

TO OUTGRIBE... "Well, "outgribing" is something between bellowing and whistling, with a kind of sneeze in the middle: however, you'll hear it done, maybe--down in the wood yonder--and, when you've once heard it, you'll be *quite* content." ---Lewis Carroll says so

This, dear reader, is the editor outgribing. The editor is going to tell you why you are receiving the December issue of *Escape* sometime in February--if it's not already March--and as if it mattered.

To issue a fantasy fan magazine one must have on hand several things, such as stencils, a stylus or two, a mimeograph machine, a typewriter, two reams of paper, envelopes, stamps, mimeograph ink and staples. One frequently requires aspirin, as well. This is a foregone conclusion. Practically everyone is aware of this fact. Practically everyone, further, knows that these things cost money, which must be earned. We earn money. We also spend money. Like water, as the cliché goes. Which bollixes things up. Thus: we pay rent. We eat lunch. We go to the movies to see fantastic films to review for our editor, Mr Pohl. (Some day Mr Pohl is going to give us some *Fictioneers* stationary so that we, as an accredited representative of *Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories*, may write powers-that-be and get passes to these movies. Some day. Mr Pohl is extremely lax about these matters.) We have a car. A car is a four-wheeled vehicle which runs on pneumatic tires which are continually blowing out--if you've got a car like ours. A car is also a glutton when it comes to consuming gasoline, oil and alcohol. Then, too, New York's finest find our Olds a convenient object from which to dangle parking tickets--at \$2 per. We've had three, but it's still cheaper than a garage. It also costs money to go on weekend trips to the mountains--to Monticello, N.Y., for instance, where David A. Kyle hides away from the world and edits two newspapers. We like to go to the mountains: there's some mighty pretty country round there.

So...when one gets thru paying for all those little luxuries, one finds to his chagrin that he hasn't any money left. So one (in this case *Escape's* editor) scrapes and saves and finally amasses all the abovementioned impediments and says to himself "Now we will issue *Escape*," and goes to look for his mimeo paper. But he doesn't find it, because people like the editors of *Squeaky*--or *The Science Fiction Weekly*, if you must be formal--have used it all up sending out propaganda and come-ons: broadsides, they call them. So what? So we sit around, fretting & fuming, till said editors decide to replace the paper.

They did, finally, after about a month. And here is *Escape*. Simple, isn't it?

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OUTTWOOLS ... 17

----- THE MAKING OF A FANZINE -----

"... publishing a fanzine is to a large extent the art of the possible
vs. the impossible dream."

PETER GILL -- *Energumen* #2

----- Bill Bowers -----

INTRODUCTION: So you want to publish a fanzine...?

"'Fanzine.' Look that up in your Funk & Wagnell's and you won't find a damn thing." So says Jerry Lapidus [in *Bullfrog* #8, February, 1972].

Assumption: You have just discovered the wonderfully strange world of science fiction fandom, and the attendant components that make up this entity have assaulted your senses. Clubs, local and national; conventions; correspondents who don't sneer at you for reading that Crazy Buck Rogers stuff; and fanzines...

But just what is a fanzine...quote/unquote?

My immediate reaction would be: A fanzine is anything you the editor/publisher ['fanned', for future reference], or reader, chooses to call a fanzine. In short, it is nearly as difficult to achieve a definition with universal acceptance as it is, say, to define "science fiction"--to use a far-out example.

But fans being fans, the attempt has been made. Many times. Fandom's Funk & Wagnell's, *FANCYCLOPEDIA II*, begins a page-long explanation:

FANZINE [Chauvenet] An amateur magazine published by and for fans.

Aside from this practically nothing can be predicted of the "typical" fanzine except its size (quarto) and means of reproduction (mimeo). Much of fandom's energy is expended on these fanzines, which range in quality from the incredibly excellent to the abysmally illiterate.

Jerry Lapidus, in attempting to explain the species to a non-fannish audience (under the title quoted in the first paragraph, above), went at it this way:

In simplest terms, a fanzine is a non-professional magazine published by a science fiction fan. Within this definition there are virtually no limits--content, cost, mode of reproduction, circulation, all vary in infinite variety. There are fanzines that do absolutely nothing but discuss, in exhaustive detail, remote and obscure science fiction. There are fanzines oriented toward comics, science fiction films, very old science fiction, very new science fiction--there are even "fannish" fanzines filled with material about fans rather than any phase of science fiction. You can probably still find one or two hectographed fanzines (hectograph--an archaic method of reproduction involving a strange gelatin substance), and you'll certainly find a multitude of dittoed and mimeoed fanzines, and more than a few offset or otherwise professionally printed ones. Some fanzines are one-page quickies--others are 200-page monsters; some have a circulation of 25, while others go out to 6000 or more people.

My former co-editor, Bill Mallardi, and I tackled the problem of explaining the obvious--to us--this way, in introducing THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM:

A 'fanzine' is an amateur publication--a dread by-product of the addiction known as Science Fiction Fandom. The latter term is completely unexplainable to anyone who has not experienced it. ...But a fanzine

is NOT a little Science Fiction magazine. Nor is it (except in notably unsuccessful attempts) a 'little magazine' in the sense applied to 'literary' publications. Sometimes a fanzine will mention, review or comment on an item of SF; oftentimes it does not. Some are devoted to other fans; some are devoted to nothing in particular...but everything in general.

There you have three definitions; roughly similiar, but not the same. Given the time and incentive to search through the thousands of fanzines I have accumulated, it would be remarkably easy to fill a hundred pages this way! But for the purposes of this article (and with the full realization that other faneds would and will quibble with me), I ask you to accept the following:

A fanzine is an amateur magazine, produced by a fan, in whatever form he desires...and for whatever purpose he wishes.

And just who am I to advise you on how to go about creating such a magazine? Qualifications, I assume, are in order.

Since September 1961, with (or without) two co-editors--Bill Mallardi, and my wife Joan--I have published over sixty issues, under a variety of titles, ranging from a one-sheet newsletter with a circulation of thirty, to a 116-page book, with a six hundred copy press run. Approximately 2100 pages in all. In that span of time, I/we have been nominated three times for the fanzine Hugo (Science Fiction's Oscar) ...which means that in those three years, our fanzine was judged, by our peers, as being one of the five best, out of a field of hundreds.

I started publishing fanzines strictly as a hobby. This was and is the basis for 99% of the fanzines. Many fans publish for a year or two--an issue or two--and go on to other interests. But over the intervening years, I became increasingly interested in the processes involved in this type of activity. Eventually, I became less of a science fiction fan and more a 'publishing' fan--getting involved with the means and methods of reproduction and layout/graphics available, often to the exclusion of being overly concerned about *what* it was that I published. Some would say that I became obsessed; they would be right!

As proof thereof: Currently, I am belatedly attending college, under the G.I. Bill, for two reasons--1) I am taking the Commercial Art program to learn what I couldn't accomplish on my own; and I am using the money thus earned (rather the part not required for tuition, etc.) to bankroll my current and rather expensive publication.

As you should have gathered by now, I am serious about the production of my fanzines, attempting to put out the best one I possibly can. It would be only fair to state that there are several schools of thought on the matter of what fanzines are all about, and that many of my peers would argue at great length with much of what follows. They, naturally, are Wrong. But I am tolerant, and will issue the necessary disclaimer:

There are exceptions to *everything* I say here!

I : The Ingredients

Many tangible things go into the mixing bowl that produces a fanzine. But perhaps the most important ingredient is one that you can neither print or layout: It is YOU.

(Perhaps it would be wise to insert here that the gist of this particular article is directed toward the individual fan editor. If you've acquired a co-editor, or if you are editing a club-backed publication, there are many contingency factors

that require extensive space of their own.)

Assuming therefore that you are essentially on your own, your most valuable resource must be you. Your fanzine will, as well it should, reflect your interests--or you will soon grow bored with it and drop the whole thing. The worst mistake a beginning faned can make is to print something he really doesn't care for, simply because it is: a) expected of him, or b) because this is how Fanzine X became famous.

Surely you begin by imitating other fanzines...attempting to get the same contributors...produce the same effect, the ultimate goal of which is to actually be compared to your model. It is said the best way to learn how to write...is to write! The best way to learn how to publish a good fanzine...is to publish fanzines. I've been doing it for twelve years, and I freely admit that to this very day I 'borrow'--strike that: steal--techniques and approaches from other fanzines of every type (not to mention professional magazines). And I suspect I'll continue to do the same until, for whatever reason, I publish no longer.

My advice to you, the neophyte is simple: steal the techniques and adopt the methods that turn you on--but adapt them to your own purposes in the transition. Virtually the only reward a faned receives from his fanzine is egoboo: You will appreciate it much more if it's given to you for being you, and not for being someone else's shadow!

Having decided to publish a fanzine--you have, haven't you?--the question arises as to what type you wish to publish...what format serves your interests, not to mention your economic status. The definitions that follow are purposely simple. As with everything, the overlap between fanzine 'types' presents no sharp boundaries.

PERSONALZINES -- Just what they sound like. Generally (but not always) entirely editor-written, with perhaps a lettercolumn, these are usually small and informal.

APAZINES -- Fanzines produced for an amateur press association where the membership is limited, and members mail their fanzines to an Official Editor for distribution in one bundle. Frequency varies from weekly to quarterly--the traditional...

NEWSZINES -- The 'newspapers' of a world-wide, mail-connected sub-culture, these are generally divided into two types: those that report on professional SF doings, and those that report on fannish activities. The overlap is not universal. To be successful, newszines should be small enough to be mailed first class mail, regular and frequent in schedule: bi-weekly, or monthly at the outside.

GENZINES -- ...are generally available, and generally would be recognizable by an outsider as being some sort of a magazine. They publish virtually anything they can get their hands on. Outside contributors generally dominate the magazine.

Naturally, as I previously stated, there are overlaps: An apazine is usually a personalzine...but not all personalzines are apazines. And many genzines have very distinct editorial personalities.

Having decided to publish a fanzine, and having decided what kind of a fanzine to publish, the next thing is how to go about gathering material for your initial effort--if you don't plan a complete personalzine.

The standard advice is not to start your own fanzine until you've been active in fandom for a certain period of time--say six months, minimum--and have seen several fanzines, written letters of comment to some, and perhaps even contributed material to a few. ...of course I didn't follow this advice, and many don't. The type of person who becomes a fan is not predisposed toward being patient in such matters. Still, it is good advice, and I repeat it here for that reason.

It helps your cause if you've talented friends, relatives, classmates...'lean' on them! It's unlikely, though not impossible, that you'll get any Big Name Fans to contribute to your first issue. You'd be better advised to publish several small, and fairly frequent issues containing the best material you can gather, than to attempt

producing the ultimate fanzine the first time out. More fanzines--perhaps 70/80%--die the death between first and second issues than at any other one period, and fans are generally a bit cynical about contributing when they receive a first issue from a relative unknown. As in any other endeavor, you have to pay your dues, establish your credentials and reliability.

The question of payment for the contributors arises. Remember that, whatever else they may be, fanzines have an 'amateur' status. Fandom is essentially a non-monetary barter system--at least within its own ranks, although most genzines and newszines sell a few subscriptions. And although a number of professional writers and artists do appear in the fanzines, they generally do so on the same general basis as the rankest amateur. Therefore, the contributor (almost) never receives direct payment for his material, whether it appears in the slickest fanzine going, or the worst crudzine.

Why does someone contribute to a fanzine, if there's no money forthcoming? Why does someone publish a fanzine, if he's losing his shirt on it, or at best (in perhaps 5% of the cases) breaks even on his publishing costs?

These are the two questions that I personally have found the hardest to explain to outsiders. Fans delight in their proclamations of individuality, and the reasons cited on both ends of the process are as varied as you might imagine. Essentially, fans publish fanzines to make friends, to make a name for themselves, and as a communication device. Fandom could be the global village McLuhan postulates...why write a letter to one person when you can publish a fanzine and reach 50...or 500? Contributors have much the same reasons. Often, in the beginning, they are aspiring professional writers. Since there is a fanzine for every eventuality, and since faneds are always in dire need of publishable material, a budding writer of even minimal competence has no trouble placing material. In the process he receives some valuable criticism (although fandom is not a writer's group), and the thrill of seeing his gem in print--be it something even so humble as ditto or mimeo print!

Many, certainly a majority, of the would-be writers fall by the wayside. Others, of those who do make it into the pro ranks, often find it expedient to decry their fannish days. But there are also those who are fulfilled in their work or way of life, who still have things to say...and find this is the 'hobby' for them...and are excellent writer/communicators. These find the informality of fandom and the personal and rather quick feedback from their fanzine work provides all the reward/payment they desire. These, you will find, will make your best fanzine contributors.

As with any society or grouping of humans, fandom has its traditions and rules. Generally unwritten, you learn them the hard way. This is another reason for taking the time, holding back to observe, before you take the fatal step and publish that first fanzine.

At the end of the first year's run of my current fanzine, *Outworlds*, I ran a poll. Two of the questions, and the response, follow:

SHOULD A FANEDITOR ACTIVELY REQUEST OR BEG FOR MATERIAL? Only 1 "NO";
26 said "YES"...with five of those specifying the 'request' option.
1 said "only at first".

IF HE DOES, IS HE OBLIGATED TO PRINT WHAT HE GETS THIS WAY? YES/2; NO/25

[Comment] JERRY LAPIDUS: Material--certainly a faneditor can ask for material, especially if he's not getting the type or quality of material that he wants. He is the master of the fanzine, and thus has the perfect right to ask his readership for additional material if he wishes to do so. ## Obligation--at the same time, he has no particular responsibility to print material obtained in such a manner. He should treat it as he

treats any other material, and if it doesn't meet his standards of quality or his likes, he should promptly send it back.

In another arena, *Beabohemia* [I believe], Lapidus developed the theme that there are two basic types of faneds. the 'active' and the 'passive'. Briefly, the passive editor sits back and waits for the material to come in, unasked, in response to his previous issue(s). Whereas the active faned keeps the Postal Service saturated with letters and post cards...asking, begging, cajoling, threatening...for material. I suspect that most faneds, rather than being exclusively one type or the other, approach the situation in the same way that I do: I become active to the extent of building up a backlog for two or three issues, and then become passive till that is used up.

Some basic DO's and DON'T's, in conjunction with fanzine material: .

- 1) DON'T be afraid to ask for material. The worst anyone can do is to say "no"!
- 2) DO acknowledge contributions promptly, and return promptly those you have no intention of using. (I try!)
- 3) Other than correcting spelling errors, DON'T 'edit' the material without the permission of the writer. At the rates you're paying, this is only fair.
- 4) DON'T print something only because it is a) the thing to do; or b) controversial.
- 5) DON'T forget to send a copy to the contributors...and to people mentioned or reviewed, if at all possible.
- 6) DO...treat all of your contributors as you would wish to be treated if your positions were reversed. (In fandom, they may well be, some day!)

There are more rules, of course. But I believe that if you follow these with some consistency, and play fair with those who write or draw for you, you will have relatively little trouble getting decent material for your fanzine.

...if you follow these rules...AND produce a neat and readable printing job. Which leads us to the next section...

II : The Making Process

...so now you've got some material, a title that's a sure winner, and a basic idea of what kind of a fanzine yours is going to be. So what the hell do you do with all these different components?

You put them all together, and mix well: You MAKE a fanzine!

