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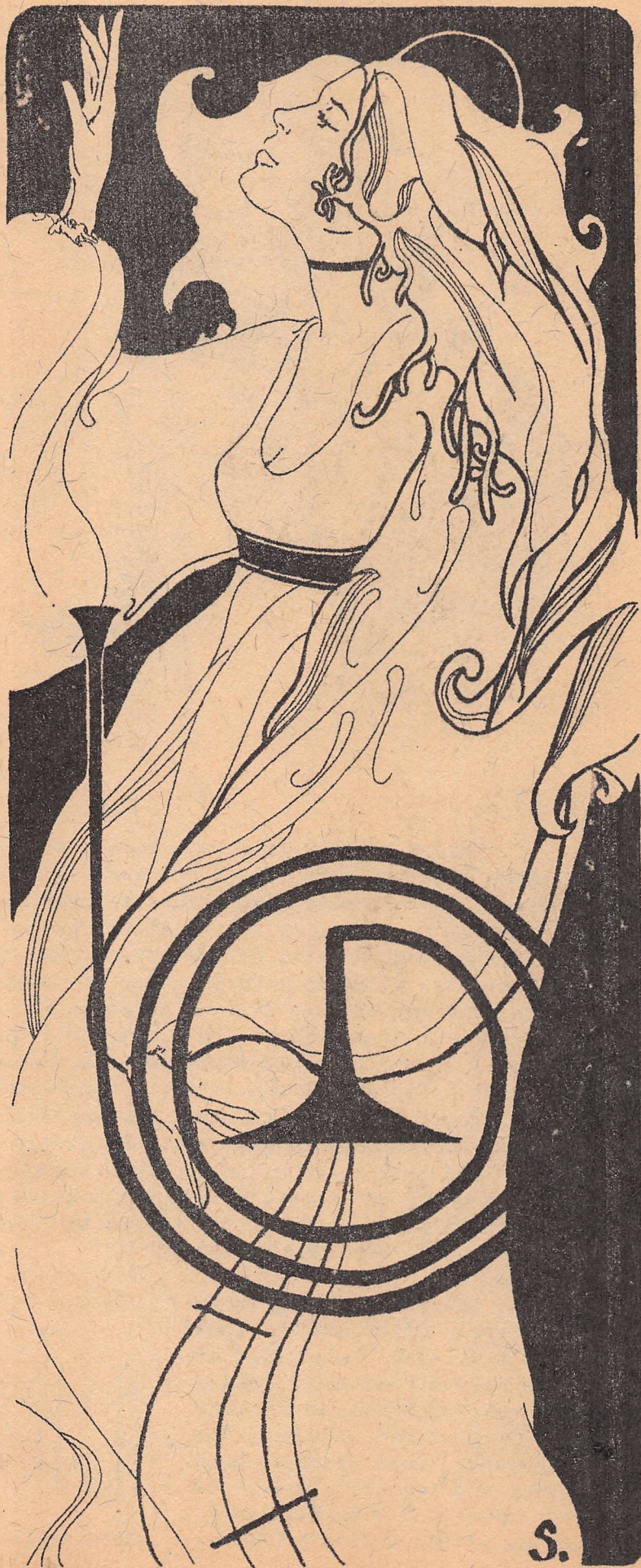
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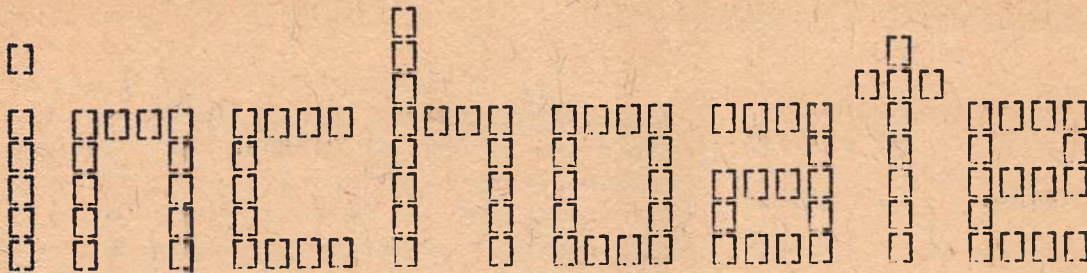
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Illustration: JAMES SHULL

[[Outworlds 3.1 [WHOLE #10]]
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[[the Contributors. Details]]
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...and as I was saying, just before I went down for the count...

I have to say it--1971 was a Very Bad Year. Beginning with Joan's miscarriage in February...through the mimeo breaking down in the middle of *Outworlds Eight*...and culminating with our separation in September... It had me down for a while, yes, but I've taken my pulse, and decided that I'll live, after all. (Besides, what would the Boy Wonder do if I up and gafiated...?)

The separation may, or may not be permanent. It was Joan's decision, and where we go from here is largely up to her. She had what she considered valid reasons --and I would be going against everything I profess to believe in, if I'd denied her the chance to attain what *she* wants out of life. We're still friends (which IS important to me...but causing some consternation among those 'who know'), and see each other often (she helped me run off the better half of this issue)...and had some long talks. You can't sum up anything involving two human beings--particularly a man and a woman--neatly, I guess--but if there's one 'thing' perhaps it's that we're too much alike in temperament; we never had the proverbial knock-'em-down arguments that look to be the rule in marriage. Perhaps we both need someone a little bit 'stronger' -- Joan for security, and me...to keep me in line. I have done a considerable amount of self-examination, once I worked myself out of the self-pity phase (the male ego is truly a fragile thing; HE is the one who will leave, if it is to be done), and am working under a new set of priorities...

Let me say this: I'm none too sure of my feelings toward Joan...whether they are deeper than that of friendship...but regardless of the way things work out, she's a Good Person, and deserves every chance to attain what she wants most out of this (one?) life. As do you... As do I.

Joan is currently working at the Cleveland Public Library, and has (natch!) become the resident s.f. expert, wielding Vast Powers as to what is to be bought... I'm sure she'd enjoy getting some fanzines--it's irritating to both of us, but she WAS a fan before I met her, and still is. Her address is on page 24, if you'd like to get in touch.

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It's possible that you may have noticed that this is not *Outworlds Nine*; it is, however, *Outworlds 3.1*. All things considered, I felt that a fresh start was in order, and even (quite seriously) considered changing the title; I couldn't find a new one that would adequately replace the household word that I had. As it was, I just about went the exponential route, i.e. *Outworlds*³ #1, but decided that would be carrying things a bit far. (Incidentally, the significance of the '3' is that this is the 3rd first issue I've published under this title--I like it. The decimal portion of the counter will carry the actual issue number; next time it will be '3.2'. That's it...)

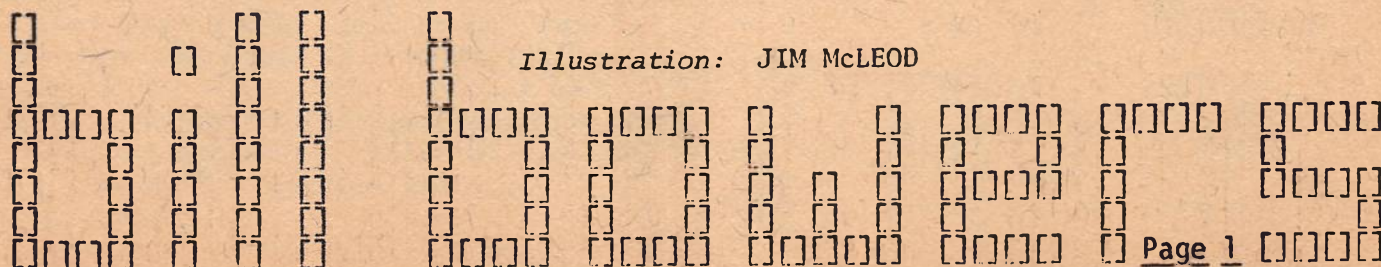


Illustration: JIM McLEOD



Harlan Ellison is a man who has made notable contributions to the field of imaginative fiction, such as *Repent*, *Harlequin*, *said the Tick-Tock Man*, *Pretty Maggie Moneyeyes*, and an encouraging number of others; thus he is surely qualified to write about others' performances in the field, and he writes with considerable perception. There are, however, defects of perception, and these spring inevitably from Ellison's own particular strength. He is a man of passion, as shown not only in his fiction, but in such notable non-fiction works as *THE GLASS TEAT*; he has a sure eye for the good writer who also writes with great feeling, as well as for the pretender in this area, who is trying to counterfeit emotion. Where the perception falters is where he tries to assess an author who is not a "gut-level" writer of his own type.

