

*Outworlds* --- the fanzine of Controlled Flexibility, is Hand-Collated with T.L.C.--for your listening enjoyment, and comes from the stained hands of:  
BILL & JOAN BOWERS : Post Office Box 87 : Barberton : Ohio : 44203

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*Instant Egoboo Chart*

*Artwork by:*

\_\_\_ ALICIA AUSTIN : [77]; [82]  
\_\_\_ JOAN BOWERS : [87]  
\_\_\_ JIM CAWTHORN : [65]

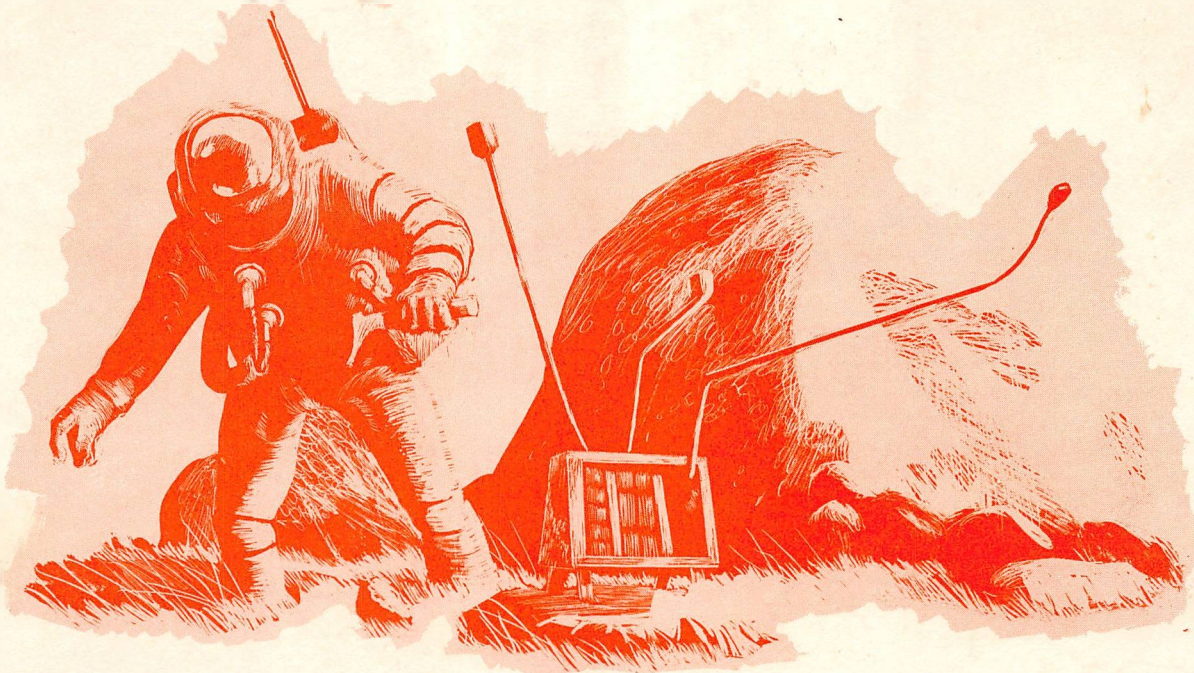
\_\_\_ STEVE FABIAN : [62]; [89\*]; [90]  
\_\_\_ GEORGE FOSTER, JR. : [71]  
\_\_\_ MIKE GILBERT : [61]  
\_\_\_ BILL ROTSLER : [67]; [83]

*Words by:*

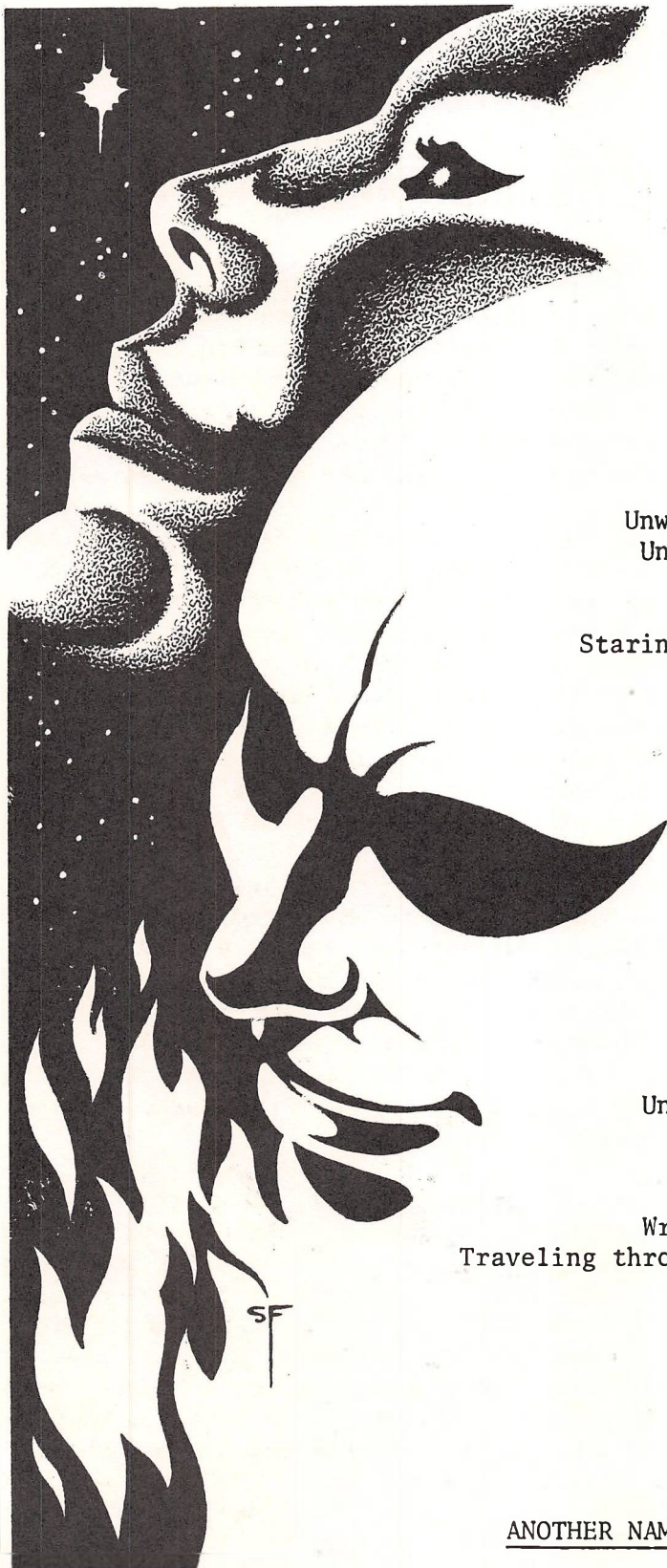
\_\_\_ BILL BOWERS : [63]; [83]  
\_\_\_ JOAN BOWERS : [87]  
\_\_\_ WAYNE CONNELLY : [65]; [81]  
\_\_\_ ROBERT COULSON : [66]  
\_\_\_ MEADE FRIERSON III : [82]  
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\_\_\_ BRUCE R. GILLESPIE : [69]

\_\_\_ MIKE GLICKSOHN : [70]  
\_\_\_ JERRY KAUFMAN : [71]  
\_\_\_ JERRY LAPIDUS : [73]  
\_\_\_ BARRY N. MALZBERG : [75]  
\_\_\_ MIKE O'BRIEN : [76]  
\_\_\_ ANDY OFFUTT : [77]  
\_\_\_ NORM RABEK : [62]  
\_\_\_ MAE STRELKOV : [78]  
\_\_\_ HARRY WARNER, JR. : [79]

