

Outworlds IV



P.O. Box 87
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This is the latest thrilling episode in the Saga of the Outworlds, which comes to you in six segments, this year. It asks the Question: Can a struggling young fane from a small Midwestern town find happiness and fame by publishing a small and modest fanzine? Tune in next time, as we take you once more down the red-brick road....

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ARTWORLDS

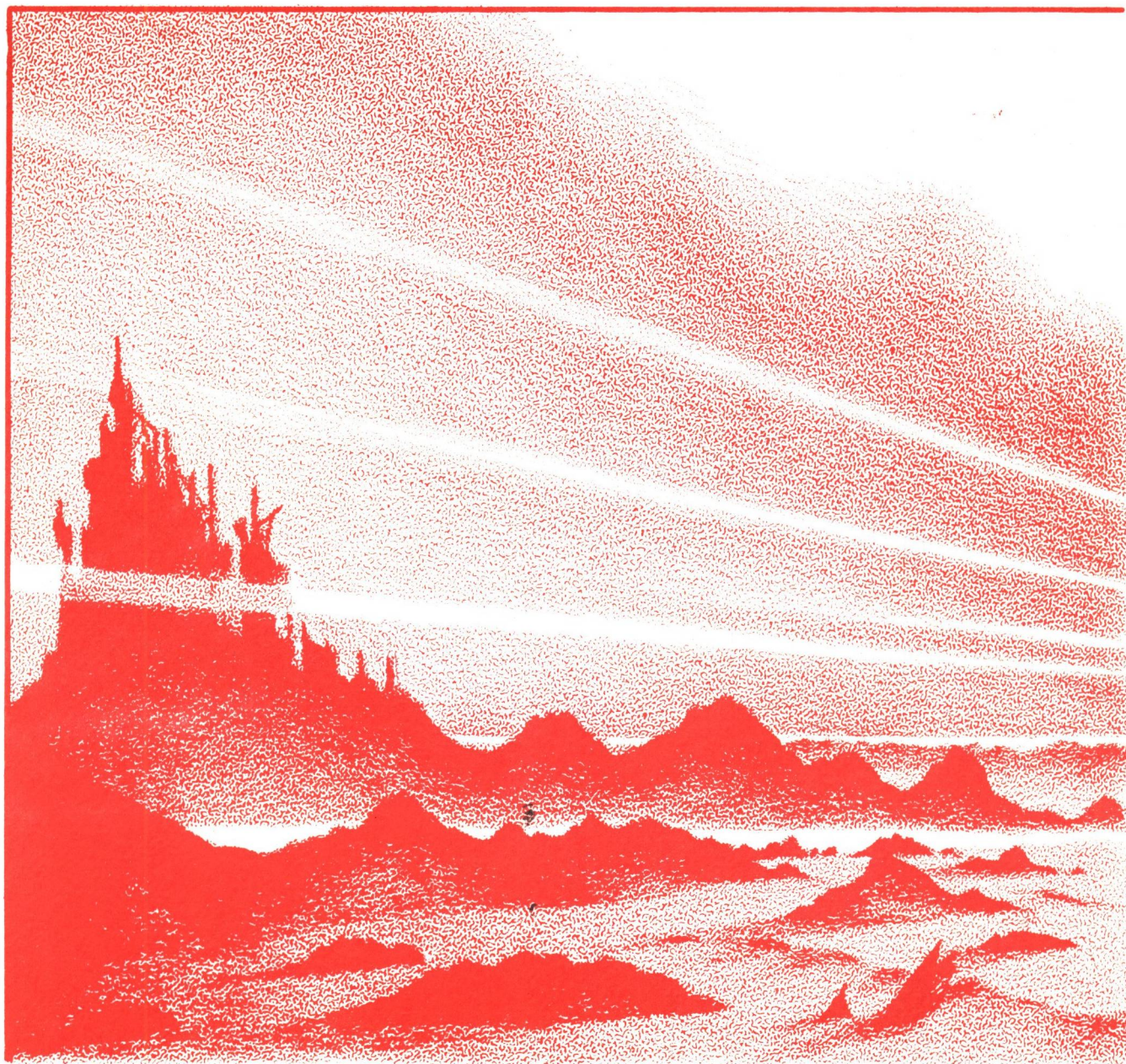
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BILL & JOAN BOWERS'

OUTWORLDS IV





TIME: *A Man-made and entirely relative function...*

THIS TIME:

It was the death throes of a day not obviously unlike the million and one preceeding days on this rough ruby sphere

--as the Forever Wind swept lazily around and through the girder-shot ruins...birthing the keen-ing song of a race that only it now remembered

--and the pale reddish sand that everywhere lay windscaped in concave eddies--around and about the aeons-worn once-buildings--was in spots baby-skin pink

as the long slanting rays of the sinking sun momentarily transmuted it into a softer and somehow less abrasive substance ... quite unlike the master rasp that it was ... slowly and patiently grinding down a planet, to the quick...

Thus Time as it was ... as Barton sat on the pitted backside of a toppled statue; and thus it was as he stared deep into the foot-splewed sand--seemingly once again reassuring himself that it did not, indeed, have a grainular life of its own;

...that being a Theory on which he had talked at length, more than once.



WATERFALL
art by STEPHEN E. FABIAN

words by WILLIAM L. BOWERS

FOR A BLUE MAN



James Christopher Barton:

He was an ultra-thin shadow, and had once been slightly taller -- but that was before a lifetime of following the downward horizon of the minerologist had narrowed his shoulders and added to the curvature of his spine. He sometimes laughed ironically, and said that it was a compensating gift of nature in order to more easily follow the evasive trail to the Motherlode.

In strict terms of physical attributes, he was in no way an inspiring figure of a man; nor was Barton given to prolonged spells of joy. The few remaining strands of bleached-straw hair waved limply in the breeze, and his scar-knuckled hands opened and clenched uncontrollably.

...and sunk socket-deep in that wrinkled and weathered nest, his grey eyes vented a blazing inner furnace.

Gonzalez was behind Barton, by a few feet. He was leaning wearily against the jutting pedistal

from which the statue had descended in a face-down arc...an age or two past. Had the statue (at that time) finished its descent and reached the foot-polished marble of the plaza it centered, it would have merely added a few more pale-red lumps to the litter of a time-murdered City

...but as the lifeblood drained from the host planet, so did...in logical progression...did the retaining walls surrounding the City crumble

...and the never-dying sand--wifted in on the rasping breath of the Forever Wind--graciously had provided a fifteen-foot cushion -- to nest the now horizontal image...

Gonzalez wiped a sweat-stained hand across his swarthy brow, leaving an almost obscenely pink streak just below the grey-shot hairline. His was the position of Senior Archaeologist of MarsTramp -- crewese for the 'Second Western Terranic States Expedition' to that...or this...irrational body in the sky -- and middle age did not rest easy on his stocky frame. The eighteen month trip Out had al-

most done the Obit-bit: Stuffed and neatly packaged into a pressurized, always stinking can... speeding at an immeasurable rate ... yet simultaneously drifting unpowered, through the vacuum sea.

And now that it was over--he preferred not to dwell too long on the inbound return -- with the same all-too-familiar faces. Forty-nine faces: So lastingly were they etched on his retinas, that he was never entirely sure that he wasn't being forever confronted with some infernal class reunion photograph...rank on rank, arranged alphabetically by last name.

Raul Amendo Gonzalez:

...he was not noticeably in love with the human race at its present 'stage' of development; he felt much more comfortable with crumbling bones and half-destroyed artifacts--than with breathing sweating *homo sapiens*...and seamed space cans ... unredeemed by age or significance--still...he had been granted a chance for which his few trusted colleagues would have literally, unblinkingly, stabbed him in the small of the back: The opportunity to study, if only for a single year (Earthstyle), an alien civilization that had died long before Ramses dreamed of worshipping the very sun which was also mother to this smaller, more distant child. It had been a chance for which he had fought bitterly and not always quite in the Gentleman's Way--and having gained it, he would be damned by whatever god it was who had failed the Martians if he would permit something as mundane as forty-nine other faceless faces to stand in his way...now.

...and the infinite Gods of Man parade in the formation past the reviewing stand. But none will admit to the Rape of Mars...

Two men, these--they were momentarily frozen at the crest of the Sea of Many Reds. So they wait there, each in his own way, for the arrival of a slow crawling powermule ... and then to hoist the statue back to its rightful mount. Earlier, Gonzalez had been in ecstasy at the possibility of a relatively unscarred example of ancient Martian sculpture. ...that had been before hours of futile clawing at the liquid sand with their collapso-shovels. Now the snaking length of the broken rope

and the sweet-sour smell emerging from the thermal garments testified vividly to the futility of only two men attempting to right the oxide figure.

...thus the Homing Beacon is ignited, and so the Call goes radiating outwards. But the answer is not yet come. ...for as sound waves slower than light speeds, so in the ratio does the power beast crawl...slower still.

The Waiting commenced.

A minute---or was it sixty?---after the Call, Barton lifted his birdhead and vented his stare on the fore-shortened horizon, arcing just beyond the City. Along that line, and tangent to it, the sand and rubble were as a cardboard cutout, pasted with rubber cement against the navy blue backdrop. The transition was abrupt -- airbrushing had not been applied to disguise the ragged edges.

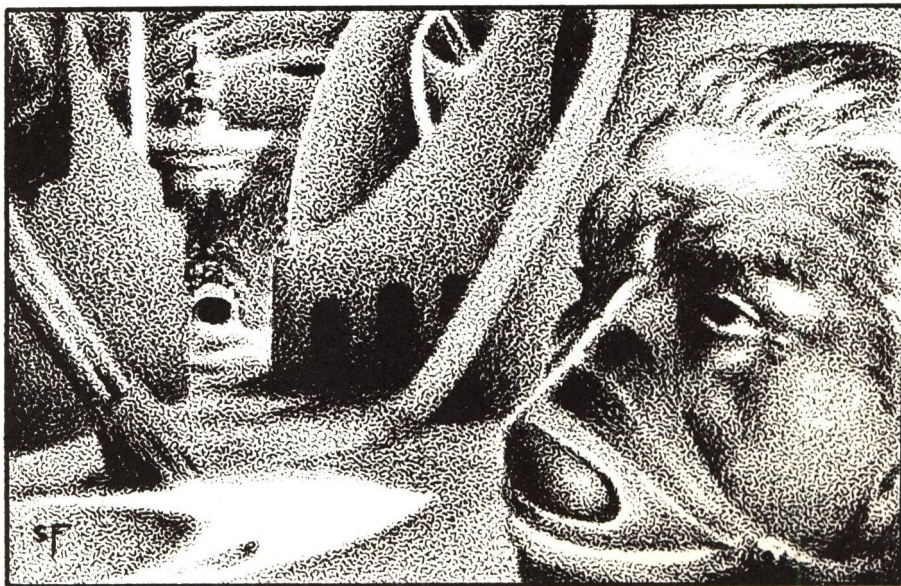
...and deep in a fold of the tapestry above hung Mama Sol: Slightly tarnished and a thoroughly unimpressive brass button, suspended by an invisible black thread.

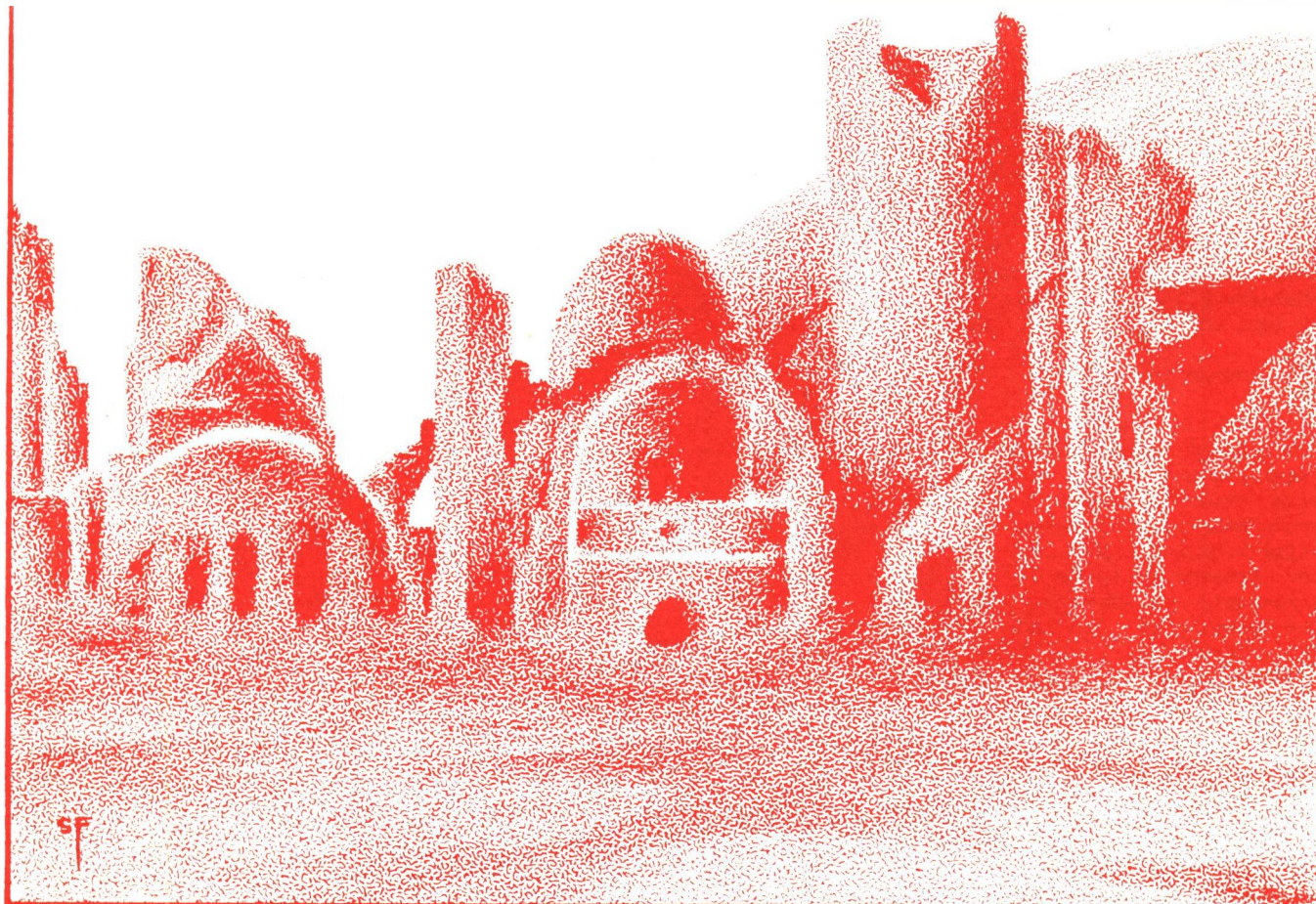
"...so small," the minerologist muttered, and the molded orange nose/mouth oxymask filtered any trace of emotion from his voice. "Funny, you know. ...all this time...and I've never noticed how very small she is!"

