, three days a week, weeding, trimming. No problem, she had millions of gardening tools, but no patience with gardening. No matter, I was thrilled.

I am a perfectionist in some things and one is getting every weed out of a flower bed-- not just chopped down, that is so crass, but dug right out. (From a flower bed, you understand, personally, I adore weeds and have a large weed patch by my house.) So I was right there working every second, methodically moving among the weeds and showing off the flowers. I was doing such a superb job that I couldn't help thinking how Mrs. Zabruskie would think her gardens had never looked so beautiful, and I perhaps the most talented gardener she'd ever had.

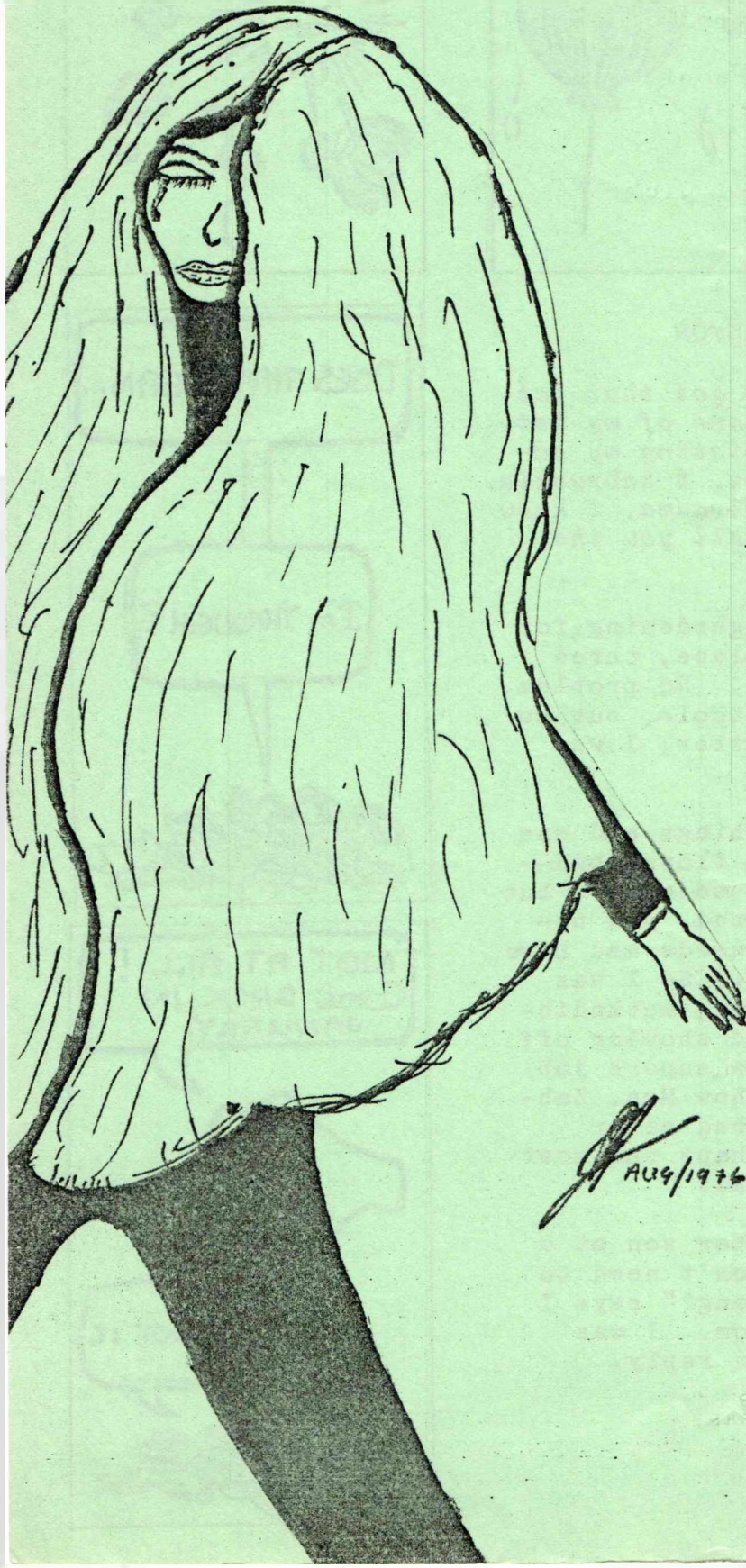
Two weeks later, talking with her son at a local beanery, he said: "You don't need to come for a while." "What's wrong?" says I with a feeling of impending doom. I was absolutely thunderstruck at his reply.

"You're too slow," says he.





In November it starts getting cold down in the Bowery. On Bleeker Street the Plastic Bag Man makes his seasonal appearance. He's probably been lying in doorways all summer but you couldn't single him out from the other drunks. Now he's wrapped himself up in strips and layers of clear plastic 'till he looks like a shipwrecked alien out of a grade B science fiction thriller.



While we stand in line on the cold sidewalk waiting for CBGB's to open, bums less clever than the Bag Man but better heeled come out of the Palace Hotel to panhandle. One is quite charming. Put him in a suit and stand him next to a refrigerator and you'd have an ace salesman, but all he has to sell tonight is his own neediness and and no one's buying.

"You must be Cher," he tells Kathy a dozen times as he works his way up and down the line, smiling, joking, sipping from a brown paper bag while we shiver. "You're a lucky man," he tells me. "You know that?" I say, "Yes" but when he asks if I have a quarter I have to say, "No."

After a while he gets tired and asks what we're all doing down here in the dark, in the Bowery, next to the Palace Hotel, on the sidewalk covered with broken wine bottles and spilled garbage that doesn't stink much only because it's frozen solid. So someone tells him and he laughs.

"You waitin' down here for dead boys? Man, you crazy."

Maybe. Inside, the bar it's hot. As we go past what looks like the control panel of a spaceship, I can feel the heat coming off the equipment. "We got a whole recording studio here," one of the engineers tells me, going into ANALOG type of details I don't understand. "We got a hundred thousand dollar sound system here." It's probably worth more than the building.



The room is long, narrow, cramped. Tiny, rickety tables are shoved up close to the stage. There's no room to move between them. They wobble on warped floorboards, threatening to spill their candle decked beer bottles. One of the bottles finally does fall over as someone squeezes by. The candle flame sputters out in the stale beer that leaks out onto the scratched table top.

I sip my beer and look around. The beer is expensive for a slum bar but then CBGB's isn't just any slum bar. It's the center of the American punk rock revolution. Bands play here and end up with recording contracts. Next thing you know they're bubbling under BILLBOARD's top 200 and touring England. You see them pictured in rock magazines. The musicians can almost pay their rent. People come down to CBGB's searching for talent. PEOPLE. Kathy tells me she sat with Rick Derringer and his wife one night. I try to translate that into SF terms. Maybe it would be like sitting next to George R.R. Martin at a convention banquet. Neither idea thrills me. I guess I'd pick Derringer.

Rick isn't here tonight though. A lot of college students are. A few kids wear T-shirts hand torn in the punk style to expose unappetizing bits of scrawny chests. More wear mass produced "Dead Boys" shirts lettered in drippy red. Don't they know that blood dries brown? I'm wearing a Luzerne Lions sweatshirt and brand new contact lenses that grate on my eyes. I have to keep them clenched. I hope everyone mistakes my pain for anger. Kathy has on her red jumpsuit. She wishes she had the black leather jumpsuit we saw in the village - a real Emma Peel - but we can't afford it. All the hardcore punks wear leather jackets. Maybe they steal them. Maybe the whole scene is a put on. It costs five dollars to get into CBGB's tonight with a two drink minimum per table.

Before the Dead Boys come on we endure an electric fiddle player whose eyes flash like the hooded desert dwellers in STAR WARS. At the table in front of us Nick Berlin gets bored and gulps a mouthful of liquid soap in order to blow bubbles. Nick is 14. His hair is chopped into short spikes. He wears thick glasses and a leather jacket. He has his own punk band. Now he's sick. He hits the floor. The table tips over on him. A few tables away a college student in a checked shirt nudges his -ighschool-aged date as if to say, "See I told you this was a wild joint."

The Dead Boys finally arrive- Jimmy Zero, Johnny Blitz, Cheetah Chrome, Stiv Bators. Bators is the singer. His face is screwed up like an African tribal mask. He's a pygmy. When he rips off his jacket I can see he doesn't weigh more than I do. I take an immediate liking to him. He whirls around on the stage. He knocks over the microphone, bangs into big guitar player Chrome who pushes him away contemptuously, flexing his bare biceps, rattling his chains. On stage Chrome looks nasty, like a hood. But real hoods don't spend months plucking away, learning guitar chords, not even the few the Dead Boys use. It's an act. It's an act when someone throws Bators a jar of peanut butter. He smears it on the microphone and eats it off. He throws what's left out into the audience, whipping it into the dark. A kid with a cross dangling from his ear gets hit smack in the face. He'll have something to tell his grandchildren about. Bators turns his back on the audience and dances loose jointed crazy in front of the pounding amps. I think of the 18th century scientists who made frogs' legs twitch with electric current.

It's all a fraud. An act, like any other artform. But it's a good act. The message is anger. It's a message kids growing up in the seventies can understand. They see the increasing regimentation demanded by a society on the skids. They see rising unemployment, falling living standards, apathy, a population sinking into a media-generated stupor



from which it can be roused only in order to protect its own greedy interests. They don't want to end up in some physical or spiritual equivalent of the Palace Hotel. They don't want to have to end up clever bums wrapped in plastic because they couldn't afford to go to the right school or couldn't bring themselves to kiss the right parts of the right person's anatomy.

The best of the punk rockers recognize the problems of the '70's. Richard Hell wonders whether it's good to be alive in an era where life's alternatives can all seem equally unacceptable. In England the Sex Pistols call for the anarchy that's bound to come when enough people have nothing left to lose. Elvis Costello's agonizing songs about barely suppressed rage and unfocused anxiety are superb evocations of the seventies sensibility. The list goes on. And what about science fiction? What does our field have to say, one way or the other, about this decade? Virtually nothing, it seems to me.

The sixties were a bad decade for literature. It was the McLuhan era. Words were out, man. The Beatles said it better in music. The protesters said it better by sitting. Even the nightly news said it better. Vietnam, race discrimination, Nixon. The problems were so comfortably obvious. The writer's close focus wasn't required.

