



OUTWORLDS 34

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY: BILL & JOAN BOWERS : P.O. BOX 354 : WADSWORTH : OHIO : 44281

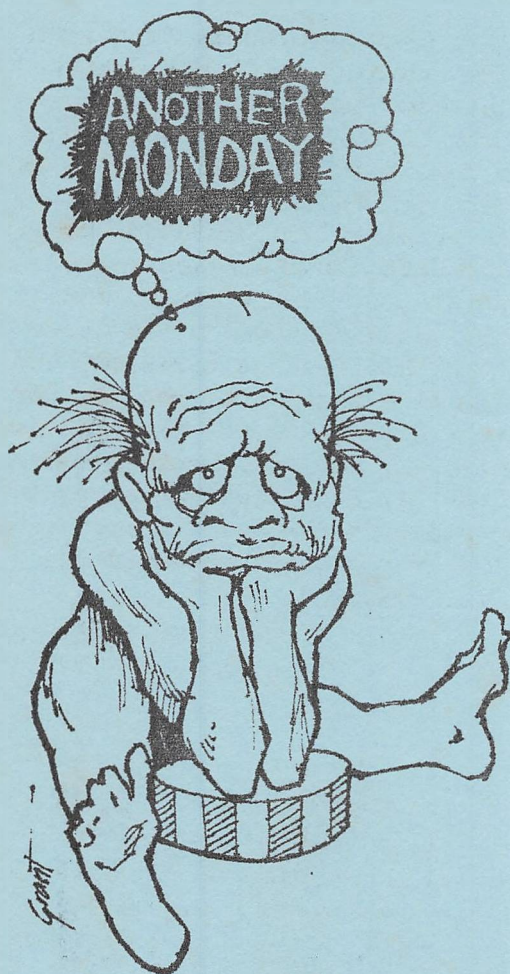
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Outworlds 3.4 -- August, 1972. Published for the 140th Mailing of FAPA---hopefully!---and: The Faithful. This randomly produced product is available for: Accepted Material, Arranged Trades, Printed LOCs -- or at 60¢ each. Subs: 4 Issues: \$2.00. BACK ISSUES: #'s 4, 5 & 6 of the 2nd Series & #3.3--available at 50¢ each. I have a number of copies of #8.75; available on Request while they last. Overseas Agents & Rates are in 3.3 & Next Time. [216] 336-3179

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Bill Bowers :: INCHOATE
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...you will have noted the Change of Address...

No?

YOU WILL NOTE THE CHANGE OF ADDRESS!!!

As you may gather from my modest way of getting your attention above, the change is more significant than merely switching mailing addresses. After more than three months of wondering, worrying and scraping together an ever-increasing amount of hard cash -- don't ever go the VA route! -- Joan & I moved into our newly purchased home (our first) on June 23rd.

Our house. All ours. In 360 easy payments.

Now do a little calculating. 360 divided by 12 = 30 years ... 30 years from 1972 = 2002.

Or, as Joan said when we signed the papers, and the reality sunk in:

"TWO-THOUSAND-AND-TWO!?!?!?"

Yes, it's a sobering thought. We can't believe we bought the whole thing!

It's by no means a huge house, but sufficient for our needs for the foreseeable future. Story-and-a-half, with the bath and two bedrooms up -- now one bedroom and a combo-Library/Ow-room. The first floor has a fair-sized living room, a dining room sans electrical outlets, and a small kitchen. The basement, while nothing to get worked up about, does have one major socially redeeming feature: I CAN STAND UP IN IT! I could tell you some tales about some of the places we/I have lived in... It's already partitioned in half, and as soon as we latch onto a clothes dryer, I'll probably cover the beams and panel the walls. It is/will be the Ow Production room. With a little planning, I also should be able to get in a photo darkroom/lab down there. In a year or two.

We also have a garage here. Neat.

We can't get either car in there yet, of course. Still half full of books & Stuff.

The Bowers-house is situated on a 50'x150' lot, with a nice shade tree to protect the front porch, and with plenty of room for a good-sized garden in the back -- next year. It's located on a side street, about a block & a half from a main drag, and about a mile from an interchange for Interstate 80S, from which Cleveland, Columbus/Cincy & Pittsburgh are all within striking distance.

We're also about half a block outside Wadsworth City limits, but we have city water and sewer, which makes for about the best possible option, I think. Wadsworth, itself, is a small residential community (with a surprising amount of light industry, well-scattered and hidden from the downtown area) of 15,000-- located around 20 miles from Akron U and 17.7 miles from where I work. But the drive is well worth it; the depressing atmosphere of Barberton affected both of our lives for far too long.

Incidentally, it's not a fledgling house -- we'd thought that it was built around 1940, but later found out that the actual date was 1926. It's been lived in, but it's a solid building (they built to last in those days, before the disposable society was thrust upon us by the great Depreesion -- info courtesy my recently completed 'Economics' course).

We like it. And altho we're by no means straightened out, and the list of things we want to do to it is limitless, it's a comfortable feeling to know that it's our Home, and not the landlords.

We both work, and thus are almost unreachable during the day, but we have plenty of floor space...so, if you're coming thru the area, let us know...

We moved the Friday Midwestcon started. Those who were there can tell you what Ohio weather was like that particular weekend; if you weren't, there's no way of describing it. It was miserable; the power of Ole Mama Nature, even out here on the fringes of Hurricane Agnes was somewhat mindboggling. Having been trapped the last time we moved, the Webbert's and Roger Bryant escaped to Cincy, but Bill Mallardi stopped by to help with a load on his way down. A very much appreciated deed. Thanks, BEM!

Willie Goes To School, Dept.: The late start is turning out a bit better than I might have expected. I graduated from high school in '61, and even though I took two semesters of English while in the Air Farce (in '65), this past Spring Quarter was my first concentrated academic endeavour in better than eleven years. I took 'Principles of Advertising'; 'Intro. to Sociology' and 'American Urban Society' -- and pulled 'A's' in the first two and a 'B' in the bleeding-hearts course, for a 3.7 quarter and the Dean's List (12 hours; Evening College). Not bad...rather ego-boosting, really. Just finished up a speeded up summer version of 'Intro. to Economics' -- but haven't received the



One of the first projects after we moved was the construction of some bookcases specifically for paperbacks, since there was so much vacant air above them on the 'hardcover shelves'. I'd run across a design in one of the *Better Homes*-type mags over at my sister's a while back...and proceeded to adapt it to my own use.

Some cautionary notes: I used 1/2" dowels, 3 feet long, and they tend to sag -- either use 3/4 inchers, or put a third upright in the middle. And drill the hole with a bit 1/16th smaller than dowel-size for firmness.

Results: Having found the paint downstairs, and not counting the small can of stain -- the Bowers Library now boasts 5 units of 8 shelves each -- almost 120 feet of shelf space (Joan-stained) for the sum total of \$35.00.

...one short-cut: Being not overly fond of doing some things more than once, I penciled on the layout on one board, C-clamped three together, and drilled thru the top two, into, but not thru the bottom one. This, in turn, becomes the pattern for the next set. And so on...

They freak right out.

By the November Mailing, however, he said cautiously...

And while I'm by no means overly modest when I look back on past Ow's, I must admit that it was a complete shock to find myself voted 'Best Editor/Publisher' and end up in the Top Ten in the Final Standings -- as the result of my first year in FAPA. Not that I didn't deserve it, 'u understand...

I hope (I don't promise, anymore) to have the next issue out by the time I go back to school...and to get 3.6 out over Thanksgiving. If that works out, I think I can consider this a considerable 'come-back' from the sparseness of last year, otherwise. I'm aiming for a roughly bi-monthly schedule during the school-years, but won't get religious about it.

Let us hear from you...

BILL

Have you ever gone out looking for a frog and come home with a 4-1/2' high gold lion?

That's what I did at Glickcon 1.

Glickcon 1 was actually an apartment full of people (some of whom spilled around the corner to Rosemary's) who came up to attend the Secondary Universe conference and See Beautiful Toronto. On Saturday, several hours after the Panshins and I staggered in to the programme, our other guests went shopping. Jeannie DiModica bought a lamp, Eli Cohen lost Ginger Buchanan's new blouse on the streetcar, Ginger herself acquired six bed legs and a new gas tank cap, Charlie Brown bought several pounds of old books -- but Dena Brown bought a magnificent green and orange plush frog, with purple eyes, even.

Ginger coveted that frog. Accordingly, it was decided that, Monday morning, a frog-seeking expedition would set out to find its double.

"Hey, Dena, where'd you buy the frog?" asked Ginger.

"On Gerrard Street. Susan will know where it is. That's why I called him Gerrard."

"Oh. I thought you just called him that because it's a great name for a frog. Can I call mine Gerrard too?"

"Hey," I said, cutting short this esoteric discussion. "If we're going downtown, we should go to Eaton's department store. It says in the paper they're having a sale of all their store decorations and Santa Claus parade props and stuff... costumes and fairy dolls from the Christmas windows and lions and unicorns from the Coronation displays."

"Great" the females chorused. The males just looked bewildered.

