

OUTWORLDS

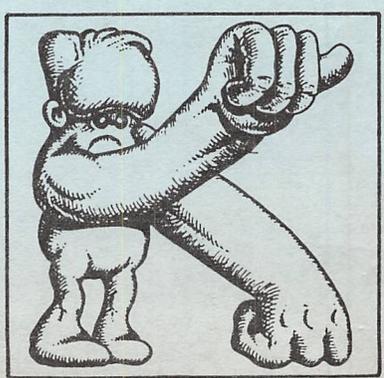
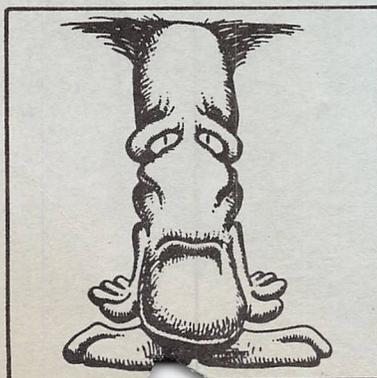
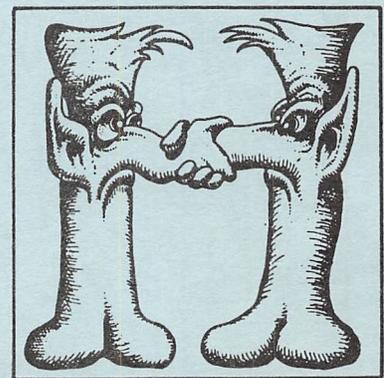
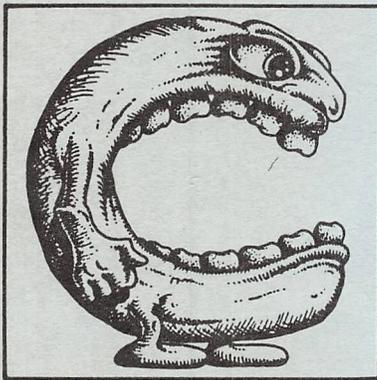
The 15th Anniversary 43



©brad w foster • 1984

Owphabet

©Brad W Foster. 1984



Outworlds I

January, 1970

...from William's Pen

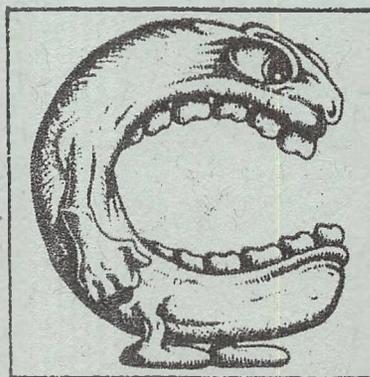
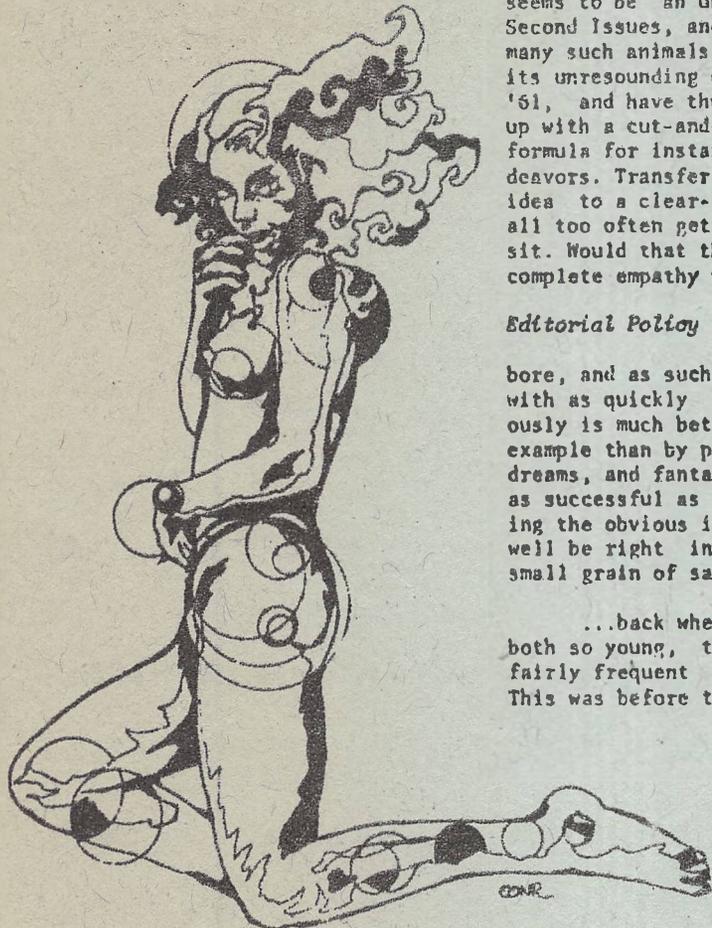
"You are old, Father William," the young man cried.
Southey, The Old Man's Comforts...

A First Issue tends to be a bitch, but seems to be an unavoidable prelude to Second Issues, and so on. I've had too many such animals since *ADANICO #1* made its unresounding debut in September of '61, and have thus far avoided coming up with a cut-and-dried-and-passable-on formula for instant success in such endeavors. Transferring a clear-cut mental idea to a clear-cut mimeograph stencil all too often gets bogged down in transit. Would that the finger-tips were in complete empathy with the brain!

Editorial Policy

usually proves to be a bore, and as such, should be dispatched with as quickly as possible. It obviously is much better to demonstrate by example than by promise...one's intent, dreams, and fantasies in a fanzine. But as successful as I have been in avoiding the obvious in times past, you may well be right in accepting this with a small grain of salt.

...back when the world and I were both so young, the small, concise, and fairly frequent fanzine was the rule. This was before that 'ape-gap' of the



the cycle... It is, of course, the evening before *Confusion*, 6 pages remain to be run off, collating, packing not even that of yet... But at least I don't have to worry about a "speech" this year; right now I'm more gratified than disappointed that tradition has been broken. Even tho this is a pale shadow of the original concept, I'm rather pleased: the page opposite was started 1/5/85. 60 pages in 19 days ain't too shabby for the oldie!

There are a lot of people to thank for the past 15 years of this obsession. OW is my dream and my perversion, and no one else could do it quite this way; but I couldn't and haven't done it without a lot of help. Including the help of a "Mysterious Woman" or two, who have helped create occasional gaps in the schedule. Tho not all of the gaps...

I'm a bit tired at the moment--three issues in two months, among other things--but don't worry...I'm having more fun with it than ever. I'm already planning OW44! 1/24/85

AN'T SEEM TO BREAK

GENERIC FANZINE

Cover & OWhphabet by: BRAD W. FOSTER
Bacover by: ATom

COCKROACH CLUSTER • Al Sirois • 1459

WHY I'M HERE TODAY, OR, SECRETS OF MY BLACK PAST • George R. R. Martin • 1461

BEARD MUMBLINGS • column • Bob Tucker • 1468

FIVE LIMERICKS FOR A FIFTEENTH ANNISH • Joe R. Christopher • 1474

UNDERSTANDINGS • column • Robert A. W. Lowndes • 1476

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR FANWRITING • column • Dave Locke • 1484

SF AND MEDIA: A Discussion Between • Greg Benford & Sidney Coleman • 1489

THE RETURNING • Billy Wolfenbarger • 1496

EASY FOR YOU TO SAY • Stephen Leigh • 1497

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE... • 1500

Outworlds 43

ATom: 1461; 1476; 1484; 1496; 1497; 1514 • CONNIE REICH FADDIS: 1458
JACKIE CAUSGROVE: 1471 (logo) • AL CURRY: 1486-87; 1498; 1499; 1511
BRAD W. FOSTER: 1455; 1456; 1458; 1459; 1461; 1466; 1468; 1469; 1470; 1471; 1474;
1475; 1476; 1484; 1489; 1496; 1497; 1513
TERRY JEEVES: 1463 • BILL ROTSLER: 1457; 1464; 1467; 1472; 1479; 1480; 1489; 1501
JIM SHULL: 1495 • EDD VICK: 1500

This Issue: \$2.50, or Editorial Whim • Future Issues: \$1.00 each, or Editorial Whim
[Back Issues: #33 thru #42 (except #37)--50¢ ea. • OW #37--\$2.50]
Copyright (c) 1985, by Bill Bowers, for the Contributors. • Thanks All!
[As always, thanks to Jackie Causgrove & Dave Locke, for Publication Assistance.]
60 pages • This is My Publication #140. • 1/24/85

Edited & Published by: BILL BOWERS • 2468 Harrison Avenue • Cincinnati • OH • 45211

Labor

When Union Strife Splits a College Campus

U.S. NEWS & WORLD REPORT, Dec. 10, 1964

Academic and social routines at Yale are breaking down as students, faculty members and administrators take sides.

NEW HAVEN, Conn. They call it "the Yale experience" in this Ivy League citadel—an intense academic and cultural immersion interrupted by the hubbub of everyday life. But this year, "it's just not happening," says Marge Ferguson, a professor of English. Instead, students and faculty are having the kind of disruptive encounter with the outside world that is rarely experienced on college campuses today. A major labor confrontation that is being watched closely by union and university administrators

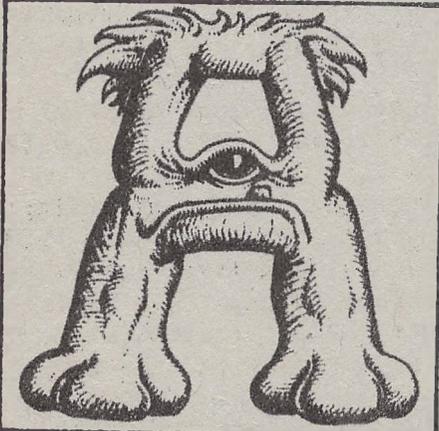
Besides disrupting academic and social routines, the dispute has ignited bitter controversy within Yale over the university's pay its employees, especially women. All this is turning the campus into a focal point for

mostly male, earn more than \$18,000. Yale contends that the union demands add up to an increase in labor costs of 40 percent over three years. On the campus itself, becoming increasingly diverse, students, alumni, parents and faculty are

Cockroach Cluster

Al Sirois

After making only modest headway in organizing on college campuses, unions are targeting more and more universities for membership drives. Among the key arguments: That fe-
 ... compensation and re-
 ... in settle-
 ... Earlier this fall, nearly 600 students and strikers were arrested in civil-disobedience actions during what were billed as "Silent Witness" marches. Professors and teaching assistants were to cross picket lines have been classes off campus in churches and a-



ANYONE WHO HAS AN INTEREST in union/management relations knows that, at times, it's easier to cram a camel through the eye of a needle than to get union leaders to sit down across the bargaining table with management representatives for a friendly session of binding arbitration.

The current strike by Local 34, comprising clerical and blue collar workers employed by Yale University, is no exception. There is non-stop picketing, occasional non-violent demonstrations, and, as one might expect, an outpouring of rhetoric from both sides.

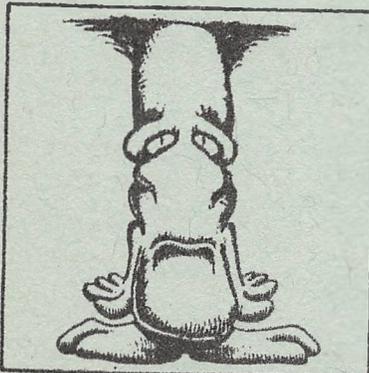
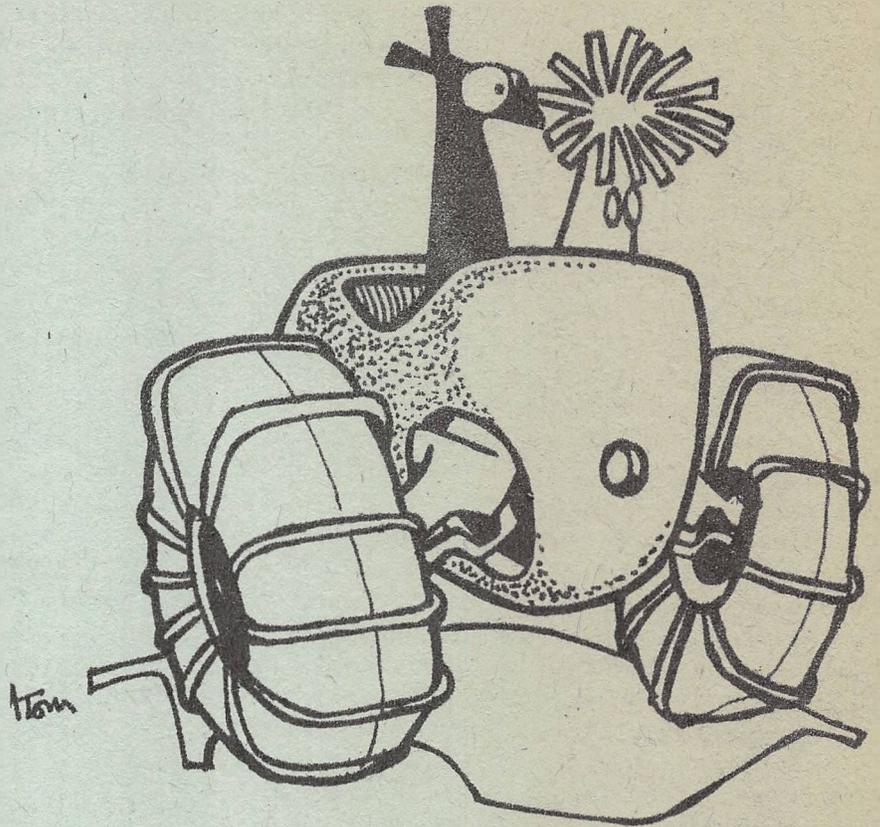
Yet life goes on. Many members of the Yale community are more or less unaffected by the strike, particularly those research workers Ivory-Towering it over on Science Hill near the Peabody Museum. I can see the Klein Biology Building from my office window. Here, on the top floor for instance, is an actual bat cave, full of flying squeakers. Nearby are the offices of Dr. Stuart L. Schreiber, associate professor of organic chemistry. No bluecollarman, he!

What Schreiber and his assistants are up to is nothing less than revolutionary, particularly if you are a striking worker. He has produced an aphrodisiac for cockroaches, a synthetic pheromone used to lure male roaches to their death in traps.

The dedication of men like Dr. Schreiber is nothing less than laudable. For two and a half years he has worked tirelessly to perfect a chemical compound based on the pheromone secreted by the female roach. Finally, last Christmas Eve, after many lonely hours spent poking into the genitalia of roaches, Dr. Schreiber discovered periplanone-B in, as he terms it, a "flash of eureka".

Others in the Yale community are no less articulate regarding this momentous discovery. The curator of the entomology section of the Peabody Museum, Dr. Charles Remington, said at the time that Schreiber's work had "all the hallmarks of a super success". The Museum has a long history of interactions with insects; here we may

Delivered at Electracon
June 23, 1984
Kearney Nebraska



Why I'm Here Today, or, Secrets of My Black Past George R.R. Martin

'M PLEASED TO BE HERE TODAY as your Guest of Honor at Electracon, and I wanted to thank the committee for bringing me in, and all of you for making the weekend so pleasant. I must admit that, a long time ago when I was starting in this writing game, I never dreamed that someday it would bring me to Kearney, Nebraska -- possibly I never dreamed it because I'd never heard of Kearney, Nebraska. But you must remember that I was born and raised in Bayonne, New Jersey, and my knowledge of American cities was mostly limited to nearby towns with names like Hoboken, Secaucus, Paramis, Hohokus, and Perth Amboy, plus those places that had major league baseball franchises, preferably in the National League. I don't think Kearney has ever had a major league baseball franchise, but if you did, it was surely in the American League, which doesn't really count.

Kearney, Nebraska is a long way from Bayonne, New Jersey, especially if one travels by way of Santa Fe, New Mexico, Dubuque, Iowa, Chicago, and other spots in between. When I was reflecting on that, it occurred to me that I might tell you a bit about how I came to make that trip. And I'm not talking about Frontier Airlines.

The reason I'm here today, of course, is my writing. I am, to be sure, dashing as all get out, witty, charming, a snappy dresser, kind to my mother, and a lot of fun at a party. I even know all the words to the theme song from *My Mother, the Car*. Nonetheless, were I not also a writer, I doubt that even these impressive credentials would have been sufficient to tempt you to bring me in for the weekend. Among us writers, it has become traditional to say things like, "I was born with a typewriter in my hand", or "I can't imagine not writing", and therefore suggest that the life and career we've wound up living was, in fact, the one we were destined to live. There's nothing like hindsight to give a glow of inevitability to the directions our lives have taken. But I don't buy it, not for a moment. There's nothing inevitable about life, at least not about my life.

So how the hell did a longshoreman's kid from Bayonne wind up talking to a bunch of Nebraska SF fans, eh?

Well, Robert A. Heinlein had a lot to do with it. The reason I started writing SF was because, years earlier, I had started reading SF, and that was all because of a book called *HAVE SPACE SUIT, WILL TRAVEL* that a friend of my mother's gave me for Christmas one year. It was a hardcover, a real trade hardcover, a "juvenile" of course, but it didn't seem very juvenile to me. And it was great stuff, fabulous stuff. Kip and PeeWee, the maltshop and the flying saucer, beginning with the Skyway Soap slogan contest and ending with Earth on trial before the Three Galaxies. "So, take away our sun! We'll make another, or die trying. To die is the proudest human thing." I was hooked. Of course I was hooked. How could I not be hooked? My voracious reading of SF started right then, and never stopped.

Now, the very next Christmas, the woman who'd given me *HAVE SPACE SUIT, WILL TRAVEL* gave me another nice hardbound juvenile novel. It was about a shepherd. If the order of those gifts had been reversed, I wonder, would sheep have replaced space-suits in the center of my daydreams? If so, I'd certainly never have become a writer. The market for sheep stories just isn't what it used to be, not even in Australia.

Years later, there was the business of the chain letter.

That one came about because of the funny books, y'see. Heinlein made me a devoted SF reader, of course, and in the years that followed I read lots more Heinlein, discovered Andre Norton, the Tom Corbett series, Eric Frank Russell, Doc Smith, and the Science Fiction Book Club. And Ace Doubles. Ah, yes--I positively devoured Ace Doubles. Two novels for 35 cents, that was hard to beat, even if they were really novellas, and one of them always seemed to be by Robert Moore Williams or Ray Cummings or somebody like that.

But long before that Christmas when Kip's spacesuit and the Mother Thing parked under my tree, I had been an eager reader of comic books, and my new affair with the likes of Roger Manning and Dane Thorson and Blackie Duquesne (which I invariably pronounced as Blackie DOO QUET NEE), did not make me love Superman, Batman, and the Challengers of the Unknown any less. Oh, I do recall a brief episode around the time I was in sixth grade when I decided I was too old and too mature for comic books and gave all my Supermans away. Fortunately, this aberration only lasted six months or so, and I started buying comics again just in time to snatch up the first issues of *Spider-man* and the *Fantastic Four*, thereby fortuitously providing for my retirement, though I'd hardly have guessed it at the time. So much did I love the FF that, around the time I was starting high school, I wrote a letter to the magazine, and got it published. It was a balanced, insightful, intelligent letter, as I recall, very perceptive and analytical--the main thrust of my argument was that Shakespeare had better move on over now that Stan Lee had arrived on the scene. Ahem.

Well, anyway, that was how I broke into professional print, in a manner of speaking, but having that letter published had a couple of odd consequences. One day soon thereafter I was watching the "Demon with a Glass Hand" episode of *Outer Limits* when I got a long distance phone call from Louisiana, which was rather extraordinary, since nobody in our family lived in Louisiana or knew anybody in Louisiana. Nobody in our family knew anybody in Jersey City, for that matter.

Turned out the guy calling had read my letter in *Fantastic Four* and gotten my number from information. He just wanted to talk about comic books. He said he was

twenty years old and fabulously wealthy and he called up people all the time like this. He was so rich that at one point, when it came out that my family didn't have a car, he offered to buy one and send it to me. It was a generous offer, but I was only thirteen and didn't drive anyway, so I declined. We talked about the Fantastic Four for a couple of hours, long distance. To this day, I have no idea how "Demon with a Glass Hand" ends. My Louisiana friend continued to phone two or three times a week, for perhaps a month, to chat about comics and offer to give me automobiles. Then he stopped phoning.

The next person I heard from was an investigator with Ma Bell. Alas, my mystery caller wasn't rich after all. Nor was he twenty. He was around thirteen too, and lived with his grandfather, and he'd amused himself for a month by phoning me and dozens of other people like me all over the US, giving an assortment of assumed names. It was a lot of fun until his grandfather unexpectedly received a phone bill for something like \$37,000.

That was my first contact with fandom, in a way. Oddly enough, it was also the last time any fan has offered to buy me a car. Next time, I'm going to take it. I'm older now, and I know you should never look a gift car in the mouth, unless it's a Ford. If any of you would like to uphold this fannish tradition by offering me free automobiles, my top choice would be a classic Mercedes Benz 300 SL gullwing from the 50s, but I'm not fussy, I'll settle for a Ferrari.

But I've digressed. Those phone calls were one thing that came of being published in the *Fantastic Four* letter column. The other thing that came of it, which proved to have more lasting consequences, was a chain letter. I'd never gotten one before, so I was sure impressed. Here was this list of names, you see, and it said that if I sent away a quarter to the name at the top of the list, and recopied the letter, removed the top name and added mine at the bottom, then sent out four copies to friends in a few weeks I'd get \$64 in quarters. Well, hey, that sounded great. Sixty-four dollars was all the money there was in the universe, after all; it would buy me 533 comic books or 182 Ace Doubles, with change left over. I had a lot more faith in that \$64 than I ever had in the car my phone friend kept offering me, so I sent of my quarter and waited.

Well, I never got any quarters, damn it.

But a funny thing happened.

It just so happened that the guy at the top of the list, the one who got my quarter, published a comic fanzine--a fanzine that was priced, coincidentally, at twenty-five cents. Now, all I sent him was a quarter in an envelope, scotched taped to a 3x5 index card; no letter, no nothing. Having probably long since forgotten about the chain letter, he sent me a copy of his fanzine. It was dittoed, like almost all comic fanzines in those vanished prehistoric days when the only photocopy machines that existed sat in libraries and gave you white writing on black paper. The art was crude and so was the writing, actually, but it was full of people talking about funny books, and accomplishing this without having to run up \$37,000 phone bills. And in were a bunch of reviewed of other fanzines.

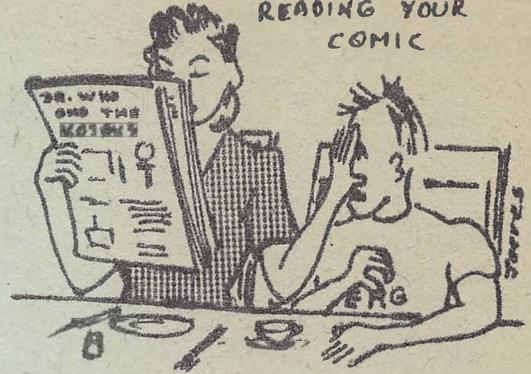
Welllllll . . . that was how an innocent high school student got sucked into the voracious maw of comic fandom.

And it was during those high school years as a comics fan that I really began the process of turning into a writer.

Oh, to be sure, like most people who turn out to be writers, I'd written all my life. As I related a few years ago in another GoH speech, my first, never-to-be-completed magnum opus was the fictional history of a glorious imaginary kingdom, an epic full of swordplay, dynastic intrigue, oppression, revolution, wars, betrayal, and valor most high, the principals of which were my pet turtles, who lived in a toy castle on my desk. You might say I began with a tale of shells and sorcery.

I even had a very short-lived professional career at one point, writing monster stories for the other kids in the projects where I lived. I was way ahead of my time,

QUIET WHILE I'M
READING YOUR
COMIC

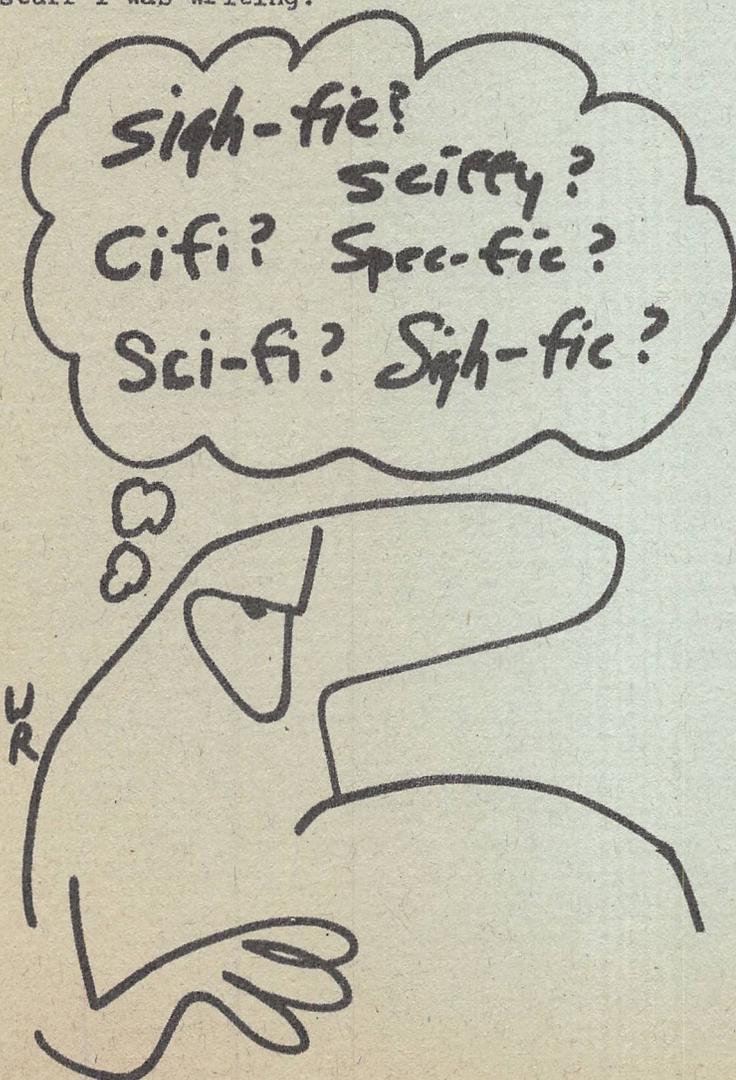


in a sense; I began with a series, long before they became fashionable. I block-printed the stories on pages ripped from one of those school tablets with the funny black and white covers, the kind where you started filling in the white areas on the cover in September, so they were all black and blue by June. They paid me by the page. The first story was a page long, and I got a penny, the second was two pages for two cents, and so on. Since most of the other kids in the projects didn't read all that well, a free dramatic reading was part of the deal. I must say, I was a great reader, especially noted for my werewolf howls, a talent I lost for years until howling along with "Wolf Boy" in a Santa Fe bar. Well, I had worked my way up to a nickle, and visions of vast riches beckoned me onward, until one of my regular customers started having nightmares, and his mother came to my mother, and that was that for the child pro. Perhaps if I'd written stories about sheep instead of wolves . . . sigh.