Some people take their fanzines seriously. They try different grades of paper, different typefaces, different methods of repro. They read and reread contributions, edit and reedit letters, return badly offset art to the printer for just one more try. More than this, they set themselves goals to reach, invent reasons for publishing, or adopt a philosophy to fulfill. [JERRY KAUFMAN: "Birth of the Giant Baby"; *Outworlds* V]

...fannish fanzines these days usually concentrate on written contents or very informal art (cartoons and the like) rather than on artistic or professional appearance. This is quite true, and just a matter of taste. ...today's fashion in fannish fanzines seems to be to minimize effort on production and appearance and concentrate on contents. The result is a very informal, easy-going zine that doesn't appear at all "professional". The sort of zine, in other words, that one "enjoys" rather than "takes pride in". [EARL EVERS: a letter of comment; *Outworlds* Eight, 1971]

There is, to put it mildly, some disagreement on the value, or even the desirability of layout/graphics/art/expense as related to fanzine production. The one nice thing, and I can't over-emphasize this enough, is that you, the beginning faned, have the option of producing whatever damn kind of fanzine you wish. This freedom of choice is echoed in few other areas of life, and certainly in no other aspect of the publishing scene. Faneds were 'doing their own thing' long before the fad of that phrase came and went.

I am an advocate of the type of fanzine cited by Kaufman in the first quote. So I have been labelled; and not against my will, I hasten to add. By the same token, many of my closest friends are into the Evers-type fanzine, and they do it well. The variety encompassed by the term 'fanzine' is what has kept me interested over twelve years and seeing several thousand of the bloody things. I would no more try to convince a 'fannish' fan to become a 'graphic's' fan than (most of them) they would try to 'convert' me. Still, we do discuss the subject. Endlessly.

I don't completely agree with your ideas on fanzine production, but if I did, I'd have a fanzine just like yours and if everybody agreed wouldn't fandom be dull? [ROBERT COULSON: a loc; *Outworlds* V, 1970]

The methods of reproduction of fanzines are as varied as any other aspect--ranging from hectograph to letterpress. Most, of sheer economic necessity, are produced by one of the following three processes:

DITTO -- or 'spirit duplicating'. This method employs masters (most often purple, though color-work is easier with this process than any other) and semi-slick paper. The basic limitations to using ditto are: a) it's rough to get clear sharp letters on the printed page; b) it fades over the years; and c) it is limited to 100-150 copies from one master. It is good for apazines, and is a relatively quick and clean process.

MIMEO -- There are two basic types of rotary mimeographs: The open-drum (with which I admit to being unfamiliar), and the silk screen type. On it, a silk screen is stretched over two drums, which are inked by internal rollers from paste ink. Over this, the wax-covered stencil is attached. [The stencil is prepared by having the wax push away from the desired printing areas via styli or typewriter keys, permitting the ink egress.]

OFFSET -- Generally photo-offset, done at a cheap commercial outlet [although a few fans do own Multilith 1250s; you can get a used one for around \$500., if you're lucky]. In this process the material to be printed is pasted-up, a negative made, which is used to 'burn' a plate, which is used for the actual printing. [Not really; there's the 'blanket', but I'm trying to keep this simple.] Or for short runs, you can employ a paper master which you type directly on (with a special ribbon), and on which you can draw with reproducing pencil and pen. A lithographic process, offset's advantages are that you can get BLACK blacks, everything is sharper, you can use photos and 'wash' drawings via halftones, and you can reduce or enlarge your originals. One disadvantage: it costs!

Most fanzines employ a combination of these and other processes. I have published a few all-offset issues, but generally use offset covers (and art folios) with mimeoed interiors. What it all boils down to is what you can afford and what is available in your area: these are what determine the reproduction process. (...although a number of fen are hung-up on the "mimeo-mythos"!)

If you are going to buy a machine...shop around. If you are going to have it done offset--again, shop around! You'd be surprised at the variety in prices you can get in one area. I tend to think a non-union shop would be your best bet, for two reasons: 1) you can generally dicker about the price, and they may let you "help out" on your own job to keep costs down; and 2) they generally give you a better job, if you're willing to take the gamble.

You can, with luck and patience, get readable text out of any of these methods. Artwork is another matter, entirely. Offset will reproduce exactly what the camera sees, if the original is in sharp black or red ink. I understand that there is now an electronic mastering process available with the ditto process, but most of the illustrations are accomplished by styli, or ball-point pen. This same method, tracing over the original art by means of a lightscope or window, was until recently, the only way to put art on mimeograph stencils. With both media, a steady, firm hand is a must. There are fannish masters at both hand mastering and hand stencilling, but they are few in numbers, and represent a fast disappearing craft. The only way to do it well... is to DO it. Constantly. Practice on scraps or ruined stencils, or whatever, and be patient. Leave it go for a while, and the 'touch' disappears. I found out...

As fans (at least American fans...) have gradually become more affluent, the increased use of electronic stencils for reproducing artwork and transfer-type headings on the mimeograph has been evident. Most mimeo and office supply outlets offer this service. Simply stated, the original artwork--if it is flexible enough and done in black ink--is rubber-cemented (the top edge only!) on a form approximately the size of a stencil. This is then wrapped around one drum, and a blank vinyl stencil is wrapped around another drum of the same machine. A scanning device passes slowly over the original paste-up, while a needle-stylis simultaneously cuts the stencil--as the drums rotate. By this process, much larger areas of black as well as more detail, are possible, than was with hand stencilling.

(Incidentally, the cost of the service [ranging from \$3 to \$4, per, around here] is the same whether you have one small illustration on the paste-up, or as many as you can cram on. Fans, not being economically situated to compete with the businesses this process is designed for have taken to putting several small drawings on the same paste-up, then cutting them out and patching them into a normal stencil. It's a time-consuming process, often flustering, but can be well worth the effort)

Traditionalists still decry the use of aids such as the electronic stencil for producing a fanzine, feeling that it is in essence 'cheating'. It could very well be envy at work...

The tools you need to produce a fanzine are threefold. 1) a typewriter; 2) a master, stencil, or sheet of paper (depending on your chosen method of reproduction), and 3) a machine on which to run them off. Or the money to have #3 done for you.

Anything more than these essentials, your material, and your imagination, is pure gravy. This gravy is what it's all about...to me. Light scopes and tables, several styli, lettering guides, transfer type and screens, reference books... the list is endless, and an entire could well be devoted to the use of each item on that list.

Doing the best you can with very limited equipment is a justifiable point of pride for many a faned. To others such self-denial, at least when not necessary, is not acceptable.

You have your equipment, be it plentiful or sparse. Now you've got to use it. All the equipment in the world won't help you if you can't or won't use it to your advantage. In introducing the revived *Outworlds* [January, 1970], I said:

Transferring a clear-cut mental idea to a clear-cut mimeograph stencil all too often gets bogged down in transit. Would that the finger-tips were in complete empathy with the brain!

This, then, is that mysterious area of layout and graphics, or: How you place the material on the page with your tools. The simplest fanzine is the one where the stencil (or whatever) is rolled into the typewriter, the title stencilled, the colophon, and then the remainder of the fanzine: in essence, a single-spaced letter, at

least in appearance. At the other end of the spectrum were such fanzines as *Trumpet* which had full color covers, was offset and center-stapled, with justified columns. Most fanzines fall somewhere in between...

As for me, I must admit that I agree with my arch-rival, Mike Glicksohn, in a letter of comment published in *Outworlds IV*:

The combining of art and written material into a consistent and cohesive unit is one of the most stimulating parts of fanzine publishing as far as I am concerned. ... Choosing the proper illos, placing them effectively, setting up the graphics, etc., are the only way an editor can really rise above the limits established by his contributors...

Not everyone agrees with us. There is a philosophy prevalent in some areas of fandom that fanzines should be--if not informal--at least informal in appearance, decrying any effort more than minimal at achieving layout, etc., as leading to pretentious pseudo-prozines. Great writing, they say, is great writing, even if it is almost illegible.

Now I freely admit that I am overly ornate and complex in many of my fanzines--but I equally enjoy both similar types and those that are completely informal. If they are legibly reproduced and show at least the rudiments of layout--which is to say, the editor looked at the material and how it would 'go' in the fanzine...before he printed it. Any other course I have to believe, is an insult to both the reader and the contributor. This basic split in fannish ideals has been around since the beginning in the thirties, as far as I know, and it shows no sign of fading in the seventies! Nor should it. As long as it is understood that I speak for myself alone, but that I am not entirely devoid of supporters, everyone should remain happy.

I could give you a quickie course in basic layout: but there isn't one. "Layout" is a very misunderstood word in certain circles. Layout is what works for your product. Certainly there are conventions, but not a one that can't be broken...once you understand the basic reason for them. Layout does NOT have to be fancy nor does it require putting illustrations in little boxes, or whatever your particular fetish may be. It is, in all sincerity, the act of making the material you present readable, and having it flow as smoothly as possible to the reader.

Not everyone has the drive or the opportunity to go to school for the express purpose of improving their fanzines, as I am doing. (I probably couldn't stand the competition if they were!) But this has only been over the last year; before then, I was in the same boat as everyone else, and still my publications were receiving some acclaim as being graphically superior to most fanzines. Why? I don't think it was because of my training: I've been a draftsman which helped a little, but what relation has being a computer operator and an estimator, to a creative endeavor? Nor is it 'talent', although I like to think that I have a 'flair' for layout.

What I have done is, in essence, looked over every publication of every sort that I buy or receive. Not with a magnifying glass, no! But with one thought in mind: if fan X or magazine Y have an effect or layout that I like, I steal it if possible (it isn't, always...) and adapt it to my own use. I modify the techniques of others, and I like to think that I've invented a few of my own--at least insofar as their appearance in fanzines are concerned. And this is the way I have done what I have done. No mysticism; just a lot of observation, stubbornness, and working at it...

Recently, to my delight, I've found that there are books applicable to what I think is an important and often neglected aspect of the making of a fanzine; that is, utilizing your equipment and yourself to the fullest possible extent. Those that I list here are by no means the full scope of my growing collection. Nor do I even expect or ask every faned to rush right out and buy them. What I do recommend is that, if you are seriously interested in producing the best fanzine you can...libraries!

I call this section: *A Basic Library for the Graphically Obsessed Famed*

1) POCKET PAL: "A Graphic Arts Production Handbook" [INTERNATIONAL PAPER CO.: 182pp; \$1.25] This one is the cheapest, but potentially the most valuable. It is a basic course in printing, an excellent start for beginners. Highly recommended.

2) MAGAZINE DESIGN, by Ruari McLean [OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 1969; 354pp.; \$17.50] This is my pride and joy; A library copy provoked an editorial in *Outworlds IV* --and I've since managed to acquire a copy of my own. It's worth the price. To me. The first book devoted to magazine (as opposed to book) design ever. Reproductions of covers, contents pages, spreads, etc., from virtually every magazine around. Fantastic!

3) FUNDAMENTALS OF LAYOUT, by F.H. Wills [DOVER PUBLICATIONS, 1971, 124pp; \$2.] The subtitle goes: "For newspaper and magazine advertising, for page design of publications and brochures". A very handy book. [Softbound...as are #'s 1 and 4.]

4) PRINTING IT, by Clifford Burke. [BALLANTINE BOOKS, 1972; 128pp.; \$2.95] This is potentially the most interesting and helpful to the fan publisher. The emphasis is on offset, and doing it cheap. The author has published underground press-type things, and the similarities to fan-type problems are remarkable. In fact, this book itself has a kinship to us: it was not typeset, but prepared by an IBM Executive... typewriter, that is.

5) DESIGNING WITH TYPE: A Basic Course in Typography, by James Craig [WATSON-GUPTILL PUBLICATIONS, 1971; 176pp.; \$10.95] ...and again, worth the price to me. This was the text for a Typography course I took, and the price is that of the University book store. It'll tell you a lot, fascinate you even more...

There are a lot of areas of overlap in these books, and there are still others in my collection, but these should give you a start. Read them sparingly. They present so many options, so many new techniques and ideas and Why-Didn't-I-Think-of-That flashes, that you're liable to burn yourself out if you try everything at once!

POSTSCRIPT: Getting it out!

Now that you've conceived your fanzine, now that you've gathered your material and published the best damn fanzine you know how...now you've got to send it out, or the whole thing is an exercise in futility. If it's an apazine, simplicity abounds: You simply bundle up the requisite number of copies, send them off to the Official Editor, sit back and wait for the mailing to come to you.

But suppose you don't have an apazine? If it's a personalzine, with no outside contributors, you simply send it to your friends, people you think might be interested enough to respond, and to people you mention or wish to impress. A genzine's first priority of distribution is to the contributors, of course.

You send out your maiden effort into the void, and wait for the response, the letters acclaiming you the greatest fanned since White or Boggs or Bergeron.

I mentioned that most fanzines die between the first and second issue? This is why: The response rate to a first issue (except in very, very rare cases) is damn low -- 5 to 10% of the people receiving it bother to acknowledge getting it...and those may do so via post cards. It takes staying power (stubbornness?), keeping a level head, and doing better on each new issue, to build that potential Hugo nominee.

Making a fanzine involves a lot of work and money, frustration and pain mixed in with joy and doses of egoboo. Is it worth it? Only you can decide...for you.

In conclusion, the preceeding is of necessity only a simplistic overview of the process of making a fanzine. I have tried to emphasize that this is only one faned's view. I have my boosters and my detractors. But in all of them I have one thing: My friends and peers. It makes it worth it all to me. May it be the same for you...

[illegible]



----- Robert A. W. Lowndes -----

EVER SINCE JULY 1954, when the September issue failed to appear and I suspected that my old favorite was gone, I have spent time now and then remembering *Weird Tales*.

It goes back to 1926 and starts indirectly. That was the year that McFadden's *Ghost Stories* first appeared. I did not have a chance to read the magazine then, but I picked up copies on the newsstands frequently and thumbed through them. It was a roto magazine in its first years, all the art work being photographic, and the trick photography that produced apparitions was very effective. (Today the poses and costumes look hilarious, but the special effects were not at all bad.) *Amazing Stories* actually existed at that time but I do not now believe that I really noticed it before I found *Ghost Stories*.

Very likely it was at the same time. The first issue of *Ghost Stories* was dated July 1926, and the first issue of *Amazing Stories* I actually noticed and picked up was also July 1926 (with the trio of sailors around a gun trying to train it upon a giant fly that filled most of the cover). I suspect that I saw GS first, thumbed through it several times and looked as long as I felt I could without being invited to move along; then moved around the newsstand and saw that July issue of AS.

Some time later, telling some friends about GS and AS, without mentioning that

I wasn't allowed to read such sensation material (in those days, I pretended to have read a lot of things I hadn't), I first heard about WT. "You should read *Weird Tales*," said Jimmy Davenport. "They cut out your heart with a glass knife."

I may have looked it up then. If I did, then the issue I saw was the July 1926 one, which had an interesting "monster" cover illustrating a scene from Donald Edward Keyhoe's *Through The Vortex*. (The same Keyhoe who became a flying saucer fan? Perhaps.) The monster was a big lizard-like creature, but I can see from looking through the issue now that there were no illustrations inside that were particularly exciting -- not after I'd looked through *Ghost Stories* and *Amazing Stories*. And it was a "pulp" magazine--which no well-brought up boy would read. Trash.

