

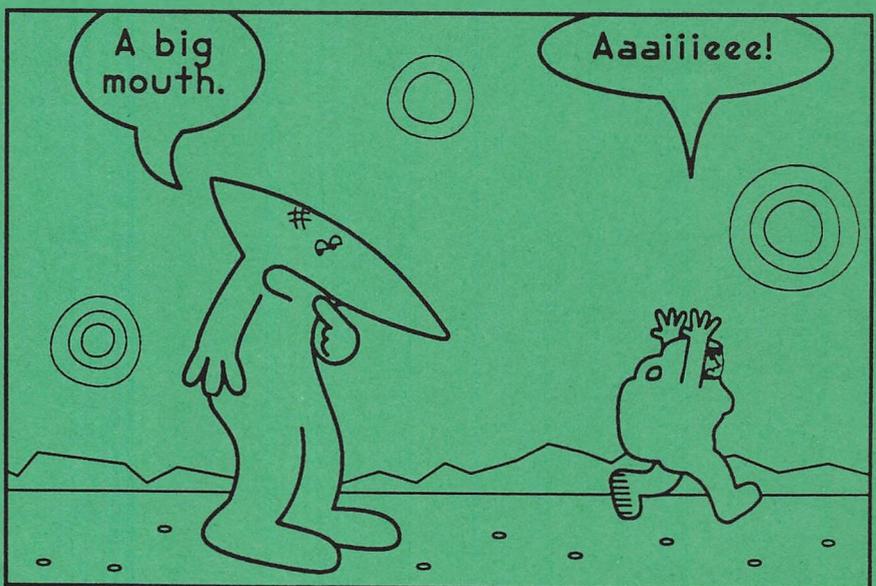
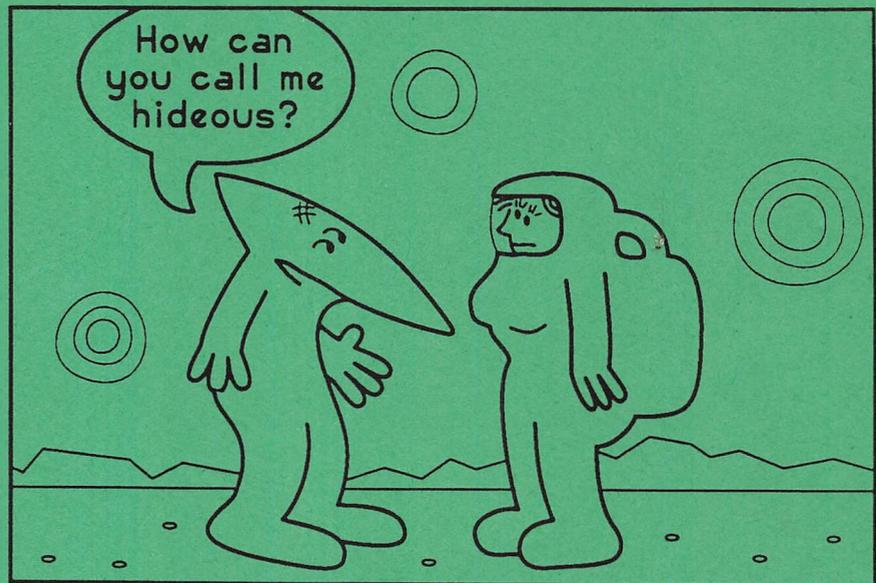
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OUTWORLDS 61

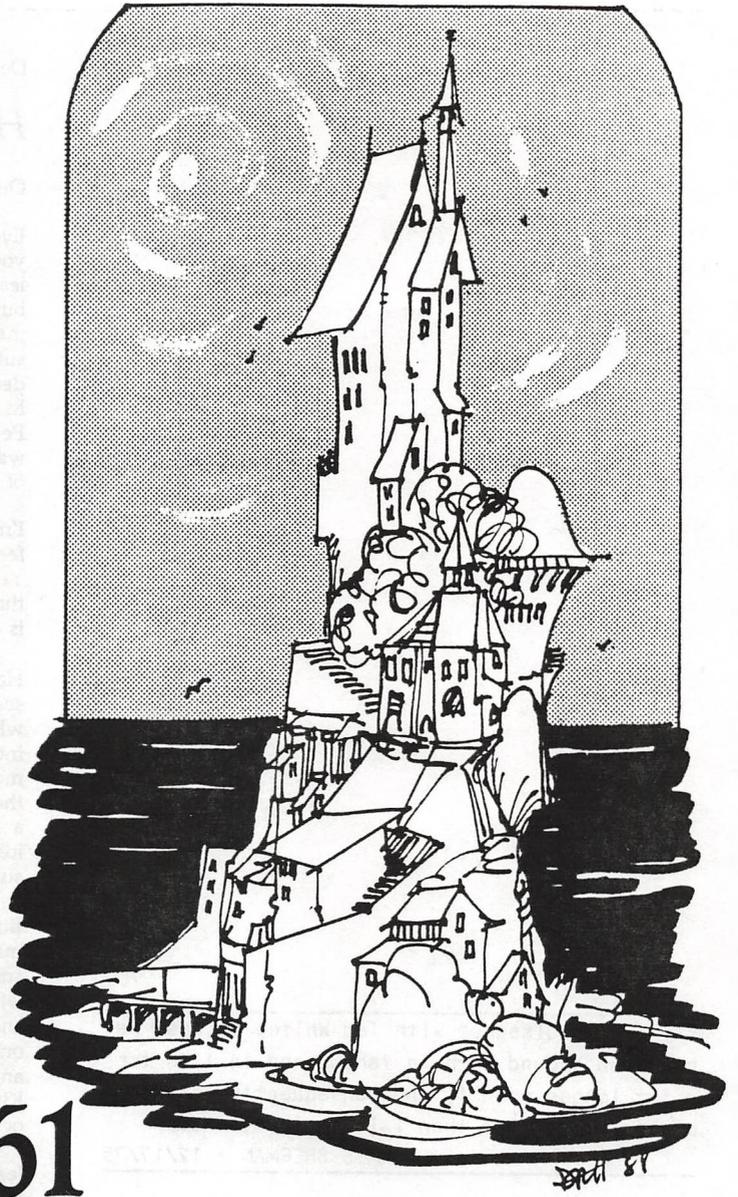
DIANE and XENO

From *WingNuts
Go Hawaiian*

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by Teddy Harvia



Outworlds 61



EDITED & PUBLISHED BY BILL BOWERS
POBox 58174 • CINCINNATI • OH • 45258-0174
[513] 251-0806

ALL INTERIOR ILLUSTRATIONS THIS ISSUE ARE BY:

DAVID R. HAUGH

COVERS: ALAN HUNTER (OUT)/TEDDY HARVIA (IN)

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This is My Publication #174

July, 1991

This Issue Dedicated, with Thanks, to: Richard Brandt;
Patty Peters & Gary Mattingly; Dick & Leah Smith....
for making Corflu Ocho possible, for me!



SELF PORTRAIT WITH BEMS
(BUG EYED MACHINES)

Chris Sherman
P.O. Box 990
Solana Beach, CA 92075

Dear Bill;

Hah!!!

April 29, 1991

Outworlds at last! Praise the lord, Bowers is alive and printing!

Even though I'm familiar with The Saga from *Xenolith*, reading again about your ordeals provoked empathetic nausea quickly followed by vitriolic (I learned that word from Don Thompson) outrage. I'm not a violent person, but reading about the things you're forced to endure because of "Her" makes me want to... to... words can't express. Sometimes I wish you could subject people like that to surgical, aseptic flaying, the kind Gene Wolfe described in *The Shadow of the Torturer*. Have you read *People of the Lie*, by M. Scott Peck? Recommended if you're still seeking "understanding". Peck's conclusion: there are some genuinely evil people in the world. The warning to those of us who prefer to believe that all humans are capable of compassion: be on guard, it just ain't true.

I'm now also going through a difficult "separation" and a move, and am feeling pretty much like the scumbag shthead of the universe as a result. Yet as bad as it gets, it's nowhere near as horrendous as what you're going through. As I said a couple letters back, sometimes the best you can do is count your blessings, whatever they may be...

Having "grown up" in Minnesota, I'm a confirmed addict of the four seasons. This is a challenging habit to indulge in Southern California, where our two "seasons" consist of five days of rain, and 360 days of interminable sunshine, with occasional morning overcast to break the monotony. It's been nearly two years since the last thunderstorm, even though I've sacrificed numerous beers to the Gods of the Atmosphere with a humble request for just a little hellraising sound and light. Pagan idolatry doesn't seem to work out here. Too many people in need of a suntan, I guess.

But I've found my sign of spring today: the monarch butterflies are migrating north. Monarchs don't just flutter – they explode with crazy, somersaulting energy, whirling around each other like biological ferris-wheels unconstrained by gravity. I was out running early this morning, and instinctively kept batting them away when they'd careen into my face, only to find there was nothing there – until a few seconds later when another cluster would come tumbling wildly out of the sky into my path. Kind of like running through a scene in Hitchcock's *Birds* without the fear or ominous foreboding.

Jeanne Bowman's piece was delightful. I really enjoyed watching such an artful intelligence at play. The strange thing is that I experienced one of those disturbing back-brain feelings while reading her frisky words... Weird, because I recall meeting her only once, briefly, at Corflu in Napa (1985?), and that seemed like a perfectly comfortable encounter. I probed around in memory, thinking of the various people we both know, to see if I had made an unwonted connection... I knew Don Herron for a while when we both lived in the Twin Cities, and remembered him as an estimable and easy-going sort of guy. No... What about Loren Macgregor? Loren was one of the major reasons I started APA-50, but I don't hold that against him. No, not there. Wm. Breiding? No, it's better not to get involved with analyzing Wm. Who else? I can't think of any other common link than you, Bill.

The net result is that I'm totally at a loss to explain or understand my feeling. Strange, huh? Did we have a knockdown feud in OW that I'm just not remembering? If so, apologies – she seems like a warm, wonderful person from all I've read of her in *Xenolith* and OW. Jeanne seems to "epitomize" the different OW feel that Alexander Yudenitsch describes – and I, for one, happen to like that feel, very much.

Buck Coulson has an interesting point about memory. I recently went back and re-read one of the first sf novels I ever read – *The Programmed Man*, by Jean & Jeff Sutton. This was the kind of book that stunned me when I was ten years old, blasting my imagination through space and time and all that other fun stuff that initially gets people into reading sf. But on re-reading... The most interesting parts of the book were focused on psychological questions of identity and purpose. The space/time journeying was almost painfully cliched and nearly ludicrous in execution.

"I hate to disagree with Ted White, because he has been around both in fandom and in life for a lot longer than I, and consequently is probably far more wise than I in most matters."

CHRIS SHERMAN • 12/17/75



On reflection, the book had clearly been "seminal" in forming my taste in sf, but only in that it planted subconscious seeds that didn't come to fruition for years after the initial reading.

My parents have been remodeling their house recently, so they've been clearing out closets, and have been sending some of my writings, fanzines, etc. from the years I lived with them. Most of it is hilarious, crude and naive. This stuff simply does not jibe with my memory of those early times. I recall rampant curiosity, enthusiasm, and emotion -- not the infantile drivel (*I wrote this?*) they're sending along. It might be kind of fun for you to do an issue of *OW* where you match each contributor's recent column or letter with one that's ten or twenty years old. The contrast would be fascinating; so would your "marginal" comments on the two pieces and your thoughts about the same/different people who wrote them.

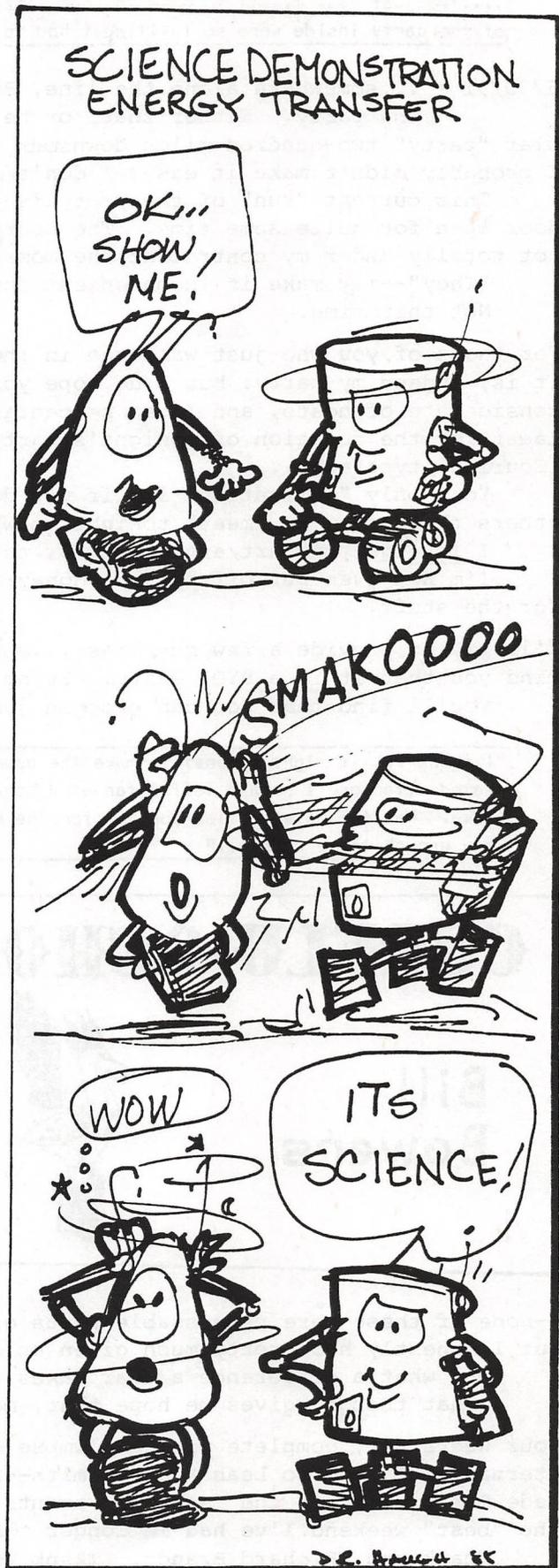
I "liked" Don Fitch's letter... (sorry, couldn't resist). Don's always low-key and subtle approach belies an intelligence that could easily master current fanzine publishing tools. Especially since in the past few years microcomputer verbology has become more shaped by marketing people, whose intention is to communicate, not obstinate. Which is more difficult: "Gestetner" or "laser jet"? "Word-processor" or "corflu"? "Electrostencil" or "scanner"? Don is certainly right about communal knowledge (and the underlying deep structure of the language system) being important, but computers are essentially just tools, described in their own characteristic words, and they're really not fundamentally different from the generation of tools that preceded them. A lot more powerful, sure, but not really different. Think how astonished Mark Twain would be flying TWA from St. Louis to Sacramento, given how blown away he was by the rapidity of the Pony Express riders, who made the same journey in just under eight days... Interestingly, it costs about the same (in inflation-adjusted dollars) to make that trip now as when Twain made it. The trip's just much, much faster.

Don may not have "understood" what happened during the APA-50 "Fusion or Fission Reaction", but he was undeniably an integral part of it, as were you, Bill. Maybe the two of you, being the mature observers you were/are, could provide some insight about those events that consumed the "brilliant fans of an Era". Those of us in the "lost generation" lack a Sam Moskowitz or Harry Warner to tell the story for posterity -- uh, posterity. These days, none of us who were involved seem to be able to drag our heads up from our career grindstones to make even a feeble attempt at gutspilling, let alone trying to be historical. One thing we do seem to share, though, is a willingness to discuss materialistic desires and activities that would have been anathema to us back then. I wonder what Larry will do when he retires at 40. I never want to retire. I'll just keep finding something else to do. My fantasy is to die under the knife, subject of the world's first artificial brain implant. Given my current rate of mental decay, I'm certain I'll be an outstanding candidate for the process by the time medical science is ready to undertake it.

Mike's comments about letter-writer poseurs were interesting. To make such a pointed comment, and then not name-names? Come on, Mike, spill it. Who are said poseurs? I'm writing this assuming you will read it (though who knows -- Bowers may actually exercise some editorial judgement in this case). I certainly get a kick out of seeing my words in *OW*, and I definitely don't consider myself a fan any more, so I've filled two of your criteria. I'm also known as a "sick voyeur" in APA-50, so it'd be kind of fun to be called a poseur too. Hey Mom, guess what?

But seriously (Bill, Mike), I loc *Outworlds* for the same reason you (Mike) do -- because I enjoy what Bill has created, and I enjoy the process of sharing thoughts about it -- and maybe provoking a response from a slightly crusty, cynical old SMOF like yourself... (Mike? Bill?) ("heh heh heh...")

Well, enough. Thank you for *Outworlds*, Bill. After all of the shit I've given you recently, I really do appreciate receiving it, and knowing that you're determined to keep it up. I look forward to the next one. And the next, and and and...



"...I've just made myself to home in your fanzine. You left the front cover wide open and the sounds of the party inside were so inviting I had to drop in." BUZZ DIXON • rec'd 3/24/76

5/30/91 • ...somewhere along the line, Buzz wandered out the door, and never returned to the party. Either that, or he was out party-hopping when I moved this particular "party" two-hundred-miles downstate in 1977...and just couldn't find his way back. I probably didn't make it easy; I don't recall leaving a "sign" on the old door.

This current "run" of the party is just getting going, but I plan on keeping the door open for quite some time. The hours are flexible, perhaps chaotic...and, frankly, not totally under my control at the moment.

"They"--may make it inconvenient for a while yet...but they won't close me down. Not this time.

For those of you who just wandered in the door...I'm Bill Bowers, I'm your "host"...and it is, indeed my party: but I do hope you'll enjoy yourselves. I'm not always the most considerate of hosts, and I can be cantankerous at times...but you'll recognize me: At least for the duration of tonight's party, I'll be holding forth in this particular [Courier] typeface....

Your only "obligation" is, if you do enjoy the party--let me know. And let the others that you will "meet" tonight know, also...

I love getting art/articles/LoCs to spread around the suite for tomorrow's party.

I'm not even put off by Evil Money; the Copy Shop seems to have an inordinate need for the stuff.

I'll try to provide a few munchies....and keep the refreshments cool, but I should remind you that it is a BYOI Party. Bring Your Own Input.

You'll find that you can plug in just about anywhere along the line.

"I think ... it might be best to make the usual sort of social-sounding chitter-chatter that's expected after one's seen a fellow fan at a con. Nice seeing you last weekend, Bill; too bad the bed broke. Has the hotel billed you yet for the damages? Really, a man of your advanced years should know enough to be careful." JACKIE FRANKE [CAUSGROVE] • 1/29/76



5/31/91 • A year ago, had anyone suggested that I would be spending two days in jail, or a weekend in El Paso -- I'm not sure which "experience" I would have judged the least likely to occur. A year ago...my last direct contact with fannish fandom would have been Corflu 6; Minneapolis, April, 1989. A year ago I had no knowledge that Corflu 7 had indeed come off...and no inkling of "who" would host the 1991 Edition. I certainly did not expect to meet Barnaby Rapoport in the wilds of Texas...and have him give me a copy of his GoH Speech from Corflu 7. A year ago...fandom, fanzines, my friends

--none of these were permissible parts of my life. I thought about all these things, but I honestly had pretty much given up on their ever being a part of my life, again.

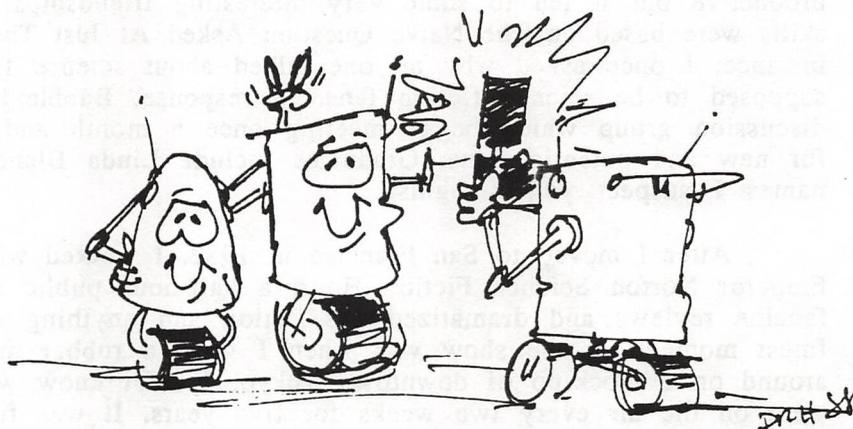
My, what a difference a year makes!

(That thought gives me hope that, maybe, by this time next year, it'll all be over!)

Four weeks ago, complete with a glimpse of the newest shuttle, I landed in El Paso. With eternal gratitude to Leah & Dick Smith--and those of you in Chicago last October--who made Ditto 3 one of the "special" events in my life...I have to say that Corflu Ocho was the "best" weekend I've had in longer than I can remember.

Thank you, Richard Brandt. Thank you, Michelle Lyons; Roy Anthony. You did good!