Thus, while his comments on James Blish in the June 1971 issue of *Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* accurately delineate the area of his subject's excellence, and show that Harlan is not without appreciation for such excellence, they also pin-point the critic's failure to grasp what science fiction is really about. And they show what is wrong with the critic's own science fiction, excellent as some of these tales are when viewed as fantasy.

There is nothing wrong with Ellison's brief descriptions of Blish's writing: "a stylist of flawless perceptions and plumbing directness of intellectual concepts" "proscribed by logic. ... passionless", "cold stories, hewn from ice materials", etc., and the comparison with William F. Buckley of the *National Review*,

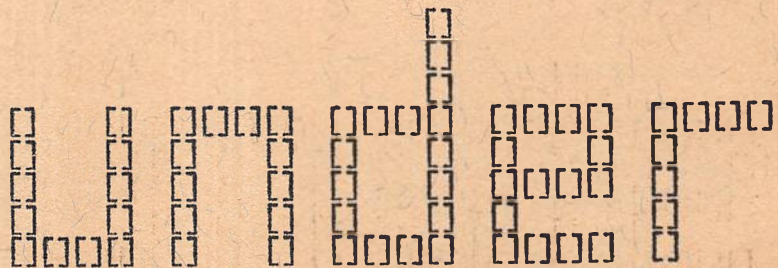


Illustration: DANY FROLICH

individual reader) is about the human condition: what it means to be a man or woman, a boy or girl, how love and death in its countless forms affects us, singly and in groups, and all this placed within a particular context--a particular time and place --which may or may not be familiar to the individual who reads the specific exhibit. Where science fiction differs is not in the over-all subject matter, but rather the approach to it; and in a very important way it is not only restricted, but must be restricted.

If you are partial to poetry, you may or may not care for the sonnet form; you may or may not read many poems written in this form. Nonetheless, if you have an intelligent appreciation of poetry, it would not occur to you, I'm sure, to insist that the form itself is all wrong and the only way to get true sonnets is to ignore the sonnet form entirely (and there are many variations within it) and write verses with an entirely different layout. No, the odds are that you have sufficient sense of proportion to accept or reject this or that sonnet on its own merits, within the rules, or to ignore the sonnet form entirely if the form itself does not appeal to you.

The science fiction form of writing is also restricted, although the possible variations have not yet been exhausted. There is no rule that prohibits emotion or passion; however, the form is such that in many, many instances overt emotion or passion will simply be inappropriate in this or that particular story. The form deals with imaginary intellectual problems relating in some way to science, to the undiscovered; it makes no difference whether this involves brand new "scientific" ideas as we found so profuse in earlier times, or unconsidered aspects of what seemed to be magnificent ideas, as we find somewhat more of now. And even more important, the "heors", "villians", etc., need not be human beings at all. (Two stories in Blish's new book, ANYWHEN, which Ellison praises most highly, are concerned with alien life-forms; whether human beings appear in these tales at all, I know not. But much first class science fiction relates to alien forms of life; and this is but one of the many special opportunities that science fiction offers: to comment upon the human condition indirectly through close examination of the non-human. It involves the technique known as "avoidance"--something that innumerable writers use unconsciously--and, certainly, can better be realized when the author is aware of what he is doing, rather than spinning it out of his lovely insides without taking much thought about it.)

In a way, then, science fiction fundamentally is an intellectual exercise, not unlike the puzzle-type murder (or other) mystery, where the ideal reader is given a fair chance to deduce or induce the solution to the problem before the detective finally reveals all. Science fiction is, of course, hardly so limited as the puzzle-type mystery tale; but interestingly enough, many readers and writers of detective stories, in recent times, have set out to destroy the puzzle mystery story (to me, the only true detective fiction) in much the same way that many readers and writers have set out to destroy science fiction. I do not mean that, in either case, has this generally been a deliberate intent to destroy; it has rather been an attempt to improve the type of story involved, without thinking the matter through--so that neither have seen what they were actually doing. In effect, they were trying to "improve" the game of cricket by throwing out all the cricket rules and substituting baseball rules. Perfectly fine for people who prefer baseball in the first place!

You do not get an improved puzzle-mystery story by throwing out the puzzle and substituting action, passion, psychopathological explorations, etc. You do not improve science fiction by throwing out the scientific (or science-based, or pseudo-science-based), etc., problems, and substituting raw emotions, gut-wrenchings and spillings, etc., placed upon Mars, the Future, or whatever instead of right here and now.

Certainly passion or a passionate character can play a place in a good science fiction story, if this has been meticulously worked out by the author in advance; just as certainly, to inject this element into each and every story (in order that it may qualify thus as good science fiction) is to guarantee absurdity. Some of the most passionate creations we know of (such as Verdi's *Aida* and *Otello*, Wagner's

Tristan and Goetterdaemmerung) were written cold-bloodedly with as close

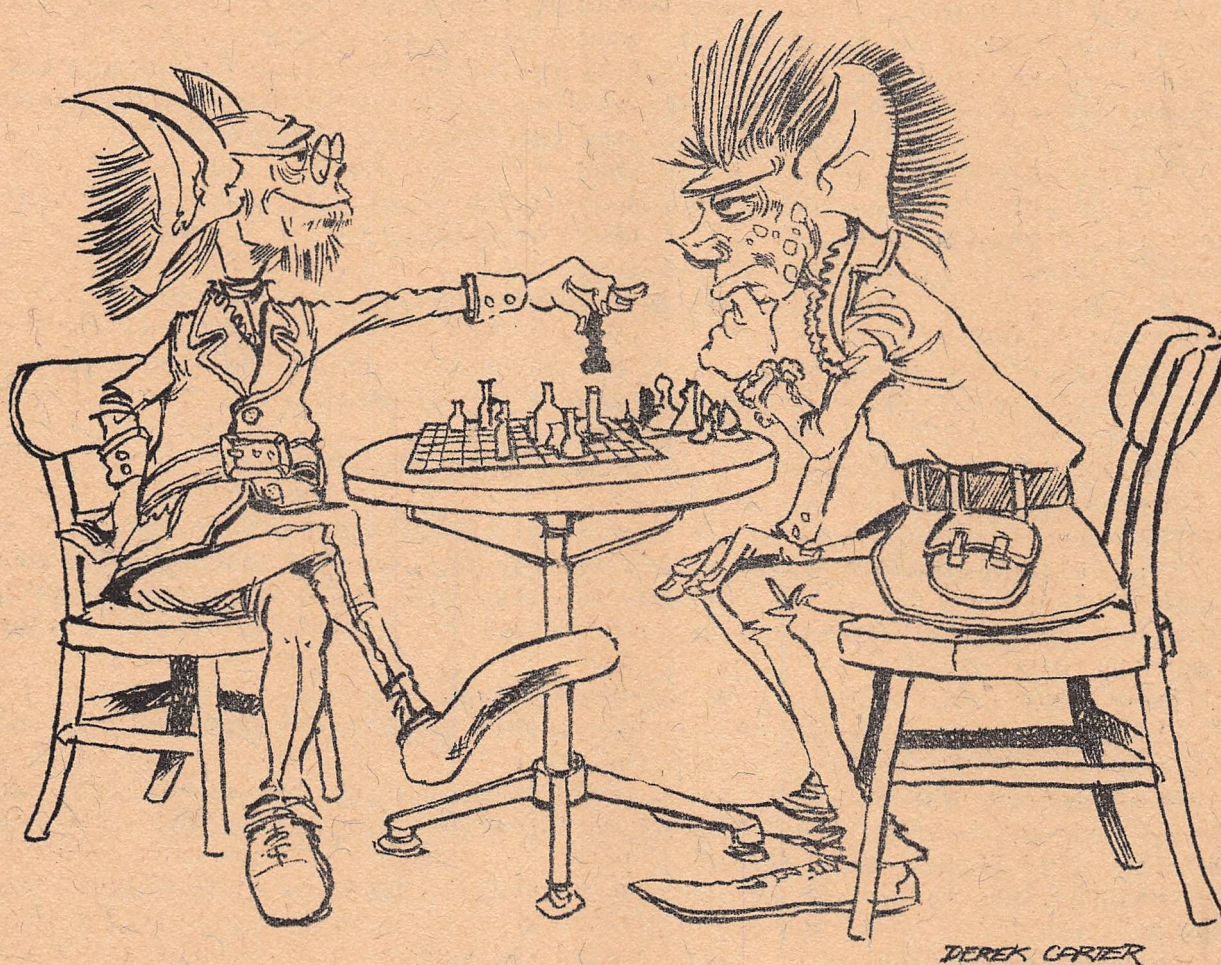
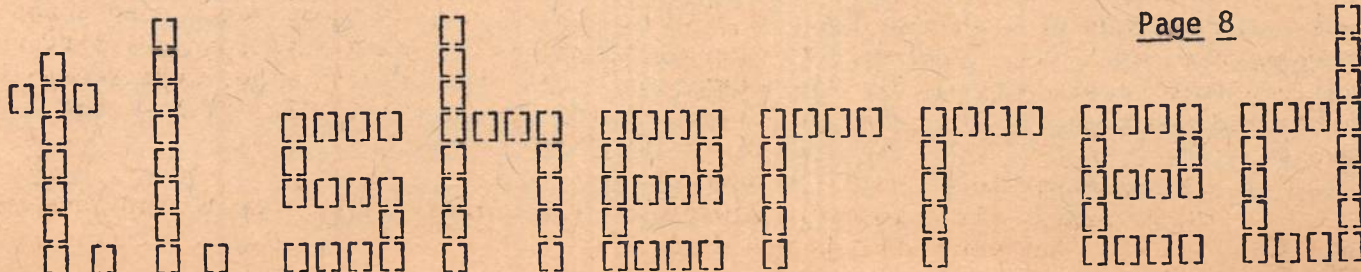