\* His Page







I am Janus  
Two-faced  
Smiling out of both sides

On one side  
A face of clay  
A mask  
Hardened into a smile  
Unchanging and  
Eversmiling  
Unweathered by the winds of life  
Uncracked by the flames of love  
And still smiling  
Eyeless sockets  
Staring forward into a bank of clay  
And seeing nothing  
In the nothing  
Nothing

The other face  
Bodiless  
A spiritual surface  
Changing and bending  
Untouched by the physical world  
Traveling in the wind  
And flying above the earth  
Unbounded  
Wrapping my spirit around yours  
Traveling through the corridors of the mind  
Discovering hidden rooms  
A building together  
A house in the Sun

ANOTHER NAMELESS POEM BY A NAMELESS POET

*Norm Rabek*



Bill Bowers

...FROM WILLIAM'S PEN : XXIII

...speaking of the Third: It is, indeed, the direct byproduct of the First and the Second, and is issued forth in solemn commemoration of the 40th Anniversary of Fanzines. This is an Event which the world has breathlessly been awaiting for the past thirty-nine years and eleven months. Yes.

The next journey in this epic account of the Trials & Tribulations of a struggling young faned will issue Fourth in July; that month will also add one to the second digit of the Age of Bowers, and mark the anniversary of a footprint on the Moon...

In the meantime, back here on Earth ... the steps have seemingly been accelerating in a backward direction. Of course, we have taken a few forward-type steps -- into Cambodia, and higher prices for cheaper union-made goods. Progress is Progress; no matter what the direction, I guess.

...as I imagine that you have, I've always joked about the number 13, and its connotations--even if I was drafted on a Friday, the... NASA really should have known better. What with the increasing avid interest in the occult and things strange, even an event seemingly as isolated as the trip of Apollo -- in conjunction with the Johnson-initiated, Nixon-perfected credibility-gap -- could provide the spark that would bring the walls of Reason (ha!) tumbling down around our already battered heads. Certainly, following a Dark Age, there comes the Renaissance. But pardon me if I seem selfish: I'd much rather have the renaissance *now*, and be a part of it... than to have my grandchildren grubbing around in the trash-can ruins of this world, bitterly muttering about how they (us) had the Stars within their reach, way back there in the 70's ... and blew it, but good!

But, of course, I fantasize without cause: We Americans Are Above The Superstitious Nonsense of peculiar numbers -- and stars on charts, rather than in the heavens, where they belong.

Actually, I'm rather glad it happened. The abort of Apollo 13, that is. Confirmed and unwavering pessimist that I be, the whole space program had been going just a bit too well, just a bit too long, for something built on the principle of the-lowest-bidder-except-where-political-considerations-enter-in. No, ...I wasn't particularly gleeful that Monday night when three men in their tin-boat were at the mercies of a deadly sea, or the scripted-perfect return...but after splashdown, and now that the world has once again forgotten, I rather hope that it may have served some purpose other than simply providing two-and-a-half tons of mumbo-jumbo reports. I hope...

What I'm afraid of, is that it will be (unjustly) used as an excuse to further downgrade the space effort; it is an economically embarrassing and politically dangerous toy. We seem incapable of doing Good and Wonderful things, unless there is an immediate buck in it. And the novelty wears



off so fast, and we become jaded, and we forget. We forget how excited we were on a Sunday eve, last July...

Why can't we remember the heights that we've achieved, in proportion to the depths we continually, instinctively seek? There are a few apexes in the History of Man. Or so they tell me.

Mallardi works in Kent; I live about thirty miles away. I wasn't anywhere near there when the events of May 4th happened; and although everyone else around here knows exactly what happened ... I don't. And I'm not going to print the original lengthy piece that I wrote for that reason.

I'll say this much: Both sides seem bound and determined to alienate me. I do not condone wanton killing, and I can not condone "...but we were only throwing stones."

I don't think that anyone who knows me can say that I'm particularly happy over the way things are going (understatement, anyone?), but:

I am not a parasite on the community of my fellow man. I served my Time, did what I was told, and came out my own man. I earned my right to dissent, and am exercising it, but with some consideration for those who may not agree with me. I utilize pen and ink, and my mind. Not my mouth, or my throwing arm.

I'm totally confused, frightened, and more than a little sickened by those, on all sides, who blindly follow their own particular leaders...but never bother to find out *how* those individuals happened to become the only True Word.

What we need is a few more skeptics of *everything* unproven, and a few less self-assured assholes. But, then, knowing what I know...

Communication; Involvement; Obligation: Three words.

In *Energumen 2*, Peter Gill had this beautiful line: "...publishing a fanzine is to a large extent the art of the possible vs the impossible dream."

But nothing is totally impossible.

I operate within certain prejudices, some of which even I am unaware. But I definitely prefer people who do creative things, over those who are always talking about doing creative things. And those people I consider to be wasting their lives by not attempting to leave the world a bit better, a little more beautiful than it was when they first arrived...these people would probably say that I have an 'unhealthy', almost fanatical desire to produce a beautiful fanzine.

They would be right.

I wish that I could say that I could do it alone; at times, I think Yes...at other times, well, maybe...

The response, thus far, has been beautiful! But it has come from only a percentage of the mailing list. That mailing list...it was D:B's; starting next issue, *Outworlds* will have its own mailing list, consisting of those who have responded in a socially acceptable way to this fanzine.

I will publish for a hundred, or a thousand; it doesn't matter overmuch. But I require response; I cannot read your minds.

Come...let us, together, create a speck of beauty in a graying world. We can have some fun, perhaps learn a thing or two, prove that name-calling is not the only way to generate a lively letter section, and (perhaps) construct a fanzine that is, indeed, greater than the sum of its parts.

I realize that you may not need me...

But I certainly need you.



Wayne Connelly



THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; i.

As I first leafed through it, I trembled -- what is it?...what have I left myself in for? Then, I discovered the 'contents' page; I remained bewildered.

But...eventually I began to get the hang of it. Think of it as a nice fresh green salad, you suggest. Hmmm....not bad...tasty even.

In fact, once started I didn't stop until I had nibbled my way from rotsler to rotsler. And since I've never made such a glutton of myself before--not even with one of Geis' juicy cuts--Ow must be pretty good. Anyway, they say you should eat a well balanced diet with lots of greens.

I confess, though, that I'm waiting expectantly to see what you do with my ROSE review ... perhaps you can micro-dot it and hide it on the Fabian page, or you might use it to illustrate a Gilbert serial...



Robert Coulson

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; ii.

What is fanzine reviewing? A goddamned stinking obligation, that's what. I don't like fanzine reviews--the only ones I read with any thoroughness are Ethel Lindsay's -- but you should see the pleading letters I get when I make noises about cutting out the ones in *Yandro*. (And not from fanzine editors, either.) New fans need a place where they can find out what's available for them. However, I seriously believe that the long detailed review is unnecessary; certainly it is for the newcomers. All that is really needed is address, price, and a few hints on what the fanzine is about. (There was one fanzine editor in Illinois, I believe; don't recall his name... I used to give him scathing reviews and he once told me that after every review he got one or two or three new subscribers.) The long detailed review is useful--if it is at all--only to the editor in question, and possibly as an aid to other editors. But the editor in question can be helped more by a letter, and any fanzine editor so weakwilled as to adjust the policies of his fanzine to suit a reviewers whims isn't going to produce anything worthwhile anyway.

