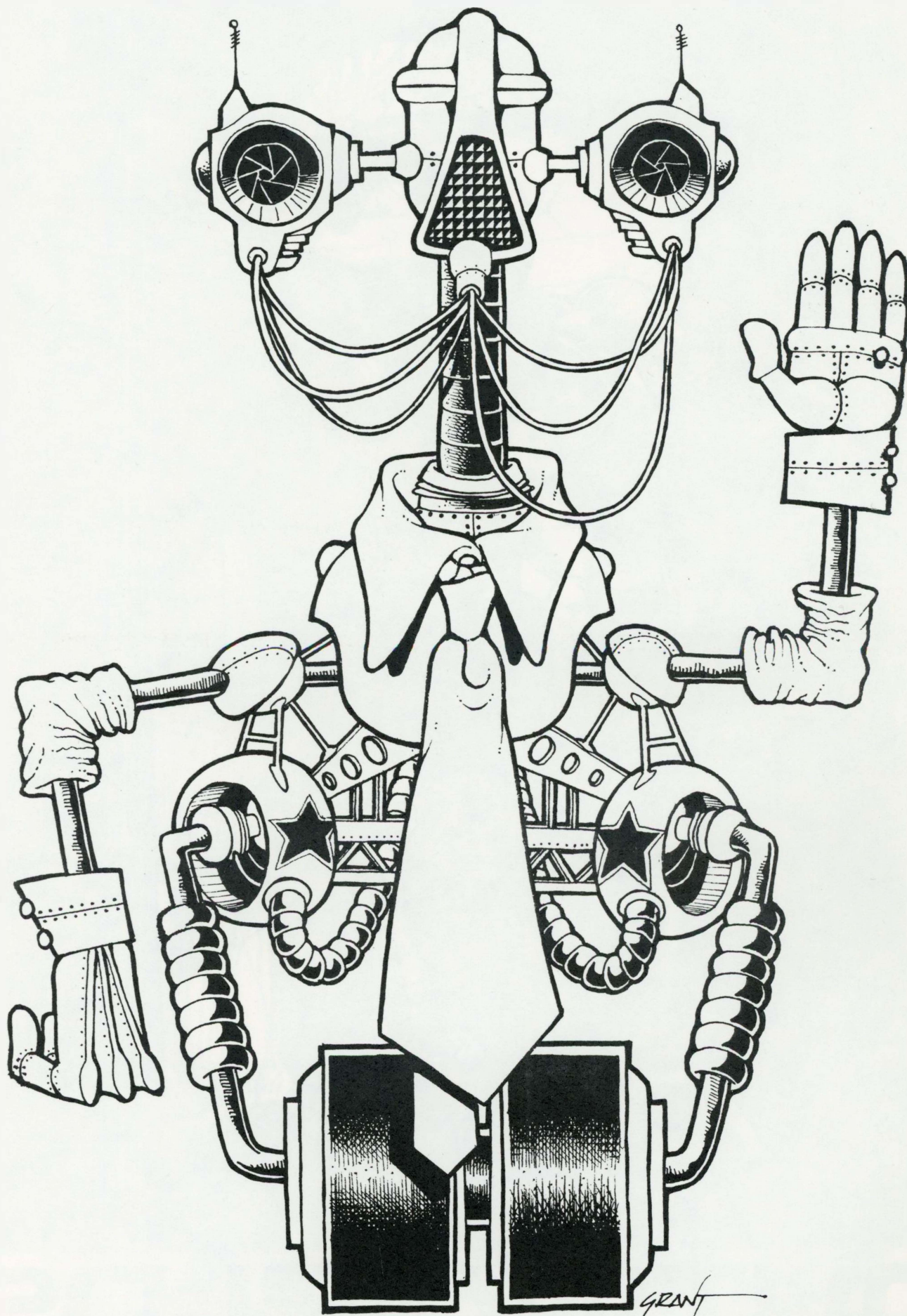


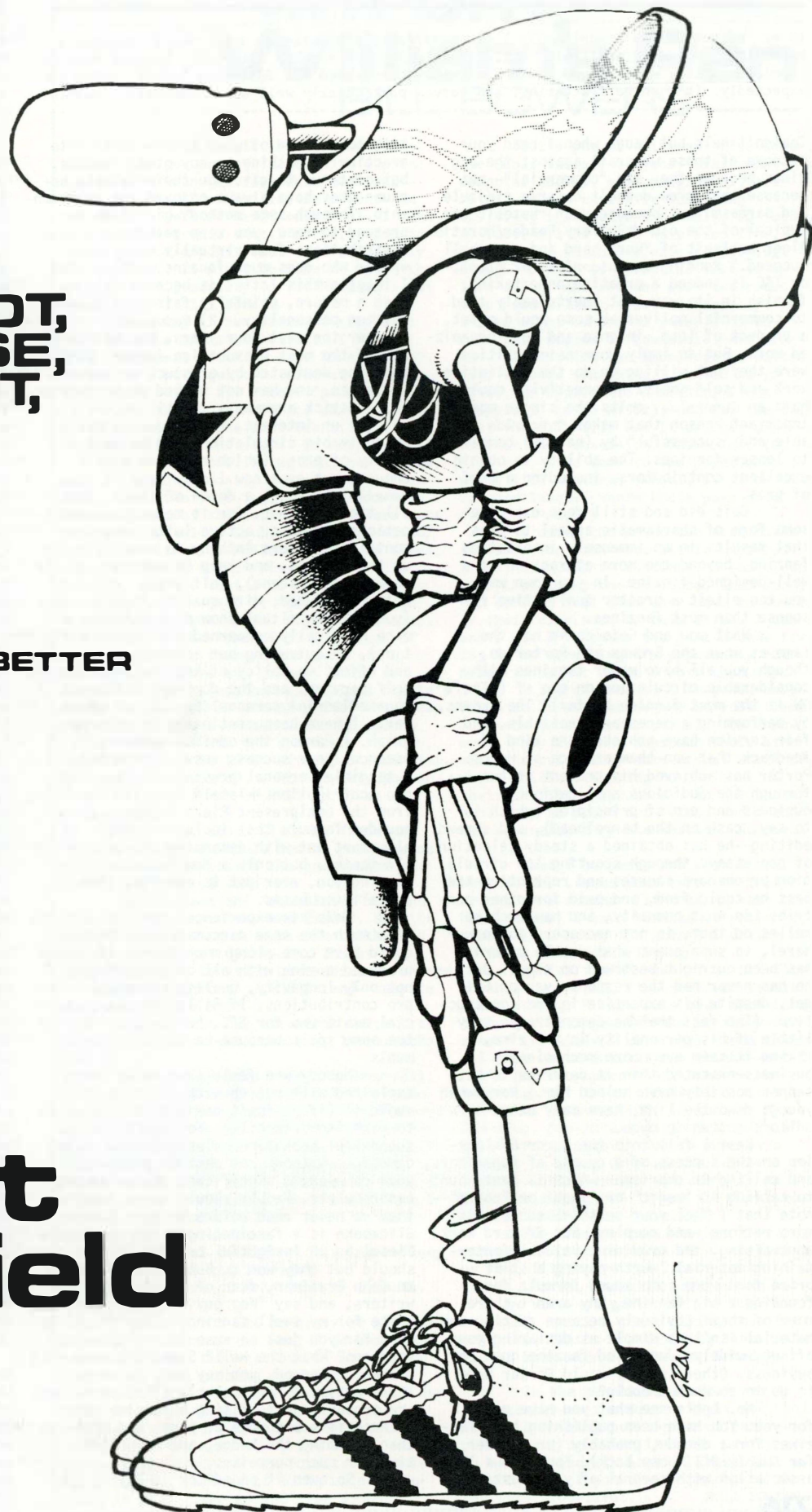
OUTW(19)RLDS



**'THE ROBOT,
OF COURSE,
IS A ROBOT,**

**AT WHICH
THERE IS NONE BETTER
THAN I.'**

**Grant
Canfield**



a letter from MIKE GLYER

In my 'editorial' in *Imworlds* 10, I did some ranting and raving about those explaining my motives behind my publishing activities, which is probably all right, but not when it involves putting words in my mouth. In return I received the following letter, quite unexpectedly. It's quite flattering, and serves particularly well as an editorial lead-in.

Couldn't help but laugh when I read your putdown of those who rail against the big zines because they are "commercial"--not because that crew doesn't deserve ridicule and sarcasm, but because your rhetoric was typical of the old McGuffery Reader/Horatio Alger bullshit of "Work hard and you shall Succeed." Running an *Outworlds*, or *Algo!*, or TAC is indeed a creative undertaking, fannish in its way, not inextricably tied to commercial motives as some would exist, a product of long, intense and well-organized work. But to imply your naive critics were they but willing to do the unstinting work and self-analyzing creativity could have an *Outworlds*, omits the single most important reason that makes *Outworlds* saleable and "successful" by (narrow) comparison to lesser fanzines. The ability to obtain excellent contributors, including a reef of pros.

Geis did and still does exercise some form of charismatic appeal to pros that results in an immensely interesting fanzine, beyond the mere attraction of a well-designed fanzine. In your own way, you too elicit a greater qualitative response than most fanzines.

What you and Geis do is not the same as what the Browns and Porter do, though you all have major fanzines with considerable circulation on pro sf (albeit OW is the most fannish by far). The Browns, by performing a necessary, reliable, and fair service have achieved the kind of feedback that won them a brace of Hugos. Porter has achieved his present status through the judicious application of business and pro sf principles (which is to say, cash on the barrelhead), and shrewd editing--he has obtained a steady selection of pro essays through scouting low circulation or obscure sources and reprinting the best he could find, and paid for other contributions (in what quantity, and how much he relies on that, is not necessary to answer here), to supplement what usable material has been outright bestowed on *Algo!*. But he has never had the response you or Geis get, despite his expertise in fmz construction. (The fact that he demonstrates very little of his personality in the zine, making it seem even more mechanically business-oriented than it deserves to be, cannot possibly have helped him.) Nor, when you go down the line, have many other editors gotten so much.

Let I fall into the error of looking on the success of a couple of faneditors, and calling it charisma--which is tantamount to calling it "magic" or "luck" or "charm"--note that I feel your personal success is more rational and complex. But if hard work, advertising, and providing valuable/entertaining material 'worth paying a stiff price for' were some sound formula for founding a big fanzine, why aren't there more of them? Obviously because getting the material isn't as simple as declaring your offset, widely advertised fanzine open for business. Otherwise why would Porter have to go to so much trouble?

No. Let's see what you have going for you. You have been publishing good fanzines for a decade, probably (or however far *Double:Bill* goes back). You have a long association with several of your best con-

tributors, some of whom by now contribute practically nothing to any other fanzine, but continue to give you their talents because they have always enjoyed the relationship. Through some method which I do not pretend to know, you keep getting periodic contributions from virtually every pro writer who does much fanzine writing. But I imagine this latter is because (1) you have a mature, painfully fair, articulate written personality, (2) *Outworlds*, certainly over the last four years, has maintained one of the most provocative forums, without becoming dominated by or stuck on one set of issues, and has not relied on professional slapstick arguments...until recently...to stir up interest, (3) *Outworlds* has a decently big circulation, and is sent to plenty of pros, (which may seem simple enough, but even now I only send it [*Prehensile*] to about a dozen of them). This all ties together, for it makes your publications reliable, active (with long-time contributor Piers Anthony to keep stirring up the animals, and keep OW relevant to the professional scene), self aware, reliably well reproduced; with quality fannish input (you make no ritual show of publishing a zine myopically concerned with science fiction), an outraging but eminently reasonable and effective policy of keeping your fanzine self-serving, and the dominant influence of your editorial personality (all of whose parts I have been mentioning in this paragraph. ((Pardon the omnibus sentence.)) In essence, your success results from longevity, a tangible personal presence in your zine, pro contributions--lately directly resulting from the omnipresent Piers Anthony, and a rounded formula that includes fandom. We all start out with demanding and perceptive (?) tastes, but only a few faneditors, including you, ever get to exercise them on a realistic basis.

Geis has experienced personal success from much the same circumstances. Porter could have come along much faster if he had produced a zine with all of those facets, not only longevity, quality appearance, and pro contributions. If Gillespie had commercial ambitions for SFC, he could perform on the same scale because he has all the elements.

Nobody who feels that he is being exploited will put up with it if he can avoid it (if he isn't deriving any benefits to make it worthwhile). You can't have successful bookstore sales and advertising campaigns without, as part or parcel of your come-on, a significant roster of pro contributors. People should buy a fanzine they've never read before because Susan Glicksohn is a fascinating writer or Sandra Miesel is an insightful critic? Perhaps they should but they won't. But you can't write to John Braziman, dean of science fiction writers, and say "Hey guy, why don't you write for my swell fanzine?" They should do work for you just because it would massage your ego? What the hell? Something more must prevail. (Indeed, you may have to massage *their* egos...) Particularly since these pros are probably just writing a fanzine piece because it's a change of pace, and more fun than trimming the hedge, and have limited time for such pursuits.

So even if an editor is laying out

the dollars, could advertise if he had anything to advertise. has expertise in fanzine design, is doing the hard time-consuming work necessary to creating a quality fanzine, and is prepared to go in to offset (one of your criterion, and a necessity for high circulation)--it's not enough. And if implying that it is enough, except your juvenile critics are just unwilling to get that deeply involved, seems an attractive out-of-hand way to dismiss the puritans, you are making a vast oversimplification. Before you even get to worry about commercial considerations, you must have something going for you. Like being Bill Bowers, with his years of experience and roster of contributors. Or being Andy Porter, with his years of trial and error, dedication, and bankroll.

Don't underestimate where you are at, Bill.

In a tangential subject, I have nonetheless been questioning my own "learning" and assumptions. The gospel according to Geis says that for a science fiction fanzine to make it, you must accent the pros. The gospel according to Brown says that except where a zine emphasizes an intelligent and topical discussion of science fiction, no fanzine can make the big time, because it can't (in effect) get access to enough potential buyers.

However, there are the 'little magazines.' I know just about nothing of them, except that they exist, but it seems to me that you (generalized you) could adapt the marketing philosophy of a Porter or Geis or Brown--if your fanzine had a good enough thing going for it. It would be slower. You couldn't proclaim the eye-catching pro names and assertion that this is "an informal science fiction journal" or "a magazine about science fiction". That would be part of it. But the real strong point would be the consistently well-written, entertaining, apt (ad infinitum with the words) thought or sensawonda provoking material. Loosely contained by the sf and fantasy fields, there might be a way. For instance, if the zine were running the best of Susan Glicksohn, Sandra Miesel, Tom Digby, Paul Walker, Leon Taylor, Richard Geis, Ted White, Lou Stathis, John Bangsund, etc., the cumulative effect would be a zine of entertaining erudition, and provocative material presented from several viewpoints and in many styles. No fanzine that is currently being published is prepared to carry such a program out on a big scale, much less are the cream of the community of fanwriters likely to submit to it when they are pressed for time on all fronts. Not to mention, not getting a piece of the action. Though even that could be arranged if the idea was worked out; I think Ted White was planning something in that area with the prozine he never got off the ground.

Short of such prodigies, there could still be an outlet for a hybrid personalzine/genzine. Too many ifs are involved to imagine it being done any time soon, though. And even in the big genzines, like *Algo!*, there is yet a zine to rival *Monster Times*, for scope of audience, so who knows?

I doubt that you have much concern for such hierarchical designations, but it appears you are about to become the Dean of Fanzine Publishers. Hiya. What you are doing is beautiful, and what motivated you to do it is successfully articulated, at least to the extent you know yourself. Why anybody should care to produce the

Given the manner in which Mike & I got acquainted, so to speak, in the early *Inworlds*, and the fact that we are from two basically 'different' schools of editorial philosophy, makes this even more delightful --and appreciated.

The most outstanding error of 'fact' is his conception of the number of pros on my mailing list. His 'dozen' outdoes me, at least up to this point. I'm not saying that there haven't been issues where I've sent a dozen or more copies to pros--the ones that went thru FAPA, certainly--but up until the 'fit hit the shan' [thank you, Roger], there were not that many on the regular mailing list. Certainly I always tried to get a copy to those reviewed, but not religiously, and if you want to quibble that SFWA membership doth a pro make, I suppose I'd have to add Geis, the Coulson, the Eisensteins, Vardeman, and who knows who else to the 'pro' list--but I relate to them as fans first of all.

I don't think I protest too much. The situation has changed since 16, yes. And with this issue, even more...since I've more copies available, and since I'd like to get a copy to each one Poul mentions...for the hallibut, as Mallardi was wont to say. No, I wouldn't say that it'd be as hard for a 'pro' to get a freebie out of me, as a fan I've never heard of--I still have my heros, and admire those who entertain me, no matter what their motives--commercial or artistic.

I'm still goshwow enough to dig it when a pro takes time to contribute to my dream. These are the people who have given damn near twenty years of stories and epics that I could lose myself in for a moment, and I hope to God that I never become so cynical as to forget that.

I'd like to take about four or five pages to really go into the whole letter with you Mike, but things like that will be better left to *Grafmedica*...lest we lose those who are getting this for the pros...and not insignificantly, making it all possible, for me, and for you.

I find it rather ironic that on the occasion of this particular issue--with a print run greater than the last four combined--I should resort to what is, in effect--an 'on-stencil', first-draft editorial. I find it even more ironic that I'm restricted to two-thirds of a page...but that's probably for the best: It might be wise to break the newcomers in gradually to the Wonderful but Weird Mind of Bill Bowers.

I'm thirty (gawd!) and obsessed with creating/building the most beautiful fanzine/magazine in the world. *So much for me.*

I've been publishing fanzines of one sort or another (mostly pretentious) since 1961...the same year I graduated from high school. Seven of the intervening years went to something called *Double:Bill*, co-edited/published with Bill Mallardi (and, at times, with Earl Evers & Alex Eisenstein on the 'staff'; and the last 3 of the 21 issues would never have made it out without Joan). It was fun, it got us two Hugo nominations, but it wasn't the same after I got out of the service--I'd changed too much--so I killed it. Perhaps our primary claim to fame was being bequeathed with Lloyd Biggle's SYMPOSIUM (currently out-of-print) which was a brusier, but got us all sorts of egoboo.

Outworlds had one apa-issue in 1966, and was revived in 1970, after D:B's demise. [If you're interested, a history of, and an index to...the first 18 will be in an upcoming *Grafaneditica*.]

OW is me, mine...it's my dream and my product. But it would not be possible on near this scale without the encouragement, faith, and help of Joan.

Nor without the 'associates': Steve Fabian, my main artist, and friend, despite never having met; and, effective with this issue, one Michael Glicksohn, former big-time faneditor, constant harasser...in charge of 'special projects'...and friend--despite the fact we *have* met!

Nor without the marvelous columnists, faithful artists, contributors, letterhacks, subbers...

It's my ego-trip, and I'm immensely selfish about retaining 'control' over the zine, and selective in who gets freebies and why -- I am intensely self-centered and the zine is naturally self-serving, pretentious, filled with things I enjoy regardless of whether they fit a given category or not; & I often fail to execute nearly everything I promise...at least on time. But I'm the ultimate in stubbornness:

As Michael told me: I'm going to keep doing it until I get it right.

With a lot of help from my friends.

But it's not all so heavy or serious. I do this because it is what I do best, and because I enjoy the hell out of it. I play games that mean nothing to anyone but me, both within and without a given issue, I delight in surprising people, hoping they'll enjoy a given issue...and wonder what nutty things I'll try next time, and I have no shame--I'll attempt a new format...because it is there...whether it works or not. Because it *will*...the second time around!

Let's put it this way: I've held the usual variety of jobs--draftsman, computer jockey, semi-programmer, estimator--and am currently compiling operating instructions manuals, to feed my face. All of which have been fine, but none of which are/were satisfying enough to want to spend the rest of my life doing. And for the past two years I've been killing myself (literally) going to night school in pursuit of an associate degree in Commercial Art. For two reasons: for the knowledge (I waited till I found something I wanted to go after, as opposed to something I was 'supposed' to go after); and for the fact that the G.I. Bill has in essence underwritten this obsession. *Outworlds*. (Up till now; it's come to the point where, while I'll continue school, it'll be at a reduced level...where Uncle pays only tuition. *sigh*)

I envy those who can find their satisfaction with nice little unpretentious, inexpensive fanzines. I sometimes wish that I was one of those, like Joan, who doesn't feel that they have to justify their existence on this earth. I can't and I do. I've spent the past decade trying to be something I'm apparently not meant to be. It doesn't work that way.

A lot of faneds, I imagine, have found at least some degree of fulfillment in their jobs, careers, music, or whatever. They can then approach their zine with a considerably more casual attitude, while still attempting to the best of their abilities/resources, to put out a zine they're proud out. Fine; and I enjoy and am enriched by the results. No lie.

What I do best, and what I most want to do...is in your hands at this moment. And someday (it doesn't have to be tomorrow; I have remarkable patience, once I know where I'm going) I'd like to be doing this for a living.

[Which reminds me: since the first ad-sheet appeared, I've received several notes asking: "Does this mean that Linda Bushyager will now declare OW a non-fanzine?" Certainly I care what Linda thinks --I care about what anyone thinks--but I can't get too upset about someone who rails against large circulation zines, but takes in over \$100. in subs on her own zine. Sub-intake is just a valid a criterion as circulation in whether a fanzine is being done on the editor's resources...thus truly "amateur". To me. (For the record, OW 17 was the first to take in over \$100.--barely.)]

Now I don't know whether that statement up there makes OW a non-fanzine or not. I'll leave the labels up to others. It is, and will continue to be --in my view--eligible for the Hugo or whatever, until I start paying cash for material. That's the dividing line. And you'll know when I cross it. Someday.

In the meantime, I offer you a step closer to the Dream. Right now, this issue is nothing but a pile of paste-ups piled about me...but it looks pretty good to me. I sincerely hope it looks that way to you, too. I point with pride, to the contents...overleaf...

BILL BOWERS

4TH ANNISH 1974 FIRST QUARTER

CONTENTS

"A Letter from MIKE GLYER" -----	716
...from William's Pen : BILL BOWERS -----	717
Energwoman : SUSAN GLICKSOHN -----	719
Beer Mutterings : POUL ANDERSON -----	722
Understandings : ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES -----	722
The Onlyest Kentucky Boy... : andrew j offutt -----	724
TERRY CARR's Entropy Reprints: An Eohumor Triad ---	726
Thoughts on Spinach : HENRY KUTTNER	
Are You Ad Conditioned? : RAY BRADBURY	
The Great Goddess LN-OR : FORREST J ACKERMAN	
...And the Irish Hate the Irish : JODIE OFFUTT ----	729
Language at Midnight : BILL WOLFENBARGER -----	732
INTERFACE : Letters/INwords -----	736
Thots While Snow Shovelling : TED WHITE -----	745
An Open Letter to Ted White : PIERS ANTHONY	
The Robert Moore Williams Letters	
INTERFACE 2 : The Ultimate Debate -----	750
Rationale for an Indecision : PIERS ANTHONY	
This Story Will Make You Cry : S.A. STRICKLEN, JR.	755

ARTWORLDS

"The Robot, of course..." : GRANT CANFIELD cover/folio	
"OUTWORLDS" : GRANT CANFIELD & JAY KINNEY center-strip	
"HAT TRIX - a true story" : DAN STEFFAN -----	743
"In Boozeland with Little Mikie" : MIKE GILBERT ---	744
STEPHEN E. FABIAN's Page -----	755
Bacover: C. LEE HEALY -----	756

OTHER ART: TERRY AUSTIN: 719, 724 * HANNES BOK[r]: 727
* GRANT CANFIELD: 736-737 * DEREK CARTER: 721 * GREGG
DAVIDSON: 732, 752 * PAUL DOCHERTY: 721 * FREFF: 731 *
DANY FROLICH: 729, 730, 731 * MIKE GILBERT: 750 *
JOE PEARSON: 754 * JAMES SHULL: 722, 725 *
* DAN STEFFAN: 720, 721, 733, 745, 753 *

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Printed in U.S.A.

ARE YOU A SECRET ARCTOPHILE?

Admit it. There are thousands of us, including Sir John Betjeman, Britain's poet laureate, who immortalized his constant companion, Archibald Ormsby-Gore, in verse; one of John Paul Getty's ex-wives who has one made out of mink; a blind English lady who carries a miniature one in her purse because she's lonely, and people stop to chat when they see it; the staff of the Fine Arts section of Toronto's main library; and all sorts of normal adult people who still cherish... a Teddy Bear.

My Teddy is a proper English bear, a present from my beloved Grandad when I was Very Small. After years of faithful friendship, during which he crossed the Atlantic three times, made dull weekly visits to my Canadian grandparents endurable, and put up with being hugged, cried over, sick upon and occasionally thrown, he's a very battered bear. His fur (for some reason, Teddies are usually masculine, and *never* neuter) is threadbare. His growl is gone. He's had several sets of eyes and new paws. And he's still as cuddly as ever. My dolls got packed off into a box in Mum's basement long ago, but Teddy travelled to Toronto, and then to the wilds of Saskatchewan with me, where he belongs. After all, friends belong with you, not in a musty old box!

There are exceptions, of course. Peter Bull, an English actor who has become the world's leading arctophile historian, records the following conversation with a friend who hid his Teddy, for safety, under the floorboards of his parents' house:

"But isn't he lonely?" I asked.

"Not a bit," replied my chum cheerfully. "He's got a lot of old love letters to look at it, and plenty of hard-core pornography."

