

Outworlds 8.75

...this be the 'finish-up' lettercolumn for the Second cycle of *Outworlds* -- and is published and (ruthlessly) edited by BILL BOWERS [POBox 87, Barberton, Ohio, 44203].

I have on hand, at a conservative estimate (being an estimator by trade, as it is), something on the order of 50 pp of publishable LOC's on *Ow*² #7 & 8; plus some belated ones on earlier issues. The restriction must be placed, however, and since this seems to be a legitimate way of 'evening' up *Ow*² at 350 pages, total...

Published (for once) just for the hallibut, and the enjoyment of all concerned, and distributed to those pubbed, to those mentioned, and to those who request it, 'till the print run [150] is gone. Enjoy!

Paul Anderson [...on ONE & FIVE] -----

Thanks for printing the article on the question of a Mechanistic Vs a Statistical Universe. I used part of it to strengthen my argument to refute a fan who appears to believe in the inevitability of the puppet master fate. He may only be stirring up trouble for the sake of controversy and a lively debate, at least I hope so as the concept is ludicrous to my way of thinking. Anyway I am now awaiting his rejoinder to my comments, always assuming that he considers that a reply has been ordained by the fickle finger of fate.

The highlight of *Ow* 5 was the folio cum illustrated story from Mike Gilbert, only the main snag was that I am now awaiting for a sequel to it to see

how he likes Army life. We, in Adelaide have a few ads on the TV to see our local Careers officer about joining the Army for adventure, etc; when he looks interested on the ad it is quite effective until one remembers that the purpose for an army is to perpetuate wars--as if they did not we would not need an army. A sideline on the war in Vietnam--I note that the Bantam edition of THE PENTAGON PAPERS, which should sell for \$US2.25 in the US is on the local stands for the cheap price of \$A4.50--a mark-up of a lousy 200 plus%...

[...it just so happens that I have a sequel to Mike's story on hand. Soon...]

Bill Kunkel [...on SIX] -----

I had some random thoughts while reading your admittedly beautiful fanzine. Some of them are fleeting, some half-formed, and you may have heard it and thought it all before, but it was my first issue.

1) It's nice to see a fanzine that looks professional, but aren't those terms --fanzine & professional--maybe a trifle incongruous?

2) Would that material read as well in ditto? I mean, some of it didn't read so well anyway.

3) There's a bit of an antiseptic feel to it. I won't say it can't be elegance. Could be.

4) It's wonderful to see someone trying to turn a fanzine into an art form --squeeze out some of that unbounded visual potential. But in doing that beware of squeezing too hard and losing that original essence that made it all worth doing in the first place.

5) All that money! If you're not careful, you could turn into a *Locus*! Or maybe a *Life*, even, sending out ad sheets with rave-ups and blurbs and subscription propaganda. It can happen here.

6) And mostly, mainly: I've seen people get so hung up in equipment that it becomes an end rather than a means. It's like, when they see a band you say, hey, how were they?

"Oh, it was fantastic, man. They had this incredible Altec-lansing sound system with those golden sound horns, you know? And they had four of em, with two monitors, and the guitarist had six Marshall bottoms--more than Page!--and three brains and he was pulling axes out of everywhere! The drummer man, sounded like

howitzers instead of hitch tom-toms..."

No, you say, I mean how did they sound?

"Sound? How do you think? Man that organist had a double key-board Hammond with Leslie Tone Cabinet that sounded like a p.a. in the Grand Canyon, man!"

No. How did they play, man. How were they?

"Huh, what? What do you mean? I told you, didn't I?" -----

...until further notice, on Ow SEVEN:

Jerry Lapidus -----

"Where I am, is where *Outworlds* is at." It's funny, but although most farads probably would make that statement, I do not see many cases besides you where it would seem to be true. Ow somehow has much more of a personal flavor--even in the most expensive offset issues--than almost any other real genzine I can name. Even when I disagree with what you've done, I seem to be able to see that personal hand, that intimate touch, in each aspect of the magazine. It's a rare thing in any fanzine other than a personalzine; you obviously recognize it, and work to achieve it. You should realize that you do a remarkably good job of achieving it, working in the most difficult type of magazine possible for it.

I've gotten into such discussions before, but...I really see no reason why an offset magazine must, by definition, be something "cold and impersonal". Obviously it means more time and money have been spent than an equivilent fanzine in any other medium, but it can just as well imply that the editor is even MORE concerned with his readership and contributors--and is thus attempting to present things in the most readable format possible. Perhaps it's something of a hangover from the days when an offset magazine was beyond the reach of most publishing fans, and its publication implied the editor's trying to "prove something". This doesn't really seem to be the case these days; if you're interested in putting out a magazine with examples of some of the fan art being produced by the top artists, you'll need either good electrostencils, or some means of professional printing, and both

run up money. Maybe it's just a period we will have to go through, until someone like Paj can accept an offset fanzine without seeing a coldness or impersonalness which may not really be there.

I haven't been able to get through FOURTH MANSIONS, and I certainly don't have the background and training to even begin to discuss symbolism with Sandra. However, let me tell a little story. In William Goldman's book THE SEASON (one of the best books ever written on the Broadway theatre scene), there's a chapter called *We're Losing You Darling*, in which Goldman discusses intellectual criticism in theatre. He starts out by quoting a scene from a early Harold Pinter TV play, and then gives you a couple of pages of Kenneth Tynan's *London Times* review of that play, a review which Goldman credits with being very influential in establishing Pinter's early success. He then goes on to discuss this review in particular, and intellectual criticism in general. And then, at the end of the chapter, he says: "Did you like the scene from *Bent* any more because Kenneth Tynan said you should? Did that make it better for you? Would it bother you to learn that I wrote them both, the play and the essay? Well, I did, so think about that for a second." Now I must confess that my first thought upon reading Sandra's involved and highly serious comments about the symbolism in FM was--"This sounds exactly like the Kenneth Tynan review." And then I went back and read the review--and you know what? It *does* read exactly the same way.

