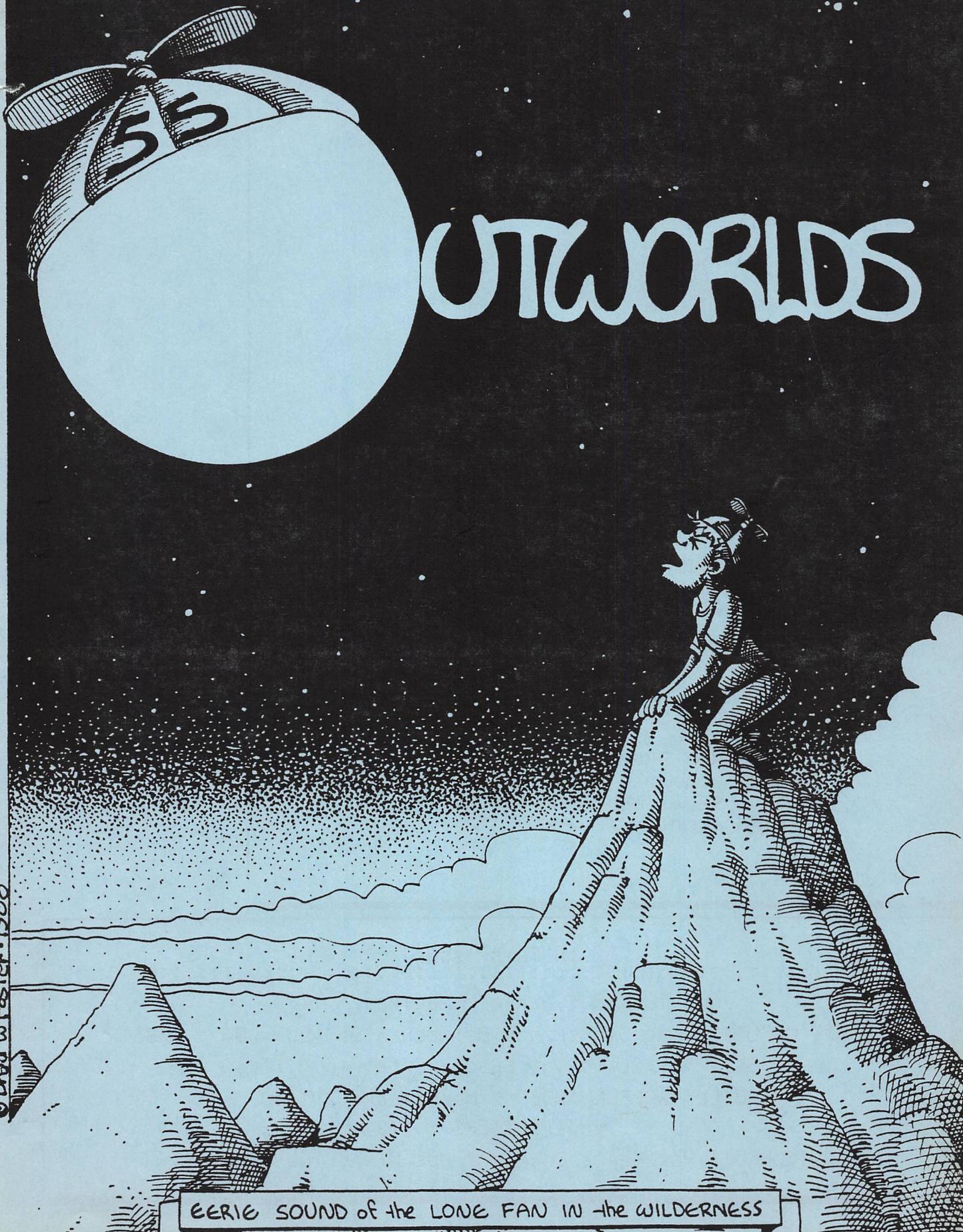


OUTWORLDS

© Brad W. Foster • 1988

EERIE SOUND of the LOVE FAN IN the WILDERNESS





• ERNEST P. LOCKJAW •

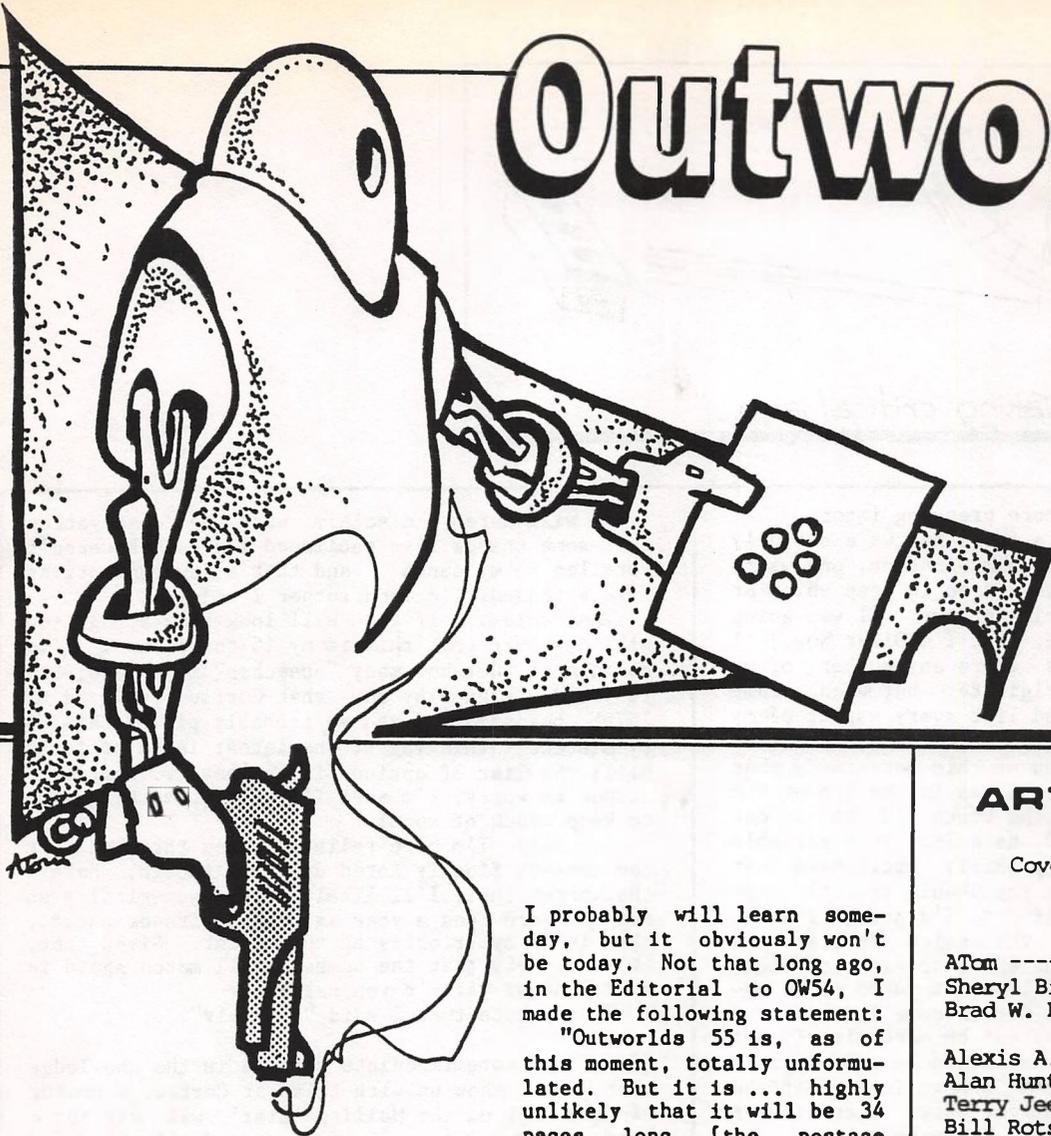
1887. LONDON, ENGLAND. AT OR NEAR 8:43 am,
SEMI-LITERATE SCIENTIST ERNEST P. LOCKJAW, AFTER
DEVOTING NEARLY HIS ENTIRE LIFE TO HIS QUEST,
FINALLY SUCCEEDED IN DISCOVERING HOW TO HARNESS
the MOSTLY-NEGOTIABLE POWERS of STATIC ELECTRICITY.
HOWEVER, DUE IN PART TO MR. LOCKJAW'S ALMOST
PRETERNATURAL LACK of KNOWLEDGE of PROMOTION,
BUT MAINLY TO the CLEARLY OBVIOUS USELESSNESS of
HIS INVENTION, the SCIENTIFIC ESTABLISHMENT of
the 19th CENTURY SHOWED LITTLE INTEREST. AND
A RECENTLY CONDUCTED POLL of TODAY'S SCIENTIFIC
COMMUNITY SHOWS THAT THERE IS STILL NOT
MUCH EXCITEMENT ABOUT IT.

IN THIS ISSUE

-
- BOB TUCKER * BEARD MUMBLINGS * 1783
 - JODIE OFFUTT * THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BS AND A BA * 1785
 - SKEL * I SLING THE BLOODY ELECTRIC * 1786
 - BILLY WOLFENBARGER * MOONDREAMS * 1790
 - ...YOUR LETTERS * 1791
 - OUTWORLDS' PUZZLER'S CORNER * JOE MARAGLINO & FRIEND

Outworlds

55



ART WORLDS

Cover: BRAD W. FOSTER
 Bacover: TARAL

ATom ----- 1781
 Sheryl Birkhead ----- 1805
 Brad W. Foster ----- 1780; 1782;
 1783; 1786; 1792; 1793
 Alexis A. Gilliland - 1785; 1806
 Alan Hunter ----- 1799 [2]
 Terry Jeeves ----- 1789; 1798
 Bill Rotsler - 1791[logo]; 1794;
 1796; 1797; 1802; 1804; 1809
 Steve Stiles ----- 1791



OUTWORLDS is available by
 Editorial Whim; or:
 \$2.50 ea.; 5 issues for \$10.00

Copyright © 1988, by Bill Bowers
 for the Contributors.

This is My Publication #157
 Dated: 3/25/88



Edited & Published by:

bill
 bowers

1874 Sunset Avenue, Apt. 56
 Cincinnati OH 45238-3142
 ((513) 251-6870)

I probably will learn someday, but it obviously won't be today. Not that long ago, in the Editorial to OW54, I made the following statement: "Outworlds 55 is, as of this moment, totally unformulated. But it is ... highly unlikely that it will be 34 pages long [the postage factor]..."

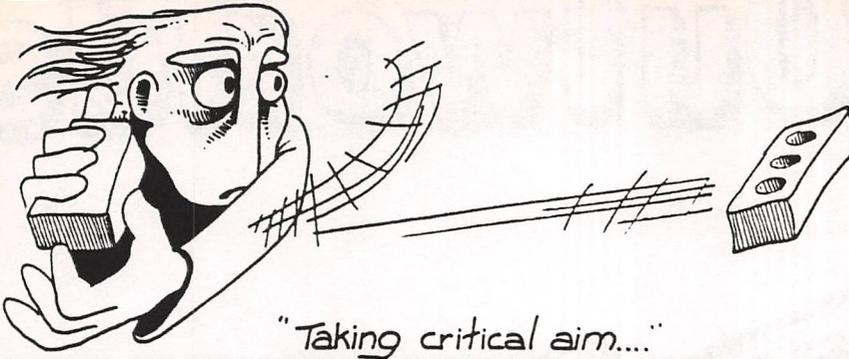
No, don't bother counting: it is, indeed 34 pages, though that was strictly accidental: I had the material I wanted to include and just kept on typing away until it came time to do the pasteup, and that's what it totalled out to. I thought momentarily about doing either some intensive cutting, or, perhaps, "tightening" the format -- but in the end decided in favor of the time-honed Tradition of Bowers Editorial Policymaking, which can best be summed up as: "The hell with it; it must be Fate...!"

Ah well, at least I had the foresight to add the following to that long ago OW54 paragraph: "Note that I said 'unlikely'..." (Perhaps I am learning, after all.)

In the end "the postage factor" has been a determining factor; even if it wasn't successful in limiting the size of this issue, at least the impending rate increase has served to accelerate the publication schedule. This was intended to serve as the annual Corflu Issue, and I'll still take along copies for those regulars I'm certain will be there, but the bulk will be mailed out close to a month before the convention. Thus do the machinations of an Editorial Mind that will not cut costs by cutting the page count...attempt to justify the fact that, since the silly thing is almost done the third week in March ... why wait to get a return on egoboo until a convention the end of April. I knew you'd understand.

This issue is a total Indulgence. Not that most of my fanac isn't, but without a job, and given my continued intention to mail copies first class (and my newly formulated plan to [beginning next issue] mail overseas copies airmail to anyone represented in a given issue -- by art, article, or [LoC]), I suppose that this time is even more Fiscally Unresponsible than normal. But I've had fun with this issue... and 54; I guess I could really get into this 'full-time' faned bit... but in the end, I'll shape up, and find something to pay the bills.

©brad w foster 1983



"Taking critical aim..."

But first, something of more pressing import.

Most of you are aware that, had we a strictly "alpha" system of written communication, one without the "-numeric" suffix--I'd be in deep shit, at least as far as my fanwriting goes. [I was going to get really cute there, but I'm Older Now.] I know with some certainty where any number of my foibles and prejudices originate, but whence came this need to enumerate and list every aspect of my life -- well, that remains a mystery to me still.

The first manifestation of this perversity that I can recall occurred when I was in the 5th or 6th grade and kept a list of the books I'd read in one year. Something over 500, as a less than reliable memory now reads out. I probably still have that list in a box somewhere; you should probably hope I never find it because if I do I'd print it here.

Whatever the reason, the desire to list and codify is still there, and shows no signs of abating...but as long as you'll permit me to amuse myself, I'll try to keep it within some limits...

What follows would perhaps be more clearly put forth as a diagram, but that would be too easy. As it is, I'm not certain that I have it so that the sum equals the totality of the parts ...and I have all the reference material! Nevertheless:

There's a Reason to tie this issue to Corflu 5.

In *Outworlds* 48.5, which was subtitled 'My Publication #147' but was not in that it appeared as an insert in *Outworlds* 49 [4/2/87] (which was My Publication #149) ...and was in reality simply the transcript of a speech I had delivered at *Contradiction* 6 [10/86], my 150th sf con, I went back further in my fannish antecedents to open with a gambit first presented in an issue of *Graymalkin* [early 1980] that had appeared just before my 86th con and just after I'd published my 106th fanzine --before (with a sidetrip to *LAcon II*) arriving at the *Atlanta Worldcon* (my 149th) some eight months after having published my 145th fanzine...

Are you with me so far? I knew you would be.

The "gambit" was (at the time I was doing much speechifying) speculating (at a far future date) on the possibility of the following scenario:

"...while I am handing out my 150th fanzine, at my 150th convention, it will include a transcript of the 'Speech' that I will deliver at that convention.

"My 150th."

Since all of this took place in *Speech* #11, in reality "Not A Speech", I knew the equation unsolvable. ...matching the other two...the fanzine publication number with the number of conventions attended? That seemed almost inevitable. And it came close a couple of times, but (despite having misspoken myself in an apazine) it never jelled.

I will hereby disclaim with the observation that some things I've published I'd rather weren't totalled to my canon ...and that a few conventions I've attended, I'd much rather I hadn't....

That said ... if you will look back a page you will discover that this is my 157th fanzine. I've no idea of just how many "speeches" I've made; but if you don't know by now that *Corflu 5* will be my 157th convention ...you've probably picked this up by mistake, thinking it the latest issue of (*easy Bill*; the list of options is endless) ...Whatever!

Not to worry; I'm sure I'll find something else to keep track of soon!

Actually I'm more relieved than thrilled that the numbers finally toted up. And though, have I the wherewithal, I'll likely attend numerically as many or more cons a year as fanzine issues pubbed, that isn't my priority at the moment. Given that, it's unlikely that the numbers will match again in this Fandom. Aren't you relieved?

Errr. Note that I said "unlikely"....

Of perhaps more immediate concern is the knowledge that when I show up with this at *Corflu*, a number of fans not on the Mailing 'List' will ask for a copy. This is nice, flattering, and all that--and I really do hate saying no...but I've learned how.

It has not escaped my notice that, in the past year, I've not received a single fanzine from anyone who to my knowledge, has expressed a desire to host the next two *Corflus*: *The Convention For Fanzine Fans*. It is with certitude that I state, from experience, that 'spec' copies handed out at past *Corflu*'s have generated less response than the same number of spec copies given out at a typical *Midwestern* con. I wish I knew why this was.

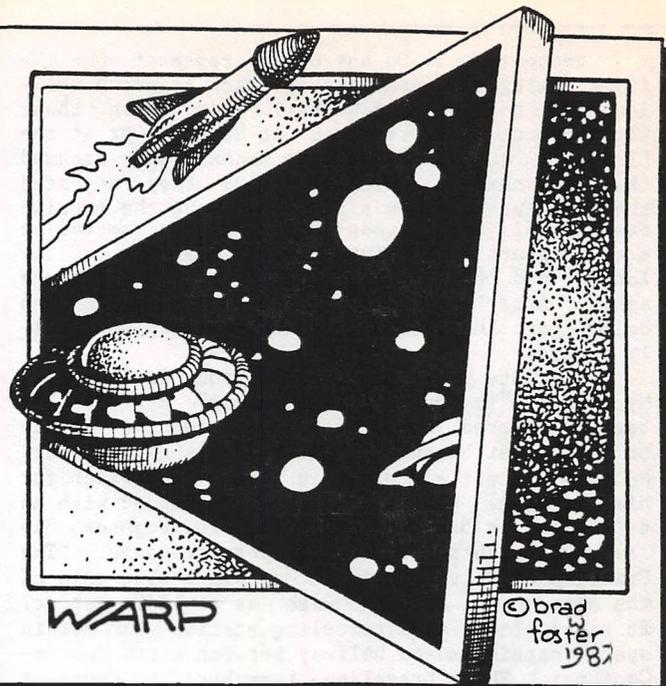
I've enjoyed the hell out of *Corflu* so far; by my choice this year, I've given up any hope of the *Worldcon* so that I can make *Corflu* and *Ditto*. I'll do my best to attend future editions wherever they are held, as long as I continue to enjoy the fans and the convention. But I cannot see where *Corflu* has had any lasting effect on fanpublishing, from my perspective. The Magic just doesn't translate.

I'm mean: I won't "give away" my fanzine to all who ask, even if I could afford to do so. But I've set no cap on the print run, and I have no problem with taking money. So, if at *Corflu* I do give you a copy of this, it will be with a sense of pride in what I do, and it will be given because I think you a neat person...someone who does neat things. And, if you like what I do, that is what it's all about. But you'll still have to Do Something -- if you want future issues. *Verbal Egoboo* is nice--but fleeting. *LoCs*, *Art*, and *Articles* are Forever!