There is a minor obligation to editors; if they went to the effort to produce a fanzine, they want comment on it. Since it is practically impossible to comment on every fanzine received and have time for anything else, a short review solves the problem. But why an editor would waste space on a column in which an outsider reviews fanzines is beyond me. (Why did you?)

So there are my reasons; an obligation to other editors and new fans. As for any other reasons ... what's this about the 'payment' not being enough? What payment? Getting more fanzines to review? You're putting me on! What pay is it to waste time perusing crap that doesn't interest you enough to pay money for? The only 'pay' is finding an interesting publication that you wouldn't have heard about otherwise, and that happens maybe once every 2 or 3 years.

Objectivity? It may be possible in fandom, but I don't believe I've ever seen it, in or out of reviews.



David Gerrold



THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; iii.

About that pun...

About that tendency to stick one's foot in one's mouth ... Here in Hollywood, there is a six foot two homosexual who can do the same thing; only with him, it's quite effete.

A case of hoof-in-mouth disease you might say. (Oh well, I can't remember the lyrics, but the malady lingers on...)

Anyway, to get off the subject of legs and their attachments, I like your disjointed style--it makes for fun reading.

It was interesting to find CRAZY MAN (the yellow prose of Texas) in *Outworlds*. So you've finally given up trying to sell it, eh? (I remember reading this one as a submission for GENERATION. I liked it, but not enough to buy it. At that time, I think, I was feeling sorry enough for LBJ not to want to kick him any more than he deserved. Anyway, considering how long it's taking for G-1 to come out, your story would have been considerably dated. Ah, well...it's still a nice piece of prose.



Mike Gilbert

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; iv.

--fantastic Rotsler work -- I like your format, it's interesting and very readable--

My god, nobody says stupid things in your fanzine--

--I was moved by the Miesel's letter in which she (and he) advised fan artists to learn print making--

Every artist should be exposed to the art of print making.

But as for me I cannot share the exhuberance they show for print making and prints.

In school I've done every type of print making and came out very sour about it. To put it mildly--print making to me (and a good majority of the students I worked with) was dull and boring -- for all the work involved I did not get any good return for the time invested. I sold most everything I ever printed but still consider it a waste. The trouble with printing is that you can achieve the same results by drawing in much less time and effort. (It is noted that because of this fact and the cost of producing prints that print making is a dying art.) The economics of print making are beyond belief. You cannot make prints unless you have lots of \$ or go to art school (so you can use school machines).

Prints are too much trouble for what you get out of them, unless you plan to make print making a career.



Bruce R. Gillespie

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; v.

*Outworlds I* came a while ago, but I've only just caught up with my recent fanzine-reading. *Outworlds* is certainly the most enjoyable of the recent bunch, and, though neither of us would like to admit it, reads much better than the last *Double:Bill*.

Your scrap-book technique (which more erudite reviewers call 'multi-media technique') is probably not original, but I have not seen it done before, and I would doubt if anyone will do it again quite so successfully. The mixture of type-faces is very effective, and the technique itself combines the magazine into one continuous document.

Bob Coulson's splendid statement on (among other things) editorial self-justification struck at me personally. When I first started *S F Commentary*, I wrote, if I remember correctly, about three pages of editorial policy, nearly all of which has gone by the board. The only statement that could never be superceded is my gratitude to John Bangsund in particular, and all of those who gave me the kick off into the magazine. But...again, if I remember correctly, my hopes of continual seriousness have mercifully fallen down some drain-hole where they belong, and I have dropped plans to publish huge numbers of pages and spend huge amounts of money. I see that you have gone the same way, although Mallardi may have different plans. Fandom is too fascinating a sub-culture to ignore in the way I planned to --at the same time I'm amazed that some other original plans have succeeded much better than I had hoped. Some people do have a serious interest in science fiction ... my only mistake at the beginning, as Bob says, was to justify my policy. I still manage to make contact with those people who are on my wave-length.

You seem to be on my wave-length, or vice-versa, in your statements on *Konfessions of a Rapidograph Addict*. Fandom does seem to provide "great therapy" for a lot of people, no matter how many fans deny it. Perhaps Melbourne fandom is atypical, but I suspect not--the most active fans are unmarried, or not very well married, for a start. It would take a good psychiatrist to work out all the ramifications of this, but I think I could make the obvious point that fandom does provide a sublimation for sex. It also seems to provide a sublimation for other forms of creativity: Most fans, and indeed a lot of sf writers I've heard of, find that their talents only fully reveal themselves in fannish activities -- fanzine writing and illustration, convention organization, letter of comment, etcetera. These don't seem to be untalented people, but people whose talents have never quite clicked in the right place. Perhaps, to take my own case, there are also people who feel wary of launching untried skills in the public media: I've never had the courage to send stories to magazines, contributions to school newspapers, etc. So it was amazing to find that people actually liked some of my stuff when it first appeared in ASFR and SFC. And always, with fans, it comes back to the fact that we "have something to get out of us that we can't say." (And on that note, it seems to follow that fans only really get into trouble when they must say something that does not concern sf or fandom. Which may explain why Phil Farmer, for instance, need never have bothered with Reap. Let's have some more people who never do anything but just talk sensibly in fanzines.)



Mike Glicksohn

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; vi.

...if Ow comes from D:B then I have missed a lot because Ow has probably the best graphics and most imaginative layout of any fanzine I've seen in many months. Add to this a near-perfect repro and excellent contents and yours becomes a fanzine to envy and to emulate.

Richard Geis has it nicely labelled when he implies that Ow is now out of the linear age of zines and has become almost a McLuhanesque production. You've done away with the traditions of fanzine publishing such as the first page toc and the compartmented lettercol and replaced them with what Geis accurately describes as a Mosaic. And it works. The way you handled the letters was new to me (has it been done before?) and I thought it came off extremely well. It certainly enables one to get the overall reaction to the previous issue without having to jump around like a Jack-in-the-Box to compare differing points of view but, on the other hand, I think there are certain writers whose letters *should* be read as a whole because they almost seem to think in entire sequences of paragraphs. These people, though, are a minority so I'd imagine the reaction to your style of lettercol will generally be a favorable one.

Strange that Rotsler should (as far as I can see) omit Head Fandom from his cartoon. Some editorializing, perhaps. Of course, he also omitted IPA fandom and Baskin & Robbins fandom, a far more heinous omission!

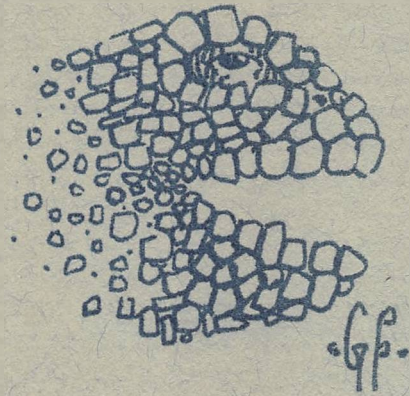
Something I should have said above with regard to the format of the letters is that I imagine you might find it just a bit restrictive in dealing with the sort of letter that has interesting information to impart or a fascinating viewpoint to expound but is not *directly* talking about a particular part of the previous issue. Where are you going to put these people? In a separate section titled "...THAT WHICH IS BUT NEBULOUSLY CCNNECTED"?

You'll Be A Better Universe, For All Of This was a brilliant piece of work. It didn't really say anything particularly new but the presentation was superb and the layout excellent. I'd think this would be a story well worth submitting to the prozines -- have you done so? If not, I think you should. With what Jack is doing with graphics at *Galaxy* lately, I'd imagine you'd have a market for it there.

Rotsler and Kirk are beautiful, and all those little slips of paper-- what dedication!



*Jerry Kaufman*



THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; vii.