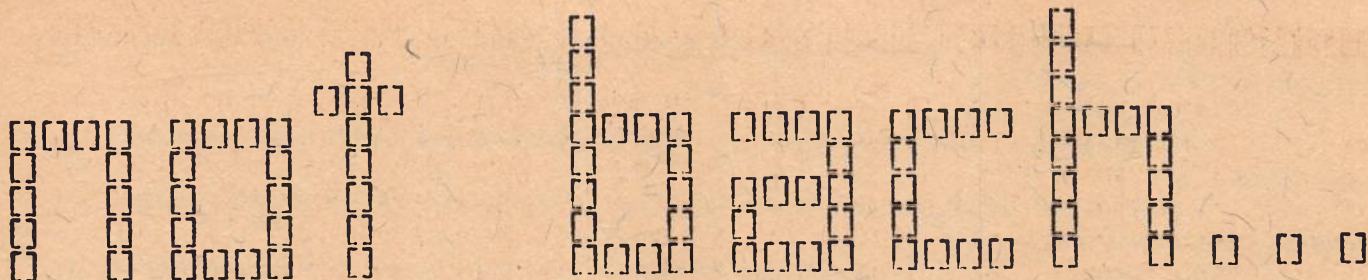
Illustration: DEREK CARTER

attention to the means of producing precisely those (and only those) emotional effects that the authors wanted to bring forth. Verdi and Wagner were both passionate people; they had both been through the mill in the matter of living; but when they sat down to compose what would come out eventually as a masterpiece of emotional presentation, they had their guts under strict control; the intellect was in charge.

Nor was Johann Sebastian Bach an emotionless creature. His *Brabdenburg Concerti* have delighted listeners for a longer time than anything we can call science fiction has been around; but these works have hardly any emotional surface at all. Yet they arouse delight and good feelings, and I feel sorry for the person who considers them "cold". And in the same way, a well-thought out science fiction tale may not be suffused with passion, and yet arouse delight and good feelings.

Now if we take Ellison's comments upon Blish's "defects" as directional statements, rather than factual reports--if, that is, we take these comments as definitions of what a good science fiction tale must have, so that Blish automatically fails in most instances, then my only objection is the direction. I do not agree that this is what science fiction should be. As a factual report--that is, as a contention of what good science fiction actually is, so that Blish automatically fails in most instances, I can only say that Harlan has been paying too much attention to his guts, and too little to the subject about which he should be writing.





A sudden grin. "I spent some time studying Bach. I'm on your side... So I'm a landmark."

"Not to everyone," I had to add honestly. "Just to almost everyone."

"Almost everyone but musicians."

I said nothing.

"What can you tell me about me?"

"Quite a bit. With your Irish birth..."

"A fine place, but you can't make a living."

"...and your German education..."

"Bach and Beethoven and more Bach."

"...you are more popular, your music is played more than when you were alive. In the 30's and 40's--that's 1930 and 1940--much more so. In the 60's and 70's, still popular in some areas. Now...well, I'm here. Doesn't that prove you're important?"

I waited while he pried the porcelain cap from another bottle.

"Important? Important for an antiquarian. You are an antiquarian, aren't you?"

"I might grow into one. Right now I'm a college instructor, some 900 miles from here."

"And you're telling a tunesmith he's a landmark." He wanted desperately to believe me.

"Yes. A tunesmith that's a landmark."

He made an impatient gesture and beer slopped over. He stooped and pulled a mat over the stain.

"Sir," I said, "please. Twenty years after your death one of your songs was found in an old trunk."

"Which trunk? I fill them up and throw them away."

"I know. But twenty years after, your song was sung, played, and hummed by thousands. By millions."

"Which song?"

"Well...'*Indian Summer*'. You never actually named it."

"Whistle eight bars for me."

"I can't do that, sir."

"Damned right you can't. Ten years after I die no one will ever remember my name--except an antiquarian like yourself."

"Sir," I said, "you're wrong. Do you recall Lorena?"

"I didn't write that."

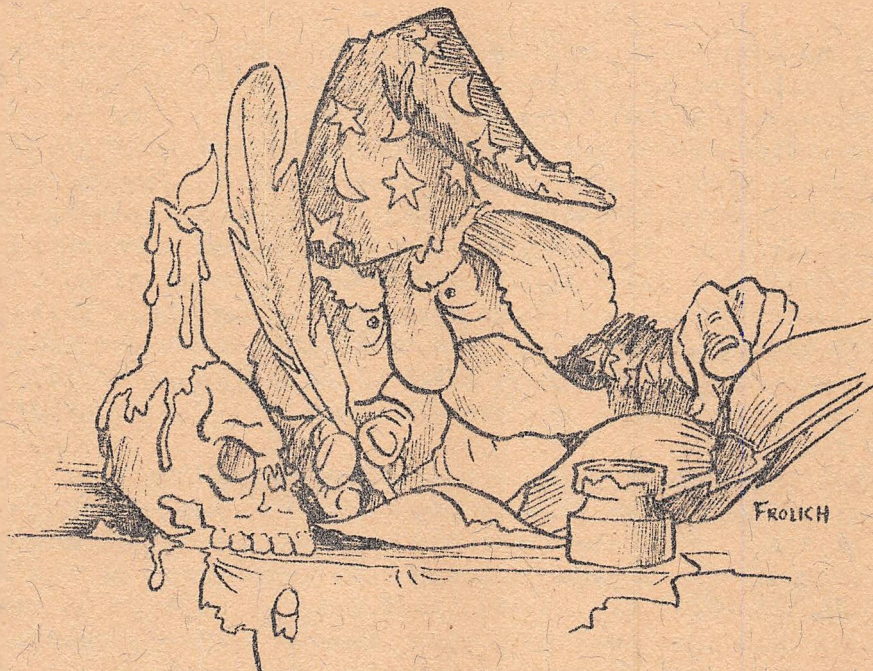
"Of course you didn't. During the Civil War you were a child. But Lorena is a memory, the only beautiful memory of the Civil War. Right now, or a short time from now, another Irishman is writing another song about another war--I shouldn't have said that."

"Europe? The Kaiser's war? We'll never get into that."