...and thank you, Lucy...for letting me print the following:



SPECIAL COMIDAS: THE CORFLU OCHO TOSTADA SPEECH by Lucy Huntzinger

Fellow fans, I have a tale to tell. There is no moral nor even much point to it except that I am the Official Tostada of Corflu Ocho and Richard said I could talk about anything I wanted to. So I'm going to talk about myself. Quite a surprise, I'm sure, but this is a priceless opportunity to get the record straight and I never could resist a captive audience.

In an incredible example of coincidence, serendipity and general booga booga, ten years ago today I discovered fandom. It's a little difficult to believe it's been so long but I have plenty of dorky letters of comment in print to verify it. I was young, bored, and ripe for adventure; in fact, just the kind of person the army and Scientologists are always looking for. I sometimes speculate on what might have been if the Hare Krishnas, rather than Janice Murray, had found me first. We met at work where I had a most uncharacteristic job as an Accounts Payable clerk. Displaying great foresight, not to mention perfect taste, she invited me to her friends' party at the Jumping Jesus Bar & Grill and my fate was sealed. Maybe that's too weeny a metaphor. Destiny whacked me in the snoot, actually. It was a killer party. The fannish accent was thick and strong. I'd been reading science fiction for years and I was thrilled. I thought "Boy, this is really cool. All these people talk just like Isaac Asimov." What can I say? I was young.

I found a slot for myself in Seattle fandom right away. Certain people recognised a nascent fanzine fan and went to great lengths to entice me into that discipline. For this I alternately thank and blame Jerry Kaufman, Gary Farber, and Patrick Nielsen Hayden. They made me what I am today or at least what I was in 1981. I produced my first fanzine in imitation of Dave Langford, not a bad role model, and Francis Towner Laney, an influence still apparent in most of my fanzines, especially the ones with titles like Rude Bitch and Abattoir.

I went through most of the normal stages neofans go through, letting my new popularity go to my head, idolizing certain fans, picking up the lingo to the point of incomprehensibility, and generally making a nincompoop of myself in print. I moved into a slant shack and spent long evenings rummaging through the vast Farber fanzine collection. I went to my first convention and had the requisite wonderful time. I wrote letters of comment, quickly passing from the "cringing with embarrassment" stage to the "rabid need to see my name in every fanzine" stage. I longed to do something to leave my mark on fandom. It was exhilarating and stimulating and completely unoriginal. I became a Faaan.

Along the way I discovered a natural talent: I had the power to motive others. My other natural talent, the ability to smoke enormous amounts of pot, wasn't quite as

productive but it led to some very interesting friendships. A lot of my motivational skills were based on The Naive Question Asked At Just The Right Moment. For instance, I once asked why no one talked about science fiction much if we were supposed to be science fiction fans. In response, Babble-17 was created, a reading and discussion group which began meeting once a month and became a point of contact for new and potential fans. Graduates include Linda Blanchard and Tom Weber, Jr., names I suspect you recognise.

After I moved to San Francisco in 1982, I worked with a group of fans on the Emperor Norton Science Fiction Hour, a half-hour public access tv program. We did fanzine reviews and dramatized fan fiction and anything else we could think of. My finest moment on the show was when I wore a rubber monster suit and stomped around on a mock-up of downtown Tokyo. I don't know who watched this show but it went on the air every two weeks for five years. It was funded by Elisheva Barsabe who liked to play fairy godmother for fannish projects. Allyn Cadogan was a writer, actor, and co-producer. Terry Floyd was a writer and cameraman. Karl Mosgofian, a writer and technician, specialized in cool science fictional special effects like making the screen go woowoo. L. Jim Khennedy was the director. I was referred to, rather derogatorily, as The Talent because I liked being in front of the camera rather than behind it. I wrote, too.

Elisheva and Allyn and I spent a lot of time in bars and restaurants near their house, thrashing out ideas for the show or just talking about our friends' sex lives. One night, after several margaritas, we were talking about how complicated it was to run a worldcon or a big regional con. Allyn and Elisheva were griping about past experiences and how their positions had been sabotaged by incompetence or power-mad inferiors. Very impressed with their horror stories, I said, "Who'd be crazy enough to want to put on a con?"

Their eyes widened. I swear I saw a little lightbulb go off over their heads. "We're crazy," one of them said. "Wouldn't it be fun to do a small con in San Francisco?" the other one said. "Wouldn't it be neat to have a fanzine fans only con?" a third someone said. I'm sorry but due to the margaritas I can not precisely attribute all comments. I do know that we spent several more hours working out the basic details and the Emperor Norton cast and crew, as mentioned above, became the first Corflu con committee.

One of my favorite aspects of Corflu was creating the tradition of drawing the Guest Of Honor's name out of a hat. The theory behind it was that this would be most truly a convention of peers and each fan was deserving of the honor. I also figured it was the only way I'd ever be guest of honor anywhere.

It was a lot more work and a great deal more acrimonious than I was prepared for but it was worth it. It met our highest expectations: we lost several hundred dollars. It also permanently damaged most of the Emperor Norton camaraderie but we decided to do it again the next year. Rightly or wrongly, I considered Corflu my baby. When Falls Church took on the third year, I felt as if my child were going off to her first day of kindergarten - I was slightly tearful and secretly grateful. I turned to editing fanzines with various friends, usually after saying something naive like "We're so hilarious when we're talking, we ought to put it in a fanzine."

Babble-17 came and went several times. The Emperor Norton show self-destructed after the second Corflu. Allyn Cadogan has dropped out of fandom, as have Elisheva and Jim and Karl and most of the others from those days. Terry Floyd, I'm happy to say, is still around, keeping up with his apa contributions and the occasional convention. And I'm here, too, ten years after my first fan party: still a fanzine fan, still asking dumb questions, and immensely proud to say "It is an honor to be here at Corflu 8." Thank you all so much for making it possible.

[David Thayer]

Having a wonderful time along the Gulf Coast

POB 905, Euless, TX 76039

26 April 1991

Dear Bill-

You've embarrassed me for the last time, Bowers! Actually, you've never embarrassed me at all, but in light of our graphic verbal game, the line seems appropriate. If Ian Covell must know, the stuff I mark DO NOT PRINT is more inane than invidious.

I thought about sending you a blank white card and have you wonder what lurid things I'd written and drawn you in white ink, but then I realized you would probably find a way to print that, too. Ha, ha, ha!

The book title *ALGAE AND FUNGI* in Linda Michael's back cover art caught my eye. It is one of my favorite Greek tragedies. The contemporary stuff, Thomas Pynchon's and John Barth's, seems too abstract and self-indulgent, intent on showing the senselessness of life by senseless writing.

Barbed wire in the front yard. What a great ideal. And claustrophobic mines rigged to the doorbell. Faffiated with a bang.

Beast wishes,

David

HSC-605G1



ADDRESS

Bill Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH
45258-0174

"I think what Linda means by 'fannish conventions are conventions which are of more interest to the people who read fanzines than to the faceless horde which merely reads sf. This type of small, informal gettogether seems to be already impossible on the national level."

KEN JOSEPHANS • 12/27/75

When, late into the evening of Saturday, May 4th, I asked Lucy "who" was going to publish her speech, and she said that no one had asked...I was surprised. Here I was, at a convention of fanzine fans...and none of them had picked up on what I thought obvious as a quintessential piece of fanzine fodder.

I'm shy, but I'm not stupid; I asked.

I'm over-dramatizing here, but to me that seemingly innocuous incident was an indication of the malaise of fanzine fandom; something that made a (sometimes heated) hall-seminar later that same night...fun, but, I thought at the time, of little consequence.

LINDA BLANCHARD • A catalyst of a conversation was held late one night at Corflu Ocho between Amy Thomson, Jack Heneghan, Mark Richards, Dave Bridges and yourself. The topic was the ever-popular "Why are there so few new fans publishing fanzines" and the answer was that we weren't reaching potential fans. It was agreed all around that the best advertisement fandom ever had was the fanzine column in *AMAZING* in Ted's time. There was talk of finding a willing magazine editor. Since no one felt they could convince the editors, Dave came up with an alternative: publishing a review and advertising it in the sf magazines.

When, on the way home, Dave mentioned this to me, a volunteer was born.

[5/11/91]

...it was late, and I recall pointing out that I'd come into fandom via a prozine fanzine review column [Belle Deitz; *FANTASTIC UNIVERSE*] prior to most of those gathered; but there is no doubt that a substantial number of today's fanzine fans "came in" via the Ted White-edited magazines. ...and noticeably fewer since.

As per fannish standard, perhaps nothing will come of all this.

Then again:

I picked up Linda's letter, announcing her review zine, the same day I was up at the PO, mailing off copies of X:36. ...in which I "announced" that, effective with #37, it would henceforth be known as: *XENOLITH: The Fanzine About Fanzines*.

More on all this, later in the issue. [Don't you just HATE it when I do that?]

I was disillusioned at Corflu Ocho. Once again, I was reminded that things are not always as they seem...no matter how "obvious" they might be.

Shortly before Corflu, I'd sent a card back to either David Thayer or Teddy Harvia (I'd received postcards from both the same day) expressing admiration/envy for his/their mastery of the Leroy set. I'd "run" one long ago, and knew the tedious patience involved.

I commented on this at Corflu, while observing that it must have taken Teddy some time to "letter" all those namebadges.

"Oh," said my Source, "...he doesn't 'letter'; he's constructed that typeface on his Mac."

Now I didn't bring this up when you called last night, Teddy; but I do want you to know that I am totally crushed. [Please Be Kind to my Source; she has to live there.]

As you've gathered, I think our current crop of "fanzine fan conventions" are the greatest thing since ~~Spacecons~~ the first two Autoclaves. Corflu; Ditto. They're not perfect...but I've enjoyed every one I've attended...and will make a concentrated effort to attend:

DITTO 4 • October 18-20, 1991 • Cavalier Hotel, Virginia Beach, VA • \$35.00 Attending; \$5.00 Supporting
Contact: CATHY DOYLE, 26D Copeland Lane, Newport News, VA 23601 • (804) 599-6094 (before 11)

CORFLU 9 • March 6-8, 1992 • Cockatoo Inn, Los Angeles, CA • \$35.00 Attending; \$10.00 Supporting
Contact: BRUCE PELZ, 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills, CA 91334

...unless you come to Cincinnati, those are probably the only places you'll see me in the foreseeable future. [Roger Sims and I do plan to "bid" for Ditto 5; save your pennies!]

It occurs to me that Corflu, at least, is getting far enough along, that we should start keeping "track". I can't remember who was chosen GoH at all the ones I attended; most, not all.

I am glad that Barnaby published [LET'S FANAC 2; Barnaby Rapoport, POBox 565, Storrs CT 06268; the usual] his Corflu 7 GoH speech. It did make me miss having "missed" the con even more; I would have enjoyed having heard his mentions of OUTWORLDS (though, no, I don't remember you from '73, Barnaby; of course you were a mere subscriber then!). And I couldn't help noticing the "similarities" (totally different person; totally different 'route' into fanzine fandom) between this, and the one previous Corflu GoH speech that I do remember vividly:

...at Corflu IV. ...by Joel Zakem.

As I recall, someone "purchased" the publication rights to Joel's speech in the auction at "my" Corflu; but I haven't seen it in print yet.

Am I forgetting something? Oh, yes -- the Corflu Ocho GoH.

A certain Dick Smith.

Richard found the selection ironic; I did, also, but for a different reason:

Dick Smith now has two Corflu GoH speeches to publish.

I'd appreciate it if you'd all write him [17 Kerry Lane, Wheeling, IL 60090] -- and ask how he's coming along...

It's the least I can do, Dick ~~AFTER WHAT YOU THREATENED TO DO WITH THAT COPY OF MY FIRST FANZINE~~ -- as I sit here, typing this on "your" typewriter.

I did enjoy your speech, also, Dick. It was indisputably the Best GoH speech I've ever heard made by a person while standing on a chair.

Richard Brandt apparently didn't have enough to do, so he adopted a "project". The result is FANTHOLOGY '87, edited & published by Richard [4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso, TX 79912] in conjunction with Corflu Ocho. As Richard points out, the selection of material for any of these 'reprint annuals' is rather idiosyncratic -- but I can't really argue the taste of an editor who starts out his volume with Terry Carr's "Clarion Fannish", from OUTWORLDS 52 -- and concludes it 70 pages later with Arthur Hlavaty & Bernadette Bosky's "The Island of Dr. Gernsbach", from ~~OFFLYA/XY~~ OUTWORLDS 50. In between are thirteen other selections, including ones from Patrick & Teresa Nielsen Hayden, Teresa by herself, Dave Langford, Harry Warner, Jr., Marc Ortlieb, Gary Hubbard, the troika of Lilian Edwards/Christina Lake/Simon Ounsley, Cy Chauvin, Bruce Gillespie, Greg Benford, Linda Bushyager, Christopher Priest, and Jeanne Gomoll. There is some really good stuff in here; others that I wouldn't have included, but... Illustrated throughout by Teddy Harvia (yes, the same Teddy, who...) and neatly put together by Roy Anthony. Richard is asking \$5.00 for it; it's worth more. (He doesn't mention adding postage costs, but I'm sure he'd appreciate it.)

...a FANTHOLOGY of fan art; now there's an idea for someone with ambition. But: why not?

"I've been delighted to see the changes in you over the last year, old friend, and am pleased indeed to see you describe this past twelve months as the best year of your life. Pleased too to have been able to be a small part of it and to see the new Bill Bowers testing his wings." GLICKSOHN • 12/9/75

MIKE GLICKSOHN • Many thanks for the impeccably produced and intricately designed OW60. It's good to observe that your long period of travail hasn't dulled your creative abilities as far

as fanzine production is concerned. I hope this is but the first step along a long and happy and productive new path for you.

As I said, this is a most beautiful and intricate edition of your traditionally graphically superior fanzine. I assume that some of the borders and layouts are computer enhanced (?) but even so there's evidence of a great amount of time and effort put into the graphics and layout and the results are certainly well worth it. From Linda's elegant front cover all the way to her whimsical back page (I've studied the titles carefully for days and days but can read no underlying message in them; I expect it would take a sophisticated computer program to analyze all the possible cross-references and pick out the hidden meaning) this is a beautiful work of production, in a class by itself in fandom nowadays. OUTWORLDS is, in my humble opinion, long overdue for a Hugo and perhaps this is the year you'll get one. Heaven knows it wouldn't come close to balancing out all your bad experiences of late but it would be a nice start, eh?

The only layout idea you employ that I'm against is that of crediting each piece of art with the artist's full name on the page where the work appears. I've never really liked this concept and even though you do it in such a way as to by and large be unobtrusive and not detract (too much) from the layout of the page as a whole I'd prefer to see the traditional list of art credits in the t.o.c. Oh well, I'm resolved to not being able to get everything I want in this world....

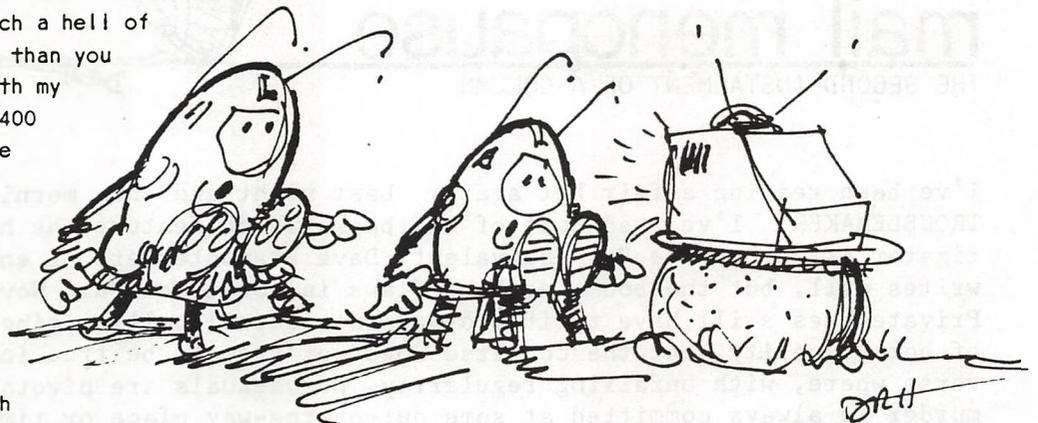
I wonder how many people will want to know what FHF stands for this time?

Fascinating "columnists" you provide this issue. It is an unfair universe when some people can write more creative dashed-off letters than the rest of us can write sweated-over articles but then I guess you already knew that it was an unfair universe, didn't you? Skel gets my first vote and although I'm not as big a fan of Ms Bowman as you are she can certainly string words together in an interesting fashion. Bob of course is just himself and always enjoyable to read. I find it very incongruous to read the worldly wise Mr Tucker's ingenuous comment about "somebody, or some band, named Sting" since even I know who Sting is and I'm probably the least musically aware fan ever to play a kazoo at a room party sing-along but I'm sure Bob was sincere. I hope he eventually does some sort of follow-up report though, as no doubt his reaction/response would be unique and interesting.

The Moskowitz contribution was indeed quite a fascinating addition to the history of the sf field. Never having been a magazine collector or reader to any real extent I've little to say about the actual material except that I'm glad you finally got it into print. The mere idea that at one time the difference between pricing a magazine at 25¢ or 35¢ could have been a major point of discussion is enough to give the old sense of wonder its daily dose of stimulation and the rest of the article keeps that s.o.w. hopping. (Not that I agree with all of what SaM suggested 'way back when. His thought that citizens of future societies should get all excited by things that would amaze a reader from today seems rather silly, as silly as SaM himself entering a kitchen and exclaiming excitedly, "Wow, a device that heats up food without applying external heat but by stimulating the atoms from within. What a miraculous concept!" But it's still a fascinating account; fascinating enough to make me wish I had a copy of the magazine to see how it all came out.)

You still watch a lot more movies than I do but I bet I watch a hell of a lot more baseball games than you so that's okay. This month my movie channel is showing 400 movies, each just one time only. So far I've taped two and watched maybe parts of three others and we're a third of the way through the month. Different strokes, obviously.

I was delighted with the revelations in this issue of OW that other people suffer from the same problems of faulty memory that have plagued me for years. Buck admitting that he had completely misremembered a couple of favorite films from his youth and you not recalling which side I was on in your "trial" are two reassuring pieces of evidence that I am not alone! (I did look at my tapes to verify that I was indeed your prosecutor but alas I seem



to have taped over my copy of the trial. Sic gloria transit bliff!!)

It is weird to know that people I knew as teenage hyper-fans have become yuppies while I've just gotten poorer albeit with an expanded equity. (No, that's not a fancy word for "waistline".) I guess ambition is indeed a strong force for change: I sometimes regret I don't have much.

Ian Covell should check out George RR Martin's TUF VOYAGING if he's convinced George writes only downbeat material. And even his sombre books (such as FEVRE DREAM according to Ian and ARMAGEDDON RAG) do not affect me as they apparently do Ian. Practically everything I've ever read by George has left me feeling very happy to be alive. How else could I have enjoyed George's brilliant fiction?
[5/12/91]

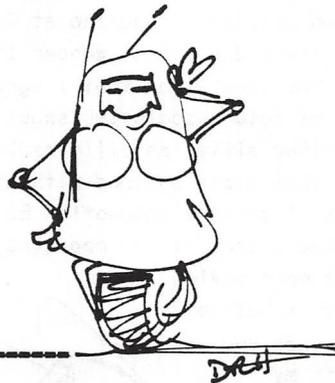
You wouldn't happen to still be holding that speech of George's for XENIUM, would you--?

The "forms" for last issue were, a long time ago, generated under AutoCad, but I use Xeroxes (which became increasingly distorted) to paste-up on...or, in most cases, type directly on. The two-column portion of SaM's piece was generated on the Kaypro/Brother daisy-wheel setup Back When; everything else (except obvious copies) was typed on this very typer.

Since you so conveniently "taped over" your copy, and my copy seems to be elsewhere (and has probably been taped over, also), I guess we'll just have to wait for MidWestCon --and corner Larry Tucker. Or we could ask Rusty...since he was drummed into being the Prosecutor at the last minute, due to Larry's illness ~~for thinking the damn thing up~~. You are Wrong on this one, son: I've had a lot of tribulations, but I've had only two trials in my life, and I remember both vividly. Don't you recall that I wore a light caftan...and you wore a white shirt...because we were told that "white" wouldn't show up on video? (As it was, the only thing that didn't show up...was the sound!)

My comment to Tucker in FLAP read: "I suppose I could attempt to 'explain' Sting to you...but since it involves things like The Police and I.R.S. Records...I'll pass..."

