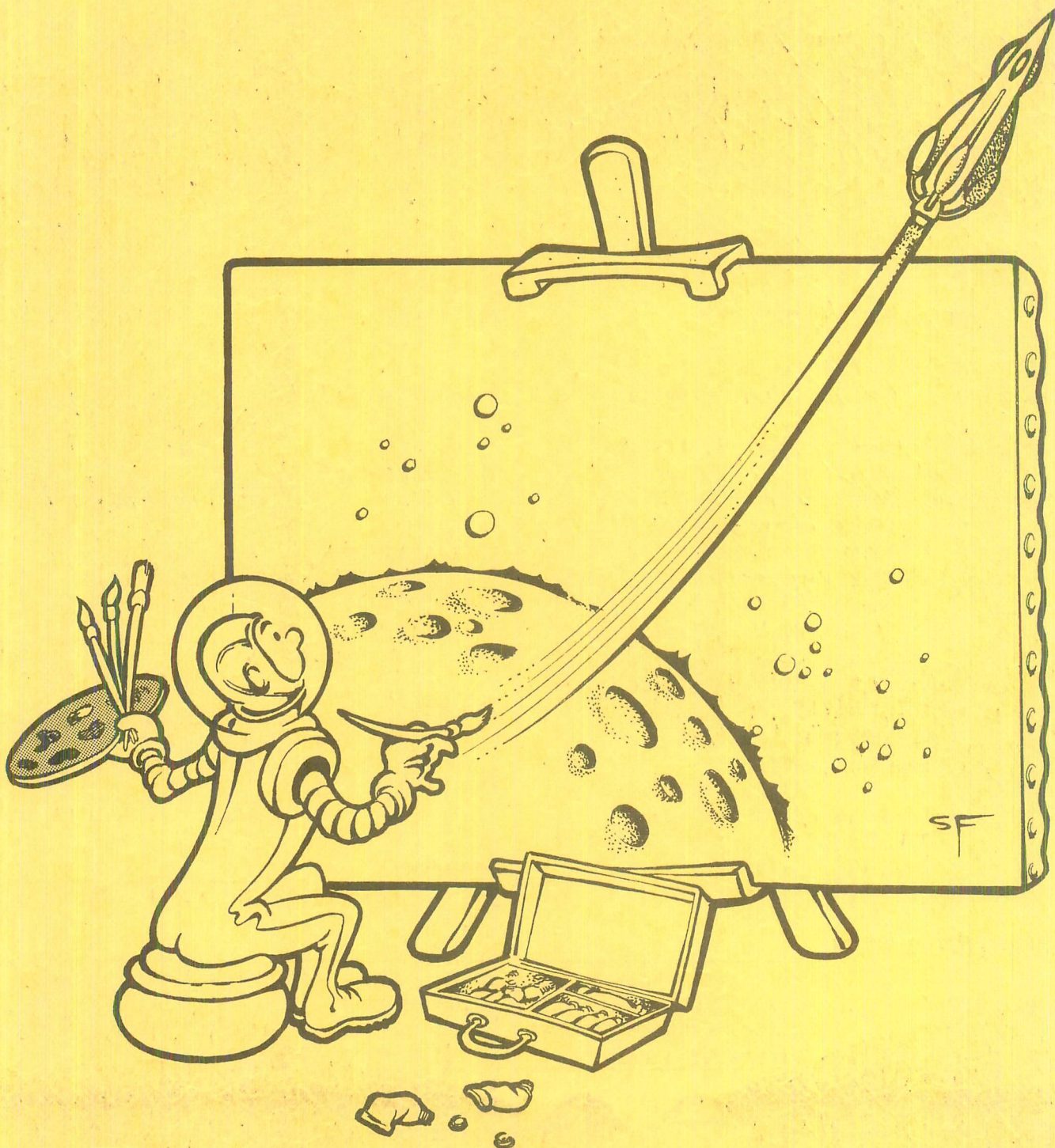
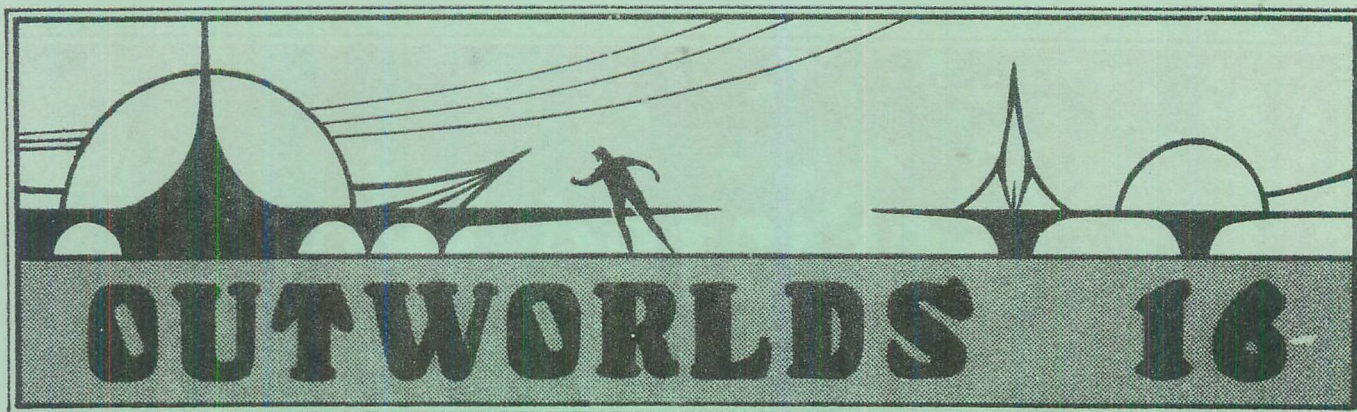


Outworlds







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Energumen for the Hugo. We're split between ROTSLER & CANFIELD;
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...if the space
above is filled
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Last Issue!

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The Gafiated World

by Carl Brandon

Soon it would be too hot. Looking out from the Mount Royal balcony shortly after eight o'clock, Jophans watched the sun rise behind dense groves of giant gymnosperms on the east side of the lagoon. Over there was the area in which Slater's van had bogged down leaving the hotel, and in the succeeding months the pulp paper had decomposed in the rapidly ascending heat and moisture, forming a rich bed of compost from which lush vegetation had grown in a verdant riot of color that put Paul, Bergey and Powers to shame.

Halfway across the lagoon was the testing station where he, McAulay and Eney labored desultorily day after day. By now, Jophans knew, the routine of the station was mere ritual: up at the crack of noon, check the sheets of mimeo paper pressed the day before and throw out the soggy pulp they had already become, stir yesterday's mimeo ink mixture and pour out the water-thin liquid that it was today. Then back to the formulae charts for new compounds and substances to try.



"...I wrote the following brandonization while visiting the Willises in 1965; it was intended to be a submission for Hyphen. But Hyphen remains dormant, and I've never finished the piece -- largely because I haven't been able to work up the interest to finish reading the model, THE DROWNED WORLD. Enough people have read the Brandon version and urged me to publish it, though, that I do so here."

TERRY CARR -- Diaspar #11; November, 1969

As Jophans watched, the launch set out from the station toward him, trailing a white spray which settled slowly into the sluggish waters, almost reluctantly, as though Virgil Finlay might be around somewhere sketching. In a few minutes the launch had reached the hotel balcony; Jophans caught the thrown line and secured it.

As Eney stepped up onto the balcony he said, "We're supposed to start in half an hour, but we can't think of a title."

Jophans turned away, slowly leading the way back inside. They turned a corner and started down the block-long corridor to his suite. "I don't really know that there's any point to it," he said.

Eney shrugged. "Perhaps not. But it's got to be done."

"Why? What's the use?" Jophans stopped midway down the hall, gazing steadily at the other. His eyes held neither challenge nor even interest; the question was rhetorical.

"If we stop publishing," Eney said, "then that's the last of it. No more fan-ac anywhere in the world. Even the newsletter from the Pole Station has stopped coming. We're the only ones left."

Jophans started slowly down the hall once more, not saying anything further for several minutes. He knew this conversation in its entirety, almost word for word; they had held it at least twice a week for five months now. It too was a ritual, like the work itself. It was as though the remaining fans were retracing mankind's path up from savagery, Jophans thought. When the cataclysm had first struck, the various fan-units had gathered together under strong leaders -- Ella Parker, Bruce Pelz, Charles Platt and the rest--in an instinctive return to the tribal level. But that period has passed for most of them; now there was a nomadic anarchy in most of the fanworld, an anarchy born of apathy and near-animalism. What structure remained was that imposed by ritual, no more.

And soon, he thought, that too would pass. They couldn't continue to cling to the myth of publishing schedules and the mailing of fanzines when they knew that in the new heat-and-moisture permeated atmosphere all mimeo papers congealed into shapeless masses before reaching their destinations.

Perhaps we should try hektographing. Hektograph paper is more slick, less absorbent; it might last longer. But then he smiled wryly: that would be another retreat into the savagery of the race.

"I don't think I'll join you today," he said at last.

Eney glanced sharply at him; then, seemingly irrelevantly, he asked, "Have you been having nightmares?"

Jophans frowned. "No," he said shortly. He avoided the other's gaze.

"McAulay's been having them," Eney said. "Strange dreams, full of purple oozing slime and black carbon forests, and a never-ending storm raging through it all. Shapes like Leo Morey drawings, and unreal colors, like old prozines with sun-faded covers. He's getting close to the edge, I'm afraid."

"Regression," Jophans muttered.

"What?"

They were coming now into Jophans suite. Nine months ago, when the violent solar storms had started, shattering the ionosphere and turning Earth into a vast tropical heat zone, Jophans had moved his entire collection into this suite, guessing correctly that the Mount Royal would be one of the buildings which would still have its top floor above water when the polar caps melted. The collection was still there, but by now it had crumbled, melted and fallen in upon itself in the thick, fetid atmosphere; now *Startlings* and *Captain Futures* were brown silt from which mushrooms burgeoned; *Quandrys* and *Spacewarps* sprouted phantasmagorical blossoms and vines, and E.C. comics were putrescent masses spilling from the shelves, not even the seals of the Comics Code Authority showing any longer. All around the room the vegetation had taken over, spreading a carpet of dark green tubers across the floor, climbing the walls and choking the windows. As he looked around the room, Jophans noted idly, for the thousandth time, the small red dots on the wallpaper where some forgotten conventioneer had drawn in nipples on the Victorian ladies pictured in the print.

"Regression," he said again. "We're all going back to our beginnings. The beginnings of the race, the beginnings of fandom; they're all mixed up together in our subconscious. We've developed our brains, but we retain the spinal nervous systems which carry the fluids of racial memory: instincts, ingrained fears, neuro-impulses passed down in the gene-patterns for hundreds of thousands of years. We're like the dinosaurs, with a second brain in our backs--and that second brain is gaining dominance, stimulated by the change in our environment. Back to the primordial jungles both inside and out: ferns, vines, creepers, Burroughs and Haggard scenes, swamps of hekto slime. Regression, all of it."

"Back to the womb, then," said Eney.

Jophans frowned. "Not at all. That's Freudian; this is Jungian. God, sometimes I think fans don't know anything."

"My mind remember, but my spine is a little weak on psychology," Eney said calmly. "Well, perhaps you're right. But if so, it's just another reason we have to keep going with the fanpublishing. Don't you see? -- we're sliding backward, even away from literacy. If fanpublishing stops, it will be the end of civilization as fandom knows it."

"Is there a fandom any longer?" Jophans asked. "There's you and me and McAulay, that's all. And McAulay's almost gone; he'll be dreaming of printing presses next, and you know that means the end. We've already lost."

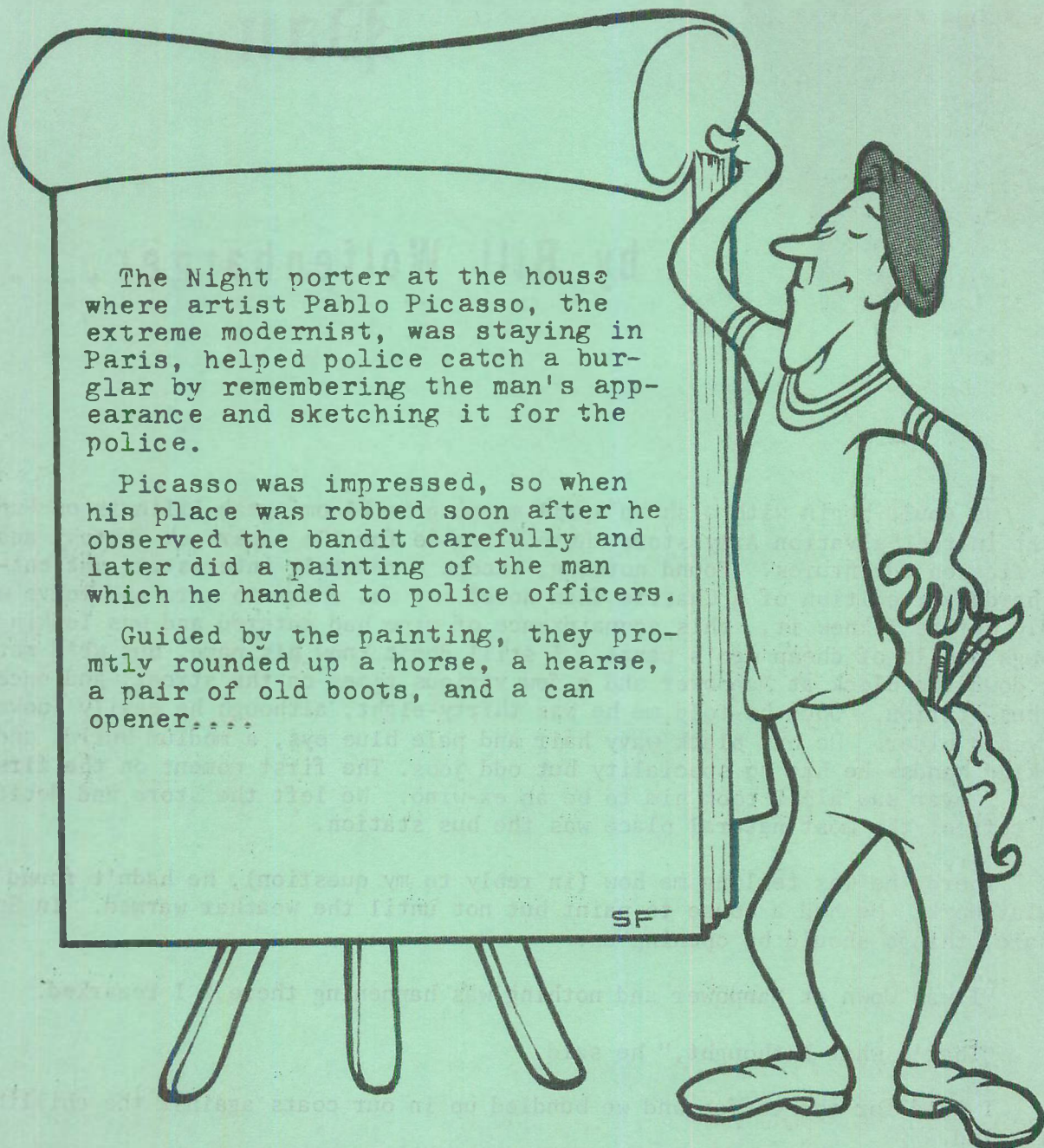
--- TERRY CARR

The Night porter at the house where artist Pablo Picasso, the extreme modernist, was staying in Paris, helped police catch a burglar by remembering the man's appearance and sketching it for the police.

Picasso was impressed, so when his place was robbed soon after he observed the bandit carefully and later did a painting of the man which he handed to police officers.

Guided by the painting, they promptly rounded up a horse, a hearse, a pair of old boots, and a can opener....

SF





The Oracles of Pan

by Bill Wolfenbarger....

I.

We could begin with a sharp April morning in Bloomington Illinois on Front Street in the Salvation Army store where I ramble for 10¢ paperback fantasy and science fiction adventures. Found nothing, except a remotely interesting ancient-seeming hardcover edition of a Charlie Chan novel. I was about to turn and leave when, hardly before I knew it, this acquaintance of mine had entered and was looking through a pile of cheap men's pants. I still don't know his name, but we'd met before down the block at Manpower and a few various times on the street, and once in the bus station. Once he told me he was thirty-eight, although he easily looked a few years older. He has black wavy hair and pale blue eyes, a medium build, and cracking hands--he has no speciality but odd jobs. The first moment on the first occasion I ever saw him I took him to be an ex-wino. We left the store and decided to find coffee; the most natural place was the bus station.