---Bill Bowers [3/24/88]

Bob Tucker

Beard Mumblings



That bearded and jocular observor of science fiction fandom, Dave Locke, will not be surprised to learn that this month's column is dedicated to Doc Lowndes, the legendary editor of yore. And further, this column contains an explanation and my heartfelt apology to Doc Lowndes for a wrong I did him ever so many years ago. He and his publisher were right and I was wrong, but it took me 35 years to realize that. I am covered with rue.

It all turned on the old phrase "copping the cover".

The newszines and the fanzines of yesteryear, 1930 thru 1950, published a lot of news and speculation and gossip about the glorious old pulp magazines: the magazines themselves, their writers, their editors, and their illustrators. The real news of that day was not about the fans, the conventions, the scandals, but about the pro writer, editor, and magazine. We thrived on it. Fanzines and newszines rushed into print wanting to be the first to announce the contents of their favorite prozine: what writers were on the contents page, which illustrators limned each story, and who-and-what would be found on the cover. For some reason the cover story and author seemed of paramount importance, and the news always made a point to tell who "copped the cover". Thus, Fantasy Fiction Field (published by Julie Unger) would print a story saying that Nelson S. Bond copped the cover of the April 1943 issue of Astonishing Stories, with his novelette being illustrated by Milton Luross.

[Sidebar: Perhaps, just perhaps, Science Fiction Weekly published by Doc Lowndes from Feb. 18 to May 26, 1940 did the same. Perhaps, just perhaps, he announced that so-and-so writer copped the cover of a 1940 issue of Thrilling Wonder Stories with a cover painting by Howard V. Brown. I have no way of knowing. I don't have a file of that fanzine.]

Thanks to Doc Lowndes one of my short stories copped a cover, the only cover I have ever copped to the best of my knowledge. In 1942, Doc was editing a magazine called FUTURE combined with SCIENCE FICTION. It was a long and unwieldy name to be sure, but it was what remained when two maga-

zines merged into one. In that year Doc bought and published an awesome epic of the spaceways that I called "The Princess of Detroit". (Listen for the laughter of Buck Coulson. In a moment I'll tell you why Buck is laughing.) When the June 1942 issue of Future arrived, there was my story illustrated on the cover by John R. Forte, Jr. The cover pictured our brave hero, together with his faithful sidekick, manipulating levers and controls like crazy in an effort to maneuver their space station out of the path of an onrushing out-of-control spaceship. The cover painting showed a brilliant yellow sky inside the space station. By Hugo, I had copped a cover!

I hope, I truly hope that I didn't write Doc an indignant letter protesting the yellow sky. For several years prior to the publication of that story many fans had written many indignant letters to the editors of all the magazines, protesting the garish yellow, red, purple, and white skies depicted on the covers. We wanted all the skies to be blue, which we assumed was the true color of a sky. Doc, and the other editors, patiently explained the facts of life that existed on the newsstands then and now: bright colors, even garish colors, instantly captured the roving eye of a browser and caused the eye to stop and examine a single magazine. The publisher, who wanted the largest possible circulation, demanded that cover illustrations use very large expanses of red or yellow or white to grab and hold that browsing eye. The result was red and yellow and white skies on a cover illustration. The result was a yellow sky inside and outside my space station, while that out-of-control spaceship zoomed in for a crash landing.

I may have cringed and whimpered but, by damn, I accepted it because Doc had arranged for me to cop my first and only cover. I truly hope I didn't write him a letter of protest.

I received my come-uppance when Vikings 1 and 2 landed on Mars in 1976. The martian sky was the color of an orange milkshake. Doc, please accept my sincere apology. You and your publisher were right, I was wrong. Mars has an orange sky. Other worlds may have skies of other colors. I write no more letters of protest.

The Difference Between a BS and a BA NOT TO MENTION A PHD

by **JODIE OFFUTT**

"SIC SEMPER DEITUS"
THATS WHAT I SHOULD
HAVE SAID...



If you are a regular reader of Outworlds, you probably know that my son Chris is skeptical, suspicious and downright antagonistic toward anything electronic. If Chris is the Mechanical Man, preferring the semblance of personal control one has with stick-shift cars and electric typewriters, then his brother Jeff is, by contrast, Mr. Electronic.

Jeff, a graduate student in computer science at Georgia Tech, sent us a copy of a paper he'd co-written and presented at a symposium (I suppose that's computer talk for con) in St. Paul last summer. At about the same time my Kentucky apa* arrived, containing an abstract from my fellow KAPAN Jim Woosley's thesis for his doctorate in physics. After giving these documents considerable time and attention, I offer the following observations concerning technical papers.

I can read approximately two-thirds of the first sentence with some degree of understanding. At that point my comprehension decreases as the technical language increases. For instance:

Jeff's first sentence: "In this paper, we discuss some of the unique requirements of an interpreter used in a mutation-based testing environment."

Jim's first sentence: "The purpose of this dissertation is to present evidence for a resonance in an analysis of data obtained by Fermi National Accelerator Laboratory experiment E623."

Now I've got a college education (well, nearly...) but even without it, I know what each and every one of those words means. I'm a little vague, though, as to their meanings in relation to each other. Let's take a look at the second sentence of each paper.

Jeff's: "We then describe how these requirements affected the design and implementation of the Fortran 77 version of the Mothra interpreter."

Jim's: "This experiment was performed in the FNAL Multiparticle Spectrometer (MPS) utilizing a 400 GeV/c proton beam on a nuclear target."

Here I'm down to recognizing pronouns, prepositions, and the verb "to be". Each paper goes on to become more interesting to look at than possible to read and understand.

* If you don't know what an apa is, see me later.

Jeff: #IF (M.L.T.N.) MAH = M
BINARRYOP OPPLUS
IDNOCONST SUM

Jim: K*K*K*K*
Oh aj aj ln pp
BR(H --> K*K*π*π*)

Jim couldn't have done his work before the advent of computers because he couldn't have reproduced all these little symbols. (I'd have to search through all my fonts to find them.) Jeff probably would be managing a Long John's restaurant if computers hadn't been invented.

In glancing through these papers I find some provocative and intriguing words and phrases. For example, Jim refers to "transverse momentum", "cross-section" and "ordinary qq and exotic meson". That sounds like something involving Tim Curry. "Observed resonance" came straight out of an Anne McCaffrey novel.

Jeff's terms include "array reference" and "scalar variable". Other words I spot are "rosetta", "kilroy" (there's an academic word for you), "execution loop" (from a sophisticated Western movie), "string processing" (computertalk for what happens to the bad guys in a Western movie), "handling software", "related tools", "current performance" (no comment). "Mutmake" is surely a delicacy one finds at a SCA event — or in a McCaffrey novel.

Throughout Jeff's paper are references to Mothra: Mothra project, Mothra architecture, Mothra system, Mothra interpreter, Mothra this and Mothra that. I'm convinced that Jeff named this project after his mothra just to insure that I'd read the thing because my name is mentioned. Or else he'd recently seen an old Godzilla movie.

Not long ago Jeff spent thirty minutes explaining his doctoral project to me, using the simplest language possible, I'm sure. *Maybe* I could explain it face-to-face, but I sure wouldn't want to try to write it down.

Even though I may fuss about the dullness of some of my philosophy reading, or wonder if all the so-called "classic" writers are really all that great, I'm convinced that the humanities is where I belong. You're not going to catch me taking any classes in the science building.

---Jodie Offutt

I Sling the Bloody Electric



It doesn't really seem all that long ago, the time when people displayed a concern for the natural environment. Mind you, it must have been longer than it seems, because it must have been back in the days when we still had a natural environment. John Brunner wrote a book about it -- you must remember it. 'STAND ON THE SHEEP'S JAGGED ORBIT', I think it was called. It caused quite a stir at the time, though obviously nobody really paid too much attention. Well, sheep don't have jagged orbits any more, and I guess we only have ourselves to blame. There was a tide, and we missed it. It's a pity really, because when environmental consciousness went down the tubes, with it went my best chance of really being somebody, of making it big. One of the buzz-words of the time was bio-degradable. Everything, but everything, ought to be bio-degradable. This was my big chance. I was definitely 'bio', and I was already as degraded as they come, so I figured I'd have a head start in this Brave New World. But alas it was not to be. Circumstances denied me my chance and the tides of fate washed our ecological awareness back out to sea, where it was subjected to mercury poisoning and where it promptly went belly-up. What little survived was sunk by French Secret Service agents in a New Zealand harbour, thus proving that there are stranger things in Heaven and Earth than were contained in the entirety of the Goon Show scripts.

But we blew it. Still, good old British ingenuity is even now trying to save the day for us here on this green and septic isle. We get rid of a large part of our industrial wastes upwards into the atmosphere. Of course what goes up must, of a certainty, come down again. And it does... only not on us. Because of the prevailing winds, it rains its acid little drops on mainland Europe. Perfidious Albion, indeed. Now that really takes

ingenuity, to figure out a way to crap on the world, and make it stick.

However, we British have always been renowned for our inventiveness. Well, renowned amongst ourselves, anyway. It's our Victorian heritage. Our Victorian forebearers were inventing left, right, and centre. If it was there, or rather if it wasn't there, they invented it. And Victorian inventions were things of beauty--all polished brass, painted cast iron, whirring cranks and steam valves hissing. Our current inventions are every bit as beautiful, mainly because they look very much the same, with steam hissing out of the shining brass vents whilst gears grind and cranks crank. Of course it does tend to make our silicon computer chips less efficient than those of every other country, but by golly theirs don't look half as impressive as ours once we've stoked up a good head of steam under the computers! No sirree!

Mind you, when it comes to 'bio-degradable' we fans haven't exactly pulled up any trees have we? Well, yes we have, come to think of it. That's just about all we have done. I wonder how many fanzines, on average, you get out of your basic everyday tree? Hell, I'll bet there's several twigs worth in this very page. Now don't get me wrong -- I'm not against turning trees into paper. Well, for one thing, it makes them a darned sight easier to type on. Easier to read too...and should we ask the postman how he feels about it? I don't think he'd be too pleased having to deliver half a forest every morning. There's not only the problem of carrying the darn stuff around; can you imagine the difficulty involved in getting the average issue of Holier Than Thou (currently equivalent to a six-foot Christmas tree) through your average letter box? No, all round, and taking the rough with the smooth, weighing the pros and cons very carefully, I have to admit that I think paper is a pretty spiffing idea, and one that we should stick with. I think most fans would agree with me on this, and fortunately trees don't have the vote in these great Democracies of ours. Good job too. Doubtless the trees wouldn't see it in quite so favourable a light. Well, can you blame them? How the hell do you think you'd feel if one minute you were a mighty Canadian fir, and the next you were

350 copies of an issue of The Mentor? Fortunately you only get protest marches of trees in Macbeth, so we don't have to worry about some arboreal Popular Front. There will be no cries of 'No Deforestation without Representation!' I don't know if the trees outnumber us people or not, but if they do they haven't yet twigged to it, so we can still stick it to them at every opportunity, and they simply have to take it. Why, being rooted to the spot, they can't even get away, though doubtless they'd as lief do so. We cut them down and they are stumped. Trees are stupid, but they are ecologically sound.

Fans, however, are different. Fans are not ecologically sound.

Let us face the facts squarely. Not that we have much choice in the matter. The only bloke that ever faced facts triangularly was a Greek by the name of Isosceles who, even though both sides were equal, came to the point anyway. It is true that one chap faced the facts octagonally, but afterwards he eight his words. No, we must face the facts, with careful forethought, absolutely squarely.

The simple truth is that the only things we do in fandom that are in any way ecologically sound are:

1. Pub our ish.
2. Write our LoCs and articles.
3. Drink copious amounts of beer.
4. Refrain from killing whales. Well, most of the time anyway. And besides, I don't think we can really count on this last. After all, lots of groups don't kill whales. It isn't as if we have positive reasons for not killing them. I mean, take a typical evening back at the Skelhouse. Our Intrepid Hero has just come home from work:

"Any fannish post today, Dear?"

"No, Dear, just the reminder for the TV licence."

"Oh. Right. Well I'll just go out and kill a whale then."

"Why don't you write that article for Bill instead? After all, it's awfully cold out tonight."

"Er, yeah, that sounds easier. Er, how do you spell 'Bill'?"

No, I really think we're going to have to let this last justification go, which just leaves us with the first three.

Well, all three activities eventually (and not so eventually in respect of the vast amounts of

beer) return raw material back to nature. Yet even in pubbing our ish or writing our LoCs we aren't doing all we could. Let us once more look at a typical case. Yes, it's me again -- let us look at me by way of an example. I know that this will be a popular move, because I know quite a few of you would dearly like to make an example of me. OK then, let's do it.

Here I sit typing out this article. Colour me fannish. Colour me loquacious. Colour me drunk. In fact colour me just about anything, as long as you don't actually colour me. After all, I am not Joseph Nicholas. So 'Hi there!' Here I am typing this article. Yes, me. I am the front end, as it were, and I am very definitely bio-degradable. Hell, I don't like it any more than you do, but there is fuck all I can do about it. That is the way the cookie crumbles. Not just this particular cookie--all cookies. I just have to accept it. I am ecologically sound. I will do my 'ashes-to-ashes-and-dust-to-dust' bit, and the Whole Earth scenario will rub its hands with glee and trot off round for another lap. When it comes to dying we would all like to be Conscientious Objectors, but unfortunately the Universe never seems to be paying attention when we burn our draft cards. So, this chunk of bio-degradable glop currently seated in front of his typewriter will do his ecological duty. You can count on it...unfortunately.

Shooting out of the back of that very same typewriter, at very nearly warp-factor tortoise, is the sheet of paper on which this article is currently being typed. This too shall pass. Even though Bill has accepted and published the article, it is only a stay of execution. Eventually every copy of Outworlds will find its way back into the ecosystem. So OK, that just about takes care of what sits in front of the keyboard, and of what comes out the back of the platen. But what of the technological marvel that lies between the two? What of Mr. Remington's brainchild? What of the typewriter itself? Ah, now that's a different story entirely.

This typewriter is an el-cheapo elcretizc Protable. It is also, you will have noticed, exceedingly sensitive. Such touchiness, however, changes nothing. Tacky it is and tacky it remains, being mostly aluminium and plastic. Come to think of it, that might even be *aluminum*. Who can say what cultural influences predominate in that far off corner of Uzbekhistan, or Taiwan, or God-knows-what corner of the globe its component parts were flung together in the absence of any consideration of Minimum Wage Laws. Whichever. Aluminium, and plastic will do. Well eventually the aluminium will

oy

SKEL

oxidise, I guess, and join the rust of the few iron bits. The plastic, however, will not be degraded by anything so plebeian as a biological process. Should it pass, in some unimaginable future, through the neighbourhood of a black hole, or even a neutron star in this Einsteinian universe, it might lower its gaze and bend its knee (eyes before knees, except after c), but otherwise it might survive to the very end of the universe itself, barring the odd nova or supernova. You know it can really piss you off to think that the plastic casing of your typewriter will outlast you, probably by aeons. I wouldn't mind so much if it was a pretty good typewriter, you know...but it isn't. It is a heap of junk, and yet its lifespan is many times that of mine own. God, that is galling. What is more, this gall too can be divided into three parts; envy, bitterness, and jealousy. It isn't fair, damnit!

The simple truth is that this typewriter is freaking-well lucky to exist at all, as are all present day typewriters, at least in their present form. All today's typewriters have evolved from their most primitive ancestors. When the Scholes and Glidden Type-Writers began to issue from the workshops of the Remington Small Arms Co of Ilion, New York (before Mr. Remington decided to rename them the 'Remington No. 1' for what we must presume were altruistic motives), they did more than prove that Mr. Remington wanted to hedge his bets prove mightier than a modern version of the sword. They formed the archetype from which all future models were to evolve. They were the 'homo sapiens' of typewriters and completely eclipsed the 'neanderthal' golf-ball machines which were first produced in Denmark in the 1870s and which were in widespread use until about the time of the first World War, but which so fell out of favour that they had virtually to be reinvented in more recent times. No, the pattern had been set. We all knew the basic form that a typewriter should take. And of course more recent electric models were simply electrical versions of the basic typewriter.

But what few people realize is that typewriters as we know them have in fact evolved on a very low probability reality-line. Typewriters should never have been this way at all.

The point at which we missed the boat, typewriter-wise, is staggeringly easy to pinpoint. The probability nexus stands out like a beacon, and the blame for failing to grasp the cusp can be squarely laid at the door of a Frenchman (but then the blame for most things can be laid on the French, like for instance not clearing out of Canada once they'd had the shit kicked out of them). The guy to blame was a bloke named Volta. He invented a cell, which is all well and good as it goes, but for missing the opportunity of the typewriter he should have been locked up.

One of the things he did with the cell he invented was to attach it to a frog's leg. I'm not sure why he did this. Even a dimbo Frenchman should have realised that wiring was better for carrying electricity than are frogs' legs. Let's face it, even if frogs' legs performed with greater efficiency, you'd never get a frog's leg long enough to stretch from the socket to the television, and as for unreeling a frog's leg behind you as you mowed the lawn...well, it's just too ludicrous to think about. Nor do I think he was trying to create a form of pseudo-life, a sort of Frog-kenstein's monster. I suspect that the truth was somewhat more basic. He probably figured that electricity, being a form of energy, could be used

to cook things and, as the French display a predilection for jambes du frog, gastronomy-wise, he was probably just trying to knock himself up a quick snack between experiments.

Small wonder then that when the leg began to twitch and jerk about, the signals from his exasperated stomach took precedence over those from his enquiring mind. He probably yanked the damned leg off his bench, slapped it between a couple of slices of rye, adding a sprinkling of salad and some mayo, and noshed a quick frog's leg butty before the damn thing took the opportunity to leap away. He probably belched afterwards, and if so that was the last that was heard of the world's first typewriter.

'I beg your pardon,' you say ... which is odd, because that's also probably what he said. You haven't made the connection? I'm surprised at you. Let's go back and examine the situation again, and this time you're sure to get it.

There's this frog's leg on the bench. Imagine you're doing this, right? You attach this electrical cell to it, pass a current through it, and what happens? It jerks, doesn't it? Of course it does. And seeing this, what is the very first idea that occurs to you? 'Why,' you say to yourself, '...if that frog's foot had been holding a printer's die, and when it jerked it had pressed that die through an inked ribbon on to a sheet of blank paper rolled around a platen, wouldn't that be a much easier way of writing LoCs?' Isn't that the first thing that would occur to everybody? Of course it is. Everyone except Volta though, it would appear. I mean, what alternative did they have? Quill pens, that's what. Have you ever tried chasing a swan when you wanted to write a LoC? And that's not even mentioning the trouble it's going to give you when you've finally caught it, and you try to rip its feathers out. Let me tell you, it's a damn sight easier to net a few frogs and yank their legs off.

Right, so you've caught your forty-four frogs. Into each of the eighty-eight legs you fasten a die, capitals and lower-case, plus numerals and the various punctuation marks and fractions. You attach them all to a large battery, and have the final connections closed by means of a lettered keyboard, and there you have it--the basis for the world's first typewriter. And what is more, the world's first typewriter would have been an electric model. Electric typewriters would have been in on the ground floor, and could have developed without the shackles imposed upon them by the design requirements of primitive manual models. Who can guess what today's advanced models might have looked like?