Fabian's column is a definite plus. Rereading this just after reading comments from Canfield, Gilbert, and Gaughan in the latest *Energumen*, some ideas keep filtering through my mind. Both Mike and Steve comment on the idea of "dated visions" and styles in art, and touch upon what I feel is an important point. The technique, in my eyes, shouldn't be the thing subject to such discussion--it's the way the technique is used. If Fabian and Austin wish to play around with familiar styles and techniques (as Delany and Zelazny and Lafferty certainly have, in recent written s.f.), what does it matter? The important question is how they use that style--whether they're able to say something new, different, and/or interesting through it. We keep talking about "old" techniques as if they were somehow no longer valid, simply because

they're familiar and commonly used. We should be talking about whether the ideas and the treatments are new and interesting; this to me is the important aspect of the whole question.

"No fan artist ought to be condemned for his or her sphere of influence." Very good, Steve. I would add perhaps only the following: "...unless he makes no attempt to delineate his own styles from those he studies, once he becomes proficient."

I do thank both you and Sandra for her comments here on NOVA; most interesting, true, although my gut reaction is still *We're Losing You, Darling*.-----

Dan Goodman -----

I expect, within a few years, a monthly or bi-monthly zine devoted entirely to fanart. Artwork, letters discussing the artwork, an occasional article on fanart--and nothing else. *Outworlds* looks like a step toward that zine.

Alexis Gilliland's article on defrosted oldsters: given a low enough population density when reanimation takes place (either on the earth's surface or in human-occupied space), the defrosted people could be sent into exile. There will be area considered just barely habitable; or possibly newly opened up. A revivée might be given a choice between living in a city on a new planet (with living standards almost as low as those of mid-20th Century North America), and living in the Rann of Kutch.

As for money held in trust--I presume it would be taxed. If it couldn't be legally touched when still in the bank, it might be confiscated as soon as it reached the defrosted man's wallet.

But Gilliland is very right--dead men have been known to vote, but they aren't very effective at lobbying. Given the choice between freezing and prosthetics, I'll take the prosthetics--and stay around to protect my interests. -----

Clif Stenberg -----

The front cover was the first piece by Shull that I have liked, granted that my exposure to his work has been slight. The drawing struck me as being charming. Yes, I think that's the right word; charming. There seems to be many good new fan artists appearing lately (Grant Canfield, for instance). I only wish that there

were as many good new fan writers.

I see you're down on the numbers thing. Bravo!! When I was in the service I thought it would be the military thing to do if we addressed each other in the air force way (Stenberg, Clifford R.; Philbrick, Robert A.; etc.). My T.I. didn't think so. Still trying to please, I considered using our clothing number (S-7673). I'll remember the big confrontation until the day I die:

T.I. "Quite the smartass aren't you dipshit?" (His favorite word.)

S-7673 "No sir."

T.I. "Then knock off all this numbers shit. Got that?"

S-7673 "Yes sir."

T.I. "Get the hell out of here, Shithead."

Stenberg, Clifford R., AF16807673, "Yes sir."

Thank God there are only ten numbers in our system; could you imagine what our lives would be like if there were 15 or 20?

I note that we were both at Lackland at the same time, myself from Oct 11, 1964 til Feb 15, 1965 (casual barracks, you know). My luck was good though, and I was assigned to the language school at Indiana University. Luck was still with me (as far as I'm concerned) when I developed an ulcer and was given my walking papers on May 15, 1965. Helpful hint: If you need a quick out from the service just consume Bloomington, Ind. pizzas for a couple of months. Never fails.

In answer to Jerry Kaufman's question about males reading homosexual literature: The manager of the adults only bookstore here in Muskegon is a friend of mine and he says that he is very disappointed in the way his homosexual material is selling. The Muskegon area has about 150,000 people and only one adult bookstore, so it would appear that while a considerable market for this material should exist, the buyers have stayed away. Therefore I don't think it's very likely that a straight male would buy a homosexual novel in order to trade places with one of the men! A homosexual would of course.

I can't agree with his opinion about men buying lesbian erotica to exchange places with one or more of the women in his mind. There is a vast amount of heterosexual erotica on the market today and it seems to me that me who want to exchange

places with someone would buy this. Therefore I agree with Mike Glicksohn in that most men buy lesbian erotica because it is strange and different (and maybe "forbidden knowledge").

Bill Wolfenbargers' article was lethal. Don't read it when you're half boozed, unless you want to cry (for happy). -----

Rick Sneary -----

Frankly, *Outworlds* is almost too well done. Like *Warhoon*, it is almost too professional looking, that it puts one off from saying anything about it. While the spirit of the magazine is far from formal, it is so well done that I feel a little scruffy and frayed-about-the-edges in approaching it. Just as, as a letter hack I wrote to nearly every issue of *TWS*, *SS*, and *Planet*, for about three years... but I wrote only one postcard to *ASF*. I suppose to you it is all a creative act, and there is joy in the perfection of it all. There are things I work on, that no one else ever sees...so it shouldn't be a waste of time. But I can't help but think of all the time it takes...; and think of how little time I take to notice it. But I'm sure Boggs and Bergeron do.

I wanted to comment on the very funny 'How to be a Berkeley Fan'. It is funny, but kind of sad, in that there seems to be a grain of truth in there... Particularly the last, about not going to Los Angeles. For some reason a personal feud between a half-dozen people in both places seemed to have affected the whole relationship of the two city's fandoms... Through the late 50's and early 60's we were into everything together. But after the Baycon, and the influx of new fans, things seem to have changed. For no reason that most of us old timers can see. There are a couple of hundred fans of various degrees of activity in this area, and I suppose as many up there, and the spectrum of personalities is undoubtedly greater within an area than between the two. Yet a handful who enjoy carrying a grudge or stirring up feuds, are slowly souring the fannish enjoyment of us all... And like No. Ireland, the new generations are being carefully taught to hate, until one day we might get as bad as New York. Pointed satire and humor has been the

most effective weapon in correcting fannish ills, and maybe Greg's little piece, if it is seen enough, might do some good. Or start a trend. -----

Mae Strelkov -----

Oh, to finish the remarks on the remarks on old Mae...it distresses me also to be called "incredible". Can't I be credible? Please, please, I want to be credible in my old age! Be kind, Mike, and take that back! And as for stream-of-consciousness...gosh! Who--me? No-o-o! I was only gossiping like ladies do at tea! (With old friends and likeable new friends combined!)