There, he was telling me how (in reply to my question), he hadn't found any regular work. He had a house to paint but not until the weather warmed. In Spring, he said, things should be opening up.

"I was down at Manpower and nothing was happening there," I remarked.

"That's what I thought," he said.

I paid for the coffee and we bundled up in our coats against the chilling April wind.

He asked if I wanted to go with him to get his razor.

We walked through a cluttered alley and entered the back door to the Mission.

Now the Mission is one of those "Jesus Saves" establishments with a long table of wood you can get a free meal on and, if you're lucky and get there first, a space to sleep for the night. (I was familiar with Missions in Santa Monica, where you had

to listen to a "God-fearing" "preacher" for an hour and a half before you got fed. That was way back in the days of '66.) Well apparently someone borrowed this man's razor and, for the moment, was nowhere to be seen.

Leaving, I asked, "Do they usually have a big crowd there at mealtime?"

"Yes, it's usually pretty packed."

"What time do they serve food?"

"Nine."

Ha!, I thought, *just like Santa Monica.*

We wandered a few streets and looked-in at a head shop display window.

"You ever been in there?"

"Yeah, it's a nice place; they've got a lot of neat things inside," I answered.

"They sure got all kinds of pipes." It amazed him.

"Over here in the corner they've got an old corn-cob pipe," I said.

"That's really a nice one."

It was suggested more coffee was in order, so back to the bus station we go.

While drinking from my steaming cup, this man jerked, and began twitching a little. I said little, and made no move. To the best of my deductive powers, he was experiencing some old wine flash. It passed after a couple of minutes.

He bought the coffee this turn and we left the building and parted our separate ways while we could hear strains of Santana on the juke box.

*

We could begin many many years ago among Missouri railyards where the sun was hot and good and hobos hitting the bottle--the wine bottle--in parked box cars would offer me a hit, sometimes playfully trying to frighten me--which, sometimes, frightened me -- until I came to the realization I was silly, denying those lonely old men my human company. *Shit, man, I told my head, who knows? Who really knows? I might be in their shoes some day.*

Then came the day when Jack Kerouac read a couple of selections from ON THE ROAD on the tv set, drunk, which helped launch my head into the Zen-jazz-poetry-poverty world of what was "called" the Beat generation. I went to coffehouses in Venice California (Venice West) and witnessed *poets* do their poetry, and got to get my head hip to the news these cats were laying down. I got hip to the freedom of voluntary poverty. I took a bus up to San Francisco in those days of '65 and felt busted in a literary fashion for missing William Burroughs by only one hour at the City Lights Bookshop.

*

We could even begin only a few years past in Dallas Texas where I spent one delightful evening counting thick white, blue, red, yellow stars on a rooftop. If

you do that it'll science-fictionalize you. You'll see a single point of light as an ode, several star-patches as a poem within a poem within a poem. If you gaze at them long enough they'll dance before your eyes, prancing crazily before your vision like some vast sentient sprawling collection of star beings, altering your conception of the universe, expanding your mind through your imaginative reverie. They speak to you in a language all their own. You feel your mind is smaller than a grain of sand, yet simultaneously aware your mind has the properties to reach each molecule of sand upon the shores of space, to grasp within yourself all those points of brilliant light including whatever you may dance beyond.

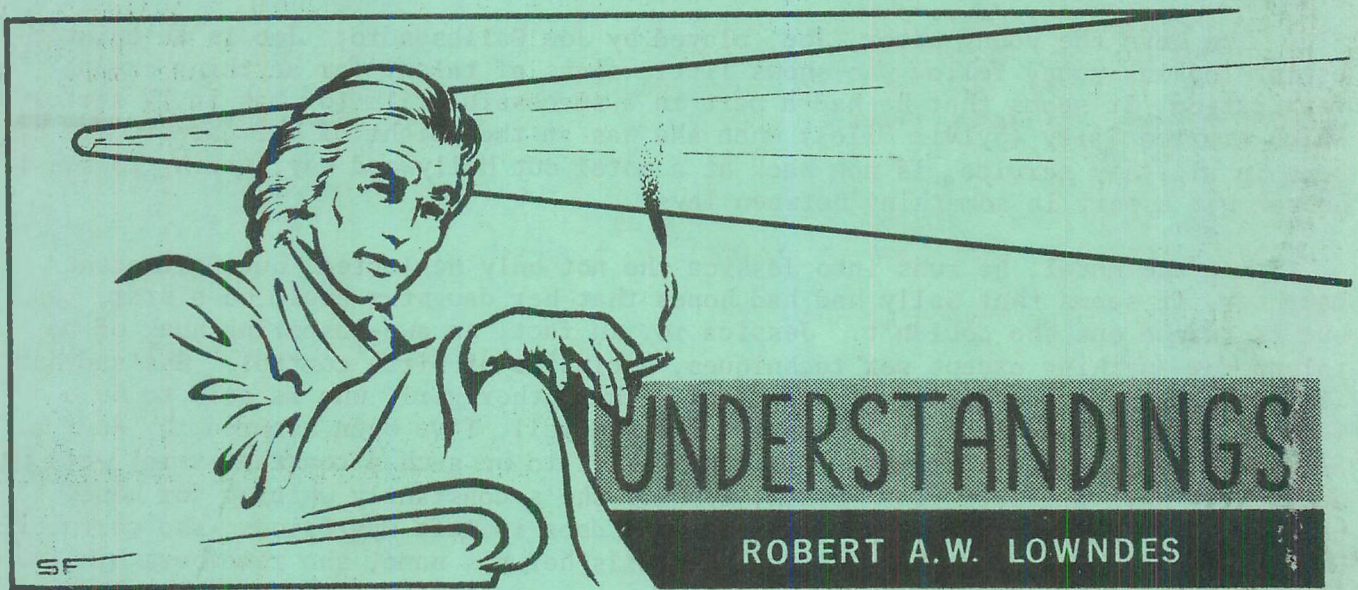
II.

But time wanders on and eats itself dry and lifeless, yet burns alive in spontaneity immemorial through confessions of art, whether poetry or music or lifestyle personal to the peak of universal feelings lived, shared. Oh my dear tender readers do you mind if I weep upon your shoulder (and my own) because the day is beautiful and the night is fragrant through words to my Desire for all of you? The breath of the sky is caught in our hearts. General messages proclaim Heaven, one way or another. This is but Wizard Abra extending and evolved through my hands, the fingers I write with, to tell you the one story there is to tell. Ah, we seek the resin of eternity although we each have it but fail to possess it.

All the words have come out.

[Bloomington, Illinois -- April, 1971]





One of the things I did as an Associate Editor for *Sexology* during my first year and a half there, was to write the monthly movie review. I may have to do it again, but for the time being, we aren't running them. The last one I wrote was crowded out of the issue for which it was intended, then again out of the next issue; by that time, the film was no longer current, so there was no point in running a review of it.

The hard part about writing the reviews was to get my thoughts, comments, and insights (if any) down to 62 two-inch column lines. The Editor and Managing Editor would do some cutting of the original, then more lines would have to be cut when the printout came back and showed how many we were over.

That unpublished review was written for Andy Warhol's *HEAT*, the last film I've had to see as a movie reviewer (and I'm enjoying the time off, thank you!). Some films are bad, but that one I thought fascinatingly bad. My first draft ran something like four times the length that could possibly be used. I wrote it long sheerly for the pleasure of self-expression. But now that *Sexology* will never use it, I'd like to have my views of that silly thing read by someone. Here they are:

-000-

Almost everyone has seen at least one oldtime film about the aging actress, still in possession of an enticing body, who falls in love with a young actor on his way up. There may or may not be a neglected daughter in the background--with whom, of course, the juvenile lead falls in love and transforms from an ugly duckling into a swan. (Burst of music; young lovers clinch; he dries her tears for mama who has finally done herself in out of despair, etc., and rave notices about the new swan's first performance fluttering in the background.)

Andy Warhol's *HEAT* is, I assume, a caricature of that moth-eaten story. At least, the film makes some sort of sense if you look at it that way. And, of course, it's filled with more visible sex than you ever saw in the older, straightforward versions.

We have the young actor, Joe, played by Joe Dallesandro; Joe is an uninteresting looking young fellow who shows little signs of talent for anything except fornication. It seems that he had a part in a successful film (or was it TV series?) which starred Sally (Sylvia Miles) when she was at the height of her career. Joe has been in military service, is now back at a motel out Hollywood way, trying to see if he can get a part in something between lays.

At the motel, he runs into Jessica the not only neglected, but Delinquent Daughter. It seems that Sally had had hopes that her daughter could be a star, too, but it turned out she couldn't. Jessica is, in fact, an awe-inspiring hunk of no talent for anything except sex techniques, exclusive of birth control. She and her illegitimate baby are living at the motel with another girl, who is said to be a lesbian. (Everybody says it.) Jessica (played well, I've been assured, by Andrea Feldman -- and maybe that's true: it takes skill to be such a constant zero) gets by apparently with dribbles from mother, to whom she's constantly whining for money to pay the rent and grocery bill. What else she does is left mysterious; she certainly does not take care of the baby. When Joe tells her his name, she remembers him and says that her mother does, too.

The story can be outlined from this point by listing the type of sexual material you'll find in the film.

LESBIANISM: There are no lesbian scenes, just frequent mention of the relationship.

Sally lives in a modest little mansion, built by one of the great stars of the silent movie days; it has an echo like a cathedral, enormous staircases. (And no sign of more than one servant, although it's well-kept every time we see it.) Sally is perfectly willing--in fact she'd like--to have Jessica and the baby to come and live with her, but not with that Lesbian. (Sally always utters the word in capital letters.) That would make a scandal and ruin my reputation, she says, and besides if the little boy is brought up by Lesbians, he might become one, too. (There's another laugh in the movie later on; please be patient. But you're not really a Lesbian, she tells Jessica (she's come to the motel to give her a check, since Jessica is about to be expelled for non-payment of rent). She repeats that a dozen or two times in this scene, then a half dozen times in a later scene with her publicity man--for the benefit of viewers who came in late, or were sound asleep the first time, no doubt.

SADO-MASOCHISM: Well, what *do* these chicks do with each other? Oh, the room-mate extinguishes her cigarette butts on Jessica's flesh, just above the bikini top line. That does not deter Jessica from wearing her bikini around the motel swimming pool, so we're favored by frequent glances at Delinquent Daughter's wounds. She tells Joe that she guesses that her friend is a sadist. She guesses she herself is a

sadist, too. No, says Joe, you're a masochist. (Nothing like a little straight instruction in these films.)

REGULAR INTERCOURSE: Joe, who has been paying his rent to the excessively unattractive motel keeper in sexual services, finally meets Sally. Oh yes indeed, she remembers him; she'd be delighted to use her connections to get him started again--films or TV. Something about Joe apparently goes directly to her ovaries and lingers. Shortly later, they get to be alone in Echo Mansion; she takes down his hair (he wears a pony tail) and in the next scene they're in bed. We assume that Sally is completely nude, and we do get to see some very nicely shaped breasts of the ample variety, while we see all of Joe from the rear. (Don't hope to see anyone completely naked from the front; this is a squishy-soft-core sex film.) I'm no addict of male buttocks, but I've seen better shaped ones than Joe's in other films; but perhaps Joe rates higher with fellows of different preferences than mine. I'll pass the point. Simulated intercourse, and gasps and moans from Sally (they're now both under the blankets) finish the scene. For fake intercourse, however, it's not too badly done; and we do get some pleasing views of Sally in various positions, as far as they go.

MASTURBATION: Also at the motel are a brothers team, who do a homosexual skit for a night club. One is a mute (rather a shame as he is really a handsome blond fellow) who is always fondling himself under the robe you constantly see him wearing. In one scene he sits down beside his partner, and calmly starts to masturbate, under the robe. Around the corner came Delinquent Daughter. The talking brother explains that his brother is always trying, but he can't ejaculate.

Delinquent Daughter is fascinated. She seizes upon the evidence and works at it, then when nothing seems to happen, gets down and puts her head under the mute's smock. The shape of the bobbing head is the other funny thing in the film that I told you was coming. But nobody comes in this scene. However, Jessica emerges with an idea: why, perhaps Mother Is Right; I'm not really a Lesbian after all. She and baby desert the other girl, cigarette butts and all, and move in to Echo Mansion.

FROTTAGE: Jessica knows what's going on between Mother and Joe. She wants some of Joe, too. Our lead, however, is aware of which side his bread is buttered on; and even though Jessica catches him in shorts only and starts fondling his nipples in a way that proves she does indeed know sex technique, our hero doesn't yield. (Even though he's beginning to suspect that Sally can't really help him. Alas, so concerned with protecting her image, telling her agent that the baby is really the Lesbian's -- Little Does She Realize That She Has No Image To Protect.)

However, later, Joe is lying on the sofa indoors (Sally is upstairs) and DD lies down on the floor beside him and opens her legs, er -- invitingly. (Well, she means to be inviting; DD manages to give the impression of a girl who *might* be attractive to look at if she knew how to make up. At times she makes the attempt, and I'll admit that there was one near-miss.) Joe sticks his shoe in her crotch--she's wearing panties -- and gives her a gentle rub where it feels good, with the top part of the sole. (I'll admit that isn't quite the classical definition of frottage, but one must take what one can get these days.)

HOMOSEXUALITY: It seems that Jessica actually has been provided for by Sally's 4th (ex) husband; that is, he's given Sally ample funds so that Jessica could live in reasonable comfort--not hand-to-mouth. Mother Has Been Stingy. He is now willing to buy Echo Mansion from her so that she can take care of herself, Delinquent Daughter, and the baby--but on two conditions: (1) that this ends her obligations to her; (2) that Joe goes. He's not going to help support Joe.

Ex-Husband IV is pushing the career of his boy friend, and the talented young man shows Joe and Jessica some of his publicity photos, while he runs his free hand along Joe's thigh, etc. Joe decides that he'll get nowhere with Sally, and that letting Hilary make love to him may lead to something.

There is one moving scene in the film: the final sex session between Joe and Sally, where it is plain that when he gets dressed and leaves he won't be back. Sally's pleas do make you feel sorry for the still-charming, brainless female who really believed that Joe was the fine young man she told Ex-Husband IV he was.

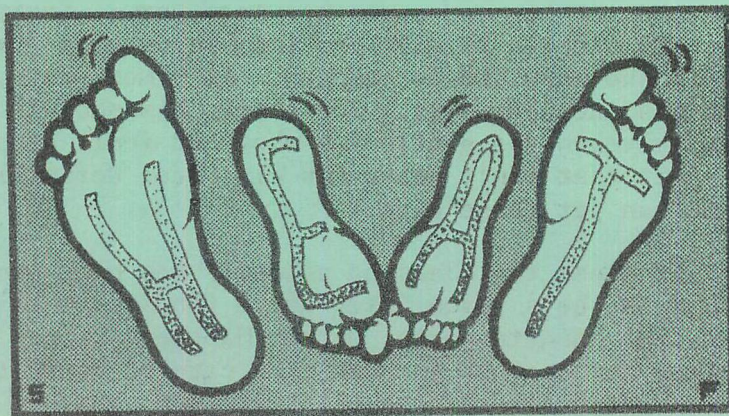
When he goes echoing down the staircase, Sally slips out of bed and over to a dresser, where we see a pistol in the drawer. She gets dressed and hotfoots it after her False Lover. She catches up with him at the motel swimming pool, where he is canoodling with some other girl, aims the pistol steadily and pulls the trigger five or six times. Alas, She Didn't Know It Wasn't Loaded. (Not that Joe is really worth killing, but a little blood would have helped the film!) She throws the gun into the pool and departs forlornly; the camera pans over to the empty pistol at the bottom of the pool, and That's All, Folks.

I'd say that the empty pistol at the bottom of the swimming pool symbolizes *HEAT* very well.

What it suffers from most is lack of imagination even on its own terms. Warhol is presenting empty, irresponsible people, without a thought in their heads except hot to get money and their own particular sexual comforts. (Sally is the single exception; brainless and superficial, nonetheless she was in love with Joe and might have made real sacrifices for him if he had stayed with her.) Very well, then: why be so timid about the sex, of which so little is actually shown?