"Who's that?"

Gonzalez never moved quickly, and the effect was almost that of a pantomime as he laboriously rotated to see if perhaps one of MarsTramp's five combo-mistress/cooks--sometimes referred to as the Hormones, but not to their faces--had arrived with the powermule and a piping hot snack. But there was nothing in sight that had not been there before...other than a small mushrooming cloudpuff... far out across the desert sea. Perhaps it was the powermule, in transit...but far more likely only a mocking, smirking sand-devil, idly chasing its own tail.

The required gesture of interest having been proffered, Gonzalez settled back against the mount and once more lost himself in the security of his own thoughts. With 360° of a world radiating out from Base Camp, and with only fifty of Them ... he normally travelled alone, and preferred it that way. However, the minerologist had agreed to join him...in having a look/see at this isolated, but a fraction better-than-usually preserved cityruin;





the reason given was that his needle-laden counter had registered a marginal increase in the background radiation in this general vicinity. Such an occurrence was rarity enough on this heavy-metal barren planet to induce Barton, who felt that he was sinking fast and irreversibly into a haze of iron-oxide quicksand--to act as Gonzalez' aide for the day. Almost...it now seemed...naturally, that radiation source had turned out to be but merely a jettisoned boost-pack from the first MarsTramp; but by then it was far too late for the disillusioned rockbuster. He was committed, like it or no, to stick it out until the bonedigger called it quits.

As for the archaeologist: Almost he had this once welcomed the additional pair of hands, even if they were embarrassingly somewhat quicker than his own. But he had quit paying serious attention to Barton's words a few weeks after the *Outworlds* had departed Luna Base. Although he was somewhat hesitant to admit it even to himself, he was a bit afraid of the other man; there was something queer about Barton ... a deep-rooted quirk that the outside observer could only sense -- and then, never really guess.

Still...

...still: When fifty entities were destined to--again: Like it or not--spend nearly four years in the closest possible proximity, one preforce learned to ignore the other fella's strange and unexplainable twists. ...and to take it for granted that he would do likewise in regards to your eccentricities.

"The sun...Sol: She is so very small!" Gonzalez stirred, and painfully groped for

the meaning of Barton's utterance. "She...uuh, it only *looks* small. It's quite a long way. ...from there to here," he finished lamely.

Even one so queer as this should know so elementary a fact. But then, so many of the members of this expedition, the literal cream of Earth's scientific pool, were so isolated within their own specialities that they were unsure as to exactly how they came to be transported to this alien ball of sand. ...apart and removed from the Forms triplicated 3x in triplicate. So perhaps Barton could be forgiven his fantasy.

"No, No! ...that's not it. She *is* small!"

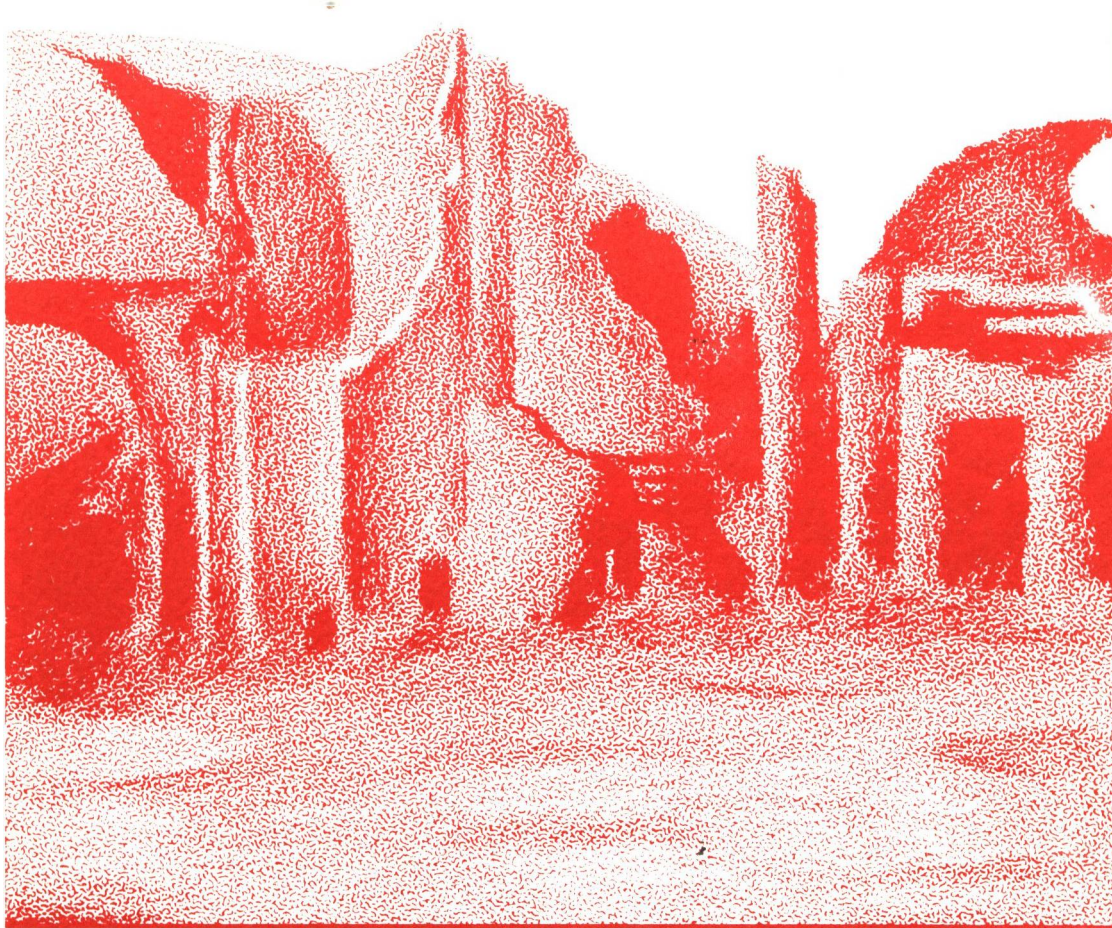
Barton molded the plasti-jell of his mask in a manner so that his words came through louder and more distinctly. Now, even a touch of emotion shot across the thin, oxygen-starved gap between them.

"You know, Bonepicker, I've finally started to wonder just *why* in the hell I came out to this miserable excuse for a sandpile with the rest of you. You...you fools have your jobs, your hopes, your preoccupations; you all have all of these to quell your qualms and to pass the creeping time. But me: A 'Minerologist', no less--of what use am I? The first 'Tramp confirmed the autoprobes: This hellhole has about as much uncontaminated mineral deposits as does the excrement from my body.

"I knew this, and They knew this; but I fed them a line. They swallowed it...and here I be.

"...and Why?, I ask you?

"Might it have been...was it only to see how small the very sun is? Back home--strange how that term means nothing, and yet signifies every standard we judge by--back home...I never even noticed her. I...and just vaguely at that...realized that the pallid light which managed to filter through the dirt and the smoke *must* have had some initial



point of origin. But as long as it kept coming, I never backtracked it. There was no incentive, no reason to do so."

Gonzalez sincerely hoped that his boredom did not reflect too blatantly through his carefully attempted expression of interest. The thin man was entitled to his views, but he was subject to these monologic dialogs a bit too regularly. True, this one promised to be different from the norm. But in content only; not in delivery.

"You know, if the human species has one tangible hangup to bind itself together, it is manifested in self-imposed blindness," Barton said. He slowly turned, tracking the sinking sun, by now completely oblivious to the archaeologist's presence. Once started, it was said, he required only minimal audience participation to carry on.

"...those people back there on Earth ... why, they are nothing more than eyeless and earless puppets. But puppets whose strings are manipulated by none other than themselves. Contrary to popular belief, there is no huge malevolent spirit in the sky delighting in raining down evil and pestilence on those soulless zombies.

"No, they are alone to blame that they see only that which the mob spirit wishes them to see; that they hear only that which is continually and incessantly drummed into them. No small, still voices of reason do these automations hear...

"There is nothing more important in their so dull lives that preempts grasping feverishly for that next tattered Gold Note..."

Gonzalez wondered briefly if he was required to voice an agreement. He decided not, and turned off his ears. He began dreaming of delectable Rosa --whom he had left back in Baja California.

"...things like, for instance, the smallness

of the sun. Sol gives light and life to Venus, to the Earth, to Mars--it is the *raison d'être* of the whole blasted Solar System, and yet literally nobody gives any thought to just how small she really is. Compared with Orion's Betelgeuze, she's only a small pebble! People just never realize how small the most important things are, after all..."

I wonder if Rosa is watching over the little one...but of course she is. It would be foolish to think otherwise!

"That's why the self-styled critics, those examiners who so lower themselves as to bestow grades of merit on the products of the Creators, have always provided me with an unending source of amusement. For instance: They may on occasion heap flowery marks of praise on a certain poem...but do they ever pause in midstream, so to speak, to realize how small an entity a poem really is? Only a few short words; a couple of unformed sentences.

"Do they ever feel the need, the burning gut-ache to think, to seek the reason why this word is *right*, but its synonym would be just as *wrong*? No, not they!"

Twin Sols glistened moistly as they reflected off his distended pupils; the mini-sized generator labored whiningly to force air into his heaving chest. "True greatness is never available in mere size or quantity--it is the meaning, the total result.

"...and they have only the few short words of a poem to understand..."

...and doddering old Papa Jose; how is he doing these days? It must be the lazy, siesta-rich days of late summer back in San Vicente...

"But they *don't* understand, and I guess it's not really their fault. After all, what does one little poem matter? It illuminates for only one

brief moment, and in most cases reflects a bit too nakedly the longing, the pain, or the vanity of the creator. There are uncountable poems--one may breed another--so just one not understood doesn't matter all that much...

"Just like that sun of ours doesn't matter, much. If you were to turn Sol's light switch off, or to pull its fuse, nobody on Vega IV would ever notice. There are just too damn many little yellow stars in the Milky Pot for the disappearance of a single one to matter, one way or another." Barton looked down into the murky sand once again; perhaps there was just a hint of laughter in the face wrinkles? "Nobody would notice...hardly on Earth, either. But I guess some fool might, if he happened once not to be in a hurry. He might sheerly by accident look up past the banks of neon lights and briefly wonder:

"WHERE DID THE SUN GO?

"But then he would probably assume that dusk had fallen early, that he was late for an appointment, and scurry on his way to make up for all the wasted time.

"There's always hurry on Earth; everyone is perpetually in totally directionless motion. Sometimes I wonder why God is called Jehovah or Allah or whatever. He should be christened 'Haste'. His most prized creations, after all, haven't the time to do anything but waste that very same Time.

"...and so it was, on the Seventh Day, that Haste made Waste..."

The racking sound of his own laughter brought Barton up short. Why did he persist like that? Why did he bother talking at all? Gonzalez wouldn't listen or remember. None of them ever did; not a single one.

He turned and saw that, true, the other was unaware that he'd been caught napping. Impulsively, Barton asked:

"Have you ever been *young*, Raul?"

Caught offguard, and with his mind still on Earth, Gonzalez searched for the hidden undertone of malice he was certain was there.

"Just what do you mean by that crack? We've *all* been young...once."

Barton sighed; it was no use. "I haven't." The fella was indisputably mad.

"Thirty-five years ago I was unwrinkled and physically small...but even then I wasn't actually young. There was no time for such luxuries. Every single day of every fleeting month I had to grow older by twenty-four hours. I didn't have time to be young and still maintain that pace."