My reactions:

Mike Gilbert is very strange.

All the artists are quite good, and I've had requests from roommates and other people that Steve Fabian's Page be blown up into a poster.

Your old piece still has a bit of the Capital Letter about it, the last sections being the best; that mind conversing really started to grab me.

The lettercolumn makes more interesting reading this way.

My name!

Definite and independent, Sandra says about my fanzine reviewing ideas. I'm not so sure they're either, but I have tried. I'd gotten very tired of three-line reviews, and I didn't think that this sort of reviewing was doing anybody any good. The reviewer, by thinking so briefly and writing so briefly about each fanzine, wasn't being any sort of a critic. He wasn't showing himself or others the real reasons the fanzine worked or didn't work, and so he wasn't learning anything about himself. The fanzine editor wasn't getting the response he deserved for the work and thought he put into the fanzine, and he wasn't learning anything either. The fanzine editor is like other artists, too close to his work to do anything but love it or hate it. He needs three-line reviews for instant ego-inflation or deflation, but he won't learn. The reader of fanzine reviews normally doesn't use three-line reviews as a buyer's guide. (I'm using myself as an example, but I have read other people who have said this; if anyone reading this does use review columns to buy from, instead of waiting for the things to 'just arrive' as I've been doing for the last two years, say so.) The reader is often reading about some fanzine he has seen, or that



he is sure will arrive very shortly in the mail. A three-line review will teach him nothing either. All he'll be able to do is to match his reactions against those of the writer. De gustibus.

I didn't like that. And at the time I decided I didn't like that, I looked around. What were other people doing? Well, Arnie Katz was doing "The Mordant Bludgeon" (or somesuch) for *Odd*. Arnie would take one to four fanzines and do long reviews, half of a page up to a whole page. He'd talk about contents and layout, and how they were stuck together. I liked his work, and that of another New Yorker, whose name escapes me. (Maybe someone out there can remember. His approach, I think, was similar to Arnie's, and each of them claimed the other was the best fanzine reviewer in N'-America.) Sometime around then a New England fanzine was trying to review by categories (Mike Symes on *Crudzines*, for instance) which meant that they had organized three-liners with a three-lined comparison and summation. Chris Couch tried to do some longer, analytical reviews that used fanzines to illustrate an essay, but the reviews were written in one night -- the night before deadline, and suffered. I think Jerry Lapidus and the editor of *Crossroads!* (Al Snider) also tried this approach.

With these people somewhere behind me, I tried to review fanzines. My first attempt was in *Quark*, the night before deadline. They weren't three-line reviews, but nine-line reviews. The major difference between these and all other reviews was my labeling mania. If I couldn't fit a fanzine into a category, I suggested that the editor was confused and that his zine was sailing around in circles. (That was *Kallikanzaros*.) I also tried to predict the future of the fanzines I reviewed. (I said something about *Granfalloon* being the less once Suzle left.) Most important, and really including these things, I tried to see the fanzine not only in space in front of me, but also in time. Issues past had formed the present issue which would form future issues, because what a fanzine publishes, and how it publishes, will have the major effect on what it receives. And if a fanzine, to some degree, is an extension of its editor, then the fanzine is sort of a record through time of the editor's mind, and even if (as often happens) the editor gets his material by requesting it, I think the response will still be tied to what people know of his fanzine.

With all of this in mind, hazily, and with equally hazy notions of the importance of criticism itself (and here I part company with Terry Jeeves, who seems to be calling for three-line reviewing in every area; correct me if I'm wrong, Terry) I came to John Ayotte with a potential column. John wanted a fanzine review column, so I wrote an introductory column to test the idea and my own ability. It was a comparison of the effects of *Amra* and *Double:Bill*, and didn't focus on one issue, but discussed the whole runs of the magazines, as I had seen them (about eight issues of one, and four of the other). That didn't seem to bother anyone very much: An odd pair to compare, was the response. So I tried to come around with a proper subject for the second and came up with *Odd*.

*Odd* is an unusual magazine. It's trying to be something, it is trying to be a Gestalt of life-oriented people and material. I took this avowal, from one of the editorials, and tried applying it to four issues of *Odd*--and found the last issue the closest to that ideal. The review is in the hands of John Ayotte, but whether it'll ever see a mimeo is in doubt. If I ever get it back, before another issue of *Odd* is published, you can look at it. I'd like to see it in print, for the benefit of the Fishers, whom I showed it to last Midwestcon.

And that's some of what I think of fanzine reviewing.



*Jerry Lapidus*

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; viii.

Getting *Outworlds*. Opening, reading. It's a kind of interesting experience, something somehow different from doing the same sort of thing with an 'average' fanzine. Perhaps it's the calculated 'ordered disorder' of the magazine, the somewhat-unorthodox-seemingly-random collection of material -- that all together seems to make some sense, leaving a pleasant taste. In two issues, you've established a definite flavor, a definite atmosphere; this in itself is an achievement, although you now have the problem of keeping it, and even more, doing something constructive with it. But unless one writes the entire fanzine one's self, this must depend largely on the contributors. To us...

Part of the discussion in the magazine seemed to be concerned with the amount of art in the magazine, and if I recall correctly, there was considerable comment to the effect of "too much art" present. Can't agree with this. For me, anyway, it is in fact the art that supplies much of the 'lasting value' that fanzines can have. If we're to consider whatever possible value these little publications of ours can have, I think we must consider exactly what these publications do that is not done elsewhere. Fiction has the prozines as the logical outlet, and the original anthology is fast becoming a competitive medium. The friendliness and discussion often found in fanzines is great, but it is essentially an extension of a personal letter. As far as I'm concerned, the two outstanding features fanzines can offer must be review/discussion/criticism in detail and good artwork. The former is obvious, and has been the basis for fanzines from the very beginning. There have always been fanzines solely concerned with serious discussion of science fiction and its position as literature, and even today virtually every major fanzine devotes at least some space to



these concerns. But it seems that today, with the emphasis on better and better means of reproduction, art in fanzines has come to play an equally important part. For reasons many people have discussed, a new breed of excellent fan artists has evolved, taking into account everything from the ultra-realism of Steve Fabian to the simplicity of Bill Rotsler to the stylization of Alicia Austin. In addition, we have professional artists, most notably Jack Gaughan, returning to fandom with professional-quality work. We also have this recent improvement in reproduction, making accurate copying of this new art possible. The result--excellent, high-quality, lasting art in fanzines. The typical fanzine today is pleasurable merely to look at, no less read. Covers, fold-outs, portfolios, and similar speciality areas feature work to go back to, to look over again and again. And even the more 'common' fan art has become worth looking at, from Gilbert fillios in SFR to the Rotsler/Berry very fannish humor. Indeed, the dividing line is not always distinct, as with much of Tim Kirk's work. Anyway -- this is all leading to the fact that for me at least, art represents a very valuable part of a fanzine; and thus, for me, there is no such thing as 'too much' art.

Yes, Jerry (Kaufman) has it exactly right in the lettercol: "It reads like one continuous magazine." The problem then is obvious: If things are to be remembered, they must all be a relatively high quality.

Mark Schulzinger is the sort of person I was referring to a moment ago, the 'too much art' type person. Sure a museum can supply some art--but I LIKE sf art, and sf artists. I'm inherently a great science fiction fan, and thus can't help liking art which concerns itself with sf. And at the same time, I enjoy the fannish art and humor -- and that you can't get in your average museum.

I for one would hate to see a solid text issue--if only for the reason that art breaks up the monotony of the printed word, page after page.