"I thought you were supposed to be some kind of hot shit editor. I know you like to keep OW loose, but some of the LoCs in OW25 were not so much loose as slack, floppy even. In fact, as much use as seventy-year-old tits."
SKEL • 1/15/76



mail menopause

THE SECOND INSTALMENT OF A COLUMN

skel

I've been reading a fair bit again. Last night and this morning it was Joseph Hansen's TROUBLEMAKER. I've read most of his books which feature the homosexual Insurance Investigator (read Private Eye equivalent) Dave Brandstetter. I enjoy the series because he writes well, but the books do have flaws in construction. Novels featuring heterosexual Private Eyes still have their protagonists occasionally coming into contact with elements of homosexuality, but the converse does not seem to be true in Dave Brandstetter's universe where, with unfailing regularity, homosexuals are pivotal characters. Also, the murder is always committed at some out-of-the-way place or time, with the poor guy accused of it usually being so as he's the only one known to be on the scene at the time. Then, by the time it's resolved we discover that the body was stumbled upon by just about every character in the book (you'd think they'd been running bus tours), with everyone missing each other in the manner of folks popping in and out of bedroom doors in some typical Brian Rix Whitehall Theatre farce of the late fifties/early sixties.

Despite these flaws though the books are very satisfying. He limns his characters with stark economy, as in this passage:

"'Hearty' might have described her. Except for her mouth. It sulked. Something had offended her and failed to apologize. Not lately - long ago. Life, probably."

There's a poetic clarity about his descriptions of places too, like on the occasion he wrote "Backgrounding him, the Pacific wrote white scribbles to itself on a blue slate under a wide smile of sky." But even competent writers, or their proofreaders, can screw up, as witness:

"Dave sat on a stool with tubular metal legs that creaked and smoked a cigarette, drank gin and tonic, and talked to a stocky, middle-aged woman back of the bar."

Not a bad repertoire that, for a stool, even if it did have tubular metal legs. OK, if you want to be really pedantic I guess it was the legs themselves what dunnit, but as they're part of the stool I rest my case.

Some of the stuff I've been reading has been SF. Most of it, to tell the truth. The book immediately prior to TROUBLEMAKER for instance was Keith Roberts' KITEWORLD, which was also satisfying in parts, despite being at heart a crock. It was very reminiscent of his PAVANNE, a fact to which the cover blurb astutely alluded, and its failings were similar. Unfortunately it had nothing like the earlier book's strengths. Again he builds a hauntingly attractive alternative society...and then destroys it, but this time the fudge factor is a bit too blatant. Disbelief is suspended only for brief periods, and then mainly because of the power of the writing. The society as depicted is a weird mixture of medieval superstition and technological innovation. Unfortunately there's nothing in the stories to convince me that these two bedfellows are anything but strange. Nor can I accept the bizarre notion that there's a technological civilisation at a remarkably similar stage to our own 'just across the sea', of which a culture advanced enough to run motor cars is totally unaware. Yes, by all means let's be imaginative, but let's not be too incredible for words, eh?

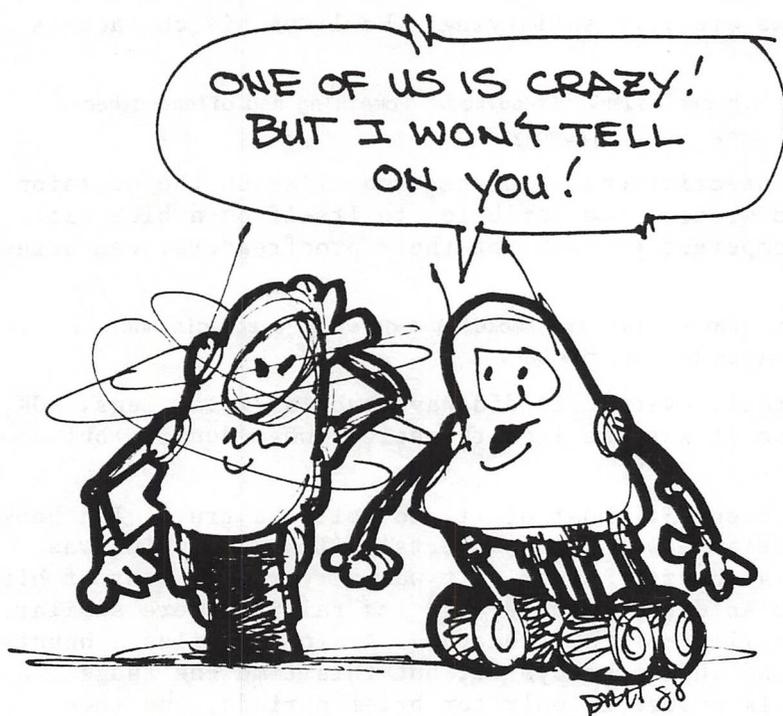
Mind you, the book before that, C.J. Cherryh's CHANUR'S VENTURE was infinitely worse. I thought this series was supposed to be good? Almost 300 pages and bugger-all happens. Most writers would surely be ashamed to have so little plot development in a short story, let alone a supposed novel. There's no significant character development either, and certainly nothing so boringly old-fashioned as a building, a climax, and a conclusion. This book is merely the chronicling of a couple of events, very minor events at that, by way of getting from the first novel in the trilogy to the third, without having to pass through a second. The characters do a lot of talking and cursing, mainly shouting at each other in Pijin-Galactic, conveying to each other even less sense, if that's possible, than the author conveys to the reader. I have only two real questions about this book -- one, why did she bother? And two, what cretin bought it for publication? Come back, A.E. vanVogt, all is forgiven.

On second thought, don't. Umpteen wrongs don't make a right.

◀ ▶ ◀ ▶ ◀ ▶

When I first moved in with Cas, smitten with the joys of sex and the knowledge that I was no longer a twenty-three-year-old virgin, it was very much on a 'suck it and see' basis (perhaps I ought to have phrased that differently). I was very much aware that my blitzed emotions could so easily be a case of immature infatuation. It took about a year before I had sufficient confidence to overcome the concerns stemming from my lack of experience and accept that this relationship truly was *The Real Stuff*, intellectually at any rate. Emotionally I think I accepted it shortly after it began. In retrospect I place this emotional acceptance as being when we made our first major purchase. It was my first financial commitment you see, presaging the greater commitment to follow. We bought an automatic washing machine.

Prior to this Cas had an old, single-tub wringer machine that chose to celebrate the beginning of our relationship by going on the fritz. Cas fully intended to replace it with another one of the same, but I thought "Bugger that for a caper!" I pointed out the



advantages of having a machine that did nearly everything for itself, and I don't recall having to twist her arm all that much. We proudly signed the Hire-Purchase agreement. My first financial responsibility. I felt ten feet tall...and scared shitless. What if I lost my job and couldn't keep up the payments? What if the flats collapsed and I had to keep on paying for a crushed machine? What if....? I was always a worry-wart.

Of course as soon as it was delivered we simply had to wash something. Alas, having just got back from the laundromat, we didn't have anything that needed washing. So, we took down some curtains and bugged one in. We sat on the hard kitchen floor, arms around each other, and watched entranced as it filled up, pre-washed, emptied, filled again, washed properly, emptied again, slow spun, and then fast spun, nearly shaking the kitchen apart in the process. We were entranced. We took out the staggeringly clean curtain and gazed at it in awe, and then put in the other one of the pair. Then we sat through it all again. There we were, that very first night, watching repeats. I tell you, you can't get programs like that on US ~~television~~ washing machines.

◁ ◁ ◁

I fettled up Cas' bike the other week, her latest diet having by then reached the point where there was a fair chance the frame wouldn't crumple if she sat on it. This point, where exercise becomes practical, should enable her to maintain her progress. I offered to go out for a short ride with her this morning, just to get the ball rolling (another poor choice of words there). "You could lose pounds", was the way I think I phrased it. She managed twenty minutes of turns around the local park before flaking out. On the way back we stopped off at a bike shop to get her a new front tyre and to take some expert advice on why her chain was so slack. Answer--needs a new derailleurs at £15 including fitting. Add to that the £5 for the new tyre and already her morning's exercise means we've lost 20 pounds in as many minutes.

This wasn't quite what I had in mind.

◁ ◁ ◁

Mike Glicksohn recently sent me a clipping, from the Toronto SUN, of the "Frayed Knot" joke that Mike Meara tells with such panache. By a strange set of circumstances Mike and Pat Meara are visiting us next week, when we intend going to the 'Little Village' Chinese restaurant for a 'Steamboat Dinner'. This was the meal I made reference to in my article in an earlier HOLIER THAN THOU, when writing of a 'Japanese' meal that was of course no more Japanese than fish and chips. The real meal is of course the traditional Chinese

'Steamboat Dinner'. We'd oggled it in a Time-Life cookbook, but had never actually seen it billed anywhere. So, when I discovered that the Little Village offered this gustatory experience I immediately telephoned Mike to inform him that we were due to go out for the same on the Saturday night of their visit. Being a gutsy pig, he was terribly excited at the prospect. Just in case he thought we were standing the treat I thought I'd better set him right. "Hang on Mike," I said, "We're not paying for this meal, you know. You and Pat will have to stand your own end. After all," I added, "You know what comes after the Steamboat Dinner, don't you?"

"No," he said in all innocence. "What?"

"The Steamboat Bill", I replied. Fucking hell, you don't get the chance to deliver lines like that very often!

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In closing, I think you should bear in mind Frank Herbert's famous maxim, to whit and viz, "He who pays for the paper calls it 'Dune'."

Being basically minimally rewritten episodes from letters to Carolyn Doyle, Eric Mayer, Dave Rowe, Anne Warren, Pam Wells, and the W04W (Al Curry, Mike Glicksohn & Dave Locke, in association with myself).

"Why do so many US fen hide behind a PO box? As it is I could not drop by and visit you (were I suddenly to find myself in the neighbourhood) without going through the phone-book and six times round the town. Don't US fans get a kick out of opening the door and having a total stranger say "Hi, I'm Eric Bentcliffe"? I can't offhand think of a single UK fan I couldn't drop in on if the fancy took me. OK, if you don't like for people, total strangers, to drop by unexpected then fair enough, but why this character difference, en masse, between UK and US?" SKEL • 1/15/76

6/2/91 • Don't look now, but I think we're onto something of Great Social Significance here. When I and whatizname agreed to rent this house we went out and bought (on my SearsCharge) a heavy-duty washer & matching dryer. Yes, the very same combo that Cas used last October when, indeed, you did find me despite the POBox! Since they are still here, I've "reassumed" the debt on them and am making monthly payments; irritating, but cheaper than going out to a laundromat. When Patty Peters called last week, somehow this subject came up...and Patty commented that the first time she felt like a homeowner wasn't when she & Gary signed the papers...but later: when they bought a washer & dryer.

Mildly interesting, but, no, I don't want fifty letters on the Meaning of Washers & Dryers in Fannish Life.

...well, maybe three or four....

SKEL • ...along comes OUTWORLDS 60, and I'm in the hole again. I liked the artwork. One thought about the back cover though--if cats could fly, birds would really be in the shit. Jessica spends much time sitting in the window with her whiskers pressed to the glass, drooling at the pigeons in the back yard, and only last week Cas had to rush out and rescue one of them that Tommy had just caught. This last meant that he has finally shrugged off his nickname of 'Dildo the Mighty Hunter', said name having been awarded for ineptitude at stalking above and beyond the call of duty. Come to think of it, the fact that cats don't have wings is the best argument I can think of for the existence of a just and fair God.

Obviously the stand-out item was the piece by SaM. Solid and important, and a downright service to the SF fandom community. My comments alas are otherwise, as my attention keeps following irrelevancies off down side-snecks. I am for instance intrigued that SaM wrote that one of the things that drove the average SF reader was "the desire to find out what future inventions will come next." Of course he was sucking up to good old Hugo at the time, but even so I don't think I'd rush to the newsstands to buy a Sam Moskowitz edited SF magazine.

I'm also amazed at the casual implication that Robert Madle's college degree was obtained under false pretenses, with SaM having written his thesis for him (or is the thesis less critical to a US college degree than it is to a UK university degree?). Then there's the intriguing squib that David H. Keller lost a book contract through "temperment". ... [5/27/91]

"It shouldn't make any difference if this was two of the finest writers squabbling but the fact that neither writer has produced any body of substantial (work) makes this exchange all the more pathetic."

BRIAN EARL BROWN • 12/17/75

BRIAN EARL BROWN • I hope that Cas is in better control of her dusting urges. On the whole I think Skel ought to be grateful that Cas does like to dust since so many fans are of the persuasion that there are better things to do with their life than try to counteract the energies of entropy. Of course after a while their houses or apartments begin looking like urban renewal zones. So the moral is marry someone who likes to dust, then you won't have to.

It wasn't a Jeanne Bowman letter where I read the comment, "Dad you got to take the dead cat out of the freezer. It's making the other food taste bad" but it sure could have been. I do remember her writing about keeping a dead rabbit in the freezer once and now she's talking about serving up insects for lunch. I think I'm going to lose mine. But that notwithstanding, Jeanne makes a fine addition to the OUTWORLDS cast of columnists.

I was reading a Harry Warner column about Bob Tucker's LE ZOMBIE recently. Harry waxes most enthusiastic about the fanzine and quotes several passages from its early days in the 40s. Harry really made those issues sound wonderful and well worth and well deserving of being reprinted. A task I wish someone would undertake. But who still has a complete run of LeZ or even a nearly complete run? Likewise someone ought to consider merely reprinting THE INCOMPLETE BOB TUCKER for the benefit of new generations of fans.

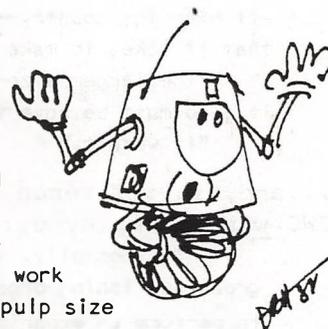
It was fascinating reading SaM's "Proposal and Resume". The article leaves me wondering about so many things, some of which, like what caused it to fail after just seven issues, I suppose SaM is saving to discuss when he writes the book. Perhaps, Bill, you could encourage him to write the book in parts for serialization in OUTWORLDS. It would be fascinating to see such a thorough and comprehensive behind the scenes look at magazine publication.

SF+ was only the first attempt at a slick SF mag to fail but the regularity with which experiments with the slick format have failed makes me wonder if there is something about the format that in particular seems to doom the experiment? Some, like ODYSSEY and COSMOS were clearly under-financed before they started. But ISAAC ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURE MAGAZINE and the bedsheet size ANALOGs one would think were adequately financed. Was it merely the size, or a lack of other like titles to group it with or a lack of clout with distributors necessary to get adequate market coverage? One wonders whether the decision to price SF+ at a low 25 cents wasn't a major mistake? If they were aiming to reach a wider, more mature audience could the lower cover price have conveyed a message of cheapness that a fifty cent price would not have? It's hard to say. 1953 saw the start of a small post-war depression and a collapse of the SF publishing field as I recall. SF+ may have failed simply because retailers and distributors faced with so many other falling or marginal pulps simply didn't want to bother with a new title, however good or strong the parent company was. I would hope that, if SaM does write a follow up article to this, that he start by looking at the factors that keep successful SF magazines off the stands.

It's interesting to speculate to what extent--if any--that the format of IASFM and ANALOG keep these magazines from building bigger audiences. Holding one of them in my hand I find them hard to ruffle through because the paper they use is so darn thin. It makes second sheets seem coarse. In many ways I still feel that the package Sol Cohen was putting out under Ted White's editorship was as good as one can get. There was a certain heft and bulk to the issue from its use of paperback cover stock for its covers and a somewhat bulky paper still in use in paperbacks to make 200 page novels feel like 300 pagers. There were also satisfactory margins all around whereas IASFM seems to crowd the edges in an uncomfortable manner. And Ted had the text set in two columns, expensive, yes, but somehow easier to read than the cheaper single column format that's now becoming so popular. Even the choice of font seemed to reach a fine balance between the needs to squeeze a lot of text onto each page while still remaining legible and inviting. Nothing scares off potential readers more than long columns of dense print. ANALOG under Campbell likewise seemed to have a package that looked and felt good. Most of the changes made at Davis to IASFM have been to save money. But has this constant economizing been for the best?

One area where modern magazines really fall down is with their art. If SaM criticized much of the art in the 50s as being symbolic or just plain badly done, how much more so that's become in the 90s. There is very little art anymore that is straight illustration, it's all become symbolic or expressionistic or collages. Art, like the cover is supposed to grab newsstand browsers and convince them with one penetrating image that here is a story that they've got to read. Most of today's art I

also think has the exact opposite effect. By looking so bad it suggests that this is not a story for them. While Paul might have been a reason SF+ failed to thrive, there were many excellent artists out there in 1953, Orban, Cartier, Finley, and Freas, to name a few. I rather think that magazine illustration needs to be more like panels from a comic book, direct, informational, confrontational, dramatic. Looking at the talent within the field and within fandom I'm not sure anyone like that is around today.



Speaking of art brings us around to the issue of size again. Besides the drift towards contentless symbolic art the very size of digest magazines might work against the use of art to sell the product. There's about 75% more area to a pulp size page (10 x 7 versus 8 by 5). Thus a two page spread in a pulp has nearly twice the impact it does if run in a digest. This leads to the thought that IASFM ought to try publishing an issue in pulp size, marked as an Annual perhaps, easy enough for them to do with their 13 issues a year schedule, and see what happens. It's conceivable that the larger format will get them better location on the news racks and the larger art on the covers make them more visible to the passerby. There's also an argument from Richard Kyle, publisher of the revived ARGOSY, that solid pages of type on bedsheet paper turns off people, implying that pulp size was the most convenient and effective size for publishing a fiction magazine. An interesting theory in any case.

One might also explore the effect of doubling the cover price of SF mags from \$1.75 to around \$3.50, which is still less than a paperback. Will it really drive away readers? Certainly the higher price would make it a more profitable operation.

SaM goes on to discuss the type of fiction that should be featured, another issue of some merit. I'm sure that his prescription of the ideal story types are one that would be endorsed by all SF editors, however much unlike SaM's their actual story purchases would be. Sadly, despite the dearth of markets for short SF there seems to be even a bigger shortage of good stories. I stopped reading the magazines for the most part in the early 70s and I think it was because the stories I was finding in those magazines were more vignettes or fragments or clever things that weren't really stories. One can go too far in wishing for the return of great storytellers like Edmond Hamilton or Henry Kuttner or James Schmitz, but they did know how to tell a story that, however creaky its science has become, is still enjoyable as a story. It's scary reading minor Murray Leinster because it reads so much better than many of today's writers.

Ah well. The last successful SF or Fantasy magazine has been the Scithers' WEIRD TALES which has avoided the newsstands entirely. I'm not sure if the economics of such non-newsstand distribution are enough to support a SF magazine but one has to wonder if it could be any worse than what we've got with the newsstand zines?

[4/29/91]

6/3/91 • ...now this is a letter I could easily "reply" to in equal, strike that, even greater length...without even breaking a sweat. Not because I strongly disagree with anything that Brian has said--there's certainly a quibble, or two--but, as I said last time, simply because I've been intrigued by the "making of a magazine" from that article in an early ABANICO (which I refuse to reread) through my joy in publishing Doc Lowndes' "The Health-Knowledge Years" in OW 28/29 (and my agitating him into writing "Once More Into the Breach"; OW52)...culminating in sheer delight when SaM offered me the SF+ material a couple of years ago. (And, certainly, I'd be more than willing to "serialize" the SF+ book...if SaM has any interest at all in going that route...)

Quibble 1: I'd consider ABORIGINAL SF a much more "successful" launch than WEIRD TALES. (Of course I never renewed my sub; but that was simply a matter of taste...)

I bought the last digest-sized AMAZING primarily as a "collector's item" months ago, and have been scanning the stands for the new, slick, large-size version ever since. Now LOCUS (#365) tells me that it "will not be available on newsstands, and thus will not have the huge 80% returns such distribution generates. Still, the package is expensive to produce, and will definitely need higher sales to survive." Ah well. I do wish it, and the "weekly" PULPHOUSE success; but until I get a job, it'll have to be moral support.

If I had my druthers, the physical model I would pre-empt for "my" prozine would be "the bedsheet size ANALOGs" [March, 1963 thru March, 1965] you mention. I've just gone back and reread Campbell's editorial in that March '65 issue, and there's two quotes from it I'd like to share with you, Brian:

"In the digest size, Analog is a reader-supported magazine—it's your four bits on the counters

all over the country—and the world—that pays for paper, ink, authors, editing, and everything else that it takes to make a magazine.

"The larger size—this issue's size—is too expensive to be reader-supported; to be successful, it also must be advertiser supported.

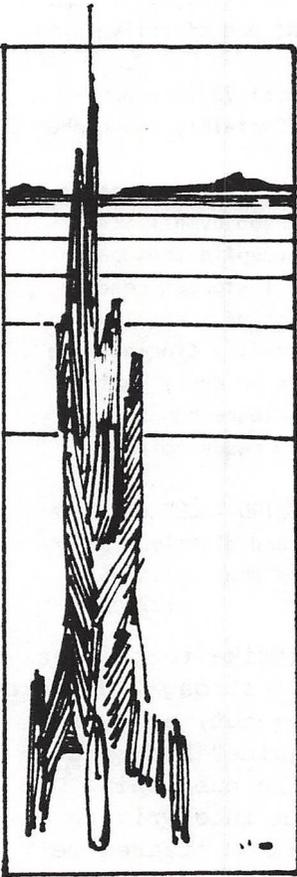
"It wasn't."

