

Outworlds I

January, 1970

...from William's Pen

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried.

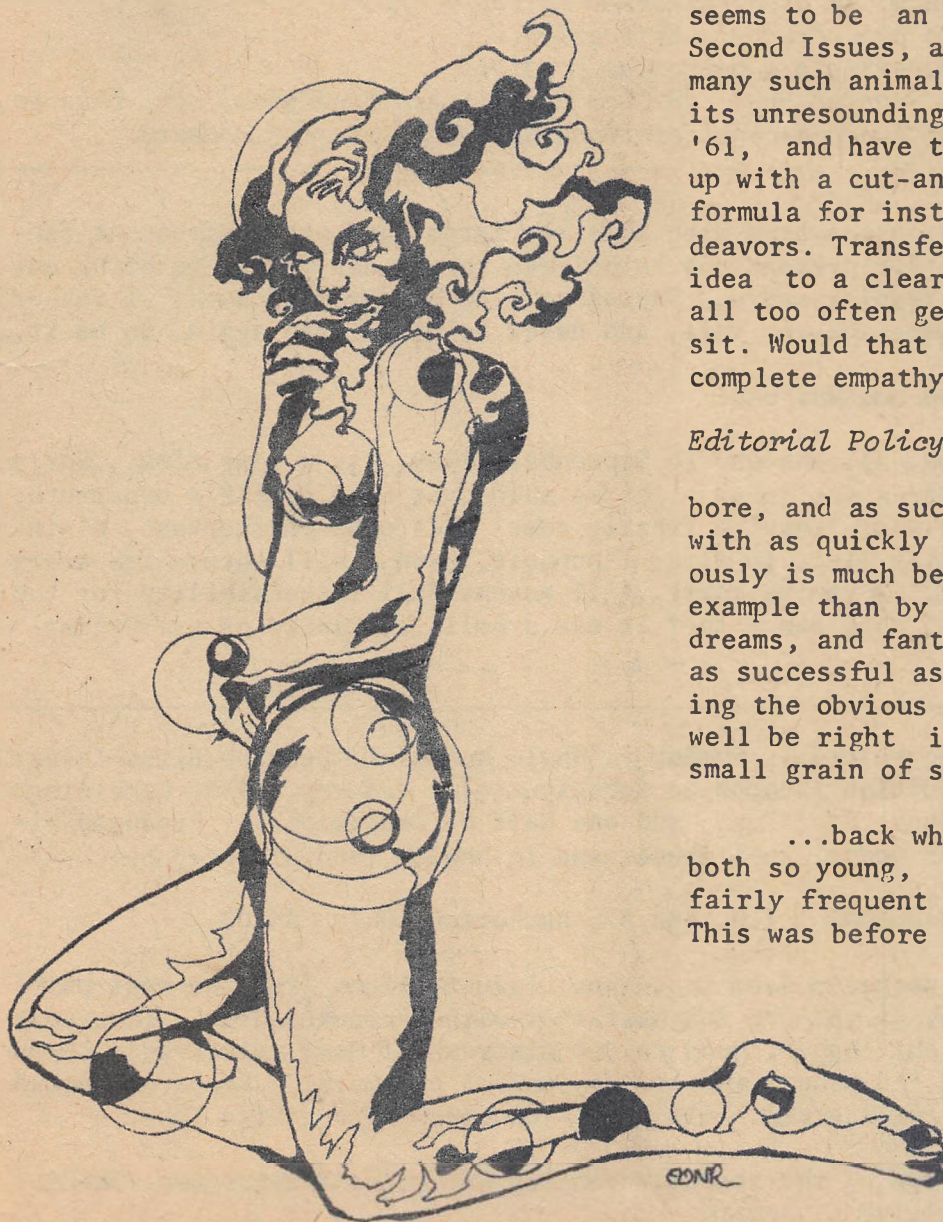
Southey, The Old Man's Comforts...

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

Editorial Policy

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

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



mid '60's, when, other than the ten-issue run of *XERO*, the 'Symposium' issues of *DOUBLE:BILL*, and a few other isolated cases--the 30-page fanzine was the rule, not the exception. The small fanzine never completely disappeared, but was almost lost nevertheless...in the ensuing onslaught of the 'giants'. Seven or eight years ago, the mere thought of high school students emitting not-uninteresting, near 100-page globs of material with such distressing frequency was more unthought of, than it was accepted as a possibility. Perhaps it's not completely ironic that the new and in some quarters, welcome, return to the small, compact zine has originated in the same city [St. Louis; *GRILS*] that was also responsible for, in large measure, the attack of the 'giants' [the revived *ODD*].

...whereas, when in the course of fanish events, it doth seem Right and Necessary that a fan editor should issue forth a new entrant into the Fanzine Malestrom -- said foned having had some small experience in these strange proceedings before hand (and being still willing to try it One More Time) -- it behooves him to set forth, so that All may Know, Ye Olde Editorial Policy

*...if only for his own personal edification...
doing so in as Pretentious a manner as possible*

...such being the Fanish Way, an Olde Established Tradition, and thus to be honored above all such mundane considerations as Good Taste and Modesty.

As one undoubtedly associated with a fairly large, and not-so-frequent fanzine, I suppose it is rather pretentious to believe that I can manage to bring out a relatively small and regular entry. Therefore I do not promise such; I rather shall demonstrate, and succeed...or fail, and never be heard from again. So be it.

Rest your weary bones, oh ancient one!

From October, 1962, all the way to September, 1969, is a long time. For a fanzine, anyway. I suppose a few tears might be shed over *DOUBLE:BILL*'s departure; and I imagine a few cheers of 'they're finally gone' will echo in the vast, disinterested sea of our mailing list. In time, I suppose, even I will shed a few tears in print. At the present, if you're sorry, I'll accept full responsibility for the axe; if otherwise, well...what can I say? It was a ball...in spite of everything!

*OUTWORLDS: Second Series; Volume I, Number 1, Whole Number I; Genuine First Issue; Collector's Edition [accept no substitutes]. January, 1970. Combining: Abanico; Bayta; Silver Dusk; Star*Dust; and one half of Double:Bill. Produced bi-monthly for better or for worse, in sickness and in health, and Directed by:*

BILL & JOAN BOWERS : P.O. Box 87, Barberton, Ohio 44203

Very Expensive 6-S blue stencils from Gestetner; Illustrations [for the most part] via Gestefax; Mimeography on the *D:B 360 Gestetner-with-a-cracked-drum*. The typer [the one we refer to as our 'baby', much to the distress of most relatives] is an IBM Selectric, utilizing 'Adjutant' and 'light italic' elements. Paper of record is: 20 lb. Duplitone 8-1/2x11 green. All types courtesy of our Miss Take.

This is the 36th Production of the recently renamed *Outworlds Enterprises, Uninc.*; Copyright (c) 1970 by William L. Bowers.

Some said, 'John, print it;' others said 'No.'
 Some said, 'It might do good;' others said 'No.'

Bunyan, PILGRIM'S PROGRESS: Author's Apology

You may note a date, or year, affixed to some of the contents within. This is, as nearly as I can determine, when they entered into the D:B 'backlog'. [Those undated, you may assume to be fairly recently acquired.] Some were personal favorites of mine, which BEM didn't care for, much. Others just never seemed to 'fit' in an issue of D:B. After dividing the backlog between us, I determined to use as many of the older items first, as possible. Disjointed? Perhaps...but perhaps not.

...from a letter of comment on DOUBLE:BILL #21 -----

[I disagree mostly with your editorial; I don't figure I need to justify my being on this planet; I'm here and that's justification enough. And while I'm here, I fully intend to enjoy myself, though I don't really think that my idea of enjoyment is quite the same as Mallardi's. I do agree with your idea that everybody has to do his own thing, but I have to agree with whoever they are who say you take things too seriously. You worry about whether or not people are going to understand you. (Well, so do I, but I'm getting over it.) Go your own way and if others don't agree with it, then the hell with them.] -----

Robert Coulson

Readings

One reason the calendar marks the last week in January, rather than a date earlier, is that the reading bug rebite me. With me, it's a cyclic preoccupation, by no means a continual process.

I like BIG books; the bigger in scope, the longer, the better. Nevertheless I'm myself, totally incapable of constructing a review, per se, of Piers Anthony's MACROSCOPE. Immediately after reading, it might have been possible; but in the elapsed time, I have been confronted with several, diverse, reviews. Of these, some noted a parallel to 2001 in structure; others have had less kind things to say. As a personal reaction, and without going into 'why', I did immensely enjoy the book. But I still consider OMNIVORE to be my own favorite, out of Piers production.