But let us not go taking these speculative leaps on ahead of ourselves. All we have so far is eighty-eight electric frogs' legs twitching around in a heap whenever we press a key. After about half a sentence they're going to be all tangled up like a plate of spaghetti. What we need is some way of keeping them all neatly lined up in rows. Ideally each one should be laid in its own individual tube or channel. One problem of course is that frogs' legs are much thicker at one end than at the other, so any channel we get to lay them in would also have to be broader at the base than at the other end. Fortunately just such a device exists, and what is more it can be found in close proximity to the other element of our bio-degradable, ecologically sound electric typewriter, growing down in the water meadow by the frogpond. Celery.

See how simple and sensible the whole concept is? In fact I don't think I'd better go into any more technical details here, just in case you get down to the Patent Office before I get the chance. Maybe instead I should point out some of the areas in which this kind of typewriter will have great social impact. I say 'will have' rather than 'would have', because any fool can see that the new Skelton Electronic Biowriter is really going to take off. So what changes will this miracle of modern science bring?

Well, for one thing there won't be any more starving writers. He may still not be able to eat his words, but he'll certainly be able to eat his typewriter. His electricity might be cut off, his gas might be cut off, but still he won't starve. All he has to do is go out into the garden and hack down a tree, hack it into kindling, set fire to it and chuck his typewriter on to the blaze. Roast frogs' legs avec celery. Very nice! No, at least the hacks won't starve.

It will also change the lives of even the better writers. Remember, these typewriters are biodegradable—they are going to go off. In order to get their work finished before they are forced to cook their typewriters, they are going to have to learn to be brief. Condensed novels will be the order of the day, full of dense, highly compact prose. One thing is for certain, trilogies will be a thing of the past...but then we were supposed to be talking about the better writers, weren't we? So see, already, a social benefit from the new typewriters.

Plus the fact of course that they are going to bring back full employment. Half the population of the country will be making typewriters for the other half to use. Let's face it, no longer will you buy some ecologically unsound heap of junk and have it give you years and years of annoyingly trouble-free service. Now you'll need a new typewriter at least every week or two (how long does celery or frogs' legs keep?). And that's without mentioning all the increased employment in the refrigerator manufacturing industry. Yes, for suddenly every fridge in the world will be obsolete. New fridges will have to be designed with an extra compartment, to keep the typewriter in overnight while it's not in use.

But I keep coming back to the writing, as the area where the greatest improvements will be felt. Not only will we be spared endless trilogies and eternal (or does it only seem that way) quests, but the quality of plotting will also improve. Well, writers are going to have to learn to think ahead and when they do who knows, maybe this new

ability will be displayed in their writing. Thinking ahead will be essential. When the average author finishes his or her latest masterpiece, and invites their friends in for a cosy dinner to celebrate, they can't just let themselves go. After the celery soup, after the frogs' legs with celery sauce, after the cheese and celery, they can't just get smashed on the after-typewriter brandy, and then sod off to bed. For when they arose the next day they'd have nothing to type with! This is where the planning ahead comes in. Before they go to bed they must remember to take tomorrow's typewriter out of the freezer.

After all, what kind of a pratt would you feel? 'Yeah Bill, sorry I didn't make the deadline for your fanzine but, er...my typewriter hadn't quite defrosted.' Of course you could always go for fresh ingredients -- always worth it I feel -- but this isn't always reliable. 'Um, sorry Bill, but I couldn't write you that LoC. Couldn't find a single frog. Hell of a thing. Everybody around our way must be publishing newszines, or something.' Then again, maybe this is simply another positive selling point of the Skelton Electronic Biowriter. They say that a good workman never blames his tools, but I don't go along with that. It seems to me that a really good tool should have built into it ready-made excuses for shoddy workmanship. The truth is many of us are bone idle and given a decent excuse will put off doing anything that resembles hard work, or boring work, or whatever. In this context, 'I'm sorry Bill, but I couldn't find a frog' is the perfect excuse.

Just think what a field day the great British shirkman would have with this new excuse-ready wonder device.

'You just can't get the frogs these days, ma'am.'

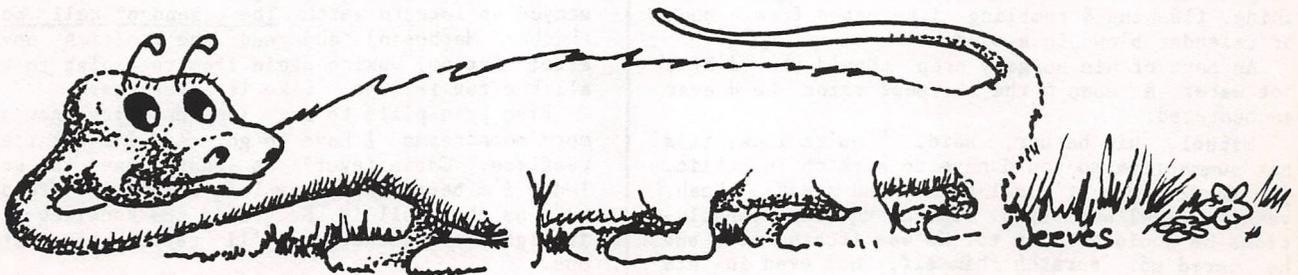
'It's these new Euro-frogs ma'am, they're just not up to the job. Give me your good old non-metric frogs any day. You knew where you were with a British frog ... and have you seen this new Anglo-French toad?'

'What, fix this typewriter squire? You must be joking. It's Japanese mate. Can't get the legs you know. No good by the time they get through customs. They tried shipping them over live you know, but that didn't work. Bleeding crates ended up full of frogspawn. Slimy stuff, dockers wouldn't handle 'em. Best just go catch yourself a new one mate.'

Or, best of all....

'A rewrite? Well normally I wouldn't hesitate, you know that Bill. But unfortunately I've just *BURP* eaten my typewriter.'

---SKEL



moondreams

billy wolfenbarger

He went into the room where sunlight gleaned promises. Like a lens, inverted; it broadened its base across the ugly green carpet, then disappeared altogether at the blue, star-spattered couch -- and reappeared across the broad arms and back, continuing on the ivy plants, the wandering jew, and a couple of plants he didn't know how to name--then the dusty windowglass -- from all these places to the outside world. He sighed, heavily. He'd seen the same thing happen with strong moonlight.

Moonplants. Yes, they looked so eerie then. Windowglass as well. *Moonglass.*

Early afternoon. Hours and hours until moonlight. Hours to go. Hours to fill his mind. Minutes. Seconds. Put them all together. What he had to do now was press all this together.

It was easier than he figured. He lay back on the opposite plain blue couch, four flat red-&-blue pillows under his black-haired head, picked up a magazine from the floor. Before he opened it he looked out the sun-blurring glass, thinking for a second or so he saw a trio of black cars pass, glinting in the sun, or glinting in their own right -- immediately thinking a singular word and all the word meant or could mean to him now; he spied no drivers, let alone passengers; the word was -- *phantoms.*

Then they were gone and he was gone. He opened up the Carolina Quarterly in his hands and began to read, for the third or fourth time, the beginnings of a long, complex poem. Before the tick or tock of any invisible/soundless clock had had a moment to respond, the magazine shifted without his knowing, his eyelids half closed, the magazine slipped from his long thin fingers and fell to the green floor as he gently shifted his body and closed his eyes, his soundless farewell to the afternoon.

A prisoner of sleep. Lately he'd sleep off and on. Sleep would waylay him--sneaky--clever--more powerful than he was. Since his surgery (hernia repair) and he'd come home from the hospital short stay unit -- and his pain pills pale and oblong -- sleep came to him like a release of memory. There were dreams, a random snatch of seemingly everything, flashing & tumbling like pages from a book or calendar blown in a wind.

As part of his surgery prep they'd shaved him, hot water & soap & the sharpest razor he'd ever encountered.

Miguel, his barber, said, "You're lucky it's not summertime so you'd have to scratch in public, you know?--when it's all sticky and sweaty." Yeah, yeah, Miguel was right. One of the few consolations he could hold on to. He was itching now, but he dared not scratch himself, not even in his sleep.

Last night he woke up from chaotic images tumbling, shifting, surrealistic, in pain. He'd left the pills on the dining room table, which he remembered. Press up from bed with hands & arms; swing gently--gently to your feet, straighten your body as best you can, get a good breath, inch your way (even if shombulistic) to the dining room for a pill. A bit of water remains (just enough) to help swallow it down. This he did. It would take twenty minutes for the pill to kick in. On his return trip he stared at moonlight streaming boldly through the livingroom windowglass -- dazzling. Dreamatched. Slanting across the couch and onto the floor. The houseplants stricken strangely. Looked like they'd come from the moon, settled there on his long broad plank shelf. He felt chilly, strangely wind-swept. Pain cracked out from the left side of his groin. He tensed, then inched the way back to the bedroom. It took him several minutes (too many) to lie down again. Gradually the pain eased up, his groaning less frequent, his breathing relaxed at last.

And in deeper dreams he was on the golden-orb'd moon and gracefully dancing to a lilting Mozart flute, violins surrounding from his neighbor stars. He never faltered, never missed a single step. He may as well be dancing in Heaven. Yet it really was the moon and he gave out no more thoughts of Earth because yes, yes, oh yes, he was so free here in the moondreams, so undaunted, alive. A free-breathing spirit; a pure BEING.

And back down to earth, in the silent empty night street, three black cars within a blink and then gone. And pain again, what time was it? He hoped it had been at least four hours. On the prescription it read between four to six hours. For the pain. He checked immediately. Yes, a little more than four hours. How wonderful....

A dream of southern California nights, on the ocean --slurring beach, looking up at the moon....

A dream of the moon a cold white stone washing eerily across the nightscape.

Wake up with early morning pain, cold, fog pressing against the windows. Sit in the rocking chair, cigarette & coffee, a life. Sunday morning. Oldest daughter's radio playing upstairs. Recalling a long short story I read late last night by one of my newest favorite authors--they call him the Poe of the XXth century--the late Cornell Woolrich; he certainly did have his troubles; and he certainly knew how to chill you & keep you reading even as you sweat & grip your chair with dreaded anticipation like in the one I read last night called "If I Should Die Before I Wake", from the good ole pulps via 1937. Yes, another writer to treasure. But I'll lie back down, don't fight the pain by sitting up!

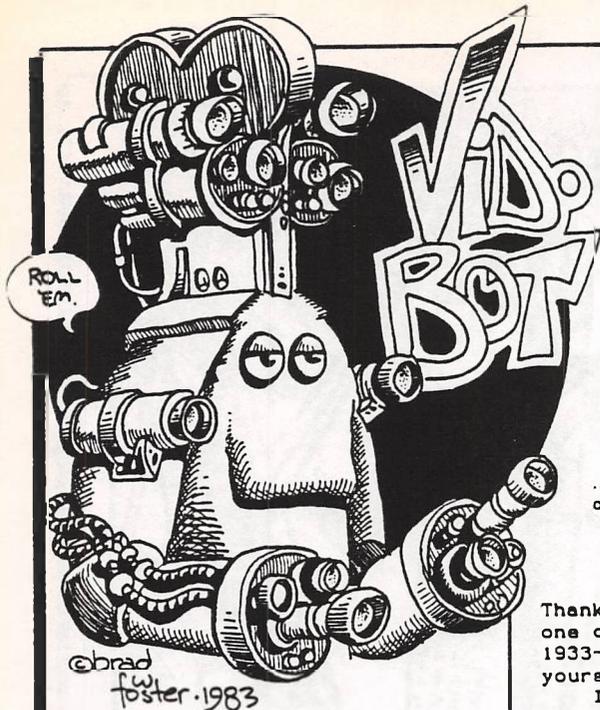
Difficult getting enough sleep. Never mind I stayed up late to watch The Legend of Hell House (Richard Matheson) and read the Woolrich novel-ette! But no, waking again from returning to bed, all the fog is gone. Like it never was.

Five pain pills to go. I'm wondering how many more moondreams I have to go. And I'm restless, restless. Cabin fever? At least I have the knowledge I'm better now, my left hernia is "repaired", as they call it. Secure in the knowledge that in eight more weeks, they'll "repair" the other one.

---BILLY WOLFENBARGER

Letters





...at the suggestion of Harry Warner, Jr., I sent off a couple of Back Issues-- ones that contained columns by Doc Lowndes:

CHARLES D. HORNIG

Thank you very much for the two issues (49 & 52) of *Outworlds*. It is one of the very best fanzines I have ever seen (including my own of 1933-35). So many fanzines are filled with boring chitchat, but yours has a lot of meat. Congratulations.

I wish I had got to know Robt Lowndes better than I did. I like the way he writes fan material, and I think he is by far a better and more accurate historian than my old friend, Sam Moskowitz. (Sorry, Sam.)

Sam often goes off half-cocked, making positive, strong statements on heresy, rumor and prejudice, it seems to me. In his first book, *THE IMMORTAL STORM* (what presumption!) just about everything he says that I know anything about is either wrong or slanted.

Anyway, I hope that your endeavors will go on endlessly. You are doing the sort of thing sf fandom needs!

(2/7/88 ♦ 580 Minnesota Ave., San Jose, CA 95125)

A. LANGLEY SEARLES

It was very kind and thoughtful of Harry Warner to suggest that you send me this [*Outworlds* 52], in view of the Doc Lowndes material you're printing, and as much so of you to adopt his suggestion. In fact, I couldn't resist sitting down with your magazine the evening I received it to read the items you marked, even though the print is a bit small for old codgers like myself to tackle by artificial light!

Doc's "Understandings" proved both interesting and informative, and I enjoyed it thoroughly. There were a couple of memorable phrases in it, too: Tremaine's statement "Don't let policy become a fence," and Doc's own remark "Love may come, love may go, but embarrassments last forever." Odd how these last do stick in the mind despite their understandable and forgivable and often innocent causes. I can still recall a couple of mine that happened fifty years ago, despite the intellectual realization that kids are expected to make immature blunders! Crazy, isn't it?

As an initiator of fan history publishing (Moskowitz's *IMMORTAL STORM*, starting back in 1945) let me also say that Doc's reminiscences are important to get down on paper. Recent deaths of people like C. L. Moore and Oasia Train (January 21 of a heart attack, Sam Moskowitz tells me) remind us again how many leading figures in the field are now writing the ultimate science-fiction story or editing the ideal prozine in the sky without ever sharing their memories with the field before departure. It is indeed later than we think.

I'm in favor of reprinting hard-to-get items, as Joe Siclari did for a while (what ever happened to *Fanhistorica*?), but the potential for new material along these lines, lying about everywhere, is so great that I feel emphasis should be on procuring it; and it's good to see you doing this for *Outworlds*.

May I cite a couple of trivial corrections? In Doc's letter (p. 1701) I'm sure he means "postdated" where he writes "predated"; i.e., the magazine is dated later than its distribution date. And in Harry Warner's letter (p. 1703) the lyric for "K-K-K-Katy" should be "kitchen door", rather than "stable door". I believe it's a World War I song, for I can remember my father singing it to me well before I went to school along with several others of the time, such as "There's a Long, Long Trail" and "Tenting Tonight".

(2/5/88 ♦ 48 Highland Circle, Bronxville, NY 10708-5909)

The search for a realistic compromise between legibility and the reduction of typesize (for economic and aesthetic reasons) is neverending. I don't deliberately try to cause eyestrain -- but something that appears to function on a test-page or two ... doesn't always hold up over the course of an issue. This time, we try yet another combination of typestyles, and -sizes....

--I must admit that a) Brad's illo up there has little relevance to the adjoining column, and that b), I've been holding it for sometime [if not as long as you might guess from the its date!]. There is a reason for this; of course.

I was raised, as most of you know by now, without TV, movies, or comics; I have tended to overcompensate, a bit, ever since.

...I also keep Lists. In OW39, under the title of "LISTmania", I ran a list of the uncut, feature-length films/movies I'd seen in 1982 -- 43 of them. ...also, of the ones seen in 1983 [139] (yes, the Year of Cable & the VCR), and the first half of 1984 [112]...

This amused, bemused and confused enough of you, that in OW43, under the caption "LISTmania Strikes Back", I ran the films seen in the 2nd half of 1984: #113 thru #215.

...you see where I'm going; you will also note I'm slightly (3 years) behind. As always, this exercise is offered sans rationalization, explanation (except where brackets indicate I've seen it more than once; or the year of the film seen in the case of remakes) ...or justification. Enjoy. Ignore. ...feel Superior!

THE REVENGE OF LISTmania

I would gladly publish more material with a fanhistorical basis, or even material more directly linked to "science-fiction", if it were proffered--but I'm not likely to narrow the focus of *Outworlds* to a latter-day *Fanhistorica*, though I wouldn't object if someone else were to fill that niche. Perhaps you might be willing to share with us some thoughts of why you are one-upping Art Widner... and are still publishing a "fanzine", one that was founded the year of my birth, it seems (a Very Long Time Ago!)?

For those interested, *Fantasy Commentator* is published annually, at \$3.00 per issue. The latest issue (#37; Fall 1987) contains, among other articles and reviews, a long piece by Eric Leif Davin, titled "The Age of Wonder"; it contains not only a fascinating interview with Charles D. Hornig...but also one with his immediate predecessor at *Wonder Stories*, David Lasser. Al Curry probably won't rush right out to get this...but if you are one of those who have been getting off on Doc's material, you might send Langley three bucks.

...meanwhile, here is a late-breaking LoC on *Outworlds 52*, from:

IAN COVELL

The recent deaths among fans and professionals is becoming worrying; I do remember saying earlier last year that there would be one further major loss before the year was out--I underestimated. 1987 was a bad, bad, bad year.

I'm not sure I agreed with Terry Carr's taste (I doubt I reached that level) though I tried to get as many of his anthologies as I could (& managed to get quite a few; missed a few too), and there was usually at least one excellent story (in my eyes) I'd not otherwise have seen. I also never read enough of his own work to know whether "Clarion Fannish" is comparable to other humorous stuff he's written (INVASION FROM 2500 wasn't a parody by any chance?), but if so I've missed a lot -- easy to read, recognisably charactered, cleverly developed -- thanks for printing it.

(Hints aggravate me. Witness: "almost said Glicksohn, but he's a published Pro; albeit under a pseudonym" ...er, yes, well...) (WHO!)

My comment on Terry Carr above is echoed most strongly about George R. R. Martin -- the few and far between letters/articles and comments I've read by Martin are always engaging, useful, compact, and often funny. But I really can't stand his fiction. I don't understand this. It happens with other authors--to a lesser extent, for example, with Benford, whose views about sf always seem to make perfect sense -- and I've never quite understood why. It seems to suggest that their view of life is not reflected in their fiction; I find GRRM, eg, dark and bitter and ugly in his fiction--I don't remember feeling good, or indeed feeling any chance of hope or success or pleasure in life while reading his work...yet his articles seem to contradict everything there: he finds people amusing and warm. Why the change?