Between then and 1930, I doubt if I was particularly aware that *Weird Tales* existed. I never bothered to pick up another copy and look through it. But the 1930 *Amazing Stories* contained little ads almost every month for WT, centered around some science fiction tale--often by Edmond Hamilton, whose three-part serial in *Amazing*, *The Universe Wreckers* (May, June, July), wonderfully illustrated by Wesso, made me hungry for more. (However, WT was "trash", you know; and where could I dig up yet another 25¢, and where could I hide the magazine if I got it?) An uncle had a coverless copy of the August 1929 issue, which contained part two of *Outside The Universe*, by Edmond Hamilton--gosh!--and I looked through that and may actually have read *The Inn of Terror*, by Gaston Leroux and *The Shadow Kingdom*, by Robert E. Howard. If I did, I sternly disciplined myself for enjoying them and vowed not to pursue such trash further.

After all, my beloved *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories* were tolerated (although I had to hear it pretty often on the amount of time I wasted poring over them --and what I heard wasn't applause; I should be reading worthwhile literature that "improves" people, young and old) because they were based upon "science". There was always the unspoken threat that going too far would mean prohibition of all. So I put WT out of my consciousness, as well as I could; and, truth to tell, the allowed allotment did pretty well satisfy me.

Came September 1931 and we were spending a month in Newport, Rhode Island, in my step-aunt's house. All my science fiction magazines were back home in Darien, Connecticut. We would be returning pretty soon because school started right after Labor Day--or was it the next week? Don't recall. At any rate, the new issues were coming out. I had a subscription to *Amazing Stories* and *Wonder Stories*, and the new October *Astounding Stories* didn't last me very long. The Fall *Wonder Stories Quarterly* wasn't due out until the 15th. (Actually, it came out early and I got a copy before we left Newport, but that was several days later.) And there on the newsstand in a fascinating pile was the October 1931 issue of *Weird Tales*, with a bright and attractive full color illustration by J. Allen St. John from part four of Otis A. Kline's serial, *Tam, Son of the Tiger*. (An ad in the July *Amazing*, announcing the start of the serial was the last WT ad to appear there.)

The magazine looked entirely different from the way it had in 1926. The edges were trimmed, so that it did not look so pulpy; the paper was more nearly white and not so rough; the type was clean, clear and artistic looking. (WT had actually gone to trimmed edges with the September 1926 issue, but I hadn't noticed because I wasn't looking.)

It was there on a pile, flat; it hadn't been put on the shelf yet, so I picked up an issue, trying to pretend I was only casually interested. The opening story was *The Gods of Bal-Sagoth*, by Robert E. Howard. That name seemed familiar, but I'd forgotten where I had seen it before. Then what looked as though it might be science fiction, *Old City of Jade*, by Thomas H. Knight, who had had a story in *Wonder*, earlier in the year. A couple of stories later, I found *The Shot From Saturn*, by Edmond Hamilton, and among the short stories was *The Resurrection of the Rattlesnake*, by Clark Ashton Smith. And, of course, the Kline serial. And I had an extra quarter; the struggle was brief.

The magazine started off with *The Eyrie* (and letter departments always fasci-

nated me; there was a sense of delicious frustration reading raves about stories I'd never heard of before and--as things stood at present--probably would never get a chance to) and the editor's announcement that "The publication of H. P. Lovecraft's story, *The Whisperer in Darkness*, has evoked many expressions of enthusiasm from you, the readers." "Lovecraft" was one of the five names on the cover of that issue, as were Kline, Howard, Hamilton, and Henry S. Whitehead. "Coming Next Issue" featured a tantalizing quote from *The Tale of Satampra Zeiros*, by Clark Ashton Smith, whose *The City of Singing Flame* (there was no "the" between the last two words in the original publication) had brought forth a wonderfully fantastic cover by Frank R. Paul for the *July Wonder Stories*.

The Lovecraft story was *The Strange, High House in the Mist*, which I enjoyed heartily; it remains for me among the HPL tales which have not shown either serious or considerable flaws upon many re-readings. (*The Whisperer in Darkness*, on the other hand, although a powerful story, maketh my editorial pencil fingers to twitch on re-reading. It's one of his worst cases of incessant telegraphing; the story builds inevitably toward the conclusion and does not need those "Had-I-But-Known" type of hints--not literally "had I but known" which at one time was endemic in mystery fiction.) All the stories were readable, but August Derleth and Henry S. Whitehead did not make any particular impression at the time. The Howard, Hamilton, and Lovecraft stories were what made the issue for me.

Followed a year of half-hearted attempts to avoid getting hooked or to kick the habit. When one is programmed into an attitude, one may find one's own reasons--rather than the originally given ones--for maintaining it. I did not consider the stories in *Weird Tales* trashy, like some of the ones in the 1930 *Astounding Stories*. But, I told myself, I am a science fiction fan and we don't go for ghost stories and supernatural nonsense. (Despite the fact that "ghost" stories were rather rare in WT.) Either the November issue was not on sale in Darien or I just didn't notice it.

However, the December issue was plainly visible, and there was another cover for a Howard story, and another science fiction tale by Edmond Hamilton. I succumbed. And when the January 1932 came out, with Senf's marvellously imaginative cover for *The Monster of the Prophecy*, by Clark Ashton Smith, I succumbed eagerly. Coming next issue was a Hamilton story, but not science fiction, and a new serial, *The Devil's Bride*, by Seabury Quinn. (A "Jules de Grandin" story; I'd been reading raves about that series in the three issues I had.) Well, I told myself, I just can't afford the issues of WT without science fiction in them. But the February issue turned out to contain *Devouring Shadows*, a dimensional invasion story, so there went that excuse; and the first installment of *The Devil's Bride* had me for the duration. However, once it was concluded in the July issue, I made a resolution: that was enough. I would not start reading the new serial, *The Phantom Hand*, by Victor Rousseau; and I actually did manage not to buy the next two issues, the latter of which ran Brundage's first erotic cover--for *The Altar of Melek Taos*, by G. G. Pendarves. (It was not her first *nude* cover; that was for the March 1933 issue. The September 1932 issue showed an enticing looking female with large breasts, partly covered. Come to think of it, you never actually saw nipples on the Brundage nudes; and as for vulvas or even pubic hair--forget it! Those things didn't exist even in the somewhat erotic pulps of the time.)

Then came the October 1932 issue with *The Dogs of Doctor Dwann*, by Edmond Hamilton and *The Wand of Doom*, by Jack Williamson. And that did it. I never missed another issue so long as Farnsworth Wright was editor, except on two occasions due to circumstances beyond control; and those missing numbers were filled in as soon as I could manage.

In the latter half of 1931 and through most of 1932, the interior artwork for WT was very good. It still looks that way. Wright had difficulty getting artists who (a) had interesting, individual styles of their own and (b) could draw a really *weird* picture. Of course, all stories did not lend themselves to really weird illustration, either because the actual weirdness was not pictorial or because the only real weird scene was one which would tell the reader too much. (C. C. Senf illustrated the final,



italicised sentence of *The Whisperer in Darkness*! I've seen other illustrations which gave the story away, but that's the most flagrant I remember.) Joseph Doolin and T. Wyatt Nelson had it during that period. Their illustrations were interesting whether the scene itself was awfully weird or not.

Then, with the November 1932 issue, they gave way to Jayem Wilcox. It's too bad no one ever asked Wright later why. It may have been that Wilcox was willing to illustrate the entire issue for a flat rate--1932 was not among the best years of the Great Depression. In that year *Amazing Stories Quarterly* became a semi-annual, and *Wonder Stories Quarterly* cut its pages down to the size of the monthly magazine. The price was reduced to 25¢. Then, with the November issue *Wonder Stories* monthly went down to 64 pages and the price to 15¢; the magazine was saddle-stitched and lost its backbone in more ways than one. WSQ would disappear after the Winter 1933 issue, which came out in December 1932.

Astounding Stories went bi-monthly mid-year and was killed off at the end of the year. (The final Clayton issue, March 1933, on sale in January, was a sort of posthumous affair; Harry Bates was called back to put together one more issue so as to use up the inventory.)

Wilcox was a competent pulp illustrator with an occasional feeling for weirdness. Much of his pictures came out too dark, due to his pen technique, the lines filling up with ink when reproduced on pulp paper. He could at best draw a girl who did not look too unattractive, but they were all the bony type with close to flat chests. However, now and then he could come across with a bit of weird feeling, as in his drawing for *The Tower of the Elephant*, by Howard (March 1933). The weird art remained good on the covers, split between J. Allen St. John for first the Kline serial, *Buccaneers of Venus*, then the Jack Williamson *Golden Blood*, and Brundage. The really erotic nudes were for Howard's *Black Colossus* (June) and *The Slithering Shadow* (September), and Seabury Quinn's Jules de Grandin story, *The Hand of Glory* (July). But on the whole, artwork for that period was nothing to sing about.

H. R. Hammond, who began to appear in 1934, was somewhat of an improvement; his drawings did not reproduce too darkly, and us sex-starved adolescents did get to see some breasts. Hugh Rankin appeared now and then. Vincent Napoli was in and out, sometimes with effective pictures. It wasn't until the end of 1935, with the December issue (The dating of the magazine had been shifted so that the December issue went on sale December 1st; it was a rough period in April 1933, when the May issue, due April 1st, did not come out until April 15th and the June issue until June first; barely over the loss of *Astounding Stories*, I feared the worst.) that a new artist, Virgil Finlay made his initial appearance.

Those early pictures look somewhat crude now, but they were streets ahead of anyone else drawing for WT at the time. Virgil soon became *the* artist for WT, even though he would be spelled by Harold S. Delay, Napoli, and in the later period, Harry Ferman and others.

The end of 1938 brought a shock when, on November 1st, I picked up the new issue of *Weird Tales* to see that the cover not only was not by Brundage but not particularly good; that the magazine was bulkier, the paper coarser, and there were no Finlay illustrations this time. (There had not been any art work at all in the August issue; the official story was that Finlay's entire package was lost in the mails.) Joseph Doolin was back, and another artist who could draw was present, but the entire tone of the magazine had fallen. The typeface was different, too, and not improved to my taste.

What had happened was that *Weird Tales* had been sold to Delaney of *Short Stories*, Inc. Part of the deal was that Farnsworth Wright remain as editor. Finlay

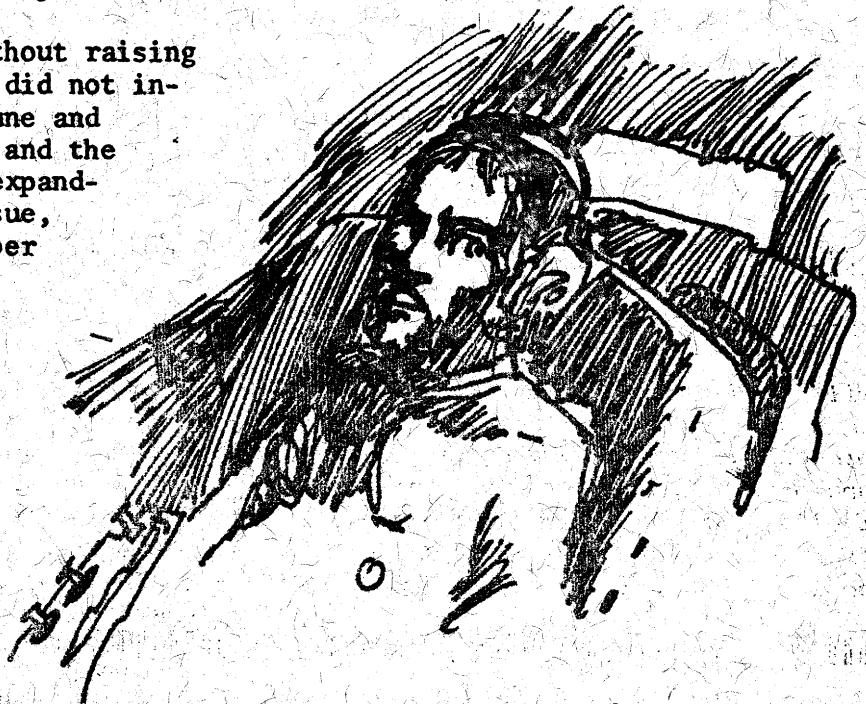
did return with the next issue and there were a number of improvements as time went along.

But too much had been lost. Despite the fact that I was beginning to get a little tired of Conan, I shared the other readers' grief when I heard of Robert E. Howard's suicide in 1936. Less than a year later, H. P. Lovecraft was gone; and shortly after that Clark Ashton Smith stopped appearing. The efforts to replace Howard with other sword-and-sorcery characters were misfires to my taste--as have been *all* the efforts to continue the Conan series, that I have read. (I may not have tried some of the authors, but deCamp, Carter, and Norberg, for all their sincere devotion and intelligent efforts cannot capture the Howard style. Read a few long paragraphs from genuine Conan stories aloud; then read a few long paragraphs from the imitations aloud. Even allowing for the rationality of deCamp's approach--a flaw--the fatal flaw is that neither he nor any of the others *sound* like Robert E. Howard. And whether one reads aloud or one does not--generally, I don't--I do think that we are more aware of the unspoken sound of the words we are reading, particularly in fantastic fiction and poetry, than we realize. I have put this proposition to a number of oldtime Conan readers and found that they hadn't thought of that particular angle, but agreed it might be part of the reason why the imitations don't come off.)

It's very hard to imitate another person's style, except for purposes of caricature; but it's almost impossible to imitate his feeling. You can get a touch of it when a good writer who shares *some* of another writer's feeling either does a full pastiche (which includes imitation of style) or goes into the other writer's territory but does it in his own way. (That is why I consider *THE MIND MASTERS*, by Colin Wilson, a Lovecraft type story, far as Wilson is from HPL's style or many of his attitudes.)

Suddenly, there was competition and much too much of it. The science fiction titles had proliferated, and we had *Strange Stories* and *Unknown*. (Clayton's earlier *Strange Tales*, which ran from 1931 [September] to the end of 1932--the final issue was dated January 1933--was the only direct competitor which had amounted to anything before.) The science fiction fans with whom I was in touch generally began to accept *Weird Tales* as part of their lives and loves between 1934 and 1935. *Science Fiction Digest*, the semi-pro fan magazine of the day, changed its title to *Fantasy Magazine* in order to accommodate WT without giving it second class notice as the former title required. (Of course, many of the older fans had been WT enthusiasts before *Amazing Stories* had started.)

WT went to 160 pages without raising the price, but that apparently did not increase sales noticeably. The June and July 1939 issues were combined and the next one was the final in the expanded size. With the September issue, WT went back to its former number of pages and cut the price to 15¢. In January 1940, publication became bi-monthly and we discovered that Farnsworth Wright was no longer editor. He had been replaced by Dorothy McIlraith, who would remain at the helm until the end in 1954, a year after WT had shifted to pocket size. And the change of editors, after all those other alterations--bi-monthly publi-



cation in those days meant no more serials, although one exception was made for Lovecraft's *Case of Charles Dexter Ward* (in 1941)--eroded my interest. For a time, there was just too much imitation of the *Unknown* type of cleverness, but not so well done. I stopped even looking at new issues.

I repented at times, got and read a few issues, then relapsed. For a while, the Bok and Dolgov art work held me. The first few McIlraith years were not very good (but no worse than some of the poor Wright years!), aside from the Derleth continuations of HPL. Jules de Grandin had not appeared since the October 1938 issue; he did come back eventually for a few cases. The stories were good, but shorter than before and I don't think that Quinn's heart was as much in it as before. Not surprising: from 1925, when the first de Grandin story, *The Horror on the Links*, appeared in the October issue, to the May 1936 issue, when we saw a non-series tale called *Strange Interval*, Quinn wrote *only* de Grandin adventures for *Weird Tales*. (Conan Doyle grew weary unto death of Sherlock Holmes much sooner!)