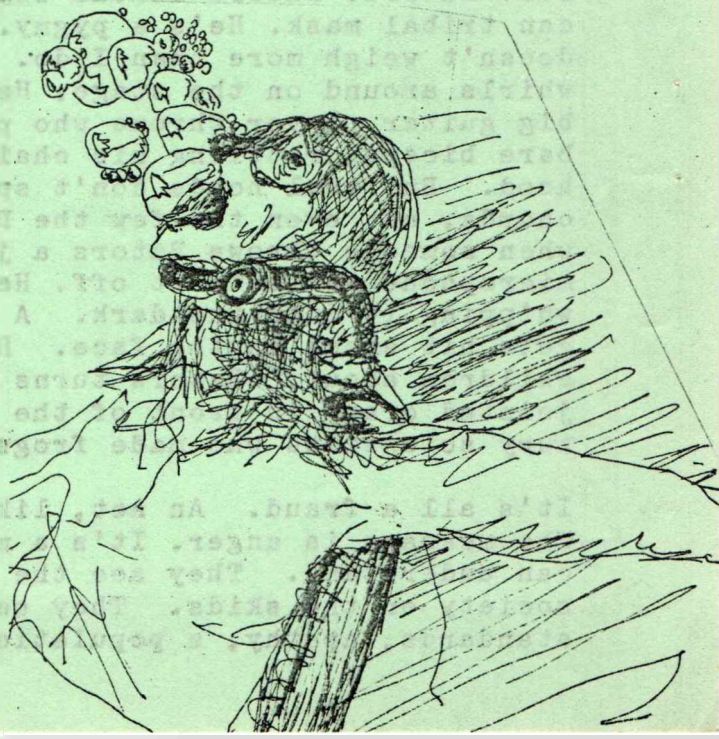
Still, the decade produced great SF intrinsically linked to the years' problems and mood. Zelazny's far east mysticism in LORD OF LIGHT, the eco-systematic DUNE, Delany's counter-culture heroes, Moorcock's revolutionary New Wave, and Heinlein's predictive STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND, not to mention the general trend toward humanizing the genre.

The seventies has not produced comparable works. LeGuin, Silverberg and other major writers of this decade have their roots in the sixties. Delany is not alone in remaining a hippy at heart and in theme. Halderman's excellent FOREVER WAR is a Vietnam novel. Where is this decade's New Wave?

Aside from a few woman writers who lean toward propaganda in attempting to inject feminist sensibilities into a field where woman writers have always done well, today's authors seem to lack conviction. The new writers, the Bishops, the Varleys are true and disappointing SF professionals. They know their business. They can turn out and sell X-number of words per annum. Their product is slick, readable, enjoyable. Surface considerations aside, it all could have been written in 1957. They do not seem to care. Their work is rooted in literature, in the nature of the SF publishing industry rather than in the real world.

Maybe it's because the world of SF publishing is going through an optimistic expansion while expectations in the larger world are falling. Whatever the reason, SF seldom has any sense of immediacy or excitement for me anymore. The industry may well be growing, but as a literature the genre is shrinking, turning inward, moving backward.

The Dead Boys had their amps turned up too much the night we went to see them. My ears rang for two days; where's the SF book that would make "my ears ring"?





BLOODSHOT EYES AND OTHER JOYS  
=====

THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION "A Documented Pictorial Checklist of the SF World-Concepts/Themes/Books/Mags/Comics/Films/TV/Radio/Art/Fandom/Cults/Personal Commentaries by the Greatest Names in SF Writing...Edited by Brian Ash" Paperback, '77, 7.5"x 10", 352pp, \$7.95, Harmony Books, a division of Crown Publishers, New York.

The Society for Creative Anachronism (SCA) is not in this book; but, after all, how much can be printed and illustrated in one volume? A really great amount of information is contained herein, and in a very interesting format. It's one of the best \$7.95 I ever spent!

What pleases me? 1. The layout which begs for thumb/scanning. 2. The wealth of b&w and color illos. 3. The data itself, and arranged by topics. 4. The section on SF themes. 5. The section on

Fandom (although it skips TITLE, this section does mention some famous fanzines and their editors).

You might be interested in the theme organization, which I presume was done by Brian Ash. Spacecraft & Star Drives, Exploration & Colonies, Biologies & Environments, Warfare & Weaponry, Galactic Empires, Future and Alternative Histories, Utopias & Nightmares, Cataclysms & Dooms, Lost & Parallel Worlds, Time & Nth Dimensions, Technologies & Artefacts, Cities & Cultures, Robots & Androids, Computers & Cybernetics, Mutants & Symbiotes, Telepathy, Psionics & ESP, Sex & Taboos, Religion & Myths, and finally Inner Space. Each section discusses the works basic to illustrate the theme, but following each section is a list, "Additional Input", of other works which apply. This section on thematics is the longest-- from page 68 to 237.

The Fandom section begins on page 271 and ends on p.285. Some history is given, fanzines are discussed & a list of "Leading or Recommended Fanzines" is given, and conventions & awards wind up this section.

The "Fringe Cults" section goes through Charles Fort & his influence, Richard Shaver & Ray Palmer, Hubbard & dianetics. This section perhaps ought to have contained Lovecraft & the horror, Howard and S&S, Saki and Collier and other sardonic fantasistes, and SCA.

Anyway-- all highly recommended.





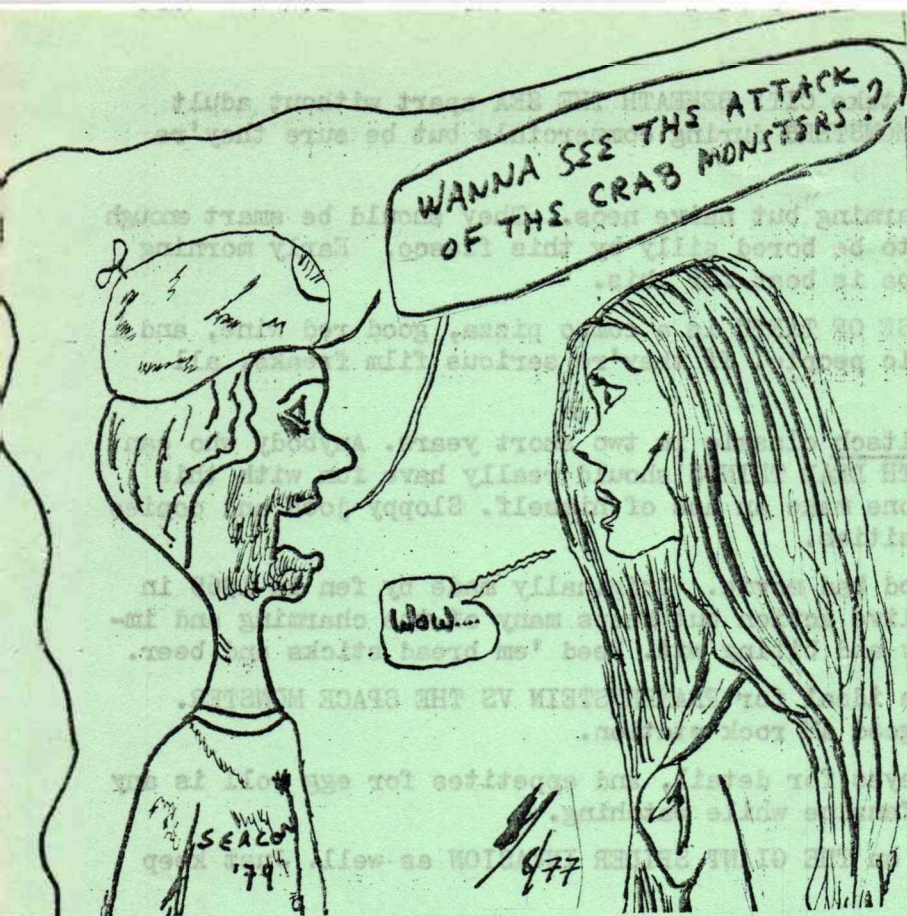
DUNE, a LP (CTI 7-5005) arranged by David Matthews & played by a flock (26) of musicians who at no time seem to be that many around. Side 1 is Dune, four parts called Arrakis, Sandworms, Song of the Bene Gesserit, and Muad'Dib. The piece seems to me like a suite (or even one single piece, actually) with common beat and many pedal tones, given variety with interspersed solos. I happen to like it. It's not what I'd call jazz, though there's a catchy beat to move the feet. I found most interesting the soprano sax solos of Grover Washington, Jr., and the very low exchange of the synthesizer and a tenor solo by Washington. After several hearings the rhythms and solos kept me interested but I began to tire of the frequently interspersed theme measures by ensemble, with strings. Side 2 contains Space Oddity, Silent Running, Princess Leia's Theme, and Main Theme from Star Wars. The first was definitely in the "Dune" mode, except that it had a vocal to tell a different story. Silent Running had the same feeling as well. The melody of Princess Leia's theme is really delicate (not quite fragile) and I felt the percussion was over-powering for the purpose; not so in the last track, best of side 2. Here, with rhythm & dynamics (including some "space/robot" sounds) tensions were built and released. I missed the old-time jazz sequence as played by the aliens in the bar-- a high spot in the film for me. You probably wonder why I didn't draw any parallels with the Dune music and the book... well, I haven't read the book-- too thick.

MURDER INK "The Mystery Reader's Companion", perpetrated by Dilys Winn, Workman Publishing, NY, 1977, \$7.95, paperback, 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  x 11. A browsing book for the mystery fan, filled with short tidbits and illos covering the real and the fictional. Highly recommended. It's a scrapbook covering among other things: history of the genre, authors, fictional heroes & villains, victims, modus operandi, scenes of crimes, cops, lab techniques, lawyers, etc. I give up in ways to describe this book with its recipes, puzzles, New York Police chain-of-command, maps of London, and on and on-- a sort of professional TITLE in the mystery field-- even with poll results! This is not quite the encyclopedia of the SF book first described, but I can well imagine such a book done for science-fiction and fandom -- say, with Jodie Offutt's shopping list enclosed, or Sheryl Birkhead's favorite animals, or a transcription of a Gary Deindorfer alto sax solo, or Mike Glicksohn's time-tested shaving techniques. It stirs me up to work on such a book for SF....but I subside quickly!

THE DRAGONS OF EDEN "Speculations on the Evolution of Human Intelligence" by Carl Sagan, Random House, hardcover, \$8.95, 263 pages. I bought this book because of its subject & because I had read Sagan before with great pleasure. This book is his best. Why? Because it's not his field and he's therefore not the least bit worried about impulsive hypotheses, some of which I am sure do not exist except in Sagan's own mind (read, "brain"). And I laughed out loud at many of his sly understatements and sardonic throw-away lines. Example from page 52: "Squirrel monkeys have a kind of ritual which they perform when greeting one another. The males bare their teeth...and lift their legs to exhibit an erect penis. While such behavior would border on impoliteness at many contemporary human social gatherings, it is...." The book is non-technical, though a one-year college biology would probably be helpful. And speaking of helpful, I'm sure the SF writer could find some good ideas herein. Highly recommended.