And a real caricature could well have stood a happy ending, like Sally having a lesbian reconciliation with Delinquent Daughter; or Sally sharing Joe with Jessica; or Jessica inviting her ex-room-mate over for tea and cigarette burns. Hilary playing with Joe while Joe plays with Jessica. Everybody trying to help the mute get an ejaculation. The mute looking through a window and trying manfully while he watches an orgy at Echo Mansion.

However, you say, that would have made it all less realistic? I disagree; such elements carried to logical ends would have saved it, without detracting from its nihilistic message.



Ben Brigham

Close the bright covers of the bitter book.

The curious tale is written to the end.

There is no need to turn the page and look

At the last scornful paragraph, my friend.

I've watched your eyes' gold fire go pale and die

Like a ripe harvest falling into rot.

And cold rattle of your courteous lie

Ases the dry bone dropped in an empty pot.

The story is twisted hempen rope

That binds the heart and agitates the breath;

The plot is a sharp needleful of dope;

The tailpiece is a print of dusty death.

Come cut the noose that strangles you and me,

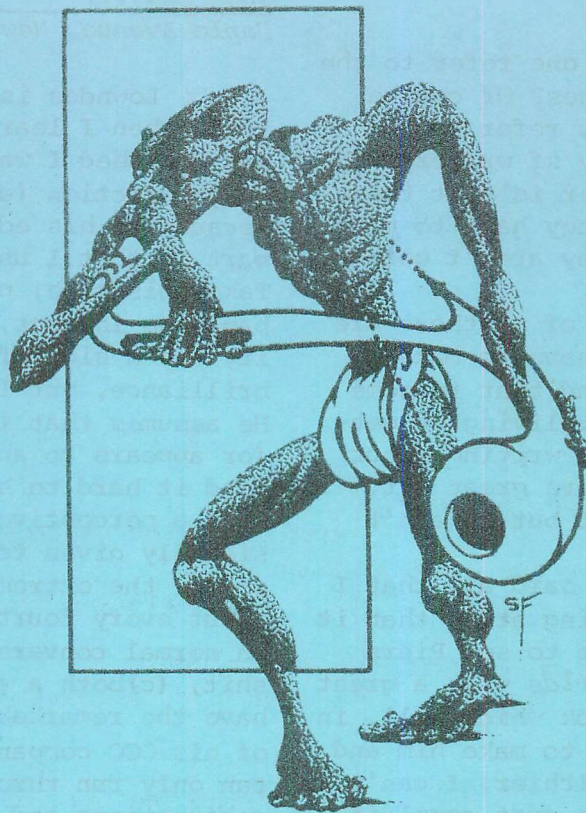
And gay with silken laughter write, FINI!

[From *The Literary Digest*, Nov. 1, 1930]

New Fiction



A DANGEROUS VISION



OUTworlds' **INwords**

[...first off, some belated comments on
Ow 3.5...]

LEIGH EDMONDS

POBox 74, Balaclava, Victoria 3183

AUSTRALIA

I enjoyed Piers Anthony writing about AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. I have not read the book myself and unless somebody makes me a present of it and the time to read it I have no intention of doing so. I am also not going to read the book because I do not feel for the sort of thing which Piers has praised so much, the publishing of stories which are supposed to

have a right to get published here because nobody else will touch them. I cannot disagree with him when he says that people should be allowed to write what they want and should be able to sell it if they can but I do not think that I should have to put up with a lot of hard sell from a lot of guys who reckon that their 'dangerous visions' should be read by one and all exactly for that reason.

I also object to writers who come out and write about their art; if they were to talk about 'craft' rather than 'art' I would not object very much because science fiction writers with a very few exceptions are commercial writers and

not artists at all. Does one refer to the "art" of the Rolling Stones? Of course not, and why then must we refer to the art of so many contemporary sf writers. The simple truth of the matter is that these guys like to write and they have to make money from it or else they aren't going to be able to do it.

Within the limits of sf there are a great many people who have to make a living and they have found that in some way they can improve that living by getting out their typers and writing about their writing as if it were great art. It might be entertainment but it ain't art.

And now that I've said all that I guess that what I'm getting at is that it annoys the hell out of me to see Piers Anthony dominating *Outworlds* with a great deal of prose about a book which will, in one way or another, help to make him and his friends a little wealthier. I can't deny him the right, I can just complain about it. I can also ask him why a book of stories which are just a little too hot for an established editor to touch is so important? Can the stories be so much more entertaining because they are hot or maybe can it be that because they are hot they come that much closer to being 'art'?

I must say that *Outworlds* looks beautiful, has always looked beautiful and I suppose always will. I'm not one of those guys who goes around worrying about the visual state of a fanzine, as long as I can read the words that's the main thing, but when I come across a copy of a thing like this I really have to sit up and take notice.

[I don't totally disagree with you, Leigh...but close enough. Apart from the 'art' question--one might as well try to define sf, or whatever--a few points: I think your economic facts are a bit off--despite the publicized exceptions, as far as I know, your average sf writer is a part-timer, as is your averaged faned, and the rewards financially in either case are, shall we say, modest. If any. Piers asked if I'd be interested before he wrote the review; I was, so if there was any 'promotion in this case, blame me. ## You mean to tell me that Harlan is not an 'established editor'? Tsk!]

Lowndes is one of my favorite writers. When I learned *Magazine of Horror* was finished I was sad not so much because of the fiction (although that hurt) but because of his editorials. The strange part is that I usually disagree with him. Take this time: perhaps in the past, probably so in fact, constant use of profanity was a sign of ignorance or less-than-brilliance, but I don't think it is now. He assumes that it is a necessary linkage (or appears to anyway; although you will find it hard to believe, no doubt, even such a perceptive nature as mine is occasionally given to mistakes). I don't think so for the extremely logical reason that about every fourth word out of my mouth in normal conversation is (a) fuck, (b) shit, (c) both a and b combined. I don't have the remarkable linguistic abilities of his CCC companions however, since I can only run through 6 parts of speech, conjunctions and prepositions evading me to date. Since I consider myself to be a fellow of some education, ability, and depth I cannot accept his conclusion.

Habitual profanity can show crudeness, illiteracy, shallowness, and all the other negative qualities stated or implied, certainly. On the other hand it can be a form of verbal shorthand. "Eat shit!" communicates your point a lot more directly and simply than "You're in error, furthermore you have no authority to tell me what to do, and finally I'll resist if you try to persuade me." Fuck and shit are used so many different ways as the parts of speech with inflection-changed meanings they possibly are the most complex words in use. They save time and prevent error. It's all very well to be able to rattle off 6 synonyms and antonyms for any given word or phrase. To use them, on the other hand, is to limit your audience. Take a simple word like ilk--I used it in a term paper for my brother once without thinking, and had to rewrite the page because he swore no one would believe he'd use a word like that. The idea of language is to communicate; use of the language on an 'educated' level blocks communication.

Also, it seems to me at least, the ability to use a few words to cover many, many circumstances with "ingenuity" and "fascinating imagination" shows greater

creativity and intelligence than using tailor-made words that were picked up through study. I suspect Lowndes and I have a very deep division about the nature of intelligence if I understand the repeated use of "uneducables" in his column. Most so-called uneducables are people who refuse to let their identities be reshaped by education, and that's not theorizing, it's experience. I've known many of them, and always spent most of my time associating with them, from the first grade on. I have to be careful because I'm on the verge of bursting into a political tirade.

Language is simplifying continually. As it has simplified, civilization has grown more complex. Try studying a dead language, for proof. It is possible that the two are related, that the less the mind has to concern itself with the form of communication the more it can put in the content. The ultimate form of communication would be pure content, no form: telepathy. And according to most of the non-fiction dealing with it, that is what it is. Which brings the thought that perhaps people of limited vocabulary are more likely to be the source of whoever first really is able to use telepathy than large-vocabulary educated people. Pre-civilization peoples (primitives, although I dislike the word) have (generally) less complex languages than civilized people because they have less to communicate. At the same time, they are more involved with the occult. Once they become civilized, the language becomes more complex to handle the greater load, and they move away from magic/psi/whatever. Finally a point is reached where the peoples minds, having in each generation been stretched further than the last's (I think there's a grammatical error in there, but who cares?) reach the point where they can begin to understand more with less structure, and the language simplifies again. At least that's how I see it. Fuck all this shit anyway.

JACKIE FRANKIE

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A couple of weeks ago I was introduced to Ow through the good graces of Ed Cagle. He mailed copies of #s 6, 7, 3.5 and various and sundry addendums to them. It was love at first sight. You may play

chameleon tricks, altering appearance from issue to issue, but the blood and guts remain intrinsic enough for me to see that Ow has what I feel to be the quinescence of fanzines. Wish I knew exactly what it was, then I could "go and do likewise"...but it'll have to remain at the "know it when I see it" level. Whatever it is, Ow has it. Your labor and attention shows in each and every page. Even your typos show concern...

Some brief comments on 3.5. I thank you particularly for the article by Lowndes. I cannot agree with what he says 100%, but enough so that I can nod my head at a goodly-sized chunk of it. What I was most appreciative of, was the "meeting" of Mr. Lowndes. For some reason I have never considered him as a human being, just as the shadowy editor of the "Lowndes Magazines". He never had a personality of his own, and now he does. I always appreciate meeting another person. Thank you for the introduction.

Lighty Tiny was funny, and gross. Even my husband, wiping the tears from his eyes as his chuckles faded to a wheeze "That's gross." I've read Rick before in Loc columns, but didn't realize he was a phunny phellow. Thanks again.

I have a special niche reserved for writers who tell all their troubles and hang-ups about getting into print or putting those words on paper and all the heartache and mess-ups that occur in-between the latter and the former...it too is a niche of affection and empathy. I like writers...most of 'em anyway. They are Special People and I enjoy reading their thoughts about what's happened to them. I know it's fashionable in fandom to sneer at the image of the Filthy Pro and murmur sagely that they ain't no different than you or I...but they are different. Denying it doesn't change that one bit. They may be swell people or rotten people, fannish or down on the whole shmeer, but they are a species apart...down deep they know it themselves. Even in their explanations of how mundane it is to publish a book, nurse a story through the maze of editors until it sees print, there is a subliminal message being expressed. They have the talent to communicate with words to other humans, people with whom they have no contact, no

common ground, no ties with other than those little marks on a page. And not all of us can do it, try though we may, only a select few. Piers has written books I like and books I've turned from in distaste. That alters nothing. He's a writer, and I'm a reader, and there's more of my sort than there is of his. If he wanted to write about the lousy day when nothing would come down from his head to the typer, or pencil or whatever he uses, it would be readable...

[...many thanks to Ed Cagle for preforming this introduction...to a very delightful person!]

DAVID GRIGG

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AUSTRALIA

What you are doing, in controlling your mailing list, is becoming increasingly common. I think it's a sad thing, but one that was inevitable, given the size and growth of American fandom. Dick Geis tried to keep up his mailing list for all those who paid money/showed interest/traded, and it damn near killed him.

People are going back to the apas. *Locus* wins the Hugo year after year, because Charlie is undoubtedly the only person left who is trying to keep up, and trying damn hard. He can afford to, I think. *Locus* must at least pay for itself.

But it comes down to this: why do you publish a fanzine? If it's for trades, then you have to publish a large circulation zine, or be bloody selective. If it's for response, then you either put out a super-good zine, or drop it all and join an apa. If it's to win the Hugo, then you publish something with a circulation as large as *Locus* or SFR.

If it's for fun, you say what the hell and publish a magazine you enjoy, and send it to your friends, defining friends, defining friends as you care to.

The population explosion has hit fandom.

I won't get mad if you drop me from your trade list ... I'll just feel sorry that you won't be getting my own zine. Because that's why I publish fanzines. To send to my friends. That's why Gillespie publishes SFC. I think he's

one of the few left who can succeed with his present size mailing list.

If Charlie Brown can win the Hugo two (three?) years running, then the value of the Hugo has depreciated. Who needs it any more? It's better to be writing to your friends, and presenting them with the best product that you believe you are capable of than to go chasing phallic spaceships.

[...the Great *Locus* Debate is going on in *Ilworlds*, so I won't go into it here. As I've mentioned before, next *Ow* should see a fairly lengthy piece on *Outworlds* & I, but basically, while I'm not limiting the total circulation, I am setting a rather final number of 100 'free' copies per issue. That includes the artists and writers, as well as trades, locers and friends. That's about what my resources will bear. The subbers, over and above that number, are appreciated, and they help with the postage, and provide an audience for the writers and me. But I said I wasn't going to get into it here!]

WAHF's on *Ow* 3.5: PETE COLLEY: BRIAN LOMBARD; JONH INGHAM; KEN OZANNE [who irritated the hell out of me with a "You owe me a sample copy because I'm a...goshwow!, fan!" letter]; DAVE ROME & NICK SHEARS.

[...now, on to the *Outworlds* 15 response!]

DICK LUPOFF

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Ah, well, Ted White brings up the situation that developed over *Bentfin Boomer Boys*. I don't want to start (or restart) any squabble over this story, but let me give some additional information entirely as such.

First of all, the Dell request was not to lengthen the story from 30,000 to 50,000 words. It was to lengthen it from 40,000 to 45,000. Just 5000 more words. A fast weekend's or a leisurely week's work.

Secondly, when I asked Harlan to release the story for Dell he said he needed it for length among other reasons; I offered to write him a replacement of similar length, with all frantic speed. He declined the offer, but the replacement got written anyhow, in fact it got lengthened to full novel length, and was bought by -- Dell, who plugged it into their program in place of *Bentfins*. This

all strikes me as somehow grotesquely comic.

Dell then suspended their SF program, as you may recall, and only recently reactivated it. So the book that would have been in A,DV (in shorter form) is only now tentatively scheduled for release in January 1974. Its working title (I finished it August 10, 1970 for hevvin's sake!) is THINTWHISTLE ON THE MOON, and its opening sequence appeared as a comic strip drawn by Steve Stiles in my FAPazine back in the late 60s. It may finally be published as INTO THE AETHER. That remains to be seen.

Meanwhile, I still would like to do a full novel out of *Bentfins*, and have made some progress with it. My projected length for the whole thing is 80-85,000 words, comprising the A,DV story (about 40,000) plus four novelettes which will be shuffled in between chapters. The first of these, *After the Dreamtime*, runs 11-12,000 words and will appear in Bob Silverberg's NEW DIMENSIONS IV. The others aren't written yet, and I'm tied up right now with a new novel tentatively titled SPACEBURN. I've got the first 8 words finished and the rest exists in the form of notes.

The book-length version of *Bentfins* is tentatively titled NEW ALABAMA BLUES.

Hackles up!

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

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After reading the best of Wolfenbarger within *Ow 15*, and his lettercol lament that his best doesn't sell, I find myself at one with his editors. Sorry about that.

Beautiful artwork, magnificently reproduced...did you yawn Bowers? However, the covers are a tactile distraction, squirming around as I read. *Ow* is, no doubt about it, a format looking for a functionmat to follow. The foldout of Linda Bushyager was terrific, but a little hard to find.

Under that glorious armored pussycat by Simonson, a segment of Poul Anderson's *Beer Mutterings* touches on tax reform. Without specifying what he means by "tax reform", Poul suggests tax reform is a waste of time. Well, Poul, I would

cheerfully divest myself of every deduction and loophole I own if everyone else had to do the same. Since 86 billion dollars slipped through the tax net last year, I find it hard to believe that I wouldn't be paying less.

In any event, a system of taxation that spawns a billion dollar industry to fill out tax forms is long overdue for reformation.

I do agree that the IRS is a potential threat to personal liberty. All the more reason for tax reforms which will keep the IRS in check by making tax law comprehensible to the tax payer and not a matter of interpretation by IRS agents.

Joni Stopa has a nice idea there, only where is the list of author's birthdays? A Leo myself, I don't fit her description at all well.

I seem to have run out of steam, or anyway comment hooks. You heard about the Nixon-burger? A quarter-pound of grilled cheese topped with a slice of bologna. Topical humor is always so great in fanzines.

[No...I'm not yawning; Joan & I WORK to get that reproduction, and I've gotten an ulcer out of the whole thing. But it's worth it...]

[In fact, about the only time I yawn...is when I receive a letter from ...now what IS that guy's name? Oh yes...]

