

OW

OUTWORLDS SIXTY EIGHT



In 2048, after much plotting and planning I finally lured Derek and Michael to a CON. Derek was grumpy all weekend and Michael was oblivious....

Wm. Bawls

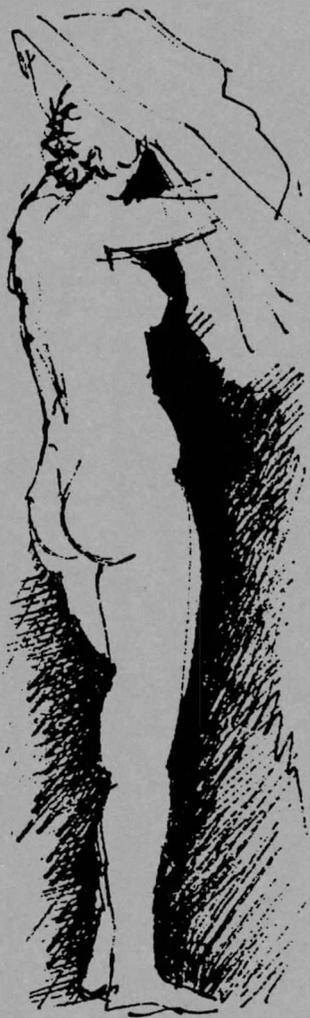
Rainy-Day Madonna

comes inside,
dripping a slick
wet sheen

leaves the imprint
of her body on the
white white sheets

her lips glistening,
her teeth . . .
leaves me devoured-

— *Billy Wolfenbarger*
Eugene, Oregon
May 6th, 1988



Black Lips Litany

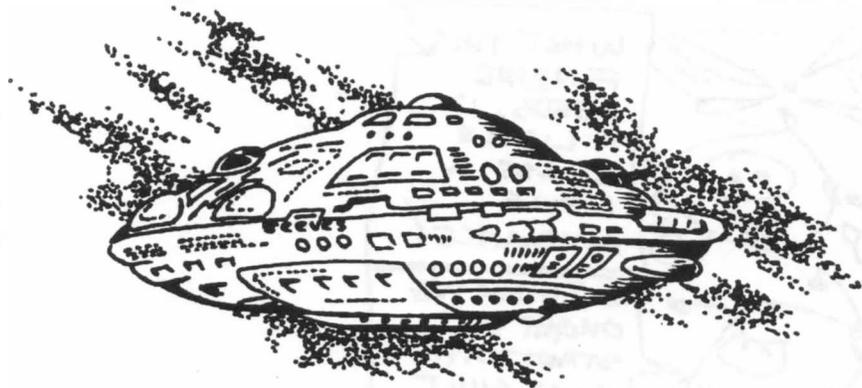
Black lice lips
you bring out the sadness in me
your rotting mercury lips
let me feel a world I don't want to see

Black lice lips tell me things
about the hidden mountains of the moon
sorcery wine spilling from your openings
thorny red roses cover your nipples

Cover the fire with shadows
while I howl at the crescent moon
whose dreams of your love
are like spiders dropping from above

Blood is gold
in vampyric fantasies untold
I can taste the mold
it is coming from your black lips.

--- *Billy Wolfenbarger*
Eugene, Oregon
10th August, 1993



Outworlds

Sixty-Eight

- Billy Wolfenbarger ■ Rainy-Day Madonna ■ 2386
Billy Wolfenbarger ■ Black Lips Litany ■ 2386
Bill Bowers ■ Post-it™ Notes from an Enhanced DeskTop ■ 2388
Joe R. Christopher ■ Reflections On (Not In) A Pool ■ 2393
Bob Smith ■ Banks of the O-hi-o ■ 2398
Sam Moskowitz ■ Fenton Ash: A Son of the Stars ■ 2402
William Rotsler ■ The Bent Lance ■ 2408
D. S. Black ■ A Turn of the Crank ■ 2414
Billy Wolfenbarger ■ A Walk Down Palmer Street ■ 2418
- The Michael W. Waite Gallery ■ 2422
Again, the William Breiding Chronicles ■ 2424
...the Epistles of Jeanne Bowman, Act II ■ 2427
e-Worlds ■ 2431
neepWorlds ■ 2449
Contributors ■ 2450
- Billy Wolfenbarger ■ Lysergic Sunday ■ 2451
Billy Wolfenbarger ■ Kansas City early 60s ■ 2451
Billy Wolfenbarger ■ Stoned Again, the Freight Train is a Dragon in the Night ■ 2451
- LoCs: ■ 2390 ■ 2394 ■ 2400 ■ 2405 ■ 2412 ■ 2415 ■ 2419

ArtWorlds ■ Covers by: Derek Parks-Carter
Sheryl Birkhead: 2424 * Brad W. Foster: 2450 * David R. Haugh: 2386; 2388; 2414; 2415
Alan Hunter: 2418 * Terry Jeeves: 2387; 2393; 2406 * Fred Karno: 2398-2399
Linda Michaels: 2397; 2408; 2413 * PaM: 2451 * William Rotsler: 2390; 2400; 2402; 2421; 2431

Outworlds, the Eclectic Fanzine, is Edited & Published by:

BILL BOWERS ■ 4651 Glenway Avenue, Cincinnati OH 45238-4503
[513] 251-0806 ■ e-mail: <xenolith@juno.com>

Outworlds is Available by Editorial Whim, or for: \$5.00 per Issue ■ 5 Issues for \$20.00
I *welcome* Contributions, either via "paper" (yes, Skel!), or electronically. [Please refer to neepWorlds, on page 2449]

WebSites of Interest: Cincinnati Fantasy Group Home: <http://www.cfg.org> ■ CFG Links: <http://www.cfg.org/links/>
Slow Djinn - Dave Locke's Back Road Off The Information Highway: <http://www.angelfire.com/oh/slowdjinn>
Stephen Leigh: <http://www.sff.net/people/sleigh/>

Copyright © 1997, by Bill Bowers, for the Contributors.
This Issue Contains Approximately 65,000 Words of non-scanned Material. I am 'whelmed.
68 Pages ■ 175 Copies ■ This is My Publication #197 ■ Dated: 10/17/97



Bill Bowers

POST-IT™ NOTES FROM AN ENHANCED DESKTOP

IN THE AUGUST 28TH EDITION OF THE LOCAL PAPER, buried deep, there ran a short piece titled "Comics author at one with work".

Maybe you've heard the story; perhaps not.

In brief: After his death, Marvel Comics writer and editor Mark Gruenwald's cremated ashes were combined with ink, which was then used to print his 12-part comic series, "Squadron Supreme" as a single 100-page volume.

Now, while I have oft not been the most cheerful of creatures, I've never particularly considered myself morbid. Still, having long ago come to the conclusion that cremation is the only logical Way to Go – I can't help but think that *this* is an incredibly neat way to leave an impression on this world.

And yet....

I'm not sure that having my ashes blended into a toner cartridge, then ensuring that it will be shipped to the local Kinko's/whatever – to be used to print the next issue of *Graymalkin* – is quite the most efficient way to perpetrate my Legacy. I'm not certain I'm prepared to wait quite that long; even if egoboo-delayed is the theme of this particular BowersPub.

Obviously I'm going to have to give this some more thought.

SPECIAL! NO MAJOR NEW TRAUMAS TO REPORT ISSUE.

Get it now! Cherish it....

TODAY IS THE 21ST OF SEPTEMBER, which means that I have approximately a month to pull-together the almost 60,000 words resident in a folder (currently 37 files; 989kb) and meld them together with (currently) 53 scanned images, totaling 35mb – in time for Ditto/Octocon. By any known discipline of logic, this task should be manageable. However, in my universe, logic being less of a discipline and more a flight of fancy, and since I've already *crashed* the system once (I was going to get *so much* accomplished over the Labor Day weekend...), one never knows. I've always specialized in complicating the most simplistic tasks.

...and I'm not talking relationships here.

(Sorry. Had to have at least one self-deprecating reference, lest you think someone was ghosting this column....)

WHEN SENDING THE PREVIOUS ISSUE – the "all-more-Cincinnati-or-less" issue – to some newcomers, I disclaimed that it

was not a "typical" issue of *Outworlds*.

Then again, I'm not at all certain if this issue is any more "typical"; long-time (patient) observers will have to tell me.

Even though it was, as we purists would say, graphically chaotic, I was always fascinated by the scrap-book technique of *Title* (just imagine what Donn Brazier could have done with desktop publishing...). And I've even published a scrap-book issue – or was it two? -- myself.

The "flow" thish, I imagine, is going to be less like a stream and more like shooting the rapids.

Given that OW67 was "limited" to Locals (Haldeman, Kentucky, being just over the county line) – this time around I was bound and determined to present as much as possible of the material "accepted" *before* the latest Sabbatical ... issue "length" be damned. And to "catch-up" on publishing the LoCs (which, as I say further on, I consider to be the lifeblood of at least this particular fanzine). The comments on OW67 are going to have to wait 'til next time, but, other than that – some much-too-long-delayed egoboo for my ever-patient contributors, is presented herewith.

I have learned that the *delay* has Cost Me, in terms of material sent elsewhere, and of material I really wanted to publish being withdrawn. ...not without justification in either case.

But what sorrows me most is that, because of my succumbing to the excuses of health (lack of...), wealth (absence of...), and depression (an abundance of...) – Ethel Lindsay will never see her LoC, and neither will SaM see his letter, nor the publication, at last, of his much-delayed article.

I can't *do* anything about this. But I'm not happy about it.

COHESIVENESS? WE DON'T NEED NO STINKING COHESIVENESS.

We've got eclectic anarchy.

WITH THIS ISSUE, TO USE THE VERNACULAR, I have pretty much shot my wad. Material-wise. And, despite the fact that my plethora of Faithful Columnists – after having been 'invited' to sit-out this particular issue – have *all* faithfully committed to NextIsh, I remain Ever Insecure.

While I am egotistical enough to think that, forced to, I could *write* an entire issue myself, I'm not quite certain any of us are quite ready for that scenario. My joy, what I

do, is to take the diverse Work of Others (some of who appear no place other than *Outworlds*, or so I am told...) and meld them together in such a matter that no one else, even given the same input, could/would do. I bitch/moan/miserate – but I *do* have F*U*N!

...and I'm always pleased to have a long-dormant Contributor *return*, or to discover someone *new* (at least to these pages). I do seem to have garnered a *stable* over the years; but by no means is the barn door closed. (Sorry; been 'talking' to JeanneB a lot recently...)

As to the *type* of material I faunch for:

I'd like to see more fanhistory pieces (after all, *Mimosa*, he said, looking out for the Lynch's Best Interests, can only handle so much...) – particularly biographical, al la Dave Rowe's "Frank" article.

As much as I enjoy and will continue to share with you the autobiographical reminiscences of My Regulars, I'd like to run more material directly tied to science fiction. I am still a fan of the genre, albeit a fickle one.

My current perversion is focused on the hard-boiled detective/mystery output of the 30s/40s/50s, in both print and film media.

...other than that, well, try me. (I'd say, off the top, nothing specifically restricted to politics or religion – I have my own – but then, I have been surprised & intrigued before...)

I didn't, a Long Time Ago, subtitle *Outworlds* "the Eclectic Fanzine" strictly as a whim.

As far as the ArtWorlds go: I am pretty well 'set' (in theory) as far as covers for the next several issues. And I do have a far-sized folio of smaller illos, but it is concentrated on a few artists.

I'm rarely organized enough to have articles specifically-illustrated, but I do like to try to *match* *prose* and *visual* combinations, which requires a fair-sized backlog to work with.

As I (slowly) master the intricacies of this System, I envision future issues being a bit more graphic-intensive.

And I do return Originals, when so requested.

Given my Past History it would be the ultimate in foolishness to *promise* either speed or consistency in publication, but I'm *Enthused* at the moment and, as long as the *Job* holds out....

The one thing I *can* Promise you is this: Share with me the best that you can do – and I will share it with some rather neat people ... the best way I know how.

SPEAKING OF THIS SYSTEM: The Jackie Causgrove-Gifted 486 that was used to produce OW67 has, to say the least, been *upgraded*. Right after producing that issue, I sent the "tower" to Don Carter (commonly known around here as America's answer to Eric Lindsay) to replace (what I thought was) a defective floppy drive.

What I Got Back, a couple of weeks later, *appeared* to be the same tower, physically. Appearances, he said, looking in the mirror, can be deceptive:

The floppy drive was found not to be at fault; so I got it back, along *with* the generic replacement I'd bought.

A new motherboard with a pentium-equivalent chip.

A recycled gigabyte hard drive from Don's machine.

A sound card, plus *gifted* speakers.

...and, most insidiously, he replaced the 5¼" drive with a CD-Rom drive he'd upgraded from.

And, since he inadvertently blew-away Jackie's installed software....

The rest was *fine*, but the acquisition of the CD-Rom drive, followed by the Dave Locke-inflicted Gift of a *free* e-mail service, has been lethal. Otherwise, this issue would have been Out a month ago, at the latest.

Not that I'm *complaining* ... you understand....

I'm Having Fun. I've only blown-away the system once – and I was "grounded" by Juno for a day for over-access, but I've learned enough to not be competent, but certainly *dangerous*.

This issue is only the beginning.

...and it, this issue, would not have been possible, without the advice, support and commiseration of My Crack Technical Support Group: Don Carter. Dave Locke. Patty Peters. Chris Sherman.

Thanks for all the fish!

...AND THEN THERE WAS E-MAIL.

I fought it, guys; I really did. But Dave can be persuasive.

Two and a half months in, I can't envision having been without it.

Still, it does have its side-effects.

Early on I realized that this medium, while immediate, did not have quite the same pizzazz as, say, receiving a scrawled postcard from Wm-with-a-period, a JeanneB rebus, or one sticker-enhanced from, say, **Teddy Harvia**:

Bill!

I at first thought e-mail would substantially decrease my postcard output. But everyone does not have e-mail. And those that do still wanted me to send them postcards.

E-mail does allow almost instantaneous communication. I regularly e-mail Ian Gunn in Australia and Kim Campbell and Dave Langford in England. But postcards you can hold in your hands. The printout of an e-mail just doesn't have the same feel.

My collection now numbers in the thousands. The only way I'll ever get rid them all is to mail them out.

David

BILL BOWERS wrote:

- >
- > Thanks for the postcard.
- > I've only had this *new* medium four days now -- and it's
- > neat....but it has its limitations: So far no one has found a
- > way to affix neat shiny stickers to email.
- >
- > Bill

...and then, when Rotsler showed up with e-mail, I really began to worry:

Bowers, to Rotsler:

- > I think it would be great to be able to communicate with
- > you via this medium on a regular basis although I must
- > admit to a certain nostalgia, already, for those envelopes
- > stuffed to the brim, you gift me with from time to time!

(WR: That is my single objection to eMail, but after all, I can still send them, can't I? All during this cancer thing I have been about as creative as paint chip. It'll come back.)

...as you'll see, toward the end of this issue, I am a bit more than enamored with the medium. But I'm sure that, in time, I will be able to handle it as a tool; one that has *advantages*, but which, in the end, will not impact on my fanzine publishing any more than, say, the purchase of that Selectric in 1969.

...maybe that's not a good simile.

In the meantime, I am certainly not adverse to hard-copy input. I've typed-up a few hundred thousand words (probably more) – many of them more than once – since 1961.

I think I can handle *typing* a few more.

I APOLOGIZE TO SOME OF THE OVERSEAS MEMBERS for the un-
seemly delay in their receipt of the past few issues. It's not
entirely My Fault ... but close enough.

I WAS A BIT *DISAPPOINTED* in the response to last issue. Even
given that I am *never* satisfied. But we go ever on.

I suppose different folks publish fanzines for different
reasons. (That's the only explanation for some things I re-
ceive in the mail. *grin*) I do so for two reasons:

To garner *neat stuff* to do my thing with.

...and to garner response to that neat stuff – and to do
what I *do* with it.

That simple.

Immediate gratification desired, with no apologies of-
fered.

I am sincerely grateful to those who kept me on their mail-
ing lists for so long, with absolutely no response forthcom-
ing. I wish I could be so generous ... but I'm not.

There is no upper "limit" on the circulation of this
fanzine.

Neither is there any pre-determined "minimum".

Unlike *real* press runs, where the cost-per-copy goes
down with volume, when utilizing a commercial copycenter,
the cost-per-copy remains essentially the same, whether I
"order" a hundred seventy-five copies. Or a hundred.

Not to overstate the obvious, but I really can't *afford*
to publish a fanzine this large very frequently. Fiscally.
Neither am I likely at this late stage to learn *control*, nor
can I *afford* -- emotionally -- to do anything "less".

It's truly a conundrum.

There are a handful of people who, no matter what, get ev-
erything I "do". Truly, they are Blessed. (Though they
might wonder why.)

Other than that, it's not really that hard to stay on my
mailing list.

Surely, in an issue of novel-length, you'll find *something*
to comment on...?

I thought so.

GEE ... MAYBE YOU'D RATHER HAVE HAD a trauma-filled
"editorial" after all?

Tough.

—Bill * Sunday, September 21, 1997

AfterWorlds:

Once Ditto/Octocon is over, I don't really have any plans for attending any specific conventions, other than the local ones
in June and October. And, of course, depending on where Ditto ends up next year....

I do, however, know where the 1998 edition of Corflu will be, and when, and even though it's extremely unlikely I'll
make it, I'm sending in a supporting membership, and urge you to do so also:

Corflu UK will be held in Leeds, March 13-16, 1998. Memberships: \$40. Attending; \$10. Supporting. Convention address:
Ian Sorensen, 7 Woodside Walk, Hamilton, ML3 7HY, UK; email <corflu@soren.demon.co.uk>. The American Agent is
Karen Babich, 6339 N. Clark, 2 Fl, Chicago, IL 60660; email <karenb@well.com>. [Checks payable to Karen Babich.]

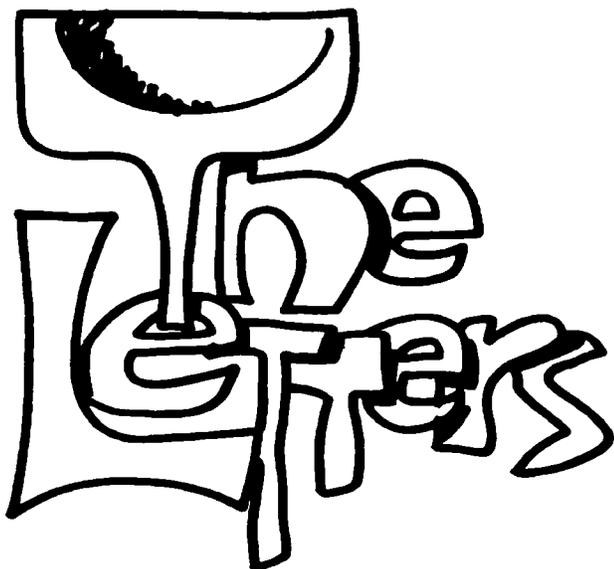
I've been thinking, off and on, that I'd like to "do" another Corflu, another "Live" *Outworlds*.... I don't know how many
are already lined-up after England (does anyone?). But I do know that, if I'm to do it, it'll have to be fairly soon ... before
Roger & Pat Head South.

In the meantime:

From 1979 thru 1986, Rusty Hevelin & I put on eight Spacecons, at the Holiday Inn in Wapakonts, next door to the Neil
Armstrong Air & Space Museum. They were fun, and now Rusty is talking, if enough of you express interest, in doing
one in 1999 – to Celebrate the thirtieth Anniversary of the first Lunar Landing.

It goes like this: Rusty & I pre-reserve an entire floor of the hotel in our names, to preserve blocking. Then you pay
us, cash or check, for your room at the convention. It's a bit of a hassle, but it worked out well eight times, so....

There's time, but do think about it, and let Rusty or I know if you'd be interested in attending...



ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH

Well, it hasn't been 840 days since my last letter yet (only over
140...), so I guess I'm getting better.

Since my Oct. 28 letter (which made it, almost entirely,
into OW65), I have managed to read OW63, 64 & 65.

The "dark mood" seemed to remain in OW63, but 65
seems to have lightened up. I guess the move must have had
something to do with it (so now you're an Art connoisseur. Eh?).

Art's LoC in OW65 expressed part of MY problem with
LoCs: Usually, I tend to appreciate a fmz, reading it for enjoy-
ment, and an "obligatory" LoC seems to take some of the fun
out of it, because frequently I do not have any "natural" com-
ments, so I have to force some to fulfill an obligation, and it
ends up being like lit class at school, which has spoiled many
people for reading for pleasure. On the other hand, the editor
and contributors to a fanzine aren't in it for the money, but for
the personal interactions, so not responding seems to cheat them
out of their due in that respect, and I'm left uneasy about what
to do.

There's no problem when I DO have comments I want to
make, or with zines that take silence in stride (you always did, I
must add). Also, I have to admit that *fafia* and laziness do con-

tribute to not-writing, so a dose of self-control is necessary. The time factor is sneaky, too: Sometimes I read a zine in snatches over several weeks, then put it into the "mail to write" box and, when I get to it, it's been too long, and/or maybe the next issue has already arrived (and I start the cycle over again).

And then there's the question of usefulness: Since I don't seem to write interestingly enough to warrant comments for my own LoCs and (rare) contributions, SHOULD I force myself to write LoCs? Got a non-trivial answer for that?

Let me vote against the type-face you've been using for OW: It's difficult to read, and doesn't seem to be appropriate for you OR OW. The one you used in the "Frank" article (very interesting, as have been similar time-binding articles) was better, but more difficult to read. Any hopes for a laser printer in the near future (and what won't you do with that?)

The two-column formats of #63 & #65 both worked, albeit in different ways: The latter is more orthodox and easier to read, the former is more... fun? (So what do I know?)

My only fear is that, right now, an amazing astounding fantastic authentic OW66 is relentlessly coming towards my mailbox, and, just when I thought I had time for Reading Books.... [04/22/93]

■ ...err. Well, while I have a lot to atone for, including the erratic distribution of OW66, the unseemly delay in the mailing of the overseas copies of that particular issue was, for a change, Not My Fault. (We'll leave it at that....)

Different people do different fanzines for different purposes. I have had a few changes of "direction" myself; just a few. Early on.... But certainly after my move to Cincinnati twenty years ago my main focus on, and interest in, publishing fanzines is—very simply, two-fold: To get Neat Stuff (written and otherwise) to play with—and to get feedback to what I do with that Neat Stuff.

I came to the realization long ago that no one other than myself, will "like" everything I publish; that's to be expected. However I do hope that everyone getting my fanzines on a regular basis will find at least something in each issue interesting enough to respond to. That's the hope.

But I know too well myself that *good* intentions to write, and actually writing, are two completely different States of Being. Nor do I "expect" those who subscribe, such as yourself, to "have" to respond. Though I certainly appreciate it when you do.

No, Alexander, you shouldn't force yourself to write LoCs. But I, sincerely, do appreciate it when you do!

I "chose" your letter to Lead Off this issue's LoColumn(s) because of your comments on the Art Form. I firmly believe the lettercolumn is the heart of any genzine. But it only *works* if the lettercolumn...flows...from issue to issue; i.e., there has to be a reasonable expectation on your part that, when you take the time to write, I will have the courtesy to include your words (as many as I chose to pass on...) in the Next Available Issue.

I have been sadly amiss in "Recent" Issues.

I don't "promise" anything, anymore, to anyone. But—trying to Do Better—is the reason that thish, despite the clamoring of my bevy of Columnists (okay, one of them...) to be represented in the "revived" *Outworlds*, is primarily a catch-up lettercolumn. Whether I'll get thru the comments on OW67 this time is debatable, but we'll try.

[Not that I have any reluctance to publish LoCs on less-than-current issues, you know. Recently Young Mr. Breiding mentioned that he'd acquired a copy of *Outworlds* 5. I told him that if he wrote a LoC on it...I'd publish it. (I'm waiting...)]

And I love time-binding articles, such as Dave Rowe's in OW65. Which is why I feel particularly "guilty" about having taken so long to get the response to that issue into print:

ALAN HUNTER

Outworlds 65 really brought tears to my eyes. The article on Frank Arnold by Dave Rowe, besides being a deep and touching tribute to a most unusual character was also, for me, a real touch of nostalgia.



Although I remember only dimly ever having met Frank, I recall his stories far more vividly. They always struck me as being most inventive and imaginative and I think it is a great loss that he never wrote more. The other personages in the photos also brought back fond memories and I think that I can see the top half of my head in one of the con groups. Dave is to be congratulated on a great piece of research and presentation, and yourself for assembling and printing it.

Issues of *Outworlds* have been arriving with such remarkable frequency that I am ashamed at having taken so long to reply. I reached the age of 70 in February, my wife Joyce is still ill, the world news is very depressing and financial restrictions due to the recession have severely reduced the quantity of small-press publications with less demand for my artwork: which of these factors is chiefly to blame is difficult to access, but over the last few months I have been drifting and my correspondence has been the main causality. All of which seems a very inadequate excuse when I realise the trauma you have endured and how well you have recovered.

[21st April 1993]

■ ...when Alan wrote the above, Joyce had just completed ten months of chemotherapy, and they were cautiously optimistic. When I resumed publishing my apazine last year, I found out that Joyce had died in May, 1994.

I realize—I guess—that, just because I put you all on "hold" when I Go Away, the world doesn't stop simultaneously. Still, it is a shock, sometimes, when I Come Back.

Alan is one of those whom I've never physically met, and it's unlikely that I will. But he has been extremely generous to and supportive toward me over the years, and I consider him a friend.

Alan... I am not *good* with words when death happens — and I am having to utter them with a frightening increase in frequency—but I do know that you still miss Joyce. And through you, I do also.

ETHEL LINDSAY

I am so grateful that you sent me a copy of *Outworlds 65*. I did appreciate that marvelous article on the life of Frank Arnold. It was a noble tribute. The photographs were especially welcome bringing back many happy memories. The care taken to show the public background to Frank's life was particularly impressive. Dave is to be congratulated on a fine piece of research. You are to be also congratulated on not only publishing it but doing it all in one go. The effect would not have been the same if it had been done in installments. [rec'd 02/20/93]

■ ...the awkward moment. Ethel is no longer with us; neither is SaM, who follows.... It is awkward, but I think their words deserve to see print. And I think Dave deserves to see their response to his article....

SAM MOSKOWITZ

I read *Outworlds 65* with complete absorption and fascination. Dave Rowe has done a splendid job of rendering the life of Frank Edward Arnold, admittedly a minor figure in the science fiction pantheon, and bringing his life and era into focus as clearly as Boswell portrayed Johnson. He must have known and liked Arnold very much indeed to have painted so realistic a portrait.

At the same time he has succeeded in giving us the feel of London fandom as it was during that lifetime and a touch of British thought and politics as well.

It is unfortunate that you could not have had better reproduction of the photos, because they are of historic interest and I don't remember seeing any of them previously.

I have all of the scant few stories that Arnold had published; the one that I remember particularly was "The Twilight People" in the January, 1940 *Comet* where it immediately preceded my first professional sale, "The Way Back". If my memory serves me, the last civilization on Earth, at some future date, is about to be destroyed by the impact of a huge, solid comet, and all is saved when the gravitational pull of the Earth rips it and the moon asunder forming rings around the Earth like those of Saturn.

As two of the photos indicate I first met Arnold at the 15th World Science Fiction Convention in London in 1957 at the Kings Court Hotel. (When last I saw it I was staying at The Charles Dickens Hotel a block or two away and its name had been changed to something like The Roman Hotel.) The Kings Court Hotel was one of the saddest, worn-out, miserable excuses for transients that I have ever run across. Even the bath tubs, one or two to a floor, had rusted through and could not retain water, but that is another story.

A program of the Inaugural Luncheon, held Saturday, September 7, 1957, contains an outstanding group of autographs on its back and Arnold has added to his an address, The Manor Hotel, Bloomsbury, W.C.1.

I was both delighted and saddened by the photo of me speaking to the Eric Frank Russell's. Delighted because I had not seen it before and it was a good photo of me, saddened because not only were Russell and Arnold lost, but that the thief of time had also stolen my youth. There were many negatives associated with the surroundings and handling of the London Convention, and the fact that London had not completely recovered from the war, but there was one overwhelming positive and that positive was that I was young and could enjoy and today remember with appreciation the events that transpired and the people I met, many of whom show up in the other photos within the Rowe piece. In the photo of me and the Russell's there is an old woman shown marked "unknown". If I did a little digging I believe I could come up with her name, because there was one old woman who flew over from the United States and I believe was the oldest person there.

On the photo of Ackerman autographing something for Michael Moorcock, there is a question as to whether it was 1957, and I can assure you it was.

I believe I was in the Globe but once; that was in 1972 with a young British fan named Peter Coussee. A large selection of the bright lights of England were there, but I don't remember whether I

ever signed the Visitor's Book. I do remember that on leaving the Globe, the street noises were so great, that even though I had a very loud voice at the time, I had to cut off conversation with my friend, because I couldn't make myself heard.

Thanks for a marvelous biographical piece well presented.

[01/10/93]

SAM YOUNG

I was very pleased when Dave Rowe wrote to say he was doing a piece on Frank Arnold, and delighted to see the finished product. It was an appropriate celebration of a not always happy but splendidly optimistic life.

The only minor cavil I have is that I feel the social context aspect was a bit overdone and certainly seemed to reflect the writer's own preoccupations unduly. The Means Test, for instance, varied between authorities. I never heard of furniture etc. having to be sold off: the main complaint was that able-bodied children were treated as potential contributors to the family budget and might have to move out for benefits to be received in full. This was held to be destructive of the family circle. When one considers what has happened to that circle under post-war conditions of relative affluence, an irony is apparent. I think of a local family, hard-working but poor, who saved for a long time to buy themselves a new duvet: their daughter got herself pregnant at fifteen (not really difficult) and was given just a duvet along with the rest of the furniture in a state-provided flat. (It's interesting, is it not, that in the inter-war years, with information on contraceptive techniques banned and contraceptives difficult to obtain, the population in England was falling. One of ACC's early amateur stories was an excellent example of his projective imagination: in the underpopulated England of 2037 one's nearest neighbor lived miles away. Love may laugh at locksmiths, but economics rules, OK?)

Rowe is wrong in some other respects, too. The Home Guard had both under-age and over-age members: at eighteen, waiting for call-up, I was in a section whose Sergeant was my father, then fifty-two. Churchill was not toppled by memories of the Means Test, but by a national bloody-mindedness fueled by six years of war and by diligent left-wingers suborning the troops through ABCA (Army Bureau of Current Affairs). Our cry in those days was "Joe for King and Jane for Queen", Joe being Joseph Stalin and Jane being a cartoon character who regularly took her clothes off in the *Daily Mirror*. I speak as someone responsible for not one but three anti-Churchill votes in the '45 Election. (My staunchly Conservative mother and father cast their own votes along with the proxy vote I asked them to give to Labour.) And the bit about Mrs Thatcher's "near dictatorial power" smacks of hysteria. The lady did after all win three popular elections and was then quietly put away by members of her own party who panicked at the prospect of possibly losing the fourth: not genuine dictatorial metal. As for more people voting against the Tories than for them, the same is true to a far more marked degree of the other parties claiming power in those elections. The Labour Party has always been as opposed to proportional representation as the Tories, while the Liberals favour it because they are desperate to get out of their third-place rut. Some Labour Party members are coming round to it now because they understandably resent their continued rejection by the majority of the electorate.

And of course it was not Frank who was the ardent socialist in those early days, but young Turks like Dave Mellwain, Harry Turner and myself. Frank was in favour of capitalism as well as the royals, as his comment on our lack of commercial acumen indicated. But really he was apolitical: as with Arthur Clarke, I don't recall him ever joining in those world-rearranging arguments that went on from 5:30 until Lew Mordecai threw us out at eleven.

It was nice to see a photograph of Lew, by the way. He wrote to me several years ago after I'd had a letter in the *Daily Telegraph*, and I meant to look him up but didn't. I would have liked to send this on to him, but he doesn't seem to be in the London telephone book and I suspect can only be reached through a higher switchboard. If I'm in error here, and you have a possible address for him, I'd be glad to have it. I well recall attending that anniversary meet-

ing, spying as I entered the bar two white-haired oldies talking at the bar, and realizing in consternation that they were Wally Gillings and Lew. That was the evening I came to understand why Arthur was so rich: though only sipping pineapple juice he became as merry as the rest of us as the evening wore on, and in the end was actually slurring his speech. What a talent!

Thanks again for sending me your excellent magazine. A worthy tribute to Frank, and for me a pleasant trip down Memory Lane, not least in recalling my slaving over *The Fantast* more than fifty years ago. [03/23/93]

MICHAEL W. WAITE

Wow! I can't think of a better way to start the new year than by reading the beautiful flowing prose in Dave Rowe's article, "Frank" (*OW65*). It is nectar from the ghods. Please try and talk Dave into doing another piece on Frank Arnold. I have two issues of *Fantasy Review* (1948), in which Frank Arnold is listed as an associate editor, but his work doesn't appear in either issue.

L.W. Currey listed *WINGS ACROSS TIME* in his 1988-'89 Fall-Winter catalog, in fine condition. I wrote to Currey in the hopes he still had a copy; indeed, he does. The new price is \$35 plus \$4.50 postage—in fine condition. (Currey's prices are generally higher than other booksellers but he has more esoterica.) C'est la vie. I sent for the book. I suspect Frank would be pleased his book is commanding such a good price.

I'm constantly searching for esoteric reading material. You know what I mean, obscure writings that most people respond to by saying, "Who gives a shit?" Recent searches have led me to a couple of Canada's unsung heroes—Nils Helmer Frome (1918-1962) [Sam Moskowitz, ed., *LOVECRAFT AND NILS HELMER FROME: A RECOLLECTION OF ONE OF CANADA'S EARLIEST SCIENCE FICTION FANS*. The Moshassuck Press: Glenview, Illinois. 1989.] and Leslie A. Croutch (1915-1969) [Robert Colombo. *YEARS OF LIGHT: A CELEBRATION OF LESLIE A. CROUTCH: A COMPILATION AND A COMMENTARY*. John Hounslow Press: Toronto, Canada. 1982.].

Another Canadian writer, Susan Wood (1948-1980), continues to be relevant, more than a decade after her death. I read an old *Energumen* column ("My 2¢ Worth") by Susan (July, 1971). She writes about her problems with higher mathematics. To make a long story short, she recommended G.H. Hardy's *A MATHEMATICIAN'S APOLOGY* (currently available from Cambridge Press/Canto Series, \$7.95, 1992—original copyright 1940) with a foreword by C.P. Snow. Let me encourage anyone interested in biography, mathematics, and/or fine art to purchase a copy of this enlightening book. Be sure and get the edition with C.P. Snow's foreword; it's a masterpiece of biography, and sets the stage for the Hardy treatise. We all have a song to share but most of us never put it in writing.

Yes, I also read science fiction and highly recommend Kim Stanley Robinson's *RED MARS*. [02/22/93]



Joe R. Christopher

REFLECTIONS ON (NOT IN) A POOL

AFTER THE TOLKIEN CENTENARY CONFERENCE, in Oxford, England, was over, August 1992, my wife and I stayed in London for two nights, and on the second we went to a fantasy play—William Shakespeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—at the Royal National Theatre. We were in the Oliver Theatre, near the back of the balcony, so we didn't see all the nuances of the acting, but simply as spectacle there was much to watch. (Shakespeare's text came across clearly, most of the time.)

To begin with, the large stage throughout was filled with a shallow pool, about an inch deep, I thought; my wife said an inch and a half to two inches. Around the pool was a dirt path, slightly elevated above the pool, with the inner edges of the dirt muddy. (One scene—during the lovers' quarrels in the woods—involved mud being slapped into a person's hair—Hermia's hair, by Lysander, for those who know the play; it was while he was enchanted into love with Helena.) Various exits over what seemed to be dirt paths led off the stage.

Above the stage were electric lights which could be lowered. A large circle of lights was used twice, I remember—lowered and turned in a circle. A central light (which seemed to be an average lightbulb) could be lowered and turned off and on; at one point the woman who played Puck climbed up its "cord" (whatever it actually was, to bear her weight) and spun in circles about halfway up.

Perhaps Puck herself (the actress's name is Angela Laurier) should be considered part of the spectacle of the play. In addition to costuming (to be considered later), she is double-jointed—or, at least, very limber. Most impressively, she spoke the epilogue to the play on her chest in the water, with her legs over her back and her feet by her shoulders.

Another piece of the spectacle—not part of Shakespeare's script, in this case—followed the night of confusion for the four lovers in the "woods" (imaginary in this production), in and around the pool, with the muddied hair episode. They moved to the back of the stage, the back-

drop rose, and with some backlighting, rather like a sunrise, they stood separately across the back, while a small stream or shower of water fell on each one. In short, shower baths in their classical robes. (In their reappearance at the play-within-the-play scene, they wore clean robes also.)

There was a limited setting, as suggested—no woods. It is also true that Bottom did not have an ass's head, although various fairies held up feet or hands to suggest the ass's ears. The main addition to the pool was a metal-frame bed on rollers, with a mattress in a plastic cover (it floated when tossed off). When a door was wanted, the bed was set up on one end, one side of the springs was unlatched, and the springs swung on hinges on the other side. This bed was used for various purposes—Puck climbed up on it when it was upended, for example. The play opened with Theseus (Allan Mitchell) and Hippolyta (Lolita Chankrabarti) sitting on it—Hippolyta on its head—while a “boatsman” with a pole stood in the water with his back against one side of the head, and went through elaborate motions of poling a boat as he pushed the bed behind him in a circle. A rather Venetian, rather than Athenian, motif.

Less thematic than the bed but an amusing visual image was the placing of six chairs for the audience of the Pyramus and Thisbe playlet. The chairs were “walked” into position by a person who, walking on the chair seats, picked up a chair from one end of the line, carried it to the other end, placed it down there, and then repeated the sequence time after time.

Finally, there were strong sexual elements in the visual aspect of the production. One of the most obvious was that Puck, played as indicated by a woman, had clothing with bands across the top that went over her left shoulder and under her right breast, so she had one bare breast throughout the play. When Lysander (Rupert Graves) and Hermia (Indra Ove) were on the stage in the night-in-the-woods sequence and Hermia lay down to sleep, she stripped beneath her coverlet, for later, when she was looking for Lysander, she held the coverlet against her as she rose; but when she exited a bit later her entire backside was bare. Lysander also stripped when he got under the cover with her—not a standard action in the playing—and when told to “Lie further off”, he held his discarded clothing over his lower front as he moved off. Finally, when Bottom (Timothy Spall) and Titania (Sally Dexter) were in love, they went through a simulated, very active intercourse on the bed under a sheet, with her attending fairies around them.

GEORGE FLYNN

Well, a few weeks ago I finally buckled down and cleared enough time to read straight through *Outworlds* 62 and 63. Naturally, #65 arrived in the middle of this process....

Actually, #62 is too far back to justify a LoC now, except for one point on which I have Special Knowledge. Laurie Mann wrote that she “had more exposure to Stu [Schiffman]’s work than most” in the late ‘70s-early ‘80s, “being active in *Voice of the Lobster*.” Nope: Stu did only two *VotL* covers for me (out of six), and there wasn’t any interior art. (When I recently approached Laurie about this, I began, “I have a question about something you wrote in the *Outworlds* last winter.” “Oh, God” “No, not about *that* stuff.”)

#63: Very nice covers. It’s good to see Linda Michaels getting more exposure, and I for one plan to nominate her for the Hugo this year. Chris Sherman’s writing is also superb; I hadn’t been real conscious of his work before, but I’m quite impressed now.

Bob Tucker describes THE OLD TESTAMENT PSEUDEPIGRAPHA as “both fantasy and science fiction.” The same judgment can of course be applied to the Bible itself. (In the MIT Science Fiction Society library, the Bible is shelved as an anthology. Alphabetized under “God”.) But Bob is wrong about *Genesis* resulting from “incompetent Christian editors [trying] to fit two—maybe three—Jewish stories into one.” Whether the editing was competent or not, it was done a good many centuries before Christ, and so couldn’t

I have emphasized the visual because I assume most readers of any fantasy-related journal know the text of Shakespeare’s play. Besides, as an experimental production, it was the spectacle which was the most interesting. (Those who are musical might consider the rather free use of a gamelan—a Javanese orchestra—for this production to be of interest.)

What did it mean? Why did the director (Robert Lepage) stage the play this way? I think some details, such as Puck climbing the light cord, were intended simply to show the “flying” nature of fairies. (Titania was carried out at one point lying on her stomach on the raised hands of her attendants—she too was “flying”.) Some of the other details, such as the method of moving the chairs, I assume were just for visual interest. But the major aspects—the pool and the bed—I think were tied to the theme of the play as a statement about sexual attraction and marriage. Theseus and Hippolyta are engaged at the first of the play and wedded at the end; the two couples in the woods also end up married; Titania and Bottom fall in love (or lust); the playlet is about the love of Pyramus and Thisbe. A pool is a dream image of a woman in both Freud and Jung; perhaps the opening scene’s poling sets up a masculine—a phallic—relationship to the pool. The pool is not just a feminine image, as the washing of the lovers indicates; the muddiness of the pool, as in D. H. Lawrence’s *The Horsedealer’s Daughter*, is also important. Further, the use of the bed ties visually to the sexual theme.

A colleague of mine at Tarleton State University, when, at a party, I was describing the pool setting, referred to it as *A Midsummer Night’s Wet Dream*—which was clever but I think ultimately wrong. The sexuality is not singular here. What she ignored is that the play ends in marriages and an implicit acceptance of the sexual relationship in marriage; Theseus says,

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed, ’tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall outsleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatch’d.
... Sweet friends, to bed.

In this production, the major visual details were intended to unconsciously—or perhaps consciously for a sophisticated audience—reinforce and prepare for this conclusion.

— Joe R. Christopher

very well have been perpetrated by Christians.

Harry Andruschak wonders “whatever became of Bruce D. Arturs and Paula Lieberman?” Oh, they’re around. Bruce has had a few stories published, and edited the original anthology produced for the 1991 World Fantasy Con in Tucson. Paula is still moderately active in Boston fandom; her prose style hasn’t changed much. I see both of them posting from time to time on Genie (where Paula is sometimes chided for not believing in paragraphing).

Robert Lichtman mentions the British “accidents and bombings” just before his TAFF trip. Ah, yes... the last time I came through Heathrow (1990), the P.A. system was saying something like “Please ignore any alarms you may hear. You will be notified if it is necessary to evacuate.”-

On to #65:

“Boston, I understand, has/had its ‘red light district’.” Well, actually the Combat Zone is/was an “adult entertainment district”; anything more than that was strictly unofficial. But in recent years they’ve been manipulating zoning and redevelopment to drive it out gradually (First Amendment considerations having prevented them from accomplishing the same end directly), and very little of it is left.

The biography of Frank Arnold was fascinating. I thought that there was perhaps a bit too much space wasted on the mundane historical background; but maybe I overestimate fans’ historical knowledge...
[02/11/93]

BRIAN EARL BROWN

It's taken a long time to read *Outworlds 65* because that long article on Frank Arnold just did not sound the least bit interesting. And yet, when I finally did give it a chance this week I did enjoy it. Dave Rowe has done an excellent job of tracking down Arnold's life and of collecting quotes from friends and acquaintances to illustrate his story. The many photographs added nicely to the sketch. There's always a lot of fun in seeing old photographs of fans and writers. It makes them more than just names in a history. It's a pity that photographs cost so much to print well (veloxes don't come cheap and while scanning photos into a computer file doesn't cost anything, the equipment isn't cheap).

By the by, was the upsidedown back cover just something that happened or were you planning to present this issue Ace Double fashion with LoCs in one half and Frank Arnold's story in the other?
[04/21/93]

BOB SMITH

St. Pauls surrounded by its force field to protect it from acid rain loomed small amid the crumbling 21st century high rise. The newly elected Social Democratic prime minister of the western hemisphere, Rave Owed, former fan and footnote artist¹, had just repealed the dreaded means test for fanzine grants. Keith Aardvark-Bridges III aboard the space cruiser Eric Blair on landing on the planet tycho bell announced to the universe "That's one giant leap for a texmex carry out". CNN commented "Now what will SciFi authors write about". A translucent diminutive figure floated out of the doorway of a stim called "The Tonne" (metric see) and disappeared into the mist towards East Ham.