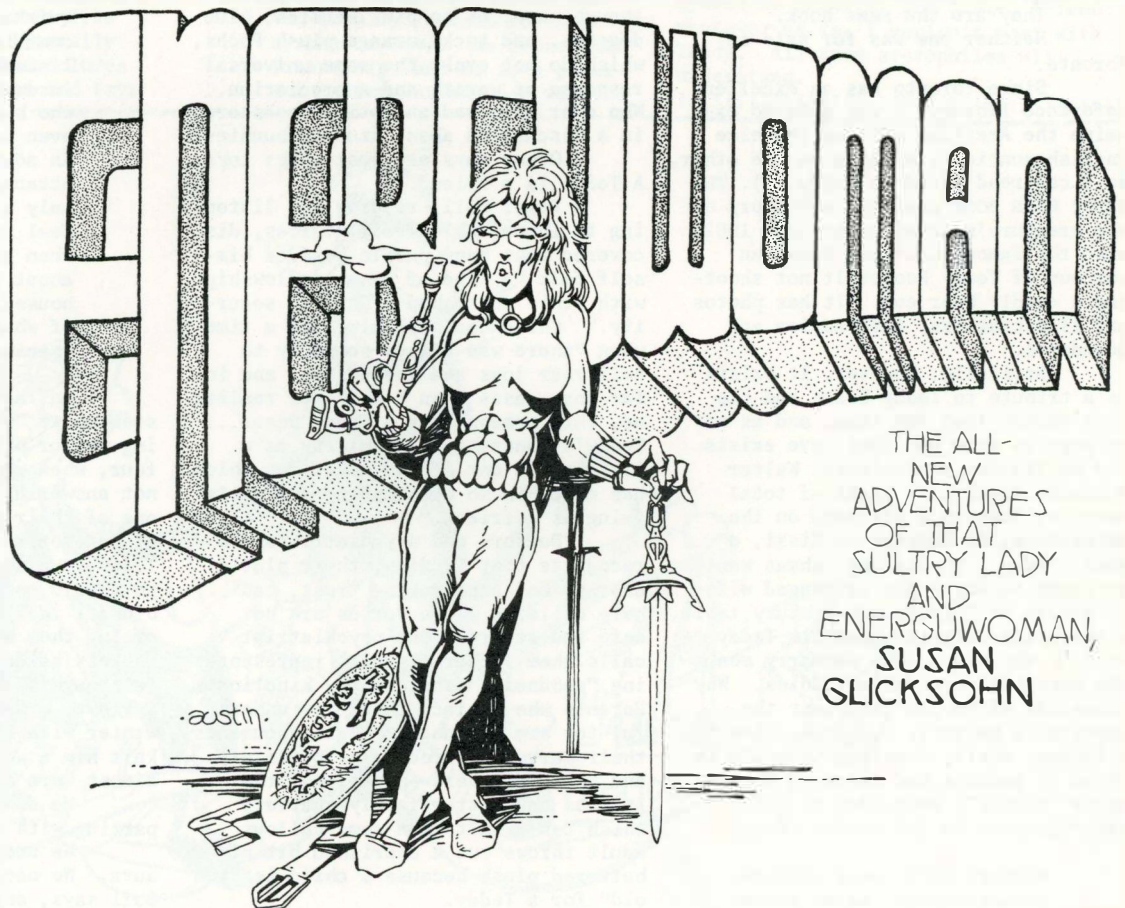
Now I admit, my Teddy only recently found his way out of hiding. You see, several years ago I met a chap named Mike Glicksohn. "Mike" in Russian is "Mishka", which is the name given to furry black dancing bears. Those of you who have met the Boy Wonder will agree the association seems appropriate. Sandra Miesel insists I traded a small, cuddly stuffed creature for a *real* "furry precious". Be that as it may, the creatures did not co-exist.

Poor Teddy found himself not only displaced from my affections, but suspended from the light-fixture, con-torted into weird-and-perverved positions, tortured... Eventually, for his own safety, I banished him to the top of my dresser. When Puppy-the-cat arrived, looking for a scratching post, Teddy vanished into a drawer. Meanwhile, I found myself teased unmercifully, especially when a Teddy with a microphone in his nose was implicated in last year's British sex-and-politics scandals. Even the fact that my hulking, hip, 21-year-old brother had dis-interred *his* Teddy didn't help; it meant that Michael could tease the entire family. I ended up thoroughly embarrassed that I, a Respectable Urban Matron and would-be Scholar, couldn't bear to part with my bear.

Then one dreary day last winter, a bad case of thesis-writer's block drove me to turn on *The Pierre Berton Show*. There, in a Toronto tv studio, sat a tweedy, middle-aged British character actor name Peter Bull, being encouraged (Berton being free of the smirk-syndrome that spoils US talk shows) to explain, in all seriousness, why people like me cherish their Teddies. He made a lot of sense.

Illustrations: DAN STEFFAN

Heading: TERRY AUSTIN



THE ALL-
NEW
ADVENTURES
OF THAT
SULTRY LADY
AND
ENERGUWOMAN,
SUSAN
GLICKSOHN



I even debated bringing Teddy out to see Theodore, Bull's chief bear, who goes to lunch with Archibald Ormsby-Gore (they write each other formal invitations, and Theodore takes Bull along to play with Betjeman). Being selfish, or unconvinced, however, I remained before the set and caught a mention of a book by Bull. No title, no further information.

The next day I abandoned my thesis to pore over the Books In Print catalogue in my favourite bookstore. While involving the entire staff in a twenty-minute exchange of Teddy-anecdotes, I discovered that Peter Bull is the author of BEAR WITH ME [London: Hutchison, 1969]; and THE TEDDY BEAR BOOK [New York: Random, 1970]. The former retails for £ 1.50, the latter for US\$10.00, Can\$12.00.

They are the same book.

Neither one was for sale in Toronto.

Since Toronto has an excellent reference library, I was able to examine the American edition (my nice English auntie is sending me the other, so I can read aloud to Teddy...). THE TEDDY BEAR BOOK contains a history of the creature's development from 1902, with the famous Clifford Berryman cartoon of Teddy Roosevelt not shooting a cuddly bear cub. It has photos and illustrations, information and anecdotes.

Basically, however, it exists as a tribute to Teddy Bears and the love people feel for them; and as an attempt to show why that love exists. Why an Italian mountaineer, Walter Bonatti, survived a night of total despair, lost in a blizzard on the Matterhorn, by talking to Zissi, a small Teddy. Why an Englishman went to court to force his estranged wife to return an "eighteenth-century table, a cut-glass decanter, and his Teddy Bear." Why women like me marry men who physically resemble Teddies. Why thousands of people (not just the inevitable pathetic souls who live in a fantasy world, dressing up bears instead of poodles and treating them as their "family") responded to this advertisement in the London Times:

History of E. Bear Esquire.
Reminiscences, Data, Photo-

graphs (returnable) urgently required by Peter Bull who is compiling a symposium on these remarkable creatures. No actual bears, thank you!

The symposium became a book; and, with publicity appearances in Britain and the United States stimulating further response, the book sparked a project to hold a massive Teddy-rally in Madison Square Gardens!

What Bull calls "the whole dotty, marvellous mystique of the Teddy Bear" is based on a simple human need. Teddies are soft, furry when new, appealing to basic human cuddle-reflexes. They are associated with childhood, a world seen, by nostalgic adults at least, as one of simplicity and security. The same description, though, applies to pink kitties, blue doggies, and tacky orange-plush Poohs, which do not evoke the same universal response of warmth and appreciation. Who ever involved an entire bookstore in a discussion about stuffed bunnies?

Other toys are just that: toys. A Teddy is a Friend.

Peter Bull, reading and listening to innumerable Teddy stories, discovered that many people besides himself felt "a kind of human fellowship" with "this cherished symbol of security." Childhood, for him, was a time when "there was always somebody to tell your joys and sorrows to, and in far more cases than I had ever realized, this someone was a Teddy Bear.... Teddy's constant availability as a listener is one of the qualities which has made him so outstanding and satisfying as a friend."

Doctors and psychiatrists now recognize that Teddies, their placid expressions encouraging trust, can help children whose worlds are not safe and secure. One psychiatrist calls them father-figures, representing "goodness, benevolence, kindness. Parents who replace this cozy unharmed toy are a menace." Bull documents their marvellous record as pacifiers and pain-relievers--as well as the traumas and bitter family quarrels which can result when some callous adult throws out a cherished bit of battered plush because a child is "too old" for a Teddy.

But surely there does come a time when a normal adult grows up, grows "too old" for a Teddy?

What on earth is that man Bull doing with a collection of the beasts?

To some extent, Bull does pander to the image a "normal adult" (a bearless child grown older) must have of him: fey, probably gay, and certainly abnormal. He presents himself as master of the arct-anecdote, as when he describes his reluctance to leave his fourteen New York bears (he has eleven in London) sitting in a tv studio overnight in preparation for a debut on *The Today Show*. Bull wasn't afraid the bears would be stolen; rather, he knew they would sulk. Finally he was forced by technical considerations to leave them behind, he says, but

"Theodore, my eldest and most precious Teddy friend, refused point blank... and I had to take him in my pocket the next morning. The others were in a foul temper when I greeted them, since they, too, hate being away from base without me."

But that's Bull the actor, playing to the gallery, anticipating and therefore disarming the reaction of those dull people who will never understand:

"Sometimes when I'm describing some of Theodore's foibles or quirks I see a look of terror come into the eyes of the listener. For it is usually incomprehensible to the person who has never possessed or even wanted a Teddy Bear that an adult can be so passionately attached to what is apparently only a stuffed toy. But then I feel the same sort of thing when people start going on about their cars, yachts, houses, or bank balances, all of which seem to me far more inanimate than Teddy."

In fact, most of us arctophiles seem quite "normal". We ceased talking to our bears around the age of four, when we realized the bears were not answering. (That, of course, is one of their gifts, along with a lack of locomotive power. The patient Teddy is always quietly at your side to absorb confidences, tears, or even blows.) We don't dress our Teddies up or lug them about the world in special baskets as does Sir John Betjeman (although my Teddy did very kindly agree to brave the horrors of a Regina winter with me; and maybe I *should* knit him a woolly pullover, his fur is almost worn off...)

We don't for a minute consider parting with our Teddies, either.

We need their benevolent, loving aura. We need their companionship. Bull says, and I agree, that "Just to

A Teddy is a Friend.

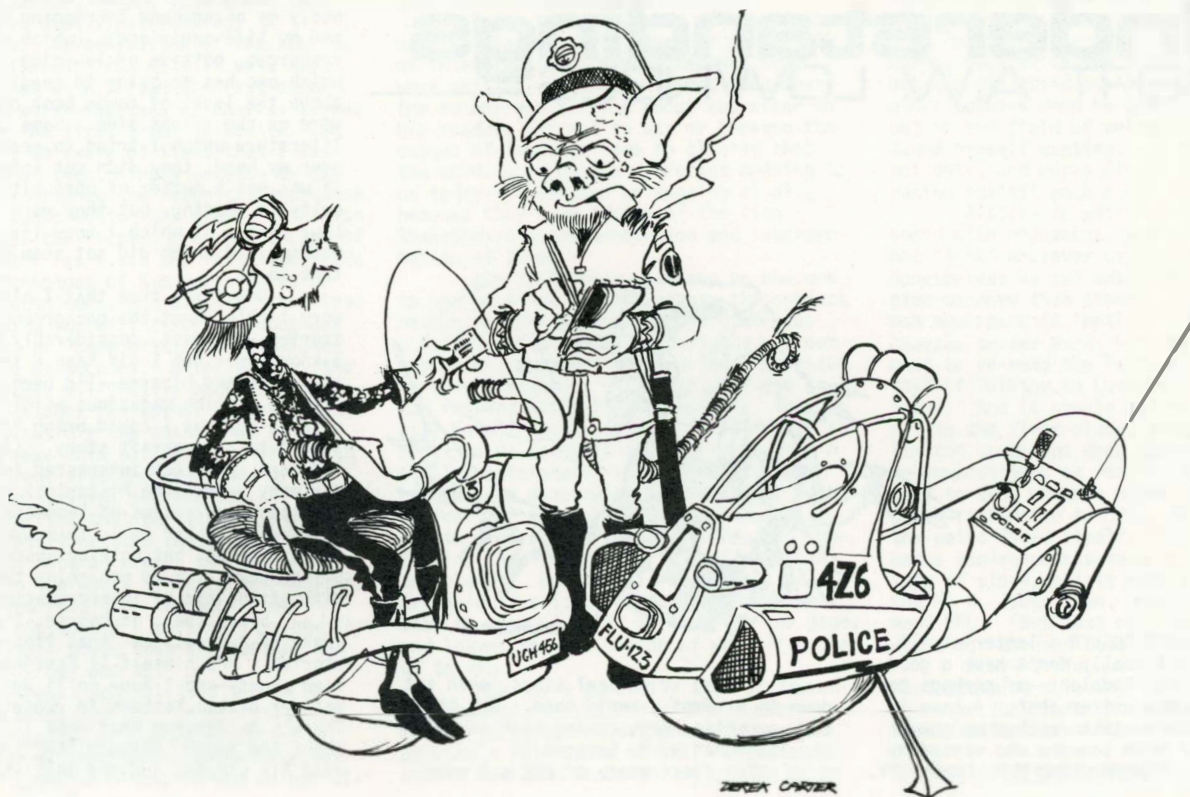
Fellow arctophiles, bring your bears out of the closet. Cuddle them. While you're at it, cuddle people like Dan "Teddy Bear" Steffan, also possessed of a benevolent aura... in fact, he complains bitterly that girls call him their "Teddy Bear" because "they say I'm easy to talk to," confide in him, "and that's all they're interested in, dammit!" So what's wrong with being loved, trusted, needed and cuddled?

Arctophiles aren't isolated oddities. Those people buying Chad Valley and Steiff bears by the armful, not to mention volume after volume about Pooh, Rupert and Paddington, can't all be grandparents and aunts buying baby gifts. Get your bear out, and give him the honour he deserves after all those years of friendship. After all, Gordie Dickson and Poul Anderson gave Teddies a whole planet! In EARTHMAN'S BURDEN...

Anyone who loves Teddies (or Hokas) can be a member of the Teddy Bear Club. Robert Henderson, president of this unofficial organization, says that it "exists universally in the subconscious mind... the common bond of Teddy Bear consciousness binds together whole groups of people of otherwise diverse interests." Colonel Henderson has spent his life corresponding with, and bringing together, Teddy-people: from enthusiasts like Bull to lonely people who literally have no other friends. He concludes that, while dolls change and fad toys

He permeates the whole structure of society. This is because he is a truly international figure who is non religious and yet universally recognized as a symbol of love. He represents friendship, and so is a powerful instrument of good will, a

Cuddly toy, childhood treasure, symbol of security and peace, friend: whatever he is, I wouldn't part with Teddy. All true arctophiles will understand.



Beer Mutterings

POUL ANDERSON

IT'S CONVENTIONAL WISDOM (and is wisdom disqualified as such merely by being conventional?) that science fiction has cycles of innovative creativity, with comparatively dull periods in between the peaks. Years ago, I suggested that the high points have occurred just about when the United States got involved in wars--the Second European and simultaneous Pacific, the Korean, the Vietnamese--but somebody later pointed out that this merely means we get embroiled a lot. Nevertheless, a cycle of sorts does exist, and it makes sense that one should. After all, new people break new ground; a period naturally follows wherein that which they have opened up is explored and exploited more fully; at last it becomes assimilated, mere routine, and either the field goes stale or a fresh generation of pioneers comes along. This has been as true of the mystery as of the sf story, both being fortunate in the continued appearance of heresies. The historical didn't fare so well, until the likes of Mary Renault gave it new life by introducing elements of archeology. Westerns I wouldn't know about.

But anyhow, as for sf, the other evening I was free-associating with Karen (it's legal; we're married) and it struck me that perhaps in this case the rhythm can be quite precisely defined, independently of external events. See what you think of the following proposition: To a first approximation, the period of sf is twelve years.

We can worry about sunspots later on. Meanwhile, let's begin at 1926, when Hugo Gernsback started the first genre magazine. Possibly we could go further back than that, but then the concept of a separate field didn't really exist--a situation I hope we'll eventually return to--and pinpointing is much harder. Gernsback's creation is in any event, for better or worse, an obvious landmark, a decisive influence. From it sprang the third-generation giants. (I'm assuming that Verne and a few contemporaries were the first generation, Wells and a few

contemporaries the second.) Whatever your opinion of writers like John Campbell in his two aspects, Edmond Hamilton, E. E. Smith, Murray Leinster, Stanley Weinbaum, and Jack Williamson, they were seminal; a great deal of what followed derived straight from their work. Personally, I think a lot of them, and am happy that a few of them are still around, still contributing and still developing in their own careers. That will be part of the point I wish to make.

Despite individual excellences, sf did in time tend to become a mere aspect of standardized pulp. But then in 1938 John Campbell took the helm of *Astounding*. What followed is common knowledge and need not be repeated here. Names like Asimov, Bester, Chandler, Clement, de Camp, del Rey, Heinlein, the Kuttners, Leiber, Pohl (in those days, mainly as another bright editor), Rocklynne, Simak, Sturgeon, van Vogt will suffice.

Not all of these hit their real stride that early. Some came in with stories admittedly good but generally not in a class with what they would produce later. For them, the great flowering occurred in the next high period, which followed the low one of the late forties.

My twelve-year cycle says 1950. Actually, *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction* was started a year earlier; but *Galaxy* soon followed, and of course the alternation is not a matter of go-no-go. Though it's common and doubtless correct to speak of this era as the Boucher-Gold renaissance, one should bear in mind that it applied to all the magazines--for instance, Walter Miller, Jr. was mainly in *Astounding* and a bit in *Amazing*--and this was also approximately the year when sf

Understandings

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES



SOMETIMES I DON'T ANSWER a letter at all, partly because I really don't have a good answer and am too indolent--or perhaps too vain--to tell the writer that. A case in point is a missive that reached me some time last year from someone who wanted my suggestions on interpreting H.P. Lovecraft.

I read it several times, even sat down to attempt a reply once. But the same question keeps coming back to me: Why interpret H. P. Lovecraft?

The first story of HPL's I ever

read was *The Strange, High House in the Mist*, back in 1931. Several times since then I've read or re-read all of his fiction that has been published. It isn't unlikely that I may re-read them all again.

In 1931, I'd just turned 15; obviously my background in reading literature, and my life experiences (which are the resources, outside of learning English, which one has to bring to reading matter above the level of comic book continuities) were on the slight side. Some works of literature which I tried to read then were over my head; they didn't interest me. It was not a matter of obscurity or difficulty in reading, but they were simply about things of which I knew little or nothing and which did not seem very important to me.

Now it is true that I also knew very little about the background of HPL's stories--at least, considerably less than I know now. But I did have a feeling for the weird and bizarre--I'd been reading science fiction magazines avidly for over a year--so that I could bring intense interest to a Lovecraft story. (And since I'd been very much interested in history for many years, the historical background and the anachronisms of language neither baffled nor bored me.) There were strange things in HPL, but nothing obscure to the point where I could not enjoy the tales without the aid of interpretation.

Since then, of course, I've become aware of a great deal that lies behind the stories. HPL himself is fascinating to read about--and I hope we'll get the remainder of his letters in reasonable time. There's no denying that what I had learned about the author between the first time I read his stories and the most recent read-

MY INFREQUENT TRIPS to New York remind me of a tiny Stephen Crane poem that begins with a man saying to the universe "Sir, I exist." Whereupon the universe makes a bored so-what retort. New York, say I, *c'est moi*, I am come to take you and your editorial offices by storm! And withered, crotchety old lady Manhattan takes no note.

But I notice:

1: On taking the subway at 4:30 AM Standing in the very front of the very first subway car, my nose pressed against the glass window like a kid, because that's where Delany forced it. Right beside the engineer's locked--cabin? castle keep?--watching the garbage-littered tracks slide along under me while the lights go by-go by-go by, with almost audible click-snaps as they rush toward me and then vanish behind. I wonder at the purpose/meaning of the Christmas-tree blue ones. Two lifetime New Yorkers can't tell me.

They are with me because it is 4:30 AM and I was countryboy afeard to subway from the nice old Jewish neighborhood in Brooklyn where I was visiting Michael and Pat, and they laughingly decided to escort the silly uptight Kentuckian. So we mounted the subway: three of us with enough hair all over our heads to supply a dozen or more Brynners. And there he is, as promised: a bored-looking NYC policeman, with long black sideburns and a mustache and the ever-present little walkie-talkie, presumably for the purpose of screaming for help. And we are three hairy dudes in jeans and boots (and, in my case, leather pants). And the cop carefully moves into the front car with us; we are the most obvious sources of potential trouble to him! After all, the low-slumping

junkie in the second car is asleep--or perhaps looking up the skirt of the fat woman opposite him. (Lotsa luck, guy!)

Tracks sliding under... lights rushing by, snap-snap... and now, strange lights ahead: workers with lanterns, down here about some duties at close onto five in the AM, each pressed back into niches like vertical coffins as we trundle past. There are seven of these nocturnal toilers in New York's twisted bowels, seven men of three different colors.

The station. Silent, deserted, dirty, graffitous and--to the Kentucky kid--scary. ("You're fulla beans, andy," I'd been told only an hour before. "I've lived in New York nearly all my life and I've been mugged only once!" I stared. "Only ONCE! Jesus, Chip, where I come from people don't even know what mugged MEANS!") We ascend, reaching a quiet and darkling street occupied--visibly--only by taxi-cabs, the worker ant army of Manhattan. Walking down the street to the hotel, they chuckle and kid me: see any muggers? See how peaceful it is at night? Oh BOY, you hillbilly!

Duly chastened, I am silent, certainly not my natural state. It is so strange, not to *hear* N'York! Then we reach the hotel, and I have to bang and bang on the door before a uniformed man comes, and then I have to show him my key through the door: I live here man, at least tonight!

So he at last takes off the three locks on the door and uses his key to unlock the padlock on the big iron grille protecting the door, and I go in and upstairs to bed. Safe and snug as a bug in a rug... in the Castle of Dürenstein. Portcullis down! Drawbridge up. *Good night!*

2: Sorry, I'm a stranger here myself It is hard to find native New Yorkers... who work. The elevator "boy" at the Algonquin was a Japanese, about fifty. The housekeeper was Mrs Kelley, and the Irish accent was beautiful. My maid was from Martinique. The waiter was from Palermo. And the guy on the desk was from Alabama. We said "hey" instead of "hi" to each other, grinning like idiots. I put on a little Southern for him. We needed that.

3: Taxi!

It is a cliché but true that the friendliest people in town are cab-drivers. In two visits I have ridden with exactly twenty drivers; never a duplication. They love having their names pronounced properly. The Turk grinned from ear to ear and asked if I spoke Turke. Then he tried me out by rattling off a sentence. I had to admit the ugly truth; I am a linguistic dilettante, that's all. Then there was the Jew from Turkey--I didn't know about that, so he told me about the exodus from the Spanish Inquisition. Oh. Another, who had both the look and accent of Spain, I assumed was a Puerto Rican, PR to those in the know. He didn't understand a third of what I said. I got over half of what *he* said. He'd been there three months. Great, I thought. It was becoming obvious to me that in order to keep something like one in every five New Yorkers on welfare, we have to *import* people to do the work!

The guy with the "French" accent turned out to be a Swiss. And a *pharmacist*! His wife's with the UN, and they change countries a lot. He always gets work as a pharmacist--and drives cabs two days a week. Because



andrew j offutt

The Onlyest Kentucky Boy in New York

he loves it, and meeting people. If I'd had more money I'd have got into the front seat and ridden around with him all day. But next came the long-haired dude wearing jeans and a faded blue workshirt and a great drooping Zapata mustache. Made me feel at home, because he looked like he belonged at a con. Obviously a native New Yorker, right?

Sorry. *He* was from Kentucky!

Couple of hours later I was sitting behind a guy with a magnificent PhilFoster Brooklyn accent. Sounded like a put-on, I swear. Drove with his window open so he could yell at every pedestrian who stepped off the curb. "Whassa matta, da sidewalks not bigga nuff fah ya?" We gotta lotta badfingers, straight up, and I loved it. He oughtta be in show business. But then: a slickly-looking second-generation PR driver, 50's-Presley hairdo, with a huge cab (jumpseats, you know). I had to comment, and got the word: he screws a lot in it. Amazin how many chicks wanna be scrood in the backa a cab, ya know? Sort of a traveling bachelor's pad, he told me. Marvy. We didn't talk much.

I prefer the Italians; four, so far. And the black man-mountain from Harlem who talked about his wife's mink coat. I swear.

Then there was Steiner. About 60, departed Austria 25 years ago, hissing accent overlaid with Bronx. Yeah, he wants to go back so bad he can taste it. Wants to drink *beer*, the real thing, one more time, and lie down that last time under Deutschlander soil. We have an agreement. As soon as I make a lot of money with a best seller, I call Steiner, beautiful Steiner. We go to Vienna together, with him doing me a favor, see, telling me which beers and wursts are best and ordering for me. We're both looking forward to it. A couple of silly-ass dreamers, right?

But I have his address. Wait for me, Steiner. *Dream.*

4: Way in the middle of the air

Martini-splashed notes on a legal pad: flying out of Newark airport at night. An array of untwinkling nights like a carnival (or the State Fair) below; a bridge over the Hudson forming the ferris wheel--at rest.

We're taking off with NYC over to the right in the darkness--lights running out to the end of the world and over the edge. Lights forming clusters, patternless patterns, the work of a drunken mod artist-in-lights, here and there serpentine sliced or bounded by long, even concentrations of the same: highways and freeways, one assumes. Or noctiluminescent dragons. Who's to prove?

Now and then the plane tilts, turning; the lights abruptly and shockingly form a *wall*, rather than the *floor*. (Yes, thank you, I'd like a Martini.)