SOLE NEWSCLIPS (CUTTINGS) TO FILL OUT THE PAGE....Since that's all I've read in the books-to-review-line. Laurine White's clip of a tipsy tester which became affected by alcohol fumes & became drunk itself points out an old moral similar to 'who will watch the watchman'. I also am reminded of taking air pressure readings on the auto tire which, by the action of the tester, reduces the air pressure. Clouds of molecules are whipped here & there by Heisenberg in his ringmaster's costume. For everything there's an opposite. Like if a kid lives too far from school, a bus picks him up; so he can get to school and have his exercise in the gymnasium. And which will win out-- the microwave 'fast' cooking or the slow crockpot? ... Readers still keep sending clips on pickle recipes (Steve Sneyd), beercans (Don Ayres). A clip from Don Ayres tells that alcohol 'tonic' increases farmcrop yields by as much as 20%-- that's alcohol in the soil, not in the farmer! Speaking of things growing bigger: Mary Long sends a clip which insists that hypnosis can enlarge busts....





## HOW TO ENJOY A TRULY GOOD BAD MOVIE

BY BUZZ DIXON

With all the drek filling the air time, with all the trash passed off as science fiction, how can the discerning fan enjoy the bad movies shown on TV? Quite easily, actually. Change your viewing habits. Instead of suffering through a bad movie alone, invite other fen over. A small bad movie party, filled with brilliant ad libs and sarcastic in-jokes, can add tons of pleasure to even the worst films. Indeed, especially to the worst films.

Use the movie guide below for your very own bad movie parties.

(1) It takes moderately unhinged, surrealistic fen to get the most out of THE APE MAN. No special decor is needed; any bare floor will do. THE APE MAN is best viewed between the hours of one and four a.m., with plenty of off-brand soft drinks, popcorn, and other junk food to fuel weird imaginations. Play Frank Zappa music before the film and have books by Hunter S. Thompson to read during the commercials.

(2) ATTACK OF THE CRAB MONSTERS is one of those films which are best appreciated/demolished by college students. Keep the collegiate air with lots of health foods and ginseng tea. Anytime between 8:30 and 10 p.m. is best for this film.

(3) Know anybody with a "sick" sense of humor? He's a must if you want to enjoy THE BABY. Combo pizza, wine, and egg rolls after 11 p.m. are necessary to make this film digestible. If you can't find a fan with a sick sense of humor, get some distracting games like Star Force, Panzerblitz, Strategy II, or best of all, Pong.

(4) Brilliant and brash neos can make BEAST OF BLOOD a funny experience if you have enough malted milk to go around, cherry or strawberry flavor. BEAST OF BLOOD is more bearable in the very late evening, especially if you have Play-Doh, Silly Putty, or Slime around.

(5) Speaking of neos, if you know any who can do Bela Lugosi impersonations, invite them over anytime after 6 p.m. to watch BRIDE OF THE MONSTER. Be sure to have enough first-issue fanzines lying about to keep them busy during commercials and scenes without Lugosi.

(6) It takes an alienated mind to appreciate CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS. Zany, but alienated. Esoteric fanzines, spaghetti, chianti, and Frank Zappa all help to contribute to the mood.



- (7) Young neo-fen should be able to take CITY BENEATH THE SEA apart without adult supervision. Let them read FAMOUS MONSTERS during commercials but be sure they're home by bedtime.
- (8) THE CRAWLING EYE is best for charming but naive neos. They should be smart enough to make jokes but naive enough not to be bored silly by this fiasco. Early morning viewing with popcorn and potato chips is best for this.
- (9) All you need to enjoy DEATH CURSE OF TARTU is a combo pizza, good red wine, and a room full of perceptive but sarcastic people. If they're serious film freaks, all the better.
- (10) DEATH RACE 2000 has become a kitsch classic in two short years. Anybody who can laugh at CHILDREN SHOULDN'T PLAY WITH DEAD THINGS should really have fun with this one. You can watch Sylvester Stallone make an ass of himself. Sloppy joes and copies of RAUNCH and NICKLEODEAN are necessities.
- (11) EQUINOX is not a completely good bad movie. Originally made by fen in 1965 in 16mm, the TV version has re-edited live action but keeps many of the charming and imaginative effects. Trick photography and biting wit. Feed 'em bread sticks and beer.
- (12) Young, good-natured tru-fen are ideal for FRANKENSTEIN VS THE SPACE MONSTER. Turn off the sound and listen to a good AM rock station.
- (13) For fen with lovable natures, eyes for detail, and appetites for egg roll is any GAMERA movie. Collate your latest fanzine while watching.
- (14) Those same fen ought to groove on THE GIANT SPIDER INVASION as well. Just keep plenty of crudzines available.
- (15) GODZILLA VS MEGALON is tolerated best by fen of an ultra non-conformist stripe after being plyed with cheese and wine. Reading aloud from unimaginative porno books while watching may sound kinky, but it helps.
- (16) Invite over articulate fen with degrees in physics to view GREEN SLIME. All they need is coffee (and plenty of paper and pencils) to keep going past 11 p.m.
- (17) Gather up paranoid teenage fen and treat them to HORROR HIGH. They'll regale you with horror stories of their own. Light wine, sweet, and plenty of ash trays.
- (18) Big, huggable, noisy fen with a penchant for egg rolls will change MONSTER FROM THE SURF into nostalgia night. Wind up toys and Beach Boys albums should be available.
- (19) There are two ways to enjoy THE MYSTERIANS. Either invite some witty feminists over for wisecracks, or bring over a rad-libber and watch her turn livid as the film unfolds. Be careful she doesn't kick the picture tube out, though.
- (20) NEUTRON VS THE ROBOTS OF DEATH can be enjoyed by anyone unhappy with Superman. Set the mood by playing Martin Mull or PDQ Bach beforehand. Try crackers and dip.
- (21) PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE may not be the worst film on record, but would you really want to see the worst after this? Late night viewing by a crew of zanies is a must, but be prepared for the neighbors to complain about the guffaws.
- (22) Hip fen, Greek wine, a throw rug and pillows for PSYCHOMANIA. Keep the sexes evenly paired at all costs.
- (23) Charles Beaumont lovers will appreciate what the late, lamented master did to every sci-fi cliché when they view QUEEN OF OUTER SPACE. Have lots of back issues of PLANET STORIES available. Yes, that is Zsa Zsa Gabor!
- (24) ROBOT MONSTER is ideal for neo-fen to cut their ad lib teeth on. Nuts, popcorn, potato chips and Howard the Duck go well with this.
- (25) Know any fen who wear their shoes inside out? Let them see SAMSON VS THE VAMPIRE WOMEN. Feed them anchovy pizzas, Big Macs and bagels with Mogen David 2020.
- (26) The surest way to cure a Trekkie is to let her/him see SATAN'S SATELLITES. Keep plenty of pizza, soft drinks, and fanzines on hand to lessen the impact.
- (27) SCREAM AND SCREAM AGAIN is a tasteless movie which can be effectively countered



by all those brash fen you don't really like. Let them drink Thunderbird or Pagan Pink, but only if they're buying.

(28) Supply a Los Angeles expatriate with nuts and crudzines after 11 p.m. and he'll tear THE SLIME PEOPLE into so many pieces you'll never be able to take a force field seriously again.

(29) Know any fake fen you feel sorry for? Let them see TEENAGE ZOMBIES with you. Play Iggy Pop afterwards and anybody who gets the idea has the makings of a trufan.

(30) What WILD, WILD PLANET lacks in the way of intelligence it certainly makes up in stupidity. It is best viewed late at night after seeing a good science fiction movie. Most fen can ridicule W,WP, but keep the last six copies of any apa mailing around for those who get bored with spotting the strings holding the rockets.

So there you have it, 30 of the greatest worst movies, carefully culled from years of viewing experience. Properly done, watching a good bad movie can heighten fan communication, sharpen wit, and provide a share of good feelings for all.

-----  
Note that we now may "carry" the extra 1 on the extreme left around and add it to the last column. This "end around carry" gives us our correct result, 101, or 5

-----  
NORDENHOLDT'S MILLION, J.J.Connignton (pseudonym for A.W.Stewart, mystery writer who made this one attempt at SF), 1923, reprinted Penguin 1946, abridged in FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES.)

Comments by Stu Gilson

Even though written at a time when SF had yet to be recognized as such, the work contains several sophisticated ideas and themes expressed in a facile way bearing little resemblance to the crude hack shortly to follow once AMAZING was born. The extent to which Stewart uses stf-al devices to convey his message belies the infancy of the genre in that period.

NM tells of a world reduced to ashes due to a mutated virus which has infested all soil and depleted it of nitrogen. Nordenholdt founds a colony to be self-sufficient in Northern England, where Nordenholdt is a strict, yet benevolent dictator. During all this scientists search for ways to replenish the soil, yet soon direct their efforts to harness nuclear power when a group of religious fanatics destroys the coal mines. They achieve an "engine" which is little more than a tangle of pipes and gears chugging away like a locomotive. But, then, in all fairness to Stewart, little was known about nuclear power at that time.

The theme shows man's tendency to unwittingly jeopardize his own safety but that it is within the power of certain, "superhuman" individuals to lead the others towards safer ground. One invention of man's threatens his survival, yet another invention rescues him. I hope some publisher brings it back into print, for it is an important work.

## SUBTRACTION BY ADDITION by Gary Grady

Ever hear of subtraction by addition of the nine's complement? It is used in some types of calculators and computers to handle subtraction, since it saves having to build in a "borrowing" circuit.

It is most useful in binary work, though, since the one's complement of a binary number is simply the logical negation of the bit string.

Let's take an example. Suppose I want to subtract, oh, 17 from 22. In binary that looks like:

$$\begin{array}{r} 10110 \\ -10001 \\ \hline 101 \end{array}$$

(Normally, we would do this by "borrowing" the one from the  $2^1$  column and giving it to the  $2^0$  column.)