Anyway, I did continue to write all through those years in Bayonne, but I seldom completed anything, and I never showed any of my stuff to anybody. Writing stories was just something I did to amuse myself. Like keeping a journal. Like playing an endless solitary RISK game where every army had a commanding general and I annotated the results of every battle. Like building an entire fleet of paper airplanes and carefully documenting the performance of each in order to arrive at an optimal design. Like breaking into the neighborhood haunted house with a couple of friends . . . except, no, it wasn't like that last, because it was an essentially solitary act, more like masturbation, or reading my sister's confession magazines when nobody else was at home in the hopes that I'd learn some more about sex. The stories I wrote then were games, in a sense, a private amusement that I worked on until I got bored with them, after which I moved on to something else. I never really thought other people would want to read the stuff I was writing.

And then came the chain letter, the sticky quarter, the fanzine. The fanzine, and the other fanzines that followed it, fascinated me. The contents were composed in roughly equal parts of articles about Golden Age characters, most of whom had passed from the four-color scene before I was born, and amateur superhero fiction. The articles...well, they were okay. The fiction, especially in the first few fanzines I got...hooboy. The fiction was awful.

I remember one writer in particular. He had a story, a superhero yarn related in prose, which in those days comic fans called a "text story". It was about four typewritten pages long, and had thirteen superheroes and a horde of villains too. Lots of action, no plot, and not a line of dialogue. The writer obviously didn't know what dialogue was. He'd write lines like, "The Purple Squid told Doctor Wormface to surrender, but Doctor Wormface wouldn't surrender, so they punched each other." Now, this writer may have been bad, but he was certainly willing to learn. When various fans wrote in, explaining about dialogue and suggesting that he might want to use some, he immediately took their comments to heart. His next story was all dialogue, sort of



like a play without stage directions.

The truth has to be told; this man was my inspiration. Not Tolkien, not Heinlein, not Andre Norton or Eric Frank Russell or Stan Lee or any of the writers I loved. They could never have inspired me to write. But *this* guy, he was being published! It was after reading his stuff that I first uttered these magic words, the words every would-be writer must utter, sooner or later: "Even I can do better than that."

I owned an ancient manual typewriter that I'd found up in my aunt's attic one day. I'd fooled around on it enough to become a real one-finger wonder. Of course, the ribbon was so faded you could hardly read it, but I made up for that by pounding the keys so hard that the letters were deeply graven into the paper. The little top inner parts of the "e" and the inside of the "o" always fell right out, but you can't expect perfection, right? Reading the pages I produced in this fashion was quite an eyestrain, no doubt, but I guarantee that once blindness had set in, feeling the letters with your fingertips would be no problem at all.

Anyway, I sat down and I invented a superhero--just one, I figured that was smarter than introducing thirteen at once the way my role model did--and I began to write. The second hardest thing to do was to actually finish a story, which I'd seldom managed before. The hardest thing was to work up the courage to send it out. Eventually I managed both though. And the story was accepted, and published, and people even wrote in and said how good it was. I mean, I blew them away--dialogue and narration in the same story, what an innovation!

I wrote more stories.

They got published. They got praised. I did still more. I stayed in comics fandom all through high school. In some ways, it was the only thing that kept me sane in high school. Eventually I got beyond the dittoed fanzines where I started, with their fading purple print, and into the class of that subfandom, the photo-offset fanzines like *Star Studded Comics*. One year I even won an award for Best Fan Fiction. I know now that awards for Best Fan Fiction are like awards for Best Dwarf Basketball Player, but I was a high school kid and it meant something to me, even though I never did get the trophy I was promised. I did get something more important. I got confidence. I got criticism. I got experience.

I got better.

By the time I hit college, I was corresponding with people like Howard Waldrop, who had started at *Star Studded Comics* just about the same time I did, and I was moving beyond superhero text stories into horror and sword and sorcery. Still bad, but better. One thing led to another. Somehow I had begun thinking of myself as a writer, or at least as someone who would always write a little on the side, whatever career I might ultimately pursue. To keep my hand in, I not only took all the creative writing courses I could, but I even tried to write fiction for courses where it had no business whatsoever. Once, in sophomore year, I talked my prof in Scandinavian history into letting me write a piece of historical fiction instead of a term paper. Not only did he go for it, and give me an A, but he liked the story so well he sent it out for me to a professional magazine called *American Scandinavian Review*. They didn't buy it, alas, but they sent a nice letter, and thus I collected my first professional rejection slip. It hardly hurt at all, so the following year, when I wrote a batch of short stories for a creative writing class, I took to sending them out myself, and collecting my own rejections.

I got a few. One of the stories, an SF piece called "*The Hero*", vanished for a year, lost in the mail when I sent it to Fred Pohl at *Galaxy* not realizing that Fred had left and the magazine had been sold. When I found out, I retyped it and sent it to the new editor, and it got lost there too. Months and months passed, I graduated college and went home to Bayonne for the summer before beginning my year of graduate study. Bayonne is pretty close to New York; I decided, instead of wasting time, to phone and inquire. I must say, the woman I spoke to was not very friendly. When I said I wanted to ask about a manuscript that had been there for a long time, she said, "We can't possibly keep track of all the stories we reject." But when I told her the name of the story, there was a brief pause. "Wait a minute," she said. "We bought that story." A golden moment. Of course, it turned out my check was lost in the mail.

They'd sent it to the college address I was no longer at, and by the time it got forwarded to my summer address in Bayonne, I was back in school at another address, so it had to be sent on again. But I finally got it. Ninety-four bucks.

The chain letter had promised me sixty-four. I'd come out thirty bucks ahead, though it took a lot longer than I ever would have guessed when I mailed off that quarter.

That was the summer of 1970, my first sale. "The Hero" ran in the February 1971 issue of *Galaxy*. I made my second sale to Ted White and *Fantastic* in the spring of 1971. Oddly enough, that story too had been sent off just as the magazine was changing addresses, lost for a year, retyped, and resubmitted. It wasn't until my third sale that I realized it was possible to sell a story without first losing it in the mail. My first SF convention was just about the same time¹, and more sales and more cons have followed in the years since, until, finally, here I am.

Inevitable? I can't believe it.

If I'd never gotten that Heinlein book, would I even have read SF? Would I have read at all, for that matter?

If not for that chain letter, would I ever have seen a fanzine? The right kind, that is, a bad one? At just the right time? Comics fandom was important to me. It gave me a place to publish, a place to be bad. My stories there got the criticism I needed to improve, but also the encouragement I needed to continue. The kind of stuff I was writing as an eighth- and ninth-grader was not even remotely good enough to find a home in the worst SF crudzine; nor could it possibly be published in comics fanzines as they exist today, for that matter. Those fanzines were part of a crude infant fandom, three-quarters of whose fans were high-schoolers. They'll never come again. Had they not existed for me, though, I really wonder where my life might have lead. I learned more about writing from doing it than I ever did from high school English classes, or college comp classes either.

There were, of course, other turning points. In 1971, for example, I emerged from college with a bright shiny Master's degree in journalism, piled high with honors, and still couldn't get a real job in my chosen profession. If I had, I might be a foreign correspondent for the *New York Times* even now, though more likely I'd be a disgruntled rewrite man on the *Jersey Journal*. But it didn't happen that way.

I had just made my second sale and attended my first con; I was able to find only part-time summer work in Bayonne, so I drove myself to write. That summer I wrote a story every two weeks, the best stuff I'd ever done, including "With Morning Comes Mistfall" and "The Second Kind of Loneliness", and by the time I signed up for VISTA that fall, my ultimate course was pretty well set. I might work other jobs to keep bread on the table. I did, in fact; public relations, chess tournament director, college instructor. But mostly I was a writer, ultimately I was a writer, deep down inside that was the important thing.

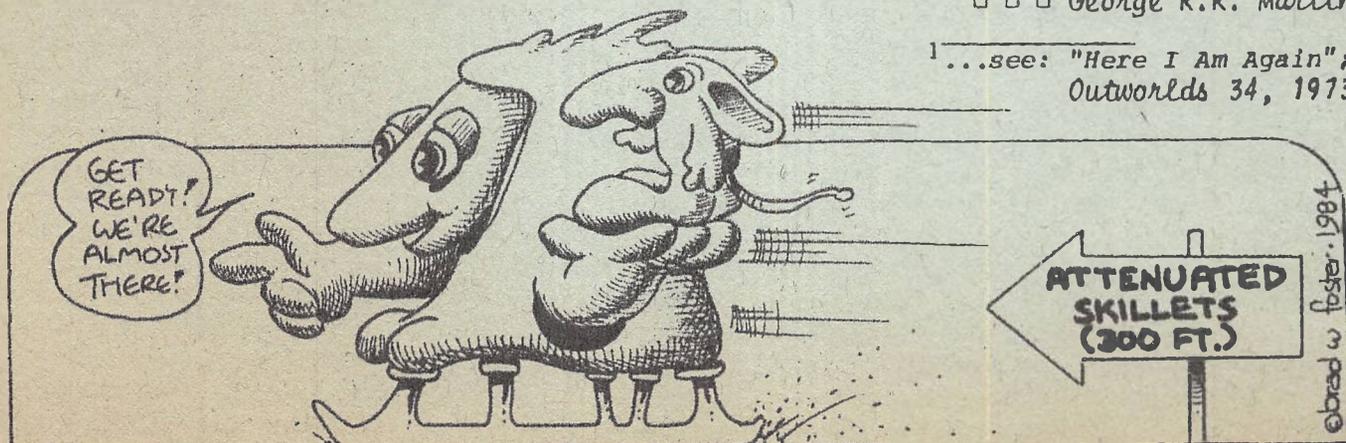
Inevitable? Nah. No way.

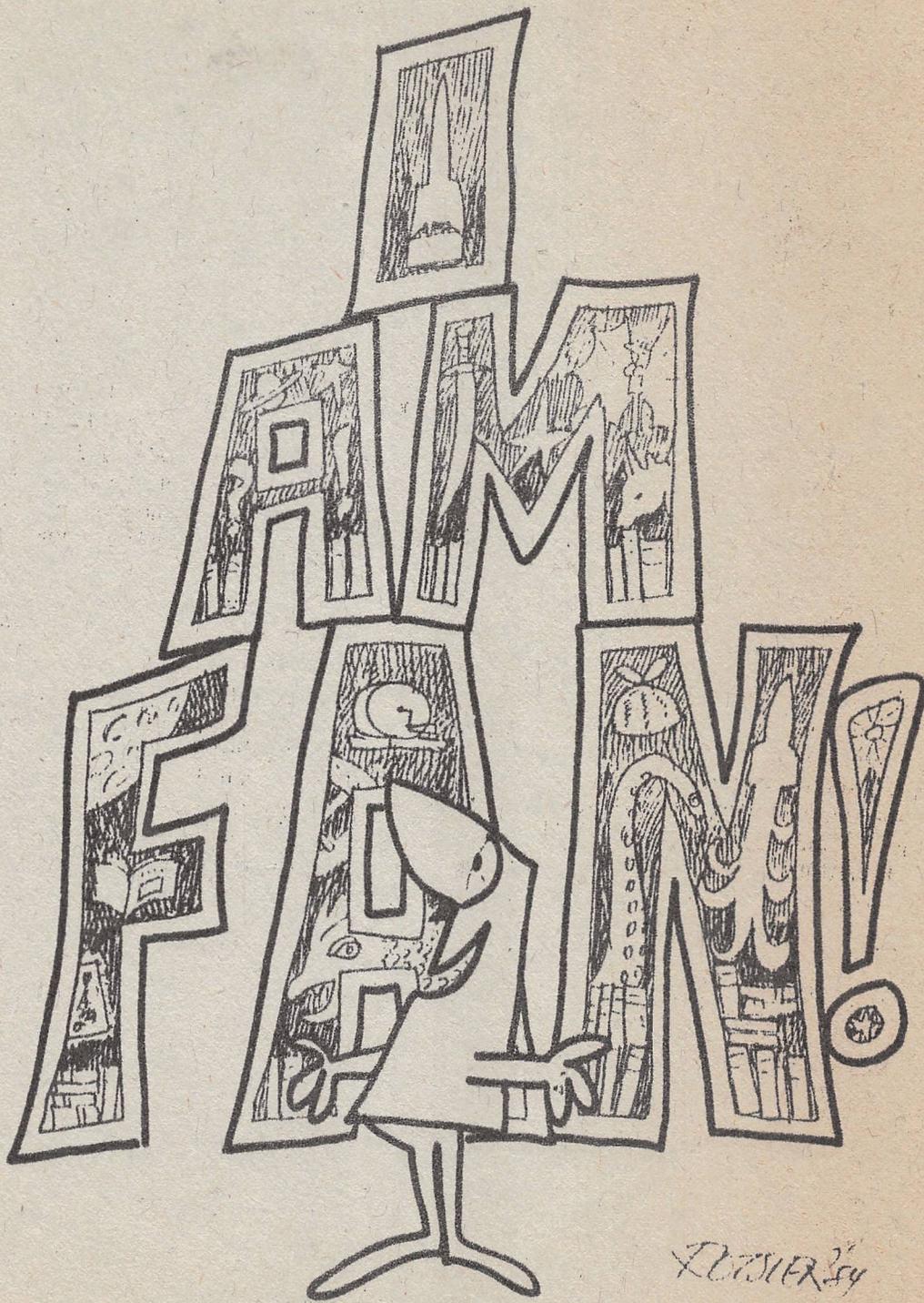
It's a long way from Bayonne, New Jersey to Kearney, Nebraska, as I said. But you know something?

I'm glad I came.

□ □ □ George R.R. Martin

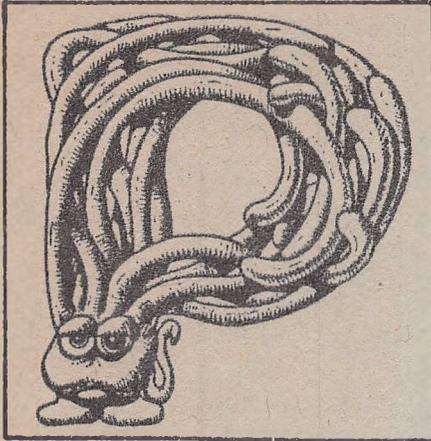
¹...see: "Here I Am Again";
Outworlds 34, 1973





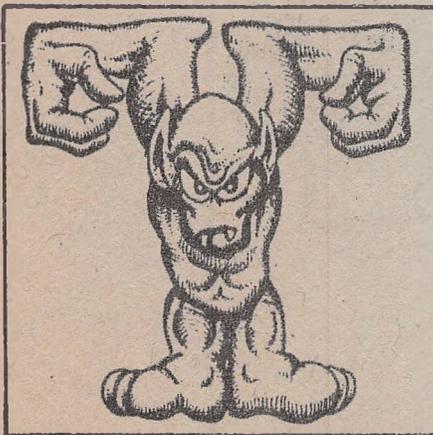
Beard Mumblings

Bob Tucker



AY ATTENTION, DAVE LOCKE. I know you to be a real live by-gosh true science fiction fan. Do you have a yearn to listen to a small slice of real live (?) by-gosh science fiction, at no cost to you? Yes, I thought you did. Pick up your phone and dial this toll-free number: 1-800-228-8466. Listen to a real live (?) robot with a human voice in far off Philadelphia report on the conditions of the room in which it is living (?). The robot dwells in a telephone switching room in a Philadelphia suburb and it will tell anyone who calls in the conditions of that room at the time of the call. That's science fiction by-gosh.

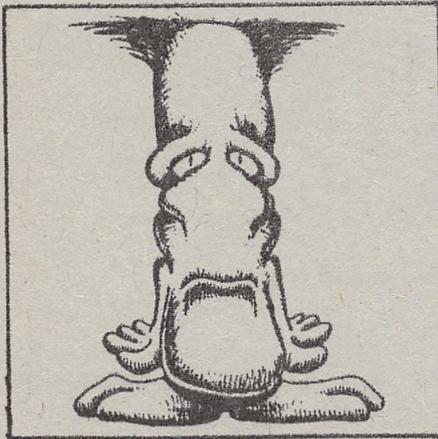
On the day that I called the robot told me that it was 4:50 pm, the room temperature was 88 degrees, the noise level was okay, but warned me that the battery level was low. It then volunteered the information that the lights were on, but I don't know why. Robots shouldn't need electric lights. On an impulse, I didn't hang up but waited to see what would happen next. I was rewarded. The robot repeated all the above information and then added an extra: it allowed me to listen to a woman singing for about fifteen seconds, and repeated the information that the voice level was satisfactory. I should have hung up there, but I wasn't quick enough and the robot ruined my day by wishing me a happy day. Drat. I *had* something else in mind.



HERE IS A NEW TWIST to an old huckster game making the rounds of junk mail circles. If you are on anyone's junk mail list, sooner or later you'll receive an advertisement for a "Collector's Plate". The plates have been around for a long time and offer pictures of Scarlett O'Hara or John Wayne or whatever might bring in a buck, but this latest scam is directed toward science fiction fans who might go ape over *Star Trek* dinner plates. For the low, low price of only \$29.95 (plus postage and handling, of course) you too may have a valuable collector's edition plate featuring that popular Vulcan of the spaceways, Mr. Spock, him of the pointy ears. Said

to be of fine porcelain, 8½ inch diameter, with special blue-and-silver border design, the plate will come to you "hand-numbered with same-number Certificate of Authenticity". This may mean that the plate was manufactured on Vulcan by Spock's mother, and hand-numbered by his father.

In the promotional letter, the pusher of this plate claims that the first Scarlett O'Hara plate was sold in 1978 for \$21.50, but today it commands \$225. And a Judy Garland plate that sold for \$19 in 1977 "could now bring (the owner) as much as \$150." Wow. The pusher says there are 2,500,000 *Star Trek* fans and they will compete with ordinary plate collectors for this special edition. He urges us to act promptly because this "is a fixed limited edition of 90 firing days" after which no more Spock plates will be made. Nowhere in the advertising does it specify how many hundreds of thousands of plates will be made in those 90 firing days. If I were Bjo Trimble, I wouldn't allow my name to be used in this sort of advertising scheme.



IN AN EDITORIAL some thirty or forty years ago John W. Campbell said that the universe was running down. He called it entropy, and he said (as best as I can remember over that period of time) that everything was slowing down, rotting away, and would eventually fail. He said there wasn't a cotton-picking thing we could do about it, so relax and roll with the punches. When I first read that I probably shrugged and said yeah, yeah, the universe will fall apart in a billion years, everybody knows that, so where's the cold beer? In my snug and isolated cocoon thirty or forty years ago I never suspected that it would begin to happen in my lifetime, because I hadn't yet read the sorry history of the decline of the Roman Empire. Now I know better: entropy is here, and lives in the postoffice. The postoffice establishment has grown so large and so cumbersome, and it employs so many people who cannot read, that entropy is now hounding the daily delivery of our mail. (Howard DeVore may stand aside from this and nod sagely. He can read.)

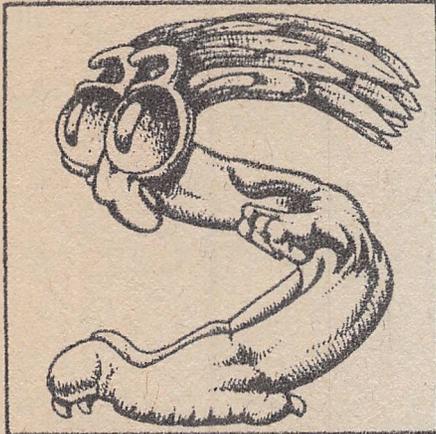
Everyone, including Dave Locke, has postoffice horror stories to tell impressionable neofans. Entropy has reached all fifty states and the far-flung friendly nations overseas. The moribund bureaucracy will not be changed because they know in their hearts they are in charge, and they don't really care all that much so long as those paychecks keep coming. The only reasonable retaliation for shoddy performance is ridicule and laughter; they can't be sued but laughter stings. I do what little I can to make the bureaucrats' day.

Item One: About three years ago a woman in Australia sent a Christmas card to a woman in West Germany. I didn't know either party but the Christmas card was delivered to my mailbox. I phoned the local postmaster and offered to deliver the card for him the next time I visited Europe. He didn't see the humor in my suggestion.

Item Two: A few months ago a woman in Kentucky sent a letter to a woman in Carlinville, Ill. That letter was deposited in my mailbox. I called the postmaster and innocently asked him if Carlinville 62626 was a suburb of Jacksonville 62650. After a small silence he asked: "Are you the party that received the Christmas card?" I said that I was, and now I had a strange letter. Rather huffily, he told me to drop the letter into any deposit box and forget it. I did so, after writing a bold message across the face of the envelope to explain why that letter was in my hands.

Item Three: In July 1983 I wrote to a doctor in Bloomington, about a hundred miles distant, and asked for an appointment. My letter was received and the receptionist phoned to set up the appointment in September 1984, fourteen months after the letter was mailed. I promptly wrote another letter to the editor of the local paper and told him I was vigorously supporting the postoffice in its efforts to raise the price of a first-class stamp another two cents. I pointed out that the postoffice *needed* the money to buy horseshoes for the pack animals carrying mail between Jacksonville and Bloomington.

I'm waiting to see what the postoffice will do in response. They may lose my next two or three incoming fanzines.



MITE THAT SMILE!

One of my early grade school teachers in the long, long ago when Abe Lincoln and I were boys taught me about similes. Samuel H. Preston has shown in his studies that poorly educated teachers turn out poorly educated students; and that a student's academic achievement increases with the greater intelligence of the teacher. All of which may help explain why I was the class dunce, although I always believed that some of my teachers were pretty smart cookies, and I actually developed a crush on one of them. *She* told me about similes, and actually launched my glorious writing career by naming me reporter and editor of the class newspaper. She was obviously a smart woman.

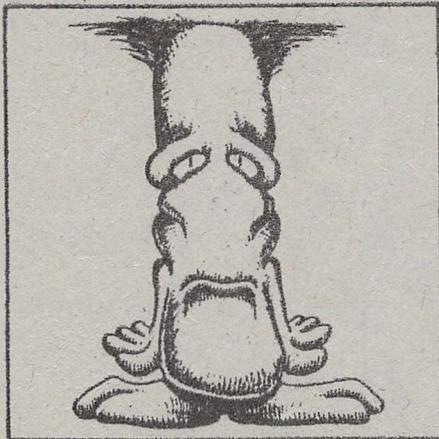
As an illustrative example she used 'As slow as a glacier' and I really believed that for a long time. Let some ambitious neofan announce the birth of a new fanzine, and a year later while still awaiting the appearance of the very first issue I would say that new editor was as slow as a glacier. The meanwhile, several of us would be bemoaning the loss of our subscription monies because we had foolishly mailed in fifty cents or a dollar on the strength of the announcement. In the bad old days, fanzines sold for as little as five or ten cents a copy and a year's subscription could be had for fifty cents or a dollar. I continued to believe in 'As slow as a glacier' until about a dozen years ago, when I started doing research for a new book about the coming ice age. (That was before some upstart scientists decided we would suffer from the greenhouse effect, instead of an ice age. The spoilsports cut me off at the pass.)

I discovered some astonishing truths during the research. Some glaciers can gallup along at a rate fast enough to overwhelm a city in a few months. You *should* be able to hear the crackling and crunching of the suburbs while you sat snugly in your downtown hotel, living it up and celebrating the approaching end of the world.

One Alpine glacier on the slopes of Mont Blanc near Chamonix was measured as moving at the mean rate of 240 feet per year. That was something of an accidental discovery. Three French guides had fallen to their deaths in an ice crevice several years before, but suddenly and unexpectedly their bodies turned up at the head of the glacier far downslope. It was realized the bodies had moved two miles during the period under discussion, yielding a forward rate of 240 feet per year. There are even speedier movements to give lie to the ancient simile. Some of the larger outlet glaciers in Greenland gallup along at a rate approaching a hundred feet per day, and that's faster than I move on some days. In 1936-37, the Black Rapids glacier in Alaska took on a new life of its own and apparently decided to wipe out human civilization in its path: it

sprinted along at 220 feet per day and threatened to wipe out an inn, a hunting lodge, and a highway. What may be the fastest moving glacier in the world is an unnamed ice river in the Kutiah valley of northern India. In 1953 it got its dander up and moved at the rate of fifteen feet per hour until a lack of fresh snow finally brought it to a halt. That could crush a city while we partied over a convention weekend or two.