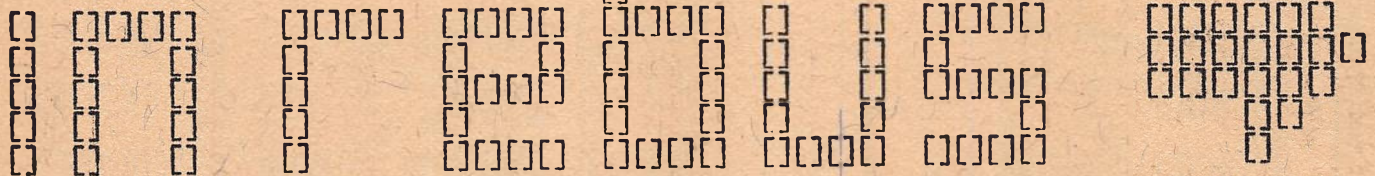
"Of course; I was thinking of something else... But these songs, and songs to come, are not songs. They are memories--pictures in the mind. Your songs, sir, are indelible memories. Would you believe, sir, that some of your songs were re-orchestrated and played forty years after your death, and they sold like... like hot cakes?"

"Re-orchestrated? Why, God damn it?"

"More brass, sir. You were always light on brass, if you don't mind me saying so. But your strings are superb."



[] Illustration: DANY FROLICH



ly failed to appreciate the qualitative changes wrought by accelerating technology, communications, education, etc. The good ship "Molly Q" lifts off, bound for Luna, its flight an exercise in improvisation by its dashing, responsible captain, his debonair, girl-crazy first mate and their hard-drinking, cursing, brawling crew of colorful semi-literates who while away the time by shooting craps in free-fall. Now, this is pretty ridiculous, and looks all the more obviously so today when we know what the first space voyagers are going to be like. And the technological/educational explosion that produced the difference between Wilbur Wright and Neal Armstrong is going to continue to accelerate. By the time we reach the stage of interstellar spaceships, most of the "spacemen" of SF wouldn't be educationally or psychologically competent to be passengers on one of the vessels, much less crewmen. Science fiction's stereotype spacemen is an anachronism.

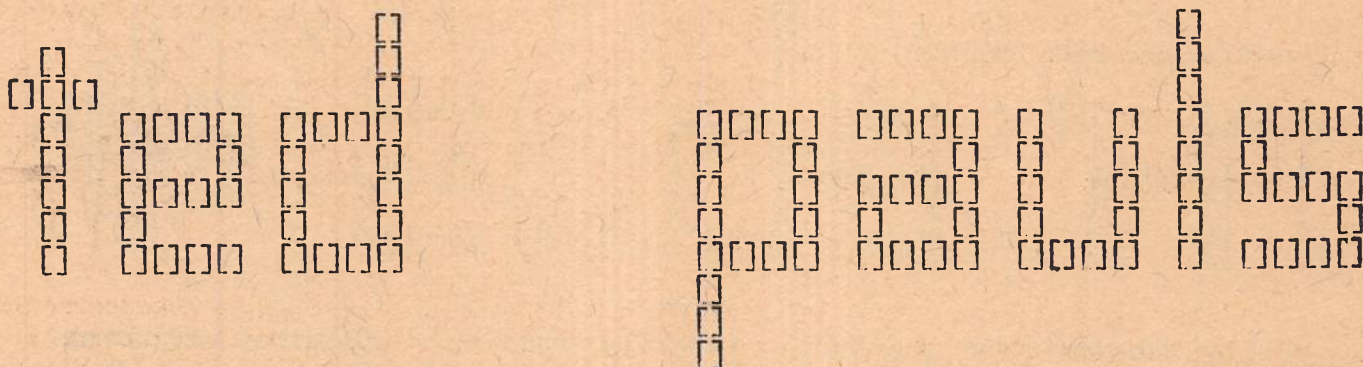
Far more anachronistic, of course, are those favored societal modes out of which some authors have gotten so much mileage. Romantic it may be, but realistic it is not, to imagine that the year 2500 is going to be populated by bodkins in ermine robes who strut around calling themselves dukes and barons, or dashing buccaneers operating from a pirate's haven in the Crab Nebula, or (with all due respect

unassimilated Dutch uncle. No doubt there'll still be individuals with the mentality suitable to become any of those things, but they won't be allowed to roam around in space--they'll be found in comfortable rubber rooms in state-run boobyhatches.

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Whenever an author achieves notoriety, publishers scramble to reissue his or her earlier works, which can be expected to sell briskly for a time on the strength of the writer's name whatever the intrinsic merit (if any). This is not necessarily a bad thing, however distasteful the mercenary impulse from which it proceeds. For one thing, a publisher's natural tendency to capitalize on the fame of an author sometimes leads to extremely worthwhile works finding a far larger audience than they had in their original appearance. For example, Ursula K. LeGuin's beautiful adult fairy tale, A WIZARD OF EARTHSEA, was a little known Walker hardcover in 1969, and there were probably a larger number purchased by libraries for their children's section than were bought by individual readers. The brilliant success of LeGuin's THE LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS inspired Ace to reissue 'WIZARD' as a Special in 1970, and thus it was able to delight thousands of readers who would most likely never have had the pleasure of reading it.

Even when the earlier works selected for reprinting aren't intrinsically worth returning to circulation, the process can serve a valuable function. It is oft times interesting to trace and analyze the development of a talent through early and less distinguished stages. The Brunner space operas republished in the wake of STAND ON ZANZIBAR and THE JAGGED ORBIT are an excellent example. Few of us read them originally with anything more than the usual mild interest in the adventures chronicled in their pages. But after John Brunner's emergence as a major author, it was fascinating to scour these earlier efforts in search of glimmers of the Brunner that was to be.



The most recent example is Norman Spinrad's 1967 novel, AGENT OF CHAOS [Belmont B75-2003, 754] -- which I am indebted to Belmont for reissuing a few months ago. Spinrad interests me as a novelist, but I doubt that I would ever have read AGENT OF CHAOS if Belmont hadn't disinterred it from the oblivion into which it sank four years ago. Reading it now is an utterly fascinating experience, in view of the subsequent transformation of Norman Spinrad with the publication, also in 1967, of THE MEN IN THE JUNGLE. 'AGENT' was obviously written somewhat earlier. It is a terrible novel which nevertheless offers useful glimpses of a talent in embryo, as Spinrad attempts to transcend a bushel of juvenile plot elements and clumsily struggles to write first-rate prose. The opening paragraph sets the tone of the writing throughout:

Boris Johnson stepped lightly and automatically off the outermost strip of the groundlevel glideway and onto the sidewalk lip. The pristine, cold white bulk of the new Ministry of Guardianship building bulked proud and inhuman in front of him, separated from the groundlevel sidewalk by a broad expanse of lawn which completely ringed the building on groundlevel.

Stilted, sterile prose, full of cliché phrases that read as though they were lifted bodily from whatever novel is the rage among mainstream critics this month ("stepped lightly and automatically", "pristine, cold white bulk", "bulked proud and inhuman", "a broad expanse of lawn"), and rendered still more clumsy by redundancy (if a building is separated from the groundlevel sidewalk only by a lawn, the lawn is obviously on groundlevel...). Yet it is clear that, at least, he is trying to be, by God, a real writer, and it was only a couple of years and a couple of hundred thousand words later, with BUG JACK BARRON, that he achieved this status.

The plot of this novel and most of its characters are pure space opera. The solar system is governed by a brutally efficient totalitarian regime, the Hegemony of Sol, dominated by Vladimir Khustov, the Coordinator, El Supremo. Struggling against the Hegemony, whose iron rule decrees instant death for the slightest deviant behavior, is a dedicated, courageous, woefully out numbered and outgunned underground, the Democratic League, led by Boris Johnson. Observing from behind the scenes and manipulating both antagonistic groups on occasion is the inscrutable Brotherhood of Assassins, dedicated to the victory of Chaos over Order, which is run by a paragon of patience and wisdom named Robert Ching. AGENT OF CHAOS is populated less by people than by types: there is one foggy idealist (Boris Johnson), one evil fanatic (Khustov), one evil opportunist (Khustov's deputy, Jack Torrence), one dedicated follower who needs something to believe in (Arkady Duntov), one brilliant scientist (Dr. Richard Schneeweiss), one human computer (Constantine Gorov), one genius of behind-the-scenes subtlety (Ching). Spinrad moves them through their paces with more talent, even then, than, say, a George H. Smith, but to approximately the same effect. There is, despite a social theory-cum-religion ("The Theory of Social Entropy", postulating the defeat of Order by Chaos--which in this context means the triumph of liberty over totalitarianism), very little meat, very little substance in this book. However, Spinrad manages to stop every error, every trend, just short of it transforming this novel into utter trash. It may tremble precariously on the brink, but it isn't crud. It possesses that tiny spark of ability in every particular that separates it, however thinly, from most of the hackwork published by Belmont.