The article on dear old Frank certainly brought a few happy memories to me. "A pint-sized Mister Micawber"; yes I think he would have liked that. Frank and I had many a barside chat about this and that, my memory is not good enough to recall details but I had the feeling that after a few pints we left the Globe feeling that the world had been put to rights. From time to time he would become wistful and speak about his Magda and of his hopes for the future: ah well alas....

It made me realize how little we knew of Frank and his life outside fandom.

¹12 inches b flat

[02/13/93]

MARK MANNING

Mmohh gmnuph hmmgwh.

Sorry, but it's hard to write clearly with a mouth full of stew.

This one. Getz cooked up solo while I was laid up with a bad reaction to a new prescription drug. Lamb & onions & turmeric & fruit compote, it would appear. An Iranian recipe, so the fruit includes apricots but excludes my favorite tropical treat, durians. Multiculturalism is great stuff, y'know?

Wlghmwh gngwhlph.

Ah! Great stuff, yes.

Now to thank you for sending yet another interesting and lively ish of OW. Most of the ish consists of Dave Rowe's bio of British fan Frank Arnold, of whom I'd never heard. More than that, except for the odd odd letter he sends to OW, I've never heard of Dave Rowe. I can think of several hundred active fanzine fans and once-active fanzine fans, yet Dave Rowe stays filed in my mind under the head of "someone who apparently knows Bill Bowers". (Admit it, Bill, there are a lot of OW letterhax whose LoCs only appear in OW.)

Teddy Harvia

Now come to find out that Dave Rowe also knows London fandom intimately. Is he a Secret Master of Fandom, with octopus-like tentacles everywhere? He secretly bankrolls Merv Binns...he secretly pushed Langford and Harris together at the Brighton Worldcon...he secretly introduced Teresa Nielsen Hayden to the world of electronic bulletin boards...he secretly writes all the Swedish fanzines himself....

My actual theory is that Dave Rowe might even be Calvin "Biff" Demmon in disguise. Have you ever seen them in the same place at the same time, Bill? If so, watch out! He's got a time machine and he knows how to use it!

Strange as it is to read your zine, it's far from the strangest thing in town. In *this* town, perhaps the strangest thing is any given video for rent at Bangkok Video. The other day, Getz and I rented a sort of MTV show, originally broadcast on The Army Television HAS-TV (Channel 5 in the metropolis, with 5 or 10 repeaters around the country).

We couldn't get a handle on the first song, in which several young women with frilly white chifony dresses and lacey parasols took motorboat rides with Army and Navy officers, although the music loped along nicely, because everything musical got interrupted for the duration of the bridge and 3rd verse by an American college basketball game. No telling if HAS-TV crossed cables, or if the taper in Bangkok used an old US sports vid to make his master of the music show.

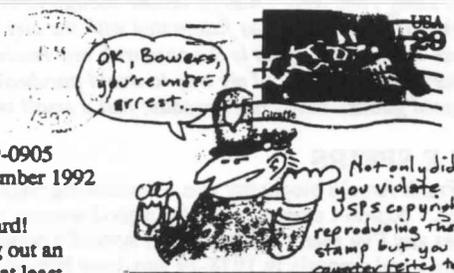
Next came a song from Isan, a region in Thailand's Northeast. I know this because Getz and I own lots of Isan pop music cassettes; the sound is distinctive, if a bit hard to explain. Like, we even bought a tape by the recently-deceased diva of Thai pop music, Poompuang Duangchan (she died at the height of her career last year of kidney failure, which struck her while she was making merit at a famous wat, which is to say, a Buddhist temple), and, there on side 2, she'd recorded an Isan-flavored version of Kyu Sakamoto's hoary old hit, "Sukiyaki", which isn't really about food, but expresses a spirit of struggling, ever upwards, despite adversity. Kyochan would have approved, except that he'd died ten or more years ago in a well-publicized JAL plane crash onto the side of Mt. Fuji.

It's knowing shit like this that really enhances our musical pleasure!

Anyway, the Isan pop tune we saw enacted on the MTVish vid (remember the vid, Bill?), like many a US MTV tune, cut back & forth from the enactment to the performance. In this case, the performers were snaking in and out of the jungle, the gates of a small but ornate Buddhist shrine, and a typical Isan barnyard full of dirty kids and fancy chickens. The enactment proved the song to be one about a couple falling in love and becoming engaged. But instead of meeting at a rock concert or school or the office, as we see in "our"



Post Office Box 905 Euless Texas 76039-0905
12 November 1992

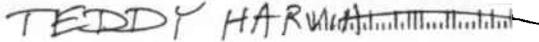


Not only did you violate USPS copyright reproducing that stamp but you counterfeited it.

Dear Bill—
You're looking at the wrong side of the card!
Despite all appearances, I am not carrying out an artistic boycott of *OurWorlds*. I actually have at least one cartoon sketch drawn for you, but I haven't found the time to ink it yet. I'm currently struggling to finish my latest anecdotal article for *Mimosa*. Making the antics of my youth appear both believable and harmless is no easy writing task.

Too bad Derek Carter had you withhold his address. I have some original art of his that a careless editor sent to me by mistake. The editor has shown no interest in my returning it to him, leaving me at a stalemate.

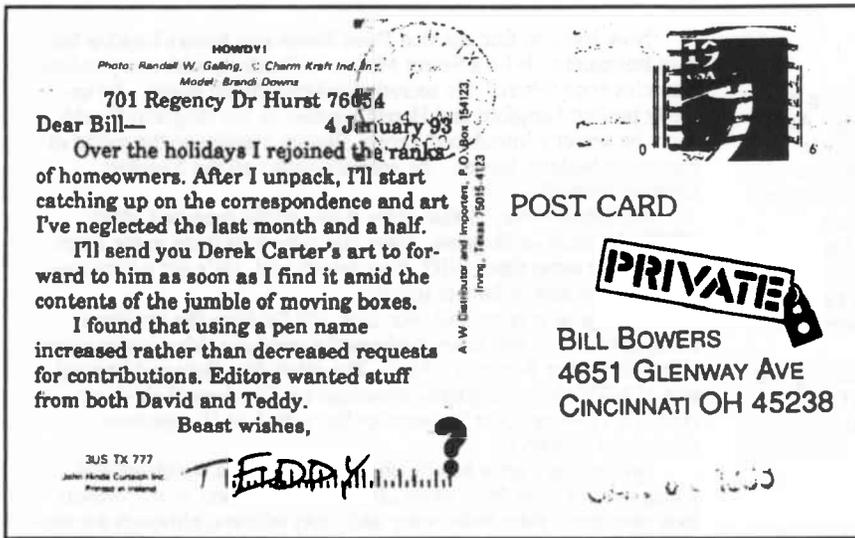
Beast wishes,



BILL BOWERS
P O Box 5817c
CINCINNATI OH
45258-0174

© The Postcard Factory
2801 John Street Markham Ontario L3R 1B4 (416) 471-0921
Printed in Canada

whe 12/12/92
NOV 17 1992



Teddy Harvia

have since been abolished. But the G-G did nothing, and could do nothing. Emergency Planning Order #6, for example, allowed the cabinet to "establish, administer, and operate civilian internment camps" by a simple proclamation of the Minister Responsible. The Orders were finally abolished in the 1980s, but not because of anything the G-G did.

Footnote #21 criticizes the 'first past the post system' electoral system, which denies proportional representation. And rightly so, say I. The proportional system produces revolving-door governments in Italy, and coalitions in Israel controlled by religious bigots. Most important of all, it is undemocratic because it denies the people of each riding the right to choose their own elected representative, regardless of party affiliation.

Why should a minority party be entitled to special treatment if it cannot even win a local riding? And I say that as one who habitually votes for minority parties such as Social Credit, Confederation of Regions, Reform and New Democratic.

Re: the homework assignment. I had it all done, but the dog ate it. [1993-1-18]

PAMELA BOAL

I'm sorry to say my eye sight just could not cope with the font and close spacing used for most of the letters. In addition, for the longest letter (a type of stream of consciousness writing from William Breiding) one needed to know both the writer and yourself somewhat better than I do to make sense of it. Still I would like to know you better so I hope that *Outworlds* will continue to come my way. I gather that you have been having a torrid time with the ending of a long-term relationship; my sympathy and hopes that the usual prescription of time is not too long a one.

I do hope that Derek Parks-Carter has professional outlets for his work. "*Mumps*" is very well drawn and amusing, a talent deserving of a wider audience and more substantial reward than just egoboo.

Dave Rowe's skill as a biographer lies in his genuine affection for his subjects, warts and all. Dave being a dear fannish friend I had in fact read "*Frank*" in its next to last stage of preparation. This slice of essentially British fannish history in an American zine is a fine example of what true fandom is all about. Your presentation is excellent and I particularly enjoyed the clarity of the photographs. I'm always grateful to be able to put faces to names that would otherwise be for ever paper people for me, either because they are dead or because neither I nor they travel to Cons or fannish gatherings anymore.

The arguments about fandom today will rage on and, like Frank Arnold, fandom may only be a footnote but it is a footnote of worth. Any activity that brings people together and is a spiritual home for people of imagination has value; well done say I to editors who publish biographies that remind us of fandom's past. [02/08/93]

■ *Mr. Parks-Carter is, indeed, a professional, currently Making A Living working for two large studios in Hollywood. He is also a friend for a long time—all the way back to when I was taller than he. He has now been married for eighteen years to a (formerly barefooted) woman who is taller than the both of us, but who nevertheless, is refined and demure. The Adventures of "Mumps" will continue, albeit in a slightly different "direction".*

ANDREW P. HOOPER

The cover of #65 gave me a start. A strange slogan to see on the front of a fanzine. Bearing in mind that saying a thing thrice makes it so, I was happy that you only presented the two anti-fanac leg-

vids enacting pop songs, in "their" vids, people wear bizarre tribal costumes and apparently work in sex-segregated longhouses. In this particular Boy-Meets-Girl vid, Boy delivers a bowl of fruit, specifically durian (eating which is often compared to eating custard in a public loo), to the young woman's longhouse. Girl, and her moeity or cohort or whatever it's called anthropologically, are sitting on the dirt floor, spinning thread as Boy walks in. Note, if you will, that the young women do this spinning by holding a ball of loose fuzz between their toes, then using their teeth, fingers, and some kind of weird wooden tool to cinch up the thread. All this makes a perfectly comprehensible love story Rather Different from what you'd see in Cinti on cable.

So: Performers snaking into a carved-and-gilt shrine, cut to Boy shyly staring at Girl through the half-opened door of the longhouse, cut to performers snaking through dense jungle undergrowth, cut to Girl's toes shyly holding a big ball of fuzz, cut to performers entertaining brats and scaring chickens, cut to Boy feeding Girl a chunk of luscious, stinking durian, etc. etc. We liked it a lot.

This is, as I've said, the strangest thing in town, far stranger than *Outworlds* #65. Even stranger than Jon Singer, and nearly as likable.

I look forward to seeing your next ish, Bill. Keep on fanning, don't let Dave Rowe take over fandom for whatever his mysterious secret ends might be, avoid re-marriage like the plague, and eat all your durian, that's a nice boy. [02/20/93]

■ *...a Long Time Ago, I was fortunate enough to be able to visit Bangkok (twice), and I was fascinated with the city and the culture. ...these days, as I suspect is the case with any reader of the Andrew Vachss canon, I go out of my way to avoid purchasing Thai-produced goods. Not a big Crusade; just a small individual effort.*

DALE SPEIRS

The Frank Arnold biography was a fascinating read; once I had got started, I couldn't stop. It was also a good account of British fandom as any I've seen. I do wonder if Arnold's mysterious disappearance and amnesia in 1978-79 may have been caused by a stroke. 'nervous breakdown' doesn't seem like this suite of symptoms.

Rowe's footnotes to the biography may raise a few challenges. Footnote #14, about how a parliamentary system could avoid a Watergate because the Governor-General could pull the plug, is not entirely accurate. Canada had a constitutional crisis in 1926 (not to be confused with all our other constitutional crises) in which the issue was whether or not a Governor-General could act on his own to replace a government. The result was that today the G-G does as he is told by the government. Nixon's burglary was nothing compared to Pierre Trudeau's invocation of the War Measures Act, and later the establishment of the Emergency Planning Orders, both of which

ends. Maybe a more useful motto would be something like, "Friends don't let friends neglect their careers, tap out their bank accounts, destroy their interpersonal relationships and alienate their mundane friends and family in order to do fanzines." Of course, that wouldn't fit as neatly onto the top of a poster...

Sometimes, I manage to drive myself into quite a distracted state myself, even though I am only trying to produce a comparatively tiny fanzine like *Spent Brass*. But it is fun, isn't it? Sometimes it's fun in a way totally independent of the ultimate results, as though the process of putting a fanzine together releases endorphins that provide their own positive reinforcement. Whatever; it's great to see a faned openly proclaim that they are enjoying themselves in producing a fanzine.

And indeed, it's nice to see you enjoying *anything*. I have read, with horror, your accounts of your most recent marriage and divorce in *OW*, and was glad to see you trying again to put some sense of closure on the whole dreadful thing. Reading those passages has been one of the main things which has kept me from commenting until now; I felt that it was both rude to ignore something which has obviously dominated your life for so long, and presumptuous to offer facile advice and/or claims of empathy at your pain. I have had relationships end in sour introspection and some small personal inconvenience before, but I have certainly never gone through, and nor would I care to endure, as awful and wrenching an experience as you have endured. It seemed like whatever I had to offer would be redundant and probably inappropriate.

I hope that particular part of your life is well behind you now; I also hope that your back is feeling better. I hate it when my back acts up, it seems to make me feel like I can't do anything, even write letters or concentrate on reading something, let alone get any real work done.

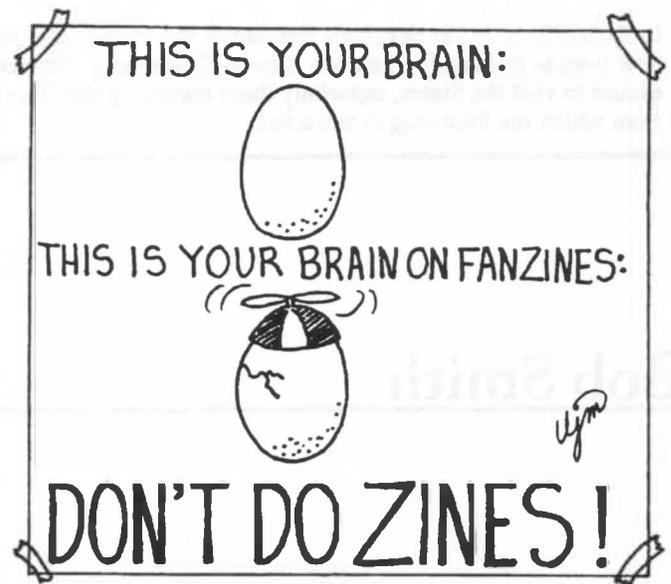
I feel kind of the same way upon reading your problems as I do hearing Harry Warner refer to his difficulty in keeping up with his fanac and the unthinking response of those who hold to against him. To hear that people have castigated a man who has done so much, devoted so much of his life and energy to the fannish community, for failing to respond to their fanzines, is like listening to someone excoriate Mother Teresa for not being a better dresser. I have told him that I wish he *would* slow down, and respond to the fanzines that really move him, without reference to obligations which he has certainly long since fulfilled for life; but in this, like everything, old habits die hard.

The heart of issue #65 is, of course, Dave Rowe's remarkable article on Frank Arnold. It is in my experience functionally unique; I have never before seen one writer devote such space and depth to another fan, while simultaneously presenting a good thumbnail sketch of the times against in which his achievements took place. I was impressed with the number of photographs, and the quality of many of them was quite remarkable.

What impressed me even more was that there was a real sense of plot to the story, as if Frank Arnold were a character out of Joyce or Borges. His great imaginary opus on the history of fantasy is a classic device that seems lifted straight out of fiction itself. As Dave himself points out, there have certainly been figures who achieved more than Frank Arnold, and whose stories had far more uplifting and noteworthy endings. But Dave's treatment is both sensitive and detailed, so that the picture that emerges is of a real, three-dimensional person. It is by far the best piece of fan-writing I have seen thus far in 1993, and you deserve great kudos for devoting so much space and resources to presenting it at length.

I can't honestly complete the take-home test you present at the end of the issue, since I haven't received a copy of #64. Perhaps you pruned me for an issue after my failure to respond, or maybe it failed to follow me after I moved. Nor, as far as I can tell, do I have a copy of #60. But of those which I did receive, the materials which have impressed me most to date include Dave's aforementioned article, Jeanne Bowman's "Oh-Nine-Eight-Two-Corflu", Lucy Huntzinger's Corflu Ocho Tostada speech, and in general, the remarkable art of Linda Michaels, a worthy Hugo nominee.

So thank you again for this entertaining and vital fanzine. I promise I'll try to do better at sending letters in response to future of-



ferings, and would love to submit some material myself. [03/13/93]

LLOYD PENNEY

Thanks for *OW65*...another bastion of fan history, as I see from a quick scan of the zine. An impressive list of contributors, and I see by the list...that my name is spelled wrong. It's Penney, just like the department store. Now that the initial picky-picky is over with, let's see what's inside....

The fan lounge at Magicon was a great place to be, to meet many of the folks I've been corresponding with through zines for the past five years or so. Geri Sullivan was a very gracious host (to me, hostess denotes a waitress with a frilly dress) for the room, and quick glances at the badges revealed friends I hadn't yet met, including Andy Hooper, Geri, Henry Welch, Walt Willis, James White, Benoit Girard, Richard Brandt, Roger Sims and many more that my tired leetle grey cells can't recall at the moment, apologies.

William Breiding sounds like I used to sound about 12-13 years ago... I was in love with the idea of being in love, and desperate to proclaim that I was in a relationship, but I was extremely naïve and inexperienced, and tried to form a couple with a young lady I was attracted to. It was a rough relationship, but I was head over heels, and one thing I failed to even try to discover was the fact that she didn't love me back. She didn't try to stop the relationship because she was fairly naïve herself, but ended the relationship over the phone when I started going to school 3000 miles away. The next relationship I had, I made sure she loved me back, and Yvonne and I will celebrate our 10th wedding anniversary this coming May.

A wonderful tribute to a trufan, if that title was ever deserved. The memories of Frank Arnold shows fandom as a whole that pre-tense aside, a common interest such as a love for sf can bond friends together for half a century. This is why the history of fandom has taken my interest...if there is something in fandom that can unite people for such a long time, I want to find it for myself. I hope fandom will be around when I hit my sixties, for I know that fond memories and friends still around me will give me comfort in my later years. Loneliness robs life from too many people, and I do not want to be lonely again, having spent a good portion of my youth in that state.

I can't count the number of cartoons I've seen that have a bushy-faced fellow with a bush hat and satchel, with the character looking extraordinarily like Mike Glicksohn...any attempts at a fanzine full of these cartoons, and make it a Glicksohn comic book? (Just what Susan would like to see, hm?)

Well, I'm out of fanzine, so I guess I'm out of LoC. I appreciate fanzines like *OW* and *Mimosa* and the like that review the history of fandom in pictures and articles; they're always an interesting read.

[01/24/93]

In Britain back in the Seventies Bob Smith used to edit the fanzine *Blunt* with Mary Smith as well as Dave Rowe, who now lives in Indiana [and far too close to Cincinnati]. That relocation (or was it deportation, Dave?) at least gives Bob an excuse to visit the States, especially those bordering the Ohio River. It was after one such visit that he sent a voice-tape, from which the following is extracted:

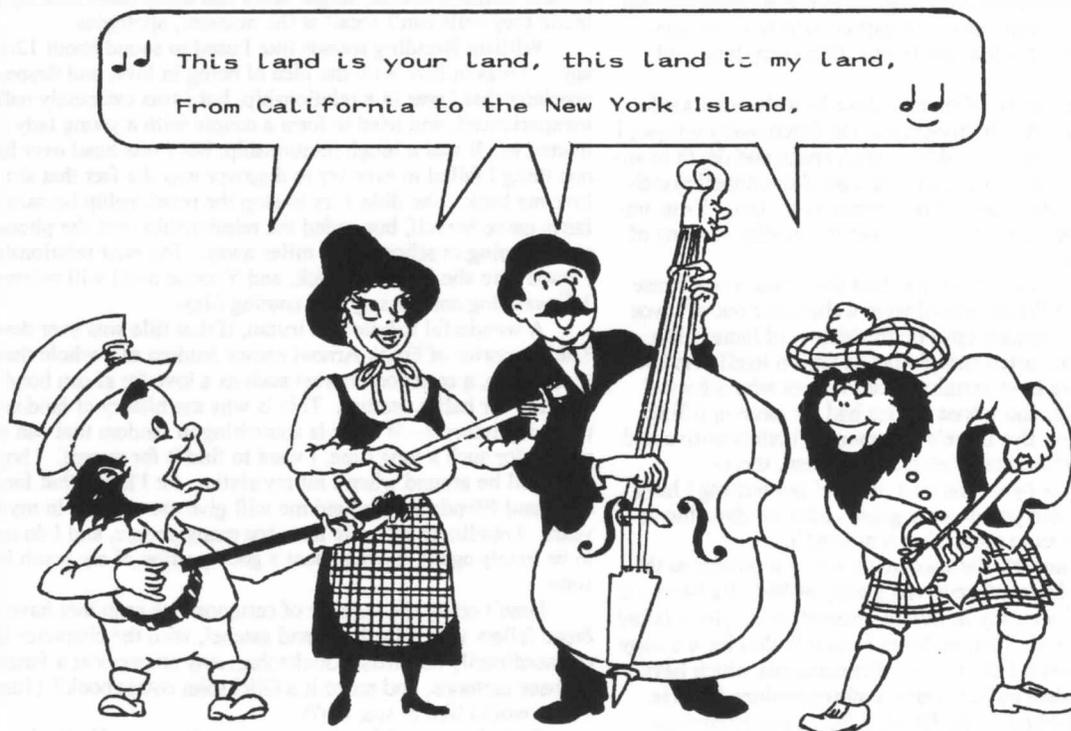
Bob Smith

BANKS OF THE O-HI-O

I FOUND SOME PHOTOGRAPHS the other day. Four young people with musical instruments. Obviously some kind of folk group. Back in the late sixties this type of group got together at churches all across Britain to present music for "Young People" during services. They were called upon from time to time to appear at church social functions or in pageants, etc. In small villages from Lands End to John O'Groats, at more secular occasions, over enthusiastic teenagers belted

out with gusto that This land was their land from the gulf stream waters to the redwood forests. That they had spent fifteen years on the Erie Canal. They'd been working on the railroad and had been on the banks of the O-hi-o.

In the confines of small town small religious communities there were many to sound the praises of these oft-times mediocre minstrels. It was easy to get an inflated idea about the importance to the nation's



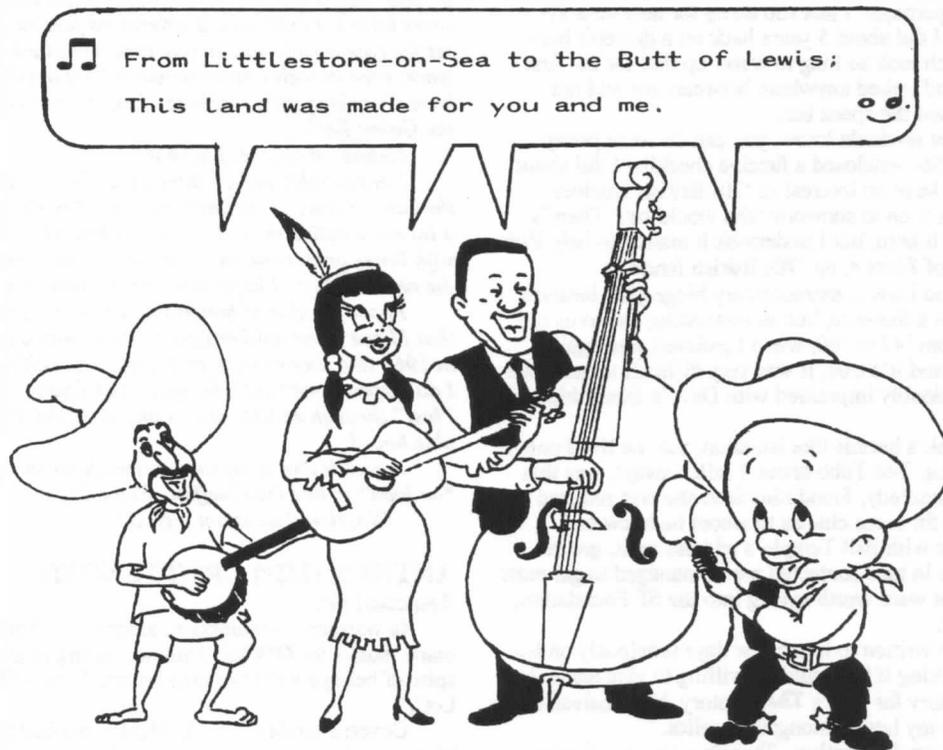
musical heritage such groups could make. But then there were always those times when they had to perform outside of the cocoon to less flattering people than the parochial sycophants. Encouragement is one thing but sometimes it's kinder to tell the truth. Once they were called upon to appear at a Conservative Party cheese and wine party. The host presented them as the Seekers (a moderately popular commercial folk group at that time). It was, you see, his little joke. The crowd half listened to about ten seconds of the carefully rehearsed evenings' program, then they turned and resumed talking among themselves. The host ushered the flustered folk group out, the joke having gone down rather well, so he thought. The good burgers of Little Doinginthe-day-time Conservative Party were not interested in hearing about the Wabash Cannonball.

On another occasion this band of would-be Seekers were performing in a church pageant at the local Congregational Church, where they were based. The occasion was, if I remember correctly, the launch of the missionary ship the John Williams IV. There was some controversy over whether the line in a song was "It's my hope and joy" or "Tis my hope and joy". Come the big day, in front of two hundred people, half the group went one way and the other two went

the other. The resounding amplified final chorus of "Tits my hope and joy" was followed by a rather embarrassed silence. To make things worse, the base player was supposed to call upon the faithful to pray for God to bless our worship. Well it was an easy mistake to make; worship does look like war ship.

There were of course folk clubs. Real dens of iniquity. Like dark dungeons, where singers stood with a pint pot of ale in one hand and the index finger of the other hand firmly wedged in their ear, while they whined nasally their way through ribald songs that either began "As I walked out....." or "Come all ye fair....." The Crofters, for despite not having been within five hundred miles of a croft is how this group were called, did appear once or twice at folk clubs. As they didn't sing about maidens being drilled into sentry boxes by handsome dragons they usually were given a polite but lukewarm reception. Perhaps this is how dungeons and dragons got started. It was extremely unlikely that these offspring of middle class suburban teachers, civil servants, and merchants would know about picking bails of cotton or working on the railroad. Although at least one of them some twenty-five years later did get to see the banks of the O-hi-o.

— Bob Smith





A. VINCENT CLARKE

Many thanks for *Outworlds 65*, and the extra copy which I've just sent to Sid Birchby as requested. Sid was one of the pre-war fans along with Walt Gillings, Arthur C. Clarke, etc., and continued to keep in touch throughout the '50s, but then tailed off. He had a stroke a couple of years ago, but has mostly recovered. I'm sure he'll be glad to see OW65 with so much on his old friends, tho' I'd already lent him Dave Rowe's rough draft.

Having an Amstrad 8256 myself I sympathise with the necessity to use that horrible 17cpi type-face. In fact, when I contemplated putting my fanzine collection/library into a list, I held off for a long time because I couldn't bear to use that font. I've since managed to get the two discs containing Locoscript 2.28 which has quite a decent small face.

Incidentally, the above-mentioned fanzine list is on the backburner, mainly because every time I consider writing down the details of 7000 fanzines with notes of the contents of the most famous (for the benefit of people wanting to borrow same) I break into a cold sweat. One day, perhaps. I just rub along for now on a 57-page reduced elite list I did about 5 years back on a decrepit borrowed typewriter, which took so long to warm up that for the first half-hour it coughed and jerked anywhere between one and ten spaces when you touched the space bar.

Meanwhile, as you no doubt know, you can do some pretty neat things with an 8256—enclosed a fanzine checklist I did about 18 months ago. If you have no interest in '70s British fanzines could you perhaps pass it on to someone who would be? There's virtually no interest in it here, but I undertook it mainly to help Rob Hansen in his writing of *Then 4*, on '70s British fandom.

Back to OW65 and Dave's extraordinary biography, because Frank was more-or-less a footnote, but an interesting one to us old timers. I knew him from '47 to '60, when I gafiated, and again from '81 to his death, and it's true, it was very difficult to get close to him. I'm therefore doubly impressed with Dave's friendship with him.

Some idea of Frank's hermit-like isolation, tho' he lived only a few miles from fans (e.g. Ted Tubb about 2 miles away), was that when Mrs. Jones, his landlady, found him dead she was reduced to looking at Xmas cards for some clue as to whom he knew in Britain. She found one with Bill Temple's address on it, got in touch with him, and he in turn contacted me. I managed to get most of Frank's sf books that were worth saving into the SF Foundation, our national repository.

Oddly enough, I'd written to him a few days previously on behalf of Rob Hansen, asking if he would be willing to give some details of ancient fan history for Rob's *Then* history, but received no answer and didn't find my letter amongst his relics.

The photos were very interesting. There's a couple of points: the gent with a pipe in between Pam Bulmer and Mike Rosenblum

in the large Con photo is in fact my old flat-mate Ken Bulmer, not Ted Carnell as stated. And the lady half-hidden in a '57 photo with Eric Frank Russell and others, designated 'unknown', is in fact Rory Faulkner, a 69-year-old Californian fan (several mentions in A WEALTH OF FABLE).

I'm very dubious about the identification of Mike Wilson also, but of course the years cloud memories, and a lot of the time I knew Mike his hair was cropped for Army service.

Finally, Harry Warner reckons he's having trouble coping with large fanzines? I've had trouble coping with any size, so am very grateful when someone forgets my sins (of omission). And the references to lost loves make me shudder, still. I was there before I gafiated for 20 years...
[Jan 30th, 1993]

■ ...I was wondering where you got the impression that the lettercol in #65 was done on an Amstrad; probably because of my comments to Walt Willis, which weren't terribly coherent. Actually I did produce my fanzines for several years on an Amstrad, and I remember it—despite all its limitations—with nostalgia. In fact I still have it, sitting among a stack of boxes in one corner of the living room. I can't bear to throw it out, yet I'm certain there's no market for it over here. (In fact, it was only a couple of months ago, when I received this system, that I packed-up the Amstrad manuals, along with a ton of other CP/M stuff—a couple of years "run" of *Your Amstrad*, for instance.)

In the late '80s I "graduated" from the PCW to a Kaypro... in many ways the American equivalent to the Amstrad. During my Traumas that was taken away and although I eventually got it back, in the meantime a friend had gifted me with her Kaypro, and that is what OW65 was published on: the lettercol was printed out on a loaner dot matrix printer (ugly type fonts are not restricted to Locoscript!), and Dave's article was printed on a baby daisy-wheel printer, that took the same print-wheel as my (then working) typer.

I still also have the (two) Kaypros, and the daisy wheel printer... in the very same living room. I'd still be using them, were it not for the generosity of Jackie and Dave.

Despite the wondrous New Toy, I don't feel "superior" to anyone, just blessed. I'm probably one of the few still "active" fans who's first fanzine was literally published on a hectograph. (And despite "scare" warnings, my copy is still readable, thirty-seven years later.) I published a letterpress fanzine (even though I didn't set the type myself) and at one time owned a letterpress and a vari-typer, even though I never actually "did anything" with either. I have a working ditto machine. Yes, in the living room. But I can't see Going Back.

Unless, of course, I have to!

I'm probably more "interested" in '70s British fanzines than the current ones. I certainly have a lot more of them, because I was a lot more active then. In recent years, when I did publish, it was with lower print runs and, I'm afraid, the overseas distribution was the one to suffer. I hope to do better, this time 'round.

I have no idea of how many fanzines I actually have. I know that I have never deliberately thrown away a fanzine since I started in 1960 (the time of your gafiation, ironically), although these days I do dispense with such things as con flyers. True, some have been "lost" through endless moves and attrition, but I still have a sizable hoard.

...even if one of my most prized fannish publications has been *on loan* to one Dan Steffan. Since 1973.

(No, that date is not a typo.)

ARTHUR (1/2r) CRUTTENDEN

Respected Sir,

(a warranted assumption, since Dave Rowe approves of you), many thanks for OW65. I am now going to attempt to prove that in spite of being a writer of mad letters, I can still do the occasional LoC.

Cover: a circle (...?...). Having pubbed my (2) ishes I know! Nice one. For some reason your colophon reminds me of ATom's work. Ask Dave Rowe why—he would explain much better than I.

Recognize quite a lot of your contributor's names and not just the Brit's. From what I know of them, anticipated entertainment, rightly so as it turned out.

Liked the way you started out in the middle of a paragraph, as tho' you were turning back to continue an interrupted conversation.

Re fan artists and late recognition, in Craig's LoC. Could this be at least in part due to the even now relatively low spread of information? It takes time to build up a rep—even a supernova isn't noticed immediately (I for one don't want to be in its vicinity!).

Wonder if it works the other way? Does enjoying a fanz by an editor you've not yet met predispose you toward them if you do? Thinking about that I have come up with a Yes in one case, at least.

Why does this always happen to me? Short break for a cigar and a read—Kipling—and what do I find—in A DIVERSITY OF CREATURES but a short story titled "The Vortex" with a mention of Cincinnati. First time I'd seen it for many a long, then twice in two separate publications in two days.

Both Harry Warner, Jr. And Brian E. B. mention Tristram Sandy—any relation to Tristram Shandy?

Humour carrying—your response to Lloyd Penney. In England we have Irish jokes and at cons I've heard the same jokes told by Yanks as Polack jokes.

Buck: I've never understood why you folk make such a fuss about baseball, or rounders as we call it. We play it in infant and primary school until we are grown-up enough to learn cricket, the adult summer game. As for what you have done to rugby—I weep sir, I weep! Yes, I know that I do but respond to a response by Buck to Frank Johnson.

Don't know what to say about "the Chronicles"—except "Impressive".

And now the hardest: "Frank".

I had read it before. Dave sent me the rough for comment and addition—not that I could add much—tho' I have been reminded of a few things: a visit to his flat over-looking the A40 for a party to celebrate the 30th of the S.F.A., seeing Frank's collection, and being instantly, madly jealous. Chatting with him at the Globe or One Tun and being consistently out-quoted. Leafing through the Visitor's Book and hearing him reminisce about some of them. Dave has done a really good job of tying events to times. 1/10d worth of meat at a time when 2/6d (half-a-crown) was called half-a-dollar because it, at 1/8 of a pound, was just that with four dollars to the pound.

's no good; re-reading "Frank" has stirred up a lot of memories, but not to put on paper, so I'll close with thanks for a most enjoyable 'mag. [31st January, 1993]

■ ...and thank you for a most enjoyable letter... which I hope I have deciphered "correctly". With no malice at all, your hand-writing is fully the "equal" of others I know.

...including my own!

JOSEPH T MAJOR

You know, this jagged edge of fanzine pubbing is going to disconcert someone. Probably the sort of people who are so mundane and time-bound that they expect issue 64 of a magazine to follow issue 63.

Craig Smith should count himself lucky. I hear that the big contestants for Best Fan Artist are skipping the tawdry and tacky fanzine field and going straight to the con art shows. Like it is with Best Fan Writer, where BBS-only types stand ready to drown out us few antiquarians who stick to paper and print. Oh well, I suppose it is no worse than the WorldCon's *Locus* Award, erroneously referred to as the Best Semiprozine Hugo.

Some comments on "Frank" by Dave Rowe. When Rowe deplores (and not without some cause) the "Means Test", think of the modern-day means test of Medicare. Old-age hospitalization can get bloodsucking. (The proposed cure can be worse than the disease. Sometimes kids with leukemia used to try to get measles because for some reason in some cases it sometimes was associated with a remission. Of course, if some of the more nasty side-effects

of measles went through, your leukemic kid was now also deaf...)

Besides the old, unfit, and infirm, the Home Guard (originally styled "Local Defence Volunteers" [and known perforce as "Look, Duck, and Vanish"]) until Churchill suggested a name that was a little more euphonious) contained the pre-conscriptees. Some of those old folks were a little odd, as in the case of the Home Guard squad that contained six retired generals, who each wore their full array of medals and insignia, and one former civilian. So much for a revolutionary peoples' army on the scale of the POUM of Catalonia, Mr. Blair.

In re note 14 about the dumpability of crooks in office: While the Australian governor-general's change of Whitlam's government was likely the right thing to do under the circumstances, it also fed the fires of republicanism there by people who think an elected indigenous president would never dream of doing such a thing. And have you noticed how all those nasty little leaks about Royal misdeeds tend to turn up in the papers of Mr. Murdoch, at that time still only an Australian press baron?

Frank might have been amused by a little note on security clearances. America's greatest code-breaker, William F. Friedman, never got a security clearance. America's biggest traitor code-stealer, John Walker, got a security clearance without the least trouble, his Ku Klux Klan ties notwithstanding.

It is entirely possible, you know, that the reason Mrs. Thatcher won in spite of promising to put up unemployment was that the electorate liked someone who said what she would do and did it instead of promising one thing and doing another.

It is very simple how to eliminate the outcome of more people voting against the winning party than for it; just abolish all parties except two. Of course, then some people might get the idea to take this little procedure another step along....

Nice to see that someone else found Peter Wright's epic tome *HOW I COULD HAVE VANQUISHED THE RED RUSSIAN MENACE AND SAVED THE WEST HAD IT NOT BEEN FOR MY TRAITOR BOSS COMMIE-RAT SIR ROGER HOLLIS*, which a desperate but considerate publisher, thinking of the potential strain on bookstore, library, et cetera cataloging people, retitled *SPYCATCHER*, to be less than fully together intellectually. I wonder how much it cost Wright's publishers to get the book banned? They must have recouped their expense a hundred times over.

Overall, the history of Frank and the Circle sounds so archetypically. I see so many of those events repeated in other places. Like the fan who went back to his old university SF club and found the big debate being over whether to show "*Beauty and the Beast*" reruns or war movies on the club VCR—there was maybe one member who was not a wargamer or media fan. Or the various LASFS histories that seem to ignore leading figures, and we are talking about a club that has somehow managed to remain somewhat science-fiction oriented. It was sad to see how Arthur C. Clarke (!?) could find himself an outsider. Perhaps Leah Zeldes Smith is right when she says that fandom, once a crowd of special people with diverse interests, has become diverse crowds of people with special interests. [01/25/93]

LINDA MICHAELS

I've been corrected, often: It's friends don't let friends run world-cons.

Dave Rowe's Frank Arnold article read like a deSade novel: the action progresses, then time out for a lecture, then back to the action. All those interspersed history lessons did muddle the heavy-duty theme of the need to dream despite our own mortality, thankfully. Otherwise, combined with Breiding's letters & glimpses into your own life, this would have been one major depressing issue. The (...) of the photos, however, could not be mitigated by words. Arnold seemed like a secondary character who could go under the name of EVERYFAN, but for that alone he's most worthy of our attention. Makes you wonder what the local fans will write about you when you're gone. That Dr. Who fan of today may be your fan biographer of tomorrow. Maybe it's time we embraced a sort of JOHN DOE FANDOM & get to know our neighbors.

[rec'd 01/23/93]



Sam Moskowitz

FENTON ASH: A Son of the Stars

WHO FIRST DISCOVERED THE FACT THAT FRANK AUBREY, author of *A QUEEN OF ATLANTIS* which was serialized in America's *The Argosy* February to August, 1899 and went into hardcover from Hutchinson, London the same year, and Fenton Ash, author of *A SON OF THE STARS*, serialized in Britain's *Young England* for October, 1907 to September, 1908, were both pen names for an F. Atkins is not known, but at least as early as 1950 *Dime Novel Round-Up* had printed a column by Stanley Pachon showing the relationship of Aubrey and Atkins. In his Summer, 1966 catalog, Richard Witter, Bookseller, advertised a copy of *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* autographed by the author declaring this affinity in his own handwriting and it was asserted that the British science fiction writer Arthur Sellings had further documentary evidence of this fact at the time.

Frank Aubrey was listed in *THE LITERARY YEAR-BOOK* for 1900 as author of *A QUEEN OF ATLANTIS* and his address as "c/o The Literary Revision Society, 342 Strand, London, w.c.". He was not listed in 1901. There is also a disagreement about his first and middle name. W. O. G. Lofts and D. J. Adley, in their reference *THE MEN BEHIND BOYS' FICTION* (1970) have him down as Frank A. Atkins, and Peter Nicholls' *THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA* also lists him as Frank Atkins on the authority of British book dealer

John Eggeling – that is in 1979, but in 1983 Eggeling (in *VICTORIAN SCIENCE FICTION*) has changed his mind and gives the name as Francis Henry Atkins! One would assume that the later information would logically be correct. One would not be too greatly concerned except that the previously mentioned year book also lists a Frederick Anthony Atkins who is editor of three periodicals and one wonders at the similarity of the initials with Frank A. Atkins.

The biographical sketch in *VICTORIAN SCIENCE FICTION IN THE UK*, edited by Darko Suvin (G. K. Hall, Boston, 1983) gives Atkins' birth in 1840 and his death in 1927. That sketch, with that of Lofts and Adley's, together with Eggeling in *THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA*, provide the most information. He was said to have been born in Oxford, son of an Engineer. They all agree that he was brought up in South Wales, "on the shore of the Bristol Channel". He had a background in engineering, what specialty is not given and in the early 1890's was said to own a factory in London, but the nature of the manufacture is not given. Apparently he had given up the factory and begun writing before the beginning of the twentieth century under the name of Frank Aubrey. *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* appeared in book form in 1896 and this novel of a lost race in South America and man-eating plants was an

I note that with the John Giunta article [in *Outworlds* 62] you use up the material by me on hand (sent to you in 1988!). Because of my eye problem I am not in a position to research and write something new, but I have a piece on hand that might prove useful to you.

When Camille Cazedessus decided to publish *The Fantasy Collector* a few years ago as an advertiser's magazine, he approached me at the Confederation and asked if I knew anything about Fenton Ash, since as a feature of his new magazine (actually a continuation of *ERB-dom*, sans the emphasis on Edgar Rice Burroughs), he was going to reproduce from the original text *THE SON OF THE STARS* by Fenton Ash, which had never been reprinted in any form since its initial publication in *Young England* in 1907 and 1908. No one knew very much about Ash and he wondered if I could do some introductory material for him to justify the reprinting of the story. I agreed and turned out a 3,000 word article on Ash, without going into detail on his fiction. Instead of appreciating the effort, he serialized it over 15 issues of his magazine, some installments 2 ½ paragraphs long. This was probably the most comprehensive thing ever done on Fenton Ash, and in this presentation it was almost useless either as entertainment or information. I am enclosing a copy of the article, and if you think you would like to publish it complete, some day collectors may bless you.

—Sam Moskowitz, 2/3/92

immense success, going through edition after edition for at least the next 10 years and bids to be the most common "rare" book of them all. In the same series was *THE KING OF THE DEAD* (1903). This novel is an unsatisfactory mixture of science fiction, mysticism and the supernatural and sold so few copies that there were periods when its existence was challenged. The number of confirmed copies in the hands of collectors may be as few as three but certainly not more than six. It has never been reprinted.