As we walked downtown after parking Ginger's car, we passed a girl lugging a huge papier-maché Snow White head to her bosom. "She's been to that sale" Ginger observed. We grinned; she grinned back. The sun was shining, the trees were red and gold, a brisk fall breeze was chivvyng the crunchy fallen leaves, and it was altogether a fine and splendid day to purchase something ridiculous.

Accordingly, we dawdled along, window-shopping, until we reached the Amelia Earhard is Gone But Not Forgotten boutique. The owners arrived at the steps just as we did carrying -- behold, such treasures! Another papier-maché figure, of a dwarf this time, some flashy Santas'-elf costumes and... and...

THE LION AND THE UNICORN
Susan Glicksohn
THE LION AND THE UNICORN
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THE LION AND THE UNICORN
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THE LION AND THE UNICORN
Susan Glicksohn





"A UNICORN!" shrieked Ginger. "I've always wanted a unicorn! Let's hurry!"

"It's a madhouse in there" confided one of the boutique people. "The sale is just about over, but we had to wait three hours to get out."

The sale was indeed a madhouse. We emerged from the stairs--our elevator girl wouldn't go up the last two floors --to find the entire seventh floor of Eaton's cluttered with dust, empty boxes, the bedraggled remnants of artificial flowers, boxes full of dummy arms and hands (eagerly grabbed by hordes of nine-year-old boys) and half the population of Toronto. "Oh" we sighed, disappointed. Still, we plunged through the mob on our quest until, in the relative shelter behind a huge parade-float merry-go-round, we found...

"UNICORNS!" With a shriek, Ginger headed for the herd.

"Oh, Ginger, they're all \$40. We can't afford that!" said Jeannie.

"No, look, over here, some are marked down..." I pointed.

"Yeah," said Ginger. "They're awfully big, but wouldn't they look great in the livingroom?"

"And the Anacronists can borrow it if Ted is crowned King" Jeannie added.

I paid no attention because I've seen, beyond them, the LIONS! Or rather a lion. A marked-down styrofoam lion, with his front paw at his feet and his tail a little chipped, the golden sequins on his crown and mane a little tarnished--but withal, a regal lion, a lion or, rampant regardant. A magnificent lion. A lion who needed me to fix him up.

Jeannie and Ginger, having found a suitable beast, appeared at my elbow. "Look, we're going to buy this one. He's just a little shipped. And only \$18. Quite reasonable, for a unicorn" Ginger announced.

"I want to buy this lion. But \$18 would buy lots of tuna--or 3000 sheets of mimeo paper. I really like this lion. But Michael would kill me. But I do like this lion."

"So phone Mike and ask him."

I did--but I knew I was taking an unfair advantage of him. "You decide, dear" he said in a preoccupied, I-know-my-little-tweetie-is-sensible tone, and went back to watching the World Series and marking math tests.

I looked at the magnificent lion--looked down at my boots, and decided they'd do for another year--popped the broken paw in my purse, unscrewed the tail which I handed to Jeannie who was holding the unicorn's horn and tail, said "Come, Leo"--and lugged my lion to the nearest cash register.

Somehow, tripping over the beasts' plywood pedestals, bumping into people whom we couldn't see, breaking fingernails and getting golden glitter all over our clothes, we made our progress to Yonge St.

Suddenly, cold autumn air seeped in around the edges of the euphoria produced by convention-hosting, lack of sleep, and the sheer joy of doing something absurd. "Ginger!" I wailed. "We can't take these beasts home on the subway! They'd never get through the turnstiles, and besides I don't have money for extra tokens!"

"There's the car, silly. We left it up at the convention in the free parking lot" answered Ginger. "Y'know, it's

almost worth coming all the way from New York to find a real, live, free parking lot! I'll get it and we'll drive them home."

With some misgivings, since we had already that weekend lost Rosemary on the way to the Island Airport and Ginjer and Jeannie at Ontario place, I drew her a map of the subway to get to the car, and of the streets to get back to us. She waved cheerfully, and vanished, leaving Jeannie and I on a busy corner with a lion and a unicorn. We looked at each other.

"What will Michael say?"

"How will we get the unicorn back to New York?"

"Still, he's really a very nice lion" I cooed.

"Yes. And a perfectly splendid unicorn. Look, he's just a little split, across the back."

"Well, what can you expect? The Coronation was in '53--he's a *old* unicorn. Besides you can always make him a saddle."

Creative Anachronist Jeannie's eyes lit up. "Yes! A velvet one! And hang coloured balls from his horn at Christmas time!"

"What a great idea! And I can start a Family Tradition and put presents under the Christmas Lion!" We began to giggle uncontrollably.

Just then, I remembered--my stomach. It was an hour or so after lunch -- not to mention breakfast. The same idea must have occurred to Jeannie, because she asked me to unicorn-sit for a moment and vanished towards the candy store across the street.

Have you ever stood on a busy street with a lion and a unicorn and tried to look nonchalant?

I gave up the cool pose in a few seconds. An inebriated senior citizen staggered up, looked at the unicorn and muttered "Nice horsie." His comment was echoed by a tot in a stroller, who chor-tled at the lovely toys and tried to pat them. A middle-aged lady in a preposterous pink petunia hat stopped and smiled. I smiled back, and she decided that I was friendly-strange, not maniac-strange. "What a magnificent lion--oh, and a unicorn too! Are they for a store? Where did you get them?" she asked. I explained a-

bout the sale and added encouragingly, that there were several left. "Oh? Oh! My! Thank you! I think I'll just go and look..." and she hurried off.

In fact, for ten minutes I stood alone, grinning like an idiot, with half Toronto (the half not inside the store) grinning back. Eventually Jeannie returned with a bag of maple nut cookies and some fudge. "Who were you talking to?" she asked.

"Oh, about the sixty-seventh person who appreciated what a fine and splendid thing it is to own a golden lion" I replied, around cookie crumbs.

"Yeah" said Jeannie contentedly, restraining a child who was trying to claim the unicorn for her very own.

"That stupid thing'll be smashed soon" said a self-satisfied voice at my elbow. A dumpy little old lady, a frown of permanent disapproval etched on her wizened face, had finished grumbling at a young boy for parking his bike in front of the store's entrance and, sensing fun, had come to squelch it. We ignored her.

"How much did you pay for that junk?" she persisted. "Fools and their money are soon parted... you young people..."

"What good's money if you don't enjoy yourself?" I asked, helping myself to a hunk of fudge. Obviously this concept had never occurred to the glowering lady; struck dumb, she stared uncomprehendingly. Just then a familiar blue car wheeled up. "Ginjer" we yelled, waving the fudge.

"Who were you talking to?"

"Oh, a professional spoilsport. I hated to leave her, she was having so much fun disapproving" I explained.

"Oh" said Ginjer. "Well, let's get the menagerie on the road. I think there's room for one in the trunk if I take the legs out... Oh, no!"

"What's the matter?"

"I just realized. I'm going to drive up to Customs at Buffalo and they're going to ask what I have to declare, and I'm going to say 'Six bed legs and a 4-1/2 foot high gilded unicorn, officer'--and they're going to think I'm smart-assing them, and tear the car apart, and I forgot my vehicle registration!!" Ginjer wailed.

Yes, you can fit a lion, a unicorn and even two people into a Duster, if you

try hard enough. After I extricated Ginjer from the unicorn's embrace in the back seat, and Jeannie tied the trunk down, I gave them more explicit directions and headed for the streetcar. Fast. After all, it wasn't such a fine and splendid day when I didn't have my unicorn.

In a few minutes, I arrived outside our apartment building, to find the landlady (who'd gotten one glimpse of

Alexei Panshin and freaked right out) staring in disbelief at the newest madness of "those young people up in 205"; Jeannie and Ginjer tucking a blanket around the unicorn, now baseless and in the trunk, so he's be comfy going back to New York; and Michael, standing on the sidewalk looking appalled, while my golden lion stood gleaming in the sun, grinning at him.

---Susan Glicksohn

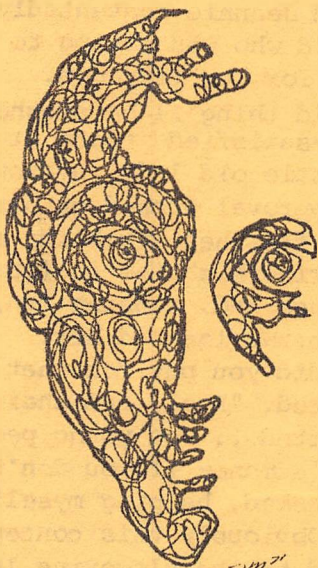
A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, the Royal Shakespeare Company production of Shakespeare's comedy. Directed by Peter Brook; settings and costumes by Sally Jacobs; music by Richard Peaslee; lighting by Lloyd Burlingame.