AGENT OF CHAOS is interesting in one further aspect. In contrast to Spinrad's preoccupation in his major novels with power/sex scenes, this more primitive piece of fiction is curiously devoid of any reference to sex whatsoever (indeed, it is curiously devoid of any indication that there exists something called a "female"). This is a blessing, to be sure (I don't think I could have borne a typical Spinrad sex scene described in prose as clumsy as this), but it is also a remarkable circumstance.

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Few plots are as old or as worn from use as the one in which a heterogeneous group of people are thrown together in some crisis situation and their interaction becomes the chief focus of the story. In mainstream fiction, the crisis situation is usually provided by a life boat or an airplane in trouble or an outpost under siege in time of war and so on. In science fiction, it is most often the case that the heterogeneous group has either survived a nuclear war or has been kidnapped for some cosmic Test by super-advanced aliens. Whatever the trappings, there is a certain sameness about all of these stories, particularly as concerns the characters involved. Their heterogeneity seems planned even when it is not supposed to be; an author given this basic premise too easily succumbs to the temptation of cliché types, one from column A, one from column B, etc. The characters tend to fit so conveniently together--even their neuroses dovetail. Certain types recur again and again: the shy, introspective man who, when the situation demands, will emerge and Take Command; the brash bully who grabs leadership at the outset but is destined to fail through incompetence or cowardice at the first crisis; the blowsy-around-the-edges whore/alcoholic/divorcée (pick one) who adversity finally molds into a tower of strength; and so on, ad nauseum.

The repetition of this plot concept and its attendant stereotypical characters and situations tends to generate a sour reaction, positively Pavlovian, to each and every piece of fiction which employs the idea--even those which

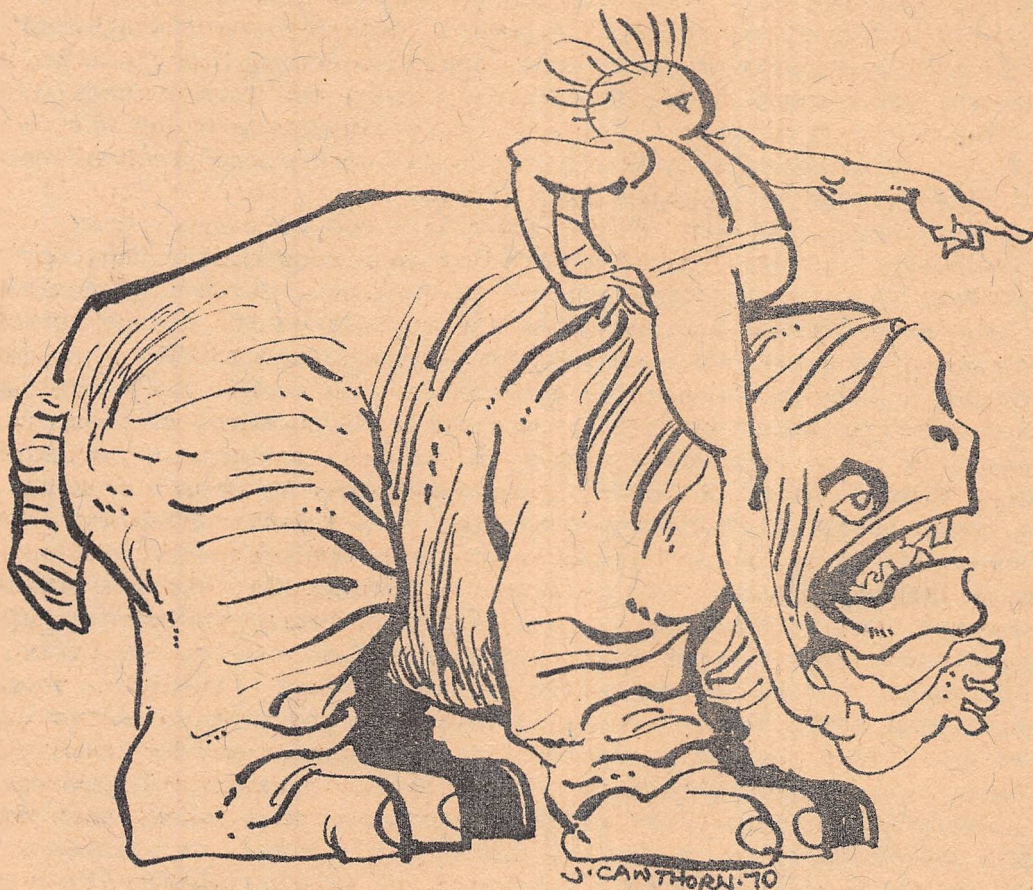


Illustration: JIM CAWTHORN

are handled skillfully and avoid the excesses of their type. Thus, Rena Vale's *THE DAY AFTER DOOMSDAY* [Paperback Library #63-479, 60¢] is in fact a rather good SF novel, which manages to achieve enough subtlety and originality to avoid most of the cliches, both in characters and in situations; but it uses that damned plot, and so it starts out with two strikes against it. What it has on the positive side is generally fine writing, particularly good treatment of the aliens who do the kidnapping, and the author's fine sense of drama. The central concern, however, is the characterization, for it is upon this that such a novel depends, and here the returns are mixed. There are several excellent characterizations, but there are a couple of other characters who are paper-thin cliches and several that simply are never developed at all.

Rena M. Vale is going to require watching. In this novel, she chose a singularly difficult course, and pursued it with a competence that fell just short of what was necessary. An uneven novel, but promising.

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David G. Compton has quietly emerged, over the past couple of years, as one of the finest living science fiction novelists, and the recent Ace Special *CHRONOCULES* [Ace #10480, 75¢], is his masterpiece so far. Unlike some of the better writers in the field, Compton hasn't basically changed since his early novels. Refined and sharpened his skill, yes, but not changed essentially. His brilliance as a novelist still consists in the same factors as it did when he wrote *SYNTHAJOY*: a prose style, bereft of drama or decoration, whose beauty is its smooth, even, natural clarity, its quiet feeling of *rightness*; his perception of character development; and what appears to be an almost instinctive genius for viewpoint.

It is easy to relate the plot of CHRONOCULES. An immensely wealthy old man, Manny Littlejohn, founds and directs a private research institute in Cornwall dedicated to discovering a method of time travel, in order that he may cheat death. It is a race against time in two senses: against the advancing years of Manny Littlejohn, and against the advancing deterioration of the outside society and environment. The technological breakthrough occurs just as a riot, epidemic and a government witch-hunt against all research institutions is bringing to an end the work of the Penheniot Experimental Research Village. That is, almost, the totality of the plot, but it doesn't scratch the surface of what CHRONOCULES is actually about.