Having learned all that and more, I wrote my book about the new ice age which covered all of Canada and the northernmost parts of the United States in only three hundred years. And I took a lot of flak from some readers and reviewers who were of the opinion that I needed to learn the simile 'As slow as a glacier'. Had they asked me, I would have cheerfully provided them with my sources of information in hopes that next time they would look before they leaped. And if, in the future, someone tells you that Bill Bowers is as slow as a glacier in producing each issue of this fanzine, jump aside fast and run for your mailbox.



AM NOW THE POSSESSOR of a new T-shirt bearing the legend: "Resident of the Wimpy Zone". It is a gift from a distant admirer, but then most of my most precious gifts in fandom are from distant admirers. The closer people come to me, the less they find to admire. I received my T-shirt at the recent Windycon in Chicago, and by pure chance I met Ben Yalow in the huckster room that weekend and we struck up a conversation about wimpy zones. Ben finds himself an innocent target, and he finds it all amusing. He told me that he never ever said the midwest was the wimpy zone; he told me that someone else at the worldcon business meeting said it, but now he is being wrongly blamed as the originator. I don't know if he cares to take my advice but this is a classic example of fan history being made for future generations to discuss and debate.

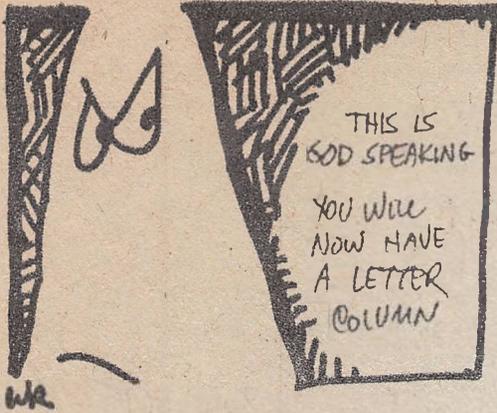
I advised Ben to merely smile and look inscrutable when fans question him about the matter, or point the fingerbone at him. Let rumors and future history fly and build as it/they may. In ten years time he will be famous or infamous, and Harry Warner will write a chapter about him and the zone in a fannish history book.

Whoever it was that said the midwest was a wimpy zone did us did us a favor. Now we have a rallying cry, a point of honor to defend, and a new source of income for the T-shirt hucksters. We can throw wimp parties at all the best conventions and invite the provincials from the east coast and the provincials from the west coast, the meanwhile showing them how wimps do it best. Eventually someone will stage a new convention in a new city and call it Wimpcan. Harry and his history will not be far behind.

Smile, Ben. Be inscutable. Deny nor confirm nothing.

Bob Tucker • Dec. 24, 1984

WIMPY ZONE



...if only as a break from all that unaccustomed full-size type--some comments on *Outworlds* 41:

GENE WOLFE
 Ian Covell has some controversial things to say about feminism and children. But yesterday I came across statements more inflammatory by far. May I tell you about them?

When I was a child myself, my favorite author was Ruth Plumly Thompson, the woman who continued the Oz series after the death of L. Frank Baum. The current issue (Vol. 28, #2) of *The Baum Bugle* prints for the first time the final section of an article Ms. Thompson wrote in 1956 but was never able to place. I admit I began reading it out of a sense of duty--after all, I owe this dead woman more, perhaps, than any other woman except my mother. I imagined that it would be boring; I should have known better. Here's a brief quotation:

"There are, of course, many notable exceptions among women editors. Some, realizing the full scope of the child's needs, try to satisfy it. The majority do not. The fact is that women are never as close to children as are men. Resent by life's detail, its humdrum duties and mechanics, they are of necessity practical and realistic and rarely gifted with a sense of humor.

"It is men who always keep their childish sense of wonder and surprise, that buoyant and boyish curiosity, love of adventure, sense of fun, that craving for things new and impossible that give such zest and flavor to life. Till men again take over the choosing of children's books, publishers' lists will be as they are now--juveniles, beautifully bound and illustrated, instructive and realistic, but *dull*, dreadfully dull!"

Feminists are fond of searching out feminists who predate feminism. If there is ever a movement that attempts to give the minority side--that is, the masculine side--I will be content to end as I began, choosing for my precursor saint Ruth Plumly Thompson.

[12/19/84]

DON D'AMASSA
 While thanking Ian Covell for the compliment, I still don't understand his irritation at Tiptree. Among other things, the fact that a piece of fiction might well be didactic is not in and of itself evidence that it is not a good story. Probably the whole thing boils down to the fact that Ian and I approached "*The Women That Men Don't See*" with entirely different mindsets. I do know people who act like the men in Tiptree stories. ("Take off their clothes and turn them upside down and they all look like sisters" said one.)

Allow me to tweak Roger Waddington's jealousy even further. We now have not quite 4000 mystery novels, as well as 3000 mundane and historical novels, 4000 non-fiction, 500 collections of poems and plays, and about 20,000+ science fiction, fantasy, and horror.

The rate keeps accelerating too. Our son David has well over 1000 books. Sheila collects books about animals and memoirs of rural physicians, and I keep going off on reading tangents that end up with a new shelf or two.

A thought about the Malzberg controversy. I have never quite understood my own reaction to his fiction. Some pieces strike me as almost painfully good, and others as painfully bad. Perhaps the difficulty with enjoying idiosyncratic fiction is that it only works when the reader and writer have overlapping idiosyncrasies. And perhaps mine overlap with Malzberg's more than most.

[12/24/84]

...*"ALERT!"*... "*Family Circle*" subnotation upcoming:

TONY CVETKO
 Say, got *Outworlds* 41, what a flash from the past. It's a real fanzine, with real fannish stuff in it, and I even recognized some of the names. I particularly enjoyed the letters. A letter by Chris Sherman? Will wonders never cease. Reminds me of the good old days of Innocence & enthusiasm. Liked your cover too. I think I most enjoyed the references about people and things I know absolutely nothing about. It was fun. Thanks.

So how's the old man? Me, I'm afraid I've turned into a Yuppie. I've even got a card that says I'm a member of the Republican National Committee. I didn't actually pay for it or anything, but they sent it anyway. I'm on their computerized list. I don't drink or do drugs anymore, either, and I just turned 30. Maybe I should get a cane? I know you don't believe all this stuff from the Hell issue I sent you, but it's true, I'm clean. I got the impression from OW that you're pretty much the same, & as long as you enjoy yourself that's all that counts.

This is already the longest loc I've written in five years, so I'll go, but I'd appreciate staying on your mailing list. Like I said, it was fun. [12/18]

...I tell you, Meyer, we live in exciting times: Tony is straight, Leah is getting married, and I'm going out to see Patty in three weeks. So what's next? A postcard from Diane, Marge greeting me without a reference to Mallard, a Lynn Parks statement copyrighted in the 40's, an annotated listing of Larry's "*Philosophy(s) of the Month*"...?

LARRY DOWNES
 For some reason, I have *Outworlds* #38 & 41 in front of me. I know I got 39 and 40 (didn't I?) and must have either written to you about them (doubtful) or lost them (also doubtful). In an effort to educate the traveling public, I always leave copies of my lefty magazines in the seat pocket in front of me when I've finished with them. --I presume this is what I did with the missing issues. Have you gotten any unidentified mail or phone calls lately? Flight attendants are ok people, y'know.

Of course, I still have my copies of the really slick, offset, color-covered *Outworlds* that I bought from you some years ago. I'm still a little taken aback when I get the mimeographed ones--will you ever go back?

I'm suddenly sympathetic to readers of your late 70's publications who weren't (like I was) living with you. They always complained in your letter columns that they didn't know who or what the hell your editorials were about. Maybe they didn't say that. But I don't know who or what the hell your editorials are about. I mean, I can guess, but I think I'd like to know who the veiled friends, enemies, love interests and Capitalized Events really are. But don't change a thing about yourself, Bill, we want you just the way you are. Maybe you could treat OW as a crossword puzzle--you know, print the solution to last month's issue.

The Wimpy Zone thing is really funny, and I have to thank Smith/Zeldes's deft commentary in *Uncle Dick's* for my being able to understand it. (Where do these fanzines come from? I gaffated, didn't I?) This sounds like one of those things that really has fandom taken by storm, like *Women in SF* once did. The possibilities for great fan fiction about this one are tempting-- where is Cy Chauvin when we need him? Of course I start to think microcosmically about it--great analogy for American bi-costalism in general, etc., my big chance to get a long article in *The New Yorker* (four parts--if they can do five on the history of coin, after all). Keep me posted, anyway.

Your mailing label mentions that I'm mentioned-- I see I am, and by none other than Chris Sherman, who seems not to have learned any manners in his latest attempt at adulthood. Or maybe he's giving us a "sichtlick", eh Father William? The weird thing was that I was just at Stanford last month. To think we could have seen each other, failed to recognize one another, and remain absolutely the same people in spite of it. It just goes to show what you said about my last letter--today's ultimate pleasure is yesterday's cholesterol or something. (What do I look like--a historian?)

Anyway, now that OW is out of the way, I can talk about myself. I'm fine. Next week is my last trip to Dallas. Thank goodness. Dallas is a terrible place--it's like my mother's living room turned into an urban blueprint--gaudy, ugly things put there to impress someone who never comes over anyway and a non-functioning version of something that has a necessary function for the rest of us. And the Texans, oh my God, I actually had a presumably college-educated and generally articulate young woman argue with me that what happened to the American Indians was justifiable because they were just savages. Of course I didn't argue much because they all have guns. And they don't miss. Now I must balance that by saying other Texans find Dalmatians (or whatever they're called) tacky and insufferably stuck on themselves. They also, damn it, have some great restaurants.

However, this end of Dallas thing leaves me with no regular out-of-town assignment, and if all goes well I'll stay in Chicago for a few months. Now I must be incredibly tired of travelling if I'm excited about the prospect of winter in Illinois, but there it is. I can hardly stand the suspense of wondering what will be the first day the El runs an hour late. And the prospect of finding out if there's really anything in my freezer--or if I have any friends left-- I can hardly control myself.

I have some marvelous statistics about my travels to date, all managed, of course, by computers of one kind or another. In mileage programs I'm presently at 15,000 on Republic, 25,000 on United, 75,000 on TWA and I just broke 200,000 on American. This, plus some fall bonuses, entitles me to about a dozen free trips to Detroit (God no!), anywhere in the U.S., London, Amsterdam, Australia, around world, or two trips to Singapore. If I get any further with American they're going to offer me stock. The problem is that the last thing a frequent traveller wants is more travel (that's a prize?), especially when it comes packed in with endless nights at Sheraton, unidentified cars from Avis, and an increase in my American Express spending limit. Hey, that's my job description, not a perk. So I'm faced with the bizarre proposition of getting rid of the damn things, either by selling them, letting them expire, or giving them away. Weird. I've also rented about 200 cars for about 500 days (at \$30 a day or the cost of a couple cars), and spent more nights with Sheraton than Mrs. Sheraton ever did. I have spent more than a day in over 50 different cities. Enough! Tell me to stop. Stop. Okay.

Now, what kind of trouble can I get into in Chicago? Heh, heh. [12/25/84]

...END "Family Circle"; Enter Rest Area...

NEIL REST

...I have four of yours, right ahead of four of Avedon's. You lead her by about a hundred pages (my fingers don't seem to have entirely woken up yet), and in guilt-at-not-having-yet-after-all-this-time, but she may present special problems of delicacy. See, the Bermuda Triangle bid implies a real MidAtlantic Fan Fund. Now, I've been offering a couple of different gossip-mongers exclusives on sleazy gossip from the inner sanctum of the bid committee, and if I can link Avedon to Marc Ortlieb in apparent improprieties in the administration of MAFF...

But I'm not asking permission to lie about you, just responding to *Outworlds*, making sure I keep getting it. At least I'm doing well on the Dec. 13 postmark on the fabulous Wimpy Zone cover. And I only noticed the dread X while organizing my comment-hook-notes. I; by golly, how about starting an interminable series of essays about the different styles, philosophies, and techniques of locking!

Sometimes there seems to be more of the Platonists vs. the Aristotelians than simple writing. It's wired to go through paragraph after paragraph after paragraph about the real right way to do what isn't even being done there.

By the way, I may be on to a little game of yours. What was missing from my issue was page 1361/1362. The leaf before the one Buck didn't get. You know the little puzzle with a picture on two turning cardboard disks, and 12 lions would turn into 11, and back, when you moved it, or football players, or something? Well, if you short each copy one page, you could be shaving your costs over 1% per issue. Getting cheap there, finally, eh?

But back to the recursion; there's little indication from many of these letters who goes on *besides* writing these letters. You refer several times to 50 or 60 hour weeks, but only once, in passing answer to a question, do you hint at what goes on during that time. I mean, why does your phone number change from moving upstairs? (If I understood your CoA.)

But I'm just a zine fan neo (1) It was news to me that I've ever locked HTT. I picked up a couple in LA, to see what kind of nonsense can be generated on paper (Like Weekly World News two weeks ago; TIME WARP in the Devil's Triangle.) about the bid. I knew I was in trouble when people not only tried to give me money, but said they'd work.

Mistaken for Wally Franke, Andy Offutt, AND Eric Lindsay? Somehow, in fandom, it seems to be interesting times a lot of the time.

Somehow, also, these random squibs are holding together less well than I was originally going to make them. The big theme was recursion, writing about writing. I've known zinefens were a little weird for a while. Several Autoclaves ago, I remember in a side room off the con suite, having a conversation with Suzi Stefl while on the other bed, three zinefens talked about postage for forty minutes.

Say, are you on any of Arthur Klavaty's lists? He has a pet disability, which he lobbies for; hyperlexia. Entheomania seems to be the condition at the time it seemed like a good idea at.

Have you used any microcomputer word processors? A lot of your scutwork could be done by one, like making a margin two letters wider to fit something onto two pages instead of two pages and three lines. Is there anyone around you could borrow from? With a little determination, it can even run a stencil-cutting typer...

Though, Al Strois is sadly right. In twenty years of messing around with computers, I've never seen good documentation.

Ad astra per twillitone... [12/25/84]

...we now return to our fansine, already in progress +
=====

Joe R. Christopher

Five Limericks
For A Fifteenth Annish



esthetics

Said a Martian, invading from space,
"An Earthling in shape's a disgrace--
His appearance, macabre,
With his features on knob,
When eyes in one's tentacles save face."



xtrapolating Bust

On the Mars of Edgar Rice Burroughs
His maidens are naked but thorough:
With breasts they're endowed,
Though no nursing's allowed--
They're oviparous like snakes and like sparrows.



lsewhen; or, The Alibi

A detective named Fergus O'Brien
 Discovered a crude time machine.
 The murderer fled
 An hour 'fore the deed--
 An hour later he elsewhere was seen.



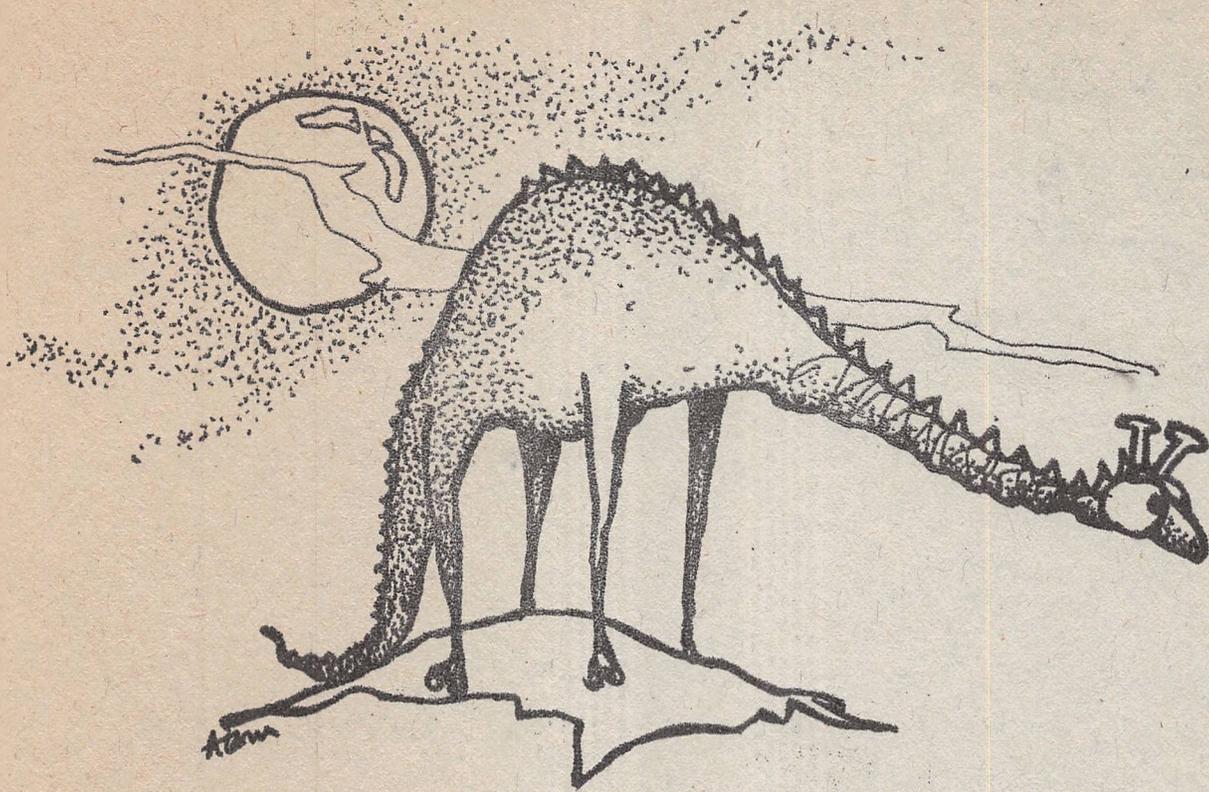
a Capo

You ask, "What made Lazarus long?"
 His longing for sisters was strong,
 But his love for his mother
 Was beyond any other:
 And that's who made Lazarus Long.



he Universe Conceived as a Self-Destructive Limerick

When the Big Bang gave nothing a twitch,
 Then matter expanded sans hitch;
 But gravity's holding
 To cause an enfolding
 May be too weak so the universe will keep on developing outward
 forever and forever like a structureless last line
 which . . .



Understandings

Robert A. W. Lowndes



FOR OVER A YEAR NOW, I've been working on a book-section in my spare time, which wasn't exactly copious because I was holding down two jobs. The work is done, a few pages at a time (minus time spent in checking and re-reading sources) early mornings before I have to leave for the office and a few more pages on weekends when I am free.

The main book is tentatively titled "THE GERNSBACK ERA IN SCIENCE FICTION", and my part of it is a survey of all the science-fiction magazines published in the USA between March 1926, when the first, April-dated, issue of *Amazing Stories* appeared and February 1936, when the final, bimonthly issue of *Wonder Stories*, also-April-dated, came out.

Had *Wonder Stories* been a monthly publication, then that April issue would have appeared in March, making the Gernsback Era exactly ten years.

Some of you may wonder why I was invited to do the job. Three reasons: (1) I was there during that period, although I didn't become a steady reader until 1930; (2) With a very few exceptions, I own copies of all the magazines under discussion; (3) Mike Ashley, who is over-all editor of the project, knows that I have been constantly re-reading those old magazines--particularly since 1971, when the folding of my reprint weird and science fiction titles put an end to my activities as a professional editor in the field. I don't have to guess, or rely on memory, about any issue which I own; and I haven't written a word about any issue without a thorough examination of it. At times, I've been tempted--and found, when I resisted and picked up the issue anyway, that even if my memory about one or another matter I wanted to write about was OK, there were other things in that issue that deserved mention. My only regret is that there is so much interesting material (particularly in the letter columns) that had to be left out. And while, at times, a comment about how I felt back then is appropriate enough to insert, there's little room for details.

In March, 1926, I was nine, going on ten, and in the sixth grade. In February, 1936, I was nineteen, going on twenty, and attending a WPA college--Stamford Community College, in Stamford, Conn. I was staying with my grandparents in Springdale, Conn., at the time, and walked the three miles from the house to the college building twice a day. Tuition was free, but we had to buy a few textbooks, one of which I still have. (An English grammar, which is still useful today.) At that time, February 1936, I had had a few letters published in *Amazing Stories*, *Wonder Stories*, *Weird Tales*, and *Astounding Stories*, so that my name was familiar to the other steady letter-writing fans; but I had yet to meet another fan personally, nor had I made any attempts to write science fiction. I had to leave the college after six months and go back into the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps). I had yet to experience a steady job.

What was it that drew me to science fiction back in that period? First of all, I was a highly imaginative child--too much so, my elders feared--and various physical disabilities during childhood had deprived me of much contact with others my own age until I started attending public school. I'd much rather sit inside and read than go out to play; and my poor muscular coordination made me the last choice on anyone's baseball team. By 1926 I had recovered from most of the illnesses that had taken up much of my childhood, except for bronchitis every winter. I did enjoy walking, pitching horseshoes, or other outdoor games that didn't require fast and accurate reflexes.

The fact that I learned to read before entering first grade led to my promotion from that to the second grade within a month or two of starting school. That seemed like a good thing at the time, and my father and stepmother (who was a real mother to me) were duly pleased. But there was one serious drawback: I was now a year younger than anyone else in my class, and emotionally not up to my chronological age. As time went on, the gap became more frustrating, and by the time I entered High School, it was a decided liability; academic prowess^{or not} I was "immature" in comparison to the other boys in my class, and I felt it without realizing exactly what it was all about. I was liked by some, condescended to by others who appreciated brains, and a prey for the rest. In the Boy Scouts, I got the nickname of "Professor"--but if there was a less ambitious scout in my troop, I can't recall who he might have been. (I finally made it to Star Scout, just out of idle curiosity as to whether I could do it, but by that time I had no interest left in scouting whatever. It didn't leave enough time for reading science-fiction magazines, for example, and none of the other fellows read them.)

It wasn't until late 1928 that I finally obtained a copy of *Amazing Stories* to read; after three issues, it became *verboten* at home, and there was no other way I could get to read it. But in 1929, when I started High School, I began to notice ads for *Science Wonder Stories* and *Air Wonder Stories* in my father's radio magazine. He was an electrician and had built the first radio set we ever owned from a Gernsback instruction manual--so the name "Gernsback" carried some weight with him. Of course, *Science Wonder Stories* was not all that different from *Amazing Stories*, but there were three particular differences that helped: (1) the word "Science" in the title, (2) the

"Science News of the Month" department, and (3) the "Science Questions and Answers" department. It really seemed far more educational than *Amazing Stories*--and in a way it was.

Thus, I was allowed to take a dollar of my Christmas money to subscribe to *Science Wonder Stories*, via a coupon in one of the radio magazines that offered eight months for a dollar. That was a real bargain, as I found later when I saw similar ads elsewhere for *Amazing Stories*, offering six issues for a dollar.

That really started my science-fiction career in its first phase: reader and fan. I loved the stories not only because there were imaginative and exciting, but because they carried me completely away from a much-less interesting here and now. Science fiction did not constitute my only "pleasure" reading outside of English class requirements. (And, actually, I enjoyed most of the "classics" that we read in school; they left me with a permanent delight in Dickens and Shakespeare, for example; and in my senior year, my dramatics and public speaking class led me to Isben, another life-long appreciation.)

I loved history, and some travel books, but in non-fantasy fiction I went mostly for historical novels (Rafael Sabatini, for example) and murder mysteries. I'd been introduced to S.S. Van Dine's "*The Bishop Murder Case*", when it ran serially in the *American* magazine, to which my mother subscribed. That led me to Agatha Christie, G.K. Chesterton, and Edgar Allan Poe, among others. But you can see the underlying pattern as clearly as I can: aside from the detective novels, I wanted reading that took me away from the here and now; I had little interest in fiction dealing with the present day.

So from 1930 to the end of 1935, the high points of my life (aside from those few occasions, where I got to perform in stage productions, put on by my school or church) were the new issues of science fiction magazines every month. I read and reread with little discrimination-- although when I tried a couple of issues of *Astounding Stories of Super Science* in mid-1930 I was put off, not only by the pulp format, and the lack of any "science" departments--not even a scientific editorial--but by the pulpy plots, wherein (to me familiar) science-fiction ideas were poured into the fast-action story mould. And after a couple years of reading, I became more critical about some of the stories in the latest issue of *Amazing* or *Wonder*, monthly or quarterly.

I still recall my individual "horror" month--October-November 1930. Around the middle of the month, my half-brother and sister came down with scarlet fever, and we were all quarantined for six weeks. My father got out in time, but was not permitted to return; actually, he'd make surreptitious night visits now and then (I recall one of them wherein he came in, opened his coat, and produced two kittens). How do I manage to place the dates so well? Well, I already had the November issues of *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories*--the latter being the first pulp-size issue. And October went by, and November went by, but there I was confined to the premises, so that I never saw the December issues of either magazine when they came out. When the quarantine sign was taken down, and I was free to visit a newsstand, the January issues were on sale. (At that time, 50-cent pieces were so rare to me that I could rarely buy a quarterly.)

That habit of remembering events in the mundane world through linking them up with the science-fiction magazines then on sale, would stay with me not only through the Gernsback Era, but beyond, even unto the Futurian days. By that time, I'd found that many other fans used the same method of event-linkage.