NIKE GLICKSOHN

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First, the package. It is breathtaking. Awesome. Truly beautiful to look at. But it doesn't really work. I say that for two reasons. The four completely different styles in the front cover just don't jell for me. Individually, any one would be a fine cover that would grace just about any fanzine going. (The Fabian Bok is particularly magnificent.) But together they just don't "look right" to me. Now that's a totally subjective evaluation, and if you were pleased with the result of the experiment, fine. My second objection is far more serious, I think. The combination of the heavy multi-stage covers and the half-page separate inserts for the interior artwork make it very difficult to read the magazine! I don't have

enough hands to hold it open and keep those damnable yellow half pages from blocking off the inner text columns. And I've always felt that when the design or graphics of a fanzine interfered with the communication of the fanzine content, then they were poorly chosen. Once I've read the zine, I'm going to look upon it as one of the best damn looking fanzines I've ever seen. It is certainly a work of art. Attractive. Imaginative. Inventive. The package is great--but it doesn't help the fanzine as a whole. See what I'm getting at?

The back cover, by the way, works more effectively than the front because of its cohesiveness. Alex's art is excellent (but it should be, with three years per illustration...little personal joke there) and the single style seems to gain from the foldout presentation instead of clashing as the front cover(s) do for me. The interior illos are all adequate (Frolich, Jeeves), fair (Rotsler, Cawthorn), good (Steffan, Canfield), great (McLeod, Fabian, Shull) or far-fucking-out (Carter, and Simonson!!). Which ain't bad for a beginner. And the titles! Great Ghul! I do not envy you that job with the Letra-set (or whatever you Americans call it) or the pasting in of those small electro-stencilled titles. Both jobs are a bloody bore. And for the titles on the locs, your editorial, Poul's column and the Benford piece, I will graciously forgive you that abomination on the Offutt piece. Mayhap the title is intended to reflect and exemplify the theme of the article, but I still don't like it. But then, I'm a plebian...

All of which is not supposed to mean that I don't consider this Ow to be a hell of a fine looking fanzine. I just figure you'd like some critical evaluations from me--just as I'd welcome your informed negative commentary on what little experimentation we do--as well as my overall award for Fanzine Appearance of the Year. (And you had the gall to praise my mimeo work in NERG 14! If it weren't for that damnable showthrough this would rate as the best-mimeoed American fanzine I've ever seen. How's that for left-handed compliments?)

Contents? Comments on the contents? You mean I'm supposed to read it too?!

Ted's comments about A,DV were most interesting (he really does write among the best letters around) and I don't say that merely because he says some of the same things I've been writing to other fanzines recently. We may share a common low opinion of the reason for and the execution of *In the Barn* but he adds inside information about the book itself (such as the Lupoff tid-bit) which makes this an exceptional letter. I've never met Piers, so have no opinion of him as a person, but while I've always found his fanzine writing provocative and generally fascinating, I've been disappointed in much of his professional work for most of the reasons that Ted so accurately expresses. I look forward to Piers' response to Ted's letter...but are these Geisian techniques worthy of The Old Man of Wadsworth? Will next issues lettercol be on blood-red paper? Can you be Artistic and Controversial too? Is this *Beabohemia* in a clever plastic disguise? Am I being serious? No.

Dick Lupoff, too, writes great letters. And deadpan, too, I'll bet.

All jesting aside, and all apparently negative reaction aside, you are to be congratulated on this issue, Bill. It's a landmark in fanzine production...

[Yes, it was. How perceptive of you to notice, son!

[Actually--brace yourself--I quite agree with you on the front cover. The bacover was designed that way first, and the production method (i.e., press size) said I might as well do something similar for the up-front section. Still, it was something I had to get outta my system. At one hundred twenty bucks, I certainly hope that it is!

[This issue is considerably more simple, for your relaxation--and mine!]

RICK STOOKER

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It was interesting to note that apparently none of your readers had previously heard the 'Mighty Tiny' joke. Or else you edited out their comments. [Yes.]

Jokes have to make a very deep impression on me to remain in my memory. Of the hundreds I've heard only about five or six come to mind. But none have struck me quite the way Mighty Tiny did. And I still don't understand what prompted me to turn it into a fanarticle.

I don't know Ed Cagle, but I have to wonder what his own mind is like. The article proves I have a dirty mind. But while all normal minds are dirty, not all dirty minds are normal. So the normality of my mind is neither proved nor disproved. Right, logicians?

Profanity generally has two uses: to release emotion, such as anger or frustration, and to act as a vocabulary substitute.

The first use strikes me as legitimate. If somebody drops a lead bar on your foot, or you're behind a little old lady going twenty miles an hour in a no passing zone, who's going to consult a dictionary or thesaurus to express themselves more elegantly?

Unfortunately, this usage is too often lumped with the second and condemned as equally evil or distasteful.

And I see no objection to science fiction and fantasy characters who use profanity both ways, depending on their depicted personalities.

Palmer's picture of Pogo and Albert with Walt Disney world is one of the most striking I've ever seen.

I don't see why Andy Offutt is bitching about his experience with *Avant-Garde*. He actually received 12 issues for his five bucks. I charter subscribed and got about two issues. And they still sent me the same 'send more money' pleas.

But of course I'm all for his campaign to eliminate junk mail. But he gave one piece of bad advice. Don't open the envelope and mail the business reply card or envelope. That only costs the company 8¢. Instead, draw an x through your name and write return to sender, as he advises somewhere else in the article. Then the company must pay 28¢ to the PO. Eventually, they catch on that you're not buying and take you off the sucker lists.

If you're a male of draft age you can exercise your paranoia this way. Do the same thing with the recruiting letters the military sends you. I'm a registered CO but the Air Force, the Navy, the Marines, and the Army still seem to think I'm worth burdening the postal clerks with recruiting propaganda.

MURRAY MOORE

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My initial excitement, immediately

after taking it out of the envelope, was great despite the fact that I often have trouble with refolding roadmaps. I did concentrate and am pleased to state that I did manage to get everything back in its proper place; I am fairly sure that I did penetrate to all the nooks. If there are some references in the next lettercol which I can't place, I shall once again make a thorough search through the issue. *Outworlds* is perhaps a little like Ezra Pound's poetry: you have to work at it if you want to be able to understand it.

I don't really understand as to why Shull prefers the style of the first cover on this issue. I much prefer his solid covers, as in *Prehensile* 6 and *Carandraith* 7.

I can understand why you might not think that this is the ultimate *Ow* in terms of your own development, but I do think that you couldn't do any better for material. In fact I think you did too much. Sometimes, after finishing a fanzine, I sit back and think how great much of the material was and how it would have been a flawless issue if that one item had not been included. This is a relative thing, and I don't know if it proves anything. Most fanzines contain average material, and perhaps one that stands out, and I don't fault the editor for not dropping two-thirds of his fanzine. I suspect that this is nit-picking in its truest form, and I caution you not to take it too seriously.

I think that the five "COLUMNwords" items are the core of the issue, and their presence alone would have made this a truly 100% perfect issue. It seems to me that the rest of the written material is extra, and that the more you add, the greater the chance of lowering the enjoyment percentage, by dilution so to speak.

I would include the Offutt article as part of that core section. Something like the Astrology Outfold on the other hand would be a possible option.

I would have considered the Bill Wolfenbarger section optional also. I find it worthwhile however not for itself but for the contrast which it presents against the other material. I'd say that Wolfenbarger and Anderson are about as far apart as two personalities can be. Anderson is the type that one would im-

mediately think of as a sf person, enthusiastic, outgoing, full of optimism for the future of man, particularly in space. Wolfenbarger seems to be in the wrong place: introverted, mystical, totally involved with himself to the extent of trying to sort out his navel for the rest of his life. Over on the Anderson side we have Offutt, definitely not the passive type, who probably has never even considered that his karma needs investigating.

[Yes...but BOTH types belong/fit in *Outworlds* equally; at least in the way I visualize the zine...]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

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I agreed with your comments to Carleton Palmer, and I do indeed hope to see more in *Ow*! Like Athena emerging fully grown from Zeus' head, a new developed talent arrives on the fanzine scene --grab the opportunity you fanned you!

Hey! The bookmark just fell out--it really is a bookmark...and here I've been marking my place with the scotch tape roll.

So far, I'm up to *Beer Mutterings*, I must admit that I don't understand what the heck is going on! On Wolfenbarger's material--I can see a definite change when he met Loretta and I like that change. But, the poetry doesn't hold me.

Skylab goes up in May and I have not seen much talk about it and what it will be doing. Poul Anderson's article is a side of the space program, or perhaps lack thereof, which I haven't seen explored before. With the passing of Apollo goes the (current) spark of interest--but I'm sure (at least I pray) it is easily rekindled with the Skylab launch. For the multitude not directly attached to the program, it is difficult to maintain the high level of interest necessary to show up in the various media. Besides, SF fans have always taken space for granted, why should they get excited?

Are there going to be any more lessons on how to be a fan--where the FAN fights a never ending battle for truth, Justice and the Ameri....

[I hope so... Greg?]

I am not one to judge a fanzine on how well it succeeds as far as graphics will go, but I must say I was surprised at the quality of layout and some of the art (front cover not included); Steve Fabian was consistently best, with Alex Eisenstein running a close second. However, I don't like those half-pages in your lettercol counting as a full page--honesty in advertising and all that.

[The half-pages average out over a span of issues; in the past I haven't always counted them. I do things like that.]

I noticed your leaning toward serconism right off, and I opt toward fannishness, so *Ow* doesn't appeal to me as much as, say, *Potlach* would've, or *Kwalhioqua* does now. The written material was, for me, passable; and excellent, I presume, to anyone with a penchant for serconism. Right off, I hate poetry, so I didn't read Bill Wolfenbarger's first section of his "book", but read the remainder and found it excellent. Andy Offutt's piece was quite possibly the best in the issue, and I have another item to list, the purest form of Shuck: Health Lines. They flourish not thirty miles from here: uranium mines where the extraction of the uranium would be more than the profit involved in selling it. So they furnish the mine and advertise that it will cure arthritis or somesuch, and hold fifty-dollar sessions lasting one hour. A day doesn't pass for them without three or four customers, so figure: three customers times fifty dollars, pure profit, equals a hundred fifty dollars a day, or four thousand five hundred dollars a month. And for nothing more than sitting around. But the legislature's thinking of clamping down on their operation.

Lettercolumn was among the best I've seen anywhere, but maybe my opinion was influenced just a wee bit by the appearance of Ted White's masterpiece of a loc. Greg Benford's column was good, but not exceedingly so; but certainly the most fannish work present. The rest of the ish was just average for an above-average fanzine, but I'd still be surprised if I saw some of it in *Energumen* or something similar. Based on your own rating scale in *Inworlds*, I'd judge it as about a 7. It'd be higher, but it doesn't seem that the various items involved in thish

have a very beneficial effect on one another. They are excellent in themselves, but don't go well with one another.

[I 'lean' toward the best writing I can get, without labelling it...]

RICHARD E. GEIS

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Your work with *Outworlds* is simply incredible. The whole is a work of art. Quality for quality's sake, to coin a phrase.

Those fold-out covers--surprising, delightful, innovative. Just when I think you've done everything you find something different.

'Labor of Love' is what *Outworlds* is, a semi-private hobby of excellence. In your way, in this day and age of shoddiness and planned junk, you are insane. A keeper of the flame.

I won't comment on your editorial choice of material; we're different, different needs, aims, tastes. It's all interesting, though. I enjoyed it. It's all worthy of your time and money and work.

Shull is getting better, isn't he? Very individual style.

And Fabian's Bookanalia is one of his best efforts.

[I KNOW it's shameless of me to print things like this...but damnit, I'm proud of my zine, and when someone I admire for doing his own thing likes mine--well, that makes the whole process worth the time, the money, and the work!]

MIKE GILBERT

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Ed Cagle made some observations I'd like to comment on that you and anyone interested in art as a doer or viewer may find interesting. Ed, it isn't that you "can't" express an opinion on what you'd like to see--but that in many cases it doesn't matter. The art director isn't interested in much else than keeping his job and/or making a name. I know of one A.D. who hates SF, and his cover policy have lost sales but he's only changed his policy slightly because he isn't worried about his job--he's also one of the Vice Presidents. And his covers still don't look like an SF book and still aren't selling.

I recently had a discussion with Vincent DiFate where we talked about the death of the freelance--off the street--work for yourself, artist-illustrator. He has been replaced by the agent-represented former freelancer. But why did he die off? Oh, the recession to start with, coupled with a glut of artists of all calibers in 67-68 flowing over the available job market. As book publishing costs went up, the number of titles went down and other strange things happened. X number of jobs and Y number of illustrators usually matched; there used to be room for new people. Now it's (X- lots) and Y²; there's no balance and a bunch of new factors are thrown in to boot. O.K., take our genre fiction only: well, yes, there are new covers but you've never heard of the person or seen such work before. Where do they come from? Well kiddies...Mexico, Spain and Europe--at prices that no American artist can match. Covers from abroad have fetched from \$10 to agents fees of \$400. (I wonder how much of that 400 gets to some slob in Franco's Spain?) You can't fight underpricing and fast moving agents.

I'd say if you want to be an illustrator take another year or so of art; the market may open up again.

As for the folks who like nice quality covers, you wait too; the worse is yet to come.

An experiment for all based on a column by Jack Gaughan in *Locus*: What good is an illustration? Answer: "To help the reader who doesn't think visually to visualize."

Now! Just think, how do you think? This weekend Sheila and I ... stopped in for a visit with Alexi and Cory Panshin--one of the many things discussed was "thinking". Alex misses the illustrations in the way that he sees the words and doesn't need the illo--he's thinking in word and language concepts. Cory thinks in systems structures which she didn't fully explain and Sheila thinks in a third different word-language system. All these loonies think in language concepts. He, I think in terms of pictures--my mind turns a story into a stylized motion picture--I think visually.

Perhaps you have noticed that many artists have trouble speaking, mix words

and are all ready to whip out a pad and pen in order to explain something. That's the vision-think process at work!

Try it; see how you really think, check your friends--you'll be in for a surprise----

What now; News time. Gold old Mike is doing German magazines, medical illustrations and a tremendous amount of Military Historical drawings. I've been made the staff artist of a magazine for war-gamers (in Calif.) and the irony of the following which should amuse your readers as much as it does me (concerning the comments I make about cartooning, and still stand by) is: The magazine has been talking to me about releasing a softcover collection of my military cartoons. Good grief---

SANDRA MIESEL

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IN 46240

Joni's astrological scheme is amusing--and about as reliable a guide as the stars themselves. (Yes I know its unfashionable to decry astrology.) Anyway, if my fallible memory is right for once, Bob Silverberg is a Capricorn, Harlan Ellison is a Gemini, Alexei Panshin is a Leo, and L. Sprague de Camp is a Sagittarius. It would be fun to match a number of authors with Joni's list.

In some cases at least, the very beauty and technical success of our space program incite the hatred of critics. How many of those who complain about the lack of spinoffs have bothered to investigate the present or future practical benefits from space? DIVIDENDS FROM SPACE and THE CASE FOR GOING TO THE MOON are preaching to the already converted. NASA's public relations might have been wiser to sell the program as an aesthetic experience--everyone can respond on that level. Their attempts to mold the astronauts' public image since they blurred the individuality of the men, leading to reactions like Susan Glicksohn's after Apollo 17: "How did they let Jack Schmidt into the astronaut corps when he has all these interesting hobbies?"

Knowing that there are SF people who oppose space exploration, is it any surprise that not a few professional

scientists feel likewise? When *Chemical & Engineering News* ran the standard elegy for Apollo editorial last winter it drew the most hysterically negative letters I have ever seen in the publication. Some of them envision their own grants fattened by cuts in space spending but I think most subconsciously fear the coming of the Great Simplification and want to get themselves on record as opposed to the most obvious symbol of technology. It isn't enough to condemn Western man's "depraved desire" to explore; we must be made to feel guilty and do penance for having gratified some of our desire in reaching the moon.

Most of the people we know at Lilly are uninterested in space; John's co-workers expressed massive indifference toward my trip to the launch. They're only concerned that their wives not be contaminated by my peculiar ways. Ph.D. chemists for heavens' sake! Those of you who think John's superstraight should meet some other members of his group--it's the mind inside that counts, not the hair outside.