"You're crazy!"

"But here...*here* I have the time. Here there is only the sand and the ruins and Time without beginning or end; and more sand and forty-nine *old* people. Here at last I could grasp and retain my youth...but of course now it's *late*. That much I do know."

Now it starts again, Gonzalez thought. Now again the same old spiel about how there's no haste on Mars, and let us all be children, or at least teenagers, once more. He's been going on like that for better than two weeks now, and yet the psychiatrist prescribes no tangible means of therapy.

In fact the damn machine had half agreed with Barton. Have to remind Zarkov to take another look at that over-stuffed couch of flickering lights, Gonzalez mused.

"Back on Earth ... I used to dream of what it would be like to be young. Who knows...perhaps it is because of that dream that I'm here now. Here it is so peaceful. Here there are only fifty of us --and Her!"

"Her?"

"You ought to know, well enough!" Barton was irritated -- almost mortally insulted. "The Blue Girl...of course."

"You ... YOU crazy idiot! You know as well as any one of us that there is no life on Mars anymore. The only living thing on this entire hell-ball is that lichen patch up at the northern pole. It's driving the biologists mad; they've complained enough so that surely even *you* had to hear."

"But, my dear fella...your head is too deeply buried in your beloved ruins. There *is* animal life on Mars. Fifty Man Animals ... and *Her*!"

"...and your feeble brain is ostrich-deep in the sand. A *blue* girl! Why not an orange girl... pray tell?" Sarcasm dripped from his lips, like a leaky water faucet.

"Because Her skin is blue...obviously."

Gonzalez said nothing. Perhaps it was his job to take Barton back to the crazy machine, but he didn't relish the prospect. Live and let live--it was the law; but apparently this one wasn't going to be content to let the rest live in peace. He searched back, trying to remember if the minero-logist had acted like this in the months of pre-flight training, back on Earth. In retrospect, it didn't seem that he had been any more eccentric, than the rest of a mismatched group of planetary specialists. Barton wasn't even the sole middle-aged bachelor.

But it might've happened later. From the very earliest circum-Lunar flight, spacetravel had produced some strange and ludicrous effects in some of the apparently most sound of men. Such things didn't always show up immediately. But he'd be damned if he could remember reading about any case histories concerning imagined, miscolored girls, surviving in an impossible environment!

Didn't you see Her, yesterday?

This Blue Girl of yours?

Yes.

SHOULD I have seen her?

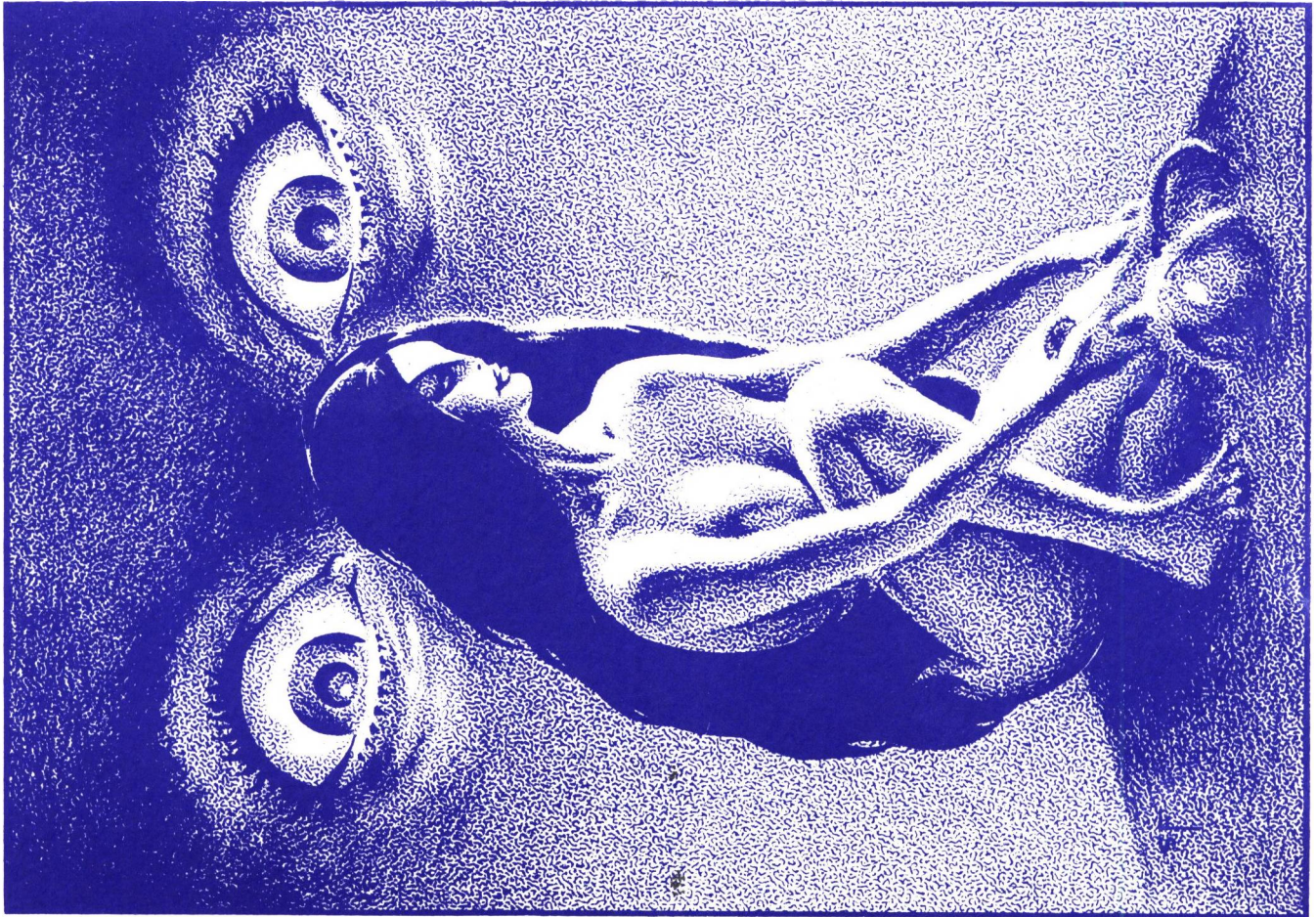
You must've. She was roaming around the camp last night, and She wasn't too happy about something. She was crying.

...do Blue Girls cry, then?

No. Never. But last night She did. She must have been very, very sad.

Barton experienced a feeling of warmth, deep inside when he thought of the Blue Girl. "When I was but a boy, I was always alone," he began anew. "...both of my parents worked feverishly to keep a foothold on the treadmill of existence, and I was either left alone, locked in at home--or deposited with a deaf and bitchy Great Aunt. ...sometimes my Aunt would tire of me...she had never had any kids of her own...and would take me to a small and too-crowded playground, where I was allowed to play in the not-red sand. ...but I never gained any playmates. After all, the other children were much too busy playing ... to attempt to get acquainted with an infrequent and unwelcome interloper.

"So I finally started to imagine that I *did* have friends... My imagination succeeded where my words and gestures had not; it created and gave to me the Moon Mouse, the Night Hound, and the Golden Cat. And with them I played and with them I passed the years called 'youth'. But as time passed, even these wonderful creatures didn't completely fill the empty ache... So, in my early teens, I imagined the Blue Girl. ...but I never met Her, and I never played with Her, although I tried so hard to imagine Her into my room!



"She didn't like the Big City--its noise and its haste. She was a very gentle creature, and the violence of the concrete jungle and the asphalt desert, where the very weeds were stunted and few, scared her stiff.

"However, She always followed me in my mind, and in my dreams, no matter where I went. ...and even when I came out here, to Mars, She was right behind. Now She's wandering out there on the sand-sea, familiarizing Herself with our new home...and soon She'll come to me and we'll play and I'll be young at last..."

As Barton's voice trailed off, the fantasy of another man was getting to be a bit too much for Gonzalez. Searching around, almost desperately now ... he at last found the excuse that he had been looking for:

"Hey ... Jim! I'm going to get some shots of the inside of that palace..." pointing "...over there, while we're waiting. Give a yell when the powermule gets here."

"Go ahead... I'll wait for Her, here."

"That girl of yours?"

"Yes. She's coming here...to me."

Gonzalez shook his head. Barton's strangeness seemed to be progressing rapidly into outright insanity. He wondered if it would be any use after all to deliver this one to the psychoputer. Somehow, he doubted it.

He trudged wearily through the clinging sand, and had to drop to his knees and crawl through the minute opening left unburied at the top of the arc that had once been an entranceway. The corridor was infinity long and the pale blue rooms off it were cell-like and barren in the coldness of his

handlight. Eventually the inward drifted sand had tapered off, until only slow-settling puffs marked his bootprints.

...after an aeon or two, he at length came to a great hall which, pinkdusty and totally silent, awed him with its majestic solemnity. A fan-shaped wedge of mottled crimson light projected from the time-pitted skylight -- it focused on a dais that had been carved from a single ruby. On the dais, reigned a perfectly preserved mummy -- the almost, but not quite, elongated shadow of an earthian human.

...in the mummy's hand rested the sceptre; it was still pulsating just this side of the ultra-violet with a light that could be extinguished by no man-made damper.

...from the luminous shadows at the dust carpeted foot of the dais, stretching from infinity up to within a bare foot of the shock-still Gonzalez...was the surely finite length of a banquet table. It was sec as if for the Feast of the Ages; and indeed it was those ages that it now was feeding.

The walls, which should logically have been veiled by clinging curtains of darkness, had life of their own: So much so...that *they*, and not the centerpiece, dominated the Martian Hall. For the very walls themselves, became a phosphorescent rainbow of panoramic murals, graphically depicting the Death of A World. It was a world now as imaginary as Barton's blasted Blue Girl...

Gonzalez had been convinced that he had left his religious facade far behind him -- on another world. But he instinctively sunk to his knees, and crossed himself.

He could not have done otherwise:





Barton was deep in thoughts of the Blue Girl. ...he had always wanted to see and to meet in the flesh, that wonderful creature of his imagination. Soon, now, it would come to pass.

I created Her, and now She exists. Gonzalez exists, also; and so do Zarkov, Jones, Holmes, Fabian ... and all the other members of the Second Western Terranic States Expedition. Is it possible --did I create them, also? ...might I not have, in between all this, created Mars, Earth: The whole bloody, pebble-strewn Universe?

No...I didn't. I couldn't have. Because I am no God.

But: Does a God other than He called Haste exist?

Does anything truly exist?

How can I know--for certain--that Gonzalez in fact really exists? Maybe I just think that he is. I do not see him now; he said that he was going in the building -- but how do I know for certain that he didn't simply dissolve on the other side of the nowhere door? Therefore ... maybe ... he is only another dream. ...perhaps Mars and Earth are only parts of that same dream, and they too will end someday when I happen to glance away.

It must be so...it IS so, he decided. Nothing exists except me and the Blue Girl: We who have never been young. NOW we'll meet on this imaginary desert under an imaginary sky lit by the light of imaginary stars while the imaginary wind will sigh among nonexistent ruins--and this night will be as Eternal because it is the only True Night. ...and in this Time there will be no Dawn, nevermore.

Soon...very soon, now, I will wake from this dream that passes as reality, and it will exist no longer, simply because I have left it. But then will come a new and a fresh dream, and it too will pass as reality, and only the Blue Girl who stays with me always will be familiar. Together, the two of us...we will make a song for newness and youth: ...no, we'll create an ode for childhood, for that is better far than youth...because as a child, one does not yet realize that he is suffering so...
Childhood...

Barton liked the word. He felt it, twisted it around -- and saw it shining neon-like across the darkening sky of Mars, blotting out the hurtling moonlets of Deimos and eccentric Phobos, and erasing the falling sun. Then the sky vanished and the gritty seas of red dissolved beneath him, and he was alone in the void, until a brave new world in shape and substance formed around him, until he found himself squatting in the grimy sand of a public playground in Manhattan while the long remembered thunder of passing cars and buses stormed above his unheeding head. He was playing with a small yellow-plastic pail and a tarnished table-spoon and Mother was at work and Dad was at work but they would come for him at suppertime and he was content. Yet somewhere, far beyond the rolling ocean of greenblue, there still wandered the Blue Girl -- for She did not dare come to him, in this concrete jungle...

WHEN GONZALEZ FINALLY OVERCAME THE INITIAL SHOCK OF THE GREAT HALL ENOUGH TO MOVE, HE UNSLUNG HIS CAMERA, DETACHED THE COLLAPSIBLE TRIPOD FROM HIS BACKPAC, AND FOCUSED IN ON THE MUMMY. HIS FINGER HOVERED ABOVE THE SHUTTER BUTTON, BUT BEFORE HE COULD TRIP IT...SOMETHING DEEP WITHIN HIM SAID: *if you do this thing...sooner or later...others will also come to this place. Once they have seen the reality, will they be content with taking away but two-dimensional images? ...leave us Please: This one final tribute to ourselves. Leave it remain as*

you have found it ... for once in the history of your race... Please?