But Jerry Kaufman, now, he's very kind. He finds me an "open and truthful human". Thank you, Jerry. All I aim to be is "open and truthful", and it's the hardest thing even to be coherent at times. My trouble is I recognize I produce so many "incredible" sayings...I am shuddering this instant remembering all my faux-paux of the past which I dread to think maybe some old-timer in your FAPA-group may recall. When I was pro-UFO, for instance. (Erps.) And now? Pro-Mother-Earth forever, of course.

Jerry! I never did read the famous PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST...etc. Not out of huffiness either. You must realize that libraries here stock only Spanish-language books, and if by any chance someone donated a lot of English-language reading matter, it's of the Walter-Scott-Dickens category which I waded through when a little tyke around seven or eight, all of it. (Enough!) When working in Buenos Aires I bought stacks of paperbacks as 'fuel' to keep myself stoked while dashing about, but they were all science-fiction, and even then I had to pick and choose, for they cost heaps, due to inflation, currency-exchange, and what-not. So I missed out in keeping-up-with-the-times. However, I did buy paperbacks of such value, those that survived a flood in the Islas del Ibicuy (1959), that reached to the tops of our windows, (but the top-shelves of our book-case were higher!) ... oh, damn (that's "stream-of-consciousness" I presume, for I got balled up!) Let's sort it out. I was merely saying that the paperbacks that survived the flood are still treasured by our children (the loose pages kept in plastic bags!).

But you see, Jerry, I'm mostly ignorant of what fanzines discuss so smoothly. And worse, now, are our current buys...my

long-suffering family sympathize (not growl) when I slowly build up an "erudite" library of archaic Chinese...Bernard Karlgren's works, gradually, and a lovely huge book in offset now from Hong Kong, totally in Chinese, showing the oldest forms of their writings right back to the 3/4,000 year-old Honan finds, which I match up with 1028 B.C. pronunciations as per Karlgren, and surviving elements here, found in yet other vocabularies I'm gradually buying (or being given).

But it's fun, Jerry, it's fun, though you have to be more than a little crazy, perhaps, to care about old symbols and sounds, as madly as I do!

Oh, Sandra, Sandra, such lovely thoughts! Scrolls! Holograms! To Mike and Susan I've written about the *tocapu*-woven script of the Quechuans (on their ponchos) and asked, "Wouldn't fanzines woven, be interesting?" or something of the sort. I had a bright vision (to save paper, of course) of fans wearing their zines on their shoulders...beautiful ponchos and shawls!

At the height of our Industrial Age (which was very recently), people were sneering at the ecologically-minded Indians who "hadn't learned to use the wheel"...to mass-produce pottery, for instance. (Every scrap of pottery here is worthy of being kept in some museum...a hand-made original! Ditto with their weavings!) However, a very dear friend of mine...a mythologist/anthropologist/linguist...wrote a whole book he cannot publish (though dozens of his books are in print), proving that the wheel was known, but too holy for mundane usage, being the Sun Wheel to them. Carts with wheels (but mere models, like toys) have been found pre-dating the silly Conquest, in the New World! I've read that in several books, but never seen an example...but then I shall have to leave my museum-prowling days for my genuine-old-age still ahead of me when our youngest, ten, is big.

Oh, Sandra again! I was so impressed by *Some Light on NOVA* (alas, though, I've not yet read the book!), but you do know your mythology! I wanted to tell you a funny true thing...in Patagonia there was a "lost golden city" where lived "devils in the flesh" as per the Jesuits who sought to conquer it unflaggingly for 200 years and longer. When their Ex-

ile occurred, the Franciscans took over the search (also unsuccessfully), swearing the place contained the Holy Grail.

The place had many names but I now consider Tshrapalan(da)--the Araucanian, Chilean, term, the most significant. Tlapallan of Mexico's Quetzalcoatl, could it be? Or the world of Pylln or Puyen, etc. (Y there is consonantal), as it was also called here (supposed to be located where Lake Payne is now) and a name very similar is that of Pelles or Pelleas, a knight of the Round Table and the old English god of Hell, spelt Pwyll by my source here, Lewis Spence. (In Araucanian, these are all old terms for "soul".)

A paperback Vadim brought back the other day on the Popes mentions in passing that William of Malmesbury records the discovery of one of these denes where the dead covered in gold sit before an eternal feast. (And the giant Pelias' body was found too.) These are all key concepts and terms...here, too. The mummies here were covered with gold...golden masks also! (Till the Spaniards looted the denes and vakas wholesale.) Your story, Bill, about Mars, contains a similar idea. Were you influenced or was it a subconscious (genetic???) memory you clothed so colorfully in the story? -----

...from here on, comments on *On EIGHT*:

Vincent Di Fate -----

I am ... grateful that Jack Gaughan made the effort to explain glaze painting to your readers. Apparently the message got through to Jim Cawthorn when he wrote to say: "No wonder Hannes Bok never became a runaway commercial success...it required an infinite amount of patience and dedication."

As Jack pointed out, glaze painting indeed requires vast quantities of light in order to look its best; and it is therefore limited in the degree to which it can be reproduced successfully.. (You may question then, what is the value of glazing? Proponents of the glaze technique will provide an infinite number of reasons, but briefly, it utilizes the relationship of medium to pigment to produce a variety of translucent effects. The presence of light is also a consideration in the execution of the technique and it is all rather in-

volved and becomes quite cerebral as one might well imagine.)

More precisely though, Hannes Bok was less than successful because he was an artist. There is a distinction between illustrators and artists.

Recently I was appalled to learn that an illustrator whom I greatly admired composes all of his illustrations in a dark room from photographs. Moreover, rather than bothering to trace the photographs with the aid of an opaque projector or camera lucida (as do such notables as Norman Rockwell), the artist paints directly over the photographs thereby producing an ultra-realistic effect. I had been told this by an art director and when I naively asked, 'Well isn't that dishonest or something?' his reply was, "We don't question how our artists get the effects they do; our primary interest is in the results. Besides, I don't really consider him much of an artist, but he is a damn good illustrator."

Bok made the mistake of doing intelligent, creative, technically magnificent work for a field in which quality is a consideration secondary to salesmanship.

