

POUL ANDERSON • GREG BENFORD • TED WHITE

AN ECLECTIC JOURNAL • \$1.00

OUTWORLD 20

————PIERS ANTHONY————

The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier

GRAFANEDICA A FANZINE ABOUT FANZINES



FROM WILLIAM's PEN

EDITORIAL & STUFF

THIS EDITORIAL will probably violate many of the precepts Dave Locke sets forth in his article. If so, it is not because his 'rules' don't merit following; nor is it my usual flaunting of conventions.

Simply, this is probably the most pivotal issue of *Outworlds* yet. Really.

THE FIRST THING some of you will have discovered is that this issue does *not* contain the reprinted Harlan Ellison/Ted White love feast from OW 16 & 17. Some of you will now breathe a sigh of relief; others will say--"But he *promised*..." Most will simply shrug and say "So what?"

I received another phone call from Harlan--this one in response to my letter of December. ...after returning from Marcon and distributing the first copies of #19; and IW 11, which stated that the reprints *would* be in this issue. Sigh. I asked Harlan if he wished to make his request not to reprint his letter a formal objection, so that I could use it as a reason for not going through with the deed. He did so; at my request. But to blame the non-appearance entirely on him would be totally unfair; I don't think I could have gone through with it in any event.

At this point in my life, I'm just not emotionally equipped to deal with yet another round. And while Dick Lupoff and Ted White did give their reluctant approval to my scheme, I have too much respect for them (and, believe it or not, for Harlan), to really want to did up the old wounds. But basically, the reason it's not here is that I've had to postpone too much 'new' stuff from this issue already; I don't have the money to add pages, or the time to waste typing it again, if I did; I'm 'down' enough after doing the last portion of *this* lettercol! (It all builds up...)

I sympathize with those Ellison-fanatics who simply must read every word writ, and apologize for raising your hopes falsely. But the gratitude of being spared I can already feel from those who went through the original round, makes the decision much easier. The entire idea was the old 'the ends justify the means' saw; i.e., if I can attract enough SFR expatriates with the blood & guts, they'll stick around for what I really want to print. It was tempting and probably would have worked to some degree. But I wasn't comfortable with the idea, let alone the execution. Sure, I want enough of you to get OW to permit me to stay in this format. But I have to live with myself, and tricking people into subscribing doesn't make that any easier.

So...if that's the only reason you sent for OW, and you feel I've unfairly hyped you--I'll refund the balance of your sub. I won't force OW down anyone's throat. (If you really want to get those issues; or, if you've got 'em and would like to make a little bread...the 'Unclassifieds' are available. Now *that's* a hype!)

DAVE SAYS you shouldn't air your personal problems in your editorial. Joan says I've said 'too much' on occasion in the past. But dammit, I'm essentially a non-verbal person...and it has to come out somewhere. I can 'talk' with my typewriter with greater freedom (and certainly be more articulate) than I can with my vocal cords. I can be comfortable here...and if I can't be comfortable within the limits of this column, where can I be?

Still, I have no desire to hurt or overly bore others. So I shall attempt to make this as brief and emotionless as I can.

BY THE TIME YOU READ THIS, our divorce will be final. It wasn't my choice, but it would be going against everything I profess to believe in, if I were to deny Joan the chance to live her life the way she wishes. You can't undo magically five years of your live overnight...but there's no reason why we should, completely. Everything is completely amicable; we remain friends with each other. We hope and trust that the same holds true for the friends, *our* friends, we've made over the years.

Outworlds has always been, in the end, 'my' fanzine, my obsession. But, while it will seem inanely only like 'the thing to say', it would have in no way been what its become (nor would the last three D:B's have made it out), without Joan. My views on the Hugos are well enough known to those who've been with us for a while, that I think I can safely say, and be understood for the saying...that the only reason I even slightly faunch for one this year, is because it will be Joan's last chance to share in it. There's no chance of course (as we told Michael and Susan last year), but I can hope that she might have something to show for it All...something more than just a complete run.

[While I'm at it, I'd just like to mention how flattering the 'nomination' and our standing in the *Locus* Poll are. It is particularly gratifying in light of the fact that the maximum circulation on any OW last year was 350 (most were less)--the (same) three that finished 'ahead' of us in both instances, were sending out a minimum of 1500 copies per issue. It's a nice feeling to know that such a large percentage of the mailing list actually does care!]

OBVIOUSLY some changes are brewing, once again. I wouldn't have made the decision to go Big without Joan's approval, and the expectation that she would be helping with it. So, although she will be helping get this one (and possibly #21) out, I've got to get organized, or wind down, to the point where I can handle it all myself...

The initial major change is the inclusion of *GRAFANEDICA*; I simply will not have the time or resources to maintain two 'major' fanzines.

There are other factors: My job is being relocated (this is MY year!), and that will require a move some time this fall. And for me, moving is a major undertaking...a very traumatic experience. My personal financial status is not too healthy. Neither am I. And since the controls have come off paper...well, this issue, with eight pages less, will cost \$40. *more* to print than did #19. (The ads helped, but most, this time, are of the 'exchange' or non-paying type.) And things are going to get worse on the paper front for the next two or three years --due to factors and priorities in the pulp industry. The day of the 'skinny' U.S. fanzine is about to dawn. Mark my word...