Suppose, though, we have a computer operating in 8 binary digits. In succession, the computer does this:

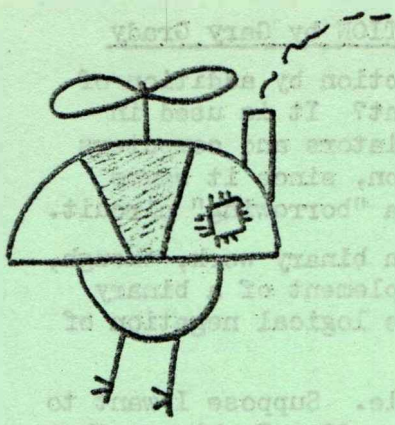
Problem: 00010110  
          -00010001

Convert: 00010110  
          +11101110 (each 1 is now a 0  
                          and vice versa)

Now we add: 00010110  
              +11101110  
              100000100

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## THE BRIEF VOGUE OF POWERED PROPELLER BEANIES

BY BILL BLISS

Originally, beanies were without propellers. They lacked interesting action, except for movements of the head, and getting flipped off in the wind.

An unknown genius thought of adding a propeller on top and thus beanies became more interesting. The propellers ran quite well in breezes and winds. However, in the late '20s, ceiling fans

ILLUSTRATED IN THE  
MODEL 2, CIRCA 1927

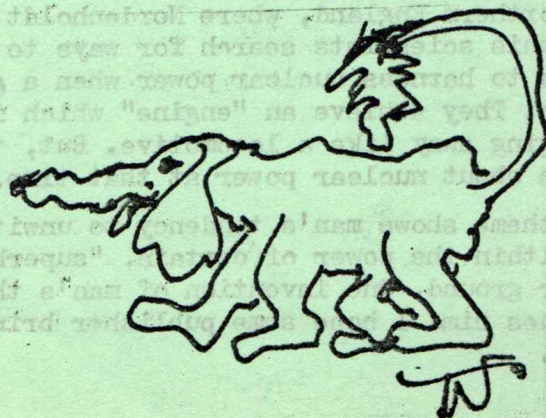
were falling out of use, so some other motive power was needed for beanie-people who stayed inside a lot. Electric power was tried, but the batteries weighed four pounds and tended to cause overdevelopment of the neck muscles, which gave a pin-headed appearance to the beanie-people.

A spring wound mechanism had a brief popularity, but often the winding cogs were defective and the spring would let loose with a *boinnng* that reverberated in the wearer's skull uncomfortably. Very small gasoline engines were also tried, but they were noisy and tended to make conversation difficult.

The technological breakthrough of installing small steam engines originally made for model dirigibles has been attributed to the late inventive genius, George Hyscompoop, who also devised the first steam powered mimeograph machine. Unfortunately, in the decade that followed, there was the Big Depression, and for economy in manufacture, propeller beanies reverted to the wind powered original model. Then, as fandom gained popularity, they became traditional.

The steam powered models were powered with a variety of steam engine styles. Ones with poppet valves ran the best but tended to produce mechanical noise. The boilers were usually fueled with used toothpicks, and in one notable case, cigar stubs. In the case of rural fans outside of places like St. Louis, small corncobs powered the boilers.

Unfortunately, the sole surviving steam powered beanie (made by the Hickenlooper Cap Co. - Model 12) blew itself to smithereens when the safety valve on the boiler failed. The identity of the wearer has never been revealed as the search for kin (to notify) goes on. However, it is reputed to have happened in Indiana, and may be just one more mystery to add to the growing menace of "The Indianapolis Semi-Circle."





# BY CHAIRMAN FLIC

The one point of note in Davenport, Iowa, besides atrociously overpriced massage parlors, is the Palmer School. My buddy and I had grown tired of the cafeteria we had been visiting for a week and decided to make the five mile jaunt out to the closest McDonald's. On the way we had to climb the only hill to speak of in the whole city. It was just the beginning of night and we could see far up on the top of the hill a cathedral type of thing whose steeple was made like a lighthouse. A large light beamed out over the city below. I thought that was a bit overdoing it for a church.

As we reached the top of the hill we saw on the right side of the highway a huge bust (must be over five or six feet) of Marx! And next to him one just as large of Stalin. No, we couldn't believe that communists erected such statues here in the midst of the mid-west. We crossed the street to get a better look.

And lo! It was not Marx; it was Palmer, who wore a beard much like Marx, and had discovered chiropractic a generation ago right here in Davenport. Hence the lights and gaudy cathedral-- the Palmer School of Chiropractic. Underneath both busts were small metal urns enclosed in glass containing what's left of Palmer and his cohort. The school has a large maze-like garden full of birds and surprises that they call 'A Little Bit of Heaven' which, unfortunately, was 'CLOSED FOR THE SEASON'. I didn't bother asking what seasons heaven was open; there was no one to ask, in any case. The whole thing seemed pagan, in a good but strange sense. If I had seen then dark robed priests chanting around an altar of fire, it would have seemed quite natural.

Ah! You're in luck. This just reminded me that I've been saving a pamphlet for months to send off to you. While still in Pittsburgh, dressed on one of my rare occasions in a suit, and looking properly young-man business-killer, I bumped into a Child of God preaching against the Godlessness of Capitalism. He quickly sized me up as a flunky of the system in need of Mo's Good Word.

This is repulsive to me. Not what he thought. I mean what he passed out in the name of religious tracts. This little ditty is a concise explanation by their leader-messiah Moses David of why economic systems are what they are and what's going to happen to them when it's all over. What I object to is the blatant assertion of lies and pure myths (in the derogatory sense, not academically like the German school). Their facts are as sure as the Bible and twice more certain than the New York Times.

The tract tells us that long, long ago people lived poorly but happily. There were no wars, and everyone shared what he had with Edenic virtue. This is stated baldly as the truth. It was the Devil who started all these evils of wars and economic inequalities, and also our present system of higher education and the church hierarchy. But all is not lost! Surely the nuclear holocaust is coming as God's winnowing broom for the unrighteous and a blessing on his loved ones. Apparently, in an unprecedented move in all of salvation history, this tragedy will strike only the godless and leave the righteous unradiated to build upon the ruins of civilization.

Bull! This is not only bad science, it is worse religion. Much as these groups avoid that term, making religion a musty thing best understood by Latin scholars and still vaguely and faithlessly repeated by aging priests and old Polish ladies with shopping bags full of kielbasi, they are in the religious scene.

I have noticed in my brief contact with fandom and SF literature a generally antagonistic or completely apathetic attitude towards faith as a mode of life. I can think of few books that treat the subject of religious faith with the depth and complexity the subject demands. Instead, it seems the common cop-out of the SF set is to fall



back on witty derogations coined long ago and long past their original vitality of shock. Case in point - though by no means exceptional, so I'm not picking on her in particular - is Victoria Vayne's assertion (as baldly stated as the tract, and with as little support) that "We must be looked over by a Galactic Stupidity." She bases this assertion on her interpretation of the National Enquirer's interpretation of Billy Graham's interpretation of a minor point of his faith. Her snap remark seems more a gut reaction to a line culled out and noticed because it agrees with her own presuppositions. It's all a matter of interpreting the data. Believers see the saints, and non-believers see the bloodbaths. ((In Victoria's support-- it is no doubt my fault that her remark was "baldly stated..and with little support". Though I can't remember, it is very likely that I chopped her support away to create the "bald" statement.))

I don't claim to be a poet, yet. It's a happy diversion to try to chisel out of a hunk of unformed potential, like the below, something that might grace itself with the name of poem. Writing's the easy part; rewriting is the bitch. As someone said, he seldom enjoyed writing, always enjoyed having written.

You tell me when they drop the big one  
We'll run off past the suburbs to a lake  
Deep in an Audubon sanctuary, pass our summer  
Sharing blueberries with the bears, and the squirrel's walnuts.

After ammunition fails we'll bag our quail with stones  
Or lay traps for the rabbit. But the deer,  
The lovely, browneyed, dancing deer, we will not touch,  
So that our children's children will frolic with fawn  
Who had long forgotten their butchered forefather's instincts.

Autumn's gay profusion will fill us full  
Of apples reddened just as ripe without the farmer,  
Cattail roots, wild deep-grown potatoes, pheasant meat  
And for Thanksgiving - won't every day be a thanksgiving? -  
We'll have wild duck. The leaves will fall to warn us  
To move on south with the heaven's relentless V's of geese,  
Find our winter home past Maryland, perhaps  
In a warmer valley of the Appalachians.

Then to surprise us crocus will peek out of snow  
- Could any ending stop that springtime ritual? -  
Easter will find us back at our summer lake.

No sunsets will remind us, no black nights bring regrets  
For everything we had before. We have enough  
To have each other.

So you tell me jokingly when U.P.I. croaks news  
Of men and nations and angers rolled up in a ball  
Too large to unravel, too fast not to fly off the cliff.  
I don't care. When it comes I won't hope for Eden.  
Only to be with you, see your eyes tell mine  
That everything we ever were was worth it.

-- Charneau Flic 11 Jan 78

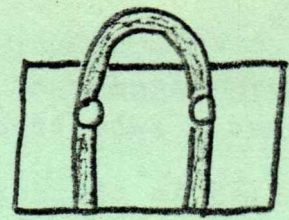
"So that's Burt Libe.. He looks like a sercon fan and trying desperately  
to restrain his inherent tendency to publish a monthly fanzine of critical  
comment on bright magenta paper using green ink..."

-- Steve McDonald



# THE TIME MACHINE, or, *THAT'S MY BAG!*

BY CAROLYN "C.D." DOYLE



Bag

▬ = blue trim  
▬ = red

I was cleaning out my closet, which had not been cleaned out for a year or more, and most certainly needed it, when I came across my red bag.

This may not seem very exciting to you, and you may have already turned the page, but to me, that red bag was and is something special. It was given to me the Christmas I was in 6th grade. I stuffed my books in it and carried it around from class to class all of 7th grade.

That bag once carried the binder labeled *CONTAINS MISSING WATERGATE TAPES*. It carried first *A WRINKLE IN TIME*, then *STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND*. For a week after reading that last book I walked around, not really seeing mundane surroundings, but Jubal's backyard, the swimming pool, Mike's "nest". Sometimes the air smelled like cotton candy, and sometimes like chlorinated water; other times, like flowers and grass.

Later, the bag became filled with more and more SF books; some real dogs and some real classics. Soon, they weren't library books anymore but my own. That bag was a container for more stardust, BEM's and aliens than any bookshelf. It housed the first things I ever typed; reports for social studies on UFO's, and later a SF story I wrote that never did turn out quite right, but which I love anyway. It was a "me" story concerning a girl thought queer by those people I was later to call "the mundanes", and the end was unresolved because I hadn't found an end yet. (Now, it would end with her finding a strange sub-culture of people that were ALSO considered strange, and living happily ever after...) That bag also became the transporter for my first fanzines: *ECLIPSE*, *THE EARTH GAZETTE* and *SF ECHO*. Soon it contained letters to be stuffed in envelopes, stamped, addressed, and sent off.