Now as you may or may not remember, I'm a drama student, and am in fact extraordinarily critical of motion pictures, acting, etc. Nonetheless -- I can't help but disagree with Mark on his almost total pan of *ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE*, the most recent of the Bond films. You must take films like this with a few grains of salt. Like the novels, they're produced solely for entertainment; anything is acceptable in this light, and the film must be considered in this light. This doesn't mean that one must turn off critical faculties totally, simply that you can't criticize in the same way, say, you'd discuss *MIDNIGHT COWBOY*. So I enjoyed the picture -- thanks largely to the plotting, photography, action scenes, and special effects -- not to mention Diana Rigg. Must admit that Lazenby just doesn't make it as Bond, though. Although he actually looks more like Fleming's character than Connery did, he just isn't an actor; Connery was, and a quite good one. He MADE the part seem easy, but actually did an excellent acting job. But Lazenby isn't all that bad, and Diana does a very nice job -- after all, she too is a superb actor (well, actress). Mark is wrong about the photographer, however. He was killed, but it was during work on a later picture, not this one.

Mike draws the strangest cartoons these days; I've got one in this series coming up in *Tomorrow and....* I know Mike pretty well, and I still can't really understand them -- but then, is one really supposed to?

Artists are weird people.

Toyko Bay, *ISLE OF THE DEAD* ... a good novel, reads even better with rereading. Zelazny, Delany; probably the most fascinating writers I know. I can read them over and over and over and enjoy it more each time.



Barry N. Malzberg

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; ix.

I was particularly glad to see Mike Deckinger's letter anent Wyman Guin's *Beyond Bedlam* because it gives me the opportunity, for the first time ever, to spout off in print about this novella; to my knowledge, no one, including Mr. Deckinger, has made the simple point that Guin's portrait of schizophrenia there was perfectly inaccurate, perfectly stupid, and probably succeeded only in miseducating a generation of adolescents about this pervasive disease. Those adolescents became writers, engineers & etc. and can be presumed to carry on, at some intuitive level, that misconception.

Look here: Schizophrenia is not a perfect compartmentalization of the personality (Guin interprets the common error "split personality" whereas as Bleuler coined the phrase it means "shattered personality") but its fragmentation; the emotive and intellectual spheres do not get together and thus the individual can be said to possess not two personalities but none. The disease which Guin describes in *Beyond Bedlam* has absolutely no clinical parallel; the closest one could come in practice to it would be the kind of intricate manic-depressive cycle outlined (again inaccurately) in the popular *THREE FACES OF EVE*.

*Beyond Bedlam* has nothing to do with the schizoid process. It may have a great deal to do, as metaphor, with the common feeling that within us lurks a *doppelganger* who does "bad things" and for whose actions we are not in the least responsible. And, finally *non sequitur*: If Deckinger thinks the novella was ignored he is wrong. It was not. It was anthologized over and over again within half a decade of publication. H. L. Gold put his considerable influence behind its reputation and it is probably that single novella of the 50's most read to this day.

But it's bullshit and someone should have said so a long time back.

I make no comment on Guin's writing itself which was clever, facile, and managed to package the misconception all too well.



Mike O'Brien

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; x.

I don't understand them, Bill.

What's going on here, Bill?

I never got a fanzine I couldn't understand before, Bill.

Your layout is so hazy, that there are times when I can't even tell who wrote what I'm reading, or what the title is, or whether it's more editorial. This is my one major objection. Also, not much of the material has anything in common with any of the rest of the zine. All this is minor quibbling when brought up against that marvelous parody of *Space Odyssey* in Ow I. I also worked through the argument of the statistical vs the mechanistic universe, because it was prose after my own heart (ever read E.R. Eddison?), but found opinion and unsubstantiated statements sprinkled throughout the latter half. The first part was so good that it seems a pity that no valid conclusions were drawn from the buildup.

Next case: Repro is of course excellent. This is one lesson which D:B has taught you well. On the subject of repro, we may as well turn to art. You first. Bill, your artwork is very good; among the finest I've seen in fact. Just one little thing. You seem to draw the same picture over and over again. They are indeed symbols, but they are always symbols of the same thing, the same outlook, in the same style, time after time. What you do, you do quite well, but why don't you try a little variety? For all we (or you) know, you might turn out to be as good a cartoonist as Alexis Gilliland, for instance. When I write, I'm continually experimenting with new themes, new styles. It may be a mistake, this early in my writing career, but I'd like to find out what I do best now, when my habits are unformed, than later, when I might have to undo years of unalleviated hackwork in a style that was never really my own. Why don't you try the same? You might come up with some interesting leads. And you do have some talent --so it seems worth the investment.

The flyer is a very good idea, one which should be copied, if only because it brings together material which is usually scattered throughout a fanzine.

You certainly know how to get a point across, Bill. Between your illo in the PgHLANGE Portfolio and your big piece in Ow II, we have no doubts as to where your sentiments lie. That essay/story is one of the most artistic anti-war pieces I've seen. It's a pity that the people on the college campuses can't do as well. The pounding din of rhetoric has quite deafened me to the cries of my fellow collegiates, I fear. It's more stuff like this that they need to make an effective point to a wider audience. Quite aside from the message, your writing shows some pretty fair talent, too. Apparently you're a double threat--at least. Keep writing like this, and broaden the subject matter, and we'll have another Zelazny on our hands ... or another Ellison if you don't (perhaps that isn't quite fair, but I have objections to Ellison's cry of "sf as a protest medium!").

And that's really all. Except: Keep it up! We need you.



Andy Offutt



THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; xi.

Outworlds,

Listen, you yawing yoyos, I just spent quentzl minutes seeking and not finding your miscreant masthead.

Comments three, in order of importance of personage praised or peppered:

1: What a beautiful, beautiful work of art Steve Fabian's untitled lady is. I'm putting her on my bedroom wall, and when I'm big enough with publishers I'm going to demand that Fabian do the covers for my novels.

2: One more like that from Robert Bloch and I'm gonna ask him to un-autograph my copy of 'The Devil With You'.

3: DAMN! I have this pertly petite, carnally capricious and rapturously redheaded wife, Jodie. Sometimes Jody; we don't care overmuch. But, we DO care about the impossibly improbable 'i' name-endings currently affected by incorrigibly incony females seeking Identi. It reached its awful apex when the barmily bovine daughter of an incredibly inarticulate former president changed the spelling of her name to Luci. Whereupon I felt it ineluctably incumbent upon me to refer to her, fonetikally, as Looseye.

But throughout Ow II are bits and pieces of a letter headed with my wife's name -- but with the excrementitiously egregious spelling 'Jodi'.

Now listen damnit, Billi & Joani, just because that other Bill tacked an i on the end of his name, trying to be an Italian gamebird....

And thanks for *Outworlds*.



Mae Strelkov

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; xii.

...well, it does look like it's going to be an interesting zine (as *Double:Bill* was), and a clever one as well. (I.e. on Page 11. I did try to read it, but my poor brain...well, you know, senility is setting in, very soon, at my age. 1917 is the year I arrived on this funny planet.)

Anyway, I got a kick out of what little I could fathom, re: its meaning, and found a gleeful pleasure in picturing the 'Supreme Idiot' creating an idiotic toy--a mechanistic universe! Actually, that sort of a universe is just what Church folk like to visualize, whether they accept it or no. With everything sewed up and arranged in advance, so you're born with God foreknowing, that, perhaps, you're doomed to their favorite of favorites, 'Eternal Hell for all Enemies' (of the Church or churches).