WITH: ALAN HOWARD - *Theseus/Oberon*
SARA KESTELMAN - *Hippolyta/Titania*
JOHN KANE - *Philostrate/Puck*
PHILIP LOCKE - *Egeus/Quince*
DAVID WALLER - *Bottom*
GLYNNE LEWIS - *Flute*
PHILIP MANIKUM - *Starveling*
PATRICK STEWART - *Snout*
BARRY STANTON - *Snug*
MARY RUTHERFORD - *Hermia*
TERENCE TAPLIN - *Lysander*
FRANCIS de la TOUR - *Helena*
BEN KINGSLEY - *Demetrius*
HUGH KEAYS BYRNE - *Cobweb*
RALPH COTTERILL - *Moth*
CELIA QUICKE - *Peaseblossom*
JOHN YORK - *Mustardseed*

Barry Gillam :: A SPIRIT OF NO COMMON RATE: Peter Brook's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*
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[*1971]

The fantastic in the theatre has, by its very nature, fared perhaps less well than in film. But even when a major play does show up, the fan press totally ignores it. I hope the following review will at least indicate a direction that should be taken in remedying this situation. The Royal Shakespeare Company has brought its production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* to New York and it has been playing to enthralled audiences for months. The play closed here March 27th* and will be going on tour. Watch for it and treat yourself to something that outshines two or three years' worth of ordinary sf films.



A Midsummer Night's Dream, literary historians tell us, was probably written and first performed in honor of a noble wedding. Thus we find it today one of Shakespeare's most genial and gentle comedies. Shakespeare has given each group in the play its particular form of humor. Thus we have the broad burlesque of Bottom and his fellow artisans, the romantic comedy of the young lovers and the high comedy of royalty. Inevitably on this night of changings, the three are mixed just as the people are. The farce of Bottom is wedded to Titania's grace and wit. And so the physical humor of the artisans is contrasted to the ethereal fairies.

This is the third theatrical production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* that I've seen and I will describe the first two briefly to give you some idea of where Brook's stands. The first I saw was at a local high school while I was still a year from reaching that institution. Guaze and fairies hopping about are all that I remember, perhaps mercifully. But understand that this Nineteenth Century vision of pure young love and cute little fairies had predominated well into the Twentieth. In 1967, John Hancock staged his *Dream* and although his play was not Shakespeare's, it was a very interesting and entertaining evening. His wood was a dark and harrowing place, inhabited by magic that seemed anything but benevolent. Oberon was portrayed by a clock -- that revealed nothing but darkness. Puck had a flashing light at his crotch with which he signaled his delight at the confusion of the lovers. And tall, awkward Helena was played by a man. The gentle fairies had become fearful spirits. Under black light, Titania's gowns glowed eerily. Theseus' court was seen as snobbish and cruel, maliciously mocking the artisans' inept performance at the end. And to point up all of this, Mendelssohn's score played on a jukebox at the side of the stage.

As I say, Hancock's *Dream* wasn't the Bard but his over-reaction was understandable. Peter Brook has given us, on the other hand, a reading of the play thoroughly in line with its textual spirit. He has seen fit to ignore Shakespeare's stage directions and to illustrate, complement and supplement the text with his own imagination. And he is ably assisted by a fine company--especially Alan Howard, John Kane, Sara Kestelman, David Waller, Frances de la Tour and Mary Rutherford--and superb sets and costumes by Sally Jacobs. The music by Richard Peaslee is not quite on a level with the rest of the creation but it is still admirable.

What Brook has done is to bare his arms, collapse his top hat, invite you up on the stage to assist and observe -- and then to produce magic. When one enters the theatre the set is open: three white walls, white floor, all brightly lit, black above that, two swinging doors at the back, a slit in either side wall and a parapet running around the top of the three walls, ladders at the edges of the set near the audience and also in the slits. In addition there are four cloth swings and two bar swings hanging in the middle of the set. And, what first arrests one's attention, an outrageously large red feather, looking like some kind of gigantic mobile. In the midst of the bare, though not stark, stage it seems a plum of magic, and a first signal that this production departs from previous stagings. It is tremendously romantic, like some fine Nineteenth Century gesture that one is not sure whether to admire, or laugh at, or both.

Of course, one must note the remarkable cinematic quality of the production: there is the white screen against which the action will take place, now waiting for the next performance. The feather and suspended swings act as a set piece, a design over which the credits are read (rustle of outer clothing being folded, rustle of the programs' pages being ruffled, rustle of schoolchildren excited at being here, curious about the feather, impatient for it all to begin...). One may or may not observe two men who walk along the parapet to two sets of drums, both downstage. They adjust their equipment and the stage manager climbs up from somewhere backstage and sits down at a desk near one set of drums, opening up a notebook. All three are dressed in what looks like casual, offwhite sweatshirts and sweatpants.

The drummers begin to play and the audience quiets down. The swings and the feather are drawn up out of sight. From the two doors upstage some sixteen actors run out, all wearing cream-colored cloaks over their costumes, some of which can be glimpsed in flashes as purple, green, blue and gold. All but Theseus and Hippolyta run up the ladders where they stand or sit and watch the play along with us. I have gone on at length about the physical setup to emphasize the degree to which Brook actually shows us everything: here is the set, the musicians, stage manager, here are all the actors, and now let's have the play. The drums and the burst of actors not only prepares one for what is to come but, very practically, gets one's attention in a more unmistakable way than dimmed lights. And, of course, because of the set's luminosity, while the house lights dim, the audience is never plunged into darkness, which is as much to say, there's no wall here between actors and spectators, give us a hand for we're putting on a play.

A Midsummer Night's Dream is a play about love in its variety, and the characters can be seen as parallels or contrasts to point up the properties of that most elusive fiber. During the time spent in the wood, that is, during the dream, different combinations of lovers are tried and then truly "love and reason keep little company." This idea of the play -- that during the dream the characters act without restraint, closer to their natures -- is Brook's. He has combined several roles but, instead of doing so to shorten or simplify the play, the effect is to elucidate it, tighten it and facilitate its performance. The two royal couples are here played by the same actors. as are Puck and Philostrate ("Master of the Revels of Theseus") and Egeus and Peter Quince (who is the director of the artisans' play). To visually alert the audience to the relationship between the parts, Theseus and Hippolyta, for instance, doff their robes when they become Oberon and Titania. While we saw glimpses of Theseus' purple and Hippolyta's green under the cream robes, the feeling conveyed is one of restraint, of people acting under the rules of royalty. As Oberon and Titania, their solid purple and green gowns are open and we are seeing the hidden, true characters of the royal couple. Just so Philostrate's tall Japanese ceremonial hat and black over yellow garments yield a pure yellow clown's suit with a blue skullcap.

These colors, moving against the soft white set, reveal a purity of medium that reminds one of Rossellini's latest pictures (*Socrates* and *The Acts of the Apostles*), and especially his use of walls in them. At one point, when Hermia and Demetrius are running across the stage, we get a freeze frame of them while Oberon questions Puck about what mischief he has done. And when Oberon and Puck swing from side to side in conversation, one is reminded of *Juliet of the Spirits*, but there is none of Fellini's confusion here. In both works, nevertheless, the instability of the world is well represented by this tippling movement. As for the young lovers, Helen and Hermia wear white gowns slightly grayer than the stage, each with light smudges of gold, their height and builds separating them effectively. But Lysander and Demetrius not only are all but identically dressed but have roughly the same build. Indeed, while their tie-dyed shirts are of apparently the same patterns, the colors are different -- Demetrius in turquoise and Lysander in gold--and this is all that separates them. And the lovers, when it comes to it, are rather dull people, for all the comedy derives from them.

At the beginning of the play there is also an axis of colors: Theseus' purple, Egeus' deep blue and Demetrius' turquoise. But Demetrius is soon as helpless as the others, once the dream begins and Egeus' favor and Theseus' command are no longer effective. The acting of the four -- Mary Rutherford, Terence Taplin, Frances de la Tour and Ben Kingsley--is in accord with their ages. They run and jump, rant and rave, doubletake reactions and go at their action seemingly over-vigorously. Even their romantic interludes are of the same stuff. Hermia and Lysander at the beginning of the play hug so vehemently and kiss so loudly and boisterously that one not only shrinks

under the onslaught of it all but sees the lovers properly: in perspective of their age. Later on, Helena will physically tackle Demetrius as he tries to leave her in the wood.

The artisans are clad in corduroy and, what with the wooden boxes and planks that are brought on for their scene, one has the feeling of a workshop. David Walker plays Bottom in an undershirt and others are barechested. There are delightful additions to Shakespeare, such as a roaring contest between Bottom and Snug when Bottom requests, as he had of each of the preceding parts, that he be allowed to play the lion. Walker is an excellent Bottom, seeming at times the very image of the modern British working man. Bottom is the agent of the physical in the play, although, as I have mentioned, the young lovers are active themselves. When, at the end of the first act, he is accepted by Titania as a lover, the fairies carry him around on their shoulders and one extends an arm from between his legs as a phallus. This is funny enough, but, in addition, the arm flexes and springs out, displaying its strength in chorus to Bottom's "heehaws".

