

BORGLE!

CREEFAM!

STORK!

fflab! **BLAG!**

MORB!

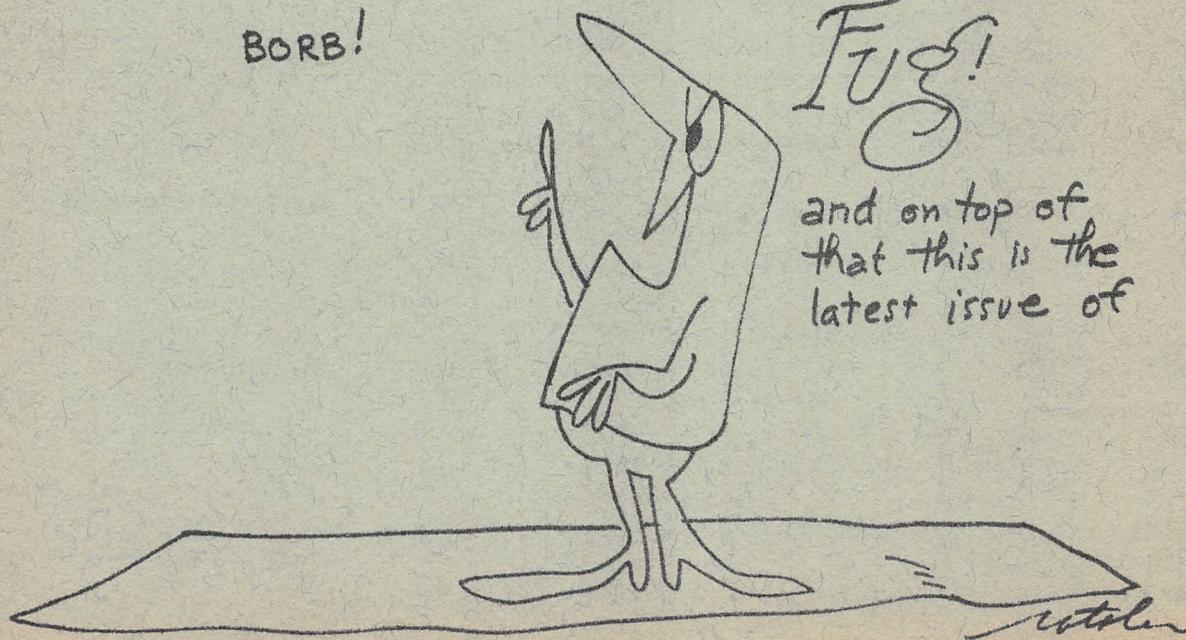
CROT!

Succink!

BORB!

Fug!

and on top of
that this is the
latest issue of



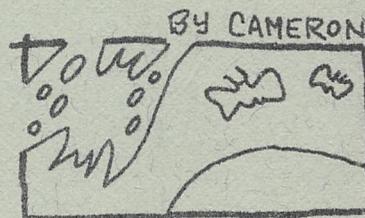
rotten

PAGE 2

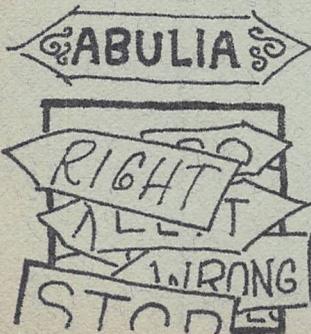
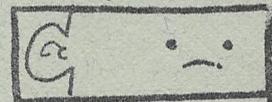
ABECEDARIAN



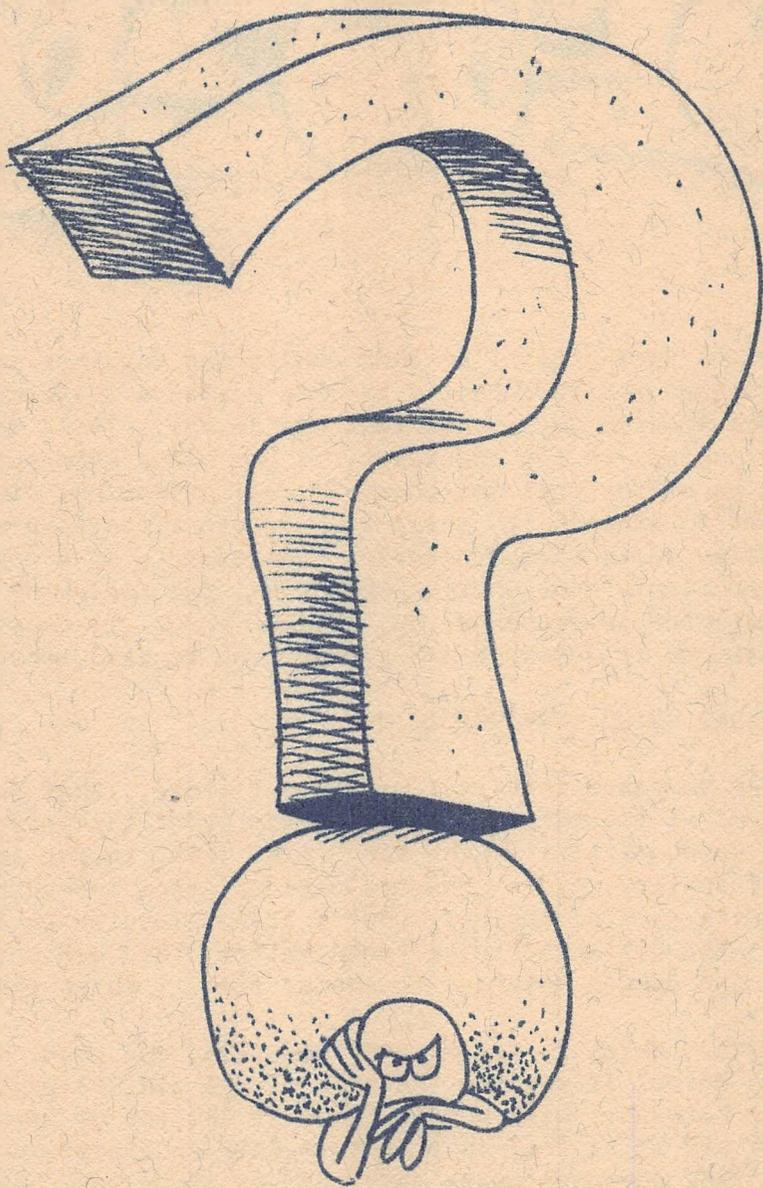
PRIMER
FOR FANDOM'S
NEO-POLITICAL,
QUASI-
ACADEMIC,
& THOROUGHLY
ACEPHALOUS PEDANTS

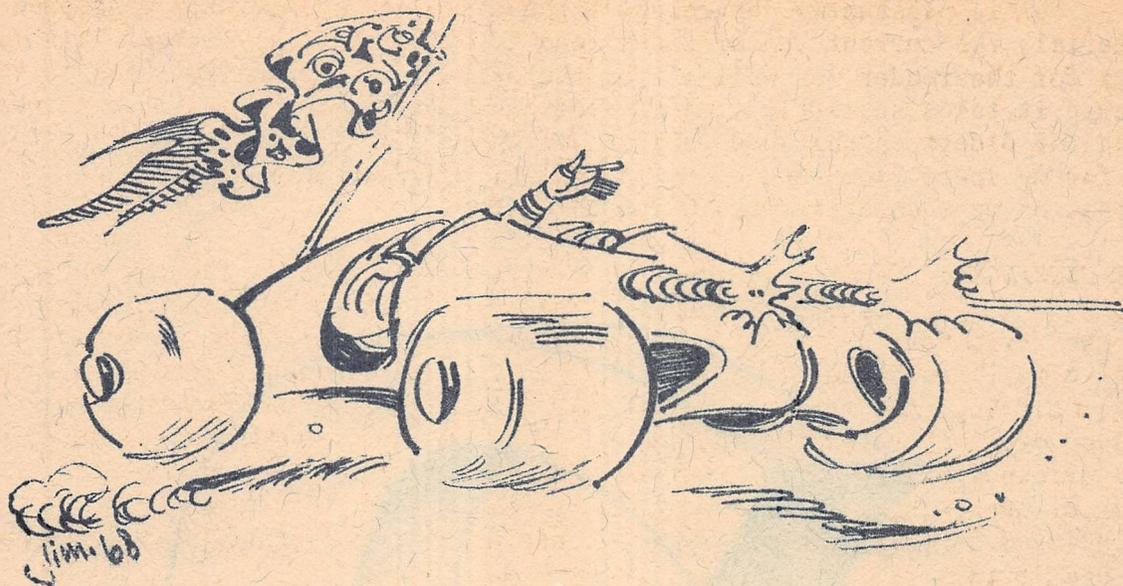


LACUNA



RECURRENCE





[] ...Despite the fact that I've been publishing fanzines for nearly 9 []
[] years--I've just realized that I haven't edited a lettercolumn of any []
[] length since *Abonico* #2. ...and that was in Nov., 1961! This ought to []
[] prove interesting, to say the least. :: One other immediate note: It []
[] seems that no matter what you chose to call a fanzine, others will at []
[] once attempt to shorten it, twist it, or otherwise mangle the title []
[] into something quite unrecognizable. Therefore, as a public service []
[] to those who simply must shorten *Outworlds*, the following will be the []
[] Proper & Accepted terminology: Ow. (...you know...it does have a tiny []
[] bit of a ring to it, doesn't it? :: Now...on to this month's Mail: []

...OF THIS...AND OF THAT WHICH WENT BEFORE

JERRY KAUFMAN: ...You remember that review of *D:B* I wrote, that John Ayotte published? I remember saying something about the informality, and about the contrasting personalities of the two Bills. Well, in the last issue chaos seemed to replace informality, and a thousand personalities seemed to replace two. Others have said it with greater insight, but I stand alone in this letter. That last *D:B* was a mess. The Bills should've known better: They had enough experience to tell them better, and enough material to choose from. I think they just got too excited over the repro.

So now *Outworlds*. Which is quiet, very Bowerish, and good. No Capitals in the editorial: Joan's doing? It removes the bulk of the old pretension. The little pieces, with no space between, with no big heads at the top of pages except for a few things (even as I say it, I feel like that is only an impression you wanted to give me?). It reads like one continuous magazine, as if to say, Here are no artificial divisions between subjects, everything is one.

My compliments to all parts of the salad, Connie, Mark, Mike, Paul, Hank, the people I know, and the people I don't. Because Harrywarnerlike I found something in each and much in all. And especially my compliments to the chefs.

Quiet in here, isn't it?

MARK SCHULZINGER: I'm sorry to see *D:B* go but I think that you and Mallardi just special-issued yourselves to death. The annish was great but what could you do for an encore?

.....

OUT is pleasantly convenient to handle. As you so aptly mentioned in your editorial, the current run of zines tend to be unmanageably large. This makes problems for the reader as well as for the editor. I personally prefer a small zine because it takes so little time to read and correspondingly little to comment on. Being the oldest established fakefan in the midwest, I do have other things that vie for my spare time and I don't feel I can discharge the obligation an editor imposes on me adequately with a 150 page zene.