I never did think of a name for my bag, and calling it "Bag" seemed so comfortable. People at school began to mimic my bouncing stride and swinging an imaginary bag back and forth, because I was the only one who had a bag.

Today, I was startled to see how my bag had faded from bright, red denim, with smudges of gray here and there. The insides were fraying. "Bag" has about had it, I thought. Then I decided to look inside the pockets. I found the third letter Buck Coulson had written me, describing *RIVERCON* which he had just attended. Then, lo and behold, a letter from Donn Brazier thanking me for a sticky quarter sent to him long ago. The letter explained that I couldn't get an issue of *TITLE* until ish 43. A piece of paper with about 15 addresses on it; some notes of a meeting held by Mark Sharpe which helped me discover fandom. A slip with a few half-witted sentences that were ideas for SF stories, most unwritten. A note that I had sent a 10¢ stamp to Frank Denton for a copy of *THE ROGUE RAVEN*.

That's about it; a little stack of things out of "Bag" that covers a year of my life. A little fannish time machine, bringing back, a little, how I felt as I first groped toward fandom. I'm putting the stuff back in the bag, and it will remain in as many closets as I have in my lifetime. Each year I'll find "Bag" again.



"5:45"

BY DAVID TAGGART

*(Written & submitted before Dave went into military service)*

It's 5:45 in the morning, and I need a fix bad.

I'm a reading junkie, and I admit it. I'll never kick the habit -- hell, I'll never even try to taper off. I like the stuff too much, and I'm really into mainlining 500 page novels. Which brings me to my present dilemma: it's 5:45 in the morning, and I need a fix bad.

5:45 is an hour when all good, God-fearing gentlebeings are sound asleep. But my job demands me at 6:30. My alarm goes off at 5:30; this means that I have to get up, shave, dress, put in my contacts, and make an attempt at breakfast. By 5:45 I'm in the kitchen, and I need my morning fix of words to go with my coffee and cereal. I could probably get by without reading if I could listen to the radio, but White River Jct., Vermont, is a rural area, and none of the three local radio stations comes on the air until 6:00. So I've got to read. And we don't get a morning paper.

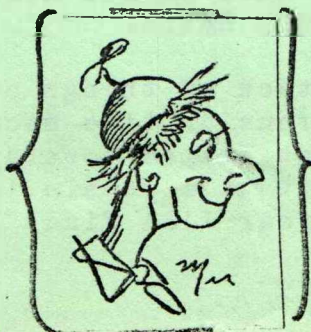
But junkies are resourceful people. I know that I have to get up in the morning, and I know that I'll want a fix. So I've made plans...

You can't really get into any heavy reading at 5:45 in the morning. It would be sinful to do any of my regular reading at that ungodly hour. I couldn't face myself if I read Graham Greene over instant coffee, or skimmed bleary-eyed over Joseph Conrad, or combined Terry Carr's BEST OF THE YEAR with cereal and bananas. No, for reading at 5:45 in the morning, the reading junkie demands junk.

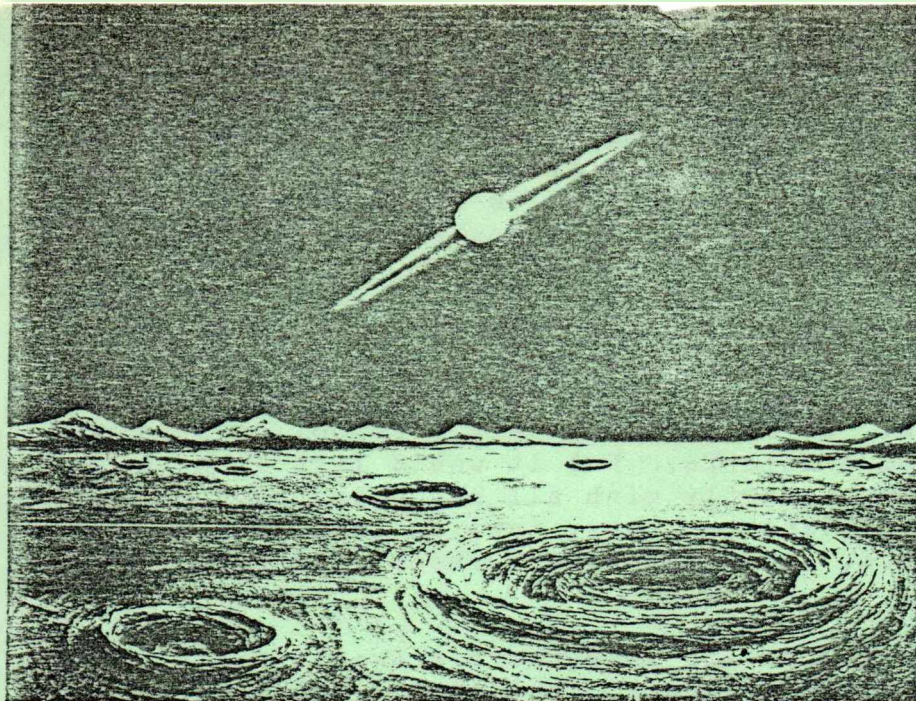
Junk. Like THE EXECUTIONER series. I've got about five of these sitting around, and I can whip through forty pages of DETROIT DEATHWATCH before I get my eyes open. DOC SAVAGE is good, too. Mystery stories that don't have too much mystery to them -- by Bill Knox, Ed McBain, Richard Stark, Mickey Spillaine. Any spy novel with a first-person narrator for the hero.

The only time I break my rule is when I am reading a Stephen King novel. I started reading both SALEM'S LOT and THE SHINING when I got up in the morning. But then, I'd started reading both of those books the night before, and they were so scary that I hadn't really been able to go to sleep. Stephen King is a frightening sumbitch, let me tell you. He scares me just by living here in New England. What if he decided to set a novel in White River?

But the normal prescription for 5:45 in the morning is junk. To make sure I don't run out, I go out on the prowl for the stuff. You know where a good place to find junk is? The 4-for-\$1 and the 3-for-88¢ tables of paperbacks in department stores, that's where. I was in Woolworth's the other day, and for a quarter I bought Edmond Hamilton's RETURN TO THE STARS. Genuine thud-and-blunder science fiction. Good for a week at 5:45.







## A MAN WHO PAINTS SPACE

BY

BURT LIBE

He remembers nothing of his early childhood and insists that conscious life began for him in his mid-teens. Born in Indiana in 1920, he moved to Minnesota in 1922. His sole memories of past life begin with the Buck Rogers Sunday pages. He says science fiction of the 1930's and the

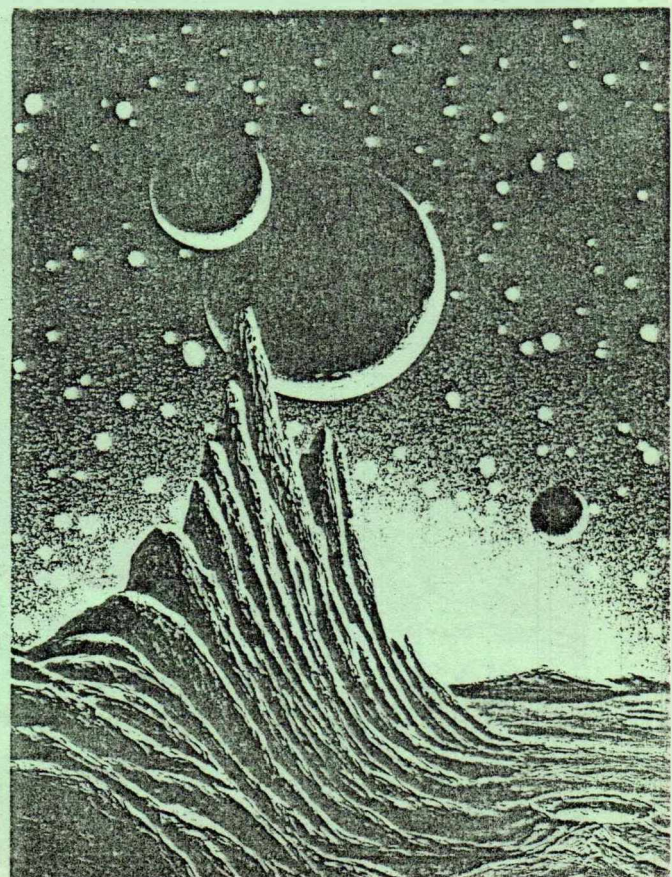
movie FANTASIA alerted him to other worlds. The extremes of Minnesota's seasons create sparkling skies and scenery unequalled on all earth. Maybe the wake of Buck Rogers has alluded to this metaphor. Or, perhaps, there's some other mystery surrounding this man.

Morris Dollens, though approaching his late 50's, looks much younger. His struggles as an artist fall closely in line with his peers: possessing the overpowering urge to create, denying the 8-to-5 routine. Or, if not denying it, a true artist's conscience dictates otherwise. He pines away unless he can create -- give and contribute to a hostile world which tries to resist him in subtle and debilitating ways. He struggles....

Artists ride incredible elevators of highs and lows, and Morris is no exception. He's felt exhilaration: his artwork has graced the covers of a dozen U.S. prozines plus over 40 foreign publications in Germany, France and Sweden. He has painted over 1600 scenes of astronomy and deep space.

Upon studying his works, one wonders whether he's actually been there. Meticulous and thorough with details, he spends many extra hours of labor (love in his case) to finish off each work. And no one has EVER seen a work of art properly packed for shipment until they've seen how Morris does it.

