



Outworlds 45

.....
"Will the next OW be another meaty genuine, or a slim perssine/letterwine again? Who knows? You could almost call OW unpredictable if it weren't so consistently GOOD..."

□□ Richard Brandt • 6/16/85
.....

...and the correct answer is...?

Damned if I know, either, Richard. Normally I'd say, since your comment was in response to *Outworlds 43*...and seeing as how this is *is Outworlds 45* -- well, what did you think of *Outworlds 44*...?

Except.

22 June 1985

...and the last time you will have seen that date attached to something bylined "Bill Bowers"...

...well, I guess it depends on "who" you are.

If you were at MidWestCon, you probably saw it 3 or 4 weeks ago...

If you weren't, but *are* at Spacecon, or perhaps, Rivercon, you are seeing it now.

However, if you don't meet either of those criteria, but have still somehow managed to strike my whim...then you will probably have just seen that very-same date on a page opposite this one.

Time is not fleeting; it has flit...

Bowers-Time is not flexible nor inconsistent; it is just...well, it sometimes does seem that it marches to the beat of an...err...different set of AToms though... *sigh*

Life, the Universe, and Work...dictated that, if I wanted to get something out for MidWestCon...and still retain some semblance of self to enjoy same, whatever I did would have to be limited to 12-pages. I wanted to...so I did.

Not a terribly *balanced* issue, that (OW44), but, Hey! Who's counting?

Present plans, assuming I can get myself and my vast multitude of columnists/regular contributors t*o*g*e*t*h*e*r, call for *Outworlds 46* to be out for the Austin Nasfic... and to be a "real" fanzine.

We'll see.

...all clear now, Richard?

In the meantime, some long-delayed Egoboo-for-Jackie:

BOB SHAW Many thanks for OM42. That was a heart-rending tale told by Jackie Causgrove, and I owe more thanks to her and Dave Locke for their kind efforts to beat the system and get me some pipe tobacco at the right price. I also feel a bit guilty about having been the cause of all that trouble, but if a funny article came out of it I guess that is some compensation for them.

Sad to relate, the prodigious feats of telephoning ultimately ended with Jackie being foxed by that product of British officialdom--the person who speaks with a highly educated, highly authoritative voice and knows bugger all about the topic under discussion. You *can* mail tobacco in the UK, and there are lots of mail order tobacco firms to prove it. The woman must have been thinking of *self*-combustible materials. After all, paper is far more combustible than tobacco and you can mail that.

The real problem is that if somebody in the USA or Canada sends tobacco to a friend in the UK our customs people charge the recipient a hefty duty. Mike Glicksohn sent me a ½lb once and the customs men opened it, charged me duty to the UK price for ½lb of tobacco, plus a charge of three quid for the time they expended in opening and resealing the package. On top of that, old Mike had already paid the Canadian price plus postage --so we lost out all round.

Incidentally, also a result of that article in SFR, some good-hearted fan *did* actually beat the system. A few weeks after the article appeared I received by post a plastic bag full of American pipe tobacco which had been mailed from the Isle of Man! Trouble is my benefactor chose to remain anonymous--so I was never able to thank him or her, or to find out what on earth he or she was doing on an island in the middle of the Irish Sea.

Three cheers for Harry Warner! I was beginning to think that *I* was the last person in the SF/fan world to hold out against the word processor. It's not that I have anything against computers or word processors--it's just that I don't need one. Not only do I not need one, it would actually be a handicap. Perhaps it is something to do with my ingrained respect for the printed word, but as soon as I type something--rather than write it by hand--it *sets* a little in my mind and some of my creative freedom disappears. All that electronic gear would act as another barrier between me and the blank page, distancing me from my own thoughts...

Now if modern technology wants to come up with a really useful device, why can't we have an ice cube tray which automatically adjusts or distributes the water you put in so that all the ice cubes come out the same size? Some people don't seem to care much about this problem, but I spend ages topping up the little cubicles and wriggling the tray. That and tracking down dud bulbs in Christmas tree lights wastes billions of man-hours in the western world. Why doesn't science address itself to the *real* problems? (2/24/85)

...well, I don't know from science, Bob, so I was wondering whether your mention of the combustibility of paper was an observed phenomenon...or simply your sly way of commenting on the incendiary nature of quite some paper fanac late last year? ¶ I've always found that adding the alcohol to the water before placing the ice cube tray in the freezer works wonders for consistency in sizing the little suckers. (It also serves as a time-saving device when mixing your drinks while engaged in heavy fanac. In fact, when pressured, you can eliminate the middleman...err, the 'mix': "Is that a Scotch-on-the-rocks in your cheek...or are you just glad to see me...?") And I solved the Christmas tree lights "problem" a long time ago...by simply visiting relatives or friends over the Holidays. (Besides, it is my considered opinion that anyone who has the time to ~~put up~~ take to put up a tree in the first place...also has the time to track down the duds; their time can't be all that valuable...) ¶ I don't know from science...I'm merely an ersatz-technocrat in a toy factory by day, and a science fiction fan by night... But the one thing I'd like to see science tackle is a 'cure' for what happens to time...when I'm trying to get an issue out to a deadline. I mean, I've read all the skiffy stories about FTL-drives and how the faster you're going, the slower you've gone and all that...but I still don't understand why it is that when I allot a specific time-interval to pub my ish...it is NEVER time enough. Did my solar-powered calculator have a cloud over it...? ¶ Must be time to go suck on an ice cube.

Dateline: 4 July 85 - No, it doesn't take that long to suck on an ice cube. Not even for me...but then, I'm not versed in the art by-the-cupfull.... Returning (briefly) to the present: OW44 was run-off Sunday June 23rd, in Jackie & Dave's absence--the 'new' mimeo seems to work a lot easier...so far. (Now all I have to do is to come up with some combination of typer-settings & stencil packages so as to sharpen up the 'print' a bit...) ¶ Midwestcon, guests...and a Surprise Package from the West Coast (I owe you for this one, Patty!)...have come and gone. And here I sit, with a four-day weekend and 50% off airfares on United...typing stencils. Why? Well, it's either because I feel guilty about communicating with all you print-people...or, perhaps simply because this is quite possibly the most rational thing I can do for the moment. And all of you are quite aware by now that I am among the most rational of the irrational people you know. ('Rational' about WHAT...? ...you want details! tsk. What do you think this is...Xenolith?) ¶ In any event, now that I'm firmly back in my comfortable 'voice' (thanks to the Jackie/Quill Courier Express), let us return to YOUR comments...from long ago...and far away...

AL SIROIS Thanks for OWs 41 & 42. Really nice Jackie Causgrove cover on #41...that stippling must've taken up several hours. I'm reminded of Reed Waller's excellent *Rune 66* cover, in spirit. Between the Wimpy Zone and the TAFF Wars, 84-85 are shaping up as a time of true wimpy concerns. I think your lettercol points that up pretty handily...(what-ho, what a comment!)...with a certain amount of forelock-tugging and defiance-thrusting. I got a big kick out of Bob Tucker's column about his eye surgery. I admire and respect anyone who can find something humorous to say about a hospital stay. I am addicted to *St. Elsewhere* but I watch it at home...my dad's been in the hospital too often the past year, so I have seen too much real life hospital stuff for my peace of mind.

People seem to pop up now and then in fandom...kind of presumptuous of me to say, I've only been here since '73...but it's true, in a way. Mark J. McGarry, who used to edit/publish *Empire*, scanned OW41 and said, "The same names..." so it's not just my own feeling. Remember that old Zappa song? "You're probably wondering why I'm here/Well, so am I, so am I..."

I enjoyed the Causgrove article in #42, though it was a tad lightweight in subject for four pages of writing.

I suspect the main reason why Harry Warner's co-workers had computer problems was that they didn't handle the diskettes properly. People will treat them as if they were mere phonograph records, handling them carelessly. A human's own personal magnetic field will play merry hob with the magnetically-coded data on a disk, to say nothing of the chemicals in human perspiration/oils...and no matter how clean one's hands are, that stuff gets onto the disk, rings changes on the oxide coating, and it's That's All, Folks! for your files. A disk can look perfectly normal, while being in truth a path straight to Reboot City.

Really funny Curry cartoon on 1449. That's Glicksohn, right? Hell, even I can see that. But who's the geek on the ladder?

Hey, *Omni* didn't buy "Death and Taxes". Said the humor was sustained. Oh, well. It's goddamn hard to be funny at any length...any jerk can utter bon mots over pizza and beer. But will it play in Peoria?

Most excellent and very funny Gilliland poem to close out your ish! I had no idea Alexis was that sick...you probably could've gotten a real stunner of a Foster illo for that poem if you'd asked Brad to do a special one...

Good Gilliland cartoon on the bottom of the page, too. I have his Loompanics book in my bathroom. The guests frequently give me odd looks when they rejoin the party. 1/19

That Gilliland poem has a L*O*T of history behind it, going back to *Double:Bill*...when Sandra was a fan... ¶ I have all sorts of *stuff* to throw at you from *Back When*...if I have a) the space, and b), the nerve. ...including a trilogy of novelets I wrote in '65/'66: Ray Fisher ran the first in *Odd*, complete w/double-page scratchboard opening spread by yho's...finking out on the remaining two after a deluge of comments concerning "purple prose"... (When I last reread them, years ago, they were definitely that!)