Yes, that would be a 'Supreme Idiot's' approach to Creation, indeed! Statistical things, of course, are above me. But that may be because I live in Latin America where statistics are above me, too. As per the statistics of our current elite, we are running out of serfs and peons, so we obviously musn't resort to birth-control as everybody in other lands is doing. Let the 'demagogic explosion' continue, cry our Cardinals and their Prelates over all our airwaves, and in the press. 20,000 pesos, (before they changed the calculations, by moving the zero, so 100 pesos of last year is now called 'One New Peso', somehow), yes, all that money, Twenty New Pesos, (or is it Two Hundred--I hate decimals!), for any fool who can pup every nine months, virtuously. 20,000 old pesos every nine months. All out peons began rushing to marry their most fertile common-law-mate, to start procreating in a business-like way, till:

Ah, yes, here comes the rub: The money must be paid out by the peon's employer. Fertile families who produce new little angels every nine months are no longer finding it easy to find or keep a job, anywhere.

So much for the Statistical Universe, which -- I reiterate -- remains 'beyond me', somehow.

I love you, Joan and Bill. Be happy still. And pup every nine months if you wish. (Don't mind me. I did it seven times myself, and never repented. It was before they gave 20,000 pesos away for such feats! Had to pay for it all, ourselves.)



Harry Warner, Jr.

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL : II; xiii.

The second *Outworlds* left me in its early stages feeling vaguely like the spectator at a brand new road show movie with unusually elaborate leadin and credits. It's effective this way, and I'm sure that it'll be even more spectacular when the happy day arrives that permits us to view our old fanzines in vastly enlarged dimensions, flashing across the screen wall of our fanac room, after having been translated into the electronic marvel that eliminates any showthrough shadows, increases or decreases contrast where such is advisable because of reproduction difficulties, and corrects typographical errors except when they are obviously Freudian in nature or written by Rick Sneary.

Normally I like the kind of loc section you arranged this time. But in this case it isn't so welcome because of the way I bobbed up three times. You're obviously determined not to allow *Outworlds* to get into a predictable fanzine, so I trust that next issue you'll publish all the letters with no clues to the identity of their authors, or will make it a guest loc section containing nothing but explanations by Piers Anthony of why he doesn't have enough time to write so many locs on one issue of one



fanzine, or otherwise keep me from being so obvious. Fortunately that marvelous Rotsler two-page mural distracts considerably from the repetition.

I'm not certain that I comprehend completely Mike Gilbert's pages, but it's highly impressive and would undoubtedly sweep all film short honors if he turned it into an animated brief movie.

You have all right to be boastful of the Steve Fabian full-pager. The only thing wrong with it is the way it reminds everyone once more how horrible it will be to try to decide who wins the fan art Hugo this year. I can't recall any time in the history of fandom when so many first-rate fan artists were simultaneously active.

Of all the splendid art in this issue, I can't help preferring most the Ivor Latta contribution. There is something irresistible about the way these oddly dressed people with their non-WASP faces have been caught in exactly the pose that parents and child normally assume when posing for a portrait at a photographer's studio.

I don't remember too clearly by now the earlier incarnation of You'll Be A Better Universe, For All Of This, so there's no point in trying to compare it with the current version. You probably realize that there is a built-in handicap in this particular case: Fiction in fanzines so seldom takes on this non-traditional form that the fanzine reader can't help thinking over and over again while reading it: Golly, this may set a trend, this is something that's going to cause a lot of comments, it must be judged by standards other than the little stories about deals with the devil and nuclear war seen through a child's eyes. The reader gets self-conscious, perhaps a trifle tense, and it's hard to make an impartial and assured judgment. In general, I'd say that you chose the proper form for the kind of message and effects you wanted to get across, and this is justification for risking the creation of a new John Pierce in fandom. There are points where I felt that the written word was inadequate to convey what you were obviously striving to get across, the effect you wanted to produce, which might be attainable only through sound effects and the sound of the human voice. I can foresee absolute disaster striking a lot of fanzines in the next six months or more, if neofans all around are so taken by your story that they all start writing fan fiction in this style without your knowledge of what you're doing. Don't feel too unhappy if you don't get the kind of criticism you feel the story deserves. Remember that you'll be alienating the fans who are solidly back of Pierce and a few other fans who are solidly back of Vietnam, and those who like it are apt to have trouble explaining why they like it, even as I'm having.

Incredibly, I remembered the Gettysburg episode from the Shadow FAPA mailing and even stranger, it suddenly brought back to memory some of the other bright remarks I'd been hearing much more recently such as the related one which told how one shoe store operator asked another shoe store owner how his shoes were selling and he was told, "By the foot," and the question of what goes ha ha ha thump, which is a man laughing his head off. I don't know how Speer's dictum that all good writing eventually finds its way to the public is going to survive the disappearance of FAPA's shadow group. Who knows what treasures lie undistributed because the next distribution never occurred and the writers weren't energetic enough to direct the contents elsewhere, as you did?

It looks as if Rotsler's TAFF candidacy is resulting in even more numerous contributions to fanzines. This sounds like the best possible argument for keeping TAFF alive, if it causes candidates to grow more active.



A rose is a rose is a rose ... except, of course, when it's a symbol. Mr. Harness' story *The Rose* was originally published by *Authentic* in 1953. It then went into a period of hibernation, and has only recently been presented in book form. The reason for the neglect? Not inadequacy, but Mr. Harness' premature retirement to assuage that horrid writer's orge -- 'en famille'.

The excellence of *The Rose* is attested to in an 'Introduction' written by Michael Moorcock. He describes Mr. Harness' story as a 'marvellously entertaining extravaganza...behind (which) is a mind reasoning and concerned with the fundamental issues of human existence.' In addition, *The Rose* is labelled as a "legendary SF classic", and such distinguished and diverse names as Brian Aldiss, Arthur C. Clarke, Damon Knight, and Judith Merril are all cited as high-praisers.

*The Rose* is ostensibly a mutant story. Homo superior, the subsequent stage in man's evolution, appears as an unpleasant aberration from the norm. The 'new man', it seems, must go through a chrysalis form in which his only distinction is his deformity -- horn-like growths upon the temple and disfiguring back-humps.

Beyond the surface of a familiar science fiction theme, Mr. Harness tells his tale of a new renaissance on various symbolic levels: Oscar Wilde's fairy-fable of the despairing student who seeks a red rose as admittance to a dance, and the nightingale who impales her breast upon a thorn, transmuting a white rose to red; the continuing and inane debate between Martha Jacques and Rue, between reason and irrationality, between beauty and ugliness, between understanding and creation, between truth and lie, between science and art; and of the surrealist painting which is the real setting--the ballet in the Park of White Roses, with the music of the sciolistic equations preformed by the two ugly and deformed dancers.

*The Rose* is a brilliant short novel. I approached the story with such high expectations that I half-anticipated disappointment. There wasn't any.

Two shorter pieces by Mr. Harness fill out the book length. Perhaps it was just the joy of discovery or surprise, but I enjoyed these almost as much as *The Rose*.