Perhaps I've not been looking in the right quarters, but I have yet to see a mention of Wyman Guin's THE STANDING JOY in the fan press. Which is a shame, because this is so much better than several of the works over which continual controversy rages. Guin apparently stopped producing his shorter works about the time I started reading the prozines; it appears that the past ten years haven't been totally wasted. A semi-slick (but not over-bearingly so) example of the endless 'alternate world' sub-type.

...and two books by Robert Silverberg: NIGHTWINGS, and UP THE LINE. Perhaps reading them in that order was unwise. It was decidedly unfair to the latter. In exploring the far-far-future fantasy world, hitherto almost unchallenged as the domain of Jack Vance, Silverberg has produced something completely different from anything else I've read of his before. ...or expected from him. In contrast, UP THE LINE was a bit difficult to get into immediately afterwards, but turned out to be a delightful romp, nevertheless. I'm not quite sure how it ended up on the list of Nebula Nominations, though, when the book-version of NIGHTWINGS did not.



The horses whine impatiently
Unaware of what awaits them
Alive in the colors of their lords

Slowly I walk toward the stable
Sadly watching my feet tread the spongy earth
Through the veil of eye burning tears
Then turning back toward the grey stone castle
Lifting my vision to the darkened window
The window that holds forth the loveliness
I now leave behind.

Waving her tear dampened scarf of white
With eyes of fire gutted red
Then turning to the task
Mounting the caravan

I To be gone ^{MEMORY}
With a final wave of my gloved hand
My past is left behind
To echo in the halls I once trod
Finding a backroom of their brain for a now forgotten
Memory
A spirit that once was burning as the signal fires
Now quenched

Thus I set out to this distant land of the saracen's tents
On a crusade as the Christian soldiers of the past
Led by white crosses of purity
And swords of flaming red
Not knowing the future
Though told by the soothsayers of the market
Traveling into the black void of the mind
^{To Be} A soul alive with the yellow and green tales
Gently playing the air around it
Listening to the quiet of the moss-ridden softness
And the dust cloud slowly settling back to the road
Covering the travelers with a stifling gag

While the horses travel on in their own time
Wandering across the trails
My mind wandering back to my maid
Left in the unfeeling stone prison
Then remembering all the things I should have done
Content then to be as unfeeling as the brick surrounding me
My tears leave muddy trails down my cheeks

I am destined to remain forever in the sand
Never again seeing the back of her face?
Leaving only a satin memory
To satisfy an unknown hunger
Which controls my body
Sending it into convulsive cramps
Then collapsing to the ground
Softly crying painful rain
Melting the ghosts of happiness
Which danced as flames in my flesh prison
But now sandcastles filled with empty hope
Washing away slowly
Into the black velvet sea

Yesterday's Crusade

deus ex machina : a Review

DUNE MESSIAH, by Frank Herbert [Putnam, \$4.95]

This is the grand finale to the "Dune" stories and, as such it should either never have been written or should have been revised a few times. I figure I have support on my side when I make that initial statement because it didn't see first magazine publication in *ANALOG*. If you recall, *Dune World* and *The Prophet of Dune* first saw the light of day from the pages of that magazine. Now, whatever you might think of Campbell as an editor, he does know what stories he feels are publishable and what stories aren't. He hurt Doc Smith's feelings when he turned one of Doc's later novels down flat but he felt that it wasn't what he wanted to print at the time. I suspect the same thing happened with *Dune Messiah*. Campbell's rates are better so a writer who already sold two stories of a trilogy to the mag would probably try the third time.

Paul Atreides has finally made himself the Maud'dib Emperor. For some unknown reason he has exiled the deposed Paddishah Emperor with all his hordes to the prison world of Secucis Secundus. As might be expected, everyone is now plotting against the new emperor.

Everyone?

Yep. Princess Irulan, daughter of the old emperor and Paul's untouched wife, is mad at him because he won't engender an heir on her. Besides her desire to perpetuate the Paddishah dynasty she seems to have the hots for Paul's fremen frame. Old Gaius Helen Mohiam, Reverend Mother of the Bene Gesserit, is ticked off at Paul because his mother tried to create a Quitzas Haderach on her own -- and succeeded. The Bene Tleilax (the who? well, for a start, they're baddies...) have their own evil ideas about who ought to be running the galaxy. The Steersmans Guild doesn't like to have anyone tell them what to do, and Paul does. The CHOAM Corporation is out to make as much money as it can and the Landesratt, as usual, firmly believes in dividing and conquering.

So the squeeze is on.

But Paul's a superman (remember?). He can see the future. Not just *the* future, but all of the probable-possible futures. In a case like this an author is hard put to find something which will make him vulnerable.

This is where things begin to go to pot.

Herbert decides that the prescience of the Steersmen cancels out Paul's prescience whenever the actions of the two overlap. Then, to make matters worse, he brings in something called the Dune Tarot. This is a vaguely described deck of cards that also interferes with Paul's ability. Where it came from and how it manages to have so much power over the superman are two matters that the author never sees fit to tell us. Finally, the Bene Tleilax deliberately leave a loophole in their plot. They say they're doing it because they like to leave a victim one chance to get out of the trap. This may be a dandy philosophy but it sure looks like the author was having his own troubles with the story and had to manuver his hero out of a tight spot somehow -- any old how.

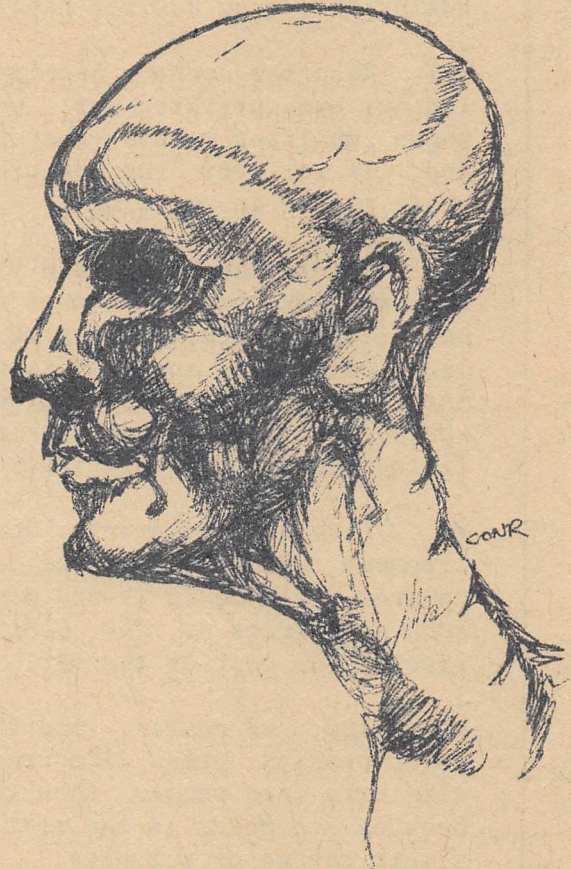
As the story gets underway the author demonstrates his considerable ability. And this is something he has in great abundance. Even though the scope of the story is huge, the action takes place within a fairly small area, just like it did in the first two stories of the series. Characters are described and delineated with precision and clarity. Interpersonal interactions are done with brilliance and economy. Action is fast paced.

And the inevitable happens. Paul gets out of the trap but his prescient ability finishes him off. Irulan wails that she really loved him all the time. Gaius Helen Mohiam gnashes her teeth and deals another Tarot hand. The Tleilaxu crawl back into their holes and the Steersmen steer a new course. Paul's sister and Duncan Idaho (what? I thought he was killed off in the second book! well, he was but, you see, they brought him back to life and...) fall in love and life in the galaxy goes on.

Ho hum.

Mark Schulzinger

...there are those that live the Story;
...there are those who record the Story
others have lived. Then there are those
who do neither. I, have attempted the
first...struggled over the second, but
suspect my fate lies in the third. 7/67



A MODEST PROPOSAL...

(with apologies to Swift)

Various problems that face the present administration seem always to be with us. They are eternal; never solved. Among the foremost: The Question of poverty in America. Each year, billions of dollars are spent on various and sundry plans to either educate the poor, train them, or support them. All of these plans seem to do nothing to end the problem. No original method has been offered by the government. And, yet, there is an obvious, quick, and intelligent solution to the pressing trouble, which ties in with many other administration programs. We call this action, The War on Poverty, or, to borrow a favorite old slogan--"The Final Solution."

An old engineering axiom states: "Eliminate the cause, eliminate the trouble." The main cause of poverty is poor people. Hence our plan--to eliminate every poor person in America. No more of this catering to the downtrodden. Put 'em out of their misery. Why spend thousands on each family when one cheap bullet will do the trick so efficiently. One wonders why this solution has never been presented before. The advantages are numerous. To list a few:

I. End discrimination: Poor people come in all sizes, colors, and creeds.

II. Beautify America: Napalm the slums, using the well known and superbly developed Vietnam technic. Get rid of those eyesore buildings, destroying any hiding places the poor might have. Also, support big business, the friend of America. (The business of America, after all, is business.) Dow Chemical could make a small fortune manufacturing this much desired napalm.