...and, in reference to how "adequately" it was financed, this (while remembering that JWC was an employee):

"Incidentally, it was a real, solid, fully-backed try. Conde Nast put the full resources of a great publishing organization, and top-notch advertising experts to work on the job. If you're going to perform an experiment in an effort to determine facts—make the experiment! Really try the job! Conde Nast did, I can assure you."

...while it lasted, it was quite a magazine. ...as JWC was quite an editor.

...he said, setting up the following—which is not a LoC, but an Introduction:



SAM MOSKOWITZ • There is no reason you should know, but I am a highly skilled professional reporter, such work being part of my livelihood for 30 years. This includes interviewing Chief Executive Officers of the largest food corporations in the United States, doing special reports on their companies up to 92 printed pages in length and in the last five years, the top corporations in Europe as well. In that game you are playing for keeps because if they don't like what you've printed, they cancel their advertising, tens of thousands of dollars of it and if their competitors don't like it they cancel their advertising and if your readers don't like it, the majority of whom are corporate executives, they neglect to renew their subscriptions and are out when your advertising people call. Therefore, you must satisfy the firm you are writing about, not make their competitors think you are showing favoritism and at the same time present material that is accurate and valid enough to keep your readership. If you don't satisfy all those requirements, you get fired! Which leads up to the fact that fans who have observed me at convention sessions will usually find me with a notebook taking down what the speakers are saying. These are not just jottings but comprehensive records of the talks. I rarely use a tape recorder because if something goes wrong with the tape you don't know it until it is too late to do anything about it. Further, handwritten notes are a good double check on the tape and vice versa so on rare occasions I use both, but I never tape without taking notes simultaneously. All the foregoing by way of preface to the piece I am enclosing titled "I Remember Campbell!".

I took notes of a number of the sessions at the 1986 Confederation in Atlanta, though obviously since there were 237 I had to be selective. As a result of that number only a few were ever reported anywhere and there is no recording of what was said. Among the sessions I took notes on was "I Remember Campbell!" I thought it was too interesting to let drop into a miasma and since it was spontaneous there were no written speeches and I saw no one recording it, so as far as I know this is the only record of it. [7/11/88]

"i remember campbell!"

sam moskowitz

It has been more than 15 years since John W. Campbell died of an aneurism of the abdominal aorta July 11, 1971 at the age of 61 at his home at 1457 Orchard Road, Mountainside, New Jersey. He had worked in an editorial capacity for 34 years on ASTOUNDING STORIES/ANALOG, his magazine dominating the field and influencing the entire direction of science fiction writing. Despite this it was becoming obvious, that to a very large percentage

of the estimated 4,000 who attended the Confederation, The 44th World Science Fiction Convention, August 28 - September 1, 1986 in the Marriott Marquiss and Hilton Hotels in Atlanta, Georgia, he was at best a legend and to many no more than an important name from the past. If that were not the case, the remarkable edition of THE JOHN W. CAMPBELL LETTERS, Edited by Parry A. Chapdelaine, Sr., Tony Chapdelaine and George Hay [AC Projects Inc., Rt. 4, Box 137, Franklin, TN 37064; \$5.95] would have run away with the Hugo as the Best Non-Fiction Book of the year, rather than the somewhat less-than-required SCIENCE MADE STUPID, by Tom Weller.

Whether the provocative panel "I Remember Campbell" was arranged because it was the 15th anniversary of Campbell's demise is not clear, but from the standpoint of content it proved a highlight of the roughly 235 sessions scheduled during the four-day convention. The panelists were Catherine Crook de Camp (wife of L. Sprague de Camp), Ben Bova who replaced Campbell as editor and served as fiction editor of OMNI, Stanley Schmidt, who replaced Bova as editor of ANALOG, and Jack Williamson, one of the large-calibre guns in Campbell's fictional artillery. Gordon Dickson, who was also scheduled for the panel, was not present at the convention.

Catherine de Camp vividly remembers the first time she ever met Campbell, March 31, 1939, for that was the day that Sprague proposed to her. As a sort of celebration of the event Sprague took her to visit John W. Campbell who was then living at 418 Central Avenue, Orange, New Jersey (not far from Scotland Road). Catherine was then a teacher at a private school for teenagers with the poise required for meeting unconventional individuals. Campbell's apartment was on the second floor above a group of stores. There were four rooms and when she entered the apartment Campbell was seated in a lounge chair, appeared to be about six foot two in height, 190 pounds in weight and was surrounded by manuscripts. His wife, Dona, was there and served sandwiches and tea, which Catherine ate sparingly because the sea green color of the room and the green sofa combined to make her stomach feel a bit queasy. Campbell spent his time discussing engineering and scientific subjects and most elaborately the mobius strip (the interest never left him; see "A Subway Named Mobius" by A.J. Deutsch, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION, December, 1950).

Jack Williamson first met Campbell in early 1938 at Steuben's Tavern, a watering spot where science fiction editors and authors often congregated. He had come into New York City and put up at the Sloan House on 34th Street for \$1.00 a day. F. Orlin Tremaine was still editor of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION and "The Legion of Time" (May-July, 1938) was actually written for him but the final approval was given by Campbell.

Stanley Schmidt first met Campbell the Summer of 1970. He had already sold him four stories, but what had him wary was the introduction to COLLECTED EDITORIALS FROM ANALOG, by Harry Harrison [Doubleday, 1966] where that author had written: "He (Campbell) stopped writing stories himself as soon as he had mastered the technique of the Campbell editorial inquisition, or writer's conference. This has been likened, by writers who have experienced it, to being fed through a buzz saw or a man-sized meatgrinder. It is a painful process, I'll vouch for that, because a Campbell conversation consists almost entirely of loaded questions that demand answers. No one really likes to be forced to think. Campbell forces you. It is a heartening experience that should be part of the training of all budding science fiction writers, providing their hearts are in good shape and their sweat glands functioning well." This had already intimidated him.

Schmidt had found a way to stay in New York City that might have been even more economical than Williamson's. He camped out in Harrison State Park and drove into Manhattan, prepared with an idea to throw on the discussion table and expecting a twenty-minute interview. He was not prepared for a three-hour workout, supplemented by lunch.

Campbell's very first words as he entered the office were: "Hi! My secretary (Catherine Tarrant) has been discussing the English language, now...."

Ben Bova had initially met Campbell at the Discon (The 23rd World Science Fiction Convention, Washington, D.C., 1963). He had previously written Campbell a letter of scientific debate and wound up selling him several stories. In his repeated challenges to orthodoxy, right or wrong, Bova felt Campbell was the science fiction world's equivalent to Hyman Rickover.

Mrs. de Camp in summing up Campbell recalled that when his wife Dona was new, she would sit on a hassock at his feet in adoring, puppydog style, while he discoursed upon

the problems of the universe. She visited him many Sundays and on occasion met Isaac Asimov and George O. Smith there.

The Campbells bought a six-room house in Scotch Plains, New Jersey (between Elizabeth and Plainfield) and Catherine came out with a four-month infant. John was photography crazy then, a fact reflected in his letters of that period. Then, his interest swung abruptly to ham radio. He would take Sprague into the basement and discourse on his latest interest.

Dona began to feel neglected and George O. Smith would come up and sit with them. Campbell, in Catherine's opinion, was not cut out for marriage, he was too self-centered. On the positive side, he encouraged writers, he fed them ideas and really cared.

Jack Williamson felt that Campbell was the second most important figure in the history of science fiction, H.G. Wells ranking first. At least from 1938 to the late forties he was the dominant influence in the field. He was the top payer, his magazine was a prestige publication and the other magazines ended up filled with his rejects because most of the top writers slanted their stories at Campbell's requirements. He had a vision of a brilliant future for mankind. He didn't care too much for brilliant aliens. He was an idea man. At his lunches and at his home he projected a hail storm of ideas and opinions at the visiting writer.

Stan Schmidt stated that Campbell was the best writing teacher he ever encountered. He never told a writer how to change something that was wrong with the story but he did tell them what to change. Schmidt had liked ANALOG well enough to subscribe to it. He was teaching physics at the time and also teaching a class in science fiction. He applied Campbell's techniques of teaching with great success. He had invited Ben Bova as a guest speaker at the college. When Bova resigned ANALOG to go to OMNI he recommended Schmidt to replace him. Today, there are more editors working with writers in their own fashion than one might think.

"Campbell was an enormous authority figure," Bova volunteered. "He really did care. He cared about the magazine, the science fiction field and you! He was perhaps the only editor who kept looking for a good writer in a bad story. He spent his life doing that. It was a never-ending fight for him to get the stories he needed."

"Though I previously said John was self-centered, and he was," Mrs. de Camp interjected, "he had some very human qualities. One incident as an example. When Sprague and I moved to Philadelphia during World War II, John D. Clark, a friend of Sprague's and a sometime author for the old ASTOUNDING STORIES got married to a lady who looked like an opera singer. We were invited to a 4 P.M. wedding in New York City. I came wearing a special gown which did not allow for me to carry a bag or any money. Clark's bride-to-be got into a limousine, Sprague got in beside her and the car took off leaving me stranded in an evening gown with no money. Sprague tried to get her to stop and turn back but she refused.

"I hadn't noticed John behind me with Dona, but he sized up the situation and escorted me to the wedding himself, saving me from possible embarrassment.

"When Dona left John to marry George O. Smith after World War II, he went in heavily for Dianetics, like some men take to alcohol. He never, to my memory, tried to convert me, but J.A. Winter, M.D., the late husband of Peggy, Campbell's second wife, determinedly tried. John was taken in completely with Dianetics, there was no question that at first, he completely believed in it."

Jack Williamson confirmed Catherine's last statement. "John tried hard to get me into Dianetics. He made exaggerated claims and in my opinion neglected his magazine because of it. He had a weakness for crackpot ideas, a weakness in him that I believe came from criticizing authority."

Ben Bova added: "The Dean Drive was another of his pet notions. It was supposed to transfer rotary into linear motion. It was thought if a unit were built large enough it would lift itself right off the ground. He used it as a challenge to commonly accepted scientific beliefs."



"The Dean Drive or units like it are still being invented several times a year," Schmidt added.

"In spite of it Newton's laws of motion have stood up for several years," Williamson put in.

Perry Chapdelaine, Sr., projected from the audience: "John used the Dean Drive to provoke ideas. The Air Force actually evaluated it with a complex device. The results were that the machine could have fallen apart if revved up enough."

In defense of Campbell, Schmidt said: "Harry Harrison claimed that Campbell never said it worked. His complaint was that the establishment never gave it consideration. He didn't believe all the things he wrote about, though Theodore Sturgeon told me he thought Campbell really believed in the Dean Drive."

Responding from the floor, L. Sprague de Camp offered: "At a fifties World Science Fiction Convention, Campbell talked about the lousy job the Navy had done evaluating the Dean Drive. He said, then, that they had hooked it up to a butcher's scale with strain gages. He felt that the Navy didn't use the right devices, though we know that strain gages are a method of indirectly measuring stress."

Back to Dianetics, Chapdelaine again commented: "The evidence is clear that Campbell was party to its development. He contributed money and letters of support. He and his wife Peg (whose husband was one of the founders of Dianetics) continued Dianetics independent of Hubbard."

Jack Williamson confirmed Chapdelaine's statement and added that he (Williamson) claims responsibility for inventing the word "psionics", which Campbell then eagerly appropriated. Previous to that Campbell was very seriously interested in the researches of Professor Rhine.

Erle Korshak, publisher of two of Campbell's books, WHO GOES THERE? (1948) and CLOAK OF AESIR (1952) spoke from the floor: "There is no question Campbell was very much into Dianetics. While I was preparing his books for publication he was consistently trying to convince me."

L. Sprague de Camp added: "I believe I know the source of Campbell's off-beat scientific enthusiasms. He flunked at MIT while courting Dona. Then he worked for Mack Truck. He didn't like lab work, which frustrated his ambition to be a great scientist. If he could not be a great scientist, the next best thing was to discover one."

John J. Pierce, son of John R. Pierce, retired head of Bell Telephone Laboratories, who supervised development of the Telestar earth satellite, speaking from the floor: "I visited Campbell. He was extremely racially prejudiced. He also believed Polynesians, Japanese and Eskimos were superior to whites and had his own rationale for it."

Bova, who is of Italian extraction, noted that when he became editor he began to receive stories with Italian heroes.

The session ended with an irrelevant comment by Schmidt that when he is short on short stories, he finds himself up to his ears in novels.

Bova noted that Harry Harrison's ingenuity could have help solve that. One day Harry breezed in with the introductory remark: "I've got this new 60,000 word novel."

"Up to my eyeballs in novels!" Bova responded.

"This is your lucky day; I've got three 20,000 word novelettes!"

SAM MOSKOWITZ • Just a note to acknowledge that I received #60 OUTWORLDS containing my prospectus and resume for SCIENCE FICTION +. Having reread after 40 years I gain a little more respect for my youthful commonsense. I really understood the field and maximized my qualifications. I think I would have hired myself had the prospectus been submitted to me and if I had the interest and finances to publish a professional science fiction magazine.

It is interesting to note, that when the magazine expired, I obtained a job on a frozen food publication in the same building titled FROSTED FOOD FIELD and in addition to my editorial background secured it by making the most of the years spent in my father's grocery and confectionary business and my knowledge of food distribution gained by selling and delivering for a wholesale grocer. Ironically James Blish had proceeded me as editor of the same magazine one year earlier and on leaving that publication I took along a couple of issues that he had edited. He was not highly regarded by the staff members that had worked with him.

In regard to your reprinting of the letter and announcement of the November, 1948 issue of ASTOUNDING SCIENCE-FICTION in which Campbell attempted to duplicate the issue suggested by his reader. I guessed what he was about and ran a piece in FANTASY TIMES revealing it, gaining his ill-will for a period as a result. [4/26/91]

"Buck Coulson's letter was like a breath of fresh air--his letters always seem to be that way. You get mired down in this stuff so much that common sense seems to be absolutely wondrous."

SI STRICKLEN • 1/2/76

BUCK COULSON • I'm glad Skel explained that bit about tables and sideboards. I've always wondered why some homes have this thing called a "breakfast nook" with a slab coming out of the wall or something of the sort, instead of a real table. And I haven't seen a sideboard in years; they must have achieved escape velocity before tables did.

Tucker should keep an eye out for a British rock group named Ned's Atomic Dustbin; one of the members is Ken Cheslin's son. Ken said they would have a US tour this summer, and I might have a chance to hear them. Especially if they played within a 100-mile radius of our house....

The material on SCIENCE FICTION + was interesting. I note that it did indeed get stories by "old-time" science fiction writers; fiction in the second issue was by Raymond Z. Gallun, Clifford D. Simak, Frank Belknap Long, and Richard Tooker, and in other issues there were stories by Harry Bates and Thomas Calvert McClary. I can't say it was one of my favorite magazines, but I bought all the issues and read them.

I'm not quite as indifferent to seeing my locs published as Mike Glicksohn is, but it's not the reason I write them. They're payment for the fanzine; a brief bit of more or less originality wafted the faned's way by a sticky 29¢ piece. I do look for my work in the lettercolumn, but that's because it's my major check on whether or not I wrote a loc. In fact, I've looked at some fanzines, wondered why I was getting them, and then noticed that I'm included in the letter column. Must have received a previous issue, but I don't recall ever seeing an issue before. I rather enjoy reading my locs, too; gee, did I write that? A faulty memory brings all sorts of pleasant surprises. (A WAHF is fine; it tells me that I did comment, and eases my conscience.) I did learn long ago to never write anything to a fanzine editor that I specifically didn't want to see in print, because that's always the section the editor publishes.

Fifty years from now, the savage feuds that have split fandom won't even be remembered, unless Harry Warner or Art Widner writes them down. (Art mentioned some time back that he was considering doing a sequel to the fan histories, but he's not mentioned the idea since, so he may well have thought better of it.) Fifty years from now there may not be any active fans, as we know the term. (And fifty years from now I definitely won't be here, so I'm indifferent to possibilities that far ahead.)

Have you ever thought of writing up an account of your marriage for professional publication, Bill? Of course, you'd have to target a specific market; PSYCHOLOGY TODAY would be more prestigious, but of course NATIONAL ENQUIRER would pay better. And yes, I'm sort of semi-serious, especially about PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I'm sure your wife (ex-wife?) has a classic mental condition, though I'm not up enough on terminology to state which one. You could use a good fan lawyer, too; you need someone who understands the background. (I know four fan lawyers myself, but they're in places like Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Louisville, and Madison, IN; not exactly handy to you. There ought to be one in Cincy....)

Best wishes for a better financial and marital situation by the time of the next OUTWORLDS. [5/2/91]

ROY TACKETT • Your trouble is that you are more old-fashioned than you should be. Reading over your problems I kept telling myself that I would never have put up with that sort of nonsense. But I did something of the same sort. You did it out of a sense of responsibility--and so did I. Is that commendable or were we simply stupid? I know I thought a few times about walking away--and then said to myself, "but if I don't take care of this woman, who will?" Problems, no? Doesn't matter any more.

I've never seen any of the Chinese movies Jeannie Bowman mentions. Albuquerque does not have a Chinatown and certainly none of the regular theaters is going to show anything starring Jackie Chan or Cow Yun Fat. But I don't go see American movies either. My thoughts are that if the actors are still alive the movie isn't worth seeing. Which is beginning to carry over into science fiction--the thought that if the writer is alive the book isn't worth reading. As Stan Schmidt called it--the old timer's effect.

Sam's proposal and resume is an...interesting...historical document. I remember when SCIENCE FICTION + appeared and thought that the lineup of Gernsback and Moskowitz would turn out a good SF magazine. That was almost 40 years ago? C'est impossible!

And it occurred to me that after all these years I still don't own a copy of THE IMMORTAL STORM so I sent a letter off to Hyperion Press to see if there was still any available. Tsk--and I call myself a fan and have never read THE IMMORTAL STORM. Well, I've never read THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR either. Rusty has always said I was a fakefan and he's probably right.

Well, all right. I found the Copyscreens you mentioned in FLAP in an art supply store here and, since the store was having a sale and I was able to get them for 25% off, promptly bought one of each. Now that I have them what do I do with them? I presume they are to be used in making copies of photographs but the results on a couple of samples I ran did not impress me. I await your suggestions.

(5/20/91)

...I dunno; the photos in OW60 were "screened" onto a sheet of bond, I typed around them, and then had that master copied. Considering they were color photos, I thought that the result was at least "adequate", and certainly cheaper than a velox. Try again, Roy!

Bob Tucker...and Roy Tackett...are not the only coinhabitants of FLAP [the Fannish Little Amateur Press] -- the 20-person invitational apa I belong to. And, as I find things in the mailings that I particularly enjoy, I have no compunction in sharing them with you. Such as the following, which is excerpted from Gary's NO THEORY! FACTS!! #22, in FLAP Mlg. #69:

edgar rice burroughs

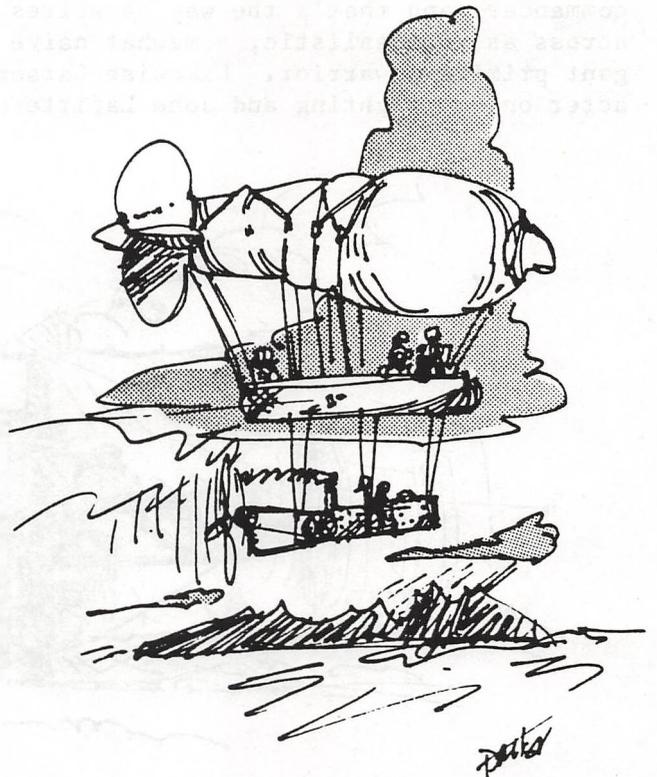
d. gary grady

As a teenager I read quite a bit of ERB's stuff and as a rule enjoyed it. Until RoyTac recently mentioned him, though, I hadn't given him much thought in many, many years.

I recently picked up some of his stuff I'd never read before. The proximate cause was a feeling of mental exhaustion that sent me on a hunt for some light reading.

I started with "The Wizard of Venus", which turns out to be pure farce. The hero, blown off course as Burroughs heroes tend to be, encounters a family who are convinced that a Venusian pig is their daughter, swindled by a wizard in the neighborhood. In a series of comical adventures the good guy visits the ersatz magician's castle, rescues the captive daughter (who also turns out to be convinced she's a pig, but not the same pig), and brings her home to argue with the mother over which daughter is the real article.