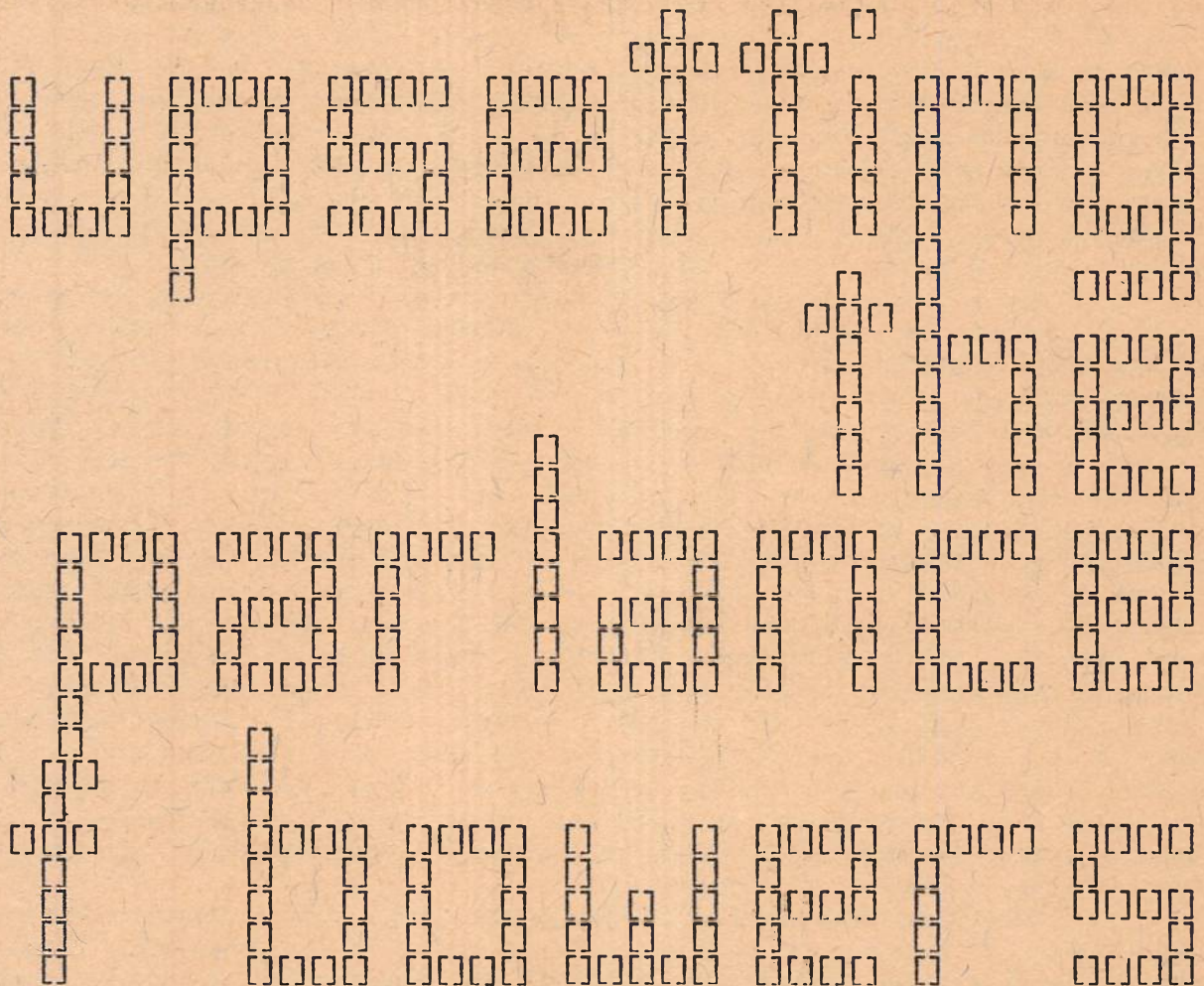
The novel is "about" for one thing, a world of phoniness and facade, in which everything is wearing a false mask. Penheniot itself is a modern research facility which, on the surface, is an impeccably detailed reconstruction of an English country village, stone, wood and slate buildings arranged with comfortable randomness amid the hollyhock beside a meandering stream. But the randomness is carefully landscaped, stone buildings conceal glass and steel modernity, and it costs millions to keep the meandering stream pollution-free. Littlejohn's security men, cold, ruthless, efficient killers, masquerade as cheerful, rosy-cheeked Bobbies; Penheniot's harbor is protected by a laser concealed in a rose-covered cottage; a pleasant vegetable garden is the graveyard of Village personnel who have deviated from the stern rules of secrecy and isolation laid down for them by the Founder. Littlejohn informs his resident director, David Silberstein, that he is arriving for a surprise visit of inspection, so that Silberstein will have time to organize a spontaneous welcome. Everybody who participates in this charade (including, of course, Manny Littlejohn) knows that it is a charade, but the actors play out their parts all the same. Facades... masks...there are phony-comradely conversations between the Founder and his chief scientist, Igor Kravchensky, in which both adopt the accent and mannerism of their Russian Jewish grandfathers, without either of them forgetting for a second that the comradliness is hollow and meaningless.

More than anything else, CHRONOCULES is a novel of people. Compton's characterization is superb, and this novel is populated by living people. David Silberstein, the Operations Supervisor, is one of the finest, most perceptive portraits of a sexually repressed personality I have ever seen; there are passages so painfully credible that the reader is nearly overcome with pity tinged by disgust. Littlejohn is a highly complex thoroughly amoral individual who derives a sick pleasure from using his power to humiliate and frighten, always subtly. Then there is Roses Varco, a sub-literate recluse around whose tumble-down shack the Research Village is built and who, instead of being evicted, is simply "put on the payroll" as the village idiot. Roses is a personality who at one repels and attracts--a filth-laden innocent, a guileless primitive whose very stark physicalness (to use a poor word) is a beacon of honesty amid the maze of facades. His ultimate use as a guinea pig for the time-travel device is, as the author notes, as inevitable as the rising of the sun in the morning. Liza Simmons, another of Compton's major characters, is Prof. Kravchensky's assistant. Like Silberstein, she has emotional problems, only hers are far more subtle. She seduces Varco, wanting, like an Ayn Rand heroine, to give herself sexually to someone whom she views as an inferior in other area, but recoils in bitterness from his brutal, exclusively physically "love"/lust-making.

CHRONOCULES is brilliant in small matters as well as large ones. Details. The slang, clothing fashions and sexual morality of a period in the not too distant future are presented, not overtly with fanfare and pointing in excitement by the author, but quietly, naturally, in the course of the story. Subtle overtones weave through the narrative and dialogue, overtones that only a supremely skillful writer could handle competently. Sometimes there is a hint of satiric intent, somewhat reminiscent of Michael Frayn's THE TINE MEN, except that where Frayn was farcical, Compton is piercing, where Frayn was blatant, Compton is infinitely subtle.

All in all, CHRONOCULES is a tremendously fine novel, which certainly should have, in my opinion, received Hugo and Nebula consideration.

Ted Pauls



"Dear," said my beloved, "it says here that *Outworlds 9* will be a Special Anniversary Issue." My wife had actually been reading the latest *Ow* which I had casually tossed on top of the open butter dish after reading my letter there in in order to peruse the newly arrived *Procrastination* which I was sure contained my deathless prose in an unedited form. The woman has perseverance and stamina you wouldn't believe.

"How inspiring," I replied. "Last year we celebrated the Fortieth Anniversary of the first fanzine, and now Bowers is celebrating the Fortieth Anniversary of his first fanac. Hektographs are probably quivering in their jelly at the mere thought of it."

"But, dear, it says here that Bill will be celebrating his *Tenth* Anniversary."

"WHAT!! TENTH!! Let me see that!" And I grabbed the seasick-green page, scraping butter and jelly to the side in the hopes that they had deceived my poor wife's ailing vision. But no...it actually *did* say "Ten years of fairly steady fanzine publishing on my part." HA!

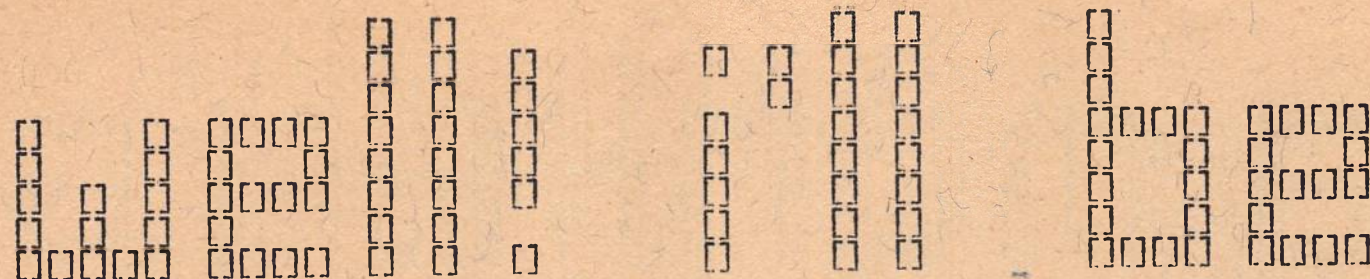
"What effrontery!" I bellowed. "The man's an out-and-out justified scoundrel!"

A rogue! We can't let him get away with this."

"But what's the matter, dear?"

"What's the matter? WAHT'S THE MATTER!!

He's trying to hoodwink



When we drove into Knoxville for the Gnomoclave I spotted a theater just up the street from the hotel that was showing *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES*. "Hot damn," I said, "I'll just have to find time to see this movie!"