MIKE DECKINGER: Some of your previous titles, as well as the current one, strike responsive chords of nostalgia within me. I recall *Abanico* as being the first fanzine I read on my return from the SEACON in 1961. It was the first time I had heard of the name Bowers, and as I recall you were experiencing postal difficulties and requested that all commentary be forwarded to you "at the village of X, near town of Y". *Silver Dusk* was your small, half size, professionally printed fanzine for a mundane apa that caused some undue stress, to say nothing of needless hardening of the arteries, among the more senile members when you printed a story by Earl Evers containing a few 'objectionable' words. Shows you what trivia will accumulate in the mind.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: The only good angle I can find to the unwelcome fact [*D:B's* demise.] is this: *Double:Bill* has now acquired the only thing it lacked in comparison with *Fantasy Magazine*, *The Fanscient*, *Xero*, and all the fine fanzines of the past, the sense of nostalgia for that which is past.

But I hope you can keep your twin ideals of frequent publication and non-exhausting size alive indefinitely for *Outworlds*. It's an interesting first issue that almost seems to develop as it goes along, from the scrappy sort of impression all those short items give in the first half to the sudden arrival of something big in the remainder.

TERRY JEEVES: First reactions are naturally to compare it with the last issue of *Double:Bill*...which is of course, manifestly unfair. After all, *D:B* was the last of a magnificent line. So, sitting back and trying to be objective, let's have a look at *Out.1*. First of all, the production is impeccable and layout and duplicating hit the high standard with your first issue, that other zines are still trying for when they fold.

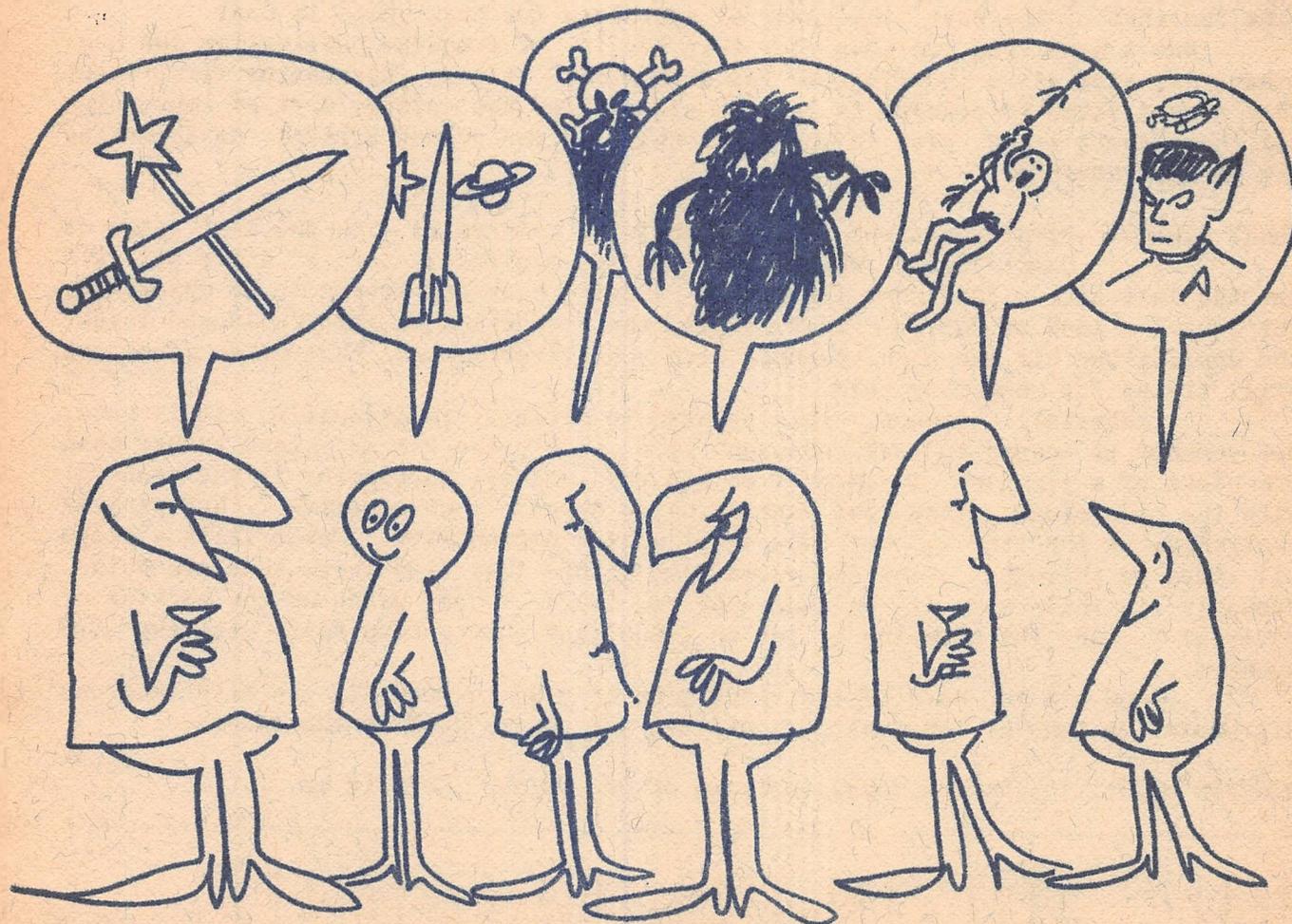
...material...Somehow, this is hard to define...individually, it is good, but somehow it seemed to lack cohesion...i.e. each piece was an island rather than one piece of a jig saw. I remember we had this bother (according to the readers) with the old *Triode*...they kept wanting us to develop a personality...they praised everything in the zine ... but they still wanted personality. Maybe it is a stage all zines go through ... the shakedown time before they find where they are going. Probably in this case it was caused by two facts ... (a) using up the backlog of material ... and (b) hurrying to get an issue sent out to keep faith with the *D:B* subbers.

...now all you need is the right kind of glue to meld all the bits into one big whole...a tube of 'Instant Personality' and you're back in the league.

RICHARD GEIS: I like the mosaic pattern of *Outworlds*. Keep it up.

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL...

[] Perhaps, Jerry, it's only the quiet before the storm. Then again, it []
[] just possibly might remain relatively calm in here. Loud and useless []
[] Noise irritates me--perhaps not as much in print (since I can put it []
[] down) as vocal manifestations, but... :: Should anyone wonder why []
[] publishing a fanzine is perhaps more fun than contributing to one... []
[] the preceding entries might give you a hint: It is both fascinating []
[] and delightful to watch one thing produce so many different--yet all []
[] interesting--reactions. :: The comparisons and linkings with Double: []
[] Bill were not entirely unexpected--nor unwelcome; still, it should be []
[] made clear that Outworlds (while of necessity somewhat derivative) is []
[] in no way, shape, or form, a direct continuation of the monster. One []
[] thing I most definitely do not want to do, is to turn this space into []
[] a mourning pyre for D:B. But -- having been there through birth/life/ []
[] death--I still remain a bit in awe of some of the reactions the thing []
[] produced--both pro & con. So, if anyone really wants to tell why they []
[] loved it, or why they hated our guts, I will publish a limited amount []
[] of such material. For about two issues; then it will be cut off. It's []
[] best not to tread too long on the graves of the past, without staking []
[] out some new horizons. :: As to Outworlds -- with some difficulty, I []
[] still stand on my promise to demonstrate by example (rather than by []



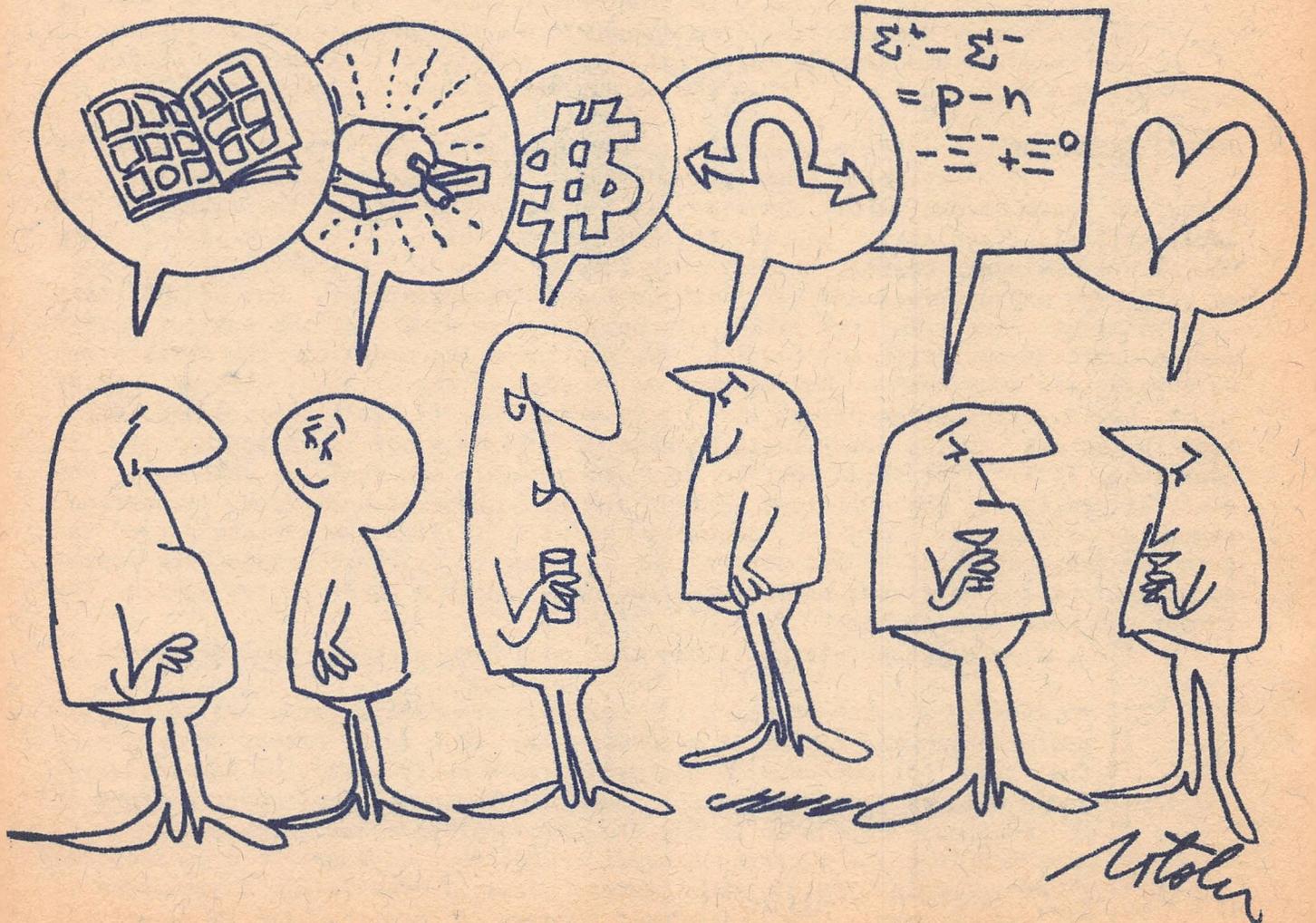
THERE ARE MANY FANDOMS

[] longwinded semi-sermons and rash promises) just what I'm trying to []
[] accomplish. But Terry is right: We are in the shakedown portion of []
[] our flight...and things are a bit unsettled, as a result. You could, []
[] I suppose, compare it to a fledgling pilot out on his first few solo []
[] missions--no matter how detailed and lengthy the training period...it []
[] is just a mite different to be completely on your own! []

...OF THOSE WHO STRIVE FOR VISUAL 'THINGS'

TERRY JEEVES: One big complaint...not enough art-work. Personally, I'd like to see more art, and more ambitious headings.