I corresponded with a variety of other readers and fans, whose addresses I found in the letters departments, and, as Damon Knight intimates in *THE FUTURIANS*, by 1935 was conducting romances by mail.

But how do these old stories look to me now? It's not only that I'm considerably older, have had more experience both actual and vicarious through reading, but I've been a general pulp editor as well as a science-fiction editor. That experience affected my outlook on science-fiction in two ways: (1) I learned to appreciate a well-done "pulp" story, so that rereading some of the examples that I looked down on at the time now come across as good examples of their kind. (2) Reading for pleasure and reading for duty are very different things. One can take pleasure in duty at times, but it

must be done whether you like it or not. I had to read, or at least skim through, a tremendous amount of bad science fiction, from the poor to the hopeless, month after month so long as I was editing a science-fiction magazine.

And meanwhile the other pulp publishers had taken the game away from Hugo Gernsback. Aside from John W. Campbell, hardly any of them cared (or knew) about science or literary merit. And, now that I was making a living on my own, and could afford to buy all the magazines, there were too many of them; I didn't have the time, let alone the interest to read all of them.

Now those old Gernsback Era magazines are museum pieces, but I still find it fun to visit the museum, as it were. Some stories that I loved back then now prove to have been very poorly written and show other defects I was unaware of at the time. Others, that I didn't care for at the time, turn out to have been better done (therefore more enjoyable) than I realized. And there's a reasonable number which may not be great, but are still fun to read today.

Now that I no longer have to read bad science fiction as a duty (or to try to keep up with competitors) I don't read very much science fiction at all. Not that I care for it less--Heinlein, Asimov, and some Pohl still grab me--but that I care about other reading more. And, in a sense, my pattern remains the same: I concentrate on non-fiction (mostly history and biography); but in fiction, on classic novels from English, American, and German authors. For example, Hermann Hesse and Thomas Mann both write about worlds long gone; I love them both and have read everything by Hesse that I could find. And there's a lot more Mann to get to--when I've read more of Mark Twain, Washington Irving, and Henry Adams, that is.

That those old stories had some lasting merit is proved by the number of them that remain in print. Burroughs, E.E. Smith, even A. Merritt, for example. Datedness is not in itself a barrier--otherwise no one hardly anyone would bother with Shakespeare or Dickens, aside from school requirements. Yet they sell far beyond the numbers needed for students.

The fact that a work of science fiction has lasted, and continues to please, after 50 years or longer, does not in itself prove that we have a towering masterpiece of English, or any other language. It proves that the work in question has universal virtues that triumph over all the defects that close reading and criticism can uncover.

And that a work continues to please me, after 50 years, shows that it still offers something I want to experience and can still enjoy, even if I don't want to do so as often as I did in earlier years.

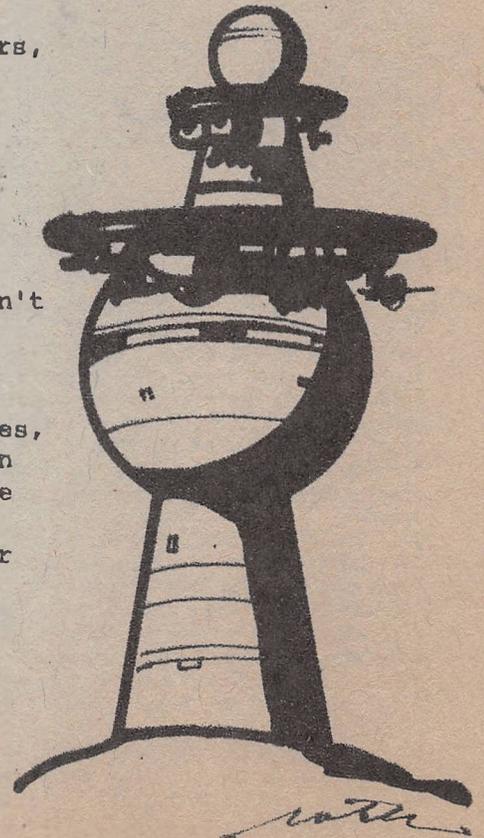
As C.L. Lewis noted: "The highest cannot stand without the lowest." From the viewpoints of most of you who read this, Gernsback-era science fiction ranks among the lowest. No matter. If you approve of the stature that the top-level science fiction has reached today, it wouldn't hurt to remember that those old, gaudy magazines represented the first step.

And as for today's science fiction: I require of it exactly what I responded to in those magazines--(a) stories, rooted in (at least seemingly) plausible extrapolations on known present-day science, that (b) carry me away from the issues constantly thrust upon me by the daily newspapers.

So I still read science fiction for escape: any other values therein are bonuses.

□ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ □ Robert A. W. Lowndes • October, 1984

"The problem...will be finding things to write about that are both interesting to me and potentially interesting to a fair percentage of your readers." It's taken me some time to talk Doc Lowndes into resuming his column--and he still expressed some doubt as to whether it will "fit" in the "new" OW. I think it does. What about you...?





MORE LETTERS

LESLIE DAVID

Thanks for sending OW41. It seems like an eternity since OW40, but then traveling extensively does seem to cause the perception of compressing time. Yes, I am back in the US now and for the last 2 months have been doing my best to make up for a years' deprivation. That's harder to do than you think--it's exhausting trying to catch up on movies, books, fads and parties that you've missed, but I'm giving it a go. Currently I'm snowhiding at the Troop Support Agency (TSA) at Ft Lee until my course starts in January. I'll be studying General Supply Management prior to going to Ft Huachuca for my next assignment. Yes, I'm finally returning to Arizona, but Tucson rather than Phoenix. I was going to explain what my snowhide job is--I'm working in the Program Management Office of a computer system called AFHIS, which will automate the Army's subsistence supply system. Along with updating the PM manual, I'm writing an article on AFHIS which will be submitted to *The Army Logistician* and *TSA Digest*.

The trip back was fabulous--rather than taking a military charter I flew home commercial (Executive class all the way) and made a few stops on the way. I left Seoul's Kimpo International Airport on 9 Oct and flew to Tokyo, where I spent 5 days. The main problem with Japan is that there are too many Japanese, which is probably why they're so polite to each other. I found the Japanese to be much more polite than the Koreans, but I missed the earthiness of Korea, where the people took an active interest in what foreigners were doing. I stayed at Hardy Barracks, which is where the *Pacific Stars & Stripes* is printed. The NCOIC just happened to be a friend of mine from the States and while I was there I talked to a friend I'd gone to college with and had worked with my neighbor in Korea, back at Ft Eustis. My roommate was a Korean who taught Asian Studies for the U of Md. on Guam as a respite in working on her PhD at Berkeley. Since Katy spoke fluent Japanese, we took the subway all over Tokyo, visiting Shinjuku, an old hippie hangout now taken over by punk rockers, Akikibara, the electronics district, and of course the Ginza. I also took a Tokyo city tour and an overnight tour to Kyoto and Nara on the Bullet Train, where we saw the requisite number of temples and shrines, as well as the Imperial Palace and Nigo Castle, home of the shogun. I also saw a Kimono fashion show and makeup demonstration and gave into temptation and bought a 5 strand choker of freshwater pearls.

The plane left Tokyo-Narita airport at 9pm and arrived at Honolulu at 9am, on the 14th, which was really 5am on the 15th if you were still on Japan Standard Time, which I was. After breezing through Customs and not having to declare anything, being military returning on a permanent change of duty station, I caught the airport bus to my hotel in Walkiki. All I can say about Hawaii is it's better if you go with someone and a week isn't long enough. I got sunburned, toured the Arizona Memorial Iolani Palace (the only palace on US soil) and met a Captain on the beach who had a little red convertible, just perfect for cruising Walkiki. I also took The Bus on The Road (H-1, the only interstate that goes to no other state).

I left Hawaii on the 21st and spent the night in San Francisco, visiting a man who worked for Bechtel, whom I met in Itaewon. It was just 12 short hours until my flight left to Albuquerque, where I visited my mother's friend, collected my car and got ready to drive to Ft Lee. After 3 days of driving through the most hideous weather short of a snowstorm, I made it back to Virginia and Ft Lee, where I signed in, went apartment hunting and collected my cat from the family who kept her for me. Speaking of moving, I'll be doing this all over again in March when I drive to Tucson, hopefully to be reunited with all of my possessions--some I haven't seen since Sep. 83.

Congratulations on going to LACON and having a good time. For a while I considered going to Melbourne, but matters of \$ stateside are too pressing --I'm trying to put away \$3,000 a year towards grad school tuition, having finally decided what I want to do when I grow up. U of A offers a Masters of Science in Food Science and Food Service Management, which I'd like to start working towards. I've decided that my best future is not with Uncle Sam, so I plan to work on the Masters and get out of the Army. Getting out will not be immediate, since I owe a year's service for an overseas move.

You have my condolences on not winning an airline ticket. I could use one now myself, as I am flying from Tucson to New Orleans the Easter week for a ballroom dance competition. I started dancing in July of 83 and it has replaced congoing for me, although I don't compete as often as I'd like.

At this point I am just waiting for the holiday season to end and for sanity again to rule. I'm not going anywhere in an attempt to save leave and money to attend the Winners Circle Dance Competition in New Orleans during Easter. I'm hoping to dance until my feet are bloody little stumps. Speaking of stumps, I gave my dance instructor a Tom Lehrer record which happens to have "The Masochism Tango" on it. I'm feeling rather old since he didn't even know who Tom Lehrer was, but then, I have to realize that when he was touring I was only 4 years old!

[12/18/84]





Chris Sherman

842 Coleman #9
Menlo Park, CA 94025

Patriarch Bowers
2468 Hamison Ave
Cincinnati, OH

September 23-30, 1984
October 1- , 1984
January 6-7, 1985

45211

Word-processed preface: *Time has flown like lava down the seamy plateaus of reality. Although he is not losing his mind in stages, he still persists at his febrile attempts at encoding a letter to William Bowers, editor, in bits of electrons, wavering like mirages of new-wave short stories on the flickering surface of his CRT:*

Dear Bill:

Thank you for continuing to re-unite me with fandom. Although some would take umbrage with my grammar, or even worse, with my usage, I still find that reading Outworlds is like a panacea. This evening I'm dangling my participles like teen-age feet in the cool rapids of thought. Thank goodness for Christmas vacation and healthy abundance of shadow-time in which to reintegrate self, world, and common sense.

The Coral Rises *He has refused to remove the headphones for over three weeks. His health has been described by the Chief Surgeon as "looking like a sound wave on a roller coaster". They do not know that all his senses have now shifted "up" one realm -- like an accelerating automobile.*

Bill, I've lost control over this letter.

[9-24]: Like a beacon slicing through the starry night of gafia, radiating from the forgone shores of fandom, OW 38-40 lit up my mailbox with a preternatural glow. Ah-hah! A devilish grin split my tired and chapped face. I had spent the entire day driving through the blasted heath of Central California, dreading my arrival, knowing that there would be no-one to talk to, nobody to listen to the strange little stories that had been growing in my brain like fungi throughout the dessicating drive. Now, after smearing my fingers on the twilltone pulp of your most welcome offering, I knew I was worried for naught. Already I felt within me abandoned alter-egos rising to the gorge...

The Man He Dreamed, or The Circular Ruins *His eyes follow the plasma flows of insight. His life has come full mobius, and now with comprehensive realization he knows his current friends think him mad or on drugs. Clamping his jaw slightly as he smiles, he writes the simple truth in the wax tablet near his hand: I am withdrawing from gafia. Convulsively, he reaches for the nearest JG Ballard novel, and shortly feels a soothing warmth wash over him.*

[9-17]: Thank you for sending me OW, Bill. You have eased the transition between San Diego and Menlo Park tremendously. Your timing was perfect -- I have made a major change of life in the past two months. I have spent much of this weekend reading (slowly, carefully), and many of the thoughts expressed have prompted me to write -- something I don't want to do because I need to arrange my apartment and begin my ridiculously time-devouring study program. Relating to

At Sirols, in computer manuals the prompt is often called the cursor. I'm not sure whether I should be prompt or to cursor...

I know the real reason DW38 and even moreso DW39 were difficult to read: your emotions were smeared all over the pages, thicker than ink. I have a lot of response concerning your obviously deepfelt concern for the remarks made by Skel.

[1-7]: Unfortunately, it has been a couple of months now since I read those issues. What I recall primarily were comments about tolerance, friendship, motivation, and free will. Distilled from all of that comes the following sentence:

[9-24]: Outworlds has caused me to consider these ideas in considerable detail, because they form the end points of a tangent on the map of circles representing the inevitable cycles of life.

How's that for a ludicrously complex sentence? Especially since I've lost my gist again (shit, it's out there, somewhere on that vast prairie, son...)

Digressions as a Way of Life The first few words he wrote were tentative, blushing. Encountering little resistance, he pressed forward, caressing the keys, overwhelmed by passion. Suddenly the memory of his long lost Original Love loomed like a specter...

[9-24]: Love wrapped its spidery tendrils around my awareness when I first started APA-50 (in tribute to the Geritol-like attitude you seem to have encouraged, I'll qualify that: "in the early 70's"). Most of us in APA-50 at that point had little experience with Love other than with our parents, so our interactions were exploratory, tentative, and often (like the outlaw facing the posse) a bit trigger-happy.

Love became a Keyword at about the same time Home faded from existence for a brief spell. But at that time, with all of the heated passion flying around fandom, Love was more like a fudgesicle that had been out of the freezer for a few hours. Still sweet, but without the solid form it should have had. It wasn't long before Home became pre-eminent once again.

Now, now... I spend a lot of time with my words these days. Most of them are wiped off the face of my monitor before they can ever be printed, and once printed, rarely are viewed by more than a few. Even when I publish things "professionally", I find that I have refined (dilluted), polished (rationalized), and so thoroughly tempered everything that I don't know if it's even readable any longer. I have become a far better editor than writer -- I can edit anyone but myself. Fortunately, I get paid for doing that as often as I get paid to publish words.

My editor insists on jumping in, with a vigorous recommendation for you, Bill: [10-11]: The marvelous thing about a personal computer is that you can complete first draft and finished copy virtually simultaneously. Especially if you have a text editor that assists you, such as Quiksoft's PC-Write, which is an excellent program for the IBM-PC, unlike Wordstar, or IBM's PC-Writer. My writing has improved significantly since I began to use a computer, about four years ago. You can outburst spontaneously, and yet gain a form of control with wonderful editing capabilities that are only deranged fever-hallucinations to the limited mind of a typewriter.

Or ignore the capabilities, as I am actively doing here, and make the writing a mishmash of non-linearly interconnected thoughts. One thing that working in this "field" does to you is foster the need for a looseleaf mind.

You could do amazing things with a Macintosh, I think, which I see Al Sirois has been using for his artwork. DW would never be the same done on that computer. It was designed for faneds, although Apple insists that it's for the "rest of us." I am designing a piece of software for the Mac right now that utilizes many of its neat aspects. I would love to do "Faneds Fantasy" or something silly like that, a program which integrates spectacular graphics capabilities with a mailing list manager. Or something.

Apocalypse Then *Awakening, he realized that he no longer resembled the fannish Ahab, seeking the great white Hugo. . However, his resolve to torment older fans was unshaken. As his motto, he took the following: "When I get to be your age, I'm going to..." [fill in the blank], this being a reverse form of the "When I was your age, I used to walk uphill both ways to school through 17 miles of denatured sludge, with 16 tons of mung strapped mercilessly to my back..."*

Bill, answer me truthfully -- now that you are a bearded chap -- do you ever bite the ends of your facial hair? Do you think Avedon Carol would object to your doing so if you in fact admit that you do? What do you think Ian Covell's response would be to her response? Generally speaking, I do like to chew on my moustache occasionally, but this in no way reflects my ardent love of cunnilingus, nor will I admit that although I like to stroke hair of all kinds (female only, mono-sexist bastard that I am), I am not given to associating extremely disagreeable words in print with the personalities of their authors. I am quite certain I would like both Ian Covell and Avedon Carol, and would in fact probably even enjoy moderating a meeting between them, if only to occasionally kick Avedon's pedestal and stick wax in the nozzle Ian's spray-paint can.

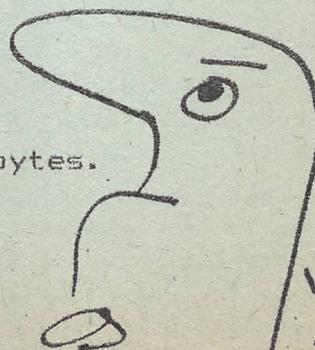
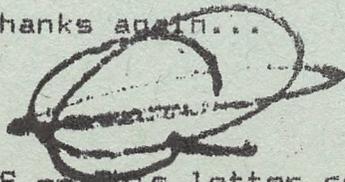
You know, I'm out of words. Since this letter was completely devoted to the cause of nonsense, I expect you'll relegate it to the sidelines of WHAF. Is this what happens when you've been associated with fandom for a while, Bill? You lose touch with the basic rudiments of letter writing, unable to... to... make sense?

Oh.

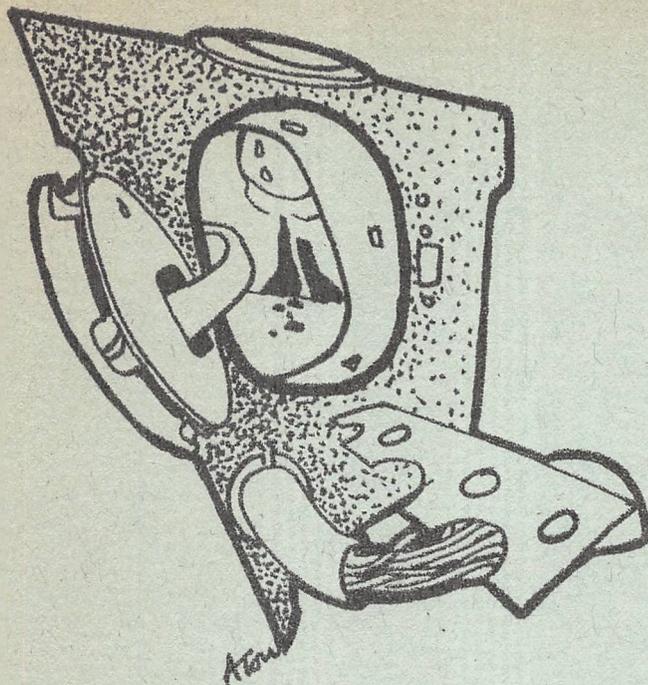
Are you going to CorFlu? Maybe I'll show up just to show you I still can run up and down a fire escape (with lit cigar) even after all these years...

Thanks again...

PS -- this letter contains 9407 bytes.

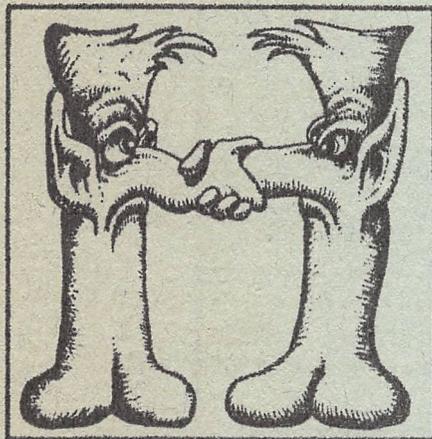


-I MUST BE A TRIFAN
SINCE POWERS USED
A ROTSLER ILLU FOR
MY LOC...
AND IM NOT EVEN HARRY
WARREN!



Close Enough For Fanwriting

Dave Locke



#10 • CINSANITY -- GOODBYE, MR. ORWELL

HERE I AM at almost the beginning of 1985, the year just a few hours old, and once again I create my own inauspicious start by waking up with a head that feels like it's rapidly expanding and contracting.

I have survived the Eighth Annual Cincinnati Floating New Year's Parties (and Exploding Cream-Puff Contest), though not without accidentally erasing some memory circuits with rum. Normally I drink scotch, but at the New Year's Parties I drank rum.

Bill Bowers likes distilled sugar cane. The kind that sloshes forth from a bottle, is brown in color, has a proof that runs upwards to a maximum of 151, and which marries well with Coca-Cola. It is Bill's drink. Rum and Coke. RC for me, please.

Bill Cavin doesn't drink, but has a little bit of everything. Usually. Just recently he said: "Well, I did have the better part of a bottle of rum to offer, but Bowers was over last night sipping on it and we were just yakking and after a while I noticed he was making even less sense than usual, and I checked the bottle and there's half a shot in it. Here."

I'm glad Bill Bowers doesn't drink scotch.

Al Curry likes to belt out Irish pub songs for part of his living, and belt down Irish whiskey to keep the pipes clean and pure. Vodka or poteen or blue-flame moonshine serves him well as a respite. Guinness serves him well anytime.

I'm glad Al Curry doesn't drink scotch.

Lyn Loughlin-Curry likes corn. Two ears or fingers of it, over ice, and contaminated by Cincinnati tap water. After going through an acre of cornfield, or several hands' worth of fingers, she'll start rubbing my back but leaves my scotch alone.

Jackie Causgrove drinks Southern Comfort, sometimes known as Sudden Discomfort, and feels secure in knowing that no one else would touch it unless there were nothing else to drink except perhaps rhubarb juice, and maybe not even then. And she hates scotch.

Steve Leigh likes a bottle or two of Lowenbrau Special Dark, or some other beer if that isn't around, especially when we crawl back here after sweating over a hot tennis court. But he leaves my scotch alone. Denise Parsley Leigh used to drink scotch when she drank anything at all, but I think that even then it would evaporate faster than she would drink it.

And on, and on, until we come to Mike Glicksohn who enjoys scotch at least as much as I do -- the same brands, even -- but who will usually turn up with his own bottle or case in hand, not altogether unlike Linus with his security blanket. He doesn't trust me to have enough Glenfiddich stashed away to handle even the most unexpected arrival...

So, really, my scotch is pretty safe here in Cincinnati. This is as opposed to the 12 years I did my fanning from Los Angeles, where my scotch was constantly in jeopardy, and I recall that at one point I even considered renting a silo so I could have adequate storage facilities.

What isn't safe here in Cincinnati (besides 16-year-old females from Bill Bowers, or Bill Bowers from the cuts of Al Curry), is the rum, irish, bourbon, and beer which is kept on hand for frequent drop-in friends. It isn't safe because, now that our drop-in friends don't drink scotch, I don't buy scotch in such large quantities that occasionally I won't run out. Then, of course, the other stuff is in trouble. Except, of course, for the Sudden Discomfort.

By rights I should have written this piece for the Thanksgiving issue of OUTWORLDS. The concept came to mind when I sat here formulating reasons to give thanks for being alive and well in Cinsanity, and it was even the first thought that sprang to mind.

Liquor, sin, and rock 'n roll.

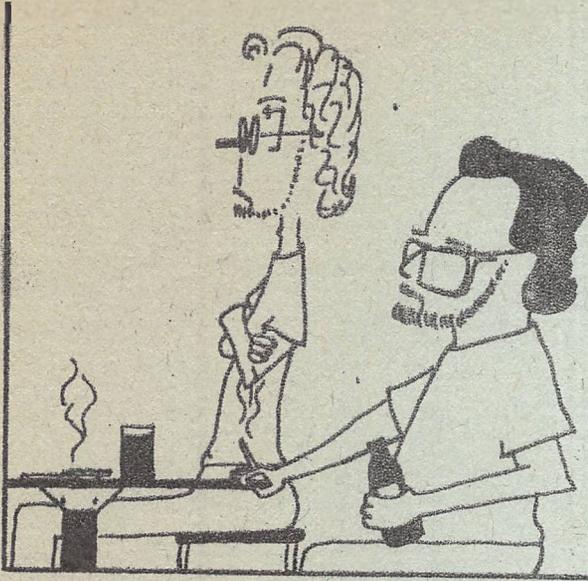
We'll cover the other two later.

Well, Dave, I said while talking to myself (I like to talk to myself; makes me feel like I'm dealing with a better class of people), whathell else are you thankful for out here in the Midwest? The subject automatically means you won't bore people by talking about the weather or the conventions or the politics, but does not exclude other subjects.

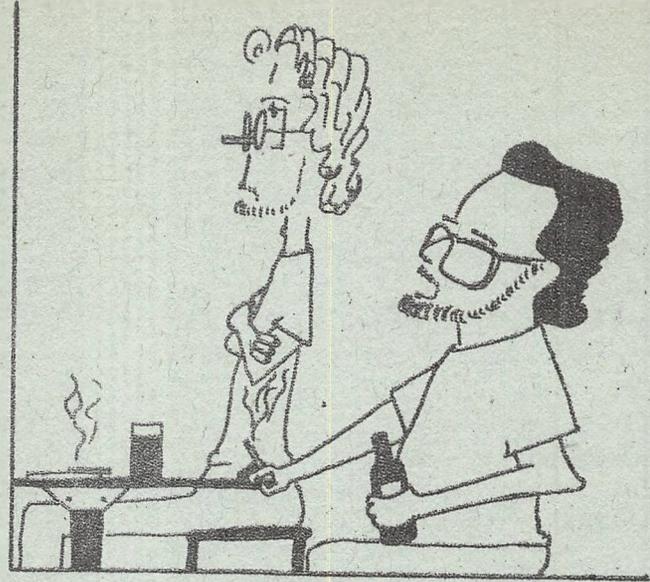
Let me pick a topic where I can talk to Al Curry for a few moments. You know, Al, it's interesting to be doing something different for a living after 13 years in materials management. Something very different. It doesn't pay as much yet, but it holds the promise that at some near future point it might come close. And certainly I get to meet a lot of new people.

I don't have a job title. That's different. The closest I've come to having one is the way my boss, a Director, described me to a new Vice President who came in from The Outside and asked "and what is Dave's function?"