IN THIS TIME AND IN THIS PLACE ... IT DID NOT SEEM AT ALL UNUSUAL THAT VOICES THAT ALL LOGIC SAID WERE WHERE VOICES SHOULD NOT BE, WERE HEARD, WERE UNDERSTOOD. ...NOR THAT THEY SHOULD BE OBEYED. HE SIGHED, STRANGELY CONTENT AND YET STILL REALIZING THAT HE WOULD BE FOREVER VAGUELY UNSATISFIED BY THE SIGHT HE ALONE HAD WITNESSED AND WENT QUICKLY OUT INTO AN ALIEN WORLD TO CONFRONT AN ALIEN MAN IN DRY SEAS UNDER A FALLING SUN.

To begin with, Barton was no longer seated on the statue.

Momentarily worried that he had been deserted --Gonzalez spent five minutes looking around...before he found the thin man squatting in the lee of a sand dune, playing an incomprehensible game with a score of pebbles.

"And just what the hell are you doing, now?"

"I'm playing. Mother told me to play and to be happy that I don't have to go out and work for a living...yet."

Gonzalez shrugged and turned away. The effort of attempting to communicate would prove wearying, and not at all rewarding. That was plain to see. Besides...Barton certainly did not seem to require any outside assistance, for the projection of his fantasy world.

TIME HAD RUN ITS COURSE/THE CALL WAS ANSWERED ...a swiftly moving cloudlet briefly obscured the twilighting sun, and an awareness of the muted clanking that announced the arrival of the power-mule was brought to Gonzalez' attention. ...and as the half-track shuddered to a halt, he reflected on the irony that permitted these virtual antiques from the first 'Tramp to function, while their own (and much toted) hovercraft lay discarded ... half buried in scattered heaps around the three-ship base camp. These may have been tremendous on the bogs and byways of Mother Earth and Venus, but the combination here of ram-jet compressors and Mars' never-moistened sand, had shredded their fans and clogged their valves.

Zarkov swung down from the reddishgrey pressurized cabin--at least the iris air locks had been salvagable from the hovercraft--and plowed through the sand. The mechanic was a massive, tow-headed giant, whose miracle talent of making unworkable machines work better than new, had provided the only possible excuse for his inclusion on a weight conscious expedition.

The two men greeted each other.

...then Zarkov noticed Barton, who was still deeply engrossed in his pebble game. "...what the hell! What's the matter with *him*?"

"He's flipped completely out, this time. He thinks he's a kid again."

"Uuhuh...I wondered when it would happen. Is he still talking about that damn girl of his...?"

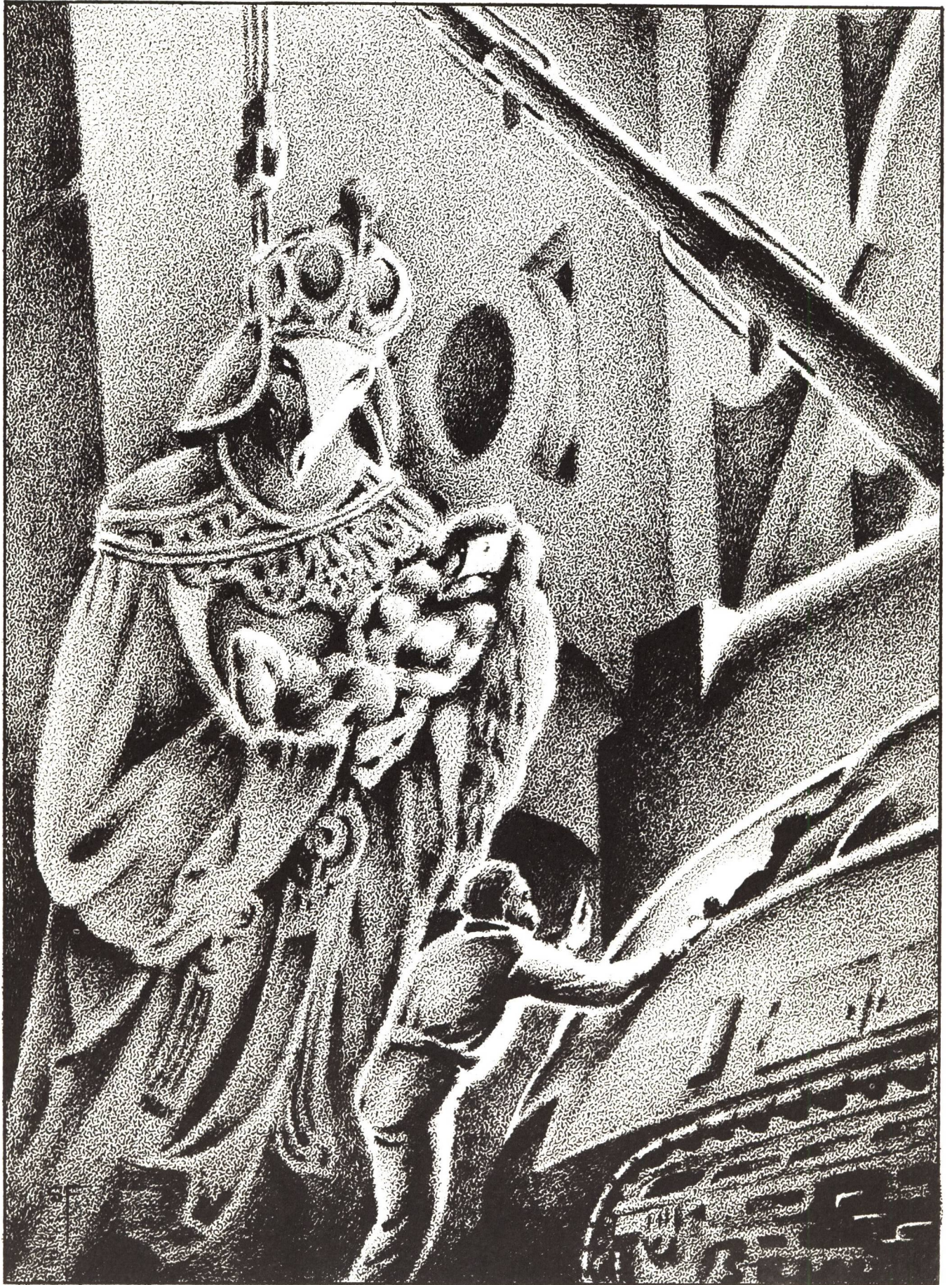
"Oh, so you've heard about 'her', too?"

"Who hasn't?" Zarkov slowly chewed at his lip beneath the oxymask. "We've got to get him to the psycho-wizard ... before he starts hurting someone who doesn't believ in blue-skinned broads."

"You're right," Gonzalez muttered, "but first let's get this statue back up where it belongs. I can't get any decent shots of it tonight...but..."

They swung out the boom from the top of the cab, and with Zarkov juggling the winch controls and Gonzalez shouting contradictory instructions, finally balanced the statue on its mount. Gonzalez stepped back to look at it for the first time...

...and almost fainted.



In marked contrast to the pittedness of the exposed backside, the face of the statue was marble-smoothness, protected from the erosion of the centuries by its soft, form-fitted cushion. Even in the dim light of the halfsun, iridescent colors floated across the surface of the Martian hero, statesman, or whatever. And tucked into its left arm was a smaller (by far) figurine.

It looked for all the world like a perfectly formed, minature ultramarine girl.

...and, as Gonzalez stared at her with horror --the neck arched, and the absurdly small head regarded him with interest. Then one micro-dot eye slowly winked.

"...let's get the hell out of this place," he whispered in a strangled voice.

Zarkov, totally disinterested in anything not mechanical, had been busily engaged in stowing the boom. He hadn't seen a damned thing. "What about Barton?" he asked, mildly.

Gonzalez shook his head, blinked. The 'girl' was back in its original position, as stonelike as the rest of the statue. A second glance showed it to be definitely feminine, but by no means a likeness of an human female. The glint on the eyes, he mused, had probably been caused by reflected beams from the powermule's yellow eyes; the movement, by his own turning. Probably, but...

Gonzalez crossed himself, again -- but for a far different reason than the worshipful gesture offered in the palace.

With an effort his voice was adequately firm. "You're right...I guess we'd better get him back." For once Gonzalez was thankful for the emotion-straining qualities of the oxymask; he had no desire to submit himself to the mercies of the metal brain-picker.

Together, they went over to Barton; Gonzalez knelt down beside him.

"Hey, Sonny ... come on now. Dad is here to take you home."

Barton turned his head, the child-like eyes strangely bright in the ageing face. "You're not Dad. He looks nicer than you and your funny mask, you damned wetback."

The mask was not all-protecting; some of the anger leaked through this time.

"Oh, come on! We're going back to base. All of us. Now!"

"No...not with you, I won't. Mom will be home soon."

Rising, the man who had aged much this day, grasped the one who had reversed the process by the arm. "Say what you will, but now you're coming with us."

"Let go of me!" cried a bewildered Barton.

Wildly, he swung his free arm.

Gonzalez fell hard, his mask askew, and gasped respingly as he attempted to right it. Zarkov attempted to calm Barton, but received a glancing blow in the solar plexus for his trouble, as the ungainly boy/man bounded off into the ruins.

"...the hell with him!" cursed Gonzalez as he raised the mask to spit blood from his split upper lip.

The big man -- straightening up with visible effort, agreed. "He's got his mask and thermalpac; he'll survive. We'll get a crew together and come back on the morning. Maybe he'll be calmed down by then..."

"Okay by me."

"...but I doubt it," Zarkov finished.

Without a backward glance, two men and their thoughts climbed through the telescoping iris. The grumbling engine was nursed to life and Zarkov pulled gear levers.

The clumbersome vehicle ground away.

And it was the death throes of a day not unlike the million and one preceeding days on this rough ruby sphere

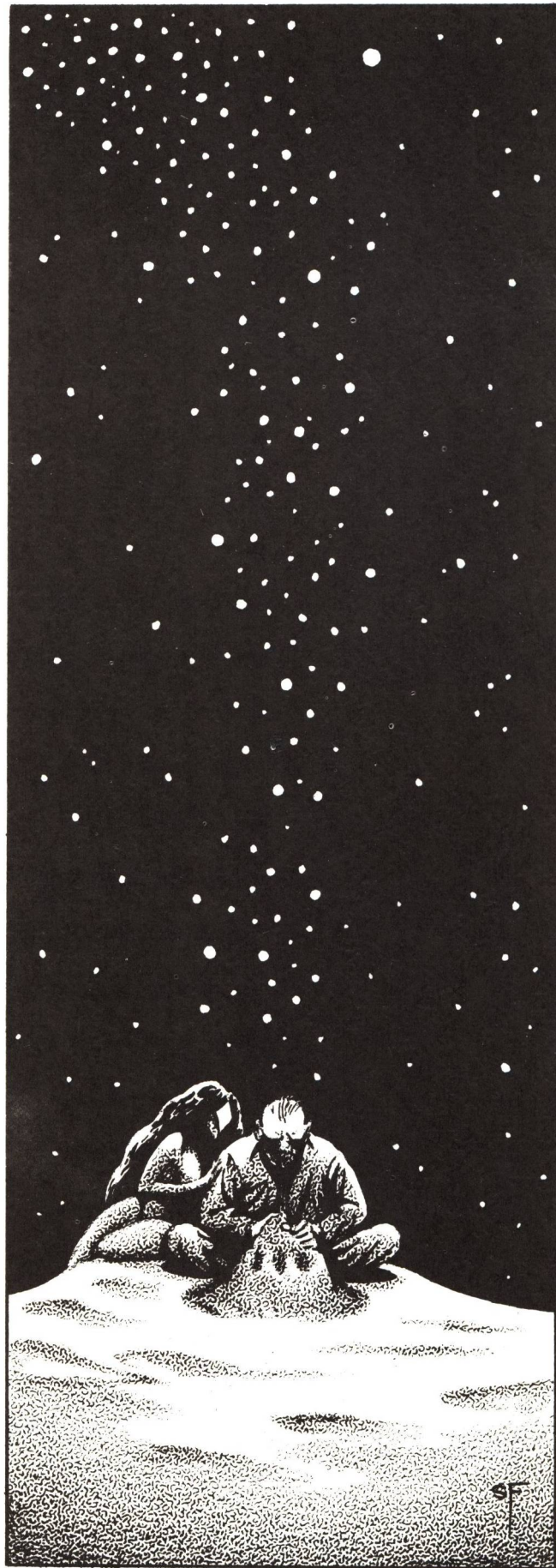
...now it is the night, and the ceaseless wind has blown away, to return nevermore. Now the Blue Girl comes to the ruins, and now Barton plays with her at last -- as the sand beneath them dissolves into its pre-molecule state, and the stars above fall in the beginning of an eternal waterfall.

...and the stillness that will reign forever...is broken only once, as the God called Haste is crucified to the front of a Penn-Central commuter that is careening madly down the platinum tracks toward Infinity.

The man/youth/boy playing with the woman/girl in a pinkish sandpile looks up but only briefly at the sound, and then resumes his play.

He is Happy now.

...for the Time--being Time.





Hey
darling mindbrother
queen of green and singing skies
I would like--
you
to come with me
on a horse of a thousand fires
bursting into space
just you and me,
and fly--
floating castles of the moon
shine smiles down
as green dragon fires
hide the world below--
lightning bolts from beyond infinity
strike and fly
from me and you
and fall eternally to red sunsets
on sand-washed shores
knowing love
in a thousand tongues

Norman Rabek



the Outworlds MAIL



HARRY WARNER, JR.