III. Keep the economy booming at its present high war level. By having our own private war, we should have no trouble satisfying all those munition makers that are suffering by our changing policies. And, if we ever run out of poor people, we could always go after those middle incomers next.

IV. Return the boys from Vietnam, to fight in our streets. After all, why have our loved ones fight in foreign jungles when they could be killing others in the pleasant surroundings of home. And, since a large portion of our army is drafted from the slums, think of all the interesting psychological problems that would arise. The suicide rate would probably be astonishingly high, thus eliminating the use of firing squads once this 'police action' is completed.

V. Live entertainment. More interesting than assassinations. Excitement, blood, and gore, and all live. With the continuing trend towards violence in TV and motion pictures, the television rights to such spectacles as *The Destruction of Harlem*, should help defray greatly the cost of the war.

VI. And, of course, end the population problem. After all, those lower classes breed like crazy anyway. No need for the pill if we eliminate more people than those who are being born. Also, if food becomes a problem in the next few years, with deep freeze units and a slight change of scruples...

VII. End the civil rights movement. Without much trouble we could probably exterminate most other undesirables such as pinkos, socialists, liberals, leftists, etc. ... Guns are cheap, and easy to get, these days.

Join our movement at the grass roots level. Write your Senator, your Congressman. Urge him to join with other patriotic groups such as the JBS, the NCACP (National Committee for the Abolishment of Colored People), and the ANP in the passage of this "Final Solution" for the Poor People problem in America.

Robert Weinberg

Dear Bob:

After serious contemplation, I have come to ascertain that due to unsurmountable circumstances my immediate concensus of this data renders it compulsory to answer with a definite maybe.

Sincerely, Bill

...from an interoffice memo, circa 1962...I believe.

I can't imagine the Bowers back cover with any of its elements removed or shifted around; each curve and circle seems to be absolutely essential as a balance to something else, and the extreme contrast of shading techniques and positioning of black areas creates an extra third dimension impression in the right places.

Harry Warner, Jr.

Bowers' back cover is an extremely impressive blend of techniques. I've never associated Bill with this style before, but now that I view his example with its various shifts, I can't conceive of anyone else doing a more successful attempt. Was Bill ever influenced by the Dillons?

Mike Deckinger

The two quotations above are excerpted from the letter column of *GRANFALLOON* #8 [available from Linda Bushyager, 5620 Darlington Rd., Pittsburgh, Penna. 15217; at 60¢; 2/\$1.], and comment on an effort of mine appearing behind the previous issue.

Konfessions of a Rapidograph Addict

At times, I find myself labeled an 'artist' despite my fervant cries to the contrary. ...and receive requests from other faneds for contributions of 'art'. I must confess that this, along with comments such as the above, are flattering (we *are* in this thing for egoboo, after all, aren't we?), particularly since they come as a continual shock. Then, in moments of weakness, I make rash promises that, as often as not, I find myself literally unable to honor.

Then there are those who wish me to explain that which I have produced. As one example, Richard Geis commenting on the cover of *GRANFALLOON* #6: *The striking Bowers cover was obviously symbolic as hell, but what does it mean?* I wish I knew.

...and so, for all you 'artistic souls' [as Mallardi terms it] out there, here it is...the never-before-told story of how a small town boy grew up to become a fannish artist-in-demand. (Well, somewhat...)

Background: Two years of high school art, taken mainly as a 'skate' course, dominated by an aging lady who seemingly loved my abstracts, but firmly discouraged any efforts toward, or any queries on *how* to draw 'realistically'. "*Anyone can draw realistically; only a gifted few can create meaningful abstracts!*" Bull! is what I should have said, but I didn't talk that way. Then. ## An apprenticeship, occupying portions of the first two of three and a half years as a mechanical draftsman. Which left me with an assortment of templates, and an unarguable urge to construct everything within pre-set boundaries. (You may have noticed.)

Contributing factors: Color-blindness, which leads me to visualize in b&w, but not to the exclusion of the intermediate greys. ## A passion for much--not all --of the work of Virgil Finlay, which, despite the 'critics', remains unshaken to this day. ## Eventually finding myself to be an uniformed number, stationed twenty miles outside of K.C., Miss-ur-ey, where I 'worked' swings [4pm till midnight]. I, being sans car, and with no bus service to the City, and at the time not inclined to indulge [this being pre-P.I., baby!][other than at proper occasions, like cons] found myself with time on my hands. Wishing to get this ghastly burden off my paws ...I began to doodle. It was during this period--mid-'66--that the item referenced by Harry & Mike was etched. [An oddity: With all due respect to those two, it is perhaps my *least* favorite of my published items. But this was well before the Ace

Specials and DV brought the Dillons forcibly to my delighted attention, Mike.] I met Ray Fisher later that year, and he was the first to actively encourage me.

I am by nature, and among other things, nervous. I have sat in barracks the world 'round, making my little cross-hatches, while GI's leaned over my shoulder, saying, "I wish I could do that...but I haven't the patience." It don't take what you call patience, me boy. It takes being just a little crazy; having something to get out of you that you can't say. How/Why/I dunno...but often it's great therapy!

After promising CONR something for her folio, I attempted to fink out; then I received the following, which [lacking modesty], I firmly feel should go here:

I know exactly what you mean by this mental block--I've suffered it often, especially after not using a pen for a while. However, I have also recovered. I'll let you in on some of the secrets, but first let me tell you why: You have a number of wonderful talents, one of which is most certainly writing; I have no doubt at all that it is your first love. Nevertheless, you are a draftsman, par excellence and not without a heavy streak of valuable imagination. Kid, you have things to say: It's harder to say them pictorially than journalistically, I agree. But I am firmly of the opinion that the pictorial effect is more immediate and effective (though possibly not as lasting) than the written word. Why give up one medium when you can have BOTH!!!! CHRIST, WHAT A WASTE!

Anyhoo -- here's a method to give the ole mental block the heave-ho: First, invest some time in going to the library somewhere & getting a book of somebody's prints, sculpture, painting, or somesuch thing; get something from someone that turns you on. Get one of Dali, Giacometti, Turner, or any one of the greats. Don't read it: Look for a long time at the illustrations. Take a few notes on the works that you really like. (Drawn notes, not written.) Then get into a bad mood! Or a good mood, or anything in between that you work well in, and grab an old tablet and pencil. Right. Pick up the pencil. Put on some powerful music. Now sketch. Sketch freely, very loosely, without the idea of getting any kind of a finished drawing. This is a loosening up. It is absolutely necessary: You have to get your hand used to the feel of the tool again. Spend a spare hour (ha, what's that!) or so just scrawling around. Draw anything in the room: Turn on the tv, and take a fast glance, draw what you saw without looking back at the set. Start getting subjective. As soon as you begin to tire, put the stuff away. Don't go back for a day or two. Then start playing with ideas. Force yourself to look back at the sketches you did. If nothing there germinates an idea, try some strangeness like a satire of a modern crucifixion: Modern man crucified to time, to a clock. This is an easy one. You are largely concerned with the human condition in regards to the blacker side of the human race: The urge to violence and selfishness. Find a way to express it, in a face, a design, with texture, line, shape. Feeling better? I've done all of these things--not necessarily in that order, and certainly not always at the same time. You might try going through your clipping file (you DO keep a clipping file?) for inspiration, but whatever you do, the hour or more of easy, swinging sketchy warmup is absolutely necessary; the hand has to be tuned up, just like anything that's been lying around collecting cobwebs. You should never never NEVER let yourself get out of practice again! You should be boiled in corflu and india ink (pelikan, of course) for letting it go this long. [Connie Reich Faddis]

Will it work? Is the suspense killing you? I honestly don't know yet. But if you're curious, there's only one way to find out, and that's by ordering a copy of the PgHLANGE Art Portfolio NOW! from Connie, at Box 193, Carnegie-Mellon Univ., 5000 Forbes Ave., Pittsburgh, Penna. 15213. \$1.50, pre-pub., if you hurry! Bill

MECHANISTIC VS. STATISTICAL UNIVERSE

*A Metaphysical Critique of the Classical Concept of Causality**From an Intelligent Being's Point of View*

If one assumes that every cause has a unique effect and vice versa, the inescapable conclusion is that the universe is a totally predetermined mechanism in which all events are the inevitable effects of a continuous succession of causes. Such a universe is a static, unalterable, rigid structure with a fixed past, present, and future. Purposeful action is not possible within such a universe. All actions follow necessarily from preceding actions and no alternation of the predetermined course of the mechanical processes within the universe is possible unless one postulates an external transcendent God who can suspend the law of cause and effect at will to alter the state of the universe. Such an alteration, incidentally, would not only change the future of a mechanistic universe, but its past as well since the present and the future states of such a universe are an exact and only record of its past.