My boss, whose secret password used to be "Primp", told me she pursed her lips and thought real hard for a second or two. Then she told him: "Dave is my Hit Man."



so, there stands Bowers, see, and he's talking to this thirteen-year-old girl about the age of consent somewhere or other . . . and . . .



I think you're just being paranoid, Bill. I don't think Curry intentionally starts hitting you with cheap shots everytime you come here to Nap's.

↑ + ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓ ↑ ↓

I'm a Hit Man.

Well, why not? Certainly I have the fannish endorsements for it:

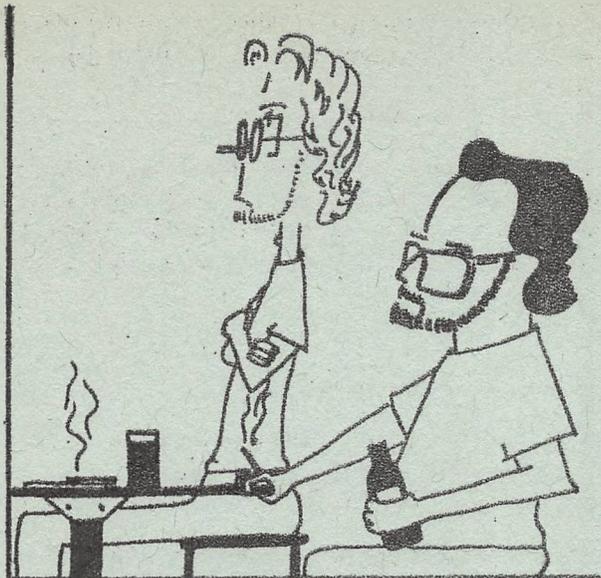
- § "You're the most dispassionate person I know." Bill Bowers.
- § "your dispassionate ... attitude". Mike Glicksohn.
- § "Yea, though you walk in the shadow of the valley of death you shall fear no evil, for you can be the meanest mutha in the valley." Lon Atkins.
- § "I think you've got more guts ... and can take it." Ted White.
- § "A charged particle". Jane Yolen.
- § "an observer from PLANET X." Al Curry.
- § "You're not pointed, you're deadly." Jackie Causgrove.
- § "A rebel." Lloyd Biggle, Jr.
- § "...various treacherous old bastards of my acquaintance. I figured you qualified." Buck Coulson.

So, why not a Hit Man?

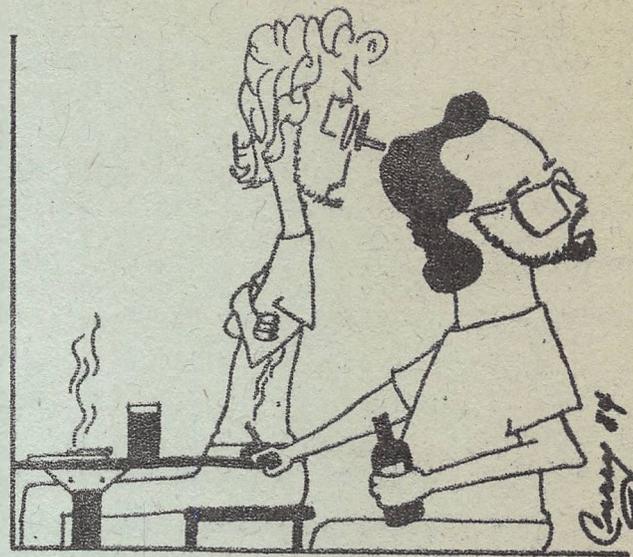
I even have a copy here of an "Outstanding Performance" memo to my personnel file, written by another V.P. Let me quote: "Dave discovered an abnormality in four verifications ... He was initially suspicious ... Dave called ... and asked them to investigate ... Dave received verification ... the member had falsified all information pertaining to ... The member and dependents will be terminated ... Dave Locke is to be commended for his ... willingness to go one step further."

And the nice thing is that even though I use my own weapon, The Company buys all my lead.

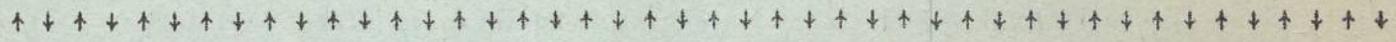
But I'm sorry, Al. Although The Company doesn't specifically forbid moonlighting, I really can't justify taking on your contract right now just because Bowers says your cartoons are quaint and that your unbelievable rudeness is mellowing. Especially since Cavin doesn't subscribe to HBO and MAX on his cable tv service. Besides, I've got a short-barrelled weapon, and the best I could do would be to take off a kneecap. Also, who would clip Dave Berry columns from the Monday paper for me, or drink all this damn rum on the bar over here? No, I'm sorry, Al. You'll just have to keep using your tongue, and continue trying to cut him to death.



... and you wanna talk about skinny? Jesus Christ, but seriously . . . Bowers is so skinny . . .



Have you noticed how they've fixed this place up in the past few years? Check out that exposed brick work . . . really nice.



Male to female: "Hi, I think all this talk about the death of casual sex is premature, don't you?" -- from the prosecuting attorney in tv's "Night Court".

I didn't want to reveal this, but circumstances move me to divulge that Bill Cavin is not the Secret Master of Cincinnati Fandom. Bill Cavin is the public Dictator of the Cincinnati Fantasy Group. That's quite a difference. Besides, Bill couldn't do anything secret because he doesn't walk quietly enough and has a tendency to think out loud, which are great qualities for a Dictator but not too useful for a SMOcF.

The Secret Master of Cincinnati Fandom moves like a cat and hardly ever says anything at all without saying everything that could possibly be said. Also, because this person is a Secret Master, no one knows who it is, not even Bill Cavin or the SMOcF. I did once, yesterday, late last night when it came to me in a flash of inspiration (or a pack of Larks or a carton of Camels), but now today I've forgotten. So, luckily, once again the secret is safe.

I'm certain we're all relieved. I know I'm relieved, if only of my senses.

Overheard on tv's "Nova": "Science is just a set of rules that keep people from lying to each other."

Listen, Bill, I'm really sorry, but it wouldn't be right for me to moonlight from my job as a Hit Man and accept your contract on Al Curry just because he thinks you're too tall, too skinny, and all those other terrible things he says about you when you're at Hap's Irish Pub. I mean, who would drink all this damn Irish whiskey I've got here, or do the next installment of his column for my genzine, or call me up at the office to say something arresting and diverting? Besides, I think you're wrong that he's mellowing; I mean, he really is that bad, and if I shoot Al I might only make him mad. Right away he might whip out his drawing pen and add another two inches to the height of my caricature's forehead. Or, if I could indeed nail him, I just might wind up pissing-off Lyn, and I think she can be even meaner than he is, and then who would drop in to drink this damn bourbon here?

No, I'd best not.

 Great Moments In Skiffy: "Your Excellency conceals his thought in dark obscurities through which flashes of meaning appear which cause this barren aspen to quivel all over." -- DRAMOGLES, Robert Sheckley.

New Year's Resolutions. I've got mine. Because the start of a new year is such a bitch anyway, I try to make things easy on myself by formulating resolutions which have the appearance of being real resolutions but in reality do not usually reflect something I'd do or not do anyway. My resolutions are therefore easy to keep, even after I forget what they are.

Anyhow, here are seven of my New Year's resolutions.

- § I resolve that I will not go to the expense of being taller.
- § I resolve that I will not try to read a Bill Bowers' fanzine before he puts staples in it, or at least that I won't try to read one of his stencils while it's still spinning on the drum.
- § I resolve that at all times I will have a bottle of Glenfiddich stashed away, and at least half-full, just in case Mike Glicksohn drops in (sky-diving?) and challenges me to produce it. I'll set it down on the table right in front of him and say "there, you sonnuvabitch!" And then we'll drink it.
- § I resolve that whenever Lyn gets over here to watch MIRACLE ON 34TH STREET, which she coerced Bill Bowers into taping for her, I am going to pull my chair around so I can sit with my back to the movie and look at her as she watches it. My jumbo bottle of saccharin tablets will be prominently positioned near my elbow, as will five hankies with a small "for rent" sign.
- § I resolve that, being down two seasons to one in tennis matches with Steve Leigh, that 1985 is My Year and our tennis season will end with my winning for the year and thus drawing even in our four-year challenge. Now all I need is a plan. Currently I'm mulling over the idea of having Steve's dad give me occasional tennis practice, too, possibly by somehow convincing him that I am Steve's long-lost older brother whom he doesn't remember seeing because I was too short and because it was embarrassing to watch me run around my forehand.
- § I resolve that I will stop saying rude things to Frank Johnson when my phone calls get put on hold and suddenly there he is trying to sell me something on radio station "Warm 98". Instead, I will phone the station during his show and make an anonymous request that he play more Clash records.
- § I resolve that, when visiting Mike and Carol Resnick, I will stop checking their freezer to see if there's a dead cat in there again. If I can't keep this resolution, and no one hears from me for a few days, please check their freezer.

I have more resolutions, of course. A whole CFG roster full of them, plus a truck-load or three. However, I just ran out of scotch, except for the sequestered bottle of Glenfiddich which I don't dare touch because Glicksohn is on his way back from drowning in Florida and might drop in and demand that I produce it.

Damn.

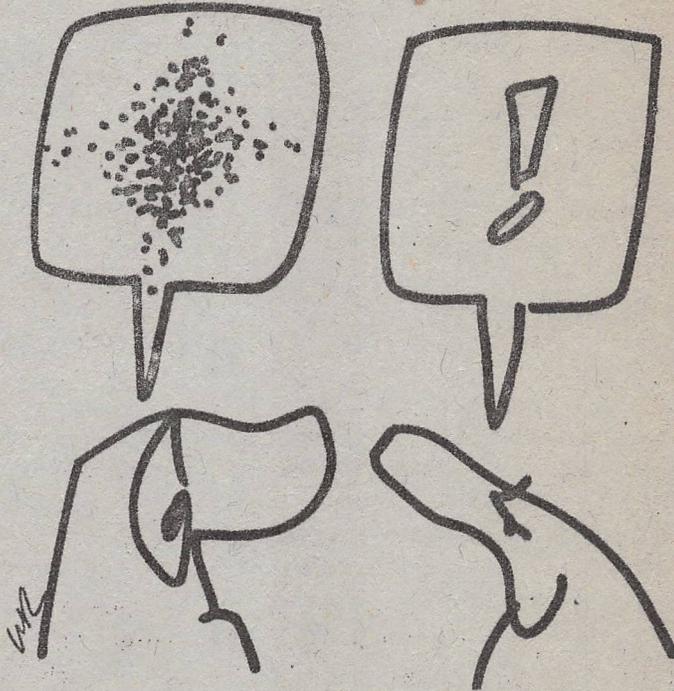
Pass the sugar cane, Bill.

\$

January 1/2, 1985

SF AND MEDIA

a discussion between



Greg Benford and Sidney Coleman



ONE YEARS AGO *Vertex* interviewed Greg Benford and Sidney Coleman, about the nature of science in sf, and the use of sf in non-printed media. *Vertex* printed their remarks on science, but because of length requirements the material on TV, movies, etc., was cut. Here's the rest of the interview:

Vertex: Is science important in movie sf?

BENFORD: Seldom, really. Engineering, yes--but most sf films are about human problems set against backgrounds which usually supply either gee-whiz effects or terrorizing threats, not very differently than it's done in monster movies.

Vertex: What about the implications of science, then?

BENFORD: Well, you could imagine a TV series--*ANDROGYNOUS VISIONS*, say, selected by Harlan Ellison--about genetic changes in humans, making them hermaphrodites, etc., and that might be a valid approach. Only nobody does the important side of such a change, the way it would feel from the inside. Instead, it's used as a freak show.
ZARDOZ.

Vertex: More people are getting used to science in their daily lives, though...

COLEMAN: I don't think that more and more people are being accustomed to science in their daily lives. What you mean by science is technology, gadgetry (and I don't use that word in any pejorative sense). In fact, I think that people are no more struck by the intrusion of gadgetry into their everyday lives than they were in the late Victorian period. (In fact, they were probably more struck by it in the late Victorian period.) It's my feeling that the steam locomotive made a greater impression on the popular consciousness than the first men on the moon did.

BENFORD: It's hard to say one way or the other. I think that clearly now, after some experience with it, people anticipate change. And the people of a century ago basically didn't anticipate change. Or rather, you might say they anticipated change the way Jules Verne did. People flying to the moon but still wearing corsets. They didn't anticipate it the way Wells did--people being changed by the background technological change.

Vertex: People are flying around the world now who know little, if anything about science, but they have integrated that into their daily lives. The technology of flying around the world is common to them. They know a little bit about it: they know something about the planes; they know something about the speed; they know electricity; they know about a level of technology which is general and common and accepted which was not around before. This is a relatively recent phenomenon.

BENFORD: Sure. And I think that the fraction of people who like hard science or a technological background in a story do so because it gives them the feeling of reality--that the author knows, in some sense, more about the situation than the reader does. If they can spot that the author doesn't know a damn thing about the technical background of his story, they immediately dis-believe everything he says about the impact of that background on the characters. They turn off. Perhaps this is a fallacy on the part of the reader but I think it is an automatic one. That's one of the reasons that bad sf movies have discredited sf so much. People look at them and they say that's absurd, that's dumb. You know, giant ants and so forth. They see the technical flaws and they immediately dismiss it.

Vertex: On the other hand, SILENT RUNNING seemed to get pretty good acceptance and it was just chock full of scientific errors.

BENFORD: Yes. I also thought it was a terrible movie. I don't understand why it got acceptance. But then I don't understand Harold Robbins either.

COLEMAN: *SILENT RUNNING* was an oddity as a commercial success. It got a lot of good press within the sf world and that was for a very obvious reason. It was a movie with elaborate special effects, where the monsters did not look as if they had been cobbled together that afternoon on the backlot out of Halloween costumes obtained at Woolworths. It obviously showed some amount of care and anything that shows any amount of care and respect, and no matter how inept it is in ultimate execution, is going to get a lot of thank-yous from the sf world.

BENFORD: Yes, they are pitifully grateful for anyone who comes by and throws them a coin, whether it be silver or not.

COLEMAN: *SILENT RUNNING* was a movie that was made with good intentions and after 1,000 re-runs of *THE CREATURE FROM BENEATH THE UNDERWEAR* or whatever, that's something to indeed be grateful for.

BENFORD: Did you say...?

COLEMAN: Yes, I was just making up titles. You want another version? *IT CAME FROM A PLATE OF SPAGETTI!* You know--those movies in which girls in tight sweaters run around screaming a lot.

BENFORD: I think *CREATURE FROM BENEATH THE UNDERWEAR* would be a fantastic George Alec Effinger short story.

COLEMAN: Well, suggest it to Piglet.

Vertex: Lets talk about sf movies to start with and then move into television.

COLEMAN: I haven't seen many sf movies. When I was a kid *THE THING* appeared and at that time I was already reading sf and I had read "Who Goes There?" and had thought it was a marvelous story, as indeed I still think it is, and was anxious to see what they would do with it in a movie and, of course, what they did was throw it away.

BENFORD: It's still a good movie, though. A white-knuckler.

COLEMAN: It's still a good movie, yes, but I think they could have made a better one if they had stuck closer to the story. That story has a lot of good things in it. For example, the theme of the protean creature, that you don't know whether the person next to you is the person you think he is or is really an alien menace who is going to digest you in a few minutes, is an enormous source of terror that I think would be as effective in a movie as it was in the story. Much more effective than James Arness disguised as an ambulatory vegetable. I saw a few other sf movies in that time but I was disappointed in most of them except for *FORBIDDEN PLANET*, which I thought was a lot of fun.

BENFORD: To prove your point about *THE THING*, this theme was used very well in a film in the late 1950's, called *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*.

COLEMAN: From a mediocre novel by Jack Finney.

BENFORD: Right, but it was an excellent movie. A great suspense movie that uses the same source of terror that *WGT* did. It is one of the few outstanding sf films that wasn't made from a superior work. By the way, I disagree about *FORBIDDEN PLANET*. I thought it dull after a while, though it had great special effects. Actually, I think that there isn't any really very important ^{sf} ~~sf~~ ^{movie} as far as most people are concerned. Except *2001*. And perhaps *A CLOCKWORK ORANGE*.

COLEMAN: And *DR. STRANGELOVE*, also by Kubrick who is, to phrase it in a spuriously value-free way, one of the most skilled artists now working in sf. You may not like what Kubrick does but you have to admit he does just what he intends to do and does it masterfully.

Vertex: What about *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL?*

COLEMAN: I never saw it.

BENFORD: Oh, that was very good; you should see it. I wish someone would make up an sf film festival--it could have about eight or nine films in it and get

about 90% of the good work that was ever done in sf.

Vertex: Which are?

BENFORD: Lets say, *THE THING*, *THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL*, *INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS*, probably *THX 1138*, though I haven't seen all of it, the three Kubrick films, and that's it.

Vertex: What did you think of *DESTINATION MOON*?

COLEMAN: It was a bad movie. I thought it was a bad movie when I first saw it and I must have been about 3 feet high.

BENFORD: Basically dull and boring.

Vertex: There have been others--*THE WAR OF THE WORLDS*....

BENFORD: In a way, *THE WAR OF THE WORLDS* was quite good.

COLEMAN: Barbara Rush in a black sweater.

Vertex: What about *NO BLADE OF GRASS*?

BENFORD: Didn't see it. I wanted to--couldn't find it. It seemed to appear and last about 6 weeks.

COLEMAN: SF on television has been unreservedly bad. I make that statement with the confidence of someone who has seen perhaps ten per cent of the sf put out on television but it's been a random sampling and everything I've seen has been bad.

BENFORD: One exception. The television version of *1984* in the early 50's was, I thought, very good. That's the only thing I've seen that I thought was very good and that includes, most definitely *STAR TREK*. *STAR TREK* is interesting pulp fiction transferred to the television but I didn't like pulp fiction then and I don't now.

Vertex: Yet it had a large audience and a great effect on a lot of people.

COLEMAN: So did *THE CARPETBAGGERS*.

BENFORD: I don't denounce *STAR TREK*. People are quite welcome to watch *STAR TREK* if they like; I only reserve the freedom to not watch if I don't like. SF is very very hard to do inside a situation format, although it's not impossible and *STREK* probably did better than anybody else is going to do.

COLEMAN: If memory does not betray me, as it probably does, I remember sf on radio as being far better than sf on television.

BENFORD: Of course, because it brought into play ones own imagination.

COLEMAN: Not only that, it was a lot cheaper, probably still is a lot cheaper to stage a radio program than it was to stage a TV program.

BENFORD: Therefore the original conception of the artist came through more or less diluted?

COLEMAN: Well, you don't have the desire to play safe. There may be many ways of making sf successful on television, but since tv is so expensive it is very hard, I guess, to get anything on tv that isn't just a small step away from the tried

and true formulas for success.

Vertex: Is that why there has been no really successful sf on tv but there have been successful movies?

BENFORD: Every once in a while an idiosyncratic genius gets a chance to make a movie, like Kubrick.

COLEMAN: Because he has scored big commercial successes.

Vertex: Do you think it is possible to have a tv format that is acceptable; which could do the same thing that radio did, as regards quality?

COLEMAN: Not the same thing but good things within the sf framework. The argument that special effects are so expensive is probably not a relevant one because I suspect that the sheer cost of airtime outweighs everything else.

BENFORD: For instance, you could take Larry Niven's story "Inconstant Moon" which requires almost no special effects, and do a very good hour-long program, but it could not be done as a situation.

COLEMAN: I think that British television is much more receptive than American television to series with finite lifetimes. Series with six or seven programs that then stop with no dream of continuing would be much more fertile ground for good sf than American tv.

BENFORD: I think a regular program, appearing each month an hour long or an hour and a half long sf drama, and publicizing it well, could bring a new dimension to the medium.

COLEMAN: What we are speaking is nonsense, because the framework for that does exist in the made-for-tv movie, which escapes the constraints of the series. It can be sf--and it doesn't seem to have panned out.

BENFORD: They have never taken a good sf writer and given him a job there. I'm not saying that all sf writers who are good can do well at tv but I would like to see some things given a try.

Vertex: You don't think then that a series is workable?

BENFORD: No--you could use the quest format.

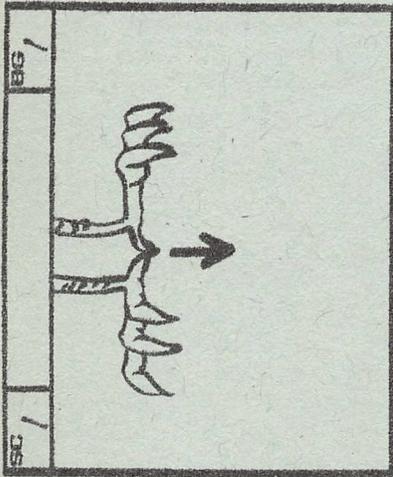
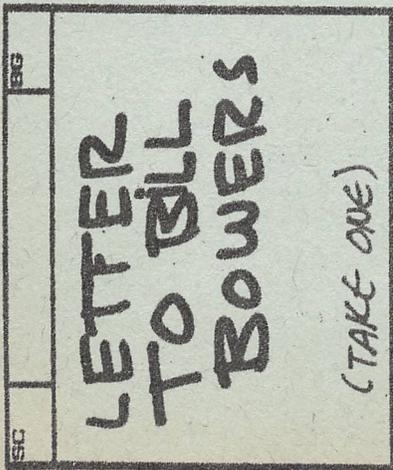
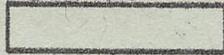
COLEMAN: The quest format works well in sf. The idea is a finite series which runs for 13 or 26 installments in which the characters are in some strange place and have to get from point A to point B. BIG PLANET by Jack Vance is a good example of a fairly good sf novel in which exactly this format is used.

BENFORD: Take a family or a group of people and follow them into the future. Start them 20 years from now and watch them as important things change in the future and trace what this does to their lives; who makes it and who doesn't.

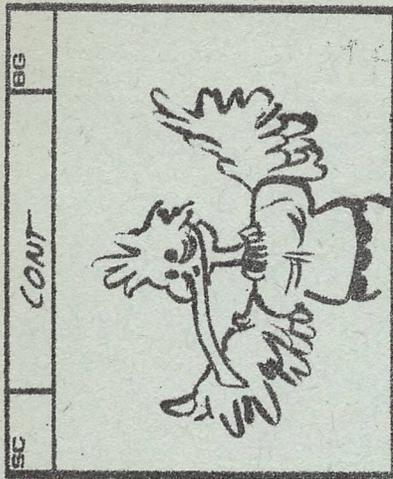
COLEMAN: That's a groovy idea. THE FORTNSYTHE SAGA in the future with the time stretched out--several generations.

BENFORD: Take a family all the way through, say, the disaster which seems to be looming up ahead of starvation, running out of natural resources, pollution, etc. --the conventional disaster we've all gotten used to. Don't make it a NO BLADE OF GRASS disaster; make it tough and difficult and show people surviving in these circum-

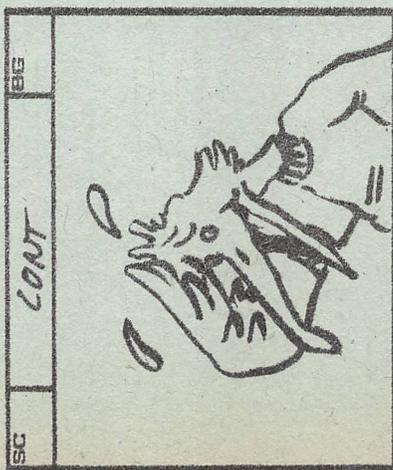
FILMATION



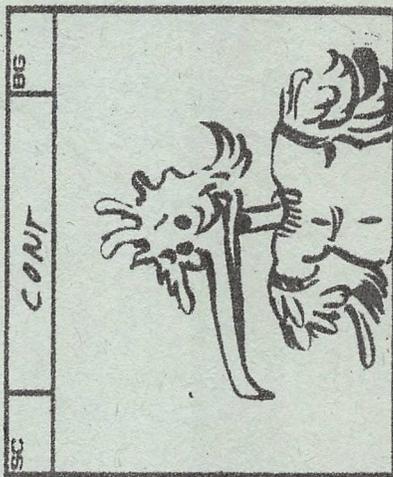
FUNNY ANIMAL FLIES INTO SC



LANDS, HOLD BEAT



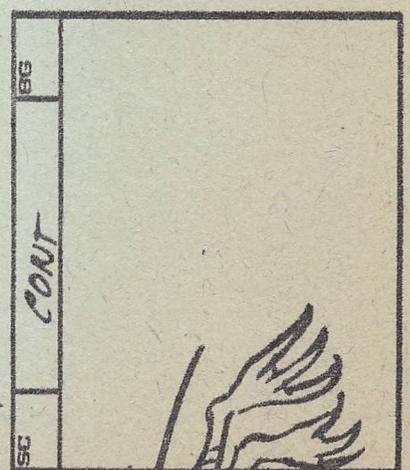
"WHEN! JERRY KAUFMAN PROVIDED YOUR ADDRESS"



"JERRY SAID 'I WANT TO HEAR HIS (BOWERS) JAW DROP' WHEN YOU GOT THIS LETTER..."



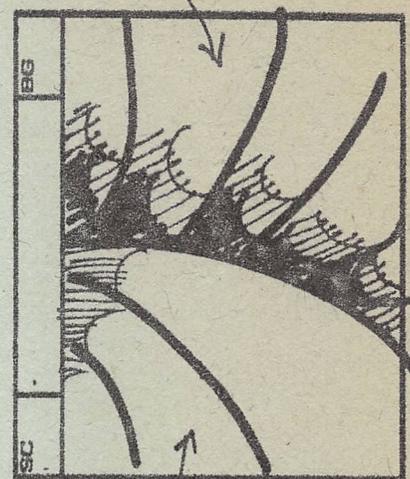
LOOKS RT "YIPE!"