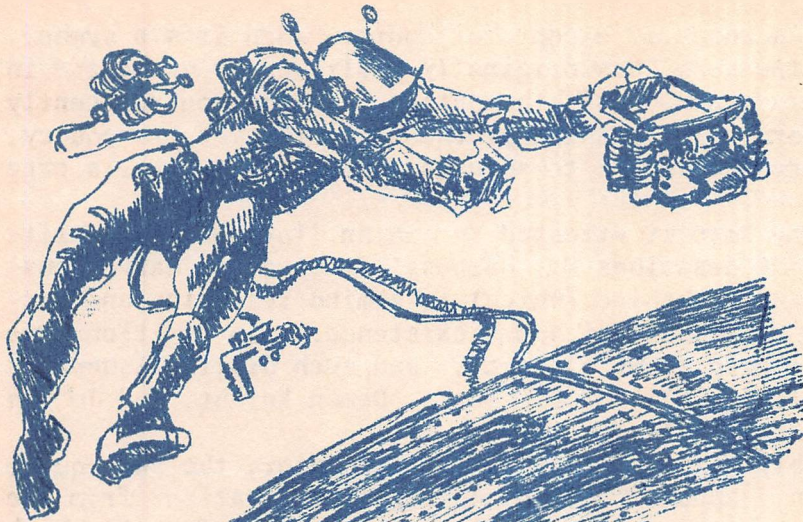
*The Chessplayers* won't be read by true chessplayers; for they, of course, read only Chess Literature. But, all of us dabblers in the game should read it, and be made content that we only dabble.

*The New Reality* is somewhat similar in theme to *The Rose*, and makes an excellent companion piece -- with *The Chessplayers* as an amusing interlude. The marvellously erudite argument is that 'the universe was and is being created by man'. It's devilishly convincing. Still, it is basically a straightforward SF adventure yarn with a predictable, anti-climatic, and perhaps unavoidable conclusion.

THE ROSE (with *The Chessplayers* and *The New Reality*) is well worth obtaining in this Panther edition, despite any difficulties. Who knows how long it will be before an American publisher obtains the rights--we've already had to wait 16 years. [A little bird has just whispered in my ear, that he thinks Berkley may have published THE ROSE. If so, I fume for naught, but I haven't seen said volume.]

THE ROSE, by Charles L. Harness; Panther, 586 02879 X





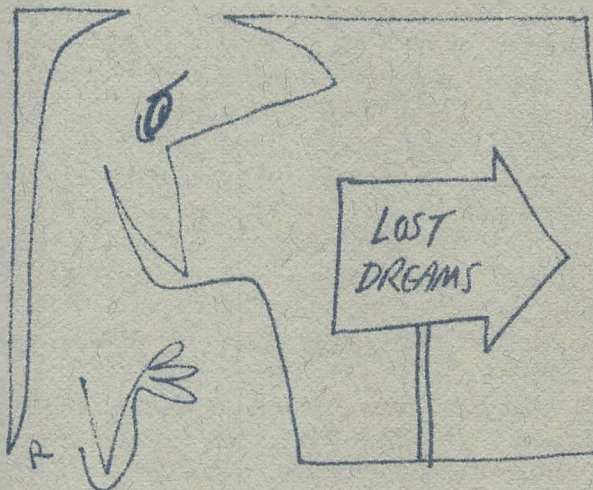
The flicker of film across sprockets,  
The swish of the soundtrack tape,  
These tangible, separate parts--camera, meter,  
Lights, models, people, places and things:  
If these can be so used Now,  
To produce that vision of Then,  
Why is there no demand for MORE?  
Mere token attention is granted--oh,  
money for tickets, a good gate, then  
a quibble, a grumble, a gripe, a shrug--  
There's no time left to savor it::  
On to the queers in New York, funny cowboy/robbers,  
Motorcycle junkies and old kings and queens.  
Of infinite variety are the interests of man,  
that Cinema is called to exploit...  
To look around, within and back, but rarely,  
So rarely ahead and beyond.  
Ahead and Beyond must remain  
The Comic book and SFWA domain--  
No costly videotape or film can be risked  
On speculations, fanzies, unworldly dreams.  
E.T.s are feasible if cheap and scary  
Or mundane (thus cheap and unscary).  
"We've done *The Power*, *Tenth Victim* and  
*The Day the Earth Stood Still*,"  
then Kubrick tried.....  
Not even the magic of Pepperland  
Showed Them a way.....  
Grander than life, more beautiful than life  
It's still too costly to explore tomorrow  
At more than a nickle a world  
Or \$25 per 4-color page.....  
And the Visions Burn In the Minds of the Few.



The following column doesn't belong here; not really. The first three installments of the 'Tree' appeared in Ben Solon's *Nyarlathotep*, and this one was also slated to be in the 7th issue of that beautiful, but slightly tardy fanzine. Since Ben has not replied to my tearful enquiries, I am placing it here...before it becomes completely outdated. This branch was rough-drafted shortly after Nyar 6 arrived (in the Fall of 1968), and the final draft was completed shortly after St. Louiscon. That date is noted at the end--and while many words, and a few tentative actions have been taken with regards to the subject matter since that date, the following is presented with only a slight 'touching up'...

While reading it, remember only one thing: *Outworlds* is not a political fanzine...

Bill Bowers



THE LOVELY LEMON TREE : IV



Now then, in reference to Page 67 of *Nyarlatotep* 6, and

...AN OPEN LETTER TO HARRY WARNER, JR.

...who wonders whether my generation of 'soldiers' (or recently separated versions thereof) will in time "look back on [our] years in uniform with chuckles and with happy memories and will [we] recommend enlistment to the young men of [our] middle and old age." He doesn't think that we will..

Assuming, for purposes of neatly labelling and categorizing, that I am indeed a member of the current generation that is now between the ages of 18 and 28 -- a slot which age-wise I fit, but from which at times I feel light-years removed--the question arises as to whether I can offer an answer to Harry's generation, from mine. I should hope not; I can not even presume to do so. Anyone who is presently going thru the military farcas, or anyone who has been 'in' and separated during the Vietnam Era (as the VA likes to refer to it), is quite capable of speaking for themselves. If you doubt me, ask them.

...as for anyone who has somehow escaped the experience, it matters not what previous 'war' or 'police action' he may have endured, how many War Movies he may've seen, or how many copies of the *Bond* or the *Freeep* he's read -- he can not understand *this* 'thing' that's rending the fabric of nations. Such a person, I suppose, can decry and theorize, can detest and abhor the sham and shuddering tearfully, say that Something Should Be Done...as he sits in front of the tv, reading the newspaper. But until he has seen the corpses by the dozens in plastic bags, the kids with limbs missing, and 18-year-old Americans with Charlie's ears hanging scalp-like from their belts ... until he has seen all this en masse (and not just an example or two in his own home town) -- with the beauty of napalm in action, I cannot presume to speak for him in answer to Harry. But I can, and I do, deny him the right to answer for me.

This, then, is my answer to Harry -- and mine alone.

Before the Experience, there is the factor which brings it about; there *is* one reason for my being involved in the first place. The Draft. I was drafted, but for reasons which at that time seemed logical, I dodged the army, and enlisted in the Air Force. This was my choice; I will not now second-guess it.

Neither will I be suckered into arguing whether or not the draft is a moral and ethical crime against young men. I must however, mention for the record a fact that quite a few people seem to forget with determined regularity: That in order to preserve the Country in which we live, and in order to preserve the right to write and read items such as this, there must be maintained a defensive force of considerable size. This is a fact. It is not necessarily a pleasant one; nevertheless, it exists.

But ... the draft system as it *now exists* is a thoroughly archaic, morally repulsive, and entirely unlogical disruptor (potential or otherwise) of the life of any young American male.

There are two solutions. Both are ridiculously simple:

1) Either *every* young American male and female, immediately upon completion of High School (which completion should be made mandatory, after suitable alterations to the educational system...but that will have to wait for a later sermon) -- shall serve the Government of this Country which protects him for, say, two years, in a manner which is to the best interests of said government concurrent with his/her abilities (thus combining all the 'Youth/Peace Corps'-type groups with the defensive forces), and be awarded the right/privilege to vote in national elections *only* if he completes such service honorably; or:

2) That the defensive forces be made entirely voluntary, with a wage/benefit remuneration high enough to compete favorably with comparative civilian jobs.