Glad to hear you enjoyed the booklet on JTMcIntosh (from Drumm). That wasn't the version I'd planned, but in the end, I went along with JTM's original answer and--though much abbreviated--I think it works well. I was pleased that Algis Budrys recommended it, even though he seemed to miss what I thought made the booklet: its humour. However, I also hope you got the sheet of corrections to the bibliography? Considering the number of years I worked on that list, I'm dismayed that even one error crept through, but when you see how many occurred...ugh. Like you, I very much enjoyed his work and have been lucky enough to be supplied with the majority of his short works (which have never been collected), and I think some of them are as good (though never as developed) as his novels. I still keep hinting to JTM to resume writing, or at least republish some of his work, but he's very disillusioned with the field and I doubt I'll ever persuade him. Great shame. (Oh, missing? Well, apart from a few of his short stories--copies of which we can't locate -- I am now only missing his nonsf novels and nonfic. I wish I had spare copies of some, for I think some would definitely be accounted excellent if I could send them for judgement to publishers. Annoying)

Lowndes' latest column, aside from its intrinsic entertainment value, also told me that Kornbluth wrote "The Embassy" (with DAW), that a Lowndes story ("The Martians...") should actually be credited to CMK & RW...and that VALLEY OF CREATION is partly by Brackett--wouldn't you love to know what bit? Maybe Lowndes could be the one to pin down all the mysterious pseudonymous works that Pohl & CMK could never quite remember publishing...

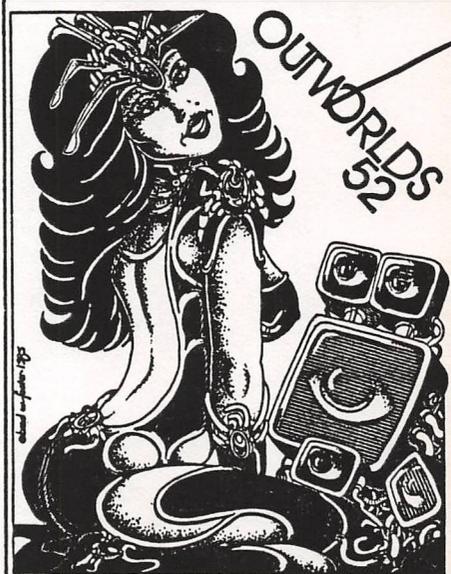
[1/5/88 @ 2 Coppgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP, ENGLAND]

...a long time and far ago, sometime in the early 70's, a younger (much) Mr. Glicksohn sold a short story to Ted White. At this late date I don't recall the title, nor which (*Amazing*; *Fantastic*) magazine it appeared in, but I believe that the byline was something along the lines of "Gardner R. Dubious". I do recall that Mike proceeded to "write off" conventions for the next decade, on the basis of this one "sale". Aren't you glad you asked, Ian? You'll be a much more knowledgeable sf fan, for all of this!

I Also Heard From, on *Outworlds 52*: JEANNE BOWMAN; GARY HUBBARD; and ALAN HUNTER: "Liked Brad's cover -- he is always good."

1985

- 1 SUDDEN IMPACT
- 2 CANDY STRIPED NURSES
- 3 METALSTORM: THE DESTRUCTION OF JARYD-SYN WOODSTOCK [2]
- 4 LA TRUITE
- 5 ALICE DOESN'T LIVE HERE ANYMORE
- 6 10 TO MIDNIGHT
- 7 THE NEVERENDING STORY [2]
- 8 THE LAST STARFIGHTER [2]
- 9 LITTLE DARLINGS
- 10 PULP
- 11 CATHERINE & CO.
- 12 ANGEL
- 13 PURPLE HAZE
- 14 UNDER FIRE
- 15 ELECTRA GLIDE IN BLUE RECKLESS
- 16 STAY HUNGRY
- 17 SUMMER SCHOOLTEACHERS
- 18 UNFAITHFULLY YOURS
- 19 VIDEODROME
- 20 SAHARA [remake]
- 21 CHAMPIONS
- 22 SHEENA
- 23 FROM RUSSIA WITH LOVE [3]
- 24 CAPRICORN ONE
- 25 STAR TREK III: THE SEARCH FOR SPOCK [3]
- 26 STAR TREK: THE MOTION PICTURE
- 27 TERMS OF ENDEARMENT [2]
- 28 THE STORY OF O [2]



RICHARD BRANDT

Sorry to hear about you & Naomi getting "the axe", although you describe it as if it were the kindest cut of all. Hope The Change you'd like comes around in a timely fashion. (I've placed myself out of the job market for some time now, but I find myself torn occasionally between my footloose, free-of-responsibilities lifestyle and the kind of security that presages settling down to commitments.) (Eek!)

Nice strolling down memory lane with you, Bill (yeah, sure it was), but I thought I explained that Steely Dan reference ... she wasn't...nineteen yet.... Actually, the whole issue is a treat for those of us who rate a loccol as the heart of a zine, besides evoking memories of all those halcyon back issues.... (And at least I did get to Cincinnati, even if I'm having to write off Seattle...)

When I was in Dallas last year, I saw a T-shirt with the logo, "BERMUDA", and a picture of an ocean liner sinking in a swimming pool. Wish to hell I'd had money on me.

Ian Covell's remark to me is humbling enough, although I would respond that a pair of different sexes does not contain the total possibilities of the human form, either. (He doesn't have to be happy about every one of those possibilities, now...) But seriously, Ian and I get along nearly as fabulously as Joseph and I nowadays.

To Bill Breiding: Well, no one asked me to join APA-50, or any other APA; in my early-to-middling years in fandom, I was just a snot-nosed kid who had enough trouble figuring out how genzines worked. (Never did get the hang of it, either.) But APAs were just a mysterious noise to me, back then. (I was until recently a member of TWO apas. I managed to leave LASFAPA. I tried to quit FAPA, but oddly enough, they would not release me.)

Oh, God, now I'm going to piss off Ian again (p.1747). Jesus Christ, Bill, this was almost two years ago! (Of course, I'd say it again....)

Well, I'm supposed to go to the movies with Becky again tomorrow. Haven't seen her since before Christmas. (She didn't want to leave her house when 22 inches of snow hit her neighborhood; she's got an allergic reaction to the pollution levels when they hit the unhealthy level, which on my side of town is most of the winter; relatives are visiting; she has to lay off brunch for health reasons; and her cat died. Makes a guy stop and think.) Maybe she'll like the Charles Laughton movie I bought for her.

(I'm sorry, that's Mr. Ian Covell....)

["1988" + 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

About the Paticism--why don't you just design up you own (entirely your own!) check off letter to send? You could already have 'em stamped and ready to go -- with only a minute to check off some appropriate boxes -- scribble a P.S., address it, and ship it out and you letter-answering duties would be fulfilled! Well, it was just an idea.

It was very befitting and a little bit sweetly sad to have Terry's letter start out the ish. He will be sorely missed.

At times it is a temptation to quip back with the best of people. But, as the saying has it--"if you can't stand the heat, stay out of the kitchen". If you are going to make "cutsy" cracks to others, you must be ready to accept them when they are returned. Now, I mean that on more than the surface level. A lot of cute things said for a laugh can hurt and hurt very deeply -- but if you've set yourself up, then according to the rules, you have to take it. Of course you realize that my "you" is the editorial "you" and not the "You" -- Bill Bowers. Because I know I can't take a lot of the "funny" things said in jest if they were leveled at me, I try not to say such things to others. I readily admit that a lot of the things that would sound/hurt me are pretty minor and that I have a thin skin, but that makes me all the more sensitive to what I say about others. Now, it also means I can understand why things said to you by people you care about have the potential to hurt all the more. Even, you must admit, things said in jest have a potential to hurt. Of course there is something to be said for the philosophy that something said in jest (even if not perceived that way) is accepted as in jest -- so if it isn't you have to speak up. Now I can't and I'd sit quietly and take it -- feeling pretty well destroyed, but luckily not everyone is like me (thank heavens!). It sounds as if the true meaning behind some of the things said--albeit a long time ago now--are slowly coming out and with the passage of time don't "really" mean all that much--but they did at one time and that is important.

I have to decide if I am going to try and find that cartoon store again and locate the 3rd MECHTHINGS I have to admit they are interesting, but I don't think I'd feel that way on the protracted long term. I also enjoyed Teddy Harvia's book and could easily read another one or two should he have them printed--but the two publications are like trying to compare apples and oranges.

- 31 THE ADVENTURES OF BUCKAROO BANZAI
- 32 THE WARRIOR AND THE SORCERESS
- 33 ANDROID
- 34 BOLERO
- 35 BLACK EMANUELLE, WHITE EMANUELLE
- 36 THE BIG SLEEP
- 37 RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS 7
- 38 TENDRES COUSINES
- 39 TAXI DRIVER
- 40 THIS IS SPINAL TAP [2]
- 41 ONCE UPON A TIME IN AMERICA
- 42 DEATHSTALKER
- 43 AGAINST ALL ODDS
- 44 BEYOND ATLANTIS
- 45 MAKING THE GRADE
- 46 LADYHAWKE
- 47 WEEKEND PASS
- 48 WARRIORS OF THE WASTELAND
- 49 REAR WINDOW
- 50 TRENCHCOAT
- 51 MIKE'S MURDER
- 52 THE SONG REMAINS THE SAME [2]
- 53 LA BALANCE
- 54 SEX GAMES OF THE VERY RICH
- 55 TEX
- 56 LONELY HEARTS
- 57 LIAR'S MOON
- 58 TANK
- 59 THE WICKED LADY
- 60 SIXTEEN CANDLES
- 61 THE ICE PIRATES
- 62 THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH [1956]
- 63 THE TROUBLE WITH HARRY
- 64 HARDBODIES
- 65 ROPE
- 66 RETURN TO OZ
- 67 JULIA [1976]
- 68 PURPLE RAIN
- 69 SORCERER
- 70 THE OMEGA MAN [2]
- 71 GALAXINA
- 72 BACK TO THE FUTURE
- 73 ENTRE NOUS
- 74 AMERICANA
- 75 THE ULTIMATE WARRIOR [2]
- 76 ELECTRIC DREAMS
- 77 EXTERMINATORS OF THE YEAR 3000
- 78 STREETS OF FIRE
- 79 NEW YORK NIGHTS
- 80 PHAR LAP
- 81 SEX THROUGH A WINDOW
- 82 OXFORD BLUES
- 83 TEACHERS
- 84 UNTIL SEPTEMBER
- 85 TIGHTROPE
- 86 1900
- 87 THE PHILADELPHIA EXPERIMENT
- 88 THE WOMAN IN RED
- 89 THE TERMINATOR
- 90 THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNNAN

Two afternoon humor radio DJs were giving a fur commercial and fitch coats were mentioned in the copy. They both stopped and thought about it and the younger asked the older what "fitch" was. The only thing he could think of was some sort of shampoo that used to be around called Fitch -- and he went on to sing (sorta) their theme song. I tried to get to a phone to give them the information on fitch--but the lines were busy and since I had stopped at a pay phone to make the long distance call, I never followed up on it. But, I noticed today that, while they hesitated, they gave the same commercial without stopping. The US AVMA (American Veterinary Medical Assoc.) came out and said they would not and could not recommend ferrets as household pets. All mammals are susceptible to rabies and there is no vaccine that has been tested on ANY of the wild species--so there is no licensed rabies vaccine to be used in ferrets. (I'm not saying it can't be used -- just that it isn't licensed and therefore not recognized as effective.)

(12/19/87 ♦ 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg, MD 20879)

ROGER WEDDALL

When I read your pleading excuse to all & sundry for not having answered mail, I was not aware that you'd not done so or had a reputation for being slack in this way. But then, there are so many things I don't know, and reading *Outworlds 53* was such a mine of information in this regard. Why, I had no idea that Mike Glicksohn was reputedly an alcoholic, nor you in any way infamous for your 'mystery women'; I don't even know what's mysterious about them or why you should be infamous with regard to them. I thought the only way one could become infamous these days was by winning a fan fund race and then urging people to vote for your boy-or-girl-friend the next year. Or claiming that someone else had done this. ***Sigh***.

In any case, I feel you have nothing to apologise for when it comes to the matter of printing letters that are two years old. Over here, James Styles does a wonderful line in reprinting letters he's received for his fanzine *Cmx* up to ten years after they've been written; the effect is wonderful, and often hilarious (although I admit I'm waiting to see whether I'll think it's hilarious if he ever does it to me, with a letter of mine). Anyway, speaking of timebinding and fan funds in the same breath, I was surprised to see a letter of mine in *Outworlds 53*, but I can happily report that two years down the road I still think it would be a good idea if you were to stand for DUFF.

...I was amused to find myself reading, on Christmas Day 1987, a postcard I'd sent you for Christmas, 1985. I'm not too sure that photocopying my letter was such a good idea, however. My writing is not something that should be foisted on unwarned readers at the best of times, and this time I must have written half the letter in yellow ink or your photocopier was playing up--half the letter was illegible. While I'm at it, seeing that this is Christmas Day (or was when I started writing), I'd like once more to wish you a

ศิว วัน คริสต์มาส

--after all who knows, I might get to read a version of this letter on Christmas Day, 1989.

On some of the other letters... I feel that Avedon Carol has adequately summed up my feelings on the subject of what Ian Covell had to say about being human, i.e., that he's misguided or--how did Ian himself put it? -- "I tend to pass on a lot of half-formed ideas..." Perhaps someone should take him aside and explain that "one's better half" is only an euphemism. De nada.

You've heard of a snappy one-liner? Here's a snappy two-liner:
Q: What's much less interesting than reading Dave Locke writing about nothing?

A: Everyone else talking about how uninteresting it was, at length.

(12/28/87 ♦ POBox 273, Fitzroy, Victoria 3065, AUSTRALIA)



ALIEN CON - WBSF

LISTmania: Caught Live!

- 1963 - ERIC BURDEN & THE ANIMALS - Akron, Ohio
- 1967 - BRENDA LEE - NCO Club; Clark AFB, R.P.I.
- 1977 - THE BEACH BOYS - Richfield Collesium; Cleveland
- 1984 - RANDY NEWMAN - Bogart's; Cincinnati
- 1986 - BOB SEGER / FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS - Riverbend; Cincinnati
- 1986 - THE BOBS - Serpentine Wall, riverfront; Cincinnati
- 1987 - GENESIS - Rupp Arena; Lexington, KY
- 1987 - BILLY JOEL - Riverfront Collesium; Cincinnati
- 1987 - RANDY NEWMAN - jazzOO; Cincinnati Zoo Ampitheatre
- 1987 - THE MOODY BLUES - Timberwolf; King's Island
- 1987 - THE BOBS - Cincinnati Union Terminal
- 1987 - REO SPEEDWAGON - Timberwolf; King's Island
- 1987 - LYNRYD SKYNRD revival tour; Cincinnati Gardens

Well, Roger, your 1985 card was definitely a Work of Art, and if I ever get access to a color Xerox, I may have another go at it: In addition to the glitter and the highlighting, starting with the second column, you used a different-colored marker for virtually every word...colors I'd not seen before, or since! I appreciated the effort that went into it...and I knew that a b&w copy would suffer, but actually it didn't come out that bad...

Other than that, yes, your handwriting is fully the equal of mine, and that of Brian Earl Brown... (Which is why I use dot matrix...)

I think the Thai script is perhaps the most beautiful of any I've seen. I thought so when, in 1968 I first saw "To Sir, With Love" in English, but with Thai sub-titles, in a Bangkok theater...and I haven't seen any others since that would change my mind.

ROBERT COULSON

On the last page of OW53 is the information: "Robert Coulson--1704; 1730". Died young, didn't I?

Oh well, according to the address, you're in your sunset years, but try to keep putting out issues until the end, eh?

Dec. 7 is Leigh Brackett's birthday; maybe fandom should join in a resounding REMEMBER LEIGH BRACKETT on that day instead of remembering whatever it was in Hawaii....

For Harry Warner: fanzines with long names got nicknames, apparently because fans disliked typing or speaking more than two syllables. Juanita and I picked *Yandro* instead of another Wellman story like "The Little Black Train" for just that reason, and it got shortened to "Yan" sometimes.

(p.m. 12/12/87 @ 2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348)

HARRY WARNER, JR.

The new *Outworlds* contains a powerful lot of reading. I didn't have much time to read a fanzine and write a loc this evening and I chose it because it had only thirty pages. I should have picked a fifty pager with wider margins. Actually I like the way you cram lots of words onto a page and I think lots of fanzines will eventually go that way, particularly when postage rates go up again next year. It may be nice to have a luxurious format with lots of empty space but it's growing increasingly extravagant to publish that way and run up the weight.

Richard Brandt overestimates my skill at finding comment hooks. I rarely can do so on whole masses of fanzine material. Extended descriptions of computer matters, for instance; reviews of the latest horror movies; arguments over whether a worldcon did or did not do a good job at this year's or last year's event; minutes of local club meetings in clubzines; those are a few of the types of fanzine material that I can rarely comment on. When a whole fanzine is devoted to those topics, the best I can do is seize upon a word like "virgin" and say that reminds me of "version" and launch into an explanation of why I don't like the New Revised Version of the Bible but prefer the King James translation. Desperation leads to strange conduct in locs, I'll tell you.

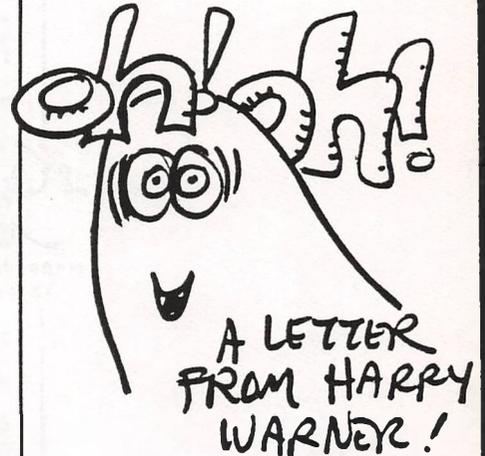
I admit to feeling a bit hurt when Walt Willis wrote about the possibility of a Gernsback Bra and didn't mention the Warner Bra which has the great advantage of actually existing. But then I realized that the Warner Bra may not be marketed in that part of Ireland. I must give him the benefit of the doubt, rather than assume he's a secret agent for Maidenform.

Buck Coulson is right about the fact that most fanzine articles are expanded paragraphs. Of course, that's better than the way so many science fiction novels nowadays could be better told in a single sentence. I've often wondered how fanzine fandom would have been changed if I'd kept on writing fanzine articles instead of converting into a letterhack. It's bad enough to bob up in every other loc section but I might have destroyed fanzine fandom single-lyperly if I'd written an article in return for each issue of a fanzine I received rather than a letter of comment.

All the ferret material was wonderfully funny and inventive. This is the most encouraging sign in ages that fanzine fandom still retains the ability to create instant legends. It's the way Courtney's boat, pocktsarcds, and Dorcas Bagby became bywords in fandom.