One of the glories of this production, though is to be found in the performances of Alan Howard and Sara Kestelman as King and Queen. Shakespeare gives Hippolyta a few lines in her first appearance, but Brook remedies this and sets the tone for the relationship of the two. When Theseus declares Hermia's sentence, Hippolyta steps forward in protest but says nothing. The first meeting of Oberon and Titania ("I'll met by moonlight") becomes charged with the passions and sensibilities of mature love. Oberon beseechs her to give him the changeling and she reproaches him like the disdainful, regal woman she is. Oberon caresses her as she speaks of the fecundity of the earth -- her earth, green. There is an electric sexuality to the scene as Brook stages it.

One is somewhat surprised to see that the fairies, after all the color of their monarchs, are dressed in the same gray as the drummers. But here again, Brook is ahead of us. We are disarmed to find the stagehands of our dream solid, but all the more delighted at the magic they perform. There is a good deal of acrobatics in the play but that of the fairies sets them apart: one, early on, comes down from the parapet to stage level by sliding down a rope -- upside down. How much better than those creaking "hidden" slings that caused Victorian fairies to fly. Nothing is hidden and if the actor lets go he will fall. The magic is that much more real and entertaining. The same is true of the symbol for the magic juice: a silver platter which is spun around upon a wand. It is passed, still spinning, from Oberon to Puck, once from swing to swing and later from parapet to stage level. The suspense of the actions gives us a sense of magic: we hold our breath and wonder how they will possibly be able to pass it while they sway, or how Oberon will catch it ten feet below. Indeed, one participates in Brook's delight in the magic. When Oberon proposes to give Puck some of his silver platter, he takes a second one from the first and the audience gasps--the ingenuity of it and Brook's smile when he first thought of it or saw it is conveyed.

Indeed, perhaps this is the real success of the production: The originally intended audience found itself watching its very image watching a play, as they had just done. Brook has emphasized this idea of complicity in the play. Hermia and Helena tell their problems to the audience from the lip of the stage, speaking directly to us, out of the set. Bottom walks off into the audience before being cajoled back to play his assigned part. And just as a brick signifying a wall in the artisans' play falls and is returned by Theseus, Snug as the lion rampages just a little too enthusiastically and falls off the edge of the stage into the audience. After the extravaganza accompanying the mating of Titania and Bottom, including a shower of paper plates and streamers, the actors all run off and then Puck and the fairies come on with brooms to sweep up. The audience waits, uncertain as to what is going on. Puck

I have just read each of the above. Tarzen because I never have, *The Highwayman* because I was inspired to read it by Gordon Dickson, and *A Boy and His Dog* because people keep mentioning it and I hadn't read that, either.



 Jodie Offutt :: TARZEN OF THE APES, *THE HIGHWAYMAN* and *A BOY AND HIS DOG*
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I started with Tarzen. Andy had been telling me for years I ought to read that first Tarzen book. (And lately my sons have been echoing him.) I have this thing about childhood. I should be embarrassed to say it because it has to do with what helps keep science fiction -- one phase of it -- alive. A sense of wonder. That's what keeps fantasy and sword-and-sorcery going for so many. A feeling that stays with one from childhood to adulthood. Well, my confession is that I don't have a sense of wonder. If you're thinking, 'poor baby', that's OK. I really don't feel any loss or envy. Nor do I feel superior.

I grew up, and childhood was left behind. The things I read and did, I cherish, but if I missed something, it's too late now. I won't play Monopoly or checkers or Old Maid with my children -- those are games for children. (I will say that I enjoy playing Concentration or Flinch or Racko with them; they were not around when I was growing up.) Play Jacks? Cut out paper dolls? Some of my

happiest hours as a child were spent doing just those things--but I don't care about doing them now, thank you. (It's fun, though, to toss a frisbee around the backyard sometimes.)

I also get as excited at Christmas time as any child and I seldom pass an empty playground that I don't swing. (I never got enough turns when I was little; no playground has enough swings.) All of which makes me suspect that the sense of wonder doesn't merely apply to books and movies and such.

It was with this feeling that I began reading TARZEN OF THE APES. Our copy is very old. It was bought at Sears for Andy when he was 8 or 10 years old. The cover is wine, the pages are yellow. Grosset & Dunlap published it and the fly-leaf carries the message that "this book was produced under wartime conditions in full compliance with government regulations for the conservation of paper and other essential materials."

There is a lot of amusing writing in TARZAN -- ~~campiness~~. The good people are intelligent and well-bred and all the bad people are uneducated and raw. (And poor Tarzan emerges: well-bred and uneducated, intelligent and raw.) My first surprise was the book's length. Tarzan doesn't show up, even as an infant, until the end of the third chapter. There are some very poetic descriptions of the animals and apes. It's no wonder Burroughs has inspired so many others in writing of non-humans. I didn't see and feel and smell the jungle, though, as I did those animals. I could feel Tarzan's freedom and lightness when he swung through the trees (due, no doubt, to my own love of swinging).

About half-way through the book I realized my attitude had changed. Instead of putting it down till I had time to read some more, I began to look forward to picking it up again. I was caught up in the story; no longer was I reading it because I had decided to. The plot was more involved than I expected. Even though I've been told about it. I was bitterly disappointed in Jane; she turned out to be much weaker and more wishy-washy than I thought she'd be.

Andy says that is the only TARZAN book Burroughs intended writing, that it was only after so many begged for more that he wrote them. I'm not sure I agree with that. I think most writers, if they enjoy creating a character and his environment and feel it is good, think in terms of writing more about that character.

I didn't suddenly find a sense of wonder in myself that wasn't there before in reading Tarzan (nor did I expect to), but I didn't finish it with a there-that's-done-feeling, either (as I half-expected). I have no big urge to go through all those other Burroughs books with the yellowing pages and dark red covers, but I do have a *feeling* for them, now. A desire to keep a sharper eye on the kids while they're reading them, then pack them away, very carefully, so they will be there for the next generation of Offutts.

I'm glad I read TARZAN OF THE APES. I enjoyed it.

I'm not much on poetry. I don't read it, don't listen to it. The closest I've ever come to composing was last November when I wrote a poem for my daughter for her birthday, a chronicle of her life. (She's only eight and she loved it.) Every Christmas for the past four or five I've decided to memorize *The Night Before Christmas*. I've never managed to get past the part about the dry leaves and wild hurricane fly, mainly because I can't figure out what it means. There's the parody I did one year: *The Night AFTER Christmas*.

When we were in Florida for the Apollo 14 shot (event dropper), Gordon Dickson was there. Anybody who's ever spent any time around Gordy finds out very quickly how much he loves poetry and singing. This night he was reciting *The Highwayman* and enjoying every line of it--some so much that he repeated them two or three times. Like everybody else, I studied--or was exposed to--*The Highwayman* in high school. I remember that I read it. Andy remembered a few lines here and there and between the two of them they got through most of it. And, as I said, the best parts over and over. I listened and watched, amazed. The pleasure and enjoyment Gordy got from this poem--not just his voice, but his hands and face and eyes--all of him went into saying those lines. And his thrill at Andy's remembering some of it was beautiful.

So I began thinking that there might be something wrong with me that I don't--or don't know how to--enjoy poetry. That my poetry perception is out of focus; or, more likely, was never properly focused. Listening to and watching Gordon Dickson, I knew there had to be a pleasure derived from poetry that I have never developed. I'd never been properly exposed, never really studied. Had not even approached it with the right frame of mind--or any frame of mind for that matter. I decided to educate myself. And where would I start?

Why, with *The Highwayman*, where else?

You wouldn't believe the carrying on it took to find a copy of this poem! First I mentioned it to a friend of ours in the English Dept. of our university.

"Jim," I said, "do you by any chance have a copy of *The Highwayman*?" "No, I don't think so. Who wrote that, Stevenson?" I shrugged. I mean, after all, friend Jim is a PhD and I figured his guess is better than mine. That is how simple it is to get switched off on the wrong track.

Armed with this bit of misinformation, the next time I was in the library I started looking for *The Highwayman* under Stevenson, Robert Louis. I told Frankie what I wanted and the two of us looked in every book by Stevenson on the adult and juvenile shelves, as well as in numerous other books of poetry.

"Jodie," Frankie finally said, "wouldn't you like to read some Long-fellow? We gotta lotta Longfellow."

That night Andy started thumbing through the encyclopediae (yes, we have two, an upstairs set and a downstairs set ...ahem). "I don't think Stevenson wrote that thing, I think it was Noyes."

Noyes?!

He didn't find it. Back to the library. I walked up behind the librarian. "Quick, Shiela, who wrote *The Highwayman*?"

"Whittier."

I groaned. "Let's go look," she said, and proceeded to pull thick books off a shelf. I couldn't stay, and left poor Shiela kneeling in the floor surrounded by all those big books with little print; searching, searching. (As it turned out, she found it ten minutes after I left.)

Then fate intervened. The long arm of coincidence. That very night I went to a PTA meeting. Instead of meeting in the usual place--the lunchroom--we congregated in the library. (All twelve of fourteen of us.) It just so happened by some strange twist of fate that there was an empty chair next to the English teacher. Without taking time to sign up for the door prize, I went straight to her side.