The way things are now

--that those who are lucky enough to be able to afford and gain entrance to a college, or find employment with a defense contractor (is there any other kind?), or plead belief in religious theories that otherwise they would never dream of claiming --can postpone indefinitely the draft...while those who can't, or prefer not to, go to school, are permitted to establish themselves in obtaining a livelihood for 2 or 3 years, before finding themselves yanked abruptly, unprepared, into a degrading life remitting 1/5th the wages they had been accustomed to--

--and women, having obtained the right to vote, hold public office, etc, claiming equality -- and escaping any obligation to defend these rights while asking for more--

The way things are Now...

It just ain't *right*, people.

However, since changing the draft system in any effective way, off-paper, seems quite as impossible as changing the equally outmoded Electoral College exercise in null-faith, re: the voting public -- perhaps it would be more to the point, and less an exercise in total flustration, to take a personal look at the way things stand now, or, how it was When I Was In The War, Daddy...

I've said it before; so have others. If military service does have one redeeming feature, it is that -- in many cases -- it greatly accelerates the 'growing-up' process, turning carefree boys into considerably more mature men, willing to accept a little responsibility. (Of course, there is that considerable minority which seem to freeze into prepetual childhood. This is a condition which the service tends to crystalize, but for which it is not entirely to blame--certainly not so much as the Great American Motherwomb and its Cherry Pies. One sometimes tends to envy such boy/men, but only with a touch of pity.)

I was twenty-one when I enlisted; legally a Man, but mentally...perhaps not so. I emerged Three Years/Nine Months/Four Days later, considerably wiser in regards to the illogical behavior patterns of my fellow men, thoroughly disgusted with regimentation in any form (searching for a niche of privacy to think...*anywhere*), disillusioned in regards to America's self-appointed rule overseas, and a bit cynical when it came to such things as Honor and Glory. But I also gained an increasingly avid interest in what made my fellow GI's what they were and are; a determination to better understand my government and the all too human men who run it--and to do my very best to change both from archaic, tradition-mired, uncaring entities into something a little more in keeping with the ever changing times and hopefully something with a burning interest in the (not always purely physical) needs of those they serve. And I learned that I, myself, wasn't quite so smart and infallible as I'd once thought.

I did a lot of thinking, a lot of drinking, and a lot of cursing over things which I *thought* I had no controlling interest, before I realized that life *can* be beautiful -- but only if I make it so. It won't be handed to me on a silver-plated platter ... or by means of a Presidential Executive Order.

The military service, even at its present level, is shockingly close to what many writers have envisioned as being Utopia. It is 'security' personified, and security seems almost as essential a need as sleeping and eating. All can be put off--but not indefinitely. The drive to attain a version of security leads men to work, to struggle in a job that is vaguely unsatisfying but which provides the wherewithal to feed your face, place a bed under your arse, and a roof over your aching head. It apparently is a rare individual who finds soul-satisfaction and adequate remuneration in 'doing his own thing'. [Even more rare is such a man who works directly for someone else...]

The service provides you with room and board, puts clothing on your back, gives



you a cigarette allowance, and sends you packing off to such exotic places as northern Texas and western Missouri. In return, you put up with a certain amount of bullshit (fairly easy to circumvent once you've learned the ropes), keep your nose clean --and say yessir, and show up for work on time occasionally. You don't actually have to *do* anything; in fact, if you do, don't get caught at it.

Oh, it's great! You can blow your entire paycheck on payday evening, and still survive until the next one without too great a strain. Plus, you get all the Benies: Great food, comfortable working conditions, well-tailored clothes -- and Hive-living. It's great if you're a parasite, an undemanding zombie. But if you have the slightest bit of ambition, in any direction, cursed be you. It is eternal Hell! If you want/need to accomplish *anything* on your own, no matter how small, forget it. And if you have the irritating habit of thinking and questioning why things are as they are --well, don't.

To me, the most frightening tales ever written, ones that make Lovecraft the master of children's bedtime stories, are those which espouse favorably that abnormality called Utopia. These are the things that give *me* nightmares!

If you want Utopia, Now!--then enlist in the branch of your choice. And may you be forever happy (at least twenty years worth) in your vegetable existence. The total escape from reality is such a beautiful thing!

I, unfortunately for my peace of mind and existence, have this strange feeling that something better than the present status quo *is* possible -- even desirable. I'm not at all certain in which direction this better world lies, or how I can help to bring it into the realm of possibility--and eventually, reality. Two things: I only know that *I* have to *try*; and that violence to end violence only breeds violence to the nth power. And so I stumble clumsily through life, stepping on toes and saying foolish and inane words. But at least I haven't taken root; I'm moving, and I have to believe that it is in the right direction. Otherwise there would be no reason for existence, no possibility of ever calling myself a *Man*.

The goal itself is nice; but in the end, it is the striving towards, rather than the attainment, which determines whether or not it is worthwhile.

The military nullifies progress in any direction. It is an institution frozen in a timeless sea of 'if it was good enough for our fathers, then it is good enough for us'. Only the uniforms change; the game is forever the same.

I had some delightful times during those years--I did things I never before had had the courage to do, I saw places that otherwise I never would have experienced, and in the end came to the rather deflating realization that we *are* damn lucky to be living in the greatest country that the world has ever known...but one that could be infinitely greater if it didn't insist on treating its people as so many eight-digit numbers.

No, Harry...I can't give you a straight answer. For me, it was at once both the greatest and worst period of my life. I cannot in all honesty recommend it to anyone else, although I feel strongly that quite a few young tads need *something* to make them realize that the world is not one campus after another. I do disapprove of the military's avowed purpose; I heartily approve of the results that it (inadvertantly) achieves in so many instances.

Not necessarily in mine...

But it is [was] an Experience.

...and if nothing else ever comes out of the whole ball of wax ... it will, at the very least provide me with an inexhaustable source of material for fanzine articles, such as this.

[6 SEPTEMBER 69]



Joan Bowers



SMIRK : I

...or: LEFT-HANDED FANDOM, WHERE ARE YOU?

I have only one thing to say to those of you who wrote letters asking "when is Joan going to do SOMETHING" for *Outworlds*. Who do you think collates this thing? Mickey Mouse? I type mailing labels, stuff envelopes, lick stamps, lick envelopes, and put all the copies in zip code order. Then I very, very meekly take them all to the Post Office.

This is what I do all by my lonesome. I also work six days a week, help Bill run the mag off, proff read stencils, and try to keep a seven room, 90-year-old dusty house in reasonable order. Plus a few other things like laundry, ironing, gardening, and sleeping.

What more do you want? An article? Artwork? My near-sighted (or retarded) cat has more artistic ability than me. Fiction? I've never tried, and wouldn't know where to begin.

I don't think anyone was fooled for a moment that *Outworlds* is anything other than Bill's. My name is also on it because I do the menial work and finance it. And so I damn well better get some credit for its existence. The layout, the selection of material and artwork is entirely Bill's. He choses the paper, ink and color schemes. In the future, though, I will have a BIG say in the color department. Bill might be color blind, but I'm not!



*We know not what strange port shall be our last,  
Nor care. Today we feast, tomorrow fast.  
The treasure found is less to us than treasure sought,  
And we most dearly treasure trifles dearly bought,  
While all those tender things, love, friendship, home  
That haunt the dreams of us who drift and roam  
We trade for worthless star-dust which we vainly seek  
In nameless valleys lost behind some mist-enshrouded peak.*

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*Drifters*

---

*from VAGABOND'S HOUSE, by DON BLANDING; 1937.*