EDD VICK Resident of the Wimpy Zone that I am, I can't let the last couple of OWs go by without comment. ~~Besides, there's an 'X' on my mailing label!~~

Actually that's a (rather obvious) comment hook, since very little of the last couple of issues mentioned Wimpiness (or is it Wimpyness--and does anybody care); compared to, say, *Uncle Dick's*, yer cover billing and two pages is positively sparse. Ah, but a focal point zine must at least touch base with every fannish trend.

I'm all in favor of eliminating the Wimpy Zone myself. I suggest we hold Worldcons in the eastern half of Hagerstown in even-numbered years, and in the other half during odd-numbered years. Then it'd really be a Worldcon, especially if we all moved there.

I hope you *do* make it to Austin (as mentioned on page 1428--hey! it's kinda neat not having to say 'of ish #41' [even tho I just did]; these sequentially numbered pages are good fer something), because I'd really like to meet you. Assuming of course that I make it. I expect to be going through a (not particularly messy) divorce this summer, with all that entails around contime: emotional upset, poverty, and lack of vacation time (first fannish reference to my divorce - collect them all).

It seems only appropriate that you, Mr. Obscurity, will bid for Corflu in 1977. At least that way you can beat out all the other people by holding it before anybody else, and thus invite only the people you feel worthy.

By the way, I'm kind of halfheartedly bidding for Dallas Corflu in '93, ~~Yessir~~ ~~years away~~. Keep it a secret, won't you?

Jackie Causgrove's article opened my eyes no little bit. Down home fringie that I am, I wouldn't even have considered all the hassles involved in getting tobacco to BoSh. I'd'a just gone 'n' bought the stuff 'n' sent it. Then you'd be getting this letter from behind bars. Yessir, eye-opening.

I don't really find your zines all that esoteric. But then, I may be the only fan who keeps a shortwave radio next to hir typer without listening to it in hir native tongue. I keep mine tuned to non-English stations and just listen to the programs sort of as I would to music. I can do that with a lot of OW, too, not attempting to understand the meanings behind the words, but rather take them as free verse. Hmm, you could conceivably take that as an insult. I hope not. (1/18/85)

...as one who has been thru a divorce...as well as the attendant 'benefits' you list, a time or three since also...my understanding. ("Sympathies" don't do a whole heck've a lot of good, do they?) ¶ ...so I made this one simple little typographical error in my original 'announcement' of my Corflu bid. And so I made the same error when I made up the initial 'flyer'... Hey, give a guy a third chance... (In addition to my 1987 bid, there's a rumor...for Austin in '88...as well as noises overheard in Dublin. Err, California. Actually, given enough ~~packet~~ interest, I wouldn't see anything amiss in having two Corflu's a year.) ¶ At this point in time I have in hand a round-trip air ticket to Austin, and a confirmed room reservation in the Hyatt... Also, I am tentatively scheduled to make/deliver...okay, read a "speech" that Saturday afternoon. If enough of you show up to listen, perhaps anyone who wanders in by mistake really will think me Somebody Important...even if they're not quite sure why... ¶ ...as of last weekend at Midwestcon, I was the ENTIRE Saturday Nasfic Fan Programming...but I thot that eight hours of me was a bit more than even I could stand...so I turned back half an hour.

IAN COVELL I find it hard to disagree with Darroll Pardoe on 'social interaction'--I don't recall saying that letters and fanzines should totally substitute for personal interaction but in the several dozen cases when my correspondents are in America, Poland, Australia, and so on, I do tend to find that letter writing has certain temporal and economic reasons on its side...

Avedon Carol: gods above. When I first mentioned my point about 'humanity', I told the receiver (Joy Hibbert) that many people would find it an angry concept. I really don't care. I'm talking about the phrase "a true/typical human is a partnership of a man and a woman". I'm sorry Carol didn't understand it. Let me explain. I sometimes postulate a Martian friend passing across Earth. This Martian has an annoying

habit of asking questions I have to painfully answer. Let me give you two instances: Hse (the Martian) accompanies me to the movies; it is a violence epic, or what came to be called 'a video nasty'; blood is spilled from torn guts, heads blow away with the sound of thunder, women clutch inadequate costumes around their naked torsos as knives slash their skin into strips, screaming; hse turns to me, "And you enjoy this?" Second example, my friend watched two teams consisting of a couple (a man and a woman), plus a camera team; the teams disperse to two different rooms; in one, the man and woman pantomime the moral and legal act of lovemaking as accurately as may be; in the other room, the man and woman pantomime the immoral and illegal act of murder; both scenes are photographed. When the films are exhibited, the first film becomes immoral and illegal and is cut/banned/excoriated; the second film becomes family viewing on TV in a soapera or Husky & Starch; my friend turns again, "When did the moral and legal aspects invert?"

As said, he's very annoying. Once hse said to me, "What is a typical human?" I stared at my friend. Obviously, in a two sexed species, there is no *typical single* representative because there is no typical person who combines male and female (unless they're hermaphroditic, but as I just got through saying, we have two sexes, not two sexes in one body), so the word 'human' must be seen in a dual context. The *typical* human is a partnership of a man and a woman. Race, age, health, are not important to my Martian friend. Now I *knew* this would be taken badly, though I'm not sure whether I take 'heterosexist' as an insult or acclaim since campaigning for the partnership of men and women seems a good thing. However, I trust Carol now sees what I'm talking about? '...the mixture of the sexes is a racial type' translates obviously as 'the human race is a set of mixed sex couples' because if it wasn't, there wouldn't be any next generation, okay? As for what the 'majority' of men do to the 'majority' of women, I simply throw up my hands, I don't *know* the majority of the male or female population, Carol has been luckier in that respect than me, obviously getting round the world more. Lastly (yes, I could go on, but this is reiterating comments that I believe can now be read more accurately than hitherto) let me say my claim on the word 'feminist' was a joke, intended to be read as 'If all these disparate views can be said to be feminist then damnit I am feminist'. What I actually am is a humanist, in that--*especially* since the majority of my discussions take place by letter--I don't 'treat' women differently to men on near-all subjects; what I despise, hate, revile, and similarly dislike are people who talk of 'discrimination' but insist there's something called 'positive discrimination', translated as 'I'm alright Jacqueline'.

I agree with Roger Waddington in that I prefer films to entertain me rather than upset me. I don't mind being upset but since I prefer those films in which goodness triumphs, this doesn't seem compatible with the modern film ethic. (That is, of course, why I like comedies; in the best comedies, the necessary logic of life is subsumed to the progress and hopeful eventual victory of the comedian over true mad-nesses like warfare, social deprivation and disillusion. Translation: nobody says *Bringing Up Baby* is a real-life portrait of romance, but it *should* be).

It's really intriguing, but I promise never to ask you the name of a certain lady who shall be nameless (by order)--gods, but it's tempting...

OW42: Jackie Causgrove's invigorating, indeed revealing article ending in that extremely sad and dismissive word from our consulate: "Yes, it's okay to send stuff to England, but once it reaches England, our Customs' rules declare they can't go any further..." That may sound trivial but is, actually, the way they stop all subversive material like, for example, the comics banned since the 1950s (EC; were you even aware they were still banned as imports? Were you aware it's still illegal to publish the words of the Marquis de Sade?) Subversive has come to mean 'This looks bothersome; ban it'.

I stared at Naomi Cowan's letter for a few minutes. Then I went for a bath; maybe someone can spot a connection. I may be male, I may even be chauvinist (depends on what you use as a basis) but 'pig'--lady, were I to respond with the obvious "Perhaps Ms Cowan is a female chauvinist sow?" she would see why I find her remark ill-judged, insulting, and infuriating; she descends to insult without knowledge, the best sign of a bigot I know. Let me reiterate right now and forever my despal of 'feminism' as

promulgated by loudmouths, a movement that can seemingly be brought down to "I've been shat on and I intend to shit back"; I'm sure Gandhi would have disapproved, but look how much trouble he had... Much better to adopt supposed chauvinist tactics and when challenged say "Well, you started it".

Hm, a totally inadequate response to your fanzines, as usual. Oh, I ramble, but I never feel I get something down in a pithy, memorable form; I want to make people close their eyes and commit a phrase to memory, or to feel that sudden clutch at the gut or the brain that means I've written something that is universally relevant. Most of all I want people not to become aware of me, but of each other. I haven't had much success...