His prices, he says, are set to enable interested SF fans to afford his original works. In addition, this multit talented man maintains his own photographic 'studio' where he processes his own color film and color slides, runs his own offset



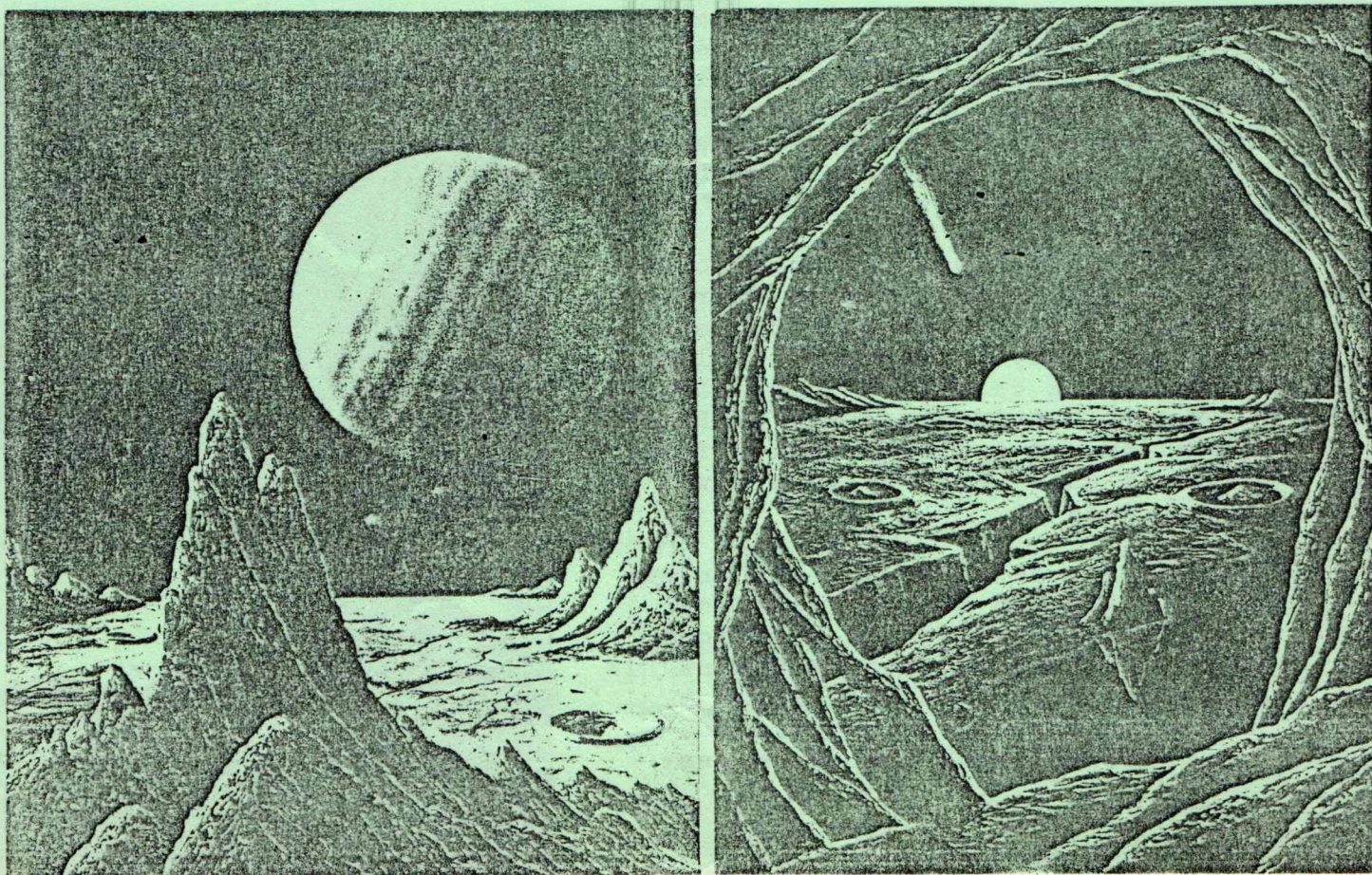


press, manufactures astronomical Christmas cards, is currently in the process of publishing several books, and records copies of old radio shows which he sells to fandom. Among his recent accomplishments are a Star Wars record jacket, a series of NASA 'universe' scenes, and background scenes for a Los Angeles film-animation company. To properly document all this man's talents and accomplishments would take far too many pages.

On the other end of the elevator lies a poverty-stricken neighborhood where urchins run rampant and illegal aliens abound. It's a neighborhood fit for the lazy who thrive on welfare, not a struggling entity like Morris Dollens. He laments how this cesspool of squalor and noise drains his creative talents. But it won't last long; he should be moving out of there shortly with all his bulky equipment, voluminous reference library, and two cats, into an area more appreciative of his unique talents. And that neighborhood will have acquired an important asset.

Easy-going and honest -- a man of his word; Morris treats every person the only way he knows: as an individual. Most of the people who see his subtle ads in SF magazines have little inkling of the man behind them. But to all who are interested in science fiction art/paintings, Morris Dollens deserves a close look. And for those NOT interested, Morris Dollens deserves a closer look. His address is P.O.Box 692, Culver City, CA 90230. Tell him what you do/don't want. He has many catalogs available; his prices are very reasonable; his work is excellent. Any investment in Morris Dollens should be considered an investment in future space.

What else can one say? Most people consider reincarnation an event only among Earth beings. But when a man paints space as if he's actually been there, this immediately raises questions of interplanetary reincarnation. A former space voyager and adventurer? A past dealer in interplanetary trade? Perhaps, someday, we may have an answer to this mysterious gentleman.





# A PROBABILITY PARADOX

$$A = \pi r^2$$

$$\frac{1}{4}A = \pi \left(\frac{r}{2}\right)^2$$

brought to us by Michael T. Shoemaker from an invention of Joseph Bertrand as reported by Peter Hines in GAMES & PUZZLES, February 1975 as now edited with some clarifications the editor of TITLE felt were needed for his own comprehension, and who has not yet spotted the fallacy in this impossible situation...

What is the probability that a chord drawn at random will be longer than the side of an equilateral triangle inscribed within a circle? The answer seems to be 1/2, 1/3, and 1/4.

A chord may be determined in a number of ways. On a fixed diameter of the circle, each point on it will determine just one chord drawn perpendicular to the diameter through the chosen point. Let's call that WAY #1. For WAY #2 we may take any point inside the circle and regard this point as the mid-point of the chord (since, as you can easily check, every point inside the circle is the mid-point of exactly one chord). Or, we can take any two points on the circumference of the circle and take as our chord the line which joins them. That is WAY #3.

These are three equally valid ways for selecting a random chord, yet each leads to a different answer to our question. (*Your editor sees no fallacy in what has happened so far, so let us proceed to see what WAY #1 gives us...*)

## WAY #1 SELECT A POINT ON A FIXED DIAMETER

XYZ is the inscribed equilateral triangle. DZ is the diameter which cuts one side (XY) of the triangle perpendicularly at point P. Point Q is symmetrical to point P. DP, PC, CQ, and QZ each measure 1/4 of the diameter's length.

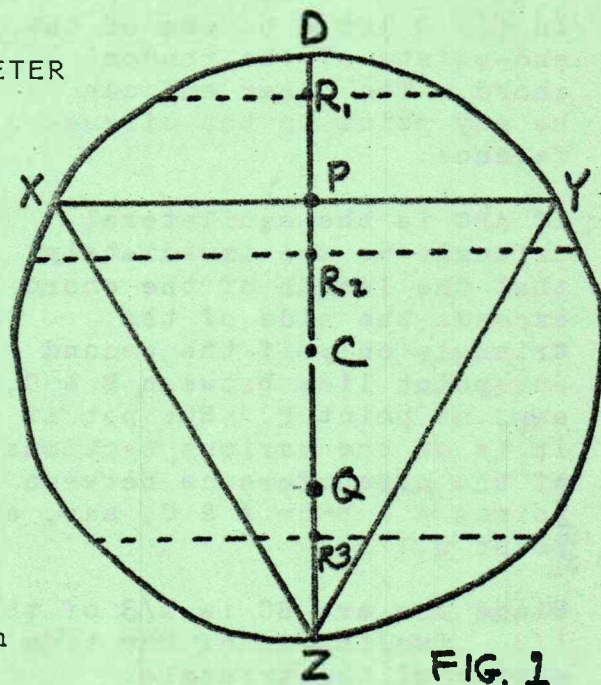
It is clear that if the chord (the dotted lines) cuts the diameter between P & Q it is longer than the side of the triangle, but if it cuts between D & P or between Z & Q then it is shorter.

But the length of PQ is half the length of the diameter, DZ. So half the time the random chord will be longer and half the time shorter than the side of the triangle. Therefore, the probability is 1/2.

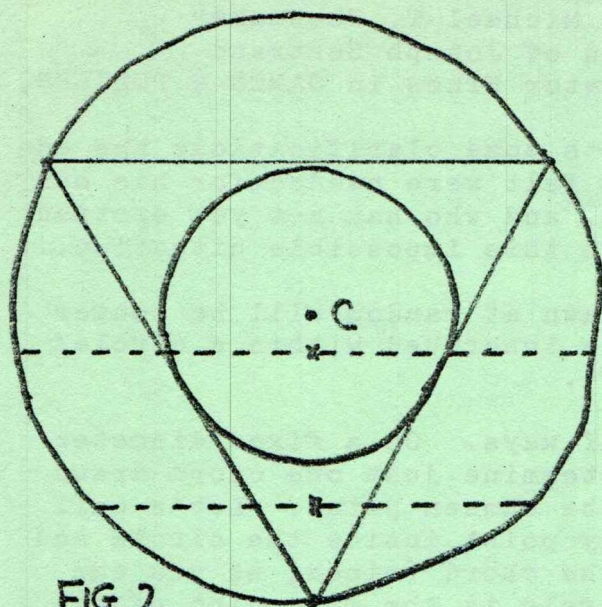
(Okay, can anyone find a fallacy in the result of WAY #1; I can't. I checked (not rigorously by any means) just one statement I held in suspicion: that the length of PQ is half the length of the diameter DZ; it certainly seems so as each of the four diameter segments do actually seem equal and 1/4 of the total length.)

## WAY #2 SELECT ANY POINT INSIDE THE CIRCLE AS THE CHORD'S MID-POINT

In Fig.2 (at the top of the next page) we have drawn a smaller circle







inside the equilateral triangle. Its radius is equal to one-half that of the larger circle. (Your editor has made no attempt to prove this, though it certainly seems to be; also, that such a circle of  $r/2$  can actually be inside, or tangent to each of the triangle's sides.)