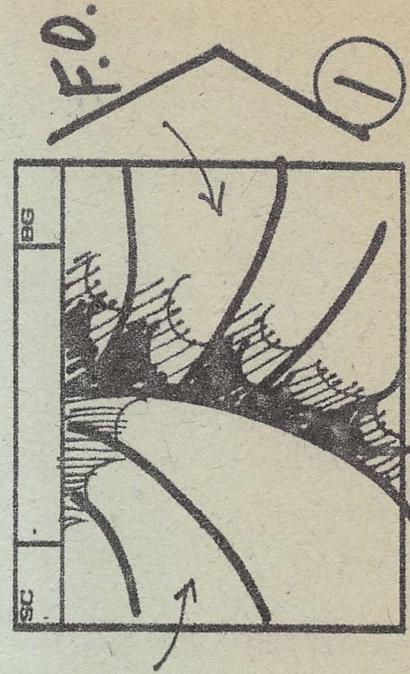
LEAPS OS LT



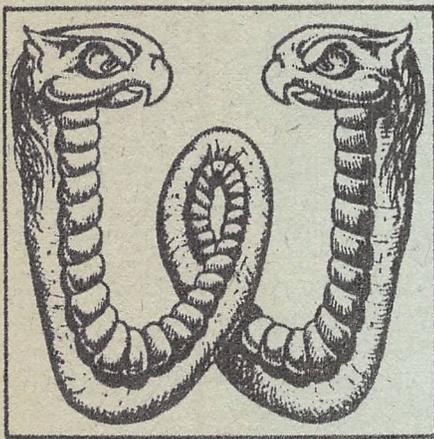
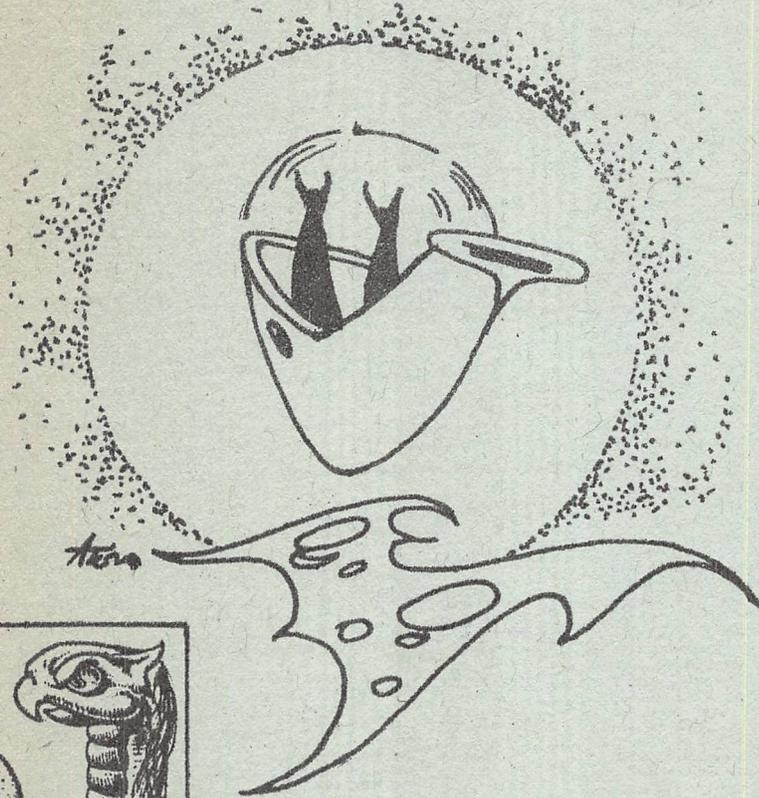
BOWERS' JAW INTO SC SFX: SMASH



LOWER CURTAIN



The Returning Billy Wolfenbarger

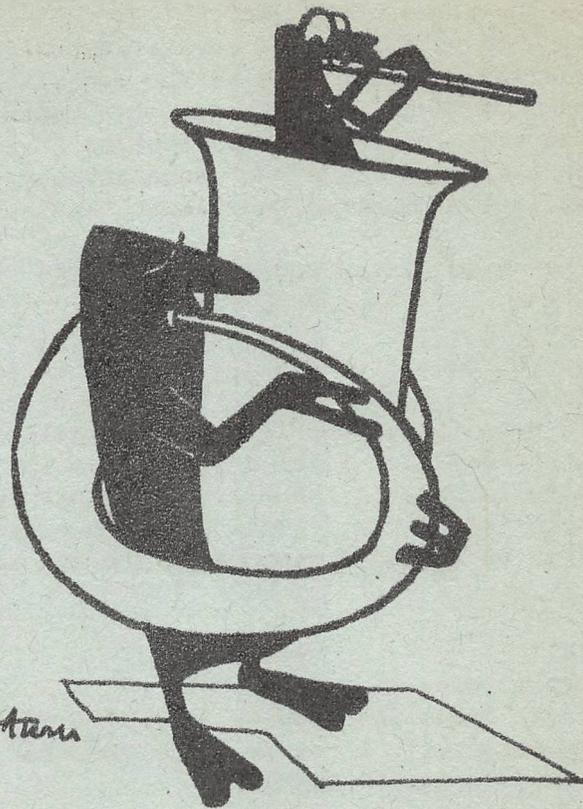


aking in darkness, she cries.

I go in and hold her body
not yet 2 years old
to tell her everything I can without words.
In this absolute evening, organic as our flesh,
she settles into my arms, exhausted at long last
with the movies of her dreams.
Now she clings to sleep, at ease in the darkness.

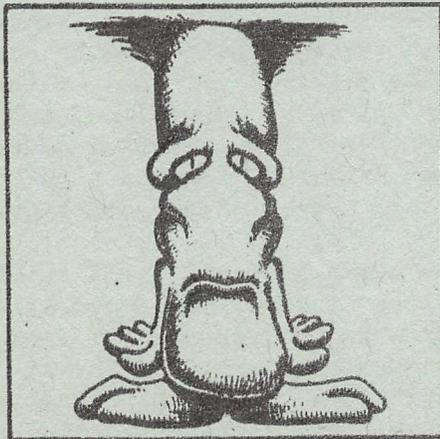
I tuck her back in and love her,
looking at her there
safe & warm again,
returned. And I must return to words on paper,
as though the paper is flesh.

• Billy Wolfenbarger
Harrisburg, Oregon
August 11th, 1984



Easy For You To Say

Stephen Leigh



IN SOME WAYS, it was easier when Meg was younger. When she cried, you simply went through the ritual: check the diaper (always fun...), see if she's hungry, hug and rock her. The routine's probably been the same for every parent since the Stone Age--though fur diapers were probably no fun at all. Generally, one of the items on the checklist would satisfy Meg.

Usually.

But that stage doesn't last too long. Meg was too soon transformed into a roving creature gnawing on chair legs and unwary feet. Her needs became more sophisticated as well; she cried for reasons that were harder to decipher. "It'll be nice when she can talk and tell us what she wants," we said. "Wait until she really starts to communicate."

Right.

One of the first words she learned was "No".

"No" is an all-purpose word. Usually she says it emphatically with a little head-shake, in response to some silly question such as "Do you want some carrots?" or "How about a nap?" or "Would you like me to read you some Lin Carter?". It doesn't much matter if she actually *loves* carrots or if she's fighting to stay awake. Or even if Lin Carter is just about on her level. The "no" come automatically. The best defense we've found for that reflex is the Reversed Question: "Wouldn't you rather skip your nap today, Meg?"

"No," she says, then her eyes narrow and she looks like she'd also like to say (ruefully): "Shit."

Mom and Dad grin evilly.

Not only can Meg refuse a request, she's now capable of insistence. She's attached the word-labels firmly to known objects; whether or not the object is in sight is irrelevant. She's seen it before--it *must* be available. The following conversation took place the other day when I set a glass of milk in front of her.

"Apple juice," she said, looking at the milk in disgust and pushing it away.

"We don't have any apple juice, Meg." This was said with patience and kindness--I can be patient and kind for at least 30 seconds during any confrontation. "Just drink your milk."

"Apple juice."

"Daddy's drinking milk."

A distinct shrug. "Apple juice."

"How about orange juice? Juice is juice." This type of argument always seemed to work for Capt. Kirk when faced with a recalcitrant computer.

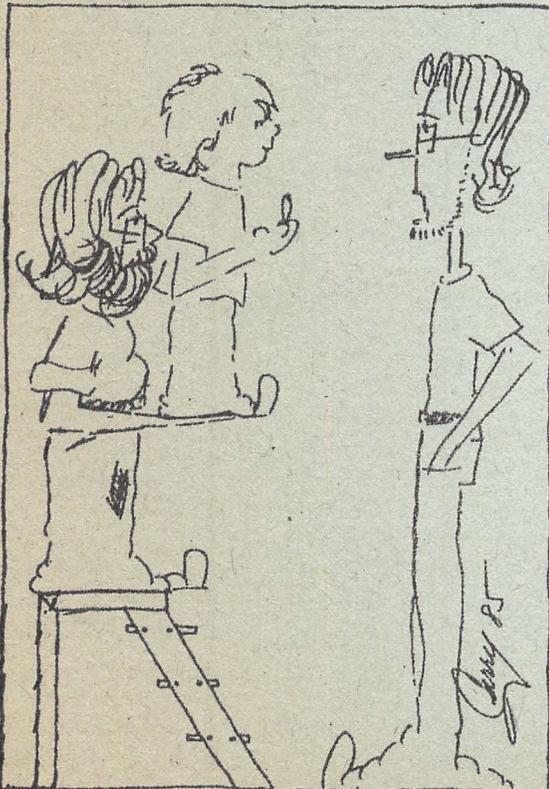
"Apple juice." *I think the logic's dead, Jim.*

"Water?"

"Apple juice."

"You won't drink anything else?"

This being a distinct and separate question, it has an automatic reply. "No." a solemn headshake.



...I said, Sean Curry, that I MADE you -- and I can BREAK you...

"Then why doesn't Dad take away the glass?"

"No." Oops, too quickly. Dad grins evilly.

Of course, having a daughter capable of speech doesn't guarantee communication. Like most 16-month-old babies, Meg's developed a keen sense of selective deafness. Certain words seem to hit her ears, bounce off the eardrum, and fall to the floor: bed, nap, clean up, stop. Meg also ignores her name when it's connected to an unwanted order. "Megen, get out of that drawer." "Megen, stay away from those stairs." Megen, please don't put the cat in the oven."

Oddly enough, she hears perfectly well if the phrase is along the lines of "Meg, would you like a cookie?" You get an amazing response for *that*, something along the lines of saying "Ted White, would you like to feud?" (Obligatory cheap shot.)

That word--cookies, not Ted White--has led me to understanding another parental quirk. I'd always thought it rather silly for adults to spell out certain words lest their children understand the topic of conversation. I'm not so much afraid of words like S*E*X or N*U*D*I*T*Y or S*C*I*E*N*C*E F*I*C*T*I*O*N or even E*D*I*T*O*R*S, but I live in dread of other things coming up in conversation with guests. "Well, Mike, how're things at the store?" "Oh, just fine, Steve. We've introduced a new line of ice cream, y'know."

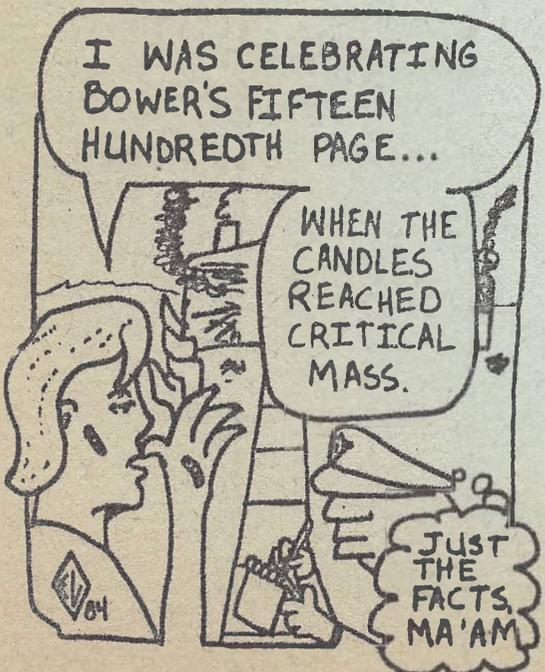
Such words are frightening. They carry as if

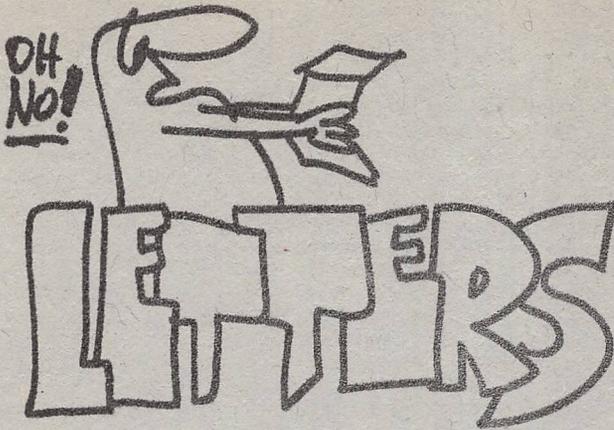
...WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE...

OUTWORLDS 1	-----	Volume 1, No. 1	-- Summer, 1966	-----	mimeo	- 10	pages	
OUTWORLDS I	-----	Volume 1, No. 1	-- January, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 26	pages	1-26
OUTWORLDS II	-----	Volume 1, No. 2	-- March, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 34	pages	27-60
OUTWORLDS III	-----	Volume 1, No. 3	-- May, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 30	pages	61-90
OUTWORLDS IV	-----	Volume 1, No. 4	-- (July; undated)	-----	offset	- 40	pages	91-130
OUTWORLDS V	-----	Volume 1, No. 5	-- Sept./Oct., 1970	-----	mimeo	- 46	pages	131-176
OUTWORLDS SIX	-----	Volume 1, No. 6	-- (undated)	-----	offset	- 32	pages	177-208
OUTWORLDS:		YEAR ONE [Egoboo Poll results]			mimeo	- 12	pages	209-220
OUTWORLDS INDEX:		YEAR ONE			mimeo	- 4	pages	221-224
OUTWORLDS SEVEN	---	Volume 2, No. 1	-- Spring, 1971	-----	mimeo	- 50	pages	225-274
OUTWORLDS' INWORDS		[distributed with OW 8]			mimeo	- 14	pages	275-288
OUTWORLDS EIGHT	---	Volume 2, No. 2	-- June, 1971	-----	mimeo	- 40	pages	289-328
OUTWORLDS 8.5		[special edition of Beer Mutterings]			mimeo	- 6	pages	329-334
OUTWORLDS 8.75		[lettercolumn + INDEX: YEAR TWO]			mimeo	- 16	pages	335-350
OUTWORLDS 3.1	----	Volume 3, No. 1	-- January, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 24	pages	1-24
OUTWORLDS 3.2	----	Volume 3, No. 2	-- (undated)	-----	mimeo	- 24	pages	25-48
OUTWORLDS 3.3	----	Volume 3, No. 3	-- (undated)	-----	mimeo	- 24	pages	49-72
OUTWORLDS 3.4	----	Volume 3, No. 4	-- August, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 28	pages	73-100
OUTWORLDS 3.5	----	Volume 3, No. 5	-- November, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 40	pages	101-140
OUTWORLDS 15	----	Volume 4, No. 1	-- January, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 90	pages	501-590
OUTWORLDS 16	----	Volume 4, No. 2	-- June, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 48	pages	591-638
OUTWORLDS 17	----	Volume 4, No. 3	-- August, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 38	pages	639-676
OUTWORLDS 18	----	Volume 4, No. 4	-- October, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 36	pages	677-712
THE OUTWORLDS INDEX:		YEAR FOUR			mimeo	- 2	pages	-----
OUTWORLDS 19	----	Volume 5, No. 1	-- 1st Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 44	pages	713-756
OUTWORLDS 20	----	Volume 5, No. 2	-- 2nd Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 36	pages	757-792
OUTWORLDS 21	----	Volume 5, No. 3	-- 3rd Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 32	pages	793-824
OUTWORLDS 22	----	Volume 5, No. 4	-- 4th Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 40	pages	825-864
OUTWORLDS:		THE FIRST FIVE YEARS [annotated index]			offset	- 4	pages	865-868
OUTWORLDS 23	----	Volume 6, No. 1	-- 1st Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 36	pages	869-904
OUTWORLDS 24	----	Volume 6, No. 2	-- 2nd Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 32	pages	905-936
OUTWORLDS 25	----	Volume 6, No. 3	-- 3rd Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 44	pages	937-980
OUTWORLDS 26	----	Volume 6, No. 4	-- 4th Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 36	pages	981-1016
OUTWORLDS 27	----	Volume 7, No. 1	-- 1st Quarter, 1976	--	offset	- 44	pages	1017-1060
OUTWORLDS 28/29	--	Vol. 7, No. 3/4	-- 10/13/76	-----	offset	- 68	pages	1101-1168

OUTWORLDS 31	-	1/24/83	- mimeo	- 24	pages	1169-1192
OUTWORLDS 32	-	3/9/83	- mimeo	- 12	pages	1193-1204
OUTWORLDS 33	-	6/22/83	- mimeo	- 22	pages	1205-1226
OUTWORLDS 34	-	8/28/83	- mimeo	- 24	pages	1227-1250
OUTWORLDS 35	-	10/10/83	mimeo	- 12	pages	1251-1262
OUTWORLDS 36	-	12/26/83	offset	- 12	pages	1263-1274
OUTWORLDS 37	-	1/26/84	- mimeo	- 62	pages	1275-1336
OUTWORLDS 38	-	6/16/84	- mimeo	- 46	pages	1337-1382
OUTWORLDS 39	-	7/10/84	- mimeo	- 12	pages	1383-1394
OUTWORLDS 40	-	8/25/84	- mimeo	- 24	pages	1395-1418
OUTWORLDS 41	-	12/3/84	- mimeo	- 24	pages	1419-1442
OUTWORLDS 42	-	12/27/84	mimeo	- 12	pages	1443-1454

Yes, there is still the 40-page gap for OW27.5.
 ...and there was never an Outworlds #9. In 1971 I decided to reclaim the FIRST first OW...so OW 3.1 is actually #10. And when the 3-point series ended up ten pages 'short', I added in proto-OW's pages.
 ...and here, to start off the second 1500 pages, is a Facsimile Extra--HOW IT ALL REALLY STARTED + + +





ERIC LINDSAY

Outworlds 38 & 39 are here, together with an aerogram so ancient I'd have to add postage to it.

I like the idea of comparing fanzines, since the better ones give me some standard at which to aim. However I think the problem is insufficient time spent on preparing zines. For instance, I'd really like to know how come, now I'm unemployed, and thus have some 50 or so extra hours a week, I still don't have time to do a fanzine?

If only I had some esoteric references to explain, as you so plainly do on page 1353, I'm sure all would work out. A little mystery in the fanzine, to help the messages along.

I don't see why Bob Tucker should carry on so about a performer on stage taking a bow upstage. I'm sure it is done all the time in the Can Can.

I don't like the idea that fanzines will soon be full of computer generated cartoons. What is going to happen to my Ben Day and Letraset shares? However I have a different word for the Macintosh. Not a sweet



OUTWORLDS: Volume I, Number 1; Whole Number 1; Genuine First Issue; Collector's Edition. Summer, 1966. Incorporating: *Abenico*; *Bayta*; *Silver Duck*; and *Star Dust*. Published for the August 1966 Shadow PAPA Mailing, and a few Others. Written & Illustrated by AF15721969...excuse me...BILL BOWERS, who is known to the USPO as--- ARC William L. Bowers, CMB Box 1106, Richards-Cabour AFB, Missouri 64030.

Stencils by Gestafax; Illustrations by Gestafax; Mimeography by Dave Van Arman. Typar courtesy the USAP. Typeset by Miss Taka. The 26th Production of Sphinx Press.

The Galactic Viewpoint

Yes, Virginia...? I get the strangest things in the mail these days.

I returned from leave and the MidwesCon to find a full mailbox (a Trand I'd like to Encourage). Stuffed in with a copy of *FOSE*, various bills, a church bulletin (they are still praying for me, back there), and an issue or two of the *Saturday Review*... I found this innocuous-looking one-sheeter.

Things just haven't been the same since.

Instead of going out and Getting Drunk over the weekend of the 4th--as all sane Defenders of Our Freedom did--guess what I've been doing.

This.

(I know; maybe I should have gone out and Gotten...)

Seriously now, I had fully intended to bring out a fanzine entitled *Outworlds*, even before I received Van Arman's misadventure. It was to this end that I had purchased a quire of stencils, and had Gestafaxed a couple of pages of spot illos while home.

Actually, *Outworlds* 1 was intended to be distributed at the Tricon. It was to have featured a full four-color cover, an original by Finlay. In addition, there was to have been various articles and reviews by the likes of Bloch, Tucker, and Willis... plus other unknowns. The major feature on hand was the first installment of an 50,369 word appreciation of fan critics, "Those Ambiguous, Lucid Bastards", by Stephen E. Pickering--writing under his famous pen name of Eric Van. Plus a special reprint from *Realm of Fantasy*.

100 plus pages; it would have been a beauty.

Too bad that the one-sheeter didn't get lost in the mail room.

The major feature of this particular issue of *Outworlds*--"Sphinx Press, Revisited"--really wasn't conceived to become the major feature! It grew.

Editorial Resolution: I've been too serious too long, about too many things. Gee, I'm sorry about that.

piece of hardware (althou the software is really neat). A "cheap" piece of hardware. Had one in pieces the other day. No way could the Macintosh cost more than \$500 to produce, but its selling price seems, ahem, somewhat higher.

Skel did pick some good points in his letter, but somehow I can't get too outraged about your esoteric references. OK, some I don't catch, but you mostly seem to play reasonably fair, as long as a person has been trying to follow where you are at the moment. The names change, but the essence of Bowers goes on, and that seems to be what I'm reading, not the actual names.
(received 12/29/84)

DICK SMITH
Outworlds 41 arrived by convenient hand delivery, and I am moved to comment.

What others are you picking on in the Department of Credit Where Due (pg 1440)? It certainly shouldn't be myself or LA Zeldes (whose address is quite determined, even if she's been hanging out around here

a lot), since, as I recall, we were the suckers who got up at the awful hour of 9am so we could go to the business meeting and then report about the Wimpy Zone gaffe to our fellow MidWesterners. We talked about our Wimpy Zone t-shirt ideas on the plane back from LACon... I hope you aren't implying that Ms. Zeldes & I stole the idea from you. I think we can agree that (once you heard about the original "yellow-bellied" [I like that, Bill] gaffe) the gaffe was just so horrible that we all spontaneously had to react to it. Dave's skit, and Jackle's cover design, are pretty neat, too, but I like our Thimble Theatre take-off better.

Somehow I recognized one of your Mystery Women this ish. I think part of the reason that Skel finds these stories so mysterious is that you seem to take extra trouble to make the Mystery Women sound all alike. I'm pretty sure there are really several of them, right?

I don't think it was "endless hours" we spent talking about your movie list; it was more like hits: "Look at all the porn Bowers Watches. Do you think they show this stuff on cable or what?" Have you ever heard

While at the MidWesCon, I overheard a conversation which proclaimed that the recently organized Science Fiction Writers of America was, in reality, Damon Knight's personal plaything. It's not my right to disclose the names of the individuals--members of the SFWA--participating in the discussion; or to agree or disagree with their conclusions. I don't have sufficient knowledge of the organization.

But a personal observation: Any organization which grants Zelazny two awards out of five possible (and gives one of the remainder to DUNE)...any organization such as this, can't be all bad.
Nuff said?

Short Subjects: A note of appreciation to Bill Donaho, who has been kind enough to send his FAPAazines since I've been in the service; particularly for Mabakkuk 11:1, containing Alva Rogers' article on "Schneeman". Also to Len Moffat, for "The JDM Bibliophile #2". May there be more like these. ## A personal preference: I don't know if Dave intends to continue the policy of sending the Shadow FAPA mailings out as a single, stapled whole. I would prefer that it remained so; few things are more discouraging in a barracks room than having a mass of one- and two-sheets floating around. ## Outside contributions for Outworlds are not actively sought after right now...except in the case of spot illos. However, short pieces--particularly by other members of the Waiting List--will be considered. Comments, if nice, are always appreciated. ## Beginning with the next issue, will be the first of a series of reviews, articles, etc. on the works of H. Beam Piper. These are notes for a lengthier work In Progress. ## Question: Would anyone like to hear some War Stories? I don't really enjoy telling them. At least not more than twenty-three hours a day. But... ## Comments on the...um...artwork...adorning this issue are solicited. I've always considered myself somewhat of an frustrated artist, and have recently started scratching away in my spare time. Some of them didn't turn out too bad, I think.

Gods, Unlimited

Cry out to the Gods above, oh pitiful men of Mother Earth;
Flung out beyond Sol's planets, those lights are stars.
Strange beings there reside, far from your place of birth...
They too have their Gods, more powerful than Warlord Mars.



of <title>?" "No, it's probably porn, too." How about <title>?" "No, I think that's a Disney movie." We talked more about which of them were from cable than we did about which of them were obscene.