(3/6/85)

...I'm afraid, Ian, that I'm having as much trouble with your concept of "a true/typical human..." as do several others. Apart from having some difficulty comprehending why anyone would possibly want to be "typical"—that may well be my own egotism involving my self-perceived 'uniqueness'...the root of your definition seems to go back to the simple biological function of propagating the 'race', and in this Day & Age, I reject that as being a valid basis for everyone, or, if we had our druthers, perhaps even a majority. (God knows that I like women—and a fair amount of my life has revolved about a select few of them—but the only place I want to be referred to as "Father William"... is in the pages of a fanzine.) Apart from the fact that it is arguable that I am less "complete" when I am alone, but coping, than when I'm involved with someone—but-it's-not-working...there is the proven that each of the women I've known and cared for was a distinct and unique person...no matter the nature of our relationship. ...and the ONLY thing any of the relationships have in common with any other is the fact that, inevitably, I will write about them...trying to work things out in my own mind, while trying to communicate with someone who was 'here'...but went away. I guess what I'm trying to say is that while, yes, there is nothing neater that I've encountered on this earth than a true, working "partnership of a man and a woman"...and I've been lucky a time or three...it doesn't have anything to do with either of our innate "humanness". And the only time I want to encounter the word "typical" in my life is when, checking a drawing at work, the drafter says that a feature is "Typ. (3)"...that particular feature had best be shown three places on that particular drawing. Perhaps I'm as much removed from what you are trying to convey as any...but so far I'd have to go with Norman Hollyn's comments last issue (p.1521) as a summation of my own reaction. ¶ I suppose it's only a measure of the basic unfairness of life when I say that of any of those of you getting this fanzine, you, Ian, have perhaps more a "right" to ask the lady's "name", than anyone else. You see, it was in the lettercol of a fanzine she published—a long time ago—that I recall first seeing YOUR name...something I recalled when, while compiling the initial mailing list for this Series of OWs, I ran across your address in HTT. (Well, she didn't say I couldn't drop hints...) ¶ ...as for Naomi: she is my friend, but she is indeed all those things you say: ill-judged, insulting, and infuriating... And she presumes to pronouncements on the basis of limited information...but then, don't we all. Like I said, Ian, don't take her seriously; I don't.

A while back, ATom used a portion of a blueprint to protect a shipment of ATomillos... I asked the obvious:

ARTHUR THOMSON Nope. I'm not a draughtsman. (As we say here.) Well, I did spend some time on the board a good few years ago and still draw up some jigs fixtures and press tools when I need to, but I got bored draughting and went back into the shop (engineering) and ended up manager of a small tool and die company. Funnily enough I worked for a good few years for Britain's biggest toy company, Triang Toys. (Pedigree Dolls.) If you're wondering how the heck an artist...well sort of... got into engineering it was all because of WWII. I'd won a bursary scholarship to London Art School, but the war put a stop to careers in commercial art...there wasn't any and when I got to sixteen the Ministry of Labour directed me (as well as everybody else) into industry, in my case, engineering. The rest of my schooling was day release (they let you away several days a week to attend technical college) and Evening classes at the Tech school. So I ended up in the tool and die trade.

Dave Locke's



a chat with Denise Parsley Leigh

Denise Parsley Leigh is editor of the genzine GRAYMALKIN, wife of skiffy author Steve Leigh, writer of apazines, mother of Bill Bowers' future girlfriend Megen Leigh, gracious hostess of frequent CFG meetings, friendly and attractive attendee at ~~Windy~~ Zone Midwestern conventions, and a deadly Aikido expert who just for fun will lurk in dark alleys and mug karate experts. That last is a lie, though it's true that Denise can be a very dangerous person with an hors d'oeuvre tray (scrumptious stuff, and no Velveeta!).

Denise is one of those people who can create an instant rapport. You know: when she approaches people she has an easy manner, a ready smile, no hint of gamesmanship or pressure or duplicity, an obvious (cultured) intelligence, and an overall warm demeanor. If one of those people you meet at a convention, she's someone you want to know better. If met in a fanzine -- one of hers -- she is someone of obvious depth who is still at a relatively early stage of exploring what the world has to offer. Basically, then, Denise is an open person, willing to accept anyone for what they are as opposed to what she might expect them to be.

It's only when you get to know her a little bit that she begins testing and proding and asking you to contribute articles to her fanzine...

Well, if you don't know Denise, let's get to know her a bit right here. If you do know Denise, let's get to see how she copes with being ~~dialogued~~ chatted with...

Dave: *In the last issue of your genzine, Graymalkin #6 in December 1981, you wrote: "When I think of the possibility of starting a new career, or just going back to school, I get scared. I'm 28 years old and I really do want a child, which means sometime soon; but I also want to go to school, or at least do something different with my life. Of course, having a child would be very different, I suppose. Anyway, Steve is willing to accept most anything I want to do, so the decision is mine. I only hope I can motivate myself enough to do something about it." You're now 31, appear to have actually done a few things about it, and have not published another Graymalkin since. Bring us up to date.*

Denise: I can hardly believe that the last issue I published was 12/81. It seems like time is slipping away from me. I guess that's what happens when you get older (Bowers keeps telling me about age ... he's about the oldest person I know). And yes, I do seem to have done something about the childless portion of my life. Megen seems to have altered our life radically, though I don't think either of us mind much. She can probably be blamed for the fact that I haven't published a *Graymalkin*. Time seems to be the commodity most in demand at our house. Between working, Aikido, and Megen, all I seem to want to do is fall into bed at night (to sleep, no less!). I even feel guilty sometimes about taking Aikido because it means that two nights a week I don't see Megen until about 7:00. The result is that we've moved her bedtime closer to 10:00 so that we have time to spend with her. This tends to take up any time we might have for anything else. We don't seem to socialize as much with fannish friends in town nor do we have the money for conventions like we used to. (Let's face it, we never really had the money before, just no one but ourselves to worry about neglecting.)

I don't seem to have done much about school. That seems to still be on a back burner. Aikido is fun and interesting. Steve and I happened onto the Cincinnati Aikido dojo (Aikido is a Japanese martial art) and have found a fandom of sorts. The people are wonderful and I'm learning something valuable and sharing it with Steve. (He's picked it up quicker than I have but he's always been much more physically oriented than I have.) I still haven't changed jobs but just learned that I am vested with my company so as soon as Steve's work situation settles (if ever) I may start looking around. But who knows, I may just retire from the place. I could do a lot worse (though for a lot more money, I imagine).

Dave: *Having a child goes far, and quickly, toward changing the routine. And by the time the child begins fending for itself to the point that parents have some slack in their 'free time', few appear to reach back into their past for the old routines. It doesn't occur to them or, if it does, it doesn't appeal to them. Instead, they rush off to take up Aikido. Aikido? Is it exercise? Security? Art form? Or just another way to make yourself dangerous? Beyond that, what is Aikido?*

Denise: It never really occurred to me how correct you are about not reaching back into the past for the old routines after having a child. Maybe things change so much that even if you long for a return to normalcy you can no longer determine what that state was like and so go forward to something new. Parenthood is new enough as it is, and I guess Aikido is the new "something" for us. I say us, rather than me, because Aikido started out as a way to spend more time with Steve. It was his interest initially, but when I observed a class I felt that it was something we could practice jointly, that I could feel comfortable doing. I like physical activity but there's no way I could get Steve to attend an aerobics class and I have absolutely no talent for tennis. Aikido seems to be a good meeting point. It is a Japanese martial art, and, according to Yamada, the head of the Aikido Federation: "The Aikidoist 'leads' his opponent's power ... [so] that the attacker hurts only himself with his aggressiveness." The idea is to be centered at all times and aware of all aspects of the attack. This is good in theory, but something I have a difficult time doing, though apparently this is a problem common to neophytes.

Strength can work against you, as Steve found out, as he is used to coming from a position of physical strength (all this juggling has paid off...) and he had to

get into a different mindset and not rely on brute force. I, however, have little or no fighting instinct, at least none that I've had to find out about, so I have nothing to unlearn. I *do* have to learn to be assertive on the mat. I find that since this is not a real attack, in the sense that I know no one is seriously trying to harm me (the philosophy is one of cooperation) I have a difficult time reacting as if it were, and an even harder time trying to seriously attack someone. But you can get hurt on the mat, which is why cooperation is so important. I doubt that I'll ever be great at the art as I'm not as dedicated as many of my classmates, but it *is* a lot of fun and the group is very supportive. We seem to have found a new social group, much like fandom was to us in our early phase.

Dave: *Say, are you really "an activist in SF fandom" like it says in those Bantam Books which I have sitting on the shelf over there?*

Denise: No one was more surprised than I was to see the blurb in the bio for Steve's books. You will note that the third book says "active in SF fandom." I don't know who was responsible for either blurb but I'm thankful it finally got straightened out. I've taken a bit of ribbing for that one. As to whether or not I am an activist in fandom, I'd say that's a matter of perspective. What do you think, Dave?

Dave: *Well, now that you're taking Aikido, certainly you're adding to your inventory of potentially relevant skills should you ever decide "to hell with it" and opt to be an activist. And, while it would be easy to build a case which says that most everything is a matter of perspective, somehow it remains that if you're an activist it must be from the perspective that I was looking the other way at the time. Probably I was reading the label on my scotch bottle. At most I think you're a potential activist. What do you think, Denise?*

Denise: I really don't like the term activist. It sounds presumptuous. No, I wouldn't call myself one, not in any public sense of the word. But if by activist you mean someone capable of causing motion or change, then maybe I qualify. And you're right, you would have been looking the other way at the time, because while I count you as a friend, we have never been really close, as in confidants, except in those matters that I publically confide in people, in *Graymalkin*, for instance. The type of changes I seem to make are on a much more subtle level. I've been told by friends that I've been directly responsible for some new direction their life has taken, seemingly for the better, at least from their viewpoint. And I know that over the years I've been at least partially responsible for changes in a coworker. My problem is that I'm never aware that I'm doing anything; it's certainly not something conscious, because I would really like to use that talent, if you want to call it that, to help myself sometimes.

I'm not sure I'll ever be someone who's out picketing for something I believe in (though I *do* write letters) but the potential is there and if someone pushes the right button sometime, who knows?