This novelette was discovered after Burroughs' death and published together with the draft novella PIRATE BLOOD, to which it is unrelated except for having been found at the same time. PIRATE BLOOD is a surprisingly gloomy and humorless adventure about an honest young small-town California cop, descended from the pirate Jean Lafitte, who falls in



with South Pacific pirates and eventually, gaining ambition and losing scruples as his heredity comes to the fore, captains them. The story is very violent and bloody and the protagonist utterly amoral by the end.

I next read the three novels of the Moon series: THE MOON MAID, THE MOON MEN, and THE RED HAWK, which I believe may be unique among Burroughs' works in being set in the future.

The first of these is a fairly straightforward and not very good interplanetary romance, a pale imitation of what he'd already done so much better in the Mars novels. The hero, straitlaced commander of a space mission, crash-lands on the Moon, which turns out to have a hollow, inhabited interior. He falls in with weird intelligent quadrupeds, meets a beautiful humanoid female, etc., but unlike John Carter ultimately fails to win the day, managing only to escape with his life and his new girlfriend, leaving the villain largely triumphant.

THE MOON MEN takes place entirely on Earth many years later, following its conquest by the Moon. The hero, a young man descended from the protagonist of the first novel, lives on a small farm with his parents, barely able to eke out an existence under the totalitarian rule of the invaders and their human allies. He grows into manhood and eventually formats a small, local, ill-fated rebellion against the oppressors.

Finally, THE RED HAWK is set yet farther in the future. A continuing rebellion against the invaders has resulted in their being confined to the U.S. West Coast. Civilization has collapsed and the hero (in the same line as before) commands a large tribe wandering the Great Plains and dreaming of wiping out the remnants of Lunar control. There is more "typical" Burroughs adventuring here, complete with a giant to be battled in single combat near the climax.

What surprised and impressed me about all this was the degree to which the stories differed from one another. All are, to be sure, adventure melodramas with at least a few sf elements (if you count the experimental airship and perhaps the nature-nature theme in PIRATE BLOOD). But "The Wizard of Venus" is farce, PIRATE BLOOD violent and humorless adventure, THE MOON MAID formulaic space opera, THE MOON MEN a political morality play, and THE RED HAWK an epic.

I recall an article in which John D. MacDonald said that all first-person heroes sound the same. Not Burroughs' heroes in these books. All of them narrate their stories and no two of them sound alike. The protagonist of THE MOON MAID is a stiffly-formal military commander, and that's the way he writes, just as THE MOON MEN's young protagonist comes across as an idealistic, somewhat naive lad and THE RED HAWK's as a confident, even arrogant primitive warrior. Likewise Carson of Venus reminds me a bit of Bruce Willis' character on Moonlighting and John Lafitte could be played by Charles Bronson. All of them

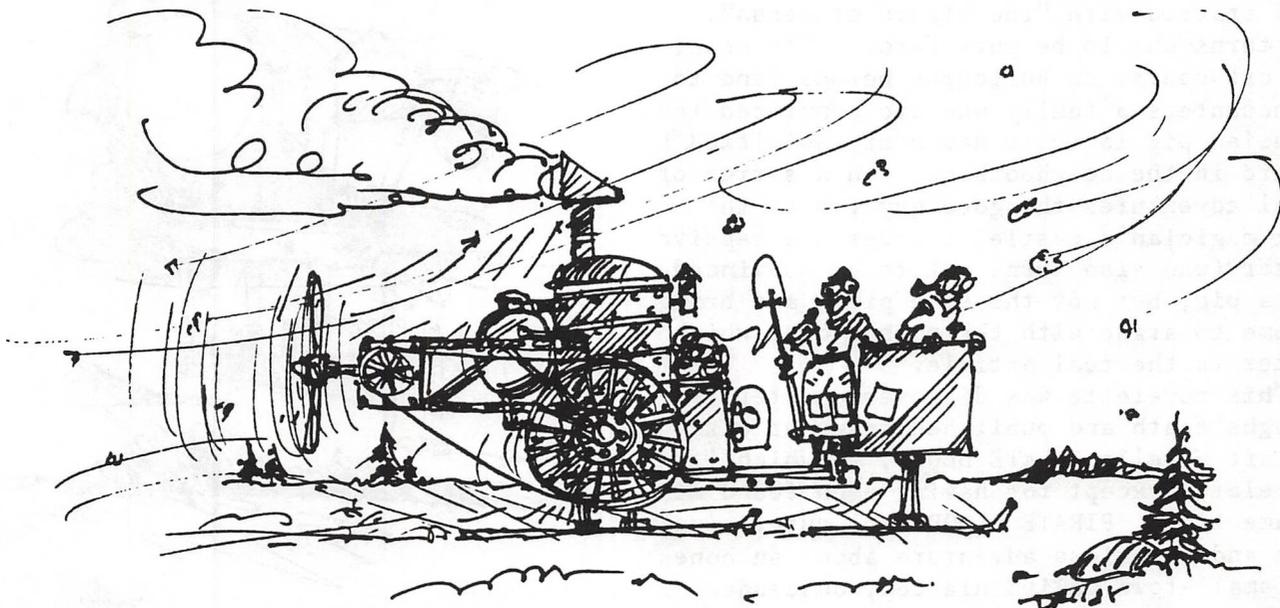


exhibit attitudes and values appropriate to the character, even when this is uncomfortable for the reader and clearly not consistent with ERB's own opinions. The hero of THE MOON MEN, for example, drips contempt for humans who consort with aliens and for their half-breed offspring; evidently he doesn't realize one of his own ancestors was the Moon Maid.

In short, while nothing is as much fun as it was (or would have been) at 12, and some of his writing is really pretty bad, Burroughs was a better author than I remembered.

Which makes me all the more anxious to see an upcoming movie. A lot of ERB has already made it to film, of course. In addition to about a billion Tarzan films of wildly varying quality, there have been Doug MacClure's low-budget versions of AT THE EARTH'S CORE and THE LAND THAT TIME FORGET. But no one has attempted to film any of the Mars novels. It's hard to do six-limbed Green Martians on a low budget.

I'm happy to say that (based on what I've read in LOCUS) it seems that Disney is now in pre-production on A PRINCESS OF MARS. The production designer is quoted saying that it will be the most expensive movie ever made. There's a very good chance they'll screw it up, of course, but if they don't, wow.

By the bye, while I'm on this, have I ever mentioned my (as usual, unfulfilled) plan to write JIMMY CARTER, WARLORD OF MARS?

The plot has John Carter inadvertently swapping bodies with his distant cousin and fellow-Southerner Jimmy. Waking up in the White House in 1979, the Warlord is astonished to find himself back on Earth and outraged to learn that Americans are being held hostage in Iran.

He personally pilots Air Force One to Iran, gets shot down but somehow survives, treks to Tehran across the desert (encountering the usual assortment of strange tribes and wild beasts and vice versa), single-handedly rescues the hostages, and slays Khomeini in a swordfight.

When he finally returns to Mars he discovers that in his absence Jimmy has negotiated peace between the Tharks and Warhoons, organized free elections every place that wasn't nailed down, and put up scads of low-cost housing in the ruins of hitherto deserted cities and dead sea bottoms....

"Nice page 1004 but not enough white space. That, or not enough dedication. Sometimes, Bill, I get disgusted by your layout (impressed but disgusted by son of fuggheads that waltz in and lay out pages as easily as dropping bricks). But typos aside, sometimes, I also learn something about layout too. Usually soon after I've dropped my disgust."
FRANK BALAZS • 3/27/76

STEVEN FOX • The artwork this issue is quite nice; the cover by Linda Michaels is very good. Also good work by Alan Hunter, David R. Haugh, B. Foster, Craig Smith, William Rotsler.... I personally like the different color sheets of paper. I don't know why, but it does look good.

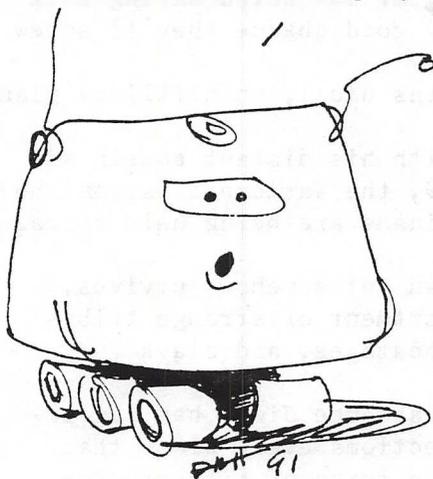
The photos on pages 1951 & 1973 are nice touches. Nine times out of ten when fan editors talk about this fan they visited or that fan, I have no idea of who they are talking about. Photos for me help breathe a lot of life into such articles because the reader can look at the picture and say, "So that is what so & so looks like." Again, a nice touch. [rec'd 5/14/91]

TERRY JEEVES • The presentation goes from strength to strength being as near to professional as possible whilst still remaining an amateur 'fun thing'. I loved that cover and the excellent presentation of the interior art.

PLEA -- Can we fans form, organize or begin a campaign for bringing back art/illustration in ANALOG instead of the current crop of uninformative views of faces or pointless figure groups. Bring back Gosh-Wow to SF illos! [postmarked 5/22/91]

"Now that you have explained your numbering system I still don't understand it. Or rather I don't want to understand it. It's confusing and unpredictable. ... Reading the Index in 8.75 was mind-boggling. It was so short! It's as if OUTWORLDS and Old Father William were young at one time. Things were simpler then.... My name only appears once, and then as a letter writer instead of 'as' an 'artist'. I must work on that."
TARAL / WAYNE MACDONALD • rec'd 12/18/75

THE FAN ARTISTS' LIFE
IS A LONELY ONE ...
YOU DRAW ALL THE
PICTURES AND MAKE
UP THE PUNS,
BUT WHEN THE COMMENTS
GET LOUD AND CRUSTY,
THE BEST WE GET ARE,
"OH YEAH, THE DRAWINGS
WERE NICE TOO".



6/5/91 • The method by which I determine what material goes into a given issue isn't always clear, even to me. My interests wax and wane, and everything depends on what's "available" to me. I ask (I heard Lucy's speech); I raid apas (I read Gary's piece while doing mailing comments on FLAP; stopped, and sent him a postcard); I hoard (SaM sent me several articles back in 1988; one more to come in OW62); I have my "stable" of Columnists. And, when I'm publishing regularly, I do get unsolicited material...mainly I suppose because of longevity. I'm never satisfied; I always want more ... even when, as now, I should be doing a slimmer fanzine! I would like to see more sf-related material, but, other than a decided lack of interest in extended discussions of politics & religion, I really have no set taboos -- if the material interests me.

I "go away" from time to time. Other fanzines fold -- by design or happenstance. But the "discussions" in a given fanzine can't always be ended so neatly.

Taral had a column in HOLIER THAN THOU; Marty Cantor folded his fanzine (as announced). Alexis Gilliland sent a letter to Taral. ...and Taral sent me a note:

"Would you be interested in the enclosed material? ...it's just an exchange of letters between Gilliland and myself over some remarks of mine on fan art and Hugos. But I thought there might be some reader interest since you've had letters on fan art in recent issues."

Taral's note to me was dated 11/20/88. We're both aware this may not be "timely"...but I find it interesting....

cover charge 4

Taral Wayne

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND
[August 4, 1988]

Dear Taral,

Marty Cantor's HTT #27 arrived recently, including your article on fan artists and the fan Hugo awards. I call your attention to an error of fact: Joan Hanke-Woods won the Hugo in '86 only. The '84 award, made at Los Angeles with a ceramic base sporting three black rats, sits on my bookcase. A second error of fact occurs in your list of winners. Despite catching LACON's error in substituting George Barr for Vaugh Bode' in '84, you omit the '69 award (and Bode') from your list.

Also, there appears to be an error of omission in the following: "Tim Kirk, it might be noted had the bad judgement to win five of those times, mostly without appearing in any amateur publication that year." (italics added.) In fact, Kirk was a generous and prolific contributor of some of the highest quality material that ever graced the universe of fanzines. As it happened, he had the poor judgement not to withdraw his name in 1976, when he had only reprint material published, and the bad luck to win the award in that year. The other four times he won fair and square.

A point of information you might be interested in. Jack Gaughan won the first Fan Artist Hugo in 1967 because he was a gifted cartoonist, pouring out a copious flood of witty and humorous material to fandom at large (see, for example, his cartoon war with Bode' in ODD sometime during 1968). He was also a prolific illustrator, and an enthusiastic con-goer. Whether or not he was campaigning for the honor, as some claimed, the combination proved irresistible, and he won the Pro Artist Hugo that year as well. Which led to the amendment of the WSFS Constitution saying that an artist would not henceforth be eligible to win in both categories. "The first exception is trivial," you said. Not so. The first exception was a fas-

cinating special case.

Vaughn Bode' was indeed special, a conclusion that would be hard to miss. In less than a year he put out an incredible flood of material, simply taking the field by storm. In the spring of '69 he stopped cold, and withdrew from fanzines forever. He held an exhibition at the '69 worldcon, a whole room filled with his cartoon work, much of it in brilliant color, before vanishing from fandom.

Phil Foglio, who came to sf fandom from Chicago Trek fandom, brought with him a considerable personal following. He won two Hugos in three tries, after actively campaigning in the first and second attempt. He was booed when he accepted the first one. To this day, Dan Steffan is outspokenly anti-Foglio, and though Bill Rotsler may have gotten over it, he wouldn't speak to Foglio when all three of us were on a fan art panel at Brighton in '79. You want hard feelings? Tim Kirk (who never campaigned, and hardly ever socialized) isn't in it compared to Phil.

What about Gilliland? A few covers, and a few score illos before I ever got nominated. And a whole lot of cartoons, sent all over the place, but especially to Dick Geis's SFR. They were good cartoons, too. After awhile people began to remember my name, and eventually Loompanics published two collections, THE IRON LAW OF BUREAUCRACY and WHO SAYS PARANOIA ISN'T IN, ANY MORE?, suggesting that I was submitting material of professional quality to fanzines over a long period of time. It also doesn't hurt that I attend conventions and generally involve myself with the social aspects of fandom.

A look at the losers might be in order at this point. The three major figures are Canfield, Shiffman, and ATom, all three of whom are cartoonists. Why did Grant Canfield fail to win in 7 tries? Hard to say with any degree of certainty. My guess is that his work had a high technical polish and very little else. He was rarely funny except in a mechanical sort of way, and his work lacked warmth and spontaneity. Why then did Stu Shiffman, who had warmth and wit in abundance, fail to win in 9 tries? My guess is that he never had the exposure he needed to win mass support. Maybe if Stu had done a few Worldcon PR covers he could have pulled it off. What about ATom, Arthur Thomson, with no Hugo after 5 nominations? His main exposure was in US rather than British fanzines, so that he didn't have the support of his fannish countrymen, while in the US his support was spotty, enough to get him the nomination but not to put him over the top.

So. Let's look at the list you compiled, as corrected. It is possible to divide the 29 fan artists into illustrators and cartoonists. Among the illustrators (which I would consider your category) we find George Barr with 1, Alicia Austin with 1, Joan Hanke-Woods with 1, and Victoria Poyser with 2, for a total of 5. Considering the cartoonists we find Jack Gaughan with 1, Tim Kirk with 5, Bill Rotsler with 2, Alexis Gilliland with 4, and Brad Foster (still early in his career) with 1. Clearly the award is biased in favor of humor, and the reason for this is that humor is memorable.

Ah, Taral. Can we really conclude that fannish art in fanzines and artshows is in a decline? I would say no. The quality of artshows these days is technically much higher than it was 20 years ago, and reproduction in fanzines has also improved. On the other hand, it is quite possible that fanzines themselves are going into a tailspin. But that is something else entirely.

Best wishes, s/Alexis

◄ ◄ ◄

TARAL: A Reply to Alexis:

[19 Aug 88]

I take note of your corrections with ill-grace. After all, I was supposed to be the expert writing the article. Making mistakes is undignified, and furthermore undermines the impression of knowledgeability I've so carefully tried to give. In actual fact, one of the errors is a mere oversight. When I first noticed the Bode/Barr mix-up, I suppose I must have altered my text but neglected to alter the list. And Marty didn't notice the contradiction between the text and list either. (On my file copy of the MS, Bode's name was penciled in.) The origin of the other error is harder to trace. It may have just been a mis-reading, but another possibility is that someone else's error was faithfully copied into my article. I don't have any way of finding out where I thought I found the name of the '84 winner.

That means you won the fan art Hugo four times. Shame on you! Don't you know there are people in line?

I think the rest of your letter amounts to different opinions. The Kirk thing, for instance. I don't dispute that Kirk was monstrously talented, and that his work beautified fanzines for years. However, his art had virtually stopped appearing in what I call fanzines by '74. Thereafter I saw his work in LOCUS and SFR primarily. And I don't give a toot what you think about LOCUS and SFR--if they earn the editors a living, pay contributors, have distribution, advertise and carry advertising--and they did--then they're prozines. And the art that appeared in them was professional art. For all that Kirk had

been a fan artist up until that time, during the years he won the FAN art Hugo his work was hardly ever found in a fanzine.

The brief mention of the imbroglio over Foglio's Hugos was on purpose. I thought that enough had been said about it all too recently, and didn't want to aggravate what still seemed like a sensitive issue. The other thing that makes the Foglio case different from Kirk's is that Foglio WAS active when he won his Hugos. The issue wasn't his eligibility as much as an extension of the bad blood between media and mainstream fandoms. Foglio was seen as a foreign invasion of Trekkie votes. There was also a question of taste. A lot of people just plain didn't think Foglio's work was good enough for a Hugo. No one said that of Kirk's. Both these issues seemed outside the scope of my article, so they weren't raised.

I may have handled Foglio too cautiously, and may have been too critical of Kirk. Consistency is the haemoglobin of small veins... or something.... But I believe I heard a few boos from the audience in '76 that weren't all for Heinlein. Feelings about Kirk were as hard, I think, as feelings about Foglio were later.

Yes, actually, what you say about Gaughan being a special case from another point of view is quite true. It just didn't prove anything about winning a Hugo on your first go.

Because I wasn't discussing the merits of artists, I refrained from saying much about whose art I liked, and whose I didn't. I pretty much agree with your estimate of Canfield's art, actually. Although the skill was there, the heart wasn't. I always thought his weaker humour too much like the bland stuff in men's magazines, and his depiction of women could get downright offensive. But he earned his nominations, no question asked. Judging from the amount and the technical quality of the fanart he did over several years, I think he deserved to win as well.

ATom's problem may not be as complex as your explanation. I don't know, but I'd be more inclined to say that the fannish zines his stuff tended to appear in were too obscure for most voters. Another possibility is that too many of his drawings look the same. You know—angular little creatures with the mop hair standing on a triangular background blob, or riding in a black silhouette spaceship. Although I really love the art he puts more work into, there're too many of the other kind. The eye learns not to pay attention beyond a certain point.

I would as soon not criticize Stu's art, since we're friends enough it would probably hurt. But safe to say that Stu has preoccupations in art as idiosyncratic as mine. How many fans are terribly interested in Yiddish time-travellers and alternate Hollywoods?

When you come right down to it, most fans are simply interested in themselves, and want their own likes and dislikes reflected back by fanart. Why else the glut of media and role-playing subjects?

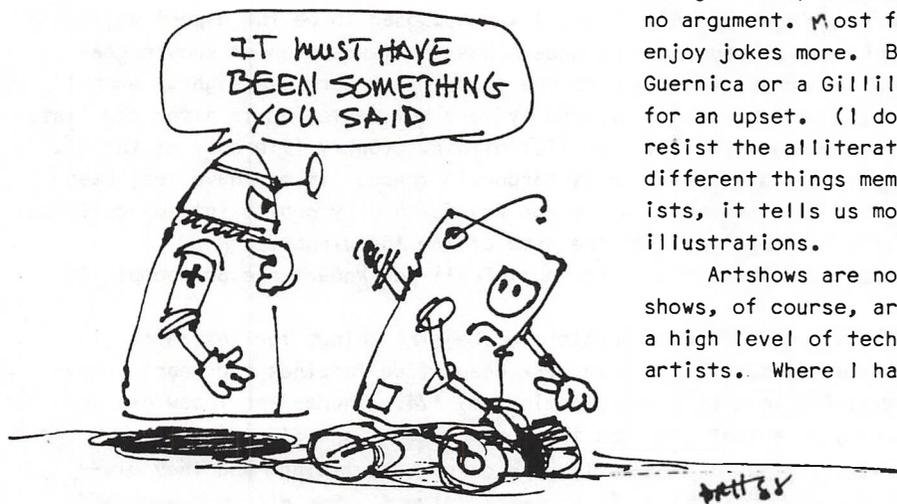
One thing I disagree with, though, is that any fanartist has been hurt by not appearing often enough on Worldcon PRs and program books. It helps to have that kind of exposure, no question about it. But if it hurts to do without, it must hurt all fanartists about equally. When you look at Worldcon pubs over the last ten, fifteen years you find that the art is mostly done by whatever local artists are known by the concom. The Big Name fanartists and Hugo winners are conspicuous by their relative absence.