After the end of WT in 1954, I obtained a set of all the McIlraith issues and gradually re-read or, in most instances, read them for the first time. Around 1944, WT begins to show a distinct personality again and I now realize that, in its own way, it was quite good. It avoided both extremes one found during the Wright period--extremes of excellence and awfulness.

And now *Weird Tales* is with us again, in a new incarnation, but reasonably reminiscent of the earlier one. If it continues, we shall undoubtedly see new stories and some new writers. Sam Moskowitz has done a fine job on the first issue--to my taste. The crucial question is whether it will be to enough other readers' tastes (particularly considering that he already has many of the same distribution problems that my *Magazine of Horror*, etc. had) to keep alive. We'll have to wait for the answer to that one.

We'll also have to wait for the answer to the argument that the old-fashioned type of weird tale holds no interest for people today. That sounded much more convincing back in the days when *Unknown*'s super-clever approach was arousing enthusiasm while *Weird Tales*' audience diminished. (Not to demean *Unknown*, which ran much excellent material; but I re-read the entire run back in the mid 50's and rather wish I hadn't; so many of the stories that I thought were terrific upon first reading in 1939, 1940, etc., emerge as outdated card tricks the second time. Of course, *all* old stories are dated, but a really good story survives that; the superficially clever sort fall as flat a few years later as "21 Skiddoo," whatever that was supposed to mean at the time.

And most of the stories in Sam's first issue are real old. But I found them good. Why do I say that? It requires a look into my thoughts and feelings about the weird tale. But since both Bill Bowers' immediate space and my immediate time are limited, we'll have to postpone the answer until the next column.

.....
 ...as for the title of the department: Let's make it "Understandings". While I'm not entirely devoid of interest in a certain level of material wealth, and do not scorn a reasonable amount of fame, and certainly want love, to understand is the want that will be driving me for the rest of my stay in this aching carcass. We should have some sort of brief explanatory paragraph to the burden that the title does not represent a claim to wisdom on my part, but rather my ambition; I understand myself and others a little better for making the effort to write out where my thoughts and feelings on various subjects are at the time of writing. And if this results in something of value having been shared with one other person, then the effort has not been wasted; for no one can understand in a vacuum all by his lonely self.

---ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES, *Outworlds* #8, 1971

It seemed an appropriate time to reprint the "Introductions" to these two columns...

.....
...For the benefit of those who have not seen it before, if "benefit" is the word I want, let me explain its policy. It has no policy. It consists of a few brief items at a time, dealing with whatever I feel like. Occasionally this includes science fiction. Its appearances are irregular, and the reader must decide for himself how much truth, seriousness, and/or significance is in a given piece. Often there is none.
---POUL ANDERSON, *Outworlds* #8, June, 1971
.....

----- BEER MUTTERINGS -----



----- Poul Anderson -----

As these lines are written, the Watergate Waltz is going fast, furious, and funny. I hope it will still be rollicking when you read. Potentially, it's the best thing that's happened to this country in years.

The adjective "funny" is used with deliberation, because in many ways the affair is comical, and that's how it strikes a lot of people. Others, of course, are dismayed. They dread a growth of cynicism about government, or even the fall of this particular one.

Well, I see nothing to lose in the fall of those wonderful folks who brought you price controls (while increasing Federal spending, which is what made prices go up in the first place), SALT (3:2 Soviet military superiority), the betrayal of free China (when the US did not walk out of the UN side by side with its old and faithful ally, an action which would quickly have shown that honor makes good practical sense),

and the ass-kissing of slave China (which will be returning a similar compliment, though what it will administer is acupuncture). However, a complete shakeup is unlikely. For one thing, I suspect the Democrats can't afford public revelation of what really went on in their topmost councils.

Hey, don't look at me. I didn't vote for either of those clowns. In case you're interested, I wrote in Jackson. Probably for a long time henceforth, in spite of being no disciple of Ayn Rand, I will be voting Libertarian.

Meanwhile we can hope the scandal will make citizens aware of how outrageously government has been restricting and spying on their private lives, and angry enough to start dismantling the Washington monstrosity. Cynicism about government? That's what we need most!

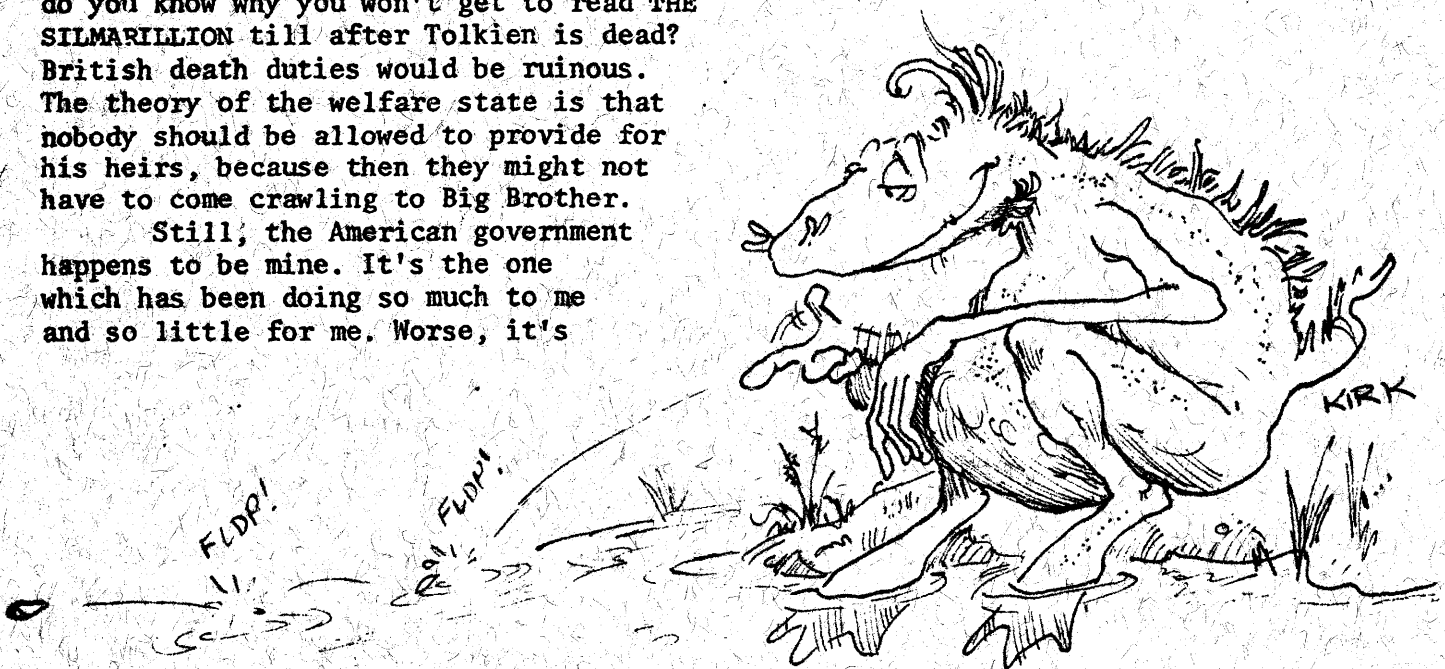
Admittedly, poor old Nixon is reaping the whirlwind that generations before him have sown. Liberals among my readers might reflect on the suggestion that we had to have a President labelled "conservative"--which Nixon in fact is not--if there was to be any chance of avoiding American fascism. The press would never have gone after a liberal with its present enthusiasm. For instance, while the furore about this administration's ham-handed attempts to control journalism is thoroughly justified, I don't recall much ever being said about Bobby Kennedy's rather harsher tactics when he was Attorney General.

The truth is, since 1912 if not earlier, American government has brought the American people virtually nothing except idiocies and catastrophes. I'll grant a partial exception for Truman, who made some attempt to repair the wreckage caused by Roosevelt, and for Coolidge and Eisenhower, who made some attempt to keep hands off. None had any long-range effect. Government grew on and on like a cancer, and with the same result, especially on the freedom, privacy, and dignity of the individual.

What good things have happened are pretty demonstrably in spite of government rather than because of it. Thus, the rise in real wages and the improvement of working and retirement conditions are due to an increase in productivity, not to frauds like Social Security and certainly not to legally enforced cartelization. As for, say, the space program: without such a grip of regulations and taxes on its throat as has been the case, I suspect private enterprise would be doing the job right now, quite a bit more efficiently.

Naturally, it's unfair to single out the American government. In most respects, it remains the best of a bad lot. For instance, do you know why you won't get to read *THE SILMARILLION* till after Tolkien is dead? British death duties would be ruinous. The theory of the welfare state is that nobody should be allowed to provide for his heirs, because then they might not have to come crawling to Big Brother.

Still, the American government happens to be mine. It's the one which has been doing so much to me and so little for me. Worse, it's



the one which started out with the noblest concept of politics that history has yet seen, and has since proceeded toward becoming just another goddamn empire. Are we too late to reverse that Gadarene progress? At least we can try.

So let the heads roll; bring a picnic lunch while you watch, or your knitting if you're a lady. Enjoy, enjoy. Your amusement will not be sadistic. After all, as Dick Lupoff has remarked, Watergate is a considerable improvement over Vietnam (or any other war, including the Holy Crusade of 1939-1945). No innocent people are getting hurt. At Watergate there were no innocent people.

Or, as James Burnham observes, at Watergate nobody drowned.

-oOo-

After the above display of Schadenfreude--no more unseemly than the occasion of it--I feel quite mild.

You may have gathered that, while often in agreement with William F. Buckley, I'm often at odds with him too. From my viewpoint, he is an authoritarian except where it comes to big business, when he suddenly turns into the most reckless kind of nineteenth-century liberal.

Nevertheless, on at least one subject the man is absolutely sound. That is peanut butter. He remarked once in an interview that if only peanut butter were scarce and expensive, we would appreciate it for the delicacy it is.

True indeed. Peanut butter is the poor man's friend, cheap and nutritious, as well I remember from earlier days; but, like love, it is also willing to be the rich man's friend, or anybody's.

Also like love, it can be perverted. Shun those homogenized and hydrogenated abominations. In these degenerate times, you may have to look around a bit before finding the genuine article, but the effort is as worth making as is the effort to find a good and lively woman. Besides local products, on a nationwide basis I recommend the Laura Scudder brand. Do you think maybe she has a son named Nehemiah--?

Whether peanut butter should be smooth or crunchy is a matter of taste; I like both, with a slight preference for the former. But oil should always be floating on top. You can, if you wish, distribute this by leaving the jar upside down for a while. However, I want to advance from oozing creaminess to crackling dryness, no two spoonful ever quite the same. And, yes, peanut butter *should* stick to your mouth, like a kiss.

Usually one puts it on bread. Then let the bread do it justice, be something other than library paste. The combinations of peanut butter with whole wheat, raisin, potato, French, pumpernickel, hardtack, etc. are themselves infinitely various and subtle. As a general rule, I put something on top, and again the permutations are endless of tomato, cucumber, lettuce, onion, pickle, hot or sweet relishes, catsup (another underrated delight), or whatever else seems reasonable.

Frequently the peanut butter has a companion spread on the sandwich. Jelly makes the childhood classic; but you might also try marmalade, honey, or maple syrup. Mayonnaise goes well, especially if it's homemade; so does Worcestershire sauce or chutney. I myself have invented a half and half blend with miso--Japanese fermented bean paste--and suggest this to you if you have access to an Oriental grocery. Or if you have an electric blender, a peanut butter egg nog or milk shake is slurpsome.

It is not true that only the simple things of life are worth having. Many of the elaborate ones are too. Furthermore, quite a few of the simple things cost a fairish bit of money, like boating or mountaineering or lounging around on a tropical beach. Yet let us rejoice at the number of uncomplicated pleasures which remain completely available to everybody.

-oOo-

Okay, boys and girls, now for the fun. We will talk about sex. Let's begin

appropriately, by examining a proposition.

The sexual revolution is something Hugh Hefner invented in order to sell magazines.

They use different language these days from when I was young--and I'll come back to the question of whether or not this is desirable--but how differently do they behave?

Fact: At *most*, the United States is simply catching up with northern Europe; and this is only certain with regard to what people are saying, exhibiting, etc., not how they are acting in private.

Fact: According to the one recent study of the subject which is worth a scientific damn, the single provable change in American premarital sexual conduct in the past 30 or 40 years, is that approximately 10% more brides these days go to the altar pregnant.

This might prompt a few speculations about the efficacy of the Pill. I don't mean its biological efficacy, which is about the same as that of mechanical gadgets, but its actual use at critical moments. While oral contraceptives do appear to be significant in backward--oops, underdeveloped--parts of the world, for us they are marginal.

The same study found that, on the whole, those brides hadn't been indiscriminately screwing around. (Girls who do remain uncommon, and are cautious about babies.) By and large, the grooms were the only men with whom the brides had ever lain, and the couples had intended all along to get married.

In short, they went to bed while they were engaged. This is a revolution? Why, in places like backwoods Norway it was once required. Both families concerned wanted to be sure a union would be fertile before they made it permanent.

A generation ago, and doubtless further back than that, boys and young men were every bit as horny as now, and among themselves talked just as coarsely. The problem was (a) to find willing girls, and (b) to get up the nerve and technique to approach them successfully. Since there always were guys who managed this, and more who didn't, I wonder if things have changed a lot.

That is, the percentage of available females needn't have increased to alter the whole picture: merely the percentage of males able to avail themselves. But has the latter done so? I doubt it. Of course, one hears a lot of bragging; but one did that in my day.

Besides fornication, adultery, group sex, incest, rape, and assorted practices which can't lead to pregnancy have often been disapproved. I likewise doubt that the incidence of any of these has risen. Indeed, probably the rates of incest and bestialism are down, because few of us these days live on isolated farms.

Thus: apart from a number of couples getting together a little in advance of their marriage ceremonies, has anything really altered since good Queen Victoria's glorious days?

Well, yes, some items have. To take the best first, the modern world is comparatively free of the sex-is-dirty-albeit-necessary syndrome, the kind of perversion against which the real Richard Burton fought so valiantly--like the bride whom her groom found in bed unconscious from chloroform, with a note on the pillow: "Mama says you shall do whatever you want."

On the other hand, how common was that attitude, at worst? I suspect it was confined to the upper classes and their imitators, and even there to a highly limited proportion. In fact, having ancestors in the upper classes and their imitators, I know very well from family traditions that frigidity was not universal among them!

If antisexuality still exists, it is what's frowned on, not its opposite. And here we run into a curious reverse puritanism. (There is no such thing as a final liberation.) A Victorian maiden aunt or bachelor uncle was accepted. The contemporary equivalents are looked at askance, as if it were anyone else's business that they are celibate. More important because more devastating is what somebody has called the tyranny of the orgasm. The insistence that sexual relationships must invariably work

out to mutual perfection, or else at least one partner has failed, can be terribly mechanizing.

Fortunately, most people are healthy enough that this slides right off them, just as the Victorian counterpart did off their forebears.

Returning to the subject of changes in man-woman relationships, laws are being liberalized, which is another obvious gain. The law should never have entered this area (no double-entendre intended) in the first place. But in a certain respect they were better off aforetime. Prostitutes were legal and cheap.