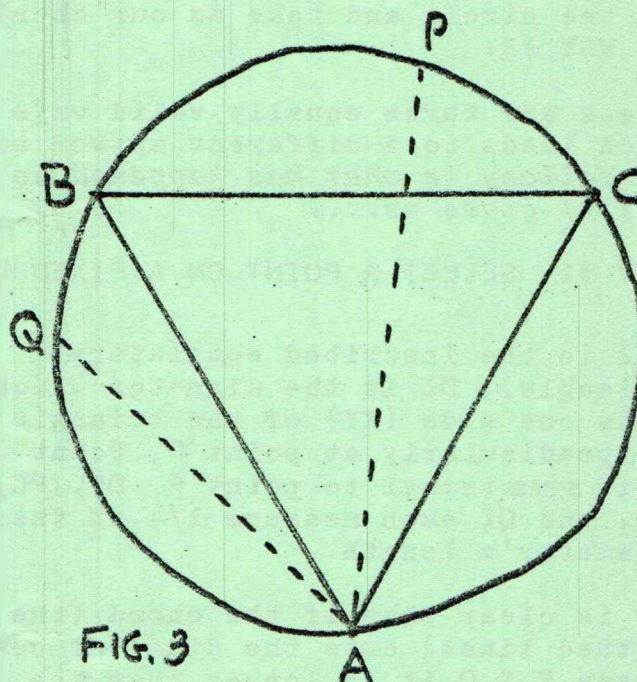
It is readily seen that the random chord (dotted lines again) exceeds the side of the triangle only if its midpoint lies inside the the smaller circle.

The area of this cricle is  $1/4$  that of the larger circle, so the probability is  $1/4$ .

### WAY # 3 SELECT TWO POINTS ON THE CIRCLE'S CIRCUMFERENCE

In fig.3 let A be one of the end-points of the random chord. The other end can be any point on the circumference.

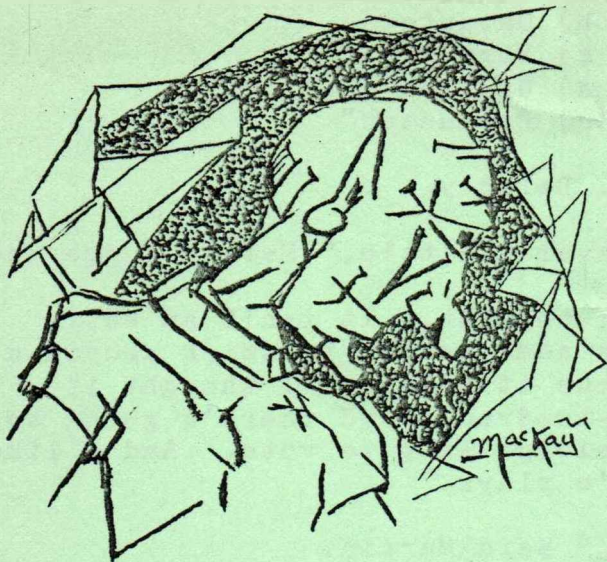
If ABC is the equilateral triangle we see immediately that the length of the chord exceeds the side of the triangle only if the second end-point lies between B & C, say, at point P. But not if it is on the various sections of the circumference between points A & B or A & C, say, at point Q.



Since the arc BC is  $1/3$  of the circumference, the probability is  $1/3$ . Two-thirds of the time the random chord will be shorter than a side of the triangle.

(Frankly, and this is your editor speaking, I find WAY #3 to appeal more to my sense of "rightness" than WAYS #1 & #2. WAY #3 seems so darn obvious, and lacks a few statements that might require proof which the first two ways seem to have and need, I think. Actually, I think the fallacy lies in some other area of thought, but where? Is there a data-bank out there in TITLE-100's computer system that will supply the answer to this paradox? Michael T. Shoemaker did not supply the solution, either on his own or from the source-- if one were printed. Maybe subsequent issues of GAMES & PUZZLES carried that zine's reader's solutions; but let's not go to that zine until we give TITLE's readers a whack at it on their own.)





THE WALK-IN  
BY  
GAIL WHITE

Martin enjoyed his job at *Death Center*. He realized that there were those among his fellow workers who did not enjoy their jobs, but he felt that this was a matter of incorrect perspective. For his part, he felt that he was performing a public service.

People had been all wrong, thinking that the Deathcure would lead to an overpopulation problem. People never had enough optimism. There had

been a crush for awhile after the Deathcure was discovered, but it soon leveled off. No one really wanted to live much longer than a hundred and twenty years. That was the average, as the *Death Center's* statistics could prove. After that, people seemed to get tired. They were ready to come for their injections, have their bodies cremated, and be gone.

Martin strode into the office with a spurt of enthusiasm, calling to his secretary, "Any messages this morning, Barbara?"

"There's been a walk-in," she said. "None of the others have appointments before nine, so I thought you could fit him in."

"Sure thing," said Martin. "Send him in."

The grey-haired man looked like nine out of ten of the people Martin saw every day. Only his eyes were more lively than the average; *Death Center* clients tended to have a washed-out look around the eyes.

"Good morning," said Martin cheerfully. "I'm your interviewer, Martin Wedgwood. I just need to ask a few questions for our records. Okay?"

"Certainly," said the client.

"What is your name, sir?"

"Joseph Arthur Delaney."

"And your age?"

"One hundred and ninety."

That was a surprise. It was not only 70 years higher than the average, but Mr. Delaney didn't look anything like 190. Personally, Martin would have guessed 110. However, he proceeded with his next question briskly.

"What made you decide to come to us at this time, Mr. Delaney?"

"I was curious."

Martin was disconcerted. "That isn't on our list of answers," he said.



"Please choose one of the following: a) Disgusted  
b) Unwanted  
c) Bored  
d) Useless  
e) Exhausted"

"But none of those are true," said Mr. Delaney.

"Perhaps you could amplify on your answer a little," Martin suggested.

"Well, I've given the subject a lot of thought. It isn't an easy decision, you see. And there's always some reason to stick around a little longer; that's why I haven't done it before. I thought it might be nice to wait for an even two-hundred. And there's going to be another election in a year, and I always like to vote. And I like to read the reviews of the new season's plays."

"Plays are getting worse all the time," said Martin.

"Well, yes, but that wasn't the deciding factor. I thought, you see, that if things are so interesting here, they might be more interesting-- somewhere else."

"You mean," said Martin, "that you want to die for the-- experience?"

"Of course. Don't most people?"

Martin was growing frustrated. "No," he said, "it's always been 'a' through 'e' -- one of those." There seemed to be no way that he could approve Mr. Delaney for injections. But his client was continuing, softly, as if he were talking to himself.

"I rather wasted my first hundred years, you know. I kept thinking if I held out for one more decade, I could win immortal fame. And that would have been nice. But one decade after another went by, and I was the same old non-entity. And I realized that no matter how long you live, you remain to some extent a prisoner of your youth -- those first sixty years. Yes, in many respects I still think like the boy I was in the last century."

"Really," murmured Martin.

"So I gave up my ambitions as an artist or scientist or whatever I was thinking of at the time, and just spent ninety years enjoying myself, though being an observer isn't a bad trade. Sometimes I wish I'd written it all down. I've seen a great deal in these years when the world was just passing me by -- wars, and treaties, and changes in fashion, and that sort of thing. But I'm ready for a change now. New fields of observation -- it doesn't really matter, just so it's a change."

"Bored, then?" said Martin.

"No, no, I've enjoyed it all, and would still-- but consider the challenge. The challenge of what lies ahead..."

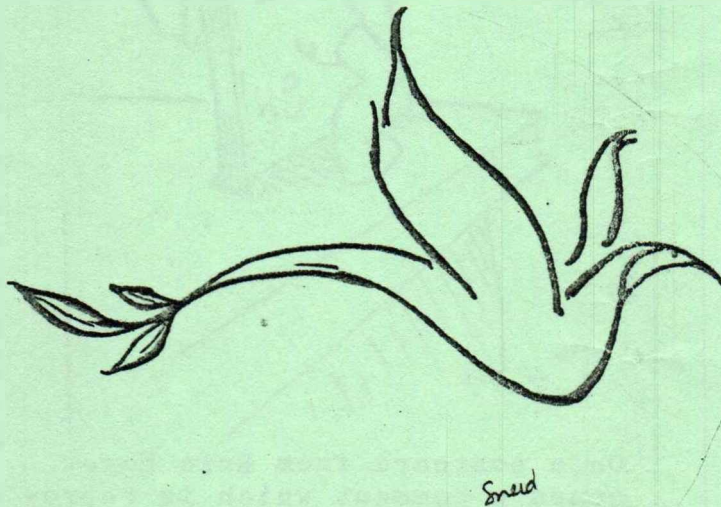
All at once Martin made up his mind. In plain defiance of the rules of the *Center*, he wrote in "f) Curious", scrawled "Approved" across the page, and signed his name at the bottom.



"There you are, Mr. Delaney," he said. "Injection room is just down the hall."

"Thank you," said Mr. Delaney. "You've been very helpful. Have you noticed what a beautiful day it is out? The dogwood trees should bloom in a few days. It's really been an extraordinary one hundred and ninety years. Good day, Mr. Wedgwood." He shook hands and went off down the corridor.

Martin looked out the window. He wondered if it was true about the dogwood trees. He wondered if there was life after death. He realized he had not wondered about things in a long time. Possibly it was seditious, but he no longer cared.



#### HOW TO CARE FOR YOUR IKKORIAN CACTUS .. BY .. BILL BLISS

In common with Earthian cacti, Ikkorian cacti are accustomed to a harsh environment and survive well even in the city. The watering schedule is simple: merely set it out in a sleet storm at least once a year.

It should be potted in concrete with just a little hard pan clay added. Since Ikkorian cacti are found growing in ruins, a few people have included such items as dead golf balls, broken crockery, burnt out transistors, worn roto-rooter tips, leaky hydrometers, artificial doughnuts, used dogbones, and castoff bedroom slippers. However, so far, that practice is questionable.

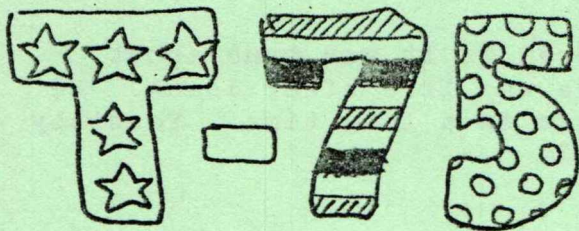
If it is desired to have one bloom more often than every 200 years, the potting concrete can be made with old coal mine tailings, instead of sand and gravel. Ikkorian cacti are almost impossible to damage accidentally and are tornado proof. They have even survived as centerpieces at Hogu Ranquets. They can be cleaned with a sandblaster or a small charge of concentrated corflu.

An Ikkorian cactus may at times appear to be dying, drooping over and turning blotchy, but that is merely a normal dormant period. The gafiation usually lasts from six to forty years. Sometimes, rapping the pot smartly with a large wooden mallet snaps them out of it.