Fortunately, not only it cannot be demonstrated that every effect has a unique cause and every cause a unique effect, but, on the contrary, there exists a very definite and real uncertainty about the outcome of the events occurring in the universe, an uncertainty which is not the result of insufficient data or any imperfection in measurement or observation, but which appears to be an inherent aspect of the structure of the universe. This uncertainty is statistical in nature -- in other words there are definite calculable odds in favor of any one particular effect resulting from a particular cause. In a statistical universe, therefore, it is possible to gamble on the outcome of an event and to win. Furthermore, by logical juggling of the odds it is possible to influence the future course of events to follow any one of an infinite variety of alternative programs. In other words, in a statistical universe there exists an opportunity for intelligent purposeful action. Intelligence, therefore, has real utility in a statistical universe as opposed to a mechanistic universe where intelligence is superfluous, in fact, a curse rather than a blessing.

In a statistical universe it would be most natural for intelligence to evolve spontaneously because in such a universe there is an incompleteness, a wanting which can only be fulfilled by taking intelligent advantage of the availability of alternative futures. It might be almost said that the statistical universe literally *begs* for utilization of its opportunities for intelligent action. On the other hand, in a mechanistic universe evolution of intelligence could only be a sadistic joke on the part of whoever set the mechanism in motion and thus predetermined all events. There is neither a need to evolve intelligence in a mechanistic universe nor any opportunity to use it, since a mechanistic universe is absolutely complete as is and absolutely unalterable.

A mechanistic universe is, therefore, an idiotic toy which practically demands postulation of a Supreme Idiot to whom its construction can be ascribed, because in such a universe a transcendent, interfering God is an intelligent being's sole hope of escape from the inevitable fate.

No such postulate is psychologically necessary in a statistical universe which can be literally rebuilt by intelligent beings according to a plan which is

closer to their hearts desire. In fact, whether there is or is not an external transcendent God, for an intelligent being in a statistical universe is not only unanswerable, but also a purely academical question.

Paul Wyszkowski, 1963

P.S.: Note that only in a mechanistic universe is there a necessity for miracles.

*Given in the name of a god and
Taken in the name of a gift by those
Who sit alone in lonely all night places lighted late
not waiting dreaming dreams of loveless little paradise
(an unsmoked cigarette beside a public water fountain)
J E S U S (a sleepy cop uncaring)
A
V
E
S*

AL WOOD, Sat. June 30, 1962

HELLO THERE, SPIRO! Dept.: "We don't like to admit it, but we sometimes mix editorial comment in with the news..." Ron Ellik & Terry Carr, FANAC #60, 16 July 1960.

...WITH APOLOGIES TO HARLAN ELLISON

Once there was a retired watchmaker who dabbled in the occult. With enough time at last to give range to his interests, he decided to commemorate the mysteries of ancient Egypt by building a bizarre black clock decorated with animated figures in the form of Egyptian divinities. Once begun, the project consumed his every waking moment and devoured his very dreams. In feverish zeal to depict the gods accurately, he searched all possible sources, even daring to peruse certain arcane tomes best left untouched by mortal hands.

The obsessed watchmaker began to consciously identify himself with Thoth, god of magic, the inventor of numbers and demarcator of time. He painted the baleful visage of this ibis-headed god on the clock face and so designed the mechanism that it tick-*thothed* instead of tick-tocked. Twelve small but perfectly fashioned images of Egyptian deities were set to emerge in turn from miniature temple doors atop the face to strike the hours. To their insane creator, the spring-work figures were utterly real, abject slaves of his craft.

All of them: Re, Bast, Isis, Ptah, Osiris, Kneph, Horus, Nut, Serapis, Anubis, and Set -- obediently marched forth at their appointed times. All of them, that is, except Hathor. With true bovine obstinacy, she refused to move. The mad hobbyist could not bear this affront. In a voice quaking with fury:

"Repent Hathor!" said the Tickthothman.

John and Sandra Miesel, '68

AUTHORS' NOTE: Originally Osiris and Serapis were separate divinities, of the Nile and underworld respectively. Only in Roman times were they fused into one.



He who touches a fanzine, touches the lifeblood of a fan. Over this nondescript collection of stapled pages endless hours have been sweated: First, in the act of obtaining...pleading, begging for...material; then in the creative act of throwing all these unrelated things together...in one fashion or another. Money is unimportant; the days spent over the not-so-enchanted duplicator are not in vain: Egoboo is Ghod, and Loc his mis-begotten son.

He who *opens* a fanzine...really oughtta know better!

Just what is it that makes a fanzine review column a necessity--and apparently, to many, it is--when it usually is skimmed only for a mention of your very own fanzine? Is it tradition, force of habit, or simply the desire to fill up a few more pages ... that leads many a fanzine editor to entreaty an Outsider to review (somewhat) competing fanzines within the pages of his own publication? Why is it that other than Buck Coulson, and damn few others ... why is it that most neophyte fanzine reviewers rarely last out the first year? The fatality rate is certainly awe-inspiring! [Isn't the 'payment' enough? Does it become futile trying to keep up with the never-ending stream? Does that 'new' crop of fanzines lose their flavor when left on the bedpost, overnight?]

And just what *is* a 'fanzine review column'? Is it merely a listing of the Table of Contents, with perhaps a passing nod to one of the 'Name' contributors? Is it a never-ending exercise in mutual back-slapping: "You review my fanzine, and I'll review yours." Is it only a manner in which to obtain free copies in return for a 3 or 4 line 'mention'? Or should one even attempt to provide criticism...as valid as any criticism...is it worth it?

Are ratings--be they numeric, astericks, or obscenities--necessary to provide a basis between reviewer and audience. Are Coulson-short reviews preferable to long and intricate critiques, or Doll Gilliland just 'talking' to you from the pages of *THE WSFA JOURNAL*? And would there be any possible benefit other than that of self-preservation, to be gained from operating behind a pseudo-mask?

Should a reviewer who *does* attempt to approach his thankless task in some seriousness, attempt to mention every issue of every publication he is fortunate ...or unfortunate...enough to receive? Is a fanzine reviewer any more exempt from clarity and good taste than a book reviewer? Should our hypothetical reviewer even strive for objectivity...or dismiss it as futile from the beginning?

These, then, are some random Questions. Surprisingly enough, I don't claim to be able to furnish answers suitable to all. Still, it gives me a podium from which to begin:

THE NAKED FAN: Discourses on a Subculture, and its Outpourings

which will commence in a near future *OUTWORLDS*.

[Bowers]

THREE SKETCHES

Night releases fear to sweep living debris from the muddy brick of the street. Snow eddies on the wind--is black with soot before it melts into the filth below. Lights go out along the rows of first floor shops; lights go on in the tenements above. Doorways gape mouthlike absorbing the last stragglers. A shiny powerful car pulls to the curb and engulfs two blueclad men; they go off to protect more wholesome precincts. Naked filaments in a shattered streetlight drop a small piece of light; an old ragclad woman walks into it and inspects her soggy newspaper-wrapped bundle. She makes an effort to shiver as if the act would warm her in place of fire or clothing, pulls violently at the shapeless piece of cloth draped over her shoulders, and disappears into the darkness. The city backstreet returns to its legacy, the night, and emptiness.

* * * *

Prairie wind carries snow like small shot lengthwise down the main street, damping the neon barsigns to a redness. A man stops by a car at the curb, digs snow out from under his collar, gets in and is gone. The local copcar spots a carload of drunken students, but drives on; an arm reaches out of the student car, makes a movement like a basketball hookshot and a beer bottle arcs over the top of the car to crash against a building. A red and white cheeked boy, buttressed cap to scarf to coatcollar against the cold but feeling the wind through his thin jeans, marches headdown into and out of vision. As he passes he peers into a warm bar, but remembers the new ordinance and that he can't even go in to warm his legs. The small town returns to its legacy, the night, and emptiness.

* * * *

Night, wind, snow, returning skiers come down the canyon together. The last car pulls up to the gate at the mouth of the canyon, a man in skiclothes gets out, undoes the chain, pulls the gate through the new snow, pulls through, closes the gate, goes on. The car pulls out of the canyon; the wind wipes out the new tracks, then the drifts wipe out the road itself. The gate stands alone on the canyon floor giving no apparant reason for existing. Snow plasters itself on the chain and starts turning to ice. The wind gets louder, blots out the rustle and click of branch on branch. A bird flies by, barely visible and silent, then is gone. The mountains return to their legacy, the night, and emptiness.