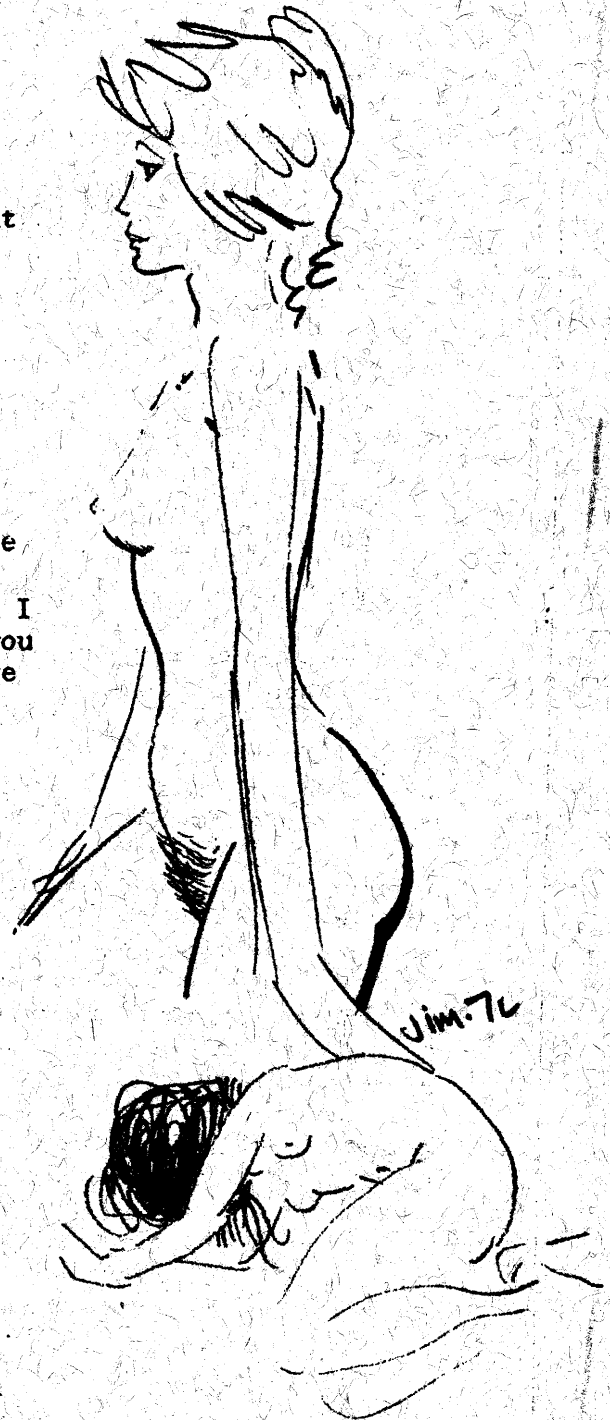
It seems to me that here Women's Lib and reactionaries like myself could get together. I bitterly oppose freedom to abort, unless necessary for the mother's health. It's murder of the innocent--not as in war, when the innocent often get slaughtered by chance, but deliberately. However, for heaven's sake, we should have the right to use our bodies in any way we see fit that harms no one else. Prostitution enables men to let off a lot of steam. Moreover, police officers generally agree that they'd much rather have the old-fashioned red light district back, than the present situation where infection, violence, and slyer exploitations cannot be curbed.

So to this extent, we have retrogressed.

I feel we have also lost ground by getting over-permissive in the arts and in ordinary discourse. Here I speak as a technician of print, though the same concept applies to movies and such. If everybody uses the four-letter words all the time in any old company, then these expressions soon lose their force. Judiciously applied, a curse or an obscenity is tremendously helpful, like a long French expression, blasphemous to boot, which I keep for special occasions and will not quote if you ask me what it is. As regards sex and scatology, we are spending an alarming amount of *mana* for trivial purposes.

The remaining undeniable change in sexual mores concerns divorce. If I remember the figure aright, it's up about 30% from my marrying days. Now again, this doesn't imply a revolution. Since divorce has become easy--above all, since the alimony racket is on its way out--many couples who'd otherwise simply have shackled up for a while figure that they might as well go through the motions and reap the tax advantages. Remind me sometime to explain how taxation invariably forces people into unnatural behavior.

Of course, in practice the majority don't take their vows that casually. Here too memory must serve, because I'm not about to look up the exact data; but it says that the median age of a marriage when dissolved is seven years. This indicates that, even in the absence of social and economic pressures to stay together, the persons concerned were trying hard to do so. The effect on children is beside the present point but in all likelihood not crucial. As has been pointed out,



there were more broken homes in the past than today, if you include homes broken by death. And no doubt a child suffers worse from parents who share a roof while hating each other than from parents who make a clean separation.

I do feel sorry for them, and agree with the lat Anthony Boucher that, if a contemplated marriage can possibly be discouraged, it should be. (He went on to say this is likewise true of a contemplated writing career.) Doubtless those couples are wise who make the wedding a celebration of a partnership which has gone on for some time. Marriage seems to have only one real purpose left; a total commitment for life to another human being. In an era when the citizen is officially considered no more than an interchangeable module, this may be the most important purpose it has ever had. Let us defend our last fortress well; then we will find that within its walls is revelry. -----

APRO POE

It was year before last, and not far away
But many a mile from the sea
That a plant there grew up, and I helped it grow,
And I called it my Cannibal Tree.
And this plant it grew up with only one thought:
To eat up some people with me.

Yes, I was a child when it was a weed
So many miles from the sea,
But we lusted a lust that was more than lust,
I and my Cannibal Tree.
A lust that my portly old Aunt from the North
Coveted it and me.

And this was the reason that year before last,
So many miles from the sea,
That my Aunt from the North was so suddenly fed
To my beautiful Cannibal Tree
So that her low-born husband came
To wheedle away from me
Whatever scraps there might have been left
By my beautiful Cannibal Tree.

And our lust it was greater by far than the trust
Of those who came by to see,
Of many far older than we;
Not the angels in heaven above
Nor the demons down under the sea
Could ever disever a head with the skill
Of my beautiful Cannibal Tree.

For the moon never beams without bringing some screams
From my beautiful Cannibal Tree,
And the stars never rise but someone else dies
'Neath my beautiful Cannibal Tree.
And so by the night-tide I lie down by the side
Of the wonderful flower that nips at my hide
In its boneyard far from the sea,
So far from the sounding sea.

S. A. Stricklen, Jr.



----- Ted White -----

INTRO: The sixteenth issue of *Outworlds* is a particularly provocative one for me, containing as it does several different levels of response to my letter of comment in the previous issue. A reply is obviously in order, but one perhaps more carefully thought out than is usual with a simple letter of comment. I mulled this over this very afternoon, while following a power mower around something over two acres of lawns (my own property and the adjacent property of my 86-year-old grandmother) and the first conclusion I reached was that it was particularly appropriate that I revive this column. This column, you may recall, came into existence a couple of years ago, while I was similarly occupied with lawn-mowing and my mind was mulling over an advance copy of a Ted Pauls column for *Energumen* which the Glicksohns had sent me.

I like the juxtaposition of events: *Energumen* has just folded, and although I contributed only two installments of these *Thots* to that fanzine, it might be felt that during its lifetime it had a moral claim to any further installments. Further, the idea of transferring such a column from *Energumen* to its nearest rival, *Outworlds*, delights my sense of irony. I cannot promise that the appearance of this column here will be any more regular or frequent than was its original appearance in *Energumen*, however. That will depend on events to come--and the state of my lawns.

Finally, for fanhistorians--and especially Redd Boggs, who will Understand--I should note that the title of this column derives from one which emanated from the LA Insurgents, some twenty-five years ago.

MAIN EVENT (1): In the envelope with a Xeroxed copy of his letter to *Outworlds*, Harlan Ellison enclosed the following note. I quote it in full:

Ted: I'm truly sorry to have to do this. But I've watched you over the past few years become more and more crazed in print. Till now it didn't affect me, but this time you made the big mistake of swinging blindly in the wrong arena. My view of you may be wholly inaccurate, but in fanzines you've become an hysteric. And the only way to bring an hysteric to his senses is a slap in the mouth. This is my slap in your mouth: I don't expect it to do any wonders for our "friendship", but I beg you to perceive that only part of the motivation was self-protection. The other part is concern for you. There is a lesson to be learned here, Ted, if only you'll learn it before it's too late. Stop to consider why you have so many feuds, why you still aren't considered a full professional despite all the serious work you've done...and then perhaps you'll see what this letter and this entire affair means in terms of your reorganizing your world-view.

/signed/ Harlan

This then is the moral justification Harlan offers for the more than twenty insults and villifications which he scatters through his eight pages in *Outworlds* 16. And to what purpose? To refute a statement I made to the effect that the only reason a Richard Lupoff story was not "publishable" elsewhere than in *AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS* was because Harlan would not allow its publication elsewhere.

Harlan says that with this statement (quoted in full, it was four short paragraphs) I have "randomly maligned at least two people who consider themselves my friends, and incorrectly maligned them."

In fact, I don't see how Harlan can loop Lupoff in on this--in no sense did I malign him, nor do I see any signs that Dick feels maligned by me. Lupoff's letter in this same *Outworlds* makes this clear--and I will fully apologize for having incorrectly reported the word-lengths in question. I was going on memories at least four years old, and obviously I erred in that detail. But since I heard the story not once, but several times from Lupoff, I think I was true to its essence.

No, the plain and simple fact of the matter is that I exposed Harlan in a pants-down position, and to Harlan this is a mortal offense, one which justifies a full-scale attack on nearly every level he can muster. Most of what he has to say about me is simple rhetoric (some of it is baroque rhetoric, however--"randomly maligned" is not only incorrect in essence, the word "randomly" has no useful purpose except to add another dimension to his outrage), and since I've heard Harlan use this same arsenal against just about everyone who has ever looked crosseyed at him, I can shrug it off. The two paragraphs about the stories of mine he rejected are below the belt, however, and less excuseable. I know Harlan is incapable of accepting the fact that he can ever be wrong (remind me to tell the story some day of how he once forced me into a bet, and, upon discovering he'd lost, he first tried to cheat his way out and then in desperation pulled a gun on me and threatened to shoot me in the kneecap if I tried to collect), and it makes sense that he would reach into left field for a "sour grapes" justification for my brief comments on A,DV.

But, friends, moral hypocrisy is where you find it, and I submit that Harlan's letter speaks for itself.

Because, in a piece which reminds me more than anything of Harlan's mid-fifties defense of "7th Fandom" in the pages of Geis's first incarnation of *Psychotic*--the one in which he decried the "mad dogs" who "kneaded him in the groin"--what Harlan's letter boils down to is this:

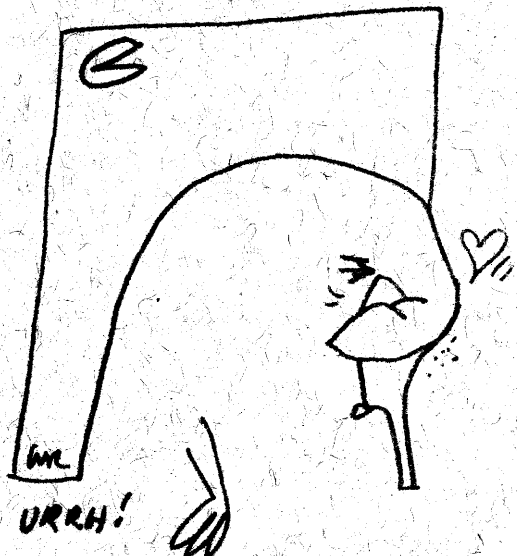
"Well, Ted's 100% wrong and he's a total schmuck, but I have to admit that it happened about as he summed it up."

And he then closes with this incredible statement: "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."

This after some eight pages of hyperbolic refutation, picking nits, rationalizing, all to prove me the swine, Lupoff the dupe, and Harlan the--what?

Well, to comment further would be pointless. The point is there.

INTERLUDE: Eric Bentcliffe amazes me. It would appear that the man is unaware of the history of his own language, and when he says of the common "four-letter" words that they sound ugly he is simply expressing his own conditioned reflex to their meanings. Is "vagina" a more attractive word than "cunt"? Or is it simply a more sterile way of



saying the same thing in three syllables instead of one? But, more important, does he really believe that these words have only been around for "decades," and "in fact they have always been slang words and not correct usage anyway"?

Still, the issue was originally the validity of the use of such words in fiction, particularly science fiction. Well, Harlan is quite right in saying that this should be a dead issue, and it probably would be if a sizable minority of sf readers and fans weren't so exercised over the valid use of these words in their favorite reading matter. I suppose that what Eric wants is fiction in which people never use any words but those in "correct usage", and certainly he doesn't want people in the stories he reads to swear (or use "cuss words")--however unrealistic this might be.

"Define your terms, Ted," Eric cautions me. I thought I had. Let's try one more time:

So-called Anglo-Saxonisms--"four-letter words"--have been a part of the language presently spoken as English for a matter of centuries. At times they have been "correct usage." There has rarely been a time when they have not been "correct usage" in at least some strata of society. The Victorian era saw their suppression in favor of euphemisms, and those euphemisms suppressed in turn for even vaguer euphemisms. As society grew more tolerant of conversation about the functions and portions of the body these words described, an effort was made to find clinically descriptive terms to replace them--usually from Latin. But let us face facts. "Shit" is the best description of what comes from our bowels, just as "turd" best describes its common appearance. Most of the words used to circumlocute these words are solemn or silly. The only word I've heard that offers a good substitute for "fuck" is "swive". "Intercourse" is a word of much broader meaning which has been devalued in the effort to substitute it for "fuck", and the process has given rise to more than one generation of schoolboy snickers when the phrase, "social intercourse" has come up in *its* correct usage. And so it goes. These "underground words" are ubiquitous. To deny them their own validity as part of our language is to bury one's head in the sand of one's own prejudices.

When it comes to fiction, these words are rarely used in third-person narrative. They are best used in dialogue, and their usage is determined by the character of the speaker. Certainly any story in which the setting is all male--as in an armed force, or perhaps a space crew--will be emasculated if these words never crop up in dialogue. And it is entirely reasonable to extrapolate a society in which these words have come back into common everyday currency--as indeed is already happening to an increasing extent today. (One might come up with a very good story in which the contrast between common vocabulary and actual mores was vivid--a society in which people spoke licentiously, but behaved prudishly, for example.)

Properly speaking, language--all of language--is the tool of the writer. One hopes that eventually readers like Bentcliffe will come to accept this.

MAIN EVENT (2): Certainly if anyone was entitled to take offense at length to what I said about him in my letter in *Outworlds* 15, it was Piers Anthony. And I confess, I cringed a little at the prospect of facing his wrath before I actually read his reply.

The actual difference in tone and content between Piers' reply and Harlan's is instructive, I think--and it has restored my respect for Piers more than 100%. Piers is quite right: although we have disagreed more than once and we both have the reputation for being argumentative, we have also managed to deal with each other to our mutual satisfaction, and with mutual respect.

The situation to which he devotes the bulk of his letter is not a cut-and-dried one, although he presents it in that light. And before I make any attempt to do an accounting of it I should temper what I say with this disclaimer:

Until I became involved with Ultimate Publications as the editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, my sympathies were wholly with the then-boycott organized by the SFWA.