At least if we have the same idea who the prominent fanartists are. I'm by no means certain this is so.

Adjusting the list clearly favours cartoonists over illustrators, (as you put it). But is your explanation likely? I find the idea that humour is inherently more memorable than an image rather startling.

If by memorable you mean memorable among fans, we've no argument. Most fans are uninterested in art per se, and enjoy jokes more. But ask an art lover whether he remembers Guernica or a Gilliland punchline better, and be prepared for an upset. (I don't mean to be so personal, but I can't resist the alliteration.) Fact is, different people find different things memorable. If the Hugos favour cartoonists, it tells us more about fandom than about cartoons and illustrations.

Artshows are not in decline as far as I can see. Some shows, of course, are pretty lame, but others demonstrate a high level of technical mastery among greater number of artists. Where I have difficulty, though, is in thinking of this as fanart. Mostly I see imitation paperback covers at artshows. Their painters are apprentice pros and freelancers. They're



there to make money either now or later. (It's why I'm occasionally at an artshow.) Not much of the stuff is directed toward the little microcosm we recognize as fandom. This could be a bias on my part, to fixate on fannishness for its own sake and dismiss the impulse fans have always had to imitate the pros. But I'm frankly not wide-minded enough to take either the original cliches, or the imitations, seriously. Call it a narrow interpretation if you wish, but when I talk about fanart I mean almost exclusively fanzine art. The other stuff has a different audience, serves different purposes, and amounts to another artform. One that makes no sense if lumped in with fanzine art.

It was fanzine art that I said was in decline. One can always hope I was premature. I'm always seeing signs of imminent fannish collapse, and it may be that the only certain thing is change. I think fanzines in the old sense may be a disappearing breed. The style of fanartists who appeared in them may be vanishing more quickly. This way lies highly theoretical speculation.... In the meantime I observe that among active fanartists I have only a couple of peers. There are a larger number of people such as Stu and yourself whose output has declined of late, and a much larger number whose art has virtually ceased to appear in fanzines. Many artists of ability exist, but I don't see their work appearing as widely as the work of Steven Fox, Brad Foster or myself. Maybe the fanzine world will see more of Merle Insigna and Diane Gallagher Wu in the future, who knows?

This year, though, I'm flabbergasted by their presence on the Hugo ballot. Wu seems mainly known for her Boris and Rowena style paintings in artshows. I hadn't heard of Insigna at all, and saw samples of her art for the first time at Disclave. She's active in Boston area fandom if I've been told right. Outside of some NESFA circles I don't think Insigna is well known. I expect this means that the well-known fragmentation of fandom into self-sufficient little pockets and special interest groups (such as fanzine fandom) is well advanced. I think it also means that the fanart Hugo, and the fan Hugos generally, are comparing the proverbial apples and oranges.

PS: ...on a personal note. My piece seems adversarial, although I've tried to avoid it. But it's hard to disagree with people without making it appear contentious. Your own letter tended to raise my hackles, even though I'm sure you didn't mean it to. (Did you?)

From other encounters I dimly recall, you and I have quite different notions of what fandom and fanzines are. You readily include stuff that seems unrelated to fanac to me, on the basis of the SF connection. The SF in Trek, or semi-prozines, or costuming don't seem germane to me. What's germane in my view are the motivations, attitudes, and the actual physical activity. My hobby is drawing, writing and publishing self-centered little booklets or magazines. Whatever is not that is not my hobby, and any relationship running conventions or taping Japanimation may have to my hobby is superficial. For my convenience, and because of long-standing usage among the people I thought of as fans, I call my hobby fanac. But if hacking on a BBS, filking, or painting sword-amazons in chain mail bikinis is fanac, then I relinquish the term. I'm happily egocentric. Better that, it seems to me, when loyalty to a nebulous concept is against your interest. I could demonstrate how fandom with a big F is mainly not in my interest, but why belabour the obvious?

As a bureaucrat and cynic I would imagine you feel at home in a hypertrophied organization working at cross purposes. But perhaps I'm being unfairly cynical myself in saying so.

The first faint stirrings of success in fields outside of SF could also be making me easily disgusted with fandom.

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ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

[August 26, 1988]

Dear Taral,

We have, naturally enough, different preceptions of the wonderful world of fanzines which we coinhabit. You say: "... LOCUS and SFR--if they earn the editor's living, pay contributors, have distributors, advertise and carry advertising--and they did--then they're prozines." LOCUS, which recently celebrated its 20th anniversary, is now undoubtedly a prozine, even though it began as a newzine, as faanish a fanzine as you could hope to find. In 1974, fourteen years ago, had it already made the transition? I think there is room for doubt, especially when it comes to being judgmental about where Tim Kirk was earning his credentials for the Fanartist Hugo.

SFR, with which I have been associated for a long, long time, is another case. Geis accepted a few ads on a trial basis, and came down firmly against ads. He was always of two minds about enlarging the mailing list, and eventually decided to stop advertising. He did pay contributors, yes. I got \$2.00 per cartoon, not a princely sum even in those long gone days. Also, SFR made a profit, which Geis at



one point figured paid him about \$0.45/hr, hardly a living in my book. What can you say about SFR? That it began as a fanzine, and moved towards becoming a prozine without ever making it? Or that for some few issues it WAS a prozine, which then folded? To reject Kirk or me as fan-artists because we appeared in the prozine SFR seems excessively puritanical.

Memorable, in the context of the discussion, of course meant memorable among fans. We seem to be in agreement on this point at least. To compare Picasso's Guernica with any fannish effort (even the best of your generally attractive covers) is matching eggs and apples. I didn't take it personally, you shouldn't either. An artist of genius, fired with passion, and working at the peak of his powers is not likely to appear in fanzines. Conversely, neither of us is likely to come up with a Pulitzer.

You ask if I meant to raise your hackles. Well, not exactly. You raised my hackles a bit, so I figured, hey, I'll answer good old Taral with an approximation of his own tone and style, and if his hackles get raised, it's just something we'll have to live with. A skill honed during my days as a bureaucrat is that I find it natural to disagree with people without giving them any convenient

handle for a comeback. Which is not to say they aren't annoyed, but the discussion tends to stay in focus.

These days I am as much a chemist as a bureaucrat, which is to say not very much. As for being a cynic, I prefer to consider myself a well-informed realist. An idealist, no. But it is also a silly shortcut to automatically assume the worst.

What else? If you wish to include portions of this letter, or my preceding letter in your article ... please feel free to do so.

Best wishes, s/Alexis

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TARAL: A Note to Bowers

[11/20/88]

Do you think I need to have the last word? There's not too much I can add to Alexis' final letter, other than I have a higher opinion of my art than he has of it, and that I wasn't disqualifying HIM on the basis of his \$2 cartoons—he had plenty of fanart published elsewhere. Personally, I find Alexis too emeshed in the culture and the way it arbitrarily assigns status & value to things to say anything very insightful about art, —for example, that nothing to match Guernica COULD appear in fandom: that's bull-shit based on the supposed merit of hanging in galleries rather than appearing on fanzine covers, not an opinion on art—but he's levelheaded enough to know shit from shinola, which is a step up from a lot of fandom.

"I just picked up a copy of OUTWORLDS 26.... This is really a beautiful magazine. Oh, it's not on the same level of professionalism as ALGOL, to be sure. But! While I admire Andy's product, I find I prefer a magazine like OUTWORLDS. ALGOL just doesn't seem as friendly, nor so vital. It's as though when I read ALGOL, I want to make sure my hands are perfectly clean, to avoid fingerprints and smudges. I tend to hold my breath while reading it. It doesn't seem quite so important if I drop some cigarette ashes on OUTWORLDS. Not as though I were desecrating a work of ART (in caps, underlined, and italicized). OUTWORLDS is, in my opinion, just about the optimum genzine." denton/Thor•3/76

6/7/91 • ...somehow, I think it time: In the 60s, I co-edited a Symposium of pro writers.

In OW24 I ran Mike Gorra's "Fanpublishing Symposium", and in OW28/29...Dave Locke's "The Fanwriter Symposium". Perhaps it's been done, but I don't recall; so I am formulating Questions for the "Outworlds FanArtist Symposium". Input welcome, but what I need from you is addresses. Don't presume I have them all; my address file is dated!

2030:61

"Some people would argue that it is easier to be fannish with a decent-sized income. ... To people like this, I would say, it is easier to be fannish on a small income, doing what comes naturally. I might also question what came first--the small income or the idea that truefannishness is found in the small income. I do my own thing. If I had less money I might do a different thing, but still my own thing under the circumstances."

VICTORIA VAYNE • 1/6/76

6/12/91 • ...and so it was that on Monday, the 10th, after nine weeks "out", I started a new job. It could be for three weeks; it could be for more--in any event, while not an instant solution...it will help! Due to the efficiency of bus schedules cross-town, I'm spending twelve hours "gone", for an eight hour job. I'm not complaining...really! I appreciate the chance to, possibly, be able to print this issue...and I'm getting a lot of reading done. But at the moment, I'm too burnt to be witty...so I'll content myself with transcribing LOCs...on the way to Jeanne's column, which came in yesterday....

JOE R. CHRISTOPHER • Welcome back! As usual, your account of yourself is a great deal of the appeal of OUTWORLDS. An account of that sort of misery is appealing? someone asks. Of course, I reply; after all, I didn't live through it; I just read about it. Besides, I like to read murder mysteries. (Also, this next summer I'll be reading some regional true crime for an annotated bibliography I and a friend are working on.) Oh, I enjoy reading all sorts of things.

I enjoyed Sam Moskowitz' materials in OW60. A review column by him showed up in the most recent NIEKAS also. I actually read a few copies of SCIENCE-FICTION PLUS when it was published; I didn't enjoy it then as much as I enjoyed other magazines (I am mainly a fantasy fan, I suspect, although I greatly enjoy Larry Niven's type of SF and I am still buying and reading Poul Anderson). Anyway, the glance behind the scenes was interesting. I don't teach any of the technical writing classes here at Tarleton, or I'd be tempted to Xerox it and put it on reserve for the description of writing to a job-related purpose.

Out of Bob Tucker's "Beard Mumbblings" I found the discussion of teaching writing not the most enjoyable but the closest to what I can relate to. This last fall I was paid (outside of my school work) to help an older student who wanted to become a professional writer. He had a background in drama, including writing a few dramas which received production in Houston, but now he was stuck in Stephenville and wanting to shift to short stories and poetry. Unlike most of my past (unpaid) experience with would-be writers, he's got talent and drive. I'm not certain he'll stick with fiction and poetry, though, because he's used to the camaraderie of the theater. (By the way, for the few who are aware of me as a writer of very conservative poetry in traditional forms: he was writing mainly free verse, and he said it was there that I helped him the most. Maybe so; I tried, at any rate.) I rather suspect that the main things one can teach are the background of how to format professionally--what Tucker mentions--and some of the current styles for the writer's materials. Well, also to write short stories in scenes, not summaries--that sort of thing. But I didn't have to deal with the latter with this writer; he naturally made scenes, if sometimes with too lengthy transitions. But the main material--the content, the knowledge of humanity, the ability to work in images--are probably either innate or not there at all.

I spent the money I made on more books. (None of your movie viewings, Bill, for me.) [5/2/91]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD • What a beautiful cover to start out #60 (and to end it with the back one!) -- I haven't seen a whole lot of Linda Michaels' work, but each piece has been a joy. I have said it before (but since a lot[?] of readers wouldn't be familiar with him--I can say it again)--it reminded me of Jim McLeod--but now I see others in it (like Austin, Ranson, ...perhaps Thompson) ...oh, but I'm getting off the subject. Anyway--a nice way to start things off.

Again--more from the multi-talents of the multitalented David Haugh. For some (perverse?) reason the Reality Check character really struck a note--as is the case with so many of your artists -- I like all of what they do and it's hard to single out this or that.

Jeanne Bowman's piece reminds me of how "difficult" it can be to try to something when you're not the proper "type". For instance--I once stood in line to see a Disney film (the only adult in about 500 small kids), then really got myself endeared by paying in pennies ("Sorry, but that's all the piggy bank would cough up."). Or--going to see a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles movie without the requisite "small person" in tow--to act as both credentials and background given. Sigh. I have yet to tackle Chuck E Cheese (no, don't ask--remember, I haven't been there yet)--adults just keep

telling me ...don't.

The Moskowitz piece is greatly appreciated—a peek into what had to take place before the magazine could! Hm—the mention of Frank R. Paul rings a bell—if my hearing is alright—one other member in your readership should also be thinking that. The tidbit about Robert Madle is interesting—I wonder if the term "thesis" was, then, used to indicate graduate work or "merely" a paper?

Hopefully Buck will get to see Harry's book in hardcover RSN. The Lynches (Dick & Nicki) are working on it—editing, photos... I believe a request for photos went out recently and they still have a lot of work to do, but Harry seems content with the pace.

Alan Hunter ... please keep getting and running his work!

Gads—I just looked at a zine I'd "unearthed"—thinking it had been by Chris Sherman (prompted me to go look when I saw his loc)—saw it was STARFIRE (I think—I'm far too lazy to go look again) and decided—nope, wrong person. Then... next page you mention Bill Breiding....

More of interest to your readership would be Tucker's smooth routine with the fruit juice (yup—honest) served on the Australian flight—especially if you're interested in what sort of shenanigans can confound stewardli(? plural has one or two eyes?).

The Harvia character's comment about reception is so appropriate, considering the postcard right beside it (as I know you intended).

[4/22/91]

4-23-91:

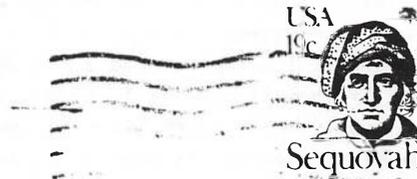
CULVER LAKE
Sussex County New Jersey

Bill!

How dare you! I didn't even properly LOC the last X. And now you have the gall to send me An Outworlds after all of these years? Sniff // On page 1991: the combination of illustration and text... it's no wonder I got away from it all! A stroke of repulsive gnaws, or subconscious feelings finally floating to the surface? Only his AMEND instructor will know for sure!

Dude: It was exquisite, as usual, as ever; later, perhaps, a HA! letter? MAYBE.

HANG TOUGH! -William Breiding 452580174



POST CARD

more sub and un? Address

W. L. Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258

WILLIAM BREIDING • ...regardless of the smart-ass postcard, I was stunned into deep agitation when I read your editorial, and the Concise, Condensed Version of 'It.' Put together, on some consecutively running pages, in a beautiful Object of Art, it becomes entirely different, and more disturbing to me than the dribs and drabs of life in XENOLITH. My main concern, prior to OW60, was for you: to extend my hand in whatever limited way possible (for I am fucked up, myself) to help you back into the Fold; to hold your ankles, with the many others, so that we could see you regain your balance. OW60 made me blind with pain, my heart pounding so hard against my ribcage... I wanted to put my hand through the window I was sitting in front of: I felt incredible anger. The things 'she' did...and what you allowed.... Oh, excuse me while I go and uncontrolably kick my refrigerator.

The fullness of the situation descended upon me, and I realized that I had not given you nearly the support that was necessary for your well being. But luckily, you have Friends, near and far, who have joined to surround you with a wall of yielding warmth. Though I am entirely skeptical about fandom and its usefulness, that these individuals rose with open hands and arms is justification enough for its existence. And: I realized that it probably wasn't the first time that such a thing had occurred. Go re-read Harlan's introduction to Sturgeon's "If All Men Were Brothers Would You Let Your Sister Marry One?" in DANGEROUS VISIONS. I did. I thought of you, Bill.

The Roxie theater, over on 16th St, is responsible for introducing A Bunch Of White People to the satisfactions of Chinese Hong-Kong-made Action, Ghost & Love movies.

I was surprised, tickled and a bit miffed to see this subject show up in Jeanne's 'column'. But, here, wait, I'll pull a 'I was cool before you were born' pose:

My longest standing friend is Chinese (some of my best friends...); we've known each other for 23 years. In my early teens we used to go to the Great Star theater. I was as much absorbed by the peeling of oranges and the munching of fried bean curd (by ancient grandmas with canes) as by anything that was up on the screen. So There.

One of the amusing side effects of the Roxie's 'Made in Hong Kong' festival was that A Bunch Of White People started prowling the cavernous Chinatown theaters. Most of these White People were in their 30s. The new crop of Haight Street kids (late teens, early 20s) were too cool to be caught posing and wandering through Territory Unknown, among people wearing black because they really meant it. However, these White People In Their 30s would stop at nothing in their effort to be complete sluts in the name of Art.

Teen-age Chinese Hoods, who give new meaning to the phrase 'Big Hair', got a mite ruffled when all of these White People started wandering around in their Dark Theaters. Their chests would puff out, and their hands reach reflexively to their pockets for switchblades, eyes darkening, and then smoldering like ripe coals. Finally, they would merely shrug, hair bouncing, realizing that these were just A Bunch Of Wimpy White People In Their 30s (who would do anything for the sake of 'art').

Of the 297 films you viewed in '88, '89, & '90, I saw 78 of them. In my last apa-fifty zine ("for the moment", indeed!) I listed my film viewing for 1990: 136. 77 of those I saw on the big screen. Since we have so few films in common (many of the ones I see are indie/foreign releases), I suggest that we start inviting each other out on dates, since we are both single again. You could invite me over to see such films as "The Loves Of A French Pussycat" (1988, #88), and I could take you to see such cool foreign/indie releases as "Landscapes In The Mist"; this way we'd both get a good education.

Since there were only 7 issues, would it be possible to print the contents pages of the entire run of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS? (Hey, you're the one who keeps publishing these historical pieces!) You see, Bill, I suffer from listmania as well.

As you know: OW60 is beautiful, but I'm sure you'd like to be told! The skinny column motif was used to great effect, with plenty of Tasteful Use Of White Space. I've yet to run into another magazine whose graphics so reflect the editor, in entirely intimate ways, that just could not be done within the text.

Hope to see you again one of these days.

P.S.: The tape is not so much a letter of comment on OW, as was the last one I sent you, so much as a comment on your life and mine. Hope you like some of the tunes.

Now, do I get the Harry Warner "usual two-pager" Award?

[4/25/91]

6/14/91 • ...alright, already, Breiding & Bowman: I may not have seen the movies...but at least, Once Upon A Time, I spent a week in Hong Kong. I'd love to Go Back --it's a toss-up between there and Bangkok...but it's Not Likely! (In any event, I'd chuck both for a chance at Australia and New Zealand....) ¶ All This, and the daily updates of Mount Pinatubo blowing its top, makes me wonder if it might not be Getting Nigh On Time To Recount The Definitive His-story of my Time Over There.... ¶ All you art-film posers haven't lived...until you've viewed a Filipino "western", sitting in the balcony of a ramshackle wooden theater in Angeles City...chugging beer while (as the rats watched with anticipation) gnawing on a steak-on-a-stick.... (It's a dog-eat-"dog" world; as I found out later.) ¶ At the end, Wm. is referring to a "Tape of Comment on OUTWORLDS 44/45" dated 8/8/85. It was Unique...as is this one. ...thanks, Bill! ¶ It's a date....

maxell

UR 90

POSITION
REC TYPE I-NORMAL

UR 90

90

UP In The Trouble Tree

A 4 25 91

Left Bank:

Something On My Mind

Mike Obfield: Mistake

Catenaoul: This Regret

Divinyls:

If Love Was A Gun

Big Dipper: Impossible Things

The Shells: She's The Kind

Gregory Gray:

Easier Said Than Done

Scott Merritt:

Radio Home

Digacaur Jr.:

Blowin' It

Live For That Look

Jarvis Brown:

The Box

Kevin Welch:

Some Kind Of Paradise

B

The Sundays:

Here's Where The Story Ends

Greg Brown: Worrisome Years

Wagoners: Good Fortune

Nitty Gritty: King Of The World

Freddy Johnston: The Trouble Tree

Big Dipper: Love Barge

Lori Carson: Way Of The Past

Gear Daddies: Color Of Her Eye

The Texas Midgets:

Too Easy!

A House:

I Want Too Much

Warren Zevon:

Ain't That Pity At All

The Neptunes:

Blood Shot Eyes

Andy Prieboy:

Whole Lotta Love

compiled by: *Wm. Breiding*

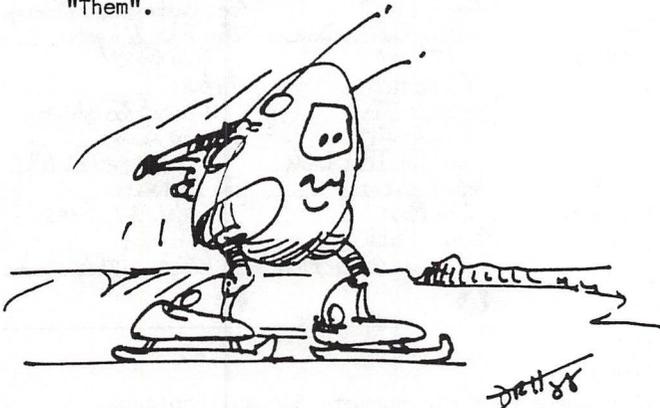
JEANNE BOWMAN • You do make a beautiful fanzine.