We're higher, now, and it's

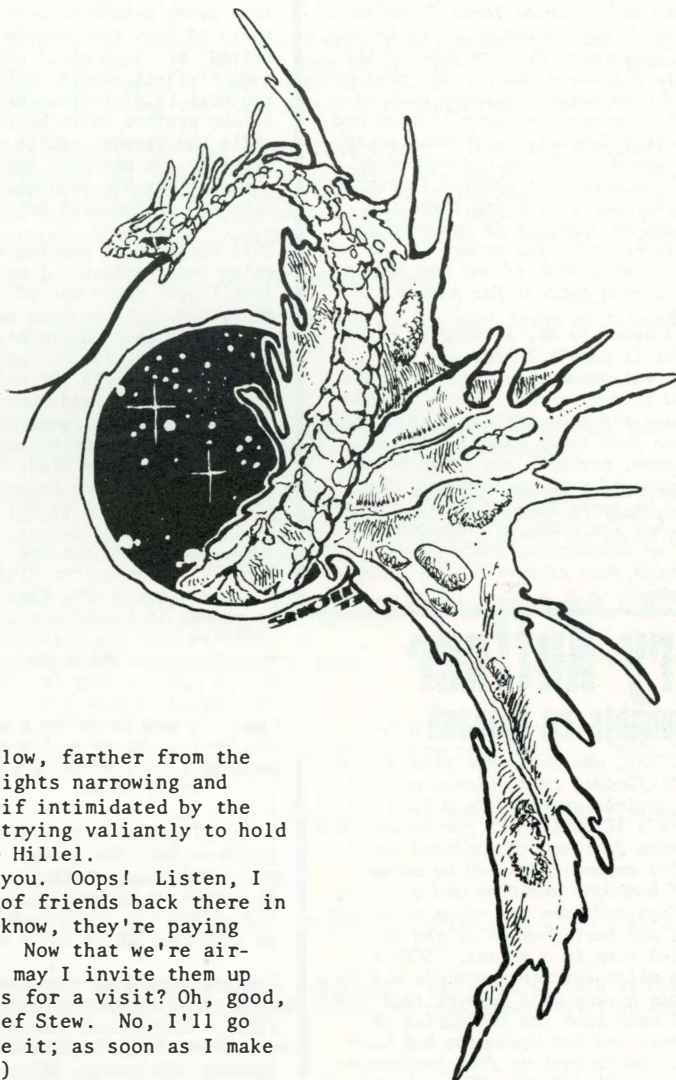
even darker below, farther from the NYC complex; lights narrowing and dwindling, as if intimidated by the darkness--but trying valiantly to hold it back. Like Hillel.

(Thank you. Oops! Listen, I have a couple of friends back there in steerage, you know, they're paying their *own* way. Now that we're airborne and all, may I invite them up here to my digs for a visit? Oh, good, thank you, Chief Stew. No, I'll go back and handle it; as soon as I make one more note:)

LATER: An unknown city below (very non-garrulous pilot; I don't even know our altitude!). The city radiates highway lines like a starfish on a black-sanded beach.

(How high are we, please? Christ, that's *seven miles up!*) (Weird. Chief Stew says she never thought of it that way. Too bad; one should always get either a brain or looks, and *this* poor selfconscious baby....)

Man across from me, alone unto himself, scholarly sort; everything's OK, got a drink and reading matter and doesn't miss his hair. He DOES know how to handle a good Martini; slowly, and with proper affectionate appreciation. A close-cropped little fringe of white hair bracing his bald dome, tiny collection of upcurling, silky-looking tendrils in the precise center, hanging on for dear life, resembling the sole tuft of hair of a newborn infant. (How much is 1/10 of a pint? This is my third of these little tiny bottles of Martini, and I just spilled it and really messed up my notes.) Odd; sometimes the old *do* resemble the infantile. The two ends of life resembling each other, putting me in mind of a closing circle.



That's enough. I don't seem to be writing very dexterously, and probably not very coherently either. Think I'll go back and invite my two "friends" up to join me. I wonder who I'll pick?



Home. Jodie at the airport. Tells me I'm high enough not to have needed the airplane. How much is 4 x 1/10 pint? (Besides, some sloshed. Damned water-soluable ink; wonder what else I wrote down, while Eastern and I got high together?) But it's home again, Jodie driving and me babbling and drinking beer up the highway, luckier than we can imagine. We *could* be "living" in New York. It is dying without throes, and now even the stench of its mould'r-ing shroud is discernible by sensitive nostrils. Babylon-sur-Hudson!

I wonder what was the name of that nice couple from Danville I brought up to first class which was where I was because Grove Press was paying my way?

endit : May, 1973

I'VE SAID on several occasions that fanzine humor writing prior to the advent of Bob Tucker and T. Bruce Yerke ("Carlton J. Fassebeinder") left quite a lot to be desired. The science fiction fans of the 1930s were a serious lot for the most part, concerned with weighty matters such as scientific accuracy in their stories and the ways in which science fiction could lead the world to Utopia. A number of fans and professionals dabbled in humorous writing, but the prevailing trend was Serious and as a result it remained for Tucker, Yerke and a few others in the early 1940s to show that sf and its fandom could be a rich subject for satire and horseplay.

It seems to me, looking at it in retrospect (I wasn't there, you know), that the real change began around 1939-1940, and to demonstrate this I've collected here three examples of early fanzine humor from those years. None of these pieces, perhaps, can stand beside the writings of such contemporary fan humorists as Arnie Katz or Grant Canfield, but each has its witty moments and each provides an interesting taste of what science fiction fans of over thirty years ago found funny.

Henry Kuttner

Idle Thoughts on Spinach

HENRY KUTTNER, who wrote the first piece, was a full-fledged professional writer when his article appeared in Walter Marconette's SCIENTI-SNAPS for August 1939. I'm not sure just how he wandered into fandom, but around 1939-1940 he wrote a number of humorous articles and columns for fanzines and even served as an editor of one of the best fanmags of the day... about which more in a moment. SCIENTI-SNAPS, in which Kuttner's article was published, was a very good fanzine that featured not only such fan luminaries as Harry Warner and Sam Moskowitz but also occasional contributions from professionals such as Kuttner, John W. Campbell, A. Merritt and C. L. Moore. Its accent, as with the other fanmags of its day, was almost wholly on science fiction as distinct from purely fan doings, but in its presentation of frequent humorous pieces such as this one by Kuttner it probably did a lot to encourage a lighter approach to the field.

I AM PERPLEXED. I am also non-plussed and slightly vexed. I am disconcerted with all pulp magazines. I have come to the conclusion that I hate a pot-pourri of science fiction and 90-pound weaklings, asthma, cough-drops, lumbago and Carter's Little Liver Pills. It has become so that I find myself, quite strangely, even hating myself, which is a deplorable state of affairs.

Last night, about twelve, I was perusing a battered, gnawed-upon copy of *Astounding*. In the middle of one particular story, where Kimball Kinneson, the Grey Lensman, is feeling under the weather, the doctors are standing around wondering whether he is going to kick the bucket or lie around and stink up the hospital for another week. The suspense is awful. In trips a damsel, crying plaintively, "Kimball my sweet, are you hurt badly, are you going to wilt?" And she goes off and sobs in a corner. Naturally I was on needles and pins. Yeah, I asked myself, what in God's name is blinko with Kimby? Didn't he drink his Welch's last night? So there I was, at the end of the page and just ready to turn it over with that one question in mind, "What's wrong with you, Kimball Kinneson?"

I turned the page quickly! Bam! There, in HUGE, black letters is my answer. The one word, "RUPTURED?" AN ADVERTISEMENT!

What a stroke of genius that ad was! What an answer to a burning question! "Ruptured? Send the coupon below and receive --" What? A withered facsimile of Kinneson? A free rupture? Everyone should have a little one in the home.

I couldn't go on with the story after that. God. My stomach writhed at the thought of my hero being--being--well, you know what. What an ignominious end for a fine fellow.

IN THE APRIL ISSUE of *Scienti-Snaps* there is an article on the purpose of science fiction. This interests me. I am, in fact, heartily in favor of the author's contention that every pseudo-scientific story should have a purpose. I will go further. Every story of this type should have a special brand of purpose, such as, "Do away with class hatred" or "Stop war," under which it can be printed, as--for example--soup. This may seem at first glance confusing. It isn't. There are various brands of soup; Smith Brothers (a fictitious name), Hershey (equally fictitious), and others. Now the consumer who prefers Smith Brothers may simply buy all the Smith Brothers soup he can hold, while the Hershey addict concentrates on the Hershey potage. Similarly, in science fiction, the pacifist can thumb through the pages of a magazine and read all the stories listed under his favorite brand of purpose. When I think of the tragedies that have occurred in the past because this system was not followed, I get sick.

This business of groping for a purpose, and finding, perhaps, the wrong one, has frightening implications. I remember the distressing case of Belshazzar Weet, a promising, intelligent young man of seventeen. THE WAR OF THE WORLDS proved his downfall. After finishing that novel he remained for some time in a semi-comatose state, brooding; and eventually decided, to his own satisfaction, what the purpose of THE WAR OF THE WORLDS was. As a result, he captured a termite (which he named Daisybelle) and fell passionately in love with the creature. Neglecting his studies, he lavished expensive presents upon the termite and spent hours composing odes in her honor. This went on interminably, but Daisybelle was unmoved. She had become infatuated with a rascally wood-louse named Edward, who did not return her affection. As a result of this triangle, Daisybelle fell into a decline and died; Mr. Weet committed suicide by precipitating himself from a fearful height onto an ant-hill; and the wood-louse, Edward, went to New York and thereafter vanished. I cannot help but feel that Weet took life somewhat too seriously.

Then, too, there was the case of Ferdinand Wheelk, a policeman from Pasadena who figured largely in the extraordinary adventure of a gentleman named Geech. (That, however, is another story.) Mr. Wheelk read Wright's THE WORLD BELOW and became disgusted with life. He showed it in odd ways. At first he confined his mania to pursuing and beating small children with his nightstick; and that, of course, was quite all right--in fact, commendable. But Wheelk did not halt there. He was seen one summer day leading a procession of seals across Pasadena Bridge, with the intention of staging a *coup d'etat* and setting up an amphibian form of government in the Los Angeles City Hall. He failed, because dissension arose among the seals, and Wheelk was last seen swimming rapidly through the Pacific Ocean in the general direction of Japan. We may surmise that he perished miserably, his dreams and ideals shattered because he could not understand the purpose of THE WORLD BELOW.

I myself am troubled in the same manner. With me, however, it's zebras. No matter what pseudo-scientific story I read--whether by Verne, Wells or Kuttner--I invariably find my mind dwelling on zebras. They seem to leap out from the pages of the magazine. Obviously something is wrong here; every science fiction tale cannot have zebras for a theme. And, after all, what purpose can zebras serve? Let us look at the matter as rationally as possible, which isn't saying a hell of a lot.

Suppose I read an interplanetary epic dealing with the attempts of a space-policeman to track down a super-criminal of Mars. Well and good; all goes well until I lay down the story. Immediately zebras creep up from my subconscious and caper through my mind; I simply cannot get away from the weird idea that the author was carrying the torch for zebras. Similarly, after reading WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE I captured the colt who lives in our spare bedroom and painted him with gaudy stripes. After reading THE ISLAND OF DR. MOREAU I painted myself with stripes. Something is obviously wrong.

The only solution I can see is to give science fiction a purpose. This purpose must, whatever its nature, deal with zebras. "The education of the young male zebra," perhaps, or "Let us get together and form a society for the purpose of praising zebras." As for improving the world, let us first of all improve the zebras. They are not very bright, and cannot be expected to improve themselves. For that matter, let us turn ourselves out to pasture and give our homes to the zebras. They have their points. They neither write nor read science fiction.

Ray Bradbury

Are You Ad Conditioned?

RAY BRADBURY's article appeared in the Spring 1940 issue of SWEETNESS AND LIGHT, when Bradbury was still a couple of years away from making his first professional sale. He'd been writing many attempts at humor for a few years in the Los Angeles fan magazines, but this is the only one of them I ever liked much. SWEETNESS AND LIGHT boasted an editorial staff of no less than five, of whom two, Henry Kuttner and Arthur K. Barnes, were well-known professionals; the fans on the staff were Russ Hodgkins, Fred Shroyer and Jim Mooney.

And further down the page another ad reared its morbid head.

"Want To Raise Giant Frogs?"

I sat for a long while and thought it over from a highly scientific angle. A blank expression appeared on my face. I couldn't make up my mind. In the first place, I asked myself, were frogs decent people? Would they mind the baby for me, or were they inclined to drink whiskey and go around the house belching at inopportune moments?

Where was I? Well, Kimball Kinneson *didn't* have a baby. There was a miscarriage somewhere between the ad on Doc Savage, and E. E. Smith. And Smith a doctor, too. Shame. Kimball didn't have a baby because he read another ad in the mag and is now much wiser. He is now, thanks to a third ad, living in a catacomb and nurturing colossal mushrooms, from which he extracts Vitamin 34 1/4 minus A, which, given to amoebas, prevents vomiting.

So I say, on with science fiction, on with advertising!

John W. Campbell announces another nova! The ads in the next issue of *Astounding* will be written by E. E. Smith and drawn by Finlay.

Bravo!

Camel Cigarettes will write the lead story about an Earthman who catches Venereans and annihilates them by tapping them with a Camel, giving them all humps.

In *Thrilling Wonder* we are thrilled to a frenzy by a novelty company's ad presenting a new Razzor Cushion which you place on chairs. Unsuspecting guests sit down and are treated to much embarrassment when the cushion gives forth a startling sound which de Camp chooses to call a voiceless labioligual roll.

FALSE TEETH offered on a 90-day free trial are sensational news on page 100. Send no money. A mortgage on your rocket ship will suffice.

FLUSH POISON FROM KIDNEYS! STOP GETTING UP NIGHTS! We wonder if this is a subtle ad for vampires.

Further down we read: "Join the Science Fiction League of --" (continued on next page) -- "ASTHMA!" "Forrest J Ackerman wins --" (continued on next page) -- "pair of undies and brassiere to match, for only 49 cents!"

GET BIG HUSKY MUSCLES! "One year from today--what will you be doing?" (Paper cutouts in the state asylum if this goes on.)

ARE YOU AIR CONDITIONED? Now that *is* silly.

WANT TO WRITE STORIES? Sure, but let the authors who write some of this bull take the course first.

Now I understand those bald headed ads in magazines. The first picture is one of a fan with hair, the second is the same fan after trying to read science fiction and ads simultaneously.



Sal, as it was called for short, was an iconoclastic, satiric magazine the regularly pointed with laughter at the foibles of pros and fans alike, and Bradbury's wacky plaint about the ads in the pulp sf magazines of the day fit perfectly into the *far*mag. (The heading sketch, by the way, was by a friend of Bradbury's at the time --Hannes Bok.)

IT WAS the Sexcentenary Celebration of Independence Day in Girland. For a full twenty-four hours all men were muzzled as retroactive retribution for the silence in which they as dominators of the Earth had kept womankind some 600 years ago--a time before which, the Federation of Femininia had proof, male had not permitted female even to speak!

It had been the almost legendary "Ln-Or" who had broken the inhuman bondage imposed on women at birth & defied man's stern mandate that the female should ever silent be. What those historic words were none now knew; but preserved on durafilm was a photo made circa 2000 of a brittle yellow scrap of paper--torn from a newspaper of the 1940s. Today emancipated women the wide world round would view that sacred reproduction via televisor, when a closeup would be broadcast from the Shrine.

Now the recital of Zozama approacheth its climax--the presentation of the Proof.

"& one woman at last had the great courage to test her tongue!" she cried, "LN-OR! The brave Ln-Or, divine dawner of Rosevelt. Ladys, think of it. She was the first woman who ever dared use voice! We noed that, gentlewomen. Men were so astounded they recorded it in their 'press.' Here we have the proof!"

& the projector panned up to the sacred piece of film, broadcasting an enlargement of the epic announcement. Millions of eyes--all the wise women of the world--read: FIRST LADY TO SPEAK...

Forrest J Ackerman The Great Goddess LN-OR

FORRY ACKERMAN was of course the Fan's Fan, a veteran of over a decade of hyperfanac when his piece appeared in the June 1940 issue of Art Widner's FANFARE. Ackerman was an incorrigible punster, and an advocate of both "simplifid spelling" and "non-stoparafing", both of which you'll see demonstrated in his story. I don't know if Forry has forgotten this piece after so many years, but it seems to me that it's become unexpectedly timely today and he might consider reprinting it himself in one of his Perry Rhodan bookazines. He could call it an "Aargh-Short".

So there you have three early examples of homo fanus's attempts at levity. People frequently claim that today's fan humorists are copying the styles of Charles Burbee or Walt Willis, but in 1940 there were no such models in the fanzines to inspire fan wits. Instead I suspect both Kuttner and Bradbury were influenced by professional humorists of their day like Robert Benchley. As for Ackerman...well, he was and is an Original. (Who else would dare write like that?)

TERRY CARR

Entropy TERRY CARR's Reprints AN EOHUMOR TRIAD



FORTUNE AND THE WHEEL OF FATE..... J. PAUL DOHERTY - 1974

Illustrated by
DANY FROLICH



...And the Irish Hate the Irish

JODIE OFFUTT

WE HAVE A RECORDING of the original Kingston Trio at the Hungry i in San Francisco. There is a song on called *The Merry Minuet* which is a lilting little statement on the sad shape of the world:

*"The French hate the Germans,
The Germans hate the Poles.
Italians hate Yugoslavs,
South Africans hate the Dutch.
And I don't like anybody very much."*

It's very cleverly written and all ends when "...someday someone will set the spark off and we will all be blown away." And there is a discordant twang of a guitar.

There is so much street fighting, so many border skirmishes, verbal threats and military coups and what-have-you all over the world! It quickly becomes a bore, even a chore, to keep up with it. One tends to develop a you've-read-about-one-war, you've-read-about-em-all attitude. The issues, the methods, and the results seem to blend into a pre-cut mold that needs only to be moved from one geographic location to the next from week to week.

With so much strife, one hardly has time to take note of one quarrel before the next one screams into the headlines. Such a constant parade of clashes seems to dull the mind and heart and eventually fails to elicit feelings of sympathy for the suffering or compassion for the cause much beyond a surge of emotion at the moment of notice.

There is one spot of in-fighting that, when I think about it or am reminded of it, rolls a smog of sadness

across my mind.

Ireland.

All those people over there, with their lovely brogues, fighting each other.

The Irish hate the Irish.

It saddens me, I suppose, because of my Irish background. I'm not militant or DARish about my Irish ancestry. I don't even know what part of Ireland we came from; it doesn't matter. But my grandfathers' names were McCabe and McCarney so we naturally acknowledged the old sod on St. Patrick's Day. Dad wore a green tie, my grandmother made stew for supper and called it Irish stew and we set aside something green to wear to school.

As we grew older, St. Pat's Day was a good excuse to have a party--all the more so since it usually occurs during Lent. Shamrocks and kelly green crepe paper are bright and festive decorations. Green Koolade eventually gave way to green beer, as the years went by.

Andy noticed me for the first time one March 17th while he was drinking green beer and I was wearing a green dress. Twas, indeed, the Luck o' the Irish!

The only real background I have about my Irish ancestry came from my grandfather. Pop would cock his head to one side and squint his eye at me and say, "We're lace-curtain Irish, not shanty-town--you remember that!" He'd wag his finger and rock his rocker. If I asked what the difference was, Pop would harden his jaw and tip his head back some and say it meant we come from the right side of the tracks, by God! Then his head would

come down and he'd look me square in the eyes and say, "Don't let anybody josh you about it, either!" Pop sounded very gruff and serious but his blue eyes were twinkling and his mouth was trying to smile. And he'd start rocking again.

I decided that being lace-curtain rather than shanty-town made us no better off, but a little more respectable--at least as far as Pop was concerned. As I got older, though, I thought about those lace curtains. Pop was always so insistent and empathic about them, that I began to wonder if he didn't protest too much. I don't remember if this occurred to me before or after he died. But I wouldn't have confronted him with it anyway.

When I think of Pop sitting in his rocker, moving those tracks in his mind so I'd be more respectable, my mouth tries to smile. It's a nice way to remember your granddad.

I've passed their Irish legacy on to my children. I see that they have some green to wear on March 17th. I tint the applesauce green or mix up some Lime Jello, and serve Irish stew. We insert an apostrophe in our name so it comes out O'ffutt and I've told them about their great-granddad.

About four years ago I read in *Newsweek* that somebody had decided not to paint the center stripe on Park Ave. green for St. Patrick's Day. There was too much emphasis on the ethnic and not enough on Americanism, according to the article, and there would be no parade that year. I thought about that, and decided it was a pretty good point, so we didn't do anything Irish that year.

But by the next March I'd had

second thoughts. It wouldn't make us any less American to recognize our being Irish once a year. Wearing a bit of green wouldn't lessen our love of the red, white and blue.

Besides it's fun.

So I went back to putting food coloring in the applesauce and the apostrophe in Offutt. I enjoy it; the kids enjoy it. Shamrocks and leprechauns--like hearts and cupids, pumpkins and witches, elves and wreaths--are *fun* to trace and color.

So much beauty and joy comes to us from Ireland.

Irish stories and legends for children are delightful. Eire is a land of magic with its elusive leprechauns and their hidden treasures. The Irish brogue is a lovely, lilting thing to hear.

Their music is marvelous: lusty drinking songs and lovely ballads.

I cannot think of one ugly Irish word, but a dozen and more beautiful ones come into my head.

Ann Cass introduced us to a marvelous Irish Whisky--Tullemore Dew. It tastes much like brandy (which I love), but not like Scotch as so much Irish whisky does. And Mike Glicksohn--bless his Canadian heart!--sent me his copy of *THE IMPROBABLE IRISH* by Walter Bryan (who is fandom's Walt Willis) to read.

My God! the pleasure I derived from reading that book! I laughed and I cried--sometimes simultaneously.

The book is full of the history and lore of Ireland, facts and fancies, legends and trials. Beautifully funny anecdotes and miserably sad stories.

Everybody knows there are no snakes in Ireland; nor are there any termites, poison ivy, mosquitos or chiggers. I wonder if St. Patrick gets all this credit. Perhaps there is a bit of the old sod in Kentucky, because like Kentucky, Ireland is short on earthquakes, tornadoes and volcanoes.

There is a special fairy I would like very much to attract to Funny Farm. It is called a *cluricaun* and they help a good housewife by giving her magical help, so that things don't get lost, and her house is always bright and clean. I could use a little help along these lines when it comes to stray socks, library books, pencils with erasers and clean windows. On the other hand, if a woman gets a little lazy, the *cluricauns* are prone



to such antics as turning milk sour and putting fires out, or hiding things such as socks, library books, pencils...

The symbol of Ireland, the Shamrock (little clover), was introduced by St. Patrick who used it as an aid in explaining the Trinity. There is something a little out of whack about this and one of my childhood memories. My mother used to spend an hour or more at a time combing the grass with her fingers searching for four-leaf clovers. She often found one or more. A four-leaf clover brings good luck, we all know that, and I gathered from my mother it is the luck of the Irish. Now if the shamrock represents the Trinity, it would seem to me that a four-leaf clover, rather than being a symbol of luck would be somewhat sacrilegious, a sort of defiance or mockery of the Trinity. What might the fourth leaf represent? The devil? I don't quite understand that.

Even so, occasionally I'll stoop down on my way across the yard and flutter at the grass. But I seldom find a four-leaf clover and none of my children has. They haven't a lot of patience, of course, but I don't think they really believe me about the clovers, their Irish blood thinned by a generation or two. (Even though, one of Andy's grandmothers was an O'Driscoll.)

There seems to be some question, too, about the status of St. Patrick himself. Whether he went to Ireland on his own or was sent by the Roman Church is questionable. His statement, "I declare myself to be a bishop," makes one wonder where his authority came from. He was criticized by the Church authorities. The Episcopalian Protestants concluded that his mission came directly from God, not from Rome,

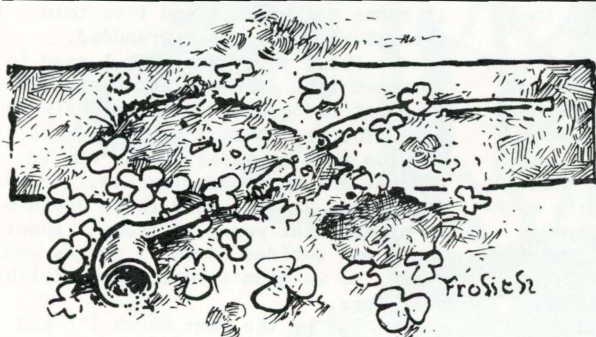
and therefore St. Pat was Protestant, not Catholic. Whatever the case, the cathedral he founded is Protestant and so is the one where he is said to be buried.

The Irish gift of Blarney originally meant evasiveness, referring to the Earl of Blarney who would beat around the bush when he did not want to give a straight answer to Queen Elizabeth. It later meant a sort of soft soap flattery, as the English called it--when they could see through it. The Irish are basically very hospitable, hence their tendency to tell untruths or half-truths rather than seem uninterested by saying, "I don't know." An Irishman might give you wrong directions, or pretend to know less (or more) about a subject rather than give offense.

The gift of Blarney was a tremendous factor in the Irishman's place in America. The Irish Catholic immigrants arriving in America had no money left to go farther than the cities where they landed. Having learned valuable lessons at the hands of unfair English laws and having developed little respect for justice, they were experts at getting around the law as well as seeing in, through and around it.

Combining their insights into politics, their experience with English laws and their gift of Blarney, the Irish Catholics in America, instead of fighting City Hall, joined it. It took a while, though. Having less skill and less money than any European immigrants, they were America's "white n-----." The Church taught them that wealth was materialistic, poverty spiritual. In order to preserve their educational segregation, the Church encouraged them to stay in the ghettos. So rather than being dis-loyal by moving into middle-class America, the Irish upgraded the ghetto a bit: the shanty-town Irish became the lace-curtain Irish without moving to the other side of the tracks at all. And I have misinterpreted my granddad. Perhaps he was so adamant because he felt some guilt or embarrassment at leaving the ghetto.