If Chris Sherman doesn't get a response from Doc Lowndes to his query about Gernsback, the person to contact is Sam Moskowitz, 361 Roseville Avenue, Newark, New Jersey 07707. Sam probably knows more about Gernsback than any other living person. Incidentally, Sam and several others have been writing a great deal about the early years of *Amazing and Wonder*, including information on Gernsback, in A. Langley Searles' little known fanzine or semi-prozine (I'm not sure which it is), *Fantasy Commentator*. It goes out through FAPA but I never see it reviewed in fanzines and I'm not sure where else it circulates. (If this is still a fanzine, it's one of the oldest ones, because its first issue was published in 1943. Langley revived it several years ago after a long hiatus.)

I've just read a book on Shakespeare which I thought about when I read Naomi Cowan's remarks on dictionaries. Shakespeare never used a dictionary in his life because there were no dictionaries to the English language when he was writing plays. In the Elizabethan



- 91 BITE THE BULLET
- 92 ERASERHEAD
- 93 PERCY
- 94 VANESSA
- 95 THE PURPLE ROSE OF CARIO
- 96 2010
- 97 BREAKIN'
- 98 THE BUDDY SYSTEM
- 99 THE STORY OF THE DOLLS
- 100 GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROAD STREET
- 101 LASSITER
- 102 LOVE LETTERS
- 103 THE BROTHER FROM ANOTHER PLANET
- 104 SCANDALOUS
- 105 GRANDVIEW, U.S.A.
- 106 THE PARK IS MINE
- 107 CARMEN
- 108 THE LAST WINTER
- 109 THE WICKER MAN
- 110 GABRIELA
- 111 THE TRIP
- 112 THE BORDER
- 113 NIGHT MOVES
- 114 FLASHPOINT
- 115 BEAT STREET
- 116 CHAINED HEAT
- 117 THE JOY OF SEX
- 118 KING KONG
- 119 THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL
- 120 MANDINGO
- 121 BODY BOULE
- 122 SUPERGIRL
- 123 CITY HEAT
- 124 THE MYSTERIOUS STRANGER
- 125 SONGWRITER
- 126 NOT FOR PUBLICATION
- 127 AFTER THE FALL OF NEW YORK
- 128 THE RIVER
- 129 WARRIOR OF THE LOST WORLD
- 130 NIGHT OF THE COMET

era, when a writer couldn't think of a word he needed, instead of going to the dictionary to try to find a synonym he just made up a word and there was no way to stop him from doing so. Writers and publishers could spell words any way they pleased, and they did, too.

Several months ago, I actually saw the Magna Carta. It came to Hagerstown, or rather one of the oldest surviving copies did, the one that normally stays at Lincoln Cathedral. It looked something like the 64th copy from a hektograph master. The exhibit was poorly lighted, to prevent further deterioration of the sheepskin on which it's written; the substance has darkened over the years, and the writing which was in a sort of Latin shorthand is so small that I couldn't make out even an abbreviated Latin word. Maybe if my eyes had been better I could have distinguished a few letters. However, I wasn't too disappointed, because I accomplished what I intended to do, the thing that impelled me to attend the exhibit: I actually saw something older than I am.

(12/17/87 ♦ 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown MD 21740)

H X E

MORE FASCINATING LETTERS

TERRY JEEVES

Many thanks for OW53 and all those fascinating letters. Liked the Willis idea of a book called THE GERNSBACK BRA; no doubt about it, the old boy needed better support from fans to keep up a good front. Avedon Carol's piece also had me fascinated as to what it was about. Anent homosexuality, there's not much future in it.

I remember that yarn mentioned by Buck Coulson -- "Pelagic Spark". It was one of those ghastly, propagandic, anti-HITLER things which ASF ran in the war years. "...he dangled on high whilst the Ram's in the sky" as I recall between YECCHes.

As to con sizes -- Worldcons are just too big. All you get are dirty long queues for everything, inaccessible bars and total impossibility of finding anyone you want to meet -- and that includes ferrets, aardvarks, and chocolate chip cookies.

Enjoyed "Add Vance" despite being a fan (albeit a slowly rotating one) of Vance. Titles for your bibliography: HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FERRET? and the drill sergeant's command manual, WAIT FERRET and YOU'RE ON MY FOUT. GET OFF FERRET.



(12/22/87 ♦ 56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough YO12 5RQ, ENGLAND)

BRIAN EARL BROWN

OW53 won't be the easiest fanzine to LoC, so much of it being comments on comments made on previous OWs. John D. Berry has covered the matter of dot matrix printing pretty well. The NLQ type you used for most of this isn't too bad really--if you could have just adjusted the printer for 6 or 7 lines per inch instead of the 8 you used. Or maybe it would have been OK in a 3-column format. Of course, I should talk -- I'm always trying to squeeze more words on to a page than is humanly acceptable. I'm curious how your new Kaypro with impact printer will look. I'd ask if it's true that you can't adapt other printers to the Amstrad, but I know you never answer letters.

Skel's "Add Vance, And Be Recognized" was brilliant, hilarious, more fun than two ferrets stuffed down one's pants, etc. As they say in the PS: ILOL (I Laughed Out Loud). I loved Skel's loving send-up of Vance's Demon Princes series and clever blending in of other famous SF characters, shticks, authors, etc. It's one of the most amusing pieces of fan writing I've read this year.

Norm Hollyn raises the fair question about the sudden new pronunciation of Uranus -- as "ur-ahn-us" instead of "your-anus". I'm equally confused by the pronunciation of "Harassment". I always thought it was pronounced "Har-ASS-ment" but Tom Brokow and others keep saying "HARRIS-ment".

(12/22/87 ♦ 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224)

Adapting to a printer, other than the one supplied, was a problem with the original Amstrad PCW software, but with the update (LocoScript 2) -- at least in theory--most printers, including laser, can be supported. I haven't gotten into any of that yet...

I Also Heard From, on *Outworlds 53* : DAVE D'AMMASSA: BILLY WOLFENBARGER: "You are my only real link with genuine fandom these days."; and ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH. Thanks all!

- 131 TOMMY [2]
- 132 THE LOVED ONE [2]
- 133 IRRECONCIBLE DIFFERENCES
- 134 CAL
- 135 OUT OF THE PAST
- 136 CAMELOT
- 137 POLICE ACADEMY
- 138 LOVESCENES
- 139 HOTEL
- 140 THE OSTERMAN WEEKEND
- 141 NO SMALL AFFAIR
- 142 OUT OF AFRICA
- 143 CHOOSE ME
- 144 DIAL M FOR MURDER
- 145 WINDY CITY
- 146 THE GROOVE TUBE
- 147 LIANNA
- 148 THE WALL
- 149 SQUIZZY TAYLOR
- 150 AMERICAN DREAMER
- 151 CARNAL KNOWLEDGE [2]
- 152 GONE WITH THE WIND [3]
- 153 CRIMES OF PASSION
- 154 THE BLACK HOLE
- 155 THE HOTEL NEW HAMPSHIRE
- 156 AIRPLANE [2]
- 157 HAIR! [3]
- 158 YELLOW HAIR AND THE FORTRESS OF GOLD
- 159 ROMANCING THE STONE [3]
- 160 SUPERMAN II [2]

...on OUTWORLDS 54:



BRAD W. FOSTER

Wow, knock-out covers from Hunter on OW54; the front cover in particular seems to cry out for the story behind the scene.

Enjoyed the pieces from Leigh; in particular, appropriately enough, the item on the painting class, as I ran into that a lot when I was studying art for a few years in college. Most folks at that time/in that school were of the "Smear some paint on a canvas and talk a whole lot about what it means" school. (One of the reasons I hate it when folks ask me if I've any "formal training" -- I got it, but I figure I survived the period more than actually learned anything.) Anyway, I wish I'd had the mind to come up with this tale to pass on to a few of the folks who did that stuff, without ever showing any ability to do anything else. Fabe made a very valid point. I'm gonna have to remember this tale.

...here is the cover for #55. Tried to keep your suggestion to do "perhaps something fannish/fanzine related" and hope this fills the bill--sort of an image of what zines are all about, as opposed to the con-fans, in that they are voices from out there in the wilderness, sent to others, rather than the physical gathering. (Which plays havoc with Corflu, combining both as it does!) Anyway, I was quite pleased with the final "look" on this one; I think it is a nice balance between my almost overly-detailed work and the simpler styles. One of these days I'll manage to hit a happy medium and really turn out some work!

Check out the summer issues of *Amazing Stories*. They run a "gallery" section each issue on a different artist, and will be doing a short feature on my work there this summer. I've managed to get some consistent, if small, illustration jobs from *Amazing* over the past year, and a few shots at *Dragon* magazine though Pat Price. Just wish I could break through to some of the bigger sf illustration markets. Keep trying, keep trying!

(2/19/88 @ 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75038)

...I know you didn't intend for me to print that last, Brad; but there's enough people who admire your work, and wish you \$uceSS...that they may take another look at *Amazing* simply because of your work...and may then write and tell the editor so... Couldn't hurt, could it?

The cover [for this "Corflu-directed" issue] came out well; again, I know this wasn't a formal LoC, but--as with your comment to Alan--I've always been fascinated by "...The Story Behind The Cover". ...probably goes back to the days when I was a prozine-fan. And, as you know by now, I am intensely curious as to the processes by which artists (& writers) "create" their work; often (though not in your case) finding that more "interesting" than the final product...

One of the things that has fascinated me about your body of work, at least the portion I'm familiar with, is the various distinct styles you seem (using that word very cautiously...) to be able to generate with equal ease. So, perhaps I might idly wish that you don't find that "happy medium" ... though I certainly appreciate the concept of trying to grow in your chosen field of endeavor...and yet simultaneously "simplify" the process of earning a living.

[...speaking of which: Literally as soon as I finished typing the preceding, the mail came...and in it, ta da! MECHTHINGS 4. I know the sales figures for it haven't been all that you might have hoped for ... but I just wanted you to know that it is appreciated: the amount of detail that you include is incredible... (I particularly like "Botfolio=two", and the full-pager facing the "editorial". This latter would have made a fantastic *Outworlds* cover... seesigheee!!!)



JOEL ZAKEM

If nothing else, your current state of less than full employment has resulted in an increased frequency for *Outworlds*. Before I had a chance to comment on 53, 54 made its appearance.

Not that there was a lot I was going to say about 53. I mean, after more than two years, I didn't think you'd ever print the letter. In fact, when you told me that you planned to finally use it, I almost wrote to tell you not to bother. As you pointed out in your "answer", a lot of time has passed since that CFG picnic. And while I don't regret anything I said in my response to "The Annotated Bowers", the impact of any answer you eventually come up with will be lessened by the passage of time.

Outworlds 54 contains a bit more to hang some comments on -- especially (at least for me) Dave's chat with Al Curry. It is not that some of Al's statements concerning CFG policy (if there is such a thing) are not worthy of comment, yet I am wondering if this is the proper forum for them. Dave's remarks seem to infer that local fanac is centered in the CFG, and I suppose that, in many ways, this is true. But how many of the CFG members, though, receive *Outworlds*? By instigating this discussion in the pages of *Outworlds* (rather than in the *Poopsheet*, for instance), it almost seems that you are leaving out a large segment of CFG members who may have some interest in this issue. I realize there has been some discussion of related issues at various CFG meetings (perhaps more than I realize, since I no longer regularly attend meetings), and it seems to me that if enough people feel the way Al does, there are better places to hold this discussion than the pages of *Outworlds*.

(Having gotten that off my chest, I do want to mention that I enjoyed Al's short description of a typical CFG meeting. I wonder, however, if the "... in the middle means that some other comments were left out?)

Elsewhere in 54, Steve's piece was, as usual, probably the best written and most enjoyable thing in the issue, even though I almost groaned aloud at the 'moral'. And I've always enjoyed Billy Wolfenbarger's writing. But please tell Richard Brandt that I don't think I said that I never loc fanzines. What I said, according to the copy of my speech that I have, is that I feel somewhat guilty about not loccing more. Besides, Richard's was the only zine that I received, other than *Outworlds*, which commented on my Corflu appearance.

[2/15/88 @ 1228 S. Brook #3, Louisville, KY 40203]

There's a word for those 'dots' that you've enclosed in quotes, Joel. Let's see... I used to know what they meant...

Seventeen of those listed on the current CFG "roster" have had access to the relevant issue of OW; whether they've read it, or care about the State of the CFG, other than as a topic of idle Cavin-bashing (a sport of which I am, admittedly, a long-time practitioner), I don't know, but based on the direct feedback I've gotten, I suspect that This Too, Will Pass...in the time-honored CFG "tradition". As you know, Joel, I gave Mr. Cavin a copy of the relevant pages (along with the comment "I know you won't read the rest of the issue, Bill, so why bother...") at Confusion, so that he would be "aware" of Al's commentary. That much I did do...

I don't agree with everything Al said; for example, I think he is totally wrong on the *raison d'etre* for the CFG Worldcon suites (but I also feel that the reasons they have been in the hotels they have been in recently ... is questionable), but you are right: this is not the place to bring all that up. My sentiments is that, eventually, it should be aired-out at a full-blown meeting...but that it's up to Al to bring it up...

The Cincinnati Fantasy Group used to mean a great deal to me; it was the opening for me to meet a number of people I care greatly about. But, like just about everything else ... it's not the same as it used to be. Cavin is not Lou Tabakow; he shouldn't be expected to be. But just as to me, the "home" of Midwestcons will always be the old North Plaza and the Quality Inn sites of the 60's and early 70's ... a number of us still think of the CFG in terms of "what would Lou have done?". That's natural, and in some ways inevitable; there hasn't been that much New Blood ... and that, perhaps, is our primary problem.

I said "our problem" advisedly, because my own attitude toward the CFG (except, of course, for the sake of argument) has become one of total ambivalence. It became that way eighteen months ago when, at a meeting at Cavin's, I was informed (by someone to whom, I cattily suspect, the initials C.F.G. mean simply the Cincinnati Fun Group) that the *only criteria* for membership in the CFG was to have Cavin add you to the Roster. If pressed, at the moment I would have to say that I do not consider myself a "member" of the CFG (since my ploy to get myself "unlisted" was thwarted by the Keepers of the List), but I'm hardly on a crusade about it.

None of this is directed at Bill--because--he's--not--Lou. But in that the current club is reflective of his "leadership" (and since a candid poll has revealed that no one else wants to "take over", even if he were willing to give it up), it is true that we can continue to bitch all we want (and we will, we will...). But (with a sense of loss, but no real bitterness) for me, the CFG is simply not that vital to my own personal fanac, or social life, at this particular moment.

I go, and I will continue to go...to the meetings that are held in the homes of friends (considering them "parties", rather than "club meetings") as long as I

1986

- 1 THE COTTON CLUB
- 2 BMX BANDITS
- 3 FORTRESS
- 4 MESSAGE FROM SPACE
- 5 THE FURY
- 6 ZELIG
- 7 INTO THE NIGHT
- 8 I KNOW WHY THE CAGED BIRD SINGS
- 9 SOUNDER
- 10 THE LEARNING TREE
- 11 RUNAWAY
- 12 THE FINAL COUNTDOWN
- 13 MARIA'S LOVERS
- 14 THE ROSEBUD BEACH HOTEL
- 15 1918
- 16 THE AMBASSADOR
- 17 DIRTY KNIGHT'S WORK
- 18 STAR WARS: THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK [?]
- 19 THE BREAKFAST CLUB
- 20 FRANK AND I
- 21 FALLING IN LOVE
- 22 SPLASH
- 23 THE MEAN SEASON
- 24 TOMBOY
- 25 BLOOD SIMPLE
- 26 STRANGERS KISS
- 27 TORCHLIGHT
- 28 THE KILLING HEAT
- 29 STRAW DOGS
- 30 DESPERATELY SEEKING SUSAN
- 31 THE KILLING FIELDS
- 32 ICEMAN
- 33 CHARIOTS OF FIRE
- 34 HOMBRE
- 35 PAULINE AT THE BEACH
- 36 PERFECT TIMING
- 37 THE ROSE
- 38 THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT
- 39 THE DEVILS
- 40 THE THIRD MAN

feel I'll be welcome...but I don't feel terribly guilty about "missing" a meeting, even if its for the simple reason that I "don't feel like going".

"...there are better places to hold this discussion than the pages of *Other Worlds*." Given the nature of some past discussions in these pages, over the previous eighteen years, some may argue that... But in this case I think it moot: CFCger's are, by and large, much more at ease talking about things...than writing about them; even if a forum were to be volunteered.

And that much, at least, remains unchanged from the Tabakow years.

JOE CHRISTOPHER

Well, I've got OW 53 and 54 sitting here by the typewriter. I've been meaning to reply to Buck Coulson's letter [in 53], who asked if my hyperlimericks were a new form. The answer is: Not really, although the term *hyperlimericks* may not be standard. Since I wrote those verses, I've purchased THE PENGUIN BOOK OF LIMERICKS, ed. E. O. Parrott. It's got a section called "The Limerick Fringe", with a number of limerick variations in it. What I called the hyperlimerick, Parrott calls "The Extended Limerick". I had heard the term *hyperlimerick* used by a woman who was then teaching at my university (she's since moved to another), but what she was calling hyperlimericks, Parrott calls "The Double Limerick". I don't suppose what we call such things matters much, but for the record you now know as much as I do on the topic.

By the way, I recommend THE PENGUIN BOOK OF LIMERICKS, if anyone is interested in such matters. It's got a large number of sexual limericks, of course, and sections on some of the usual limerick topics (such as clergymen); but it also has sections of general limericks, some of course based on puns (of which I am fond), but others more like comments on the passing scene. My goal in limericks is usually to achieve irony rather than ribaldry, so I liked verses such as this one by Basil Ransome-Davies:

Two earnest young fellows named Wright

Discovered the secret of flight.

Now the earnest young crew

Of a B52

Can wipe out the world overnight.

In OW54, I appreciate the layout on my poem. Even though some details (the allusion to IBM cards, for example) are dated, I think that is my cleverest piece of light verse to date. (No telling what others will think of it, of course.) In the dedication at the top of the page, I might mention that the MANIAC was the large, vacuum-tubed computer on the University of Chicago campus a number of years ago; my children (now grown) played a locally designed space-war game on it a few times. In my poem, I should acknowledge (as I did when I sent it to you) that the pun in the last line is stolen from G. K. Chesterton.

I enjoyed Billy Wolfenbarger (or is that supposed to be billy wolfenbarger?)'s "Coffeehouse" poems. His are what I consider poems of sensibility. I can't write in that style, but I enjoy reading them.

Stephen Leigh's "Five Thoughts on Aikido and Process" aroused some thoughts in me of the unhappiness my students have when I hand back papers with red marks all over them. "The list of criticisms is, well, endless," Leigh writes. Of course, the difference is that he wants to learn Aikido; most of my students don't want, very much, to learn English. "Who cares about pesky commas and apostrophes?" they might cry. "Stick it in your ear, teacher," to echo Leigh. I have sometimes wondered if we shouldn't insist that English is an option and charge a huge fee for grading time -- we'd probably have students fighting to get in. (Maybe not, though. The last time I advanced one of my ideas, the department head said, "There goes three-fourths of your colleagues.")