Outworlds continues to be almost too beautiful for comfortable reading. It isn't often that I wonder whether I should wash my hands before reading a fanzine, but I do when *Outworlds*' time comes. Then there's the added fact that I feel a necessity for washing my hands after reading some fanzines, but after I've finished *Outworlds* I feel like thinking, not cleansing.

The lateness of your open letter cheered me up a trifle, quite aside from its message. If an open letter can come eighteen months or so behind schedule, maybe it's not too heinous an offense when some of my closed letters to various people reach them six months after they should have been written. On specifics, I find one disturbing thing about draft arguments. People claim the draft is needed or should be abolished or should be expanded to cover women or this or that, but nobody seems willing to ask why only fighters should be drafted, if the draft is to exist. Assume that there wouldn't be enough volunteers of high enough quality to man the armed forces without a draft, and assume further the existence of a real need for a large-scale fighting force in today's world for the nation. How, then, can the people who assume these things fail to see the equal need for a draft of labor and of factories and of natural resources? Government has only limited finances; no matter how rapidly the military budget rises, it can never get over the built-in fact that you can not tax everyone 100 per cent while maintaining private enterprise and capitalism as the economic system. So if it's important to have the right kind of men, isn't it equally important to have the maximum buying power for the available money to support the armed forces? Put all the corporations' names into a fishbowl and draw out enough names to create all the food and clothing and guns and transportation and other material needed for the fighting forces. Take control of those corporations for two or three years just as a draftee's life is controlled for a similar period, run them on a non-profit basis during those years with dependency allotments to any stockholders who would otherwise starve, pay the employees the same wage

scales as draftees receive, and if they complain show them uncensored movies of what's been happening to soliders in Vietnam. We'd have the best-equipped armed services in the world. Restore the corporations to their private, normal operation after their period of conscription had run out and draft another batch. Aside from what this would do for service men's morale and facilities, I have the oddest feeling that the nation would start getting into wars that really must be fought and would stop fighting the wars that seem advisable to permit the nation to show its muscles or to keep the economy moving along briskly or for other non-essential reasons.

I can't dispute Jerry Lapidus' statements about the value of art in fanzines. Simultaneously, I don't see why his reasoning wouldn't apply equally to fiction in fanzines. If anything, it's a trifle easier for the artist to do experimental and farout stuff for professional markets than the fiction writer. Of course, lots of art in fanzines is simpler from the space viewpoint. But I'd like to see a great deal more good fiction in fanzines and I suspect that there is plenty available from the pros and semi-pros. No fanzine is in a position to publish novels that are too good for professional publishers. But fanzines can handle easily anything up to perhaps 15,000 words and in an age when the professional market for short fiction has dwindled, there must be many stories up to this limit which should be in print and aren't. We would probably lose an occasional dull 25-page letter section in favor of a novelette but we could stand that.

The near-disaster to Apollo 13 could conceivably work in favor of the space program over the long run. The people who watch 500-mile auto races and netless aerialists in circuses will be on 24-hour watch at their television sets during future Apollo flights, now that it's obvious that there really is danger for the astronauts. Assume that ratings zoom stupendously for all the networks, and it's quite conceivable that all of a sudden the networks will stop playing up interviews with people who can't understand why we're spending all the money that could be used to keep poor people happier on earth and behind the scenes the network executives will be pulling strings with big shots in government and industry to make sure there will continue to be week-long suspense dramas out in space for an indefinite time to come. Just think how much the networks save on production costs for all those postponed programs that eventually enable some other program to be cancelled entirely. Of course, we still haven't had the reaction to Apollo 13 that I'd expected to read by now in some fanzine or other -- an allegation that the whole accident was a fake designed to increase public interest in space exploration. Redd Boggs complained in the current FAPA mailing that there weren't enough foreign-sounding names among the astronauts, so I'm ready for anything.

The Fabian illustration on your inside back cover is one of the very finest among a whole lot of fine examples of his work in recent fanzines. It has just the right combination of the traditional and the unfamiliar in science fiction art--the stripes around the arm of the spacesuit, for instance, a different detail in an old-fashioned prop, and the way both men are leaning forward as if into some strong wind or against a strange gravitation, a welcome change from the completely vertical position in which spacesuited men usually are pictured. I also like the hue in which you had it printed. The mermaid would probably have a less

angular attitude if Steve were doing this drawing today but it suffers as a drawing only from its side-by-side position with his recent work. If it were the only Fabian in the issue, it would look even better. I also liked the front cover, which has curious affinities with the Fabian work, considering that it's by a different artist, although in this case I don't care too much for the orange ink.

MARK SCHULZINGER

Right now I'm sitting around waiting for my phone to ring. You see, the full moon is on the 19th and there is a definite correlation between the occurrence of the full moon and the amount of business we do at the Center. I have no idea why it happens but the incidence of people going bugs increases measurably when Luna permits her full face to shine on the denizens of this planet.

Which leads me into a comment on what Barry Malzberg had to say about schizophrenia and manic-depressives. There is a splitting that goes on in the schizophrenic syndrome, but it's split between affect and overt behavior. This can be seen most clearly in the hebephrenic who manifests inappropriately silly affect constantly, or in the catatonic who is almost affect-less. The fragmentation which appears to occur with schizophrenia is really only confined to one particular constellation of ideations. It is possible for the schiz to work fairly competently at a job and to behave in perfectly 'normal' ways as long as his particular area of malfunction is not approached. It's like the paranoid psychotic. He's only paranoid about one thing. That one thing may be the belief that he carries the secret of a cure for cancer tatooed on his right elbow, or that she is the wife of the Pope, but, as long as the particular area is not touched upon in the course of everyday life, one never sees the manifestations of the illness.

If you figure that Freud was right in saying that schizophrenia represents the ultimate in defense against homosexual impulses (but, of course, so do other illnesses--too many to make Freud completely right), it is reasonable to see why the psychic malfunction only occurs with respect to one area of behavior. This is usually some sexual area. It may manifest itself as some sort of preoccupation with eating or elimination (because these are sexual activities just as much as sexual intercourse), or it may manifest itself as an adjunct to these behaviors. Far too often, though, it just consists about hallucinatory figures or voices saying 'nasty' things to the patient.

Manic-depressives, on the other hand, are characterized by having entirely too much affect. The true manic loves the world and is generally a very sweet and loveable person. The manic phase, which does not have to be cyclical in nature, is generally a defense against fairly constant depression. It is a form of reaction formation in which the individual can only cope with the huge depressive state he is experiencing by going into manic behavior patterns.

So, Beyond Bedlam did not represent a schizophrenic society, nor did it represent a manic-depressive society. It *did* describe a well-controlled dissociative society.

Dissociative behavior can be seen in the classic cases of amnesia (which are really pretty rare) or in fugue states, or in post-hypnotic am-

nesias, or in the "this can't be happening to me" effect (which is pretty common). It isn't a psychotic pattern but just a neurotic one. There is no fragmenting of the personality; just compartmentalizing of various facets of it.

Eve was a *rara avis*. Dissociative reactions of that severity hardly ever happen. Still, it made a good book, a sensational movie, and a basis for Guin's story. I'm afraid that our society could never go that way, though.

According to Rollo May, the next stage is pure schizophrenia--in the full clinical sense of the term.

May feels that the patients of today are the normals of tomorrow. Freud saw a lot of hysterical cases with sexual hangups. Twenty years later the world went hysterical. In the 40's, the couches were filled with anxiety reactions. The 60's might be called the Age of Anxiety. Now we're up to our navels in schiz's...

The split between affect and overt behavior is already starting to manifest itself. We are starting to withdraw from one another. We are becoming increasingly more preoccupied with our internal processes. Hallucinatory experiences, either natural or drug induced, are becoming socially acceptable. Even the New Crusade for proper ecological balance has a schizy tone to it -- bury your garbage in the back yard and the air will turn clean again.

ED REED

I admire your layout and graphics except for the cover which should not have been black and orange; the poor picture is out fought and it brings tears to my eyes. I hope you'll put more art into the boxes and all; it is effective. You know, you don't have to justify to look nice; there are various ways of paragraphing that do as well, although they require more white space. I've been reading up on graphics while (and now that I've quit) and while not working at our library which does have several good books on the subject which are fascinating skimming and some are a pleasure to read. Also magazines like *Graphis* are very instructive if you make notes on what they do (and they usually give some mention to unusual layouts).

Politics time. I just thought I'd stick some of my anarchist propoganda in here. Do you ser-



country, at least) just because you are a member of society. The quality of your dissent--how much weight it has and how many people take it--the right.

Radicalization, I am convinced, is an emotional process; it is an individual's reaction on a gut level to a particular injustice that he witnesses. For me it happened this last May during the student strike here at the U of I. I was working on a committee of Law Monitors set up through the law school. We were supposed to try to keep the peace, advise students of their rights and take statements from witnesses. There was a big bust on campus Saturday night -- to get about 20 hard-core radicals the police used a 'collapsing box' and arrested 104 people whose only crime was being on the quad. Most of them were sun-bathers, frisbee throwers, and general leftovers from a rock concert that afternoon. Anyway, we had a police radio at the school, and heard the state police given specific instructions to bust the guys with the "LM" and get their notebooks, with names and addresses of witnesses. Now that made me mad; right then I became a "radical"; I got involved on a personal level.

A good working definition of the difference between a liberal and a radical is that a liberal feels that the system threatens others (the poor, the black, the student) whereas a radical feels that the system threatens him.

And of course, intellectual justifications of the position come ex post facto.

Even from my changed---changing---views, I agree with you that wanting to trash is a bad thing, though probably not for the same reasons. I have very few philosophical reservations about it any more, but on the practical level it just won't work, it diffuses the effectiveness of the movement and alienates the very people who must be won over if any goals are to be achieved. Also, it is self-defeating; if you say that you can resort to violence, then anybody can, and anarchy will result. By the same token, there is a place for planned, controlled, selective disruption -- economic boycotts, sit-ins, etc. Up to and including (unarmed) confrontation. There comes a time when a man or a group must stand up and say "This sort of thing will go no farther if I have anything to say about it."

You say that you exercise your right to dissent with your pen and your mind, not your mouth or your throwing arm. I used to agree with that, but no more. I think that the system has gotten a little too unresponsive to the needs of the society that supports it for that. Note that I didn't say unresponsive to the will of the majority--I am quite certain that the majority of Americans still generally approve of the status quo. But that does not mean that the status quo is right or just. And if I'm right--if the system is as unresponsive and unjust as I claim then the time has passed when you can 'write from exile' or sit in an ivory tower and teach students to be liberals. More and more individuals are beginning to realize that you have to use your mouth and a little bit of sweat to regain what is good and viable about the American dream. I still feel that there are avenues short of armed resistance to achieve this goal, but they're closing fast. And until they open up again I guess what it boils down to is that I feel that the time for writing and creating intellectual pipe dreams on the subject is past; something must be done; I still believe that the



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two. And, in spite of your disclaimer, the things that drew me to comment this issue were your political comments re the military and the draft and the campus situation.

First of all, I hope that when you said that you earned your right to dissent, you're not implying that I haven't. That shouldn't have to be said, but what little experience I've had in the world has taught me that it must be said. You do not have the right to dissent because of anything you may have done in life or any quantity/quality of service you may have rendered to whatever society you find yourself in. The right comes (in this

LARRY PROPP

tensely believe that the world can afford nations anymore? (Isaac Asimov said some lovely things in 1958 recently which you might read.) I see no more room for nationalism, misplaced or placed. Wars as of now are the most insane things, and probably were as of then but I wasn't there. I won't propose anything right now but if you'd like to try and stick me with some toughies I'd be glad to answer any questions which would show how and what we should do. I'd like to see some discussion on Asimov's article which may well have been too optimistic and naive about population and the problems we face.

Another thing I'd like to caution you about is the talk of maturity and being a 'man'. That is something incredibly subjective and of question-able value anyway. Women's liberation people frequently ridicule this sense of 'masculinity' and occasionally even they hit a solid point. What kind of thing is this masculinity if it causes you to be embarrassed to let your girl pay her way to a show or whatever?

system is workable, if only (here we go again) it were more responsive. For one thing, I don't agree with many of my contemporaries that political process is a dead end. It is criminal that a generation that claims concern for social problems and an awakening of a social conscience has as poor a voting record as it does. When (if) we get the 18 year-old-vote on a national scale, it will be meaningless unless that voting record is changed. We need to educate ourselves as much as we do the 'establishment', whatever that is. But we need people working WITHIN THE SYSTEM for the goals of the liberal/radical philosophy or else we will be faced with a nation-wide gurrilla war. That was what scared me the most about THE YEAR OF THE QUIET SUN; Tucker made that war seem natural and inevitable. Granted that it's a worthwhile effort, it still remains that writing, especially in an arena like fandom which has limited 'in-groupish' circulation and a basically liberal orientation, just isn't enough anymore.