But if our supposed peers were apathetic, Chirp's were not. I gave four talks on the launch to children in the lower grades and damnation, they were marvelously enthusiastic! Not only did they respond to the lecture, the photos, the souvenirs, the Kelly Freas posters ("Gee, he sure draws good,," remarked one little boy.), they were surprisingly well informed about the subject. Also surprising was the number of children who had toured the Cape, witnessed a launch, or had a relative personally involved in the space program. First graders seem to worry a great deal about the astronauts' safety, second graders wonder what happens to the burnt out rocket stages, and the older ones had more technical concerns. One question that came up in each group was "When do we go to the planets?" Must we literally become as little children to enter the kingdom of the heavens?

HARRY WARNER, JR.

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After I figured out how it came apart, I experienced all sorts of awe and pleasure emotions over the cover complexes for this issue. Did it ever occur to you that it must have been a simple cell of living matter with ideas much like yours

that decided to see one day what would happen if it made things more complex than they'd been up to now, and thereupon set into existence the chain of circumstances that led to our million-cell bodies? Maybe you'll revolutionize the whole literary world, rescue it from the decadence where television and bad educators and similar factors have left it. Americans love to do things with their hands, as proved by the way they've become obsessed by autos, and a century from now, every magazine and book and newspaper might consist of convolutions of labyrinthine complexity, and people will read them while figuring out how to get them open. I'd better plan to extend the history of fandom up through the 1970's, so your name will become known to that future when everyone reads many hours daily for the sake of the simultaneous test for manual dexterity.

I feel somewhat dazed by so much Bill Wolfenbarger material in one blast. It is something as if Tom Digby had written a whole *Apa L disty* all by himself. I know I enjoyed the reading experience and the rereading in the case of a few items, but I am not altogether sure where I failed to find the line between fact and fiction. What emerges is a three-dimensional person, in any event, to the individual who knows Bill only as words on mimeograph paper. I'd love to have some of these poems on tape as spoken by the author.

Poul Anderson's principal theme is very important to me. I've not seen in print yet one possible explanation for the bad press and dwindling telly coverage that the last few Apollo flights received. The media might have been doing it purposely, in an informal unspoken agreement manner, to get even with NASA for letting astronauts give *Life* exclusive coverage of their reactions after returning to Earth. But Poul may be too optimistic about what would happen if that spending limit were imposed on the federal government. States and local governments can't print more dollar bills, it's true. But they can borrow without limit, in most cases, subject only to the higher interest rates that they must pay as their debts rise in ratio to financial stability, and they get much of their tax income from property taxes, which can be increased without limit

simply by raising assessments or changing upward the ratio of assessed value to real market value. Besides, federal money provides so much help for state and local governments now that a big cutback in federal spending would automatically cause their officials to go digging for more tax money or new kinds of taxes. I still don't understand how I can pay state and county income tax on money withheld for federal tax.

I don't know if this makes me any smarter than Andy Offutt, but I've figured out part of the code on my *TV Guide* label. The first line is T020 00 21740 0423 HO 46. I suspect that the first four symbols represent the edition for my region, the next two may be held in reserve for some future development since they're blank on Andy's label, too, the next five are my zipcode, the next four show my house number, and either HO or 46 must be the code for the city and state. I haven't done as well with the second line and can't find any clue in Andy's, but this partly comes from the fact that I don't know when his or my subscriptions expire. Meanwhile, I'm not sure that it's safe to strike back at junk mail as he proposes. Somewhere behind those computers and addressing machines and other mechanisms there are human beings who are bound to notice if many people behave this way. What if these humans should experience a human emotion like a desire for revenge, and instruct the computers to send to people who protest in this manner every cottonpicking item of merchandise they can punch onto one card? It would be a much greater bother for the recipient to cope with the confusion than for the efficiently mechanized firm whose people are getting paid and don't care particularly if they lose a few hundred dollars' worth of goods that the recipients don't need. There is also a slight danger, I suppose, that a false cry of obscenity could get the person who made it into trouble. There is such a thing as barratry, the habit of involving someone in litigation solely to create a nuisance. I don't know if it could be stretched by smart lawyers to cover this situation, or if they could arrange to torment people who charge obscenity with libel actions. Incidentally, I have never dared to complain about receiving more than one copy

of a catalog because of the exhaustion over a related matter. I spent three solid years trying to get Marlboro books to mail their lists to my home address instead of to me at the office, where people were stealing them. I wrote letters, marked the change of address on the mailing label and mailed it back to them, wrote letters asking to be put on their mailing list as if I weren't receiving the catalogs at all, used my home address every time I placed an order, and after three years the change was finally made.

The artwork is stupendous, particularly the James Shull sketch of the little girl under the tree, the only picture I've ever seen that has conquered my hatred of pictures of large-eyed children. Why don't you take a survey and find out if any *Outworlds* recipient dared to use the BOWmark? If Speer thinks the staples in the jiffybag are part of the FAPA mailing, I certainly can't see my way clear to putting this between any pages other than those that sandwiched it on arrival.

ANDY PORTER

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What you're doing with tip-ins and half page inserts is interesting and fun, but I'd imagine a hell of a lot of work. The issue was enjoyed, but I wouldn't work things that way. *Playboy* can fool around with tip-ins and diecuts, but I'd imagine each of those joys must cost them a thousand dollars in extra costs... The Shull halftoned cover would have been more effective as a silhouette halftone, highlighting the central theme of the tree and figure. And the black and white line Shull suffers from the same overly ornate cross hatching that afflicts much of his work. So much cross hatching that the face of his figure is hidden by it.

You're also thinking in stultified patterns. You've just wasted what could have been two really effective double page spreads. Shame on you Bowers! Think Innovatively. Not just in methods of binding and covering materials, but in new art methods of presentation. If you are going to go broke, do so truly creatively...

[Thanks, Andy...I needed that...!]

TERRY JEEVES

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Very obviously, your interest and your talent lies in the layout, and production design side. The ideas don't always come off, but boy, are they interesting. Quibbles first. 1. No immediately apparent cover...not essential, but nevertheless, it is nice to spot right away what a mag is. 2. I had quite a job finding my way into the zine with all those flaps. 3. The between page inserts proved annoying, as one could not hold the mag's edges and read through... Enough. The artwork, and interior layout is (as usual) superb, and if you don't get a Hugo this year, then I've been missing some terrific fanzines.

Carleton Palmer's folio...terrifically expert drawing...but not brilliant in conception. I disliked the anti-Nixon one. I know little or nothing of Nixon's alternates...to me he is simply a man trying to do a job...and the best of a poor lot. But here, I'm probably wrong.

I loved Anderson on the space program, and a great illo to accompany it. This is my favorite fanzine fodder... summat about summat. Not introspective deadwood.

Another extra goody was Andy Offutt's piece. US to UK mail (sea) is now averaging two months...as against the golden years, when it made it clear from San Francisco to here in three weeks. We too have an 'improved' postal service. God help us if our respective countries make any more similar improvements. Yes, I always mail back the lottery envelopes with the NO sticker...and have yet to win anything. My best anti-junk mail ploy was with a pestiferous 'Join Our Record Club'; among their junk, they included a list for you to add the addresses of six of your friends (you can always use enemies), so I looked up the addresses of the directors, etc., of the record club, *Reader's Digest*, etc., and listed them on every such form I received. Sort of a reverse chain letter.

[Beautiful! # And yes, Nixon IS doing a job. Mich is enuf about him!]

JACKIE FRANKE

The best Bok-work I've seen...rivalling even Hannes' stuff. Fabian is displaying tremendous talent; I do hope he

makes a success of himself out in the cold, cruel mundane world as he deserves.

The parody of Bok's fiction went unappreciated here. I'm not familiar with his own fiction nor terribly fond of the style used in this satire of it, so Christopher's labor fell on dim eyes. Sorry...

Benford has his East Coast fan down pat...but I'm afraid the Boonie-fan missed in a few spots...but then he's trying to cover something like 80% of the nation with one personality. His first and final sentences were remarkably accurate for this Boondocks-dweller, but otherwise, the article must apply to some stranger... Very good, very funny.

I'm glad that you give that poor little kid from the frozen North a chance for some exposure. As Americans it behooves us to display graciousness to the foreign folk who seek our attention. Someday we may even admit that they live on our continent too; in the meanwhile gestures of this sort encourages them to wait and hope for better things in the future. Printing his loc affords the Canuk practice and who knows? Maybe it will inspire him to put out a zine of his own some day....

I applaud your move in giving Wolfenbarger's material as much emphasis as you did. I've read his writings in MT and other places and find him fascinating at times, almost boring at others, but always open and honest in describing himself and his reactions to the world. Full appreciation of his work isn't likely by me as I don't particularly care for poetry, but I do appreciate what he's trying to do as well as offer kudos to those faneds who print his work. You and they full realize that Bill's work won't be received open-armed by fandom, but you apparently see that certain something contained in his words that have relevance and meaning to those who still feel that sentiment and emotion are a part of living. Every time has needed its poets, and we have one of our own in Wolfenbarger. Long may he write...

I was croggled when viewing Joni Stopa's name on the contents page...and even more so when reading her zodiacal run-down of writer's personalities. I've seen her art before, but none that's been recent, but had no idea she wrote as well! Here's wishing you luck in nudging

her into producing more. Alex's illo's for the piece were well-done, as usual, especially appreciated the Leo-2001 treatment.

Poul's comments about the Space program made me wistful indeed. I can only hope that our dreams will see realization, but the disenchantment within fandom leads me to suspect that for whatever reason our dreams weren't passed on. I wish I knew a magic formula that would re-spark the drive to push out our frontiers, but I don't. The sense of wonder is not only slipping, it's apparently being consciously rejected.

You're right, the offutt-piece was one of the best fanwritings of his I've seen. Andy has the knack for taking off on a pet subject, lance in hand, and pricking it full of holes that reveal the basic wrongness underneath and make his readers laugh at the same time. Some people may rant and rave about their pet peeves, andy just keeps jabbing away at them with his funny-bone. I'm rather surprised though about his experiences with *Avant-Garde*. He trashed the first cajoling letter and missed all those future annoyances. That computer business just didn't make sense...since then I've found out that all subscribers were being asked for those two extra bucks. It was one of the few cons I've recognized as such immediately. Andy must have had more faith in the inherant honesty of an anti-establishment editor like Ginsberg. I didn't and am rather pleased by my perception. He's slanting his hype to a different market, but *Avant-Garde*, *Eros* and *Moneysworth* are hypes all the same...

And how did Cawthorn come up with that sketch of Jodie? He tried to disguise it by lengthening her hair, but it's quite obviously her...don't recognize the other two females though...maybe she does...

The bowmark was most appreciated! Clever idea! So seldom is something imaginative as well as useful. Please consider keeping it....

SUSAN GLICKSOHN

POUND!!! In a fanzine!! A fanzine that isn't all tarted up as a "literary journal" too... [A fanzine that will NEVER be so tarted, either...!]

ERIC BENTCLIFFE

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I'm very impressed by the overall standard of artwork and presentation; in fact this is so good that even the excellent material therein almost fades into insignificance. Almost. Your 3rd Annish is a fine mag to read and a very fine mag to just sit and look at. The artwork is all of a very high standard and it would be unfair to single out any one artist for super-praise, but I will say I loved that Carleton Palmer Pogo illo ...it nicely sums up my own feelings towards Disney and Walt Kelly. I'd frame it, if I had the original!

Poul Anderson was good, particularly the first section where he Muttered evocatively about the last Apollo. Doc' Lowndes held my interest on a topic which I'd previously no interest in, which is as good a definition as I can think of for a good writer come to think about it. Andy Offutt was amusing...if a little illogical in that he hasn't realised that all this mail he's returning is one of the reasons the postal charges are going up! The Bok spoof, too, made very pleasant reading.

Every issue needs an issue tho' to hang a letter of comment on...and Good Old Ted White (Is it true he's going to change his address to Fuckahoe Street??) and Doc' Lowndes spark it off again in the lettercolumn. Ted argues as though his precious four-letter words have been suppressed for reasons other than their pure ugliness as words (yes, I know LOVE is a four-letter word but it isn't an ugly sounding four-letter word--fuck, shit, cunt, fart and twat are). He advocates that we should be honest and use them to describe functions which are honestly described only by them...when, in fact they have always been slang words and not correct usage anyway. They have been general purpose cuss-words for decades, and to use them as a term of description for anything when you are not trying to describe a function in either crude or vague terms is incorrect. They are general-purpose words, used to describe anything or anyone, generalisations not specifics. Define your terms, Ted...

but give all the meanings, please. I'm quite in favor of talking about sex et al without using euphemisms, but I maintain that these words are euphemisms...just as tits are incorrect euphemisms when describing breasts!

No, this is not the End of the lettercol; perhaps it is only the beginning! Just as fanzines may be created equally, but executed unequally...the same holds true of everything else, including LOCs. Last issue's lettercol led off with a blockbuster, to put it mildly. This time, I've saved the biggie, the one that people will write about, till the end. As has been said before...Bowers does little by accident in such matters, and I have my reasons this time, too. I think they'll become evident.

When Piers Anthony sent the letter that follows, he also included a note:

Yesterday I ground out the enclosed letter, and today I am mailing it to you. But upon overnight ponderation, I realize that though what I say therein is true, it represents only a slice of what was a much more complicated situation. That means that some of it will seem much more hasty than it was in fact, and some of the terms I use will seem inaccurate, such as 'libel' when the major case would have been 'slander', a more difficult matter to prosecute. The letter implies that I made ready to sue a publisher just because of a couple of minor things, when in fact those were merely examples of a pattern of antagonisms. And it omits complicating factors such as the complicity of SFMA. What all this means is that I can't just sit down and bat out a summary of material this complicated and have everything fall into place nicely; factors I don't mention can make the ones I do seem inconsistent.

So I ask you to use your discretion in what you publish. You'll probably have to cut it a bit anyway because of space limitations, and it may be that this is not the sort of thing you wish to publish anyway. But some fanzine responses, like some lawsuits, don't come out in ideal format!

What follows is essentially the whole thing. Read it. Editorial afterward.

PIERS ANTHONY:

Ted White says: "I think Piers lives in a very private, special world in which the laws that govern the natural order of the universe do not entirely jibe with those which I, and most of those I know, take for granted..." I must congratulate Ted on rare perception, and I agree entirely. However, I suspect I interpret his words somewhat differently than he intends, for the most important "law" I focus on is integrity, while Ted, and most of those he knows, evidently consider this of secondary importance. In fairness, I must admit that I believe it would be impossible for Ted to hold his present editorial position if he were honest by my definitions. And I must also clarify that this comment of mine is not intended as a slam; the fact is, I have quite personal and rigid standards, and recognize that very few others share them; in fact, that most others consider them at best misguided and at worst ridiculous. For example, I hired a lawyer and made ready to sue a publisher not for money (though some was owing) but because that publisher had violated its contract with me in ways that did not involve money. Such as not publishing within the contract deadline and sending me erroneous statements of account--and refusing to apologise or rectify the matters. (Some rectification was then made, so I did not actually sue, but I *would* have.) I am sure Ted considers this preposterous on my part, and no doubt most readers will agree with him--but this is the way I am, and I do acknowledge that few others are this way. (However, I should say in my own defense that I expected to win my suit, and that evidently the publisher didn't care to risk it; the law would very likely have seen it my way.)

The actual issue Ted makes about my column and my story *In The Barn* is minor. I slanted for a particular market in both cases, and the record shows that I scored--both by giving Harlan Ellison what he wanted and by giving *Ow* readers what *they* wanted. Controversy, entertainment, and a certain participation. Ted's own indignation is understandable; he took aim at the same targets with lesser success. So let's pass over that, trusting the readers to distinguish between humor, sex and shit better than Ted did.

Ted mentions that he would not mind seeing any of my unsold novels. I would not mind showing them to him. But I can't. This is ironic, for Ted helped me privately to deal with the very type of blacklisting I am now practicing against him. This is what I want to explain now, and perhaps to resolve.

When I had that trouble with the abovementioned publisher, I was threatened with being blacklisted. That is, certain parties (I have names, but won't mention them until such time as circumstance dictates that I sue them) would spread the word among publishers that Piers Anthony was not a writer to deal with, thereby making my work unsalable and finishing me as a writer. The thing about blacklisting is that it can be invoked against the innocent as well as the guilty; I could win my suit against the publisher, prove I was right in every respect, and still be washed up. This sort of thing has happened to others, though not, as far as I know, within the SF field. (Attempts may have been made, though; Harry Harrison threatened something similar against Ted White, if my understanding of murky dealings is correct. I sided with White on that, and so became the enemy of Harrison--as far as I know.)