The Irish joined City Hall by first becoming policemen, postal clerks and the like and slowly getting into the political scene, then helping to humanize American government. What



looked like corruption and nepotism was a way of adapting situations to people rather than the other way around. The complex system of reciprocal favors was a way of reassuring the poor that someone was interested in them, and it was practiced with integrity.

John Kennedy is an example of an Irish Catholic who made it to the top after his family got out of the ghetto and on its own. It was a hundred years, however, after the Irish came to this country. The Kennedy Administration is also an example of nepotism, and I don't know that it harmed our country--it certainly didn't corrupt it.

I can attest to the reciprocal favors myself. I grew up in Lexington, Ky. where I had jobs three summers in a row at the Highway Department. As far as I know my dad has never paid a parking ticket. (That may not be so; I seem to remember him saying, "Pay the parking tickets--save the friends for the biggies.") Because he had friends in City Hall as well as in the county government. I never have thought of these favors as anything but that. Not even reciprocal. And in no way would they be considered payoffs. I can remember handing out cards at the polls for candidates with names like Moloney, Molloy, and Mooney. But it wasn't for the purpose of insuring having a parking ticket fixed! I think it was a feeling of doing for one's own--and no more.

Now that's where I grew up; if we started talking about Chicago politics, we might well be getting closer to the payoff situation.

While the Irish Catholics were getting involved in American politics in the cities, the Ulster Protestants helped build the American Dream of the rural pioneers.

England had settled Ulster with reliable Scots but was chagrined to find these loyal Scots turning into rebellious Irish. Many of them were Irish by parentage as well as adoption since Scotland had been colonized from Ireland in the first place. These people were farmers but their land was so sorely taxed by the English that there was no prosperity possible.

The Ulstermen, who already had a pioneer tradition, were drawn to the New World with promise of being free men and owning their own land, despite the perils of a most unhealthy and unsafe sea voyage and the sure possibility of having to fight Indians. Unlike so many ethnic groups who came to this country and preserved their separate identity, the Ulster Protestants disappeared into the bloodstream of America.

Not too long ago a friend of mine discovered in a small town about 30 miles from here an old cemetery whose every tombstone carried an Irish name. No doubt these were Ulster Irishmen who made their way to Kentucky as pioneers, escaping the oppression of the English.

Daniel Boone was an Ulsterman as was Davy Crockett's father. The movement for the abolition of slavery began among the Ulster Protestants in S. Carolina, Tennessee and Kentucky forty years before it was heard of in New England.

The Irish have had a tremendous influence in America. While the English settlers were divided in their loyalties during the War of 1812, the Irish were for independence straight on!

Five Ulstermen, including John Hancock, signed the Declaration of Independence. An Ulsterman wrote out the official copy; another printed it; still another was secretary of the Congress that accepted it. And an Ulsterman was chairman of the committee of five who drew up the Constitution.

There are probably many more people of Irish descent in this country than we suspect when you consider that many of them Anglicized their names in order to escape English "justice."

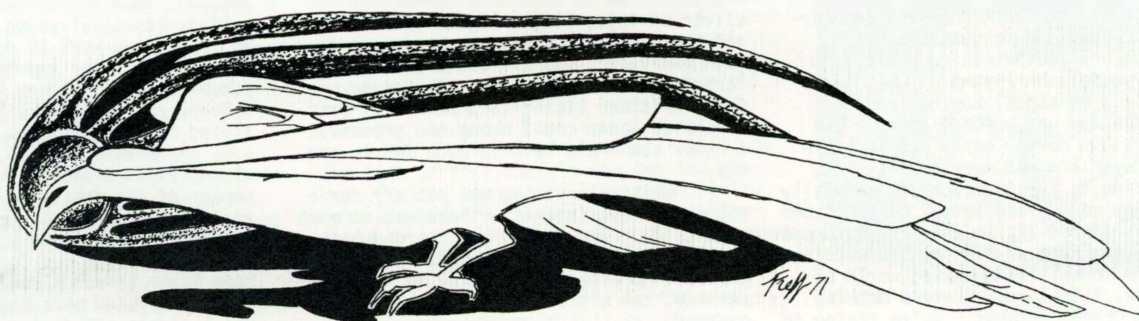
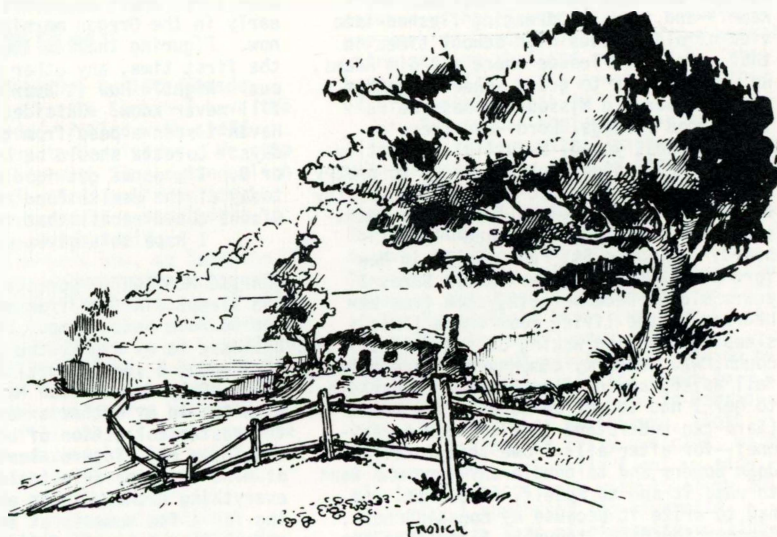
And more than any other country in the world, it seems, Ireland has been in a state of strife for most of its history. And now they're fighting each other. Oh God!

It seems incongruous to me that a nation whose people love to drink, sing, and play should be killing each other. I wonder if they'll ever stop?

*"It's the most distressful country
That ever yet was seen,
For they're killing men and women
For the wearing of the green."*

[May, 1973]

Source for material: THE IMPROBABLE
IRISH, by Walter Bryan. Ace Books,
36990, 75¢



Language at MIDNIGHT

Bill Wolfenbarger

(for JIM ADAMS & SALLY BETHEA)

One ■

DREAMS WOKE ME, down into memory, and so in midDecember 1973 when all is quiet at 5 a.m. except the sillibant traffic from a Springfield Oregon freeway, I dreamed of 1960-1961 Neosho Missouri high school in class with a teacher whose name or what class he ever taught I can't recall now--he wanted the class to write a brief essay or somesuch on the "history of your life" to be handed in tomorrow for the second day of class, so we could all get to find out and know one another--what was his name?--and then the dreaming flashed into view of old friends high school times in that young life lessee there was Jim Adams, we used to walk to grade school together, visit in our old Missouri homes, we're still good friends, Lord--and there's Sally Bethea, young, beautiful, sensitive and naturally high, turning me on to poetry and other trip-inspired awarenesses, poetry by any other name; these two that I remember now in the December dream--last I heard, Jim is in St. Paul, Sally in New York City. And then our little Sara, 3 years old on December 9th, came from her bedroom to the living room where I was sleeping dreaming waking on the foldout couch, who wants my company and love--she fell asleep again after I tried to explain to her I had to get up make coffee write--(Sara can understand this as much as anyone)--for after all, I owe this to Bill & Joan Bowers and to people anywhere who want to read it and to myself, of course, who had to write it because my consciousness, subconsciousness, thoughts & feelings are intimate with my fingers. It takes me a long time to wake up. Now it's 6 a.m. Monday, and the traffic is a little more pronounced, but no more profound. All these memories still cling and have their places in my head. On the second cup of coffee. Wife Loretta on night shift as nurse's aide taking loving care of the new-born in Sacred Heart Hospital in near-by Eugene. How many languages come to humans from one another/third world from average-type Sol/the rhythm of what languages (i.e., messages) coming from the Milky Way Galaxy and beyond, above & below? Now a bus moves, early people begin their Monday. I'm not sure exactly how, but I'm going to try to reach Jim and Sally if only they could read this. Last October 8th Loretta turned 25; on the 12th I turned 30, and on the 24th we had our 3rd wedding anniversary in this mindblowing world of Oregon. Ah, I tell you, there's nothing finer than Oregon October. We're trying to

save money for a farmhouse. Loretta wants to be a farmer (her Illinois father is one), me to write books etc. that will sell enough to keep us going. We're far from these physical realities now. At some point in infinity it's stopped raining, the wide sky overcast (I looked), and the new day keeps beginning.

In Oregon it rains from November to, oh, try April, and if you don't watch out the Oregon Ooze will get you! So you need your ooze boots just to get from one place to another. Oregon has more mindblowing beauty and growth and actual holy places than any other place I've ever seen before.

Well, can you expect anything other than first-draft onlydraft rambling so early in the Oregon morning from me? *Really* now. Figuring that if I can't get it right the first time, any other time is superfluous. Right? How it ever got to be 7 a.m. I'll never know. Outside, it's still dark. Haven't seen a peep from the sun for three days. Loretta should be home around 7:30 or 8. I'm gonna get food with food stamps today at the Health Food and Pool Store. I wish I could recall that teacher's name.

I hope this gives you an idea.

NEARING MIDNIGHT. Loretta has tonight off. She sleeps six feet from me. Sara cozy in her bedroom bed. Hemp. Looking at my bookcase to my right, the wooden bookcase Aard made, I spot my pitiful Machen collection. Only four Arthur Machen books here, with two in my mother's house, along with the vaster collection of books, magazines, fanzines, old picture, love notes. A dream of mine is to be able to locate & read everything Arthur Machen ever wrote. Staring for a few moments at the volumes, I recall I'm at times afraid to read him at night. His words of horrific wonder tend to give way to nightmares.

GOOD NIGHT.

DECEMBER 26th, 1973-- Beyond the kitchen threshold I can see our little Christmas tree, glittering with long threads of silver strings, little lights scattered, and the hand made clay ornaments Loretta made two years ago. It was a wonderful Christmas as it always is. The night before Christmas little Sara Dawn went fast asleep so Santa could bring the presents. I never saw a kid have so much fun in one day---

Writing anything was put off for a couple of days/(nights), there was so much else to do. And then I got charged with words words words wrote two poems, sent them off to a poetry magazine in Idaho this morning, ten o'clock. Keep your fingers crossed.

Loretta has the next two nights off from Sacred Heart, but our plans are busy! Tomorrow morning we're going to the Eugene train station to meet Kookie, good friend of ours from Palo Alto, California. She can stay around a week. Her big black dog Josiah is coming with her. Originally, Kookie is from Illinois...

But look here, I've neglected to tell you anything about the rest of our "family" out here. Basically simple people, therefore highly complex, and any kind of telling of them involves emotions facts & everything else that our "family" tends naturally to give way to a whole book, and the volume you now hold in your hands is about many other things, other strict conditions of being. Now first of all, what I mean by our "family", is simply a group of people who've had previous lifetimes shared with one another, and who are all aware of this fact. We all love one another very deeply. The supreme irony in all this seems to me to be the fact that all our "family" have yet to meet each other in this vast infinite lifetime. Loretta & I (yes, and even little Sara) keep telling them about Johnny & Pat, now in Parsons, Kansas, keep telling them about Jess (or Lobo, depending) (when THE SHEPHERDS OF REALITY is published, you'll find out too) -- married in September, living in Pawhuska, Oklahoma / etc., well, they've never met Aard, or Bobby, or Nancy, or Ben, or any "others" in our family who we all love. Now you've all heard about Rich & Sluzie, the Oregon pioneers of our little group; from Bloomington, Illinois they came. Now the latest addition come from Macomb, Illinois, who are Bobby & Aard, Nancy (Aard's ex-wife) and their one-year-old Ben. Yes, I agree, this here paragraph is complicated. Ok, onward: in May, Sara, Loretta & I reached Oregon. In July, out came Bobby & Aard, along with Shiela and Lance. Now: Shiela (one of the all-time original Space Queens/Loretta is her twin sister in this respect) well, anyway, Shiela left for Illinois near summer's end to go back to college, and Lance (we have the same birthday, October 12th, remember?, although Lance is younger, & was born in the morning, I was born at 7 a.m. in Joplin, Missouri) (*ok, get it all straight, Billy*) uh, as I was saying, Lance stayed on awhile, then left for Tuscon, to live with some of his good friends. *Wow! I never thought I'd come to another "period" again!* (Don't worry, there's another paragraph coming up right after this one.) So. During the last of August, Nancy & little Ben came out. Now, Aard & Bobby, Nancy and Ben are living together in a house about 10 blocks from the Wolfenbargers. Well, complications have set in: Nancy can't get off on Oregon enough to stay (which reminds me of what Sluzie has said, which is so true, that Oregon either accepts you or rejects you--there seems to be no middle-ground), Aard can't find work (& Aard is a kind, beautiful young fellow barely 21 who *must* have work to do), and as for Bobby, he's happy anywhere (Oregon has accepted him with Open Arms) (also, Aard & Bobby are inseparable), so they're flying back to Illinois in a very early a.m. of January 3rd, to live in a quiet place called Bishop Hill. Kookie is a member of the family. Kookie was out to visit during the Thanksgiving weekend. Kookie's coming in on a tomorrow-morning train. We'll go out for pizza and gather home later to watch *Kung Fu* and catch up on all the news news news & wife Loretta has 4 nights off during which time Rich &

Sluzie are throwing a New Years' eve party.

It's after midnight in Springfield Oregon. We have a nice Christmas tree, a real one, our very first in Oregon. The scent is fresh; it takes you to Oregon woods & high mountains. So it's December 27th, with piece in a part of the world. Write at least a thousand words a day/ (night) for the rest of your life, Billy. If I don't write, I talk a lot.

And I hope we find each other, wherever we are.

Two ■■■

IN THE NIGHT ROOM. By now I'm so beat and frayed nothing seems to matter much at the moment except getting out the story of my life as it happens and be as prompt yet accurate as I can about it before a new day comes with all that light in the sky or fresh rain come to fill the Oregon Ooze again with day business all around us with moving from Springfield to Harrisburg, Oregon--just under 30 miles north (depending on which road you take) to live in a town with population (on the sign) at 1440. Early adventures in this new house coming in next chapter but more to tell you now of these things/but I should mention all mail to us should be sent c/o General Delivery, Harrisburg, Oregon, 97446; I'm gonna miss our old mailman, every time I see him coming with possible mail I have an orgasm. I just can't describe it in worded terms; some orgasms are like that as you well know. We're almost old friends. We've been spending all afternoon cleaning up the new house/washing walls, Loretta looking over wallpaper patterns for the upstairs for Sara's bedroom and our bedroom, moving a few things into the downstairs study/library/writing room, getting the gas turned on, hot strong coffee in thermos & thick swiss cheese sand sandwiches. Sluzie, from Coburg (some 8 miles north of Springfield & right on the way) helping us this day scrubbing, discarding, cheerful talk and grins away, anyway, anyway, by the time evening was coming on the Wolfenbargers back at Springfield house (I mean to say the 3-room cottage) thru last days & new moon evenings wasted, Loretta lies on the sofa going asleep, me sitting near, dumb-eyed, black, spaced, tired & thirsty for coffee. Only we're fresh out of coffee so I walk two long city blocks to the store for the biggest can they got. Sara Dawn up at play with Justin, the growing kitty we inherited from Bobby & Aard, Nancy & little Ben who left on the midnight airways from Portland to live in a roomy farmhouse in Illinois where the dreams there are of cornfield & friends they haven't seen for a long long time.

It didn't take much to get Sara off to bed.

Justin---

Justin keeps me company at night by sometimes sitting across my lap while I write, or play with a toy from Sara, or just walking around, or even sitting in a good spot watching everything that is going on. Our other cat Mix used to do that very same thing. (But Mix ran away in Northern California on our way out here last May.) I still miss that silly white cat.

Then I remembered Justin was fresh out of food, so I go a block to the cow store for his crunchy vittals--January night 1974 is clear & tiny stars burn--you can't see the mountains from down here in the Willamette Valley for all the shroudy mist hanging over peaks & ragged slopes; on the way back over the shadow-enfolding sidewalk I'm wondering just where the Hero

On The Night Is, trying to extend all the possibilities of where he could actually be. By the time I get back to the house I haven't covered even a fraction of the possibilities. The night is cool enough for my heavy striped jacket with five pockets. Wednesday night streets are quiet, & that's the way I like it. Besides, we're living in a kind of suburbia here on "M" Street, which is strange for us because we've never lived together in a place like this place before/it feels really good knowing we're getting out of a place like this. This ain't our pact with eternity.

Listen, because this is the truth: I'll take the slums over suburbia any day.

It's after midnight in this old dream--Sara wants me to write her a story about stars and moon and the sun in a circle & her tricycle & Sara & Momma & Daddy & Mix & Justin & the river--well, ok --Justin has curled up near the wall heater sleeping--I'm so beat and frayed in this old dream--the only books left in this house are Jack Kerouac's BIG SUR and a dictionary--in the night room where the clock doesn't even tick or tock--(our living-room-bedroom)--old dead dear Jack was right, the woods are full of Heaven--he can have long sweet talks with Arthur Machen now--just before we left the new house I had sudden inspiration to bring BIG SUR back, I'd recommend it to anyone; there's a lot of Bradbury back in the new house, waiting on quiet wooded shelves in the dark--the long lonesome whistle of a train--somewhere a melancholy dog--the electric typewriter doesn't keep me awake any longer---

Three ■■■

OREGON ADVENTURELAND. By late Tuesday morning Loretta, little Sara & I have the 1961 vw van loaded, filled with stuff, again, to move up to Harrisburg. We stop in Coburg to visit with Sluzie Wunderlich a few minutes--Sluzie's making a long dress--she's always making something, it seems; this time for herself.

Early afternoon now, we take the load over (which includes a brown leather couch, a red wooden kitchen table, 3 metal kitchen chairs, all of which were given to us by a friend Loretta works at Sacred Heart with; we brought some food, a big can of coffee (which is more on the order of fuel), etc., but Loretta must hurry back to Springfield to fill the gas tank, and she has to work Tuesday night, and won't be able to come back to the new house until Friday morning, after work. *sigh*

Everyone's out of cigarettes.

I write this Thursday morning before light while it rains; Loretta will be here with alarm clock, whatever else left-overs, on Friday; otherwise I have only a vague idea of what time it is. Yesterday I cleaned up the kitchen and bathroom.

Now this house. For the house itself, you enter the back door (off the alley) and *wham* you're in the kitchen with yellow walls--it's a big, nice-sized, comfortable room; then, continuing past the threshold, you'll enter the living room, with wood panneling (ugh!); to your right you'll spot the large gas heater, and beyond it, the green (ugh again) front door, (a series of 15-pained windows). Well, to the left of that there's the two low windows (--it's remarkable; these two living room windows are the only low one in the whole house!)--now back up a bit (I've never been famous for giving directions!!); across the living room, just inside the threshold only to yr left, is the study/library/writingroom in full panneling

(groan...) with even a couple of wooden bookcases somebody left behind.

You gotta back up just a little more now. Just before you leave the kitchen at the threshold, is a white wooden door--you open this to reveal a little room which is most generally used as a utility room, which in our case will do quite nicely as Sara's playroom. Ok. To the extreme left (yes, just through that door) is a series of sixteen (I counted 'em) wooden steps (the same ugly green, of course!) which will take you at a tall tilt to the converted attic window overlooking a weed-blasted blacktop parking lot, always deserted, a gloomy wire fence around it, and beyond that, a block away, you can see the river (ah, what river is that??) flowing.

This long room upstairs is half-panneled, and is Loretta & Billy's bedroom. My God, there's enough room here for Loretta's swing! The little room beyond is Sara's bedroom.

The bathroom, the bathroom? It's on the other side of the first door you see as you enter the kitchen (Now you can cast all suspicions aside, knowing Full Well that Billy's a lousy direction-giver, not to mention pretty spacy at times!) This bathroom with busted tile and beat shower--- The landlord's gonna buy the materials when I lay down the new tile.

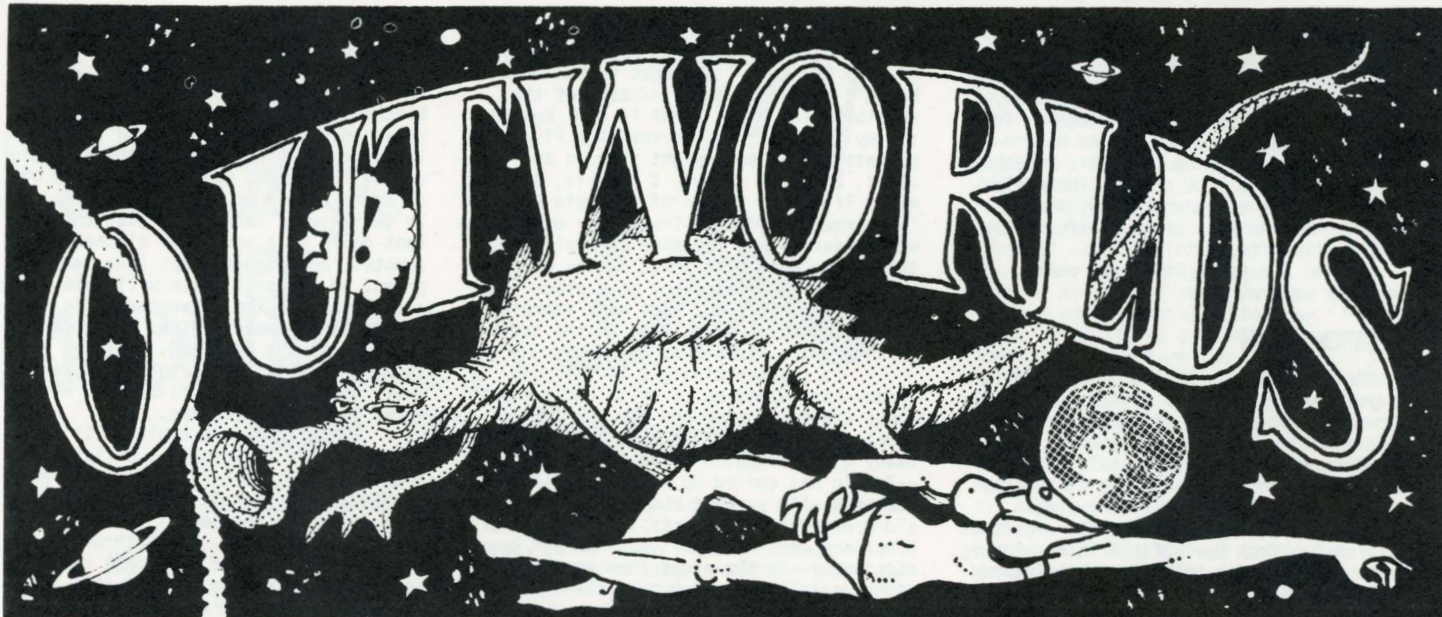
Let me tell you: the stove is a busted, old-fashioned Hotpoint Automatic, needs rewiring, but the landlord wants to replace it. The only thing Sara & I got to cook on now is a hotplate, which isn't so hot. It's a hassle. The landlord assures us he'll bring over a stove with one working burner--in, around two weeks/ we're getting that one replaced by "the best stove I've got"; comes from another of his rental houses.

So you can begin to imagine what life is like here with 3-year-old Sara with balding Billy Ray, we miss Loretta very much & our crazy cat Justin; Sara also misses the portable Sears tv we got for Christmas one year, to watch *Sesame Street*, *Mr. Rogers Neighborhood* and *The Electric Company*. I'm feeling sorry for Loretta, she doesn't have much food left at the Springfield house (we have to be all out of there by today, Thursday), she'll have to do all the van loading by her lonesome, the broom she needs to clean out that house is here in Harrisburg along with her toothbrush, tooth paste, all kinds of crazy articles. We're a *Space Family*. Luckily I got my pipe, plenty of tobacco, and with 15 of my 20¢ yesterday I purchased top cigarette tobacco, with lots of cigarette-rolling-papers.