MIKE O'BRIEN

One thing about Buck Coulson, he certainly writes an interesting letter... I want fanzine reviews, Bill; I consider them one of the staples (sorry) of my fannish diet. They let me know what is going on in the field: Who's publishing what, about how well others think they are doing, and so forth. Of course, it isn't perfect as a medium by any means; I still missed out on the first two issues of *Energumen*. But a consensus of opinion in several short-review columns will still lead me, at least, to give a zine a try. Like ads, reviews have a certain value in that they tell the consumer what exists and where. But, like ads, they serve their purpose best when they go away after delivering their message. I agree with Buck that long involved comments belong in LoCs and nowhere else.

I rescind my earlier comments about the--well --spread-out nature of the first two numbers of Ow. This issue came through very well, even if it was all letters. The cover is clever and well laid out. I don't think I'll be having any more problems telling what zine I've got. The Ow look, if it stays at all the same (which it won't) is pretty distinctive by now. It must be, even I can recognize it.

Ah, Mr. Gillespie, you have a point when you say that we should have some more people who never do anything but just talk sensibly in fanzines. Unfortunately, I'm coming to the conclusion that these are the rarest types in all of sf fandom, or sf prodom, or anywhere else. "Talking sensibly" takes years of practice. It's much easier to write well than to talk sensibly.

Unfortunately, Jerry, fanzines don't "just arrive" for me. I wish to hell they did! Things would be so much simpler if only the good editors weren't so discriminating in their choice of mailing lists (no, not that kind of discrimination!).

Gee Andy Offutt, you get indignant real good. Now that is art!

THE ROSE is no good, but it's worth getting. Don't ask me to explain that, because I can't, really. All I can say is that it's sucaryl-sweet--distorted science and the scientific method rather tremendously, and still made fascinating reading. Fascinating due to some unusual quality, not just the fascinating badness of Doc Savage. On the

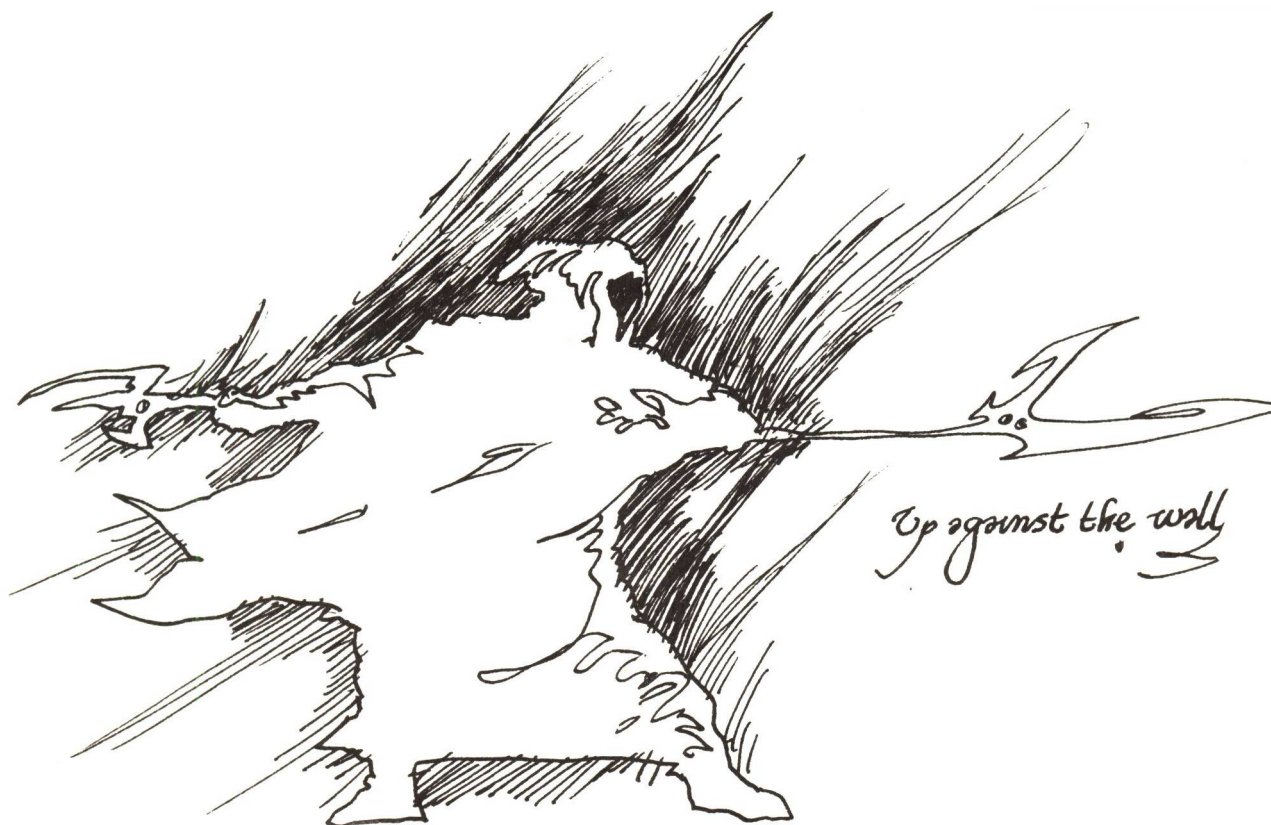


proof of this, I put forth Mr. Harness' most recent contribution, after an absence of some years from the field: THE RING OF RITORNEL. The sweetness is thankfully absent here, making room for some of the best and most unusual reading I've seen in years. It's one of the few books I've ever read that has a structure reflecting the plot, but which reflects it so unobtrusively that it had to be called to my attention after I'd read it. This book has good plotting and action, on top of a well-thought-out and well-delivered background. On top of this, very remarkably, is a semi-philosophical treatise on order and disorder in the Universe. Come to think of it, it covers the same ground as the article in Ow I on the statistical vs. the mechanistic Universe, but THE RING OF RITORNEL manages to do this without burdening the plot or hindering the action. Background, plot, and philosophy are all bound together in a unified, reasonably uncrowded whole. Of course, there are flaws. Characterization suffers, as does description of concrete details, even where they are called for. This takes the book out of the award-winning category, but leaves it well into the category of Those Who Are To Be Watched.

SANDRA MIESEL

The beauty of Ow continues stunning and unpredictable. How do you manage to make every page look engraved?

Since Mike Gilbert directed some comments my way, I'll toss the conversational superball right back to him. If print making is a dying art, as he says, then someone had better warn the local art



school and the cluster of recently-opened local art galleries. They seem to be under the impression print making is experiencing a renaissance. And there seem to be quite a few people besides us, who simply respond better to prints than to paintings. But this is a personal reaction.

One reason I urged fan artists to consider print making was for a point of entry into professional art. The other was to trim the inflation of fan art show prices by making available multiple as well as single originals. To put this in concrete terms: Alicia Austin's beautiful entries at St. Louiscon commanded beautiful prices. But for the price of an Austin ink drawing we bought a signed and numbered Ronald Searle lithograph. And with all due respect to Alicia, I find our Searle cat caricature a more congenial decoration for our bedroom wall than her Nazgul. Now for half the price of the Nazgul one could buy, a Corita serigraph or a Malliol woodcut, etc.

It was my naive belief that different artistic media existed because they produced distinctive individual effects. But if Mike can achieve the same results as an etching simply by drawing, by all means let him do so... (I realize that was not your literal meaning, Mike. Of course my comments have been more from the viewpoint of the art consumer than the art producer.

Bruce Gillespie suggests fandom is a sublimation for creativity. I would rather say it's an outlet for creativity that could not otherwise be expressed--at least not for as large an audience. Well, in my own case, what else can I do with my vast storage of garbagy data except write for fanzines? There's just not much scope for the dilettante in suburban Indianapolis... And we must keep in mind that there are enormous numbers of fandoms which operate very much like ours, covering everything from war-gaming to breast-feeding. Obviously many people feel the need to fan.

Joan, you and Doll Gilliland, and John ought to found 'non-fandom' for the longsuffering non-

active supportive people behind the actifans. John really likes this idea. He wants to hold 'non-conventions' and put out 'non-fanzines'.

JERRY LAPIDUS

Instant Egoboo chart indeed! What more can the prospective contributor ask for than his name on the front page of the fanzine? You really know how to get people to contribute to the magazine, don't you?

Beautiful Fabian inside front cover, one of his more interesting pieces recently printed.

But all this conceals the fact that in the last analysis, the magazine consists of nothing more than four illustrations (three Fabian, one Gilbert), two short essays from you, and a bunch of decidedly non-controversial letters. And yet somehow, the magazine remains quite interesting, and very readable. Stranger and stranger. People have been talking about the resurgence of the small-but-interesting fanzine but I've seen little mention of the almost-nonexistent but interesting one.

Talking about editorial policy and the like reminds me of something that happened recently in a film fanzine I get, Harry Wasserman's *Fantasy News*. In a recent issue, one writer (who had had several pieces on films in other issues) contributed a long essay-tirade about his ill-treatment by the local police and court system. There was a great outcry in the following issues, and the general opinion said that such material was "not appropriate for a film fanzine" and severely castigated the editor for printing it. Harry responded that it was his fanzine, and he would print what he wished, and I among others supported him in this; he eventually said, however, that because of the outcry he would no longer print any mater-

ial politically oriented. This seems to me a definite case of the editor, despite his own principles, yielding to reader pressure, and I can't accept that. It's pretty clear that to be popular a fanzine must simply follow the *Psychotic* formula of controversy and attack, and we've seen this happen quite clearly in Frank Lunney's *Beabohemia* and, to a lesser extent, with Snider's *Crossroads*. The magazines don't get the great reviews -- but they do get the reader support, letters, subscriptions, etc.

Jerry Kaufman and other people talking about fanzine reviewing. First, facts. Arnie's column was indeed in *Odd*, and the title was Bludgeon; the other column Jerry talks about, "another New Yorker," was Greg Benford's Scalpel, which appeared in *Quip* and still appears every so often in *Focal Point*. Chris Couch's appeared in *Osfan* and I think in *Id*, and my column runs regularly in *Iceni*; Al Snider's comes irregularly in *Beabohemia*. I'll tell you what it was with me. For some strange reason, I LIKE reading fanzine reviews, and I like reviewing 'em. Part of it's for the same reason I like reading book reviews -- one can compare one's own judgement with the reviewer. Part of it's because one can occasionally get ideas for one's own magazine, either in terms of writing or graphics. As I said, I enjoy writing such reviews; unfortunately, my own magazine, *Tomorrow and...*, which up to now I've co-edited with Mike Bradley, has come out much too infrequently to make any reviewing worth while. And yet, I felt I had some strong opinions about fanzines; I've always been a better critic than artist, being much more adept at pointing out flaws and holes in other's material than producing top-quality material of my own. So -- I offered a column to Bob Roehm, editor of a small fanzine, *Iceni*. In it, I've tried to make some general comments on fanzines, emphasizing specific types and qualities and discussing each magazine in some detail. My basic method has been comparison, discussing various types of fanzines in detail, in one or another specific context. One column, for instance, centered on printed fanzines while another considered so-called 'fannish' fanzines. Looking in other ways, I've a couple in the thinking stage of fanzine metamorphosis (how fanzines change over time) and on contents in general -- discussing similarities and differences. I think

what I'm trying to do is to cover the field as best I can, using as many different angles as possible. I tend toward the comparative method since otherwise it's almost completely impossible to make other-than-personal-opinion judgements. My approach, then, is an essay on one specific topic, using various fanzines as examples. Does it all do any good? Heaven knows! I enjoy it, and people seem to enjoy it. That's all there has to be; if any faneditor finds it useful, so much the better.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I'm tempted to say that you used too heavy a stock for your covers and complain about the permanent creases therein and the difficulty involved in keeping the fanzine open but since Joan was one of only two people who *didn't* castigate my choice of stock for the cover of the first *Energumen*, I shall refrain. It's a hell of an impressive package even with the creases and I really admire your use of color. The orange illo for the cover is most striking and readily accomplishes the purpose of any cover; i.e. makes one wish to read on further. And, of course, seeing one's name on the cover is also an excellent inducement! Nevertheless, despite the egoboo involved, I really can't see listing loc writers in the toc, although I guess it aids the graphics by producing a nicely balanced page. (Note with what ease and nonchalance he uses the fannish cant, folks. I hadn't quite realized how automatic such things become until just recently when Susan Wood and I taped a half hour program on science fiction and fandom for the CBC. I had to keep stopping in the middle of the sentence to explain what was meant by terms such as 'loc', 'sercon' and even 'Fanzine'. A fascinating experience.) Hell, half the fun is riffling through the lettercol to see if that much-sweated-over masterpiece of creative letter-writing was accept-



ed or not. Some people spoil all the fun! (Some people are impossible to satisfy, for that matter.)

As is becoming usual, I'm much impressed by your graphics and layout. The lettercol's a little more straight-forward this time but the neatness and simplicity of the use of full pages for each writer is most effective. It's quite amazing what a simple black outline will do for a page. But I don't envy you the work involved. Obviously you type a dummy first in order to justify the margins and fill out each page and while the results are certainly worthwhile I doubt that they'd be worth the time that I would require for such a task. But then my typing is of the "tap...tap...where's the damn 'l'?...oh there...tap..." style and you're probably an old pro. So keep it up and I'll continue to admire you greatly and be jealous as hell.