Now this was a serious threat to me. I have tried fifteen different types of employment, and found all stultifying in one way or another except free lance writing. I like being a writer and want to continue, and I like to think that there are a fair number of readers who would also like to see me continue. I did not want to be blacklisted out of the business. This did not mean that I was prepared to tolerate dishonesty and threats; it *did* mean that I had to weigh my alternatives very carefully. If I was about to be blacklisted, and if this were effective against me, I intended to see that the parties responsible were also put out of circulation. I don't want to make a bigger thing of this than it is, but I think a number of those involved now know that I have the determination and means to make most parties, small or large, regret forcing me into such a death struggle. The quarrels I have had in fanzines are as nothing compared to what I was preparing for here. I don't know how it would have come out, but what I had in mind was something like a hundred thousand dollar libel

suit--if that was what it took to preserve my viability as a writer. But I would not enter into such a morass while more expedient options remained available.

First, I needed information. Was the blacklisting a real threat or a bluff? A bluff I could weather; let the others believe that my legal preparations were a counter bluff, and no one would get hurt. One would not want to kill a man who had merely threatened him with a realistic toy gun. I am known in some circles as a hothead; OK, I can live with that description too. But this is one hothead who ponders very carefully before making the irrevocable commitment--and has never yet regretted past decisions.

Where could I get the information I needed--privately and quickly? It seemed to me that if anyone before me had faced such a threat, it would be Ted White. I don't think he has tried harder than I have to alienate people, but he has practiced it in fandom longer, and said more things about more publishers than I have. Ted and I were not on the best of terms--our relations in fandom have been visible--but we also were not on the worst of terms. Ted's standards differ from mine, as we agree; that does not mean we have to be black/white friends or enemies, but that we can get along if we recognize the nature and degree of those differences. I have always gotten along with Ted as well as I wanted to. So I wrote to him, asking him frankly what the prospects for effective blacklisting were. He replied immediately with about six pages (I have the correspondence filed, but it really isn't necessary to dig it out for details) of comment, directly on target, that put the issue into exactly the perspective I required. In essence, it was this: you can quarrel with individual publishers and this will not lead to an industry-wide blacklist, because publishers do not cooperate that well together and have separate axes to grind. You do lose the individual publishers concerned. And there is nothing to be gained by keeping silent about your side of the difference while the publisher spreads *its* side around. And he gave several examples from his personal experience, naming names and consequences.

I do not know how to make clear the importance this discussion had for me, except to say that it convinced me that I did not have to go the libel-suit route to save my livelihood. This is one of the reasons I did not sue over the original issue, which was not libel. I paid about \$70 in lawyers' fees and filed the documentation I had prepared. What could have been an explosion was defused, and while I admit that in some respects I would have preferred the explosion (I do not get really angry often, contrary to appearances, but I was angry then) it certainly was easier for all concerned to let the situation cool. Ted could have told me to go to hell, or he could have ignored my query; he was quite busy at the time and I know he had to take hours off from a pressing schedule to do me this favor. As far as I know, he has never publicized this matter, and he has never asked me any favor in return. It has been several years now.

Dealing with Ted purely in his editorial capacity, I have been satisfied. My novel *HASAN* has seen print only in the pages of one of the magazines Ted edits, and it has been satisfying to have this otherwise-rejected novel on display as an example of what I mean when I say that publishers will indeed reject publishable material, however much they deny it. Or even write it off unpublished after paying for it, as also happened to *HASAN*. So this is a second count where I appreciate what Ted has done.

But ORN was the last piece I showed Ted. For the past two years or so I have blacklisted him. I suppose I should clarify that term: By blacklisting I mean I have refused to show him any of my work for publication, and have encouraged others to do the same; and I know that a number of other writers also refuse to contribute to Ted's magazines for similar reasons to mine. This blacklisting is similar to what has been practiced against me by certain individuals and publishers: it has decreased my market and therefore my income, but it has not put me out of business. (Those who are wondering in the lettercol of *Outworlds* why less of my work sees print these days--well, this discussion gives part of the answer.) Ted White's magazines have not been put out of business either--but they are not as healthy as they might be without the blacklist.

I said this situation was ironic. I want to make clear that I do not disapprove of blacklisting *per se*; it is one tool for forcing compliance with certain ethical standards when more direct tools are not available. ULTIMATE should have been sued, and I was one of those active in setting up such a suit. For reasons it is not convenient to go into here, that suit did not materialize--but it was *not* because Ted did any of us any favors. So a partial blacklisting has been in effect. But unlike those who have blacklisted me, I am prepared to state my reasons honestly and openly, and I believe it is time to do so.

ULTIMATE has honored its commitments to me. But it has not honored its commitments to certain other writers. Because I am what I am, I can not deal with a publisher that cheats other writers. That may be one of the things Ted does not understand. Philip Jose Farmer has documented the complaints on which I based my decision to participate in the boycott or blacklisting. Basically, it has reprinted a number of old stories without making even a token payment to the authors. The legal basis for such a payment is questionable, but the stated intent of the former publisher, Ziff Davis, was that the authors should be paid for reprints, and ULTIMATE had agreed with SFWA to make such payment. That was why SFWA dropped its own boycott against that publisher, and why I was willing for a time to submit my own material. Since then, however, the nonpayments have resumed, and I understand that even some new material--I'm thinking of a book review by Delap--has not been paid for. I must qualify this statement by admitting that I am no longer current on such payments; it is possible that some or all of them have been made in the past couple of years and word has not reached me. But this nonpayment is the reason I do not submit my material there. It is not Ted White: I believe he has fought to have the payments made. It is the publisher.

I believe this situation is generally known to the other writers of the SF field. Those who have been submitting to Ted's magazines obviously do not share the standards of those who boycott the magazines. I don't know whether they believe it is all right not to pay authors for their work, or whether they simply have little concern for injustice--so long as Number One gets his. You know who those writers are; just take a look at the names published in Ted's magazines. I view them with a certain contempt--but of course each writer has to make his own decision, based on his own conscience, and as we already know, there is considerable difference between individuals. Some may believe that no payment is owing for the reprint items, agreements to the contrary notwithstanding; I don't question the integrity of those who have decided on that basis.

So here I am: Ted has solicited submissions from me in fanzine print, and I have no objections to his editorial treatment and am not concerned about the low word-rates he has to deal with, and for personal reasons publicized herein I would like very much to do business with him again. But I shall not do so unless this payment matter is resolved. I could not show Ted eight novels (the number currently unsold) because portions of them have appeared in print elsewhere, but I can name several I would make available if. DEAD MORN, a major time-travel/Cuban revolution collaboration; STEPPE, an SF adventure of the type I think he is looking for (though one never can be certain about editorial tastes); MER-CYCLE, an underwater archaeological SF; PRETENDER, a collaborative historical SF set mostly in ancient Babylon; 3.97 ERECT, pornographic fantasy that he would have to reject for its sexual and scatological content, whatever reason he claims; a couple of chapter-and-summary stage novels, and sections of unified story-series such as *Kiai!* (collaborative martial arts with fantasy touches) and *Hard Sell* (first three stories published in *If*; last three rejected because they involved parody and pointed comment on the funeral business, the human resuscitation business, and the throes of a libel suit...yes, *that* one!) Which is not to advertise my work (I do that as a matter of course) but to make it clear that I am not trying to tempt or threaten with material I don't have; I have named the novels, and I will show any or all of them to Ted--*if* he can arrange to satisfy me about the present operations of his publisher.

What I said when I re-entered the blacklisting business was that I could not afford to keep up with all of ULTIMATE's myraid publications (I hear there are fewer

now) or to track down all the payments and nonpayments. But I knew that Phil Farmer was keeping up with them. So I would honor the boycott until such time as Phil Farmer released it. As far as I know, Farmer has not changed his opinion of ULTIMATE. I have high respect for the man, and believe his standards are similar to those I maintain; if he says ULTIMATE is still in error, I am satisfied.

But when all is said and done, I remain my own man, and ultimately the decision must be mine. So I make this offer, that I hope will be useful to other parties as well: Farmer and I and certain others all have long and bitter histories of trouble with publishers (and I hope it is now clear why!) and perhaps we take matters too seriously, refusing to bend even a reasonable minimum. Other people, given the same evidence, might come to a different conclusion. Let that evidence be presented here (assuming that *Outworlds* cares to get involved) or in some other open forum (not SFWA; that's a closed forum), and let the readers ponder and render their opinions. I mean, solicit Phil Farmer's summary and/or detail on the case against ULTIMATE, and solicit Ted White's reply, and have some cross-examination where conflicting testimony appears, and then let any reader who is prepared to attest to his disinterested status write in to say yea or nay on a continued boycott or blacklist. If a clear majority says that submissions of material should resume, I will honor that; if the majority says no, then it is no. If the issue is in doubt--say with no more than a 60-40 decision either way, I will limit my submissions to collaborative material where my collaborator wishes to make such submission. (This isn't as much of a fudge as may appear; at least one collaborator does at present wish to submit.) I don't mean to do all this just for me; I trust that a number of other writers would be interested in considering the data, and might be affected by it.

I realize all this would be a great deal of trouble for several people, notably Ted White and Phil Farmer and Bill & Joan Bowers. I am, as must be known, a great one for setting up complex projects for other people to sweat over. So maybe this is not worth doing, and it will come to nothing--but it represents the limit to which I am willing to go in reconsidering my own case against ULTIMATE. If Farmer were unwilling or unable to make the case, I would undertake to do it myself--but that smacks of conflict-of-interest that I prefer to avoid. If Ted, or some other representative of ULTIMATE, declined, the boycott would stand by default. If this or some other responsible fanzine can not be found to print the arguments, then there is not sufficient interest in the matter and the boycott stands again, by default. I say frankly, I would like to be able to submit material to Ted White again, and I think he would find at least a portion of it worth publishing--but I shall not do so without some such satisfaction.

Enough; you wanted a letter of comment, and you get this!

OK! ...there was some doubt in my mind as to whether to get involved in this or not. Piers has his standards for his writings, which I respect; I have MY standards for what Outworlds is all about, which he apparently respects in turn. This is one reason that we've 'gotten along'. I expressed my doubts to Piers...and the conclusion that I thought the topic was worth discussion, and that Ow could provide a fair and honest forum. As long as it was conducted under well-understood rules; the ban or taboo on personality slams and attacks has been here since the beginning, and is about the only restriction I've placed on my columnists and contributors. Issues...by all means! But I practice 'office politics' to survive daily, and I don't need it here. I made the obvious comparison that I am not Dick Geis, and Ow is by no means SFR:

On you and SFR: Yes, I realize you don't want to get into that sort of squabble, and I'm not aiming for any. I realize on second thought that my letter does have that potential, however--not because I'm looking for a fight--I'm not (not in this case, anyway), but because Ted White and Phil Farmer are hardly bosom buddies and they could get embroiled again. So why don't you do this: tell them each that no argumentative or abusive material will be published--it will be edited out or the

letter not run at all--but that information relevant to the issue will be run. (I presume that by publishing my letter, you do mean to follow it up if you get amenable responses from Ted and Phil: that is, if Ted is willing to exonerate his publisher in the pages of *Outworlds*, and if Phil is willing to put his data on the line. I think that is a kind of concomitant if you run my letter; it would not be right to allow my provocative statements to be published without allowing documentation and/or rebuttal by the parties named.) I presume further that both Ted and Phil know of you from past times--Ted, obviously, and Phil from THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM in which he participated--and know that you are a fan of integrity. This background is important. It is one of the reasons Geis could get the material he did; he published provocative material and named names--I got my lumps too!--but he never cheated on the people he dealt with. I, like other writers, can take adverse criticism--but I can't take cheating. (Some of those who claim it's the criticism I can't take have concealed the fact that they cheated--as by lambasting me in print and deliberately not sending me the issue. One fan even implied that my silence was because I was afraid to reply--when I had never, as he well knew--seen the attack.) Anyway, I think the discussion is well worth having, with suitable controls, and I would be pleased if it resulted in re-opening a market for me and others.

 There you have it. I am quite aware that nothing may come of this, especially if the principals decline; that's fine--but in any case, the discussion will NOT take over the zine. We'll see how it works out, within my erratic publishing schedule.

Incidentally, Piers doesn't know I'm running his Prologue & Afterword. I did so for two reasons: They are germane in setting up the background and rules, and they disprove those who would say that Piers just dashes off these things, without regard to possible consequences. It just ain't so, folks!

 ON A RELATED MATTER: In his column in *Outworlds* 3.5, Piers mentioned that his story *On the Uses of Torture* would appear in *Armadillo*. It was supposed to appear last Winter. A reader complained that it didn't, so I checked with Piers. He wrote the magazine, but also said that I should forward any complaints and he'll see you get the issue or refund the money himself. Since then, I've received a note to the effect that the issue is not yet published, but it WILL be. If the wait is too long, the editor will refund your money. Write c/o the address listed in Ow 3.5. Everyone straight?

 We Also Heard From C. LEE HEALY, JOE CHRISTOPHER, KEN NAHIGIAN & several who said Kind Things when they renewed their subs. Thanks all--you made thish run 10 pages over!

 Most of you know Mae Strelkov. If you don't already, you will shortly...in the pages of this and many another fanzine. Mae is one of fandom's Beautiful People. Oh, yes, she is as opinionated as any of the rest of us. But she is generous and gentle (but firm) and those of us who know her thru her long rambling letters have grown to love her, and value her friendship and love in return.

We'd like to meet Mae. In person. And we think you would too.

Joan Bowers and Susan Glicksohn have organized MAE STRELKOV's FRIENDS. This is a fan fund, in the fannish tradition, devoted to bringing Mae--from her home in the hills of Argentina--to the Worldcon to be held in Washington, D.C., Labor Day, 1974. The airfare involved is close to \$700.00. It must be raised by May 1, 1974, in order to make the arrangements.

Your help in attaining this goal is needed and solicited. Cash donations: a \$ or what you can spare (payable to : Joan Bowers) are the most direct way. Publicity in your fanzine or club are helpful.

Or you can win while helping, by participating in the fan auction I [Bill] am conducting. Fan auctions always bring treasures to the surface, and this time is no exception. Check over the enclosed flyer carefully, and Bid! You and Mae both win.

We Also Publish--*Inworlds* [soon to be retitled *fanzine review*], a monthly fanzine about fanzines, as well as letter substitute. It also contains...well, just about everything that won't 'fit' here, or is too urgent to wait for *Ow*, as well as listing the *Ow* Back Issues still available. THERE ARE NO COPIES OF *Outworlds* #15 AVAILABLE. Sorry. Sample copy on request to Overseas readers who haven't received one. In N.A.: 25¢ ea.; 4/\$1.; 12/\$2.50. ...or you can get a sample by contributing to the Strelkov Fund...

I'd told Steve that there wouldn't be an editorial, nor a bound-in lettercol. That was before I went to the 'letter drawer'. The illo at the head of this section [page 607] should have been on Page 583, last time. But the electro-stencil tore, after I'd returned the original to Steve. So you will please visualize it in its proper place. See, kids, even Bowers screws up. At least once a year. Whether I need it or....