Meade and Penny Frierson and I went to the Saturday afternoon matinee. We stood in line with the rest of the kids, bought large Pepsis, hot buttered popcorn and spent several minutes picking out an assortment of candy. Really lived it up. We spent several more minutes looking over the lobby, and we were impressed. It was the Tennessee Theatre and it is a beauty.

There's a fairly new cinema in Morehead--one of the few indoor theatres built in the state in the last five years--and we're very proud of it. I honestly believe our cinema would fit into the Tennessee's lobby; it is that plush. The ceiling is about eighty feet up, there are three huge chandeliers, and marble and red velvet and shiny brass and rich wood molding everywhere you look. The auditorium is as comfortable: the slant (or whatever) is such that it would take a Wilt Chamberlain to block your view of the screen, and I'll bet on at least three feet of leg room between rows. The acoustics are so good that even with a house full of children, we didn't miss a word.

So much for the Tennessee Theatre; on with the show....

(As I was writing this my son brought home a magazine called *Famous Monsters of Filmland* [July, 1971] which previewed the same movie with Cornelius on the cover. It is strictly for children and you wouldn't believe some of the puns. I've had to restrain myself from slipping some of them in. Well, for instance: space simians... astro-apes...ape-plause...guest ape-pearance...ape-pronauts...clothes make the ape... real groaners, all. But there are lots of pictures.)

BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES was a poor excuse for a sequel*--it was a poor excuse for a movie. *ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES* is so much better by comparison and I enjoyed it so much more that I'm apt to give it more credit than it deserves. In carrying on the plot, it skillfully ignored the hokiets of *BENEATH* and built a believable bridge from the first movie.

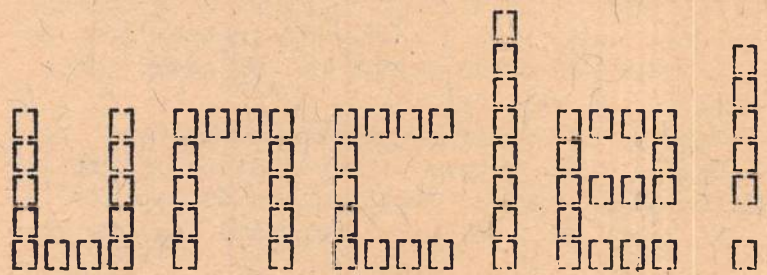
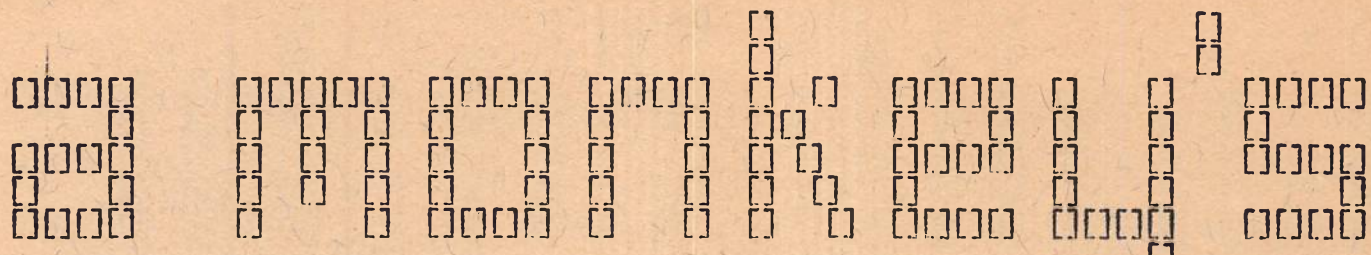
(Quickie Refresher: In *PLANET OF THE APES* Heston cut through time and landed on earth 2000 or so years in the future; in the second movie that earth was destroyed; in the third movie there are three escapees who get away in a space ship and come back through time to now, landing off the coast of California.)

The three who come back are chimpanzees:

Cornelius (Roddy McDowall), Zira (Kim Hunter), and Milo (Sal Mineo...*Sal Mineo?*) McDowall's acting is better this time and Hunter's...well, she had her role down pat from the beginning. Bradford Dillman is very good as the villain and Ricardo Montalban has a feature

*see: 'Son of Planet of the Apes'; Jodie Offutt ---

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ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES
20th Century Fox
Arthur P. Jacobs Production
Director -- Don Taylor
Music -- Jerry Goldsmith

role in which he seems more at home and better than I've ever seen him.

The first few scenes parallel those of POTA and as I realized this they became funnier and funnier. An entire battalion of marines, for instance, is lined up on the beach, arms at ready, for the beaching and opening of the space ship. The big chimps are transported to the Los Angeles Zoo where they are tested by vet psychologists (Natalie Trundy and Eric Braeden). When it is discovered they come from the future, a presidential board of inquiry is created (with beautifully twisted cliches) to determine if the chimps belong in the zoo or society. Zira and Cornelius have a baby, which adds to the controversy. Their doctors, Louis and Stephanie, become very close friends nearly to the point of giving you a Bob-&-Carol-&-Ted-&-Alice feeling about them.

One of my objections to the second movie was the heavy-handed handling of messages. We have a new writer this time (Paul Dehn) and only once or twice did the screen have MESSAGE across it in big letters. For the most part they were pretty subtle.

There is one thing that I would not have known had I not been with the Friersons. A couple of scenes were in the doctor's office where the background is the usual wall of books. Meade, who is an attorney, pointed out that they were law books. He could read a couple of titles and recognized marks on some others. Makes me wonder about all sorts of little things that are put over on us because we don't know all there is to know about every field. One night we were watching a movie in which the mad doctor was doing head transplants and one scene showed him sawing the head off some unfortunate fellow. It just so happened that I had cut up a chicken for supper that very night and I made the connection immediately, realizing that was no human he was cutting on. Aw, come on! you say. You're right, it doesn't take much technical skill to recognize a chicken; neither would it take a whole lot of deducing to figure out just what the substitute for the human neck might be. Nevertheless, I probably would not have noticed if I hadn't had occasion to cut up a chicken in my line of work that day.

It was a good afternoon. Besides the good movie and beautiful theater, we saw some excellent previews: RYAN'S DAUGHTER and WILLARD both look like movies to see. Penny had read WILLARD in book form (PATMAN'S NOTEBOOK) and recommends it. We agreed that the cartoon wasn't much, but how long has it been since you've been to a Saturday matinee and cheered when the bad guy got it in the end?

Jodie Offutt

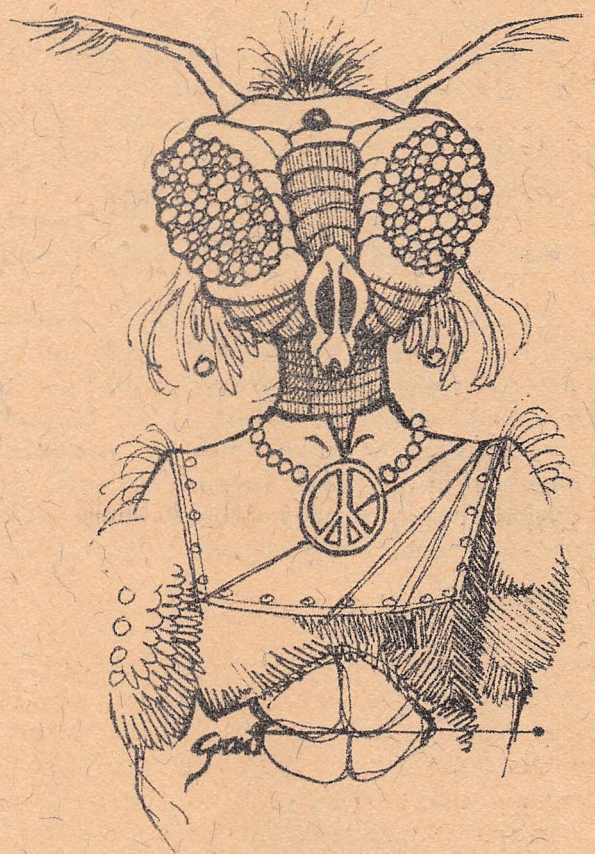


Illustration: GRANT CANFIELD

Hmm...! Well, we're not exactly noted for our high-speed life-style! Nonetheless, I'm extremely pleased they are going to print that letter, because here's what I said in it:

"I'm no expert on international law, but to me it seems clear: (a) that

Because they didn't attempt to explain how the status of Ho Chi Minh's government in 1945 differed from that of the American "Founding Fathers"--who were also revolutionaries who'd won a war against foreign overlords. (I think there is in fact so little difference that if Ho's government wasn't legal the American government wasn't either!) And they talked about the North Vietnamese and the NLF being in breach of the laws of war because they mingle with the civilian population and pretend to be harmless... but among my clearest memories from early childhood (this must have happened before my sixth birthday) is going with my father to a small metal-working shop in Ludlow where he was helping to prepare improvised weapons for use against a German invasion: rocket-launchers made of drain-pipes, caltraps for the tyres of army trucks, and so on. And it was taken for granted at the time that if we were invaded it would be the *duty* of every man, woman and child (remember those Hungarian kids attacking tanks in '56?) to take every chance of destroying enemy property and if necessary killing enemy troops.