[2/26/88 ♦ English Dept., Tarleton State Univ., Stephenville, TX 76401]

ROBERT COULSON

Do you suppose it would be simpler if Lowndes and I wrote each other directly, without going through the middleman? I can't offer any money for his memoirs, but surely if Wollheim, Knight, Pohl, Williamson, Del Rey, Lloyd Eshbach, and Frank Gruber can sell their reminiscences of the Good Old Days, somebody ought to be willing to publish Lowndes. (Asimov doesn't count; I understand that Doubleday is going to publish a book of his dental appointments RealSoonNow.)

Wonder Story Annual, which had 5 issues, was copyrighted by "Best Books", and *Treasury of Great Science Fiction*, later *Science Fiction Yearbook* (8 issues) was from Popular Library, but both reprinted either exclusively or primarily from the Standard magazines. I don't know who had bought out what by then; I never did keep up on all the publishing mergers. (I had a hard enough time keeping up on Columbia's title changes, and mergers of *Future* and *Science Fiction* and *Original*.)

I considered those last *Fantastic Universes* "pulp". I'd forgotten about them; 6 of them, the final issue being March 1960. *Marvel* went back to pulp for one final issue after 3 digest issues, but that was in 1952. *Other Worlds* went pulp, too; I have 9 issues, from Nov. 1955 to May 1957. Then Palmer started calling it *Flying Saucers From Other Worlds*, and I put up with that for 4 issues and

41 WUTHERING HEIGHTS
42 LISTOMANIA
43 A VIEW TO A KILL
44 EDDIE AND THE CRUISERS
[2]
45 ROCK, ROCK, ROCK [1956]
46 MAD MAX BEYOND
THUNDERDOME
47 TIME AFTER TIME
48 ALLEY CAT
49 HONEYSUCKLE ROSE
50 BOXCAR BERTHA
51 MICKI AND MAUDE
52 CREATURE
53 CAT'S EYE
54 ROCK 'N' RULE
55 ROMANTIC COMEDY
56 THE ONION FIELD
57 THE RIVER RAT
58 A FLASH OF GREEN
59 FANNY HILL
60 THIEF OF HEARTS
61 TELL ME THAT YOU LOVE ME
62 GHOSTBUSTERS
63 NOTORIOUS!
64 20,000 LEAGUES UNDER
THE SEA
65 AGE OF CONSENT
66 RAW COURAGE
67 OUTRAGEOUS!
68 THE PERILS OF GWENDOLINE
69 THE 39 STEPS
70 MELODY IN LOVE
71 GREMLINS [2]
72 SPELLBOUND
73 LOOKER [2]
74 EXPLORERS
75 LOST IN AMERICA
76 MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE
77 FLETCH
78 BABY: SECRET OF
THE LOST LEGEND
79 THE BRASHER DOUBLOON
80 HAMMETT
81 MURDER, MY SWEET
82 LIFEBOAT
83 YELLOW SUBMARINE [3]
84 ST. ELMO'S FIRE
85 PALE RIDER
86 GREYSTOKE...
87 RAMBO: FIRST BLOOD PT. II
88 THE BIG FIX
89 COME BACK TO THE 5 & DIME
JIMMY DEAN, JIMMY DEAN
90 HANNAH AND HER SISTERS
91 VENUS
92 THE MUSIC LOVERS
93 COCOON
94 INSERTS
95 REBECCA
96 PSYCHO
97 TRANCERS
98 A HARD DAY'S NIGHT
99 SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE [2]
100 LIQUID SKY

decided the hell with it. My last issue was Oct. 1957 but I think it continued for awhile. It was going downhill fast, by then; Palmer was making more money out of selling his chili powder than he was out of publishing. (Gene DeWeese bought a can of the chili powder and said it was quite good.)

Speaking of that fanzine from the wilds of Indiana, Mike Resnick called up the other day to offer Gene and I a contract for a parody anthology he's doing; he wants to include "John Carper and His Electric Barsoom", by "Thomas Stratton". Gene and I wrote that for *Yandra*; this will make its fourth appearance, and second in a hardcover anthology. We wrote it in 1956; remember all the old arguments about whether fan fiction was ever worthy of professional publication? Well, some of it is, but it takes awhile...

Of course, I'm even more astonished annually when Off Centaur sends me my account, with a \$4 or \$5 royalty included for doggerel that I quite literally wrote as *Yandro* filler material. (They don't actually send the money; they credit my account, which usually needs all the help it can get.)

I liked the Alan Hunter covers. I always liked his interiors--but not his covers -- for *Nebula*, back in the Fifties.

(1/26/88 ♦ 2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47348)

The Mike Resnick anthology Buck refers to is titled *SHAGGY B.E.M. STORIES*; it contains approximately 25 parodies, and will be published as a limited-edition hardcover by the New Orleans Worldcon (in addition to, not in place of the "standard"--in this case Don Wollheim--GoH "book"). Mike is Toastmaster there... but assures me this isn't the direct cause for his being asked to edit the anthology. "It's because I'm a good arm-twister...", he said modestly. It's unlikely that I'll be at New Orleans [Unemployment Choices .101]; if I wasn't the shy humble person I am, I'd ask Mike for a "review" copy... But perhaps I should remain content with the fact that he's willing to "trade" his novels...for my fanzine.

(I attempted to score a coup, and get an advance "review" out of the local fan who served as typist on the anthology ... and who had some, err, caustic remarks on the literary value of a couple of Mike's selections. However, this local fan--normally fearless--has chosen the option of maintaining good relations with Mike ... rather than providing me with good fanzine fare. What a strange set of priorities, say I...!)

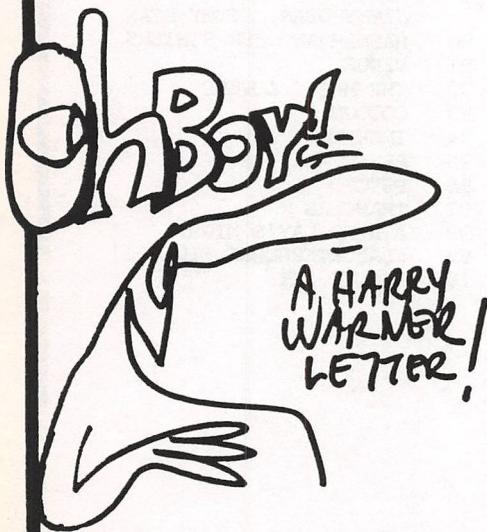
HARRY WARNER, JR.

A splendid if somewhat unexpected pair of covers adorn the newest *Outworlds*. The front cover reminds me of my fear in infancy that I would fall through the toilet seat into whatever lay beneath the barely visible water outlet in the base of the throne. I might have mistaken the back cover for a Finlay illustration if I hadn't looked at it closely enough to see that the shading devices aren't as delicate as those used by Finlay, and anyway, he didn't do science fiction art very often.

I must confess that the thing which impressed me most about your editorial marking 18 years of publication was your ability to find a copy of your first issue in order to quote from it. An impartial survey of fanzine publishers would probably find not more than a half-dozen, at most, able to put their hands on something they'd published eighteen years earlier. I hope you continue *Outworlds* for at least another 18 years, although I am not optimistic about my chances of being mentioned in your first issue in 2006 as among the fans who have been on the mailing list since the start. (I notice you still have the rubber stamp on the envelope of the copy addressed to me, guaranteeing forwarding postage, but I don't think the United States Postal Service forwards mail to my probable next address.) «I will, at this point, resist the almost controllable urge to mention the infamous "Dead Letter File"...!»

Dave Yoder may typify the average fanzine reader these days (i.e., the one who doesn't write a loc on the fanzine). I've found by long experience that the only way to write lots of locs is by sitting down at the typewriter and starting to press down the keys. If I can't think of anything to type as a start for the loc, I don't let that worry me but instead I start out with whatever pops into my head and is fit for an individual the age of the addressee to read. The rest of the loc then follows out of sheer momentum. Writing notes to be turned into locs just complicates what should be a natural process. I rarely make marginal notes in fanzines that I plan to loc although I do so when I am reading through an apa mailing. I think this contradictory behavior began in the era when I was able to write a loc as soon as I'd read the fanzine while my memory of its contents were still fresh, while I would read the entire apa mailing before starting to write mailing comments and needed the memory aid that marginal notes provided after a week or so had passed between reading and stenciling. However, nowadays weeks or months sometimes elapse between reading and locating a fanzine and I don't have problems with their noteless margins. It's probably just a bad habit with apazines.

Dave Locke and Al Curry have probably never thought about the awful truth: fandom began at a time when it was difficult to get drinks, because Prohibition was still the law of the land. (I know there were bootleggers but people didn't patronize them as much as



you'd think from movies set in the Prohibition era and it was hard for individuals as young as the first fans were to finance bootleg liquids.) Even after Repeal, fans didn't do a lot of drinking together for quite a few years because most fans lived so far from other fans and only rarely had get-togethers; exceptions, of course were cities like New York and Los Angeles with fairly large fan populations, some of whom were on speaking terms with other fans in the same city.

I don't suppose a book by Doc Lowmde about the early years of the prozines would have a big enough potential sale to provide a substantial financial reward to the author. But perhaps something could be worked out with one of the larger cons. Hasn't NESFA published a few books in connection with its conventions? Then there are the university presses which publish books of a highly specialized nature and don't always require that the book be written by an alumnus, or deal with the area in which the university is situated. In any event, I'll be looking forward to the article about prozine letterhacks. I still feel guilty for omitting this phase of fanac from my books about fandom in the 1940s and 1950s. I didn't forget the prozine letter sections but I simply chickened out at the enormous job of digging out my own prozine collection and arranging to get access to the prozines from the period I didn't own, reading through all those hundreds of thousands of words set in tiny type, and then writing endless letters in an effort to determine how I could get permission from copyright holders on issues that hadn't come into the public domain through failure to renew copyright. Besides, that addition would have made the two fan history books even more bulky and more expensive to publish.

You are probably right about the way fans who discovered science and fantasy fiction via prozines are more likely to want to publish fanzines. Let's see: it's probably fifteen years or thereabouts since the prozines stopped forming an important role in introducing kids to science and fantasy fiction. Subtract a few of those years to allow for the time lapse between beginning to read that Buck Rogers stuff and developing the urge to publish a fanzine, and it would mean that ten or twelve years ago this source of new fanzine publishers began to fail. That isn't too far away from the time when genzines did begin to decline in numbers in the United States.

Dare I hope that the contribution by Walt Willis in this issue came from a letter rather than a pocsarc? As far as I know, everything he has written in fanzine comments in the past few years has been confined to the small piece of cardboard rather than a full sheet of paper. It seems improbable that he got all that in the limited area of the former, and if it really did come from a letter, this might be a highly significant new stage in the resumption of full fanac by WAW, along with the spectacular resurrection of *Hyphen*.

[1/26/88 @ 423 Summit Ave, Hagerstown, MD 21740]

Indeed, Walt's LoC printed in OW54 came on a full-fledged air letter. Of course it was generated in dot matrix, therefore suspect, I suppose, in the eyes of certain True Believers. (As a sidebar, I do find it amusing that some of the leading proponents of word processors are brash neos such as Terry Jeeves, WAW, and Bob Tucker...) I suspect what prompted this outburst on Walt's part was the massive Guilt Trip I placed on him by repeatedly mentioning that it was, indeed, His Fault, that Cincinnati fandom ended up making a mass purchase of this silly British system. I can be so subtle, sometimes...

I suspect one reason Alan Hunter's shading devices aren't as "delicate" as Virgil Finlay's is that Alan used pen & ink, whereas Finlay (I believe) used scratchboard frequently, a media that lends itself to more complex work.

...well, I might as well look it up:

Black and white drawings are done in a variety of techniques, employing pen, brush, spatter, lithographic pencils, sponges and knives on a variety of papers, although the bulk of the work is on scratchboard.

GERRY DE LA REE: A VIRGIL FINLAY CHECKLIST, in Virgil Finlay (Donald M. Grant, 1971)
[Gee, it's nice to have most of my "reference books" up on shelves, accessible!]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

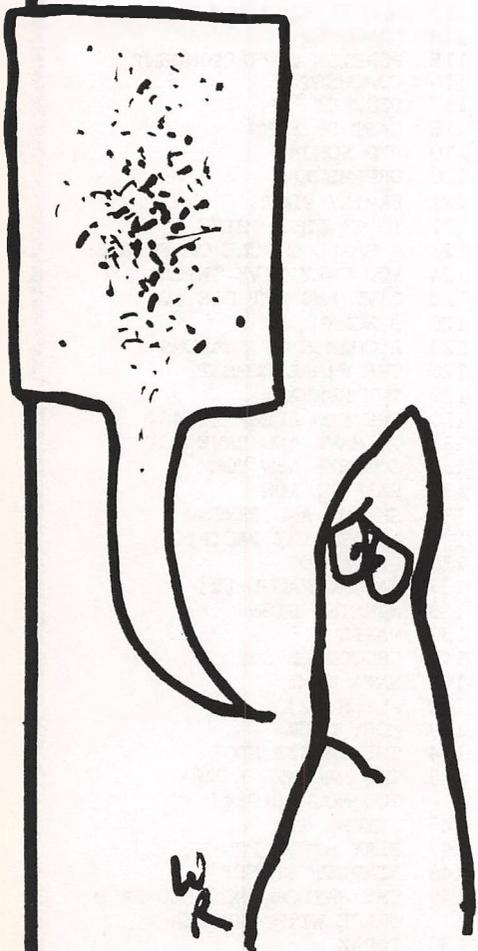
I recall recently asking some faned for a list (I'm too lazy and it's too much like research) of fanartists who "should have" (subjective) had a Hugo by now, but haven't. With my luck I'd make a list and find they already had won. More and more frequently I see stuff I really like by more and more people -- usually new (to me) names. This is all headed toward saying I like both covers (Hunter) and insides (Taral). Of course I really like all the illos you used and I'm always glad to see work by Jim McLeod.

Stephen Leigh's pastiche's are very nicely done--interesting, humor, apropos to a self-defense society. (Comment from TV, Jeopardy -- a contestant who started karate NOT for self-defense [but they never did say why] said that at about green belt(?) one realized he didn't have to be in the discipline just to break heads and for self-protection.)

Wolfenbarger, as usual, presents verbal images -- "prose" (semantic?) pictures.

- 101 LIFEFORCE
- 102 PRIZZI'S HONOR
- 103 MOONRAKER
- 104 DIAMONDS ARE FOREVER [2]
- 105 THE JEWEL OF THE NILE
- 106 GOLDFINGER [2]
- 107 APOLOGY
- 108 SHORT CIRCUIT
- 109 WEIRD SCIENCE
- 110 THE GAUNTLET
- 111 BRAZIL [2]
- 112 THE COCO-COLA KID
- 113 WHO'LL STOP THE RAIN?
- 114 SABOTEUR
- 115 FOREIGN CORRESPONDENT
- 116 CONQUEST
- 117 PERFECT
- 118 EAST OF EDEN
- 119 RED SONJA
- 120 DREAMSCAPE
- 121 FAMILY PLOT
- 122 TO CATCH A THIEF
- 123 A SMALL CIRCLE OF FRIENDS
- 124 YOU ONLY LIVE TWICE
- 125 LIVE AND LET DIE [2]
- 126 3 WOMEN
- 127 A CHANGE OF SEASONS
- 128 THE FINAL COMBAT
- 129 THE SERVANT
- 130 THE BIG SLEEP [1946]
- 131 TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT
- 132 GOODBYE NEW YORK
- 133 RABBIT, RUN
- 134 SHARMA AND BEYOND
- 135 ACROSS THE PACIFIC
- 136 SILVERADO
- 137 EATING RAOUL [2]
- 138 WARNING SIGN
- 139 MAXIE
- 140 CROCODILE DUNDEE
- 141 MATA HARI
- 142 ALIEN [2]
- 143 MOBY DICK
- 144 THE JAGGED EDGE
- 145 THE MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH [1934]
- 146 PSYCHO II
- 147 PLAY MISTY FOR ME [2]
- 148 SCARLET STREET
- 149 THE SAILOR WHO FELL FROM GRACE WITH THE SEA
- 150 TOPAZ

- 151 I CONFESS
- 152 TO LIVE AND DIE IN L.A.
- 153 CITY LIMITS
- 154 THE BRIDE
- 155 H.E.A.L.T.H.
- 156 SAHARA [1943]
- 157 HUNDRA
- 158 THE GOONIES
- 159 UFORIA
- 160 HIGH ANXIETY
- 161 STREETWALKIN'
- 162 ENEMY MINE
- 163 MODERN TIMES
- 164 MY DARLING CLEMENTINE
- 165 THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE
- 166 QUADROPHENIA
- 167 McCABE AND MRS. MILLER
- 168 STAR TREK IV:
THE VOYAGE HOME
- 169 CAVE GIRL
- 170 COMFORT AND JOY
- 171 THAT WAS THEN...
THIS IS NOW
- 172 FRIGHT NIGHT
- 173 WINTER FLIGHT
- 174 MARNIE
- 175 KNOCK ON ANY DOOR
- 176 STRANGERS ON A TRAIN
- 177 I, DESIRE



Dave Yoder seems to have great plans that ought to work: similar to a statement made by a young Donald Duck -- he didn't have to learn how to spell because he, when he grew up, was going to use a typewriter. Now we'd say home computer/word processor--but you get the idea.

Al Curry didn't seem the same to me in both print (via Dave) and the video OW50. This happens and is more surprising when the several images held of an individual match rather than otherwise.
[rec'd 3/16/88 @ 23629 Woodfield Rd., Gaithersburg, MD 20879]

Al is, indeed, a complex person; one of many talents and carefully hidden depths. It takes a while to get past the rough, uncouth exterior he so expertly projects, but eventually he'll slip up and let you see the depth hidden beneath the carefully crafted facade...

[There...that ought to get a me a fresh supply of cartoons...!]

I don't see Alan Hunter in too many U.S. fanzines, other than OW and Andy Porter's various titles, and I suspect that in Britain he's better known for his pro work, than for his fanart (though I could be wrong on that).

I really doubt that Taral will ever win a fan Hugo, and I say that not because of the fact that he is, shall we say, less than shy in the self-promotion department...but he won't win for the very same reason that Randy Bathurst never would have won, even if he hadn't succumbed to a mundane wife, and had continued doing fanart to the present: Both are just too unique, almost too creative in what they create. And both are, for whatever reason, "uncommercial". [I still have boxes of the Randy Bathurst "coloring book" Ro & I did a decade ago (\$1.00 each; take several...give them as gifts...!). And to win a Hugo, of any sort, you have to "sell" yourself, as well as your work. None of this is News, to Taral, or anyone who has been around more than one Worldcon-defined-fannish-year. The Hugos are, pure and simple (and attributing absolutely no value-judgement on my own behalf; I have learned to accept a few things over the years...) a popularity contest. There have been attempts to "change" this in the fan categories; the results speak for themselves.