Dave: *In Graymalkin #4 you noted that "lust and affection and flirting have been primary topics for the past issues." How are things going with the PWWTBP Movement?*

Denise: Probably "lust and affection and flirting" will continue to be topics high on my list of priorities, along with love and affection and mothering. I think the People Who Want To Be Physical movement fizzled before it got started.

Dave: *Priorities. Love and affection rank high on my list. Lust and flirting don't occur often enough to be listed; about as often as I eat at McDonald's, actually. Mothering, I haven't tried, though occasionally I've laid an egg or nursed a drink, and a few people have told me that sometimes I'm a real mutha.*

Bill Rotsler, I've heard, recently gave a seminar for femmefans on How To Flirt. Sounds like Bill, all right. Neither of us heard it, but if you were enticed

to give instruction to malefen on *How to Flirt*, tell me some of the points you might jot down to speak about.

Denise: I never really sat down to write about my priorities ... love and affection go hand in hand with family, especially right now. Steve and Megen are the most important people in my life. No one could have convinced me beforehand how strong my maternal instincts would be ... I can truthfully say that I understand how someone could risk their life or even take one in order to protect their child. I don't think I'm overly protective toward Megen (though nobody ever does, I guess) but there are times when I feel that I would do anything for her and that I cannot imagine life without her. This is something I never would have said about Steve, who I love very much, but I think in adult relationships you always see that possibility of separation or loss, for whatever reason. Children are different. I sometimes wonder if my own mother still goes through similar feelings when she thinks about me. I wonder if it's something that will get worse as Meg grows older. I do feel that this protective instinct isn't necessarily imbued in all people (look at the child abusers), but I know it's especially strong in me. What about you, Dave?

Dave: Protective instinct. Yes, it's strong in me, but I'm just a frustrated protector. Frustrated, because I temper the instinct with intellect. (If I always followed my instincts I wouldn't still be alive; if I always followed my intellect I'd be denying the validity of a contradictory instinct. Hence, frustration--but usually mild; after all, I'm not the only one with an oar on this boat.)

Denise: Let's see, you asked about flirting ... Rotsler's panel would have been interesting; I would have either been laughing or fuming.

I doubt that I would be a good choice to give a discussion on flirting. The type of flirting I've usually done has been rather subconscious ... people have often accused me of flirting when to my mind I'm being affectionate or friendly -- no sexual overtones intended. I don't think I can give you anything concrete on flirting. Talk to five different ~~people~~ people and you'd probably get five different answers on how to flirt with them. I'm not even sure how I like to be flirted with because that's something that changes from day to day, instance to instance. What I liked at 16 or even 25 is not necessarily what I like at 31. I think if I were to give any advice it would be to be subtle (though Steve says he sometimes has to be hit over the head with a baseball bat before he recognizes an overture). I want to be able to recognize a flirt for what it is, but I don't want someone asking me from across the room if I want to fuck (it's been done, believe me. And then they wonder why you say no...). I think I've been out of the game for so long because of Megen that you might have to hit me over the head. It's taken a while for me to build up my confidence again, but it's coming back, so watch out world!!!

Dave: There's something very baldfaced about some of the flirting in fandom, definitely. The "wanna fuck" school of approach seems to have a major following here, but not without reason: as the old joke goes, the person criticized for this tactic responded "I'll bet I get more than you do". Meanwhile, out in Mundania, the Reagan administration is attempting to march us backwards to progressively earlier mindsets on sex, religion, war, politics, and most anything else, and any day now I expect to see a resurrection of the chastity belt.

Moving from sex to sublimated sex, there's at least one more fanzine coursing through your blood and waiting to be let. I refer to the All Fantasy Issue ("sexual or otherwise") of *Graymalkin*. Besides imparting to your mailing list that "You'll have to wait for the Fantasy Issue to find out what secret lurks behind that straight mask Dave Locke wears", what other vile secrets are to be sprung on an otherwise innocent fandom?

Denise: Really, Dave, I do plan to unveil that straight mask you wear. Real Soon Now. I feel that I have to do the fantasy issue sometime, and maybe as Megen seems

more able to amuse herself (or at least demands a different type of attention) I will get it out. I will not, however, make the mistake of setting a deadline, as obviously I have been unable to keep any previous ones. When the issue gets published it should be quite interesting. Some of the articles are so old that I may have to contact the authors to find out if they mind having them published. I have an interesting fantasy by Jessica Salmonson and one by George RR Martin ... and a Jim Odbert cover that makes me cower at the thought of taking it to the printer so I may try electrostencilling it rather than risk having it confiscated. (No, I don't find it pornographic, but it is rather graphic ... but cute.) I would still like to see more fantasies. After all, if *Graymalkin's* going to go out, it might as well do so with a bang.

Dave: *Despite my beard and longer-than-normal hair, fans like you and Al Curry say that I wear a straight mask. "Mundanes" view me as anything but straight. I've often perceived the possibility that I'm some kind of strange crossbred mixture of fan and mundane, not resembling either too very much, and caught in some kind of ~~Wizby~~ ~~Zopy~~ individualistic limbo where everyone views me as being Different. Here I am, alone again. No, that's okay. If I ever found a large group of people where there was a mutual perception that I was truly-do One Of Their Own, the experience would probably scare me and I might immediately switch hobbies and take up something like hang-gliding, Aikido, or bobbing for oxygen.*

How do you feel on the subject of where you fit in, where you don't fit in, and where you're not really sure?

And instead of asking your contributors if they mind having their old material published, you might instead as if they want to massage it a little if they think it needs it. Okay As Is or Okay With Touchup beats the options of Okay or Not Okay. Free advice, and probably worth every penny.

Denise: *I do think you wear a straight mask, Dave, at least for fandom. But I really don't think you're straight ... you have too many weird friends.*

I sometimes wonder if I truly fit in anywhere, at least all the time. Professionally, I'm a good worker and no complaints on that part, but philosophically my coworkers and I can't seem to agree on much of anything. This is something that's bugged me for the 13+ years I've worked there but the working conditions otherwise are such that I would hate to leave. It wouldn't be so bad if people kept their opinions to themselves, or at least saved them until they were outside the office. But my coworkers are very vocal and I find myself biting my tongue more often than not. Or, as Rhoda used to say, "the pressure will blow my teeth out" if I don't respond.

*I think I fit in with fandom, at least with certain aspects of it and my special group of people. However, fandom is no longer "a way of life" for me, if it ever was. I find that while I miss seeing certain people, I really don't miss 'fandom' all that much; and while I enjoyed publishing *Graymalkin* and the apazines, I really don't have that strong an urge to continue publishing. I enjoy it, but it's no longer important to me. I'm not certain how much my lack of interest has to do with my lack of funds and time ... probably a lot.*

I've already talked about Aikido and the people involved ... I seem to fit in as well there as anyplace else. The women are feminists, and politically active, which I like. I think they're going to be a good influence on me. Most of the woman friends I have are in fandom and not close (as in distance). Having women (and men, for that matter) who share my viewpoint on a lot of things around me on a regular basis does a lot to bolster my sometimes sagging self-image and this is something I need at this stage in my life. I always seem to go through a 'honeymoon' stage with any new group of people, and this is probably it, so we'll just have to see how long it lasts.

Good point about asking contributors whether they want to revise instead of pull their material. So, Dave, how about you?

Dave: *How about me? Sure. Set a deadline. I know you won't meet it, but set one anyway. Or just call me two weeks before you need it...*

I'm sure my weird friends are just as insulted as I am. But you're right: I'm not straight. I'm perverse. Among weird people I appear straight, among straight people I appear weird, among conservatives I appear liberal, among liberals I appear conservative, and, as Vonnegut says, so it goes. Perverse.

I don't view fanpubbing as being "important", but we may just be dealing with semantics. My word of choice is "interesting", which isn't to say that fanpublishing cannot occasionally be a vehicle for dealing with something which I might consider "important". Like, say, distributing a change of address...

You have written that "Someday I would like to feel more confident in my writing abilities, or at least come up with original ideas that I can follow through with." Prior to that you noted that you were trying to keep a journal, though sometimes months would go by without an entry. How do you feel about the subject of writing and what's cooking these days (even if only on the back burner)?

Denise: Well, the journal has pretty much fizzled, too. Every once in a while I make an entry, but not often enough to make it worthwhile. I really have no desire to be a writer, which is a good thing as I feel I have no talents in this vein, latent or otherwise. Now editing is something different. If we lived in the right city I wouldn't hesitate in trying for a job at a publishing house. That job market is rather sparse in Cinti. But who knows, maybe when Steve is rich and famous we'll edit an anthology together. He'll have to be rich and famous beforehand because there ain't no money to be made on anthologies. But I do have something in mind.

Also, before everyone thinks that *Graymalkin* is really dead, I feel that another issue besides the fantasy issue is forthcoming. Probably in a quite different format as much of the reason for the current demise is lack of funds and time, postage funds included. So the next issue will be something I can send for 22¢. I wouldn't count on a regular publishing schedule even then, however. I will probably say something similar to what Mike Glicksohn says about locs in *Xenium* (no guarantee that they will see print but thanks for the comments).