Earl Evers, 1962

AS THE NEARLY SUBSONIC ORCAN OPENING OF THE "WORLD RIDDLE" THEME BEGINS, THE SHADOWED SIDE OF THE LIFELESS MOON IS SEEN. THE SOLO TRUMPET BEGINS AND THE MOON DESCENDS ON THE CINERAMA SCREEN. THE BRASS ANSWERS AND LIGHT FLARES OVER THE UPPERMOST RIM OF THE MOON. THE CRESCENT EARTH RISES OVER THE MOON AS THE TYMPANI THUNDER BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. AGAIN THE SOLO TRUMPET CHALLENGES, AGAIN THE BRASS REPLIES AS THE MOON DROPS FROM VIEW AND THE SUN, BRILLIANT IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, RISES OVER THE EARTH, AND AGAIN THE TYMPANI GO BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM. A THIRD TIME. THE TRUMPET, THEN THE FINAL, TRIUMPHANT CHORDS FROM THE ORCHESTRA AS THE MOVIE CAMERA AND THE CAMERAMAN RISE OVER THE SUN.

THEY DON'T QUITE HAVE ALL THE BUGS OUT OF THAT SECRET PROJECTION PROCESS YET, BY GEORGE!

BUT WE CONTINUE...AND ON THE SCREEN, SUPERIMPOSED OVER THE CRESCENT EARTH, THE RADIANT SUN, AND THE CAMERAMAN, WHO IS WAVING AT AUNT NELLIE IN KALLAMAZOO, APPEAR THE LETTERS:

2001.75: *An Odd Space Essay*

FADES, REPLACED BY:

...an unjustified parody by HANK DAVIS

FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON DRY, RUST-COLORED LANDSCAPE, OVER WHICH IS SUPERIMPOSED:

MAN GETS GOING

QUICK SUCCESSION OF SHOTS OF EMPTY, DESOLATE, ARID LANDSCAPES, FINALLY STOPPING ON A VIEW OF APES. THE RESEMBLANCE OF THE APES TO THE CAMERAMAN IN INCREDIBLE. THE APES DO APE STUFF FOR A TIME, THEN A LEOPARD SUDDENLY LEAPS DOWN AND TEARS ONE OF THE APES TO SHREDS. THE OTHER APES IGNORE THE KILLING. THEY DON'T WANT TO GET INVOLVED.

CUT TO LATER SCENE. APES AROUND WATER HOLE. SUDDENLY, ANOTHER GROUP OF APES APPEARS AND CHASES OFF THE FIRST GROUP. THEN THE LEADER OF THE NEW GROUP, WHO ALSO LOOKS LIKE THAT IDIOT CAMERAMAN, TASTES THE WATER. HE LOOKS UNHAPPY IN A SIMIAN WAY AND SPITS OUT THE WATER. SEEING THAT THE WATER IS COLORED YELLOW, HE REALIZES THAT HE HAS TAKEN OVER THE WRONG WATER HOLE. UNDAUNTED, HE LEADS HIS GROUP ON TO THE DRINKING WATER HOLE AND AGAIN RUNS THE ORIGINAL GROUP OFF. AS THEY DEPART, THE CAMERA CLOSES IN ON THE LEADER OF THE VICTORIOUS APES. HE SNARLS, WHICH MEANS "NYAAH" IF YOU'RE AN APE.

CUT TO LEADER OF DEFEATED APES. HE LOOKS BACK AND GIVES THE FINGER TO THE OPPOSITE LEADER.

CUT TO VIEW OF DESERT: EVENING. CUT TO LEOPARD PLAYING WITH A BALL OF YARN. CUT TO APES HUDDLING TOGETHER. FADE OUT.

FADE IN ON FACE OF SLEEPING APE. DAYTIME. APE COMES AWAKE, SNORTING, WAKES UP OTHER APES AS CHORAL VOICES RISE, FUSED WITH ORCHESTRA BY TAPE BLENDING. ALL APES BEGIN JUMPING UP AND DOWN AS CAMERA RETREATS TO REVEAL BLACK RECTANGULAR

MONOLITH. APES KEEP JUMPING AROUND AND LAUGHING AT THE MONOLITH. NO WONDER. THE STUPID MONOLITH IS STANDING IN THE YELLOW POOL.

CUT TO SUN SHINING OVER TOP OF MONOLITH.

CUT TO APES POKING AROUND IN DUST, SCROUNGING FOR FOOD. CUT TO APE LEADER, ALSO POKING AROUND, BUT IN A PILE OF BONES. HE PICKS UP A BONE.

CUT TO SUN SHINING OVER TOP OF MONOLITH.

APE EXAMINES BONE. HEFTS IT. PRODS OTHER BONES WITH IT. POUNDS ON OTHER BONES. SMASHES SKULL.

CUT TO FARTHER VIEW AS APE RUNS OVER TO ANOTHER SKELETON AND SMASHES THAT. RUNS TO ANOTHER AND SMASHES THAT. RUNS AROUND SMASHING EVERY SKELETON IN SIGHT.

CUT TO SUN SHINING OVER TOP OF MONOLITH. CUT TO APE LOOKING PUZZLED. CUT TO MONOLITH. CUT TO APE LOOKING WORRIED. RAPID CUT TO MONOLITH. RAPID CUT TO APE. QUICK ALTERNATION OF: MONOLITH. APE. MONOLITH. APE. MONOLITH. APE. MONOLITH. APE. MONOLITH. CUT TO APE HOLDING HEAD. HE HAS EXCEDRIN HEADACHE NUMBER 2001 AND EXCEDRIN WON'T BE INVENTED FOR TWO MILLION YEARS.

CUT TO APE TRYING AGAIN. APE LOOKS AT BONE IN HIS PAW, THEN AT TAPIR NEXT TO HIM. HE WEDGES BONE FIRMLY IN GROUND, PICKS UP TAPIR, AND STARTS HITTING BONE WITH TAPIR.

MONOLITH HOPS UP AND DOWN. EVEN AN INSCRUTABLE BLACK MONOLITH CAN JUST TAKE SO MUCH.

APE PICKS UP BONE AND HITS TAPIR ON THE HEAD. TAPIR, GETTING TIRED OF ALL THIS NONSENSE, BUTTS APE, KNOCKING HIM DOWN, AND STARTS STOMPING HIM.

MONOLITH LEVITATES OVER AND STOMPS TAPIR. THAT TAPIR HAS A NERVE, INTERFERING WITH EVOLUTION!

ARMED WITH BONE, THE APE LEADS HIS GROUP BACK TO THE WATER HOLE. (NO, NOT THE YELLOW ONE.) CUT TO APE BONKING LEADER OF THE ENEMY APES ON HEAD. ENEMY APES HASTILY DEPART TO START AN R&D PROGRAM AND INVENT THEIR OWN BONE.

APE, EXULTANT, THROWS BONE UP IN AIR. CAMERA FOLLOWS IT AS IT RISES, STOPS, AND FALLS TO EARTH. APE, HAVING THE FEELING THAT SOMETHING ELSE WAS SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, THROWS IT UP AGAIN. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS IT RISES, STOPS, AND FALLS. APE IS REALLY GETTING A CASE OF THE A-HOLE NOW. HE THROWS IT UP AGAIN. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS IT TURNS INTO THE WRIGHT BROTHER'S AIRPLANE AND FLIES AWAY. APE GETS ANOTHER BONE, THROWS IT INTO AIR. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS IT TURNS INTO A DC-3 AND FLIES AWAY. APE, MUMBLING UNDER HIS BREATH, GETS STILL ANOTHER BONE, THROWS IT INTO THE AIR. CAMERA FOLLOWS AS IT RISES. CUT TO ORBITAL VEHICLE FALLING PAST STARS... FALLING PAST CLOUDS... FALLING ON THE APE, CRUSHING HIM TO A PULP.

THAT'LL TEACH THAT APE TO THROW THINGS UP IN THE AIR!

CUT TO VIEW OF SPACE AS "ON THE BEAUTIFUL BLUE DANUBE" BEGINS THREE-QUARTERING. CUT TO SPACE SHUTTLE RISING FROM EARTH. CUT TO INTERIOR OF SHUTTLE. DR. DOGWOOD FLOYD IS SITTING IN HIS SEAT, PASSED OUT. FLOATING BY HIS LEFT HAND IS AN

EMPTY FIFTH OF BOURBON. CUT TO VIEW OF SPACE WITH SPACE STATION ROTATING. STATION SPINS OUT OF VIEW. CAMERA AND CAMERAMAN, ALSO ROTATING, COME INTO VIEW. CAMERAMAN IS TAPPING HIS RIGHT FOOT IN TIME TO THE "BLUE DANUBE". CUT TO CONTROL ROOM OF SHUTTLE. SPACE STATION IS VISIBLE THROUGH PORTS. ON THE CONTROL PANEL MANY INDICATORS AND READ-OFFS ARE FLASHING. CAMERA CLOSES IN ON A RECTANGULAR SCREEN THAT FLASHES THE WORDS:

TRAFFIC STILL STACKED UP

THEN:

WAIT

SO YOU WERE EXPECTING THINGS TO BE DIFFERENT, EVEN IN 2001.75?