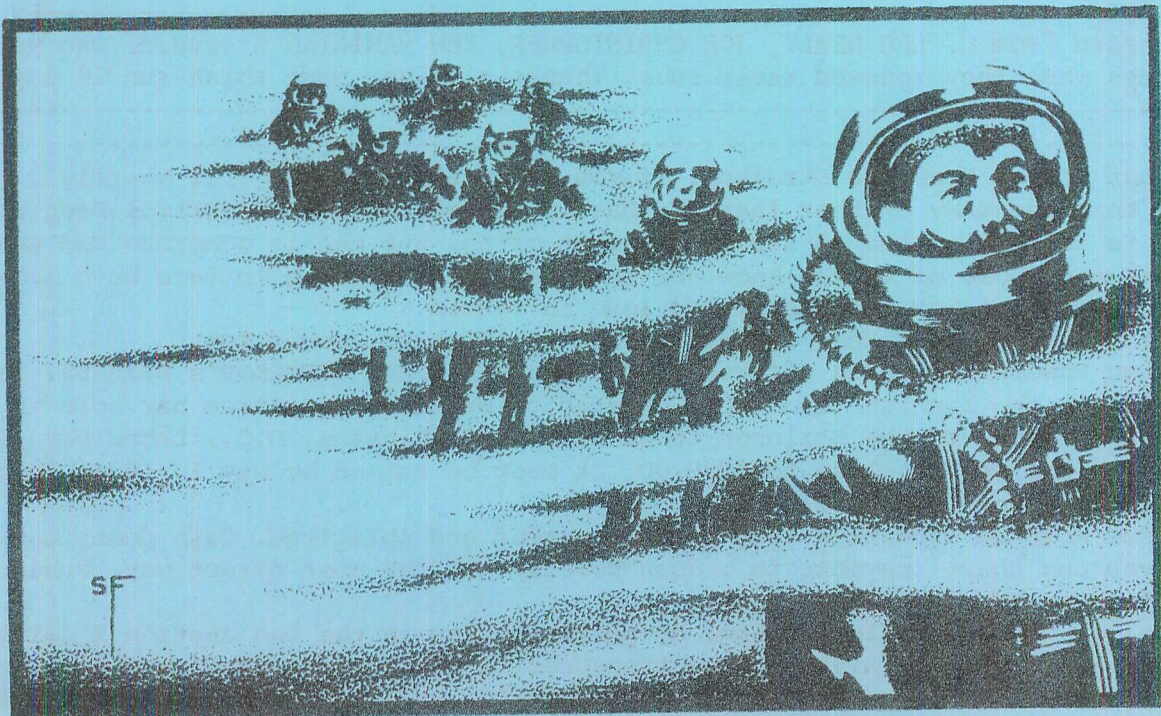
I was going to explain to the people, newcomers, who have been waiting since 15 sold out...that this is not a typical issue of *Outworlds*. But, on second thought, that does make it a typical issue after all. (I'll hear from NYC fandom about that one...) And I plead guilty to having printed an over-abundance of personal ego-boosting locs this time around, but have no apologies to offer. Hope you all enjoy this one, too.

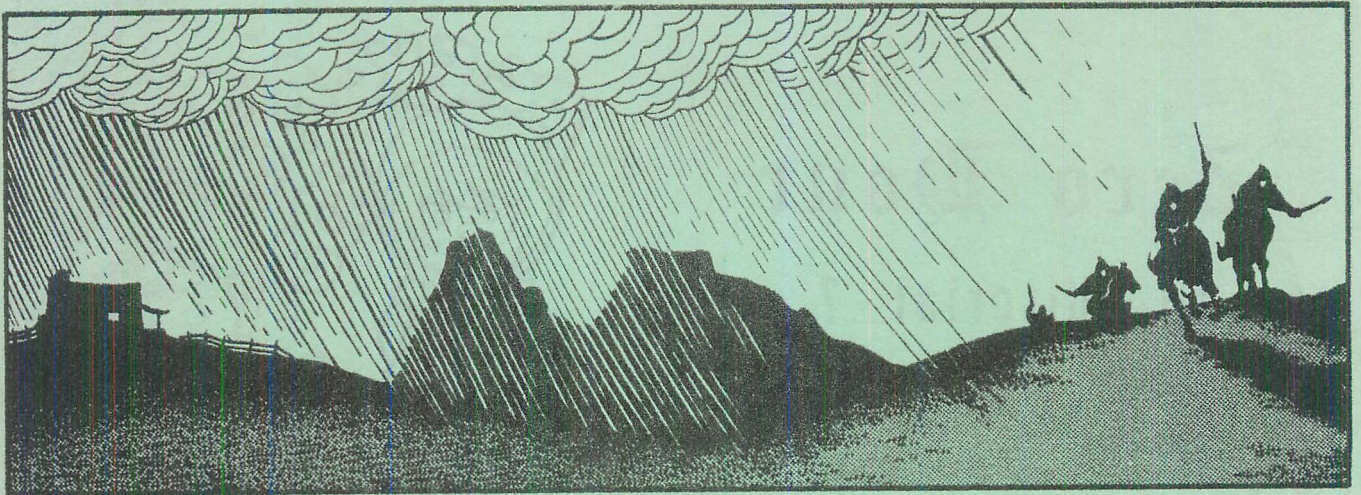
This quarter in the school/work/fanac cycle has been a brusier, but I'm looking forward to summer. I'm going to get myself and this place Organized! ...and I'm going to start laying on you some of the neat stuff I've picked up over the last year...

There will be at least two (quite possibly three) issues out by mid-August; if your sub/whatever runs out sooner, Do Something, 'cause they'll be mailed in a group. In addition to The Return Of Si Stricklen, I've got some goodies in hand, more promised --but I'll surprise you. I do, as always, desire/need more. The more things that I get, the more often I publish. It's that simple.

At least one of the upcoming issues will be all offset...and wild. At least one of the upcoming issues will be more coherent than this! I'm damned tempted to go offset on a permanent basis; if I do, I'll need a much larger subscription base. Enuf said.

Hopefully, Joan & I will see many of you at Midwestcon & TORCON II... Bill





SF

The Nazgul's Song

Tune : Meadowlands

by Alexis A. Gilliland

Soft out of Mordor
Slipping through the mist and darkness
Hoofbeats muffled by the rain-wet leaves of autumn
Come the Nazgul on their sable horses.

Long Sauron waited
To extend his mighty shadow
And like shadow fingers on a shadow ha-and
Slide the Nazgul o'er the western plain.

Deadly, the Nazgul
Riding out of ancient legend
Shrouded deep in darkness, yet their pale eyes glisten
And behind them comes the sullen rain.

Tonight ride the Nazgul
Racing down your local byway
If they pass your doorway you have not escaped them
Lie awake and listen to the rain.

Soft out of Mordor
Slipping through the mist and darkness
Hoofbeats muffled by the rain-wet leaves of autumn
Come the Nazgul on their sable horses.

Zero Hour

an editorial...?



Dear Steve,

I really would like to see you do a guest editorial or something of the sort, about how you approached the designing task, what your impression of Ow is in general, and perhaps something about your own art career, where you think you stand, your hopes, dreams, plans...

Best,
Bill

Dear Bill,

I have run out of time. That is, I can no longer afford to put in any more time on this issue, because of the huge amount of other work that I have lined up. I hope you understand.

As for the Guest Editorial, I'm afraid that has come to nothing also. Actually I've decided to stick to illustrating and leave the writing to your other Ow people.

In closing, it is my opinion that while the individual pieces of material you sent me to illustrate were OK, collectively they do not make for a top notch issue. The 'inside SF' thought provoking stuff that I like to read in fanzines is missing. Actually, I consider Ow 16 to be a sort of exercise wherein your Associate Editor had some fun designing an issue while the cheif editor took a breather. I hope you don't get too many complaints about the job I did...

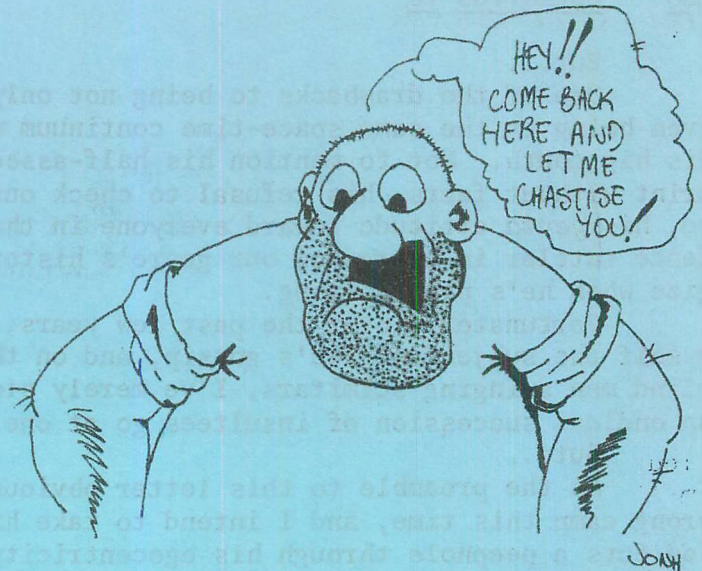
Best,
Steve

Dear Steve,

...that's the ONE thing I'm not worried about! The art is delightful and I think will dispense any lingering doubts as to your versitality. I'm proud of it. ...and I think you will be pleasantly surprised when you read the lettercol--both this time...and next! Again...next year?

Best,
Bill

INwords Part 2: HARLAN ELLISON



This issue WAS done, I thought. Joan & I finished running everything off over the Memorial Day weekend, and we left the stacks downstairs until I finished up the last week of school. Then, that Tuesday night, around ten, Joan answered the phone, and said ... "it's Harlan Ellison." Now I don't care how old & cynical you & I think I am, such things still do provoke a certain sense of wonder! Harlan had just returned from an extended lecture tour, read *Ow 15*, and Ted White's letter ... and he had a few things to say, in this issue if at all possible...

Now ordinarily, nobody could persuade me to 'reopen' an issue after it has been 'closed' and run off. Not even Harlan. Why did I then? I don't really know... perhaps it's something to do with a distinct feeling I lost control of this issue while I wasn't looking! This issue was to have been 30 pages; next issue will be a bit shorter than planned in compensation. Maybe.

It is with some hesitation that I place a non-Fabian illustration here, but I admit that I couldn't resist! (It's by JONH INGHAM.) ...and the inside-bacover was facing up against the editorial, so don't blame me for the way that works out!

Enough of me. Here's Harlan...

HARLAN ELLISON:

I guess I've known and been a "friend" of Ted White for most of my adult life. I once dedicated a personally important book to him, and I intend to vote for him for the Best Editor Hugo this year. (It seems to me, as outstanding as all the nominees in this category clearly are, that on sum Ted is the best choice. Ben hasn't been at *Analog* long enough to make a personal statement or influence an important direction in the field; Ed Ferman has been awarded a carload of metal statues for the excellence of *F&SF* and even he would concede it's time to recognize other laborers in this vineyard; Don Wollheim has the most commercially successful series of sf paperbacks going, but even Don would have to admit they are far from trail-blazing, either in content or presentation, and are, in fact, classier versions of what he did at Ace for so long; Terry Carr certainly deserves the award for what he did with the Ace Specials, but this is a current award, for the year past, and not for historically-significant projects, and the *UNIVERSE* series isn't that germinal an influence--yet; but Ted's massive efforts working with *Amazing* and *Fantastic* under unbelievable handicaps, turning the magazines into real, viable markets publishing important work, is so far ahead of everything else being done editorially that I can see no real room for argument that he is the Man this year.)

But...

One of the drawbacks to being not only a friend or acquaintance of Ted's, or even being in the same space-time continuum with him, is that one must put up with his big mouth. Not to mention his half-assed gossip, his lemming urge to rush into print without facts, his refusal to check out idle tales with those directly concerned, his *yenta* attitude toward everyone in the sf community as though he were the back-fence tattler in charge of our genre's history, and his adolescent refusal to apologize when he's proven wrong.

Fortunately, over the past few years, I haven't had too much occasion to find myself the subject of Ted's gossip, and on the principle of staying out of the way of blind men swinging scimitars, I've merely stood on the sidelines and watched Ted and an endless succession of insultees go at one another.

But...

As the preamble to this letter obviously indicates, Ted has flailed into the wrong camp this time, and I intend to take him apart for it. And if, when I'm done, Ted cuts a peephole through his egocentricity so he can perceive he has randomly maligned at least two people who consider themselves his friends, and incorrectly maligned them, then maybe we will witness the dawn of the Millennium by Ted's publicly voicing an apology somewhere other than on the back page of the Charles, Vermont *Sentinel* in type so infinitesimal no one can read it without the aid of the Palomar radio-telescope. What I mean by that circumlocution is: upfront, Ted!

Or, as a *great* fanzine put it, so succinctly:

"Oh what did I
do to deserve
this?"

On page 515 of *Outworlds* #15, Ted had this to say in the body of a rebuttal to Doc Lowndes and a wrist-slap to Piers Anthony:

"Let me offer another, concrete example. Piers cites Lupoff's novella, *With the Bentfin Boomer Boys on Little Old New Alabama*, as qualifying 'on the basis of Language, Style and Content,' all three of the criteria by which a work would be unpublishable elsewhere.

"Strangely enough, Lupoff was offered a large sum of money by Dell to expand the novella from 30,000 words to 50,000 for book publication--an offer he was eager to accept. Harlan, however, refused to release it, and cost Lupoff several thousands of dollars thereby, a matter which still gets Lupoff's hackles up, years after the fact.

"What, then, qualifies this obviously unusual story as the sort of taboo-breaker which no one else would print? The fact that Harlan refused to *allow* someone else to publish it?

"Clearly this whole business is a put up job--hype, if I may use such a word--to promote the books. Well, hype is Harlan's middle name, and he comes by it as honestly as anyone can, but hype it remains."

I don't want to get in the middle of Ted and Doc on the validity of *shit* and *fuck* as acceptable words for sf stories. I don't think it's a real issue. It isn't even a paper tiger. Writers will use the words that fit because of or in spite of

critics and advocates, and questioning the viability of "coarse" or "street" language is about as burning a topic as whether or not sex has a place in contemporary fiction. It's the kind of academic pud-pulling engaged in by people who are fifty years behind times in recognizing where the craft now stands. To those of us who employ the *full* arsenal of the language to create what *we* think is verisimilitudinous, the question never occurs. And we certainly don't need champions like Ted who persist in equating the use of such language occasionally as "little boys smearing themselves with shit." Even if it's done ineptly, the pivot isn't validity, it's craftsmanship.

So, on sum, I agree with Ted's position, however muddledly and speciously he arrives at it. I also agree with Doc's position because I think they're both saying the same thing. What all of that had to do with Piers' *In The Barn* from AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS, I have no idea. Ted didn't like it, Doc didn't read it, and I published it. Because I liked it and thought it was an exceptional piece of work, and not because I had any thoughts of its being "dangerous".

(A relevant digression: I've about had it with the simplistic evaluations and criticisms of the DV books from dilettantes and self-styled authorities who praise or condemn the stories on grounds of their "dangerousness." Is it beyond their scope to understand that DANGEROUS VISIONS is merely, at this point, a commercially recognizable trademark, that it has less to do with the *actuality* of what the books contain than the word "visions"? Granted, when assembling the first book--eight years ago for Chrissakes!--the attempt was to break the rigid rules of the genre. But that was 1965 and most of those rules and taboos vanished like mist with the advent of *New Worlds*, the ORBIT series, DV and a host of other markets. Hell, even *Galaxy*, which was the prime offender under Fred Pohl, has about-faced under Jake's aegis, and they're running material that would have been doomed to the trunk ten years ago. So the question of "dangerousness" is asinine. *Any* sf story, by definition, is a dangerous vision, because it dares to contemplate alternatives. The title DANGEROUS VISIONS has become far broader, at least for me as the editor, and tunnel-vision types like Ted who persist in hewing to that awful concretized intpretation are merely living in the past. So Ted's derogatory remarks about me perpetuating "hype" is clearly more reflective of Ted's iconoclastic view of what I'm doing that the reality of what I'm *really* doing. Ergo, Piers's story *may* or *may not* be "dangerous," but who gives a damn? Only Ted, who seeks to prove how avant-garde he is by proclaiming Piers isn't. Well...sheeeet, Ted...that's a dumb game and you're too good an editor to bother playing it. It's also a fan game, and I'd thought you'd outgrown that amateur pasttime: you can't have it both ways, Ted boy. Either grow up all the way and *be* the professional you hunger to be, or give up your editorship of Sol Cohen's magazines and go back to your mimeo for a rebirth of *Zip*.)

But even all of *that* isn't the core issue here. I went into it merely to set a groundwork for what follows. And it's this:

Ted passes along a story about my preventing Richard Lupoff from selling *With the Bentfin Boomer Boys on Little Old New Alabama* to Dell for a "large sum of money." Ted lies.

He has just enough thin truth in that farrago of inexactitudes to compell rebuttal, and I'll set it all down here *exactly* as it happened so Ted's words can be jammed up his ass with sufficient force so that they never emerge again.

If unpublishability of a story is the *only* criterion for acceptability in DV that will satisfy Ted, then the "concrete example" he chooses just fell on him with all the impact of the Great Pyramid of Gizah.

You may check these facts with Richard Lupoff: 3208 Claremont Avenue, Berkeley, California 94705. Would that Ted had, and saved me the time spent making him look like a *schmuck*.

Not only wouldn't anyone *buy* *With the Bentfin Boomer Boys*, Lupoff's own agent wouldn't even *market* it!