All accounts of Aubrey/Atkins say he suffered a scandal at the turn of the century. None describe the nature of the scandal so the information may have been derived from a common source. This, it is surmised, resulted in his switching to the pen name of Fenton Ash, but the possibility that the switch was due to the disastrous sales of *THE KING OF THE DEAD* under the Aubrey name should not be discounted

THE PRECISE STORY ON WHICH HE FIRST BEGAN to use the pen name of Fenton Ash has not been established, because he contributed short stories as well as novels to publications and some of his work appeared in the United States. By 1905 the Frank Aubrey name had been pretty well discarded except for reissues of *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO*. Most of the Fenton Ash works were slanted at the teenage audience and were first serialized in the numerous boy's magazines extant in England at that time, some of them aimed at the wealthier classes and reflecting their audience in their smooth paper and format, even running color illustrations for special events. For example, *THE BLACK OPAL*, a novel of a civilization in The Sargasso Sea with futuristic devices first was serialized in *The Big Budget* in 1905. *THE RADIUM SEEKERS*, which a year earlier in 1904 had run in installments in *The Boy's Realm*, was another lost-race novel of a civilization that had a certain amount of advanced technology. This novel made the Fenton Ash reputation and was popular when it appeared in hardcovers in 1905 from Sir Isaac Pitman & Son. The same year with the same publisher he used another pen name, Fred Ashley, for *THE TEMPLE OF FIRE*, which focused on a race of mutants who lived in the water and had webbed feet to facilitate swimming. Possibly the publisher did not want to have two titles issued the same year by the same author, so the second pen name was merely a device to facilitate early publication. It should be mentioned that most of the Aubrey/Ash books had very well printed and bound first editions, liberally illustrated with drawings on tipped-in coated stock. Later there would be cheaper editions and still later paperbound reissues.

In line with this procedure of first serializing the story was the appearance of *A SON OF THE STARS*. This magazine (*Young England*) issued by The Pilgrim Press, London was 29 years old in October, 1907, when it began serialization of the novel and appealed to the more well-to-do families. It had 48 letter-sized pages printed on a high quality of paper, issued monthly, in a handsome, large readable type and illustrated throughout by top professional artists. Acknowledging that boys were interested in science it ran a monthly page "From Engine Room & Laboratory" of scientific and mechanical material so a novel of technological adventure fitted in with the policy of the paper. What was extraordinary was that the first installment of the serial was illustrated by a full-color gatefold (a gatefold is a tipped-in insert that may be two to three times the normal size of the page, but folded to fit in when the magazine is bound). This gatefold, captioned "The Return to Mars" was reproduced from a painting by Watson Charlton, who handsomely illustrated the other twelve chapters of the story. It showed a group of men on the deck of a Martian airship, waving to another giant vessel drifting by, with a Martian city stretched out beneath them. It would be effective in any publication even today. Simultaneously with *A SON OF THE STARS*, serialization was begun of *WUL-*

NOTH THE WANDERER by H. Escott-Inman, a tale told in the old Viking manner and collected by many fantasy fans as an associational novel. Ash's novel, as far as can be discovered, was never published in hardcover, though the 12 issues in which it appeared were available bound from the publisher and are most often found in that form.

Set in the planetary background of *A SON OF THE STARS* was *THE KING OF MARS*, serialized in 21 weekly installments in *The Sunday Circle* (England) Nos. 217 to 242 embracing the months of January through June 1909 and liberally illustrated by the artist E. A. Holloway. This is more familiar to most science fiction collectors under the title of *A TRIP TO MARS* (W. R. Chambers, Edinburgh, 1909), with its attractive gold, blue and red pictorial binding showing a close-up of the Martians against the background of their city and a flying machine, illustrated with six paintings in color by W. H. C. Groome. As a hardcover book it was probably second only in popularity to *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO*, but it was reported that Ash/Atkins sold all rights to it for only 40 pounds, the equivalent of \$200, though the buying power of money was probably ten times what it is today. Two boys on Earth are picked up by a Martian space ship and taken to The Red Planet where they engage in colorful adventures and political intrigues.

Ash's first juvenile for teenagers (*THE RADIUM SEEKERS*) had received rave reviews from a wide circle of newspapers and magazines, a full-page of which was quoted in back of *A TRIP TO MARS*. Many of them compared him to Jules Verne. Very typical of them was the one from *The Daily Telegraph* which stated: "The author, Fenton Ash, has conceived a tale which suggests Jules Verne, Rider Haggard and Fenimore Cooper in their boldest and most entrancing moods." Even the women's magazines gave him the seal of approval, *Lady* including the statement: "An original and extraordinarily fascinating romance of the Jules Verne school, brought absolutely up to date, and backed by a certain amount of scientific fact."

In acknowledgment of this praise Ash included in his "Preface" an appreciation saying: "In the case of my former book—my first written for young readers—I inserted a preface stating at some length my reasons for taking up the writing of stories of the kind. In it I point out that I had endeavoured to combine amusement with a little wholesome instruction; and that what might at first sight appear to be mere irresponsible flights of fanciful imagination had, in reality, in all cases some quasi-scientific foundation.

"Doubtless such a preface is unusual in a work of fiction, and even more so in one intended chiefly for boys; but the result proved that its intention was understood and appreciated. I should show myself ungrateful indeed if I omitted, at the first opportunity, to record my deep sense of the kindly sympathy and approval with which that preface and the whole book were received by those reviewers—and they were many—who favoured my work with a notice."

It is obvious that as Fenton Ash, Atkins had built a second reputation to add to that of Frank Aubrey. Additionally, the elaborately illustrated format of both his magazine and book appearances indicated that he was held in considerable respect by the publishers.

Well-known to collectors is *BY AIRSHIP TO OPHIR*, issued in 1911 by John F. Shaw, a search, by air for the lost city of Ophir in Africa and *THE BLACK OPAL*, also issued by John F. Shaw, this one in 1915 from a 1905 serial in *The Big Budget*.

There have been a number of stories by Ash which have appeared in boy's periodicals and in adult magazines which have never been collected in book form. Some have never been recorded in any bibliography and others have been published anonymously. He also wrote non-fiction from time to time. During the period these stories were appearing, he served as film critic on at least one London news-

paper.

Atkins had a son, Frank Atkins, Jr., who was believed to have also been a writer. John Eggeling in Nicholls' *THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA* makes the claim that publishers files show that his son sometimes used the name Fenton Ash. He further claims that the son wrote under the pen name of F. St. Mars.

Lofts and Adley in *THE MEN BEHIND BOYS' FICTION*, also note that Aubrey/Ash/Atkins had a son with the same name and suggest that there may have been confusion between the two. They also have a long entry on F. St. Mars with no indication that he was the son.

St. Mars was already a very popular writer of predominantly wildlife stories—animals, birds, fish, insects—literally hundreds of them appearing in a range of magazines from boy's publications to high-level family publications, writing *simultaneously* with Ash, even appearing in one of the issues of *Young England* in 1907 along with a chapter of *A SON OF THE STARS*. That particular story was about a contest between two stags for supremacy and the grim outcome. Often no human beings appeared in St. Mars' stories at all.

Eggeling needs to specify *what* records confirm that St. Mars is the son of Aubrey/Ash/Atkins and just what in them indicates that. St. Mars did write a series of future war stories between England and Germany in 1910, but this was atypical of him and these stories were never collected in book form. They seemed to be part of the future war craze that ended with the outbreak of WWI.

The copy of *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* which Arthur Sellings sent to Richard Witter and which contained a handwritten statement by Atkins that Aubrey and Ash were one and the same, was sold to Stuart Teitler, the well-known rare book dealer now resident in San Francisco, but Sellings had retained a copy of *A TRIP TO MARS* with even more extensive documentary material. This copy he sold to rare book dealer George Locke of London, who described the nature of the inscriptions in his book *A SPECTRUM OF FANTASY* (Ferret Fantasy Ltd., 1980). "...the author's own copy," Locke wrote, "On the reverse of the fly is the inscription: 'This book to be returned to the author Fenton Ash His very last copy'. On the reverse of the frontispiece is 'Fenton Ash This book must be returned to the author being the very last copy'. Beneath that in a slightly different and older ink: 'To Florrie, with love, from Frank'. Two or three addresses, in South London, are inscribed in the book. At the head of the preface, in ball point pen (i.e., the 1940's or later) is written 'Floy Fenton Ash' and an address in East Grinstead. Arthur Sellings, who sold me the book in the late fifties or early sixties, said that had been a nursing home of some kind. Laid in is a leaflet of four pages put out by Hutchinson, printing reviews of Frank Aubrey's novel *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO*. Written in the author's hand on this is: 'Fenton Ash is Frank Aubrey'."

These notes by Ash/Aubrey put into strong question facts recorded in Darko Suvin's volume. The first of these is Atkins' first and middle name. Lofts and Adley have it as "Frank A.". Eggeling, in *THE SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA* also has it as Frank, possibly picking it up from Lofts and Adley. Suvin gives the name as Francis Henry Atkins. This is a sharp difference from Frank, enough so it could be wrong. No source is provided by the various books. However, the inscribed copy owned by Locke has the author, in an affectionate note to someone, obviously close to him, possibly even his wife, signing his name "Frank". Then there is the question of the middle initial which is given as "A." in one case and "Henry" in the other. Then again, the pen name of Frank Aubrey sounds very much like the authors actual name is Frank Aubrey Atkins. The pen name Fenton Ash also has the same initials (F.) and (A.). The other pen name Fred Ashley also has the same initials, (F.) and (A.). I therefore feel that Suvin's book has picked up the record of a different Atkins. I have other reasons for suspecting

this. The birth and death dates of Atkins were apparently obtained from the same source as the name. They are given as 1840 to 1927. If they are accurate, they would make Atkins 56 years old when he scored in 1896 with his novel *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* and 64 when he first had issued his second success *THE RADIUM SEEKERS* in 1905. In England, at the turn of the century, the average life expectancy was 45 years. A 64-year-old man was quite an advanced age to be getting up steam in any profession. If he died in 1927 that would have made him 87 years of age. There might well have been a reference to that in Britain's *Bookman's* magazine.

But more important, we have Locke's inscribed copy of *A TRIP TO MARS*, written in a *ball point pen*, an instrument which had not been invented in 1927, and presumably in Atkin's handwriting. Now Lofts and Adley note in their listing of Frank St. Mars, that he "Died in the twenties according to a magazine to which he contributed, but there is no trace [substitute 'record'] in this country of his death." Notice the scholarly failure of *all* parties to give specifics. Why would it have been so difficult to give the name of the magazine that printed the statement that St. Mars had died in the twenties? Why would it have been so difficult for Eggeling to give the source of his statement that F. St. Mars was Atkins son? Why would it have been so difficult for Suvin to have given the source of the surnames of Atkins and birth and death dates? If St. Mars actually was Atkins son, then his death could have been confused with at of his father's.

Now, if Atkins lived until the ball point pen was common, that would have at least made him 100 years old by 1940 which does not seem likely. What seems more likely is that his correct birth date was not obtained. Let us write another scenario. Let us say that he was born roughly about 1860. This would have had him scoring with *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* at the age of 36, a much more likely probability. That would have made him 45 when *THE RADIUM SEEKERS* was published. If St. Mars was actually his son, he could have been in his twenties when he was simultaneously contributing to the same publications as his "father". It would have Atkins in his eighties in the 1940's when he inscribed his book with a ball point pen. And the copy of the book, even though it was at the last in the possession of Atkins, could have been initially given to his wife because it had been inscribed "to Florrie with love" and since he lived to an advanced age she may have died before him, which was why a book autographed to someone else was still in his possession. The foregoing is merely a hypothesis trying to resolve conflicting and unsubstantiated information.

All the foregoing having been set down, Aubrey/Ash/Atkins, regardless of the quality of his individual works, is worth studying and investigating because of the *quantity* of science fiction and related works he produced, beginning in an era when specialization in the genre was rare. Since one of his novels, *THE DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO* was by the standards of the eighteen nineties a bestseller, and several of the others were very popular, he was undoubtedly influential. There is also a lesson to be learned for contemporary writers and readers of science fiction, when one reads from the reviews that they categorized him as a Jules Verne "brought absolutely up to date, and backed by a certain amount of scientific fact."

Eighty years after it was written, it is easy to criticize it as a dated piece, but readers of the turn of the century thought it "absolutely up to date." If you think his writing style is archaic, *The Pall Mall Gazette*, which published many of the science fiction short stories of H. G. Wells thought Ash "handles the marvelous with no little skill, and the current of his narrative is impetuous and compelling." Works must be evaluated in context of the times in order to give them a correct bearing.

— Sam Moskowitz

SYDNEY J. BOUNDS

Nice production and I enjoyed the illustrations, especially the back cover.

Of course, the main item for me is the article on Frank Arnold. Apart from being a fine tribute, this is also a piece of nostalgia. Dave has done a fine job of bringing the old days to life.

The photographs are fascinating; suits and ties; not a pair of jeans or tee-shirt in sight.

I detect only one error, on page (what, no numbers?) ... In the photo on the opposite page to that headed "1958-1969", you have: Pamela Bulmer; Ted Carnell (w/pipe); Mike Rosenblum. The gentleman with the pipe is not Ted Carnell, but Ken Bulmer.

I enjoyed the whole thing immensely and thank you for printing it. [02/02/93]

JEANNE BOWMAN

I'm looking at *Outworlds 65* here. Figgered all these phone calls about [what drugs you're taking] your health aren't any substitute for a written comment on what you *do*. What's this bit about 'Homework'?? Oh, Linda Michaels covers, a ListMania by Bowers, Craig Smith's Post-it™ Note Fandom, Chris Sherman's postcards (in case you think I just look at the pictures & short stuff...). And articles/columns. Homework—didn't I already send you a column sort of thing? Or was that a letter of comment.... [04/14/93]

RICHARD BRANDT

Michelle woke me up Sunday thrusting a newspaper in my face. Bleary-eyed, I stared at a headline which, I eventually pieced together, read: 'World War III Inevitable Unless U.S. Moves in Serbia'.

Do you have any idea what it's like to wake up and groggily confront a headline that starts off with the words "World War III"?

Then, last night, I stood in line at a convenience store and gazed upon the headline in the *Weekly World News*:

DEAD PSYCHIC TELLS OF LIFE IN HEAVEN!

I could keep mulling over the logic of that one all night, but I should turn to locking the latest issues of *Outworlds* and sundry on hand.

You know, I just marked the twelfth anniversary of my arrival in El Paso.

Don't see me putting out any fanzines to crow over the fact, though.... Of course, if I had as talented a crew of locals as you, that would be a different matter. (A copy of the FAPazine marking my tenth is available on demand. Update follows.)

So, you've been coping with prednisone? That's what the doctor gave me to bring back my usual slightly-less-rosy complexion on my return from Ditto. I had earlier been taking some cortisone (orally and an injection or two) for some swollen tissue over my collarbone, which after much thought I eventually realized was more than likely due to being hit too frequently with a length of PVC. Last year, I figure, I took more cortisone into my person than I had in my life, which had been, in fact, none at all.

Anyway, on to *OW63*. Great covers; I am much taken with Linda these days.

Am I merely another variety of the Disgusting Yuppie Larva infesting your mailing list like overstuffed silverfish? Seems I'll be flying out to Calgary on the 13th; Mobil is inviting me on a ski trip to Banff. (Hey, maybe that passport will come in useful after all. Well, probably not. Unless we stray *severely* off course.) They won't cover the air fare, though, so after researching exactly how much business throws our way, so they'd know how much they could lose if they really piss Mobil off by not letting them see their favorite fanwriter in person, the company decide to spring for it. They were flying me West anyway: I'm helping teach two companies in California how to do their business. So on the 17th I fly from Calgary to Burbank; then we rent a car and drive to Bakersfield to show Mojave Pipeline the ropes, thence on to L.A. for a week with SoCal. We fly back the night of the 22nd. (The 23rd is Amtgard's Midwinter Feast at

the Franklin Town Opera House....) Then on the 24th, I have to fly *back* to L.A. for another week, as part of a team discussing whether to offer our scheduling system as a software package to our California customers. (First I was told I'd be flying out; then I was told I was part of a new project; then I was told I'd be briefed eventually on what the project was. It's all starting to come together....) Michelle is only putting up with this because I can charge my laundry to the hotel. I've told her she should drive out to L.A. (by way of a visit with our friends in Vegas), but truth is, despite the company's unrealistically high opinion of me, and the miles I'll be logging on their behalf, we just don't have the pocket money handy for any incidental extravagances, like paying the bills on time.

■ [...herewith, a switch to handwriting...]

I'm at LAX (why didn't I go ahead & buy that ZEDS notebook???), which is leaking profusely in a January L.A. rain. Los Angeles seems to have designed its airport the way El Paso designed its roads, i.e., without a thought of the consequences of precipitation, rare as it may be.

Anyway, Jeanne's Corflu report was way cool, and I'm happy to see that she and, elsewhere, Andy Hooper have enshrined some of its moments in our fannish racial memory. Even if she did leave out her introduction of Don Herron to me:

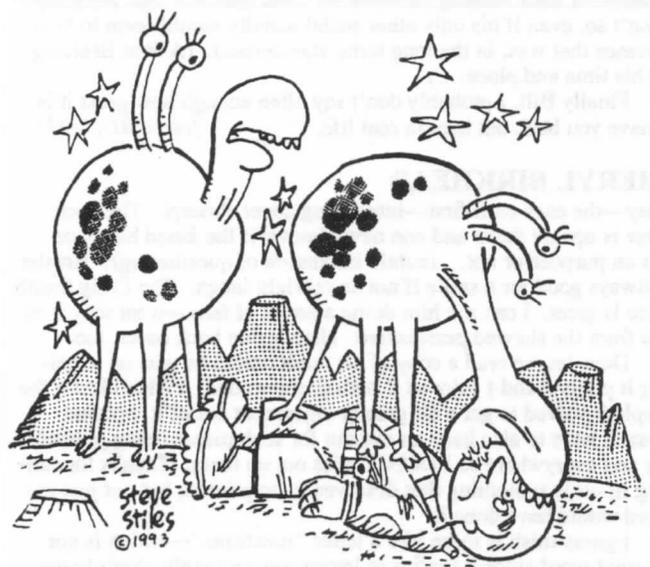
- JB: "I'd like you to meet the man I slept with to win TAFF."
- Me: "Well, if you really think it'll help...."

Incidentally, I'm enormously flattered and touched by Mr. Glicksohn's regard for my contributions (much more so than his grudging admiration for my tenacity at Ditto's gaming tables). Such fondly received egoboo makes up for the relative paucity of feedback on my Armes biography. Even Mr. Kaufman can only speak of my writing in comparison with that other ex-TAFF candidate. Am I doomed to be spoken of only in terms of Ms. Bowman as the standard against which all fanwriting must be judged???

Well, I guess there's worse things than being held up to Jeanne Bowman.

Curse you, you bastidge Bowers you—here I am finally making progress on locking *OW*, and issue 65 comes flying over the transom and lies flopping and gasping on the floor. Fortunately for you, my connection to Calgary is about 90 minutes late, so I may even have time to flip through a few pages.

How dreadful it must be, Mr. Bowers, to be the sole guardian of fandom's most guarded secret, custodian of the most widely debated



"Good Grief, Fmbq, that's no way to ask for foreign aid!"

LETTERS



IF YOU'D LIKE THE NEXT ISSUE...
...WRITE IN ABOUT THIS ONE!

mystery; gatekeeper for audience with the Sphinx of All Fandom; named possessor of the most sought after treasure in 'zine land; the Man Who Knows the Identity of the Reclusive PaM of Red Cloud.

(Yeah, okay, so I'm still working on OW63...)

So Eric Mayer is another who discovered fandom through the "Club House" in *Amazing*. Yes, Ted White is truly Father to Us All, a thought which I imagine gives pause to more than a few.

Who is this Derek Carter chap? I hope we shall see more in the future from this talented young fanartist.

(Have you seen the film version of POP. 1280? "Coup de Torchon", with P. Noiret? It has the scene where the hero pretends to have been kicked in the balls to avoid having sex with his mistress, which I imagine you would appreciate.)

On to OW65. I enjoyed the way you cleverly arranged for it to drop out of the envelope so that the Rotsler cover would appear to be the front.

Harry should ignore those dinning letters from editors whose fanzines go unanswered. A point of postal law which I encountered quite early in my stamp collecting days is that no one who sends you anything unsolicited in the mail is entitled to any kind of return. So any response should be considered a privilege when the response is a l.o.c. from a master of the craft such as Harry.

Dave Rowe's article/tribute bears out his assertion that "the backbone of history is biography", although it is his firmly placing Frank Arnold's life in the context of the events of the day that puts the meat of history on the bones. "Our Frank" is a splendid example of what a little research might uncover behind a seemingly innocuous footnote to fan history (and gosh, lets grab it and record it from anyone who was there while we can, eh?). Having missed the details of Frank's work and wartime experiences, the piece could easily leave the impression Frank didn't have much of a life outside fandom—a little reading between the lines indicates that certainly wasn't so, even if his only other social activity would seem to be a romance that was, in the long term, star-crossed. (A Wm Breiding for his time and place....)

Finally Bill, I probably don't say often enough how great it is to have you back out here in real life. [rec'd 01/28/93]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Okay—the easy stuff first—interesting cover concept. The back cover is upside down and one never knows if the faned has done this on purpose or not... (subtle intonation of questioning)? Rotsler is always good for a smile if not an outright laugh. The Craig Smith piece is great. I can see him doing a series of fans—what they look like from the skewed perspective. Nice inside back cover, too.

Dave let me read a copy of his work before he was up to getting it pubbed and I enjoyed it both times around. I wish I knew the people involved to get a bit greater enjoyment out of it, but that means I have to also keep an eye out for such pieces being pubbed any and everywhere so I DON'T miss out on them. Thanks for running it—it is something that deserves to be printed, but not just any faned would have done it.

I guess this is more like a letter "substitute"—which is not the right word since it replies to letters too, so I really don't know what to call it. But, while doing that job quite well, it doesn't seem to quite be "a regular zine". Whoa—don't tell me that OW never is—I already know that—but it seemed like the right thing to say.

It makes me wonder what the nextish will look like and flavor...? [02/03/93]

- "[...and, yes, the bacover was not innovative Bowers Layout, but a copy-shop fuck-up: had I been at all capable of driving back up to have it re-run.... Instead, I cried, ranted, moaned ... and decide to live with it. It wasn't the first time.... So. There. Truth In Publishing 101.J"]

• **Outworlds 66**; page 2322

SKEL

Outworlds 65 arrived yesterday and put me in a responsive mood, but on reflection I realised there wasn't anything in it to which I particularly wanted to respond, so instead I responded to your piece in *flaf* ● *Five* (where you suggested current members of your "Motley Crew" should reserve space in *Outworlds 67*) by writing the enclosed for your consideration. [...see "The Really Secret Masters"; OW66]

I lied by the way when I said there wasn't anything to which I wanted to respond. I'd love to respond to a suitably voluminous length to Dave Rowe's "Frank", which is an excellent and rewarding piece, but not knowing the subject I've no sidelights to add. I'd seen the piece before. Dave sent me a copy whilst it was 'in progress', hoping for input on a couple of points. I failed him then too. That version though did not have as many, nor as historically interesting photos.

I do have a very minor nit to pick in that the piece was too heavily footnoted, reaching the height of seeming pseudo-intellectual absurdity with number [13] (that 'digs' means 'apartment'). The two are not quite synonymous. The later covers the whole gambit from squalor to opulence, whereas 'digs' are rarely worse than 'seedy' and never better than 'homey'. However, if one is going to equate the two it would have been far better to simply refer to it as an 'apartment' in the text and save the aggravation of tracking down the page to a totally irrelevant footnote.

Other than that though I think Dave has done his work too well, with scrupulous honesty. Frank Arnold is revealed by this honesty to be a very ordinary person whose only special importance (other than every human being's importance as a human being) is that he was there—he was around—in the formative days of both science fiction and fandom in Britain. It can hardly be coincidence that in so many of the photos he is either in the background or on the periphery. Dave even seems to acknowledge this in the final couple of paragraphs of the main piece. But the fact remains that, however fortuitously, he was 'important' as one of the relatively small number of early UK fans, and Dave has done a magnificent job of chronicling his involvement and setting it in both fannish and national historical context, and has resisted the temptation to make him seem more important than he really was.

It was quite a fascinating piece.

[Sunday 31st January 1993]

KEVIN COOK

Outworlds 65 was something of a change of pace after recent issues, but I must say that I really enjoyed read Dave Rowe's long article on Frank Arnold. Although to be honest, a great deal of the article's fascination came from the way that Dave weaved Frank's life story with the political and social history of England during Frank's lifetime and with the growth and development of British fandom. Dave skillfully merged those three separate, but interrelated, stories together. The large number of photographs was also a big plus. I hope that you have some more surprises of this sort in store for us in future issues, Bill. [01/22/93]

BUCK COULSON

Impressive article on Frank Arnold. I have that issue of *Cosmic Stories*, a bit more battered than the one your illustration was taken from. I got it out and looked over the Arnold story, and recalled nothing, though I assume I did read it at one time or another. Overall, a good biography of someone I don't think I ever noticed.

The *New Worlds* background is interesting, especially since I have copies of #1 with both the first-issue and second-issue covers. I expect the reduction in price of the previously unsold copies from 2/0 to 1/6 had something to do with their sale, as well as the new cover. Price reductions of 25% frequently induce buying. I don't think I ever heard of Frank Arnold in fandom before; possibly a few mentions, but nothing memorable. I presumably read some of his professional fiction, but it wasn't memorable either (like a lot of science fiction). Rowe makes him sound interesting, and the photos mostly reproduced well and were also interesting.

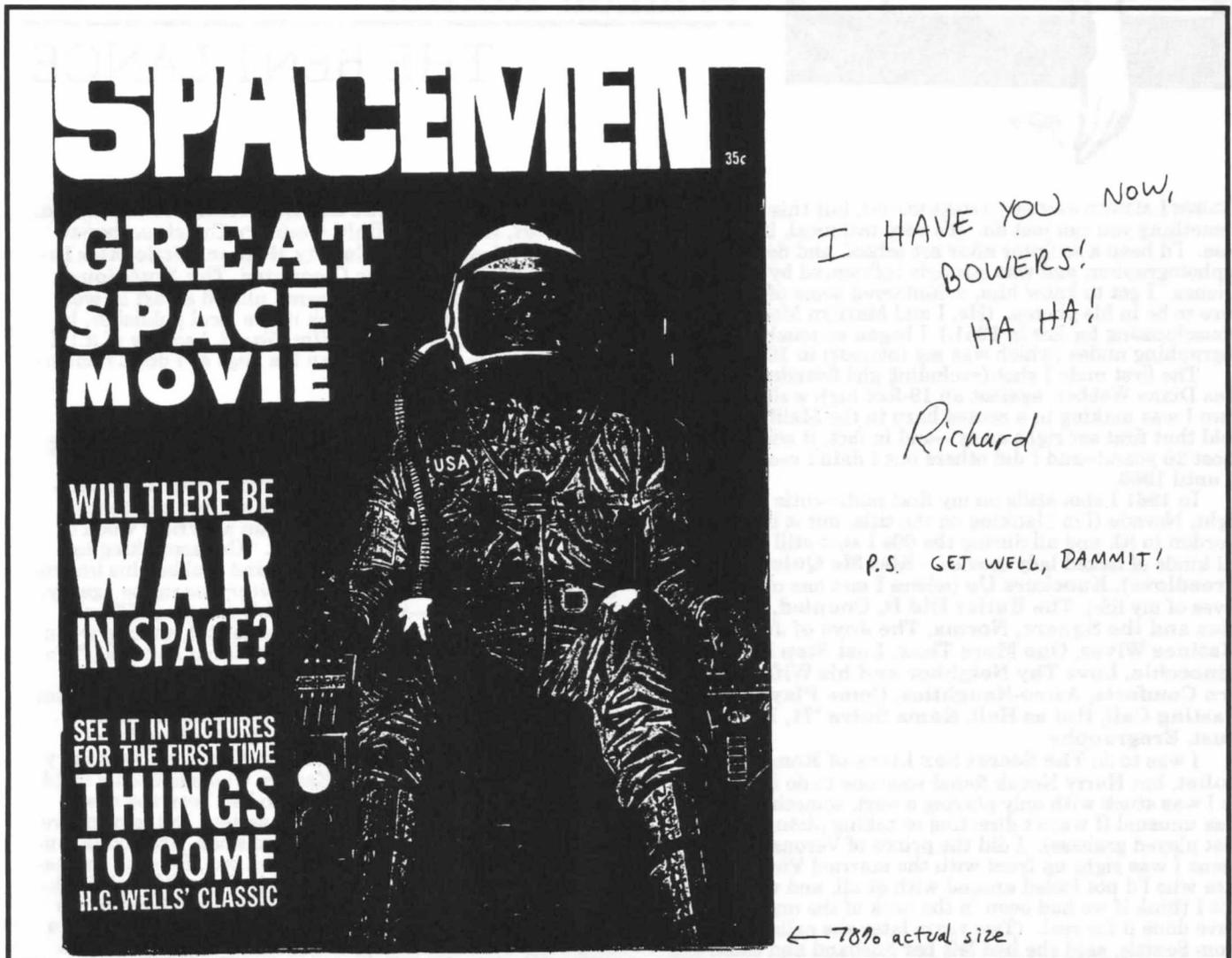
I agree with Craig Smith that inactive fan artists shouldn't get more than one Hugo. I'll even go further; I don't think any fan should get more than one Hugo. It might be a boost for the careers of professionals and a reason to pile up as many as possible. But there are too many good fan writers, artists, and fanzines with no Hugos at all, and lots of them are no longer around and will never get one. (For newcomers, if any; Juanita and I have ours, so my comment isn't just sour grapes.) Egoboo should be passed around.

Easter dates; there's a "modern folksong" about a lost Spanish treasure, which directs the searcher to look in a certain direction at dawn "on Easter morn". I decided that's why the treasure is still lost; imagine trying to trace the date of Easter back to 1500-

something when the treasure was buried.

Lloyd Penney's comments about fans from great distances reminded me that while we've had 3 separate Australian fans in our home—one of them several times—and one Australian family, we've never had an English fan here. We had to drive to Earl Kemp's apartment to meet Ron Bennett the year he won TAFF, and to conventions to meet any others. Even a convention didn't work for Ted Tubb. He was at MidWestCon one year when we were still going, and gave a talk. Afterwards, I hung around the doorway to speak to him when he came out, but he didn't come out. I finally went back into the room, and he wasn't in it. Puff of smoke? Damfino. (But I did meet A. Bertram Chandler at that con. The English are simply elusive, I guess.)

Not a lot of commentary; tch. Being at Sooneron with the First Fandom reunion was interesting, though I ignored or refused all offers to join as an "auxiliary". Martha Beck said "All of your friends are there" and Juanita replied that no, most of our friends anymore are somewhere around our son Bruce's age. Comes from filking, conventioning, and locking fanzines. Anyway, we got to see some fans we don't see very often, and had a reunion with three fans at whose homes we stayed overnight on our 1968 trip to California. (Always select fan friends with staying power.) [01/11 & 12/93]



Richard Brandt



William Rotsler

THE BENT LANCE

I GUESS I ALWAYS WANTED TO MAKE MOVIES, but this is not something you can just do. It's very technical, if nothing else. I'd been a sculptor after art school, and decided to be a photographer, and was strongly influenced by Andre de Dienes. I got to know him, volunteered some of my sculpture to be in his photos. (He, I and Marilyn Monroe went househunting for her in 1951.) I began seriously photographing nudes (which was my interest) in 1958.

The first nude I shot (excluding girl friends & my wife) was Diane Webber, against an 19-foot high wall of sculpture I was making in a rented barn in the Malibu hills. I sold that first set right away—and in fact, it sold for almost 20 years!—and I did others but I didn't really get into it until 1960.

In 1961 I shot stills on my first nudie-cutie in Searchlight, Nevada (I'm blanking on the title, but it had Virginia Gordon in it), and all during the 60s I shot still photos on all kinds of naked lady movies - *Kiss Me Quick*, *(Dr. Breedlove)*, *Knockers Up* (where I met one of the great loves of my life), *The Butler Did It*, *Coupled*, *The Hippies and the Square*, *Norma*, *The Joys of Jezebel*, *Matinee Wives*, *One More Time*, *Last Step Down*, *Pinocchio*, *Love Thy Neighbor and his Wife*, *Southern Comforts*, *Astro-Naughties*, *Come Play With Me*, *Casting Call*, *Hot as Hell*, *Kama Sutra '71*, *Paradise Lust*, *Erograophy*.

I was to do *The Secret Sex Lives of Romeo and Juliet*, but Harry Novak found someone to do it cheaper, so I was stuck with only playing a part, something which was unusual (I wasn't directing or taking pictures, so we just played grabass). I did the prince of Verona. In one scene I was right up front with the married Vincene Wallace who I'd not fooled around with at all, and we got so hot I think if we had been in the back of the orgy we'd have done it for real. (Two years later she called me up from Seattle, said she had left her husband and could she come live with me? I said, "You mean, like in sin?" She did. We toured the USA in 1973, en route to me being Guest of Honor at the Toronto World Science Fiction Convention and I took nudes of her everywhere.)

I also did stills on *The Exotic Dreams of Casanova*, *Drop Out, Below the Belt*, *Country Cuzzins*, *Sweet Georgia*, *Please Don't Eat My Mother*, *Little Miss Innocence*, *The Notorious Cleopatra*, *The Notorious Daughter of Fanny Hill*, where I played a part as well. (In fact, I did so much and took it to a local publisher, he started a magazine, *Adam Film World*, because of it.) I did many more, but I don't own the negs so I don't remember them.

IN 1960 I THOUGHT I SHOULD LEARN how to make movies. Dwayne Avery & I did a lot of fun things—single-framing down Hollywood Blvd. at 700 mph (apparently), a cutie called "Rock Flight", and other stuff. About 5 or 6 minutes of film. One noon I went into a big, hip ad agency, Carson/Roberts, where Ken Sullet (an ad writer who I'd met through Stan Freberg) worked. "Got something to show you," I said. "Great," he said and grabbed his brown-bag and went around gathering up *everyone* in the agency. I was embarrassed—it was only a few minutes of "fun film", not a product reel. The film was still running when one of the agency heads turned to the other and said, "We ought to have Bill do the Mattel film."

I was launched. I soon started my own industrial film production company, Nova Productions (which had to change to Greentree Productions, when we found that Nova was a holding company for one film, *Twelve Angry Men*). My partner was Dan Easton, who had been a child actor (Little Danny Mummert), who had been the nasty boy next door in the Blondie movie series. In the next five years I did everything—product animation, live action, animation, wrote, shot, directed, edited, etc., for such companies as Carnation, McCullough Chain Saws, Mattel, Lockheed, etc. I had zoomed low over Lake Arrowhead in the Cinerama B-25, piloted by the legendary Frank Hill, for a beer commercial. I'd dropped out of helicopters, stood in front of the Ben Hur chariots at full gallop, shot the first hot air balloon ascension under official rules, with one of the famous Picard brothers, shot charging bulls in rodeos, etc.

All the time I was shooting nude and doing stills. Then one day I said, "I know how to do *everything*. It's time." I went into Harry Novak's office and walked out with a two-picture deal, I know now and I knew then it was because Harry got me cheap.

FRANKLY, SINCE SO MANY OF MY EARLY FILMS were in cheap black-and-white I never thought they'd be put on tape. That, and the fact they were Very Tame. In those days we weren't sure what we could show. No crotches or cocks, and breasts were not to be touched or "displayed prominently". No body part was to be "dwelled on". No real sex, of course—all the guys kept their pants on and the women their panties. Restrictions galore, but we were working in unknown area then.

Agony of Love was used by theaters a lot for some years I was told, when they'd first open as a sex film house, since it was so "cool", had a Moral, and was well-crafted by the standards of the time.

The lead was a busty stripper named Pat Barrington, whose pix I'd seen in stills from *Orgy of the Dead*, and wanted instantly. I played the "artist" in the epic. She took me off at the end of shooting and had her way with me. For two or three weeks I'd edit at night, then pick her up at work and we'd go do nasty things. The first night, I was in the saddle, as it were, and she raised me up off the bed. I had my hands on her bottom and she had lifted my 200 pounds right off the linen. "My god, you're so strong you could throw me out of bed!" I said, and she did! And without dropping back to the bed to get leverage either! I stood up, said, "You know what they say about getting thrown."

She finally came to my house toward the end of these little sexual playoffs. I expected her 2:30 or so. I lived in the Hollywood hills in one of those houses where you come in at ground level and the bedrooms are downstairs. When she came in, never having been there before, she found a dotted white line (of cut shirt cardboards) with a rose between each. (Roses grew with wild abandon all over the lot.)

I'd heard her come in but it seemed to take her forever to get downstairs. Then I saw her backing down the stairs on her hands and knees, writing (it turned out later) a poem-part on each white card. She followed the dotted line to the foot of my bed, where there was a huge white X. She proceeded to do a full production strip tease at the foot of the bed. When she got into bed I took a gallon container of loose rose petals and scattered them all over her. Nothing that romantic, apparently, had ever happened to her.

The next morning the petals were withered, rolled-up black things, so I dumped the rest on her and we started again.

I just looked at *Agony of Love* for the first time since 1965 and it seems very slow. True, I had cast the lead because I wanted to bed her, but she couldn't act, so *all* of her lines were dubbed—without even a picture to look at—by another former lover of mine, Gloria Saunders, who was in *Captive Women, O.S.S.* and played The Dragon Lady in the *Terry and the Pirates* series. The Corvette at the end was mine & the bashed-in front was the result

of a slight accident, so it worked well.

I did *Agony of Love* and *The Girl With Hungry Eyes* back to back. The first was an idea suggested by Harry Novak, and the other, he said, was to "do something with lesbians." He suggested the titles too. About ten years later I found he had intended each title to be on the other film.

When I had shot and virtually finished editing them, Harry said to add "10 or 15 minutes" to each, but gave me no money to do it. (\$100 each, I think.) Reason: They would be so heavily censored in Europe and in some USA areas there wouldn't be enough to make a show. Why he didn't tell me this before, I don't know. He probably didn't know. This is the reason so many scenes are dragged on, to gain time. I added the psychiatrist after Pat Barrington had used her movie money to get her nose changed & a new hair style—thus the dark glasses.

I had enough money for a camera, film & one girl to add to *The Girl With Hungry Eyes*; I played Vicky Dee's lover—as I come cheap—just a bit at the end in the first cut, but after Harry wanted for footage, I shot the swimming pool dream, which ended very sexy, actually, when the camera stopped. So, by accident, I ended up as the male lead, you might say.

I had used water as a theme to shoehorn in the extra minutes, starting with the terminally-cute Vicky in a shower, who remembers her heterosexual affair. We cut to romantic interludes, then to both of us in my swimming pool. Now I'd talked a buddy, Mitch Evans, into turning the camera off & on, and while she was naked, I had on dark blue bathing trunks. Mitch said they showed, so I took them off. Now I'd used Vicky in countless photo sessions, but this was the first time I'd been naked with her. This amused her no end, and despite being married, she started playing with my cock. Naturally, I got an erection.

I had blurred the lens for this dream-like sequence, added a star filter, so each drop of water would star-up. I had her lightly oiled so the water would bead up. I lifted her and she spread her arms and I let her slid back down. My erection went right into her. We could have practiced all day and not done that.

I pulled back at once and you can't see it on film, but it really turned her on. After we did a scene faking making love in my harem tent. (Okay, okay, so I had a harem tent where many interesting things went on. Theodore Sturgeon, among others, pronounced it fantastic.) The moment we were done I looked at Mitch, he looked at me, and he vanished with the equipment and we continued without him. (Think of that if you ever see the picture.)

The Corvette Cathy Crowfoot drove was still mine. When she pulls into the slanted parking lot of Barney's Beanery to make a phone call, she forgot to set the brake and once she was out of the it started to roll backward. I was festooned with expensive camera gear, which I couldn't just dump, so the Vette was well on the way to shooting out backwards in Santa Monica Boulevard when I flung myself on its back. I reached for the brake, but she had put in on just part way. I had no leverage, and there was a tripod in the passenger seat, I had to turn around, insert myself behind the wheel (which in a sports car is like putting on a glove) *then* put on the hand brake. Just

...from the Early Days, *Outworlds* has been a fanzine of "columnists"...some "formal" (writing under a continuing 'title')...others (perhaps not even realizing they were considered such, by me) contributing seemingly unconnected pieces.

This, I like to think, is advantageous to us "both":

It gives me a steady influx of material by people I like, trust, and enjoy.

...and it gives them a "home".

I've always considered Bill Rotsler one of fandom's unsung treasures. Not only because of his inimitable (except by Taral) cartoons, which have been treasured by faneds for A Long Time, but because of his writings in those (few) of his apazines I'd seen over the years.

In late 1992, I tried to talk him into doing a column for OW. For various (mainly health) reasons, he would not commit to a "regular" column—but he did send the following.

I've re-established contact with Bill. He, like all too many, is not in the best of health...recovering from a very serious operation.

Still, the odds are that there *will* be future installments of "The Bent Lance".

...albeit, probably, in a slightly different "direction".

in time, too.

Cathy—who was always very, very “cool”—had her cool blown completely, a most unusual sight. An hour later, at my house in the Hollywood hills, where the end is filmed, we stopped for a drink. Joanne Rotolo (the girl in the ad for *The Bare Hunt* in the *Something Weird Video* catalog, is aka Jody Lynn) was living with me then. I found her in the kitchen, wearing only panties, standing before the open refrigerator. For reasons I don't know she said, “Look!” and showed me the biggest clitoris I'd seen. “Go show Cathy,” I said.

Cut to the living room. Cathy is looking the other direction. “Look at this,” Joanne said and when Cathy turned her head a contender for *The World's Largest Clitoris* was three inches away. Blew her cool, *again*.

I THOUGHT AGONY OF LOVE and the other black-and-white films were transferred from a not-so-good looking print, or the transfer itself was, um, casual. They look dim, with none of the good, crisp quality of the originals. As if the houses were lit with 20-watt bulbs.

I had done *Agony of Love* and *The Girl With Hungry Eyes* at \$15,000 each, *Suburban Pagans* and *Four Kinds of Love* for about \$11,000 each. No wonder I couldn't get real actors.

Pagans and *Four Kinds* were ad-libbed. I scripted only the first part of *Four Kinds*. Harry Novak, who never ever called me, called me up and started telling me how bad my films had done. Which told me right away he wanted me to do more. I asked if he wanted budgets like the previous films (\$15,000) and he said yes. I wrote half-page outlines, he selected two and I worked a week to get them down. He said, “too much,” so I worked & worked. I had cut all the fat and was into meat when I finally asked what budget he *did* want. \$10,000-\$11,000 he said, which annoyed me.

If you are going to do the invasion of Normandy you don't do it in a \$1.98 budget, you pick a squad or team, do it as best you can within that budget. So I wrote stories you could do at that VERY low budget in the late Sixties. They okayed two new ideas and wanted a script. I heard myself saying, “No. You want two scripts or two movies?” They said, of course, they wanted movies, so I said to just give me the money and leave me alone. They annoyed me.

Everyone in the film had fun. I knew most of these women pretty well, and would cast them accordingly, but said they had to “act” when they were really just being themselves. I was in it and Mitch Evans, an improvisational-trained friend. I'd give everyone an idea of the scene and we winged it. They said they never had so much fun making movies. Only once did no one talk, and only once did two people talk at once.

But Novak gave some film to a new lab as a gesture of goodwill & they screwed it up. I had to reshoot. This gave me an opportunity to fill up holes...and more fun.

One of the actresses had been after me for months—the busty brunette—and when we wrapped she said, “Now, can we do it now?” I had a house full of cast & crew & the lady I was living with (we were breaking up) was out of the house. She came on strong and one of the actors wanted in on it, too, and we didn't know a nice way to get him out. We were trying to get it up on the bed—when you make these features you KNOW you aren't going to get laid, so you don't get an erection, usually—but neither of us were getting anywhere. The lighting guy kept wrapping & moving lights and finally said, “Are you guys gonna do it or not?”

We moved into the shower (seen in that & many of my films) and she did EVERYTHING she could but neither of us were hard. It just seemed so weird, after all the time of “not”. Finally I got about half an erection, then he did, and we moved to the bed. But I kept hearing the cast & crew & just couldn't concentrate. I left her with him—not what she wanted—to pay everyone off and we never did make it, ever.

You couldn't show real sex in these things, not even

feel a breast (on camera), not even a good simulation—so we did a lot of cutaways, fooling around, etc., and today that seems damned quaint.