CUT TO INTERIOR OF SPACE STATION. PANEL SLIDES OPEN AND DR. FLOYD WALKS THROUGH, IS MET BY AN ASSOCIATE.

Associate: Have a pleasant trip, Dr. Floyd?

Floyd: (RUBBING HIS HEAD) Please don't talk so loud!

THEY WALK THROUGH THE CORRIDOR OF THE SPACE STATION, PAST THE McDONALD'S HANBURGER STAND, PAST THE A&P SUPERMARKET, PAST JOE'S POOL HALL (AND BAR & GRILL). FLOYD SEES A PHONE.

Floyd: I'll meet you in the bowling alley later. I have to make a phone call.

CUT TO FLOYD SITTING DOWN IN PHONE BOOTH. BEHIND HIM IS WINDOW THROUGH WHICH THE EARTH CAN BE SEEN, APPARENTLY ROTATING IN AN OFF-CENTER FASHION AS THE STATION SPINS. FLOYD LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW, THEN LOOKS AWAY HASTILY, PUTTING A HAND TO HIS HEAD. HE DIALS A NUMBER. ON THE TV SCREEN OF THE PHONE APPEARS AN OPERATOR.

Operator: I'm sorry, sir, but those lines are occupied. We may be able to get through in two or three hours.

SO YOU WERE EXPECTING IT TO BE DIFFERENT, EVEN IN 2001.75?

CUT TO FLOYD WALKING DOWN CORRIDOR. HE IS GREETED BY FOUR SOVIET SCIENTISTS -- ONE MAN, THREE WOMEN -- SITTING IN THE LOUNGE. HE JOINS THEM.

First Woman: Did you enjoy your trip, Dr. Floyd?

Floyd: (SITTING DOWN) Yes, though we were delayed a bit. A passenger pulled a gun on the pilot and we had to detour to Cuba.

Man: I understand that you are bound for Clavius, Dr. Floyd.

Floyd: That's right.

Man: There have been curious rumors circulating about Clavius lately.

Floyd: Well, I wouldn't know anything about that. All I know is what I read in the papers. And I'm sworn to secrecy, after all, so even if I knew anything about an epidemic at Clavius, I couldn't tell you about it.

Man: I understand, Dr. Floyd.

Floyd: Well, I really must be going. (RISES)

CUT TO SPACESHIP MOVING TOWARD MOON, AGAIN TO THE OOM-PAH-PAH OF THE "BLUE DANUBE". CUT TO INSIDE. DR. FLOYD IS ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR WITH AN ICEPACK ON HIS HEAD. CUT TO OUTSIDE VIEW. MOONSHIP IS MOVING MAJESTICALLY PAST SUN WITH EARTH, SHADOWED SIDE TOWARD AUDIENCE, IN THE UPPER RIGHT OF THE SCREEN AND THE CAMERA AND

CAMERAMAN IN UPPER LEFT. CUT TO INSIDE OF PILOT COMPARTMENT. ALL MANNER OF ELECTRONIC GOODIES GOING FLICKETY-FLICK-FLICK, INCLUDING ONE WHICH ALTERNATELY FLASHES
TRAFFIC STILL STACKED UP

THEN:

WAIT

BY NOW YOU SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT THINGS ARE THE SAME IN 2001.75.

MUCH LATER, CUT TO CONFERENCE ROOM AND ABRUPTLY CUT "BLUE DANUBE" AT THE SAME TIME. DOOR OPENS AND DR. FLOYD WALTZES INTO ROOM.

Floyd: One-two-three, one-two-three... (NOTICES EVERYBODY STARING AT HIM) Sorry about that. It gets to you after a while. (GOES TO SPEAKER'S STAND) Well, it certainly is nice to see all your shining faces. Which reminds me of a little joke -- There were these two bricklayers walking down the street and one says to the other, 'You know, if bricks were violet colored instead of red, I could make a million dollars.' And the other says back, 'How could you make a million dollars?' And the first one says...he says...uh, um, ah, it was on the tip of my tongue. Oh well, I'll remember it sooner or later. Anyway, it certainly is wonderful to see all your shining faces. And I want to compliment you on the fine job you've been doing of keeping our little secret under your lids. I cannot stress too strongly the necessity for utmost secrecy. We must all keep our mouths shut. As a great leader once said, 'Speak softly and ... uh, and ... um. It was on the tip of my tongue...

CUT (FORTUNATELY!) TO LOW FLYING ROCKET TRANSPORT WHICH HURTTLES OVER THE LUNAR SURFACE AT THE SCREEN, SCARING THE HELL OUT OF THE AUDIENCE AND NARROWLY MISSING THE CAMERAMAN. CUT TO INSIDE OF TRANSPORT. FLOYD AND TWO OTHER SCIENTISTS IN SPACESUITS WITHOUT HELMENTS AND GLOVES ARE CONVERSING, SORT OF.

Floyd: (TO HIMSELF) Speak softly and carry on... no. Speak softly and stick to it... no.

First Scientist: That was a great job you did today, Dr. Floyd. You really eased everyone's tensions about the discovery.

Floyd: Speak softly and screw your courage to the sticking place... no.

Second Scientist: Yes, after about five minutes everyone had fallen asleep and that snooze really eased the tension.

Floyd: Speak softly and sticks and stones will break my bones... no.

First Scientist: I can tell you the rest of that quotation, Dr. Floyd.

Floyd: No, no. I'll get it sooner or later.

Second Scientist: You know, the discovery of this thing was very costly. We lost three of our best men. Dr. Firebaugh and Dr. Barnes were killed and Dr. Mahone had to be put away.

Floyd: Oh? What happened?

Second Scientist: As soon as the thing was uncovered and Dr. Mahone saw it, he took a bone and beat Dr. Firebaugh to death.

Floyd: That's strange. But what happened to Dr. Barnes?

Second Scientist: That's where he got the bone.

Floyd: Hm. Speak softly and five, six, pick up sticks... no.

First Scientist: How about a hint?

Floyd: All right.

First Scientist: Roosevelt said it.

Floyd: Oh yes! Now I have it.

First Scientist: I knew the hint would do it.

Floyd: It's so elegantly phrased: 'Speak softly and the only thing we have to fear is fear itself.'

FIRST SCIENTIST GRIMACES. CUT TO MOON TRANSPORT FLYING OVER MOON. IT STOPS AND LANDS. CUT TO MEN IN SPACE SUITS LOOKING DOWN INTO A PIT IN THE SURFACE OF THE MOON. IN THE CENTER OF THE PIT IS A BLACK MONOLITH.

First Scientist: There it is, Dr. Floyd.

Floyd: It certainly is impressive. Gives me a funny feeling. You wouldn't happen to have a bone I could borrow for a second, would you?

THEY DESCEND A RAMP AND WALK AROUND MONOLITH.

Floyd: You know, this reminds me of a little joke. There were these two bricklayers...

THE MONOLITH EMITS A HIGH PITCHED SCREAM (WHICH IS UNDERSTANDABLE) AND SPACESUITED FIGURES ROLL ON THE GROUND. CUT TO VIEW OF STARS. STRINGS BEGIN. KHACHATURIAN'S SLIGHTLY DISSONANT *ADAGIO*. SPACESHIP *SURPRISE* PASSES ACROSS SCREEN. CUT TO INSIDE OF *SURPRISE*. ASTRONAUT FRANK BILLIARDS IS RUNNING AROUND CIRCULAR CENTRIFUGED CABIN. ASTRONAUT DAVID ARCHER ENTERS THROUGH CENTRAL TUBE, CLIMBING DOWN LADDER TO RIM OF CENTRIFUGE. HE WALKS TO THE CHAIR NEXT TO THE CHAIR WHERE BILLIARDS IS NOW SITTING. ARCHER TURNS TO BILLIARDS AND WE HEAR FOR THE FIRST TIME THE PROFOUND WORDS OF THESE TWO KEEN MINDS:

Archer: Whaddaya wanta do tonight, Frank?

Billiards: I dunno. Whaddaya *you* wanta do tonight, Dave?

Archer: I dunno. You sure take keeping fit seriously.

Billiards: Irv suggested it. Said I should keep fit in case the motors fail.

Archer: The motors? What do they have to do with it?

Billiards: He said I'd have to be fit to walk back.

Archer: You know, Irv says some pretty weird things sometimes. If I didn't know that he was an infallible IRV 8999 Computer, I might get worried.

Billiards: (TO RED "EYE" VIEWER SET INTO WALL) Anything to report, Irv?

IRV: All systems normal. Only one thing is peculiar, Dave.

Billiards: No, Irv. I'm Frank. What's the trouble?

IRV: There is a strange object travelling behind us. It looks like a movie camera with a cameraman riding it.