Dave: Aha, you're contemplating a zippy little perzine. What with Curry making noises about reviving *Gnomenclature*, *Cinsanity* may rumble and burst upon fandom as another publishing empire. *Outworlds*, *Graymalkin*, *Gnomenclature*, *Ettle*, and *Time and Again*, plus assorted apazines. Not to mention half of *Gallinaufry*. You could sign over the mortgage to your brother Doug, we could kick him out of the apartment directly below me in this four-family apartment building, and the bunch of us could Take Over and turn this place into a Slan Shack. You know what a Slan Shack is, don't you, Denise? We'd keep the front door unlocked and turn the whole building into a floating CFG meeting site, and the *Cinsanity* Annual Floating New Years Parties could all be hosted in the same place. The Columbus in Cincinnati in '88 bid would declare us an official Alternative Crash Space. We could make the basement into a Fan Den, move the J. Causgrove Publishing Empire, Ink -- one Gestetner and one electrostenciller -- downstairs, and turn one of the garages into a collating room and the other into a holding area to store crushed bbeer cans. Stop me before I fantasize again.

At one point in *Graymalkin's* past you said "I find the locs the most stimulating part of a fanzine and with *Graymalkin* it usually amounts to half of the zine." Now you speak of a zippy little fanzine which may or may not include letters. Obviously you still look to publish, but have undergone a change in motivational thrust. Speak to this, whenever you can stop twitching in reaction to the Slan Shack concept.

Denise: STOP!!! I think I would go crazy in a Slan Shack. Living with two other people is plenty for me, and having little or no control over my environment would be awful. Five years ago I probably wouldn't have felt that way. It's tough to get old.

I still find locs to be stimulating, though I tend to egoscan (something I'm sure most people do). The reason I mentioned little or no locs in the next ish is that I'm not certain how fair it is to contributors to print a loc and maybe have to

from now] on the PC--possibly bringing it down into the under \$1000 range) may make an IBM PC an even better choice for you. Unless IBM gafiates from personal computers entirely (a view I hold possible, despite loud guffaws from everyone I mention it to [they had the same reaction to my predicting, within months of its introduction, that IBM would kill the PC-jr before its time]).

The stack of *Outworlds/Xenolith(s)* you gave me at CorFlu (gesundheit) has been occupying a rather prominent location on my dining room table. It sits there, visibly emanating against the background of *InfoWorlds*, *NY Review of Books*, *Science85*, *Videodisc/OpticalDisc*, *Byte*, *Wall Street Journal*, etc -- ed knowsium. Occasionally, I'll pull an issue from the stack--usually at random--and begin to read,..finding myself completely entranced by this alternate reality you have so successfully crafted. *Outworlds* is like the dream that begins standing on the precipice, forced to descend the sheer face of the cliff, fingers grasping any available handhold--and below, the ocean churns with inevitable force. The reader, in this precarious position, senses your editorial charisma with relief, like the accidentally discovered crack in the rock that makes hanging on just a bit easier... for a moment...

"Now that the future is present, let us deal in the past." ---BILL BOWERS, 3-25-79

Now wait a minute. I said this letter was going to be straightforward. OK, I'll stop pretending to be a thirty-seventh rate Gene Wolfe, and write something that will (with luck) make sense, unlike that weird, bizarre letter you published in OW43, from someone obviously using my name just to provoke people to send you letters of comment instead of hard cash for their next issue. It must have been Larry Downes who wrote it--with your collusion, of course, since you didn't even list it in the table of contents, thereby prima facie preventing me (or pseudonymous author of said unusual document) from appearing in a notorious *Outworlds* index/list--obviously indicating to all who care to probe deeply enough that you are still willing to perpetrate a scandalous hoax. I would have never thought.

(I just realized that above may have been read as slighting my favorite sf author --no, no, no. Gene Wolfe has influenced my writing and inspired me to write in a way no other sf author has--but I feel as jealous of his writing as he claims [x:One] to have felt about Bradbury and others... leading me to conclude that one can only approach, never achieve, one's ideal of writing. This is what makes reading [especially Gene Wolfe] so much fun. And writing [for some, making GoH speeches at conventions] so difficult [by the way, all these parenthetical comments can be blamed on the fact that I am currently studying LISP, a computer language that purports to allow one to create artificial intelligence [gesundheit] by the frequent required (and occasionally troublesome)] use of parenthesis. Who said computers would make life easier?]).

At some time in the near future (after I get what Mr. Science describes as "the coveted Masters Degree"), I plan to comment on all 11 of your gift fanzines, published during the time I was gafiated (an eight year time frame). Undoubtedly, many of those comments will be extremely esoteric and obscure. Stop baiting your breath, Bill, there are enough comment hooks, even for those of us fishing in the tepid pools of blurred memory and distorted interpretations of your editorial work.

But for now, due to time constraints...

Brad Foster is a genius. His work keeps improving. I have not been successful in locating his professionally published work--I'm going to snatch it up when I do.

Tucker's comments about the post office are interesting. My local post office has taken to delivering my weekly periodicals (*Science News*, *Info World*, etc) in groups of four about once a month. Sometimes I get all four weekly issues, sometimes not. Is this happening with other fans? *Info World* has printed notices that they are experiencing difficulties with the PO, but it seems strange that weekly periodicals should be the isolated targets. First Class mail from the midwest usually arrives in 48 hours. What do you suppose would happen if the post office was forced to compete with other carriers (ala AT&T)? I suspect the results would be much more amenable than the result of the AT&T breakup (which screwed everyone).

You should print a warning before every Don D'Amassa letter, stating that his

book collection obeys Mendelian laws, and give a reader a scaling factor. If Don says 20,000 sf titles, it's certainly up to 30-40,000 by now. You don't want to make *Out-worlds* seem like it caters to only obsolete information do you?

I've always enjoyed Doc Lowndes' writing--encourage him in every way you know how (short of selling Glicksohn at auction at Wimpcon) to continue. Those of us who are too young by a long shot (nudge, nudge) to remember the pulp eras will be grateful.

I'm convinced there's a conspiracy to Tuckerize David Brin whenever possible. Kim Stanley Robinson's "Dr. Brinston" (ICEHENGE--a book you should read, Bill) is a hilarious example--I don't know if Robinson knows Brin but since they were both at UCSD I suspect so, and used the Tuckerization deliberately (but whether maliciously or jestingly is unclear). The Rotsler illo on p. 1480, with the caption "Brinfiddle" is another example. I like Brin's writing, even though he doesn't believe me--a review I wrote of SUNDIVER was severely edited by the UCSD school newspaper before publication--his response amounts to the only time I've ever been confronted by a defensive author while trying to conduct business with a urinal. This resulted in my normal "stage fright" performing at near academy-award winning levels.

Taking a clue from Larry Downes, I'm going to say Stop.

(postmarked 4/8/85)

...speaking of urinals, as I've been waiting for someone to do for quite some time now -- and, hey!, this one's for the guys out there, about a Room Of Our Own -- have you ever been just standing there, knowing that there was a definite reason for standing spread-legged & hanging out...but the train hadn't arrived yet, and wished that there was ... something; anything (even graffiti) on that wall you are so intently staring at (particularly if you're standing there like a damn fool when someone bellies up to the... err...'station' next to yours?) ...know what I mean? I mean, this is something I've thought about for some years...if not constantly (I mean if you're sitting in a stall, there usually IS graffiti in there somewhere) ... but it's not exactly a topic you start a conversation out with: "Say, I was hanging out at the urinal the other day, and I...". I occasionally speculated on writing a letter to the *Enquirer* (Cincinnati Style), but mostly I just thought about murals, built-into-the-wall aquariums...and fantasized about the commercialization of holographs. Believe me, I've researched the topic at every stop over the years--occasionally so intrigued that I had to go back the same well several times during some heavy partying--and I sadly came to the conclusion that I Was Alone...that perhaps I was approaching the topic from an unique perspective. So I took to looking lower, peering down to Glicksohnian levels. But what I saw down there generally brought my eyes abruptly back to dead-ahead level...and more blank walls. It became so that I sought out the weirdly-painted johns, or ones with flaking walls, just to keep my sanity. (All this probably explains some of the things I've written in fanzines, over the years; myopia is in the eye of the beholder.)

...came last fall, and dinner one evening at Cincinnati's downtown Victoria Station. I excused myself to have a go...and a cigarette...and I must have stood there a couple of minutes before I realized what was before my eyes. A frame. And behind the glass, stapled to corkboard was...the full first page of that date's Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Sortta. It was the first page of the sports section, and would have been a bit more exciting if Cincinnati had a team...any team...worth writing about, but I guess one takes one's fantasies realized...where one can... ~~\$\$p///~~

I returned to the booth and told my companion, the Sense of Wonder literally dripping from every word, of the revelation I'd just witnessed.

She smiled, and humored me, making sympathetic sounds...but somehow I don't think she could really identify. ...know what I mean?

Oh. Hi there Chris!

(...you just repaid your Corflu room 'rent' by providing me with that leadin...!)

I just read THE PRACTICE EFFECT a week or so back, and enjoyed it enough to go out and buy Brin's two previous novels. And I have ICEHENGE, tho since I acquired it just before Moving Up Here last fall...who knows when I'll locate it!

...I bought IT on the strength of having been very impressed with THE WILD SHORE... and not only because when Thursday at LAcon Two I went looking for her, and they said she'd taken a flight out to Catalina...I said: "Oh...THAT'S where it is!"

...and if I keep that up, someone's going to get the impression that this is a bloody science fiction fanzine, or something, and then we'd all be in trouble!