"Jackie, do you have any idea who wrote *The Highwayman*?" (Desperately.)

"Why, yes, I think it was Alfred Noyes," and her eyes strayed behind me. Lo and behold, not five feet away, on the third shelf from the bottom was a little green book. ONE HUNDRED AND ONE FAMOUS POEMS. And on page 119, my search ended.

Pressing the slim volume lovingly to my breast, I asked if I might take it

home with me. I told her I'd been in quest of this for days, and was on the brink of giving up in despair. She took the card out of the book and looked at me kind of funny.

"Sure, take it with you. You know, I just read *The Highwayman* to the fourth grade a couple of weeks ago. Jeff knew it was down here. You should have asked him." And she edged away from me to sit beside the Special Ed teacher.

No matter. I had the book and learned a lesson: don't seek out PhD's if you've got a ten-year-old around the house. (And Andy'd been right, too. He always is.)

I've read *The Highwayman* three times; once aloud. And I've read a lot of others in this little book, too. It was fun. A lot of them I 'knew', but had forgotten about. And there were some surprises. I also found some delightful poems I'd never heard or seen before.

Eugene Field wrote some great children's poems. *Little Boy Blue*, written in his son's memory, reminded me of some others I know, and *Just 'Fore Christmas* is jes d'lightful. Remember *The Duel*? The one about the gingham dog and the calico cat. That's always been a favorite of mine. If I ever had a fanzine, I'd call it *The Chinese Plate*.

Walt Whitman wrote one called *O Captain! My Captain!* which ought to be put to music if it hasn't already. The Deller Consort or Ronnie Gilbert should record it.

Our flag is getting such crass treatment these days, it seems to me, that I really appreciated reading Henry Van Dyke's *America for Me*. One line I especially like is "Where the air is full of sunlight and the flag is full of stars."

I was surprised at some of the things I learned. For instance, "If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?" is the last line of *Ode to the West Wind*, by Shelley. *Trees* isn't nearly as long as I thought. (I must have had to memorize it.) There are pictures throughout the book and Kilmer's shows him in a WWI uniform. Sgt. Joyce Kilmer was killed in action.

The Deacon's Masterpiece ("The One-Hoss Shay") by Holmes is wonderfully funny and Riley's *Knee-Deep in June* has a Twain flavor about it. The real sleeper for me,

one I'd never heard and liked the best is *The Gods of the Copybook Headings*. Kipling wrote it (he died only in 1936--I had no idea! Oh, and Noyes: 1956.) I'm not sure why I like this one so much, but it really struck me.

"Listen my children and you shall hear...By the shores of Gitchie Gumme... good old Henry W! I read *Hiawatha's Childhood* twice (it read better the second time). Revere's ride took me right back to the eighth grade. We had a boy in our room named Paul and we rewrote the whole thing. I'm sure it was great stuff!

Kipling's *If*. I used to have a poem framed on my wall: *If--for Girls*. I wonder if he wrote it or if somebody else doctored up the other one. The longest poem of the 101 is *Horatius* by Thomas Babington Macaulay. It has 34 8- or 10-line stanzas. I didn't read it all; it didn't seem too interesting. It's for war-loving men.

One last gem. In the back of the book there are a few other pieces--The Declaration of Independence, the Gettysburg Address, and like that--and a strung-out version of the ten commandments. The best of the lot is No. 10 and I got a kick out of this:

X *Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor his maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbor's.*

How about that! The house comes before the wife who is lumped in with the servants and animals. Talk about male chauvinism!

I'll probably pay more attention to poetry from now on. I've had fun with this little book. Thanks, Gordy.

Bow-wow

I've been writing this as I read each one and I'd already decided how I would start off talking about *A Boy and His Dog*.

"I never have been much on animal stories," I thought I'd say. Follow that up with a couple of remarks about NATIONAL VELVET and LASSIE COME-HOME. MY FRIEND FLICKA maybe. Well, now that I've read

it, it's obvious I can't start that way. And now that it's started some way, I still don't know what to say.

There's this: I kinda like to identify with characters in a story, and this one was a dilemma. When I finished, I realized I hadn't fared too well as the girl and was somewhat reluctant to line up with the dog. I mean, after all. So *A Boy and His Dog* wasn't too satisfactory a story for me--and it was a sad commentary to boot.

If some hardhat fem-libber got hold of this story, her pouncing might be interesting. On second thought, she'd probably not identify with Vic, either, but stand back and say "See?" Or, see might like it, who knows? Who cares.

I read some other stories in the collection (*THE BEAST THAT SHOUTED LOVE AT THE HEART OF THE WORLD*) that I liked better.

Along the Scenic Route, the one about freeway hotrodders, was shivery; I loved *SANTA CLAUS vs. S.P.I.D.E.R.*--laughed right out loud. There's one story--*White on White*--that was written on an airplane between LA and New York. It occurred to me that if the SST's ever get off the ground there'll barely be time to get a title worked out and jotted down, much less a story.

This may not be news to anybody, but it's just beginning to dawn on me what Ellison really is: a commentator. Of our times and people. All writers are, or should be, but Ellison never seems to write just to entertain. For instance: he pays tribute to our outlandish concern with the automobile and its status symbol in *Along the Scenic Route* and he acknowledges the millions of just-existing shadow people in *Are You Listening?*

The Ellison comments I enjoy most are in his L.A. *Free Press* column *The Glass Teat*. (Apparently to be reprinted each year in paperback.) One of his experiences particularly got me. I read it in the *Freep* first and it lasted for three columns.

He went to a small town in Ohio -- Middle America -- for a series of speeches to high school classes. That (*this!*) piece of the country just wasn't ready for Harlan Ellison. He ran into all sorts of blocks, mostly from the parents, not the kids, and he just couldn't believe it.

Tranquillity was shattered by the advent of man and dingo. To meet these dangerous challenges, the then Paramount Chanter was chosen Prince and invested with unconditional emergency powers. These have never been rescinded, yet are wielded with the utmost benevolence -- which is to say they are scarcely ever wielded at all.

The dynasty of that first Platy Prince extends in unbroken lineage to His present Serenest Highness. Each Prince relinquishes his personal name upon coronation as a sign of his total immersion in the Awful Princely Glory. But naturally, historians have assigned epithets to distinguish certain outstanding individuals. [e.g. : The Sybarite, The Purssiant, The Conspicuous Imbiber, The Bald-Tailed, The Terror-of-the-Dingos.] Such is the prestige of the office that not even that lunatic fringe of platypusdom, the Monotreme Liberation Front, would conceive of abolishing it.

The Prince's official residence, the Golden Burrow, is precisely that--an immense labyrinthine burrow lined with sheets of pure gold. Some notion of platypus cultural values may be gained by observing that the largest chamber in the Burrow is not the opal-studded state audience hall but the liquor cellar. The pantry is a close second. Under terms of the Confidential Compact which acknowledged the Principality's cherished semi-autonomy, no human save the reigning monarch of Great Britain or immediate heir may visit the Golden Burrow. While it does not appear in any public records, the most memorable weekend of Prince Charles's sojourn in Australia was spent as the guest of the Platy Prince.

The chief official assisting the Prince is the Grand Tinger. He, in turn, is assisted by a corps of Lesser Tingers. These functionaries, popularly called "The Fore-Swatts of the Prince", conduct such executive and judicial affairs as individual goodplatys will permit.

The Lesser Tingers are chosen by lot from a list of all adult male platys willing to serve. None may serve more than once. Lots are drawn again to designate one Tinger as Grand Tinger. Since the length of all officials' terms are also chosen by lot, some platys have occupied the seats of power barely long enough to warm them.

Yet in spite of (or because of?) the eccentricity of their election, the Tingers customarily serve with a high degree of dedication and competence. They voluntarily restrict their beer consumption and curtail their forays among the Sydney bikini girls.

However, in the event a Tinger is judged guilty of gross malfeasance, punishment is severe. He is transported to a desolate region of the outback and publicly bottled. The cruelest torment the condemned platy suffers is standing unshaded in the sun watching his cobbers empty the bottles they will hurl at him. If he manages to survive the barrage, he is then released without further penalty. Thus the execution is transformed into a celebration of Bigfeller Platy's mercy.