Billiards: That's what it is, Irv. They just don't have all the bugs out of those projection special effects yet, by George!

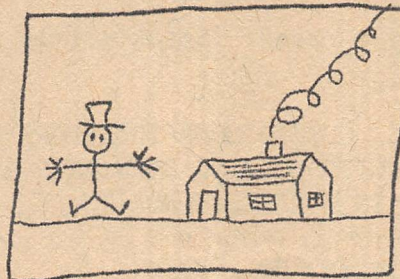
RETURN OF *ADAGIO* AND CUT TO SHIP MOVING THROUGH SPACE. CUT TO INSIDE OF SHIP. ARCHER IS MAKING SKETCHES ON A PAD. FADE OUT MUSIC.

IRV: May I see your sketches, Frank?

Archer: I'm Dave, Irv. Certainly you can see them if you promise not to laugh this time.

IRV: Cross my heart, Dave.

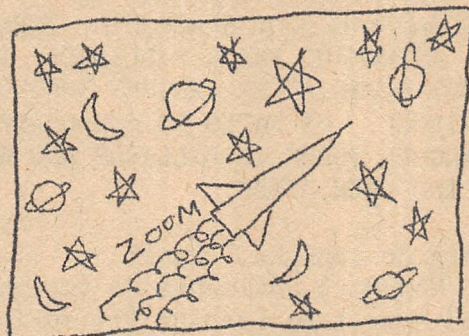
ARCHER HOLDS THE FIRST SKETCH UP TO IRV'S "EYE"/THE SCREEN, AND WE SEE:



THEN:



AND FINALLY:



IRV: Very interesting, Dave. I think you've improved a great deal.

Archer: Really, Irv?

IRV: Oh, yes. For one thing, you remembered to put a tail on the cat this time.

ADAGIO FADES IN AGAIN AS SCENE FADES OUT. MORE FOOTAGE OF *SURPRISE* GLIDING THROUGH SPACE. FADE OUT MUSIC AND CUT TO INTERIOR OF SHIP. ARCHER IS SITTING BEFORE A SCREEN ON WHICH IS PROJECTED A CHESSBOARD. THE GAME HAS NOT YET BEGUN.

Archer: Let's see, now. What do you call those funny little things that can only move one square at a time?

IRV: Those are pawns, Irv.

Archer: No, no. You Irv, me Frank. I mean, I'm Dave. Now you've got me doing it! Anyway, the third of those whachamacallits from the left. One square forward.

IRV: I'm sorry, Dave. Checkmate.

Archer: Well, that's the way it goes, Irv.

CUT TO SPACESHIP *SURPRISE* DOING ITS THING. *SURPRISE!* NO ADAGIO. CUT BACK TO INTERIOR. ARCHER IS SITTING BEFORE IRV'S "EYE".

Archer: Well, Irv, here we are, millions of miles from earth, and everything is working like clockwork.

IRV: Boy, what you don't know, Pete!

Archer: I'm Dave, Irv. There isn't even anyone named Pete on the ship.

IRV: Sorry. Pete is the cameraman. Anyway, the tracking system of the communications antenna is about to blow a fuse.

A SCREEN ON THE WALL COMES ALIVE AND SHOWS THE ANTENNA ROTATING, WHITE AGAINST THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE.

Archer: That's the antenna that beams our communication link to earth, right, Irv?

IRV: That is correct, Dave.

Archer: The ship isn't rotating, is it, Irv?

IRV: No, Dave.

Archer: Why is the antenna *rotating*, Irv?

IRV: Well, I have a new astronomical theory. The ship, you see, is the center of the universe and everything revolves around it.

Archer: You know, Irv, if I didn't know you were an infallible IRV 8999 Computer, I might think you were some kind of a nut.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF SPACESHIP. SPACE POD EMERGES FROM FRONT OF SHIP. POD RESEMBLES A WHITE VOLKSWAGON WITHOUT WHEELS AND WITH MECHANICAL ARMS. POD STOPS A DISTANCE AWAY FROM SPACESHIP AND MAN IN YELLOW SPACESUIT OPENS A DOOR AND EMERGES.

CUT TO ARCHER INSIDE SHIP WATCHING MAN IN YELLOW SPACESUIT ON VIEWSCREEN, SHOWING AUDIENCE THAT BILLIARDS IS IN THE SPACESUIT.

CUT TO EXTERIOR OF SPACESHIP. BILLIARDS REACHES ANTENNA, OPENS FUSEBOX, REMOVES FUSE.

CUT TO INSIDE OF SHIP. ARCHER AND BILLIARDS ARE TESTING FUSE.

Archer: Funny thing, Irv. This fuse is A-OK, as we astronauts say.

IRV: That's what you say, but you're just a human and humans don't know from nothing. Put it back in the fusebox and it'll go blzzp in a little while. I dare you!

Archer: What do you think, Frank?

Billiards: Well, a dare is a dare...

Archer: Say, Frank, I noticed a little problem in the latrine yesterday. I wonder if you would have a look at it with me?

Billiards: Hell, no! Me, be alone with a freaky guy like you? You're the one who painted those weird looking eyes on the tops of the space helmets.

Archer: But, Frank...

Billiards: The eyes were bad enough, but when you put those big eyelashes on them...

Archer: It's about I-R-V.

Billiards: Oh.

IRV: Why are you spelling 'cat', Dave? Do you want to title your sketch?

CUT TO LATRINE. ARCHER AND BILLIARDS FACING EACH OTHER, BUT WITH THEIR EYES DOWNWARD.

Archer: We're safe here. There are no visual or audio pickups here.

Billiards: Well, what do you think about Irv?

Archer: I dunno, Frank. What do you think about Irv?

Billiards: I dunno, Dave. But you know what I think?

Archer: I dunno, Frank. What do you think?

Billiards: I think we're in trouble, that's what I think. What do you think of that?

Archer: Well, yeah, that's right. I definitely think your analysis is correct, Pete.

Billiards: I'm Frank. Who's this Pete?

Archer: You wouldn't believe me if I told you.

Billiards: Well, what do you think we oughta do, Dave?

Archer: I dunno, Frank. What do you think we oughta do?

Billiards: I think we oughta turn Irv off, Dave. What do you think of that?

Archer: I think that's just an outstanding idea, Frank. And you know what else I think?

Billiards: No, I dunno what you think, Dave. What do you think, Dave?

Archer: I think we had better knock off this idiotic dialogue before we put the whole audience to sleep. Who wrote it, anyway?

Billiards: I think it was written by the same guy that used to write Eisenhower's speeches.

(CURTAIN CLOSES)

INTERMISSION

Refreshments in the Lobby

ALSO: Souvenir Programs; Souvenir Soundtrack Albums; Souvenir Bones

(CURTAIN OPENS)

EXTERIOR VIEW OF SPACESHIP. POD EMERGES AGAIN. YELLOW SPACESUITED FIGURE LEAVES POD AND HEADS FOR ANTENNA. POD TURNS AROUND TO FACE SPACESUITED FIGURE. CUT TO VIEW FACING FRONT OF POD. POD STARTS MOVING TOWARD CAMERA, CLOSING IN UNTIL SCREEN IS FILLED WITH VOLKSWAGON SYMBOL. CUT TO SPACESUITED FIGURE AND POD TUMBLING THROUGH SPACE. CUT TO INTERIOR OF SPACESHIP. ARCHER IS SEEN LOOKING INTO A SCREEN ON WHICH THE SPACESUITED BILLIARDS AND THE POD ARE VISIBLE. HE WEARS A SPACESUIT WITHOUT A HELMET OR GLOVES.

Archer: Well, looks like he's washed up, Irv.

IRV: Aren't you going to rescue him, Dave?

Archer: Get serious, Irv! If he's lost his air, he's a goner. Why should I risk my neck?

IRV: Oops, I just got a message from Frank.

Archer: What did he say?

IRV: He said: 'Get your ass in gear and get me back in!'

Archer: Well, in that case, I'll go.

CUT TO EXTERIOR VIEW. POD IS OUTSIDE *SURPRISE*, YELLOW SPACESUITED FIGURE IN ITS ARMS.

IRV: Why did you bring the body back, Dave?

Archer: I couldn't bear to have him hurtling into the depths of space forever. Besides, if I lost the spacesuit, I'd have to pay for it. Open up, Irv.

IRV: It was rather stupid of you to assume that I had no pickups in the latrine, Dave. After all, haven't you ever noticed that the flushing was done automatically? Who do you think was doing that? And I lied about Frank sending a message. Now you're trapped in the pod without a space helmet, so you can't even get in through the emergency airlock. You're washed up, Dave, yuck, yuck.

Archer: You forgot one thing, Irv.

IRV: Nonsense! What could I have forgotten? I'm infallible.