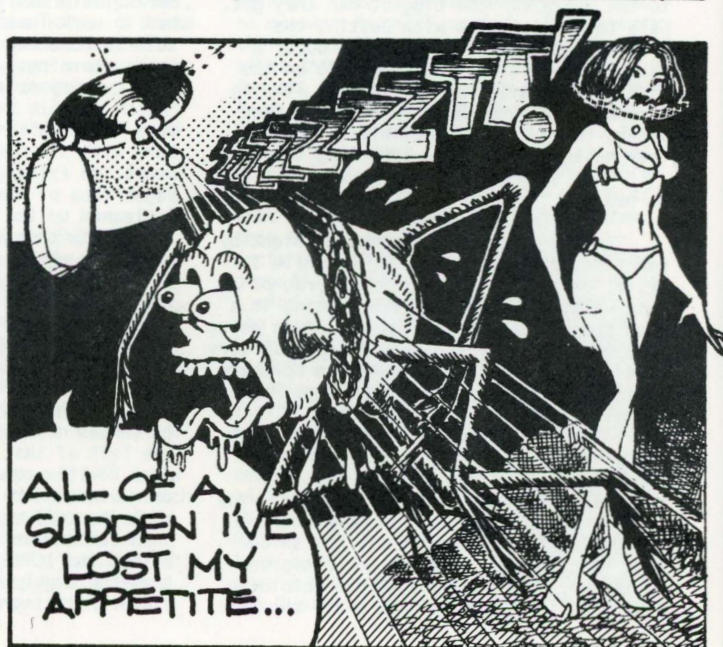
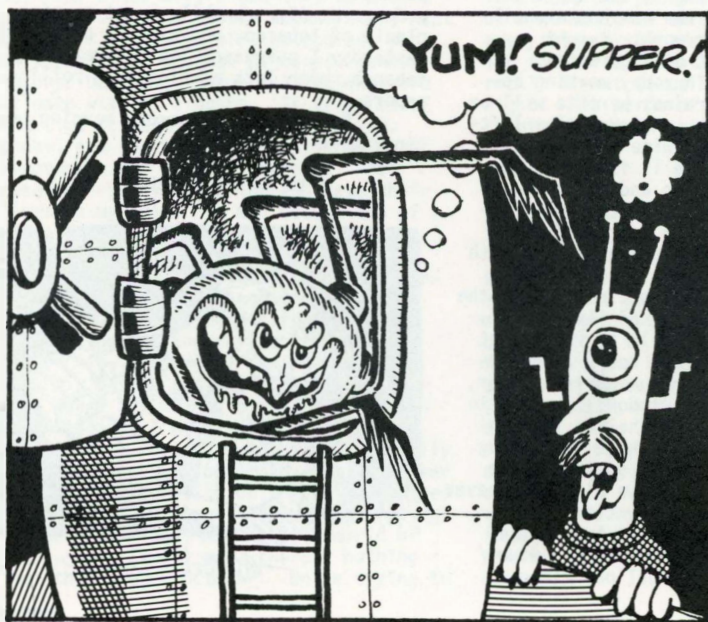
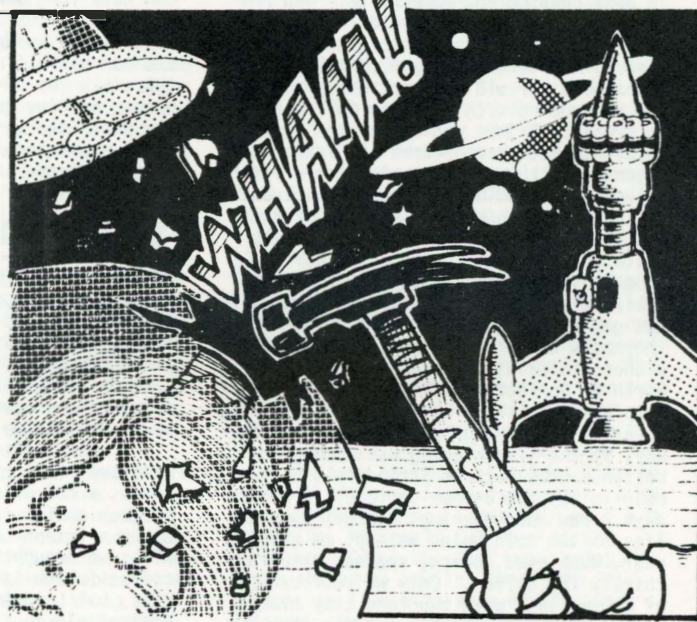
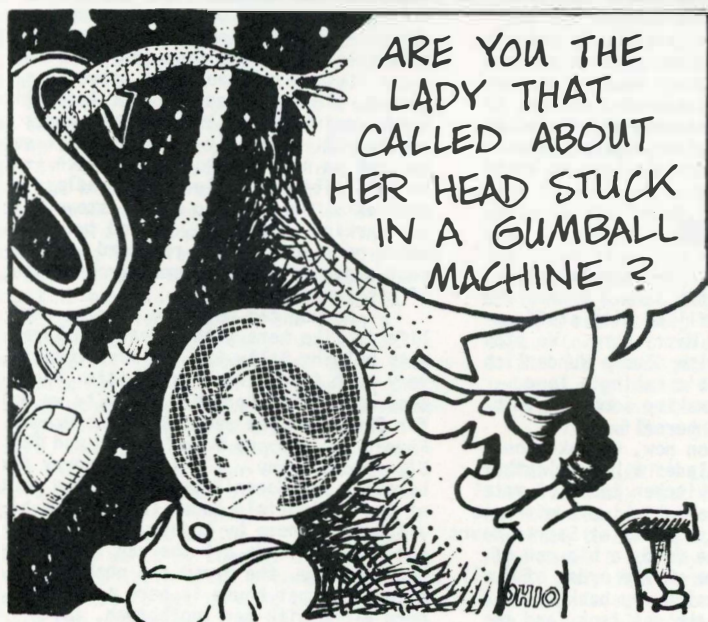
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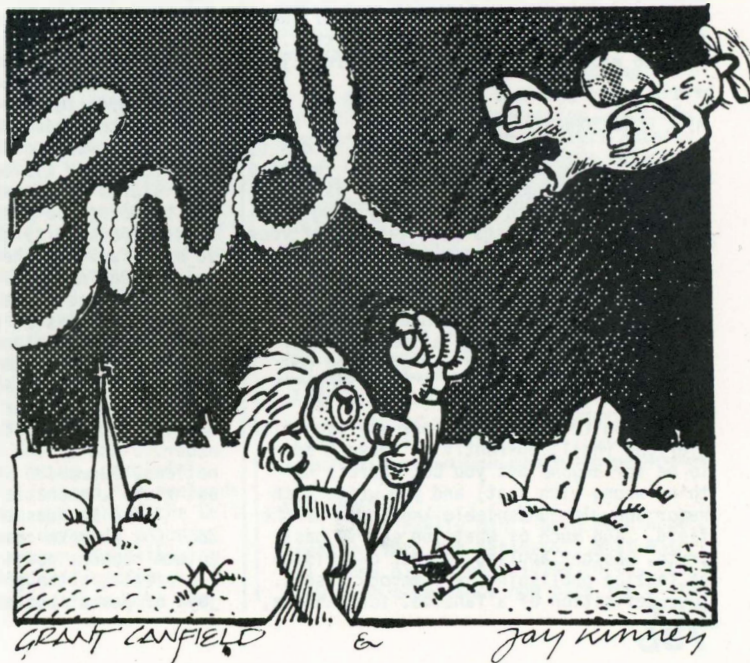
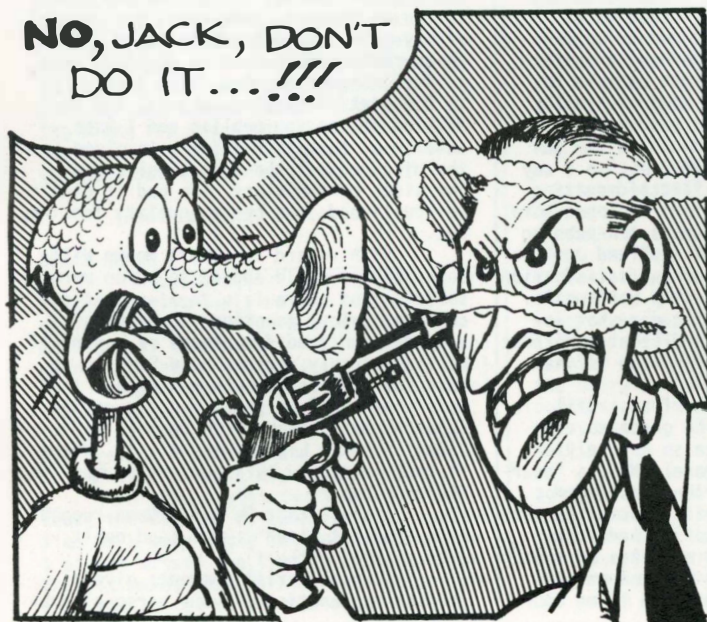
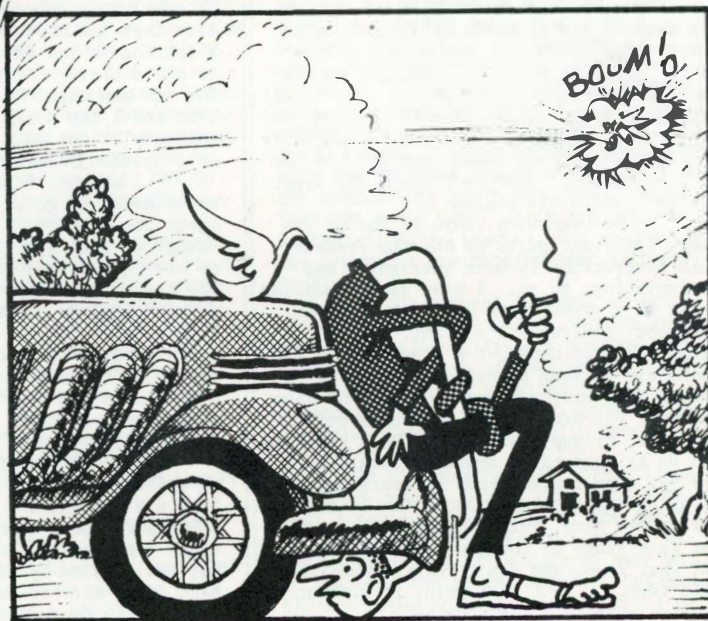
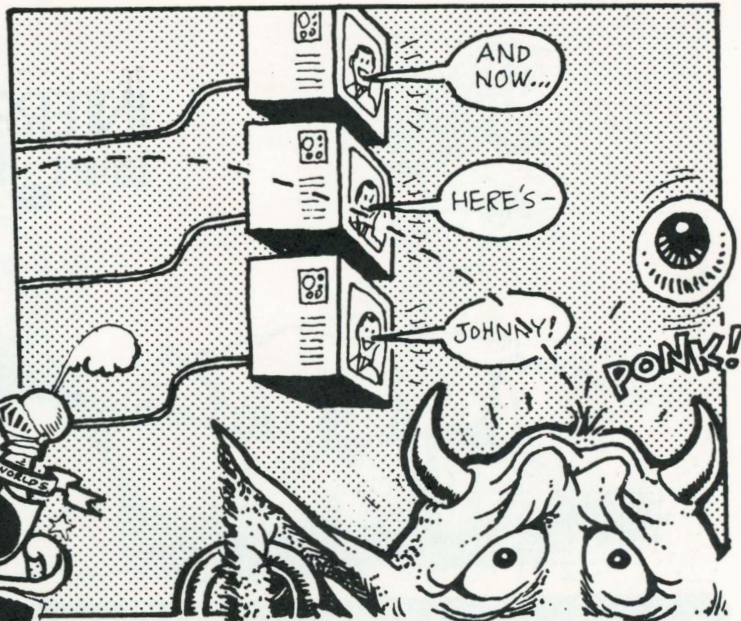
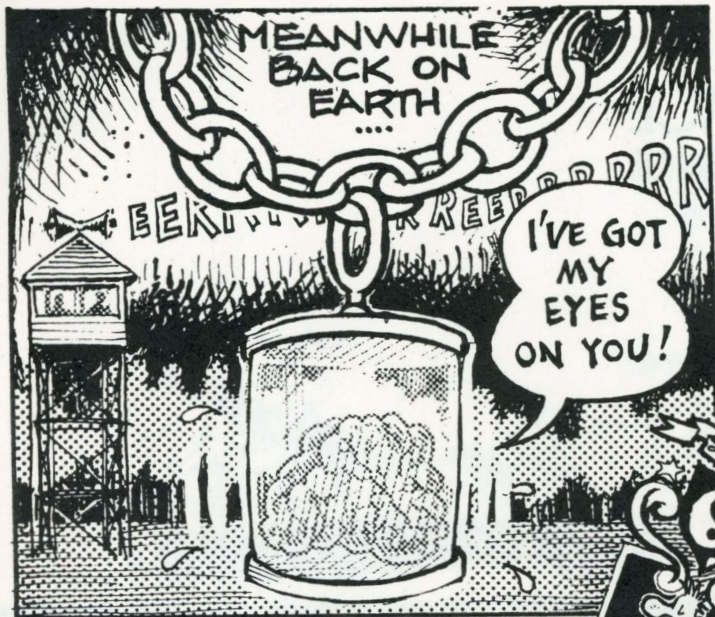
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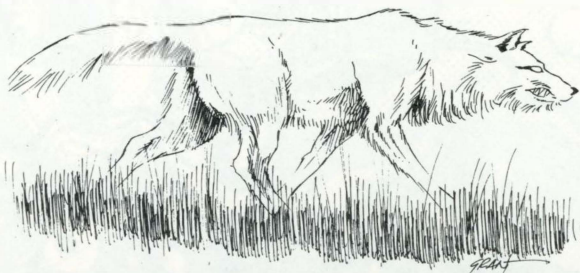




GRANT CANFIELD & JAY KINNEY







[...a fairly substantial pile of Letters of Comment are at hand; we'll start out with those on OW 17...and with a little luck (and some heavy editing) get to some of the early ones in on OW 18. One 'goal' for this year--in addition to getting 'on' a regular schedule, is to get the majority of LoCs on a given issue...printed in the following one. Somewhere along the line, we got just a bit behind...

For newcomers, this is one of the most important parts of OW; the feedback and interaction is both intriguing and stimulating, to me. I play games guessing what in a given issue will draw the most comment; generally I'm wrong, but it's fun. Printed LoCs get a free issue. And contrary to some others who seem bent on doing the editing for me, you DO NOT have to be a Big Name to get something printed in this, or any, part of OW. All you have to do is entertain, amuse or inform me... or say nice things about my contributors. (Saying 'nice things' about the Editor is of course nice, but by no means necessary. At this stage of the game, I KNOW I'm good at what I do, and don't require constant flattery. ...but I'll print it without qualms when it's forthcoming!)

Editorial comments, if any, will be bracketed off in this typeface. I'm not of the school that believes ye editor has to insert something after every letter... just to prove he's there... Onward...]

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Outworlds #17. Hmmm. I don't see why you're expecting a lengthy reaction from me, Bill. About all I can do is nod my head and agree with nearly everything you've written. I can see that various of your detractors would consider this the perfect example of what's wrong with you, but since we *essentially* agree on many aspects of fanzine production, and since you make it quite clear that this is a very personal approach that others do not and need not share, there really isn't a vast amount I can say.

You're aware that your way isn't for everyone (hell, currently it doesn't seem to be for *anyone* but you but there's nothing wrong with that) and you write with humor and with undeniable knowledge of the field. And much of what you say is basic truth, whether applied to your own vision of fanzine publishing or somebody else's. Your definition of a fanzine, for example,

is completely correct. So is your contention that the most important ingredient in a fanzine is the editor, and your warning to avoid slavish imitation and controversy for its own sake. Hell, it's almost all true and I can't say much more than simply congratulations on a well thought-out and well written piece!

I suppose I *could* relate personal experiences to prove that many of your remarks are completely accurate but I'm damned if I'll give you the satisfaction of having me agree with you while giving you the opportunity for editorial remarks about "the late..." etc. Suffice it to say I thoroughly enjoyed the whole thing.

One thing I would disagree with, though. I'd think that far more fanzines die between the planning board and the mimeo than any other spot in a fanzine's existence!

While I currently have no thoughts of getting back into the big fanzine field, if I did I think I'd go more the Tom Collins *IS* route than anything else. The theme type fanzine, with specific contributions created by specific people for each issue strikes me as by far the most potentially rewarding type of fanzine to produce. The drawbacks are immediately obvious, though: you can't depend on any sort of regular schedule, since we all know that you often can't depend on fans to meet your deadlines. Perhaps a sufficiently reliable editor might be able to set up sufficient issues before actually starting to produce them that he might always be working far enough in the future to gather his material. But in a way this starts to become a "little magazine" and by being *too* planned out it loses some of the spontaneity that makes fan-pubbing so much fun. And the work involved must be weighed against the egoboo and satisfaction derived to see if it's really worthwhile. Perhaps a series of special one-shot issues, carefully planned and created without any immediately looming deadline is the answer I'm looking for.

We were never arch-rivals, Bill. To be rivals you've got to be close to each other... And as Ted White so astutely notices, *Outworlds* was merely NERG's "near-est rival", emphasis on the first word...

The Lowndes material fascinates but does not provoke comment. The Anderson column happens not to be my glass of scotch I'm afraid, although the section on the joys of peanut butter appealed to me enor-

mously. *This* is the sort of serious, intelligent material I read fanzines for, and to hell with Watergate, sex, and the changing morality. I can read about those everywhere else.

One hundred gift-wrapped kudos for the illustration at the top of Ted's column. Now *that's* the sort of little extra little touch that I'm glad to see you picked up while reading our bound sets of *Energumen*!

White vs Ellison: White on a TKO.

Well, yes, Ted, "vagina" *is* a more attractive word than "cunt" and anyone with two ears should hear that. Single syllable words with hard sounds in them are harsher and less pleasant to the ear than polysyllabic softer words. That doesn't alter the essential truth of your remarks, but why not grant the opposition some points, particularly when they happen to be valid but inconsequential?

White vs Anthony/SFWA/Farmer: White on a first round knockout.

Ted's piece on Ultimate certainly gives the other side of the picture and he presents a most fascinating account. I think he's being a bit simplistic when he argues that the morality of the SFWA stand in any way depends on the financial success, or lack of it, of the Z-D policy as far as Cohen is concerned, but several of his points are extremely valid. SFWA looks rather amateurish in light of much of his information. Now *this*, seriously, is the sort of fanzine material I'm delighted to see you publish and I hope several of the other writers involved in the dispute feel the urge to give their own sides of the story. Too bad it didn't get published in a better quality fanzine, but...

With regard to Robert Moore Williams, Farmer would appear to be on more solid ground. Here is a *legal* violation, and the obvious question is why hasn't someone been sued for breach of contract? Williams surely doesn't need SFWA to do this for him? Perhaps there is more than we've been told so far. (Ted's question about Farmer's stand with respect to Pines' Popular Library is telling. Where is that integrity Phil admires so much in Piers Anthony?)

And all that OW info. Damn rugged individualist, aren't you? (And don't ever change, either!)

Your editorial comments give as good an explanation of your personal pub-



lishing philosophy as I've seen any fan give anywhere. No doubt a lot of fans would sneer and call you pretentious, but I sympathize with you fully, even though I don't share your particular conception of fanzines. Only you can know how close you've come to your original conception, or how much that conception has been molded by what you've done or failed to do, but I can tell you that it has been a privilege and a pleasure to share, and perhaps even contribute in a very small way, in what you've created.

And maudlin as it may sound on paper, my life has been enriched by that sharing and by the friendship that has developed between us. I'm glad you feel that producing *Outworlds* has been worthwhile, because consuming it most certainly has been!

You've probably done more with the concept of a fanzine than any other fan around today and that's because you've tried more and thought more about what you've been doing than most other fans. If anyone deserves a Hugo for excellence in fanzines, it's you and not me. I don't think I have to tell you, but I will anyway, that I have enormous admiration for what you've done and all joking aside I know I'm not even in the same league as you are. And I look forward to what you'll create with the potential of offset at your disposal. Whatever direction you go in, I know it'll be something uniquely your own and I hope you don't mind if I tag along for the ride. It's going to be one hell of a show! [141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, CANADA]

[Aww...shucks, fellow...!]

DENIS QUANE

Outworlds 17 received and appreciated. Particularly so was your article on fanzine publishing. I expect to make much use of it should I fall victim to the madness myself. [He has! And quite well.]

Somewhere in the article you state: "Layout is what works for your product. ... It is ... the act of making the material you present readable, and having it flow as smoothly as possible to the reader."

On this basis, *Inworlds 9*, or at least the fanzine review/listings, qualifies as a very badly laid out publication. I almost missed the listing of *Locus* (not that it makes much difference, but presumably you listed it so that people could

find it), and my first impression was that Frank Denton was the publisher of *Fantasias*.

I feel justified in being so blunt, since you set the example in your review of *Maybe (?) 29*. Granted, that issue looked ugly, and the mannerisms, from the concealment of the editor's name to the treatment of the illos, are irritating--but, he is providing a badly needed service, and to jump all over him in that fashion only makes you look bad-tempered.

The debate (or would billingsgate be a better word?) between White & Ellison has advanced very little this time, since White's reply completely ignored the real issues.

White originally brought up the question of Lupoff's story in A,DV, not for its own sake, but in order to prove two points:

a) that any claim that the stories in the DV series were "unpublishable elsewhere" could be proven false, since Lupoff could have sold the story to Dell.

b) (by implication) Ellison's unfair treatment of Lupoff.

Ellison, in 16, in effect, answered this charge by making three points:

1.) The claim that stories in the DV series were "unpublishable elsewhere", applied, strictly speaking, only to the first volume in the series; the reuse of the series title in A,DV only guaranteed that the stories were of the same type, and met the same standards as the first volume--if they now were in fact, publishable elsewhere, it was because the publishing world had changed, not the DV series.

2.) Lupoff's story was in fact unpublishable until his editorial efforts had helped work it into shape. The fact of its acceptance for A,DV had influenced Lupoff's agent and Dell to take another, closer look at what they had previously rejected.

3.) Having purchased rights to the story from Lupoff, and having devoted considerable editorial work to it, he was morally & legally entitled to the use of the story in A,DV. Dell, in attempting to purchase exclusive rights, was trying to buy something that was not Lupoff's to sell.

White, in this issue, completely ignores these points. Instead, he pretends that since Ellison has not denied the Dell offer, a fact that was never in dispute, his case is thereby proven. From this he descends to personal villification.

In this his tactics are much the

same as those he had adopted on other occasions. In his quarrel with Milt Stevens, carried on in the pages of *Amazing* and in *Passing Parade* #4, he argues as if the dispute was only about the exact words he had used in earlier editorials, completely ignoring the fact that Stevens' quarrel had been concerned with the implications of his words, and the conclusions drawn from them, rather than the exact words which had been used. In that dispute likewise, the weakness of the arguments are papered over with personal abuse.

In the present quarrel, White's descent to personal attack is more understandable, since Ellison's mode of argument made much use of that weapon also. In fact, Ellison's debating tactics, intentionally or otherwise, seem designed to cloud over any issue with random maligning.

In a recent dispute with William Rupp, in *Dreadnaught 3*, what should have been a serious discussion of the merits and intentions of an Ellison story, degenerated into a silly quarrel over which of them was the better speller; because Ellison could not restrain himself from irrelevant sarcasm.

It is small wonder that disputes among fans cannot be carried out without personal attacks, when the pros set such an example.

The question of the *Amazing* reprint payments, has thus far been carried out with much more moderation, probably due to the example set by Piers Anthony.

Enjoyed Poul Anderson's column immensely. Being a Nixon man, or at least as much of one as a liberal Taft Republican can be, I can't say I agree with all of his points, but so much of what he says, about everything from politics to peanut butter, (and especially about bread), is what I'd like to say, but can't do it as well. [Box CC, East Texas Sta., Commerce, TX 75428]

GRANT CANFIELD's racy illustration above are character studies from WOLFWINTER, by Thomas Burnett Swann.

LON JONES

I really don't hold much hope of breaking into the lettercol, what with all those big names holding forth, but I know from experience how nice loc's are.

Even if they aren't complimentary (which this one is, mostly).

Upon looking at the first article I groaned, "Oh, no, not another 'How To Make a Fanzine' article." Yours is, however, the best I've seen; and I assume you got an 'A' on it from your instructor. I always did whenever I wrote an essay dealing with fandom: mostly, I'm sure, because the instructor didn't understand it and was afraid to give himself away by assigning it a poor grade.

Robert Lowndes' column is interesting, mostly for the glimpse into the past that it affords. It also prompts me to look into the new *Weird Tales*, though I'm sure my views of the antiquated stories will be similar to his.

Beer Mutterings was always one of my favorite SFR columns, and I'm glad to see it again. I am sure, however, that if Mr. Anderson followed Watergate in a little more detail he wouldn't term it funny in any sense of the word. Witness Phil Dick's letter in *The Alien Critic* #8, among other things.

I agree completely! Hurray for peanut butter. But again, Poul is wrong. *Chunky* is the only kind to eat. With bananas and honey, all slathered on french bread. Yes.

He is also good at writing about sex. One quibble: if just as many people are screwing pre-martially now as were doing it 30 years ago, wouldn't the incidence of pregnancy be greater (or at least the same) then rather than now? After all, along with the Pill and all the other contraceptabilia, we have Sex Education now, and even if it is largely watered-down, irrelevant pap it's a helluva lot more than there used to be.

The main difference, I think is that today sex is out in the open, rather than under the rug. A good thing.

Lovely poem on p.660. Almost gruesome enough to be in Mother Goose.

Ted White certainly has the knack for infuriating people. I began receiving SFR at the tail end of the Tanner controversy, and now I get OW at the tail end of the Ellison/White/Anthony/Farmer controversy. Sigh. The wrong place at the wrong time.

I'm amazed and impressed to find a faned who takes his zine so seriously. It shows.

I'm not quite in tune with the OW Gestalt yet, but I plan to be. [633 Couper St. #12, San Luis Obispo, CA 93401]

PAUL DOCHERTY

I've been reading fanzines and contributing to the local efforts for about two years now, and had already picked up a lot of what was contained in your 'so you want to make...' piece (probably through osmosis or something) but since I know next to nothing about the actual mechanics of the black art (the only printing process I've had any experience with is offset) I found the more technical aspects of the article fascinating...or perhaps terrifying is a better word. Ditto and mimeo sound gawdawfuljeezus *hard*! I worked on the layout side of an offset paper for a while, and all I had to do was paste the pictures on the paper until they looked pretty...you mean there's more to it?

Understandings was, to me, interesting in a scholarly sort of fashion...I had the feeling that the audience it was aimed at pre-dated a youthful lad like myself by quite a few years. *Apro Poe* was marvelous --I re-typed it on a larger piece of paper and went crazy with a felt pen filling in a slaverive vegetative background, complete

with screaming victims. A friend of mine is considering writing to Mr. Stricklen and asking if he'd mind if he (my friend) could put it to music and worked it into a bar act he's with.