I'm also the writer-director of *Four Kinds of Love*, and *Suburban Pagans*, using the pseudonym of Shannon Carse. (They were shot back-to-back and used parts of the same cast in both.) I think I used Carse on Shannon's *Women*, or maybe I used it as the sex film director's name, which I played. The film is jerky & has jump cuts which are the fault of the print used to transfer—not my editing. The lab also lost a roll of film by putting it in the silver recovery vat instead of developer, which required a re-shoot, so I roughcut both *Suburban* and *Four Kinds*, then got everyone together to bridge the losses.

Like It Is was made from a number of silent mail order (8mm) films shot in 16mm, but I really had fun putting it together. Very “psychedelic” and I did all the “effects” for \$1.98. It was filled with ladies I've known Biblically, including late 1960s “love-ins” and of Haight-Asbury. The guy who stole the 8mm film for Lila had it blown to 35mm!

OF THE 27 FILMS I'VE DONE *Mantis In Lace* and *A Taste of Hot Lead* (which sometimes may be known as *The House of Pain and Pleasure*, or just *Hot Lead*—don't ask me why) are the two films I did not write.

The house in *Suburban Pagans* and *Four Kinds of Love* was my house and it was nostalgic to see the place high in the Hollywood Hills again. As those few short years passed that house was the scene of many wonders. It was transferred into a kind of harem tent inside, which you can see in *Taste of Hot Lead*.

I was going to do a picture for Harry Novak in '69 or '70, about a hit man, then almost at the last minute they had a fight with the money-man (who I think got into it for sex, a common enough reason) and they parted. The accountant apologized, I said that's the way it is, we hung up. Two minutes later he called back. He'd gone into to see Novak to break the news and Pete Perry was there, who said, “You mean Bill is available?” (Like I was some hot director.)

Pete said, “There's this film coming out called *The Godfather*. Could your story [about the Mafia] be retitled?” I said no, but I'd write a new one, which I did.

I auditioned and cast a sexy blonde, who could act a bit. We shot the end of the film, first, on an abandoned farm miles in the country. The second bad guy has staked out a whore (the blonde), put her out as they put goats to attract tigers, terrorized her to attract the attention of the Good Guy (only slightly less bad than the Bad Guy). We do a take and there she is, having been shot dead, with a sweet smile on her face. I explain to her no smile, and we are in the middle of the second take and the “terrorized” girl is still smiling. I rewrote the picture before I called “Cut!”

I hire another girl for one day's shooting, then she goes to the beach and is so sunburned—big red bands—that I can't use her. So Uschi Digsart finds me a stunning girl (Lois Maxwell, I think was her name), absolutely gorgeous, to be the third woman to play what in essence was the same part.

We're doing a fake sex scene and she is brilliant. Then my assistant, who was sitting elsewhere, whispered that they did it for real. She thought she was supposed to and just put the guy in and since I hadn't called cut, he went ahead.

One of the things I hated most about pseudo-sex scenes is that they are dull. I'd always wanted to do a scene with a time bomb under the bed, so the very thing that makes you bored does the opposite. I shot some hitmen looking at the hotel, taking guns out of a briefcase, attaching silencers, getting keys ready...meanwhile always cutting to the simulated sex scene. Building tension. Will the Good Guy be finished in time?

It worked well, with the shootout that followed. Only after I'd turned in the director's cut, Pete Perry wanted

surprise, not tension, and cut everything but the breaking in. Thus the couple in bed do jump cuts to this position and that. He moved sex scenes from the back of the film to the front, thus making it make no sense whatever. You look at two people doing it, then three others, then go on with the story. It's an abortion!

The negative cutter made terrible, sloppy mistakes. For example, we had no money for special or mechanical effects. Blanks for the guns were all. In one shot I had a guy run past a junk pile, and I put a real .38 slug into an exploding gallon jug. Only this was missed by the neg cutter, so you just stare at this jug a bit and go on. Perry ruined a well-constructed sim-sex film.

In one scene I had the voluptuous Uschi plus a black girl who later became married to Richard Pryor do a double bit on a john. I'd cast a rough, tough guy but the agency sent me a fella who...let's put this charitably...probably liked a different gender. Two of the sexiest women around and this jerk doesn't even know where to put his hands, looked embarrassed & uncomfortable. Uschi saved the scene and I wrote some quick dialogue to cover, but it was so dumb. We shot it in Harlan Ellison's house, by the way, and he is in a scene, though you don't see his face. Same with me, I'm all over the future Mrs. Pryor.

In *Mantis in Lace* (not my title) the same thing just happens over & over, so I just shortened and shortened the routine to speed it up. But the lead was Lila, played by Susan Stewart (now a real estate agent in the San Fernando Valley, I heard) who couldn't act her way out of an open phone booth. But she was a "comes-with" with the script and budget, which was the biggest I had to that date (early 1968), a monstrous \$35,000.

The next film my cameraman, Lazlo Kovas, did after this was *Easy Rider*.

Mantis in Lace was released as that, then the owner of several theaters in the Washington, D.C. area, thought there wasn't enough blood in it—I had deliberately downplayed the blood—so he hired Susan Stewart again, even the same stage—and I shot the stills as she used my father's meat cleaver with wild abandon. Every time she struck, two fat guys below her would throw up a paper cup or two of fake blood. He retitled it *Lila* because I think he didn't know what a mantis was.

When Pete Perry was re-editing it I saw that they had used a "psychedelic" film I had made for mail order, but they begged me not to get upset, as the Washington guy was a pain they just wanted to get out of their hair.

You see me in *Mantis* as the guy who puts his hand on Pat Barrington's stomach. (She had become a blonde & a bellydancer and was often known as Pat Barringer.) And I'm the bearded guy in *Agony, Suburban, Four Kinds*. The last two we ad-libbed—all the spoken dialogue you see was made up as you see it.

Something Weird Video was kind enough to send me copies of five of these films recently, along with two reels of trailers. Looking at the video of the trailers was fun, too. I saw former lovers, one-night stands, and so on.

Street of a Thousand Dreams was the result of kind of a hobby. Almost every time, during the 60s, when I shot a nude set, or did a whole (ha-ha) "nudist" magazine, I'd also shoot a few feet of 16mm. I had no real idea what I was going to do with any of it. Some of it showed up in *Like It Is*. I'd load a 16mm Bolex and run it off past the punch marks as I was walking back to where the naked ladies were. It got so that they were so used to this they'd do crazy things, just for the fun of it. I remember Christine (the girl from the no-sex-in-the-shower) who, when I re-entered the bedroom, had hooked her hair "fall" in her pubic hair, was dancing on the bed, sucking at one of her big breasts.

Another time I had just finished reloading the Bolex when my huge sound man (Frank Coe) came into the room and dumped a very lumpy black camera changing bag on the bed. I started shooting. Frank unzipped the bag and here was a fine, round, perfect ass. He took a naked

Karen Thomas out of it. She went Tra-Da! And he stuffed her back, threw in 16mm Kodak boxes and tried to put a trombone in, zipped it up. I'd shot a roll and had to reload.

I did a lot of POV footage, i.e. the camera was the point of view of the onlooker. I'd put my hand out, trail it across naked breasts and buns, sometimes as many as five women. Since it was a hand-wound Bolex I had only 10 or so seconds, so I'd move down to "kiss" some portion of an anatomy, stop, rewind, start with a pull back from black. In one shot I went into the mouth of a girl I'd dubbed "Supertongue" and came out her vagina. It was all fun and all the models cooperated. There was no sex.

In my backyard I'd made some arches and some Arabianesque wall units, which I could shift around. I set-dressed the place with fabrics, screened overheads, pots, maybe an Arab (Mitch Evans). Then I'd go into a hanging over an arch, and "discover" beyond anywhere from one to four slave girls. I'd "roam" over them, go on into the next piece of fabric, or "kiss" them. One of these pieces of film is Uschi Digart's first nude photo session & first movie session. (Uschi is a wonderful, highly intelligent, utterly charming woman, who I say is The World's Most Famous Figure Model, since probably more pictures of her have appeared in magazines than any other woman.)

But what was I to do with all this lucious footage? I was approached by a successful naked lady film producer we'll call Mr. Ripoff, for reasons you'll soon see. He seemed honest and we made a deal to use all this Arabian slave girl stuff and shoot new stuff to frame it. I went up to my family's ranch, used an empty building to construct a slave market set and a club interior. (One of the young assistants was the future excellent science fiction writer Tim Powers.)

We shot at an airport (I hung a sign in Arabic on a fence saying this was Such-and-Such Airport in Arabia), in a plane, etc. Then we did a slave auction, pseudo-sex scenes, etc.

Some time later we began to realize we were getting NO money out of the release of this film. Excuses. Excuses. My partner saw him in a car, chased him across Hollywood, got the brush-off and told him we'd be at his office at 9 in the morning for an accounting. When we arrived at 7:30 we saw him driving away. So I took a quarter-inch felt-tip marker and wrote our complaints on his office door, along with two cartoons, so everyone in the building understood our annoyance.

When we got together later he looked at me sadly, said (of the door), "That wasn't a nice thing to do." I looked at him with one of those looks with steel in it and said quite calmly, "Oh, don't worry, we won't do...that...again." He bought us out.

I WAS IN SAN FRANCISCO, courtesy of the Mitchell Brothers, shooting extra stills on a huge orgy for *The Resurrection of Eve*, along with a lot of reporters, even *Life* and a couple of TV stations. (They were eagerly shooting stuff they could never use!) It was wall-to-wall fornication & sundry perversions. I remember I stopped dead as I was crossing, to stare at Johnny Keyes, who was lounging on a sofa, and Marilyn Chambers, who knelt on the sofa, fellating him. Every time she sucked in her body undulated as if she was drawing him deep, deep, to the very end of her body. It was, and is, the most erotic fellation I've ever seen. No still picture would do it justice, and no movie camera was on them at the time. Later, when it was, they weren't doing it.

I did a book for Ballantine Books, in 1973, called *CONTEMPORARY EROTIC CINEMA*, and it did well. It had interviews with the Mitchells, Chambers, others.

It was a lot of fun and you bedded a lot of beautiful women, the kind of let's-have-fun-no-strings-attached kind of sex. I got out of it because I was sick and tired of the Front Office, and their dumb penny-pinching ways. Especially when not one of them had ever made a movie or knew how to, although they always said they knew "everything".

—William Rotsler; 1993

ROB HANSEN

Given my well-known interest in fanhistory—you'd *better* be interested in it if you're writing a history of British fandom—you won't be surprised to hear that of the contents of *Outworlds 65* it was Dave Rowe's bio of Frank Arnold that held the most fascination for me. Not that I agreed with everything he wrote....

Dave questions my use of two conflicting accounts in *Then* of the circumstances behind the meeting of Frank Arnold and Ted Carnell with Stephen Francis, claiming that Frank's account must be the correct one since it was "unlikely in those formal days that one would suddenly present a fellow to your publisher as your choice to be his editor without any prior appointment or warning", and pointing out that Frank's 1954 account was edited by Ted Carnell. True, but the alternative account was *written* by Carnell himself in the twelfth issue of the prozine *Vision of Tomorrow* (Sept. '70):

"I had just visited my pre-war firm in Holborn, only to find that the printing department had been firebombed out of existence in 1941 and was walking down Fleet Street contemplating my next move, when I met bibliophile and author Frank Edward Arnold. From such a small event the lives of many people, including my own, were to be shaped.

Frank was then working in the offices of the daily *News-Chronicle*.... We had plenty to talk over in one of the Street's celebrated coffee houses. His main news was that he was preparing to edit a series of 'little books' for a publisher 'just round the corner', to be called 'The Space-time Series', containing short novels. If I still had my plans for the aborted 1940 *New Worlds* on file, he thought we should pay the enthusiastic publisher a visit and sound out the possibility of a regular SF magazine. There were many realistic arguments against such a visit, but Frank convinced me that there was no harm in trying...."

Faced with differing accounts from the only two people who would know, both of them whom were now dead, the only thing I could reasonably do in *Them* was mention both, which I did.

I'm afraid Dave's claim that London fandom's regular first-Thursday meetings from The One Tun to The Wellington Tavern in 1987 "...was the first major rancor in the forty-one year history of the London Circle..." is just nonsense. After the Trekkies and other mediafans descended on the first-Thursday meetings in the early 1970s the numbers attending meetings grew to somewhere between 200 and 300—probably even more on occasion. This was way too many people for a pub the size of The One Tun and the overcrowding got unbearable, as I'm sure Dave recalls. Since it was obvious that the mediafans weren't going to leave us and find a pub to hold meetings of their own, the fannish fans decided that they had to be the ones to move. Typically, everyone procrastinated about this for months. When the landlord of The One Tun objected to a gay fan kissing his boyfriend this provided the impetus to move, but it wasn't really the cause. Frank Arnold may have thought that rancor was involved, but for most of us the feeling was one of relief. Dave's claim that this was "the first major rancor" betrays a lack of knowledge on his part, since things got so rancorous in 1959 that the London Circle split in two! As the British newszine *Skyrack* reported in its November 1959 issue:

"Although it had been hoped that the overnight Symposium held at the beginning of October would strengthen internal relationships, the London Circle was disbanded at its business meeting of Friday 16th October, following the resignation of Chairman Ted Tubb. It was agreed to revert to the system of seven months ago, social meetings at The Globe and no business meetings at The White Horse. The Globe meetings will continue to take place on the first Thursday of each month. It is still in-

tended to hold the 1960 convention in London and the provisional date has now been moved from Whitsun to Easter.

Some London fans held a meeting in a room made available at Inchmery on Friday 23rd October, when a new club—the Science Fiction Club of London—was formed. Ella Parker was elected Chairwoman and Jim Groves... is Hon. Secretary. Meetings will be held twice a month. The membership is already over the dozen mark...."

The London Circle dissidents continued to meet as SFCoL into the late 1960s. The above quote, you will note, also attests to the dissolving of the London Circle in 1959. Some old-timers, such as Frank Arnold, continued to use the name (it was even used in connection with the organisers of the 1969 Eastercon, itself organised by many of those selfsame old-timers), and people like Dave picked it up from them, but the London Circle as an organised entity died in 1959. What you had subsequently was a regular venue where the various factions of London fandom could meet. So, my response to Dave's lament that by the mid 1970s "few, if any, called it the Circle anymore" would be to say: "of course they didn't." Personally, I like to think of the time they called themselves 'the London Circle' as merely one of many episodes in a history of London fandom that stretches back to the very first time they met as a group, back in 1938. (1930, if you count Ilford as part of London.)

These points aside, let me say again how much I enjoyed Dave's piece. It was both generally informative and a fine tribute to his friend, Frank Arnold. [6 Feb 93]

MIKE GLICKSOHN

When I first noticed that the back cover was upside down it took me a while to figure out what you had in mind. A less astute fan might simply think you'd screwed up, printed the Derek Carter strip the wrong way round, and then found yourself forced to have Rotsler's back cover upside down in order to have Derek's strip remain readable. I of course realized that you were merely paying tribute to the fact that Bill Rotsler won his first Best Fan Artist Hugo at the 1975 WorldCon in Australia and printed it deliberately to signify that happy event. Nice touch, Bill!

While I always enjoy reading about your life and watching you interact with your readers, somehow I found less of interest in this issue than I usually do. (But not, I imagine, as little as Dave Rowe might have found of interest. I was more than a little amused to read Dave's slugging of the contributors in your previous issue, especially in light of the less-than-exemplary prose in his own massive contribution to this issue.)

As much as I have enjoyed various *Outworlds* contributions from young Breiding in recent months I have to say I found your abridgment of his letters in this issue rather on the weak side. Perhaps some personal letters *should* be enjoyed only by the person they are aimed at? (I certainly have no intention of boring you with the details of just how wonderful my personal life has been for the last ten months, even though that is the single most important topic of conversation I can imagine right now. I'll tell you that in person and spare your readers the boredom I'm sure would result were I to put my feelings into print.) Of course, all this is simply a matter of editorial tastes and since *Outworlds* is your fanzine I know you'll keep on publishing what you feel like publishing, whether others find it jejune or not. Which is as it should be, of course.

Congratulations on finally getting the divorce through and commiserations on your medical difficulties. Life is such a bitch at times, isn't it? One of these years things will start to go right for you... I just hope you won't have forgotten how to enjoy such a life when it eventually does arrive again!

I'm a bit ambivalent about Dave's piece on Frank Arnold. On the one hand, I did meet Frank twice (albeit for a grand total of about sixty seconds) and I do think that this sort of fan history should be preserved so I basically enjoyed reading it. On the other hand I doubt that such a relatively minor figure really deserves such

an enormous footnote so I found the article over-written and about twice as long as it needed to be or should have been. Add in some really inept writing (and some dubious political commentary) and I probably would have sent the piece back for a major re-write myself. (Or at least corrected a few of the more egregious grammatical mistakes while transcribing it. Unless, of course, it arrived on disk and was simply slotted into the issue as written?) Again, that's a matter of editorial prerogative and them as don't pub ishes shouldn't throw brickbats, I suppose. (But since when has that ever stopped a letter-hack?) (I *did* think several of the photographs were well worth preserving and was, as always, amazed and amused at how fandom has changed over the decades. SaM must have gone ape over this!)

Sorry, but I must pass on the test. Without getting all the 1992 issues of *Outworlds* out of storage and at least skimming them all to refresh my memory on what was actually in them there's just no way I could even attempt such a quiz, let alone pass it. And much as I love you and enjoy your work, that's more time and effort than this old and tired ex-locer can possibly muster at this time. (Perhaps when I retire... in the Spring of 2004.) [01/20/93]

DAVE ROWE

Well you got *OW65* out *just* in time. Just two hours from your own deadline in fact. Which makes it a little disconcerting writing a LoC on the 3rd for a fnz rec'd on the 2nd which mentions happenings on the 1st. Heck, most fnzs chronicle events from six months ago or more! You keep delivering fnzs as fast as *OW65* and we won't even have time for *deja vu*.

Be that as it may, this brief note is to **Thank You** profusely for the care and attention you paid on presenting the "*Frank*" article. With nearly all the photos coming from the '40s and '50s whilst the writing spanned up to the '80s you handled a thankless task darn well. I only wish more people realized how much effort goes into that and the choice of layout, etc.

My only criticism is your choice of printing the piece as one long article (and not 3 pieces with other articles in 'the gaps' as it was done in the *apa*). I would imagine a lot of the readers are going to be complaining it was too long but we'll see.

Oddly enough today would have been Frank's 79th birthday. Again, **Thanks**. [1993-1-3]

...on *OW65*, I ALSO HEARD FROM:

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK * TOM J. FÜLÖPP
DEREK GRIME * BOB WEBBER

...as Dave mentioned, it was My Choice to run the "*Frank*" article as a whole. Having said that—I probably put more "work" into publishing that piece than any individual piece I can recall. I'm still rather "pleased" with the results. (Today, in the second half of 1997, I think of what I could do with it...given the current tools available to me. But then it wouldn't be "the same", would it?)

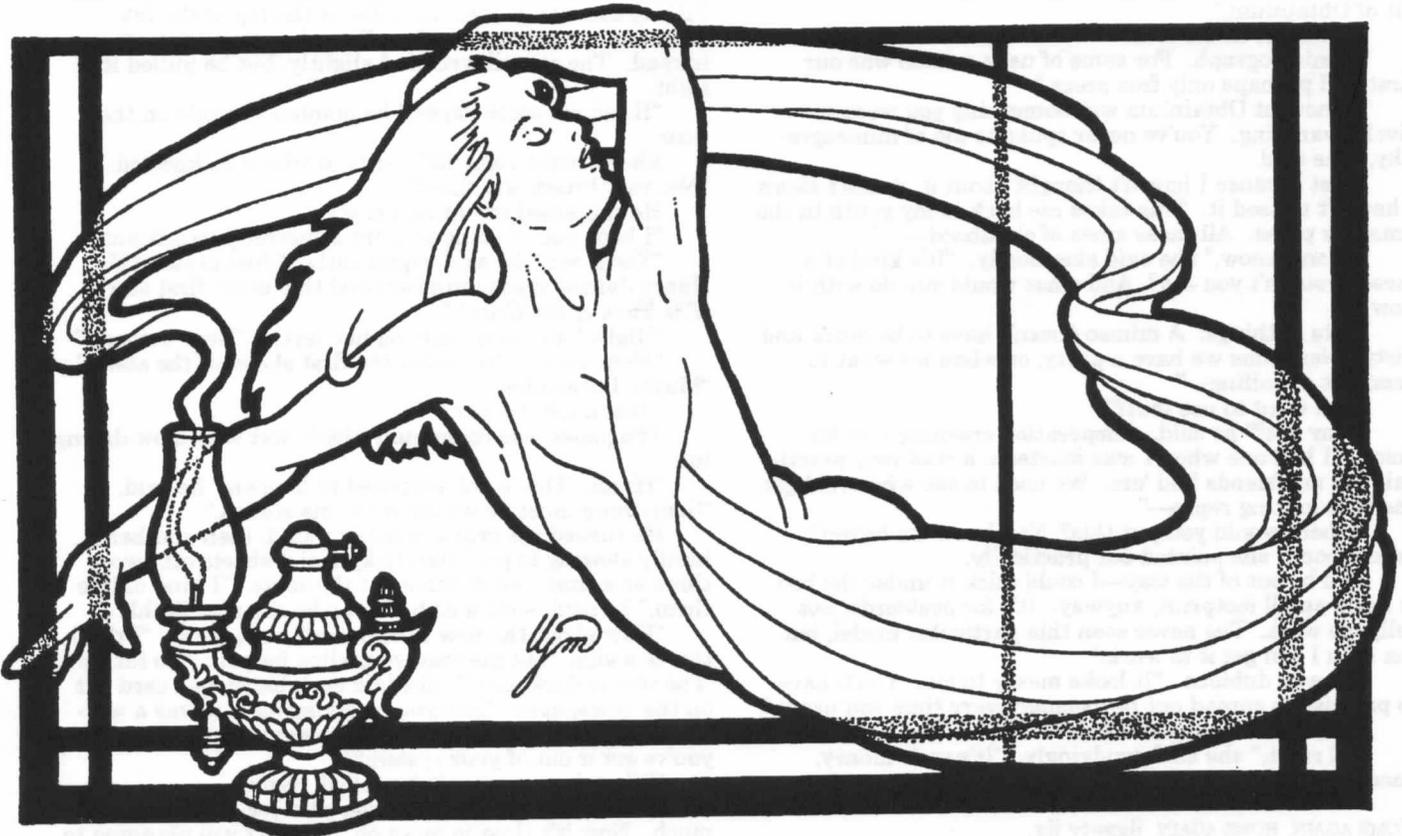
Dave did "push" for splitting it into thirds (but it's probably well he didn't prevail—because the third installment wouldn't have been published...until **this** Summer) but I insisted. Just as I can see no earthly reason to "continue" articles in a fanzine—neither do I see any compelling reason to split up something simply because of "length". Some things are written/submitted in serial-form, but if I receive/accept something, I'm probably going to publish it "whole", so to speak.

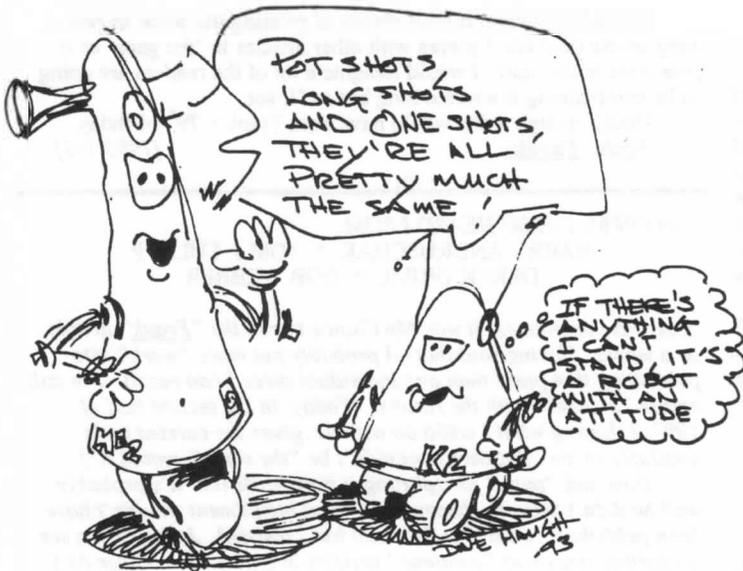
...when I do manage to print it:

I'm rather pleased with the response the article drew. I hope Dave is.

My only regret is that I took so long to get all this into print....

...but my "guilt" is slightly less intense than it was, before I started typing all this up, a week and a half ago....





D. S. Black

A TURN OF THE CRANK

IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY STREET SALE on any weekend in any city in late century America.

It happened to be a Saturday morning, with the first autumn chill in the air. Memories waned with the leaves; the young couple happened upon an array of goods representing a person's life spread outside a rundown apartment building. Near a clutter of ratty fanzines was one of those gizmos of childhood samizdat.

"That's so cool," he said. "And cheap, to boot. A rare bit of Obtainium."

"What the deuce is it?"

"A mimeograph. For some of us, a mimeo was our first and perhaps only free press."

"I thought Obtainium was something you were actively searching. You've never spoke to me of mimeography," she said.

"Just because I haven't thought about it, doesn't mean I haven't missed it. This takes me back to my youth in the amateur press. All those zines of childhood—"

"I don't know," she said skeptically. "It's kind of a mess, wouldn't you say? And what would you do with it now?"

"Lots of things. A mimeo doesn't have to be quick and dirty. Next time we have a party, or when we want to send out a mailing—"

"You want to use *that*?"

"Why not?" he said, exasperation creeping into his voice. "I had one when I was fourteen; it was very practical. All my friends had 'em. We used to see who could get the best-looking repro—"

"Where would you put this? You know we haven't much room," she pointed out practically.

"It'd be out of the way—I could stick it under the bed. It has a small footprint, anyway. It's for postcards, not fullpage work. I've never seen this particular model, but I'm sure I can get it to work."

She was dubious. "It looks messy to me. You'll have to promise to spread out newspaper every time you use it."

"OK, OK. Then it's a deal?"

"All right," she said grudgingly. "It's your money, honey."

HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN, jiggety jig.

"What'cha doin'?" she asked, joining him at the kitchen table. He sat at the table scraping something soft and white with a stylus.

"I'm cutting a stencil," he said proudly. "Watch out: the first cut is the deepest."

Wax parted into letters. Letters snaked into words.

"Look, I'm ready to print our first broadside."

He walked over into their other room and squatted by the collection of milk cartons that served as a coffee table. Fitting the stencil into the holes at the top of the ink drum, he turned the crank, rolling the stencil onto the inkpad. The stencil wrinkled slightly, but he pulled it tight.

"Hand me some paper," he pointed to a pile on the floor.

She brought some 5x7 cards to where he kneeled.

"Not very broad, are they?"

He remained intent on his task.

"I hope you're going to print something significant."

"You'll see," he said expectantly. "Just pretend I'm Henry James' great-grandson and this is my first story, *The Turn of the Crank*"

"Right," she said, gritting her teeth. "Next witness."

"Here we go," he peeled the first sheet off the stencil. "Maybe I overinked it."

"Just a tch, I'd say."

The paper was completely black, wet with slow-drying ink.

"Hmm. That's not supposed to happen," he said.

"Something must be wrong with this stencil."

He turned the crank another round, then another, hardly slowing to peel the sticky moist sheets off, two-three at a time. Each came out the same. "I kind of like them," he said, with a sigh. "I can be the new Rothko."

"How about the new Rorschach?" she glared. "I think this is a sign. Let me read your slips for you: 'No future.' 'The rest is darkness.'" She laid each blackened card out on the newspaper. "Are you receiving me? It was a worthy experiment—too bad it came to naught. Maybe now you've got it out of your system?"

"What do you mean?" he asked, dazed.

"I'm saying you got what you paid for, which wasn't much. Now it's time to move on. Weren't you planning to

take out the garbage tonight? With all this wastepaper, and this *junk*, perhaps you'd better."

"You expect me to throw this away, without even trying to fix it?" he asked, incredulous. "My first mimeo in 10 years...you want to trash?"

"It doesn't *work*," she pointed out. "And you've never been able to fix anything. Remember the water distiller that you broke? After you tinkered with it, we nearly died from its hepatic bilge. Give it up, OK. Sometimes ending is better than mending."

He was ready to retort angrily, but with a sigh, suddenly threw in the inkstained towel. "You're right. There is no point to keeping this retro device that only fills space and soils with every touch. Here. Let's heave it out the window. Its epitaph will read 'It couldn't print write' or maybe 'litter bomb'."

"Wash your hands of it. Now," she said urgently.

"One. Two. Three." He counted, then hurled it through the open window. "*Eine Moment, bitte*," he squinted into the void. "Damned lamplight is out again." A moment passed. "That's funny. No *smush!* Maybe it never even hit the ground. If some fool did try to catch it, we'll see his red face and crush body down there tomorrow. Mimeos always feel like they're made of neutronium."

"That's heavy, man." She smiled and dodged his open hand. "Look on the bright side," she said.

"Oh, and what's that?"

"If it did hit, there will be a big hole down there in the sidewalk. Someone might fall in."

"Yes?"

"But someone or something might get out."

"And?"

"So we might learn something new," she said.

"I already learned something new," he said. "About you."

SUNDAY. ANOTHER STREET SALE, a few blocks away. A couple pass, both middle-aged. Early retirees.

"Did you see that?"

"No, what? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Well, I haven't seen one since I taught those boys at prep school. I *think* that was a ditto machine. I used to write my tests on the master, then run them off."

"Oh, really? Don't those things smell dreadful? That purplish alcohol?"

"It runs on spirits. Here, let's have a look..."

— D. S. Black [6/1/92]

...on Issue 66:

SKEL

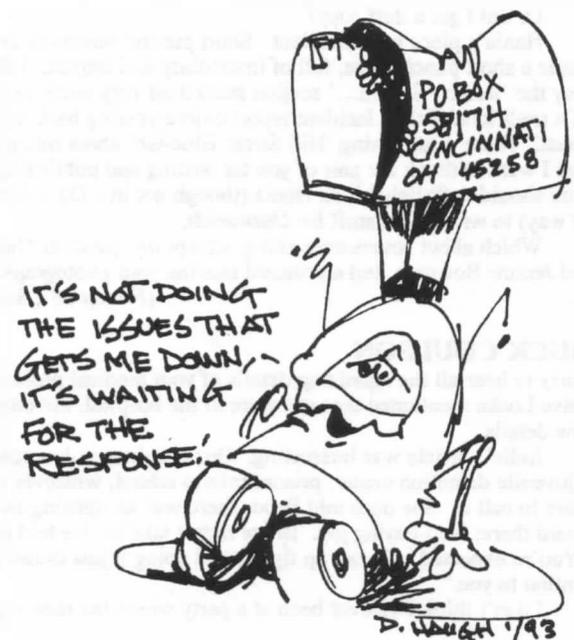
I was tickled pink to read BEB's comments about you insisting upon retyping material (to "maintain consistency of style") in the very issue where you took not doing so to a whole new plateau. Nice One. You do however do it a lot better than Art Widner, and I suspect that whilst it may not be your preferred route, you took it with a very positive attitude. "OK, so let's see. What can we do? How can we do it? What's the effect? Let's give it a try." One disadvantage is it enshrines my typos and my pretentiousness for the world to see. It does though add a visual elements to the differences in style. The reader can see at a glance that my contribution is different from yours, which is different in turn from Hania's, or Jodie's, or Dave's or Chris'. Anyway, this simply reiterates the old saw that "It ain't what you do, it's the way that you do it." Not that I want Art, or anyone else for that matter, to take that as a criticism of his fanzine. Art doesn't generally xerox stuff as well as you did this time, but he isn't you, and his priorities aren't yours. When it comes to pubbing your ish you do what works for you, and as to how well you do it, you go with what you personally can afford in the circumstances. What counts is that your ish gets pubbed. The one's that don't ain't worth shit.

The back cover sucks. OK, bites and sucks, but the bite is in the subject matter and not the execution, whereas the 'sucks' is total. It seems to me Brad's style is not suited to certain approaches or genres. His style is 'light' whereas the back cover is 'dark'. Everything he does looks 'drawn' or 'studied', whereas the back cover subject matter cries for either realism or drama. Brad's style gets in the way. Now on the front cover, which one feels is emotionally a lesser piece, the style, the subject matter, and the execution blend superbly. The result is that a piece with apparently no real content is both stylistically and emotionally satisfying, whereas the piece that 'reaches' is simply a mess. This isn't to say one should not 'reach', not a plea that Brad should stick to what he does well, but rather a statement that his 'reaching' is as yet unsuccessful, at least in this instance.

But you have to stretch. I've found the same thing. Some styles and topics seem to come easily (notwithstanding my actual ability to execute them), but I have at times tried to expand my repertoire into styles and subject matter that do not come so naturally, and as I in particular have discovered, even failure is a learning experience.

As to Dave Locke's piece, I don't want to be the one to cast the

first stone, but I think he's playing fast and loose with the facts. I shouldn't say this, as being a guy who is obviously into fighting he'll probably come over here and stomp the piss out of me. But from here in my trench, and shouting through my electric megaphone, I can state with some degree of safety that when he says he's changing "the album", and putting on "something" (emphasis mine) "by Jimmy Buffett" he's playing fast and loose with scientific accuracy. His first quote was from a track off the 1979 'Volcano' album whereas his last was from the 1973 'A White Sport Coat & A Pink Crustacean'. That's six years and several albums though he implies he's only playing one (I've also checked that both tracks don't appear on either of the two 'live' albums). He could of course be playing a self-recorded compilation tape, which I tend to do rather than play the original albums because even with Jimmy Buffett some tracks are less than scintillating, and with a C90 you can get 45 minutes of uninterrupted brilliance before you have to get up and turn it over, or with a Walkman more than two hours before the rechargeable batteries pop their clogs. But one doesn't refer to such





tapes as 'albums'. Not unless both one's braincells are on the same lunch break. So whilst Dave talks about an "album", there are at least two involved, and maybe more. Close enough for fan writing? I think not. Cas showed her naiveté by asking "But isn't that 'Artistic Licence'?" I regretfully informed her "Dave had his 'Artistic Licence' pulled years ago, when something went awry. Now if they even catch him packing a typewriter he'll go down for a mandatory ten count."

So let that be a lesson to you, Locke. If you're going to fib, even by implication, somebody will catch you out. And as for you, Bill, when Dave leaves you that much space for a heading or illo I'm sure you could have found **something** in your files. I know the approach this time was minimalistic, but one sodding illo wouldn't have blown your street cred, ya know.

Or did I get a duff copy?

Hania's piece was excellent. Short punchy sentences driving home a short punch piece, full of immediacy and impact. I liked the way the 'Reality Sets In...' section started off very much in the tone of a traditional Police Incident report before veering back to the personal. There's something 'Hill Street Blue-ish' about this piece, and I want to thank the pair of you for writing and publishing it. You should definitely hit on Hania (though not in a Dave Locke sort of way) to write more stuff for *Outworlds*.

Which about covers everything, except my question "Just where did Jeanne Bowman find a postcard bearing your photograph?"

(Friday 28th, May 1993)

BUCK COULSON

Sorry to hear all the agonizing details of your medical problems. Dave Locke mentioned that you were in the hospital, but only gave a few details.

Jodie's article was interesting. Our daughter-in-law teaches at a juvenile detention center, prison, reform school, whatever you want to call it. She once told Bruce there was an opening for a guard there; well-paying job. Bruce didn't take it. He told me, "You're expected to break up fights, and doing it just draws their attention to you."

I don't think I've ever been at a party where the men engaged

in discussing the fights they'd been in. And only one party where men and women were in separate rooms. (And I disliked that one, since there were people in each room that I wanted to talk to, and I couldn't manage it, since there was at least one person in each room that I *didn't* want to talk to. It's easier to dodge bores if you're in a large group.)

I think I agree with Eric Mayer on corporations, but I don't remember Sherman's material well enough to be sure. (If I had our fanzines organized I could look it up and then brilliantly explain my Theory of Living to both of them, but as it is I'll have to remain vague.)

Apropos of Harry Warner's comments about unknown or unsuitable people reading fanzines, I wonder if there are still libraries collecting them? I know I shipped a lot of fanzines I didn't want to keep to a California library Steve Schultheis was working for, lo, these many years ago, and I may have sent some to the "Spaced-Out Library" in...umm...Toronto area. Mostly to Schultheis, though; whole boxes of fanzines. I like to think of all the students looking for material for a thesis who have run across fanzine collections and tried to make something coherent out of them. Of course, Dr. Fredric Wertham did get a book out of his fanzine reading, but since he liked fanzines, the book was a flop. Scandal is what sells to the general public. Saying that comic books encourage homosexuality can get the author a best-seller; saying that fanzines are a brilliant and original form of communication doesn't interest potential readers.

I assumed Flynn had done the actual writing in *FALLEN ANGELS*; in the recent spate of co-authored books, it's generally the "name" authors who provide an outline and the newer, younger, whatever authors who do the work. But surely Niven at least could have provided Flynn with a list of fan names. Of course, there were a fair number of fans recognizable under thinly disguised names—"Umber" for "Brown" and so on—which I assumed Niven did supply. (Mainly because I don't think Pournelle would have bothered.)

(...) the major fannish event in our lives this month was the visit of our Russian literary agent, Igor Tolokonnikov, who arrived on the 16th and departed on the 20th. *Early* on the 20th; we had to get up at 4:00 AM to get him to the bus station in Richmond, IN. It seems to be true that Russians all play chess; I hadn't played that many games in 20 years. Come to think of it, I hadn't played *any* games in 20 years, so that it was surprising that I won a couple out of the dozen or more. We gave Igor the usual fan recreation; took him up to the used-book store in Wabash. *After* we got the car's brakes fixed; they failed, of course, just before he arrived. Incidentally, we discovered that the Marion, IN, bus station has moved 5 miles out of town, to be closer to the Interstate. Nice for us; that's 5 miles closer to us. But if you plan to arrive at Marion, either have someone waiting for you or prepare for a long walk. (And that hotel you once stayed at in Marion has been torn down, though they did wait a few years after you'd left to do it.)

My 65th birthday arrived earlier this month, so I'm now officially an Old Phart.

(05/20/93)

BILLY WOLFENBARGER

Nice job w/*Outworlds 66*. Congrats go to Brad W Foster for the artwork on front & bacoovers. The writing content: interesting variety, especially from the lettercol.

I would like to think it hopeful that one of these days I'll get back "into" fandom again. It's great reestablishing contact with old friends in fandom, which I mostly see these days in lettercols or with articles/essays. Perhaps I'm growing nostalgic for certain aspects of '60s fandom, when everyone wasn't quite what they are today—well, ok, at least some. Most? A few?

(08/10/93)

LLOYD PENNEY

I've got the day off, of course, but then, I'm unemployed, and most days, whether I like it or not, is a day off. The fanzines I receive help smooth over those days when my most fervent wish is to be employed again, and the wish doesn't come true. Time to delve inside, and see what there is....

And I thought I had medical problems with a sprained ankle and the flu... the wonder drugs of this age always seem to have side-effects to match their benefits. Such is the case with your Prednisone, managing your asthma, but removing the calcium from your vertebrae. The, the ulcer, the stomach tube, etc., etc. ... I hope you've got some kind of medical coverage. One fan I know in the Rochester, NY area dropped from sight at conventions for three years. When asked where he'd been all this time, he said he'd had an appendectomy, and had spent the succeeding three years just paying it off. I sure hope Clinton can cook up a decent health plan for you.

Sometimes, I think fandom is directly related to the exchange rates here, too. Every time it's getting close to going to WorldCon, Murphy makes sure it's the worst possible for me, and when I exchange my colourful cash for those drab greenbacks, I feel like I've just been ripped off for several hundred dollars. I'm looking forward to the Winnipeg WorldCon because I can then spend my own money! I also plan to go to Intersection...as of today, the pound sterling is worth C\$1.91. It'll probably rise to C\$2.25 around the time to buy pounds to go overseas, and drop down to C\$1.75 when I come back, and exchange for Canadian dollars again.

Hania's essay shows the difference between Toronto and Chicago, and, in some ways, Canada and the US. There's discussion now about curbing violence on American television and increasing gun control in the US. Canadians get plenty of exposure to American TV, and they see the violence, but seem to realize that's what's happening down there, not here. Gun control is a fact of life here, and while there are shootings, there aren't nearly the number of killings. Last year's figures were approximately 65 gun-related killings in Canada, and over 11,000 in the US. Sure, the US has ten times the population, but why does it have nearly 200 times the killings? Also, is it any wonder that the central chiefs of police organization are advocates of gun control? They see the killings; those who are against gun control do not, and have no idea what real life on the mean streets is like.

Fully agree with Roger Waddington and the Buzz Dixon idea below the letter. Sure, there's the happy deadwood in any organiza-

tion, but those who are very active in fandom are performers, and need an audience in front of them. We all perform to an audience to some degree, and with fanzines, subscribers and others who just receive fanzines are the audience. Loccers are also the audience, but they are also bitplayers. For myself, a former performer (*Torus*), I'll play a bit part until I can star in my own (re)production. People do wander into the smoky room party of fandom, and some wander out again, but there's something in that room that has kept a few there for over 50 years, and I want to find out what it is.

Sigh... Joseph Major reminds me that I missed yet another fanzine convention. I wanted to zip down to Ditto/Octocon, but again, finances wouldn't allow. I've had nine months of work in the past 2½ years, so money won't allow for some time.

(Aha! Derek Parks-Carter is PaM! The secret is out!)

Fine art by Brad Foster as always.... I must drop him a postcard and ask him about any new publications. (07/01/93)

■ *Ever since I was laid-off from my last Real Job—ten years ago this December—I've had to "carry" my own medical insurance. Somehow I've managed, even through the extended bouts of unemployment. Currently I'm paying out close to thirteen hundred dollars every Quarter; that doesn't include a prescription discount card. And yet I feel that I have no choice; that perforated ulcer referred to in OW66 *cost* well over ten thousand. And my most recent experience Under the Knife—the eyelid operation in May, well: I'm not sure what the hospital's share was for providing the site/sup-port personnel, but the Doctor "billed" the HMO \$6,102.00 (They *Paid* her \$1681.00; I have a little clearer understanding of how doctors feel about managed health care.) It cost me a total of \$20.00—my co-pay for the initial office visit.*

...well, there were the resultant perscriptions. And the fact I "missed" seven days of work without pay, but, hey, who's keeping track?

The Clinton Health Plan had a few good ideas, but didn't have a Chance In... from the beginning; the health insurance lobby is one of the strongest in this country.

Postcards from the FRINGE



June 7, 1993

Outloc on *OW 66*:

Ouch! Apologize to Wm, but explain and don't let him get "away" with it. !!! React to Bill's diagnostics. Pain/Fain, etc. !!! Comment on the Skel Paul brings to writing about his life. !!! Sympathize with Hania; describe the UGLA scene @ the Music Machine in Santa Monica after "the verdict". !!! And Jodie continues the theme of subdued violence... How does she feel about all of this? !!! Again! Dave can't Locke up his passion and puts someone in the hospital... what's this, yearlong full moon creating tidal passions all cresting in this issue? !!! Consider sending Bowers some of Wm's early letters to me. Scratch the No Quarter episode describing our first encounter. !!! Eric & corporations: ask him to name one that's playing an "ultimately destructive game" — is this a paranoia hangover from late 60's SF? !!! Gushing thanks to Cheryl and Harry... !!! Glicksohn, Bowers bluepencil, blood and good taste! Cheers! !!! Apologize also to Jeannc, based on innuendo and unprinted locs? Wouldn't she see through it, even as Wm doesn't? !!! Skel again. Lists & lobbing rotten eggs at mauling cats; other lists Bowers is certainly keeping... !!! Mention "Career Change" !!!!! !!! Remarks on PaM's Derek's inside backcover & deleted snide remark about «C's SHIT! Computer acting up again, better end this... Many, many thanks and plaudits to the "editor" for another great ish... +v]Æ/ [● Send a loc...

Coming soon, Bill. Hope it's as good for you.