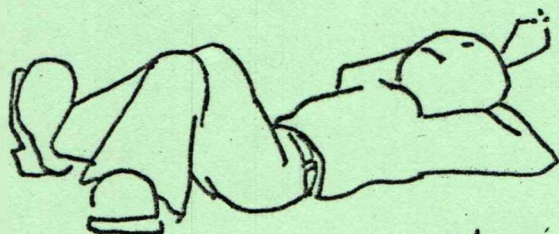


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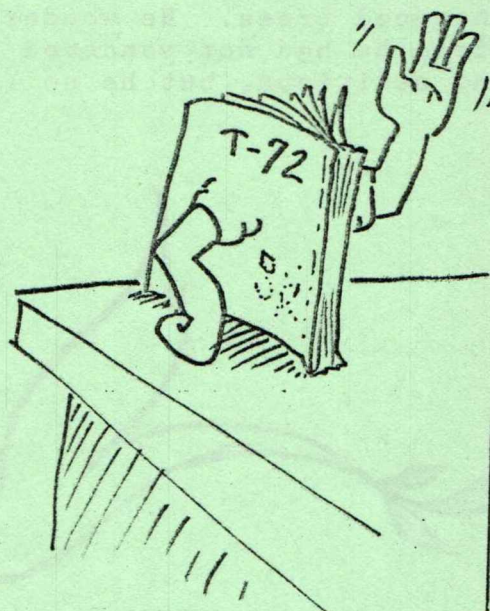
Looking ahead (through a glass darkly), Hank Heath prepared the "fire-works" in the sky illo to commemorate TITLE's 75th issue. Adding to Hank's caption: "Neither can TITLE!" Then, following Ken Hahn's pun "Watch out for the Title Wave", and after the demise announcement, Hank said the Title Wave should be as shown below:



(NO OTHER FANZINE CAN MAKE THAT CLAIM!)



*mf*

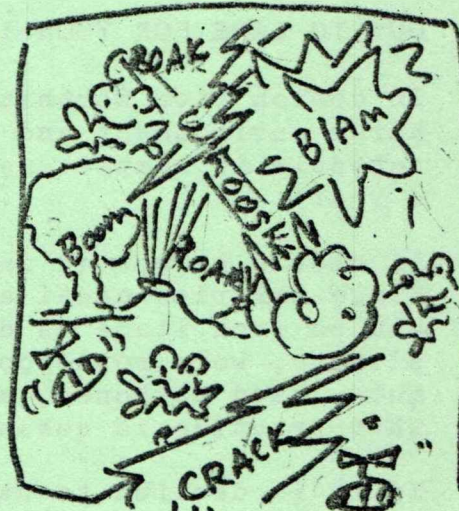


On a postcard from Eric Mayer comes a comment which is reproduced below:

REMEMBER THAT PIECE THAT CONRAD DUNN DID SOME ISSUES BACK THAT INCLUDED MULTITUDES OF ATROCIOUS PUNS WITH WOMBATS & OTHER FAANISH BEASTS? HERE'S A LINE FROM A SAM LONG LOC THAT KNOCKED ME OFF MY STOOL: "I THINK CONRAD DUNN HAS BEEN VARKING TOO AARD."

I must get this comment from Mike Glicksohn into the last

issue: "I can't share Tony Renner's dissatisfaction with either Libe or C.D. although for entirely different reasons. Over-exposure of dull or boring or inane writers would be tiresome but C.D. is intelligent, interesting and lots of fun. Libe is argumentative, intelligent and extremely provocative. For me, both of them liven up a fanzine and I hope they continue to appear in print. (Although I might admit to some desire to see C.D. treated more as a person and less as a Phenomenon.)"



Curious: How many readers have a complete run of TITLE from #1 through this last issue? Let me know...



Three late additions to the Poll... You three won't be able to compare your scores with others on the individual bit-matching basis, but to an approximation as follows:

Dave Rowe 22 bits and adjusted to 34.5  
Bill Roper 63 bits adjusted to 56.5  
Don Ayres 59 bits adjusted to 55.5

Some high bit-matching occurred between Bill Roper and Laurine White (5) and with

C.D.Doyle (6).

One night I decided to see "Close Encounters...". I waited in a line outside the theater for thirty minutes and was about thirty feet from the ticket booth when the theater was declared sold out. As yet, I haven't given it another try. On TV I saw some horrible two-part SF thing advertised as having "the thrills of Star Wars". An English product, and it was horrible. Likewise was the first run of something that seemed to be a very unfunny takeoff on Star Wars with lots of "let the source be with you". On the other hand I finally saw a couple of Planet of the Apes on TV and found them, in comparison, rather interesting, especially the one that returned the ape couple to Earth where they were "studied" by Earth scientists.

After plugging the special "Golden Age" issue of the DIVERSIFIER, Chet Clingan rather urgently asked me to note that this, being a special issue, would sell for \$2.50, and that I might add there'd be an original Steve Fabian cover, an interview with Ray Bradbury and fiction by E.C.Tubb-- besides all the other goodies therein.

Despite a definite feeling that both AITOI and FINAL ANALYSIS are a conglomerate mess, in this the last issue so many "final" thoughts are going through my head; and I feel I'm forgetting so much that must be communicated now or never... The instant that the issue is collated & stapled I know some locs will arrive bearing tidings of great interest with nowhere to go to pass along. It'll be a frustrating month or two for me...

Along with a clip that points out Science Museums are public favorites by 38% as compared to history museums at 24% and art museums at 14%, Mary & Sam Long advise a change of address: 1338 Crestview Dr., Springfield, Ill 62702. After a period of mail-drought from Mae Strelkov, I am happy to report that she has recovered from major surgery and will soon be back into the swim. She will be in the USA during June. My last mailing to Jon Inouye was returned-- anyone know where he's moved to?

OVER AT THE RIGHT-- MY LAST UNPRINTED FAN PHOTO.

A few notes on the year 1977 from Lester Boutillier: "Most SF mags near doom, but then they're *always* near doom. Fans on the rise-- Avedon Carol, Marty Helgesen, Patrick Hayden, Gary Mattingly, Stu Shiffman, & Mitch Thornhill. A Faanish Revival. SF the rage on visual media because of STAR WARS, with most of the resultant products predictably bad."

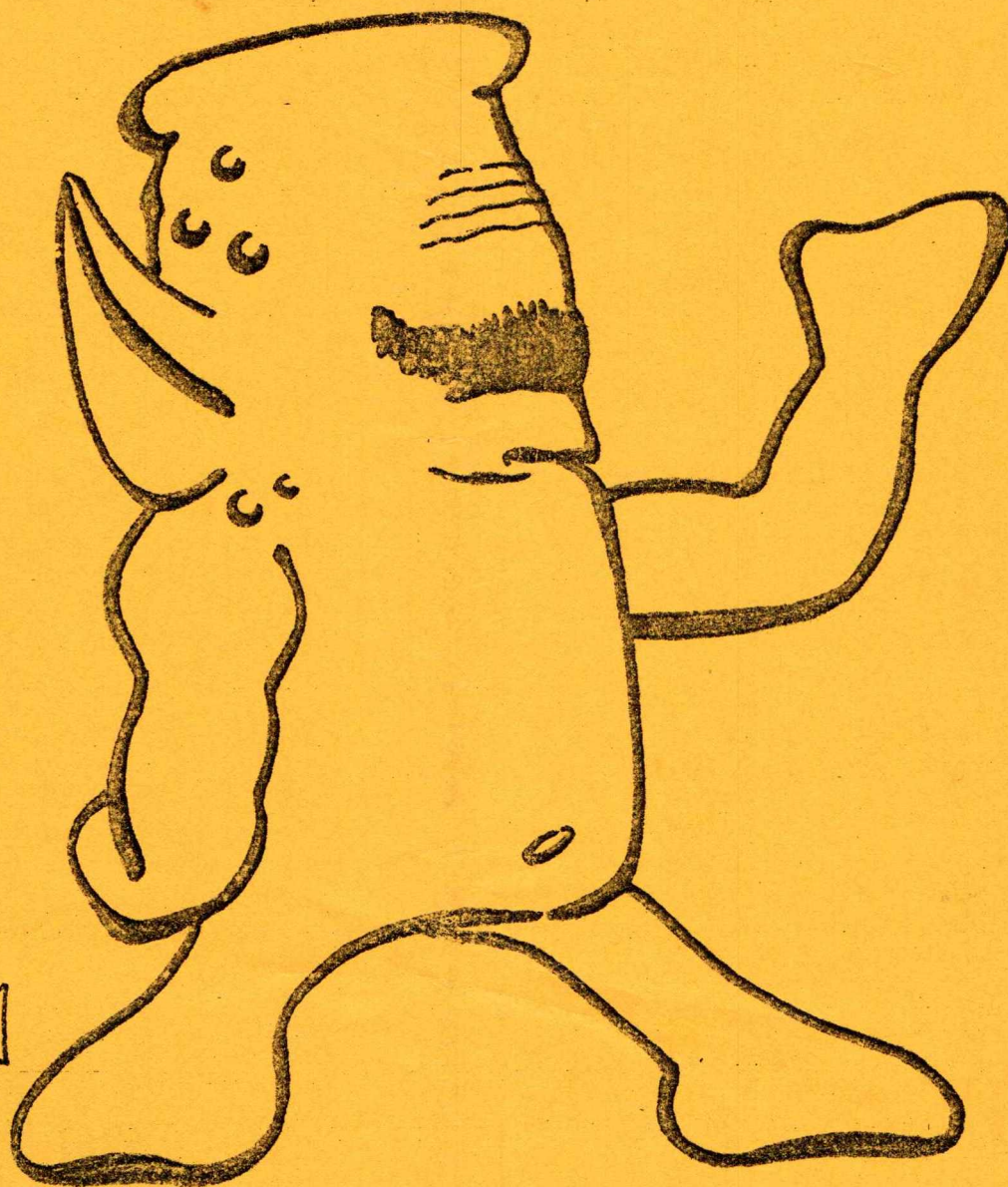


**Richard Brandt**

WELL, I GUESS THIS IS IT FOR TITLE..BUT REMEMBER THAT SOME OF THE SAME FEELING WILL TRY TO GET INTO FARRAGO.. I'VE HAD AN ENJOYABLE SIX YEARS; I FULLY EXPECT TO FEEL A LITTLE LOST FOR AWHILE-- WITHDRAWAL SYMPTOMS. BUT A LAST THANKS AS THIS SHEET & TITLE BOTH SLIP AWAY.



# TITLE



9-5  
HAHN  
1977

**PANGO SAYS:**

"TITLE IS JUST GRE-- WELL, TERRIF--  
I MEAN, FANTAS-- WELL ACTUALLY, IT'S  
KIND OF HARD TO DESCRIBE..."