But, since I'm at the top of a fresh stencil...and on a roll...a Topic I'd really rather not deal with... But.

It seems that after two & a half years...the "new" *Outworlds* is an overnight success.

Not really, but I've been getting all sorts of strange things in the mail. Again. ...as well as a series of various clubzines marked "trade".

This is not a rap; it is simply an explanation.

All of the issues since OW31 have said that this fanzine is available in one of two ways: For Editorial Whim...or for Mere Money.

(There is a third, unlisted category: A few, a very few, get it ~~WHETHER/WHEN/WHERE~~ ~~IF/ØT/ØØ~~ for simply being, or having been, a part of my life. Hmmm...in several cases that also might be construed as 'whim'...but we won't get into that. Yet.)

I've never said that issues are available for published letters of comment...even tho they have been. So far.

And I've never, this time around, said that *Outworlds* is available for "trade".

...even tho, no matter what anyone else says, I'll always consider SFR a fanzine because, for all those years between 1976 and 1983, Dick Geis sent it to me in exchange for an occasional apazine/personalazine. (He and the Coulson's were the only ones not to cut me off; but I presume the latter is because Juanita manages the mailing list--we all know that Buck wouldn't be that generous. Even on a one-issue-a-year schedule.)

Okay, so nothing is concrete: As long as Marty & Robbie, Arthur, Jack, Ted, Suzle & Jerry, Robert & et al, Doug...and sveral others send me theirs...I'll show 'em mine. And I think it's really neat that Don, Bruce, and one or two others, are Back.

This:

I've had the big circulation, the accolades, and the headaches...

This time around I'm doing it for me...

...and for the neat people who draw and write for me...and to me...

There's no preset maximum circulation for *Outworlds* (1980s Style)...but neither is there a minimum floor. ...and no matter how I word it...it's going to come out harsher than I intend it:

Right after women, electronic toys, and Bacardi Amber...I think that fanzines are the neatest thing around. However, the way my life goes, I'm always getting more input than I'm capable of assimilating. And so choices have to be made...

Look at your mailing label. If there's noted "sample" or "samp." or "NoT"...it means, "Hey, thanks for sending me what you do...but it just didn't grab me."

No value judgement; just a matter of priorities.

...and if there's an "X" on YOUR label, it simply means that I'm having difficulty remembering why I've been sending you my lifework...and perhaps you might remind me what that is...

...particularly if you're at all curious to see if both of the mystery women DO show up in Austin.

...or are waiting, with me, to see if Tucker, Lowndes, Locke and a cover from that Jack Herman approved Texas artist do show up in time for OW46...

In the meantime, let's see if we can work in another letter in between all the italics....:

BUCK COULSON I'm feeling generally miserable today, and at the moment I'm trying to work up to a good shit. So what do I think of, naturally? No, not *Outworlds* specifically; fanzines in general. And since I owe you a loc, I'll start with you.

While I know George R.R. Martin casually, son Bruce has a rather closer acquaintance. While Martin was beginning his writing career, he eked out his royalties by directing chess tournaments; this at a time when Bruce was a fanatic chess player. A good many years back; Martin has gone on to his awards, and Bruce has gone on to directing D&D tournaments. Anyway, at some tournament or other we dropped Bruce off, as was our habit, and came back that evening to pick him up. He wasn't happy. "I'm

dead," he announced as soon as I saw him. "I'd just got in the door when the tournament director came over and asked if I was any relation to Buck Coulson, and talked a bit. I knew I was dead then; not only was every other player in the place out to get me because I knew the director, but the director was going to lean over backward to avoid playing favorites." I sympathised, told him it was the price of having a famous father, and talked to Martin a bit about that sci-fi stuff. Bruce occasionally did quite well in tournaments--that time, he didn't.

But it was a nice speech of Martin's (I assume it was well received) and makes an interesting article. (Bruce eventually discovered that he was never going to become another Bobby Fischer, and took up wargames and role-playing games.)

I have a question for Lowndes that might be of general interest. Among my assorted pulp mags I have 3 issues of *Real Western* magazine, edited by Lowndes, and two of them contained fantasies. They were part of a series, about "Deputy Marshal Winters", and were bylined Lon Williams. In one, the deputy hero runs into Tantalus, and in the other he aids Orpheus. Presumably there were others in the series, but I only buy western pulps if they're very cheap. Anyway, I'd like to know who Lon Williams was... was he real, or a pseudonym for someone else? (Someone like Robert A.W. Lowndes....)

(3/2/85)

Doc....? ¶ Bruce...? Oh, yes, now I remember: HE was the one who made Debbie Stopa seem positively...civilized...at the North Plaza Midwestcon' of the 60's. (*Debbie, at least, has improved considerably since those days!!!*) ¶ So, Buck, you never told us ...was it a GOOD shit, once you got worked up?

...and, since Buck's letter mentions two of the three (the other being Leah's Old Man) I know who utilize two 'middle' initials, a semi-serious stylistic query: Is it *de rigueur* to insert a full space between the two initials? When 'setting' either George's or Doc's name as a byline...at least in the days I used presstype, I attempted to letterspace...but still didn't use a full beat. But when typing the names out, that extra space always seem such a waste... Of course, I've probably used up all those 'spaces' I've 'saved' over the years in this one paragraph, but... I'm particularly interested in Doc's and George's preferences... but Mr. R.H.E. Smith the Twoth may chime in also, if he wishes.

And if any of the three wish to fess up what this multitude of initialise stands for, well, why not...? After all, we found out why England still has the Magna Carta last issue...and I'm going to have to go some to top Walt...

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES ...it was enjoyable reading, all of it, and I think my favorite is Al Sirois' "Cockroach Cluster", with George Martin's GOH comments a close second. Contrary to another of your readers, I don't feel excluded just because an awful lot of what I read in *Outworlds* amounts to references to which I have no referent. It's like listening to an interesting conversation which you can't enter because there's no real opening for you--but you enjoy listening nonetheless. As a result, any LoCs I write are likely to be brief and limited. (3/29/85)

...that's fine--as long as the columns are long and unlimited!

ROGER WADDINGTON Left it a bit late, didn't I? Not only 41 and 42 here before me, but also what must surely become the celebrated 15th Annish; and all for want of a stamp. (No, I'm exaggerating; if unemployment ever leaves me in that state, rest assured I won't give up without telling everyone.) Come to that, I'm writing this on my 39th Annish; though I've yet to produce something like this.

Actually, this might be due to the effect that Eric Lindsay's discovered, in his same plight; that however many hours there are in the day, it's never enough; for work, fanac, or whatever. In fact, if I had the time, I could maybe work out this Law of Nature, fix all the details, and become celebrated as its discoverer, like Parkinson's Law, or the Peter Principle; even Murphy's Law. As it is, I'm a helpless victim of its effects. (Dashing my own hopes, it might actually be a corollary of Parkinson's Law,

already documented; for if the work expands to fill the time available, then surely as work contracts, time also contracts.)

Certainly, unemployment isn't all it's cracked up to be! I don't mind admitting, mine came as a shock; but the one advantage I could hold on to, the one silver lining in the host of black clouds, was the time now stretching before me; time for all the books, the fanzines, the scintillating letters bursting from my typewriter; so what happens? This is what happens: books in abundance, still waiting to be read; fanzines also (you're not the only one to suffer, but I don't want to name names [that British reserve]); and still each morning I can get up with the optimistic thought, what shall I do today? If only I could do half of it.

In short, employment doesn't only bring a full pay packet, but all the experiences, all the incidents, that not even a 24 hour day can make up for. In work, I'd have the opportunity of meeting new people, new situations, adding to my life; out of it, I'm just going round in circles, to the point where all my preoccupations are the same, as this letter might prove. It might be a proud and lonely thing to be a fan; but when you're stuck with the lonely part, there isn't much pride!

Well, with Eric Mayer giving the game away, I'll have to admit to sending that packet of seeds (what packet of seeds?), and thus probably decimating the American floral industry with Ghu knows what rare disease; and not even dumping it in the harbour, like the Boston Tea Party, will save it. (Maybe why America never got the taste for tea; you're supposed to take it with hot water, not cold.) Though like Eric, I sent mine in blissful ignorance; it wasn't until afterwards that I had misgivings, enough to look the particular section up in the PO Guide, and find it was bound about with bureaucracy, not to mention Customs regulations. It doesn't help that I've since compounded the felony by sending another packet, in just the same way. (You can put the handcuffs on my now, officer.)

I can't see it working for a packet of tobacco, though; indeed, as Mike Glicksohn's found out, sending in all innocence doesn't help. I suppose, if any book-loving sf fan could do such a deed, you could hollow out the inside of a book, and send it surface rate; though by the time it arrived, the tobacco would have permeated every surface with its aroma, and there's nothing so certain that it would be discovered. Actually, the plant itself has long been grown in English cottage gardens (species *Nicotiana*); so you could maybe send the seeds of the American variety. Mind you, even though pipe smokers are supposed to be the most equable and easy-going of men, I can well imagine Bob Shaw banging his head on the floor in sheer frustration if he has to grow the plant from seed, and then dry the leaves to smoke the tobacco that he puts in his pipe... What we need is a matter transmitter.