The artist in Twentieth Century society is becoming an enigma; and this extends in varying degrees to the arts in general. Almost uniquely, the U.S. does not patronize the arts beyond a token gesture. Many American artists have been compelled to earn a living in commercial art. As a result, the US can boast of an inordinately high level of essentially bastardized art. Since the turn of the century this has become increasingly true all over the world. Rather than in the courts of European royalty, the printed page has become the market place for virtually all contemporary artists. This is true of other fields as well and outstanding talents such as the Beatles stand out as shining examples of what can be achieved by highly skilled people who insist upon creating art that is not only art, but that is also commercially negotiable. It's like being able to tap dance with a wooden leg.

I may sound a bit cynical, but I'm not really. It's all part of the real challenge of being a Twentieth Century artist and should be recognized for what

it is.

Just a few words to Steve Fabian. Steve seems to be as sensitive to criticism from the fans as I am, and, unfortunately, no matter how hard you try to tell yourself that it doesn't make any difference to you, it really does.

To an outsider like myself, fandom struck me at first as being a bit too hostile--like having my head jammed into a meat grinder. Fans seem to get great pleasure out of cutting me to pieces (I'm glad I finally found a way to please them) and their remarks filled the spectrum from the painfully true to the utterly ridiculous. By the time they ground me down to the knee caps, I realized that I was getting used to the pain. Someday, frightening though it may seem, I may actually find that I am enjoying myself.

The fact that Steve's work is of such high quality makes him particularly vulnerable to criticism. A fan artist who has no skill whatever, draws mighty praise when, almost by accident, he produces a drawing of marginal competence; whereas a fellow like Steve must do nothing short of the spectacular to simply get by unaccosted.

It is a valid observation that Steve's rendering technique is not consistent with what may be considered contemporary or progressive, but it is unequivocally a matter of personal taste as to the degree of success of his work. Of Steve's essential talent there can be absolutely no doubt whatever. -----

Jonh Ingham -----

In that position, Mick Jagger would have breathed thanks that his money was in a Swiss bank. I saw a brochure on the Rolling Stones Mobile Studio not too long ago. The front cover shows the studio--a moving van size truck, painted in wartime camouflage--backed up alongside Mick's house, a portion of which was visible. There was a tower, like a small version of one of Notre Dame's belfries, with what looked like a stone Tudor castle extending off to one side. The rest of the view was taken up with unending views of fields and woods, all of it Mick's. Inside is a pic of Mick's entrance hall, which is used as a recording area. The ceiling is about 40 feet high, and it stretches on and on, rather like the entry hall of Castle Dracula. Opulent bric a brac litter the corners. So much for the revolutionary-one-with-people-rock stars.

...of course, what with all the faneds these days bemoaning the problems/dangers of large circulations, one practically feels guilty asking for a fanzine. I gather that you would like to reach more people if it weren't for the drudgery involved (as opposed to those who prefer a small in-group for its own sake). It's a paradox: you don't want to produce more than 250 copies; 631 people voted for the fanzine Hugo this year, presumably many if not most (like me) not having seen *Outworlds*; and if all of us were conscientious enough to write for it, you'd be swamped and probably follow Geis out. All right, the Hugo in itself may not be important (pause for laughter from nominees), but the number of voters should give some indication of those who are seriously interested in good fanzines. So maybe Fandom is too big (ridiculous as that sounds when you consider objectively how many people we're talking about), but who's supposed to walk out? Reverting to your problems, though, how do you expect to stay small if you inherit all of Geis's columnists (and all his subscribers hear about it?)

Clever of Poul Anderson to criticize his own dialogue and then follow up with two solid pages of it. It's a good thing we all know where Poul stands, or one might get confused as to which side of the arguments he's on. By the way, did you know that Poul Anderson is the Economy Minister of Denmark? (A tidbit I happened to notice in the spate of post-Nixon economic news last week.) [Aug 26]

I wonder, has Greg Benford the distinction of making the first mention of LOVE STORY in a major fanzine? The movie played for about six months at what used to be my favorite theater. I did see it though--after all, I may never again encounter a movie or book with a heroine from Rhode Island [...one guess as to where George lives!] (except for Newport, which is practically another planet--cf. THE SIRENS OF TITAN, come to think of it). But I digress like mad. Back to Greg: it's nice to know what all the young, activist scientists are doing; I didn't know all that stuff about logomathematical systems, etc., but then I'm a mere chemist. You know, I've just been struck by the resemblance of the SF/fantasy quibble to a lot of bull sessions I remember on the differ-

ence between physics and chemistry. Works out the same way, too: SF is what's marketed as SF, and chemistry is what's done by people with chemistry degrees.

Harry Warner's idea of sending out an interstellar probe right away is a noble idea, but I'm afraid it's impractical. Not that we couldn't give a vehicle escape velocity from the solar system (though in "a year or two" it probably wouldn't even get past Saturn), but it would have to be pretty small, and even in a large craft I don't know if we're capable of building a system that would be reasonably sure of still working after a couple of centuries, after which it'd have to send a detectable signal over several light years. Sure, we'd be happy just to know it was there, but try getting an appropriation on that basis!

Harry Warner, Jr. -----

You know, I wouldn't have known that this was an all-column issue if you'd put different titles on the contents. Someone really should write a lengthy and philosophical dissertation on the column in fanzines, a topic that nobody seems to do much thinking about. I'm not complaining about the eighth *Outworlds* and I don't mean to raise eyebrows at others for doing the same thing that I do, in my "column" in *Locus*. But the column in fanzines is gradually becoming a method of saving the trouble of thinking up titles or a way to get certain types of material out of book review or letter departments. I believe that the most successful columns in the past of fandom have been those that had some particular attribute running through them, issue after issue, and a uniqueness that made it unthinkable to imagine them appearing as departments. Book reviews and separate essays on any topic under the sun can be excellent but do they really stand comparison with the sense of personality and continuity that Willis, Burbee, and Blish got into their fanzine columns in the years so long ago?