MARK SCHULZINGER: You probably know that I am not an art fan. I enjoyed what art there was in *OUT* and I hope you don't overdo it. This is not to be construed as a comment on your own artistic abilities -- I like the stuff of yours that I have seen. Still, I prefer reading to looking in a fanzine. I figure that if I want to look at art I can always go to a museum or look at the stuff that hangs on my walls. You know, though, that art should be an accompaniment to the printed word--at least in magazines that publish written material. In an artzine, ah, that's a different matter.



[] ...somehow I get the impression that Terry will enjoy this issue just []
 [] a little bit more than Mark will. []

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Your disclosures about your artistic incarnation were fascinating. This is the only way I can feel even remotely related to good artists: When they talk about their creativity in words. Those who just sit there and emit one splendid drawing after another with never a hint about how they did it or how hard it was or why they didn't make the mountain a little bigger in the background seem altogether too remote and superhuman to a person like me who can't draw at all. But if the artist can write about it, as Gaughan and occasionally Rotsler and a few others do, I feel more comfortable, since they seem to be just as human as myself and merely in the habit of expressing themselves part of the time in lines and curves which don't form letters and words. In this first issue of *Outworlds* I liked most the front cover drawing. Without the circles, it would be effective, and with the circles, it is both effective and unique in my memory. If I were an art critic I could undoubtedly figure out what the circles do to my id to make me like the picture so much; as it is, I can simply imitate the cow's remark about the spring pasture, to the effect that I like it. Whether you or Connie did it, the background for your title at the top of the page forms the perfect complement to the drawing, fixing up the composition just right on a page that wouldn't have looked in balance with any other arrangement of type and picture.

[] The heading was mine...but the idea is much older than this; I picked []
 [] it up from the pages of a fanzine called *Sphere*--published 10 or more []
 [] years ago, and emitting from somewhere in the South--Florida, I think []
 [] --with no discernable editorial staff, only a mailing address. It's a []
 [] technique that's a little too easily accomplished; I tend to overdo. []

JOHN & SANDRA MIESEL: If we could spread any Message to fan artists, it would be this: Learn printmaking. We started collecting prints last year and have become fairly obsessed on the subject -- making the rounds of the local galleries regularly, squandering our savings, etc. There's a show in town now of prize-winning college student work ("Young Printmakers") which we approached with high expectations and left with profound disappointment. Out of 100 items --there might have been 5 we liked. Techniques were good but the subject matter was so oppressively trite and faddish. The top (even the middling) fan artists are so superior in *imagination*. But as much as we admired the original work on display in St. Louis, the auction prices were quite beyond us (I won't compare the inflation in fan art to the Great Tulip Madness of Holland, but it approaches it, it approaches it!). Yet there must be many other people who feel the same way, who *could* afford \$10-25 for a limited edition signed & numbered serigraph, lithograph, engraving or whatever. And the economics would still give the artists a good return for their efforts. (Must stress that we refer to original prints, not reproductions. George Barr has offered the latter. Connie's going to try selling the former and good luck to her.)

[] ...a fascinating thought & one that does have distinct possibilities. []

[] To restate a fact--of which I'm certain both Mark & Terry are totally []
 [] aware--while the editor of a genzine can to a large extent determine []
 [] the 'slant' or contents of his publication he is still, to an equally []
 [] large extent, dependent on the type/nature/quantity of contributions []
 [] he receives. ...unless he has the time/ability/means to create those []
 [] contents in their entirety himself -- but that wouldn't be a genzine. []
 [] I have, I think, fairly wide tastes. True, I have fairly large areas []
 [] of 'disinterest', but few actual taboos. I have the urge to experi- []

[] ment -- both on an overall basis, and with each single issue. This is []
 [] my consuming interest, the reason I'm spending money on this, rather []
 [] than doing something unreasonable...like saving for a house. In large []
 [] manner, this experimentation is tied in with 'art' and 'layout' (both []
 [] as defined by my carefully nurtured amateur status). Therefore, I can []
 [] see no reason why it would not...why it will not...be possible for me []
 [] to publish a solidtext issue one time, and follow it up with an 'art- []
 [] zine' two months later. Or vice versa. I find no redundancy there. :: []
 [] I am open to almost any type of material -- and have confidence in my []
 [] own ability to present that which I receive in a well-reproduced and []
 [] structured manner. I will, however, exercise the option to reject, if []
 [] I don't think something 'fits' (...it's been suggested that we should []
 [] have tried this a little bit more than we did, with Double:Bill). You []
 [] see, *Outworlds* has no magical minimum number of pages it has to fill, []
 [] or else, every two months. But it does have a firm maximum--40. :: I []
 [] like pretty pictures and witty words, and see no reason why both can []
 [] not peacefully coexist under the same title. Or is this illegal....? []

...OF THE BOOKS THAT BIND US TOGETHER...OR TEAR US APART

JODI OFFUTT: I'm involved in Silverberg's books right now, too, and they're having the opposite effect on me. I've finished UP THE LINE, thought it was great, but am having a hard time getting into NIGHTWINGS. Maybe it isn't the order in which they are read that's the problem; they probably should not be read on top of each other. Also just read THREE FOR TOMORROW and Silverberg's *How It Was When the Past Went Away* was the best of the three. That man really knows how to put words together.

A reviewer ought to review a story, period. And let the reader decide if he wants to read it. Mark gives me more information than I care to have about DUNE MESSIAH: The plot *and* the ending, as well as most of the story.

TERRY JEEVES: So far, I haven't read DUNE MESSIAH, but this review was right down my street ... it made points...and then justified them. It did NOT drift off into theory, or an account of how the method school of making cheese flan finally made the writer buy 6-1/2 yards of left handed sugar...all this leading round the houses as an intro before the last two sentences deal with the story ...GOOD.

MIKE DECKINGER: Wyman Guin's THE STANDING JOY may have been overlooked because at first glance it does not appear to be sf. Guin wrote one of the best stories *Galaxy* ever printed in its early years. This was *Beyond Bedlam*, a matchless study of a society geared to universal schizophernia. The original story was novella length, and could have been expanded a good deal longer without giving it the appearance of one of those bloated novels written for some publication that pays by the word. Instead, Guin (and the readers) chose to ignore it completely, until it appeared in a minor collection by him from Avon last year. I know he's written a few other things, but I can't recall any of them.

As you say, too much attention is devoted to unexpectedly inept items like DUNE MESSIAH, as per the review on page 6, and too little to the potentialities of a writer like Wyman Guin who never received the encouragement he should have when he first approached sf with *Beyond Bedlam*.

[] A note of possible interest: Mark Schulzinger had an article entitled []
 [] 'Easy First Step to Publication: Book Reviewing', in the Feb., 1970 []
 [] *Writer's Digest*. Also therein: A short squib by one Wilkie Conner. []

...ABOUT THAT 'PROPOSAL':



TERRY JEEVES: *Modest Proposal* was fair enough, but a trifle too strained for my taste once it had made its original point. It should have ended with the '... one cheap bullet will do the trick so efficiently.'

MIKE DECKINGER: I would tend to agree with Bob Weinberg's modest proposal for the elimination of poverty; however I would broaden those limits to include not only the poor, but the rich as well, and for good measure those in between. No proof has ever been offered that the rich are totally

blameless for the ills we face today and it's only fair that they, like the poor, should undergo a similar program. And since there are less of them it won't take as long.

EXPLODING THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE

HARRY WARNER, JR.: I suspect some word-juggling on the part of Paul Wyszowski, who never comes right out and explains whether he's talking about the cause and effect on the atomic or foot-tall or solar system level. It would also be easy to contend that even the mechanistic universe would provide as much entertainment for intelligence as a statistical universe, because either universe is too complicated for human-type intelligence to be able to comprehend the pattern of cause and effect.

JODI OFFUTT: *Mechanistic vs. Statistical Universe.* A...I didn't understand it. Which isn't too important. I *did* find a 73-word sentence, though. Whew! No wonder it was so hard to follow.

JERRY KAUFMAN: ...a note for Paul W., which is that in the normal deck, with all the set values of the cards, the Joker is desperately needed. But if, as you say (and I think so too) if all the cards are wild, what good is the Joker? Unless the Joker, being external-transcendent as you say, outside the statistics, is the only one with value?

CLOTHING 'THE NAKED FAN':

JOHN & SANDRA MIESEL: Fanzine reviewers seem to drown in material or else something goes SNAP! (The description of *GF's* reviewer mewing piteously as her roommates had locked her in a closet with a stack of fanzines. Or have you ever discussed this with Doll Gilliland? The tremor in her voice, the unshed tears glistening in her eyes ... "Fanzines, everywhere I look are fanzines. I take them to work to read on break and people stare at me..." Apparently she bends over so drastically to find something nice to say about each one out of consideration for the producers' feelings.) Now at the Marcon you might try to talk to Jerry Kaufman about fanzine reviewing because he has some definite and independent ideas about how it should be done.

[] ...so do I. Unfortunately, it is a lot easier to have Ideas, than to []
[] get something down on paper. But I'd like to hear from you, Jerry... []

JODI OFFUTT: I think Charlie Brown does a good job of fanzine reviewing in *Locus*. They're short, quick and give you an idea of what's in each.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: The way fanzine reviews keep bobbing up in almost every fanzine may symbolize the fact that fanzines are becoming too numerous for anyone to acknowledge consistently with locs and still have time to do anything else in fandom. I get a strong impression that most fanzine review columns are published simply in the belief that it's quicker and less trouble to stay on mailing lists by writing brief reviews than long locs. This could account for the short lifespan of most fanzine review columns, because the self-published kind eventually prove to be quite time-consuming when all the stencilling and running off and collating are taken into consideration, and those published by others pretty soon start appearing late or in severely cut form and the reviewer finally realizes that there is no real substitute for the loc after all. Of course at this point I could launch into a long lament over how I'm constantly being asked to review this or that fanzine for *Riverside Quarterly* by people who simply won't stop to think how many fanzine issues appear between instalments of that column and how much space I have for covering the fanzine output of that interval.