Ah, it isn't just jealousy that I'm feeling so much, at the mention of Don D'Amassa's other collection; more a feeling of increasing panic... In fact, so much so that my thoughts are becoming increasingly heretical; not why do we buy all these books, but what's our purpose in keeping them? Of course it means a lot to the publishers, authors, and those authors yet to come, among us, that we should buy, and keep on buying; but the shelves we have to build for them afterwards, the room they take up (if not rooms); and all for what? Must admit, my dreams are increasingly of a little one-bookcase library with all those old favourites I could read over and over again, with the once-read, once-forgotten banished into outer darkness or the local charity shop,, whichever is the nearer. Oh, I know the feeling of standing before some majestic pile, whether it be a Pyramid, a stately home or a wallfull of books, and thinking that's all mine, some way of marking our presence on this earth before we're gone beyond memory; but is such an accumulation the only way?

Judging from that first issue of OW, a fanzine could well be the answer. 'What Has Gone Before' (with deference to the current writers) is just as entertaining now, as it was then; it not only holds the memory of its editor, but the host of other fans that made up its pages, bringing back memories, friends, happenings; in short, with meaning for all, rather than one particular person; and who could ask for a better memorial?

(5/6/85)

"...an ego-trip, a crying-towel, a testament of joys, an excuse/or a reason for doing/not doing certain things... You know, it's just another damn fanzine.

"But it's my damn fanzine!"

---Xenolith #1 - 10/17/77

DEBBIE NOTKIN Bet you didn't believe me when I said I'd send you my unfinished LoC on the *Outworlds* you'd sent me, but here it is. ((P. 1517)) (Boy, was I ashamed when I saw the date on it! How time flies when you're doing other things! So I re-read it, added one phrase, and am sending it off unfinished. Please pass it along to Dave, if you would, even though I never did get to the point of tying my comments back to his letter--I was going to, honest.)

I wonder if Al Sirois saw the article in a recent *NY Times* about how cockroaches in the Halls of Congress are proving to be more pesticide-resistant than cockroaches anywhere else. Must be the toxins the lawmakers give out.

Post office horror stories never get boring, but I must say that Tucker's "Are you the party that received the Christmas card?" is near the top of my list. My, he must have caused a lot of trouble to be remembered so clearly. And he seems so mild-mannered. Also, the advice to Ben on the Wimpy Zone remark is purest gold--and like all great advice will probably remain untaken.

Limmericks should scan (and preferably they should rhyme, too).

I don't know if Lowndes "fits" or not--just that I liked his piece and would enjoy more. I notice that he makes little or no comment as to how sf has "evolved" in terms of things like style and characterization--I for one would be curious to know how much those things make a difference to him, within his parameters of plausible extrapolation and escape.

If science is what keeps people from lying to each other, it isn't working real well. I am reminded of Marcel Duchamp's "Time is what keeps everything from happening at once", and someone's plaintive comment that if so, it wasn't doing it well enough.

Other than that, much enjoyed the issue. Letter column conversations require more than one consecutive issue to get into. Brad Foster's OWphabet ain't bad at all, but I'm still loyal to Ole Kvern's dogs (which I own, but which were also a cover on *Main-Stream*, I believe). Lots of other great art (the Jim Shull LoC, the Rotsler on 1480, and especially Edd Vick's recursive humor on 1500, which if I were you, I might have put on another page just to confuse people). (2/17/85)

...but Debbie, I never do anything deliberately designed to confuse people. NEVER.

...well, then again....

HARRY WARNER, JR. Peripianone-B will probably become a favorite weapon for black-mailers, bigshots in the protection racket, and similar unsavory characters. A tiny quantity would be enough to destroy the reputation of the most elegant hotel in a big city, to cause health authorities to close down a fancy expensive restaurant, to cause tumult in the newsroom of a national television network.

I enjoyed George R.R. Martin's talk text, although it made me unhappy to learn that scruffy comics fanzines are no longer published. I never received that many of them but they were genuine fanzines. What are called fanzines now in the comics field seem to be limited circulation professional publications and it makes me nervous to think about this situation at a time when scruffy fanzines in our fandom are becoming scarce and very few young fans are publishing any kind of generally available fanzines at all.

Despite what Bob Tucker says about the postal service's slowness, evidence continues to mount that it is experimenting with time travel to speed the mails. A couple of locs mentioned those anachronistic mail early postmarks. Just the other day I received my telephone bill for next month. It shows how many telephone calls I will make during the month that ends in mid-March (I have my telephone service billed on a per-call basis) and charges me for a month's service on the basis of them.

I seem to buy new books at full price at the rate of only about one per year. I've already settled on THE GERNSBACK ERA IN SCIENCE FICTION as my ration for this year or next or whenever it is published. I loved its author's reminiscences on the early prozines in this *Outworlds*. Doc Lowndes' column seemed particularly significant because just a short time after I received this *Outworlds*, I received a clubzine, in the

clubzine were minutes of the group's recent meetings, at one of those meetings someone had displayed the current issue of *Analog* to the membership, and this was the first time in two or three months that I'd seen any mention in a fanzine of a current or recent prozine issue. It's hard to believe how reading preferences have changed in fandom. I could find parallels in my own experiences to most of the excitements inspired by the prozines that Doc mentioned. But we differed in one way. He mentions linking mundane events with the issues of prozines that were on sale at the time. I couldn't do that. The release of a new prozine issue caused me to blot out everything in the mundane world for days while I read and re-read and pondered on the newest science fiction stories. I didn't know any mundane events were happening while a new prozine issue was on hand.

I noticed something unexpected about Chris Sherman's paean of praise for computers-as-fanzine-generators. His three pages, theoretically made possible by the special capabilities of a computer, read exactly like a one-shot published at an old-fashioned typewriter in an impromptu session by a small group of fans in the old days when nobody ever heard of computers.

It's nice that Dave Locke revived the old new year's resolutions tradition. That habit seems to be growing extinct.

The Benford-Coleman discussion was interesting. I can think of one science fiction play which they overlooked: Thornton Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. It's sort of new wave science fiction, to be sure, but it involves the future and apparent time travel and socially significant themes and it's very funny as a bonus. There was a live performance of it on network television two or three years back which I videotaped, and I even have a few minutes of one scene as recorded by the original Broadway cast on an lp.

The reprints from *Outworlds'* first issue provide a good timebinding element to this festive occasion. I suppose I would have been even more impressed by this idea if the latest SAPS mailing hadn't contained something even more startling. It was the 150th SAPS mailing and for that occasion, one of the charter members, Walter Coslet, sent along enough copies of his first SAPSzine published back in 1947 to go into the mailing. He had run off a lot of extra copies of that first issue and had saved them for nearly four decades. If he did it in the thought that half a lifetime later he could use them in this manner, he was a lot more optimistic about SAPS's probable longevity than anyone else would have been when the organization was young.

The OWphabet is a brilliant concept, carried out with genius. I wonder if Brad Foster couldn't utilize these drawings for personalized letterheads, consisting of the individual's initials reproduced in this manner at the top of the paper. The covers are beautiful, too, in addition to being symbolic: one by the great fan artist of the past thirty years or more, the other by what I hope will turn out to be the great fan artist of the next thirty years or more. (2/23/85)

Hey, Brad! You listenin'...? (And, just yesterday, I received Brad's cover for OW46 ...and since I'd already planned on using an ATom bacover... But I have to get this one done & out before any of us see that one!) ¶ The first issue of a prozine I ever saw was the February 1960 issue of F&SF. I saw it in the mail: I was a junior in high school, and had scraped together enough lunch money/allowance to sub through a school program. I probably had it virtually memorized at one time, but now all I can recall is that it had a Ward Moore novelet and an EMSH cover. Although I'm missing a few scattered issues from the past two or three years, I eventually accumulated a complete run...ironically, the second issue was much harder to find than the first. ¶ Still, I don't think it is entirely nostalgia that, would I ever again attempt to write-fiction-for-profit, I'd send it first to F&SF. After all, I did get an "almost...but not quite" rejection slip from Ed Ferman in 1966 or 7. (That was before I "sold" a story to a David Gerrold anthology in late 1968, but since I never got it revised in time--I was too busy womanizing over the holidays...even at that "tender" age--my pro "career" is speeding along at roughly the same pace Dan Steffan is taking returning my ATom ANTHOLOGY...) ¶ The second place I'd send a story would be to whatever Terry Carr is editing at the time. That way, he'd have to write me back...eventually... ¶ 150, eh?

JEANNE BOWMAN About the movie lists--what I want to know is do you like, do anything while you watch them? Linda Blanchard says she collates fanzines while viewing. Do you? I wish I had kept score of the movies I saw over the last couple of months--I have a tape of *Star Wars* that's beginning to blur in the credits--but most of them were put on (& chosen) for my children's amusement. But *Star Wars* didn't show any dozen times & I wonder if you sat still for the entirety of each *Rocky Horror Picture Show*? Did you dance?

So, no, I don't feel superior. And I would ask more about the 'porn' titles but I would embarrass myself and I don't need to know... But I could never watch the stuff without becoming um er Blush puriently interested & unlikely to sit still. So why do you not see any title repeatedly? Which would you recommend?

I liked Steve Leigh's bit & the photo with it. I will now ~~hope~~ regale you with more language is fun adventures from the land of the underage. We, that's the familial inclusive we, have friends who moved to Eureka. Last weekend we drove there. Jesse says "When are we gonna be in Myreka." Groan. We laughed when he got tired of Jaime laughing every time he said "Myreka" and said "Eureka, Myreka, Jessereka." Ha Ha Ha. I hope you get lots of stories like that.