I was raised, in fact, on exactly the principles which the Vietnamese have now put into operation. Hearing those jurists talk gravely about the NLF "breaking the laws of war" made me *furios*! If they do so, then so did the Maquis, whom the British and Americans encouraged with massive aid; so did the Danish resistance, the Dutch, the Belgian, the ... !

When we, over here in Europe, see film from North Viet-Nam, particularly film about American bombing of that country, do you know what we're reminded of--at least if we're my age (mid-thirties) or older? Why, the German and Italian raids on Guernica, against effectively undefended civilians... and the destruction of Rotterdam... and the blitz on Coventry, or come to that on London, when in the underground stations that had to be used for sleeping (they were the best available shelter against the nightly raids) people decided that even if we were left to "stand Alone" against an enemy which had rolled up country after country like so many maps, the bastards weren't going to grind us down!

Which, in the upshot, they didn't -- though they left us with a terrible mental scar: a streak of brutality which hadn't been there before, the cicatrice of total war on the collective psyche.

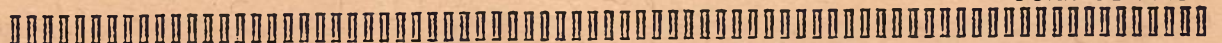
That's why, over here in Europe, you're liable to find that the guy in Hanoi shaking his fist in rage at the American bomber overhead is cheered--more or less loudly--by the people who recall when they were in the shelters and the bombers were German. That's why no one really gives a damn, except for political capital, what becomes of the US prisoners in the North; they're getting a taste of their own medicine, in a surprisingly gentle fashion, and that's no less than they deserve and probably not as much.

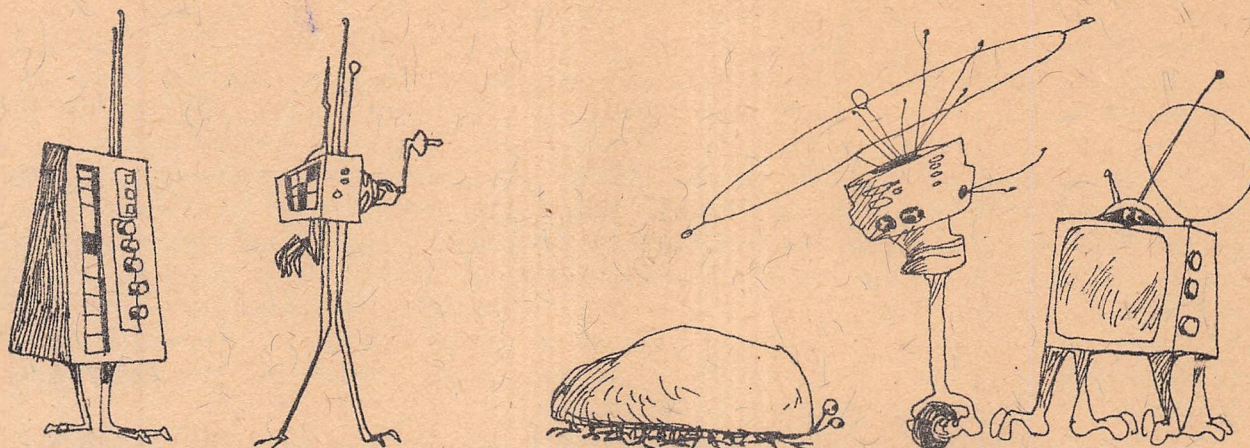
But the impact isn't confined to people who recall World War II. Regardless of what happens now in military terms in South-East Asia, the US has lost its war. A whole generation has grown up whose standards of atrocity have been set not by what the Nazis did at Belsen and Buchenwald, but by the picture on a TV screen of a Vietnamese peasant running across his field ablaze from head to foot with American napalm. It is literally the most inhuman and brutal thing anyone under thirty can remember seeing.

And no amount of counter-propaganda can outweigh this. What the Vietnamese do to each other--often, I'm sure, it's also horrible, because war is intrinsically dehumanising--can never be compared to what the world's richest and most powerful nation is doing to the people of one of the poorest. And before anyone says "North" or "South" Viet-Nam, let me stress that this artificial division imposed by outsiders impresses me just about as much as if someone were to tell me that there had been a Big Power carve-up and I was no longer allowed to go call on my sister in Edinburgh because there was a frontier between us. I would say, "You sonsabitches aren't going to get away with this!"

I don't know how you say that in Vietnamese. But it's clear it's being said, and I'm not the only person who's saying, "Hear, hear!"

John Brunner





Outworlds is available for Contributions of material, arranged trades, or *published* letters of comment. CASH: 60¢ per single copy; 4 issues for \$2.00. In Australia -- A40¢; in England--20p -- both per copy, for however many you wish to order in advance.

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Back Issues of *Outworlds*² #'s 4, 5, 6 & 7 are obtainable at the same rates. #8 is not.

This issue is being distributed as a postmailing to the 137th Mailing of FAPA; it is also being sent to those members of ANZAPA (circa Mlg. #20) who would not normally be getting *Ow*, to let them know I'm still alive. Neither tactic will be repeated soon.

With this issue, to those who requested it, please find *Ow* 8.5. Enjoy! And, believe it or not, I haven't given up on the YEAR ONE thingie; it will be along eventually. (The mailing lists for both of the foregoing had been previously established...sorry.) I have a nice bundle of locs on *Ow*² #7 & #8 -- they will be published as *Ow* 8.75, and go to the loc-writers, those commented on, and those of you (who received *Ow* Eight) who are interested enough to request it. (Only 50 out of 250 asked for 8.5; nice!)

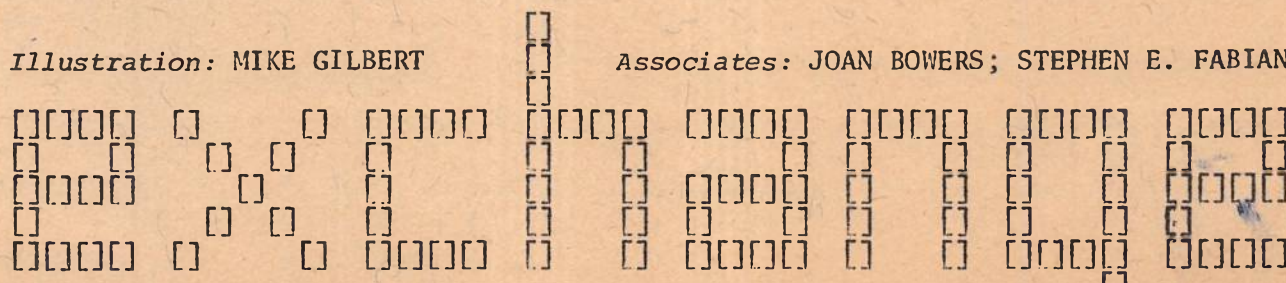
Yes, the price is substantial. But even with the postal hike, the primary reason is circulation control; I'm running off 350 copies this time. That is simply too many. I do feel some guilt: Those of you who paid \$3. for the 1971 (8-10) *Ow*, and those who forked over a \$1.25 for #9 alone, have had an issue added to their sub. If anyone feels that they are getting shafted...just write. I'll refund the unused portion...

ARTISTS: I have a substantial number of things requiring offset -- said items start appearing next issue. Please do not send anymore, until I get what I have published. That statement, believe me, hurts! However, work that can be electro-stencilled...

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