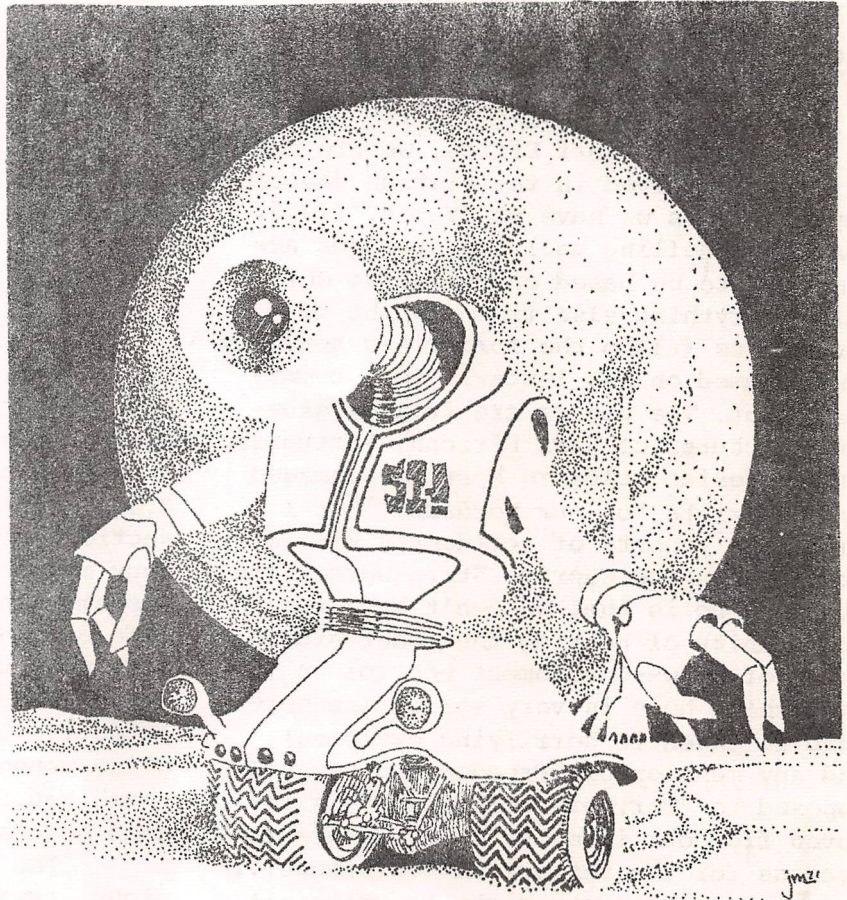
Only despicable species chauvinism has hitherto concealed the truth about the Principality. Ere any upstart human dares deride platypus institutions, it would be well to ponder their racial motto: "WE SURVIVE".

John & Sandra Miesel

A slightly different version of the above appeared in the Australian fanzine, *SF Commentary*, #17 -- edited by Bruce R. Gillespie.

Installment #1, of *The Platypus Mythos*, appeared in *Double:Bill*, #21.

 OUTworlds' INwords
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...wrap-up on *Outworlds* 3.1:

Darrell Schweitzer

113 Deepdale Rd., Strafford, PA 19087

Jodie Offutt might be amused by a script I produced after seeing *Beneath The Planet of The Apes* for the ultimate monkey movie sequel. The basic premise was that when WW3 came along the entire population of the earth slipped through the time-warp in one and two man spaceships, and every last one of them crashed in the forbidden zone. Which is why it's so barren--all those rocket blasts made quite a mess. The plot line basically took hero #3 (William Shatner) thru all sorts of merry adventures (being sure to get him sufficiently banged up to keep the sadomasochists in the audience happy) in an attempt to rescue James Franciscus who presumably was still trying to rescue Charlton Heston. The reason was that for the next five movies or so the characters of one would be trying to rescue those of the previous one, and would in turn get

lost themselves, to be rescued by the ones after that. When this ran out something else would be used, but all those spaceships had crashed in such a way that there was one behind every sand dune (and they couldn't see each other and *all* thought they were the only ones left alive) and there certainly would be enough characters left for something. In tone with the serious messages of the first two, mine had a scene in which Zira, having previously fallen in love with Shatner, goes for another guy (Kimball Kinneson, who was there to collect the traffic fees for all those spaceships running the time-warp without paying the toll) and is repulsed, whereupon she accused him of being a bigot. After all, "Beauty isn't fur deep!" Groan (of the deep cosmic voice from the end of #2) fadeout. If anyone wants to read this thing, it was published about three issues back in *Renaissance*. #3 does make mine obsolete, but maybe they'll use it in the TV show. (Yes, they are making one.)

Nick Shears52 Garden Way, Northcliff 4, Johannesburg

Being in Sarf Efrica, we are not directly involved in the Vietnam debate, especially as we have no TV yet. (1975, they keep telling us.) Our problems are supposed to be based on terrorism which, like everything else from drought to miniskirts (altho the former has actually been blamed on the latter!) is a communist plot. The papers are full of gruesome pictures of Sarf Efrican, Portuguese and Rhodesian soldiers horribly damaged by terrorists "on our borders", but I think the reports of accidentally killed trainees on the Caprivi Strip worse. The big hang-up is that we don't have the opportunity of hearing the other side's point of view--Government control on everything here is very strict (censorship is taken to horrifying extremes), and any mention of "Freedom Fighters" as opposed to "Terrible Terrorists" is removed from our innocent gaze. So are the reasons for the terrorists' existence...

Exercise your right to write--it's the only one you've got left, and that ain't gonna last much longer, either...

Richard Labonte64 Marlborough Ave., Ottawa, Ontario

Ow 3.1 contained probably the most satisfying concentration of material I've seen in a fanzine in a while. The only flaw among the gems was Glicksohn's inept attempt at punning and putting you down; I've known Michael for a few years now, and he's a good little lad. But he cannot admit to his inferior status, whether it be as a biker (he once drove a motorcycle, but failed repeatedly to knock down old ladies), as a Star Trekkie (he failed there too because he used to fall asleep in front of the TV before ST came on), or as a World Traveller (a much talked about odyssey to South America fell foul of a California swimming pool, and some cheap wiskey). As a fan and as a fan editor he is inferior, to you as much as to others...but he won't admit it, and maintains ridiculous charades in an effort to keep status.

I really admire you, Bill, for

putting up with it. You are stern stuff.

[] That I am, Richard, that I am... ## We also heard from, in conjunction with Ow 3.1 -- DAN GOODMAN, TERRY HUGHES & BILL WRIGHT. ## From here on out, comments are prompted by *Outworlds* 3.2 & 3.3, and the Supplements... []

Alpajpuric/o General Delivery, Ocean Park, WA 98640

Your use of two separate numbering systems for Ow is going to get you into trouble eventually... The decimal point in 8.75 does not mean the same thing as in 3.2 -- what are you going to do when intersections occur? I can certainly understand your motives for changing the numbering system with each major change of personal life or publishing vision, but consider your poor suffering readership...!

The Ow Index was outrageously anal-retentive but perhaps one day some struggling young fanzine indicier (?) will thank you. In the meantime it makes for a good bookmark.

The Fabian folio in 3.3 was delicious, ever more so with your halpage seasoning. One use to which I plan to put vertical halpages is in the Cdth lettercol--locs on full pages, editorial asides on the inserts. All kinds of possibilities--

In Ow 3.2 the sandwiching of your editorial and the locs didn't work for me because the contrast between the typefaces wasn't sufficient to carry my eye. If you had used, say, different colors of ink, it might have come off.

Concerning Jerry Lapidus' loc, I've done a bit more thinking on the offset vs mimeo issue. Offset repro is almost always black on white, a scheme I find "impersonal" in any mode. The use of colored papers and inks does a lot in the way of augmenting the basic information flow with an "emotional" or "personal" background. I really got off on the brown and blue offset inks in these two latest issues of Ow -- the brown more than the blue; the blue wasn't very subtle. Black ink--or any color ink--loses its subtlety and personality when it becomes a universal norm. When used sparingly and deliberately as a variation from a norm it can be tremendously effective. Same is true of white (or any color) paper.

Also, offset ink is more reflective than mimeo ink; offset paper is glossier than mimeo paper (especially fibertone). This reflective quality denotes polish, a controlled metallic uniformity, hence an "impersonal" mood. Mimeo ink is dull and rough in texture, as is the paper it's printed on. The overall effect is one of depth and slight fuzziness. The reader is absorbed into the material, not reflected away.

However, any given technique can be utilized effectively just as long as it isn't overused and made a null-value norm. That is why graphic experimentation is so important to me. Until we break out of the norms and begin applying specific techniques to get specific effects, we're really not aware of what we're producing. As soon as we take any graphic element for granted we cease to be conscious of its existence in our magazines, and hence its effect upon our audience. For a fanzine editor (or anyone for that matter) self-awareness is the highest state of being, the deepest-penetrating perspective, the farthest-reaching sphere of communicative energy. And for me, That Is Where It All Is At.

John Leavitt

Maple Avenue, Newton, NH 03858

Nice set of issues you have there, Bowers. So that's you on the cover? Funny, I didn't picture you with a hat...

Anthony was funny in *Off the Deep End*, but his collaborators made the piece. I didn't think .2 (as it is known to its friends) was unbalanced, because the humor in the first piece more than offset its serious material, and Canfield's stuff wasn't what you could call sercon except for the one on 36, so it balanced Pauls to a large extent.

Of the two issues, needless to say, .3 was the better. Fabian's art went with the quotes very well, as if it was not good enough on its own. I wasn't overly fond of the way you put the quotes on half pages, but it does seem about the best way to do it so I won't quibble. It was strange to read Bester saying sf can't move its audience, then talking about loving it. His statement that it's of limited framework is like what RAWL was saying in 3.1, and Fabian's art is

like a counterpoint to it.

Alpajpuri's page was certainly Kosmik, if not vey Komik. More?