TERRY JEEVES: Your teaser on the layout of a future review column was unfair...it emulated the old round-the-houses reviewer until I thought I was getting to the reviews ... then it promised them later. You do 'em as you like 'em ...but enough to give a bit of depth.

[] Yes...it was a teaser; it seems to have worked a bit better than my []
[] other attempts in that direction. In fairness, I should explain that []
[] The Naked Fan, while including specific reviews and thoughts of fan- []
[] zines...will be (as I visualize it) more a general column on the whole []
[] of Fandom -- emitting from a quite prejudiced point-of-view. It will []
[] not necessarily be in every issue...once it gets started in issue III.[]

...WHAT WAS IT LIKE IN THE FUTURE, DADDY?

MIKE DECKINGER: Hank Davis' 2001 parody was an inspired gem. Most of the humor was fresh and laden wit, unlike the tired, unfunny stance of too many parodies I read this day. I think in a few spots he overextended himself, but the piece was basically fresh and funny. I have the sound track record as well as a separate lp of *Zarathustra* but I refuse to replay either at 1:00 in the morning just to count the booms. On the printed page a boom or two less is not the sort of tragedy to cause consternation among the readers.

MARK SCHULZINGER: Hank Davis' parody was fine. I hope that this ends the 2001 shtick forever. I'm beginning to get sick of it myself. It was a great film and I'll go and see it again someday. Still, there are more wonders in store for us and we might as well start watching out for them.

Anent wonders, I caught the latest Salzman-Broccoli Bond epic. It's a wonder it ever got released. I suspect I went just to catch sight of Diana Rigg (who manages to get Mrs. Peelish towards the end of the film). My date made the comment that Sean Connery delivered Bond's lousy lines much better than the new Aussie star. Did you ever think that the Bond movies of today will be the Hopalong Cassidy films of tomorrow? I must admit, tho, that the chopper assault on Priz Gloria was a fine sequence. No wonder it looked so good, the guy who filmed it lost his life in the attempt. It must be wonderful to give your all for a flick.

JODI OFFUTT: Hank Davis' *Odd Space Essay* is far and away the best thing in *Outworlds*. Really superb. I laughed and laughed. 2001 has been treated

with entirely too much reverence and emotion. It's really great to read a good parody. Hooray for Hank Davis!

[Six boom-booms for Hank.]

ALEX EISENSTEIN: Hank Davis' parody was quite amusing--could have been improved in spots, but on the whole very funny--and a much better job all around than the mess *Mad* magazine fobbed off on its readership; all *that* thing ever did was bitch & whine about how 'idiotic' the film was, how dull & boring & overlong & stupid & inane & blah blah, etc., ad infinitum... a regular nonstop tantrum with no real satire or burlesque of the actual weaknesses of the film! And worse, no real humor...

I think 'Dave van Archer' would have been a funnier *fannish* spoof-name for the hero of the Jupiter mission (...courtesy of my wife, Phyllis!), and the spaceship *Surprise* should have been called *Eureka*...*Surprise* is a parody of *Enterprise*, not *Discovery*.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: I'd rate Hank Davis' parody with those of Carl Brandon for laugh-creating ability and ingenuity. Or is it a parody? It's hard to figure out what you call something that is strictly speaking a different art form from the thing on which it is modeled, for obviously none of us has read exactly this sort of description-plus-some-dialog as our way of experiencing the real *2001*. I'd toyed occasionally with the idea of trying some kind of pastiche of my own, except that I would have turned the film into a parable of fandom. But I never got past the moment when the apefans squatting in front of the monolith cut into confans squatting in front of the worldcon hotel's elevator shaft, and my sense of humor is all on the receiving side, not the creative, outgiving side, anyway. I don't suppose that anyone will be crazy enough to try to produce this as an underground movie, but maybe it will inspire someone to turn out a simplified movie parody that would undoubtedly be a smash hit at every con for the next five years. I hope to see many another Hank Davis satire or parody or whatever of this quality from now on.

- [] ...so do I; and preferably right here in these pages, Hank! :: In D:B []
- [] 21, I predicted that it would be absolutely the last word on *2001*--I []
- [] feel confident that I was right. :: I still can't get over that damn []
- [] ape tossing the bone skyward...! []

...FINAL POSTMARKS:

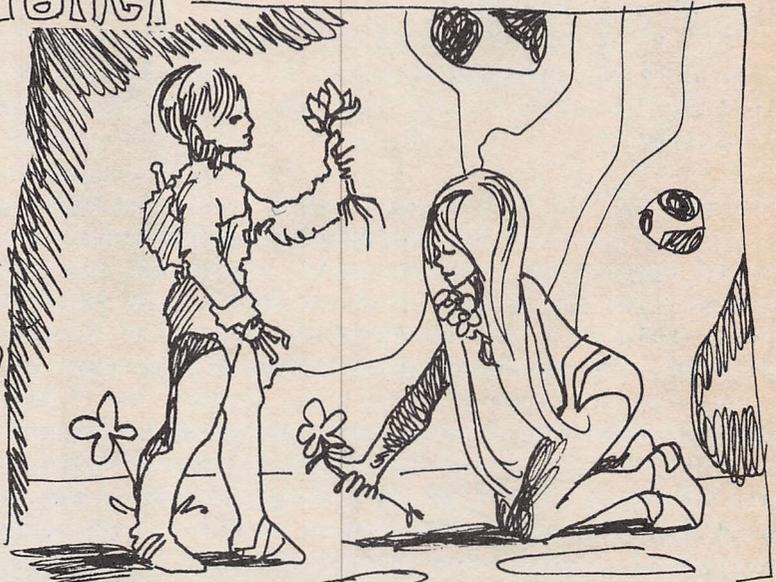
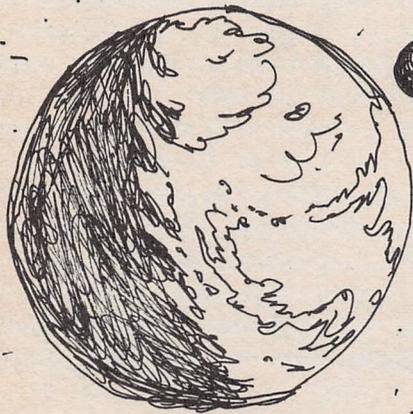
SANDRA MIESEL requested that I print this: We wish you hadn't disinterred that 'Tickthothman' bit. It just wasn't funny. May I hereby publicly repudiate it? [] I think the preceeding thoroughly unnecessary, Sandra. I never considered it uproarously funny true, but I enjoyed it in a quiet sort of way. Otherwise I never would have printed it, even though it was by you. It should have been printed around the time submitted...but I claim no responsibility for that! [][]

...and now, ROBERT BLOCH: Thanks for *Outworlds* #1 -- and if you keep up this high standard you'll be equalling or topping D:B without effort. I am glad, however, that the former co-editor will continue to pub on his own. It's a case of "the song is over, but the Mallardi lingers on."

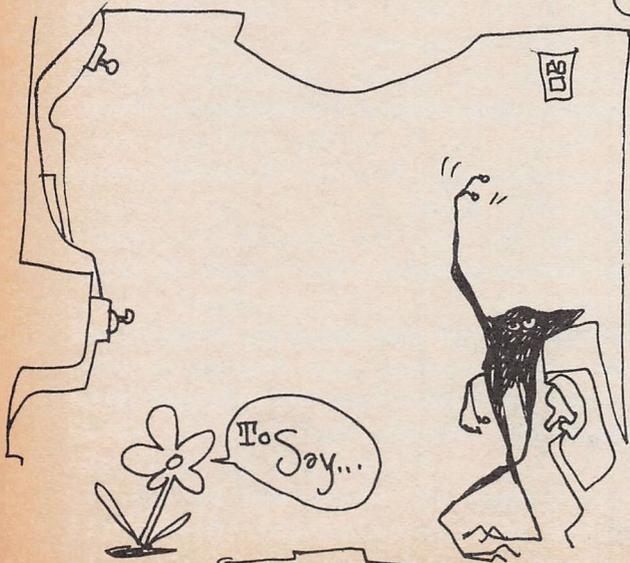
- [] ...ouch! ...and I am not about to attempt topping that--despite my []
- [] reputation in some quarters. :: So, that's all for this time; thanks []
- [] for all the kind words on the initial effort ... and keep our mailbox []
- [] bulging ...my Joan and I, we 'preciate it! ...BILL []

Title 5

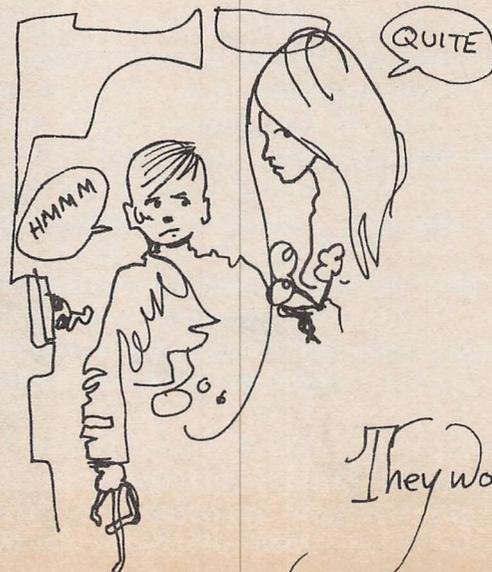
Tales from + Colonial Planet K-81



The children, Aa and Den-White were picking the flowers the Lord Jay Blue Tree had at great expense brought across space to Old Earth.....



Then the Kev motioned to them....



They wondered...

dork!

wow!

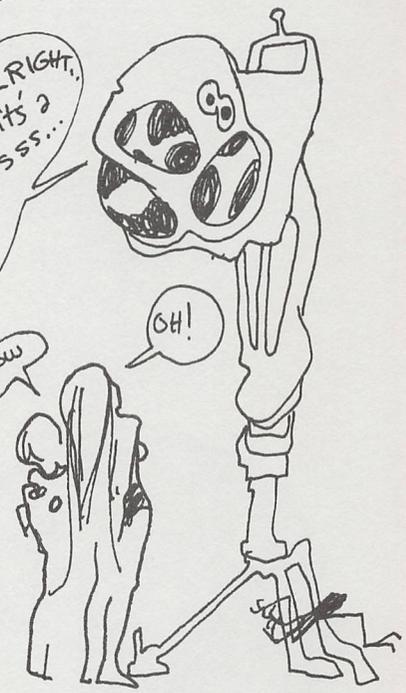
Inside was too dark to see and they bumped into something



IT'S ALL RIGHT, I'VE GOT IT'S A GASSSSSS...

wow

OH!