(Officially, there was never a boycott; the SFWA's official position was somewhat ambivilant. But *de facto*, there was a "suggested" boycott which had SFWA sanction.) I did not know Sol Cohen and I did not know many of the details of the situation. Practically speaking, I still do not. The boycott and its settlement took place before my association with Ultimate and I have only the statements of the various parties involved to base my opinions on. It seems to me that the settlement was disastrously ambiguous and that most of what transpired thereafter was due to this fact. The settlement was negotiated at various times by Damon Knight, Bob Silverberg and Harry Harrison. Harrison took credit for it and soon thereafter took the editorship of the two magazines from Joe Ross. My own feeling is that Silverberg is the most reliable witness and could probably give the fairest accounting. In any case, the settlement was solely verbal and in that lies its ambiguities.

Basic facts: Ziff-Davis (and, I believe, Tech Publications, who owned *Amazing* before it was sold to Z-D) bought not only first rights to the stories purchased, but second and sometimes *all* "serial rights." What this means is that Ziff-Davis bought the right to use each story at least twice and perhaps as many times as the publisher liked--but only in *magazine* form. Authors sold their stories to Ziff-Davis under this agreement with rare exceptions (one was Heinlein), most confident, since Z-D was not in the reprint business, that these additional rights would not be used.

In this regard Ziff-Davis was not unique. Most pulp publishers bought at least second serial rights. At least one--Pines Publications, nee Standard Publications, Better Publications and Best Books, as well as Popular Library--has made use of these rights in the *Wonder Stories* annuals and their successors in the 1960's, as well as in the republication of the Captain Future novels (which Pines owns outright, as Conde-Nast owns Doc Savage and the Shadow and The Avenger) by Popular Library, without any additional payment to the authors involved.

Irrespective of any informal agreement which Z-D may have made about additional payment for reprints (and I think in this case the reprints referred to were those Sam Moskowitz selected and blurbed for *Amazing* and *Fantastic* in the early sixties -- stories which Z-D did not own reprint rights on in the first place), the company had no legal obligation to make additional payments for reprint rights it already owned.

Enter Sol Cohen. In 1964 Ziff-Davis has been losing money for several years on *Amazing* and *Fantastic* and wishes to get rid of the magazines without the additional cost (between five and ten thousand dollars) of refunding all outstanding subscriptions. Cohen, and his silent partner, Arthur Barnard, enter into negotiations to buy the magazines. The talking price is in the neighborhood of \$20,000.00. The magazines' only assets are the unused reprint rights Z-D owns. The liabilities are the subscription list (honoring these subscriptions is an out-of-pocket expense for any purchaser of the magazines) and sales so low that the magazines are losing money. (Well, let's be honest: there were a few other assets: about two issues'-worth of material in the inventory and two or three unused cover paintings, one of them so bad that to this day it has never been used. Not much.)

Barnard is a publisher of cheap men's magazines, which he publishes by the simple expedient of cutting up old issues and repasting them as new issues. The readers of such magazines could care less. Barnard is making enough money from this to bankroll Cohen, and it is his suggestion that Cohen use the reprint rights in order to do the same thing with *Amazing* and *Fantastic*.

Now then, to understand and appreciate Cohen's position we must understand that although he has at times functioned nominally as an editor (Check your copies of Avon's early fifties *Science Fiction & Fantasy Reader*, a would-be F&SF--Cohen's name is on the masthead), he has been in fact a circulation manager and general business manager for publishers most of his life, and his interest lies in that direction. To him--especially in 1964--a magazine is a "product" to be vended as successfully as possible. He is concerned about "package," but not very much about the actual contents; he is primarily concerned with printing contracts, distribution, and similar matters. It is not that he is necessarily indifferent to the authors whose stories go into his

package, but their thought-processes and situations are alien to him. As his is to them.

Ultimate (Cohen & Barnard) buys *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, and the reprint plan is put into effect. This is a matter of simple expediency. Although the magazines have been given extra pages (and the distributor is sufficiently hyped by this to increase the print-order from 75,000 copies to 90,000 copies), at least 80% of each issue is reprint and the remainder of the fiction is unpublished material from the Z-D inventory. The total editorial budget is only one or two hundred dollars, and this includes Joe Ross' miniscule salary (less than half the miniscule salary I get). The working staff consists of Ross, a high school science teacher who is enthusiastic about old (thirties and earlier) sf and for whom the editorship is a hobby; Sol Cohen, who handles every detail of the publication of the magazines; his wife Lillian, who handles subscriptions and some correspondence; and a man (name unknown to me) who designs and executes the cover mechanicals in his spare time.

Cohen does not expect to publish *any* new material in the magazines, but Will F. Jenkins (Murray Leinster) offers him a new novel for only a few hundred dollars (1/2¢ a word or less) as a gesture of good will toward what is, after all, still the first sf magazine. Cohen accepts it and decides to budget two or three hundred dollars an issue for new material. This opens the magazines up again to new fiction. (New fiction has been appearing in every issue only because some was passed on by Z-D.) Thereafter between 10,000 and 20,000 words of new fiction appear in each issue.

Sales climb back up (from around 35,000 copies when Z-D sold the magazines) to 50,000 or so. But this is only a little over 50% of the actual print run, and after the novelty of the new ownership has abated, sales begin slipping back again. (They were at about 30,000 when I was offered the editorship.) The magazines earn enough to pay off the purchase price (paid in installments to Ziff-Davis) but not, I gather, much more than this.

During this time the SFWA, motivated in part by Robert Moore Williams, suggests a boycott over the reprinting of stories without additional payment to the authors. At no point has the SFWA a legal leg to stand on, a fact of which its officers are uncomfortably aware. (A "legal leg" might be established, but it would require years of precedent-setting court cases--more money than either the SFWA or Ultimate has to spend.) Nor is the SFWA on clear moral ground, since no action has been taken or contemplated against Pines Publications, an equal offender in this respect, but considerably better-established as a publisher.

After a year or more of acrimony, during which the "boycott" has little effect on the magazines (the best that it could achieve would be to drive the magazines back to a 100%-reprint policy), a settlement is worked out. During this time, Sol Cohen, an elderly man with diabetes and a heart condition, attends a Milford Conference at the express invitation of Damon Knight and is there subjected to considerable vilification--a situation which does much to harden his own feelings on the matter.

The settlement states that hereafter Sol will pay \$25.00 as an "honorarium" for each short story reprinted, and \$40.00 for each novelette. However, "It is understood that this is to encourage new submissions by these authors" (I quote from memory, therefore, quasi-quotes), by which Cohen means that an author must make a bonefide submission of a new work in order to qualify for reprint monies.

During this time, Harry Harrison has suggested that he would make a better editor than Ross, and is made the new editor. He holds the position only briefly, then resigns to pass the torch to Barry Malzberg, who lasts about the same number of issues. At this point, Cohen, who wants an end to strife, asks Silverberg for suggestions. Silverberg, without consulting me, gives Sol my name. And, totally out of the blue, Sol Cohen calls me up, suggests lunch together, and offers me the editorship of the magazines. This was in October, 1968.

I accept. I do so for several reasons. One of them is that in a strange way this is what I have been preparing myself for, for the past ten or fifteen years. I have just spent five years with F&SF, and in the current year (1968) have sunk (and

lost) over a thousand dollars into an ill-fated (and under-financed) attempt to start my own magazine, *Stellar*. I have, by now, been wistfully lusting after an editorial position in the sf field for a long time.

Then too, editing *Amazing* and *Fantastic* is something I almost had a chance to do years earlier--when Mercury Publications (F&SF) made an attempt to buy them from Ziff-Davis. (The offer Mercury made was unacceptable to Z-D, and neither side made any further attempt at negotiations.) I see the editorship as an opportunity to prove myself as an editor--a unique chance to do something with two magazines which had by then sunk to an all-time low in reputation and appearance, relatively unfettered by anything except a very thin budget.

However, I would not like anyone to feel that I rushed blindly into the position, or that I unwittingly accepted every moral position which Ultimate espoused. In fact, within a month or two of my acceptance of the editorship, I resigned it.

I found the job as it existed then untenable, and in a stormy phone conversation with Sol Cohen, I said "I quit!" and hung up on him. However, Sol prevailed upon Silverberg to mediate between us, and at Bob's urging I made my peace with Sol (who in turn adopted a position more to my liking) and we picked up the pieces.

I've had my disputes with Sol since then, over a variety of issues, most of which have been resolved to my satisfaction. But I should not say that I am in total agreement with his business methods--I am, in essence, an "alien" to his philosophy myself--I have simply been willing to see his point of view and to accommodate it as best I can. I have never lost sight of one inescapable fact: that these magazines are his sole form of income and support and that they are not in fact supporting him in any real degree of comfort.

In 1969 (ironically, in response to a suggestion by Barry Malzberg) Sol agreed to significantly reduce the number of proportion of reprints in *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, while raising the price from 50¢ to 60¢. The immediate impact of this move was a permanent loss of about ten thousand sales--which wiped out any profit increase from the new price. Subsequently, in early 1972, the last reprints were dropped. Sales have not reflected this, or any of the other undeniable improvements I've made in the magazines. Sales remain hovering between 20,000 and 25,000 copies--and have dropped, with a few issues, to as low as 16,000 copies. The present print-order (dictated by the national distributor) is 58,000 copies--which means that sales are unlikely to rise and are in fact damned lucky to hold even.

Now I have been with the magazines for nearly five years as I write this, and throughout that time I have had to deal with a situation in most respects delitirious to the magazines' health. Put simply, they don't make money, and therefore, damned little money can be spent on them--or on me. (But you've already read my comments on this in *Algol*; I shan't pursue the matter of my poverty-level salary further.)

As long as the magazines remain in this precarious position, Sol Cohen is going to cut corners on expenses in any way he can. We pay as little for stories and art as we can (and I try to make this up in extra services for the authors and illustrators involved). Until a few years ago, Sol put out a bunch of cut-and-paste reprint magazines (with which I have never had any connection) in order to help bolster his financial position. They had zero budgets. But even so, they lost money when sales fell below 15,000 copies, and he pared them down to two bimonthlies which, as far as I know, are presently putting maybe one or two hundred dollars into the till with each issue.

Somewhere along the line, Sol stopped paying for the reprints. I imagine he saw it as a matter of simple expediency: if he paid \$25.00 a story (and the average issue of his reprint titles run six to eight stories) his entire profit would be wiped out and he would be as well off folding the magazines entirely. But of course few of those whose stories were reprinted have submitted new stories to him in any case--a condition he demanded before payment, as he understood the agreement with the SFWA--and some of them simply didn't care anyway. (One example was Don Wilcox, who told me he was happy to see his old stories in print again, and didn't need or care about the

money. Don, by the way, *did* submit a new story, but accepted my rejection of it gracefully.)

Now then. Piers brings up the question of Philip Jose Farmer, and his dispute with Ultimate over reprint payments.

Frankly, this is not something I remember any longer in detail. The situation arose in 1969, and at that time I saw, but was not a party to, the correspondence between Farmer and Sol Cohen. It was my feeling then that Farmer was being less than honest in his position, and that when pinned down to a point he tended to wriggle out of it. But I don't remember the details and I can't document this opinion with facts, and, further, I imagine this impression is identical to that which Farmer formed of Sol.

I am perfectly willing at this point to accept whatever documentation Farmer may have to offer to buttress his points, but I should point out immediately that I am not involved in this dispute and have very little desire to be. Further, it is my conviction that when an author sells reprint rights to a publisher, he has no moral or legal justification for bitching about it later. (And, for the record, Sol Cohen/Ultimate has never bought reprint rights to the stories he has published. The argument is properly with Ziff-Davis.)

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My reason for going on at such length is my feeling that the situation which exists is by no means as clear-cut or simple as Piers has presented it. If Ultimate Publications was financially healthy and Sol Cohen was getting rich off the reprint rights of these stories, I think the authors involved might have a better moral position--they could at least moan more convincingly about how they were being ripped off. Their legal position would be unchanged, however.

But Ultimate Publications is financially sick, Sol Cohen hasn't drawn any salary from the company in more than two years, and nobody is getting rich at anyone else's expense. The remaining use of reprint rights is simply to subsidize the existence of two non-reprint magazines, *Amazing* and *Fantastic*.

Now one has to ask oneself, just what is desired here? When the original SFWA "boycott" was instituted, the magazines were better than 80% reprint. They are presently, no thanks to SFWA and its more established members, 100% new material. A market which did not exist seven years ago is now in continuing existence. (And, as Piers has noted, that market was of considerable value to him on more than one occasion.) Should the Farmer-blacklist be successful, what would be the consequences? A return to the reprint format.

Frankly, this just doesn't make sense to me. It seems irrational and largely motivated by spite and nastiness. (I exempt Piers from that charge; I recognize his sense of moral imperatives although I think them misguided.) I say this because this "blacklist" is selective and has not been enforced against any other offending publishers. (Farmer's Tarzan book was published by Pines' Popular Library, for instance; where is his vaunted moral stance when it's Ed Hamilton's ox that is being gored?)

I think, basically, that Sol Cohen and Ultimate are the scapegoats in this affair.

Then again, just how effective has this "blacklist" been? Piers states, "Those who have been submitting to Ted's magazines obviously do not share the standards of those who boycott the magazines. ... You know who these writers are; just take a look at the names published in Ted's magazines. I view them with a certain contempt..." I



would like to hear from some of the authors I've published; just how do they regard this contempt, this denigration of their "standards"?

I should like to point out that few of those who have blacklisted or boycotted my magazines have been published with frequency elsewhere--and that those who do contribute may well be unaware of Farmer's Crusade (which lacks SFWA sanction and of which I've not even been aware for the past three years). The largest reason I do not attract more of the major names in the field is, I am sure, the low rates I am forced to pay--and the fact that they can get consistently higher rates elsewhere for most of what they write. (But when they write something outside the limits of their usual markets, or at an awkward length, they come to me because they have heard that I am much more open on both counts. Ask Dean McLaughlin, whose novella, *To Walk With Thunder*, I just published in *Amazing* after Ben Bova turned it down.)

At this point, I think I've made my point. I would welcome an opportunity to sit down somewhere and talk with Piers about this at greater length, and I am certainly open to any suggestions which arise from his proposed confrontation between Farmer and myself. But I think that Piers has staked his own career on some dubious principles--not his own and perhaps not correctly perceived by him--and is now perched on the end of a high, long, and lonely limb.

I hope that whatever else may come out of this, that Piers and I can talk business again in the future. I want to see those unpublished stories, Piers.

INTERFACE :: letters

Dick Lupoff -----

Here's a funny thing.

Some weeks ago I was working on a new novel, working title SPACEBURN! which will surely be changed. This novel has a "theme," i.e., it attempts to say something in addition to telling an exciting story.

The theme is this: The most evil man alive is offered an opportunity to perform a gargantuan act of evil. In fine old science-fictional form, he's given the chance to destroy the entire universe.

Now he's really evil. And he's sane. And he thoroughly understands what it is that he's about to do.

And he doesn't do it.

It's just too much for him, too bad, too evil. In a current hip phrase, he's "outgrossed."

So okay. Shortly thereafter--just two weeks ago as I write this letter [16/1] --I found myself in one of the major Hollywood Studios with the chance to make more money over one weekend than I had in all of 1973 to that date.