I'm glad that Lan won a Hugo; it was obviously important to him. Lan is an amiable person, and has always been friendly to me--and while his fanzine is not one that I envy, or one that is reflective of what I consider valuable in the artform, it is certainly just as "worthy" of recognition as a host of previous "Best Fanzines".

But, in all honesty, I am immensely more glad that Brad Foster won his Hugo; I honestly don't know how "important" is was to him, in terms of his continued involvement in fanart...but if it will, in the end, help him make a better living out of his art...then, to me, it will serve the purpose all Hugos are meant for. [My philosophy is very simple, and totally candid: I want for all of "my" contributors to be successful and happy in their chosen vocations...under the theory that then they will be more able, and willing, to do neat stuff for me...]

For you, Sheryl, I will do the "research"; it is only fair in that you only get one weekend off every aeon...while, at the moment, I'm totally "off"!

The Winners of the "Best Fan Artist" Hugo, to date, are:

1967 • Jack Gaughan; 1968 • George Barr; 1969 • Vaughn Bodé; 1970 • Tim Kirk; 1971 • Alicia Austin; 1972/73/74 • Tim Kirk; 1975 • Bill Rotsler; 1976 • Tim Kirk; 1977/78 • Phil Foglio; 1979 • Bill Rotsler; 1980 • Alexis Gilliland; 1981/82 • Victoria Poyser; 1983/84/85 • Alexis Gilliland; 1986 • Joan Hanke-Woods; 1987 • Brad W. Foster.

[All of these neat facts come from A HISTORY OF THE HUGO, NEBULA, AND INTERNATIONAL FANTASY AWARDS, 1951-1986, edited by Donald Franson & Howard DeVore ...and available from Howard (4705 Weddal, Dearborn, MI 48125); \$6.00.]

...other than the obvious fact that Kirk's 76 win was long after he stopped active fanart...that not everyone is a Foglio fan...and that I don't ever recall getting a fanzine with any of Victoria's art included -- that is not a bad selection of talent. Arguably, it may be the one Hugo category with the highest level of consistency in excellent choices. [Even if some of the choices were overextended.]

...well, Sheryl, now that you know who has one (or more) ... who do you think has been overlooked...?

Now that you bring it up...I can think of several...but the obvious candidate, in terms of longevity (and still active) almost has to be ATom. And a lot of those who "should" have had a shot, such as Canfield, Harry Bell...this list is longer, and I'd embarrass myself if I attempted it off the top of me head...have dropped out of active participation in fanzine fandom. We're certainly not going to "solve" anything in these pages...but if you'll want to talk about it here...

Perhaps we should simplify matters, and award the fan artist Hugo to the best depiction of a ferret in a given year? Sounds good to me!

...and Sheryl: Yes, I of all people might understand... I hope your speaking before your State Legislature went well...!

DON D'AMMASSA

Don D'Amassa, 323 Dodge St, E. Prov., RI 02914

Bill,

The comments on dot matrix amused me, as you can probably guess since this is being printed on a not very high quality dot matrix printer. The same printer, as a matter of fact, that I currently do my apazines on. Actually, the reservations about the quality may soon be mute. The new 24 pin dot matrix printers are

supposedly of such high quality that you will not be able to detect that they are in fact dot matrix, and the advantage of course is that you can use a wide variety of font styles without changing the element each time. I hope to invest in a good quality printer by the end of this year, as a matter of fact, and if Mythologies comes out of mothballs in the near or distant future, it will certainly be composed on computer.

There were comments a while back in various fanzines that future fanzines might be entirely computerized, not mailed at all, but distributed through one or another bulletin board service. At the time, I was without computer and considered this a blasphemy, but I have to admit that working with one has opened up all sorts of possibilities to me, and the idea does have considerable appeal. The new animation programs, for example, have enormous potential for cartoonists. And much of the contents could be printed out in hard copy format if the recipient so desired in any case. There is already at least one professional magazine, Uptime, which distributes each issue on a compressed format diskette, allowing the reader to access the articles, letter column, even the ads through a few keystrokes, either on screen or on printer. The poor state of general interest fanzines might well be overcome as more fans become computer literate and gain access to the equipment.

We SF fans claim to pride ourselves on our ability to adjust to the future. It will be interesting to see how reactionary we really are.

RICHARD BRANDT

Well; actually, she was only one month older than I was, but apparently that was enough to scotch it. I regret to say.

In any case, thanks for OW54 (you realize this averages out to three issues a year? Better than I've managed, especially lately), which has quite a different look to it, thanks to your means of copying -- especially the two-color stuff on pg 1753, the superb McLeod illo on 1760, and Steve Leigh's drawing on pg 1755. This last one comes across blurry-looking, although I'm not sure why, since on close inspection the individual lines seem sharp enough. Either it's Mr. Leigh's choice of technique or I'm slowly going blind (less slowly than I thought).

I must say I'm flattered to receive such prominent billing in this issue, although less so than to see I have however indirectly steered Mr. Lowndes to a choice of column topics. Goshwow. There's a real corker I know of in a 1939 *Astounding*.

Dave Yoder sure touches a sore spot; I've gone through these fallow periods of fanac myself, usually when personal problems or the sheer pressure of work ate into my time or inclination. Oddly enough, word processors have finally contributed to my productivity; now that I have access to one in the workplace, I can commit my lunch hours to catching up on locs; assuming I don't have other errands to run, of course. (Which, when you're in charge of a small local con, is quite an assumption; eh?)

"Remember all those times I mentioned that my next issue of *Gnosoculture* was just sitting there in its file folder awaiting an attack of the Muse? ... If you'll only meditate on that statement for a moment, you will realize that you have just heard the Fan Zen version of the sound of one hand clapping."

—Al Curry, OW54

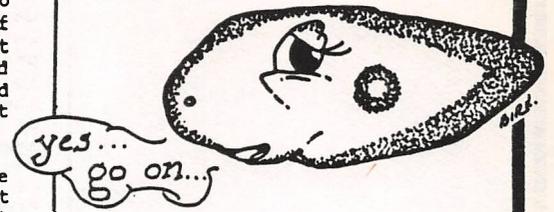
Well, I knew there was something one-handed about the situation. Nice dialogue between Dave and Al this time, as their familiarity with each other and their mutual indulgences contribute to an easy rapport. Their comments on writing, fannish drudgery, and even deadly local fan politics are noteworthy. (Regards some of those comments on writing, if I always took more time on mine, I'd eventually think of things like the word "aspirations" which I wanted to use in my loc on the last issue...)

...Lowndes' remark to Harry Warner on coupons in magazines reminds me of the time I found a page missing from my January 1972 issue of *Fantasy and Science Fiction*. I got pretty worked up, rambling around the house demanding to know who had savaged my magazine. It never occurred to me that my mother might have removed that page to use the coupon to order me a gift subscription. (I was always this dense.) Not sure, all things considered, if I'd rather still have that page.

Haunt the stairwell off the Muehlebach mezzanine? Not to the best of my recollection. The mezzanine, and the lobby, yes, but not any stairwells that I can remember. Walked up and down them a lot, perhaps, but "haunt"? I hadn't mastered the knack of "haunting" yet.

(Undated ♢ He does this to me on purpose.)

So...what do you know about "deadly local fan politics", Richard? You've never been to a CFG meeting, that I can recall. ...or even to a Cleveland in '66 planning session, for that matter! Not to mention... But enough.



1987

- 1 HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER
- 2 ONCE BITTEN
- 3 TROLL
- 4 YOUNG LADY CHATTERLY II
- 5 THE GODS MUST BE CRAZY
- 6 JEWEL OF THE NILE [2]
- 7 A CHORUS LINE: THE MOVIE
- 8 RUSTLER'S RHAPSODY
- 9 DEFCON-4
- 10 THE THEIF OF BAGDAD ['24]
- 11 LOVE YOU
- 12 SUSPICION
- 13 HARD CHOICES
- 14 BLOWOUT [2]
- 15 AFTER HOURS
- 16 MR. & MRS. SMITH
- 17 CREATOR
- 18 FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS
- 19 THE MALTESE FALCON
- 20 COMPROMISING POSITIONS
- 21 CRITTERS
- 22 STREET HERO
- 23 ALTERED STATES
- 24 WOMEN IN LOVE
- 25 F/X
- 26 THE COMPANY OF WOLVES
- 27 RADIO DAYS
- 28 ANIMALS ARE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE
- 29 REMO WILLIAMS
- 30 SMOOTH TALK
- 31 OBSESSION
- 32 LETTERS FROM A DEAD MAN
- 33 KING SOLOMON'S MINES [1985]
- 34 SCREEN TEST
- 35 ELIMINATORS
- 36 MALIBU EXPRESS
- 37 THE BOUNTY
- 38 CONTROL
- 39 AMERIKA
- 40 STAGE FRIGHT
- 41 THE QUIET EARTH
- 42 THE LADY VANISHES
- 43 LEGEND
- 44 MY CHAUFFEUR
- 45 THE AURURA ENCOUNTER
- 46 STRIPPER
- 47 EMANUELLE 4
- 48 HIGHLANDER
- 49 IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT
- 50 AFTER THE THIN MAN

MIKE GLICKSOHN

While I'm still not especially thrilled with the typefaces you're using and with the cluttered appearance of the typography of the lettercolumn I must admit that the visuals on OW54 are quite impressive. If this is printed with colour change kits on your desktop copier then it's a very fine job indeed. I particularly liked the title page (kudos to Pat for her new logo) and the first page of Dave Yoder's article, but the entire issue is a treat for the eyes in terms of the design and printing. Now if only the words were more visually appealing...

Christ, has it really been 18 years since you sent us that first (or rather second) OW? It hardly seems possible. And it surprises me how few people are on the "full-time OW readers" list although I suppose it shouldn't since the transient nature of fandom is constantly being reinforced in my consciousness. Congratulations, old friend: you have achieved something that you've every right to be very proud of. And I thank you for giving me the opportunity to be a small part of it for all these many years. That's something I am proud of.

Beautiful message piece by Steve. (Something we've learned to expect, of course.) One might be tempted to say one was envious of Steve's talents and abilities (artist, martial artist, writer, musician) but that would be to miss the whole point of his article. While it is undoubtedly true that some people have more natural ability than others it is mostly hard work and desire that produces results. Those of us who, by nature or by choice, are on the lazy side only have ourselves to blame. (Although I'm not at all sure that Steve's natural abilities or strong sense of self-motivation can be used to justify the awful puns he's taken to making his morals with!)

Much very fine Jim McLeod artwork in this issue, some of it dated quite recently. I always thought Jim was a much under-rated fanartist back in the 1970's and then he seemed to disappear for quite a while. It's good to see his work again and I hope he gets the reception he deserves this time 'round.

(One nitpick: you should get yourself a proofreader--computerized or human--because there are far too many typographical errors in this issue. You'll never publish the perfect fanzine this way and with my own publishing career on hold you're our only hope!)

One can't help but admire Dave Yoder's candour. It's a rare fan indeed who is willing to admit in public that he's too much of a birdbrain to loc fanzines. Of course, a large part of Dave's trouble stems from his basic misunderstanding of the very nature of fanzine response. Had he invested the picayune sum necessary to enroll in The Glicksohn School of Letterhacking he would have learned quite quickly (Basic Loccing 101, actually) that reading the fanzine in question can actually be a detriment to letterhacking while actually making notes on a fanzine to be locced is usually the kiss of death. It's a shame to see a fine young man like Dave suffering such vast existential angst all because he wouldn't pony up a few paltry dollars to learn from the professionals. One can only hope that his example, as so poignantly exposed here in OW, will serve as an abject lesson to some of your younger readers. Happily there are a few places still available for the Class of '88....

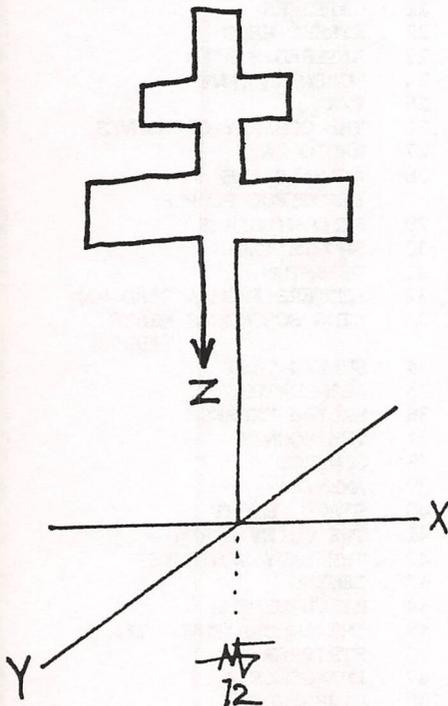
Despite his quintessentially unfannish nature and attitudes I've always felt an inexplicable affection for Al Curry so I was pleased to see that Dave Locke had finally made him the subject of an OW "Dialog". Such is my affection for the hirsute hippy redneck that I actually forced myself to squint my way through all those teeny tiny words. No complaints here, boss.

Super intro by Dave, and accurate to the proverbial T. When I die I should be so lucky as to have my eulogy written with such insight, accuracy and affection.

That Mr. Curry may talk the talk but I doan think he walk the walk. "If it takes a lot of sweat it ain't worth doing" may make for great book jacket copy but I doubt it's all that accurate a statement of his real nature. Anyone with books out circulating looking for publishers can hardly claim they won't sweat over something they consider worth doing. And recent events in Mr. Curry's personal life (which we won't detail here so as to save him from embarrassment and hero-worship) would indicate that when push comes to shove he's willing to sweat quite a bit for what is right.

When it came to making up a mailing list I've always had some trouble getting into three figures which is why the majority of my personal fanzines have had a rather low printrun. It has surprised a few of my fanzine fan friends when I admit that I have twenty or thirty copies of a recent (not that there's been such a thing of late) *Xenium* sitting around because I can't think of people I really want to have a copy. In time, of course, they all go because it's in the nature of fandom that we're always meeting new, interesting people. But at any given time I doubt that there are as many as one hundred active fans I feel like sharing my infrequent fanzines with. I suppose this correlates with the 18 year old Bowers' quote in this issue's editorial: to me a fanzine is far too personal to send out to every Ted, Dick and Harry who reads *Lan's Lantern* or *Fosfax*. So sue me.

NON-EUCLIDEAN GEOMETRY



I can't help wondering whether any newer OW readers might have found the format of your responses in the lettercolumn bewildering? Those of us who've been around for eighteen years had no trouble picking out your own comments from those of the letterhack you were reacting to but the differences in the typefaces are pretty slight and I can see some readers getting confused. Perhaps this was some sort of official *Outworlds* test? If you can figure out who is saying what in the lettercolumn you get to stay on the mailing list. Why...that would be...positively...Macadamian. (i.e., nuts.)

Far be it for me to argue with Walt Willis (who speaks quite good English for an Irishman) but he has merely reiterated my previous point: the sort of dot matrix typeface used in the previous OW was, for me, an actual *hindrance* to legibility. Legibility has more to do with clarity of printing, it has much to do with the sense of comfort the printing produces in the reader. In the extreme cases certain typefaces produce headaches in some readers, thereby *destroying* legibility since said readers are forced to abandon their reading. I fully agree with Walt that legibility should be the number one priority of a fanzine publisher: I also think selecting a readable typeface is a part of that search for readability. Sorry, Walt, and I won't say any more about it...not even when I loc *Hyphen!*

(1/38/88 @ 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6, CANADA)

LOUIS RUSSELL CHAUVENET

Tho I had been inclined to dismiss the general fanzine as an endangered species, I see this was no more than a bit of prejudice arising from long membership in FAPA. My sub to *Outworlds* was meant as just a friendly gesture. I am pleased to find that I'm getting good value for my money.

54 is an excellent issue, a model of its kind. Congratulations.

Stephen Leigh was instructive as well as entertaining. Gilliland's cartoon on 1757 was great. I almost liked a few of Billy Wolfenbarger's lines. Dave Yoder on "The Fanzine in My Bird-feeder" was superb. This encouraged me to read Locke's "Chat With Al Curry", which remained fairly interesting, and suddenly I'd reached the "MAIL".

What Doc Lowndes said about needing a collection of P. Schuyler Miller's best short fiction reminds me that such a collection was published in 1952 under the title *THE TITAN*, but I don't have a copy. If Doc does, he presumably would have made a different selection.

My collection of "The Best Of..." includes Poul Anderson, John W. Campbell, L. Sprague deCamp, Hal Clement, Philip K. Dick, Raymond Z. Gallum, Damon Knight, C. M. Kornbluth, Keith Laumer, Judith Merril, C. L. Moore, and Stanley G. Weinbaum. In addition we have "The Worlds of..." Robert A. Heinlein, Frank Herbert, H. Beam Piper and "The Far Out Worlds of A. E. van Vogt". There's also "The Book of Frank Herbert" which is all-different from "The Worlds" collection. All these great names ring like music in the (very deaf) aging ears of this antique sf fan, but it's a pitiful to think I'd surely flunk an exam requiring me to write an essay from memory on each of these collections. Probably ten times as many authors as I've just listed also have collections of their "Best" in books I've never acquired. *sigh.*

And to think all I was going to say was just that "*Outworlds* 54 is very good." You needed a "Burn Before Reading" warning to save the time needed to pub 55.

(3/4/88 @ 11 Sussex Road, Silver Spring, MD 20910)

...I don't know why I didn't think of it when the subject came up--probably because my own aging memory "remembered" it as a "novel"--but I do have a copy of the 1952 Fantasy Press edition of Miller's *THE TITAN*. In addition to the almost 80-page title novella, the 252 pages contain: "As Never Was"; "Old Man Mulligan"; "Spawn"; "In the Good Old Summer Time"; "Gleeps"; "The Arrhenius Horror"; and "Forgotten". The copy I have, while in excellent condition, has no d.j., and no introductory material, so I have no idea as to whether it was conceived as a "Best of...", or simply as a collection. As you might expect of someone who "discovered" science fiction in the late 50s, and the prozines at the beginning of the 60s...I've always thought of Miller--the-reviewer. But then, I also thought of Damon Knight that way, for a long time. Still, given the fact that virtually everything else from the 30s thru the 50s has been reprinted at least twice, it's strange that this book hasn't been given new life also...

(In the process of going to the shelves for the above -- it is so nice to have access to most of my books; someday, perhaps, the magazines and fanzines will enjoy equal standing! -- I (re)discovered that I have a copy of Donald A. Wollheim's *THE POCKETBOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION*, which was published four months before I was born...and was, if I remember my "history" right...the very first science fiction paperback. That in itself is only of passing interest, but the last line of Wollheim's introduction reads:

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Robert W. Lowndes, John B. Mitchell (is that a 'sic', by chance?), and Philip Van Doren Stern for their valuable advice and criticism while this book was in preparation.

So, Doc..., does that bring back any memories...?)