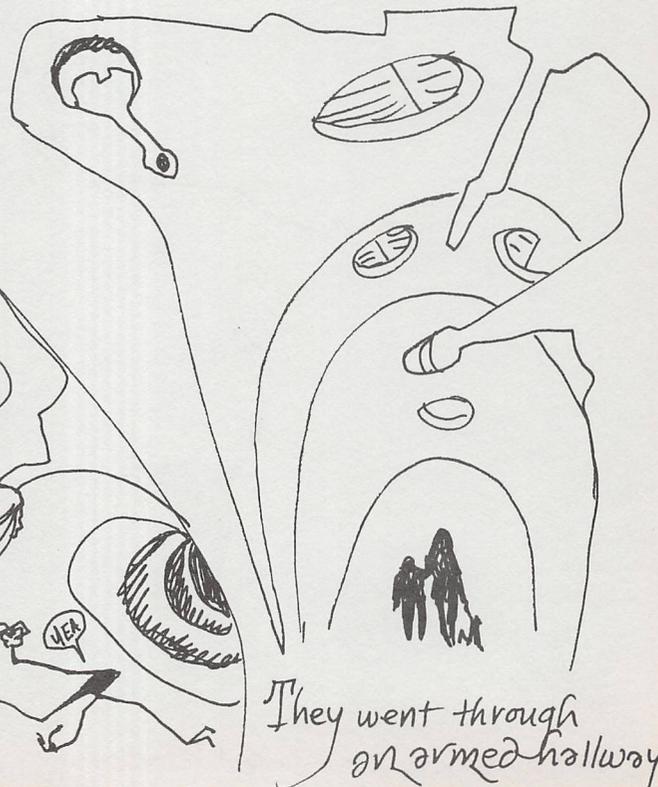


They came to a Door...

The lights went on... they had bumped into a Mark 5 wando...



They left the room....



They went through an armed hallway,...



LasERS all Most
got them twice...

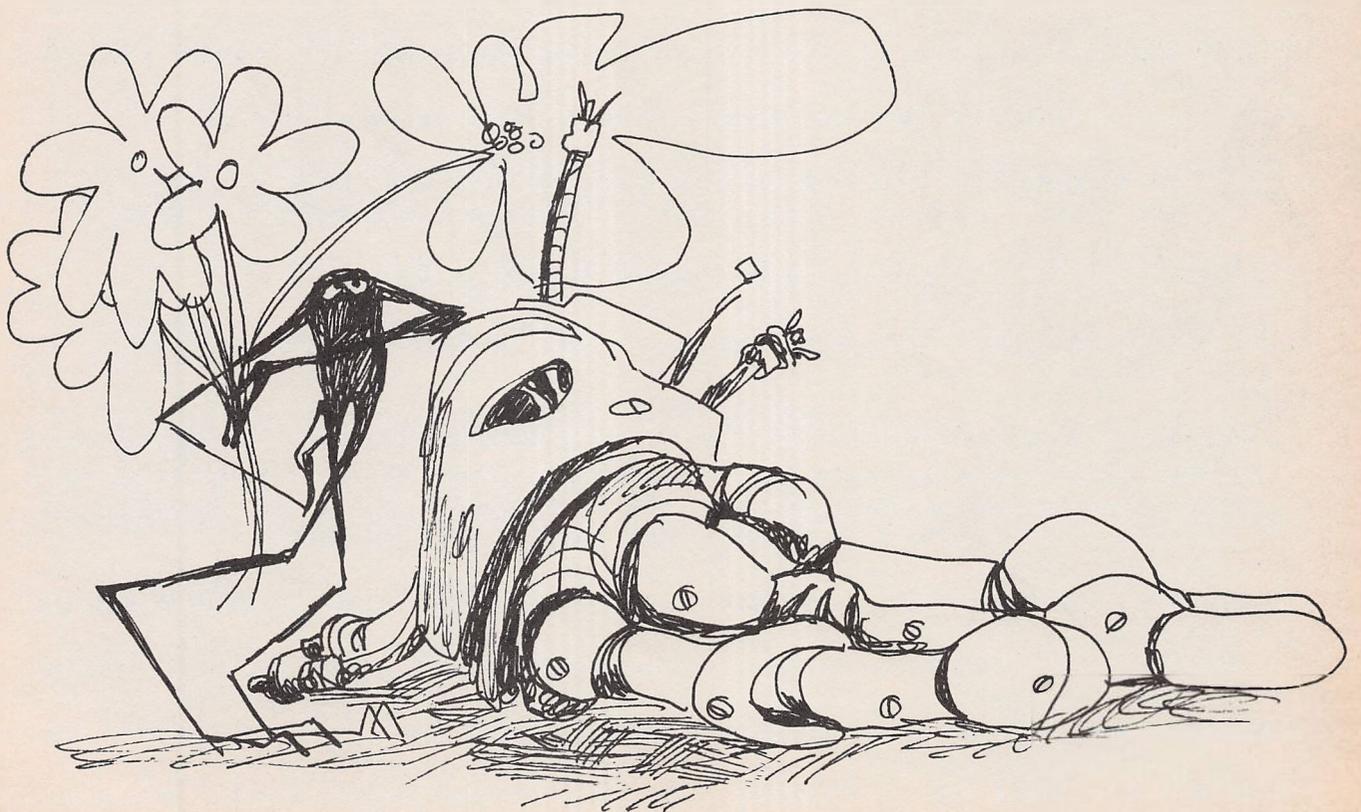


They then noticed... they were alone...



Some one had replaced
Hajscyborg units and
Some one had the flowers....

9
INLS



...oh yes: In case you were wondering ... this is

OUTWORLDS II

...the Fanzine of not-always-Pertinent Alternatives

MARCH, of 1970

IT SEEMS THAT SOME PEOPLE REQUIRE A TABLE OF CONTENTS FOR ANYTHING OVER TWO PAGES IN LENGTH ... SO, HEREWITH:

- [1/27] - A Word or Two, by Way of Introduction, from BILL ROTSLER - [27/1]
- [2/28] - COLIN CAMERON Primes You, on a Page Numbered by BILL ROTSLER - [28/2]
- [3/29] - BILL ROTSLER Poses a Weighty Question, Indeed! - [29/3]
- [4/30] thru [12/38] -
- THE OUTWORLDS MAIL... wherein segmented words of communication from:
ROBERT BLOCH [12/38]; MIKE DECKINGER [5/31][9/35][10/36][11/37];
ALEX EISENSTEIN [12/38]; RICHARD GEIS [5/31];
TERRY JEEVES [5/31][7/33][9/35][10/36][11/37]; JERRY KAUFMAN [4/30][10/36];
JOHN & SANDRA MIESEL [8/34][10/36][12/38]; JODI OFFUTT [9/35][10/36][11/37];
MARK SCHULZINGER [4/30][7/33][11/37]
and HARRY WARNER, JR. [5/31][8/34][10/36][11/37][12/38]
- ...appear, and are subjected to commentation by BILL BOWERS
- ...with Art by: JIM CAWTHORN [4/30]; BILL ROTSLER [6/32][7/33]; TIM KIRK [10/36]
- [13/39 thru 16/42] - one of MIKE GILBERT's Very Own Outworlds - [42/16 thru 39/13]
- [17/43] - You are LOOKING at It -- dumb-dumb! - [43/17]
- [18/44] - ...words of Wisdom, FROM WILLIAM'S PEN... - [46/20]
(The 'Pens' of Others: TERRY JEEVES [18/44] and BILL ROTSLER [19/45])
- [21/47] - STEVE FABIAN'S PAGE - [47/21]
- [22/48] - a candid 'mug-shot' from IVOR LATTO - [48/22]
- [23/49] thru [30/56] -
- ...fragments from a nightmare (or) YOU'LL BE A BETTER UNIVERSE, FOR ALL OF THIS...
by BILL BOWERS, who acknowledges that an early (much shorter) version of this
piece appeared under the title of 'It's a Soldier's Job' in *ODD Magazine 17*
(and was Copyrighted (c) 1967 by R. D. Fisher)
- [31/57] - MIKE GILBERT - [57/31] [32/58] - BILL ROTSLER - [58/32]
- [33/59] - BILL BOWERS in younger, more carefree days: BACK AT YOU - [59/33]
- [34/60] - just in case your ass is a dragging (BILL ROTSLER & TIM KIRK) - [60/34]
- OUTWORLDS II: Published Bi-Monthly, it is the Strange and Wonderful Offspring of:
BILL & JOAN BOWERS : P.O. Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203 U.S. of A.
Entire Contents Copyright (c) 1970 by William L. Bowers

.....
...if the First Issue is the bitch, the Second most certainly is it's bedfellow. Sometimes it's hard; sometimes it's not...but you just keep pumping away.



In the Response Dept.; I think I detect a slight note of skepticism in the ranks. Not-so-Original-Observation: More fanzines die the death between premiere and follow-up, than at any other one point. Exception--The pre-natal period..."Hey, Joe! Why doncha contribute to my up-and-coming fanzine ... it'll be out Real Soon Now!" (Overheard at a convention; at any convention.)

Skepticism is most pronounced when a firm schedule is announced. The skepticism is most pronounced of all when such promises emit from *this* quarter.

Someday, I'll really have to curb the impulse to promise them everything...but give them nothing at all. [Hello...Dick, and Piers, and Linda, and Suzle, and...]

The one small consolation I have, is that I DO fulfill those rash promises. Rarely ever on time. But eventually...

Real Soon Now, Good People.

In the meantime, no more rash promises for 'art' or 'stories' or my service as an intermediary between you and your old lady.

No more Promises...

...except one:

There will be a third Outworldly offering, and it will be mailed (sometime) in the merry month of May. ...of 1970.

After all, when Number One and Number Two get together, the inevitable result (I know of no pill for fanzine fever...) is the illegitimate Third. Unless One of the Two was completely sterile ... or somebody's been dumping condoms into Toyko Bay, again

(I remember the craziest things from a Zelazny story!)

You're not supposed to make excuses for your 1st issue in the editorial of the 2nd

So I won't.

Besides, it didn't need any.

...FROM WILLIAM'S PEN

.....

"His modesty is His most redeeming quality." Quote attributed to the wife of the genius responsible for this beautiful 'thing' you hold in your unworthy hands.

Yes, Virginia...there were two of the first...

As I hinted last issue (in labeling this the 'Second Series'), and as Mike Deckinger mentions on page 5/31 of this issue...there was an earlier *Outworlds* #1 --as early as the Summer of 1966, as a matter of fact.

...at that time, in my Uniform incarnation, I was (...as I was before...and still am) a member of the most prolonged exercise in frustration ever conceived by the Elder Gods ... the FAPA Waiting List. I suppose that other members-in-waiting, of this quarterly exercise in madness, are equally frustrated--because about once every Third Blue Moon, a strange growth issues forth from the minions; under any other name it is called the 'Shadow FAPA Mailing'.

At this particular point in my ascension, Dave van Arnam was attempting to revive interest in this strange undertaking. Never one to say No, I stencilled ten pages, sent them off from Dickie-Garbage AFB in Missouri, to Dave in New York, and called the assemblage *Outworlds 1*. He mimeoed it, put it together with a number of like offerings to the Brilliant Deadwood, and mailed out the August, 1966 mailing of Shadow FAPA. Quite excited at having a new toy to play with, I now put together 16 justified stencils, called it *Outworlds 2*, and sent it off to Dave in New York.

...and that's the last I've heard out of Dave...