Now Loren MacGregor wants to do one too—He wants me to write (about being a parent mostly cuz lately we've been talking about social obligation & public school participation & like that).

Also, the day I got your fanzine I got my first Letter to the Editor published—in the bi-weekly Sonoma INDEX-TRIBUNE. I was a bit miffed with my public school administrators. Now I'm circulating a petition, too. I'm a little obsessed, but it's okay. It's probably a coincidence, but the day that letter got pubbed, I got a call from the principal (only 8 days after I left messages I needed to complain to her) & she really wants to talk to me. Oh boy, I love sharing my writing!

Well, Bill, I see in your list that you have not yet watched "Tremors". Maybe I should have been more clear—I like this movie & it's got funny, funny stuff in it. "Baghdad Cafe" meets scify & "Dances Like Livet Cats" (um, sorry this metaphor got slam banged into a blender). "Them" is as much fun as "Them".

[4/29/91]



jeanne bowman

oh, nine ate two:|l

Yes, there is an unspeakable in fandom and I have a story to tell about it.

Today's SPENT BRASS with its Twin Peaks fan characterizations brought it together in my mind. You see without fandom in the person of Gregg Rickman (truely a sercon kinda guy, who not only reads SF but writes books about SF authors) I would not have known who's who in Twin Peaks, Gregg brought video tapes to the We B Dudes Ranch on one of his Dickhead excursions. I had only read of that place and those people before (being without cable, antenna or desire for TV reception--the VCR is for "occasional cultural enrichment and educational use" only). The family began to hope for more discoveries in the PKD archives so Gregg would come enjoy our hospitality more often. ("Gregg, it's macaroni & cheese at 6 o'clock" I'd say "Hey Jeanne" Gregg would answer "Sounds great--pick up a cherry pie at the store [my treat] and let's watch episodes 10 and 11 tonight.")

I was on a panel at Baycon, something about humor, and why bother. I was tired and afraid and I recall only my outburst of political incorrectness. Someone in the audience brought up Andrew Dice Clay, and asked "what kind of humor is that???" In response I blurted "Andrew Dice Clay's humor is 'Fuck you if you can't take a joke'". In fact I was under the influence of Twin Peaks, I know now. Why--I even got into a discussion of BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN with Debbie Notkin. She doesn't like that book, and I didn't particularly either but I had to argue that it was funny in parts, and even tho Sharyn McCrumb doesn't care for the characters she creates (in all her books, in my opinion) she does make some telling sketches. Debbie was outraged at BIMBOS' fat woman character, and said she was hatefully presented, and that the author denigrates fat people, and is mean about it.

I had to argue "she's equally insensitive to all her bimbozos". I was overwhelmed by this certainty; "Debbie, I'll bet you anything Sharyn McCrumb is fat.... Have you met her?" When she said she hadn't I was launched on a quest, I HAD to know.

The other Baycon panel I attended was "Testosterone Poisoning". Part of the discussion got onto environmental/social hormone changes--puberty, "womens culture", stuff like that. Someone asked what kind of effect the stresses of being a single parent raising children would have on a woman working in a man's world. The panel was silently

contemplating the question when I sang out from the audience "I grew a beard".

After that I was thinking about serindipitous contextual humor when I ran into a certain SMOF in the hotel lounge.

"Aha" I thought "here is someone who will know about Sharyn McCrumb". So I zeroed in on my weighty quest.

"B****, have you met Sharyn McCrumb?"

"Yeah."

"Is She FAT???"

"Well, she's large."

"Come on!!"

"Well, about as tall as you are but with as much, um, why do you want to know?"

"Give, big boy, fat or not?"

"Ummm like Debbie Notkin stretched to your height, large."

"She's FAT!" I began to savor the accuracy of my exhaustion hormone induced intuitive leap but my appalling display of smugness was interrupted.

"Well, you notice I didn't say that. You have to watch out.... Tanks with badges..."

Yes, I had stepped into the fannish forbidden zone, the "F" subject. And there in the lobby was Bryan Barrett with a superficial physical resemblance to Jacques Renault. Bryan who couldn't help but notice my aura of mystical pheromonal convention Sunday afternoon euphoria. Bryan who like Jacques Renault led innocent me into a snare of large proportions.

In my altered state Bryan in his misleading calm way had to say "How about it, Jeanne--Corflu the Vintage?? Northern California 1994??"

"YES."

"What's in season," Bryan wondered, "Asparagus? Artichokes? Yeah, the asparagus motif Return of Corflu."

"NO, Bryan," I said, "LOT'S OF BLACK COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS!"

GRAVITY



YOU KNOW I'VE COME TO THE REALIZATION OF ONE OF THE WORLD'S ULTIMATE TRUTHS...

①



OUR WEIGHT DISTRIBUTION IS DECIDED BY GRAVITY.

②



I KNOW, SOME PEOPLE SAY IT'S OUR BODY TYPE, OR WHAT WE ATE AS CHILDREN. BUT IT JUST ISN'T SO.

③



THE OLDER WE GET, THE LONGER TIME GRAVITY HAS HAD A CHANCE TO PULL THE FAT DOWN!

④



THAT'S WHY MEN HAVE BIG BELLIES!

⑤



THE FAT GETS TRAPPED AT THEIR WAIST BY THEIR BELTS...

⑥



THAT'S WHY WOMEN GET BIG HIPS...

⑦



PERSONALLY, I'M GETTING A LITTLE WORRIED. I'VE NOTICED THAT MY ANKLES ARE BEGINNING TO THICKEN.

⑧

D.R. Taylor

Clarks celebrate 60 years of bliss

STILL SWEETHEARTS after all these years: Gary and Dorothy Clark will be celebrating their 60th wedding anniversary this week.

The Clarks, former Glen Ellen residents, are still loved and admired by their many friends here in town (one of whom slipped me this bit of good news, but only under the cover of guaranteed anonymity).

Congratulations to the Clarks and double blessings if you'll share with my readers some of the secrets of your blissful longevity.



The folks in Glen Ellen

Sylvia Crawford
PO Box 518,
Glen Ellen, CA
95442
(956-5995)

son Road Circle were playing last week when they discovered two very old dogs, wandering along the creek. The dogs seemed exhausted and lost.

They were lost and might not have survived the cold night but for the good deed of the two children. Tommy and Rebeca took the shaking, wet dogs home and immediately med calling the owners whose name and phone was listed on the dogs' tags.

Unfortunately the owners were not home, but that didn't worry the Krones kids. They kept the dogs safe and

warm inside and continued trying to reach the owners.

When they finally did in the late evening, the owners were immensely grateful to Tommy and Rebeca. Thanks for being such good neighbors, kids.

AN IMPORTANT POINT to note here: Tommy and Rebeca's good deed was only possible because the dogs were wearing identification tags with their owners' name and phone number. These tags are essential for your pet's safety.

If your pet doesn't have one of these tags run right up to our local vet Bob Wagner's office now. Pam, Bob's wife and helper has forms for some very inexpensive tags in their office.

Gregg Rickman, noted San Francisco author and film professor, was recently a welcome house guest at "We-B-Dudes Ranch" on Hill Road. Rickman spent most of his visit

doing research with a local author in preparation for his forthcoming book on Phillip K. Dick.

While most science fiction fans are quite familiar with Dick, the rest of you might not immediately recognize the name. But I bet you'll have "total recall" of burly Arnold's most recent block-buster science ficion film. That was from a Phillip K. Dick story.

Author Dick is dead now and his estate is being managed by a local author. Hence writer Rickman's visit to our town.

By the way, the dudes and dudettes of the Hill Road Ranch extended their most grand welcome not only because Rickman is so famed, but mostly because he brought along four hours of taped "Twin Peaks" series. For some, that's apparently a prize. Others might not even let him in the door so armed.

Exchange students need host families

Host families are being sought for 25 high school students from France, Germany, Belgium, Spain, Denmark and other foreign countries for the upcoming school year, in a program sponsored by the American International Youth Student Exchange Program (AIYSEP).

The students, age 15 through 18, will arrive late August, attend local high schools and return to their home country in June, next year. If you are interested in hosting, please call: (415) 499-7669 or 1-800-347-7575.

Dunbar students in the news: Congratulations to Spelling Bee Champions Brigid Herron and Dusty Row, both sixth-graders who tied for first place in the recent school-wide spelling bee.

Brigid came to Dunbar School just this year from San Francisco and Dusty arrived during his fifth-grade year. Brigid is currently a student in Mark Burnell's class and Dusty is a former student of Mr. Burnell. Do you think that's coincidence or does Mr. Burnell have some especially effective means of drilling his students in spelling?

In any case, congratulations to Dunbar's top spellers, Brigid and Dusty.

The two will be participating in the district-wide spelling bee tomorrow. We wish them continued good luck.

MANY THANKS FROM a Glen Ellen neighbor to good Samaritans Tommy and Rebeca Krones. The Krones kids of Robert-

Jeanne Bowman June 6, 1991 We B Dudes Ranch Glen Ellen, Ca 95442-0982 Bill,

I am enclosing further documentary evidence of Mr Rickmans visits, for your artistic pleasure and amusement. I thought you could do something, in your inimitable layout style with this material, and you might be amazed at what passes for news in Glen Ellen (Yes, Sylvia is a friend, and no, we didn't tell Gregg we were going to embarass him this way ahead of time.) Reality weirder than any fiction. If this is just too controversial on the "f" issue, okay, we can do something else Really tho I don't think Debbie will be too offended, especially when I explain to her that when my brain caught up with my hormones the Reason I knew mcC was fat (you better check on how her name is spelled, I'm guessing)(and my hard-drive with spell checker died) is that other buzz word from my days of Educating myself - internalized oppression. But that is another and serious discussion which I have been avoiding like the rich desserts I crave. Ghod, I hate political correctness, almost as much as I hate some of the stupidity it's supposed to address Hey, my furniture fits all sizes (and is equally uncomfortable), except for the Young Persons stuff which is their size (and unlike the three bears' won't break if an adult sits on it).....and some of my best friends are fat, too.....teeheehee

Yes, I am learning Morse Code, and I don't have enough time for it, really, but will when school gets out (maybe).(Or you go to a bl, no, tri-monthly schedule)

Bryan and I are Serious about a Corflu. (I said we could bill it as "bryan and his bimbo organize a con""the B girls and boys corflu", but even Bryan blanched at that.)

Yes, B**** is that same Bryan Barrett, and you *could* put his name in there if you felt correct in doing so. I thought it lent a certain mystery, and he is quoted almost entirely out of context - he was talking about lady mystery writers and organizing mystery conventions, and yup, Sharon McC when he said 'tanks with badges' and since my elephant memoried husband was there at the time I know it's True.

Ohman, I might be ruining my reputation with this column. Or contributing to the deliquency of an Editor...

"I ploughed through the "Interface" no. 25 feeling a little hostile, as much because controversy enrages me as because your letters reek hostility. The underlying current of opinion seems to be running against those of us who are in ruts (rot? rutted? in rut?). I still maintain there is nothing wrong with a rut; my personal trench calls itself an education, and I have yet to suffer from it. As long as an end remains firmly in sight (if only in one's imagination), undue trauma is unwarranted. Self-complacency may be self-perpetuating, but to worry overmuch about one's lifestyle is to be distracted from the business of living."

PETER MANDLER • 1/13/76

6/21/91 • ...I really thought that I'd never have an "excuse" to use that Dave Haugh "strip" on p. 2035. Thanks, Jeanne. I think.

Last weekend was pretty much of a wash...as far as this issue goes--but that was because of an Unexpected Opportunity.

Early (very) Saturday morning, I drove Mr. Cavin to the airport [now officially re-named as "the Cincinnati-Northern Kentucky International Airport" (although the CVG designation will stand, even if it is derived from Covington...which is in a different Ky county than is the airport)] ...with the agreement that if I were there to pick him up on his return (tomorrow afternoon), I could have the "use" of his van for the week.

I had momentary second thoughts: After all, a month ago, while tooling around in the CaVAN...I had the mitigated pleasure of seeing "her" (for the first time since the trial, last September); and, as a bonus, her mother...for the first time since last July. Still, the prospect of being able to traverse the 17.5 miles to work in less than a third of the hour & a half allocated for the bus ...has proven every bit as "spoiling" as was anticipated!

But the major "benefit" was in being able to Go Up and visit my mother (my sister, and her family, also) for the first time since Thanksgiving.

...the Visit made even more significant by the fact that my mother had sold the family house, and that the "closing" was the 19th. This week. She'd "moved out" several weeks earlier, but the house still had to be "cleared"...of the remnants of 37 years.

Two factors here: My mother is 81...and Still Going. But the death of my father last year made me realize anew what a special person she is...to have put up with him... and with me...all these years. I know she won't be here to visit...forever.

And: This was the house we moved into (onto the sub-flooring) in October, 1954. And even if I haven't "lived" there since 1962...well, it was "home".

Touring the three quarters of an acre was nostalgic enough; yes, there are still a few of the boards high in the mighty oak, vestiges of the tree-house my brother and I cobbled together so long ago...and the live Christmas trees from the fifties tower twice as high as the house. But: ...the house--the last time I saw it completely empty, I was eleven years ~~and more than eleven days~~ old. Strange.

I'm slightly older than that now. I know I am; at times like this, I feel older. ...and, on occasion rare I find myself even "acting" older. Than eleven.

I have a new phone number to learn; for my mother. Area Code 216; VA-5-4079 was perhaps the longest-running numerical constant in my life. (After all, the number of my marriages remained constant for only 19½ years...)

...but the Traumatic event of the weekend was...my mother made me turn in my key to the house! I had, already, taken it off my keychain; wasn't that enough...?

Thanks, Bill. One more time...; you are, indeed, a friend.

"Also you keep referring to decisions that were hard to make because of your background. I missed the first reel so what in your background made Waste Paper uncomfortable?" LYNNE HOLDOM • 12/16/75

Ouch. That subject has been nibbled at, but... Another time! Meanwhile, MidwestCon is a week away, and since I "missed" the last two, I suspect I should show up. This issue will "close" with the trip to the POBox in the morning. But we're not "done" quite yet:

MILT STEVENS • I was the one who posted a copy of Jodie Offutt's computer virus article on the LASFS bulletin board (as is mentioned by Don Fitch in the letter column). I suppose there really are a limited number of suspects who both receive OUTWORLDS and attend LASFS.



As it happens, I've been inactive in fanzines for about the same period as you have. When I saw your announcement that you were getting married I thought you were going to be inactivated under more pleasant circumstances. I realize that not all people accept "It could have been worse" as a cheery line of argument, so I won't regale you with stories of husbands who were brutally murdered by their wives. However, it's probably a good thing that you don't snore. A high percentage of murdered husbands snored.

Until seeing this picture of you in this issue, I hadn't thought about the fact that I didn't know what you looked like. I've only been seeing your fanzines for twenty years or so. Of course, it's possible we've been in the same room party at some time or other. It's also possible that I've been in a room party with the entire Albanian Army at some time or other.

I started reading the prozines slightly after the time SF+ was being published. As a young and enthusiastic reader, I welcomed the appearance of more prozines. I was always willing to buy more than I could read on the grounds I'd catch up someday. Someday hasn't come yet. Looking back, entering the magazine field with the existing level of competition was a gutsy maneuver.

While I was reading SaM's article, I found myself wondering why the fifties were apparently the last fling of the prozines. I suspect that a fair part of the market for short fiction magazines was made up of people who wanted to kill a spare hour or two. By the end of the fifties, TV had grabbed that part of the market, and it was a big enough part to kill most short fiction magazines. The remaining readers were at least amenable to the greater involvement that a novel can provide. Since novels have a greater shelf life than magazines, publishers and distributors were more than happy to make the move to novels.

I imagine SaM has reconsidered his opinion as to whether fantasy can sell or not. It's a little strange that fantasy hadn't sold well in magazines before 1950. In movies, fantasy had done better than science fiction had. There had been a fair number of adult fantasy films, while science fiction had generally been relegated to serials designed for a juvenile market.

I'm a little surprised that Sams Mines and Moskowitz couldn't figure out the success of FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE. When you select the best stories from several years of already published material, you're almost certain to get better stories than if you are limited to the best stories that come in this month. FSM also existed in a good time frame, since the WWII paper drives had made the original publications far less accessible. As I recall, Groff Conklin was having a pretty good career of mining the earlier magazines at about this same period.

Gernsback seems to have always been of the opinion that science was a major attraction in science fiction. I don't think so. I've always like stories dealing with time travel and faster than light drives, and I couldn't care less whether they are possible or not. SF writers shouldn't foul up at the level of high school chemistry and physics. That merely makes them look stupid, and it distracts from the story for many people. However, it's OK with me if they want to diddle with the laws of things entire.

[6/4/91]

6/22/91 • ..well, there was nothing of substance at the POBox this morning...I'll now get another 5 or 10 LoCs next week, but they'll have to wait.... I have four "Short Takes" here, to be followed by the IAHF's...then one more letter, and it'll be time to start issuing Last Call. ...wait for it!

DEBBIE RIGDON • I know I don't write you (or anyone) very often, but I thought it was time.

¶ I really, Really HATE the stuff you've been sending Larry & I. I hate reading about what happened, I hate reading about how you got screwed by the system, and I hate to hear how she's holding things up again. But I'm glad you've been sending what you have. I know it's helping you to work through your problems on paper. ¶ You seem to be holding up pretty well. I probably would have tracked the bitch down and beat the crap out of her, but that's just me. I know you would never do that. ¶ It's good to have you back. We all missed you, but I think you know that already.

[postmarked 5/1/91]

DEREK GRIME / STEPHANIE BEDWELL-GRIME • We're sorry to hear about your continuing problems. We're heartened to note that you're sounding cheerier on paper with each passing month. ¶ I've been attending cons since '76 but I feel that I'm about as far out of the fan loop as you can get and still have a good time at a convention. I've never adopted

many of the fan customs (just the fans themselves). The con suite is the only programming I ever
make it to. You get the idea. [5/22/91]

Don't worry about it, Derek! I don't know if you're a "fan" or not, but I do know that I
enjoy seeing and spending time with you & Steph. ...even if I don't always have a tale
to "blow your mind", as was the case at ConFusion. (And, just to prove once again what
a Wonderful Guy I am...you will note that I did not "dump" you two...when you stopped
bringing Dederie to cons...!) [Chicago? Not likely...but just maybe...]

MICHAEL W. WAITE • Kudos for your production of OUTWORLDS #60; of course, I wouldn't expect any
less from the ~~best~~ typewriter of Bill Bowers. I'm an eclectic kind of guy, ya
know, and OUTWORLDS hit the spot. ...AGAIN, LISTmania [What, no ratings!] was most enjoyable. I
checked off the movies from your list that I've seen: 1988--21 out of 124; 1989--24 out of 69;
1990--18 out of 104. My movie viewing has increased 50 fold since I bought a VCR last year. I
should have bought one years ago. ¶ P.S. Keep the verbiage coming... [6/7/91]

...this is not going to be a Banner Year for film viewing here: since it's unlikely I'll
see anything else until after MidwestCon, the "total" for the first half of 1991 is 17.
(And two of those were 'repeats': "Bull Durham" and, ...what was the title of that one
with Glenn Close & Michael Douglas again...?) ¶ The other '91 running totals: 12 books
read (remarkable, for me); MidwestCon will be my 4th con...and this will be my 6th
fanzine out this year, totalling 174 pages.... ¶ I do indulge and amuse myself.

...after a tale of woe involving house, car & health...this cheery note from:

DAVE ROWE • Now I realize this all pales in comparison to what you've been thru', and after what
you've been thru' everybody is being nice and sweet to you, but I'm not in a good mood,
so I'm going to be honest... The artwork and layout to OUTWORLDS 60 was fine (in the main), you've
still got to get used to using xerox as a medium (as with the ASTOUNDING reprint), but in the main
it was fine. It was the writing that stunk, I eye-tracked everything but Tucker and Skel's piece
on polished furniture! It was bumph! Don't do it again! [6/7/91]

"... Here it works, partly because the columns are differnt sizes and graphically divided, partly
because their content is dialectically related and not separate. It's never confusing, in spite
of a profusion of cartoons, letter fragments, and other stuff that suggests that photocopying
might be a more fannish medium than mimeo." BARNABY RAPOPORT; LET'S FANAC 2

...in addition to a (welcome) phone call from DEREK & LYNN PARKS-CARTER...I've Also
Heard From: HARRY ANDRUSCHAK • ERIC LEIF DAVIN • BRAD FOSTER • LAURIE MANN [and thank
you, Laurie, for the 'perzine': I know well that I am not alone in the 'trauma' dept.--
and I also know that trauma & injustice is not gender specific. In the end, all that
really matters is our individual sense of self-esteem...even if it is a bit hard to
get there, at times. I sincerely wish you peace of mind...] • MARK MANNING • SARAH
PRINCE [an "instant note", after reading Bob Webber's copy at Corflu] • & TARAL WAYNE.