- 51 JULES AND JIM
- 52 A DIFFERENT BREED
- 53 ALIENS
- 54 ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN
- 55 YOUNG SHERLOCK HOLMES
- 56 ECHO PARK
- 57 INVADERS FROM MARS [1953]
- 58 TARGET
- 59 BRONCO BILLY
- 60 THE LAST INNOCENT MAN
- 61 JAKE SPEED
- 62 THE MONEY PIT
- 63 WITNESS
- 64 NORTH BY NORTHWEST
- 65 ON THE EDGE
- 66 HELP!
- 67 FOREPLAY
- 68 STAR CRYSTAL
- 69 SWEET LIBERTY
- 70 THE PARADISE CASE
- 71 PEGGY SUE GOT MARRIED
- 72 REFLECTIONS OF MURDER
- 73 ELLIE
- 74 FOOL FOR LOVE
- 75 VIOLETS ARE BLUE
- 76 THE MANHATTAN PROJECT
- 77 PRETTY IN PINK
- 78 SUDDEN DEATH
- 79 AGNES OF GOD
- 80 8 MILLION WAYS TO DIE
- 81 THE LION OF AFRICA
- 82 HOWARD THE DUCK
- 83 VAMP
- 84 BIG TROUBLE
- IN LITTLE CHINA
- 85 THE NINTH CONFIGURATION
- 86 MAXIMUM OVERDRIVE
- 87 1984 [1984]
- 88 ASSAULT ON PRECINCT 13
- 89 THE EMERALD FOREST
- 90 ANNIE HALL [?]
- 91 DESERT HEARTS
- 92 DOWN & OUT
- IN BEVERLY HILLS
- 93 FLESH + BLOOD
- 94 LABYRINTH
- 95 NADINE
- 96 SNOW BUNNIES
- 97 INVADERS FROM MARS [1986]
- 98 THE BIRDS
- 99 THE CHECK IS IN THE MAIL
- 100 TROUBLE IN MIND
- 101 TRUE STORIES
- 102 PSYCHO III
- 103 CHARADE
- 104 RADIOACTIVE DREAMS
- 105 LOVE CIRCLES
- 106 UNDER CAPRICORN [1982]
- 107 THE CLAN OF THE CAVE BEAR
- 108 CLUB PARADISE
- 109 SPACEBALLS
- 110 RUTHLESS PEOPLE

- 111 BLUE VELVET
- 112 BLACK VENUS
- 113 SLEEPER
- 114 NOMADS
- 115 SPACERAGE
- 116 HALF MOON STREET
- 117 CUT AND RUN
- 118 ALMOST YOU
- 119 LIGHTBLAST
- 120 THE CONNECTION
- 121 BLUE CITY
- 122 DEAD END DRIVE-IN
- 123 CLASS OF NUKE 'EM HIGH
- 124 PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM [2]
- 125 ABOUT LAST NIGHT...
- 126 LEGAL EAGLES
- 127 STAND BY ME
- 128 CLUE [all 3 endings]
- 128 CLOCKWISE
- 129 FROM BEYOND
- 130 ECHOES IN CRIMSON
- 131 KEY EXCHANGE
- 132 WARRIOR QUEEN
- 133 LAGUNA HEAT
- 134 SOMETHING WILD
- 135 THE LADY EVE
- 136 GREASER'S PALACE
- 137 TOP GUN
- 138 BARBARELLA [?]
- 139 THE PRINCESS BRIDE
- 140 SOLARBABIES
- 141 HOUSE
- 142 THE LITTLE SHOP
OF HORRORS [1986]
- 143 A PRIVATE FUNCTION
- 144 EASY RIDER [3]
- 145 MONA LISA
- 146 UNDER THE CHERRY MOON
- 147 SUBMISSION
- 148 OUTLAW JOSEY WALES [2]
- 149 CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD
- 150 DEADTIME STORIES
- 151 THE PINK CHIQUITAS
- 152 CANDY STRIPE NURSES [2]
- 153 WHITE CHRISTMAS
- 154 GORKY PARK
- 155 OFFBEAT
- 156 LADY JANE
- 157 CHARLY [3]
- 158 FORBIDDEN PLANET [2]
- 159 *batteries not included
- 160 IRON EAGLE
- 161 D.O.A. [original; 3]
- 162 DOWN BY LAW
- 163 INTO THE HOMELAND

I Also Heard From, on *Outworlds 54*: DAVE D'AMMASSA; LINDA MICHAELS; Mr. LINDA; and BILLY WOLFENBARGER, who wishes me to mention that he is still in search of a publisher for *COFFEEHOUSE*, a collection of 21 poems.

Yes, yes...I know it's terribly uncool of me, but I thought it was rather nifty to lead off this lettercolumn with the very complimentary words of Charles Hornig, the ultimate faned-made-good; and to finish it up with the equally kind words of Russell Chauvenet...the man who coined the very term we apply to this type of publication. I may be Old, Tired, and Unemployed ... but, even while taking the compliments with a small grain ... I can still be flattered by the approval of these, and others... It doesn't buy the postage...but it sure feels nice!

After all, I'm rather pleased with myself for another reason: At this moment, March 15, 1988, given that all things are subject to change (and that my filing "system" is not flawless) ...at least as far as I know, I am "caught up" with the locs in hand on the 80s version of *Outworlds*. This may or may not be of vital concern to you ...but in that LoCs are the only concrete "reward" that I, and the contributors, get out of this ... well, it was about time I got with it.

Of course tomorrow I'll get several more, but for the moment... And, unless you all completely bury me with your commentary on this dynamite issue--I'm going to try my best to keep caught up. At least for an issue or two...

---Bill Bowers

...suddenly, inevitably, yesterday's tomorrow's mail has come and yes, in a manner any skiffy writer could be proud of... I got several more. Well, two. LoCs.

Sheryl Birkhead's comments on 54 were no problem; type it up and "insert text" a few pages back...at an appropriate spot. You would never have known, had I not just told you.

The other LoC/letter presents a more difficult choice. It was prompted by 53 -- and that section is already printed out, reduced, and pasted-up on the grids. I could go back and redo it; but I won't. I could attempt to meld it into the 54 section. I could hold it till next time.... Ignore it.... Spin it off into a mini-article/column.... All time-honored faneditor options.

Instead, I will tack it on here at the end, in the process probably giving it undue importance...but at least it won't be "obsolete" when it does see print! Here then, is the latest installment of that biannual *Outworlds* Feature: WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

LARRY DOWNES

Dear Billiam,

Thanks for *Outworlds 53*. I have no clue when I actually got it. (I'm working on undeveloping my memory in pursuit of political aspirations.)

The letter you published from me was so incredibly old that it represented a description of my life that bears no relation to the present. I'm almost afraid to bring you up to date, for fear of seeing this letter in print some years from now, when it too will be obsolete. Let me tell you it is a humbling experience to hear yourself describing the future in rosy tones after that future is already past.

I did quit my job, as planned, but before I knew it I was hired as a consultant to my ex-employer, and spent another six months commuting between Seattle and New York. I applied to graduate programs in Technology and Public Policy, then took about three months completely off, doing some writing and volunteer work. I was accepted to a PhD program at Carnegie-Mellon, and continued consulting during the summer, expecting to move to Pittsburgh in the fall. I didn't in the end (chickened out), and instead started looking for jobs with small Silicon Valley AI companies. After a couple more months off, I chickened out again and went back to Arthur Anderson in February of last year! (And since, most of the Silicon Valley companies who offered jobs have gotten into serious trouble.)

It's a little better now--I'm doing research, so the pressures are different. And I'm home more, which has given me at last a chance to establish some existence in Chicago. I still don't know what I want to be when I grow up, though, and having just turned 29 (you met me when I was 15, Bill) I suppose I have to conclude I'll never know.

What else? I found myself in Menlo Park a few weeks ago (I hadn't realized it was right next to Palo Alto, where I've been going a lot the last year) and for no logical reason I decided to call Chris Sherman, who I haven't communicated with for about ten years (I love throwing around these huge blocks of time, can't you tell ... here's some more: ten years ago, I was already in college, I've been out working for seven years, I've lived in Lincoln Park for eight years, I haven't had a date in four years ... oops, well maybe I got carried away.) As fate would have it, I couldn't find him; he must have left for greener pastures. I also was wondering what had become of Bill Breiding, since I had a letter from him ages ago saying he might be through Chicago, but I get the hint from your comments here that something changed his travel plans. Oh, those were great days, those Apa-50 ones. No revisionist I.

You're an old sentimentalist yourself, I see, putting Chris's and Bill's letters right next to each other, and both of them, like me, mulling over Ape-50 and MidAmericon, surely in totally different contexts (or paradigms, as my buzz-word generator tells me). How do you keep track of all these Gafiates? Leah and I try to make contact every bunch of months, usually without success. She thinks I'm an inner-city snob. It's really that I just don't know where Wheeling is (I presume the closest airport is Denver, though).

Here's what I do besides work, in case you are interested:

•Go out with my friends (usually for meals). My friends are a combination of people I know from work, people I know from college, people I know from high school (well, one besides Leah), people I know from political stuff, and miscellaneous (friends of friends).

•Write. I've actually been published, in a new regional magazine called *Chicago Times*, and, even better, last month got a personal rejection letter from *The New Yorker*. Ah, success tastes sweet.

•Politics. I do work for the American Civil Liberties Union, where I recently became the youngest and poorest member of the Governing Board.

•Go skiing. Out west, only.

•Become overly-involved with my friends' children. This, obviously, a more recent development.

•See my shrink. Twice a week. Of course, I don't like him.

•Play with computers. My current pets are the Toshiba laptop this letter is composed on, my MAC II at work (where it will be printed), and a Symbolics running Really Cool AI software.

Oh well, those are the highlights. Bill, if you aren't going to write anything about yourself in these thingies of yours (as Sheryl Smith used to call them), you ought to answer an occasional letter. I feel like I'm writing to a mailbox. Hello? HELLO?

[3/7/88 @ 2330 N. Clark, 301, Chicago, IL 60614]

...just the way you used to answer, Larry ... back in the days when you "had your own phone!"

Relax. I'm still just as much older than you, as I was when we met, and I still haven't figured what I want to be when I grow up either. I don't worry overmuch about it either; I suppose if it ever Came To Me, I'd die of shock. Or boredom.

God, yes, Larry. You were so very 15, when we met at that Midwestcon. (I wasn't, except perhaps emotionally...) [I received a letter last week, reminding me that this Labor Day will mark the 15th Anniversary of my initial meeting with someone else who was, also, so very, very 15 when I encountered her at Torcon 2. This has been a Mythic Mystery Woman Reference, for Roger Weddall.] [Still, it is rather astounding that all the teenyboppers I met when in my early thirties...are becoming that themselves, within the span of two years. "Sentimentalist"? Me? ...so what's new?]

Well, I haven't heard from Chris since that up-to-date letter in OW53; it (the fanzine) was sent to the last address I have (and it didn't bounce) which is: POBox 41, Solana Beach, CA 92075. If that's near San Diego...well, maybe he's gone back to harassing David Brin in the John.

And I haven't heard from Bill since he was here, but Patty called after receiving OW54, said that he'd made it Back, and that the POBox [26617, San Francisco, CA 94126] was still valid.

[Fannish Personals, for the ex-Ape-50 set; Our Speciality!]

...keeping track of all you Gafiates is no problem; it's getting any response out of the one remaining "active" fan, Leah, that is the challenge. (Of course I see her at a couple of cons a year, and get yelled at; so I guess that's feedback, after all...)

So, what do you want to know, Larry? I mean, my life is, like, so unexciting, compared to yours, and all...

Actually, other than the severance running out in a couple of weeks, and not having the resources to fall back on for an extended period after that...I'm doing okay. I'm "busier" than when I was working, not bored at all with my involuntary sabbatical, and having a lot of fun playing with my little computers, and my little fanzine... and have been Really Good about spending money, except for a few compact discs...and this issue, which is definitely an Indulgence.

Was the car newer, and were I in a position to fix/replace it if necessary, I probably would be using this time for a lot more travel. But I can't, so I'm not; the regrets are there, but not overwhelming... I figure I worked steady for the last seven years, I now have two pensions for when I retire (together they total 2/3rd of my current rent; the second one, for seven years, is equal in payout to the first one for fifteen years...go tell), and I'll find something to do...

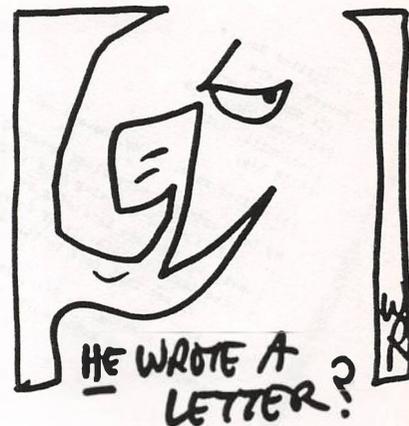
...though if truth be told, I think I'd like to publish fanzines full-time. For a while.

Keep in touch. And if Seattle is still accessible to your business travels, why don't you go out the last weekend in April... I'll be there, and perhaps one or two others from the Good Olde Days...

And that is it, for a lettercolumn totalling 114k, and approximately 14,500 words (plus the Cortis & D'Annunzio "inserts"). And to think I always wondered just how Chris knew those things...

Thanks for writing, everyone...

---Bill



THE LAST WORD:

Naturally, as soon as the LoCol was 'closed' the second time, LoCs from TERRY JEEVES and SKEL came in; ah well, a Start for 56...

For you Members of the Jerry Lapidus Fan Club: The text for the 'articles' was entered on the Kaypro 1, under WordStar, in 50-character-wide columns, printed-out on the Brother HR-10 daisy wheel printer, and reduced on the Canon PC-25 copier utilizing the 78% reduction setting. [The text for the 'Mania' section (and this) was generated in --and is presented full-size, in 15-pitch.] The LoCs text was entered on the Amstrad PCW8526, under LocoScript 2, at 10-pitch in 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ "-wide columns [with my comments entered in the proportional spacing, or 12-pitch], was printed on the Amstrad's dot matrix printer, and reduced at the 68% setting. The original page grids were produced under AutoCad and were plotted out while playing at a (former) part-time job. This issue will be printed on a document-fed copier, from 2nd generation masters.

This issue contains slightly over 25,000 words.

...of which the following is the last entered...

---Bill [3/27/88]

3 February, 1988
J.V. Maraglino
1356 Niagara Avenue
Niagara Falls, New York
14305

Mr. William Bowers
Bowers Towers
1874 Sunset Avenue
Penthouse Tower J56
Cincinnati, Ohio
45239 5142

re: letter rcvd. on Mr. Bowers behalf
My Dear esteemed very close personal friend Bill,
In lieu of my being able to properly (or at least lucidly)
convey the message heretofore set forth in the enclosed missive,
I have taken the liberty of forwarding same to you.
Please feel free to take whatever ~~appropriate~~ action you see
fit to.
In closing, my dear, esteemed and honoured old friend, please
permit me this opportunity to bid you "have a nice day".

As Sincerely as possible,

your dear, trusted, esteemed
old friend
J.V. Maraglino

JVM/ag
cc file
cc attorneys
cc Justice Dept.

January 32, 1988
Phantom Phan
somewhere in Fandom
zip code withheld by request

~~Dear Mr. Maraglino~~
~~Dear Mr. Maraglino~~
~~Dear Mr. Maraglino~~
Dear Mr. Joe:

I hear how you are very close personal friends of/with/to mr Bi-L
Blowers who rights that fansine ~~outworlds~~ outworlds...and I hear also
that you no him good enough to ask him a personal favor maybe even a
personell favor for somewon else, okay? So heres what i want you should
ask him for me since he is a close personal friend of yours and all...
Would he lookat my puzzell please, and if he likes it very much, he can
use it in hiz fanzeen, or if he ~~does not~~ does not, i will KILL HIM
DIRTY DEAD WITHLOTSOPPAINANDSUPPERINGANDBLOODFROMEVERYWHREAND
PLEASEExcuse me,, ever since i got back from Nam i have these moments
where I dont know what i'm doing... so if he likes my puzzell, maybee he
will put it where it belongs,, in His 'Zine "~~outwelds~~"...Also,
while were on the subject you could ask him, since he IS such a close
personal friend and all that, if He'D mabee even want me to make somemore
of these puzzals for ~~him~~ for him to
always put one in evry ishue, like a syndicated collem. All of my friends
here at the group home think that its a really really good idea
for him to do this for me, and they are all crazier than i am...like
my friend, HORSE, who loooks after me who one time when a ladyat the store
tried to give me the wrong change and he grabbed HER BY THE NECK AND PULLED
HER OVER THE COUNTER AND STARTED TOPULLOPFHERNOSEWITHHISUTILITYPLIERS
SORRY AGAIN, I GUESS YOU GET MY MEENING though. i get excited sometimes...
So please send my puzzell to him at the hedquarters of ~~his~~ his
fanzine, and ask him too use it REAL SOON NOW ~~at~~ ~~his~~, please.

PHANTOM PHAN

Phantom Phan
aka the mad puzzlemaker
aka the mad fanzine reader
aka the mad bomber
aka the mad face destroyer
aka the mad madman
aka Bobby.

typing created
by Horse.....

thank you for your consideration in
this matter.



1	U	2	N	3	L	4	O	5	C	6	B	7	O	8	W	9	E	10	R	11	S	
12	S	E	O	U	L					13	P	L	A	N	E	T						
14	S	E	C	T	O	R		15	D		16	C	H	A								
17	R			18	W	A	I	S	T	C	O	A	T									
			19	Y	O	K	O				20	D	B	S								
21	A	F	I	R	S	T		23	T	I	M	E										
25	K	E	E	L			26	S	E	C	O	R	D		27							
28	W	E	N	D	S			29	A	K	A			30	E	N			31			
32	O	L	D	S			33	A	S	S			34	M	A	I						
	N						35	A	G	E			36	B	I	L	K					
							37	E	D	I	T	O	R	I	A	L	S					

CLUES ACROSS

- 1. Rescind letter of comment
- 6. Notable Bill
- 12. City with Soul
- 13. Outworld
- 14. Area
- 16. 1/2 dance
- 17. Martin middle
- 18. Vest, to a Brit.
- 19. Oh. no!
- 20. Noise levels
- 21. There's one for everything
- 25. Boat bottom
- 26. Laura, to Chocofen
- 28. Fuses
- 29. Alias
- 30. Printers' measure
- 32. Not news
- 33. Beast of burden
- 34. First half of Tai
- 35. Certain Fan-ed's showing his
- 36. Alluded to in 35 ACROSS
- 37. What Fan-eds write, but never read.

CLUES DOWN

- 1. Commune country
- 2. Opposite e'er
- 3. What fen pen
- 4. Not Xenium (~~not Xenium~~)
- 5. _____ in secrecy
- 6. Sometimes raised by hall costumes
- 7. What you can't teach a new Fan-ed
- 8. N.W. state
- 9. Writer of gibberish (not 6 ACROSS)
- 10. Make useful again
- 11. Hack facts
- 15. When con suite runs out of bheer
- 19. Conceded
- 21. Buckeyes pwoduce tiows hewe
- 22. Grope
- 23. Film preview
- 24. Tropical bird, or not wess in 21 DOWN
- 27. Hands out hands
- 31. None
- 33. Fairy tale long long
- 34. Thousandth
- 35. Preposition
- 36. Silvery-white metallic element