Oh, well.

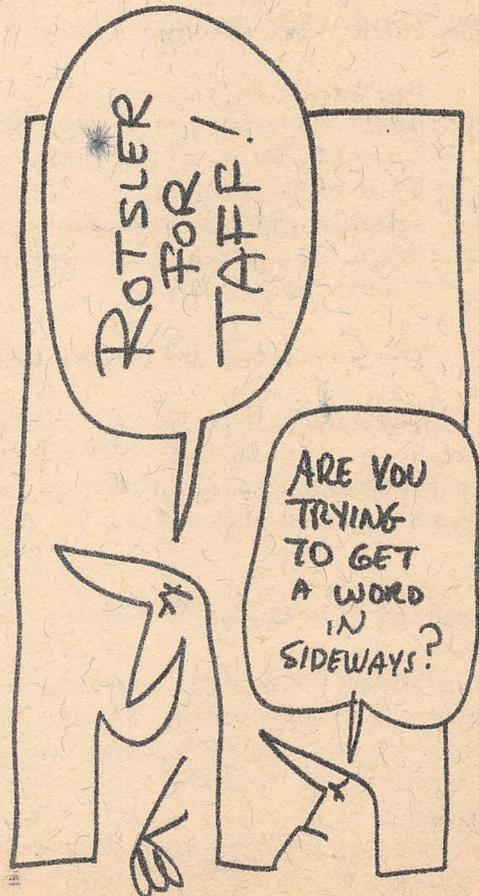
Most of the material from that aborted 2nd issue eventually appeared in *D;B*. But I haven't heard anyone seriously suggest a Shadow FAPA Mailing recently...and I'm glad.

...that first, First *Outworlds* wasn't anything to talk about (the second would've been better) ... mainly a listing/commentary on my publishing activities up to then, and a number of short, unrelated items. (Sound familiar?) By now, it's well lost...I hope.

The Colophon published in the last issue (of *this* series; confusing, isn't it?) was unabashedly based on that of the first. The publishing list will probably be updated when I reach my 10th Anniversary as a Fanzine Publishing Giant, next year...but:

The only piece I really wanted to be remembered by, appears on page 33/59 of this issue...mildly rewritten. And:

...only the Shadow Knows the original version, you might say.



Artwords

In large measure, the prolific amount of high quality (at least in my view) art in the last several *D:B*'s was made possible through the efforts of one person. He also obtained much of that appearing in these first several issues of *Outworlds*. I would be admist if I didn't here express my graditude and Thanks, to Alex Eisenstein. We didn't always agree on what was 'good' or not, and he is perhaps a bit firmer in his opinions (as well as being better grounded) on the 'stuff', than I. He received little encouragement...from us, or the readers. But he *delivered*. Once more, Alex...Thanks!

I'm rather proud of what appears on the opposite page...though I had little to do with it. It is the first in what I hope will be a lengthy series of 'Steve Fabian's Page'. (...is it Bad to emulate in one small area the features of others?) As I told Steve, when he suggested the idea (a compensation, since Mallardi has an option on 'Astro-Nut Antics') -- I'll grant very few people the right to a page an issue...with no provisions for rejection or revision. But in this case, I think it will prove to be my gain! The development in Steve's work over the last few years, has been a joy to behold. And I have a hunch that this is only the beginning.

His page will be his own, although I will probably make suggestions (I'm good at that). But Steve has promised to "mix it up quite a bit rather than stick with a single 'thing'. Cartoon one time, an illustrated verse another, Martian princess pin-up, a portrait of an author another, etc." I'm looking forward to it.

Do you think that Spiegel's would buy US a Congressman?

You might be interested to know that the post office isn't showing your fanzine any favoritism. If I am right in thinking that the slightly blurred postmark says January 28, the trip from Barberton to Hagerstown required twelve days to complete. You could run into trouble getting comments promptly enough for even a bi-monthly schedule, if it takes correspondingly longer for *Outworlds* to reach West Coast fans.
[HARRY WARNER, JR.]

The never-ending cycle, right? We have no control..but we'll try harder!

Beginning this issue, Contributors (not including LOCers) will receive two copies--one First Class, the other by mule train. (Overseas contributors will get their first copy Printed Matter Airmail; the second via sampan.) The remainder of the copies, this time, will be sent Book Rate. Let's hope the added \$\$\$ works.

Fragmented Conclusion: Despite the fact it was universally ignored last time, the numbering system under which *this* fanzine operates, requires Roman numerals. Honest, folks! ## At least I haven't had any comments that complain that the loose 'flyer' sheet displays a tendency to get lost. Before I do --there is nothing more disgruntling, than going through the back files of a zine, and finding now totally irrelevant bits of commercialism throughout. So the *Flyer* provides a collecting point for all this type of material, as well as for things which may be of immediate interest ... but which I have no desire to preserve for posterity. ## There have been several requests for Joan to 'do something', for the mag -- other than collate, feed me, and clean up after me (not necessarily in that order). Some have even come from others besides me. She will...Real Soon Now. ##

---BILL BOWERS



THE MERIC EXPLORERS.



I am...

[AF15721969]

...a Man.

That eight-digit number--that random sequence, prefixed by two alpha characters--that is not I!

STILL...

...as I cringe here on the Dark Side of the Sun, dreaming wistfully of that which *might* have been

huge choking lumps of Pain; small rare jewels of Beauty and Love

---while through my twisted, grasping fingers, the Time granules of yet another uniform year filter

even the Centuries themselves count the cadence now

---while the Legions of the Marching Dead flow as a neverending torrent through the Glory Portal and into the mocking Halls of Hades

"Welcome! ...thou Good and Faithful Servants."

I don't know why...

...but I can not help feeling a Sense of Wonder at the simple and touching faith of the Mother-womb continually and incessantly churning out freshly brawling fodder--and all for the gapping, grinning maw of that indefinable/indefensible something called: War.

But be of Good Cheer: This is a Lament which is mine, all mine -- and I'll grant it to no other.

AND -- in the End -- I suppose that...

You'll Be A Better Universe, For All Of This

i. : THE YELLOW PROSE OF TEXAS

Ladies and Gentlemen of the Outworlds Jury...meet Crazy Man!

...for Crazy Man walks the Starlanes now that dawn is breaking [in crinkling, crumpling agony]; beneath chaps fashioned from human-hide well-tanned, his imitation cowhide boots trail flaming comets for spurs ... and grind asteriods to meteorite dust underheel.

Crazy Man swings!

Under the snow white ten-gallon hat, behind the steel-rimmed glasses, wet-veined blue eyes peer out -- glaring defensively but defiantly at worlds sophisticated far beyond his imagining. And if it seems that Crazy Man walks a mite bow-legged, well, it is because for far too long he has ridden herd over the restless ones, the disillusioned ones.

Crazy Man is groovy.

"Arf!"

The mongrely mournful Hound of Death--trailing always just out of reach of the dripping spurs--whines: "These are Troubled Times."

Leaving the Times to care for his debris, Crazy Man tromps ever on...and on ...and on... Through his mind runs thoughts of promises rashly/unthinkingly made to gain the Reins of Power

"Hi...yhoooo...Power! -- you great and glistening white-skinned, concrete-veined steed, you sonofabitch, you...!"

...memories of how once upon a time he had thundered: "With me, there shall be no unnecessary Involvement! With me, we shall at last achieve Utopian Peace!"

Crazy Man givith promises; Crazy Man taketh bloody corpses away.

Inevitably [Is it ever any other way?] Involvement there was. Could Man expect other from a mere Man? But, as too often, it was Involvement without total commitment. This be death and hunger, certain failure and stupidity by any Judge.

...NOW the raging fires struck by the blood-pitted Sword of Vengeance send out flickering tendrils of Bewilderment and Protest

...NOW it is the Season of the Grub

Crazy Man strides on. Never does he falter; only rarely does he question the fateful course he has charted. For always he is haunted by the possible threat ...the Vision that torments his nights and colors his days: He sees before him the gleaming many-bodied mass of the Yellow Phantom, looming sinisterly down the Stardust Trail. (Said Trail leading directly through his Solar Sphere of Influence.) Sweat glistens and knees tremble, but C.M. holds fast; never you mind that a few younger, and replacable segments of his multi-body will be exterminated. The whole will remain--scarred, but living.

...although the raison d'etre for such 'living' remains undefined.

The Starstreet is oppressively dusty--red dust, dead dust...dust native to this place--and Crazy Man's Fellow Citizens cower behind gutted storefronts: There they are, peacefully smoking Brand X, not bothering nobody, not giving a damn who should win...as long as their hands continue to be coated green [although one--or is it two?--wave the token placard].

Think young...

...it's the peppy generation!

.....

A galaxy rises overhead and eventually it is High Millennium. Crazy Man and the Yellow Phantom slowly close the gap: A pair of boots and a pair of slippers striding irresistably across the light years. An eternity later the preliminaries are finished--it is the Time of Reckoning. Manifest Destiny sounds the beckoning clarion, deafening in the Carmel Cluster. A million and one vari-hued races crouch behind the ragged boundaries of their worldghettoes as the Big Twosome play out their suicidal pantomime.

Pause.

silence

[a deafening silence, broken only once, by the racking cough of someone inhaling down the wrong pipe...]

Crazy Man draws first: The silver-plated, pearl-handled six shooter springs to his well-greased hand with nova swiftness. Waist high, he holds the grim notched weapon. The need to carefully aim does not arise; the nicities of swift, clean death--these are not to be awarded to this monstorously huge enemy.

The Yellow Phantom pauses, then throws back the cowl to reveal a mouldering skull-face -- maggot-lips framed with high and jagged cheekbones. The Y.P. grins, teeth as yellow as its attire. And Crazy Man pulls the trigger with a spasm-like clenching motion.

Click.

Bang.

click ... bang; click ... bang.

clickity/bang ... clickity/bang ... clickity/bang

!!!

...at the same instant/space/time (or close enough thereto for government work) the Yellow Phantom fingers an ornate jade button at his wrist... ...and the heavens split asunder beneath the feet of Crazy Man.

...spread-eagled on the apathy-tipped solid 14K good stakes at the bottom of the Well of the Worlds, Crazy Man still strokes his quivering rod. A bent twig projects hesitantly from the muzzle; from the twig dangles a small black banner. Stencilled on the banner, in blood-red spider-script--one word:

war!

Crazy Man laughs through frothspeckled lips, and the cosmos tremble. ...one could almost believe that he considers himself the Universe's First Damn Revolutionist.

ii. : MONOLOG -- Openers

Sometimes it actually was called War; at other times Peace was proclaimed,

and loudly, as if to overcome the battleroar. The only noticable difference in the labels was in the numbers of those who perished at a given time, and whether or not their deaths were considered Heroic and Honorable. All lost; there were no winners in this endless charade.

Be it the heaviness of sub-Jupiter; the always steaming jungles of N. Vega IV; the aquatic World War VII ... be it any of these, or any other you care to name--to the man in the foxhole, it's all one and the same War. It is the War that began when Cain slew Abel; it's the War that will end only when a totally depleted Universe itself turns with all consuming wrath upon those who have plundered its riches in their continual search for Holy Genocide.