I'm greatly impressed by Lowndes' apparent lack of grudges. For lack of having seen the Vollheim book, I can say only a couple of things about side issues. The Vollheim definition of science fiction fails to allow for all the stories in which future events are based on existing science, particularly the stories set in a future

after atomic war has decimated the globe. It also fails to explain why we don't list as science fiction a book like Booth Tarkington's ALICE ADAMS, whose plot is dependent on the fact that the heroine's father has invented a superior type of glue. I doubt that there will ever be an adequate definition of science fiction for the simple reason that the term has been used to cover at least four or five different kinds of fiction: stories about the future, stories about developments in science, stories about present-day events on other planets or in other solar systems, stories about what might have happened in the past without leaving a record, for instance. And I doubt that anyone has the reading background to write an all-encompassing book on science fiction. The best authorities whom Lowndes mentions are well acquainted with prozine fiction, with the important books of the past half-century, with a handful of the science fiction written before prozines began, and with Verne. They can write about English-language science fiction of the past two or three generations and can draw on fragmentary knowledge of other science fiction. They know little about 19th century science fiction and less about the enormous amount of science fiction that hasn't been translated from other languages. The field is already much too large to be covered as a whole by any one human.

Paj underestimates my ability to keep up with the times. I do have a television set, and it's even one of the kind that runs by plugging it into a wall socket, back here in these hills where most persons are content with the wind-up kind and the local station begins the late show a 7:30 p.m. Most of my watching involves movies and live sports. I'm afraid that I watch as few current event debates and documentaries on life among the primitive corals as the average member of the public. -----

Alpajpuri -----

...Concerning the slambang patchwork kaleidoscope approach, I must take issue with Jerry Lapidus when he criticizes the use of both vertical and horizontal layouts in one issue of a zine. The role of an editor is to assemble con-

tributed material in such a fashion that the casual flipper-through is persuaded to pause and dwell on each item, to read all the words and look at all the pictures. Professional editors have to convince people to pay money for their publications, and though the pressure isn't as great for fan editors, I think we're still faced with the same sort of problem. You have to convince the reader that it's worth his while to sit there with your magazine in his hands instead of going off and dragging the gut, watching football on the tube, playing Mah Jong with the girls or any of the multitude of activities with which he might otherwise be occupied. You want the magazine to be readable and attractive, superficially comprehensible at a glance, laid out and decorated with such graphics as add positive reinforcement to the reading experience. I think every fanzine should fulfill at least these minimal requirements; sadly few do. (If you don't want to think of it in terms of the editor entrapping the reader, if you think fans will read through a fanzine without there having to be a carrot in front of them; then why not make it as pleasant a trip as possible? It entails the same procedures.)

But you know, you can't just let your zine sit there passively displaying its wares like a well-dressed (but bored) kiosk manager. You have to get the reader actively involved in the magazine, you have to create an environment in which the reader becomes intellectually and emotionally and physically incorporated in the workings of your paper machine. An example of this is the alteration of horizontal a vertical layouts. This requires the reader to exert an effort (albeit a slight one) and as you say, in many cases it just doesn't seem worth it. As an editor, you have to make it worthwhile. You have to bait your reader's curiosity, and then reward him after he performs the proper gymnastics. It's a gamble the editor has to take--just how strongly does his layout impel his audience to continue?, weighed against the reader's reluctance to expend energy. (Now, if we readers weren't such lazy bastards...)

So first of all you want to produce a magazine that presents its material clearly and cleanly. After that you want to perform some magic tricks with graphics & layout to make the magazine an entity unto itself, distinct from and yet complementary to the material presented. Finally,

you want to manipulate the structure of the whole in such a way that you get the reader firmly intermeshed with the material and the magazine itself: synergy. These are my ideas on what magazines should be; how to go about achieving such idealistic goals is quite another matter. I'm not sure I know how, but after all, it's what I'm in the fanzine biz to find out...

You know, Earl Evers, when I was saying that today's fannish fanzines tend to have mediocre graphics, I meant that in the sense of Unexceptional, not Sloppy. *Focal Point*, for instance, is much more attractive with its hand-stencilled cartoons and minimal layout than half the zines I get claiming to be Science Fiction Genzines. We must make distinctions here in the vague nebula of "graphics". It isn't just a one-dimensional scale from neat to sloppy, nor merely a two-dimensional matrix involving as well quality of illustrations. You also have to consider the z-axis--ingenuity of design. Not just the structuring of the words and lines on a page, but the very structure of that page itself, and of the entire sequence of pages that makes up the complete work. It's possible to issue a graphically excellent fanzine with not a single illustration--Ow8 is a good example of this if you disregard the accidental offset... It's also possible to publish a zine with fantastic illustrations by top artists, and have it come out, well, visually unexciting. I cite here as an example, *Energumen*, though such a simplistic judgement really doesn't do justice to Mike's multifaceted publication. -----

Ed Conner -----

Your Ow-8 cover deserves a place of near-uniqueness; another Rotsler masterpiece in a long, long line of good to superb art-contributions to scores of fanzines eds down through the ages.

The Fabian is also rather outstanding.

Curious. Try comparing these two pieces of artwork and one comes squarely against the problem presented to this year's Hugo-voters: which is the better? which is the better? which is the better?

True, Rotsler does very good work indeed in some of his non-cartooning efforts, but I think that your *Outworlds* 8

Presentation almost has to serve as the final word to the question of whether or not the art category should be divided into two distinct parts for Hugo consideration. Rotsler is too good as a cartoonist to be denied the top spot he deserves.

Some may say that creating a cartoonists' award would be tabtamount to creating it for Rotsler alone. Not necessarily true; there are a number of good to fair cartoonists around right now, and with the knowledge that a Hugo awaits the one considered the best of the lot, the entire field of cartooning for fanzines would assuredly show an improvement. And, while Rotsler would, probably, cop a Hugo or two, who knows how many new--and outstanding--competitors would rise to challenge him? Hm... perhaps he and Tim Kirk would alternate as winners for a few years, but no one could be certain of the results in any one year. There are just too many variables...some of which haven't too much to do with the quality of any individual's work. -----

Michael Glicksohn -----

You know, this idiosyncratic unpredictability of yours is becoming quite a nuisance, William. Jerry and Harry may be interested to know that Devra Langsam is working on a basic guide to the production of fanzines, mimeographed and otherwise. She asked me to submit an article on elementary layout, and in the draft of this that I sent her, I say something to the effect that the beginning editor had better learn some basic do's and don't's of layout and graphics before attempting the imaginative and innovative concepts exemplified by *Outworlds*. And then you produce Ow 8: art--none; layout--barely; graphics--scarcely... What're trying to do, undermine a living legend?