In fact, I may see to it that you do.

I think the Doc Lowndes column fits in--why wouldn't it? The bit about visiting the museum & tracking life events with magazine publishing--this I found refreshing. The things that a live fire interest will do to you then & now. Like how I recall the big drought in California not by the hot & rainless weather & the rest of noise about it. But because that was the year of the greatest numbers of swarms out of my bee yard. They nearly all swarmed.

Gene Wolfe's quote of Ruth P. Thompson is a damn good description of mother burnout.

(2/20/85)

It's been a slow year in the movie list biz: last year, between 1 Jan. & June 30, there were 112 titles on the 'list'. This year's edition says that on 6/22 I saw *Julia* (the 1976, Sylvia Kristel version; not the remake). It weighed in at #67. (I have at least that many on tape, waiting to be watched/erased...R.S.N.) Barging forth into the second half of 1985, it seems that between 7/1 & 7/7 I watched/viewed: *Purple Rain*; *Sorcerer*; *The Omega Man* (for the second time; saw it when it came out in, what, 1970?); *Galaxina* (...not crudely, but aesthetically, I'll take Hemingway...with implants--the one Bloom County I'm missing--and all); *Back To The Future*; *Entre Nous*... In the 10 days since, not an entry, and with this/Spacecon to "do" while working a 6-to-6 schedule...well, it looks bad for the good guys, but I'll try to add some goodies between now and the time the next installment is published in OW49. ¶ I first saw *Rocky Horror* here in Cinti... in early 1977: before I moved here, but when I was commuting 250 miles (one way) virtually every weekend. I was younger then, and as I and the prints disintegrated, I saw it a total of 13 times over the following two years. (The crowds got to be too much even for me.) The last two times I've seen it were on videotape; I won't make any rash statements as to what I'd give...but I'd be much appreciative of someday obtaining a time-delay (Beta) copy of my very own. I know you are going to find this hard to believe, Jeanne, since you've only recently met the latter-day, sophisticated Bill Bowers...but in the '77/78 period, Brian Earl Brown expressed some astonishment that "Bill Bowers (is) running around the Midwest with a complete (8-track) soundtrack of *Rocky Horror*..." ¶ It was about that time that I made a foolish statement. In the interim, and having seen a fair amount of the total catalog of skiffy films, I began to wonder whether the original riff had any validity. But the older I get, and the more I see, the more I become convinced that, indeed, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* is arguably the "best" science fiction film ever made. ¶ I'm sorry, Jeanne, but I don't dance. Well, at one of the wedding cons earlier this spring, but that was with a cousin of the bride and at her insistence. The first couple of times. The last time before then that I danced was at the con (long ago & far away) that I'd met the bride. But the dance was not: with her. (And if you don't understand any of this...you can ask my Good Friend Patty Peters --who can't afford to come see me.) ¶ ...but once you've seen a porn film, you have only to watch the Good Parts thereafter; VCR indexing, don't you know? ¶ ...too bad you have sons, Jeanne. I guess this means I'll have to chase you...! Thanks for writing...

19 July 1985 - 07:30

...and SPACECON Seven starts for everyone else in mere hours. And even apart from the efforts it takes to get ready for even a mini-relaxacon (at least the terribly efficient way *I* do things) -- it has been a week!

Monday started with my first "review" on my new job--far and away the "best" review I've received for any job I've ever had. Quite flattering; I mean I *knew* I was doing a good job, but it's nice to hear it from someone else (particularly since it came not from the manager who'd hired me--*he* too had been promoted--but from one who had inherited me). ...and I've spent the last four basically 6-to-6 workdays proving just why I got the good marks: by being a total pain to everyone, including my manager. I suppose it's self-defeating--my concept of my "assignment" is that, if I get it done right, I will literally work myself out of a job. But I don't feel particularly threatened.

...yes, they went and gave me yet *another* computer-generated job to check...and the greening of the CAD/CAM group will resume early Monday morning.

In the meantime I have yet to pack...and these two pages to create, before going crosstown to pick up Jackie/run off four remaining pages...and still hopefully get up to Wapakoneta by early afternoon.

...well, I *did* manage to get an issue "out" before The Very Last Minute for Midwestcon...so I now know it can be done... Stay tuned.

I have scattered post-it notes capable of generating another dozen pages--and I was really going to wow you with my zippy wordplay this time... Ah, well.

"The Wednesday immediately following ConFusion I left for California.

"...and Corflu 2.

"...but more on that after a bit." (p.1516; 10 June 85)

The 'bit' is up, and the "more" will be less than intended, but I did want to thank Patty & Gary for putting me up pre- and post-con...and Bill Breiding for letting me take a previously untouched area of his fannish virginity.

...and if northern California wasn't so far from the rest of the world, I'd be tempted to move there.

Corflu, too, was fun. Lots of familiar faces; some new ~~mostly female~~.

Terry Carr was there.

"When Bill gave me the *Outworlds* he fixed me with an intent gaze and said, "Now Terry, don't lose this. I'm going to watch you, and if you leave the room without it, I won't send you another one, so be very careful." He was chiding me because he'd given me an earlier issue at the worldcon and I'd left it in the SFWA suite so I'd written to him asking for another copy. He'd sent it, but he wanted to make it clear that he wouldn't waste copies on me forever. ...The party lasted till all hours--well, till dawn--and despite partaking of a specific for short-term memory several times, I managed to remember to take the *Outworlds* back to my room when I left." (Diaspar #23)

...mainly because, by then, I had *everyone* at the con continually asking: "Where is your *Outworlds*, Terry?"

...and somewhere over the course of the con--for reasons now-not-remembered (but I'm sure whatever I said was witty, at the time)--Terry Carr gave me the finger.

I hope it was as good for you, Terry, as it was for me..

...and when Patty was driving me to the airport the following Wednesday morning I asked when she was coming Back East to see me.

"Probably not for a couple of years," she said. "Gary's still in school, you know...and we just bought the house, and..."

6 February, 1985.

28 June 1985. Friday afternoon at Midwestcon, I was sitting with a small group at a poolside table, when Brian Earl Brown said, "Who's that?"

I looked up at the balcony where he was pointing, and saw three people entering a room. "This is ridiculous," I said to myself. "Brian knows who Steve Leigh is."

About that time, Brian recognized Gary-without-a-beard...and I spotted someone



obviously trying to hide between Steve and Gary.

"Oh, shit!"

I say that a lot, but I'm really glad you surprised me, Patty.

In April, I went to--was in it (and was in a tux for the second time in my life) ...Leah & Dick's wedding.

Two weeks later, I drove to Chicago for Michelle & John's wedding.

The weekend in between I helped Marla move.

Memories.

Three of the perhaps dozen most influential people in my life.

(And Dick and John aren't that bad...for guys.)

God, I'm getting old enough to be nostalgic...and my birthday isn't til tomorrow.

And...somewhere in between the weddings, the work, and my continual tilting at the known universe...for the first time in a fair number of years, I became 'free' of any active involvements more...err...'complex' than friendship. Some of those friendships run very deep indeed...and it was with some difficulty that I resisted subtitled this "Xenolith Revisited" -- but you know what I mean. Sure you do.

One never knows quite how to 'announce' these things...I suppose that if OW had a "Classified" section I could run a Personal Ad...so I didn't.

...and no, I don't know why, shortly thereafter...within the space of a week I received unexpected phone calls from three-out-of-my-past (two of whom I haven't seen for years), as well as running into a fourth in a store I normally don't frequent. My life goes like that...and I've given up worrying about it...

But when a relatively slight acquaintance came up to me at Midwestcon and asked just exactly *when* I was getting married, I decided that the normally terribly fannish grapevine had glitched this time around.

And so, mainly for the benefit of local readers & those who keep track of such things: Even tho ----- and I still Go Out (to movies & Fancy Dinners), we are no longer Going Together.

...and again, even if I mentioned it, the name wouldn't mean anything to 95% of you since...although she did publish a fanzine once (before Roger Reynolds could spell the word)...she hasn't been to anything other than an occasional Midwestcon in 6 or 7 years.

But before that, she had a pronounced effect on the return zip code of my fanzines of the last eight years.

Anything that is worth persuing/doing once...is worth persuing/doing a second time. Going for a third time...and risking a friendship...isn't in the cards.

In the now I have no strings... And yet, I have had none other than those I imposed myself, for the past 2½ years. But it is always that way.

Oh, I have my priority...and my flirtations... Life remains ever interesting.

...and before I fall off the bottom of the page, I should remind you that this is indeed **OUTWORLDS 45** coming to you from the nimble typing finger of **BILL BOWERS** (2468 Harrison, Cincinnati OH 45211)...that it is available for \$1 or by Editorial Whim--that the Cover is by **ATOM**, the "Dialog" heading by **Jackie Causgrove**, and **Brad Foster** is up in the corner.

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It is The Season: Buck Coulson had a heart attack just before Midwestcon, but is home now. "I guess this will prove I DO have a heart" he is quoted as saying. And Joe & Jack Haldeman's father died two days ago. # On a slightly more upbeat note: A COA for Our Ace Columnist: **BOB TUCKER**, 2516-H East Washington, Bloomington IL 61701. # 10:10 & counting. I'm on the way, Jackie...