That Man in the Foxhole...yes, he'll curse you; he'll deny it always...but it is HIS War -- and don't you forget it! It was for this purpose and this alone, that Man was born of Woman; it is for this purpose and this alone, that he so desires to propagate his own spawn.

Wherever, Whenever -- it is all one and the same War...

But if on occasion the Omniscient Finger should by chance point to a specific place in time/space ... just before moving on to another momentary interest; if this should happen, a similar sameness in individuals is, strangely enough, not always so evident.

...at first the Finger extends; it wavers...then points with laser accuracy:

iii. : A Man / A Woman

He was big, he was strong ... and he was as black as the alleys that twist through the backwaters of the stars.

She was small, she was fragile ... and her complexion was as creamy as the breakers on Venus' beaches.

They called him 'Man' or 'Boy'; they hated him, they feared him without knowing why. Perhaps it was simply because he had her.

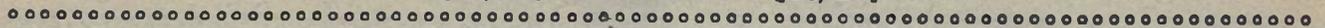
They called her 'Woman' or 'Bitch'; they worshipped her, they lusted after her...tongues hanging out. But she ignored them; she had him.

Once upon a time they had walked down a lane carpeted in purest snow, and a set litany of words had been recited over their bowed heads. They paid little attention to the words; they were far removed from the mere utterances proclaimed by one cloaked in the Cloth of Indifference who understood not what he mouthed. They called what they had 'Love' and walked out into a world of darkness that called it 'Animal Attraction', and other, shorter, nicer things. He and she -- they were a tiny twin-system of anti-matter, loosed in a Milky Way of Normalacy.

There were minor explosions.

And they were happy.

They ignored the taunts...the slights; the curses and the excommunication.



They had each other
--they needed no other--
and they were happy...
but not ever After:

Slogans and Banners and Sabers clashing in the sky -- color it 'Preserving the Peace'. But call it War.

He went.

She remained behind.

He went to a far world, to a place that he had never heard of ... but to a place where 'the Line had to be held.' It was a steaming, miserable God-forsaken hell-world with slimy vegetation run riot over everything. The natives were small and not quite so dark as he. A poor people, a proud people--a race with a heritage stretching back before the Dawn of Time. But now was the twilight of their years and the blight of the Yellow Phantom was upon them. They had to be cured of it, purged of the slightest taint of it. They had to be 'saved'. For their own good.

...and--by Golly!--we're the one's who are gonna do this thing!

Quoth the Crazy Man.

So it was Written, and so it...a.) was; b) was not. (Your option.)

iv. : LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE CHEAPER THAN EVER--but have you tried making a local call, lately?

...DAMN those shells, anyway!

...and why...

...why doesn't our everloving Command shell their emplacements, just for a change? Cruisers...hundreds of them...just hanging up there...offplanet...

...why not...?

[I'll tell you why not:]

...because...Command...doesn't now---never did and never will---have any brians to speak of. Command = pee-sized rubber balls rattling around aimlessly in a condumated skull ... but it sure as hell can issue Orders/Directives & Things,

in triplicated

triplicated

triplicated redundancy

redundancy

redundancy ... damn right!

My Love... ...your language!

...truly sorry, dear one: I really shouldn't defile your thoughts... ..but sometimes]Out Here[--it seems as if it's happening more often...recently--the whole idiotic mess... ..it just gets to me:

...and Why?

...why is it that I am here...while you are there...?

Together we belong...not separated by a chasm that takes light a thousand + years to cross... Why is it that I
[a fairly intelligent, peaceloving man]

...had to come to the end of the universe...to fight a war that nobody wants?

...nobody admits to WANTING it...do they?

[I know that it is always WHY? ...but just this one time, answer me: ...why?...Why/O God/WHY???)

even though you don't want to admit it

--even though you refuse to believe it:

You really DO know why--it's because... ...because it's a soldier's job.

[Yes, I know...]

...it's his only job -- to fight, to die.

...and a Soldier does not, cannot, Question.

...for it's a soldier's job to defend God, Motherhood, and Worldlet:

...not forgetting Crabapple Pie.

...no...I guess it doesn't matter -- that God is Dead...that Motherhood now occurs more often than not in a test tube -- that the world he defends with his life will almost certainly sell out his gains at the bargaining table ... after his blood has been sucked beneath the alien turf:

...all this...all of these Great & Glorious Things...they should not, do not, matter...to a Soldier.

...he does this

...and he defends that

...even in the face of the certainty that he will get buried in the process --providing that there is enough of the pieces left to make burial more than an outright farce--

[...it's all so very Noble & Worthwhile...it grabs me, right here...I may puke...]

Love...

...but tell me: Where are those who shout that it is so Noble and Worthwhile...

...just where are they? Now!?!

That's right:

they're back there with you...backing us up All the Way!

...and at the same time...sending more suckers out to die

[like flies] all around me...

...not that they're not Brave! ...far be it from me to say that! ...after all...at least once every Third Blue Moon Phase...one of them will make a flying visit -- preshrouded in carefully leaked security --]Out Here[

...to Raise our Morale...

[...if they knew how low our morale really is -- disenchantment is a Way of Life--it would give them a rise!]

But...Love!

...Oh, they certainly boost my Morale! How could they help but not ... when I see them descend in their pompous waddle

[resplendent in the Uniform of the Troops -- said uniform having been worn so long that they've forgotten to remove the 'Inspected by No. 1' tag from the britches.]

...at just what point in History did the 'Leaders' become the rear guard?

...I'm sorry, my dear...I always did display a tendency towards being carried away, didn't I?

What was your thoughts to me...?

.....
...how I wish that I could--oh, but I can't!--place myself in your foxhole...
in your place:
Then, perhaps...I could really understand what you feel and see...
...rather than only receiving what you think-to-me.
Still...even here...at home--things are not always the easiest...

...they... [Damn it!!!] ...what happened?!?
I'm sorry, dear
just another shell (close though)...Go on:
...they halved the rations...a Lunaphase ago--

I deliberately masked my thoughts
even though we promised never to do this...
I didn't want to add an unnecessary thought-burden on you.
...I try (if you only knew...) to keep the hope...the faith for our baby...
...but little Jami keeps on crying:

[]...mommie, mommie...when is daddy gonna come home...again? ...when...?[]

...and the riots/protests/demonstrations (whatever they are this week)...have
started again...

nobody knows who's against whom -- anymore...

...dear...

...yes?

...why can't I think/hear little Jami? He's all right...isn't he...?

[]...mommie, mommie...is it daddy? ...is he coming home? ...is he?...is he?...[]

...yes...he's fine...and wanting you...

...but I'm thought-blocking him: I must... ...one of the more radical groups
(...their origin? ...who knows?)

is advocating that the best way to stop the war...is to stop the manpower supply.
--so to speak...

Why, THOSE...!

...I really shouldn't have told you...now don't go worrying, dear...

I have Jami completely safe...and besides...they're not very popular.

(...yet...)

...what was that?

...the very thought of those short-haired bastards...when I'm]Out..... ouch!

...ARE YOU HURT? ...what happened?

nothing...only a scratch.

Listen...dear...I'm going to have to shut down transmitting for a little while now
...I'll need all my concentration

[they're starting to come over the ridge, now...]

...keep close/i love you...

...and I, you...always and forever, darling,

I'll be with you: My thoughts will be in you, as would that your body be in mine--

...!...

...i feel/i almost see/a flash

--almost feel the heat burning flesh from bones--

almost hear the implosion

.....

Dannie! DANIEL-PAUL!

...what has happened?

...what have they done to you!?!
...?...

PAIN & SORROW = the ides of March and on and on...
and the cadence goes ever on and on

*i...suddenly...feel so, so alone
so small, weak, helpless*

--Where have you gone, my love?

Why? (a thousand times only I ask)

...why do you leave me lonely in this ghastly solitude?

...for (how?) without you (why?) I cannot exist

IN THE NAME OF A CAUSE...

*...the coldness is creeping in all around me: It sends dart-like shivers
through the unmoving husk that is my body*

...SOME CALLED IT 'JUST';

...and I see the skull face through the mustard-yellow haze:

It is laughing hysterically,

AS MANY SAID IT WAS NOT...

and waving a plastic six-shooter loaded with caps: Bang, bang; Bang, bang!

WHO KNOWS WHETHER OR NOT IT WAS WORTH A LIFE

...no more can I stand of this senseless charade...now I depart... ..

...OR TWO...

my son, beloved Jami...avenge us -- your loving, caring, foolish parents...

...IN THE NAME OF A CAUSE.

...what else you may ever, ever do -- make honorable our dying souls... ..

PEACE.

V. : MONOLOG -- Finishing Touches

*...and so the Finger, having pointed, moves on. And Death and Destruction
...only...follow its fickle path.*

Oh, Omniscient One -- hear the fervant cry of a humble Man in Arms:

Please? I cry unto you!

Please do not finger me...

vi. : DRAPA FOR A RACE

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE ETERNAL JURY...YOUR VERDICT, PLEASE?: _____.