The night I received #8, I had the strangest dream. I dreamt of a Western town, steeped in glory, its streets filled with the faded footsteps of ancient heros. The townsfolk were crowding the main street, where a showdown was taking place and a towering silo--shaped strangely like a rocket ship--overlooked and dominated the scene. At one end of the street was the Old Man, the top gun for many years, but now, perhaps, a bit past his prime. He was superbly armed, his equipment and know-how undeniably the best, his reputation hard-

earned over many years and yet there was a trace of fear in his weathered face. Facing him, brash, cocky, in the prime of his youth, was The Kid. His guns were newer, he was scarcely learning to use them, but he was fast, by God he was fast! And although he'd looked up to and admired the Old Man, some say even been inspired by him, he knew that this showdown was inevitable, that there could only be one Old Man, and it was going to be him! The two approached each other, exchanging bantering insults, but the dear in the Old Man was like a cold, hard fist twisting his stomach. Suddenly, in a desperate attempt to bolster his own flagging confidence in his reputation, he began telling the watching townspeople how The Kid had always admired him, how he'd tried to imitate him, even trying to claim credit for The Kid's own talents and achievements. The Kid kept silently approaching, a slight smile on his face. At last they were within range; a hush fell over the crowd, and as one man they went for their guns. A thunderous volley of shots rang out! A cloud of gunsmoke obscured the scene, and as it slowly drifted away there came into view...the Man from Glad, separating an angry housewife from her husband! Which shows, I guess, that you shouldn't put much faith in dreams.

From now on, I think I'll type "Bill Bowers" just like that, in quotation marks. It's becoming increasingly obvious that this fellow is merely an elaborate hoax! As Jerry Kaufman and I have made known to the fannish public, "Bill Bowers" should be an ancient and decrepid old man. And yet the production of *Ow*, with all that justification and the like, is obviously a young man's job. Hmmm? Add to this the mysterious "circumstances" that always seem to arise to prevent "Bill Bowers" from appearing at fannish gatherings. For example, he can't be at PgHLANGE because his mimeo cracked a drum! Ha! What rubbish! But one must admit that he is thorough: to back up the spurious tale, *Ow* 8 is apparently liberally supplied with set-off caused by the substitute machine. I must admit to nearly being taken in by this. It was only a very close examination that revealed the truth to me. Those faint marks aren't set-off at all! Set-off, because of the way it arises, is

the reverse or ordinary print--it must be read from right to left. What "Bowers" has done is type very lightly between his actual lines of text and across his white spaces, producing an artificial variety of set-off! All to avoid being seen in public. The obvious question is "Why?".

And the answer is equally obvious. It's sometimes puzzled me why "Bowers" comments to me have been so obvious, so simple-minded, so lacking in real skill. At the same time, I've been highly impressed by the wit and obvious intelligence of another fellow from "Bowers'" area of Ohio, one Roger Bryant. And here's the very fellow appearing in the *Outworlds*' editorial! The connection is there, one only has to draw it. Can anyone doubt that there is no longer an active fan named Bill Bowers? Obviously his place has been taken by Roger Bryant, whose youth and intelligence would definitely account for the high quality of the fanzine. And, of course, Roger cannot be seen in public, so he invents these crises to prevent "Bowers" attending cons. And hides behind a PO Box so that, should fannish visitors drop by, he has time to hide himself and bring the frail old body of the real Bowers back down from the attic (where he doubtless spends his days in mindless happiness drooling over back issues of his old fanzine *Double-Chin*). Just how long Roger hopes to be able to uphold this masquerade I cannot tell, but as long as he is able to maintain *Outworlds*' current veneer of quality, who am I to complain?

Actually, the secret behind the improvement in the appearance of my own fanzine is remarkably simple. Whenever my mimeo gives too much set-off, or fades on a drawing, or blurs the print, I merely grab the latest *Outworlds*, thrust it under the screen of the mimeo and say sternly, "Do you want to be responsible for something like this?" and the printing defect clears itself up. -----

[...just WHO is this guy!!!]

Grant Canfield -----

I met Alpajpuri at Westercon. He is definitely a Bowersfan (as am I), and together we waxed enthusiastic over what you are doing with your zine. I loved his 'Kozmik Komik' feature on the back of *Outworlds* 8, the artzine without art. Are you trying to confuse people or what?

Although I wasn't much impressed with the first installment of Steve Fab-

ian's *Papervision* column, I thought the second installment was great. I think he hit exactly the right tone in his reply to his critics who complain about his "dated" visions. "Pissing in my flower-pots", indeed: I wish I'd said that! I was amused to learn that Steve had received an Alex Eisenstein lesson in finger anatomy, for I too have been so honored, concerning an illo of a fat alien "giving the finger" in an issue of--forgive me!--*Energumen*. Alex pointed out the impossibility of such a digital formation, but of course the fanartist has a convenient cop-out: after all, it was an alien, and who's to say...? If *Papervision* continues to be as bright and witty (and, I suppose anecdotal) as it was this time, I think you'll find you have a hit. Great!

John-Henri Holmberg -----

That Poul Anderson should raise the question of dialogue writing is funny, since I've been reading for the last several days nothing but Poul Anderson stories and have been noting some strange things about his dialogue treatment. Nothing spectacular; but I do have two points to make.

The first one is the major one; the second is an extension of it. Why do people in Poul Anderson stories always revert to their native languages when they become upset or happy or feel any sort of strong emotion? Poul should try finding some basis for this by listening to his surroundings; I can bet him another fifth of Glenlivet he'll not be able to find one person in a thousand who suddenly exclaims "herregud!" or "Mon Dieu!" or "Ach du mien Gott!" or anything like that, at any time, even if they happen to be originally Swedes, French or Germans. If you speak English even moderately well, and if all the people around you speak English, you simply don't revert to your own language in this way.

My second objection is minor. I'm a native Swede, and possibly for this reason I have noticed particularly the amount of Swedes who always clutter up Poul Anderson's stories. Now I'm flattered, of course, on behalf of my country and the rest of Scandinavia that we'll seemingly play such a seminal part in future history (vides TAO ZERO, a really excellent novel where Sweden is Top Country). But Poul's Swedish is sometimes

pretty strange.