On the artwork: The covers are all beautiful. What more need be said? Steve Fabian is a superb craftsman and if I find some of his females a bit idealized and lidless they're still beautifully rendered. His Page was superb. The flow of the dunes and the swirls of sand give the drawing life and action while the half-buried statues tell a marvellous story. Then there's that mysterious face in the sky. It's a splendid piece of work altogether and you are extremely lucky to have Steve as a regular contributor. I'm impressed by Mike Gilbert's scratchboard more than most of his other work. The nature of the medium forces Mike to discipline his style and he produces some extremely fine and delicate effects. I think I would hold up this aspect of Mike's work to his critics who complain that his work is far too sloppy. The interior illos are quite minor, even the Austin although even Alicia's rough sketches are considerably superior to much of today's fan art. Austin

fans may like to know that Alicia is currently working on a story for *Vampirella*. Her pencils indicate that she will single-handedly raise the level of art in that somewhat inferior magazine by a factor of at least two.

I can't accept Bruce Gillespie's claim that fandom is a way of sublimating one's sexual desires although I agree heartily with many of his other claims. I'm afraid I know too many fans who lead entirely satisfactory sex lives to be willing to consider fandom as a bizarre form of masturbation. I will accept, however, that fandom is the last resort for many people who are unable to function adequately in the greater mundane world and find the success and the importance in fandom that they are unable to achieve elsewhere. And I'm also quite willing to agree that at least in my case, publishing a fanzine is one way of sublimating my desire, or lack of desire, to produce children but this is a far cry from sublimating my sex life in massive ejaculations of fannish writings.

Jerry Kaufman misses the boat, I think, on the question of three-line reviews of fanzines. I have written both the short capsule summaries and the longer in-depth evaluations (as, for example, in the first issue of *Energumen*) and I think both sorts have a valid and useful existence. The three liners can only give an editor the overall view of his efforts admittedly but they are used quite extensively as buyer's guides by many fans. After my first issue was favorably reviewed in *Locus* in one of Charlie's shorty reviews, I received about 15 subscriptions and requests for the issue. And many of my most stimulating locs came from people who ordered the magazine on the strength of the *Locus* review. So it's evident that once a reviewer establishes a good reputation, as have Charlie and Buck Coulson for example, then their mini-reviews are given considerable weight. And I'd much rather receive a dozen critical locs from fans who obtained my fanzine on the strength of a Charlie Brown review, than just get one loc from Charlie himself. I'm inclined to agree with Buck that the detailed review might just as well be a loc to the editor in question, which is one reason I dropped the longer reviews from my second issue. I thought that if no one mourned their passing then I was wasting my time to begin with.

Right on, Jerry Lapidus, right on. The combining of art and written material into a consistent and cohesive unit is one of the most stimulating parts of fan publishing as far as I'm concerned. There's very little challenge in putting out something like *Speculation* for example once the material is in. (This of course, is the Big Problem with any fanzine and I'm not putting SPEC down at all. Pete manages to gather some of the finest material being published in fanzines today but apart from editing the lettercol, something every editor should do although many seem to be unaware of this, there is little room for editorial creativity in the actual production of a SPEC type fanzine.) Choosing the proper illos, placing them effectively, setting up the graphics etc. are the only way an editor can really rise above the limits established by his contributors and I agree fully with Jerry's comments on these matters.

MIKE GILBERT

I am waiting for you to send or make available binders for *Outworlds*.



Di Fate, if this is the one who works for *Analog*, is not the greatest man on the scratchboard. You can't help but compare his work with John Schoenherr's (who I happen to know and have watched work). By comparison Di Fate lacks in anatomical knowledge, but most of all he doesn't seem to know how to handle the media. In Di Fate's work he doesn't have many different effects or styles--if this is done because he wants to avoid being accused of copying or filling Schoenherr's shoes, alright--but still, scratchboard is more than black areas or outlines with lines scratched through them.

Meanwhile with politics, I have had to become personally involved...why? Because I am graduating from school and I can't stand it any more. I feel that there is nothing wrong with the system that can't be fixed, but the people who run it!!!

In IPA fandom you pay for it in the morning, and Baskins & Robbins fandom pays in the waistline.

CONNIE FADDIS

I seek to differ with Mike Gilbert concerning the obsolescence of print making. Lithography and other forms of block-printing requiring presses ARE expensive, but one form of print making is becoming increasingly easy and is inexpensive -- as well as popular! Silkscreening, of course. After a few disaster's, just about anyone can master stencil cutting, and even multi-color printing. And large prints, poster size especially, sell like hell!!! Mike is a pen-and-ink man--likes line work above all else -- I can understand his reluctance to bother with print making over drawing. Anyhow, he can turn out 30 finished drawings before I can cut two stencils, I'm sure. But print making isn't any more dead than any other art form -- including drawing. Incidentally, Mike, your scratchboard things are one hell of a lot more impressive than your pen & ink drawings!

Refreshing to see Alicia Austin do something other than Beardsley. Somewhere, rattling around inside her, waiting to be discovered, honed and controlled, is a style completely her own. I'm watching hopefully -- it's going to be something magnificent, ghod knows what else.

The orange Gilbert scratchboard on 61 comes off well in color. MORE, She said greedily--MORE!!

PHYLLIS EISENSTEIN

Malzberg manages to open mouth and insert foot quite neatly where psychology is concerned, and he has given me a long-awaited opportunity to throw in my two shekels regarding a whole slew of SF--the 'schizophrenic' school. Guin is not alone in supposing 'schizophrenia' to mean 'dual personality'; Big Names like Kuttner and a number of others have done the same. Malzberg's definition helps somewhat, but it's still partly wrong. A schizophrenic individual does, indeed, possess a personality, but one that, in its disorganized condition, does not mesh with reality. Thus the person *withdraws* from the real world and lives in a fantasy world which may or may not resemble reality. 'Schizophrenia' means "splitting of the mind"; "away from reality" is implied in the translation.



The disease which Guin describes in *Beyond Bedlam* does exist, no matter what Malzberg says, though it's rather rare. It's called multiple personality, lacking a fancier, Latin title. Combing through the literature, W.S. Taylor and M.F. Martin [Multiple Personality, *Journal of Abnormal and Social Psychology*, XXXIX (1944) pp. 281-300] found 76 reported cases of multiple personality. The one described in *THREE FACES OF EVE* (the book, not the film, which I have not seen) is considered an example of true multiple personality by Clifford T. Morgan (INTRODUCTION TO PSYCHOLOGY, McGraw-Hill, 1961), whose book is a text for undergraduate psych courses at the University of Chicago. The case of Miss Beauchamp [M. Prince, Miss Beauchamp: the Psychogenesis of Multiple Personality, *Journal of Abnormal Psychology*, XVI (1920), reprinted in Prince's CLINICAL AND EXPERIMENTAL STUDIES IN PERSONALITY, ed. A.A. Roback (Cambridge: Sci:Art Publishers, 1939) pp. 185-268] is another classic example: Her three personalities had three different memory systems and were not cross-aware; one was saintly and virtuous, one embodied a strong independent ambition, and one was impish and playful. Apparently, these three aspects of Miss Beauchamp were in such conflict that she had to compartmentalize them into personalities separated by the barrier of amnesia. Far from being related to manic-depression, as Malzberg asserts, multiple personality is associated with amnesia; i.e., while the primary personality is experiencing amnesia, the secondary personality takes over. [R.W. White, THE ABNORMAL PERSONALITY, (New York: The Ronald Press Company, 1964) p. 269]

It seems to me that Guin used this principle quite correctly, except that he called it by the wrong name. I note that the literary use of multiple personality dates back to DR. JECKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

VINCENT DI FATE

I found Mike Gilbert's comment on the Miesel letter of the previous issue most amusing. It seems that for every person with the slightest inclination toward art, there is an equally large number of subjective opinions as to what fragment of knowledge is the singly most important. The Miesels, for example, believe print making to be of such primary benefit as to suggest that fan artists avail themselves of that knowledge; a highly admirable bit of advice. Mike, on the other hand, found it distasteful and tedious.

In my own case, I had strongly recommended to those who asked my advice, that drawing in ball-point pen was of great 'self-educating' value. I felt that the experience of sketching in an indelible medium would necessarily lessen the artist's willingness to commit his drawings to structural devices of which he was not entirely sure. It also aided in lightening the touch when rendering; or so I had assumed with great confidence.

When I entered teaching at the outset of my career, I learned rather quickly that what had worked for me, did not necessarily work for everyone else. If a person simply could not draw, the problem was far more basic than could be remedied by such a device. In many cases, it had only proven to frustrate my students and inhibit them from making any progress whatever.

The fact is that any experience, be it print making or sketching in crayon, is valuable. There are no vast, all embracing equations to success in this or any other field. Art is, by virtue of its presence, another form of communication; and communication is, by its countless variations, far too vast to be compressed into neat little tablets which, when taken with water, will provide a life time of suitable information. Be it Michelangelo's *Last Judgement*, or a lowly scribble on the wall of a public toilet, it is a thing of boundless scope which knows neither shape nor size. Whether beautiful or ugly, it is only an expression of the great, limitless human experience.

All that is sane and good in man is reflected in his art, and it somehow survives through the ages, despite what governments, or particular persuasions rule over it at any given moment in time. I'm not suggesting that any single bit of advice is more correct or valuable than another. I am saying, however, that the older I get, the more I realize that art, to me at least, affords a kind of freedom.

THE OUTWORLDS MAIL / THE END





...every area of endeavor, from automobiles to Law and Order to bubble gum blowing, has its loyal followers, its 'fans'. Their numbers are uncountable; their devotion ranges from the lukewarm, to fistcuffs behind the bar. But of all the followers who follow things and thingies, there is none akin to the self-styled Science Fiction Fan. He is the naked fan. He considers himself unique -- he knows that he is far above the intelligence of other and lesser breeds of fans. He is proud and lonely and considers himself one of the Star-Begotten, but forgets that his fandom is the most minor of such minorities. He may utilize offset, but he is firmly back of the 'mimeo-mythoes'--and when he dies, he will go to that lengthy FAPA Waiting List in an alternate time-track Universe. He spends a great deal of time examining his higher motives and an equal amount of time studiously ingoring his fundamental ones. He is an intensely vocal, acutely self-exploratory, overcrowded (at conventions) fan and it is high time that we studied his basic behavior...

I, myself...am a science fiction fan. Therefore, I must take up my pen to sketch a protective covering over my nakedness...

from The Naked Fan, currently in progress....

...from William's Pen

I suppose that I should answer a few of the questions that have been asked, if only to give the letter writers a breather in between all this beautiful, beautiful Steve Fabian art.

First of all ... at the beginning, I want to make this one thing perfectly clear: Contrary to popular belief, a fanzine...this fanzine...is not a good example of democracy in action. Rather: It is a good, clean example of a functioning fascist dictatorship. (The important word here, is that it 'functions'.) The editor/publisher(s) have almost complete control over how and when it comes out... and who gets it when it does. True, the e/p is not necessarily infallible; in this case, it only seems that way. Nevertheless, I want you all to remember just one thing ... that I AM your Editor!

Now -- nobody literally *asked* me to publish a fanzine, and I suppose that if I had elected to go on an extended visit to gafia-land after the final D:B, it wouldn't have been all that dastardly a deed. But, unlike someone starting out afresh -- I did have a grouping of readers, friends and contributors--and I, ridiculous as it may sound, felt a sense of obligation toward them; particularly toward a sizable number coerced into subscribing as a result of D:B 21. I felt (and feel) that when a fanzine puts forth subscription rates, as opposed to the single-issue sales, it *owed* these people something for their money and their trust. And I felt that a faned owes something to his contributors, in seeing that their gems are presented in the best possible manner, before fungus and rot set in. (These things should not have to be said, but what little experience I've had in fandom says that they must be said.)

Naturally, I felt that I could put out a better fanzine than most anyone around. I'm sure most faneds feel this way; is there another reason for such publishing? So I set out to prove it. I'm not quite there...yet. But I'm working on it.

What kind of a fanzine should it be?

Now we all know that a fanzine is not...or at least does not have to be -- a 'little magazine'. ...but, perhaps, there might be some lessons to be gained from looking at the bigger commercial zines.

The word 'magazine' is Arabic, and means emporium, or warehouse, full of goods. But the customer who buys a magazine buys the whole shop: He consumes as much of it as he wants--or as little--and then looks forward to the next issue.

At first, I was a bit worried in that I was not deluged with prose contributions. I worried that the well-turned essay-on-a-single-subject was becoming a dead art-form in fannish ranks. But I have held fast (well, almost) to my initial decision not to beg for material, just for the sake of having material. I believed then, and still do, that if I could provide decent repro and layout, and a fairly regular schedule of publication, then the material would automatically follow. It 'taint necessarily so... Still, all is not dark and dismal. ...the artists are delightfully beginning to come through, and those who write letters, do so entertainingly. Some people apparently do care; that's reason enough to continue...

A magazine is, in fact, a whole entity, and is designed as such, even though it consists of a lot of separate, different-looking ingredients. It is given its unity, and identity, by the existence of its readers. For a magazine is always planned either for a definite group of people, with known or predictable tastes and interests, or for certain defined attitudes or interests of people. The readers for whom a magazine is planned help to shape it: And without a body of readers--a specific group of human beings who are faithful to the magazine, and to whom the magazine is faithful---a magazine will not live. This was expressed in another way in a magazine which, ironically, did not live, *Show Business Illustrated*: "...is primarily, a conversation. This may be carried on by a lively exchange of correspondence, by spirited editorial comment--or by howling in the corridors. But without this conversation ... a magazine is functionless'.