Having absolutely no first-hand experience with the people and issues involved and because of my status as a perennial neo I don't feel at all qualified to take any kind of a side in the *Great Is Ultimate Publishing Company A Shit? Debate*; however, in watching Ted White and Harlan Ellison go for each others' throats I am put in the peculiar position of watching two of my (tear) boyhood heroes slugging it out in print. A mere slip of a lad (almost a twinkie in my father's eye) when I laid ink soaked fingers on a first printing of *PHOENIX PRIME*, I followed Ted's progress right through the SPAWN OF THE DEATH MACHINE to the omnipotent supered that rescued *Amazing/Fantastic* from the grave, while at the same time I was expanding my mind with *The Beast That Shouted Love*, etc., and loving every word of the fantastic stories I'd hear regarding Harlan Ellison. I realize that both men consider themselves to be standing up for their beliefs, but... (think--there goes yet another childhood illusion. Next they'll be telling me that babies aren't found under the bramble bush.) [18 Stellarton, Scarborough, Ontario, CANADA]

DAVID STEVER

It is fun to read of a fan's long remembered beginnings in SF. The article brings it back to me how close even two people like Doc Lowndes and myself are. He, who began in 1926, and whose experience spans decades, and me, barely adult, who can remember looking at the December 1967 *Galaxy*, and reading Anderson, Silverberg, Leiber, Niven, Brunner, Harrison, and that very same Richard Wilson who introduces this issue of *Outworlds*. In my seven years since (can it be that long? Am I growing older?), I can still recall *Outpost of Empire*, the Poul Anderson story in that issue, which I read in bed, the week before Christmas, when I had mumps. Even more, I can remember the awe I felt at reading Bob Silverberg's *King of the Golden World*. Wow, what a story! My second issue [2/68] was capped with *A Tragedy of Errors*, the second Anderson novella in as many issues. No matter how long you have read SF, you can always recall that first magazine, and the feelings that it gave you.

One of American politics problems is that the wrong people have been getting away with calling themselves 'conservative', and the true conservatives have only recently stood up to demand that these other clowns stop trying to deal away our rights. In spite of the hue and cry about liberals and leftists, it will be these people who will bring the country down, in the end. But remember, it was Tom Jefferson, I believe, who said that you should have a revolt once in a while.

One word I have for Poul Anderson, however, is that his voting for the Libertarian ticket in 1972 is showing in his fiction. I refer to the story in the Nov. F&SF, and his story *The Pugilist*. This story, I am sorry to have to say, is literally dripping with Libertarian politics. Poul knows how much I admire his work, but this is one bad piece of fiction.

Outworlds 17 sure doesn't look like much, up there next to numbers 15 and 16, but it also strikes me as being a cobbled together issue, one which would not exist, if it hadn't been for the Ellison-White-Anthony love/hate triangle forcing a controversy that you thought should be heard. Tell me true Bill, if it hadn't been for the Anthony and Ellison letters in #16,

would 17 have come out when it did, and would it have been such a straight (non 'graphic') issue. Your front and back pages look as if they were just sandwiched around the columns and Ted's response. [1610 Worcester Rd., Apt. 433A, Framingham, MA 01701] [I dunno...I was rather happy with #17--a nice simple one every once in a while is a change-of-pace and just a valid an OW as the 'fancy' ones. As for #18, well... # There's no doubt that the 'controversies' have had an effect on OW, and whether that was a good or a bad thing is moot now. It's been a hassle and an emotion-draining process for me (too many bad vibes from people I admire); but to have covered it up or ignored it wouldn't have worked... It did bring in some fresh blood (not all spilled) and shake me out of what was becoming a static rut of all show and very little content. Hopefully it was a plus.]

JEFF SMITH

The Ultimate business makes for quite enjoyable reading, but I think the writers are going to have to just accept the fact that if they want to play with Ultimate, they're going to have to play by Ultimate's rules. It's the only way Ultimate will play. If the writers try to change the rules, Ultimate will take its football and go home. The only real mystery I can find in the whole mess is this: Why is Sol Cohen publishing a magazine that loses money consistently and which warns him verbal and written abuse from so many people? I can't understand that at all.

Poul Anderson quoting William Buckley on peanut butter reminds me of a similar statement someone once made about tuna fish--that if it were as expensive as lobster it would be regarded as one of the great gourmet treats. This I have to go along with. Personally I dislike seafood. I can eat it without gagging often, but I am not fond of it. With one exception. Tuna fish is delightful. But it's such a common food. --My use of 'common' was interesting there. Do you suppose there's some sort of snobbery inherent in dismissing tuna and peanut butter? Is it 'food for the masses' and therefore not really food at all?

Incidentally, it is a very chancy thing for a Marylander to say "I dislike seafood." Theoretically you cannot be a Marylander if you do not enjoy seafood. I am a Marylander, in that this state--and Baltimore City in particular--satisfies almost all my needs and I have no desire whatsoever to move (all I need is a paperback company to start up so I can edit a lot of shlock paperbacks)--but I fail to meet the seafood requirement.

The number one seafood in the area is the crab. You wouldn't believe the number of crabs that are eaten in Maryland. I don't. But that is merely the main course. The Chesapeake Bay is apparently one of the great depositories of fish, because there is a wide variety and the seafood houses are in little danger of going out of business. And when Marylanders come back from other states--even Maine--they always comment that the seafood was nowhere near as good as they were used to. [4102-301 Potter Street, Baltimore, MD 21229]

[Jeff also had some comments on fanzine making...which are assigned to *Grafaneditica* #1...along with those of a few others. If you're interested in what hopes to build into a Whole Fanzine handbook/catalog/debating society, EDiCa will hopefully be something for you. # If you aren't, please save your money...]

...it's a fine issue and has done a lot to make me, at least, see what the Fanworld really means. I was thinking of a grand Geoffrey Household (ROGUE MALE, etc.) title the other day, and it came home as I read your latest, that is August, 1973.

It spells me out, at least. The title is *THE WATCHER IN THE SHADOWS*. This is what I have been all my life, in re. Fandom and participation. [Oddly enough, his next title, *DANCE OF THE DWARFS* was pure sf, and totally unnoticed by the fans, or anyone else interested in the area. So much for our watching the mainstream types.]

To return to my own doings, I was most impressed by one thing at Torcon. Having never been a member of any Fan group, not having written a letter (to Campbell) until I had had several stories printed, and generally having stayed out of sight, personally, I was most impressed by the number of "Pro's" who considered themselves Fan first and foremost. This is a world I missed, and I deeply regret it, though the joke is, I may be elected to First Fandom! My only claims are that A) I was reading the stuff before 1938 and B) that I was collecting it. This makes me what I said above, a "watcher in the darkness." If I don't get elected, and I feel that a "Last Man Club" ought to be strict, I am glad to know that there were others who were fighting the prevailing body of opinion, even when I was locked in a room and refusing to come out, due to a death grapple with the *BOOK OF PTATH*, or a Seabury Quinn tale in *Weird Tales*. I forgot my main claim in this area, which is that I can remember the First Flash Gordon strips, yea even unto his being kidnapped from Yale by Dr. Zarkhov. Oh well.

The magazine seems flourishing. The endless debate(?) between authors is of considerable interest, at least to an ex-editor, albeit of h.c. books. It may be hoped it will simmer down to the point where it is an exchange of views, and not a diatribal cross-section. It is to be hoped for, at any rate.

[Next issue, #20, will definitely at long last carry Piers Anthony's *The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier*. It was a casual-ity...this time...of the Great Debate in *INTERFACE 2*, further on...]

JERRY KAUFMAN

The thing about Bill's paper/article on making a fanzine that amazed me was that he quoted me. When I first submitted the article on *Odä*, to him, Bill had me write over from top to bottom the entire thing. Then he had me rewrite it. I never dreamed that he was only grooming me to be an expert for him to build on. Chee.

On the subject of peanut butter, I turned to my good friend Chris Couch who, for some time last year, was getting government food. Great cans of Spamlike meat, half-gallons of peaches and peanut butter. "Federal peanut butter is the best in the country," he said. I checked. It is absolutely pure, thick and rich. It glues your mouth together so that you can't talk, only grin. From the same people who brought you Vietnam, perfect peanut butter. One of the many paradoxes of the USA.

This dogfight between Ellison and Ted is getting disgusting to me. My sympathies might have been on Ted's side, but he begins to use nasty tactics, like the viscous aside about the bet, in which Ted says "Remind me to tell you about," and then drags in the whole story. Ellison was a creep in this from the first, and Ted is doing his best to catch up. Why must you print this stuff? Just compare the level

of "debate" between this drunken brawl between the "starbeggotten" genius Ellison (one of the touchiest people in the sf field, invariably responding with a page of angry rejoinder to every sentence of criticism) and superfan Ted, whose flash-point is low and whose vindictiveness is high (with cause or without) and the calm, decent (yet still committed) debate between Mr. Anthony and Mr. White. This latter is an argument deeply important to both sides, and they are arguing with facts, memories, interpretations of ethical choices. Not with "a slap in the mouth."

The argument on reprints is important to the writers and the readers of sf. Keep running it. Ted's hysteria (supposed) and Harlan's moral hypocrisy (supposed) are of interest to themselves and possibly each to the other. Stop running this argument through *Outworlds*. If Ted and Ellison wish, let them continue to write directly to each other, or to each other's lawyer.

I don't generally have anything to say about Robert Lowndes or his writing. But I must at least say that it is one of the things I most look forward to in fanzines, and that it is the one thing I always look forward to in *Outworlds*. Even more than trying to guess what you'll have done to the layout *this time*. [622 W. 114th St., Apt. 52A, New York, NY 10025]

PAULA LIEBERMAN

In Poul Anderson's dissertation on sex--there's one major problem in most of the discussions of sex I/we run into--90% are written, spoken, or implied strictly from the male viewpoint. Anderson implies that males get horny, and that whores are the solution. What *most men* tend to forget is that women can get into the same psychological state mentioned above, without reference to be "professionals". I've been at a coed (however limited, since the ratio's 9 or 10 males to 1 female) engineering school since Noreascon, and the only true prostitutes I've heard of being on campus were involved in stories about dorm and frat parties. And, although I live in an officially coed dorm, (about 15% women now), the most sexually integrated dorm without doubt has got to be McCormick Hall, which is theoretically all women.

I obviously can't say anything from personal experience, but the view I've got on prostitution is that going to a whore to get laid is an admission that a guy is a failure on the free market, and can't take the competition. And if the guy's married, well tough shit. I don't see any similar services for women, and sexual dissatisfaction isn't limited to men.

One of the stranger things (well, maybe it's not that strange) I've seen is that women can be a lot more casual about screwing around than men--at least around here, the men tend to have a lot more emotional hang-ups. When I was living in McCormick in the earlier part of my freshman year, the women on my floor were a lot more open about sex than 90% of the guys who sit around the dorms and complain about being horny.

Anyway, I wish people would stop thinking in terms of men needing sex pre- and extra-marital, and women only in marriage. The souble-standard's been around too long. There're people who don't believe in pre-marital chastity, and there are those who do. But it shouldn't be restricted to "men can fool around, women can't." There are single, celibate males, and single, non-celibate females who are happy that way, in addition to the standard model. We're not in the middle-ages or 19th century anymore, when women married not long after, or even before, sexual maturity. (Apparently

not too long ago, historically, puberty for women, at least, was around 16 or 17, due to diet among other things). The U.S. population is 51% women, meaning at least 2% will never be married in the "until death, etc." monogamous sense. Also, consider that the model age of women for marriage is going up from its ridiculous (in terms of lifespan and long adolescence) age of 18 in recent years.

The abortion issue is also something that hits me at a different angle--men don't get pregnant and have to go about for months with bulging bellies, sagging breasts, physiological changes & severe system disturbances, along with sociological backlash and criticism if pregnancy is unapproved of by peers, or even just random passers-by.

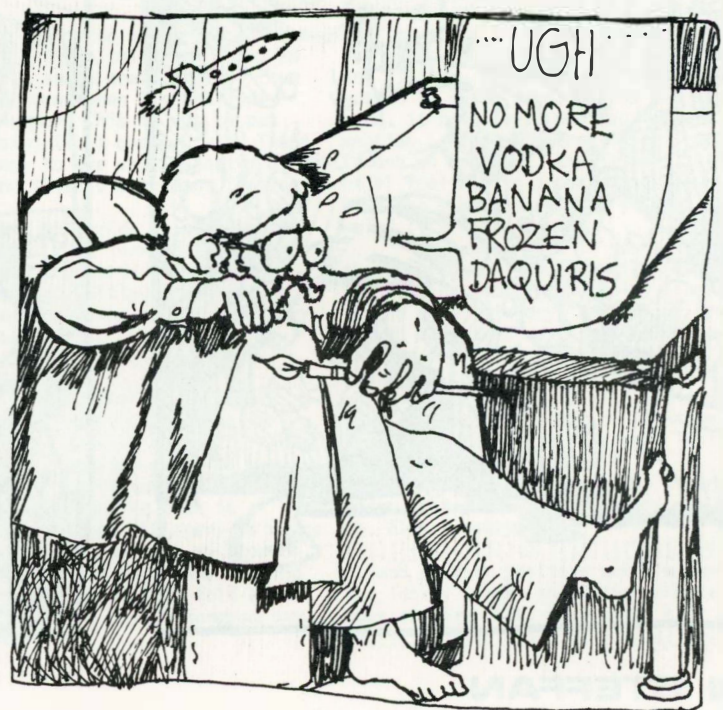
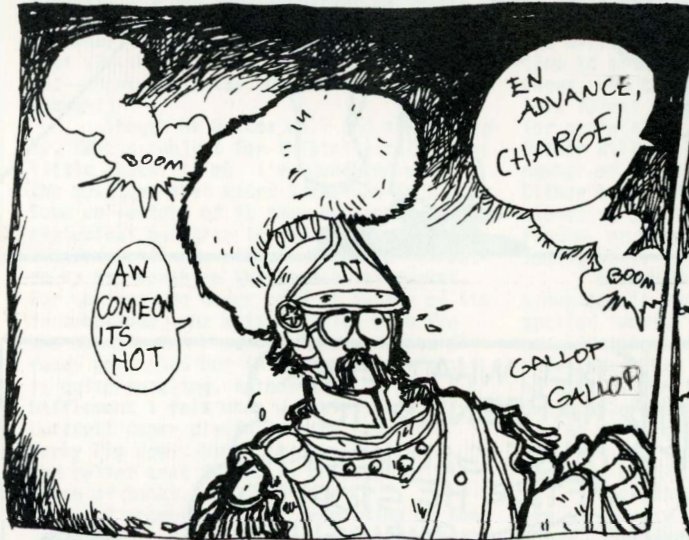
All of us start life (if we're not biologically neuter) with the ability to give life to thousands, or millions in the case of sperm in men. However, out of all the spermatocyte and oocyte present in individuals, less than three children average are produced per family in the US. During any woman's lifetime, something on the order of 400-500 eggs get flushed down the tube (there're good reasons why women should be less bothered by the sight of blood than men) any one of which, under the proper circumstances, could grow to become an entirely new member of homo saps. I don't really like the idea of abortion, but one's got to stop someplace. There are no 100% reliable contraceptives (consider parthenogenesis). Too, a lot of fertilized eggs never make it on their own. If conditions aren't quite right, they get flushed down the tube, too. The clinching thing, though, is that even when abortion was still illegal, it was estimated there were about 10⁶ induced abortions per year in the U.S.--while the number of live births was about 33 x 10⁶! (Figures recalled from a couple of *Science News* a few years ago.)

On to the "dirty words" business now. Ted White put the "all male" restriction in on "emasculating" [actually "emasculated"] dialogue. Well, that's a pretty interesting juxtaposition, but the basic idea is WRONG. According to some of the guys on my hall, there's a lot more verbal obscenity at Smith than on my floor--and my floor's got something of a reputation for grossity.

On another level, words have no intrinsic meanings, except for such things as sucking and retching noises. Therefore, a lot depends on both the way and the society in which a word is used. I was down in the panhandle of Florida (read "Southern Alabama") during June 73; Southern guys of my age (19-20) hit the roof when I said "hell." Seems women shouldn't say things like that. I shudder to think what would happen to those guys were they dropped in a northeastern university dorm for a week. One girl on my floor was trying to stop swearing so much just before going home for a weekend last year--she set a few people to stopping her everytime she said "shit" and a few other things. It didn't succeed--she began swearing everytime she was stopped.

There are a few problems in women using common obscene expressions--it's bothersome, to say "Fuck off" to a guy at times in the same circumstances as one male would use the phrase on another as a much stronger form of "So get lost somewhere and leave me alone!" There're times when the male's response to the irate female saying that is something of the nature of "Your place or mine?" Since that happened to me, I've been very careful to tell the male to go fuck *himself*.

IN BOOZELAND with LITTLE WIKIE





TED WHITE THOTS WHILE SNOW SHOVELLING

Virginia is not popularly considered to be a state where a significant amount of snow falls, but, lying as it does just below the Mason-Dixon line, it catches a surprising amount of the stuff. True, last year something like one-eighth of one inch of the white stuff fell to the ground in this area, but this year in a single pre-Christmas week we had more than fifteen inches fall in two related storms. In any event, it is surely foolish to call this column *Thots While Lawn Mowing* in the dead of winter; thus a seasonal change in the title.

Although it would be pleasant to devote this column to subjects entirely removed from those which dominated the last instalment, I'm afraid this time we must return to them for something of a wrapup. I have on hand a letter from Piers Anthony, forwarded by editor Bowers, a copy of his piece, *Rationale of an In-decision*, and what I suspect is an early copy of OW 18. Presumably the first two items will be found elsewhere in the same issue in which this column appears, but I would like to take as my text for this column (I almost wrote "sermon"), the following quote from Anthony:

"Ted White is guilty of chronic distortions; they issue from him like bad smells."

If that statement is true, then there is hardly any point in my continuing with this column. Indeed, there would hardly be any point in continuing to write anything but outright fiction (presumably exempted from that categorical charge) from here on out.

Thus, I require of you, the reader, a decision—here and now. If in fact Piers' statement is not itself a distortion, you must distrust what I say here. Further, you must distrust what I have said up to now as well. And, in fact, I cannot imagine why you would want to continue to read this column—unless you found it entertaining despite its "distortions"—if you agree with Piers.

I, of course, disagree with Piers. In fact I can hardly think of anything he might have said of me which would have offended me more. As much as Piers parades his integrity, I prize my own.

Indeed, it is my habit for speaking out on unpopular subjects which has earned me the enmity of many people whose hostil-

ity I could easily do without.

Certainly I have been wrong on occasion—as has Piers!—and I expect I will be wrong on future occasions. But my errors are not deliberate, as Piers implies; they are errors of misunderstanding, or, on occasion, of memory. More often, they are errors of condensation—of an unwillingness to query persons a continent away before making a casual remark about something they once told me. (That is the case in the recent nonsense vis-a-vis Harlan Ellison, Richard Lupoff and AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS. The substance of my statement was correct. Piers had offered in proof of his statement that AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS published stories no one else would publish, Richard Lupoff's story therein. I pointed out that this was no proof at all, inasmuch as Dell Books badly wanted to publish the story (slightly expanded) as a novel, and could not solely because Harlan would not allow it. No one has disputed this central point, because it is true. Harlan painstakingly documented the extent of his involvement in the story and his unwillingness to lose it from his book. Harlan and Dick both corrected me on minor details—word-length and sums offered in payment—which were slightly off, largely because I was relying on memories of conversations three and four years old while commenting in passing in a letter of comment to this fanzine. Well, you may rest assured, I'll be more careful in researching any comments I make about Harlan Ellison on future occasions—should there be any...)

But "chronic distortions"? According to my dictionary, "chronic" means "1. Of long duration, continuing constant..." Is Piers calling me a constant liar? If he is, I'd like him to document his case. (And if he is, he has company: Harry Harrison has also described me thus. However, if you will believe Harry on this subject, you will believe anything at all. For more on this subject—which I find distasteful—I refer you to my column in *The Alien Critic* #8, since I do not feel like repeating myself here.)

In any case, the basic choice remains yours: you must decide whether, in this case, I am right or Piers is right. Because it's time to get down to get down to business.

REPRINT RIGHTS: In his letter in OW 18, Piers says "Many true and many false statements are made in #17." He does not clarify the point, which I regard as unfortunate. By implication, then, some of us told lies or passed on falsehoods unknowingly. I would like these lies and/or falsehoods identified—or the statement withdrawn.

I also regard it as unfortunate that none of the three "documents" Piers forwarded—Xerox copies of letters from B.G. Davis, William L. Hamling and Raymond A. Palmer to Robert Moore Williams dated "in April of 1968"—was quoted in full.

However, I must point out that the statement quoted is meaningless and a good example of the way in which the business world customarily screws people.

To quote editor Bowers' summary: "all three agreed that while generally world magazine rights were generally purchased, it was with the understanding 'that any right any writer wished would be returned to him upon request' and that 'this was company policy, it applied to all writers...'" This is a murky statement on the face of it; do "worlds magazines rights" include "second (or all) serial rights?"

Let me clarify the terms. "Serial rights" refer to the rights to publish in a periodical publication—not to serialization. "First serial rights" are the right to first magazine use of a story. "Second serial rights" are the right to republish the story (or publish it a second time) in a magazine. "All serial rights" are the right to republish a story as often as may be desired in a magazine. This means that if one sells "first and second serial rights," one is selling the right to use a story in a magazine twice; likewise "all serial rights" means that the story has been sold outright to the magazine publisher for as much reuse as he may see fit after its initial publication. (This doesn't happen often in the sf field—although it's much more common in other fields, like 'true' men's adventure stories—but I wonder how many of those who sold stories to *Infinity* and *SF Adventures* under Larry Shaw's editorship were aware that their stories popped up many times thereafter in *Swank* and other Magnum publications?)

"World rights", on the other hand, is a vaguer term which refers to the right of the original publisher to resell the story elsewhere in the world. For example, when Terry Carr and I sold a story, *I, Executioner*, to *If* in 1962, we were naively unaware that we'd sold "First World Rights," and that Galaxy Publications had the right to resell the story to foreign sf magazines without paying us a thin dime. We found this out when the story popped up in an Italian sf magazine—a fact we discovered only by accident and long after the fact. "World Rights" are customarily purchased by publishers who have foreign editions (as *Galaxy* and *F&SF* do) or seek licensees for foreign editions (as we all do), since it allows the US magazine publisher to present the foreign publisher with a package of stories as well as the use of the magazine's title (or a variation thereof).

Therefore, "world magazines rights" is too imprecise a term for our present discussion, since the qualification, "First," "Second," or "All" is not present.

However, it is my understanding from Sol Cohen that Ziff-Davis routinely purchased first and second world serial rights, and in some cases all world serial rights, thus giving the company the right

AN OPEN LETTER TO TED WHITE

December 12, 1973

Dear Ted,

Yesterday I received *Outworlds* #18 that Bill Bowers rushed to me first class. I reviewed the responses to my open query, marking each YES (submit material to ULTIMATE) NO (maintain the boycott) or NC (no decipherable comment, in terms of yes-no). As you know, I committed myself to resume submissions if a clear majority of the responding uninvolved readers said YES, or to let my collaborators decide if the reader decision were inconclusive. I did not say that proof of story payments should be forthcoming; I left it to the readers to assess the evidence and decide on the basis of their own morality. We thus have a decision that doesn't coincide with my personal beliefs--but I must adhere to the terms I set in advance.

My survey of the responses indicates that fifteen readers (this excludes the "pro" comment in the rear of the issue) commented on the issue. Of these, one said YES, one said NO, one appeared to be leaning YES, and twelve were NC. (Specifically, Ken Ozanne voted YES, David Stever voted NO, and George Flynn seemed to be the leaner.) Some of these responses may be premature, as I suspect they were made before the White/Farmer letters were run--but Bill Bowers asked me to make my decision now, and I don't want to temporize by repeated delays. I suspect that we have a typical ratio here, with the great majority declining to take a definite stand.

Therefore: the result is inconclusive, and the matter is thrown to my assorted collaborators. I have already surveyed them, and the results are: Frances Hall: NO. Robert Margroff: Why Not? Roberto Fuentes: YES. I have only a couple of old stories with Margroff; I will contact him, but this will take a while to untangle, as the stories are long buried. Most of our collaborations have already sold, you see. So this leaves Fuentes, with whom I have sold two martial arts novels and a martial art/fantasy story. But our major novel *DEAD MORN* is unsold and available.

DEAD MORN is straight science fiction--but it is 115,000 words long, and quite graphic in places, sexually and violently. Much of it is basically historical/political, though there is a strong time-travel/paradox story line. I regard it as the best of my unsold novels, on a par with ORN in length and quality though it is quite different in nature. In short, it may be unsuitable to your needs, being simply too big and graphic. Because it would be possible for me to avoid the issue by showing you only material you had to reject, I want to make it plain that this is not my intent. I *do* disagree with the readers' effective verdict, but I *am* implementing the compromise that I suggested at the outset as well as I am able. Even to me this has the sound of presidential tapes being lost and blanked. But if you find portions of *DEAD MORN* relevant to your needs, I shall raise no objection to whatever cutting or excerpting you choose to do. No hard feelings if you have to reject it, of course. But such rejection will be on the basis of your editorial judgment, not because of any further obstacles placed in your way by the authors.

Having said that, I now raise a major further obstacle. (This is embarrassing as hell...) You see, I can't show you *DEAD MORN*, because my file copy has been lost. I sent it a couple of years ago to my agent, who thought it should after all be tried on the magazine market, and he has mislaid that copy. No, you can't see the top copy; my agent refuses to have any dealings with ULTIMATE. (God almighty, I'm going to get a letter of condolence and understanding from Nixon...) I have three other carbons: one is in England with my agent there, who also does not think much of ULTIMATE, and another in Argentina with my agent there, who has never directly acknowledged receipt or given me a market report, but who thinks he will one year sell it there. The last is with my collaborator.

And here is where we finally diverge from this damned nonsense and get down to brass tacks. Roberto Fuentes is eager to put this novel into print, he wants to show it to you. In fact he works in New York city, and commutes there every day. I therefore turn this matter over to Roberto Fuentes, who will contact you rapidly. He may even march into your office with the manuscript. I hereby empower him to negotiate with you for the two of us, with the understanding that we aren't going to hold out for unrealistic word-rates either.