In *Marque and Reprisal*, one character keeps calling his daughter "flicka" in a way which must be intended to be affectional. Now "flicka" means "girl" but can not in itself be used in any emotional or affectionate way; in such cases it must be modified with some other word. "Min lilla flicka", "flickan min", "lilla flicka" and so on can all be said to be emotional. But just saying "flicka" to a girl is about as affectionate as saying "dog" to your favorite dog. (Or "cat" if you share my preferences as to pets.)

In TAO ZERO, First Officer Lindgren exclaims "Kors i Herrens namn!", and this is described as a horrified cry. Now, "Kors i Herrens namn!" is on about the same level, as exclamations go, as "Oh my gosh!" and can hardly be said to be sufficient for the disaster it is prompted by. Besides, the colloquial spelling would be "Kors i Herrans namn!". A better desperate cry would be simply "Herre Gud!" or "Gode Gud!", both much more expressive in Swedish usage.

Apart from which I understand that all the persons in TAO ZERO speak Swedish all the time; if the rest is translated into English, why shouldn't this exclamation be translated too?

A few pages earlier, I see, Lindgren exclaims again, this time saying only "Gud!" which you don't say without a modifier either.

These are minor quibbles, but I regard Poul Anderson as a very accomplished writer and as certainly one of the best storytellers currently writing science fiction. I'm consequently a bit peeved that he should keep on making first the faults in Swedish he constantly does, and second--primarily--use of the to my experience totally false assumption that people break into their native tongues as soon as they are upset or perplexed. I understand that this probably is because of his wish to present the people in his stories as multinational, but it still seems superfluous and silly to me. Why not let them make grammatical errors instead; that is much more common.

RAWL's comments on THE UNIVERSE MAKERS were extremely interesting and I find myself in agreement with them to a very large extent: although I can hardly

say that I agree with all or even most of Wollheim's judgments, I am in very strong sympathy with his book. He is an honest man, who knows the field from the inside out and who gives his very personal opinions of it without trying to make them fit the readers' prejudices or the current trends in sf. But I'm inclined to think that Lowndes may be wrong in believing that nobody but a man with as long a time of interest in the sf field as Wollheim has could write a good interpretive work on sf: it hasn't been done as yet (and the tries we've had, such as Lois and Stephen Rose's *THE SHATTERED RING* and Sam J. Lundwall's *SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT* are abysmal failures strengthening Lowndes argument), but I think it could be done. The argument that any form of literature should be available to interpretation only to the readers and writers who have been with it since its inception seems fallacious to me: at best, it would invalidate all modern interpretative works on literary history (and Lowndes probably knows better; modern works on the Classics are as a rule at least as sensitive and intelligently informed as most contemporary writings); at worst, it can be interpreted as joining in with the claim often put forth by the least readable ingroup critics that sf is so very special that it can't be valuably judged by anyone not associated with and dedicated to it since the age of 10.

Having been, myself, associated with and devoted to sf since the age of six, I may not be the ideal person to dispute this, but I want to stress that I think it is a dangerous notion. If we want sf to be considered and accepted for what it is--a part of literature, no better or worse in itself than any other subdivision of literature--I think it is important that we don't try to argue that only those brought up on the stuff are able to comment intelligently on it. All who were raised on it are certainly not able to give any very interesting evaluations of it (as witness Sam Moskowitz); any day now I expect someone who wasn't reading sf in the 30s to write an even better book on it than Wollheim has done. I hope that somebody may be Alex Panshin, for a start; I'm pretty sure that in the years to come

more and more studies of sf will be written by people who have started noticing the field only when they were already both grown-up and educated from a literary point of view. -----

[I've cut John-Henri's (known to many of you as Carl Brandon, Jr.) letter considerably more than I'd prefer; this, along with the even more drastic trimming of Mae Strelkov's missive...hurt more than anything yet connected with Ow. But I'm trying to get as many different people represented as possible.

Incidentally, John-Henri disagreed, at length, with Greg Benford's comments on the S.F. Research Association. I also heard from Tom Clareson on the subject--he said that there should be a separate volume devoted entirely to the 'specialist' mags (i.e., fanzines). Both objections noted, but frankly, folks, it's something that I'm not at all interested in. My loss, I'm sure.]

Dan Goodman -----

Separating the letter column from the rest of the zine is not a successful innovation. And it would be a nice gesture to go back to printing letterwriters' addresses.

I hope Jerry Kaufman's not taking Greg Benford's account of Berkeley fandom as the Last Word on Bay Area fandom. Greg is talking about the fannish fanzine fans in the area--most of whom are pretty inactive, to the point of finding FAPA's minac requirements too much work these days. There are also failed LASFS fan-politicians making a fresh start here; Creative Anachronists; and every variety of ex-fan.

In LA, people speak of the Great Bay Area Pit; fans drop into it, and are never heard from again. There is also a legend that any fan who moves to the Bay Area instantly becomes a hopeless fugghead.

Bay Area fandpm is slightly disorganized. It lacks the cohesion and communication between factions that can be found in NY fandom. Gossip from Bay Area fans tends to be about events and people in NY, LASFS--anywhere but the Bay Area. There was a newszine here, a year or so ago, that got much of its Bay Area news from *Locus*.

Greatly enjoyed the Rotsler cover--almost as much as I did the previous issue's Schull cover. Too often, Rotsler art

in a genzine looks as tho it's there because the editor thought artwork was needed, and had been told that Rotsler was a Great Fanartist. I've seen some damned good Rotsler art, but most of what I've seen by him lately I've found boring. Maybe you're the sort of editor who would actually reject a Rotsler illo you disliked.

[Well...I don't actually 'reject' Rostler-works; but I do pass on to other faneds about 50% of what I get from Bill. Those that I like, I like very much; the ones that I don't, I dislike as intensely --the average seems to work out to 50/50.]

Mike Glicksohn doubts that fans are more tolerant than mundanes. Perhaps not; but the "innumerable bloody feuds" he mentions are no disproof. Ever heard of office politics, with its nasty tricks?

The feuds don't seem all that real, much of the time. In an apa, A announces that he is cutting off all communication with B. A year or so later, B turns up as one of the main contributors to A's genzine. In a phone conversation C says, "Speaking of greasy, oily schmucks, there is D." Couple of weeks later, another phonecall: "I was wrong about D--he's a Hell of a nice guy."