I like the idea of a Midwestern Corflu, especially since it looks like we'll be unable to go this year as I was hoping. Perhaps the *Twiltone Zone* zine can take on a Wimpy Zone flavor? [12/26/84]

BRIAN EARL BROWN

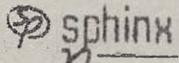
I'm with you when it comes to In-print versus In-person communication. I'm never at my best at parties or conventions. Too many distractions, too many things going on at once, not enough time to think. I think it's a shame that fannish fame and prestige still comes quickest to those the most comfortable socializing at cons. I mean--where are the dues these have paid?

Terry Matz makes a good point with "Maybe in some cases your references are too specific. When you give 'clues' like your tale of your askew friend, that puts

more emphasis on guessing who the person might be than on any point you're trying to make."

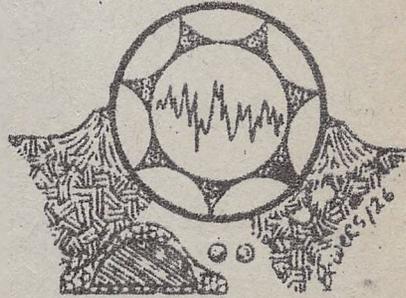
I wish you success with your bid for Corflu 4-- which will be the first near enough for me to attend. But will I feel comfortable among the self-proclaimed ghods of fandom, and--if held in January--would I rather go to ConFusion or Corflu? Or stay home from both and pub my ish? It seems ironic that fanzine fan-dom's big show of solidarity and brotherhood takes the form of yet another convention. What an original idea. And where are all the genzines Allyn Cadogan, Cheryl Cline, Gary Mattingly, etc., would be producing if all their time and energy hadn't been drained by Corflu 1 & 11? It doesn't seem that there is any alternative to In-person, convention-mongering fanac--even fanzine fans would rather do that. Oh well. [12/21&26/84]

Outworlds 42 arrived in last night's mail--a welcome relief from all the fanzines that--seemingly--can only talk about Topic A, or Topic B. Even tho you do talk about TAFF it was still a joy getting OW. I echo your

 **sphinx**
Press 5 the first 5 years 5

"When material is nil, and so is your energy-- list your publications."

--ye olde fannish axiom.



The listing of one's publications is a fine thing; it dredges up old memories (that were best forgotten), and it also provides a clue to where all that nice money has been going the past few years. It is not an original thing to do, and its desirability might be debatable. However, since it is well established in fannish tradition--it will be done.

A month or so ago, I came to a startled stop one afternoon. "My goodness sake," I said to myself (I talk funny.), "here it is, almost August... '61 from '66... humm... that's five years of Sphinx Press Activity. And I've yet to list these wonderful fanzines; not once have I done so."

Or something like that.

Not being one to shirk the righting of a wrong whenever possible, you see the results before you.

(It may be argued by some that I had to wait five years in order to compile a list numerically long enough to justify the trouble. We will leave this item until after the listing, however.)

This is all Harold P. Plear's Fault

Some Introductory Disclaimers: All the issues of Double Bill listed were co-edited/published with Bill Mallardi (better known to the world as the BEM); with D:B 14, Earl Evers was added as third editor. This shoots the title all to hell...but what can you do? The Tightbeam listed is also a Mallardi/Bowers effort. (Mallardi has since published another TR; however, I had nothing to do with that.)

All of the above (in addition to gy house name), are labeled as King Rex Publications (redundancy? never!).

All copy run estimates are very, very, approximat.

Journey with me then, through the Essence of Sphinx Press:

01. Abanico 1: Sept. '61. Hecto; 16pp.; 70 copies.

This was produced some three months after I entered fandom. Solsly the editor, most of the material was lightly rewritten school themes--need I say more? (It was a nice hecto job, though.)

02. Abanico 2: Nov. '61. Mimeo; 16pp.; 150 copies.

Material was not noticeably better, nor more varied. Added was a one-shot column by Seth Johnson (yes! and a few letters. I had this issue mimed by a (nameless) person, and the manner in which pages were mismatched throughout the issue could only have been achieved by careful planning. Strangely enough, I don't believe

sentiment "Save me from my friends". It seems like all my fannish friends have gone crazy about something or another. I almost dread getting a letter from any of them because they'll just drone on for pages about the "Injustice of it all!"

Bill Cavin's idea of sticking the write-in message on the MidwestCon mailing labels was dumb. I almost threw it in the wastebasket unopened, thinking it just more TAFF trash. And Mala Cowan (I believe) mentioned the same reflex. I'm sure that wasn't Bill C.'s intended result, but that's the risk one takes when one gets political.

Whoever thought you hadn't taken a stand on TAFF for fear of losing access to a mimeo obviously doesn't know you very well. I mean--Bowers take a stand? Ridiculous!

"Death & Taxes" was fun to read. Maybe someone should bring out a bumper sticker that reads "DEATH TO TAXERS"--or would that be advocating the overthrow of the government?

Bill, did you use a new typeface this ish for Harry

Warner's & Naomi Cowan's letters? For some reason the reduced locs are easier to read than usual. This denser-looking sans serif face looks like it reduces really well.

Enjoyed seeing Al Curry's cartoons. And the Gilliland lilo on the mailing face.

"Mail Early For Christmas" reads the message on the cancellation mark. It's dated 12-31-84. So I guess the post office is really serious this time about mailing early.

Got something called *Life Sucks* the other day, post-marked Cincinnati, an anonymous feudzine. Can't tell if it's from someone in Cincinnati, visiting Cincinnati for the holiday parties, or is from elsewhere and mailed from Cincinnati to keep us all confused. The part I found most interesting was the bit speculating about who controls the group mind of various cities. Detroit, I was crushed to learn, is controlled by Tony Cvetko. Damn--and I thought I had the job all locked up! Curiously, tho, the zine's authors also speculated that Cy was in charge, or Diane Drutowski. Both are good guesses, considering

Page 4

Outworlds I : Summer '86

anyone noticed.

03. Sap; Dec.'61. Hecto; 4pp.; 60 copies. (for N'APA)

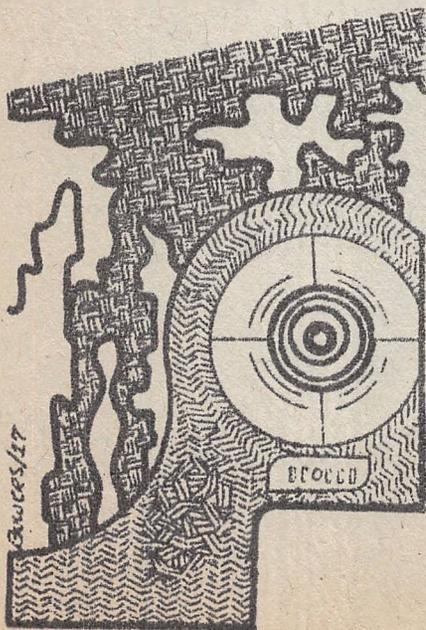
This was belatedly retitled Abanico 3 when the promised third and last gansine issue did not appear before the 4th came out in N'APA. Otherwise, I'd really rather not talk about it.

04. Abanico 4; (?)'62 (does anyone know?). Hecto; 6pp.; 60 copies. (for N'APA)
It's date lost in antiquity, hopefully it is too.

05. Star*Dust 1; Apr.'62. Offset; 50pp.; 250 copies.

Would you believe 50 pages of amateur s.f. stories? Well, not quite. There was an article by Jack Chalker (from the NSF MS Bureau; remember that?) and Buck Coulson's first "Wallaby Stew". A few of the stories I still recall with mild fondness--Don Anderson's and Ray Nelson's--but there is no doubt that this is the most expensive dud I've published. (Threat: I still have 70 plus uncolated copies at home. Someday in the far future I may distribute them through FAPA to 'bring back memories'.

06. Silver Dusk 1; June'62. Letterpress; 12pp; 300 copies. (for NAPA--without the "''")
Bhoy, was I gungho in '62! I'm rather proud of the two issues of Silver Dusk, though my billfold still protests. My "Impressions" was commented on favorably by NAPA's Official Critic, which pleased me to no end at the time.



07. Silver Dusk 2; Aug.'62. Letterpress; 16pp.; 500 copies. (NAPA)

This was the issue in which Bowers and Evers blew the roof off that staid old organization, after which FAPA was modeled. I had accepted a short sketch by Earl in which he used (once) the obvious four-letter word--f.k. Well, Earl didn't have the docs in there, I didn't add them, and neither did the printer (a NAPA member). Several of the letters I recieved from some of the old ladies which frequent that organization could be considered classics. Even The National Amateur made sad noises. At any rate, this was the last Silver Dusk, and I neglected to renew my membership in NAPA.

08. Abanico 5; Sept.'62. Mimeo; 6pp; 60 copies. (for N'APA)

This consisted of three items "by Bowers"--A rather horrible cover, a *story*, and a piece of verse. (Even I couldn't call it a poem.) This also marked the end of my first tenure in N'APA.

09. Double-Bill 1; Oct.'62. Mimeo; 44pp; 150 copies.

What can you say? Mallardi and I, to no avail, have been endeavoring to reobtain all existing copies of this so that we can d*o*s*t*r*o*y

the local dynamics--but who in Cincinnati remembers Diane? (You, of course, but anonymous feudzines are not your style.) (You probably know for sure who did it, but aren't telling...) [1/4/85]

...how perceptive, Brian. About the typeface, that is. When Dave & Jackie got their new toy--a 3-pitch typer, I bought up some of their Selectric supplies. Such as the 10-pitch Prestige Pica (used for Jackie's article lastish) and Artisan that you noticed. I think it reduces better also, and am again using it for the letters this time. (This gives me a total of 12 "typefaces"--including the ever-handly 'Symbol' element --and is one of the reasons I'll try and get this sucker repaired while I'm at Corflu, rather than getting something new. It's been glitching majorly recently, and has proven quite a pain thihh. "sigh")
...speaking of Dec. 31st...that's the day I got my copy of Life Sucks (with a Cincinnati postmark)... and went to the party that night more-or-less assuming Dave & Jackie did it... THEY showed up rather suspic-

ious of ME. We agreed that no one else in Cincinnati fandom could have done it...and if WE hadn't, who did? We "subtly" grilled the out-of-towners, but all professed innocence--of doing it, or of bringing it in to mail. Eventually we came to the same "couple" conclusion that you did, but since Dick & Leah deny doing it, I cut that conjecture from your Loc.

In any event, it's the ONLY thing out of the TAFF mess that I'm tempted to save...

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I'd thought of writing you a loc on 41 to end the fannish year of 84 but when it came right down to it there wasn't much I wanted to say on the issue. So it seems appropriate that my first loc of 85 should be to *Outworlds*, the fanzine I've been responding to longer than any other. Besides, 42 should contain a lot more of the answers we all need to know, right?

I did wonder about you bidding for CORFLU in 1977, though. If this is another "MINNEAPOLIS IN '73" type

Outworlds I : Summer '66

Page 5

them. It wasn't a bad first issue; neither was it a great first issue. We sort of like to think that it was a good first issue.

10. Double-Bill 2; Dec. '62. Mimeo; 44pp.; 150 copies.

(This is as good a place as any to mention that the dates listed are those that appear on the magazine, and are in several cases to be taken with a large cube of salt as to the actual distribution date. P'rinstance: Star*Dust did not appear until July '62; in this case it wasn't my fault. D-B 2 hit the mails in Jan. '63 --our fault. Various others in this listing have appeared at various times; a few have even made it out of the cover date.) Meanwhile, back at Double-Bill 2: Our first 'real' cover, by Terry Jeeves. Mallardi contributed "Some Defeats for: Integration". Some 3 1/2 years later...well, take a look at D:B's letter column sometime. And I had a piece of fiction which I may not have lived down...but I think I've outlived it.

11. Double-Bill 3; Feb. '63. Mimeo; 34pp.; 150 copies.

Of course; here is Coulson. "Wallaby Stew" is the oldest feature in D:B and probably its most popular--with good reason. ("Wallaby Stew" is older than even the editorials, since the first installment appeared in Star*Dust, before being shifted to D:B.) This is vintage Coulson...written before he grew old and soft-hearted. In #3, among others, he reviews Realm of Fantasy. Gosh, that brings back memories. By the way...whatever happened to Realm of Fantasy?

12. Tightbeam 18; Mar. '63. Mimeo; 22pp.; 300 copies. (for the NJF)
Ah yes; Tightbeam.

13. Double-Bill 4; Apr. '63. Mimeo; 32pp.; 150 copies.

A REG cover, using Rextripeing (a process stolen from Lupoff), marked our first experiment with mimeo color work. D:B's own "A Basic S.F. & Fantasy Library" made its appearance--compiled by approximately 15 brave souls--finally made its appearance. And Bowers had something which went by the handle of: "Born to Die: The Essence of a Fan". I just don't write 'em like that no more. (Or do I? Watch for Double-Bill 13.)

14. Double-Bill 5; June '63. Mimeo; 42pp.; 175 copies.

The covers--by Bjo and Ruth Woehznan--led Mike Deckinger to label D:B a 'girly' fanzine. (Puzzling Sidelight: 9 out of 10 'girly' drawings that have appeared in D:B were drawn by artists of the fairer sex. Explanation, please?) And I managed to make an ass out of myself--how's that for an asinine symbolism--in an attempt to protect myself from a buzzing letter column, which had not exactly raised up in cheering response to my article of the previous issue. (However, my pasting pretty well died down after this issue. Mallardi's hasn't yet; see Item #10. Hah!)

15. Double-Bill 6; Aug. '63. Mimeo; 42pp.; 175 copies.

I make no bones about it. Of the entire Sphinx Press run, this is my personal favorite. Why? It had nothing particularly great, but this one time everything seemed to click together perfectly, particularly since it was a two week job. Layouts worked out, and reproduction was almost flawless. Terry Jeeves tore into a Mike Shupp "Space Wars" article (another installment of which was present), and an item entitled "GHC On: Integration" added fuel to the running fire. Then...there was the infamous 'MidWesCon Letter'! Remind me...sometime...to tell you all about the infamous 'MidWesCon Letter'....

16. Double-Bill 7; Oct. '63. Mimeo; 100pp.; 250 copies.

bid you're going to have to work harder at sprinkling references to it throughout your fanac. I didn't see it mentioned at all in 42, for example.

I don't gamble, of course, but I appreciated your tale of the "free tickets" lottery. On our flight to Daytona Beach a few days ago they offered a bottle of champagne to the person with the oldest coin. Despite a frantic search through the sixty or so dollars worth of US change I just happened to have in a tin in my carry-on luggage, I couldn't find anything old enough to win. The first thing I did when we got back to Toronto was to locate my 1884 US silver dollar and from here on I'll carry it with me every time I fly to Daytona Beach. With my luck, though, they'll be looking for the oldest postage stamp next year.

I wish I'd had Dave and Jackie's perseverance when I first heard of Bob Shaw's difficulty of obtaining tobacco at a reasonable price. Not being an angel, I rushed out and sent him a tin of his favorite brand. Bob later wrote to me and explained

that the authorities had recognized it as such and he'd had to pay exorbitant duty on it. So my "generous" gesture cost him dearly and he begged me not to do it again! And to top it all off, Jackie got a much better fanzine article out of her approach!

While I can understand someone such as Al Sirois being somewhat opposed to the IRS (none of us *happily* pays our share of the tax system, after all) I find it extremely upsetting that he seems to approve of activities such as blowing away a sheriff (I take this to mean "killed" but if I'm wrong the act is still reprehensible, not laudatory.) Perhaps this just indicates the basic difference in attitude towards violence and weapons that exists between Canada and its *NABABATIÉ* neighbour to the South. [11/6/85]

ERIC MAYER
OK...OK...what do you want to rip that ancient article up and throw it out? How bout a subscription to *Oraggy*? I'll keep pubbing. Just for you. I never signed a release for that story you know. Meh,

Gala First Annish; 100 pages; fotocover; artfolio; Tucker and Berry; the first installment of the Symposium; voted best single publication of '63 in the ill-fated Fan Awards. This--and Lloyd Biggle--is what made Mallardi and I what names we have today. One question...Now how do we get rid of those names?

17. Rayta 1; Dec. '63. Mimeo; 10pp.; 60 copies. (for N'APA)

This was Bowers solo again (except for a brief sketch by Deckinger). I had a rather heated two-page article (written immediately after those three days) which proclaimed that J.F.K. was not God, despite the then current rumors.

18. Double:Bill 8; Jan. '64. Mimeo; 76pp.; 250 copies.

This contained the 2nd part of the Symposium, but was chiefly notable for two other items. B1 Stricklen's "Panicdotes I"--a beautiful one-page gimmick story--is the only item which has come close to surpassing the 97-page Symposium in popularity; D:B's own 'classic'. And in the lettercol, Bob Tucker first originated the use of the colon, rather than the hyphen, to tie together the two halves of the title.

19. Rayta 2; Mar. '64. Mimeo; 8pp.; 60 copies. (for N'APA)

Comments in a two-letter lettercol on my opinions of tv (as expressed in Rayta 1), prompted a Zelazny story, which eventually appeared in Double:Bill 10--if you follow me. This also ended my second, and so far final, affair with N'APA.

20. Double:Bill 9; June '64. Mimeo; 80pp.; 250 copies.

This was the first official use of the now indispensible colon. Other than Bill Glass's review of Rupert A. Humdrum's latest, *HORROR PIT*, the final segment of the Symposium pretty well dominated the issue.

21. Double:Bill 10; Aug. '64. Mimeo; 48pp.; 225 copies.

Only 48 pages! Biggle attempted to explain the making of the Symposium; Jeeves investigated "Nartax of the Baboons"; articles by Lew Grant and Joni Stopa; Zelazny's story (see #19, above); something by Tucker; Coulson; verse by Wolfenbarger and Zelazny; and covers by Joni and Bjo. Plus editorials and the lettercol. Only 48 pages, though.

22. Double:Bill 11; Oct./Nov. '64. Mimeo; 46pp.; 225 copies.

Not so Gala 2nd Annish; actually two pages shorter than the previous nonannish #10. This announced that Bowers was going in the service; indeed, before it was completed, I was in the Air Force. I finished my editorial the day before I left for basic, and left Mallardi with 3 or 4 pages to run off, and the whole thing to collate and mail. That's timing.

23. Double:Bill 12; Apr./May '65. Mimeo; 44pp.; 200 copies.

Actually, I can't take too much credit for this, except momentarily. Mallardi did it; from where I was at the time, I could do little but extend (and receive) sympathy. Ted White explained the inner workings behind the "Birth of a Novel", and Lloyd Biggle cornered the poets.

24. Double:Bill 13; Sept. '65. Mimeo; 54pp.; 225 copies.

An expensive cover--perhaps the best black & white item (pro, or otherwise) I've seen by Dan Adkins. "Special Fiction Issue"--ah, well.... Then too, I mustn't forget, our first item by Stephen E. Pickering....

it was just a one time thing. I was young, foolish. Curious. I'll never do it again... Don't make me resign... from fwa...

I enjoyed Bob Tucker's revelations about his eye surgery, and Jackle's bit about the tobacco. But... as you see, I have marigold seeds in *Groggy*, from my own garden. Now, I mailed these to Australia and to England and I'll tell you how I did it. Maybe it'll help Jackle out. What I did was this... I stuck them in the fanzine. I said to myself... "Is it legal to mail these overseas?" "Why, how the hell should I know," I answered. "Why should it be. No." Then I mailed. Then... notice the order of events here, it's important... then I looked up the regulations which were in the postal manuals two whole floors above my office. Seems I'd made a dreadful mistake! I should have written or called someplace in Washington D.C. Oh well. Too late... Anyway, I'll be damned if I'm going to get permission from the government to mail a fanzine.

Now, go and get that pipe tobacco and do what

Roger Waddington did when he sent me some seeds in return--find an envelope that doesn't allow the stuff to rattle around, or do whatever tobacco might do. (Ooops. I don't want to get Roger in trouble...) Come to think of it, tobacco smells. Well, I'm sure there is a way. I mean, look at the millions of letters that circulate, the inspectors can't be expecting seeds or tobacco in all of them.

[1/6/85]

...continuing the commentary quoted at the end of his column (p. 1479), Doc Lowndes says: "I find the running conversations, etc., more or less interesting but there's very little there that I could comment upon. I'm not really with most of it; an exception would be the regular letter from Harry Warner, who somehow manages to keep with it and still tickles my own memories..."

HARRY WARNER, JR.

Now wait a minute, as Casey Stengel

Outworlds I: Summer '66

Page 7

25. Double: Bill 14; Apr. '66. Mimeo; 38pp.; 200 cpya.

Of nine items listed on the contents page, only two were not columns; that proves something, I'm sure. We obtained Earl Evers as the third co-editor. Pichering succinctly examined Heinlein and his critics; and Alex Eisenstein's beautiful bascover belatedly illustrated Stricklin's "Paradotes I".

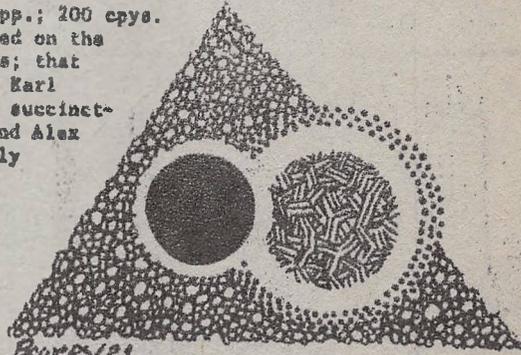
26. Outworlds I: Summer '66. Mimeo; 10pp.; 130 copies.

Accept no substitutes; you're in it now....

* * *

In keeping with the times, the above has been a nostalgic voyage through memorabilia past.

(If 4 1/2 pages to list 26 items frightens you... stick around five years. I may do it again.)



The Numbers Game

At the MidWestCon, Dave Van Arnam and I briefly discussed this strange fetish many fans have for building up the numerical values of their publishing houses--as fast as possible. Among other things, the coastal weekly apas have abetted this uncouth scheme immensely. (Could it be...? Might the weekly apas have been hatched for this very purpose? I hope not, but....)

Against the fans in these apas, I don't stand a chance.

Still... I'll play your silly game.

In five years, 26 publications doesn't sound like too much. It averages out somewhere between a bi-monthly and quarterly schedule.

There is, however, another consideration. The actual page count.

The 26 above total up to 890 pages. With various unnumbered flyers, ballots, etc. --the sum is closer to 900 pages. This figures out to approximately 3 1/2 pages a week for those five years. I don't believe that's too bad; anyone who publishes more than that is welcome to what fame he can gain.

So, would you like to play a new game? Anyone?

Perhaps a formula could be invented which would take into account the numerical value of issues, plus page count. This would produce a single publishing indicator. Call it the Fan Activity Rating.

For anyone who really cares.

Addendum: Ideally, one should add quality to quantity in the above formula. Unfortunately, in fanzines quality is a subjective rather than an objective matter.

A Horror Story Shorter by Several Words than the World's Shortest Horror Story

"I, Bill Bowers, am defending you!"

Point of Information

For those of you of doubtful mind: Everything in this issue is second draft. Even this.

used to say. You're publishing fanzines faster than I'm writing locs. This creates dangerous escalation of confusion in the mind of a superannuated fan who is already thoroughly mixed up. Tonight I don't feel up to deciding how to catch up, so I'm going to send comments on the newly arrived *Outworlds* and then I'll hope I can keep a promise to myself to send a loc on the preceding issue later on.

You have succeeded in sending the postal people into as great a chronological tizzy as me. The postmark on this 42nd *Outworlds* is dated December 31. But the box in the cancellation part of the postmark contains the message: "Mail Early for Christmas". Is this the first salvo of the 1985 Christmas season, or is it a hint that Congress plans to move the date of Christmas next year to a less crowded holiday area in the calendar or does it mean that the postal service is defying the supreme court's efforts to separate Christmas from the government's functions?

Jackie Causgrove must have used the most extreme self-control, to force herself to write amusingly about

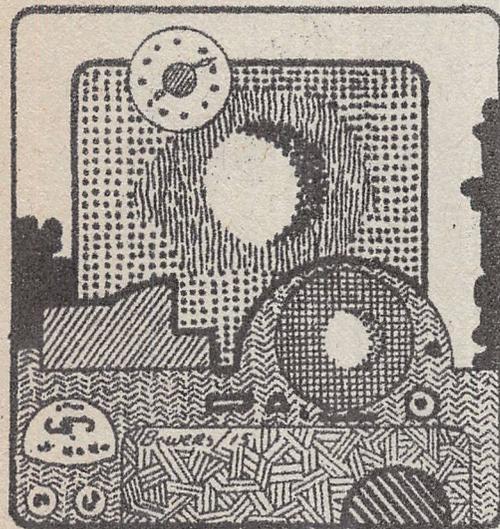
such a nervewracking episode. As a non-smoker, I suppose I should do nothing to change the outcome of her quest. But I can think of a couple of other possibilities, there aren't too many comment hooks in this *Outworlds*, I refuse to write a loc which doesn't fill two pages of typing, so I'm impelled to suggest two other lines of investigation. One is to ask the postal people if the magic words "gift parcel" would exempt a reasonable quantity of tobacco from duty. Those runes have made it possible for me to receive videotapes of Gilbert & Sullivan operas which a fan has been creating for me in Canada, and for that fan to get back blank tapes in exchange from me. The other idea would consist of asking a tobacco shop if it's possible to order a gift parcel of pipe ammunition with duty prepaid.

I am also maintaining strict neutrality in the form of silence on the latest doubleeff hassle. Why can't fan feud about things instead of about one another? There are lots of possibilities. All fandom could be plunged into war over the question of whether

The Standstill

I would suppose that the term "writer's block" is not entirely unfamiliar to the majority of you. It is used to denote a wide range of the writer's ills--but basically says that he can no longer write with success. This loss of the creative process--by whatever name you endow it--may be temporary; or unfortunately it may prove permanent. The reasons for this creative breakdown are unexplainable, but few if any writers escape its advent at some point during their career.