Bill Bowers
P.O. Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174



Chris Sherman



Billy Wolfenbarger

A WALK DOWN PALMER STREET

EARLY THAT CHILLY, RAIN-THREATENING MORNING, in order to catch a bus to work, a day I hadn't intended working—blah-blah—I don't even want to think about those kind of blues—I had to search for a short cut to reach the stop on time. The light was between pale and feeble. I hunkered shoulders, hands into fists inside my heavy black coat pockets; I'd lost my gloves weeks ago. This way was near the absolutely silent park, while to my left the street meandered down sidestreets: some of these were dead ends—others connected with the main street and, eventually, the stop. I didn't have time to meander.

I crossed the park sidewalk, heading for the exit I felt should free me from the maze. I'd never gone this way before. I'd never had this much reason before. I had seven or ten minutes; my watch had died long ago.

Feeling the cold redness on my cheeks, on the tip of my nose.

Both sides of Palmer Lane contained small dark-brick houses, or age-mellowing clapboard ones, the small front yards superficially cared for, an occasional trail of waking morning shimney smoke rising to the cold, dampish sky. I hurried along, confident I'd chosen the best path.

Within a couple of blocks I'd reach the bus stop. I wanted a cigarette, but I just didn't have the time getting it together. Couldn't miss the bus. I wanted to be *inside* before the rain came pouring down. Air picked up into a breeze, into a wind.

I let out a miserable, disgusted sigh that would have shaken souls in Bombay, in Africa, in Zothique. By the time I'd gotten almost half way through Palmer Lane the rain beginning had turned into thick-pelting snow.

An eerie timelessness felt suddenly so strongly I slowed my pace, as though I had all morning to reach a destination the reason for which eluded me. The chilling wind and snow blew back the years. Snow was blinding me, and I know that the little houses along Palmer Lane changed—huts, tents, caves, the lawns rampant wild wild

growth. Snow vultures crowded the sky. My face was freezing. My feet plodded along, and time relentlessly happened backwards; snow vultures cried in the freezing sky.

THE HOUSES HUDDLED, hunkering in the riot of twisting snow.

Somewhere—impossible to tell from which direction—classical music was alive, playing in the air.

Snow covered the little houses until they became huts, tents, caves. The music changed into a distantly pounding drum.

A vaguely recognizable consciousness had been this way before. I was walking in slow-time. But I couldn't bridge the gulf fully enough. Now became then as then became now. Had some earlier poet passed this way? The drum was softly dying. Some elder Muse-haunted man, a poet, or a Beauty-haunted artist, had felt as cold & miserable, tired & lonely as I. With that discovery I realized the tight connection. The drum stopped, its after-echo a dirge on the wind.

Snow vultures, swooping, now flapped their wings, their snow wings, lifting themselves into invisible distance. Tears welled in my eyes, and I pulled out my pocket-cozy hands to wipe them away.

Wind stopped blowing, snow stopped twisting, stopped falling.

Quickly, then, I reached the end of Palmer Lane and arrived at the destination I'd once forgotten.

Down some twisted, haunted skyway, my thoughts & feelings returned, but not my body. I've lost all traces of Palmer Lane, and I've searched, I've gone down every sidestreet, each dead end.

— Billy Wolfenbarger
Eugene, Oregon
16th & 17th April, 1993

WM BREIDING

This is the problem that I always run into and why I eventually bail out from complex correspondence like we've been carrying on: Big things start happening and I don't write, but intend to, and then huge chunks of time lapse and collapse and the impossibility of nuance and depth in what has passed drags me down. I hope not to do this with you. I blame my silence partly on the Death of my Mac-Plus: how easily we become dependent!

The last thing I expected to see was an *Outworlds*.

As usual, haven't read it, but wanted to let you know it was most warmly received. And (thank God!) was glad to see (though quite amazed) that you'd had so much backlog of my letters, and—temporarily—my guilt, “chiseled” from not writing, was assuaged, though I have to say this issue (#66) was barely “crafted” and looked as close as you'll ever get to the punk feel of “found-art” fanzines, but then I guess you have to let it “hang out” sometimes—just make sure the person you want is grabbing it.... (05/27/93)

■ ... “ironic” isn't it, in retrospect, that I was the one who “bailed out” soon after receiving this postcard! We both do *Come & Go*, but at this stage I, at least, feel (fairly) secure in the knowledge that, sooner-or-later, we'll reestablish contact. And, from my end, that's a nice feeling to have.

JOSEPH T MAJOR

Enclosed is a check for \$20 to ensure me the next five issues of *Outworlds*. Not that I plan to quit lochacking, but after reading the latest installment of “Post-it Notes on the Cutting Edge” I figured that the last thing you needed was a higher freebie-to-subscription ratio.

Is this the *Outworlds True Crime* issue? Between Skel's saga of bold Fenian bombs, Hania Wojtowicz's witnessing for a prosecution, Jodie Offutt's tale of giving freshcon composition classes, and Dave Locke's vigorous discussion of driving manners, the issue seems to have a certain ... slant (what a great idea for a fanzine title!).

Ah... Skel makes an observation that I can make even gloomier. I remember when *The Troubles* started all of twenty-

three years ago. Immediately thereafter there began these grand efforts at reconciliation, where youths from both faiths were given vacations abroad, and in pastoral settings were intermingles, there to experience the joys of ecumenical cooperation. It was figured that these shining examples of harmony would bring about the leaders who would span the interfaith divide and reconcile the warring factions. It has been, as I said, twenty-three years, long enough for those children to grow up into responsible, concerned adults.

Didn't work, did it?

I got to comment Jodie Offutt personally for her fine work at Conjunction (DeepSouthCon) this previous weekend. We have had enough trouble with convicts of our own that I would rather not go into the matter any further.

By the way, referring back to Gary Grady's prediction of mass relationships, I found out that my great-great-great-grandma married a John Cleve. I guess that makes me related to Andy and Jodie somehow!

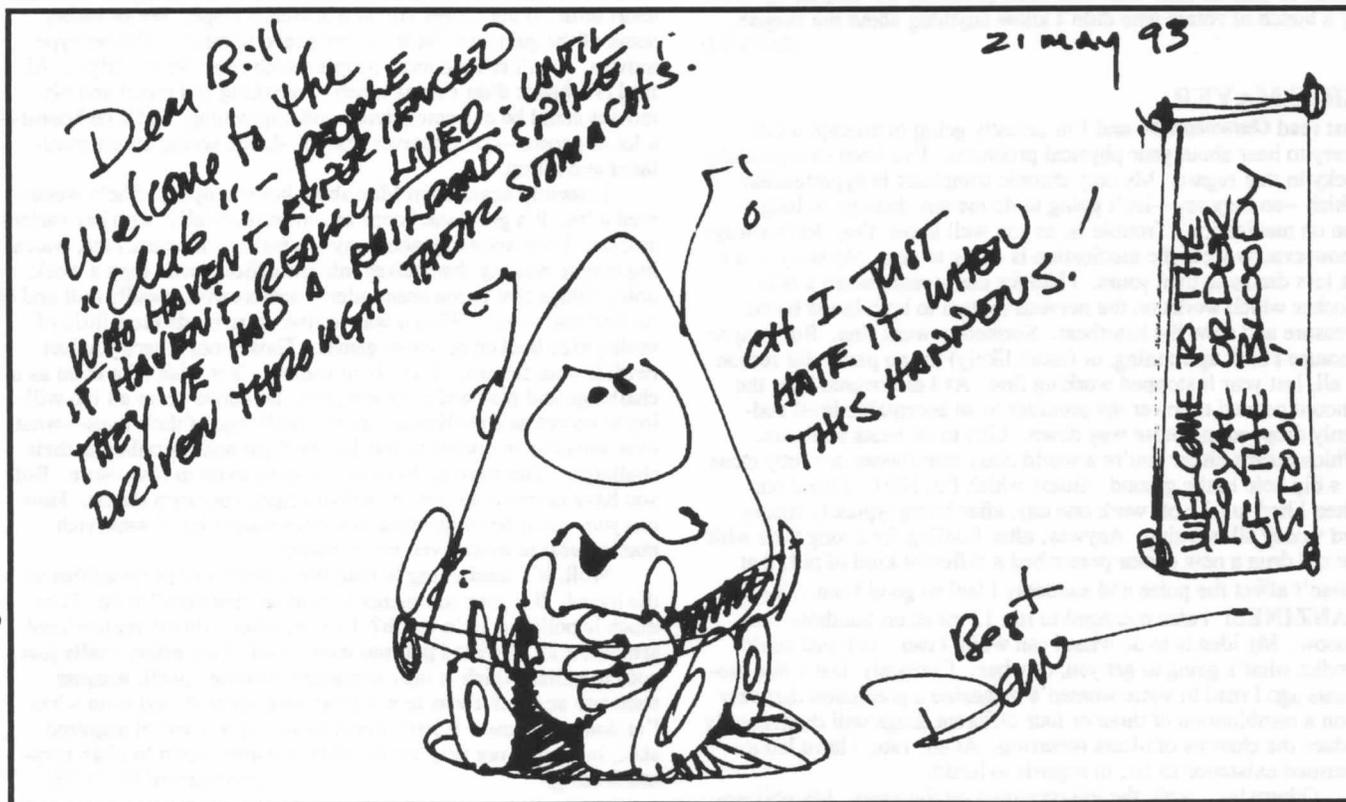
Chris Sherman goes to the most interesting places. That bar in Singapore will likely not get in those series of ads. (I like Yakov Smirnoff's comment: “I applied for a visa, so the government gave me a MasterCard.”) There is one little emendation I have to make to his tour of sunny España, sorry to say. While the Alcazar of Toledo “has survived wave after wave of denuding conquerors,” it was the indigenes who really did it to the place.

During the famous siege the JReds[Loyalists fired nearly ten thousand artillery shells at the place and twice tried to blow up the place by digging tunnels under it, packing them full of dynamite, and setting it off. By the time the JFascists[Nationalists under General Franco (who is still dead) got there, the building resembled four years of urban renewal. So the current structure is relatively contemporary, though on the original plan and site. (See Cecil Eby's SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR for all the interesting story.)

I think there is yet a third different old space alien in a basement beyond the one in Constantinople that Joe R. Christopher posits. As I recall, the Celtic Christian Church used yet a third different formula for calculating the date of Easter. Not to mention the problem of the Orthodox being on the Julian calendar while the Catholics went over to Pope Gregory's calendar.

On the other hand, there was a big fuss over BERESHIT/GENESIS,

David R. Haugh



namely the theory that the book of **J** was written by a woman. Problem is that **THE BOOK OF J**, the principal literary exposition of this thesis, is written by a man who does not read Hebrew and used a questionable translation.

Like Brian Earl Brown I enjoyed the case of "Mumps" that Derek Parks-Carter had. I note that in spite of the advertisement, chapter four ends with a portentous "To be continued". Will Parks-Carter survive the startling revelation by the editor and produce a fifth attack of "Mumps"?

My condolences on your latest problem...something of the sort pushed back the beginning of my career as a lohack for several years. (06/08/93)

GEORGE FLYNN

I find that I never got around to locking *Outworlds 66*; better late than never, assuming I can still remember any of what I intended to say.... Hope things have gotten better in the continuing melodrama of your life.

A good deal of urban violence here, between Skel's and Hania's pieces. I've never witnessed anything of that sort, but some years ago there was a political assassination in my neighborhood—in fact, right down the block from where I used to catch the bus (though not at that time). The victim was the Honorary Turkish Consul, in fact just a local rug merchant who accepted the title as a mark of pride in his heritage or some such, and the killer (whom they never caught) was presumably an Armenian terrorist. Apparently learned the guy's usual route home from the store, waited for him where he slowed down to turn the corner, and shot through the window. There was an article in the paper recently about how all the other honorary consuls have been nervous ever since....

Chris Sherman continues to write astonishingly well.

Buck Coulson says, "The difference between fan and pro is still money." I dunno. I do get paid for the occasional pieces (about WorldCon Business Meetings) that I do for *SF Chronicle*, but it sure *feels* like fanwriting.

Mike Glicksohn wonders "how long it will be until a Business Meeting motion to abandon all the fan Hugos actually passes, the final nail in the coffin as they bury fanzine fandom..." Well, the last time such a motion was actually considered, it was sponsored by a bunch of fanzine fans who were tired of having the awards decided by a bunch of voters who didn't know anything about the subject. (03/08/94)

ERIC MAYER

Just read *Outworlds 66* and I'm actually going to attempt a LoC. Sorry to hear about your physical problems. I've been exceptionally lucky in that regard. My only chronic complaint is hypertension which—so they say—isn't going to do me any damage so long as I'm on medication. Trouble is, as you well know, they don't always know exactly what the medication is doing to you. My story was a lot less dramatic than yours. I had for many years taken a beta blocker which works on the nervous system to both lower blood pressure and slow the heartbeat. Seemed to work fine. But, maybe because I took up running, or (more likely) for no particular reason at all, last year it stopped working fine. As I discovered later the amount needed to lower my pressure to an acceptable level suddenly dropped my pulse way down. Like to 36 beats a minute. Which means either you're a world class marathoner or pretty close to a big hole in the ground. Guess which I'm NOT. Found out when I had to take off work one day, after being typically spacey and woozy all morning. Anyway, after fiddling for a long time with the old drug a new doctor prescribed a different kind of pill, that doesn't affect the pulse and suddenly I feel so good I can... **LOC FANZINES!** I also managed to run 13 miles on Sunday—real slooow. My idea is to do what I can while I can. You just can't predict what's going to get you, or when. Curiously, just a few moments ago I read in some women's magazine a prediction that very soon a combination of three or four different drugs will dramatically reduce the chances of ulcers recurring. At any rate, I have led a charmed existence so far, in regards to health.

Otherwise...well, the job continues on the same. My philoso-

phy is to "enjoy" that while I can. Who knows, the s.o.b.'s who are giving me trouble might well get promoted out of my life!

(Mary says to mention that in the newest issue of *Womans World* the minute mystery features a villain by the name of Wilson Tucker. Can't be a coincidence. By a Susan Hitchcock....rightttt. Does that sound familiar?)

I notice, in the loccol, that I said something inadvertently that will probably be misread. In mentioning my reaction to Chris Sherman's writing about corporate life I dropped the name "Rommel". I really wasn't trying to be clever, or deliver any barb. Didn't even think about the possibility until I read it myself. Oh well. As I've said before, I tend to treat letters like conversation. Also, speaking of the loccol it was kind of amusing reading before and after mentions of the wedding from Mike and Brian.

I enjoyed Dave's column but...heh, he "put him in the hospital." I mean, come on. We want to know HOW? By suddenly opening the car door on him? By hitting him with a copy of **DHALGREN**?

Mary has just taken hold of *Outworlds* which I had secreted onto the bus to read this morning and she is saying "OH, there's Roger, or there's Buck. Hmmm....Mae. Look, William Breiding." This is a lot more interesting than the *Sun* right? Did you see the headline "Elvis Dead at 58"? What an untimely demise. I sure hope I live more than a measly 16 years after I die.

Now Mary comments on Derek's cartoon. "A good little parody of Mike," she says. "Look at the fur...or, I mean the hair..." "Still tappin' away," she comments. See, I can't even get a LoC written. And it's getting late. What next?

So...it is now next evening and I have left Mary downstairs perusing a book reprinting Elizabethan pamphlets about witches. A real good article by Skel. I have to hand it to him, finding something humorous in terrorist bombings. They haven't reached Rochester yet. Of course, all sorts of unexpected terrible things can happen, and do happen to some people. I suppose bombings are just another. In Rochester we seem headed for a record number of murders. Is modern society getting coarser? Is life worth less? I don't know. Let's face it, overall things have, in the past, been far worse. Mary recounted to me, before I came up here, an Elizabethan account of a witch put to death and in the process the executioners cut off her breasts and beat her sons with them! Still in the short term I think things are on a downhill slope. We're losing some of the gains we made. A pet peeve of mine is slasher-type movies. Don't tell me most people watch them for the fright. Alfred Hitchcock didn't show much of anything as I recall and his movies could be extremely tense and frightening. Let's be honest—a lot of people—for whatever reason—LIKE seeing others mutilated and killed.

I recently heard from Mae about her son dying. She's weath-ered a lot. It's great she keeps on, enthusiastically, with her various studies. I was speaking about my job earlier. It amazes me, watching people hauling themselves into the office, seven days a week, doing things that to me seem utterly non-creative, deadly dull and of no intrinsic worth. What a way to live. It reminds me a little of seeing kids hooked on video games. Those ones where you just twiddle your fingers. Talk about useless. Yet, kids take them as a challenge and play and play and play. So adults seem all too willing to accept as a challenge—as the challenge of their lives—whatever someone in authority sets before them and describes as their challenge. You have to do what you have to do to live—sure. But you have to make up your own challenges, your own quests. How can your quest be to function as a microscopic bit of some rich man's quest to make even more money?

Well, it's fascinating to read the interplay of personalities in the loccol. Re: your comments to Wm on "polished" style. How much is polished style worth? I know, when I do my professional articles, a lot of what I put into them, a lot of the effort, really just goes to polish which is only necessary because...well, because someone decided it was in a professional context, and even when I'm doing it, I know it isn't worth much. It is a sort of acquired skill, but really not very useful when it comes down to plain communicating. (postmarked 06/11/93)

LARRY DOWNES

Well, I schlepped OW 63, 65, and 66 with me to Washington, D.C., where I spent the summer being dined (wining is sort of out these days, which is just as well) by a big, silly inside-the-Beltway law firm, and of course, had to schlep them right back to Chicago with me, which came really as no surprise. It's hard enough for me to sit down and write letters when I'm in my own environment, let alone crashing on someone's couch (an old college friend in Alexandria). Today is a Sunday when I've stayed home all weekend with a cold. So that's what it takes at this stage of life.

Summer in D.C. was, well, interesting. I didn't do much work, which was fine with me, and everyone at The Firm was very nice (my official "mentor" even took me out one night to see the film about a new lawyer and his mentor). But D.C. is a strange place—or rather, not a place at all. No one seems to be from there, and no one is planning to stay for very long. It's the first law firm I've seen that expects its lawyers to be coming and going (between government and private practice), creating a sense of great discontinuity. And the weather was every bit as awful during the summer as I had been warned. I only had to walk two blocks to the Metro (for which I developed a terrible crush), and usually my shirt was soaked by the time I got to the station. I got to the point where I could measure the heat in terms of how wide the rivulets of sweat running down my back were when I was standing on the platform waiting for a Blue line train.

Still, even given all the traveling I did before law school, this was the longest I had been away from Chicago (nine weeks) without a trip back, and the experience suggests I could survive elsewhere. But I was terribly homesick, especially at first. I don't particularly want to leave Chicago, mind you, but some of my "options" would make more sense done elsewhere. I don't know—should a person stay so long in one place? Is it better not to gather moss or to put down roots, as the dueling clichés would have it?

So law school is really over, and long over at that. It feels great to be done even though it has forced me to face a reality that, having started school in the first place, I committed myself to a new life (or career anyway) and now must decide what it's going to be. I have this clerkship for a year, which buys me a little time, but only a little. There's lots of things I *could* do at this point, but none of them look all that appealing. Practice law? Or not? Back to consulting? Corporate? Litigate? Private? Public? Here? West coast? After spending a good part of the summer making myself crazy, I've decided that I can't decide this rationally, with spreadsheets and ranked criteria, so I've given up, and now await inspiration. If you see him or her, let them know my new address, OK?

Of course I love Derek's strip and the fact that you've managed to reconnect with him and Lynn and their adorable brood (well, maybe you haven't gotten any artwork out of Alex yet, but you really should try). Their move to Michigan City turns out to have been a real trend-setter; it's now among the fashionable places to have a summer home (for eventual retirement). I spent many weekends this summer at a friend's shared semi-beach place in the Hamptons, and got the bug. How I wish I could have in fact bought Lynn and Derek's place when they moved, as they wanted me to do. Better yet, how I wish they had never moved.

I really enjoyed OW #63 and #65, but it feels too long since I've read them to have much to say. They looked great, in addition to having some wonderful reads. I really like the technique of putting the contributors' personal letters in the margin of his or her article. Somewhere in all of this Chris wrote about what Apa-50 would have been in a world of word processing, and he has to be right when he says the mailings would have been thousands of pages long, even without using the repeat key. But just imagine if in fact the Apa had been conducted (as I have to imagine some are today) over the Internet, where they could be essentially free to reproduce and continuous in time, a "mailing" every day, or several times a day. Apa-50 in cyberspace. The mind boggles.

As for #66 ... which starts with the same post-it note from flaf ● EIGHT, I see, and which is equally painful to read in both formats, I'm afraid. Alas, Father William. I have nothing reassuring or philosophical to say. I just wish you better health.

I enjoyed Jodie's piece on teaching in prison. During my first year of law school, our Crim prof took us on a field trip to Stateville prison in Joliet, a notorious high security state prison much of which was designed in the early 20th century by Jeremy Bentham—in particular the round house cell blocks, where all the cells face into a central atrium and thus allows for a single guard tower in the center of the floor that can see into all cells. The design was supposed to make the place more humane, but it's hard to see how. Standing anywhere in the remaining roundhouse (the rest have already been torn down) you just can't believe the level of the noise that bounces around everywhere. It must make these guys insane. And my classmates and their intense lack of sympathy or even empathy—but that is a story for another day.

And then over this summer I have been reading the prison memoir of Nathan Leopold, of Leopold & Loeb fame. (Leopold is the U of Chicago Law School's most infamous alum—he was a first-year student when he and Loeb committed the so-called "crime of the century", the kidnapping and murder of Loeb's cousin just, or so the story goes, for the heck of it.) And it turns out he was moved into Stateville just the time it opened, and spent his entire captivity there. And he loved the place, which I guess says a lot about what kind of prisons the Betham design replaced. (Leopold, by the way, started a school at Stateville with Loeb, perhaps the precursor of what Jodie is doing.)

Well, my head is spinning again, so it's back to bed for me. Bill, I hope you had a much better summer than the previous several seasons, and I do hope to see you soon. (08/29/93)

I ALSO HEARD FROM:

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK * SHERYL BIRKHEAD

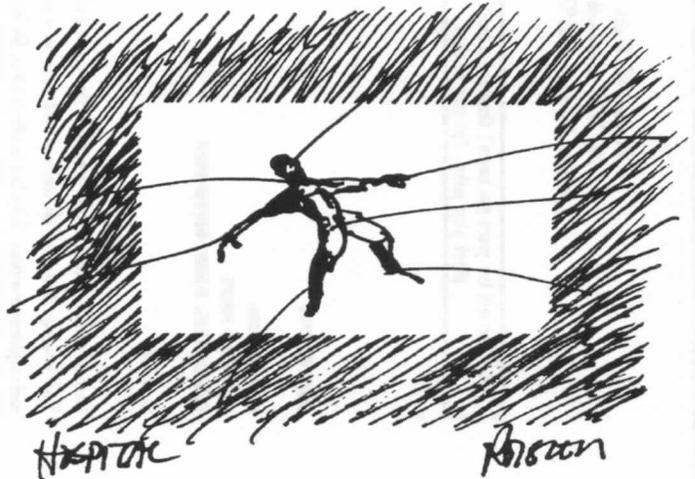
...if I "owe" an apology to Dave Rowe for the length of time it took me to get his egoboo into print—I owe an even more heartfelt Apology to the Contributors to OutWorlds 66. Because of my "erratic" distribution of the issue, it's fairly obvious that it didn't draw the amount of response it (probably) otherwise would have.

(A fair percentage of the issues that were distributed "on time" were handed out at Corflu. Is it only my imagination—or do convention-distributed issues really garner less response, percentage-wise, than totally "mailed" issues...?)

I've said it before. I don't want to have to say it again (but I probably will...):

It is My Firm Belief that the lettercolumn is the heart & soul of a genzine. But it only "works" when that lettercol takes the form of a continuing conversation—which is only possible when The Editor distributes On Time...and Publishes the next issue in an acceptable time frame.

I'll give it another try.



Michael W. Waite
105 West Ainsworth
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

MAY 06 1993

"If in the last few years you haven't discarded a major opinion or acquired a new one, check your pulse. You may be dead." -- Celest Burgess

MAY 6, 1993

BILL BOWERS
P.O. BOX 58078
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45259-0178

Dear Bill,

Fear not, Bill, my life is less interesting than yours, but it is also less PAINFUL. Your marriage from hell chronicles should serve as a word of caution for those contemplating marriage. No, he is often a bit. We had several relationships but have never tied the knot. I used to kid my mother about being a three-time loser. Perhaps that has something to do with my skepticism, when it comes to marriage.

MY HUMBLE ATTEMPT AT PUBLISHING A FANZINE WILL SOON BE A REALITY. YOU ARE ON MY MAILING LIST, WHICH NOW NUMBERS 280 NAMES AND ADDRESSES (FIFTY, OF WHICH, ARE GOING TO THE UK). I PROMISE NOT TO MIX MY FORTS, OR MITTAPERS, TOO OFTEN.

PAX.

P.S. I have access to over 300 different fonts. How about a 300 word letter with each word set in a different font? Only kidding.

Michael W. Waite
105 West Ainsworth
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

"Where there is I, there is bondage. Where there is no I, there is release. Neither reject nor accept anything." --Asavakra Gita



September 3, 1993

Dear Bill,

Hope you are feeling better. Outworlds #66 is patiently sitting on my night table waiting to be read. I took a week off from work so I could catch-up on my reading and correspondence. So far, I have only managed to buy more books, which is putting me even further behind in my reading. Murphy must have a law to cover that phenomena.

Fall is just-around-the-corner and the zines are arriving at breakneck speed. Recent arrivals have included: Derogatory Reference #75, Sticky Quarters #22, Mimosa #14, Spent Brass, File #70 #99 and Astronaut Quarterly (May/August). I haven't heard from Dick and Leah, they must be resting up from their recent trip to Australia and their move to new quarters.

My computer spell-check wants to change "zines" to "zinnias."

The Brad W. Foster covers are great (OW #66). I've been a foster fan for years ("foster fan" sounds rather strange -- but that's what he gets for not capitalizing his name.). I particularly enjoy Brad's "unbridled" sexually explicit covers of copulating -- and I hope consenting -- adult aliens. Come to think of it, "bridled" sex might not be bad either, but that's another matter.

I promise to comment more thoroughly on your next issue. Hope this letter finds you in high spirits and acceptable health.

Pax,

Michael

Michael W. Waite

"Even today I would go half-way round the world to find a book if I thought it essential to my needs, and I have a feeling of absolute veneration for those few authors who have given me something special. For this reason I can never understand the tepid youth of today who wait for books to be given to them and who neither search nor admire. I would go without eating in order to get a book, and I have never liked borrowing books, because I have always wanted them to be absolutely mine so that I could live with them for hours on end."

"As with men, it has always seemed to me that books have their own peculiar destinies. They go towards the people who are waiting for them and reach them at the right moment. They are made of living material and continue to cast light through the darkness long after the death of their authors."

Miguel Serrano, 1966 C.G. JUNG & HERMANN HESSE: A RECORD OF TWO FRIENDSHIPS

July 14, 1994

Dear Bill,

The above quote could also include fanzines and relevant faneds, past and present, who continue to enlighten as well as entertain. *Outworlds* and Bill Bowers fall into that category.

As I told you in a previous letter, I purchased a copy of Frank Arnold's WINGS ACROSS TIME from L. W. Currey (\$35 plus \$4.50 postage - in fine condition). What I didn't tell you was when the book arrived it was stamped "Donald A. Wollheim". I learned later that, after Donald's death, Currey purchased the Wollheim library. I'm very pleased to have a book from that library, especially one by Frank Arnold. Arnold's short stories are very imaginative. Thanks again for publishing Dave Rowe's "Frank" (OW65).

I previously recommended Kim Stanley Robinson's RED MARS as a "must read" book. I just finished reading GREEN MARS and also highly recommend it be added to your reading list. I'm normally not a trilogy kind of guy, but I'm anxiously awaiting the appearance of BLUE MARS, the last book in Robinson's Mars series. (Asimov's FOUNDATION trilogy is another exception to my dislike of "series" novels.)

I'm still a "world class" procrastinator. My "eagerly awaited" fanzine has been sleeping on my computer hard drive for over a year. Hopefully, it will soon see the light of day. It now totals 25 pages and is constantly in a state of flux. Oh well...

It's been a long time since I've received an issue of *Outworlds* or *Xenolith*, although I'm more concerned about you than I am in receiving an issue of *Outworlds* or *Xenolith*. I hope this letter finds you in relatively good health. Please do not feel obligated to answer this letter. A fanzine will do nicely, whenever you are ready to publish one.

P.S. I miss your movie and book lists. I've seen some excellent films lately:

Forrest Gump
Little Buddha
32 Short Films About Glenn Gould
Wolf
Cronos
Speed
Schindler's List
This Boy's Life
Passion Fish
Fearless

I also saw *The Shadow*. It was disappointing. Alex Baldwin was not the right person to play *The Shadow*. Liam Neeson (*Darkman* and *Schindler's List*) would have been a better choice.

Michael W. Waite
105 West Ainsworth
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

There's a long way between declining and death.

-Isaac Bashevis Singer

October 21, 1993

Dear Bill,

It's been a long time since my mailbox was graced with a Bowers' publication. I've concluded, based on your previous writings, the Bowers' zine draught is due to one of the following:

- A. Hospitalized
- B. Feeling Under-the-Weather
- C. Low on Cash
- D. Contemplating Another Marriage
- E. Flash-backs From a Previous Marriage
- F. A, C and E
- G. B, C and E
- H. GAFIA
- I. All of the Above
- J. None of the Above

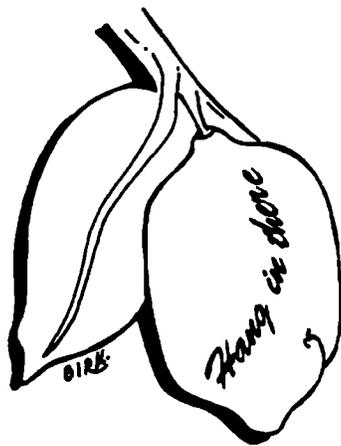
I have temporarily solved the dilemma by rereading "classic" issues of *Outworlds*, Double : Bill and *Xenolith*.

"Old and tired fans, I might point out, are allowed to write around the illos. But only for nostalgic purposes."

-Dave Locke
Please Don't Write Around the Illos
Outworlds 24 (5/18/75)

Outworlds 24 is a classic. How can you miss with writers like: Bob Tucker, Robert A. W. Lowndes, Dave Locke, Susan Wood, Michael Gorra, Jon Inouye, Sandra Miesel and Bill Bowers? (A belated loc, 18 years' after-the-fact.)

A NEW CHALLENGE! I was given a *Gestetner 300T* and an A.B. Dick 217 in excellent condition. I have hand-written instructions for the *Gestetner 300T* but no information on the A.B. Dick 217.



In mid-1993, after the publication of *Outworlds 66*, I Went Away for a while. I had done so before, but never for quite so long and, as I recall, never quite so totally. [Then again, there were The Traumas....] The reasons have been recounted in apazines over the past year, and in *OW67*. Suffice it to say it was not Intentional; it just happened.

And yet, Some People just would not take my lack of response as a Hint:

- Sheryl
- Linda
- Gay & Joe
- Michael Waite
- Alexander

...and Others kept trying, against all odds, to Lure Me Back.

But, by far, the most persistent—the ones who totally refused to accept the Silence—were Young Mr. Breiding and JeanneB.

In a totally self-serving issue of an often self-centered fanzine, I'd like to share some things with you.

And I'm going to....

Again, the William Breiding Chronicles

6-16-93: It is the song that changes. I remain the same. Left on a drifting boat, past a million life times of lost, limitless, engulfing byways, watching, walking, rowing, wondering How How How. And not only that, but WHO and WHEN. Narrowed down, trussed up, folded and smacked. The song continues, I travel on, forever different, always the same. Wearing; and then new strength. My hand dipped into the warm water, green, musky. Fish on palm then slide away. Back to dry dock, the shore and life, of life!

And again, the river.

]Chris will never write like this.[

6-20-93; 8:35 am: ...an attempt at communication? The MacPlus is still dead, and typers are too noisy (now that I have a late-partying roommate!), besides which it's cozier to sit up in bed with my coffee under the down comforter while listening to Bartok's string quartets (great stuff! Do you know it; do you ever listen to "classical"?). Well, life goes on: Steven's black cat (with auburn undershading) just puked in the hallway a few minutes ago and I nearly stepped in it.

So, how many issues of *Outworlds* have I failed to LoC?

Through sickness and health, good times and bad, you continue to pub your ish. I'd say forget relationships, Bill; the only steady marriage you have is your fanzine. And maybe I should just buy myself a chastity belt and chain myself to the computer. Finally! A string of best selling novels—the finest "modern realism" this side of Robert Carver and Harold Brodsky!

Did Art tell you that I called? The one time I called, and where were you? You had the nerve to be laid up in the hospital. How rude of you. You'll never guess what it was I was calling you about. I had changed my mind about the Chris Sherman stuff—I didn't want you to publish it. Ha, Ha, Ha. For what dirty deed am I paying penance?

I'm sorry that I've appeared to abandon you in your time of need; life is tenuous, ain't it? I was with you, I really was! It was just that my own state of emotions was set beyond turmoil into a roaring tornado of flame and soaking storm. I've come to realize that you really are a man of great emotions/cerebral constitution, but your body is for the pits, Bill. Not only this but you have a death wish longer than the Ohio River. By "living" you are killing yourself—in the tradition of the best artists, of course—but my question here, now, is: did anything get resolved? It almost seemed to be that you were saying there was some absolute diagnosis finally, an explanation, and if not cure, at least realistic ways to manage your body with minimum discomfort. That's what you almost seemed to be saying, but not quite.

Approaching your life like the way you do an oncoming meal: something to knit your brow over, eh?

I've made an unsuccessful attempt to find the *OW* previous to #65; was that #64 or #63? Or was it #68? At any rate, from my "loc" in #66 I assume it's only been two issues (#65, #66) that require some sort of attention. You'll forgive me if I don't give them the full stroking they obviously are sitting up and begging for. I applaud your decision to play hardball with Dave Rowe on "Frank"—this was seriously delirious stuff, Bill! Dave, I can not thank you enough!— And pubbing it as an issue of *Outworlds*, rather than a serial. That's what I like about you, Bill—format is dictated by material on hand. A commendable attribute to have, instead of trying to pound reality out into the shape you think it had oughtta be.

What do you say about a piece like this? When I was young and enthusiastic, this was the kind of fannish material I lived for, but rarely found, except the occasional SaM piece (now mostly cornered in *OW*, thank ghu!). This is a piece I will likely go back and read again—and again. (I really want to get *A WEALTH OF FABLE*; I missed the mimeoed version.) (Can you believe my brother Michael had the audacity to sell my copy of *ALL OUR YESTERDAYS* along with my entire [mostly scifi] book collection because "it sat around too long, and I thought you didn't want them anymore" while they were in storage at his place? All is forgotten, but believe not forgiven!)

As I said in my postcard, *OW66* is probably the closest you'll ever get to doing a cut and paste zine. Christ, it looks like a mailing of *Apa-50*, particularly with Chris' sideways pages, an all too common occurrence in *Apa-50* with members trying to save cash.

Your second set of "trilogies", Skel, Wojtowicz and Offutt were, uh, interesting: can we talk about scifi now? Skel left me with bile churning. Living "far and away" in America, and being primarily a-political, I can say little of substance. The effects of the English-Irish war on Joe Blow in England is, without a doubt, majorly upsetting, but this bullshit ending Skel stuck us with was like some propaganda piece and I say fuck that. Try going to Northern Ireland and living your goddammed life.

I really liked Dave Locke's piece on fighting. It's so brief, yet so incredibly pithy. Probably not more than 700 words and totally full blown. I love it. Thanks, Dave.

On the other hand we have Speed Racer himself, Mr. Chris Sherman. Again, totally awesome. The R. L. Stevenson bit with the Singapore entry was hilarious, impressive, and totally Chris. He used to write stories of meeting fans that ran much like this.

Are you still racing, Chris? Far safer to reenact history as the main star to fulfill your eager sensawonda.

I fall gracefully.

I won't comment on the LoCs.

With #66 you probably used up the backlog of my letters. I was surprised to even appear in #66. Best hop to it. By the time we're through here, all I'll have to do is rearrange things and the memoirs will already be written.

7-5-93: So. News travels. You're in the pits. Dark caverns surrounding, decent into the maelstrom. Forget that shit, Bowers. That's up my alley, down my line. I got it locked up and copy-righted, so move out. Smiles and sunbeams—remember!

Where ever you go—WE will always be there. Our arms, our hearts open.

Find the foothold, grasp the higher rung, pull. I'm below. You can not fall.

WE
DO
LOVE
YOU.

7-12-93: So. How are "we"?

In Iowa, all 99 counties are applying for relief as a federal disaster area.

Make you feel any better?

7-29-93: Thanks for the postcard; it was great to see your familiar scrawl amid the debris of the POBox junk mail.

I'm up and walking now. Absolutely lucky that I didn't break or fracture any bones. Just severe trauma & demolishing flesh wounds to my left knee area (exposed my kneecap to the bone—oh what fun!). Still can't bend my knee very well, but hopefully, I'll be able to kick butt in time for the WorldCon; Apa-50 has FOUR get togethers planned—2 of them night time parties—wheee!

"How to go deeply into debt in just under two minutes"—!

9-17-93: 6:18 am: We missed you at WorldCon!

I must admit that conventions are strange and alien beasts. The Apa-50 parties were great. And it was cool meeting Linda Michaels (who summonsed me to her). My major (only) purchase was NESFA's reissue in hardback of the complete short stories of Cordwainer Smith... Great stuff!

I hope you're fairly well, or at least better then when you last wrote. Me? I'm in a permanent state of disgust with a liberal mix of angst, but what else is new?

9-28-93: So what it be like?

The hours and days are raging by and the seasons are stamped-ing into the future. I walk in pain, but without a limp. The circumference of my life has dwindled, but I am punching and pounding and soon there will be a hole and I will breathe easier, for at least a moment. Where, what, when, how. The dealy-bobs of discontent are unmasking. And the eyes of danger are talking in short form. There is so much to learn, Bill!

10-16-93: Billy Boy— Thinkin' of you on this cold Frisko eve. What it be like for you this October around? Sittin' here listening to Sinatra trying to warm my old cockles, but maybe I should just put a sweater on instead, eh?

Postmarked 10-29-93:

FAINTLY DAWNING

She was a prospect
a damaged field
of nervous bugs
fetched beyond deism
with a license to kill

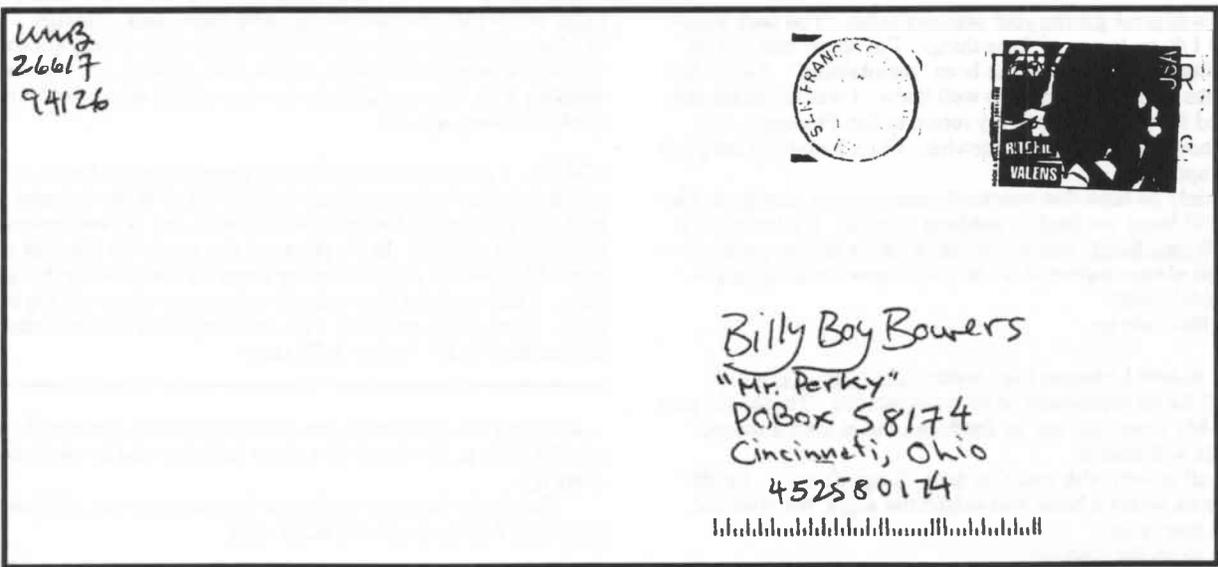
A bolt of clothe-wrapped lightening
hammered to hot unreasoned perfection
Stricken to sick precision

**WMBreiding
2-27-93**

1-11-94: So, how does it feel to be loved? Pretty horrifying, huh? I hope you calmly swallowed your oats and determined to pub your ish. Speaking of such things, since you've abdicated publishing Joe Maraglino has been wooing me and I've got to admit I promised a "column" on a quarterly basis. I have to admit I feel like a slut being published by someone other than yourself! You'd better get crackin'!

1-12-94: '94 looks to be the year of big changes for me: I've decided to buy a car and hit the road—if my savings hold out, for most of the year. I don't know where I'll end up; very likely not San Francisco. I'm sick of this town. The combination of cutesy and mean makes this town a grim prospect these days. I should be traveling anyway—it's what I was born to do— I detest this banal existence of get up and go to work and come home empty. I've got to find another, more appealing alternative than that!

7-10-94 (postmarked Clarksburg, W VA): Aren't you lucky that I by-passed, just like a freeway? I'm down in WVA and am currently



OOH! ISN'T BILL HANDSOME WHEN HE'S EDITING OUTWORLDS?

OH! THEY NEVER SAID THAT ABOUT ME AND STARFIRE...



Chris Sherman * 8-13-92

preparing myself for a sojourn up to Boston which could quite possibly be my new home in the near future!

I hope all is well with you: that your health and mental state and finances are in some form of stability and that you are in the process of de-ga/fafiating so that you can publish some more of my letters and embarrass me. My P.O. Box SFO is still good should you pub yer ish (hint, hint!).

8-9-95: With the demise of *Astromancer Quarterly* my four "columns" have been requested by Gary Mattingly as he tries to resurrect *Skug* and San Francisco fanzine fandom by publishing only stuff by the "gang". I believe he will make it to at least one new ish. If he don't make it beyond that and you happen to get off your ass—they're yours.

Jeanne says you've been working. Good for you!

I have a yucky job and am apartment hunting. Indeed, life sucks, but on occasion is worth living. Hoping that you are at least the same, if not better.

9-8-95: It was great getting your postcard today. You pack about as much as I do on to one of these things. I'm happy that you've been working and your health has been "maintaining". This is better that it has been as we both too well know. I was homeless and unemployed for 6 months upon my return to San Francisco, but things are now smoothing out somewhat. Got a long-term temp job and a new apt. (...)

I certainly do hope that eventually time, money, energy and inclination will bring you back to pubbing your ish. It's interesting that "The Wrong Road" was a motivating factor in your postcard—but then you always surprised me in your responses to my stuff—unpredictable! Huh!

Keep that chin up.

10-20-95: Robert Lichtman has chosen "The Coup d'Etats of Childhood" for an appearance in *FANTHOLOGY '92*. Thanks for publishing it. My prose may not be deathless, but at least a couple more people will read it.

Hope all is well with you. Out here, things go on.... I suffer from my usual writer's block and existential angst, but what the hell else is new, man?

Catch ya on the rebound.

11-29-95: Billy Boy! Just felt like writing you a note and telling you I was thinking about you, wondering how it's going, how you're doing and what it be like. Robert Lichtman says to say "Hi" and confesses to missing you. I'd say it's about time you re-emerged, don't you?

3-27-96: I'm in a current lull—writing nothing much of anything for the last year or so.

Lot's of weird shit going on as usual.
How are you?