Fans have low boiling points, and it shows up all too often in fandom. They are competitive about the strangest things; I recall one in-print discussion between two male fans about which of them was a better lover, and several discussions as to who was more turned-on. I've been called a liar for stating my tastes in fanart and genzines, had it explained to me that the things I'm interested in discussing should not be discussed in fanzines (not drugs, or sex, or anything Taboo, either); and been trapped by fans explaining that no trufans would touch pot, that no trufan could possibly operate without psychedelic inspiration, that no trufan would be caught dead reading *Trumpet*, that no one who failed to appreciate *Trumpet* could possibly call himself a fan...

I still consider fandom more tolerant than the outside world.

The most tolerant people I've come across have been pacifists. Not "peace movement" people; anti-nuclear, anti-Vietnam, agin-one-war-or-kind-of-war types, but those who are against all wars. They accept anyone as a worthwhile human being, including those who are presently deluded

enough to use or advocate violence. -----

Dave Hulvey -----

...the abortion you performed on the lettercol was not appreciated from here. You have any more clever ideas like that? I mean, maybe someday you'll just put out a nice, solid finished zine. Oh, I do hope that wouldn't interfere with your artsy ideas. After all, who wants to be Conventional and put the foundation in first these days. So much more fun to drift down the river during the first flood.

Don't mistake what I'm saying. I like *Outworlds*, basically. However, the continually shrilled enshrinement of Unpredictability has gotten just a little too predictable recently. It was fun for awhile. In fact, I'd delight in the arrival of *Ow* because I could always expect something delightfully innovative. Sadly, if no. 8 is any indication of where you believe your creative calling lies nowadays, then it's the end of an era for your zine. You've allowed your own advertising to blind you to the fact that advertising is only as good as the product it ultimately delivers. No. 8 just didn't deliver.

I'm also alarmed that your best writing seems to go into the idiotic little data sheet/flyer. ...*From William's Pen* seems overwritten by comparison.

On the other hand, Paj's *Kozmik Komix* was excellent; both the thought and execution were inspired. A perfect piece for the bacover. One accolade to you--for choosing it, and one to Paj for submitting it.

Paj, via his letter, makes some of the same points Greg Benford did in his col. Durthy heepie preeberts have always been a problem. Still, if you and I, and me and you, and he and she; plus them that knows can redirect their energies to something useful, well, the problem is solved. For instance, think of all the extra blades of grass that could be saved if we started an Ecology Corp. as an alternative to the draft. See, we'll have two kids per block, and their job, if they can find it, is to guard any blade of grass in their sight. This doesn't include such obstructions as flowers and trees--which have their own guards, older, of course. You can't trust mere pups with such delicate beauties. You would have to be at least 25 to appreciate

a flower. Have two children, three cars and a color tv by the backyard pool to adequately protect a tree. And if you're really good, and can get a life permit to extend beyond 50--well, you get a whole row of trees to guard (probably those lining the Government's Offices streets). Just think of the possibilities! -----

Jerry Lapidus -----
It doesn't work. There. I've said it.

What I mean, of course, is that I don't think an artless *Outworlds* works, or at least not in this case. The material simply isn't strong enough to stand entirely alone, devoid of interesting graphics or artwork/illustrations.

I'm afraid I have to disagree with Harry Warner on the subject of visuals in fanzines in general, and those in Bruce Gillespie's magazine in particular. Bruce may say that he has no skill at visuals, but the appearance of his fanzine proves him wrong. He may use little if any art and very simple layout, but he has an innate sense of layout nonetheless, and his magazine is always smoothly readable and interesting to look at. No complex graphic ideas, but generally pleasing compositions on every page. In addition, Harry suggests that current faneditors are, in part, playing around with formats and graphics they don't really have the ability and/or experience to handle. "Some of them are trying to go beyond their capabilities," he says, "adding to their work without providing satisfactory amounts of delight for the reader's eye and the best utilization of art." I just can't agree with that at all. I see most faneditors making little if any attempt at providing interesting or unusual graphics. I see most doing little more than cramming everything on to the page possible, and shoving an illustration in the upper right corner. Far from seeing faneditors failing to fulfill promises of new and different ideas, I see no concern whatsoever (with two or three exceptions) in providing new and different visuals--little concern with visual appearance in the first place.

Magnificent cover and backcover of the magazine itself, both serving to make me yearn for the art that isn't there. For some reason, Paj's excellent game thingee

makes a perfect ending to the magazine--and Bill's cover is typically wild.

Steve Fabian was one of the new people I met in Boston, and probably the one who surprised me the most. Tim Kirk, once you got used to the physical fact that he wasn't old and grizzled, looked pretty much like a collection of all his characters. But Steve, who comes across to me in print and artwork as cool and rather precise, was one of the nicest people I met at the convention. -----

Daniel Dickinson -----

Poul Anderson writes a fascinating column, one that's uniquely his own, and does a fair job of refuting those critics who've raised points concerning his habit of "lecturing". It's true that Avram stands very high when it comes to dialogue, but one need only remember those fascinating sessions between Yama and Sam in *LORD OF LIGHT* to realize the Zelazny is well near the top too, when he takes enough time to concentrate on it. Zelazny seems to me the first sf writer (the first I've noticed anyway) to utilize fully the physical as well as vocal aspects of conversation. His ability to converse by means of glances, raised eyebrows, and so forth astounds me--I only wish he'd pull the trick more often.

Stan Woolston -----

Jerry Lapidus points out the human factor of the growing writer and his old reputation--which is like looking at the heavens where we know that the stars, nebulas and all that are in altogether different locales than they seem by sight--and actually they've never been there, because being different "light-years" apart from us we see one at one time, and another at a different century, or millenium, or maybe millions of years from where it is. The over-critical item in a fanzine, even if it came out within a week of being written, would only speak of the past, just as astronomy is a picture of the past--or of many pasts. This could bug a writer. But it is something that the writer would be letting bug him. Well, that's human enough for anyone--but this isn't an ideal world...

You know, this is a much more appropriate 'warp-up' than I'd thought! The variety of subjects and people is what I've been after with *Ow* all along. Pax, BILL

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