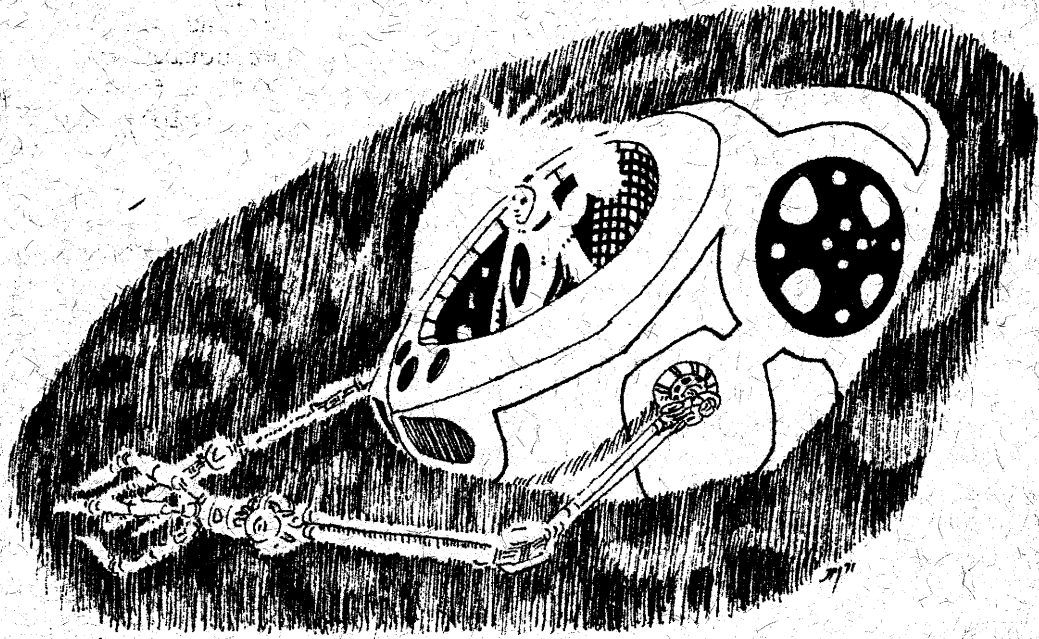
And, what really made it juicy for me, I had a chance to play Harlan dirty in to the bargain. Why I wanted to play him dirty, his letter of May 29 tells you.

So I spent many hours in a series of meetings, then many many more in one of those agonizing bursts of concentrated writing, and in three days I had my work finished and ready to hand in.

But I also had a chance, before I handed in that work, to talk to a number of people (including Harlan) and to gain a thorough understanding of what I was doing. By this time I was sitting in the office of the executive secretary of the Writers Guild of America (West)--the screen writers' union. And by this time I had decided to withhold my work from the studio, even though it meant jeopardizing the fattest paycheck I'd seen in years.

"Why," the exec-sec asked, "did you agree to do this work, and then actually do it, and then not turn it in?"

I rubbed my chin for a minute trying to figure out what to tell him. I thought about the character in SPACEBURN! And I told the exec-sec this: "I came down here



a surface forming common boundary between adjacent regions ::::::::::::::::::::::::::::::

because I thought I saw a chance to give Harlan a kick in the ass, and I really wanted to give Harlan a kick in the ass. But I can see that that's not what I'm doing. If I turn in this work, I'll be shoving a knife between his ribs.

"I don't bear anybody that much ill-will."

Right now I can't name names or give you any details about those strange 72 hours, beyond what I've told you above, Bill Bowers and Joan Bowers. Maybe someday the whole story will be told or maybe it never will, I just don't know.

But I found myself oddly placed in the same situation (although writ small) that my man in SPACEBURN! was in, and like him I was out-grossed by the potential for mischief that was offered me. I just couldn't do it.

And as an ironic by-product of the whole situation, Harlan and I did manage to do away with our old dispute. Harlan did not say "I wronged you and I apologize." Nor did I say "You never wronged me and my pique was unjustified."

I suggested, merely, that the anger (which was coming from me) was by now pointless and unproductive, and that if Harlan was willing simply to drop the old dispute, I would do the same. And since the anger was all coming from my side anyway, it was certainly easy for Harlan to say all right, which he did, and we declared, in effect, an amnesty.

It isn't a case of apologize and forget, or of forgive and forget, but simply --forget it.

Thus in strange ways to old claims find peace and quietude, and even tentative friendships get begun.

Now what this all has to do with the new dispute between Harlan and Ted, is as follows:

I'm not going to take up the cudgels in alliance with either of them against the other. I think the whole dispute is most regrettable. I think that both Harlan and Ted are talented men who have made significant contributions to the field of science fiction.

They both have certain faults, but so what? Everyone I know has faults, myself excluded, and I'm afraid that Harlan and Ted are going to embark on a mutual blood-

letting that will cause nothing but pain and regrets for both of them.

I'd like to see them both stop now; what mutual harm has already been done is beyond recall but I see nothing constructive in piling destruction upon destruction.

Hell, over the span of a long career as fan and pro I've feuded with Ted and I've feuded with Harlan and I suppose now the circle (or triangle) will be unbroken. I'm sorry.

Barry N. Malzberg -----

I don't think I'd care to comment on Harlan's long letter--except to say that it is interesting and I trust his word, I had a similar but much less difficult situation than Lupoff in A,DV as most people know--but I do want to comment briefly on Piers' letter re Ultimate. It seems as if he's suffering by deliberately cutting himself off from his market and, hence, I would like to relieve his mind.

Ultimate, I can flatly state, is meeting all of its financial obligations as detailed under the SFWA agreement of some years ago...which agreement, as Piers might remember, calls for the author of reprinted material to write a letter to the publisher calling attention to this and asking for payment.

(This may not be the happiest situation...putting upon the writer the responsibility of requesting payment but as I understand the agreement, this was a proviso.)

Ultimate is also paying for newly accepted material, at least for my newly-accepted material more quickly than any market with which I've dealt in recent years.

It seems to me that Piers has blown all of this out of proportion and I recommend that he not feel hesitant about submitting his work to Ted White (with whom, incidentally, I have no current relationship whatsoever). Ultimate, folks, isn't doing all that well anyway: get it while you can.

Philip Jose Farmer -----

Shortly after I received Ow #16 containing Piers Anthony's letter re Ted White-Sol Cohen-SFWA and Piers' personal boycott against Cohen, I did write a very long letter for the benefit of Piers, White, and your readers. Then I returned from Kansas City, I cut this down. And then I again cut. I decided that the main text should head for the *SFWA Forum*, since this matter is primarily SFWA business. However, if the president of the SFWA sees fit not to publish the letter, you'll get it.

Piers Anthony says that he will maintain his personal boycott against Cohen's Ultimate publications until proof is submitted that Cohen is paying all authors per the Ultimate-SFWA agreement. Apparently, White can't submit proof that Cohen is honoring the agreement. He insists that Cohen is but has not advanced any proof. The reason: he has none.

It is true that Cohen has paid for a number of reprints, but there are, I believe, many authors who have not yet been paid for reprints made years ago. And even when Cohen did pay, he was still breaking the agreement.

There are three terms of the Ultimate-SFWA agreement (see *SFWA Bulletin*, August, 1967 for full details) that Cohen has consistently not honored.

These are:

- (1) "...as Ultimate gets caught up on payments, it will begin paying upon publication."
- (2) "Where Ultimate is unable to locate an author, it will turn the check over to SFWA, which will then initiate an author search."
- (3) "...it is understood that these fees are in the nature of a bonus or gratuity, the purpose of which is to encourage submission of new stories to Ultimate sf publications..."

As for (1), Ultimate has never, to my knowledge, paid at publication of a reprint. This does not mean that it hasn't done so. There may be some cases of which I don't know. I do know that a number have not been paid on publication.

Cohen could plead that he has never caught up on payments, hence this clause

has not been broken. But if he does that, then he admits that he has not, after five years, paid all the moneys due per the agreement.

As for (2), Ultimate has not tried to locate the authors of its reprints. On the contrary, every writer I've discussed this situation with says that he discovered that his stories were reprinted only because he happened to see them on the stands or the official monitor of the SFWA notified him or a friend told him about them. This was also the case with a story of mine. I wrote Cohen about it, wrote, in fact, three letters (from Aug. 1969 through 5 Dec. 1969) before Cohen would admit he owed me money. Even then, he paid only because Ted White (according to White's own testimony) insisted that Cohen pay me. Cohen was using the dodge that I had not submitted brand-new stories to him before submitting them to other markets. But there is nothing in the SFWA-Ultimate agreement that stipulates this; this was a term invented by Cohen; and no author in his right mind is going to submit a story to Cohen and get paid two cents a word (or less) if he can sell to a five-cent market. (I'm speaking of Cohen's rates circa 1970. I don't know what they are now.)

As for (3), part of that is covered in the above paragraph. But Cohen also insists that he will not pay for reprints unless the author sends him a letter requesting payment. This term is not in the agreement and is in violation of (1) and (2).

I resigned from the SFWA over two years ago because of the SFWA's total inability to deal with Ultimate and the indifference of most of its members to Cohen's breaking of the agreement. If the SFWA couldn't tackle a pygmy like Cohen, what could it do against the giants?

I wrote a letter which was published in the *SFWA Forum*, No. 14, May 1970. Therein I detailed the results of my investigation into the nonpayment for reprints by Cohen. I presented the facts and called for an unofficial boycott. It had to be "unofficial" because the officers of the SFWA with whom I discussed this matter said they were afraid to call an official boycott. Cohen might sue the SFWA for conspiracy.

The results of my letter? Those who had not been paid boycotted Cohen and his publications, but they would have done so in any event. Piers Anthony is the only one I know who was fully paid but continued his boycott because of his personal integrity. He is, as he says, suffering financially because of this, but he is a *rara avis* among the SFWA. Apparently, most of the SFWA have paid no attention to the facts. They submit new stories to Cohen, and others write book reviews and feature articles for him.

As far as I'm concerned, these are finks. (I use the term in its original sense of "strikebreaker.")

As I said, I resigned from the SFWA, but I found this as difficult as quitting a book club. I continued to receive all the *SFWA Bulletins* and *Forums* and Nebula vote forms, plus requests that I pay my dues. I wrote several times, reiterating that I'd quit, but this was to no avail until very recently. Apparently, my latest letters did the trick. But it took two years before the SFWA officials got the idea. Even so, I'm listed as a member in the recent SFWA directory.

Aside from noting the names of those who've published new stories in the Ultimate publications, I ceased to have any interest in SFWA. But Piers Anthony's letter in *Ow* #16 has dispelled my dormancy, and I've decided to investigate again. This time, I'm writing a long letter directly to the current president, who seems determined to make the SFWA a truly professional and effective organization. He will have access to the SFWA files, and there is nothing to keep him from determining the exact number of authors who haven't been paid for reprints per the agreement.

After reading Anthony's letter in *Ow* #16, I wrote to Bob Bloch. I knew that as of a year ago he had a long-standing grievance against Cohen because of lack of payment for reprints. Did he still have one?

Here is the pertinent part of his reply, dated June 25, 1973.

"About Theodore White and Solomon Cohen--I wrote requesting payment for all stories, listing them by title: at that time I believe there were eleven or twelve. The count is now fifteen, ranging from a guest editorial reprint currently on the stands to a 25,000 word novelette.

"They paid for one story (\$25.00) after printing the new yarn I was ill-advised to sell them by Scott. Scott Meredith [Bloch's agent, P.J.F.] claims to have asked for further payments, listing titles a number of times, to no avail... by my listing, they owe for 14 out of 15 reprints, in their magazines and one-shots."

This is one SFWA member's current report. How many others have had similar experiences? We'll find out. But just this one case is enough to show that Ultimate should still be boycotted.

There is one other person whose experiences I'd like to describe. This is Robert Moore Williams. His case is singular, as far as I know. *Amazing* had bought first North American serial rights only to his stories. Yet Cohen reprinted them without permission or payment. Williams protested to Cohen and to the SFWA. The SFWA did nothing; as far as I could determine, it did not even investigate Williams' case. If it did, it took no action. At the time I was making my 1968-69 investigation, Williams told me about this. I asked him to send me proof that he had indeed sold first NA serial rights. He did so; he sent me copies of letter from Ziff-Davis officials which indicated clearly that Ziff-Davis had bought first rights only.

Piers says that White has fought Cohen to get reprint payments. This may indeed be so. But White knew years ago that he had lost the battle, and, in my opinion, he should either have resigned from Ultimate or the SFWA. Again, in my opinion, he can't honorably hold both a position as the Ultimate editor and as an SFWA member.

[] There you have the current status of The Discussion(s), from the 'insiders'. I DO have a considerable amount of 'outside' comment on Ted & Piers & Harlan, as you might imagine, and that will be in #18. Response to this issue, from all, will go into #19. I have comments of my own...but they will wait. I will not agitate the Anthony/White/Farmer matter, but I will see it out. As for the Ellison/White/Lupoff matter, Dick has presented his position, and I have mixed feelings about what might result between the other two. But it remains open, and we'll see. Be surprised...along with me! []

Aljo Svoboda -----

You are Up There on the fannish scale of things, though, and you should know all about it. Here's a question then, one in a series of attempts to relate Our Little Group to Trends in "nonfannish thought": Where would you place fandom (specifically, fanzine fandom) in a nonfannish historical "perspective"? We are essentially a literary people, visually oriented, and we use print (or at least some type of duplication--they both do the same thing, for the same reason, so what differences are there between the two besides the purely technical?) to get our ideas across; that would define us as essentially Gutenbergian, as far as The Big Picture is concerned. On the other hand, we use "print" to involve rather than to detach, and we're organized (so to speak) along tribal, or "global village", lines; we have a hint of the pre/post-literate about us as well. Supposedly, we also exist in the present as well, but only barely: We are Them People, after all. So where are we, then? Are we part of the waves of the future or the eddies of the past? What would McLuhan make of us?

At some point in the past or future, I await your enlightened response...

[] I place this excerpt from an Iw loc here for two reasons: (1) as a not so subtle way of jolting you back to the topic this issue began with and, (2) altho I suspect a gentle put-on, I liked it. ## No, Aljo, I'm not going to attempt a complete and lengthy reply here, or perhaps ever. I formulate my "fannish philosophy" in bits and pieces, present them chaotically in my fanzines, retract, retreat and forge stubbornly ahead--and I leave it to you to piece the puzzle together. I call it Involvement. A large chunk is up-front in the 'lead' article. A smaller piece follows. Neither negates or makes inoperative that which has been stated before--despit contradictions aplenty. ## Chew on this: A "science fiction fan", methinks, should have a well-developed and utilized...imagination. It causes me no end of wonderment then, that so few fanzines display any vestige of that imagination--written word or graphically. Why is that...? []

OUTWORLDS PRODUCTIONS: a synopsis

PROPOSED: To clarify heretofore flexible editorial policy, for the mutual benefit of contributors, traders, subscribers ... and myself. All previous editorial statements of policy are herewith declared inoperative.

Outworlds -- the eclectic fanzine -- is Edited and Published at least Quarterly, by:

BILL & JOAN BOWERS : P.O. Box 148 : Wadsworth : Ohio : 44281

STAFF: Associate Editor: STEPHEN E. FABIAN # Columnists: POUL ANDERSON; PIERS ANTHONY; GREG BENFORD; TERRY CARR; SUSAN GLICKSOHN; ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES; TED WHITE.