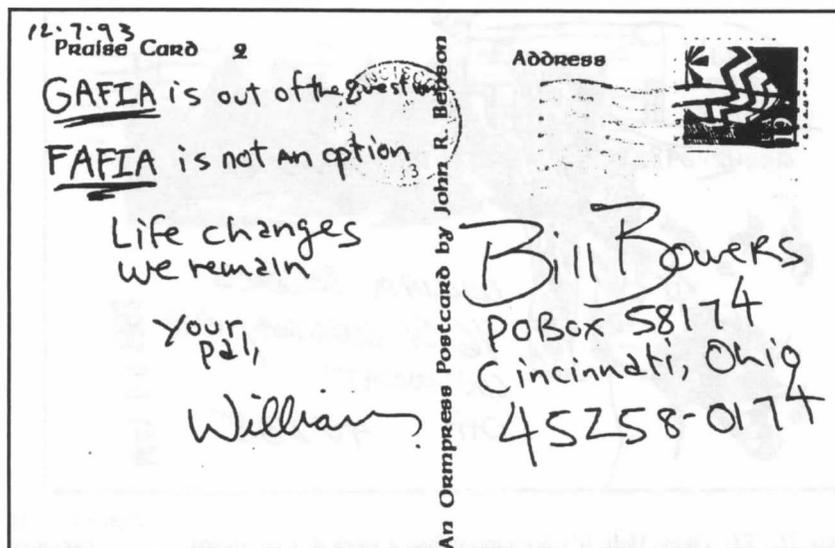
5-24-96: It was a funny thing. I was on my way to the post office the other day and while walking down Front Street I was thinking how I needed to write you a note, a postcard, just to stay in touch, and there at 26617 when I arrived was your *FLAPzine* & note on the reverse. Good to hear from you, my friend. This timid foray in zinedom is perhaps potentious of things to come.

I was not surprised to hear of anything you had to relate. I pretty much had seen something along these lines. Though, I have to admit, when you said you'd "lost" some of your height, I had this vision of a bent-over Bowers, with a cane, glasses, and cigarette dangling from lips, speaking to me in a cranky voice about how it used to be long ago. (!)

12-8-96: I was just looking through some unpacked boxes, of which there are many, trying to find the list of books I'd read this year to type up a list for my *Apa-50* zine in Jan '97 and frustratingly, could not find. In the process I ran across the last 5 or so issues of *Outworlds* and got lost for about an hour leafing through them. I then realized that I hadn't written you since moving to Iowa. Sorry. How are you? I am learning to survive my decisions and my first *real* winter in 22 years.

...and those are just a very few of the reasons the (forever) Young Mr. Breiding is, for whatever reason initially, now an integral part of my life.

Thanks for hanging in, and for keeping after me, William.
Somebody had to do the thankless deed.



...the Epistles of Jeanne Bowman, Act II:

undated: Why ever would you think I would want to do you harm over a silly thing like the living proof that The Wimpy Zone Exists? I wouldn't give you a bad time about that (not after a certain well known & nearly gafiated Canadian fan used you as sole reference). No.

June 8, '93: My Dear Mister B

Spring & a young lasses fancy turns to Art. Yes, I have found, thanks to the discriminating tastes of my spouse, a new cinematic jewel to recommend to you. (You will, of course, recall the delights of **Tremors**, which I note you have watched more than once or twice.) Our video store smorgasbord gave us **Delicatessen**. Do see it yourself. It is tres tres amusing. (French, w/subtitles, but don't let that slow you down.) Bon Apatite!

June 9, '93: What went thru my mind on reading the latest **Out-worlds** [#66], was a little tune that is a tradition among certain of our families more "horrible" friends. I pecked at the piano in a limited effort to transcribe the tune (a talent I really do lack). Let us just say, slow dirge.

- "HAPPY BIRTHDAY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY. DEATH DESTRUCTION AND DISPAIR, PEOPLE DYING EVERYWHERE. HAPPY BIRTHDAYYYYY..."

An attack of genuine sympathy with your depleted condition prohibited my singing this for you, while I had]monopolized[your attention. It's a real, ah, mood piece, and sounds a lot more impressive in chorus.

Um, it really did encapsulate **OW** though. Skel is masterful, and I for one, have no more sympathy for that group. But then, haven't since I heard a bombing while in London that killed some youngsters. Skel says it all so well.

Now, when are we going to do a **FANTHOLOGY? BEST OF OUT-WORLDS?** Hmm, put that bit by (shit it's not on my desk. I don't know where... Hmm, oh darn, here it is) ...Hania Wojtowicz is absolutely stunning; put it on the must list. I am tired, too. But that's okay. That pause is unreal— I am sure you will get a lot of wonderful horror stories out of this—my own personal "favourites" flashed through my mind on reading this, indeed an exhausting event. But, trite is unfortunately true, time heals. Not always the way I would have expected—but I don't want to really get into it, ya know? Hania does a wonderful evocation; I lot's of times don't think about my traumas, except on anniversaries, or unavoidable conversations, or at the reaction to a piece like this.

Come to contemplate, maybe trauma is what redirected me from reading JD MacDonald & scifi novels to lots more trash mys-

teries (and fanzines).

I always want to kick myself when I see your stupid lists. Why don't I do that? It would terrify me, that's why. I have trouble keeping my 5 junk to 1 real book ratio up. Heaven help me if I *really* kept track. Maybe, just for you, I'll do it for the summer vacation. But would you publish it? Skel's on the right track with his letter.... Hey, my mother found 37 single socks this week when she emptied the sock drawer.

I like the plain text graphic look of 66.

(*same letter*) June 17: Hello again. Look what I found in my desk!

Well, I am still waiting for the sweat to dry & cool me off. We are done with the dance with the school district (for Jesse, at least). We settled in mediation. I shant be too smug here, but I didn't settle for anything less than what I wanted in the first place. (Be nice, I hear you murmur...) An appropriate education. Jesse will be continuing to attend the special learning disability school, with the district's support, financial and other. Only took the entire school year....

That's the short version. I don't feel elated, or vindicated or much emotion other than tired & need to vegetate & it's all a sudden summer & hotter than hell after 7:45 in the morning.

The children bought a trampoline & had to turn the hose on themselves to enjoy it yesterday. Pretty funny to watch, from the hammock, my nose in D. Brin's scifi disaster book **EARTH**. I need some **GOOD** book recommendations.

Okay, the list for this week (and last):

Movies

Delicatessen
Time Bomb
Toto the Hero
Trespass
National Geographic: The Invisible World

Comments

see this
 Great "B"
 Weird French. Okay.
 Bang. Yo. Greed. Flame. Yo. Yo.

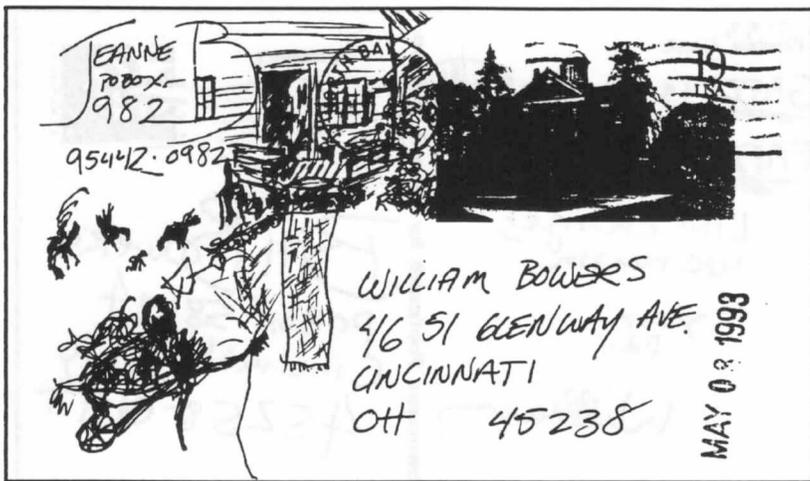
Books

RED MARS — Kim Stanley Robinson. *Great* space opera.
 *19th Precinct — too dumb to make note of authorship.

Okay, back to cleaning, sorting, reshuffling & moving paper—

*oops, sorry. This wouldn't be a Real list if I got lazy like this from the start!

PRECINCT 19 — Thomas Larry Adcock. Good prep for taking on the bureaucrats!



HANDS OF LIGHT: A GUIDE TO HEALING THRU THE HUMAN ENERGY FIELD : Barbara Ann Brennan. She & Simon agree. A little too hi-teck for me, just yet.

"H" IS FOR HOMICIDE : S. Grafton. This one hums along. Good Traction.

"I" IS FOR INNOCENT : S. Grafton. Okay.

NEBULA AWARDS 25 : Bishop, Ed. How do they get away with this? Good filler essays, but where's the Nebula Awards winners?

THE SPIRIT RING : Lois McMaster Bujold. Why I wanted to read the Nebula's, to check out stuff I might not otherwise. A real feel good story here—fairy tale plot with a big does of something akin to **HANDS OF LIGHT**. I'll recommend it to Jesse.

So, have you read **BRIDGES OF MADISON COUNTY** yet? I need a man's point of view on it. What say? Hope springs,

Jeanne I'm out of bed now B.

July 21, '93: Okay, Hell, it's been more than a week & I've started to lose track of my damn list. Hmmm—

Wilson Tucker : **ICE AND IRON** : Fortean folly.

A.S. Byatt : **POSSESSION: A ROMANCE** : Doesn't she know about William Ash-Bless? Coopted science fiction, almost.

Movies... **The Firm** : Butch Cassidy Meets the IRS

Comoagua Para Cocolate : Magical realism on the screen. Gives new meaning to flaming passion. See it at a cheap (is there any other?) matinee.

August 16: Hi Guy—
Ohmygod, I almost forgot!

HOW DOES SODA GET IN THE BOTTLE? : Oz Charles. Pop Pop Fizz

STRANGE DEVICES OF THE SUN AND MOON : Lisa Goldstein. My life could be worse... magical realism survives plague, faeries, and drought. Cool.

DOGHEADED DEATH : Ray Faraday Nelson. Not enough suitable quotes for my ultimate purpose. But shorter than **ANUBIS GATES**. Good screenplay potential.

Forget the Movie Log. I fell asleep during **Topper**. And it was good. (Both, naturally.)

Sept 22, '93: As it is the day of Equinox, I confess a list of genre bending. I was sick.

Sept 14—: Just in case you thought all work & no play....

USE OF WEAPONS : Ian Banks

THE PLAYER OF GAMES : Ian Banks. The one people like to talk about. Hey, this is what scifi is supposed to be about....

NEBULA 22 AWARDS : Ed. G. Zebrowski. Substituted another story for a Nebula winner — How do they get away with this stuff?

MCLENTON'S SYNDROME : Robert Frezza. DelRey Discovery: Crime & punishment in a really silly space opera. Doestoyoffkey with the mind. (Yes, that silly.) Honest. Don got it thru a book exchange; I can't wait for the next installment....

Cheers & Breathe Easy....

Sept 25: That's right, raw throat, aches, exhaustion. You know the drill.

Joseph Hansen : **OBEDIENCE**

Joseph Hansen : **THE LITTLE DOG LAUGHED** — Better. Hey, you might "relate" to these books (more than Philippine Army tales...).

And, **WILD CARDS: CARD SHARKS** : George R.R. Martin. Ed. Enough to put me off my poker. Learned something new, tho. It's copyright by the Ed & "The Wild Card Trust". That and "The Amber Corporation" were an education. Oh, sorry, just checked the title page: **CARD SHARKS A WILD CARDS MOSAIC NOVEL**. Not as in tile work or stained glass. I should have been warned. Read the whole thing. Tell Steve, where's Elvis?

Sept 27 / Oct 8, '93: Yes, back on the straight & narrow, I am, I am.
THE FUTURIANS : Damon Knight. A little sketchy in places.

The Sonoma Index-Tribune Tuesday, April 12, 1994 Sonoma Valley, California

PULSE OF THE PUBLIC

Lawn mowers, not spray cans



Editor, Index-Tribune:

I have read with concern your recent series of reports about "tagging" — spray paint graffiti vandalism of local schools and businesses.

I must confess all this publicity has given me a name

for something my son has done for the past two years. His canvas has been the grassy field he must mow, his paint the length of grass left behind. The

"tag" is a large-scale happy face.

I suppose we should have been more concerned; after all one has to be high, quite high, in order to really see it. But, the grass has a very close shave, and our boy got a lot of recognition for a job well done.

Perhaps some youth now on the wrong side of the law(n) would like to trade in the spray cans and markers for a mower and fertilizer spreader. I've got an acre or so that could use a trim.

Jeanne Bowman

PATTERNS : Pat Cadigan. My goodness, how did she get such a reputation for "nastiness"? Just another wife/mother I can relate too.

Visit with Skelton's was too short—but best to part wanting more. Damn good to see them—you ought to follow their example & come play.

Undated, '93: Yes, it's another list card! Just when you hoped it might get personal. (So, did you open that envelope from Joe?) — Hope Skels are not totally exhausted by now—which brings us to Octocon and WIDE AWAKE AT 3:00 AM BY CHOICE OR BY CHANCE, Richard M. Coleman. He says go to bed an hour & ½ later every night (but don't sleep more than 6 hrs) until you reset your bio clock. Uh huh, yes indeed. Sleep hygiene to prepare for cons. Set your alarm clock now. Party hearty, but remember—Skel's a morning kind of guy (if he isn't chrono biologically impaired by now).

Oct 21 '93: Hey Good Buddy—

Caught up on your sleep yet? No? Let me make a suggestion—THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS: A MEMOIR, Frederik Pohl.

The thought for this week is "History is too weird". Maybe it's looking at all these not so old fanzines, maybe it's the awful feeling I have that Hooper's ready to push me over the abyss of TAFF changing venue. Robert is making helpful remarks as well. Help Mr. Wizard—did every TAFF top dog do frequent newsletters? And go to lots of cons & and, and....

How could Pohl have been married to Judy Merrill & devoted less than half a page to it? No juicy stuff. Except, he worked for Brigid's grandfather & it is a thrill to know something about the family. ...too weird!

Oct 27:

VANISHING POINT : Michaela Roessner

DEATH IN DISGUISE : Caroline Graham

I don't know why Caroline Graham is so popular (or in print to put a fine point on it). She and Sharyn McCrumb (BIMBOS, you will recall) have a lot in common—carefully drawn characters one just doesn't give a damn about. Altho Graham has great accent & British flavour.

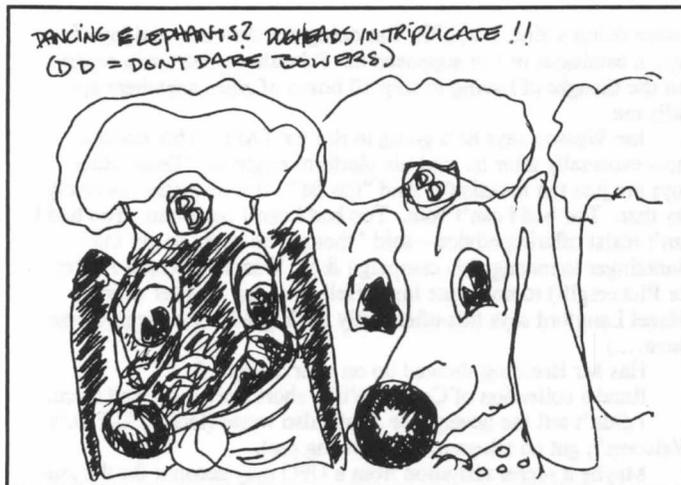
Now, VANISHING POINT—that's your basic triff scifi read. You have to read it before you come out here so we can go to some of its location stuff. Creepy way cool & just right utopian undercurrents.

Nov 4, '93: I sure hope you went out & voted—Cincinnati is now not a p.c. kind of town. Oh my. Which brings me to ask, oh mighty editor: Could you tell me if Laura Resnick would mind correspondence regarding her spelunking expedition in the Big Apple? Friend of mine, well, he's been mentioned, by me, in *Outworlds*, more than once, ergo—He is now a fan! Ahahahahaha. Urp.—wants more gory details. Let's face it, he wants to follow in her footsteps.... That John Law, it took him two months to bring back the 3rd Dog Head. Why am I doing him any big favours? Shit—it wasn't *Outworlds*. Oh shit, it was *Lan's Lantern*. Oh hell. I thought you might actually know her. Oh gross, what a penultimate faux pas. Jeez. Would you believe I haven't recovered from being crowned? Tooth #14, that is.... I are old Father William the young/ish fan said....

January 8 ['94]: You know you're going to have to do a fanzine pretty soon on account of my New Year's Resolution—respond to zines as soon as they arrive. Otherwise, procrastinate. Except for what duty demands (and that ought to take up the rest of my spare time).

I have cleared the surface of my desk. Don't laugh, this is a prodigious accomplishment. Up there with having all the windows and the refrigerator clean & sparkling at the same time.

Bringing in the New Year's with Patty & Gary was really great this year. Wm asked if Mr Wesson was going to drive over for it but Patty said she forgot to invite him. We, ah, danced up a storm after midnight & I must say that Mr Wm B is damned dangerous in his pointy-toed cowboy boots. Gary had brought back an assortment



of fine European beers for all to taste. The one I thought was interesting, and not just because of the label—a cherub pissing an arc across the bottle—everyone else resoundly rejected & even poured down the sink. Gary laughed. It was some sort of Belgian swill, that started with the letter "(my "symbol" options do not encompass... Bill)" [like in Tastes Like Hell]. Another of the same variety tasted more like apple jack, less like lemonade filtered thru dirty sox. (Gary's other offerings, they just tasted like beer.) I was sorry I didn't take along a bottle of "our" blackberry stout. Oh, well.

The party cheered me up immensely. Watching Rich Coad & Wm dance "The Spoons" as Stacey Scott said (Wm's butt tucked into Rich's belly, while Kent Johnson, well, never mind. Kent & I agreed 2 hrs dancing every day would be a good resolution & great way to bring in the year. Even Bruce Townley got into the groove. It's hopeless, thinking of recreating the scene, but knowing Gary was selecting tunes at Lynn Kuehl's suggestion gives you some notion of the weird background.

Hope your weekend was as much fun & Leah didn't give you too hard a time about being skinny or anything.

Best to 'Sponse & Hang in there.

Happy New Year...

P.S.: Have almost decided not to torment you with my list mania. Almost. Have checked out all those Hiasen books—pretty entertaining. Bizarre & some warms the cockles of my "green" little heart. SKIN TIGHT was kinda tough guy, but I'd already read the latest Tom Kakonis so it didn't seem too terribly icky (tho he tried). It's nice to read about quack doctor types getting the shaft.

Got another SKIN TIGHT title simultaneously. Which is a wonderful twist. Good non fiction. Really intriguing. May be a new trend here.... Right along side my idle quest for identical repeating Latin Binomials (Ha Ha Ha) identifiers (whatever) like "naja naja naja", aka Indian Cobra.

June 1 1994: Didn't I promise you one of these great News Updates? Haven't you been holding your breath? No. Leah didn't say you were at Disclave. Are you becoming the Hermit of Cincinnati? Or you could be like me, the Glen Ellen Gafiate, first TAFF administrator to gafiate totally while still in office! Stop, these rumors are not true!

I spent a day at Baycon—Dave Bratman got a fine room for the fanzine lounge, comfy, cozy, okay location. Lots 'o' fanzines (do you know I have an *Outworlds Eight*, if Dave didn't buy it) and no fans, altho Ray Nelson stopped in every now & again. He thought it was pretty funny, being the Fan Guest of Honor & having the John Carpenter *They Live* film from a story of his playing. But there were never any fans who recognized him there (in the fanzine lounge).... About 8 people were in & out while I auctioned for TAFF/DUFF. An audience of 4 is not very inspiring. But I was really entertained at the consuite that evening. Hanging around with Loren MacGregor in a good mood can be a hell of a lot of fun. If you were doing a zine, I might even do a con report for you. Hell, if

I were doing a zine, but, NO. I'm doing a newsletter, and joy of joys, a catalogue or I'm supposed to. I'd rather write a trip report, but the thought of having to ship 10 boxes of zines anywhere appalls me.

Joe Wesson says he's going to run for TAFF. This excited me—especially after he said his platform might be "Those other guys are just too faanish". And "too fat". But he might not really say that. Too bad I can't vote. Too bad I can't complain. Too bad I can't resist offering advice—said I thought he ought to get Lucy Huntzinger to manage his campaign & D. West & Michael Ashley (or Pickersgill) to nominate him. Hell, he's got a better degree. (Hazel Langford says this often, only *she's* got a better degree than Dave....)

Has Mr Breiding showed up on your doorstep?

Read a collection of Connie Willis short stories & liked them.

I didn't tell the newspaper Jamie also wrote (large) "U.F.O.'s Welcome"; got no takers on the mowing part.

Maybe a secret visitation from a UFO may account for the mutant chickens. I thought it was in breeding, like Hemingway's multi-toed cats; but Jamie's biology teacher thinks double-toed chickens are a mutation. Anyhow, Don has a couple with double digits now & is very pleased. We've actually reared up a dozen chicks now....

Nick's asthma is bad this week—have him on liquid Prednisone. It says to take it with food. So he gets a bowl of ice cream & a glass of milk. Makes his other light weight wheezing like a piece of cake. But he's doing okay. He went outside this morning & found a doe in the fenced in garden area. She was resting under the trampoline. Don watched Nick close the gate, panic the deer & then he called me to look at what Nick had captured. Meanwhile Nick is standing by the gate, the deer can't jump clear of the fence, the gate doesn't close completely so he's standing in the only place she can get out. I called him up to the house, as soon as he got far enough away she stopped bouncing off the fence & walked out. He said he closed the gate because he didn't want to get run over. I guess we will never worry about starving with the deer trapper in our house.

It's just about summer now. I could've been mowing instead of keeping up *horrors* cleaning my desk.

June 25 ['96] - 95442-0982: A real printer, with a real machine, oh my, my wonderful system is down—computer is okay, printer fried. Bleh. No fax either.

But I have got e-mail—no, am not sucked into the net—haven't got patience & fear it may take *all* available time.

Finally read one of those Cat Caliban mysteries you recom-

mended (oh yes you did!). —The Cincinnati Sleuth w/Severe Hormone Impairments. Silly stuff. I read the whole thing.

Interviewing for a, "the", job Thursday. Weird. Even thinking about shaving my legs. Jesus, am I desperate or what.

Things are slightly more lunatic than usual—spending maybe too much time with Dave Rike & Robert, & a dead guy's papers. But what papers! Redd was such a gentleman so much of the time, and had this lovely erotic side that he didn't share much. Too bad. He wrote reams of erotic/sexually explicit poetry. And he never wrote much juicy in his personal journal. I half expected (and this is tempting to degenerate into total punishment) to come upon (can't resist) a folio of his personal sexual history. He had lists of every other In & Out I could think of—fanzines, mail, library books, car maintenance, etc.—but nothing about boffing. Just as well.

Great to get your letter....

...enclosed with the above:

Dear Folks,

I am writing to you to say that I'm the one for your job. I'm neat, terrific, special, great, well-qualified and eager to work my tail off for pennies. I'm the one you need.

And, quite co-incidentally, you're the ones I need; my husband, in fact, swears if I don't get a real job (that is, one that pays money—even if it is peanuts) he'll leave me. He says I've been working too hard for too long for no money on all of these crazy volunteer duties. Okay, he's finally convinced me. I want a job.

And, lo and behold, the job you are offering is just exactly the right job for me. A perfect fit.

I need you, you need me. So, call me now. Let's set up a mutually agreeable interview time where we can strut our stuff for each other. I know you'll love me; there's nobody better for the job. And let's just hope I love you, because I'm desperate for work.

I'm eagerly awaiting your call.

Sincerely,

Jeanne Bowman
Super qualified
Job Seeker

...I have no idea if Jeanne actually sent out that letter.

But I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn that she actually did.

Thanks, Jeanne. For all the Lists.

...and for everything else,

WantList

Over the course of time, people drift away. Hell, even I "drift" from time to time

The following is a idiosyncratic List of just some of those I'd like to reestablish contact with.

If you have a current address for any of the following, and can reveal it without violating a confidence, I'd appreciate it.

Terry Austin * Don Ayres * George Barr * Mike Bracken * Jim Cawthorn * Joe De Bolt * Buzz Dixon * Stephen Fabian
Connie (Reich) Faddis * Steven Fox * David Gerrold * Mike Gilbert * Barry Gillam * Stuart Gilson * Mike Gorra * Derek Grime
C. Lee Healy * Gerard Houarner * Jonh Ingham * Jon Inouye * Ken Keller * Tim Kirk * Dean Koontz * Jim McLeod * Joe Pearson
Randy Reichardt * Robert Runte * Jim Shull * Mike Shupp * Jon Singer * Al Stavish * Si Stricklen * Somtow Sucharitkul
Brian Sultzer * Gregg Trend * David M. Vereschagin * Laurine White * Neal Wilgus

For those Curious about Such Things, the basic type fonts utilized herein:

Headings: Goudy Old Style

"Features": Century Schoolbook [9pt w/.9 line spacing]

Letters, etc.: Times New Roman [9pt w/.9line spacing]

This is the last piece of "business" to be entered. I have it on Good Authority that the Cover is, indeed, on the way. So, with a certain amount of *faith* I'll print out the final two masters tonight, and have the White Pages printed tomorrow. It is Time.

At the moment, I'm *pleased* with this issue. That will probably change once I see the first finished copy. But, maybe not!

Enjoy.

Bill * 10/13/97 7:21 PM

I HEAR THE SCRATCHING
OF A QUILL PEN



Those Who Know Me might have "suspected" that, with the *discovery* of e-mail, I might well do something like this.

In fact, both Chris and Jeanne, independently, "predicted" that I would – and Chris provided the title.

For those who are curious, yes, I did take advantage of the system to give the participants in this issues' Forum a chance to Preview (& object to...) my Selections from their messages. I really don't do these things for any reason other than to share with you some things by some people I find fascinating – and the last thing I want to do is to embarrass or make uncomfortable, anyone.

(Oh, well ... maybe just a little *tweaking*, here and there....)

There will undoubtedly be future Installments, until I eventually tire of this, and Go On to some other perversion. In the meantime, for your vicarious amusement:

e-Worlds

...and this is how It All Began:

From: xenolith
To: <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 22:09:57 PST
Subject: whatever

This is a test.

Let me know if you get it.

...or not!

Bill

From: Dave Locke <davelocke@fan.net>
To: xenolith@juno.com (BILL BOWERS)
Date: Thu, 17 Jul 1997 22:13:17 -0400
Subject: Re: whatever

Bill -

Congrats, you're now a geek!

—
Dave davelocke@fan.net
Slow Djinn - Dave Locke's Back Road Off The Information
Highway <http://www.angelfire.com/oh/slowdjinn>

From: Dave Locke <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 01:55:35 -0400
Subject: Bounty

Bill -

I seem to have a mailbox full of stuff and can't figure how I fell so far behind, but ... wait a minute ... most of these emails seem to be from you.

I'd complain about this to someone but, considering that it's probably my fault you've been unleashed, I'm not sure anyone would listen. Well, maybe Don might; or, if not listen, at least commiserate.

BILL BOWERS cast forth electrons at 08:44 PM 7/21/97 -0400:
>...just sent off some outgoing messages and NOW I have ads!

>
> *sigh*

>
> Such is life, I guess.

When you make the decision to get online, see me first. I can save you much trouble down the road regarding "spam", which I receive by the metric ton. Not much more I can do about it than I've already done, or at least not until I invent that time machine so I can go back and instruct myself on how I could have avoided all this at the very beginning.

>Melting on the West Side....

None too cool over here today ... er, yesterday, now ... as I found out when I had to do a bit of running around today.

Almost done with the dining nook rearrangement. There will be three comfortable chairs for smokesters. Technically we could even watch TV out there, but considering that the set has only a 5" screen I think the person in the middle would have trouble hearing it because of the closeness of the person to either side.

Happy ethering.

—
Dave | davelocke@fan.net

Return-path: <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Mon, 11 Aug 1997 01:56:36 -0400

Bill -

>Went to the CFG "Picnic" yesterday, but only lasted a couple of
>hours. It wasn't the weather – that was fine – I simply got bored,
>so I came home and typed-up/entered-in/whatever some material
>for the next OUTWORLDS.
>And had a lot more fun....
>A Real Social Fan, that I be.

You're a Trufan, Bill Bowers...

Just don't come over here and suggest doing a oneshot.

Return-path: <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Sat, 16 Aug 1997 12:16:04 -0400

Juno is the only free email service which operates without someone having access to the web. Period.

Hotmail is one of a dozen or so free web email services which you can use if you already have access to the web. The reasons you might use one of them: 1. You travel and want to access your mail without calling your provider via long distance; using any net access, you can get to your email through one of the free web email services, 2. Your ISP account comes without enough mailboxes for everyone in the family; some family members use free web email so that they have their own private email, 3. You want to hide behind a pseudonym, or 4. You're a spammer and leap from one free web email account to another as they close the accounts down behind you.

(...from a 'carbon copy', to another:)

Juno is the only non-web-based free email system, so some fool got him set up with it and created a monster, some other fool got him a real computer, and yet some third fool overhauled and put racing stripes on the 'puter. Bill has been given a tour of rec.arts.sf.fandom, the web, Instant Messenger, ICQ, a ListSrv ML I subscribe to (which includes some names you might recognize, like James Lloyd Hill, Steve Brown, Eva Whitley), etc., via this computer, but claims he'll see what kind of damage he can do with Juno before making the big leap to being online.

Chris Sherman...

From: xenolith
To: csherman@mindspring.com
Date: Fri, 18 Jul 1997 22:23:04 -0400
Subject: It's About Time....

Chris:
Okay, now that I've done My Part -- how about that LoC?
Hope You & Yours are doing well....

BILL

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Sat, 19 Jul 1997 10:25:36 -0700
Subject: Re: It's About Time....

At 10:23 PM 7/18/97 -0400, you wrote:
>Chris:

>
>Okay, now that I've done My Part -- how about that LoC?

My, my, my... hell *did* freeze over...
Welcome online!

I'll send you a LoC Real Soon Now... we currently have our hands full with Skylar Javin Sherman, who arrived at 6:45 AM on July 3. Janice and I are hoping to get some sleep sometime early next year. Fatherhood is great but a tad stressful when your son has colic...

So: are you going to keep pubbing? There are formative ruminations for another episode of No Quarter lurking about, if you're interested...something about a few weeks in Africa this time...

Anyway, I'll try to get back to you soon. With luck Sky will settle enough so that I can put a few paragraphs together without being pulled away to burp, swathe, change or otherwise help soothe the poor little fellow.

Regards,
Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Tue, 22 Jul 1997 23:31:58 -0700
Subject: Re: It's About Time.... II:

Return-path: <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Sat, 23 Aug 1997 10:09:02 -0400
Subject: Random Subject Generator: Shinola

>Well, I'm working up enough energy/nerve to attempt to install the
>Norton Utilities.

I'll treasure this final email from you...

>I'll let you know how it goes.
Don't wire collect.

All best to you,

Dave | davelocke@fan.net
Amerind, Dutch, English, Irish, Scotch
"Proud to be a mammal"

Return-path: <davelocke@fan.net>
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 01:31:37 -0400
Subject: Random Subject Generator: Water Spiders

>>I'll treasure this final email from you...

>

>You should be so lucky!
Ah, you succeeded.

>Congratulations!
>...and I'm sure you DO have your hands full.

Hands, arms, emotions, atavistic tendencies... glad we named him Skylar because today Sky was the limit, no ifs, ands and a lot of dirty butts in need of diapering...

>Yes, I do "intend" to keep pubbing. As always, continued employment is the main criteria, but that looks "good". At the moment.
>First, I've got to play with the new Toy.
>So, yes, I'm going to have *fun*.

Ah haha. Sorry; this is actually a sympathetic, empathic response to your entry into the 20th century. Really. Next thing you'll tell me you're using Windows 95. And my recommendation is to do what I do: get a copy of Miles Davis' "Tribute to Jack Johnson" and blast it loudly late at nite, through those speakers on the PC. Bliss; or at least an effective purge for chronic "whaaa" fatigue syndrome.

Welcome to the net, Bill. This has always been our natural medium; it just took a while for us to find it.

From: xenolith
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 20:29:41 -0400
Subject: Re: Windows & Panes

>Now I want to know: what's your capability for
>photos? Like lions, tigers, and bares?

Funny you should ask. One of the goodies I actually bought, when I initially got the computer, was a flatbed scanner -- the results as witnessed in OW67. The bacover *ego* photo was color & I had a lot of trouble with it. The interior photo of my cat was a b&w polaroid, and that came out excellent -- only to be screwed up by the cheapy *copy* job. Don says I might have better luck with Photoshop than with the "Image-In" software that came with the scanner. Anyway, we'll play with photos, eh wot?

>Welcome to the net, Bill. This has always been our natural
>medium; it just took a while for us to find it.

I'm NOT on The Net. I'm NOT on The Net. I'm NOT on The Net.
...or am I?
What is the bloody difference between The New and the World

Wide Web?
BILL

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 20:37:52 -0700
Subject: Re: Windows & Panes

>...well, actually: When Don *upgraded* the physical unit, he
>blew away the software, so, as a consolation, I now have:
>
> Windows 95
[cool -- there are problems, but it's a lot better than the alternatives]
>
> MSWorks 4.0
[get a utility program called Uninstaller 4.0. Get rid of SMWarts,
uh, I mean MSWorks, ASAP. Use MS Office instead. Do NOT,
under any circumstances, delete shit on a Win95 computer without
using something like Uninstaller. Bad vibes in a year or less. Trust
me on this one.]
>
> MSOffice 95 w/Word & Excel [Yes, of course. Why else
would Bill Gates be worth \$35 billion. Apply the same business
model to OW and you'll have no future problems. Anyway, undis-
putedly the best, despite the rep.]
>
> Netscape 3.01 {Who needs it...?!} [Famous first words. Just
wait, just wait... and when you do I'll gladly point you to the web-
holics anonymous sites, but go ahead and enjoy your "newbie" sta-
tus (translation: you helped me out when I was a whelp, Pops... s'all
I can do to hang with you while you submerge into your own private
William Gibson novel... more below..)]
>
> Photoshop 3.05 [the best. I'll send you pics in photoshop for-
mat; you'll also need decompression software. Do you have pkzip or
winzip?]
>
> MSPublisher 3.0 [you might have some fun with this...]
>
> ...plus God knows what else.
>
>Too much of a *Good Thing*, I suspect.
>Don says I might have better luck with Photoshop than with the
>"Image-In" software that came with the scanner.

Again, use Uninstaller to ditch ImageIn and rely on Photoshop. It's
the best, by far.

>What is the bloody difference between The New and the World
>Wide Web?

Ah, good question. The Internet, or the 'net, is the plumbing, much
like AT&T's system. You're most definitely on the Net. Most Inter-
net traffic is still email; though "WWW" or "World Wide Web"
traffic is gradually increasing.

The net was "invented" in 1969; the web in 1991. The web is
an "overlay" on the net. The net carries raw text traffic; the web
shows formatted text and graphics. The net is like what we did via
mail correspondence; the web is a collection of "sites" created by
people who have put together Xenoliths and Outworlds and other
sorts of things, sometimes out of the blue, sometimes with content
sent to them by the plebes using the net to communicate.

I'll babble on at further length, should you be interested, but I
have to tend to my family now.

Regards,
Chris

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 16:12:26 -0700
Subject: Re: Getting rid of...

>What's "wrong" with MSWorks?

Nothing, per se. You did a fine job with OW67. Now that you

have Word, though, you'll find it can do a lot more than Works --
and in typical Microsnot fashion there are slight but very unsubstle
difference between the file formats that will cause you no end of in-
vectives. Like trying to put diesel fuel in a car.

Re: pkzip: I'll attach a sample word file for you to play with.
As with all software, just try it, check out the "help" file, and see
what happens. When you want specific help with software, I need to
know version numbers and whether they are DOS or Windows ver-
sions. I should be able to help you get just about anything working
(famous last words...)

>(One thing on setting the "texture" on photos: remember the
>medium, i.e., a copy shop. While I had trouble, in OW67, with
>the photo of me, the photo of 'Sponse was crystal-clear on the
>"master" I took in to be printed, but it "filled-in" much too much to
>suit me. If I could afford real offset....)

We should try a few experiments. Perhaps the best solution would
be for me to screen them, print them on high-resolution laser paper
and mail them to you. The picture of us in the middle of a herd of
200 water buffalo during a thunderstorm will probably need special
attention...

>I went through, line by line and deleted the hard returns. Tedious,
>but doable.

Gaaahhhh! Bill, computers are supposed to make your life easier!

>Does any of this have anything to do with the fact you & Locke are
>both using Eudora and Breiding & I are using whatever Juno
>utilizes?

Yep -- Juno's stuff is apparently "non-MIME" compliant... (I'll spare
you the details).

>Is there any simple way of getting around the problem? Like I
>said, it's an inconvenience rather than a stopper, but still....

Yes. In fact, there are usually quick solutions to most repetitive
motion problems you'll encounter with Word. Feel free to ask
rather than spending time with such a frustrating exercise.
Open the document with all of the hard returns in Word. Use these
menu commands:

Edit, Replace, More, Special, Manual Line Break, Replace All.

You can see all of the other things you can search for and replace
using this command. Search and Replace is one of Word's most
powerful functions. By the way, are you using version 6, or Word
for Windows 95 or 97? All software will reveal version info with
the Help, About...[name of program] command.

A better way would be to have people send you Word docu-
ments as "zipped" attachments. Process them through PKUNZIP,
and you'll have all formatting already in Word format -- much more
controlable. I'll attach a simple file to this email so you can try it
(unzip bowers.zip). Maybe have Don show you?

Skylar's asleep on top of the dryer, but I think he's waking up...

====_869897546====
Content-Type: application/octet-stream; name="bowers.zip"
Content-Transfer-Encoding: base64
Content-Disposition: attachment; filename="bowers.zip"

UESDBBQAAAAIAAA1/+SILA9biewwAAAA6AAAgAAAAVGhIE
NyZWF0aW9uIG9mIHRoZSBDb21wdXRl
ci5kb2Ptm3twG8Udxzd2kplXediJU9o/
toGZ0sRcHiSZWC2ZCFt2XCLJSHY8tITM+bSSDku34u5k
RUyhDPzRdpoOpJ0mZBhoQ2Ba3qTQoQGapA20ZDrhOTwyJTW
GaAuBltBSCgW7373bs0+KFNuhNCS4

• (...and it went on like that for a couple of pages! This was
when we *discovered* that Juno will not handle
"attachments".)

From: **xenolith**
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 15:12:16 -0400
Subject: Re: Stuff

...no, I didn't Go Away again; just tend to get side-tracked even more than normal these days.

Okay, my "mistake": what I'm getting at the "end" of each line of your emails is NOT a "hard return", but rather a "paragraph" sign. I saved out a .txt version, brought it into Word, and did the "Edit, Replace....etc." routine you described. Which worked great except it extracted all the paragraph symbols, including the "legitimate" ones -- leaving one large (very) un paragraphed file. I'm not sure if printing out an initial version, then going back and inserting the appropriate paragraph breaks -- or going through the document line by line, using the "home" and "end" keys, deleting unwanted characters as I go -- is preferable.

I have Microsoft Word for Windows 95, Version 7.0.
And I've had absolutely no luck "unzipping" the file you sent last week.
Bill

(Later -- with considerable guidance from Patty -- I did develop a Search & Destroy Macro that does a fair job....)

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Sun, 03 Aug 1997 11:59:50 -0700
Subject: Re: Search & Destroy

>Coincidentally, I'd just come back from Dave & Jackie's -- where >Dave had showed me how to Copy (^C) & Paste (^V) from Juno to >Word without the ".txt" step.

I thought about mentioning that, but sometimes those hard returns will give you very whacky formatting...

>Also: Even if I figure out PKUNZIP, Dave sez it won't work with >what you sent me: According to him, Juno does not accept/ >acknowledge "attachments".

Right; just checked their website. I'm going to suggest heresy now: I'll just mail you a diskette with a Word file on it, in the same envelope with the printed photos.

>Anyway, it's Late -- but I wanted to let you know before you spent >too much time answering my missive of earlier "today"....

Thanks... but I don't *have* much time right now -- Sky's colic has ratcheted up another couple of notches into the scarcely human register. We cried each other to sleep last night. Janice has him for a few precious moments of respite, then I'm back to duty again. They say this period *does* end... hopefully before your deadline. >I have Microsoft Word for Windows 95, Version 7.0.

Very important for contributors who are using Word 97 -- unless they get the patch from Microsoft ".doc" files will be unreadable by Word 7.0 (another "undocumented feature" by Microsoft). If anyone needs to know how have 'em email me for info.

>Perhaps it would be best to have you print them out, and send >them: I'm having fair success with line drawings -- we'll see how >the Gif-files come out when I go over to Dave & Jackie's tonight -- >but still not that comfortable with photos.<

Photos should be saved in .jpg ("joint photographic group") format, *not* gif. I'll spare you the details, but the compression method used by .gif is optimized for line art, whereas .jpg is optimized for photographs or richly detailed artwork. You'll have much better results if you use the proper format. The pictures of Sky I mailed you are all .jpg format.

Whup, thar he blows... *sigh...*
Chris

From: **xenolith**
To: csherman@mindspring.com
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 22:51:32 -0400

Subject: Re: that he blows...

Well, Patty *called* Sunday & "talked me thru" macro-creation -- also slowing me along the way how to change the icons on my tool bar -- neat! [but there doesn't seem to be such an opportunity, either creating macros nor rearranging icons, in Publisher].

It took a while, but I now have a *Smile* Icon that will instantly "format" most incoming emails into something I can fiddle with.

(There is one quirk: Quoted-back sections, not separated by double-paragraph signs, throw it for a loop, resulting in a single paragraph. I figure I can do a preliminary Search & Destroy of them before invoking the "emailformat" macro.

Or maybe another macro is called for. Still have to think that one out.)

And so, today, I get my First *Real* email LoC.
...from Breiding.
-- which is great, but, since we're "compatible (email-wise) I don't need to utilize the routine. *sigh*

Thanks for the info on Word 97 vs. Word for Windows... Such nuances are what I need and probably aren't in the manual. Presuming I read what I have!

Hope you (& the baby) are getting some sleep by now.

Hang in there!
Bill

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Tue, 05 Aug 1997 23:00:17 -0700
Subject: Re: that he blows...

You know why I'm glad you have email? It has nothing to do with the technology. It's that I hear from you on a *regular* basis now. That's why I like the technology. I'm not a phone person -- but I still crave regular contact, and I think we've finally found a mode where communication suits both of our rather, um, unusual schedules at the present moment. After 20+ years it's about frigging time...

You should have "jpg" in Photoshop... what version? You might have to look under File, Export...

Well, my free moments for today are gone again. We're hanging in -- thanks for the supporting words. He *will* get through this, one way or another. And thanks for X -- I'll do my best to write a LoC RSN.

Chris

From: **xenolith**
To: csherman@mindspring.com
Date: Wed, 6 Aug 1997 20:49:24 -0400
Subject: Re: that he blows...

I do think it's neat. And not only for the "access" to you, Jeanne, Wm, Patty & Gary -- but because I can zip off a rough draft of the Ditto flyer to Roger & Pat, without having to drive 20 miles to "deliver" it.

Of course, all this time I'm playing with email is at the detriment of OW-production, but, hey, it'll all balance out in the end!

>You should have "jpg" in Photoshop... what version? You might >have to look under File, Export...

So shoot me. I looked again, and it's there, under the "save as" options.

I don't know how I missed it the first time.

Bill

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Fri, 08 Aug 1997 08:07:09 -0700

>Of course, all this time I'm playing with email is at the detriment >of OW-production, but, hey, it'll all balance out in the end!

I doubt it. Knowing you, you'll probably assemble an "e-worlds" issue comprised of quotes from your various correspondents... Next step is to get yourself some space on the web so you can post stuff for instant retrieval... I'd bet you'd take to HTML (HyperText Markup Language) easily... ah, the temptation...

Knock on wood but Sky's starting to settle a bit... I *may* even have time to write you a LoC...

Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Tue, 12 Aug 1997 23:20:43 -0700

At 06:40 PM 8/8/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Juno was "offline" for about three hours last night.