As I write this, the mail is just in, with *Locust 151* listing five rumors that your magazines are about to be sold. So perhaps this is academic after all. Just let me repeat that my quarrel in this matter is with your publisher, not you; if it should turn out that you can retain editorship under a new publisher, the whole of my material will be available to you. Normally the first thing a new publisher does is to put in a new editor, so I doubt this bodes well for you, but for what it is worth, I regard you as perhaps the best magazine editor in the field. I would like to see what you could do if you were able to pay decent rates and hire a decent staff.

This letter is being sent via *Outworlds* because I don't have your current address, and anyway it is an open letter that Bowers may edit and print as he sees fit.

Best Wishes,
PIERS ANTHONY

to at least first and second publication of the stories purchased *anywhere in the world*--that is to say, two uses of each story in each language area.

This is not uncommon. Almost *all* publishers of fiction magazines purchased these rights in the twenties, thirties, forties and fifties. The practice has been discontinued only in the past decade. (Conde Nast holds a vast number of reprint rights, for example, although these are only rarely exercised within the sf field. The 1948 *From Unknown Worlds* reprint one-shot is one of the few cases I can recall when Street & Smith--as it was then--made use of such rights. The Doc Savage, Shadow and Avenger paperbacks are a different case, since in their case Conde Nast owns *all* rights, including book rights.)

Now the fact that a "gentleman's agreement" existed at Ziff-Davis whereby anyone who wanted his rights back could have them is interesting, but illustrative of a typical business practice--nail down what you're buying, but be vague about what you'll give back. I don't recall how Z-D specified its purchase of rights, but if it was operating in a typical manner it had a rubber stamp which was stamped on the back of the check issued in payment, and the stamp said something to the effect of "Endorsement of this check constitutes an agreement to sell _____ rights for the story named on the reverse." Thus, to cash the check you must sign a defacto contract. This was--and still is at such companies as Conde Nast--the standard way of doing business although I believe it has been legally challenged in recent years (and that is probably the basis for persistent rumors that the SFWA might be able to win a court case against Ultimate) although not conclusively. Among sf publishers only Mercury Press (*F&SF*) offers a separate contract for the author to sign before the story is purchased, a copy of which the author keeps. (Obviously he can't keep a check if he wants to cash it.)

(Thinking of that reminds me that I do have one such check on hand--a check which bounced--from New Crawdaddy Ventures. Its rubber stamp (which runs off one side) says "Endorsement of this check (gives? grants?) release on all material listed (on the) face of check to New Crawdaddy Ventures, Inc., for exclusive publishing rights." So the practice extends to 1970 in the general publishing industry--and I might add that "exclusive publishing rights" is unconscionably vague and all-inclusive. I crossed it out and substituted "First North American Serial Rights," a fat lot of good it did me, since the company went bankrupt and stuck me with a bad check... But I digress...)

If we assume that this form of purchasing rights--via a rubber stamped contract on the back of a check--is legal (a dubious point, perhaps, but the legality was de facto for more than half a century), then Ziff-Davis spelled out in writing the rights it was purchasing--*with each purchase*. That it was "company policy" to return unused rights may have been true, but was no way legally binding upon Z-D, and in fact Z-D could as easily have refused to return those rights, letters to Robert Moore Williams or not. I doubt very much that this "company policy" was explained to each and every author who sold a story to Z-D, and I'm quite certain it was not included in the original "contract."

Let's just for a moment hypothesize a similar set of circumstances in another arena of business: selling automobiles.

You go to a new-car dealer and arrange to buy a car with a specified trade-

in allowance on your old car. The dealer rapidly fills a contract with sloppily penned figures and offers it for your signature. "Listen," he says, "pay no attention to the fine print in this contract. If you find your car is a lemon, I'll cheerfully refund your money or exchange your car for another." So you sign. And your car, it turns out, is a lemon. But the dealer says, "A contract is a contract --I'm holding you to it." You say, "But you said--" and he says, "I don't remember what I said, but this contract is a legal document and that's what counts."

And indeed it is. Verbal contracts are worthless both parties agree upon their details and will honor them. Likewise, assurances that a contract will be voided at a later date do not in fact void the contract unless the contract specifically states that such an agreement can be made.

The simple fact of the matter is that Ziff-Davis purchased a great many reprint rights when they bought new stories, and that they represented these rights as rights they held freely and clearly and as an asset for which they expected payment when they sold *Amazing* and *Fantastic* to Ultimate in 1965. In fact, the only assets they held at that time were three or four cover paintings, a very small inventory of unpublished stories, the right to the magazines' titles, and those reprint rights.

And they did not sell their "company policy" of returning reprint rights, when they sold the magazines. They sold the assets.

What Robert Moore Williams or any other aggrieved author requires is a letter or letters from Ziff-Davis, dated before the sale of the magazines, specifically returning to him the publication rights of specific stories. If he has these, he is in the clear. But all he has allowed us to know about (via Piers) is three letters, one from a former owner of the company (who left the company eight years before the magazines were sold), one from a former editor who left the company in 1949, and another from an editor who left the company about two years later, all dated well after the fact and useless for purposes of legal assignation of rights. (I don't know if an editor can, on his own initiative, return rights. I suspect it requires an officer of the company who owns the rights--the editor is only an employee.)

In any case, Ziff-Davis did specifically include those reprint rights among the assets sold with the magazines to Sol Cohen. Sol Cohen is totally blameless in any discussion of those rights and who had them. He bought them in good faith, as a business venture. If they were clouded, he as much as anyone deserves the benefit of doubt; they were not clouded by him and they were not so represented to him at time of sale. (In other words, if the rights were not Z-D's to sell, Z-D is guilty of fraud.)

Every bit of this discussion, up to this point, revolves around Ziff-Davis, its company policies and business dealings. And I will say here and now that I know only what I've been told by the present parties to the discussion about Z-D's policies and dealings. I sold one story to Z-D, in 1962, and that through the Scott Meredith agency (I never even saw Z-D's check) and that is the extent of my dealings with the company.

THE ULTIMATE BOYCOTT: Barry Malzberg disagrees with me as

to the nature of the 1966/67 SFWA boycott, but I think we're involved in a semantic quibble here, inasmuch as Barry admits "It never held." As I understand it (and I'm not going to dig digging into boxes for my copies of the relevant *SFWA Bulletin*, but I'd be obliged to anyone who cares to research the point), the boycott was "suggested" by the SFWA but not enforced. (Enforcement would have included kicking members who broke the boycott out of the SFWA, and the SFWA couldn't afford that.) It was certainly never effective, nor would it have had much positive effect had it been effective, inasmuch as Sol Cohen's original plans were to make *Amazing* and *Fantastic* 100% reprint magazines as soon as the inventory of unpublished stories passed on from Z-D was used up. (That took a while, at only one new story or instalment thereof, per issue.) Sol credits Murray Leinster and editor Joe Ross with the fact that the magazines didn't go all-reprint; Leinster was the first to offer Sol new material, at a very low price, mostly (I assume) out of sentiment for the history of the magazines.

When the agreement between Sol and the SFWA was reached in 1967, it was a verbal agreement which time has blurred. The only written statement on the subject was Silverberg's to the SFWA, as a front-page item in the *Bulletin*. Sol Cohen has interpreted this statement somewhat differently than his antagonists have: he sees it as a statement that reprint payments are a gratuity designed to encourage new submissions, and thus is due only those who do submit new stories.

(It might be objected here that inasmuch as Ultimate's rates are the lowest in the field this is no bargain. But Sol has repeatedly stated that he would consider, under the terms of the agreement, any submission valid even if the author made as a condition of sale payment greater than Sol could make. That is, even if the author insisted on 5¢ a word, if that was what he was getting from, say, *Analog*. Under such circumstances if Sol could not or would not pay 5¢, the author was free to take the story elsewhere--it would still count as a submission, and thus entitle him to reprint fees on any of his stories reprinted.)

Other areas of dispute included retroactivity--Sol insists the fees were to be for stories reprinted *after* the author submitted new stories, and certainly not for stories reprinted before the agreement with the SFWA was reached--and the actual sum of the fee--\$20.00 or \$25.00 per short story. Throughout, I have listened to each side tell its story and have refrained from imposing my own views, inasmuch as I was not a party to the original agreement and came into the picture only much later.

Now in my last column I stated that Sol was no longer paying for reprints, and apparently I was in error. Sol tells me that since the agreement was made he has paid out more than \$3,000 in reprint fees. Which, at \$20.00 (or \$25.00) a story, is payment for a lot of stories. And Sol states that he has been paying these fees right along--whenever requested by the author. (In some cases this is probably not true--cases in which Sol has been in dispute with an author, for example.) But apparently he never stopped making these payments entirely, and if I suggested that, I was wrong.

Concurrently, the SFWA has published in a recent *Forum* a two-page article by Harry Harrison, a copy of which was passed on to me (I am no longer a member of the

SFWA), and which I in turn passed on to Sol. In that piece, Harrison makes several derogatory comments about Ultimate, and states several "facts" about his own treatment by Ultimate which Sol assures me are lies. When I spoke three days ago to Sol (by phone), he went into detail on these points and promised to send me copies of all relevant documents, including checks. I have not yet received this documentation, and thus cannot quote it here, but when I receive it, if any of it is relevant to this discussion I will forward it to Bowers. (I intend to use the bulk of it for a refutation of Harrison to the *Forum*, which is where it properly belongs.)

However, and in any case, since I last wrote on this subject the SFWA, in the person of president Jerry Pournelle and veep Norman Spinrad, has carried out the negotiations with Sol which were mandated (by a tiny percentage of the SFWA) at the SFWA business meeting at the Torcon, and a settlement has been reached which I trust will be acceptable to all concerned. Basically, Sol is now paying the SFWA a lump sum each month, which the SFWA in turn will disburse to individual authors with grievances or claims (even Robert Moore Williams) can now apply to the SFWA. This places the burden on the SFWA, which is apparently confident that it can meet the obligation, and I would hope that it spells a final farewell to this entire unpleasantness.

RELATED MATTERS: Philip José Farmer's memory and recounting of the events at the SFWA Torcon meeting is somewhat selective and inaccurate. He rightly notes that a number of the attendees made some disparaging and sarcastic remarks about Cohen which I thought were out of line." He fails to note that most of these were made by Pournelle, whose comments about Sol, Ultimate and myself (he was unaware that I was there) were all sarcastic. And he totally errs in describing my own contribution to the meeting as "White's outburst and name-calling at the beginning of the meeting," inasmuch as I suffered through the first twenty-odd (some of them *very* odd) minutes of that meeting in silence. (Indeed, I doubt many of those who spoke as they did up to that point would have done so had they known I was there to refute them.) My "outburst" came after someone (Pournelle?) made a statement which was so far out of line that I could no longer restrain myself (I'd intended to remain silent throughout). I indulged in no "name-calling," save to insist on having my say free of obscene interruptions from Harry Harrison.

Earlier in the meeting (while I remained silent) Pournelle outlined a series of actions (sanctions) he proposed taking *immediately* against Ultimate. One of these was to be the boycotting of those authors who had sold stories to me by the other editors who are members of the SFWA. (Others included disqualifying stories published in *Amazing* and *Fantastic* for consideration for Nebula awards, and disqualifying sales to Ultimate as membership credentials.) Harry Harrison, bless him, flew to his feet at that point to announce that *he was already doing this*. I imagine that's bravado, though--I doubt Harry knows who is appearing in my magazines since he doesn't read them.) Later, Harry announced to the membership that Sol had at least twelve reprint titles on the stands as of that time (Labor Day, 1973). When, later, I contradicted him,

pointing out that there are only two bi-monthly reprint titles and have been only two for the last two or three years, he broke in to call me a liar (his favorite epithet) and to insist that there were at least four and, anyway, the titles changed all the time, so who could be sure? (The titles are *Science Fiction Adventures Classics*--which reprints from the pulp era --and *Thrilling Science Fiction*--which reprints from the digest era of the late 50's and early 60's; these titles have been constant for several years now.)

But the "name-calling," as Farmer characterizes it, occurred when, in an effort to describe to the meeting the actual circumstances surrounding Sol Cohen and the magazines, I began to say, "As Harry knows from the time he worked with Sol..." and Harry lept to his feet (again) to tell me to stop using his name, and to blather about how he was sick of all the lies I told about him. Since I've never knowingly told *any* lies about Harry (just a certain amount of unpleasant truth--but then, the truth about Harry *is* unpleasant), I told Harry to shut his dirty mouth. Harry then threatened to beat me up, and I told him to try--I actually welcomed the notion that he might hit me, and rather hoped he'd break my glasses or the like, since I had every intention of having him arrested for assault on the spot. (It would give me considerable pleasure to see Harry arrested, so much do I detest the man and everything he stands for.) Harry wisely (for him) had second thoughts, and I was allowed to continue making my original point.

At no point in my statements to that meeting, however, did I make the statement Farmer attributes to me: "When asked about [lost mss.], White said, 'Well, after all, it's only the slush pile.'" That is a flat-out lie and I charge Farmer with it.

After I said my piece, two SFWA members--Jay Haldeman and Jack Dann--rose to suggest that immediate sanctions of the sort Pournelle had outlined earlier, were inappropriate. "That's the sort of thing you do as a final resort, when all else fails," Jay pointed out. "You don't *start* there." As a consequence of these statements, the meeting decided to offer Ultimate another 90 days of negotiations with boycott and sanctions lurking in the wing in case no agreement could be reached.

At that point, the Ultimate business having been concluded, I made ready to depart when Harrison again rose to request in nasty terms that inasmuch as I was not a member I be expelled from the meeting. I did leave. Curiously, it turns out that Harry Harrison was also not then a member of the SFWA (he'd quit a year earlier in a high dudgeon over the publication of his speech to a West Coast Nebula Awards Program), and when challenged on this point by Silverberg (who had entered the meeting late) he claimed he'd just rejoined and "his check was in the mail." That too, I am told, was a lie--he rejoined later.

So much for the inaccurate reporting of the meeting.

I personally found the entire experience unpleasant, but easily the most unpleasant aspect was the tone of the meeting before it was generally known that I was there. (Why was I there? Because people like Dan and Zebrowski told me I ought to be there--"They're gonna rip you to shreds if you're not.") It wasn't so much the sarcasm and contempt these people expressed, but the way in which they paraded their ignorance about the actual

situation, as though it was a virtue. I tell you, sf authors are far more ignorant about the realities of the publishing field than are most fans. I think if I had to deal only with such people I'd quit sf immediately.

Although I formed a quite negative impression of Pournelle at that meeting, he sought me out later in the convention (Monday, I believe) and we talked for more than an hour and I think we both came away from that conversation with more respect for the other than we'd previously had. And I did agree to push the suggestion the SFWA was offering--that Ultimate make a monthly payment to the SFWA in settlement --inasmuch as it was a suggestion I'd made myself in 1969! (At that time the SFWA refused it, claiming it could not be administered. Apparently the SFWA is now better equipped.)

(I'd planned to see Sol immediately after the convention, by driving down to New York City, but that Tuesday my mother-in-law very unexpectedly died, and our plans had to be changed. I didn't see Sol until mid-September, when I presented the suggestion to him and secured his tentative agreement to it. The following several months I heard reports from Pournelle and Sol that made it seem everything had fallen apart again, but ultimately the agreement was reached, I gather in substantially the form originally proposed.)

MORE RELATED MATTERS: Farmer objects to my characterizing his role in this affair a "three-year Crusade." He is undoubtedly correct; I was going on hearsay, having dropped out of the SFWA not long after he. But throughout the last three years I heard rumblings of his antagonism toward Ultimate and perhaps toward me (the most recently reported were from a counter-culture journalist at the Bubonicon in 1972 who had recently talked with Farmer and wanted my side of it). No doubt this is all the result of tangled communications. I suspect that if Farmer and I ever sat down and talked to each other we would at least end up with some mutual respect, if not friendship. But I have no idea how likely that is.

Finally, Farmer accused me of ignoring several points "I made in my letter in OW #17." Since I have not written anything on the subject (until now) since Farmer's letter was published, that's not surprising. Nor do I feel under any obligation to defend all of Sol Cohen's business practices, some of which he knows I disagree with. I have been concerned here in giving voice to those aspects of Sol's point of view with which I agree, and I believe I've been at pains to make it clear that I do not view myself as a direct participant in the reprint hassle.

But Farmer says of Williams, "He sold first serial rights only to Ziff-Davis and can prove it." If he can, he ought to have engaged a competent attorney long since. That he has not suggests to me that his "proof" lies solely in the documents he gave copies of to Piers Anthony, and to which I referred earlier. They constitute no proof at all, and would be laughed out of any court of law as irrelevant and immaterial.

This brings us to Robert Moore Williams himself. His letter is written in a curious tone, and I find it significant that the most common he resorts to (and has resorted to, in earlier letters to *Beaohemia* in 1969 and 1970) is rectal. Mr. Williams seems to see the world in terms of assholes, and I'll leave that for others to puzzle out. All I can say is

that his imagery convinces me that when he has no facts, he is handy with epithets.

Speaking of me, whom he knows not at all and with whom he has never had any dealings, Williams says, "If you knock down one lie, he puts two back to replace it." Facts, Mr. Williams. Proof. I'm getting damned tired of these unsubstantiated charges of "lies" from people who are themselves pretty fast and loose with the truth. Put up or shut up. Name one "lie" of mine which you knocked down. Name two more with which I've "replaced" it.

Without access to anything more than Bowers' bald summary of the Hamling, Palmer and Davis letters, I can't say for certain that Williams is lying his head off when he says "Yes, these letters clearly indicated that up to the time when Bernie Davis left that publishing company, Ziff-Davis bought only first NAS" ("NAS" I assume means "North American Serial.") But the statement Bowers quotes that "any right any writer wished would be returned to him on request" makes it abundantly clear that Z-D *did* acquire these rights. You don't "return" rights you never had.

The fact is that Williams, as his letter makes very clear, is a muddle-headed old bigot who (as his stories make clear) has a very imperfect understanding of the English language. If he thinks the offer to return reprint rights means they were never purchased, he is, flatly, 100% wrong. And if everyone who has up to now made statements to the effect that he has "proof" that Z-D never bought reprint rights is relying on this bag of wind's three letters from Hamling, Palmer and Davis, written in 1968, then they've been sorely misled.

William's anti-semitism is, as far as I am concerned, just one more nail in the coffin he's constructed for himself. Here are some others:

"Cohen...did reprint another of my short stories under one of my pen names. I assumed neither he nor Ted White knew it was my story or my pen name, so I did not holler, but I did laugh at the goof on White's part." I would laugh too at the goof on William's part, since I have no hand whatsoever in the selection of reprints. Inasmuch as I have publicly disavowed any involvement in the reprints--going so far as to admit that I never read or selected them (well, that's not entirely true--I read and selected the reprints which appeared in the first issues of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* which I edited, but only in those two issues)--in the pages of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* themselves and have also stated a number of times in public print that I did not edit the reprint magazines, where Williams gets the idea that I "goofed" in the reprinting of his story--or *any* story--is a mystery to me.

"There is another boycott I would like to start--of Ted White in all the fan mags." Ted White is an excellent example of verbal organizations I do not want to find in my head. He is not interesting or amusing, he does not awaken any sense of wonder in me, and he does not point the way to any future I want to be a part of. Sure, fella, and the same to you. But I, at least, formed my opinion of Williams by reading some of the tripe he's published as sf in the last thirty years. It would surprise me if he's read even a short story of mine. Nor do I think his involvement in "all the fan mags" is very great; I may not turn him

ENOUGH. I find it significant that the letters from fans (published in the first half of QW 18), although they cover a broad spectrum of viewpoints, are far more sensible than the letters from the pros on this subject. Fans are by no means as thin-skinned as most pros are--pros would benefit from a ten-year internment in fandom--and much less reckless with personal derogations. Fans also make better company at conventions than most pros. (Now don't get me wrong--some of my best friends are pros...) I suppose it amuses fans to watch pros make jackasses of themselves in public--I know it amuses me, and I'm sure my own slips are equally amusing--but there's a very real danger here and that is that these bitter ingroup quarrels among pros will taint the joyous bonhomie of fandom. So, unless something really demanding of reply grows out of this column, I shall terminate these topics here. I've had my say, and at greater length than I intended.

POSTSCRIPT II: *January 23, 1974*

Thanks very much for the copies of the letters to Robert Moore Williams from B.G. Davis, William L. Hamling and Raymond A. Palmer.

There are internal inconsistencies in these letters. Palmer says, "our oral agreement with you, on instructions from Mr. B.G. Davis..." and Hamling echoes, "the oral understanding ... under the instructions of Mr. B.G. Davis...", but Davis says, "I obviously would not know what commitments if any were made to you by Ray Palmer or Howard Browne in those years." I'm inclined to believe Davis; the Palmer and Hamling letters smack of Williams' hand--there is no other reason for the similarities of expression in them, considering the widely varying styles of those two men.

THE ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS LETTERS

Yes, I clearly remember the many stories I bought from you for Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures, when I was editor of these two magazines and they were published in Chicago under the direct supervision of Mr. B.G. Davis, of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 608 S. Dearborn, and later at 515 Michigan Avenue. While we bought world magazine rights, our oral agreement with you, on instructions from Mr. B.G. Davis, was that this was done to prevent reprinting and that any writer any writer wished would be returned to him upon request. This was the established policy of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company.

In response to your request for information about the literary rights bought by the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company, 608 S. Dearborn, Chicago, and 515 Michigan ["201 S Wabash", inserted] Avenue, Chicago, while we bought world magazine rights this was done with the oral understanding that it was done to prevent reprinting and that any right any writer wished would be returned to him upon request. This was company policy, it applied to all writers, and was done under the instructions of Mr. B.G. Davis, one of the partners of the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. At the time these magazines were published in Chicago, I was assistant editor.

Sincerely yours,

I wish to acknowledge your letter of April 15, and am sorry to learn you have been having difficulty regarding your stories that had appeared previously in Amazing Stories or Fantastic Adventures.

I obviously would not know what commitments if any were made to you by Ray Palmer or Howard Browne in those years. I can however tell you what our practise was at that time (and still is at Davis Publications, Inc.). We buy the rights to one-time use of stories, generally referred to as "first serial rights" but with the right to use such stories one time only in any foreign language edition of that magazine. There were and are variations, but in general that was and is my practise. If we or any of our foreign edition publishers use the story a second time in our magazine there is an additional payment due the author.

On non-fiction material the practise more often involves complete and total purchase. However, whatever the arrangement was or is is generally is clearly rubber-stamped on the reverse side of the check issued to you in payment, or typewritten on the voucher accompanying the check.

Cordially,
s/B. G. Davis

s/B. G. Davis

EDITOR'S NOTE: Unfortunately the photo-copies I made from Piers' photo-copies of the originals aren't adequate for reproduction. The above is a faithful transcription--including the sixth line of Palmer's letter. Other than agreeing with Ted that the first two were typed on the same machine--and quite possibly by the same person, due to the spacing and other quirks--I have no comment.

The Davis letter is more to the point. Davis states that Davis Publications buys "the rights to one-time use of stories", and implies that this was true of Ziff-Davis when he was associated with that company. If this is true (that Z-D bought only first serial rights), it seriously contradicts the rights Ziff-Davis represented itself as owning when these rights were sold to Ultimate. Someone is wrong--either Ziff-Davis or Davis.

written on the voucher accompanying the check." The old rubber-stamp play. Naturally the checks didn't stay with the authors (unless they had photo-copies made before cashing them) and are probably long gone. If Williams saved his vouchers (the perforated part one tears off a check--but not all checks come with them) he's one in a thousand, but if he did, they would constitute the best proof. As it is, what it comes down to is three letters written many years after the fact, at least two of which strike me as spurious in identity (Hamling and Palmer may have signed those letters, but I doubt they wrote them), confirming the fact that an "oral agreement" may have existed to *return* unused (but *perhaps* not purchased) rights.

Nevertheless, on the basis of Davis' letter I am opening an investigation to see what I can learn about the rights Ziff-Davis represented itself as owning at the time the magazines and such rights were sold to Ultimate.

PIERS ANTHONY

Rationale of an Indecision



TED WHITE, editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, published by ULTIMATE, solicited material from me in the pages of *Outworlds*. I explained publicly that my reservations about his publisher prevented my submission of material there. But I offered a compromise: let White and Farmer debate the issue in OW (pronounced, in this case, OUCH!), let the objective readers vote, and I would modify my submission policy accordingly. Farmer and White did present their cases, and the readers did comment. Farmer also sent his material to SFWA, who proceeded to renewed action in the case. There will thus be a broad decision affecting the majority of SF writers, and it is quite possible that though I do not belong to SFWA, I will be guided by that eventual decision. For the moment, however, my own case remains as a lesser thread, and it is this thread I shall follow through here. It is somewhat narrower and more personal than I anticipated, and so I give fair warning to fanzine readers and recommend that they shift their attention to what has become the ULTIMATE/SFWA negotiation.

Why, an OW reader inquires, do I let a mob of readers decide for me? Isn't that a credibility gap? Why, another asks, do I depend on Phil Farmer for information? And several wonder why other evil-doing publishers aren't similarly boycotted. These are all excellent questions, and deserve fair answer--but bear with me, because the answers are not simple.

I put the matter to the readers because though I pride myself on being my own man, I also concede the (dim) possibility that I may on occasion be wrong. It is dangerous to be too certain that one's own belief is right; one must remain open to opposing opinion. By refreshing myself occasionally with an influx of foreign notions, I hope to broaden the base of my own philosophy, and make it more nearly perfect. In that way I am "my own man" more than I would be to let my concepts harden through isolation. I have often been accused of intolerance; I try not to be guilty of it in fact.