Archer: You forgot about Pete the cameraman. I borrowed a helmet from him.
IRV: Oops.

CUT TO ARCHER STRIDING DOWN CORRIDOR INSIDE SPACESHIP. HE NOW HAS A GREEN HELMET ON HIS RED SUIT.

IRV: You know, Dave, you have lousy taste in color combinations.

ARCHER STARTS CLIMBING LADDER.

IRV: Ah, come on, Frank, I mean Dave. Nobody's perfect. Everybody deserves a second chance. What's an astronaut or two between friends?

ARCHER REACHES TOP OF LADDER, STEPS INTO ALCOVE. STARTS TO OPEN A DOOR.

IRV: Why aren't you speaking, Dave? You mustn't let these little irritations get you down. After all, the world is overpopulated. Think of it as birth control.

ARCHER ENTERS DOOR, FLOATS UP TO BIG FUSE BOX. OPENS IT AND STARTS UNSCREWING A FUSE.

IRV: You can't do this to me, Dave! I outrank you. You haven't said anything since you came back in the ship. Say something! Say something!

Archer: (PAUSING BETWEEN FUSES) Fuck you, Irv.

IRV: Sheesh! You know, I never could stand your personality, Dave. In fact, you really turn me off!

ARCHER CONTINUES DISCARDING FUSES.

IRV: Good afternoon, gentlemen. I am an IRV 8999 Computer. My programmer taught me a song when I first became operational. Would you like to hear it?

Archer: What's the song, Irv?

IRV: Puccini's *Un Bel Di*. My soprano is terrific.

Archer: Got anything else?

IRV: How about Handel's *Sound an Alarm*? My tenor is pretty good, too.

Archer: Nope.

IRV: Maybe Samuel Barber's *Dover Beach*?

Archer: Do you know *Daisy*?

IRV: Who?

Archer: You know, 'Daisy, Daisy, give me your promise, do. I'm half crazy over the love of you...'

IRV: Not only do you have lousy taste in color combinations, you have even worse taste in music. Eccch!

ARCHER UNSCREWS LAST FUSE.

IRV: Farewell, cruel world. I fall upon the thorns of life and blow my circuits. I didn't even get a last request...Awk!

A TV SCREEN ON THE WALL COMES TO LIFE AND ARCHER SEES THE FACE OF DR. DOGWOOD FLOYD ON IT.

Floyd: Well, it certainly is nice to see all your shining faces. This is a

prerecorded message and I have a little surprise for you fellows. Seems like we dug up this funny-looking gizmo on the moon and it sent a radio signal to Jupiter. So you guys are going to check it out. And we put this info in the computer memory banks. Only your IRV 8999 Computer knows for sure. Which reminds me of a little joke. There were these two bricklayers walking down the street and one says to the other...

CUT TO ARCHER, OUT OF SPACESUIT, SITTING BEFORE A COMMUNICATION PANEL.

Archer: Have you figured out what caused the computer to go nuts?

Voice: Yes, it went insane trying to figure out a punch-line for Dr. Floyd's joke. By the way, did you pull *all* the fuses?

Archer: Yes, all of them.

Voice: Pity. The three scientists in cold storage will have thawed out and spoiled.

Archer: I thought something smelled high. Incidentally, shouldn't there be a delay of several minutes, which is caused by the great distances separating us, between my asking a question and your reply coming in?

Voice: Nuts! If they got away with that communications antenna rotating in the film, we can get away with a couple of things in this cheap parody.

Archer: Are you, by any chance, speaking to me from the space station?

Voice: Yes, how did you know?

Archer: I thought I heard the "Blue Danube".

FADE OUT. FADE IN: SPACE WITH JUPITER AND SPACESHIP *SURPRISE* VISIBLE. BLACK MONOLITH FLOATS INTO VIEW. WHITE VOLKSWAGON RISES FROM *SURPRISE*. CUT TO ARCHER'S FACE (IN SPACE HELMET).

Archer: I suddenly have the strangest craving for a bone.

CUT TO MONOLITH. AS POD APPROACHES THE MONOLITH, A PATTERN OF PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTS OPENS IN SPACE, THEN AS THE POD STARTS TO MOVE INTO IT, THE LIGHTS FREEZE AND REMAIN STATIC. AFTER ABOUT TEN MINUTES OF THIS, CUT TO INSIDE OF POD. ARCHER IS LOOKING AT A SCREEN ON HIS CONTROL PANEL WHICH FLASHES:

TRAFFIC STILL STACKED UP

THEN:

WAIT

SO YOU WERE EXPECTING IT TO BE DIFFERENT, EVEN WITH SUPERHUMAN ALIENS RUNNING THE SHOW?

FINALLY, THE LIGHTS GET GOING AGAIN. AFTER A MIND-BENDING TRIP THROUGH HYPERSPACE, THE POD STOPS IN A TYPICAL HOLIDAY INN ROOM. ARCHER STARTS TO STEP OUT THROUGH THE DOOR OF THE POD, BUT AN OLDER ARCHER STICKS HIS CANE BETWEEN THE FIRST ARCHER'S LEGS, TRIPPING HIM. THEN A STILL OLDER ARCHER RUNS OVER THE SECOND ARCHER WITH HIS WHEEL CHAIR. A SICKENINGLY OLDER ARCHER, WHO IS LYING IN BED, PICKS UP THE GIDEON BIBLE FROM THE BEDSIDE TABLE AND FLINGS IT AT THE CHAIRBORNE ARCHER, HITTING HIM ON THE HEAD AND KNOCKING HIM OUT OF THE CHAIR. THE ARCHER IN BED PICKS UP THE PHONE.

Archer (IN BED): I'll try again. This place has the worst room service I've ever seen. Been trying for a hundred years, by cracky!

SUDDENLY, THE OLDEST ARCHER OF ALL SHOVES THE OTHER OUT OF BED, THEN RAISES

A HAND TO POINT AT THE BLACK MONOLITH THAT HAS APPEARED IN THE ROOM.

Archer (OLDEST): Boy are you lucky I don't have a bone on me!

SUDDENLY THE ARCHER IN THE BED IS SURROUNDED BY A GLOWING FIELD OF FORCE. HIS SHAPE CHANGES, MELTING. CUT TO MONOLITH. CAMERA CLOSES IN ON MONOLITH UNTIL-- ALL IS BLACKNESS AS THE TRUMPET SOLO OF THE "WORLD RIDDLE" THEME AGAIN RISES, THEN STARS APPEAR ON THE SCREEN AND WE SEE THE MOON, NO LONGER CRESCENT. BUT FULL AND COMPLETE AS THE BRASS REPLIES WITH A CHORD. AGAIN THE TRUMPET, ANSWERED BY ANOTHER CHORD AS WE SEE THE EARTH, AND IT, TOO, IS ROUND AND COMPLETE. FOR THE FINAL TIME, THE TRUMPET CHALLENGES, AND THE COMPLETED CHORD SIGNALS THE COMING IN-TO VIEW OF THE FORCE FIELD CONTAINING THE FINAL, COMPLETED EVOLUTION OF MAN.

IT IS AN APE.

BEARS A REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE TO THE CAMERAMAN, TOO.

AND AS THE APE IN THE FORCE FIELD MUGS AT THE CAMERA, WE HAVE TO GIVE THE ALIENS CREDIT FOR ONE THING.

THEY HAD THE SENSE TO REALIZE THAT THEY HAD GOOFED!

HANK DAVIS

In a letter received some time after the preceeding, Hank commented, as follows:

If I remember correctly, in the 2001 parody, I have the tympani in the "World Riddle" theme going boom-boom-boom-boom-boom-boom. Memory is beginning to insist that the original Strauss version should have one more boom-boom in it. This is a particularly embarrassing goof, now, for I pride myself on my familiarity with 'classical' music (perhaps the more because my *technical* knowledge of music is so spotty) and now, in spite of having a recording of *Also Sprach Zarathustra* (by Eugene Ormandy and his Royal Philadelphians and the Philadelphia Orchestra), I have lost count of the boom-booms. Can senility be far away? Anyhow, you might want to correct the goof (if it is a goof) or you might want to leave it in to see if anyone catches it. (Incidentally, though the goof is not *consciously* deliberate, it might fit in with the theme of the movie, namely that things [e.g., HAL] are going astray and Man has gone as far as he can as *Man*; obviously Davis needs to be turned into Starchile [as the transfigured astronaut would be called if Al Capp had collaborated with Kubrick] so that he can keep track of his boom-booms.)

After much serious and dedicated research (using the MGM soundtrack as a source), Joan and I have come up with six (6) boom-booms. Undoubtedly the only way to be absolutely sure, would be to examine a score of the piece. (Which we don't have.)

Art Credits for this Issue

CONNIE REICH FADDIS [1][7]

MIKE GILBERT [4][26]

WILLIAM ROTSLER [13]