Recently, I have encountered a similar loss. Perhaps it might be described as a 'reader's block'. It has proven to be a frustrating and rather frightening experience. Even though there are momentary reprieves, the overall effect of passing.



I have been--at least in relation to the majority of those I've encountered--a rather prolific reader. This included not only science fiction (it was the largest single faction), but every form of the printed word I could lay my hands on...through means legal or otherwise. I still have a tendency to acquire the greatest possible quantity of books and magazines. Now apparently, this is only the collector's urge in evidence.

My reading of anything more involved than *Newsweek* has come to a virtual standstill. Oh, I still manage to go through three or four books (and perhaps as many short stories) during the course of a month. Compared to what went before however, this is comparable to the dew following the cloudburst.

Perhaps the most peculiar manifestation of this 'block' is my reluctance to try anything new. Approximately half of the reading I do manage falls within the realm of rereading works which I know I have enjoyed in the past. It is true that once I manage to get involved in a new work, I generally enjoy myself--sometimes tremendously. Stories such as "...And Call Me Conrad" and books such as *DUNE* and *LORD KALVAN OF OTHERWHEN* compare more than favorably with a majority of my past readings.

But picking up a new book and beginning to read it has become almost an impossibility. An explanation is difficult to provide. Perhaps it is the aftermath of over-reading, if such a thing is possible. It may be due to the environment into which I've been thrust--a barracks room is not conducive to creativity in any form (other than daydreaming and Getting Drunk).

Is my problem unique, or have others suffered a halt in their reading activities? Is it permanent, or will the block suddenly cease at some unspecified point? I certainly hope so. I find it impossible to conceive of my life being remotely complete without a goodly portion of it being devoted to literary pursuits. I have no great desire to return to the life of a virtual bookworm which typified my high school years. But to me, a life without books is like having potatoes without meat--you can live on half a meal...but you can't grow.

(14 Mar. 66)

the staples that hold fanzines folded for transit through the mails should have the points on the backside or the address side of the folded fanzine. Nobody would be hurt by the conflict except those of us who usually suffer fingerpricks from clumsy efforts to get these staples out without damaging the fanzine. I'd be willing to engage intensively in a feud over the question of when worldcons should be held after time travel is perfected, fans begin to stage worldcons in the distant past, and they choose years before the introduction of Labor Day as an official hobby.

Maybe some of the anti-income tax violence is done by people who are consistent. But I'd like to see statistics on how many of them have lived in a way that has averted any benefit from the taxes they think shouldn't be paid. Did their parents refuse the annual deduction for children during the years between birth and their leaving home? Do they refuse to write letters and accept mail in the years when the postal service operates at a deficit and the red ink is made up by tax money? Did they ever visit a federal un-

employment office when out of work, visit a national park, drive on an interstate highway?

Maybe I can't accept the concept of abdicating from tax responsibilities because I'm such a frightened person when the time comes to fill out my income tax returns. I behave just like a devout Catholic who is preparing for confession, thinking desperately to recall any possible bit of income in the previous year I'd previously forgotten about. I worried for months, the time I received a refund from the state income tax people which I didn't expect. Accompanying the check was an explanation that I'd made a mistake and overpaid my tax obligation to the state. Try as hard as I might, I couldn't find the mistake when I went over my calculations and began to wonder if this was a sneaky test of Marylanders' honesty. If I hadn't recognized my clumsiness with arithmetic, I'd have returned the refund to clear my conscience. [1/6/85]

Since the "Mail Early..." postmarks circa 12/31 are an indication time travel HAS been perfected...? When?

Outworlds I : Summer '86

Page 9

Back At You

I don't believe I've told this little tale in print before. 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 have escaped the bit. Those of you who haven't...here's at you!

On our way across Pennsylvania, heading toward the Discon, Mallardi and I stopped in 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 the position they actually took place. That wasn't easy.

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 to get breakfast. It was a common enough diner; the food was eatable.

Nothing unusual happened.

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

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

Without aforesight, I bravely replied.

"This is true, Mallardi."

I paused.

"But considering my height, you must agree that it is quite a feat."

The orange juice never had a chance.

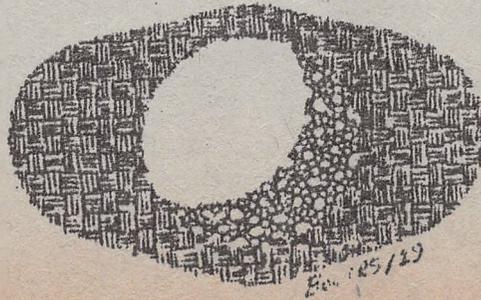
I swear that the whole thing was completely unplanned. And it's true. (For the life of me, I can't recall the statement which prompted this exchange. Sometimes I'm glad I can't.)

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.

We've tried it at every convention we've been to since, on anyone we could corner long enough to set it up.

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

Will we see you at the Tricon?



I ALSO HEARD FROM--on OW41 and/or 42:

RICHARD BERGERON ("I have a cat named 'wimp'--so called because all the other cats beat up on her. I've taken to calling her Wimpy Zone.") • SHERYL BIRKHEAD • AVEDON CAROL ("Oooh, you must have been in a sour mood when you wrote your response to Naomi's letter--going after her boyfriend like that--my my. That's not much like you.") I *thot* I was rather mild--and Naomi agreed; after all, I've known the wimp for years longer than she has. • JOE CHRISTOPHER • BRAD FOSTER ("I tell ya, sometimes I get so enthused about a project that I tend to go a little bit overboard on it. Case in point, the alphabet project for the *Outworlds* Annish. I had first visualized this as simple, cartoony images along the lines of most of the fillos I do. But the more I got into actually designing the shapes, the more interesting it got, and the more I really wanted to turn this into something special. I'm already planning on putting them all into a single little book...I think it would be a great little sample to send around to art direc-

tors as an example of my work.") Thanks, Brad! I'm sorry that I wasn't able to do more with them in the dash to get this issue out, but perhaps the endpapers will give others an idea of the complexity & success of your 'project'. • STU SHIFFMAN • DICK SMITH ("Also amazing is the fact that there's not one mention of the mysterious woman in Issue 42. Not even in the Index. Keep up the good work.") Which mysterious woman...? • and • ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH. • I should also like to mention, while thinking of it, to MR. VICK & MR. SHULL, that the 'e' at the end of my name is an integral part thereof, and all modifiers should be added thereafter. My English teacher, she said I should tell you this. • Oh, yes...I also heard from (mostly at length) rich brown, AVEDON CAROL, JACKIE CAUSGROVE, AL CURRY, DAVE LÖCKE, and PATRICK NIELSEN HAYDEN... What can I say? Most thought that I was at least half, if not totally wrong...but they remain my friends. And rich only said that he doesn't know me at all. But, thanks, Patriok. Sometime, real soon, someone will let someone else have *The Last Word*. Until then, I can live with Al's cartoon.

Page 10

Outworlds I : Summer '66

Notes Toward a Style Sheet

The utter disregard of some of the finer aspects of typescript has long been an evident characteristic of fanzines in general. I cast no stones, without first admitting that I have been as guilty of general sloppiness in my publications as the next fan.

Layout--which is a major factor in producing a product pleasing to the eye--is certainly important. However, that is not what I wish to discuss here. Rather, the seemingly simple matter of indicating published material.

This is not to be considered an effort to reform; but a mild bitch, an attempt to clarify my own thoughts, and a try at standardizing such items in *Outworlds*.

(We conventionally ignore those luckies who have access to a varityper--and thus, italics.)

This then, will serve for *Outworlds*.

Novels and bound (hard or otherwise) books of any type, will be indicated by complete capitalization. For instance: DUNE or THE RISE OF THE WEST.

Magazines, fanzines, periodicals and the like will be underacored, such as: Outworlds; Analogs; Best of Pandom: _____. (Oneshot items will merit capitalization of underlining on an individual basis.)

All works of prose, verse, plays...which are shorter than book-length, will be enclosed in quotes. Examples: "The Tiger"; "This Moment of Storm"; "King Lear".

This leaves me with three items over which I am puzzled as to indicative methods.

1) Serials (underlined, with quotes?); 2) Series titles (first letter caps, only?); and 3) Theatrical presentations, movies, etc. (Caps?). Suggestions, anyone?

All of the above is subject to change without notice. Naturally.

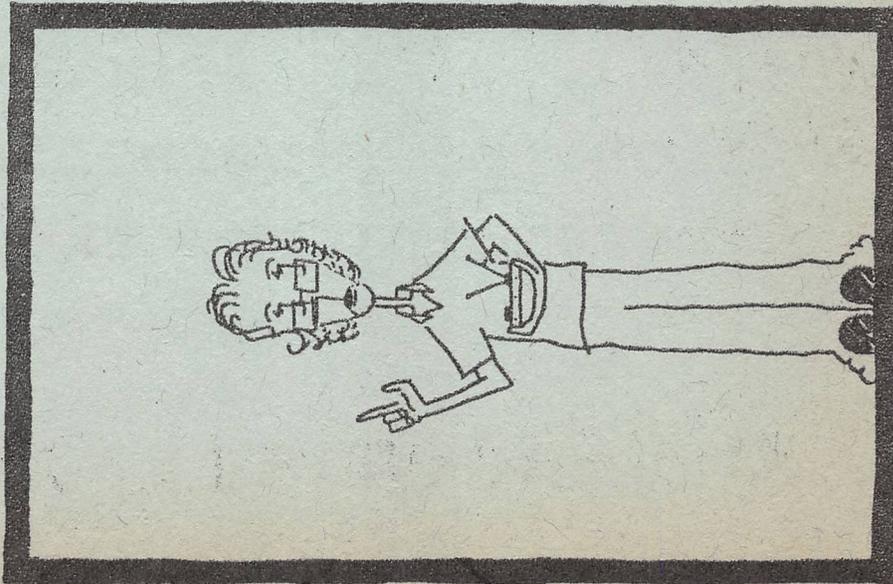
OUTWORLDS

A2C William L. Bowers
CMR Box 1106
Richards-Gebaur AFB
Missouri 64030

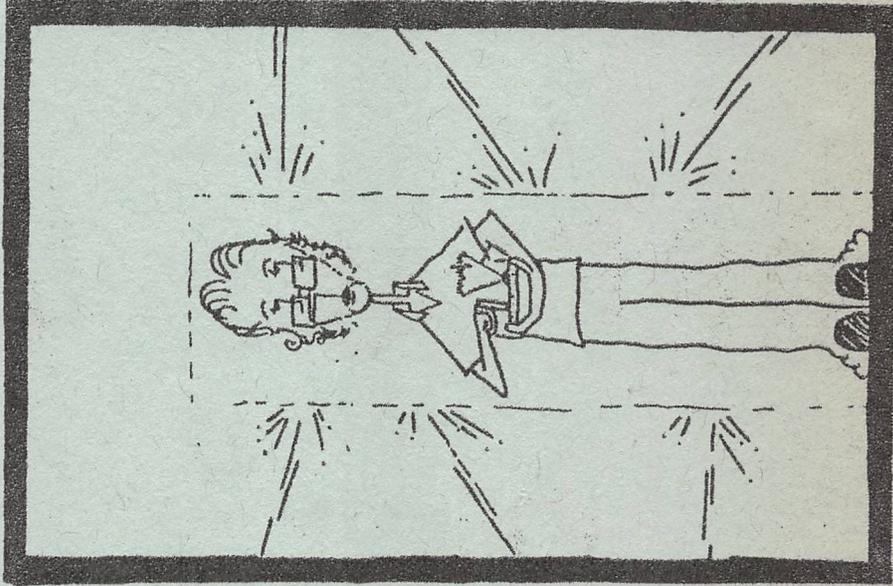
3rd Class Mail
Printed Matter
Return Requested

TO:

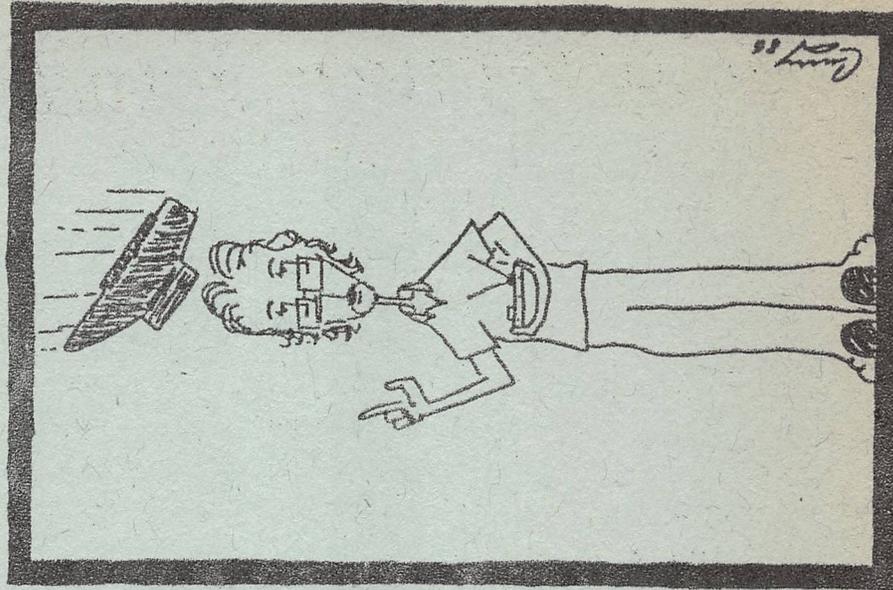




We at Kenner, in our unending search for the state of the art in technology, would like to announce the release of our newest development . . . THE FAN FEUD FORCE FIELD.



Just push down on the NEUTRALITY BUTTON, and you will be surrounded by a potent field that protects you from any and all slings and arrows of outrageous fandom.



Just remember to keep your eyes and ears open and your finger on the trig . . . uh . . . button.

...yet another handbill:

Since May, 1930 -- and *The Comet* -- fanzines have taken many forms:

...from hecktoed smudginess to offset starkness, as well as fannish twilltone.

Jerry & Suzle once did an issue as a convention programming item, and later, Bowers did an-issue-as-a-speech... Larry Tucker has done audio and video issues --but Bob Tucker beat him...both times.

EVERY mode of doing a fanzine has been explored. Except:

Maybe...

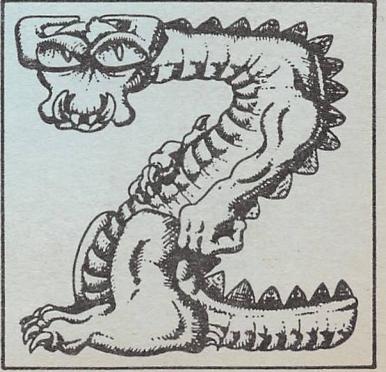
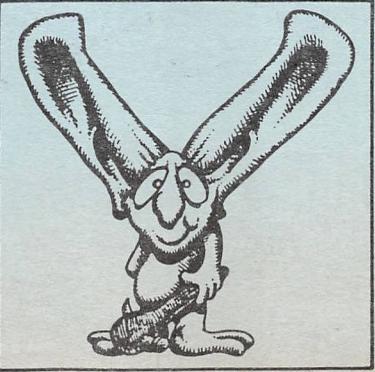
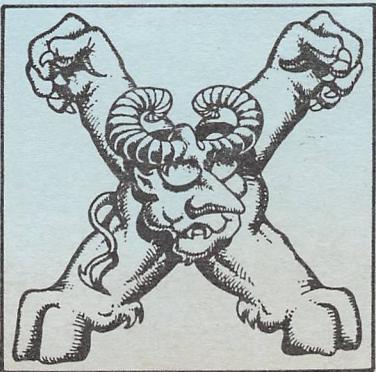
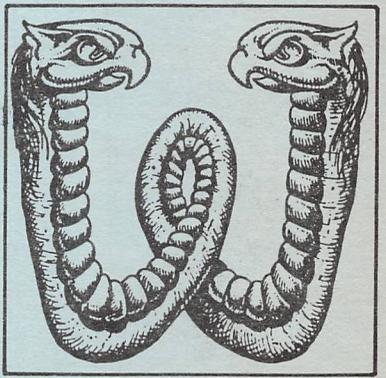
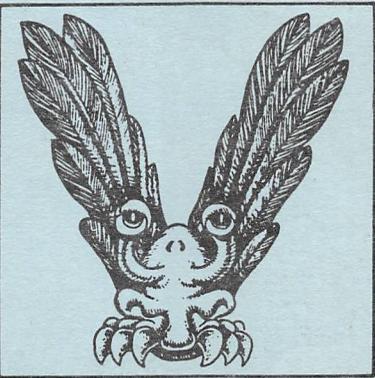
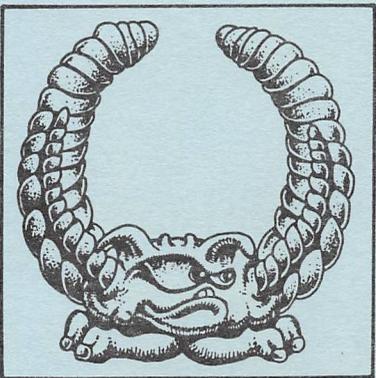
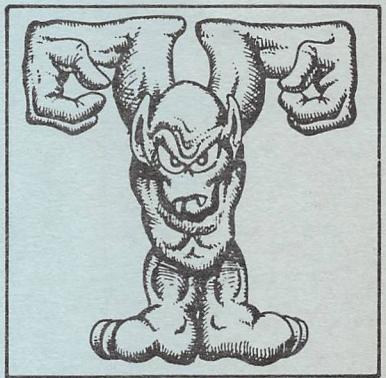
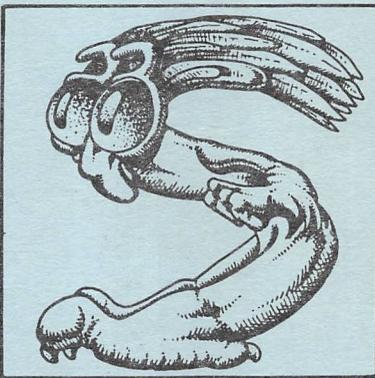
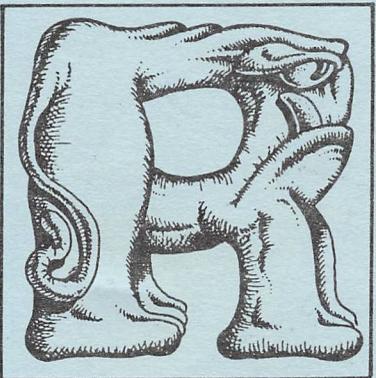
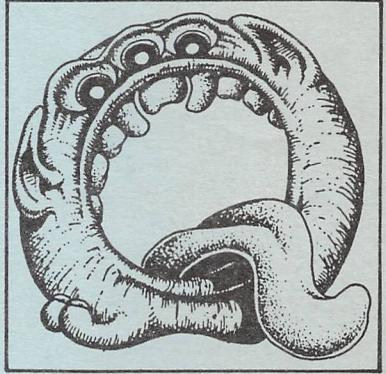
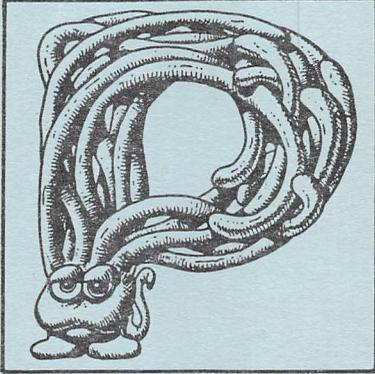
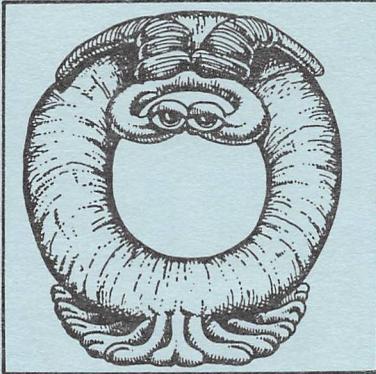
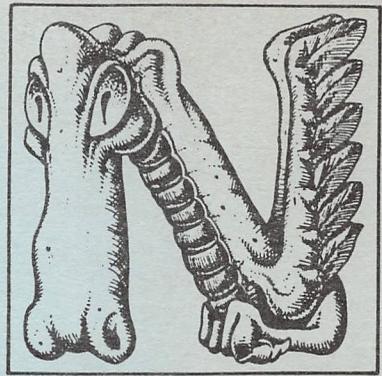
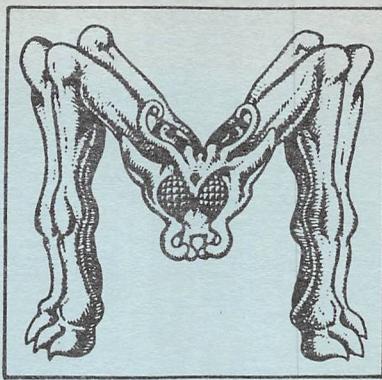
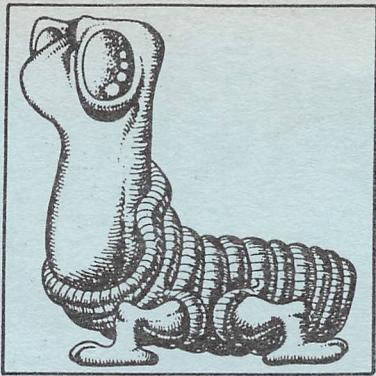
*Bill Bowers
is bidding for:*

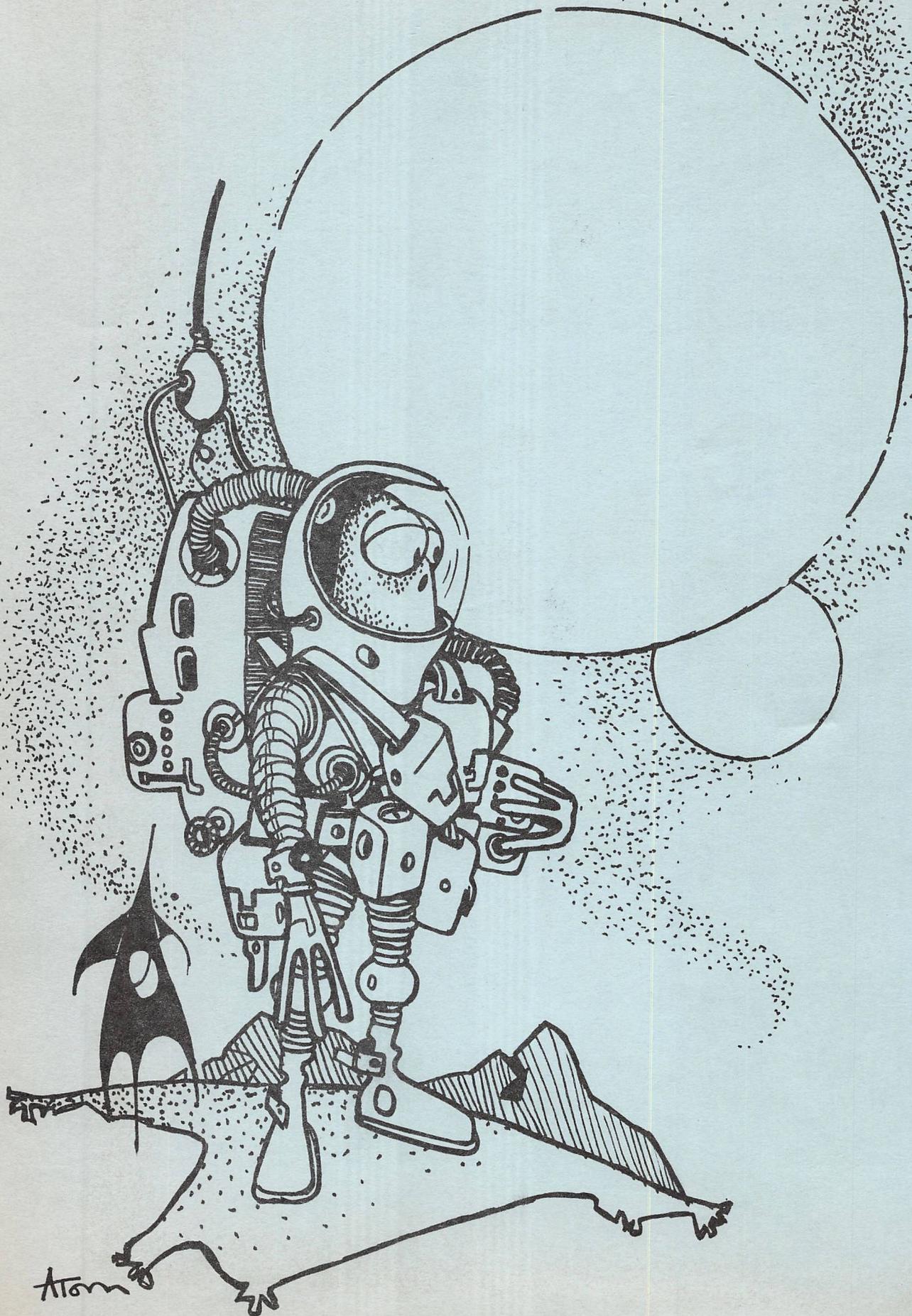
CORFLU 4,

or:

Outworlds ... the 17th Annish
a convention for fanzine fans...
...and a participatory fanzine

19~~7~~₈ □ Cincinnati, Ohio





Atom