...I've appreciated the response to my modest little effort...yet I must admit to a
slight disappointment that I haven't "heard from" others of you. I guess I'll never be
satisfied with anything less than a 100% response (in one form, or another)....

"I have been reading OUTWORLDS since #19 and enjoyed them all, even though I never wrote a letter
of comment. I made many comments to myself in the form of grunts of approval or disapproval,
mainly approval. What would you do with 1129 LoCs?" LINWARD C. MARLEY • 12/17/75

...I'd probably print them. Eventually...!

AVEDON CAROL • I do want to respond to a remark you made about how you don't expect this to affect
you the way your first divorce did because the emotion was gone before the rela-
tionship was. I don't think you'd better count on this--my experience with getting ripped off in
a relationship is that there's a horrible kind of anger that can really grip you for a long time
to come. It has the ability to strike at you from ordinary household objects or TV shows or daily
irritations that you know would be a little bit easier if they just hadn't broken your really good

7/13/89

Bill,
I love you.
I always will.

Forever,
Lynda
H

P.S. I'll be thinking
of you today.
Be careful coming
home to us.
XXX000

P.S. I always have
loved you,
H

stapler or taken that set of coloured pens or whatever little thing it was--months later you can still be going, "If that creep just hadn't had to do this, too..."

Sometimes giving in to the fury is irresistible and you just have to indulge it, but my mommy is right when she says it's best not to dwell on it--do make a point of doing as many things as you can that don't remind you of her, and really enjoy the good things you have in your life. I know that for a long time this kind of crap can seem really overwhelming--and I'm just talking about the emotions, not the real concrete stuff like the money and the furniture. With you still having to deal with the material details of it all, you aren't going to be able to put it all out of your mind any time soon, I know, and it will still make you angry from time to time.

All the same, I'm glad you made sure we all knew what has been going on--"I'm glad you shared that with us", as the saying goes.

I'm also all too well aware of the social phenomena that have conspired to put you in your current situation, and even if I wasn't angry about what has happened to you, I would still be furious at the way this assumption that victim testimony is always true, no matter what the circumstances (or how the testimony was elicited), is a perversion of everything feminists were trying to do in the 1970s in regard to giving women and children credibility. Yes, many women are battered, and yes, many children were and are abused, but that doesn't mean that an accusation can never be false.

(An acquaintance of mine was just left by her lover of many years because, "My therapist told me that I was abused

as a child." On further questioning, the details were even weirder: according to her therapist, she had been abused from childhood and throughout her adult life by her parents (who live in another country), including in the presence of her lover, who possibly even contributed--and all of this was going on without her having known it until her therapist told her. So she actually convinced this woman that her parents and lover were abusing her, although there was no evidence at all of this and they'd had a good enough relationship for years. There are therapists out there who have convinced clients that they were kidnapped and sexually abused by aliens in flying saucers.)

Then you have the "Satanic abuse" things, and those poor daycare people whose lives have been ruined by therapists who, having spent many hours questioning kids, "discovered" that they were abused. Now, in the case of the kids, you realize that they usually don't initiate these things, they have been pushed by adults into saying these things--but sometimes we know how to push ourselves from the inside, and I think "she", too, was giving what we might call corrupted testimony. I don't believe her anymore than I believe the child who said she'd been cooked in a microwave. Maybe she thinks she has her reasons for having charged you--hell, maybe she even believes it (maybe she has a therapist hidden somewhere). But really, I suspect that this has nothing to do with you at all--you're just an innocent bystander who was in the wrong place at the wrong time and you got sucked into her psychosis. I don't suppose it makes you feel any better to know you're not alone in this--an awful lot of people have had lives and careers wrecked, even gone to jail, because of this sort of thing. And it does nothing for the real victims of battering or sexual abuse--it only hurts their credibility when it's no longer necessary to prove that anything actually happened.

I could rant about this for hours, but I guess I better save it for my book....

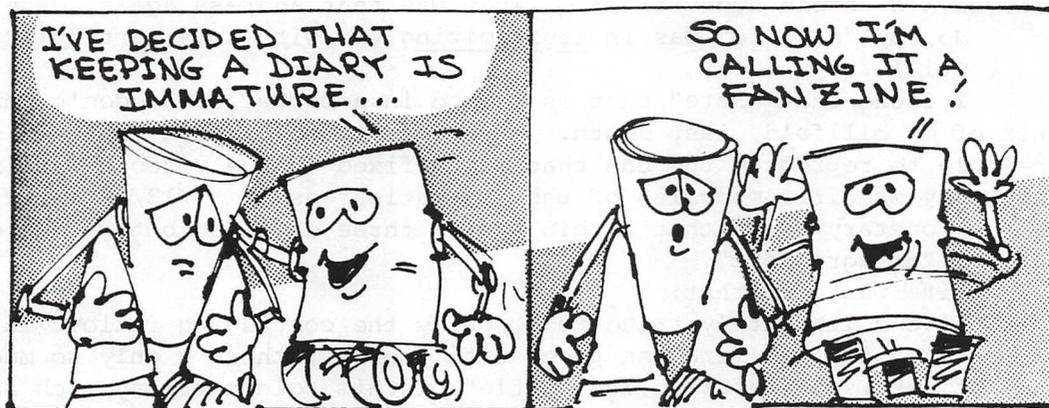
[5/16/91]

"She always had trouble separating fiction and fantasy..."

"What about reality?"

"...that never entered into it."

... AMERICAN DREAMER • aired 6/1/91



BILL BOWERS

POST-IT® NOTES FROM THE HOLDING PATTERN

"You know, you might consider seeking employment as a professional eunuch. Lack of experience is unimportant, as training is rather abrupt. Think of the peace of mind. Probably beats having your nuts put up on the anvil, as that hurts longer. If this has no appeal to you, I understand there's a job opening for someone to test the ellipse on new typefaces while drinking rum."

... DAVE LOCKE; SLOW DJINN #70 • FLAP Mlg. #70 • June, 1991

6/23/91 • ...dawn is breaking in the East for this episode of the party, and we've already achieved--and passed--the page "limit"...so grab that last one (of your choice), and drink up! This is Last Call for the sixty-first "night" of this title.

Speaking of this "title"....

I'd personally like to thank Moshe Feder for making me the undisputed Winner of the fannish trivia contest at Corflu Ocho. On the basis of my "answering" one question, while Moshe (and others) had answered a considerably higher number of same....

Richard Brandt, compiler of the Questions, had set up what I was told was a roulette wheel (hey, I don't gamble; I told you that!) vertically, and the horde of (some willing; some not) "contestants" spun the wheel to determine the point ~~spread~~ value of each question. There was some initial debate on what point "value" to assign to the segment of the wheel containing a American flag, rather than a dollar amount. Moshe offered, from the audience: "Make it 50 points." And so it was....

Late into the game, with Moshe firmly in the lead, and on the basis of a juvenile "I'll go up...if you will..." challenge (I should know better at my age; ~~I'm not sure about that!!!!~~) -- I took my place at the wheel, spun, and.... You guessed it.

Lucy Huntzinger (later swearing the cards weren't shuffled) read the question:

"What Bay Area fan, in 1958, first published OUTWORLDS..."

Bruce Pelz, Noted Nitpicker, later pointed out that, at the time, Robert Lichtman was not a Bay Area fan ~~at that time~~ but...well, I knew the answer on the card!

Thanks, Moshe.

And thanks, Robert, for the free drink your excellent taste in titles earned me.

Oh yes, I completely blanked on the second question asked me. I should have been embarrassed...were it possible to embarrass me, at this stage of my Fannish Career (after some of the things I've put into fanzines...as well as my "conduct" at a few cons). The query was about some fannish "Ghod", or the other. I am mortified; after all, I do have an uncle, who is a preacher, with that first name. (Stu Shiffman will disown me....)

...all This, and being "elected" Past President of fwa, for 1990, in one weekend.

Truly, I am whelmed.

I recall a Bruce Gillespie quote from Long, Long Ago (I won't hold him to it, now) -- something about fanzine activity being the result of the sublimation of sex. Now there is no doubt that the reason I'm in my present "fix" is because of my fondness for sex. Being that as it may be, and even if I didn't have a "job" (for the moment), I really don't think I'll take advantage of Kindly Dave Locke's first option for employment. (As

far as his second suggestion: ...what was that address again, Dave?)

No, my "mistake" was in legitimizing sex with this particular individual.
Still....

I found that "note" that is tucked in a corner of Avedon's LoC...tucked into a corner of my billfold, last month. At one time, there were hundreds of them. (I'd love to be able to reproduce the one that was affixed to the video of our marriage...) I don't have any specific memories of the "situation" as of "7/13/89"--but I'd be willing to make a non-monetary wager that within two or three days, on both sides of that date, we'd had a major "disagreement".

Life was like that.

I've deliberately tried to downplay the continuing fallout in this issue--although I could easily fill endless pages with "words", there's only so much I can "say" that hasn't been said before. The "title" of this column pretty much says it all:

Nothing has changed since April 16th.

Oh, I now have a formal "bill" from the IRS for \$1,327.02; and, while I've caught up with back city taxes (from '89) I still owe \$237.91...or a "compromise" of \$161.96 if I can pay in full by July 15th. As of the 1st, I'll again be two months behind on the rent --and I've had to borrow from friends and family to maintain the medical coverage the past two months. The payout on the criminal "fine" has to be completed by August. There is the \$1500 we borrowed from my sister, to pay the rent, early last year. There is still a divorce to pay for; someday. And there are smaller "unsecured debts" to friends; even if they say not to worry about it...I do.

All this and I still do not have possession of my furniture, computers, typers, VCRs, TV, compact disc player (and 200 discs), videos, quilt, fannish T-shirts, etc. etc. etc. Nor do I have any new knowledge that I'll ever see any of these things again. Or I won't.

Oh yes. The bankruptcy. The one supposed to be "over" April 11th.

I haven't heard a word. I haven't received any "extension" in the mail. What I have received is another "bill", from my lawyer, for the additional \$200.00 he now says I "owe" him...with an appended sheet: "REASONABLE TIME FOR PAYMENT HAS BEEN EXHAUSTED TO AVOID STRONGER ACTION, PLEASE PAY IMMEDIATELY."

Right.

Maybe, just maybe...after he does his job, and gets me out of this situation--but not before the other, legitimate debts are under control--I'll consider paying him.

In the meantime, fuck him. What's he gonna "do" to me, except further inconvenience?

As I said...nothing's changed. Maybe by October; but don't bet on it. I'm not....

[err...what was that you said about "anger", Avedon? Sorry, folks....]

In April of 1988, I received a letter...and a plethora of art:

It was deja vu! There I was reading through a year and a half pile of old COMICS BUYER'S GUIDES, when I came across your name and address. It's been close to eight or nine years since we last wrote and I'm sure we've both grown a little greyer.... To help you remember me, many years ago you came out to California to attend a convention in Oakland. You rode the BART down to San Jose, and we had dinner and a pleasant conversation. Since then, I obviously GAFIATED...but always remained on the outskirts of SF Fandom.

...from DAVID R. HAUGH. Dave sent me several more "care packages" in 1988, before I Went Away...and he was one of the first to Welcome Me Back.

Even before I completed OW60, I knew two things about "this" issue: That it would be linear in construction and, that it would be "illustrated" by Dave.

Why? Because his folder in my art file was second only to Rotsler in quantity. And because it contained a "range" wide enough for me to "fit" to as yet unreceived text...

I've had fun "sorting" through for this issue, and I hope Dave enjoys the result.

He doesn't know anything about this yet...and won't until he receives it in the mail.

(Hey, Dave! "Your" folder is a bit thinner at the moment; what say...?)

For those of you who have reached this point legitimately--i.e., by reading rather than eye-tracking--and were convinced that all the interlineations dated '75/'76 were inspired by a Chris Sherman suggestion, well... Sorry. Actually I finally got tired of footnoting my lists of OWs "published"...and went ahead and typed up OUTWORLDS 27.5!

...there will now be a collective gasp of disbelief--from those of you ancient enuf to know what OW 27.5 is!

For those of a more tender age: It is the response of 58 LoCers to several of the 1975 issues of this always timely fanzine. Those of you "due" will be receiving it with this. Those of you who don't...and are really interested in a 40-page (39+ of which are solid text in the small typeface, with slimmer margins) fanzine ...of 15/16 year-old letters...you, too, can ruin your eyesight for a mere \$4.00, American.

I received one "hurt" note from an OW-subscriber...wondering as to why they hadn't been sent the recent run of XENOLITH, that was mentioned in OW60's "Notes"....

When I generated that first plea for help/understanding on Greg & Sandy's Amstrad last September...it went primarily to those I'd been closest to "before", and to the OW contributors whose material they had probably considered "lost". It wasn't meant to be a "secret"...but by the same token, I didn't feel like sending it to the world. And, even then, economics was a factor. ...as was "Editorial Whim", whatever that means.

Still, perhaps...even as valuable as it's been for me...this run of X has served its purpose, and it's time to Move On. A lot of factors went into the decision [see p. 2009, for starters] ... but, effective with #37, the new incarnation will, indeed, be known as XENOLITH: The Fanzine About Fanzines.

It's not going to save the world, or fanzines...but it will be small (6-10 pages), frequent (bi-monthly)...and won't take itself too seriously. I hope to have fun with it.

Should you be interested in something like this...: Your Fanzine, or \$5./four issues. [Linda Blanchard's version will be called FANDOM ACCESS; there's room for both!]

My first convention, ever, was a Chicago Worldcon.

I haven't planned on going to this year's version; I really hadn't even thought much about it. But then David/Teddy said he/they were going, and I got a note from Brad who is planning on it...and I've never gotten to meet either one.... And Derek & Steph are going, and..., and....

Who knows? If someone who's not going would be willing to sell me their membership for a reasonable amount, and I get a ride (I can always crash in the CFG suite)--maybe.

I probably won't know until the last minute so, if you are there, and are curious as to whether I made it...the best bet would be to check with Bill Cavin, in the Huckster Room. (You won't having any trouble spotting Bill; ~~he'll be the biggest mobile object!~~) ...and while there, buy a book or two from Bill; he & Cokie have been Good to Me!

"I worried some about the 'everything I've got, emotionally and financially' editorial even tho I didn't write."

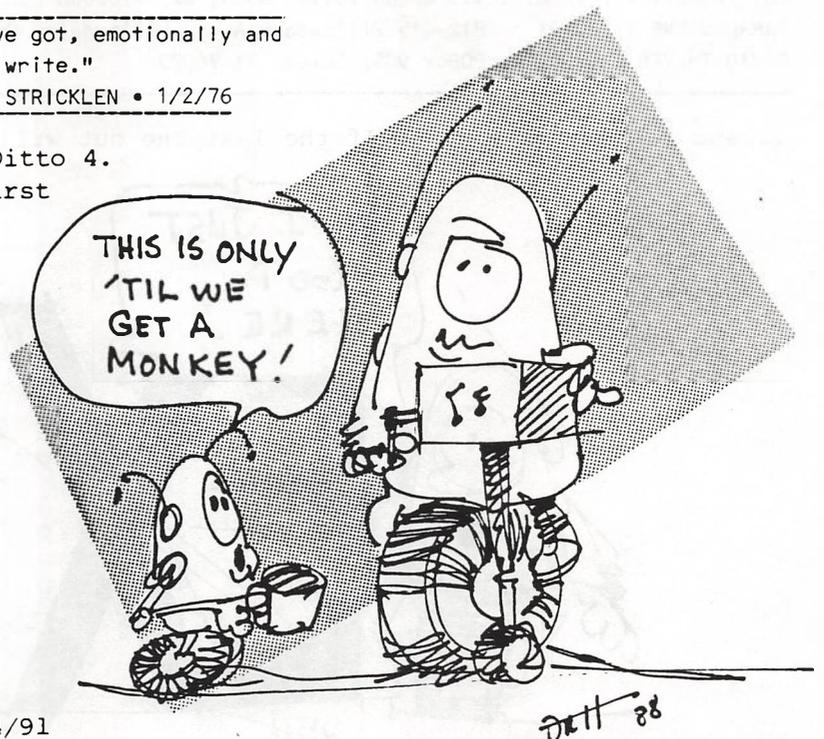
SI STRICKLEN • 1/2/76

I hope to have OW62 out in time for Ditto 4.

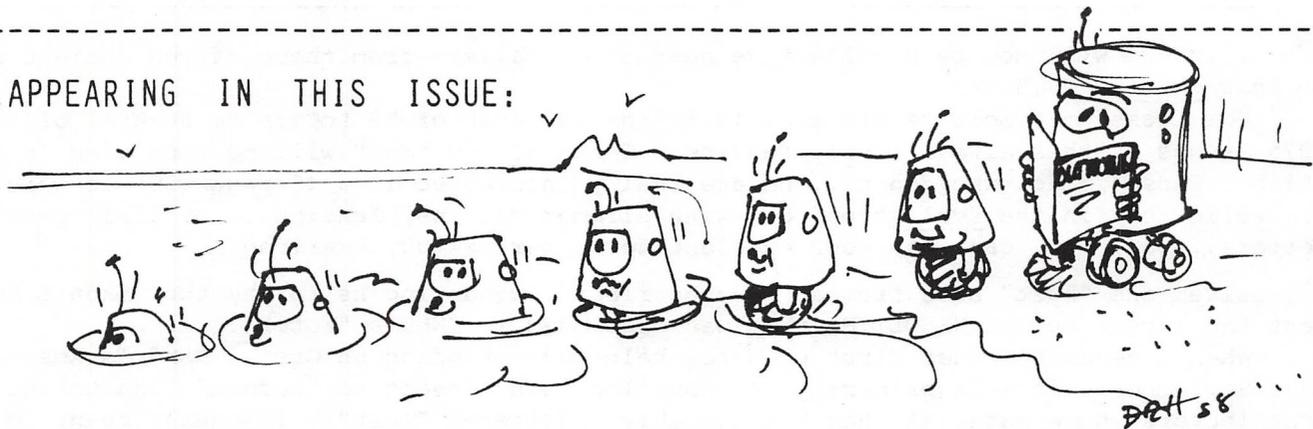
...for that reason, and because my first fanzine was published 30 years ago: ABANICO 1; September, 1961.

But I'm going to need help. Art & words, yes. But this time, it'll take more, I fear. Nobody ~~who is getting this fanzine~~ "owes" me; the reverse is more likely. But some of you said you wanted OW back (I know I do!), so: subscriptions, stamps, gifts, loans...whatever. I don't even know if I'm legally "allowed" to ask... I know I didn't want to --but until I get this monkey off my back...

This has, I think, been a good one. What say you...? --BILL BOWERS; 6/24/91



...APPEARING IN THIS ISSUE:



SHERYL BIRKHEAD : [2031] : 23629 Woodfield Rd., Gaithersburg MD 20882
JEANNE BOWMAN : [2034-2036] : POBox 982, Glen Ellen CA 95442-0982
WILLIAM BREIDING : [2032] : POBox 26617, San Francisco CA 94126
LINDA BLANCHARD : [2009] : POBox 50788, Midland TX 79710-0788
BRIAN EARL BROWN : [2016] : 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224
AVEDON CAROL : [2039] : 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB, U.K.
JOE R. CHRISTOPHER : [2031] : Dept. of English, Tarleton State University, Stephenville TX 76401
ROBERT COULSON : [2022] : 2677W-500N, Hartford City IN 47348-9575
STEVEN FOX : [2025] : 5646 Pemberton St., Philadelphia PA 19143
MIKE GLICKSOHN : [2010] : 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6, CANADA
D. GARY GRADY : [2023] : 817-D North Buchanan Blvd., Durham NC 27701
DAVID R. HAUGH : [2003 (2); 2004; 2005; 2007; 2011; 2012; 2014; 2017; 2018; 2020; 2023; 2024; 2026; 2028;
2030; 2034; 2035; 2038; 2041; 2043; 2044 (2)] : 556 N. 3rd Street, Woodburn OR 97071
TEDDY HARVIA : [2002; 2045] : POBox 905, Euless TX 76039
ALAN HUNTER : [2001; 2046] : 1186 Christchurch Rd., Boscombe East, Bournemouth BH7 6DY, ENGLAND, U.K.
LUCY HUNTZINGER : [2007] : 2523 Sunset Place, Nashville TN 37212
TERRY JEEVES : [2025] : 56 Redscar Drive, Scarborough YO12 5RQ, E. Yorkshire, WNGLAND, U.K.
SAM MOSKOWITZ : [2018; 2021] : 361 Roseville Ave., Newark NJ 07107
CHRIS SHERMAN : [2004] : POBox 990, Solana Beach CA 92075
SKEL : [2012; 2015] : 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW, ENGLAND, U.K.
MILT STEVENS : [2037] : 7234 Capps Ave., Reseda CA 91335
ROY TACKETT : [2022] : 915 Green Valley Road, NW, Albuquerque NM 87104
TARAL WAYNE : [2026] : 1812-415 Willowdale Ave., Willowdale, Ontario M2N 5B4, CANADA
DAVID THAYER : [2009] : POBox 905, Euless TX 76029

...and so the party went. If the last one out will please close the cover.... BILL; 6/25



DIANE and XENO

From *WingNuts
Go Hawaiian*

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