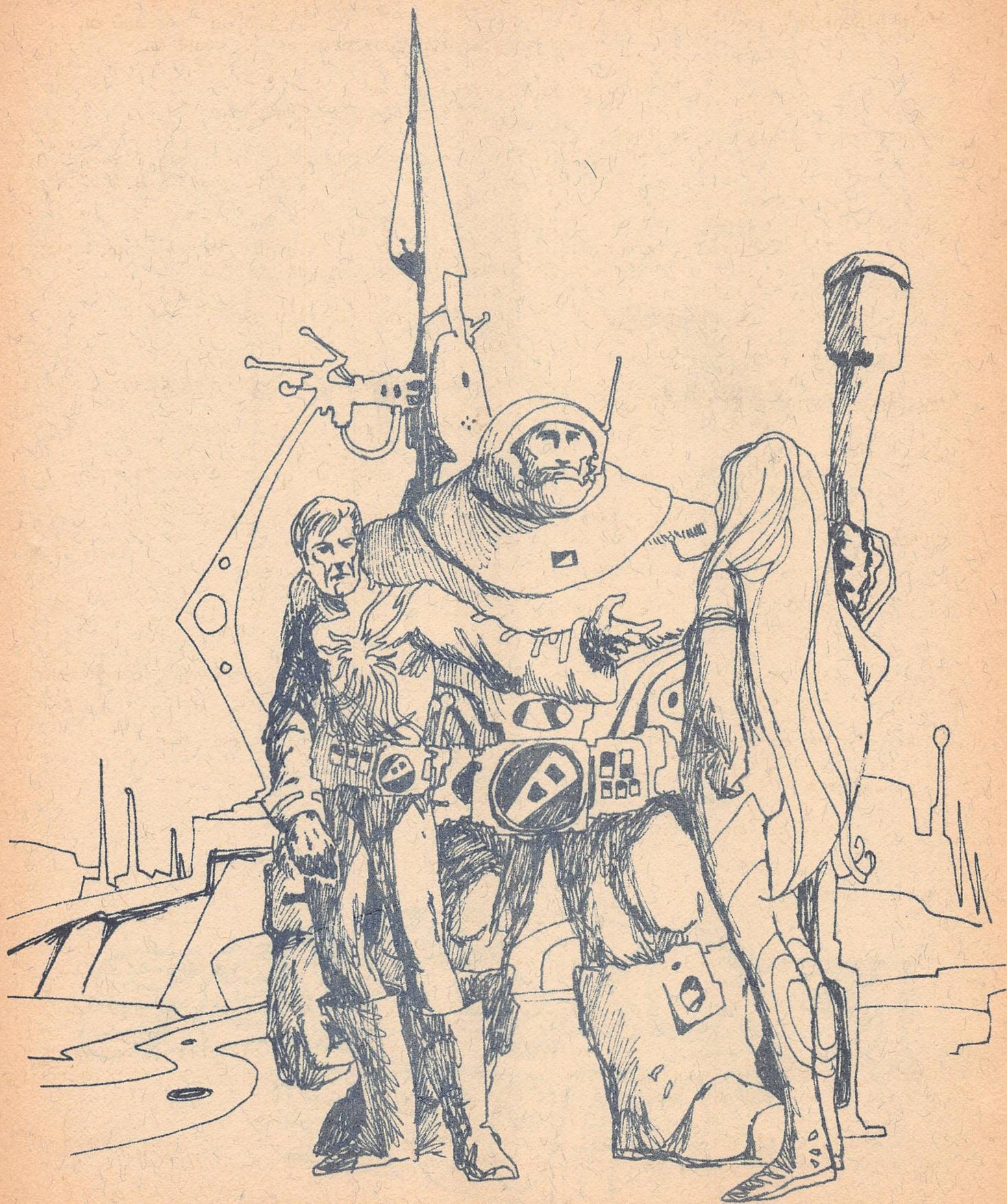
...and so Crazy Man is at last retired; a sigh of relief is self-evident.

*But on his heels, Loser Man follows ... as Crazy Man's laughter echoes down
through the aeons of our living death -- the words reverberating behind booming
amplifiers and twanging guitars: But I have never lied to you!*

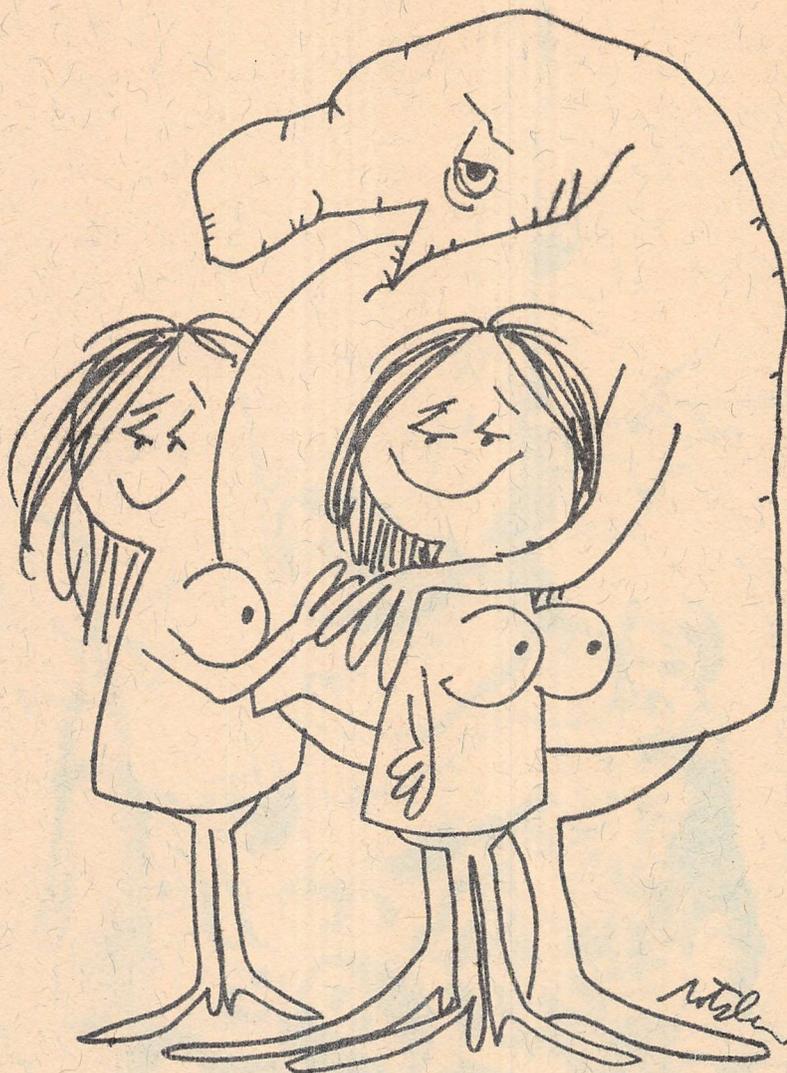
*Therefore, let this be our Legacy: A Mushroom Cloud, emitting from a crook-
ed Mouth -- and an empty litter bag beside the High-way to Hell.*

R.I.P.: *Homo sap.*

finis



THERE ARE SOME COMFORTS
A MAN NEVER GIVES UP



ROTSLER
FOR
TAFE

.....
I don't believe I've told this little tale in print before.[1] I was busily engaged in milking it dry for the personal effect. But recently, when someone told it to me, I decided that I'd better get my egoboo before it is forever lost...

Those of you who have had the good fortune to run into Bill Mallardi and myself at conventions can hardly have managed to escape the bit. Those of you who haven't...well, you have a lot to look forward to.

On our way across Pennsylvania, heading toward the DISCON [1963], Mallardi and I stopped in at Gettysburg for a fling at sightseeing. This was enjoyable, but rather uneventful -- except that later we learned that we had managed to get the battle sites rotated some 90° from actuality. This despite the fact that both of us had been there before. It wasn't easy, but we managed...and logically!

At any rate, preparing to leave the following morning for the remainder of the drive to D.C., we walked down a few doors from the motel with the expressed intent of getting breakfast. It was an uncommon diner; the food was eatable.

Converstion ensued. Nothing unusual was said.

Until, as Mallardi was sipping his orange juice, I stated one of my usual, brilliant deductions.

Disagreeing (naturally) he said: "Bowers...you know of course that you have a tendency towards sticking your foot in your mouth." It was a statement of fact.

Without malice, I agreed: "This is true, in this case, Mallardi."

I paused.

"But considering my six-foot-three height, you must agree that it was quite a feat!"

The orange juice never had a chance.

I swear that the whole thing was completely unplanned. And that it's true. [For the life of me, I can't recall the original statement that prompted this exchange. Sometimes, I'm sort of glad that I can't.]

We tried out the bit at the DISCON ... it went over big. I don't think we were thrown out of more than a half dozen parties.

And we've tried it out at just about every con we've both been to since, on anyone we could corner long enough to set it up. [I write my own opening lines.]

...of course, a lot of very nice people don't talk to us anymore, but...

...by the way: Which convention will we be seeing YOU at?

BACK AT YOU

[1] Well...only once before: In the original *Outworlds* 1, Summer of 1966.

DRAGONS
GO HOME!

DRAGONS
AIN'T WANTED
HERE!

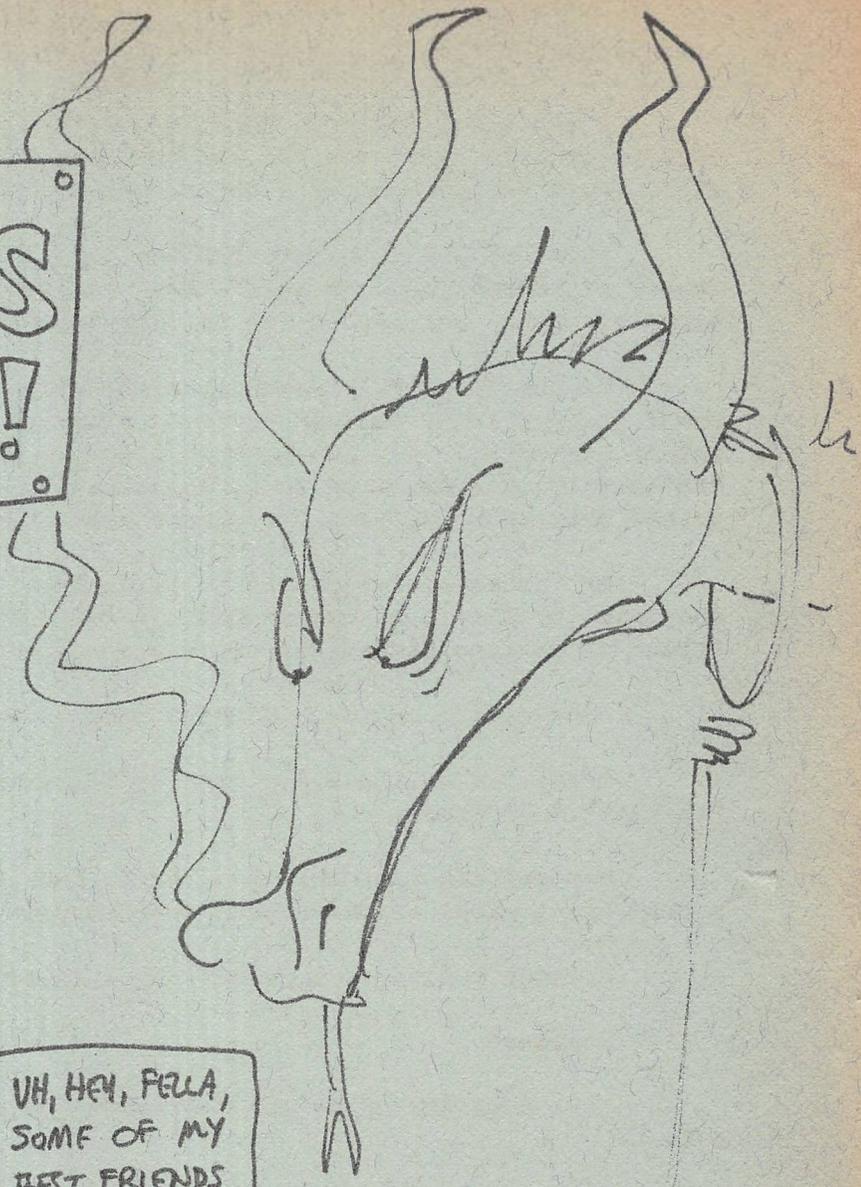
OUT, LIZARD!

FEW!
OH!
DRUGCONS!

GREEN
SCALES
ARE
BLEAH!

UH, HEY, FELLA,
SOME OF MY
BEST FRIENDS
ARE, UH, PRETTY
SNEAKY, ER,
SNAKEY

DRAGON
DROPPINGS
ARE
UNSIGHTLY
IN THE
HIGH ROAD



Wolfer

TK