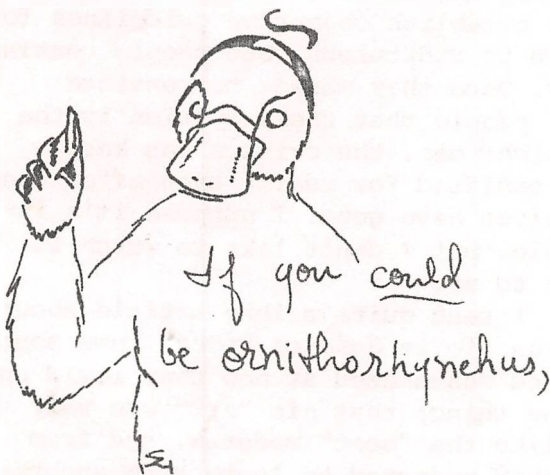
Is this Darko Suvin I see before me? No, just Greg Benford. I thought both he and you had gone nuts when I read that title. What a relief to discover definite signs of sanity. Serious Criticism will inevitably lead to that type of stuff. Serious Critics can't even frame an insult in basic English, vide the above-mentioned Suvin in the May F&SF where he calls Moskowitz "one of the incarnations of gossipy positivism in Anglophone SF criticism." One shudders at the thought that this is only what is happening a brief time after sf has just barely gained a degree of respectability. What will it be like in 10 years? SF is going to be as dead as mainstream fiction, smothered under a horde of academic obfuscators.

So here's Brunner helping to start a journal of scholarly criticism. The projected activities of the Foundation sound fine and worthwhile, but I feel uneasy just the same. This sort of thing can lead to the establishment of standards of judgement which are patently absurd. To return to the May F&SF, Suvin agrees wholeheartedly with James Blish's evaluation of A. Merritt, Clark Ashton Smith and H.P. Lovecraft as "unreadable". Now that worries me. If you can set out to establish reasonable guidelines for a subject and wind up with a conclusion like that--it's like RAWL says latter in the issue, once an interpretation is established it can hang on against all reason, and that's what I'm afraid of. Any judgement is wholly subjective, in the end, so seeking to establish objective guidelines for a field is ridiculous, but people continue to try. Once they manage to convince enough people that their opinion is the only right one, the critics can keep a field ossified for years, even after they themselves have gone. I suppose it's inevitable, but I don't like to watch it happen to sf.

I read quite a long article about Djakarta Jim in *Science Digest* some months ago, and was amazed at how they could only see one thing; that his "art" was very much like the "best" moderns, and from this they expected to learn much about

human creativity. Never once was there a thought that perhaps it might mean that the direction art has taken in the 20th century might be away from what is essentially human and towards some abominable degeneration. (I can get Lovecraftian too, Benford.) This Hale fellow sounds like a fine example. From his quote I get the feeling he's adopted some of the jargon of the analytical school of psychology without understanding it at all, and even the Jungians themselves go far too far in admiring the subconscious. Rorschach pain-ings are fine as a source for material to be consciously shaped, but in themselves are pointless.

Anderson is right that Frankish soldiers, citizens of the Roman Empire, and astronauts wouldn't think alike, but would a Frankish soldier think like a contemporary farmer, or his liege lord? And might not farmers from Egypt of the 1st Dynasty, Manchu China, and early 20th century Oklahoma think alike, excepting points like religion and politics? There are great variations within a system, always, and perhaps there are a few within a category. He may also be right about Vietnam. I don't think so, but it doesn't actually matter one way or the other. All that matters is preserving our civilization, which is unlikely if we continue our present course. As a teacher of mine used to repeat frequently, internal strife plus external aggression equals destruction. By continuing as we are, we create even larger amounts of internal



conflict, and if we ever are faced with a genuine threat from the outside we'd go to pieces like a fragmentation bomb, and probably take the rest of the world with us. Current civilization is bad in many ways, but there are things which must be preserved. Man has turned out only two products worth any consideration in his whole history: art and science. Science doesn't need preserving. Natural law is immutable, and can be rediscovered. Art, on the other hand, is the product of the mind. In the long run, I believe that science fiction will be viewed as humanity's most significant effort, if it survives. But our cultural framework must be preserved for it to exist in, and anything that is done to endanger its continuation is irresponsible at best. Which is why I'm against the Vietnam war, and other efforts that create internal conflict that isn't absolutely necessary to the survival of our culture.

So you're back to justifying again are you, Bowers? Until next time, judging by past performance, which is just fine. The brown ink on yellow was very good, gave the zine a nice warm feeling unlike the cold blueness of .2, which was not all bad once you were inside it. A very nice pair of issues, all told, and if you really work at it even a certain Boy Wonder will concede.

Roger Bryant

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Lettercolumns do not usually thrill me; it is for this reason that although I read Ow 3.2 the same night you gave it to me, and the poll the following day, I have put off skimming 8.75 until tonight.

Any man who can hand me the zine that contains Glicksohn's letter, with a straight face, is not one I would ever care to confront in a poker game.

Mike Glicksohn

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I*M*P*R*E*S*S*I*V*E I think would be the overall reaction. While I may not have been exactly thrilled with the design of the last issue, 3.2 and 3.3--and their accompanying supplements--make for one hell of a fanzine package. You've every right to be mightily pleased with yourself...

for an old man, that is.

Leaving the mimeo supplements to the past, I'll confine my remarks to the issues at hand. Grant's art throughout 3.2 gives it that graphic unity we hear so much about and makes this a most attractive issue.

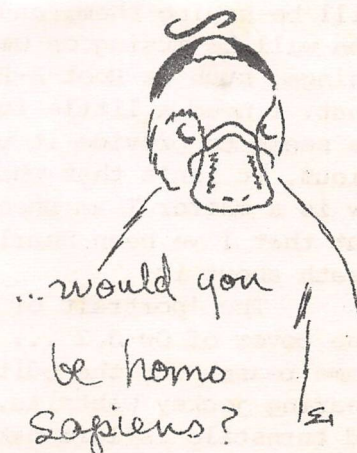
I've recently written an article and several letters on the question of having one's facetiousness taken literally and the resultant hot water one can get into. I hope *Outworlds* readers accept Piers Anthony's article in the right spirit! Personally, I enjoyed it more than anything else of his I can remember reading. He didn't really tell me a great deal about collaboration, but he surely told a lot about himself. And the opposing viewpoints gave a worthwhile counterpoint to the main essay. I'm not convinced that Piers is quite the writing genius he and his collaborators think he is, but they're certainly spot on about the degree of his gall. An excellent idea, and one that came off enjoyably well for me.

I'm surprised no-one has yet done an article on the theme of incest that seems to wind through most of Bob Silverberg's recent fiction. In this day of the serious scholarly article, it seems like an obvious topic. Be that as it may. Ted Pauls' review of *TIME OF CHANGES* will probably spur me to try to get around to rereading the book soon.

The Fabian portfolio and the physical layout of that particular section in 3.3 are most impressive. I don't like your choice of brown ink, either for the offset or the mimeo portions but that's another subjective reaction. And I suppose if I asked for an explanation of Paj's page I'd be thought a Philistine, so I'll leave it at admitting I didn't understand it at all but found it most intriguing.

[] *That's o.k., young feller -- willfully resisting the urge to Sound Superior (tho we all know...), I must admit the same reaction to Paj's Page. Paj?* []

Steve's *Papervision* continues to improve with each outing. His style is freer than ever and flows well from section to section and he ties his thoughts together nicely. And the bugger can draw, too! Guys like him and Gaughan make the



rest of us seem so inadequate. That coo-coo bird of yours doesn't get stopped at the border, Steve, he flies right on up to Canada and watches a fellow paint a picture of a hockey sweater or a pair of pucks and get \$500 a time. But then, what do I know? I'm the guy who never could see why Rembrandt was worth a hundred times as much as his contemporaries...

Ed Cagle

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Ah, the fen who found Ow too good to respond to before may never be heard from again after they get a look at the latest Bowers mailing. I feel sorry for them. I really do! Excellence inhibits them, for christ sake.

Good on Vincent Di Fate for giving Steve Fabian credit for talent. What Steve does may be old-fashioned in some fen's eyes, but holy christ he does a nice job of being old-fashioned! I don't think he's out of date myself, but then I don't find everything being done in a contemporary vein all that wonderful either. What is contemporary is also temporary, and is also what the majority prefers. For that reason alone, Steve could be considered an individualist, and what we need are a few more individualists.

Greg Benford said something about critics that I wish I'd said....

Poul Anderson said many things I've heard before, and will hear again. I hope the next time I hear them, someone else

will be saying them, and that Poul Anderson will be musing on weird and hilarious things, such as Root-A-Raper, and all that. I need a little fun in my life, and he seems to provide it when he isn't serious. It isn't that what he discusses in *Ow* is a matter I am unconcerned about, but that I've been nearly bludgeoned to death about it.

The 'portrait of the editor' on the cover of *Ow* 3.2 ... Uh, is there some reason why the editor is pictured wearing jockey wahtzits, and the 3-pronged turnstile is left naked and erect? Well, better ignore that...