>

>Frightening. I almost felt like I was cut off from the world...

Welcome to i-ddiction. Don't worry; it won't harm your body.

You're now part of the world that some maniacs wrote about and you celebrated three or two decades ago (it used to be called sf). But so far the government hasn't intervened... so enjoy it.

>I've been "offered" space on the web; but don't you think it would >be a good first step to have "access" to it first?

Sure, but only if you want to obsess over the fact that you can't control *anything* re layout, positioning, etc... oh, I guess you mean that whole websurfing thing...

The web is great, I shall not want...

It's true, and the first experiences are like being a neofan discovering all of the really cool zines *simultaneously* and being 14 again. But after a while you really start to realize that the web is just like the postal system, only more immediate... and discretion becomes the far greater part of valor. I really can't suppose what would be best for you. For *us*, it would be great if you could post OW, X, etc on the web, because we could respond with more immediacy... Dave worries that you might get addicted to the web; I disagree. There's a lot of good stuff out there, but it's hard to find amongst the dreck.

>"e-worlds", eh?

>

>I suppose that, now, I'm going to have to _credit_ you with it....

Naah...and besides, who'd pay attention to such a banal e-daptation?

>And I'd love a LoC on OUTWORLDS. Or X:40.... ...if not both!

Zzzzzzz..... *UHH... Hey Sky, whaddaya say! Wanna LoC-tate... No Dad, it's late; Mom's crashed... Dear Biilllll... Zzzzzz.....

Skylar calls. He's probably crashed, since I can't hear him. Nonetheless, I see his smiling visage and feel a strong pull to hold him in my arms. Call me sucker. Side factoid: my "best correspondence Dad pal" is Charles Mingus' nephew. We've never met (surprise), but we seem to have a lot in common... another cool thing about how the internet has upgraded the postalsystem.

Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Mon, 18 Aug 1997 16:51:25 -0700

>Nothing terribly significant to report; just touching base.
Of course... that's the beauty of email. I like it!

>I did *something* last night, trying to create a shortcut, and locked >up the system; with some trepidation hit the reset button and it >came back up.

Another *essential* program to ease these fears: Norton Utilities for Windows 95. It will create a Rescue diskette for you that will help you recover from virtually any calamity. Most people don't buy it until after they've had a catastrophic system loss (yes, like me - twice in fact!). It's very cheap insurance.

>After a couple of hours of typing, I say I'm going to "shut down"

>... but then I start playing/exploring, and before I know it, it's three >in the morning (this)....

Hmmn... maybe you should stay away from the web after all...

>Query: I've been shutting off/power off when I'm not using, unless >I'm just taking a break to eat, whatever. I was up at the Sims' last >night, and Roger sez he leaves his "on" all the time; I know that >Dave has theirs on virtually 24-hours a day....

I leave my systems on all the time, except when one of two things happens: some piece of new software trashes all my file associations and I have to uninstall & reset (this happens a lot, which is why a program like Uninstaller 4 is *absolutely* essential), and second, when "system resources" drop below 70% when no programs are running. You can check this by *right* clicking on the "My Computer" icon (the uppermost left, which might have a different, cleverer name knowing the history of the machine), selecting properties, then clicking the "Performance" tab. This is fairly rare with Windows 95 running non-internet software, but some of the net programs (Netscape Navigator in particular) chew through system resources like pigs and are careless about restoring them to the system on exit. This is sloppy, inexcusable programming, but it happens...

The greatest wear on your computer comes from turning it on and off (also the greatest consumption of electricity). All of the tests, diagnostics, etc etc take their toll. It's far easier on the system to leave it running constantly than to be turning it on and off all the time.

>Besides, I can *hear* the fan going in the tower....

Fans are cheap and easy to replace -- go to CompUSA or some-such and that'll solve that problem.

>(We did the flyer last night; it's only 2 pages. Where Roger got >68k out of that, I have no idea. But to Know Roger is to know >enough not to Question such things.)

You may have encountered the "undocumented feature" I was telling you about in Word for Windows97. Or, if the document had graphics embedded in it, they were the wrong kind for email (remember: gif and jpeg. The other formats use little or no compression and a single graphic could easily take up 64K on its own).

No LoC writing on X or O yet -- Sky's colic persists and we just aren't getting more than an hour at a time for basic things like showers, mindless replies to email, etc. I'm hoping for a lull in the storm, though... he's up to 12 pounds now, which may explain things: that makes him 50% heavier than when he was born 6 weeks ago. That kind of growth *has* to hurt!

Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Thu, 21 Aug 1997 23:38:21 -0700
Subject: Re: Norton...

>...which is the name of the high school I graduated from.
Naturally, you utilitarian, you...

>when Best Buy advertised it (new) for \$58.00, with a \$20 mail-in >rebate ... I couldn't resist....)

Has my mother been secretly loocing you, under the ban of dnq?

>I'm probably not going to install it 'til the weekend, and Dave is >familiar with it, so hopefully I won't have any trouble.

>

>And, to prove that I don't always "memorize" what you say:

>

>I come home and "look it up", and what you say is that I should get >Uninstaller 4.0.

>

>Well, what I got was something called (IMSI) "WinDelete"
>(Version 3.0 Standard).

>

>Are you familiar with this? (I'll wait til I hear back from you be >fore opening the package; just in case...)

Don't know squat about this. Do know that every other uninstaller program *other* than Uninstaller has given me problems. Including Microsnot's own. If someone you trust tells you to go for it, do it. Otherwise, say "this hurts you more than me" and buy Uninstaller.

>So, do you leave your monitor on all the time, also? (Mine seems >to generate a fair amount of heat...)

No, monitors go off. Don't have the burn in problem (hey, are we talking about Skylar or your monitor here...), but they do consume power.

Yes son, coming...

sigh

Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Wed, 27 Aug 1997 11:15:07 -0700
Subject: Re: Norton...

>Next question: How far do you Take It Down, so to speak? I'm >currently shutting everything down to the basic Windows desktop >(with all those icons) and then shutting off the monitor. Is this >enough, or should I be going "down" to the DOS prompt, and re>boot Windows when I get back on?

Yes; in fact you can leave programs running if you want (just make sure you save data files before leaving the machine in case of power-failure or a rogue system process that might force a reboot). You could exit to DOS; in fact if your system resources are low this is exactly what you want to do, but it's not necessary until required.

>I suspected as much, but Dave says the only way I can get a virus >thru email is via attachments, which makes it moot over Juno, as >we all so well know. And anything he gives me on disc he runs >thru his anti-virus program. Still, I do buy a few things at the >Used software store and, while they claim to check everything for >viruses, it's probably just as well to have it up-to-date.

Yes, particularly if you start accepting contributions on diskette. I try to be vigilant as hell but occasionally I get diskettes from clients with viruses on them -- they tend to be oblivious of the threat. And sometimes even shrink-wrapped software is infected. For the most part, I doubt you need to worry, but it's wise to be prudent.

>...so, is The Son settling down enough that you can get any rest, >yet?

A little. Mom is coming out next week to rescue us, so I hope to reintroduce myself to my wife, have time to read something, and maybe even send you a LoC. Don't hold your breath...

Chris

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Mon, 01 Sep 1997 15:52:25 -0700
Subject: Re: Only me...

>On Friday afternoon, I made the (apparently) foolish decision to >insert a CD-Rom, borrowed from one of the co-ops at work. I >really don't think she has anything against me, but it seems to have >corrupted a rather essential Windows-file [comdlg32.dll].

Ready to consider getting Uninstaller yet? One of the things it does is keep a log of *everything* that happens when you install a new piece of software. Also, when you uninstall, it will make a compressed backup of everything as well, in addition to restoring renamed dlls, registry associations, etc...

The most pernicious fault of Win95 is the lack of respect software vendors have for "common" dll's. These were supposed to be shared libraries of code, reducing the size of software on the system. What's happened instead is that a lot of vendors will "upgrade" a system dll with their application, and when this gets copied into the Windows directory older software may stop functioning. Even Microsnot is guilty of trashing it's own system dlls.

If you don't have the Win95 CD ROM, consider getting a Zip or Jazz backup system. Then backup everything -- everything --

onto those. Next time this happens, with these two tools and Norton, you should be able to recover, albeit with a lot of struggle.

And don't feel too bad... one of my systems has degraded so much that I have to jump through hoops to get it to recognize both hard drives -- and it won't run Windows at all. I need to reformat the C drive and reinstall the system. The problem is that the drivers that control the CD ROM drive are on the C drive, which sometimes is invisible to the system. So I could end up totally hosing the entire system with no easy way to restore order. Needless to say, I'm waiting to perform this brain surgery at a point when I can focus on what I'm doing for more than 15 minutes.

Anyway, glad you're back.

Chris

From: xenolith
To: csherman@mindspring.com
Date: Thu, 4 Sep 1997 20:56:56 -0400
Subject: Re: Whatever

>Ready to consider getting Uninstaller yet?

Yes. I checked the receipt, and the WinDelete is still within the 30-day return period. So, Saturday, on my way up to Pat & Roger's CFG meeting, I'll stop at Best Buy & make the trade. You've convinced me....!

...at least I know what "dll"s are now.

...by the end of the year I'll either be a total whiz -- or both the "system" and I will be totally burned out!

But I'm taking Names & Keeping Track of those aiding & abetting in this Infernal Quest!

Bill

From: Chris Sherman <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Mon, 08 Sep 1997 20:22:54 -0700
Subject: Re: Whatever

>...by the end of the year I'll either be a total whiz -- or both the >"system" and I will be totally burned out!

Ah, still thinking in dualities. I suspect both will be true. Not to put too sharp of an edge on it, but it's the same concept that allows you to coexist what happened with The Relationship and yet still retain your famous charming, subtle skills with women when you choose to...

>But I'm taking Names & Keeping Track of those aiding & abetting >in this Infernal Quest!

Ruh-Roh...

>I'm still planning to get it tomorrow, but I'm rapidly finding out >that there are about as many "opinions" out there as there were >when the New Wave hit SF. Of course, you're too young to >remember, but....

Yah, I know. My only claim to know shit is that I do this stuff professionally, but you know what that's worth. Anyway, you'll find there's a *vast* difference in releases of software. Sometimes the company gets more venture capital, and can really amp-up quality. Other times the company just wants to keep ahead of the Microsnot tsunami, so they try too reach at least a generation of releases.

I have a love/hate thing going with Microsnot. Eventually, after practicing on their users, they get it frighteningly *right*, to the point where you can't abide anything you used to use. I'm a hardcore Word, Excel, Access, and yes -- Investor (online only) user. But they also seem to have a slogan -- at Microsnot, Quality is Job 1.1. You can count on an initial release of anything they do to be inferior, especially in a version after a "point-one" release (ala Win95).

I frankly hated the Win 3.1 version of Uninstaller. Used another product called "Clean Sweep". But with the release of Win95, tried a beta of Uninstaller and was hooked. Comparing Win3.1 with Win95 is like comparing Windows with C/PM (was that an echo or a Kaypro that just sounded?). There are vast differences between versions, so I'd counsel paying attention to reviews of the current version of the software you plan to install, not what was

in a previous incarnation. (It's really hard to keep current with everything you want to).

Anyway, trust your intuition. Believe me, knowing how much time I'm now (willingly) spending helping you with this stuff, I wouldn't suggest something unless I *really* believed in it. Meaning Price vs. Performance. Lots of great shit in Win95; only buy when you have to. One last time: Uninstaller 4.0 is the *only* way to go, as far as my opinion goes.

>How's the little one doing these days?

Better -- Mom really helped. But I'm still a bit combat fatigued. When was that deadline, again?

Chris

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Thu, 11 Sep 1997 19:01:45 -0700
Subject: Re: Whatever Gets You Thru the Fanzine....

>With Uninstaller -- which is now CyberMedia Uninstaller (unlike >you, I tend to be suspicious of "successful" products that get sold >off...) -- I got test versions of First-Aid 97 and something called >Dr. Solomon's FindVirus.... I probably have more virus >"protection" than I *need* at the moment -- but the First-Aid >seems interesting, albeit the version I have locates "problems" -- >but won't "fix" them. Do you have any experience with this one...?

First Aid is useful for a few basic things. Essentially, it's harmless until you succumb to their pitches to try OilChange. An OilChange update for FirstAid or Uninstaller or any of Cybermedia's own programs is fine, but never *never* use it for anything else! Great idea, absolutely boneheaded implementation. Lost my system for three days repairing the damage it did with an "automatic upgrade".

A lot of software is starting to become "self-upgrading", which is good and will eliminate the need for this product.

>The "deadline" is the end of October.

Oh how much time that seemed a couple of months ago... we're going to get someone to help with Sky as soon as Janice returns to work, so I should be able to crank something out. Hmmn... maybe the Africa thing should wait.

Wm contacted me about his history piece... if I get to it I may copy all of the letters he sent me in the early 70s and send them to him. Are you providing him with stuff from OW published during those years? I retrieved my collection from MN and it's substantially complete (or at least "intact") now. One day I'm going to have Janice take a peek at them.

BTW, just discovered my laser printer has an "optimize for photocopying" option, whatever that means. So I'll try it for the photos I send you and see if it helps the results.

Chris

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 22:50:29 -0700
Subject: Re: Whatever Gets You Thru the Diapers....

At 12:06 AM 9/13/97 -0400, you wrote:

>Yesterday was a Banner Day. I received two substantial >"submissions" from Wm., plus something from Rotsler -- plus your >three addenda!

Hmmn. After Skylar "let us know" it was time to wake up this morning, I told Janice I thought the pieces I sent to you sucked (this after dreaming that Microsoft had branched out into professional football, and decided that selling books during games was *the* hot new revenue source). Fun at the time, and all, but...

>Incidentally, I'm starting to get some strange =/alphanumeric' >insertions in things from you & Dave:

That's what happens when we compose in Word and thoughtlessly cut and paste into our email applications that are too stupid to recognize extended character sets. You know me -- =20 probably translates into "...". (...) =85 equals dash dash (or as the typesetters say one over M)=20.

I'm feeling a need to write something really *funny*. Time and emotional exhaustion will be my stays. If you start getting a sense of how the issue is shaping up and what would be most apropos, please let me know.

And now the hurricane approaches. It is cooling off.

Chris

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Wed, 17 Sep 1997 20:02:19 -0700
Subject: Re: Life, the Universe, and Bowers Fanzines....

>I'm still much too much engrossed in the issue at hand to even >worry about how OW69 will 'shape up' -- but what I Have on >Hand for it, at the moment, is a Brad Foster cover, an episode of >'Mumps', Skel on Teddy Bears, and Wm on his Dad. That's it.

>

>You tell me if you see a 'flow' there....!

Oh, I do... and I think the Africa piece is far more appropriate for this ish. Otherwise you might have TimeWarner trying to sign you up as a "content provider" for "Family Trends", or somesuch...

>Listen, Young Man: It's important as all hell to me -- it's what I >*do* -- but even I realize that It's Only A Fanzine.

>I want you to be a part -- I _do_ consider you an integral part -- of >_Outworlds_. But I you to do so because you want to; not out of >any sense whatsoever of obligation.

Thanks for that. I don't feel obligation, other than in the general sense of friendly support for you and your efforts. Remember -- I get egoboo from your endorsement-by-publishing of my writing. I'll not comment on the judgment of the folks who actually *read* it... but it's important to me that I live up to the mental "standard" (hmmn -- an appropriate word even though the last thing I would call what you do is "standard"...) you adhere to. In any event, it works both ways. You create something in Outworlds that I love, and I want to create something for Outworlds that you love. Simple. No "obligation" -- really. This is about creation, and without humility I think I can say that in the past few months I've learned more than ever before about *that*. Now it's just a matter of finding time to, uh, "create" again. A paradox within a conundrum.

>I have faith that you will come up with something, in time -- and >that I will enjoy it. That's one of the few *certainties* in my >Universe.

>

>In the meantime, leave the agonizing to Wm and me.

>...we do it *better*.

>Okay?

Owwwww! OK, OK! Uncle! Yah, do it!

>>And now the hurricane approaches. is cooling off.

>>Oh. You were referencing the weather, and not the kid?

Yep. The forecast 21 inches of rain in 24 hours with 200mph+ winds was not too encouraging for ShodCal... but it passed. We did manage to escape for an afternoon of wine tasting in the Santa Maria valley... so life's good.

And the Sky's clearing, at least for the moment...

Chris

From: **xenolith**
To: csherman@mindspring.com
Date: Sat, 20 Sep 1997 12:54:59 -0400
Subject: Re: Bowers Fanzines Are The Life & The Universe....

I didn't mean to "lecture" you; it just seemed that you were beginning to Worry A Bit about my (always specified; never enforced) "deadline".

I just looked at the calendar last nite and realized that what, in July seemed like Plenty of Time has suddenly come down to a matter of a few weeks before OW68 is "due" out. Virtually all the text, except for editorial, colophon, housekeeping, is entered in -- but this issue is so fragmented subject/contributor wise, that it's going to take some time to put together.

I'll (probably) make it -- but, as usual, by dint of some Late Nites. (You'd think, after All These Years I'd know better....)
Bill

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Sun, 21 Sep 1997 23:05:11 -0700
Subject: Re: Bowers Fanzines Are The Life & The Universe....

>I'll (probably) make it -- but, as usual, by dint of some Late Nites.
>(You'd think, after All These Years I'd know better....)

Whoa, you must have someone else in mind. First of all, I don't think these days, and secondly, if I did think, I wouldn't even begin to imagine you'd know better... just to set the record straight.

(...)
It's the El Nino.

Jeanne Bowman....

From: **xenolith**
To: weebdudes@aol.com
Date: Fri, 18 Jul 1997 22:02:36 -0400
Subject: Bowers' Believe It Or Not

Dear Jeanne:

It's taken three hours last night -- and far too many today, but I actually believe the bloody thing works!

No Great Thoughts tonight; but I do hope things are going well for you.

Let me know.
BILL

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sat, 19 Jul 1997 11:38:59 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Bowers' Believe It Or Not

Whoa, I have lost touch with my old reality.
No more splendid isolation....as long as I turn on the machine.

I am speechless with the wonder of this.
I Believe.

My mind was pre-occupied with a situation from my class. Did I tell you I am teaching two sections of Education 430, Special Education for Teachers at Sonoma State University? Well, technically co-teaching with Assistant Professor Grace Marie Curtin who is now rafting the Colorado in the Grand Canyon. We led the class together the first half. Now that she is gone the 'problem' students are acting up. (All one of them, we did a great job setting up the class expectations and climate etc.) Being in the midst of most extreme hormonal flux (it happens in extremis when there is extra stress) I had about decided that the problem was not my insecurity as an instructor, or my limited experience, or cumulative exhaustion (14 hour days on less than 6 hours sleep 4 days a week), or lack of coffee and food. No, it had to be because the student is of the male gender. That would account for everything that is wrong. And then you have to remind me that not all males are pissant assholes - or alpha wannabe's in the class room. *smack* - with the lips!

Do you have more than e-mail with this new toy?
Are you ready?
You thought laying out a page took a lot of time, watch out now!

jeanneb

From: **xenolith**
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sat, 19 Jul 1997 12:14:00 -0400

No, no one is safe now!

>Like I said: None of this is more than an irritant, but just in case
>you Have Nothing Better To Do....

El nino, el nino... oh little boy... watch it, Pops... he'll be loccing you any day now...
Chris

From: **Chris Sherman** <csherman@mindspring.com>
Date: Sun, 21 Sep 1997 16:49:02 -0700
Subject: Re: You Just Knew I Was Gonna Do This....

No problem with any of it... though I'm a bit mystified by what you'll actually do... (not the first time).

I'll reply to your "help-desk" query in a bit.
Regards,
Chris

It took me a long time, and a re-installation, to get Juno up-&-running -- but it (obviously) seems to be working.

"I am speechless with the wonder of this."

Also a bit 'whelmed!

I've got icons & shortcuts all over the place, have set up a simple letterhead template, have Juno set-up -- and that's about it. So far.

Next "project": Explore databases, so I can set-up a mailing list. Since I have no experience with such things, this ought to be fun.

Anyway....

Despite my total silence since, I really did enjoy Corflu ... and the time spent with you. Thanks for all the toting around, and for being a friend.

How long does the class(es) go on? / How long do you have to deal with the "problem" student?

...anytime you want to "vent", I'm here. (And it's "free", now!)
Take Care,
Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sun, 20 Jul 1997 20:24:43 -0400 (EDT)

"Next "project": Explore databases, so I can set-up a mailing list. Since I have no experience with such things, this ought to be fun."

oh, yeah, me too. please let me know what you find useful & straightforward for this. I need to set something up for work. (and don't want to take a class).

"Despite my total silence since, I really did enjoy Corflu ... and the time spent with you. Thanks for all the toting around, and for being a friend."

This silence, it is not a one way thing, you know ;-). And thanks for being a friend, ditto etc. speaking of which, I don't know yet if I can swing doing Ditto . . . the big bucks from my teaching engagement might get to go into buying a divorce.

"How long does the class(es) go on? / How long do you have to deal with the "problem" student?"

four more days of classes. four sessions, no wait, the 'problem child - yuppie from hell' has tickets to leave town. He will definitely not be there thursday, maybe not wednesday as well . . . but my guess is I will be dealing with the issues he's brought up for a long time. It isn't just him, I have a lot to learn about being a teacher. darn. I'd love to be able to say it's just the arrogance of a privileged white twerp but, nah, we should have told him he didn't belong in class right from the start. when he came in and told us we had to pass him, so he could teach in the fall; and we couldn't make him do the field work because he can't take time off from his day job and jeopardize buying his family their home. then I, like a co-dependent

fool, stopped him from leaving class on the last night last week to check in on the assignment we did let him do instead of field work. If I had really wanted him out of my life, I could have let him walk off. Then he would have turned in a third rate paper and I would have flunked him. But, no. . . I had to have some sense of personal integrity and made sure he could connect with a morning class student who is doing the same kind of assignment, and who missed some of the essential work. I had asked the morning student if he would talk to the 'problem child' - he gave me permission to pass on his phone number. But our 'pc' wasn't okay with talking to someone else, he wanted to show me what he'd done. I told him he needed to add in the missing stuff. He acted like I was wasting his time and being obtuse (he turned to someone who was waiting for him and said "you better go, this is going nowhere"). And told me that what he had done was a really big change, for him.

Then I got real calm and told him which section of the book he needed to read, and how that was to guide him in re-thinking his approach. I couldn't tell him that what he was showing me was obviously cribbed lesson plans with absolutely no in depth thought on his part and I wasn't going to even consider buying anymore of his bullshit. But it was probably pretty clear that I was thinking along those lines. . . Big mistake on my part, because there were other students waiting to talk to me. this guy got my goat, and it showed. so when he shows again, I am in a no win situation, other than the satisfaction of knowing there is no way in hell he is going to get anything above a 'c' in his final grade. It's kind of fun, being vengeful and nasty, but not really who I want to be (for longer than 15 minutes at a time). Other people I have vented and talked about with in even greater depth and detail, have said, flunk the dork. (or take him aside and have a little private conversation - I can't afford to do that, cuzl am not up to speed with snake oil combat training. I'd fall into the confrontation trap, and lose)

a lot like real life, eh?

geeze, have you got a wonderful new toy. golly darn, that sounds fabulous. I love listening to the cd's when I get around to setting it up and stuff - it's seriously cool. but I don't have too many of them, and only can listen to the 1812 overture when the rest of the house is awake.

did you hear back from chris sherman? I wonder how that baby came out. . .oh, shut up! never mind :-)

best, going back to continue my nap
jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 09:51:39 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: hello, new toy testing

Was it a mirage?
how have you resisted playing all day with your new machine?

I have this horrible expectation that the speed of transmittal for the computer means that I will have to respond immediately and that everyone else will share that impulse for instant gratification. Have a hard time with it, but not everyone is happy talking off the top of their head.

I dismissed class an hour early last night - they deserved it. But I had to ask them if that was in keeping with 'academic rigor'. We all laughed. They are as tired as I am. If I tried sending the morning class out early, they would probably not go. Interesting how different the two groups are. And it's not just because I am crisp around the edges when the evening rolls around.

My student-from-hell continues to be so - someone in the class called him a 'dork' last night. When another student called me on the disrespectful language, I said it looked like the peer group was responding in correcting itself. I.E., sometimes you just can't win. I found that the school policy is that a student cannot be flunked unless you have given them notice at mid-term that they are in danger of doing so. Too bad, but, I don't have to give him a 'good' grade, just a passing one. He may file a grievance no matter what I do. Joy, oh joy. Document document document.

aren't you thrilled?
hope all is well,
you know the down side of this job has been I've stopped reading trash - got any good recommendations???
jeanne-taking a little time for herself-b

From: xenolith
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Wed, 23 Jul 1997 21:02:25 -0400
Subject: Re: hello, new toy testing -- testing, testing, testing...

Women. Never satisfied.

sigh

Actually, I have been "playing" too much: Every time I get the opening screen with all those wondrous little icons arranged around the perimeter, I Go Exploring -- rather than actually "doing" anything....

And I came home to 9 (count 'em!) incoming messages; what have I gotten myself into, this time!

Seriously, sometimes I feel like "talking off the top of my head"; other times not. Just me; not you or anyone else.

Re: The Shermanspring:
Skylar Javin Sherman
...who arrived at 6:45 AM on July 3.

Who would have thunk?

(Don't tell him were you got this info; but he'll figure it out!)

I take it that the class(es) are over this week; or is it one session per week?

In any event, you WILL survive it all. And the problem student will go away and be a problem for others. That's a shame, but it's not your fault. Just remember that!

Hang In There,
BILL

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Thu, 24 Jul 1997 09:47:09 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: whoopee

Only nine new messages???? Just wait til your friends know you are on line :-)

today is the last day of class. Two sessions, morning and evening. Too much to do, and they have more than got their monies worth.

Problem child stormed out of class in a huff last night, poor thing. I realized he wanted the floor to do some rabble rousing, and, oops, never did give him the opportunity until the very end of the evening. He lost his temper before he could get to whatever his little agenda was. . . I had decided to keep trying to use his peers to control his inappropriate behavior - they came thru bigtime. Folk were shushing him, turning around and giving him the look, the whole nine yards. I really did not want to take him outside, without a ranking professor with me, and none of them was handy. I expect he'll show up this morning to turn in his assignments, if he isn't in the deans office right now complaining about me. It will be weird if he doesn't turn in his work. But, a 'd' is a passing grade.

thanks for the news, shermspingish. Just a day after mine own natal. Cool. Hope he is loving it.

better go make like i'm going to go to work
jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 23:21:04 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: A Call to Arms

hehehehhehe

how long did this take, exactly? *large fatuous grin* so, the next outworlds is filled up? Is that right? Does that include cutting and pasting my notes about the student from hell???

oh, yeah. I survived. I have a huge basket of papers to read. Ought to be very entertaining.

student from hell did not show on the last day, stormed out the night before. I wouldn't give him the floor to 'ask a question of the entire class'. I showed a video I knew he would hate. He had an apoplectic seizure because 'it was an insult, an affront to the class.' I responded that other students had expressed interest in the issues, then turned my back to take a remark/question from another student. This took the focus off him, the rest of the class was clearly not going to play 'let's get in a big argument about this, the teacher is sooo wrong'. Junior Yuppie packed and left in a huff, before I could let him ask his other 'question'. Oh, my. He left without turning in his required course work, too.

That was good for a short trip to fantasy land - maybe I could flunk him after all. So, I went to the dean's office next morning and said they might be seeing a pissed off camper. Then I went to the extension office (course was thru that) and said I had a problem with a student. It wasn't until after 4 that I connected with the correct administrator. She had been dodging calls from Our Problem Student since his first day in class.

"The course is too demanding. It should be 6 units and not four. Your catalogue says the field work is included, but it's not" Apparently he was calling to complain every other day, and talking to the summer help (gen x student types who could be helpful or opaque depending on how much real work they had to do.) They knew who he was, and had been 'yes, uh huh. so don't take the course' the entire time. And he had already complained about the instructors - "I don't like them. Who hired them?" etc etc. The administrator told me to go ahead and flunk him if he didn't turn in the required material. Then when he filed his grievance, which she agrees he is lined up to do, all I have to do is show he didn't do the required work. Hey, cool. wow. okay. I do have some options. . . . Fifteen minutes after the official end of the last class, he breezed by the office and turned in his stuff. I didn't even give 20 seconds thought to telling him 'too late'.

But I did glance at his paper and it sucks. Major.

Oh, well. He'll get a D or a C. And will shut up and go away. He won't be the only C.

The really interesting piece was the other students, and how they reacted to the disruptive behavior of this asshole. I had realized that sending him out of class was not a solution - he wanted that, and it would be a bigger disruption. I began to pointedly ignore him. I allowed the other students to call him out, and police him. That really worked - which was pretty funny at times.

We did a disability simulation - wheelchairs, sunglasses with covered lenses, earplugs and activity's for sensory deprivation. Yuppie Scum commandeered a wheel chair and promptly started to run people down. He was yelling when he tried the 'deaf' activity. At that point a couple people said aloud, while he had earplugs in, "he's such a *D*O*R*K*!". Another student asked me if I was going to allow that put down - I said, "I think peer pressure will take care of this". She grinned at me (she works with seriously emotionally disturbed kids, and has a grip). Thirty seconds later The Dork was walking around the class with the neon yellow disposable ear plugs stuffed into his nostrils, asking people how it looked, trying to decide what disability this was etc etc. He left them in for a long time too. He was pretty universally ignored at that point - no one was playing with him.

oh, hey, I'm going to go have a life with my kids now, and watch a dumb movie. I'll give you more on this story later (after you beg for more.....not)

best,
jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Wed, 30 Jul 1997 00:15:42 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: whoopee, et al

In a message dated 97-07-27 13:09:39 EDT, you write:
<< Remember the OW "deadline". I shall be merciless!

oooooh, this could be fun :-)

Student from hell - I had a major shit fit about all that today. Or rather, indulged in a minor loss of temper. I told you he had handed in his material at the last possible moment? I hadn't looked it over closely, and I'm glad I didn't. He had written a self-evaluation that was laughable, but that he takes himself so seriously (it could have been written by hooper on a humble day). Then he cc'd a letter he had written to the dean of education complaining about the course. It has more hours during summer than during the fall (not correct addition), he should therefore get more credits, or, a cash refund. The quality of the instructors was not good - here he personally slammed me, claiming the course content 'plummeted' when I led the class. He also questioned my qualifications - it's ugly. He further said he objected to having a grade tied to attendance (which it isn't), and was afraid of grading retaliation because of that. He should be afraid of retaliation (very afraid), but, no, we did it by the syl-labus as we had said we would. That totaled out to a grade of 'C-. Not too bad, but that was the 'worst' grade we gave.

So, we will have a date with the dean to talk the matter over. We requested a conversation with him before he responds to Yuppie Scums letter. The dean's secretary assured us that she would fill him in on what An Asshole Y. S. was in conversation with her. This was also the experience of the extended ed (summer school) staff. Grace Marie assures me I have nothing to worry about, the guy is his own worst enemy.

I still feel kind of bad. Which is silly, since the rest of the course went pretty damn well. 55 students and two who were problematic. not too bad. Almost every one earned an A. We won't get our evaluations for a couple of weeks. . . we'll get our paychecks first - the largest I have ever earned in my adult working life.

So, grades in and time to go back to the job that went into suspended animation while I taught. This is the parent specialist job with Matrix (the partnership project is what got me into teaching - also thru Matrix, a family resource center). Today I hung out with the toddler group - a mess of parents and toddlers who come in for an hour and a half to play. Next week I will spirit the parents into the next room and facilitate a support group. Easter Seals runs the play program - all the children have some sort of disability, Matrix does the support part. I do a bunch of other stuff with that job, but playing with the babies is the best.

Late August I go back to work for the school district doing the parent facilitator for special education job.

Are you confused yet? Did you notice I can now spell 'facilitator' pretty well? impressive, huh?

I am sorry the air be so heavy. Here it's been foggy in the mornings. A local geologist has predicted an earth quake for Really soon now. I bate my breath.

Don't know when I will do a hello to chris, just pleased to know he's being a parent.

hmmm, deadline, hmmm
jeanneb

From: xenolith
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 15:57:33 -0400
Subject: Re: Life & the Pursuit of Sleep

...so you can now spell 'facilitator' pretty well?
What makes you think I can?

I'm finding all sorts of people I haven't communicated with in YEARS "on here". Neat!

Also a bit time-intensive, while we go through the "re-acquaintance" sequence.

I guess I'm firmly hooked; at least until either I or the computer burns out.

I'm sure you'll survive the (attempted) retribution from the SFH, when it comes, quite well. From what you say, it'll be obvious to The Powers Who Be where he's coming from.

Other than that, it does sound like you have enough going to keep yourself (out of trouble) (ah, for faanish strikeouts!) busy.

What have I gotten myself into, this time....?
Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 22:45:16 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Life & the Pursuit of Sleep

In a message dated 97-08-02 16:00:53 EDT, you write:
<< What have I gotten myself into, this time....? >>

you *Knew* this would be time intensive.

Have you caught up with Skel? Is he on-line?

Jaime and I were looking thru the photo box the other night - it doesn't seem all that long since 1993 when Cas and Paul visited. Hmmm.

What I laugh at is sending responses to Mog Decarnins daily ramblings, then having her ask permission to quote, then her sending bunches of peoples comments along to her entire "list". Lots of folks there you probably know, or know of. It's weird - it's about the only way I connect with 'fandom' at the moment.

Am off a lot of zine lists, and don't try to e-mail beyond a hand full.

Jaime is leaving home. The U-haul is packed and ready for him to roll out tomorrow morning. He's going up the coast to Eureka, has the house already, plans to go to the local J.C. and study woodworking. It's a lot tougher transition for me than I would have expected. I gave him some bath towels and wash clothes, and we are joking about what the ritual for this rite of passage should be. "Gee, I don't know" "well, I don't either, here's some stuff. . ."

Jesse says he's going to stay around for a few more years - he does want to do well in school. We bought a copy of 'The Crucible' for him to read on the plane today (going north for his annual visit with his sire). He'll try out for parts after school starts. I've got to love the drama teacher - he called Jess to let him know the play was coming up, and to invite him to read for it. The benefits of small town life.

Wow.

hugs
jeanneb

From: **xenolith**
To: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Tue, 5 Aug 1997 22:27:07 -0400
Subject: Re: Life & the Pursuit of Sleep; Part Deux

It's been an "labor-intensive" couple of days. I just finished-up a (very) rough draft of the Ditto flyer & emailed it off to Roger & Pat. Before that....

Most of Saturday was spent "catching-up" on email -- since I hadn't turned the computer on either Thursday or Friday. Saturday night I went up to Dave & Jackie's -- and learned all sorts of neat New *geek* stuff.

Dave "subscribed" to a couple of listservers/ mailing lists for me, while I was there: Ansible, The Dilbert Newsletter, Ovi's -- and, though it was late when I got home, I "logged on". And had a message from Patty....

I don't recall if I mentioned it, but I've been having trouble taking emails into the word processor -- messages from anyone but Breiding (who's also on Juno) come out readable, but with format restrictions that are a pain in the ass.

Chris had given me a tentative solution, but I'd happened to mention it to Patty, and between her email and a (real) phone call Sunday, she talked me thru a solution. In my own imminent manner, it took most of Sunday to actually get it finessed, but I now

have a *Smile* Icon on my tool bar that I have only click and, neat, it will make incoming emails "well!"

...more or less: The macro can't deal with those damn ">" symbols that precede passages quoted-back to me. But I think I have a way around that. With a little fiddling....

Skel's (Cas's?) daughter has email. Dave has tried communicating with them this way, but Skel is thoroughly unenamoured with the process.

So they're leaving the nest, eh? I bet that is rough. I only had my stepkids for a couple of years -- but I still miss 'em.

Later,
Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 01:46:53 -0400 (EDT)

Yes, indeed, this too shall pass for summer school. Have a couple more papers to mail back, now that we have marked them up, er, made comments. That was an afternoon in the sand dunes at the beach last weekend. Grace Marie is teaching me the finer points of evaluating student performance. The Dean called her to discuss Our Problem Student. Interesting. He noted that people who compose poor letters do not impress him. That there had been rudeness to his staff, did not bode well. That the student had behaved poorly in class was not to his credit. That the whole picture brought into question the psychiatric stability of this student. That Jeanne's professor speaks very highly of her. That one ought be able to grade upon comportment in class, and general good behavior . . . (Tell me again why this asshole passed is the quote, as I recollect it.)

and I haven't yet run into him at a grocery store, life is good.

having a need to be hermit like this last little while. visited with people I hadn't spoken with in a few months, and came home to e-mail about from them about having a 'serious' conversation sometime soon. well, shit, not if I can help it, in any near future I can imagine. . . .this in the wake of a girlfriend telling me at length about some annoying things I've done lately (well, and since forever with her - like talk way a lot). Just not interested in much 'feedback' any more. Am passing thru the post separation pissed off phase, into the serious navel contemplation. Expect to rejoin the human race in the foreseeable future. Really. In the wide array telescope range of things. . .

Maybe I'll go see "Mimic" with Jesse and cheer myself up.

Read any recommendable trash lately

jeanneb

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Thu, 28 Aug 1997 00:31:24 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Hello

Feeling a lot more connected with the human race, again. Just thought you'd like to know.

Something about going back to work by doing a "training" in which my lowest expectations and brightest hopes were simultaneously validated. And they fed me lunch for two days. . . .to bad I can't do this a lot more often. It was kind of cool to hear that some of our education practices, the ones I have found hardest to comprehend (still cloaked in secrecy and "those people" lingo) are, in fact, totally outdated and probably illegal. Wheee!!! Good thing I'm co-opted and have to behave. Uh, connected but not totally re-civilized....

How's by you? Waiting for reading referrals, and making do with non-fiction

Help!

jeanne

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Tue, 2 Sep 1997 11:00:42 -0400 (EDT)

Subject: me too....

What was it like when you first learned to drive a car???

Computer horrors - I paid a high school nerd boy to come and fix this one, after all hell broke loose and I couldn't get into the e-mail. Went without a real writing program for months, but losing the e-mail was intolerable.

Had a lovely weekend off, visiting my friends in eureka (and checking out Jaime's new digs). It was very relaxing, a concept I am going to have to incorporate into my daily life more often. It was also physically exerting - we were moving a lot of stuff, and I kind of like that feeling of working up a sweat. We'll see if an 'exercise program' actually sticks here.

That Mr. sherman, now he sends me some pretty funny stuff. This medium is way a lot of fun.

Glad you saved your Outworlds files, and hecky darn, that limits my set of excuses, now, doesn't it???

I found out why my answering machine is so darn unreliable - the cats step on the buttons and randomly turn it off, playback messages, and knock the phone off the hook to boot.

jeanneb

From: **xenolith**
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Tue, 2 Sep 1997 21:41:02 -0400
Subject: Re: me too....; me three

>Expect to rejoin the human race in the foreseeable future

Well, I hope so -- you can't "go away", just because I did!

Seriously, I probably understand a bit more than most; there's no sage advice that I particularly "took" -- it just took time, to be really cliched.

This, too, will pass. Believe me.

Actually, you have no excuses for not doing a column for OW69.

Actually, you already are "in" OW_68_ -- but you might have suspected that, eh?

Normally, I wouldn't do this, but I'm going to dump in the text-file under you name, here:

If there is anything herewith you'd rather I delete, just let me know: I really, really don't want to do anything to hurt you....

Bill

From: **xenolith**
To: weebdudes@aol.com
Date: Sat, 13 Sep 1997 13:20:44 -0400

So ... did I scare you off with that last one?

I really hope not.

Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sat, 13 Sep 1997 19:38:24 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Yes.

Uh, scare me off.

Hate to say it, but seeing all that writing in one place created a panic.

Yup.

Had to stop reading. Didn't even finish a quarter of it. Oh, boy, my goodness.

Of course, part of the panic was realizing, again, that I can write well. (At least it engages me, and possibly you too, if you can bear it after keystroking it). That *a hah* is as amazing to me each time it occurs as it was the first time I got 'published'. I expect you inspire me to better work than, oh, just about any one else. fancy that.

Does that scare you?

Didn't think so.

Hmm, so what was that deadline again???

Maybe I can squirm my way thru the historical aspects of my terrors and let you know if there is anything that ought to be reframed or removed or renovated.

Maybe.

grin

I got asked for my phone number at a Contra dance last weekend - maybe I am giving out sociable vibrations again. Either that or there was some kind of heavy pheromonal action going on. . . This dance partner is a librarian. Life is soooo wierd. A tall red head. So you weren't the only man to terrorize me this month. . .

jeanneb

From: **xenolith**
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sun, 14 Sep 1997 12:11:33 -0400
Subject: Re: Yes. ... well, maybe....

>I got asked for my phone number at a Contra dance last weekend -
>maybe I am giving out sociable vibrations again. Either that or
>there was some kind of heavy pheromonal action going on. . .
>This dance partner is a librarian.
>Life is soooo wierd. A tall red head. So you weren't the only man
>to terrorize me this month. . .

Darn.

I really didn't mean to "create" a panic. It's just that, all thru the "absence", even tho I didn't respond -- I did appreciate, and cherish, the 'support', 'harassment' and, yes, 'nagging' -- of you & Wm, in particular -- and, egotistically, I suppose, I want to 'share' the experience, albeit vicariously, with others.....

Besides, I think it's neat -- and the ability, the opportunity to 'run' something like 'this' is what, to me, differences 'fanzines' from other media.

Or something like that.

Besides. I enjoy the hell out of "tweaking" my friends.

I really tried to be 'considerate' in putting together the piece. There were instances of "she_really_said_that_about (...)!" But I was *nice*.

Your 'call'. Totally.

But I *do* want you in that issue. {OW69}

As someone, who was it? -- just said: You can write well.

...and I'm continually pleased to have you as a friend.

Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sun, 14 Sep 1997 13:13:15 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Yes. ... well, maybe....

In a message dated 97-09-14 12:46:22 EDT, you write:
<< ...and I'm continually pleased to have you as a friend.

Me Too.

Especially the tweaking.

I'm not worried about the references to Don, it's part of my/our history. I don't recall making complaints about him in print, or saying things that he would have been offended by (at least, not deliberately and consciously - maybe I *had* better review that stuff).

and you know damn good and well that what makes good writing an excellent read is good editing, and an excellent editorial ear and eye.

We do like this fanzine thing.

Uh, so sooner, rather than later?? In what passes for spare time?

cheerfully yours
(I am not)

jeanneb

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sat, 20 Sep 1997 10:40:27 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Yes. ... well, maybe.... or, maybe not!

We had a hot time here Sunday night. It even made it into our local biweekly fishwrap newspaper The Sonoma Index-Tribune

"Iguana dies in Glen Ellen fire" is the lead, on page A4, along with the other obituaries, but underneath an article about rescuing a dog from a tree (with photo).

"Crews from Valley of the Moon and Glen Ellen fire districts met up with California Department of Forestry Glen Ellen at 1260 Hill Road at about 8:40"

So, there were at least 2 fire fighters for each square foot of building on fire. (It was a small 7x11' (max) shed converted into a bedroom.) And, maybe a piece of large equipment as well, come to think of it.

The house is set way back from the road - the fire chief's truck, and two tankers came down the bumpy drive. Another two or three small trucks, a gargantuan tanker, and pumper, the C.H.P. and god knows what all else stayed out on the road. None of my neighbors could go up or down the street for a while there. I think they called out all this heavy equipment because, well, it could have been more awful than I care to contemplate (the house is in a forested area - with the fire chief not too far up wind), um, because, the three departments needed practice on something besides grass fires. We told 9-1-1 it was a little outbuilding. Better not to take chances. They ran hose from the road back to the house (500feet) - by the time they finished, I think the fire was out.

One of the volunteer firefighters was actually gleeful about being the first to hose the flames (he's a little strange, I already knew that).

Am more tired than I would have imagined possible still. The room was Jesse's bedroom - had to go buy him new shoes yesterday. Fortunately a lot of his clothes were on the line, or in the wash. . . he hates shopping. All his good suits and dress up clothes did go up in smoke. At 16 he is interested in drama, and sharp dressing as the mood strikes. But he says, not to worry he has his health. He was not too attached to the lizard either.