Let's face it, I am competing for your undivided attention, against uncountable odds. Everywhere you turn, there is *something* asking, begging for ... or demanding your attention. I know; it's happening to me, this very moment.

...first I have to get your attention; then I have to retain it.

Getting: You will never know what to expect next, with this fanzine...and I mean that! Nobody is going to get an envelope in the mail, and say: "Oh...just another fanzine..."

Retaining: I'm attempting to structure *Ow* in such a way that you're going to *have* to read it cover to cover...or you'll be totally lost; if not one time, then the next. One major trouble with a visually-oriented publication is that it gives the reader the urge to skim...rather than to read.

All of this falls under how well you can design the conception:

From the designer's point of view, a magazine is a special kind of problem -- and every magazine is different. A magazine is, usually, less ephemeral than a newspaper, less permanent than a book. If its theme is technical and informative, its issues are no doubt kept, referred back to and consulted over a period perhaps of years: The design problem is quite different. Some magazines change completely from issue to issue, are virtually new creations every time, but retain a certain personality. Others may have fewer changes, from issue to issue, than a series of books.





Magazine design cannot, in fact, be generalized: It is always a specific problem. Every magazine, of all the thousands that exist, has its own problems, its own aims, its own conditions and limitations, all affecting its design.

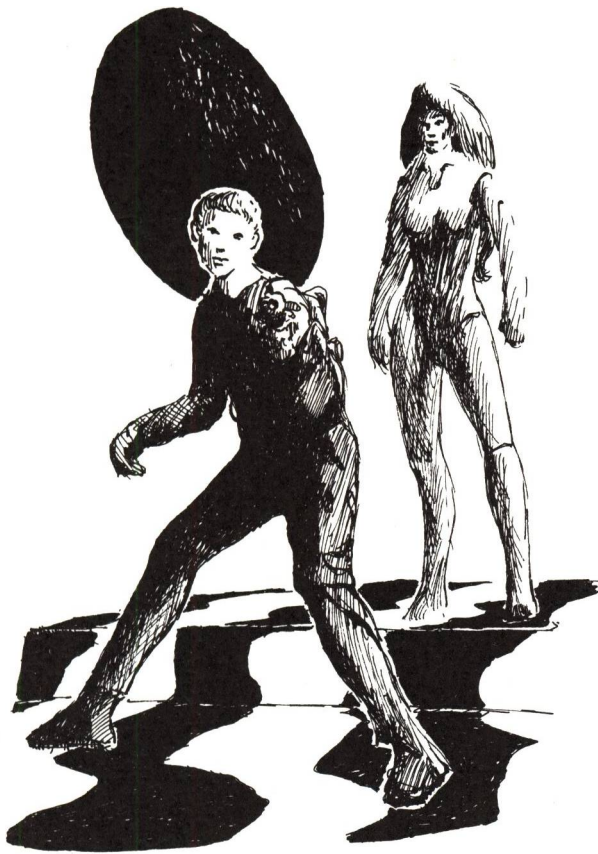
To study the design of a magazine intelligently, it is desirable to know many things that cannot always be discovered: For example, whose money's invested in it, with what intended return; its declared or undeclared editorial policy; its printing quantity; its printing schedules, which show the time available for editing and designing each issue, and the interval between passing for press and publication; its editorial budget, showing the amount of money available for each editorial page; and other external factors, such as the nature of its competition, if any. It is, of course, still possible to look at a magazine page, and say we like it, or we don't, and give reasons, without having the above information; but it must be remembered that any or all of the above factors may have affected the design. Some of them will certainly have done so.

Yes, I 'swipe' ideas from other fanzines, past and (very rarely) present; indeed, from almost any publication I look at. For example: The 'subject' lettercolumn in *Ow II* was lifted from *Neikas*...but *Neikas* also had a 'straight' letter-

column running concurrently; and the direction in which the mailing envelopes are addressed was, to my knowledge, most recently used by the Moffatt's. I liked it, and adopted it. Certainly I am inspired and influenced by many things, but taking these separate things, and putting them together into a style uniquely *mine*...ah, that is the joy!

The response on the graphic front has truly been marvelous, even if so deserved. Eventually, I suppose that the flattery will become boring and get you nowhere, but not yet folks...not yet! But several people have wondered out loud as to how long I can continue to come up with variations on a theme; and at least one young faned was impressed enough to (briefly) incorporate some of 'my' gimmicks in his fanzine. Copy all you want to, and keep doubting, because I have variations on variations of variations coming up. I delight in surprising people; indeed, in shocking them. But I'd like to do it graphically, rather than impressing you with my bad GI lingo, or by attempting to tear down personalities just because they don't do it, my way. No, I will not be trapped into sameness or 'proven' formulas, and while a single issue of another fanzine may top a single *Ow* -- on a yearly basis, I will not be graphically surpassed.

You will note the increasing frequency in the use of the symbol 'I' in these pages, as I become



increasingly more sure of myself. It is a worthwhile, and a good symbol, when used properly. In some instances, it might seem overused. But overall, my modesty will astound and delight you.

Thank ghod that someone finally mentioned the justification ... now I can subtly work in a few long-repressed comments.

I am well aware, Ed, that there are other and simpler ways to achieve balance and 'niceness'... ways that are also considerably faster. And Mike, I am not all that fast a typist--the 'baby' spoils one fast, but it doesn't do the whole operation by itself. I still employ the tried and tested Columbus method; i.e., I search for a key, and when I find it, I land on it. Or the one next to it...or the one below it...or...

Must I justify my justification fetish? Why do I do it, when, at a conservative estimate, it triples (rather than merely doubles) the production time of every issue? It's all rather simple and unexciting, really. I do it as an exercise in learning my craft as an editor. This is only one aspect, but one that shouldn't be ignored. You'd be surprised at how many should-I/shouldn't-I-print-it? items fall by the wayside, when you are faced with the prospect of typing them at least twice ... and even more surprised at the amount of material actually dummied, which never makes it to the final page. No, it is not a pleasant task, and I've been tempted to give up in the middle of each issue thus far (last issue, shudder!, went through two 90% complete dummies, in two different column styles, ...before the third and final was adopted, dummied, and transferred to stencil), but so far I have managed. It is a self-discipline I require, and when I can look at myself in print, and give myself an unqualified passing grade ... then this to shall pass away...

And, if I may climb up on my hobby horse for a moment... I feel strongly that a lot of the newer faneds (a couple of years ago it was Pittsburgh -- this year it's apparently Indianapolis) would save themselves a lot of heart- and head-aches, if they would lay out a *complete* issue on paper, before touching that first stencil. Once might well do the trick. I'm not saying that you *HAVE* to justify, though if you go that far, you might as well ... simply that it's the surest and the quickest (even though it won't seem like it) way to learn just what you can get away with, and what won't turn out quite like you planned it...such as that illo in the center of a single-columned page. (If you're Dick Geis, with micro-elite and two columns ...o.k., but otherwise...) Free-flowing communitive writing is great, and this is the place to learn it. But please, people, just take a *little* time ... if you expect me to take my time and read your enthusiasms! End of this particular sermon.

You will note that thus far there have been no words in these pages about the existence of the Heicon. I have not joined, and have no intention of doing so, even as a 'supporter'. I first became disillusioned with the German bid when it was said that the Guests of Honor would be required to purchase memberships, for gawd's sake! And now *Focal Point* [Vol. 2; #8] arrives with the info that the American pro ad rates are being set at double the European rate. Frankly, I'm trying to ignore the whole thing, hoping that the con will come off, and then be done with.

If this attitude seems pettish, so be it; but I feel that the Heicon committee has done more to damage international fannish relations, just when it seemed to be drawing closer together, more than any event I can recall. I was under the impression that some fans put on cons for the same reasons other fans put out fanzines...to enjoy themselves and to meet others in the process. The fact that most recent worldcons have dealt in the thousands of dollars rather than 40 or 50, has seemingly had the effect of leading any would-be con-committee to firmly *expect* to break-even or make a profit.

I wonder if there will ever be another 'true' worldcon... Does anyone really care?

Oh well, Joan & I will be spending that weekend in Toronto and I imagine that we'll enjoy ourselves a bit the more with the friendly Canadians, than we might possibly in my mother's land.

...and so, till together we sample the Fifth:

Bill

The quotations in this type face in the preceeding belong to one RUARI McLEAN. They are stolen from the first chapter of his book, *MAGAZINE DESIGN* [1970: Oxford University Press]. The jacket blurb states: "This is the first book to be published on magazine design in any language." As such, it was indeed long overdue. 90% of the book is comprised of reproductions of various magazine covers, contents pages, and 'sequences' or spreads, commented upon by the author in more-or-less footnote style. While I didn't always agree with Mr. McLean on his choices as to what was effective or even desirable ...it isn't completely with tongue in cheek (next to my foot; note that!) that I recommend that any fan in the slightest interested in graphics should take a look at this book. Unless you have \$17.50 to spare however, the best bet would be your local friendly library.

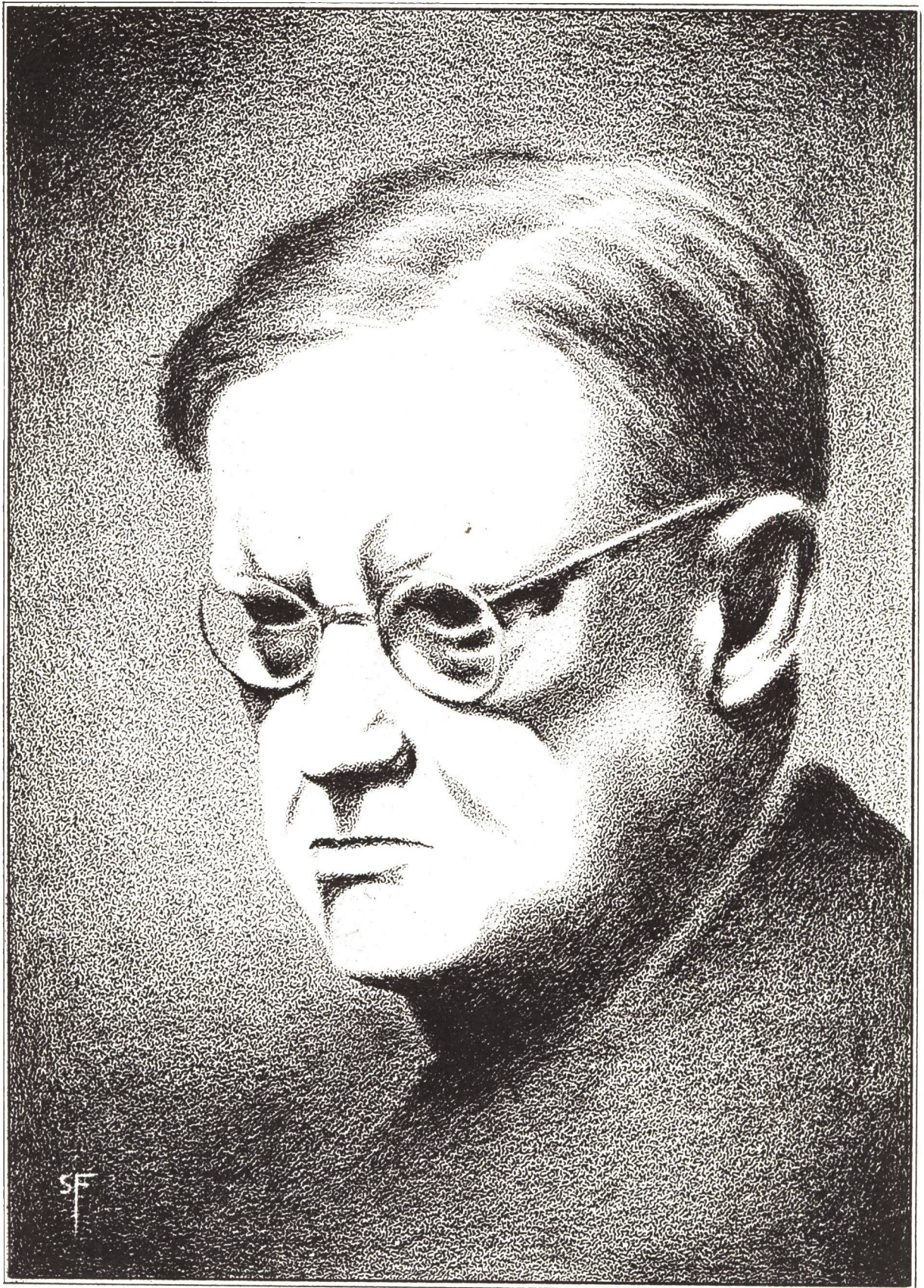
A folio in memory of Abraham Merritt

Siren Song



stephen fabian

The charm of fantasy
is in the dreaming,
of what might have been
or may have been,
or may yet be.....



Abraham Merritt

In the strange and beautiful images
to which no shadow
of definite tradition belongs.....



Where Sirens
still breathe the sea spray,
and sing
in the enchanted moonlight,
on a beach of gold and topaz
that was made for..... and me.

- sf -