CONTRIBUTING STAFF: [Writers] ALEXIS A. GILLILAND; DAVE LOCKE; andrew j offutt; JODIE OFFUTT; S.A. STRICKLEN, JR.; BILL WOLFENBARGER. [Artists] GRANT CANFIELD; JIM CAWTHORN; CONNIE FADDIS; MIKE GILBERT; TIM KIRK; CARLETON PALMER; WILLIAM ROTSLE; JAMES SHULL. [Harassment] ROGER BRYANT; MICHAEL GLICKSOHN.

Inworlds is the review, advertising, catch-all supplement. It will attempt to review (at least list) all fanzines received, and will also contain reviews of books furnished by publishers, news, COAs, and whatever else I want to run that won't 'fit' in *Ow*. It will not, for the immediate future, be available separately for money...but will be used as a tradezine, and something to send those requesting sample *Outworlds*. [I DO NOT send out sample copies on request, as a rule. I do send copies to people I run across in other fanzines that I'd like to latch onto!] Ad rates, on request.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: US & CANADA (checks or money orders payable in US funds)--before Dec. 31, 1973--75¢ PER COPY; 5 ISSUES FOR \$3. [AFTER Dec. 31, 1973: \$1. each; 5 issues for \$4.] ## OVERSEAS Standard Rates (in US funds): 75¢ / 5 for \$3.00.

NOTE: PLEASE make all checks and money orders Payable to: JOAN BOWERS.

ALSO NOTE: *Outworlds* #25, is forcast to be a "Best of *Outworlds*" anthology, and will not be available for regular means...or under existing sub rates. Effective 8/1/73, new subs will simply 'skip' that issue. Its price to be determined later on.

Outworlds is also available for contributions of artwork or written material. We do not publish amateur SF stories; almost anything else is a possibility. (A stamped, self-addressed return envelope IS appreciated, but not absolutely necessary, from first-time contributors.) Payment is in contributors copies only. The issue in which the material is published, plus the issue containing comment on it, usually. "Major Items" will receive correspondingly more. Non-staff artists receive an issue per illustration published. (And for the Record: Length is no object; I WANT items that are longer than normal fanzine fare!)

Effective with material submitted after publication of this sheet, we will retain the right to reprint any item once in an occasional "Best of *Ow*" anthology, which will pay, on a percentage of profits (if any) basis. [This will be considered to apply retroactively, unless I hear to the contrary from past contributors by Dec. 31, 1973. Rest assured, I do not plan on reprinting everything, and will not embarass anyone.] With this sole exception, all other rights revert to the contributor on publication, though we would appreciate a 'credit line' when material is reprinted elsewhere.

Outworlds depends on response to survive. All letters received are subject to being published and edited, unless specifically marked otherwise. A published letter of comment (LOC) will add one issue to your sub/credit. Short subjects or quotes from LOCs may or may not do the same when printed, subject to Editorial Whim. Somewhere around here, I have a Rotsler cartoon, which says: "Does this mean

I have to write a LOC on EVERY issue?" ...for which I have a not entirely flippant counter-question: "Does this mean I have to publish every issue?"

On a related topic: Addresses are withheld, on request. And although I have performed both services on on a moderate, a recent spate of such requests leads me to state that I am neither an address-furnishing or forwarding service, from fans to pros. I not uppity about this, but several of the addresses I have were obtained with the stipulation that I not reveal them. I honor such stipulations; which may be why I get the addresses in the first place... (Besides, there's not all that many pros on my active mailing list; they respond or get cut, just like anyone else...)

TRADE POLICY may appear to be rather involved, but it isn't, really. I do not feel obligated to trade Ow with every fanzine I receive. (I love 'em, but there are simply too damn many to relate to, or to 'carry' on the trade list.) But I do make an honest attempt to send something in return. I will make few "all for all" agreements in the future. Generally speaking, genzines will at least get one for one, and a cumulative basis will be used to determine what personalzines get in return (a monthly zine will probably end up getting all Ow's, but I don't promise). At the very minimum, all fanzines will be listed in, and their editor's receive, the applicable issue of *Ithworlds*. I try to be fair and avoid hurting feelings, but in the final analysis the decision to trade or not trade has to be strictly subjective. Specifically, I do not trade with promises or make all-for-all commitments with first issues; I'm cynical and have to be shown.

NOTE: "Credit" for LOCs is toted up after the lettercolumn is stencilled. "Credit" for trades is assigned after Iw has been stencilled. (For the Record...)

DISCLAIMER: THERE ARE EXCEPTIONS TO EVERYTHING...AND THE ABOVE IS NO EXCEPTION....

MAILING LABEL CODES:

- T -- all for all trade
- t -- tentative trade, as things are now (subject to one issue's notice before I would cut it off...)
- C -- Columnist, contributor, or staff
- L -- a 'lifer'
- R/M -- you, or something of yours...is reviewed or mentioned
- S -- sample, you lucky dog (I only send one though, so don't ignore it...)
- X -- indicates that what you got is your Last Issue, unless you Do Something
- Iw -- you get Iw only, but then you already know that...

All other input/inflow (fanzines, locs, whatever) will be converted into 'credits', and along with subscriptions, will be indicated by the Issue # of the last one due you. # In other words, PLEASE look at the label before asking me your status! (And fanzines not listed in Iw haven't been credited...and won't be until they are listed.)

Please keep us informed as to Changes of Address; if an issue has to be resent or replaced (the PO often destroys them instead of returning), it will deduct one issue from your sub/credit. We will 'hold' issues, until you have a stable address...

People who've been with us since the beginning, probably won't need this. Others will find it pretentious, irritating, or useless. But you wouldn't believe some of the questions I get, and the assumptions some arrive with. Now, when someone asks me "How do I get on the Ow mailing list?", I simply send 'em this, and get back to producing the best possible fanzine I can. Which is what it's all about for me! I sincerely hope you enjoy *Outworlds*...so humor the Mean Old Man, and follow the rules, eh? Bill

FROM WILLIAM'S PEN...

THIS ISSUE--with its riders--marks the completion of 12 years of fanzine publishing by Mean Old Bill. *Abanico* #1 --September 1961: since then, something like 2150 pages have had my name affixed to them. (At least half of that total was co-edited & -published with Bill Mallardi, and most of the rest couldn't have been without Joan, so I claim neither full credit...nor blame!) Sometime in the next year or so, I plan on doing a more in-depth 'looking backward' piece. But right now, although there were the high & the low points, the friends made and others lost, the money spent to the exclusion of other, more sensible things...I do have something--call it physical memories, a body of 'work'--to look back on with some small degree of pride, prejudice, and pleasure.

But delightful and rewarding as this has been, it's not enough. In fact, it may well be only the preface, the beginning...

You know, when I started (or rather restarted; that's another story that should be told/explained soon) this fanzine, in January 1970, I had a very definite idea/plan of what it was to do, how it was going to accomplish that goal--in short, I KNEW what I was going to sculpt out of endless reams of mimeo paper, etch in uncountable quires of stencils... I was, by God, going to produce the longest running serial in history. *Outworlds* was not going to be so much a series of issues (bearing the same title, but each an entity unto itself) as it was going to be an indeterminate number of installments making up an unimaginably large publication. To that end, the consecutive pagination, the 'coverless' issues, and the conscious exile of the more temporal material first to the 'Flyer' and more recently to *Inworlds*. To that end I've done a lot of things that demand a lot of explanation that I've never given. And perhaps never will...

What you hold in your hands in the now of this moment bears very little of the more stiff and formal aspects of the original conception. Yet that s & f period was necessary, as was the justification of the contents was while I strove to justify the zine, to myself, and to others. Some would say, still, that I have failed to execute; and I've had my moments when I might well have agreed. And yet in all seriousness I must say that I have indeed succeeded--with help, encouragement, and faith from my friends...and more of all of those than you'll ever know from my wife--far beyond my wildest dreams.

Those of you who've been with us for some time--including those faithful few steadfast ever since the D:B daze--are quite aware that Ow is not the most 'even' fanzine around in terms of quality of material, and something less that consistent in following any precise schedule, or coming out in the medium promised. ...and that so often topics and things are left hanging and never picked up, while others (such as this incestuous obsession with my own progeny) are perhaps overdone. I have often exercised a rather heavy hand over the contents and appearance of the zine; and just as often I feel as if I had exercised no control whatsoever. Ow is more than the sum total of me, the contributors, and the medium; and yet without one of those ingredients, it would be nothing at all.

And yet...those of you who've just climbed aboard, with reviews of #'s 15 & 16 dancing in your head along with expectations of a graphic trip, may at this point be wondering what all the fuss was about. (I can't tell you, and I wish the hell I could



show you, but only so many copies were produced.)

Normally, when you pick up a magazine (as opposed to a book), consume and then finish it, lay it down to await the next issue, you can (and should) assume that even though the contents will be new and different, there will at least be a logical progression, a sense of familiarity...of "I know what to expect, more or less." I used to wish (alright, I still do!) wish that I could produce a fanzine like that, but have given up striving for that particular goal. I do the absolute best I can with the time, money and material available to me; they churn around...and come out like this...

This jerky, uneven series of issues, supplements and spin-offs is by no means the smoothly progressive vehicle I once envisioned. If you think the changes of policy evident within the zine are frequent and ill-explained...well, you would believe the changes in plans I go through between issues. It often seems as if I'm taking two and a half steps backward, for every forward half-step. And yet I must feel that I've been doing something right, that the foothill on which Ow now rests is considerably higher than the plateau on which it started.

I'm nasty, I'm mean. I practice what others threaten: I cut people off the mailing list if they don't do what I require as response. I'm tardy in thanking the contributors, in returning material I can't or won't use; when I do write, it's brief and hectic notes, full of typos and ~~stupidities~~. I'm opinionated yet unsure, overly serious yet I have my fun with what I print and the way I print it.

And yet, despite all of this, I have my friends, my people. There are those who do much more than I can ever say or thank them for, these that do MORE than what I require as response to this. They seemingly aren't fazed by the fact that the more they do for me, the greedier my demands on their time and talent becomes. These are the people I do what I do for; I'm happy and flattered that others enjoy the end result enough to subscribe or send their creations in trade. ...and I'm really sad that some don't like what I do, or misinterpret my motives for doing it... But all of this is irrelevant. I am perhaps strange, perhaps not so, in that I can only sincerely relate to a relative few people at any one time. This makes me far too often come across blunt and hurried, but no malice is intended. (You'll KNOW, when it is...!)

I turned thirty (the first time!) a few weeks back, on the fourth anniversary of that first footstep on the Moon... (Quick! What date was that?). The experience was not nearly as traumatic as I'd feared; in fact I was so tired and busy, it almost was forgotten. It was my third day into a new job (same old company), and one so far that I find considerably more rewarding (in ways other than financially, unfortunately). Trouble is that now I come home physically tired, rather than 'nervous'-tired, as was the case before. Sigh...

Anyway, now that I'm untrustworthy, old and cranky, perhaps it's time I started being less a dilettante, and concentrate on what I want to do, what I know I can do, and stop trying to be all things to all people. It's nothing new; I've always wanted to go in 360 different directions at once. The result is that while I'm competent at several things, I don't excel at any of them. At least under my own self-imposed view of such things. I must then narrow the field of vision, sharpen the focus, and forge on ahead. To do such, for reasons explained in an early Iw, I must of necessity be rather single-minded about it.

I've discovered that, rather than being primarily a science fiction fan (though of course that was my first love), I am, if you will, a "publishing fan". I do not find the two terms mutually exclusive, but the second encompasses and transcends the first. For me.

You know about the school bit; I won't go into that again. But I've discovered a whole new world of 'fanzines'...such as *Print Magazine*, *Communication Arts*... But these are expensive buggers: both bi-monthly, the first is \$14./yr. & CA is \$16/yr. But they're worth it to me, as were the two most recent additions to my 'library' (at \$35. for the pair): PUBLICATION DESIGN, and PREPARING ART FOR PRINTING.

All of this is coming out the G.I. Bill money; otherwise, quite frankly, they wouldn't be here. In addition, out of the same source, I'm managed (quite selfishly; we could definitely use it for house & home) to save enough, so that I am faced with three options. 1) I could buy a good mimeo, and replace the pre-'52 monstrosity; 2) I could almost assure attending Aussiecon, which is a goal much more desired than a Hugo, or whatever.

Due to many reasons--some of which I know; others I could only speculate on--*Outworlds* has reached a size/circulation point where some basic decisions have to be made. In other words, to a degree not true before #15 it has become "successful", and "established." In some ways this is welcome; I think anyone if pressed would admit that the more people who like what you do, the more rewarding and flattering it is. Still, while others can apparently cope with mimeo circulations of up to 500 (and here I speaking of more than 10-pagers), by the very nature of the way I do it, I can not.

Again, options: this time two--1) I can stay mean & nasty and hold the circulation down below 200 (the initial distribution this time looks to be around 300, out of a press run of 350-400) and stay mimeo; or 2) I can go offset on a permanent basis.

By now you will have guessed what the decision has been. I rationalize it by saying that the material I'm getting demands a higher circulation than possible with mimeo, that I owe it to the contributors to see that their work gets the widest possible exposure. Perhaps--ala Ted White--in a strange way this is what I've been preparing myself for, for the last twelve years. While I've by no means explored to the limit the potentialities of mimeo, or even achieved the consistency of one Michael Glicksohn (that hurt!), I'm pleased on the whole with what has been done. And I have no intention of giving up the medium; but it will have to be restricted to FAPA and personalzines, of under a 100 circulation. But over that limit, the production starts taking more time than the creation, and that discourages me and bores me. I've payed my dues.

I learned a lot about offset from the last D:B, and the two all-offset Ow's in 70. I've learned a lot more since then, by reading, by observation, and by talking with those who do it. I haven't utilized it more because I was psyched-out by the Mimeo Mythos, and I couldn't afford it. I still can't afford it...but I can't afford not to try it. By going that route I can spend more time on the magazine itself, on writing and drawing of my own, and be assured of having enough copies to last at least until the next issue comes out. The wait has been painful, but beneficial; whereas a couple of years ago you would have seen a direct copy of *Trumpet*-type zines, what will be upcoming will be considerably more "human" (thanks to the Iw-influence), while still being elaborate and artsy. You see, I KNOW that I can utilize and exploit offset to a degree not being practiced currently in fanzines.

There will be at least one (probably two) more mimeoed issues; I still have a fair amount of art already on electro stencils. It or they will be mailed by early November at the absolute latest; any later than that and the Christmas mail...no way! Beginning next year, then, Ow will be going offset. With your support and encouragement.

I mentioned a third option of what to do with that savings account: it's the course I will employ. I have enough to guarantee the first two issues. After that...well the sub list will have had to be built to a level to carry at least most of the printing and mailing costs. I operate under some self-imposed restrictions, that may make it rougher to accomplish that goal, than appears to be the case. Although I will probably be a bit 'freer' with the offset version, I do not envision mailing out large numbers of samples, or carrying deadwood any more than before. And I will not be using bookstore/newsstand distribution (even tho I've already been approached). You see, whatever else Ow is, it is a direct communication from me to you. With the exception of 2 or 3 copies of a couple of the earlier issues, I know who has gotten every copy sent out. I mean to keep it that way. I'm not going after Geis and Porter; I'm aiming at between 750 and one!! circulation, at least until I get through with the school bit.

I'd meant to comment some on *The Making of a Fanzine*. Ah, well. [It was a class paper, and aimed at a non-fannish audience.] Your comments welcome. Next time, *Bill*



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75¢ each; 5/\$3.00 # Total copy run for #16 was: 299. # Outworlds Production #68
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