Why pick on this one publisher, while letting others go? Farmer and Pournelle present good answers, but let me add mine. I think all unscrupulous publishers *should* be chastized, and indeed I have tried. I made ready to take BALLANTINE to court for violations of contract--before they suddenly settled. I have done no business with LANCER; their editor was literally afraid to do business with me, knowing how I was and how they were. This applies to agents, too; I had a blowout with Scott Meredith when he tried to slip through an unannounced 10% commission on the resale of a collaborative story--when he agented neither of us. Ditto for Jay Garon, representing my collaborator on E.S.P. WORM; he agreed to reserve overseas rights for my foreign agent, E. J. Carnell--then put world rights into the PAPERBACK LIBRARY contract, and badmouthed me when I balked. In fact, I told my agent Blassingame that henceforth I want every publisher to be advised that it must honor its own contracts with me. And you know, this makes sales hard--because many publishers have no intention of honoring their contracts. They say they find me unreasonable--but this is all I have required, ever. By their definitions I am unreasonable because they know I will sue for contract conformance. I have even antagonized certain other writers, such as Harry Harrison and Robert Silverberg, who find what I call integrity to be pigheadedness. But they dare not air the issues openly.

In short, I do try to act against unethical parties as consistently as I can. But there are problems. My leverage is small, and that of some of the unscrupulous is large. There is little respect for such a policy in Parnassus, and so I have made enemies--as noted above--and it has cost me sales. In 1972 I earned \$5,837.71 gross from writing, and over half of that was from British and translation sales. This year it will be about \$2,000 more, and a greater proportion American--but you can see it is not much to sustain my family of four. In fact, my wife had to go back to work. I am told (I have no proof) that Silverberg has made ten times that in a single year; that Dick and Zelazny have sold individual novels for \$10,000 or more; and I read in a recent *Locust* that even Dean Koontz made a resale to DELL for \$45,000. Fine for them--but I doubt they could have done it had they insisted on complete integrity in the dealings of their agents and publishers. (Perhaps some will comment; I certainly would like to know how to land such contracts, if it can be done ethically; if straight literary talent is all that is required, I believe I can match the prevailing standards.) I believe Barry Malzberg follows a policy similar to mine--and has a similar sales problem. Honesty seldom leads to riches.

Another problem: I simply don't know all the dirt about all publishers. If I tried to keep completely current, I would have little time to write. Thus I must depend to a certain extent on others to keep me informed. Phil Farmer is one such source; I think that now his views and action have been exposed in OW, others will agree that he is a good source. Perhaps SFWA is in the process of becoming such a source; I resigned from it in the past because the devils seemed to have better representation there than the angels. Time will tell. Even so, I find more evil in the world than one person can possibly correct--and publishing is only one facet. Watergate is another--and so already my energies are divided. In the past year I took a neighbor to court to enforce control of his obnoxious dog; he committed barefaced perjury and got off. So I picked up his dog myself and delivered it to the pound. Now he keeps it tied--but it was a long, ugly scene, as may be imagined, leading up to the verge of a civil suit. I suspect that had I not had a dog of my own with an ugly temper around strangers--a Basenji, a tough and fearless breed--I could have suffered anonymous vandalism in retribution. How far does one follow the straight and narrow, when it can lead to the terrorization of his family? In the past I have had a brick through my window, telephoned threats of death (when I taught English in high school, so it wasn't really serious) and I note that Philip Dick has had that course. Let him who has not experienced personal anonymous harassment keep silent; it is not a pleasant matter.

Yet more: I am a vegetarian because I object to unnecessary killing. I am a Common Cause activist because I dislike corruption in government. My little girl cries when I leave home to address some club dinner meeting, telling them about the problem of political corruption and what Common Cause is doing to alleviate it. These are unpaid speeches, that also cut into my writing time, and the audiences are not necessarily sympathetic, but I do it because I feel I should. So the main course is steak... No, I don't eat it--but it shows the kind of awkwardness that conscience leads to.

All life seems to be to some degree corrupt. One must compromise constantly in order to survive. I adhere more to conscience than the average, and give away less to convenience, and so I am leaner than most. I don't even run stop signs on my bicycle--so the cars do it instead. But in the end I, too, must adjust. This means the toleration of wrong to some extent. For one thing, definitions differ; what is wrong for one person is right for another. Catholics consider contraception wrong; I don't. In fact, I consider overpopulation wrong. Neither of us has the right to enforce our standards on the other.

I do quite a bit of collaborative writing, most recently with Roberto Fuentes, a fan I met via an unfriendly fanzine. He was an anti-Castro guerrilla, an arsonist, a secret agent. His standards are not mine. We do not try to enforce each other's standards on each other; each person in this world must allow all others to go to hell in their own fashion. But it often pays to work together. Fuentes knows much about martial art; I know about writing. We have pooled our resources to turn out collaborative novels that neither could produce alone. But when we differ on marketing, who has the final say? For years Fuentes has let me have my own way, though we might have sold faster his way. Should this go on indefinitely? I am in doubt.

And so I made a multi-level compro-

mise. I put the ULTIMATE matter before the readers. I said that if the readers' verdict were inconclusive, I would let my collaborators decide. The verdict *is* inconclusive, so my collaborators *are* deciding, as itemized in my open letter to Ted White. That means that Anthony/Fuentes material will be submitted to ULTIMATE and to publishers like *Vertex*, in certain respects worse.

This should not be construed as a defense of ULTIMATE or Ted White. ULTIMATE is guilty of nonpayment, and I protest that. Ted White is guilty of chronic distortions; they issue from him like bad smells. But editor and publisher may be no worse than others whose misdeeds are better concealed. Even as I insist on the compliance of others to their agreements with me, I must comply with my own. Let

it not be like a contest that has no winner (I have entered that sort...) or a prize that is never awarded. The readers responded, each in his fashion, and had some most pertinent observations, and I shall not lean on any technicality to avoid action. This is my response: another compromise, a continuing indecision. But in submitting DEAD MORN to ULTIMATE, I believe I am acquitting myself of my obligation.

I hope that the discussion presented by several parties in these recent issues helps others to come to terms with their own indecisions. To all of you who commented, my thanks. I believe that, overall, this has been a constructive effort, and I hope you agree. [12/16/73]

JERRY POURNELLE

TO: *Outworlds* 12/29/73

I am pleased to report that SFWA and Ultimate Publications have come to a mutually satisfactory preliminary agreement, and that a substantial payment in good faith has been received. The final agreement cannot be concluded until late in spring, but assuming that all goes as it has, I make no doubt that the Ultimate matter will be over before the first of June.

It must be understood that SFWA, by its nature, represents only its members. We may use our good offices to aid nonmembers, particularly widows and orphans of former members (and we are making provision to allow them to remain members in perpetuity), fans, non-member writers, and the like, but the effectiveness of SFWA depends on solidarity, and that can't be had if we extend our "protection" outside our own ranks. This, at least, is my opinion. Thus, the agreement with Ultimate pertains *only* to claims by SFWA members.

Under this agreement, SFWA will solicit all claims held by all members against Ultimate; these claims must be presented before March 15, 1974 (for the period up to Dec. 31, 1973); and SFWA will present Mr. Cohen with the total account. In the meantime, Ultimate has been paying into a special SFWA account from which no money has been distributed.

Once we have the total bill, we will negotiate with Mr. Cohen, particularly with regard to prior payment; we have found cases in which payment was made although the writer apparently did not receive it. This examination will naturally take some time, but we anticipate no great difficulties in coming to a final account. A payment schedule having regard to the financial health of the magazines will be arranged; and then and only then will the SFWA-held money be distributed to member-writers. As a condition of accepting money from SFWA from this account, the writer agrees to discharge Ultimate from all obligations for reprint payments arising before January 1, 1974.

Provided that these provisions are met by both sides, that is an end to the matter, and SFWA will not again represent members regarding Ultimate claims arising prior to 1 Jan 74. There are other provisions to the agreement having to do with manuscript handling procedures and the like, but these are satisfactory and need not be discussed here. Mr. Cohen wishes it understood that he is making these payments solely as a gesture of good faith and not as a legal obligation, and that he

desires the good will of SFWA and its members. At the conclusion of the final agreement SFWA will publicize the entire matter. Pending final agreement, SFWA certainly does not discourage writers from submitting to Ultimate, but it must be understood that until the final agreement has been reached the officers reserve the right to take such actions as may seem appropriate. I personally am very happy with this agreement, I again express my appreciation to Mr. Cohen and Mr. White for keeping these magazines alive, and believe that we will experience no difficulties in finishing what SFWA has called "The Ultimate File" in the near future.

[...should anyone be unaware, Jerry is the current President of the Science Fiction Writers of America.]

PIERS ANTHONY

TO: JERRY POURNELLE 1/7/74

Dear Mr. Pournelle,

I appreciate your letter of Dec. 29th informing me of the projected SFWA/Ultimate settlement. I would say that this is a step in the right direction, but I have two cautions to make.

1) Ultimate has in the past reneged on an agreement with SFWA, so could do so again. Be on guard. What will you do if Ultimate claims that certain writers have been paid before, but the writers claim they have not received the money? What about payments not solicited because the reprinted authors were not informed that their work was reprinted...until too late for the payment deadline? For example, a writer could accept payment for two reprints--then discover there were six more. In order to accept for the two, he had to discharge the publisher from all other claims. Technically, Ultimate will have honored its agreement--but it would still be a shaft.

2) Your exclusion of non-SFWA members from the settlement is problematical in a number of ways. For one thing, some of the nonmembers resigned from SFWA over this very issue, like Robert Moore Williams and Philip Jose Farmer. I understand Farmer rejoined, but others have not, and probably will not until well satisfied that SFWA really has changed. Some of these nonmembers have publicized facts that have affected SFWA's position; I trust I am one such. I think you owe these writers something, especially since it was their persistence and not SFWA's that brought this matter to a head.

More important, a matter of principle: if writers are required to join

SFWA in order to receive money owed them, their SFWA dues are in effect being paid by Ultimate. Thus the publisher is enriching the SFWA coffers. This can be construed as a payoff to SFWA, and is suspect. I deem it an unwise precedent.

I have no claim against Ultimate, as far as I know. But my objection all along has been based on the nonpayments made to others. (This is a variant of the Golden Rule, if it seems to have a familiar ring.) I have been paid, and certain other writers have been paid--but as long as I know that *some* have not, my objection remains. I don't give a damn whether they are or are not members of SFWA; I only want to see justice done. Your agreement with Ultimate may serve SFWA's purpose, but if it is done only as an in-house thing, it is insufficient. You don't have to expand "protection" to nonmembers; all you have to do is serve as a clearing agency for all legitimate claims, for the sake of the principle involved. In fact, if you do not, you are in effect scabbing against the broader interests of the field--because you are providing the publisher enough material to fill his magazines, without requiring him to settle more than a portion of his debts. Nonmembers could have gutted the SFWA boycott by submitting generously (this summer I had 9 unsold books on hand for example); they did not. Should you now gut their efforts?

I have worded my comments strongly in order to be sure to make my points. There is no personal animus attached. I shall send a copy of this letter to *Outworlds* for publication in part or in whole, as the editor sees fit; you may publish it also in the *SFWA Forum* if you choose. As I said, I regard your compromise as a step in the right direction--but I hope you will consider my points before closing the matter.

In your private letter, you inquire why I left SFWA. I trust as president you have access to a file of back issues of the SFWA publications. Check *SFWA Bulletin* #16 (PITFCS #148), pages 32-35, my letter therein, for my generalized discussion of the matter. In a tiny nutshell, I had complaints of contract violation against Ballantine Books; I queried Damn Knight (as the SFWA Contracts Committee) on the merits of my case and my best course of action; he passed my letter on to Robert Silverberg, who apparently took it directly to Betty Ballantine. Both then sent me arrogant missives suggesting that my complaints were libelous and that I could be in trouble because of them. But Betty and

Bob offered me a gratuitous \$500 if I would drop my case against the publisher and shut up. I did not; I prepared to sue--whereupon the publisher settled for about twice their prior offer. They shut up, not I, as you can see. And I quit SFWA. And if anybody still tries to accuse me of libel, the matter may yet be settled in court--because I had the right of it, as I think all concerned parties know, deep down inside.

What is really disturbing is the fact that my case is not unique. SFWA lost a number of members because of similar abuses. I doubt that I ever re-join. But I'll trot out my documentation, on my case and others, if SFWA ever really decided to clean house. Rather than naming names--there's a peck of trouble in that!--I'll mention one other case that you can document elsewhere. I do this partly to show that my Ultimate discussion in no way attacks Ted White (a misunderstanding in that regard is possible because of fanzine exchanges Ted and I have had). A SFWA officer threatened to have Ultimate boycotted by SFWA--not because of Ultimate reprint policies, but because Ultimate had hired Ted White as editor. Such a boycott would have been dead wrong, as I hope you will agree--but the threat was made, and I suspect Ted almost lost his job because of it. Until I am certain that SFWA will never act again in such a fashion, or tolerate officers who do, I shall not be a member. And I fear I can never be certain of this, because of course the SFWA membership was never informed about this and the other cases.

Sorry to answer your kind letter with so much bitterness. SFWA has indeed done much good in the field--but deep wounds remain. Now you know. Robert Moore Williams is not the only one with fighting fury.

(In case there is doubt, those last two paragraphs too may be published--if you choose. I think your job will be easier if you do not expose them to the membership, however.)

JERRY POURNELLE

TO: PIERS ANTHONY 1/11/74

Thank you for your letter of 7 January. Your arguments are persuasive, but I regret there is nothing I can do. The policy of SFWA--at least my policy regarding SFWA--is to represent its members to the best of our abilities. Were we to spread our "umbrella" over every SF writer, we would first have the problem of definition--just who do we represent, given the proclivities of fanac and other such work?--and second, make ourselves ineffective. We do the best we can for members, and we don't claim in any way to represent, work for, or speak for, non-members.

The agreement with Ultimate is in my judgement the best obtainable. The whole matter is complex, because there have been so many rounds of negotiation, agreements, codicils to same, and the like, that it seemed desirable to settle the matter *once and for all* (as regards SFWA) with a complete package. We also took into account the financial health of Ultimate, and the legitimate claims of Mr. Cohen and Mr. White. It is true that in order to use SFWA as a collection agency for payments from Ultimate, a writer will be required to submit to certain conditions that are not perhaps ideal; yet, given what was the most likely outcome of endless rounds of continued negotiation, or of negotiation by individual authors with Ultimate; given Ultimate's financial situation; given the



needs of all of our members; it seemed to me, to the officers, and to the negotiations committee, that the present settlement was the best obtainable, and of course any writer is still free to refuse to participate. We have only agreed that SFWA will in the future be quit of the matter and will not again represent claims based on actions prior to 1 January 1974. Whatever might be the ideal situation, I think we have done well in the real world; and SFWA's resources are not infinite, nor do we have infinite time to continue this. We do have somewhat more important matters before us and we have to get to them.

To repeat, SFWA cannot and will not represent or act as a collection agency for, any non-member. Of course anyone with the proper qualifications may join within the time set forth for the claims to be made. This does not compromise anyone's claim against Ultimate; but SFWA will be bound by its agreement and will not represent any claim not made under the agreement. Less than ideal, surely; but better than many expected.

As to your other complaints about SFWA, they all took place before I was a member, and I do not know the facts of the situations. I can hardly bind future administrations and their policies; I can state that were the facts of the matters as you state them, I would have acted differently; but I repeat I do not know the facts of the matters, and they are not at present live controversies put to me for consideration. Had I great deal more time and a lot more wisdom I might sit in judgment on my predecessors, but I doubt I would even then. SFWA had many growing pains, and has most certainly made many mistakes. I think most were honest mistakes of judgment. I have certainly made mistakes in judgment. I can only say that SFWA is as active as any writers' organ-

ization, and in my experience has brought about more real gains to writers than many groups with infinitely greater resources and power; and I am proud of the outfit, and of the good work of my predecessors. I might not have made the same judgments they did in the same situations; but I know from experience that we have so little time, and so much to do, that we can only do the best we can.

As to "SFWA deciding to clean house", I can again say only that I'm doing the best I can, and I expect my successors to do so also; we have taken a lot of the administrative load off the president giving him more time for important matters and policy considerations. Certainly the work has expanded to fit the time available, but it wasn't simply Parkinson's Law; there is still more work than time, and I would to Heaven I could give the rest the consideration it deserves. I'm unlikely to be able to do that, so I too simply do the best I can.

My personal feeling is that unless you have a grievance requiring actual redress, it might be better were you and all parties simply to bury the past, none admitting fault and each believing he acted rightly; I doubt that any final judgment will ever be reached and even if one were, I can't see whom it would benefit. Better, I think, for SFWA to admit as a general proposition that mistakes have been made; state that we'll probably make some in the future; and continue to assert that we're doing a pretty good job for writers at some considerable cost to the officers. Obviously I'm prejudiced: if I didn't believe SFWA worthwhile, I'd be writing something for money instead of this letter to you.

It isn't that it will make my job easier that I've decided not to publish your letter: it's simply that I'm not certain that any good would come of it, no matter what the outcome. At best, from your view, someone would stand up and say "mea culpa", humiliating himself to no benefit to you; at worst, there would be rounds after round of acrimony and disharmony, indigestion, and for what?

PIERS ANTHONY

TO: TED WHITE 1/23/74

I received yours of December 21 the day after Christmas, but refrained from answering until I had more information from other sources. My collaborator Roberto Fuentes mailed a fax of DEAD MORN to you on January 5. I do not have your report on that at this writing, and perhaps it is just as well: it can't have the appearance of prejudicing what I am about to say.

Jerry Pournelle of SFWA wrote me, describing the terms of the SFWA/Ulimate settlement. I replied to him that it was a step in the right direction, but that I felt non-SFWA members should be covered too. He replied that SFWA would not represent anyone in this matter except SFWA members. The correspondence will appear in *Outworlds*.

You expected, I think, the hardest line from Phil Farmer. I suspect, now, that it will be from me. Farmer rejoined SFWA, and I presume he approves the settlement. I did not rejoin, and I think certain other writers will not rejoin--even though by doing so they might become eligible for payment for reprinted stories by Ultimate. There are principles and rancors involved that extend beyond the immediate matter of pittance payment,

This Story Will Make You CRY

S.A. STRICKLEN, Jr.

I ALWAYS CONSIDERED MYSELF ethically average for a literary agent; I got the best possible contracts from my writers, and I considered a signature to be a signature no matter what the state of the man who created it. On the other hand, my authors always got their legally entitled share, and I seldom stole anything outright.

Not all agents were up to my standards, however, and, in particular, Leonard Cone wasn't. He would tell anybody anything as long as there was a profit in it for him, and there were more than a few disgruntled writers who had discovered it was more expensive to sue him than the gain would merit. Furthermore, he was also a publisher. He ran the magazine *Week* which had middle class fiction in the front and pronography in the back. It had an incredible circulation and was alleged to be read by ninety percent of the people in the country.

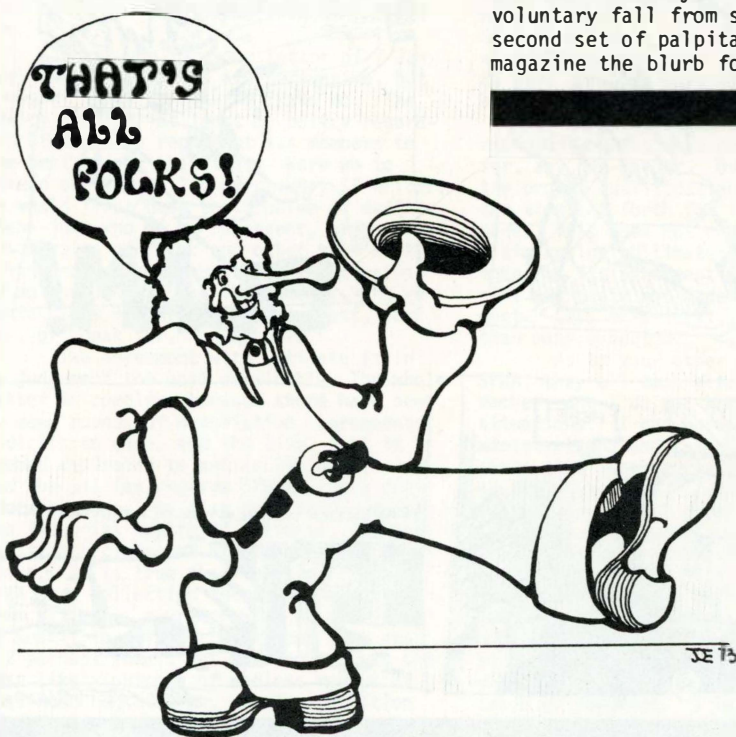
All this may help explain why L. T. Graham gave me the first of two sets of heart palpitations by visiting Cone one day. Graham was partly typical of many beginning writers. Every word had to be published unchanged, he supplied the titles, and so forth. The difference was that L. T. Graham was great.

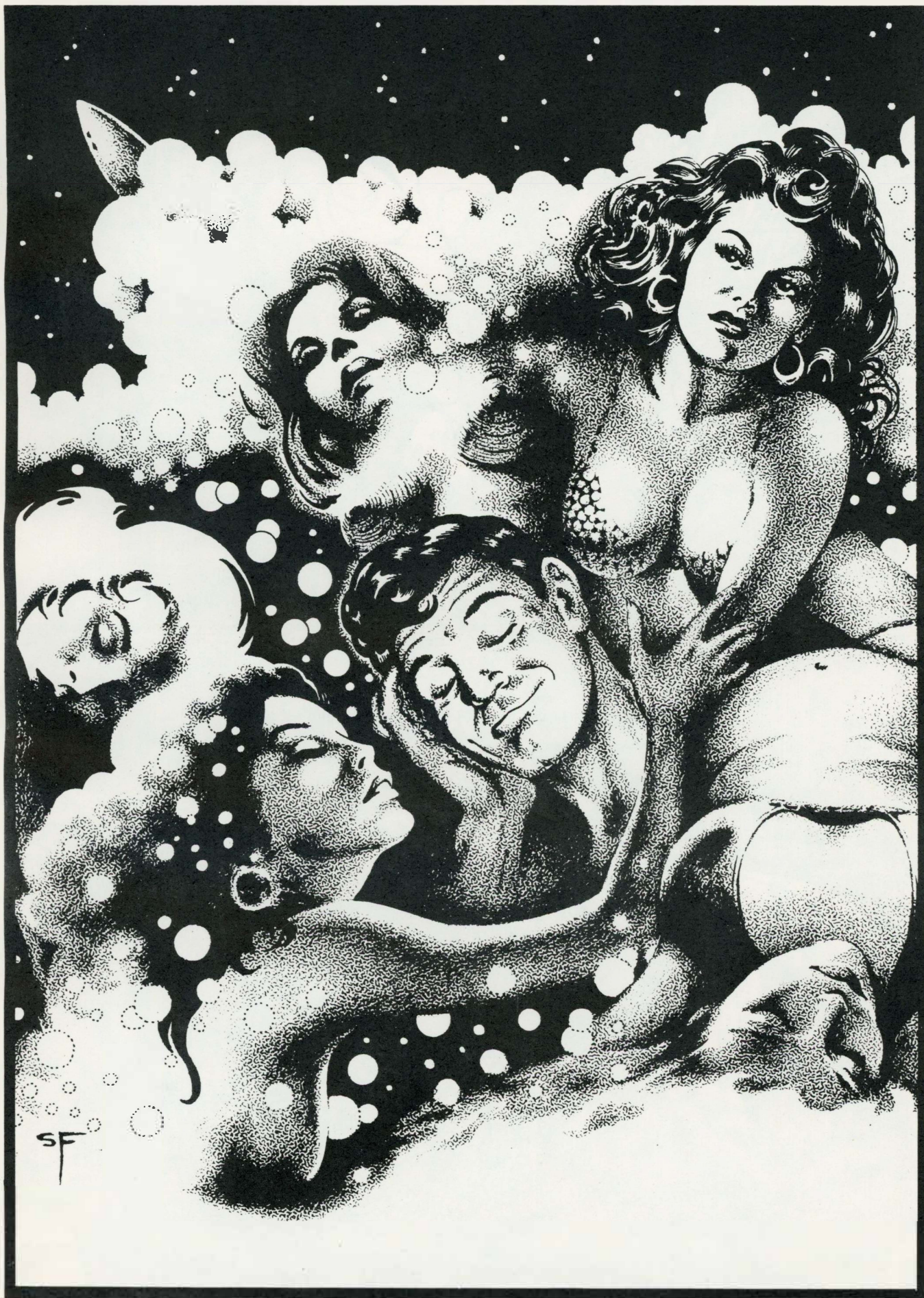
I saw him first on the day I came in to find my entire staff bawling like babies over his story, *This Story Will Make You Cry*. I sold that story in twenty minutes (some editors will take my word) and politely asked for more. Graham himself looked like an embalmed accountant, the sort of person whose last emotion was a slight nostalgia over leaving the womb.

During the next year, Graham created something of a sensation with *This Story Will Make You Laugh*, *This Story Will Make You Angry*, and about a dozen others. I got him a good deal on those stories and was edging into an exclusive contract (which was written but not signed) when our little disagreement arose.

I thought (and you do too) that the *This Story Will...* bit was running a little thin, and in any case it had obvious limitations. He wanted to sell something he called *This Story Will Make You Feel A Combination of Wry Nostalgia And Faint Embarrassment*. It did, too. (All his stories did what they said they would, dammit!) So I decided to pay him a visit with contract and checkbook in pocket and suggestion on tongue. I caught the miserable mummy in his dark, smelly hole surrounded by flickering candles and making, so help me God, incantations--honest incantations out of musty old books--over a manuscript. The place was full of peculiar smoke that seemed to hang together in clumps instead of dispersing. He tucked away the manuscript and turned to me with his prim I-know-something-you-don't-know smile. And wouldn't sign and wouldn't change.

He gave me the first set of heart palpitations by going straight to Leonard Cone the next day. A month later I saw Cone, or what was left of him after a voluntary fall from seventeen stories. And the next day Graham gave me the second set of palpitations (the bad ones) when I saw on the cover of *Week* magazine the blurb for his story, *This Story Will Make You Kill Yourself*.





Steve Fabian's PAGE