A friend, who is a printer, asked me "Is this guy a fan?" He was looking at *Ow* 3.2 and 3.3 at the time, and was impressed with your work. I told him to read it, but he's like most printers: can't read. (A judgement he doesn't deny, by the way...)

AUSTRALIA IN 75!!!! HEAR HEAR!!!!

Eli Cohen

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Ted Pauls is finally moving a bit away from mere plot summaries, at least with the *HOUSE IN NOVEMBER* where he makes a specific suggestion for improvement; but he slips back again with *TIME OF CHANGES*. Not that I object to plot summaries, just that a two-page one leads me to expect much more analysis (else why bother acquainting the reader with all those facts?)

There's also the problem that I read the ending differently from Ted. I may be wrong, but my thinking is this way: I find the idea of a healthy, adult woman being "psychologically and morally" a virgin a bit ... well, unrealistic. Given this, I think Silverberg is too good a writer to create such a character. However, it's obvious that Kinnall has a strong emotional stake in believing his bond-sister is pure. When he is in her mind, he even says "At one point in our journey through one another I encountered a zone of strangeness, where something seemed coiled and knotted: and I remembered that time in my youth, when I was setting out from Salla City on my flight into Glin, when Halum had embraced me at

Noim's house, and I had thought I detected in her embrace a tremor of barely suppressed passion, a flicker of the hunger of the body. For me. For me. And I thought that I had found that zone of passion again, only when I looked more closely at it, it was gone ..."

My interpretation is that he refuses to see her as she really is, as a real human being (not an ideal)--and she, in his mind, *knows* this. *That's* what drives her to suicide--that the man she loves doesn't love her, but a pure, idealized abstraction on a pedestal. This makes more sense to me. (Remember, the narrator, Kinnall, is not the author, Silverberg. The two don't necessarily agree.) But it's all inference, so I could be wrong.

I really liked the book, but it was slightly flawed for me because I can't accept the linguistics part. "I" is a concept everybody in the society has, and uses, continually. They use a euphemism for it, but they use it. I don't see why the euphemism would not become an exact translation; why particularly sheltered people wouldn't grow up not knowing the obscenities "I", "me", etc.; why the Earthman would prefer an obscene translation of his "I" to the polite form; why a person proselytizing for the importance of the concept of self should couch his plea in gutter language (if you're trying to convince a bunch of Puritans that sex is good, do you say "fuck" or "make love"?). It's possible to alibi most of that by sufficient contortions, but Silverberg doesn't in the book.

Dave Hulvey

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Thoroughly enjoyed the art. Grant Canfield is a really fine artist. Intellectually, I can enjoy Fabian, but it takes Canfield to really stimulate my sensawonda, or humor.

I've seen the Benford material before, in slightly modified form, in Greg Shaw's *Metanoia*--there in order to save his FAPA membership. Actually, the sercon faanish fans could use a modified system of cards to write their properly humorous propaganda shticks. It wouldn't be so hard at all. Lessee, how would it look? Perhaps like this:

A couple of weeks ago John Phan and I were discussing fandom, as faanish fans are wont to do, over a carton of Pepsis and a quire of mimeo stencils.¹ "You know," I said to John as he fiddled nervously with his Selectric, "I think what fandom needs is less of That."

Taken aback at my brashness, Phan almost dropped the extra 'a' from his title in the latest ish of his never-to-be-forgotten Golden Age fanzine, *Faantafluflu*.² Recovering quickly, in a manner much like Harry Warner did when he met Claude Degler,³ he replied, "Hmmm, but the problem of This has not been solved to the satisfaction of the Intemperates."

"That was last month's Problem," I chided him gently.

"Oh."

"Yes."

"Indeed."

"Certainly."

"Of course."

"No."

"What?"

"Indeed."

"Certainly."

"Of course."

"Now that that is settled, what about the problem, That?"

I relaxed, as we followers of Willis and Burbee are wont to do, by putting my foot behind my head. Then I said, "This position is excruciating."

"A trufan wouldn't have said so."

"I'm sorry."

"No need to be. We all make mistakes, for Tucker's sake."

"Ok, but to prove there's no hard feelings...wanna smoke some dope?"

Before I could produce the pipe he whipped out a baggie filled with the Stuff. Proudly, he announced, "I grew this at home. It's great Stuff."⁴

So we smoked dope and reminisced about long gone times when fans were

fans, and Father Hugo had not yet created the femmefan in our own image and given us sex.⁵

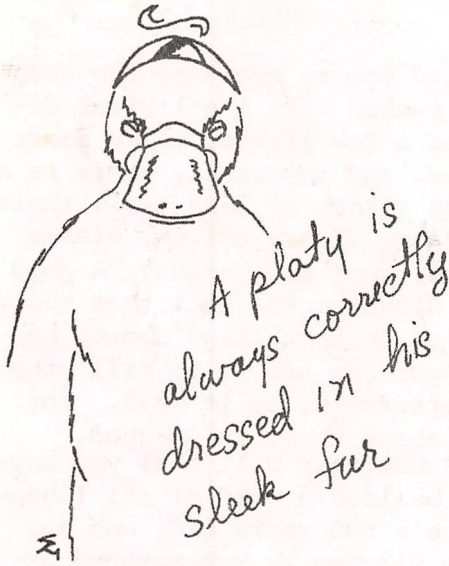
I'm glad you're avoiding the temptation to be sucked into a political debate. I've had a few already in my short time in fandom, and invariably there is no converts, just a more or less civil (mainly less) exchange of prejudices, biases and even facts, just for variety. A good argument can disguise the fact that there is nothing else worth talking about, however, and faneds can use it to fill otherwise empty lettercols, as it were. But you've risen above that, thank ghod.

Dero Schweitzer will tell you anything. Don't believe a word of it. I happen to know he's 500 years old, and has been secretly digging an underground expressway from Philadelphia to Belfast in order to kidnap Bob Shaw. He's plotting to freeze Bob in a slab of corflu, and preserve him with a miracle solution of salts and DMSO. He'll be planted midway between here and Belfast for all fans to come by

5. From a censored portion of the Enchanted Duplicator. There was also a pornographic edition, but the pages have never been successfully unglued...



1. Do this in remembrance of me, saith the now Departed.
2. This is Faanish.
3. It's the truth. This I know, 'cause a FAPAn tole me so.
4. First there was Panama Red, then Green Flash, now Ted White.



and throw peanuts to. These demeaning circumstances can be avoided if we act now! After all, Dero is planning to charge admission to his expressway, and even has his 5 year old sister working union scale as a laborer cum tour guide (after the kidnapping). So, although we understand that a dero must have made Dero do it, this can not be permitted. Yaazz, all you stout-hearted fen line up, sign up, and enlist in the Dave Hulvey Expeditionary Force today! Together we will stop this mad soul from his evil mission. Do you want to have to worship Theta? That's right, the dread Theta. The Theta has judged earth to be degenerate, and if Dero succeeds in his scheme, will descend from Olympus to rule on high. We will be his mindless eternal slaves. This must be stopped. Post no bills.

Harry Warner, Jr.

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The Fabian portfolio should help to explode the traditionalist legend that has grown up around him. I wouldn't want to see him continuing in this particular style permanently, but it's impressive as a change. The brown ink in which you had the pictures printed causes me to feel the itch once again to slip a closeup lens on my 35 mm camera and start copying

a lot of good fanzine art on Kodachrome, such as this. Without using gels over flash or otherwise doing photographic trickery, it should be possible to accumulate enough slides for a varied and interesting show, simply because so much good art has been printed in colored ink or on colored paper.

I'm happy to learn about the Science Fiction Foundation. It's needed, John Brunner's description makes it sound as if it's in excellent hands, and I hope it'll be permanently and completely successful. But I still have this nagging little fear, every time I read about a university library of science fiction or a Clarion sponsored by a college or a famous pro teaching a credit course in reading and enjoying science fiction. Fantasy and science fiction will be growing dangerously near the education establishment in the minds of young people, if this keeps up, and I keep wondering if we'll suddenly have a youth rebellion against science fiction simply because the big people in education are taking it up. Notice how quickly the teen-agers shied away from jazz when it became a part of music courses in colleges and conservatories, and how they're now playing rock with instruments that appear in neither jazz combos nor bands nor symphonic orchestras.

Off the Deep End formed a sort of horror story for me. I have this terror of two-person writing projects, as a result of disasters every time I've been involved in one as part of my newspaper job. Of course it's not the same thing as fictional collaboration because journalistic team writing becomes a nightmare for the way it leads to factual errors, and my head tells me that two people writing fiction can often improve on the work of one because they're treating imaginative matters, and yet my heart warns that I'd never be able to get along with any collaborator.

Of course, Vincent Di Fate is right in what he says about lack of patronage for the artist here and now. But isn't the artist a trifle better off than the writer who wants to create the best way he knows how? There are more teaching opportunities for the artist than for the author. At least one-third of the dozen or so people teaching art in this county's high schools have genuine talent, they earn quite good



NIGHTWORLD

W. H. P.