Richard began work on the story in 1967. He wrote the first three chapters and an outline for the remainder and sent it first to Larry Shaw who was, at that

time, editor of Lancer Books. Lancer, at that point, had bought and published Richard's first novel, ONE MILLION CENTURIES. Shaw hated it. According to Richard, the summation of Shaw's comments were, "Reading should be fun, not work; not interested." It was rejected.

Then Richard sent it to Terry Carr at Ace. Richard and Terry were friends of long standing. Terry's comments were, "Nice writing, lousy structure; not interested." It was rejected again.

At about that time Richard secured the agenting services of Henry Morrison--who also agents for Donald Westlake, Roger Zelazny, Chip Delany, others--and sent the material to him for further marketing. Morrison read it, held it a while, and sent it back--*his agent sent it back, Ted, his own agent!*--with the decision not even to send it out for possible purchase. Lupoff remembers Morrison's words: "Write it in English, Dick."

Crushed at the unequivocal rejection of what he thought was his most ambitious work to that date, Richard Lupoff put the first three chapters and the outline in a drawer, concluding the project was worthless, hopeless.

Now. I submit *most* humbly, Mr. Big Deal Authority White, that if ever there was a story that was "unpublishable," *that* was it. Clearly. Demonstrably. *No one wanted it*, Ted. Can you get your head straight to understand: no one wanted it. Zero. Strikeout. "We don't wanna publish it." Un-fucking-publishable!

Some time later, maybe as much as a year later, Richard saw a market notice in the *SFWA Bulletin* that announced I was buying for AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. Without much hope, but responding to my stated policy of wanting material that other markets found too difficult for their pages, Richard submitted the *same pages* the others had see to A,DV.

My letter to him was not merely encouraging, it was, in Lupoff's words, "very enthusiastic." Damn straight. I went wild over it. I saw in those pages, and that outline, a novella that would one day be a Hugo and/or Nebula contender. I wrote Richard at once and told him I wanted him to complete it, and even offered a small advance against the total advance payment so he could get at it. Not satisfied with merely writing a letter and waiting for an answer, I *called* Lupoff long distance, from Los Angeles to Poughkeepsie, New York, where he was living at the time, working for IBM, to convey my enthusiasm. (Another digression: at that time, I was on bad personal terms with Lupoff. He and I had been having a spiff about my NYcon speech, and I disliked him. It was mutual. My letter of encouragement, in fact, began, "While I may not be very high on the story's author, I'm wild about the story!" Remember this, Ted and gentle readers looking over our shoulders, it'll inform the final paragraphs of this slap in the mouth.)

I called Richard on Hallowe'en eve, 1968 and Richard was so delighted he said he would begin work as soon as he had polished off several other projects. He said he would start the writing of the balance of the story on January 1st, 1969 and complete it no later than March 1st, 1969. He completed his other work and started on the date promised. So anxious to complete this (to him) important piece of work and to be numbered among the writers in the DV books was he, that Richard wrote nights and weekends, while working full-time for IBM. And so close to his own estimate of deadline was he that had it not been for IBM's sending him on a three-day business trip to Kansas City, he would have finished dead on March 1st. As it was, he ended work on March 4th, 1969--the overage coinciding with the three days he spent in a dreary hotel in Kansas City.

Richard sent the first draft of *Bentfin Boomer Boys* to me that week. I called him at once and told him I was delighted with it, but thought it still needed work. I followed the phone call with a long letter detailing what changes I thought should be made in the work--boiled down, they amounted to the adding of a chapter and a half, and the revising of other already-written sections. It was, in the sense that I understand the phrase, "creative editing" and a project I take great pride and pleasure from having moved to a memorable conclusion. Are you still there, Ted?

Along with my suggestions for rewrite, I backed up my faith in the story by including a contract. There wasn't much money left for A,DV at that point, but I offered Richard as good a deal as I could, with the promise of a further advance *out of my own pocket* as soon as the first royalties came in.

I think you and other readers who swallowed Ted's half-assed gossip will find Richard Lupoff's letter to me on receipt of the contract and revision suggestions interesting, and a further refutation of Ted's position that anything in the DV books could have been published elsewhere.

I enclose it here, in Xerox form. Please run it if space permits.

June 8, 1969

Dear Harlan,

Ah, wow, Pat and I arrived home late last night having spent the day at a nephew's bar mitzvah on Long Island and I swear it was like living a scene from *I Love You Alice B. Toklas*, and there in the mailbox was your letter with the beautiful contracts and everything got much nicer all of a sudden.

If you won't be back until the end of June I suspect that you'll find a stack of about three envelopes from me, which will make maximum sense if you examine their contents in order by datemark, er, postmark. Which, being a smart fellow, you will doubtless do anyhow.

First envelope, this one, will contain the signed contracts; second will contain revision material for the story; third will contain the personal bio data and afterword. I want to save writing the bio and afterword until after I've done the revising: it's a matter of psychological automanipulation. The new chapter will be *work*, the other stuff will be *fun*, and in classical fashion I'll get the work done by scheduling the fun for afterwards. If I took my fun first I'd torture myself for weeks before I got to the work. Thus speaks Overthirtyman.

As for the rewrite: I think your suggestion of an additional chapter between the present 12 and 13 is a good one, and I will produce it. Due to a combination of family obligations and work I can't do it right now, but should be able to get to it probably weekend-after-next, plus nights the following week, and have it to you by the end of June. If not, my back-up strategy will be to hold the July Fourth weekend open and in that case I will absolutely get it done and off to you that weekend. Meantime I'll at least reread the carbon so I can regain my grasp on who's who in the story, who's where, who's alive and who's dead, etc., as of the time and place of the new material.

As for the contract, naturally I can't say that I'm thrilled with the amount of bread involved, but fortunately I'm not yet relying on freelance income for a living, and I'll be more interested in getting this story into print, especially into ADV, than in the number of bucks it brings me. Without (I hope) sounding too conceited, I think this story will make my reputation. And without (I hope) sounding too gushy, you are the only editor I know who would touch the ms...for reasons which are almost archetypically "dangerous visions."

Best,

s/Dick

(For those who cannot see the original of this letter, nor even the Xerox I'm enclosing, and so the Bowers' will know they are not publishing erroneous material--God knows they should be embarrassed enough at having published Ted's fever-dreams as fact--I would like to point out this is the first page of a two-page letter. Page two, which I have not included simply because it doesn't pertain to the matter at

hand, and space *is* after all, limited in *Outworlds*, dealt with other stories and personal projects Richard was engaged in. I have added the signature from page two at the bottom of page one for authenticity's sake. This insert digression comes to you through the courtesy of the No More Watergates Committee.)

Thereafter, things went smoothly. I sent Richard his first advance check--if he wants to tell anyone how much it was, that's up to him, not me--and he sent back the enlarged, revised manuscript. It went back and forth twice more, if I recall, on strictly minor fixes and finally, it was done. I was delighted and wrote Richard that I was certain it would be an award winner.

I put the story in the "ready" file awaiting the weeks during which I would devote myself solely to the assembling of the massive A,DV gestalt, and with satisfaction forgot it.

What I did not know was that Richard had sent a carbon of the now-completed story to Henry Morrison, the agent who had smugly rejected the piece earlier, stating it had no market value. Morrison flipped for it. Now that Richard and I had brought to fruition Richard's original dream, now that it had the cachet of quality because someone had bought it, now that it was a solid piece of writing...*now* the great seer and molder of careers, Henry Morrison, saw what a sensational story it was. I won't comment further on hindsight or Monday morning quarterbacking or second guessing, save to remark that Morrison and Ted White have a lot in common...

Don't tell me you *would* have published it, Ted; that don't mean shit to me or anyone else. I *did* publish it, baby!

So. To move on. Morrison sent the story to his soon-to-be-wife, Gail Wendroff (now Gail Wendroff Morrison), who was the editor at Dell paperbacks. She read it, and called him to tell him she didn't like it. She said, according to Lupoff, "I can't tell whether this is a joke or serious; if it's a joke, I don't get it; and if it's serious, I think it's awful." *Another* rejection.

Morrison told her to take it home and read it a second time. So she did it, reluctantly, and weeks later called Henry Morrison again and told him she thought it was "the best manuscript she had ever read." She offered a contract for \$3500 for the expanded version (Morrison had suggested Richard would expand it from its 40,000 word A,DV length) with a word-of-mouth guarantee nowhere in the contract or *really* guaranteed, that Delacorte, the hardcover arm of Dell, would take a hardcover option on the book for \$1000.

Now I don't know what kind of money Ted's been getting for his books, but not even if the mythical \$1000 Delacorte money came through--and there was no ironclad guarantee it would--and since Delacorte publishes next to *no* sf it seems highly unlikely to me--\$4500 for both hard and soft ain't *my* idea of "a large sum of money." By contrast, NAL just paid me \$7500 for a *reprint* of one of my older paperbacks, and this week Harper & Row finalized contracts for my new book, DEATHBIRD STORIES, for \$6000 for hardcover alone. We got \$10,000 for THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS in hard from Harper, and an additional \$20,000 from NAL for the paper edition. And in case Ted tries to find a rat-hole to climb into by saying, "Well, Ellison is a bigger name than Lupoff was at that time," let me assure you Dell's offer was only fair for that time, for *any* writer in our field. Either way, it sure as shit shoots holes in Ted's contention that I flung Richard into the well of poverty.

Even so, I'd have been *delighted* to see Richard get the deal. The kicker was, Gail Wendroff insisted the story *not* appear in A,DV.

After all the time and encouragement and money I'd spent on the story with Richard, suddenly a johnny-come-lately had eyes opened to its wonderfulness and wanted to reap the benefits.

Even so, had it been a shorter story, I'd have gone along with it. The *but* is a big *but*: BUT *Bentfin Boomer Boys* was the biggest item in the second half of the book. It was one of two novellas that formed the core of the longer works in the book, it was already in pre-production, the artwork had been done for it, removing it would leave me with a 40,000 word hole, it was one of the stories I knew for sure would draw

publicity and attention for the book and its lesser-known writers, it would have unbalanced the very careful structure of the book I'd sweated to construct, and finally...

I WANTED IT, GODAMMIT! I'd worked my tail off, I'd helped create that Frankincense Monster, and I was bloody damned if I'd fuck up a four year project so Henry Morrison could regain face with his client. I said I was sorry, and even went so far as to call Gail and talk to her at length, to convince her that the attention the story would get in A,DV could only serve to make it a *more* marketable property.

Which seems to me common sense and good editorial perspective.

But she apparently could not be convinced, and insisted the story could not appear in A,DV. This, in contravention of the usual policy of a story's being published in shorter form in magazine or anthology, without detriment to its marketability.

Richard took what I thought was an ungrateful position. I understood it, and sympathized with him, but the exclusivity of the availability of the stories in A,DV was one of its major marketing elements, and I refused to compromise that position. Richard and I, while hardly blood enemies, grew distant, and when we dealt with each other thereafter, it was with pique on Richard's part. It is this to which Ted refers.

I still feel my position was ethically and morally correct. It was the adherence to the terms of the contract Richard had freely signed, it was protection of the other writers in the book, it was simply abiding by the terms set out from the first.

When *Boomer Boys* was placed on the final Nebula ballot this year, I called Richard and told him that I now felt a sense of obligation to him and to the story--now that the obligation to A,DV and its writers had been discharged--and that I would bust my ass to not only sell the story as a full-length book to hard and soft publishers, but to get him a contract for *more* money than the Dell offer.

I have kept my word. Ted and any others may check this with Richard or even the ubiquitous Morrison. I have "hyped" (as Ted would put it) David Harris at Dell to buy it for paper, and if he opts out, I won't quit till I get a first-line house to go for it...at better than \$3500. Harper & Row and Nash (in LA) are both considering the book, on my "hype", and if neither of *them* goes for it I'll keep at it till a major hardcover house *does*.

That is the full and true story of how I screwed Lupoff. Ted could have found out the same story, had he bothered to ask either Lupoff or myself, for at no time during the past three years, despite the animosity that flowed between Richard and myself, has either of us recounted the sorry but inescapable circumstances of the affair without espousing the other's position in the matter. The sad part about it was that both of us understood why the other acted as we had. It wasn't an active, vicious feud, it was merely a business contretemps that caused animosity between us.

Which brings us to the present. Less than ten days ago, Richard Lupoff and I had occasion to cross each other's paths on a serious matter. Richard had the opportunity to screw me righteously...even ethically. But we sat down and talked, and Richard suggest we lay the *Boomer Boys* matter to rest, and he then proceeded in the new problem with all the care and morality of a gentleman, what I'd call a very good man indeed. It might have cost him money again, but he acted in a commendable and laudable fashion. We may not be the closest of friends at this point, but I doubt that Ted would find Richard's hackles rising at the mention of my name.

And now that that's told, I will say in print to Ted a thing I never wanted to say but which his loose-mouthed and ugly remarks have occasioned:

Ted, you don't really give a shit about A,DV, the validity of the stories therein, or the viability of any particular story's "Dangerousness." Your tender ego--as one fine writer has termed it, "the tenderest ego in the world of sf"--has been so bruised by my rejecting you not once, but several times for the DV books, that you've turned sour grapes, m'man. You sent me stories I didn't like, some of which you finally had to wind up publishing in your own magazine because no one else wanted them, and you've turned your paranoia that I'm against you, into a subconscious bad-

mouth trip on the DV series and those who *did* make the book.

Face it, Ted: you are chopped off at the ego because wanted to be numbered among the hundred or so writers who have drawn attention and critical applause in those books, and you couldn't cut it. Instead of getting angry enough to keep submitting till you *did* hit the last book, you turned ugly fucking sour, and what we all have to contend with now is the shittiness of your random and ill-founded terror tales.

Ted, I made only one mistake insofar as rejecting a writer from the DV trilogy for my own personal reasons. It was Tom Disch, and I crawled for that error in A,DV. I refused to consider Tom for DV, was prompted to do so because when I first met him I disliked him, I learned better later, Tom and I became friends, I bought a brilliant story from him for A,DV and apologized with my mouth full of crow in the pages of A,DV. That was the *only* time I let my personal feelings blind me to my editorial responsibilities, Ted. If you need further proof, consider what I said earlier about how Richard and I were on the outs when I went for *Boomer Boys* in a big way. And if you'll accept that I bounced all your stories simply because I didn't think they were good enough--something you do every day on *Amazing* and *Fantastic*--perhaps you'll understand what really motivated all this bullshit and gossiping and half-truth. And understanding...perhaps you'll be man enough to apologize publicly to Richard and myself.

But having known you for close to twenty years, Ted, I doubt it. Instead we'll see endless pages of hyperbolic refutation, picking nits, rationalizing, proving I'm a swine and Lupoff a fool. I expect it, Ted. You've never performed in any other way. I expect it.

Just this once, Ted, confound my expectations. Stand up like a human for once, don't crawl like a dog.

Wearily, and with considerable disgust,

Harlan Ellison

...and in an attached note: When you run this, I'd appreciate your including the signature block information indicating that carbon copies (cc) went to White and Lupoff at the same time I sent this copy to you. I am on solid ground in this matter and I want to get the message across without even the faintest scintilla of doubt as to my upfrontedness with Ted and Richard.

Thanks. I suspect this may cause a fire...which is *truly* not my intention; but I could not allow the canard to stand unchallenged. he

Sigh...what has happened to my nice, quiet, semi-pretentious and graphically superior fanzine? And all because of Ted's first loc to Ow...

As the past subject of a Harlan...'refutation' (mine was much shorter; but then it was based on only one sentence), I must feel some empathy with Ted. But Ted can take care of himself. When Harlan called, he said that he thought this would be a 'major' piece; he didn't exaggerate. [Eat your heart out, Glicksohn!]

Other than that, I will not comment...only stand back and wait for the response. The level and length of that response is unknown, but a) there will be limits--it will not completely take over the zine; and b) everyone involved--which I read to be White, Farmer, Anthony, Lupoff and Ellison--can be assured of fair and impartial treatment.

Fans and others are invited to join me in vicarious bystanding, and comment of course will be forthcoming and welcome. But in advance...I WILL NOT print loc's that comment on the character or parentage of any of the above...from those who don't know them. O.k.?

...and Harlan: I know people cut up and throw away and do all sorts of other perverted things with fanzines. But please don't rub my face in it by letting me know you've done it! You see, rightly so, this fanzine is just as important to me, as your stories and books are to you. And it hurts when it's cut upon! Hackles up! BILL





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