The insurance company said up front they would not replace the iguana, or the heating pad. Fine by me. It looks like the rest will be covered, no problem.

The insurance company's contractor came out thursday and couldn't understand why the adjuster thought the building would be worth thinking about re-building. No foundation, not to code, to which I said, don't even start talking about the building codes around here.

Jesse has moved his self into what was jaime's room last year, and Don's office the year before. He wanted to move in there anyway. Have to get him a mattress and etc this weekend. It's weird, listing all the stuff that is gone - Nick says Jesse had *his* comforter (well, he did). Calculators, text books, dungeon and dragons books borrowed from someone else.

I took the day off yesterday, did laundry, went to the Library and got a book on how to choose a divorce mediator, read a trash novel, hung out with Nick.

. . .and still feel overwhelmed.

There is so much to do around here, and I have so little inclination to do it, I worry about myself. . . . The awareness of how close we came to losing it all, and of the hazards that still remain is unsettling. My friends keep reminding me to 'take care of myself, but it still doesn't feel comfortable.

Your carefree Jeanne might be back, but not until the wood-piles have been moved away from the house, and the pump wiring replaced. . . . one step at a time, I suppose.

Well, I guess I am still a little more emotional than can be put

off on to hormones.

It's a good thing I have good friends.
thanks, bill
jeanne

(...in the same *mail* that I received the above, I *sent* Jeanne the following - along with a Copy of this file to date...)

From: **xenolith**
To: weebdudes@aol.com
Date: Sat, 20 Sep 1997 13:56:53 -0400
Subject: Re: You Just Knew I Was Gonna Do This, Didn't You?

Just what you need - something more to Fill Up your Computer!
I am - yes - having *fun* - and I really don't think there's anything in this one that you'll object to. But I do what to give you the chance....

(Besides, your frustration with me sending all this will take your mind off Other Things.)

Take Care.
Bill

From: **WeeBDudes@aol.com**
Date: Sat, 20 Sep 1997 16:42:23 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Fiend!

yes, I did. I knew you'd do it , or something like.

It only took about 20 minutes to figure out how to get the down-loaded file to a place I could read it (I hate windows, I hate PC's). So, your nasty plot to keep me busy did succeed for a time. when I copied the file into the writing program, it looked like it was going to take up 17 pages. Bill, can you afford to do this? Jesus, the mind boggles at the fine mess you could find yourself in now, cuz, I *know* I am not the most long winded of your pals ;-)
then again, maybe flyspeck is one of your fonts, and I needn't worry in the least.

shit, here it is past noon, I'm still in my pajamas, it's pushing 85 degrees outside and I want a nap, and a new fiction book. (May be time for some serious hammock exploration.)

The one I just finished was truly awful, empurpled prose and self referentially amuzed till I almost tossed it against the wall. quotes almost dire enough, but, too grammatically correct for Anisble kept me reading. What can you do with a novelist who creates a screenwriter character who uses Mr. Turner as an alias??? That's right, Mr. Page Turner.
jeanneb

From: **xenolith**
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sat, 20 Sep 1997 19:42:34 -0400
Subject: Re: Too Many Maybe's....

Your latest came "in" in the same transfer as I sent "out" the latest massive 'file' - which is probably the last thing you need to cope with right now, but....

...maybe your being faced with the *overload* from me will help take your mind off other frustrations...? (It's a Theory, anyway.)

God, *fire* is a frightening thought - particularly to one who lives in a house full of books & other paper *goods*, and who smokes.

I'm thankful that no one (other than the iguana) was hurt --- and it even sounds like you have a reasonable insurance company.

...so, grit your teeth, move the woodpile, and go on... Big Help, aren't I?

(...) Just concentrate on your kids, your house, your work ... y/o/u/r/ O/u/t/w/o/r/l/d/s/ c/o/l/l/u/m/n/ - and, eventually the legalities

will be taken care of. Eventually....
Have I ever lied to you?

From: xenolith
To: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sun, 21 Sep 1997 11:03:16 -0400
Subject: Re: Fiend! (Who? Little Ole Me...?)

...let's see if it *works* a third time; that was the second time in a row that, as I was sending you a message, I received one from you in exchange. Neat, but we can't go on *passing* each other like this!

...can you send me a copy of that "flyphack" font?

I may well need it. The Issue At Hand is definitely out of control, but this is a catch-up covering three or more years, so I guess, one time, I can *handle* it. We'll soon see. Virtually everything but the *editorial* is resident in files now (just over there...) - waiting to be pulled together. Ought to be fun & frustrating simultaneously, but then - fanzines (if not life) is always like that for me....

Besides, I *have* to get this out, so I can keep bugging you for a *legitimate* (never mind) Column. Don't I?

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Sun, 21 Sep 1997 13:36:37 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: Too Many Maybe's....; The Sequel

In a message dated 97-09-21 11:49:16 EDT, you write:
<< Why, at one time, I even had a reddish-tint to Mine Own Hair....

I thought so.

My friend Gail has naturally flaming red hair.

Thanks for the support,
glad the sun is out, melting the ice er, warming the souls of those readying for winter. . . . welcome to autumn.
such predictions of rains from El Nino are driving me nuts - I have a leaky roof. . . .

Maybe I'll go think about some one else's life for a while. Anyone's haul some wood, hang some laundry, read some trash. . . .
jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Tue, 23 Sep 1997 21:21:27 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Attitude Adjusted

Sometimes work is the cure.

Today I got to play with a baby I hadn't seen for 4 or 6 months - they grow! They do stuff. It's way cool. It's fun.

Then I got to go to a meeting with a principal and teacher and swear and tell inappropriate stories. Okay, the story about the pot eating iguana just jumped out of my mouth, and the swearing was illustrative cuz we had to, really, do a shit load of paper work. My excuse is, and it does work, I was establishing rapport with a surly 16 year old. This time, he only gave me the finger once or twice while he scratched his nose, and was more subtle about it than last time.....god, I get paid for this.

uh, think I'll go have some more fun, and balance my check book.
big hug, except it's just got to be virtual cuz it's too hot to actually touch anybody
jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
Date: Thu, 25 Sep 1997 00:31:46 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Re: terminal idle chit-chat

<<Wm.'s making "moving noises" again.>>

gee, what a surprise.

Well, Matrix just got the Big Grant. This means my 'boss' moves up, and her place opens up. I've been asked to "consider working more hours", meaning first crack at the position. I think I would have to give up working for the school district. This is the good kind of stress, I keep telling myself. Just stress on top of stress isn't so wonderful (I have the beginnings of a head cold, and plans to be out on the coast with a bunch of special ed gals this weekend. A couple of us are stressing around this re-organization. All good stress....)

(...) God, even when I sit still, stuff happens. . .

jeanneb

From: WeeBDudes@aol.com
To: xenolith@juno.com
Date: Fri, 3 Oct 1997 20:26:26 -0400 (EDT)
Subject: Sitting Down??

Yes, I decided to simplify my life (well, I did make sure you were sitting down), and work for one employer, instead of two.

Uh, I said I'd consider more hours with Matrix, the family resource center, then they offered me my bosses job. I said yes with out thinking.

I have to resign my Parent Facilitator (15 hrs) so I can work 28 plus for Matrix.

God damn, no easy thing here - the P.F. was my baby. And pays better.

So now I get to figure out how to convince my boss not to drop the position altogether without overextending myself and going crazy (oh, I'll train whomever you hire, you bet!!!)

Oh, well. Jesse, my so charming high school student, remarked as how people who move into administrative positions (from teaching, say) are dorks or assholes.

I said that was kind of what i am doing with my new job, and he said see????

Had to ask which category I fell into. He said, Jeeze Jeanne, it's so obvious!

Any one who plays with Barbies is obviously going to be a Major Dork.

I heaved a sigh of relief. Phew. I am doing something right.

Bill, I hope your car is working right for you.
what direction is the migrating Wm B orienting towards?

this is all schmooze to avoid asking again, what was the deadline for a column????

Thanksgiving (hopefull soulfull gaze)????

Nick is going to go with Don this weekend, so, if I get enough daylight guilt excoriation on cleaning up the yard, I will wrangle with the words.

Just remember, gentle prods (with pornographic innuendo) motivate me far more than simple nagging. I, being the practiced reminderer that I am, can nag and balance the check book without conscious thought. Like I can read aloud with out thinking about the words at all (and keep in character to boot). And can selectively not hear any of it.

It is the twentieth anniversary of my becoming a parent today.

Jaime is out of the house, and has almost figured out how to balance his checking account.

I don't feel free at last, but I do feel a certain satisfaction.

It won't feel real to me, that Jaime is a grown up, til he's twenty one . . .



Wm. Breiding....

From: **xenolith**
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Fri, 18 Jul 1997 21:59:26 -0400
Subject: Guess What...!

Wm:
Well, other than an multitude of "test messages" to Dave Locke last night and today, you, Sir, have the Distinct Honor of being the target of my first "official" e-mail.

No, no, that's quite all right.

Seriously ... setting this up has been a bear: When I got the computer "back" from Don Carter last Sunday [quite another story, that] -- he'd loaded-in a version of Juno against my "activating" it. Well, I did so last night, and had all sorts of glitches. Today, DaveL & I finally figured out that it was an *old* version, and once I re-loaded it from a disk that Dave had down-loaded from the Net a couple of weeks ago -- well, things seem to be going considerably smoother. I hope!

This is a Great Theory.

Anyway, I'm totally burnt-out at the moment (and I do want to *surprise* a few others), so this will of necessity be brief.

I received your postcard after I got back from visiting my Mother over the 4th. I was glad to hear from you -- but not at all pleased to hear things aren't going that well. God knows I'm not the most even-kneeled (sp?) person around -- but perhaps through this medium we can keep in touch a bit more frequently.

So, if you need to vent.....

Let me hear back from you (I'm still not at all secure about this whole process, you know).

Besides, now you can send that LoC and save the stamp: Optimistically, I've set up "folders" labeled "LoCs - OUTWORLDS" & "LoCs - XENOLITH".....

Hang in There.

BILL

From: wbreiding@juno.com (**Wm. M. Breiding**)
Date: Mon, 21 Jul 1997 09:57:18 -0500
Subject: Re: Guess What...!

Bill. . . welcome! You are going to love e-mail: it lends itself to writing brief messages just like post-it notes.

The reviews were a cigarette money hobby that I'm no longer doing. I was appearing regularly in the Kansas City New Times, a weekly newspaper, from Oct '96 through April '97 and then I just ran out of steam. Reviews are not really what I wanted to be doing, and when I lost inspiration I didn't try to force myself to do them. Eventually when the New Times stopped getting reviews back in return for the CDs they were sending they did the natural thing and stopped sending them! I was getting 5-10 bucks a review depending on the word count. The clipping you saw was from the Iowa Source, a monthly arts newspaper published here in Fairfield. They had been wanting me to do reviews, but all of the CDs they had were crappy. Eventually they agreed to reprint all of the reviews from the New Times, and what you saw there, I'm getting 25 bucks a pop for, so it amounts to about the same that I was getting from the New Times, maybe slightly less. Reviews were difficult for me to write because 1) they took me a long time to rite and there was no way I was going to get paid enough for them to make up for the time I spent at the computer composing (I know, they LOOK easy to write, but just try doing it!); and 2) quite often I just didn't have any interest in putting on my thinking cap while listening to music, or looking for an angle to hook a review on; I just simply wanted to enjoy it.

You answered my question before I could ask it-- Would you accept LoCs via email? I notice that Robert Lichtman doesn't--hell, I'm not even sure he has email, does he? That LoC won't be in this message, though. I'm just doing some catch up today. Even being unemployed with lots of free time I've found that email can quickly get unmanageable and has to be done in an orderly fashion or I go

crazy. Often I just ignore going on line until I'm in the mood. Sometimes that could be days.

Yes, I have been unemployed all of this time, but now, the money is getting direly short and I have been looking for work finally, with no success. I will be working for three weeks washing dishes (!) at a cafe though, starting tomorrow. Maybe that will lead else where, who knows.

I've found since the last Outworlds (not this latest one) that I've become reluctant to spill my guts, even to you. It has to do more with me than you or anyone else, and it's from a variety causes and effects through those years. So, I'll refrain from venting on you. Just yet, at any rate.

Your own tales of woe are much fiercer, since they manifest physically, so I should feel myself lucky: if I lost any height I'd be the size of Glicksohn!

I will try to get a LoC out to you soon. Unfortunately when you introduced me to Geri at the LA Corflu you started me on a path of receiving zines that I wanted to continue to getting, and to do that I have to LoC (or pub my ish--ha!) and if the LoC gets printed other faneditors cull names. . . I've received a few "unsolicited" fanzines lately, and unlike in the old days, I'm not too happy about it! But the guilt to LoC is there. Of course you are a top priority. . .

Hang in there,
William

From: wbreiding@juno.com (**Wm. M. Breiding**)
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 07:46:49 -0500
Subject: dream

Bill,
Had a dream about you last night/this morning. It's too long and complicated and I forget most of it, but basically you were the hero of a science fiction dream and we (I was your right hand man) were struggling to get to outer space! After much trial and tribulation and much action and adventure that would out do any John Woo Movie we make it to the space ship/lock in the rain and there is near chaos around us and we fight to get you into the ship (it has become apparent I won't make it). Finally I do get you into the ship. The world is collapsing around me as I walk away after you enter the ship: I mean literally, there is some sort of flood or earthquake as the ship takes off and buildings are collapsing and water is rushing everywhere. As I make my way to safety Patty comes out of nowhere to greet me. As I see her I say "I got Bill on to the ship--he was fucking great!" Patty nods and says she knows and since I couldn't get on the ship she's come to take me home. She has a Courtney Cox hair cut and is wearing a brown waist-fitted leather jacket. I suddenly notice this and tell her how good she looks. End of dream.

Hey, this is the first time I dreamed about you; was probably induced by the fact that Bruce Townley is dispersing his zine collection and sent me a box of zines and in it was a copy of Outworlds #5! Hey, what a way cool issue!

I'm doing a split shift washing dishes for the next three weeks (hey, its better than being unemployed!) but it means that I'm away from the house for 12 hours--the things I do just to avoid writing LoCs!

--Wm.

From: **xenolith**
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Fri, 25 Jul 1997 16:29:49 -0400

Wm,
This isn't totally prompted by your "dream" email -- I'd already planned to respond to your Monday message when I got home from work today -- but it certainly provides a jolt!

I certainly don't know what to make of the dream, but I'm flattered. (I think!)

So, write me a LoC on OUTWORLDS 5. Never too late, in my universe.....

Being unemployed is something I'm all too familiar with. I'm not sure dishwashing is the way to go, but when you have to make a choice.... (Do you have any prospects, besides that?)

Spilling guts ... It's a part of you; I don't consider it "whining". But the last thing I want to do is to embarrass or hurt you. In the future, if I have the slightest doubt about printing something from you that you might prefer not to be printed - I'll email you the relevant passages in advance. That's one benefit of this system, and the least I can do.

I do value your writings. And the honesty of emotion is what makes it special to me.

Glicksohn looked at me at MidWestCon and said: "My God, you ARE shorter!" *sigh*

Hang in there.
Bill

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Sun, 27 Jul 1997 08:17:21 -0500
Subject: Re: A Call to Arms

The ever dreaming Bowers!

Do I get this right? An Outworlds in October and then again in January? Seems to me the last time you were making predictions like this. . .the above phrase was born!

Well, I can't say I've been writing much. Is there anything *specific* from my apa-fifty zines that might work that you liked? I remember you asking about a small piece I wrote called "Mike Oldfield Saved My Life". Was that for another life and incarnation? As you might have noticed my production went WAY down over the last couple of years and I was doing mostly apa-specific zines that I didn't send out beyond the membership.

Is there any specific top you see me doing for you, otherwise?
This is gonna be tough!
-Wm.

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Sun, 27 Jul 1997 08:54:56 -0500

Bill,
Great to hear from you. In my book you should feel free to treat email like regular mail--write when you feel like it. There is a tendency for people to expect instantness with email, but I feel that's a lot of damned pressure. Some like to do a daily chat. One of the things I like about Juno is that it tells you if you've replied or not.

Something for later: I'm going to be asking you to go through step-by-step on how to save email to word. I think it is really bizarre that their software doesn't include a decent print mode. I wonder if it's purposeful, because with AOL, and I'm sure others, there is no problem on this AT ALL. So, later on that one! As you might have guessed, I'm not a computer nerd and I learn new stuff only kicking and screaming as I go along!

I'm not sure why I have gone gun-shy about my writing, except that it is a state of life. If you have any LoCs from me that you are prepping for print don't worry about running anything "personal" by me, I'm sure it will be fine and it will be less hassle, all around.

You know, that whole "Lost Empires of the Soul" series that Gary is running in SKUG was begun with the intention sending it on to you, but you ended up in a fapation period and Joe Marglino called me and pressured me to do a column for him, so he got that stuff. And then what did he do? He disappeared off the face of the earth!

Now, get them stack of fanzines you ain't been reading and start catching up! I've actually started having a few LoCs printed by someone other than you! (But mostly I'm still wahfed. *Sniff*.) These other faneds are so topic specific! If it ain't fannish, thrown 'em into the wahfs!

Later,
Wm.

From: xenolith
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Sat, 2 Aug 1997 15:43:21 -0400

I probably am "over-reaching"/"ever Dreaming" in attempting two issues of OW in such a time-frame -- reality in the form of my own "endurance", has already set in on occasion!

Like I said, I have everything you sent me; what I didn't say was that I had it "organized"! Eventually, I'll sit down and sort through the pile, but -- in the meantime -- in your "free" time, I welcome your suggestions....

Yeah, I know what you mean: after putting off answering some until I had a decent amount of time, and then not turning the computer on for a couple of days, I ended up with over twenty messages in my Inbox this morning.

Some people I can reply to "instantly"; others, such as you and Jeanne -- I like to take a bit of time. I'm not saying the results are any better than had I dashed them off, but at least the "thought" is there. So to speak.

Your stuff works great, and mine should for you. Trouble is, just about everyone else isn't using Juno -- and their files, when converted, end up with "paragraph" signs at the end of each and every line. And some strange-length lines they be.

Chris is "working" with me on this. I tried his Search & replace suggestion, but that got rid of ALL the paragraph signs -- including the legitimate ones -- and left me with one (very large) paragraph.

The only other way I know to do is the way I did with Frank Johnson's email transmitted message in OW67: using the Home and End keys, go thru the file, line by line, deleting the offending paragraph signs.

Tedious, but doable.

Your "Lost Empires of the Soul" series isn't the only thing I've "lost" as a result of my hiatus; I guess I'll just not have to Go Away anymore, eh?

I know you're probably still enduring thru the dish-washing job. So write when you get a chance, and don't worry about "speed"....
Bill

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 08:47:21 -0500

Bill,
My back is killing me, but today (8.24.97) is my last day at the dishwashing job. I hope to do some writing before I continue on with worrying about what the fuck I'm going to do with the rest of my life. At the moment I haven't the vaguest.

Hang tough,
William

From: xenolith
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Sun, 24 Aug 1997 12:53:34 -0400

Wm,
...actually I was thinking of *writing* you this morning; I was going through the file folder containing all the postcards/letters you sent during my fading-out in '93/'94, and thinking how lucky I was/am to have *persistent* friends like you & Jeanne!

I was guessing it was about time for the dishwashing job to be culminating; I can only imagine the physical tiredness. I do know that I couldn't handle it.

I DO hope you get back to "writing". But I'm certainly sympathetic with the art of "putting it off" when all about you.... You know the routine!

Don't feel compelled to write back until you are up to it -- but it IS great hearing from you on a regular basis.

You hang in there, too!

- Bill

<xenolith@juno.com>

"...moving into the current decade..."

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Tue, 2 Sep 1997 09:54:23 -0500
Subject: Re: Only me....

Bill,

Your trials and tribulations with the computer were a horror to read. One of these days I would like to present Don Carter with some sort of "saved Bowers' ass again" award. This guy has truly been a good friend to you through everything.

I had been hoping that once I was done with the dishwashing I would sit right down and start cranking out a bunch of words for you: a "column", a LoC, etc. But I find myself sitting here catching up on my old New Yorkers and worrying about what I need to do to survive and not getting down to writing anything. The guilt I feel, Bill!

I am considering the possibility of moving to Tucson before winter. I don't know for sure this will happen. Tucson and the desert are in my blood and it will eventually happen, whether this fall, I don't know. My roommate Christina got a job 25 miles south of here as a waitress at the same place I was dishwashing and has put some money down on a strip of land along the Des Monies river. It doesn't make sense for her to live here in Fairfield any more, so it's only a matter of time before she goes. I can't afford this house on my own, so I'll have to move, regardless. I would have moved down there (the name of the town is Keosauqua) and washed dishes for a year had I been able to find an apartment, but they just aren't much available in small town America: everybody pretty much owns. What was available was too expensive and too big. I don't know that I want to continue living in Fairfield, but negotiating a move to Tucson is seeming outrageous, but maybe it's time to try something outrageous, instead of being so fucking timid. I have really become a timid yellow bellied fearful middle aged man, Bill, and I absolutely HATE it.

You mentioned you had gone through the postcards I'd sent while you were "away": I distinctly remember feeling guilty throughout that period because I wasn't sending you much mail. It was during that period that I, too, entered a bleakness. I am still in it and sometimes it only seems to get worse. I'm not fishing for consolation, only telling you where I am at. I have cut off *real* communication with a lot of folks because I have been in the continuously bad emotional state for YEARS now and don't see when it's ending. I don't want to appear to be whining endlessly, so I just don't talk about it. Consequently I've kind of become alienated, but what else is new! I'm the guy that Bruce Townley used to kid endlessly because once he called me up to ask if I would be at a certain party and I said I was feeling "ambivalent" about being around people. For years I got asked if I was feeling ambivalent, by any number of people after Bruce told this story!

Anyway, I'll do my best.

Take care, Bill.

--William

From: xenolith
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Thu, 4 Sep 1997 22:13:18 -0400

...got your package of Oldfield tapes today. Thanks!

I've Tublar Bells on CD, and somewhere there are a couple of 8-tracks (you're probably too young...) -- but I really do appreciate this! I'll take 'em to work & listen while I stare at a computer screen working on weird Jurassic Park (the TV series) toys....

Well -- go ahead and feel a little guilt! But not too much, hear. I'm sure that we'll be able to cobble something together from your

'zines.... When the time comes.

You call it "feeling 'ambivalent' about being around people." ...I call it encroaching "hermithood". Whatever. I all too well know the feeling of dreading having to drag myself out of the "nest" to deal with people. Even my friends. Once I "at" where I'm supposed to be, I generally enjoy myself -- at least moderately -- but even now it's a struggle. I really dithered before Corflu -- but once I was Out There, I really enjoyed myself -- particularly with Jeanne and Patty.

So, while I can probably "identify" more than you might suspect, I really can't give you any relevant "advice".

Just don't _you_ "Go Away" on me, now!

As you say, often, to me: Hang in there.

...and, once again, Thanks for the unexpected present today!

Bill Bowers

<xenolith@juno.com>

"The stars descended upon me like an elevator in a shaft."

--Ross Macdonald, Trouble Follows Me, 1946

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Fri, 5 Sep 1997 13:44:50 -0500
Subject: Is 20 years considered Archeology? In Fandom it is!

Bill,

I don't know about Cincinnati but Iowa has already gone into early autumn.

Let's see. This morning I was thinking I wanted to email you, but I can't remember what it was about, now: I got waylaid by the postal mail. Bruce Townley sent me another packet of zines (this time mostly apa-fifties and related post mailings) and I've been sifting through them for the last hour or so. Did you know that you were on the Waitlist for apa-fifty in Sept. of 1976? What in the world would have moved you to do that? And in Victoria Vayne's zine there is a picture of her... with her arm flung around your shoulders and looking very much like she wants to plant a big wet one on your lips! And there was an interesting quote from Patty in Larry Downes' zine commenting about him after KC in 76: "You've changed since the world con; just tell me what has happened so I can pick up the pieces." This is SO Patty. And then Larry spends the next 4 pages denying anything has changed. . .which was SO Larry! Oh, those were the days. And then there was an old Warren Johnson zine from 1973 with pieces by Mike Gorra, Chris Sherman, Warren and myself. I was 16 or 17 at the time, the others a bit younger. Gorra is a regular reviewer for the New York Times Review Of Books and has a book recently published about Indian (as in India) literary types. Who knows what happened to Warren. And we know that Chris is now a proud father with several computer books under his belt. Me? I finally managed to get published in Outworlds! Talk about black mail material. Chris has a short-short story called "Home" which is actually pretty good at describing how he probably felt about having to go home, but sucks as a story; he also has a page worth of commentary describing what poetry is, or ought to be. Boy, it's pretty bad, but hey he was, what, 14 at the time? Precocious little fucker. My poem, "Deep Space/In My Mind," didn't make me blush too badly. It was interesting to see that I felt so isolated (but in a more romantic way) even back then.

God, here I am writing about 25 year old zines you've never even seen. . .sorry!

Tom Jackson emailed me from the worldcon and asked me if I wanted anything from the huckster's room; at my request he picked up NESFA's hardback of Norstrila and Harry's A Wealth Of Fable--now there goes 50 bucks down the drain--but I know I won't regret it.

Hope you get something out of the Mike Oldfield; as I said in the letter, do what you will with it!

I am, however, going to miss the prancing Princess Di.

--Wm.

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Fri, 5 Sep 1997 22:07:30 -0500
Subject: Outworlds submissions

Bill,
I have never formally submitted to you before. You've just used what ever of mine was around, be it LoCs or apa-fifty zines. I don't know if you are a hands on editor or simply publish stuff that comes in as is. Certainly I would expect you to feel free to reject either of these if you do want to see them; if you require changes--I'll promise to try. I have been in a deep dry period as far as writing anything of worth (aside from these two pieces and the CD reviews) for the last several years, but I'd give your editorial suggestions a go if I agreed with what you were saying (and I probably would, I am a writer who *needs* editing).

Anyway. Let me know if you want to plow through these babies and I'll send them on to you.

All for now,
--William.

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Mon, 8 Sep 1997 23:11:02 -0500
Subject: looking for inspiration

Bill,
The last day or two I've been devouring A WEALTH OF FABLE and leafing through Warhoon 28. I wrote a couple of short locs (Victor Gonzales, Frank Denton), hoping to prime myself. Then I pulled out a copy of Outworlds 62, hoping for further inspiration and ran into:

Better Late Than Never Dept.: Deep in the midst of all the Wm. Breiding (yes, notice that period--it must be from writing all of those dot coms!) mindset that takes up the middle section of OW62 there is a cartoon by Rotsler, his usual block man with big nose pointing out towards my words. The caption says: "Why aren't you a beautiful woman!" When that Outworlds was current I don't think I got the joke in your lay out, but this time I laughed and laughed. It was a good one, Bill.

I thought about trying to write some sort of fannish memoir. Seeing that postcard from 1973 reproduced in OW63 (actually read it this time and didn't blush when I did so) I realized that I was off into faanishness much early than I remembered, if I was requesting a copy of Inworlds. I think of my fannish career starting after I moved back to San Francisco in 1974, but that is obviously not the case. But when I thought about actually trying to retrace my steps, I decided it wasn't interesting enough. I was shy and totally alienated at most conventions I attended, and even now, when I do go to conventions I still feel slow and tongue tied. I published the nine issues of Starfire in a fever-pitch that was extending more from my endemic emotionality than fannishness, though I always longed to be a Charles Burbee or (from my fannish time period) an Ed Cagle. Nothing really interesting happened to me in the faanish context: I wasn't a myth maker, nor were any of the fans with whom I bonded. All the people that became the eventual core of the San Francisco fan group I hung out with did so as friends, with fandom as a very minor subtext (fandom and science fiction rarely discussed, except in terms of gossip), even though that was how we all met and Corflu was originated by parts of this now semi-fractured group. I've always felt like a fake fan from the very beginning, and still do, I guess. (Reading the above paragraph, I realize--it sounds *totally* faanish!)

Anyway. Wanted to pass on that bit about your joke in the lay out. If I keep trying, sooner or later your subtly will infiltrate.

See ya,
William.

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Thu, 11 Sep 1997 10:16:39 -0500

Bill,
I've always had a submerged interest in fan history, which, periodically, rears its curious head and looks around. I bought All Our Yesterdays not too long after it was published by Advent, but it is lost,

like so many of my treasures, fannish and not, because of my constant moving and traveling around. I didn't remember until a year after Rex called to tell me that Gil Gaier had died that my entire fanzine collection and my most treasured books & pulps had been stored in the rafters of Gil's garage since 1980, and I'm sure it was all trashed or given a way. I can only assume that they thought I had given them to Gil as a gift, since my name was on the boxes, as I recall, and that was why no one contacted me. All those 70s Outworlds--all gone! (As to the 80s--most of the fanzines received, which were few, are gone, as well: *sigh*.)

I've decided that the dot should probably be added to "Wm" for official purposes; when I start appearing in the New Yorker, I think they'll want to add that dot, so I might as well start now. (Har, har, har.)

About all for now. Autumn is definitely here--temps down into the 40s regularly, now, at night. Guess I'd better go look for a job, or tie myself to the rail road track.

Later.
--Wm.

From: xenolith
To: wbreiding@juno.com
Date: Fri, 12 Sep 1997 23:43:21 -0400
Subject: Re: Outworlds submissions & Fannish Stuff

You realize, of course, it'll take Major Retooling on my part to start adding a period after Wm -- ? (Are you Really Sure you want to go thru with this?)

I haven't always taken the Best Care of them -- a majority have been in the basement of this place for, what, 8 or 9 years now -- but at least I 'have' the vast majority of the 'zines sent to me over the years. I 'admire' folks like Glicksohn & Lichtman who sort & catalog -- but I doubt I'll ever Get There.

Stay off that railroad track.

That's an order!

Bill

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Tue, 23 Sep 1997 10:36:42 -0500
Subject: Re: You Might Have Suspected That I Was Going To Do This....

Bill,

Yes, I did have my sneaking suspicions that this might occur. Of course, I didn't see the obvious name for it though, eWorlds. Very *cute*. Now I understand why there was sense of urgency in your note about the deleted message. This stuff is fine, no problem. My only question is, are *you* SURE you want to publish this babble? The next OW is going to be an all locWorlds? Is that the idea?

It's rainy here today, and cool. Summer's gone. I've been leaning, longer than usual, in favor of moving back out west to Tucson. If I do that, it must be soon. I'll have to make a definite decision in the next couple of days in order to make an exploratory trip, first. To find an apartment and then return to get my piles of junk moved out before the first snowy squalls of winter start. Who knows.

More later,
William

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Wed, 24 Sep 1997 16:49:40 -0500

Bill,

Well, I figure moving to Tucson is better than suicide. I've been in love with the desert since I was a teenager. In 1994 I spent a goodly amount of time in the desert and also in Tucson and found it to be a highly livable city and vowed that someday I would return to check it out. Fairfield is not my home, never will be. I love the prairie and glad I came to Iowa, but I am not at peace here; I may not be anywhere, but I have to check Tucson out. Maybe I'll end up some-

where else, but for now I'm Tucson bound: yes I made up my mind. I'll probably be leaving within the next two or three weeks. It won't be an easy move. I know no one there. But it's time to do it.

I'm sorry about the lack of response to OW67. Maybe once you get into the groove and start pubbing regularly folks will start writing in again.

I certainly won't be getting rid of my email. One of the nice things about moving to Tucson is that Juno will actually be free, with no long distance tolls to pay!

Later.
William

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Sun, 28 Sep 1997 09:24:46 -0500
Subject: Re: On the Road to....

Bill,

You are certainly right about our similarity in my dithering and procrastinating about these things, and also about how I Take Things In Hand after I've made a firm decision. Things continue to mutate. I rented a storage space prepaid for six months; this in the event that I have to find a job before I find an apartment in Tucson, which is the way it works in San Francisco--no job, no place will be rented to you. I'm fully prepared to "rough it" in an unfurnished apartment for a good amount of time until I can get back to Iowa to pick up my things. Since I don't know anyone in Tucson I'll be looking for a motel with kitchenette until I can get myself settled in. The only thing coming with me is a suitcase of clothes, a box of books, some cooking gear and my computer. I should be able to have email, even from the motel, since Juno will have a local server number there, and all I'll have to do is reconfigure the phone numbers and such to get on line.

I intend to leave on either the 10th or the 17th, depending on whether I want to do any visiting on the way out or make it a straight shot. I will probably send out a general email announcement the day I take off; right now I'm just informing folks as I correspond.

One of the things that I had said in the deleted message was

that I had the piece on my Dad earmarked for one more major rewrite. In the unlikely event that that rewrite should occur in the next few months, I'll pass it on. I'm also taking all of Millhauser's books (seven of 'em) with me to Tucson, in the vain hope that I'll continue on with that piece. I figure since I don't know anyone in Tucson, all the time I spend procrastinating by socializing could, just possibly, be used constructively. But I wouldn't count on it!

--Wm.

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)
Date: Thu, 2 Oct 1997 12:19:16 -0500
Subject: It Was *You*, I Know It!

Bill,

I'm down to the point in packing now where all the easy stuff is done and I have to get down to the nitty gritty of tearing my life apart--my desk and the kitchen--and seeing how much will actually fit into the trunk that I want to take with me and what I really have to leave in storage.

One of the curious phenomenon that I've noticed about locking by email is that some faneds loc your loc, which would have been unheard of in the old days of postal locs--though Robt Lichtman has often sent me brief notes if something hooked him in a loc, or sent addresses, or other info.

We've been having gorgeous fall weather here--cool at night warm and sunny during the days. As a matter of fact I might high tail it the woods today and forget packing, because one of the dreadful things about Iowa, which I discovered moving here last fall, is that it will be horribly overcast for literally weeks on end, so one must take advantage of these clear as a bell, sweet smelling autumn days, when the sun is like butterscotch drifting down to the earth.

Further up and further in,
William

...and so, as *Young Mr. Breiding Hits the Road*, it is getting near time for us to do the same! —Bill * Sunday, October 5th 1997

neepWorlds:

...some of this will probably be Overkill, but since I'm a newbie:

I can accept material on 3 1/2" floppies, IBM-formatted, convertible into Microsoft Word or Publisher. (If anyone wants to try sending graphics on disk, we'll give it a try!)

I also *encourage* e-mail submission of Material & LoCs (although a hardcopy back-up of non-LoC material would be Nice.)

But: My e-mail "service", Juno, is apparently *unique* (in the May Your Life Be Interesting mode) in several ways:

- It will not accept "attachments".
- There is a 64k "limit" on messages received/messages sent.

...and there is the fact that messages from anyone other than a fellow-Juno junkie (hi, Wm.!) comes in firmly formatted with a paragraph-sign at the end of each & every line -- which means that when I transfer it to my word processor, it remains *locked* into that format, no matter the width I might wish it to be. With *help* (thanks, Patty), I have a macro that Makes Things Well, but it would *help* if you use the following conventions when sending me e-mail:

- Start all paragraphs flush left; i.e., no indents;
- Leave one (1) space between paragraphs;
- For "section breaks": one blank line, then a "symbol" (i.e., "**"), one blank line, then the next paragraph.

I realize this could well be a *pain* to some, and I can *work around* it if need be, but, hey, just thought I'd ask!

All Knowledge is Contained Within Fandom...

...and if that is True, then, certainly, within the framework of My Mailing List:

This: "Word" has "strike-out" capability, but it's the silly standard horizontal "dash". On the Kaypro, Don "converted" this to the fannish slash ("/") mode. Is there anyway to do this in Word?

"Word", to the best of my (so far limited) knowledge, does not offer over-printing, therefore eliminating the usage of quasi-quotes.

This, possibly, can be accomplished by another macro; but that's beyond my capabilities, at the moment.

That said, when I Import a Word file into Publisher, it "strips" the (current) strikeovers. And there is no macro option (again, that I have found) in Publisher.

Any *suggestions* would be gratefully accepted.

In the meantime, in this, I have utilized the following temporary measures:

a hyphen-quote (phrase) quote-hyphen sequence to depict quasi-quotes.

...and reverse brackets () (phrase) [] to indicate passages that should be considered fannishly struck-out.

We Do Make Do -- in our own humble way....



...contributing to **Outworlds 68**

- SHERYL BIRKHEAD * 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20882 * 2406; 2424
 D. S. BLACK * 41 Sutter Street #1651, San Francisco CA 94104 * 2414
 PAMELA BOAL * 4 Westfield Way, Charlton Heights, Wantage, Oxon OX12 7EW England * 2396
 SYDNEY J. BOUNDS * 27 Borough Road, Kingston on Thames, Surrey KT2 6BD England * 2405
 JEANNE BOWMAN * POBox 982, Glen Ellen CA 95442-0982 * <WeeBDudes@aol.com> * 2405; 2427; 2438
 RICHARD BRANDT * 4740 N. Mesa #108, El Paso TX 79912 [CoA] * 2405; "2407"
 WM. BREIDING * 103 North 6th Street, Fairfield IA 52556-2840 * <wbreiding@juno.com> * 2419; 2424; 2427; 2445
 BRIAN EARL BROWN * 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224 * 2395
 JOE R. CHRISTOPHER * English Department, Tarleton State University, Stephenville TX 76402 * 2393
 A. VINCENT CLARKE * 16 Wendover Way, Welling, Kent DA16 2Bn England * 2400
 KEVIN L. COOK * 949 Palmer Road, Apt. 4-0, Bronxville NY 10708 * 2406
 ROBERT COULSON * 2677W-500N, Hartford City IN 47348 * 2406; 2416
 ARTHUR CRUTTENDEN * 17 Kinella Green, Welwyn-Garden-City, Herts. England * 2400
 LARRY DOWNES * [in transition...] * 2421
 GEORGE FLYNN * P.O. Box 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge MA 02142 * 2394; 2420
 BRAD W. FOSTER * P.O. Box 165246, Irving TX 75016 * 2450
 MIKE GLICKSOHN * 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6 Canada * 2412
 ROB HANSEN * 144 Plashet Grove, East Ham, London E6 1AB England * 2412
 TEDDY HARVIA * 701 Regency Drive, Hurst TX 76054 * <eushar@exu.ericsson.se> * 2395; 2396
 DAVID R. HAUGH * 4520 Drake Ct. NE, Salem OR 97301 * 2386; 2388; 2414; 2415; 2419
 ANDREW P. HOOPER * 4228 Francis Ave. N., #103, Seattle WA 98103 * 2396
 ALAN HUNTER * 1186 Christchurch Road, Boscombe East, Bournemouth, BH7 6DY, England * 2391; 2418
 TERRY JEEVES * 56 Redscar Drive, Scarborough, N. Yorkshire YO12 5RQ, England * 2387; 2393; 2406
 FRED KARNO * [address withheld by request] * 2398-2399
 ETHEL LINDSAY * 2392
 DAVE LOCKE * 6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Silverton OH 45236 * <davelocke@fan.net> * 2431
 JOSEPH T MAJOR * 1409 Christy Avenue, Louisville KY 40204-2040 * <jtmajor@iglou.com> * 2401; 2419
 MARK MANNING * 1709 South Holgate, Seattle WA 98144 * 2395
 ERIC MAYER * Box 17143, Rochester NY 14617 * 2420
 LINDA MICHAELS * 1356 Niagara Avenue, Niagara Falls NY 14305-2746 * 2397; 2401; 2408; 2413
 SAM MOSKOWITZ * 2392; 2402
 PaM * Red Cloud NE 68970 * 2451
 DEREK PARKS-CARTER * [address withheld by request] * 2386; 2452
 LLOYD PENNEY * 1706-24 Eva Road, Etobicoke, Ontario M9C 2B2 Canada * 2397; 2416
 WILLIAM ROTSLER * 17909 Lull Street, Reseda CA 91335 * 2390; 2400; 2402; 2408; 2421; 2431
 DAVE ROWE * 8288 W Shelby State Road 44, Franklin IN 46131-9211 * 2413
 CHRIS SHERMAN * 1867 Campus Road, Eagle Rock CA 90041-3035 * <csherman@mindspring.com> * 2417; 2426; 2432
 SKEL * 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW England * 2406; 2415
 BOB SMITH * 24 Mascalls Lane, Brentwood, Essex, CM14 5LR, England * 2395; 2398
 DALE SPEIRS * Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta, Canada * 2397
 STEVE STILES * 8831 Lucerne Road, Randallstown MD 21133 * 2405
 MICHAEL W. WAITE * 105 West Ainsworth Ypsilanti, MI 48197-5336 * 2393; 2422-2423
 BILLY WOLFENBARGER * 181 North Polk Street, Eugene OR 97402 * 2386(2); 2416; 2451(3)
 SAM YOUNG * One Whitefriars, Conduit Hill, Rye, East Sussex TN31 7LE, England * 2392
 ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH * Caixa Postal 9613, 01065-970, San Paulo, SP, Brazil * 2390

Lysergic Sunday

The masks are melting
every load every road
the facial expressions are real
no matter what

Vibrations from the human face
when you look around at the XXth century
kaleidoscopic mirrors of the moveable maze

Chanting of the karma maze
when you have to go thru every
solitary frame from the space/time continuity
engine

& you know time is as timeless as anything else

Riffs of thought & feeling
implode, interface
in our XXth century consciousness
(from everything that has gone before—
that we know of) to get thru
the night & day/day & night continuum scene.

— *Billy Wolfenbarger*
Eugene, Oregon
11th April, 1993
(Easter)

Stoned Again, the Freight Train is a Dragon in the Night

From the rumbling distances
you can hear the slapping of wings

you look up at the sky
expecting
the dragon there

dragonfire at the crossing
burning up the sky.

— *Billy Wolfenbarger*
Eugene, Oregon
7th April, 1993

Kansas City early 60s

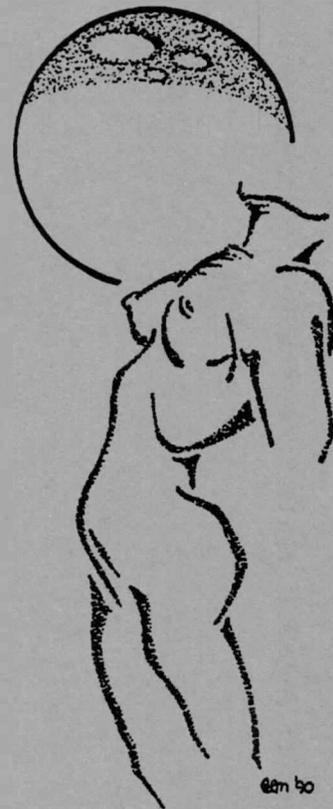
Beatniks at the train station
bus depot jazz from inside
your head on the street

man drops dead on the sidewalk
first dead person I ever saw
you were glad to know people
who weren't dead

those K.C. women cuties
they carried something more
than the Midwest in them

the strip joints flophouses
neon reflecting up
from a summer evening rain.

— *Billy Wolfenbarger*
Eugene, Oregon
8th March, 1993



Mums

By
Derek
Parks-Carter

©April 1993

Chapter Five... Much
to the amazement of us all...

ANYWAY, TO ALL OF YOU WAITING WITH BATED EYES FOR THIS EPISODE TO GET GOING (SO YOU CAN MOVE ON TO BETTER THINGS), LET IT BE KNOWN THAT DEREK & MICHAEL HAVE LANDED THEIR STEAM-DRIVEN INTERGALACTIC ROCK "WILLIAM R.I." ON A FAR DISTANT PLANET AND DEREK IS HARD AT WORK...

WOCKHACK!

HO HUM HO HUM
I'M OFF TO FIND
SOME FROM
THESE ON FROM FROM
TIPPLES ON FROM FROM
HO HUM HO HUM

OH YES YOU DO!...

YOU ARE
DEMENTED
I NEVER DO
THAT! IT'S
FAIR TOO
EXHAUSTING

MERELY FOLLOWING YOUR
WONDERFUL
EXAMPLE, OH
WRECK...

I SAY, LIMEY SWEATBALL
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?

WATER! FILL MY
GLASS... SEVERAL
TIMES...

WHEN THOU
DOST
CHUCK OUT
A
LOCK...

I DO
THAT
WHEN?

BEHOLD!
ZAM

AND SO
IT GOES...

Handwritten signature