Those are the negative factors. But there are positive ones, also. Primarily, my belief in myself. Under the circumstances, this fanzine has

become even a more important part of my life. And I aim to put everything I've got, emotionally and financially, into it. Like others...I want to make it *the* place you send the things you do when you are particularly proud of, or pleased with them... And I've spent the last few years learning all sorts of neat graphics-type stuff, and I want to be able to spend more time playing around with that and the artwork--which has taken a back seat in the getting out of these past several essentially word-dominated issues...

And, most importantly, I want to get away from the sloppiness of the last year or so, which came hand-in-hand with the drive to Make It Big and to Get It Out. I won't say you'll never find another typo in these pages! But I think that, effective with this issue, you will find a marked improvement.

For that reason, to regain control, and because the subs aren't even half way paying for it yet, the remaining two issues this year will probably be a bit slimmer than I had intended.

Basically, rather than start out at the ultimate, and wait for circulation & income to catch up, I will publish as much as I can, as quickly as I can--do the best I possibly can within the space limits...and *then* add pages/features/etc. as the circulation/income does go up. I do have a basic amount of confidence that eventually it will work out...most of the time. But I can't help wondering: Do the other faneds have these incredible Ups & Downs concerning their fanzines?

[Since they will be a bit smaller than planned, I'm reverting back to the 5/\$4. rate, at least until #22 comes out. This way, most of you will get #23, the 5th Annish...which should be Special...]

I REALLY wasn't going to write another of these self-examination editorials for a while. When completing #19...I didn't expect to have to. But rather than putting in a new way, I'd like to offer some excerpts from my editorial in *Outworlds III* [May, 1970] as a Credo/Statement of editorial intent:

Communication; Involvement; Obligation: Three words.

I operate within certain prejudices, some of which even I am unaware. But I definitely prefer people who do creative things, over those who are always talking about doing creative things. And those people I consider to be wasting their lives by not attempting to leave the world a bit better, a little more beautiful than it was when they arrived...these people would probably say that I have an unhealthy, almost fanatical desire to produce a beautiful fanzine.

They would be right.

I wish that I could say that I could do it alone; at times, I think Yes...at other times, well, maybe...

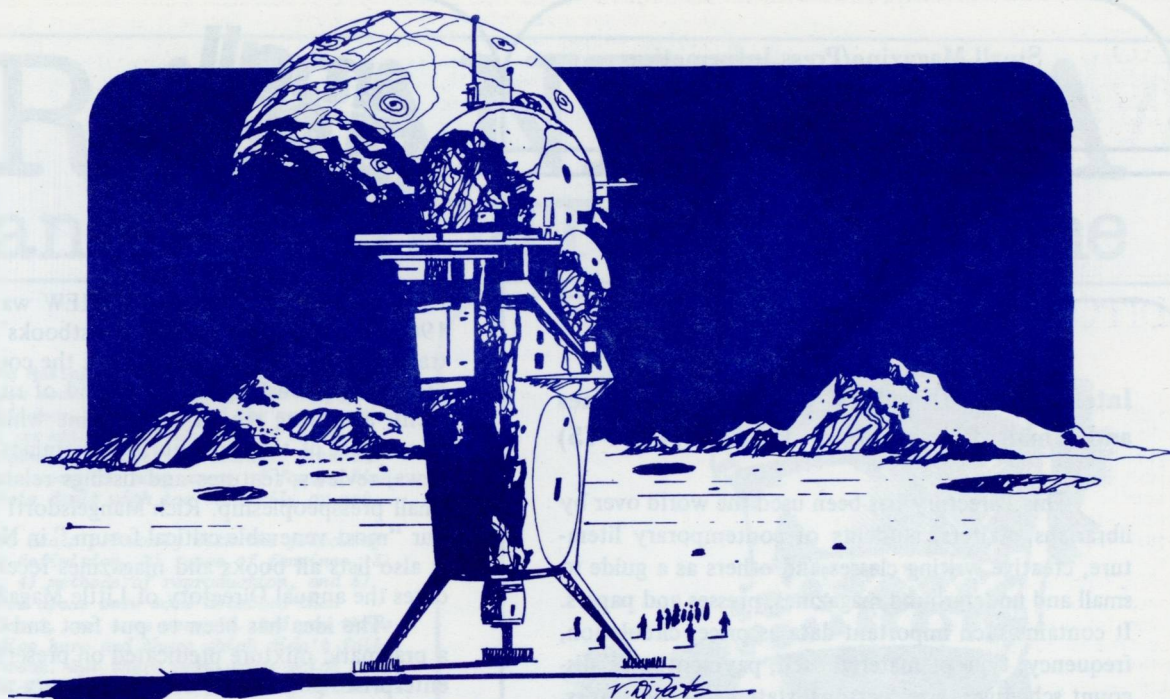
I will publish for a hundred, or a thousand; it doesn't matter overmuch. But I require response; I cannot read your minds.

Come...let us, together, create a speck of beauty in a graying world. We can have some fun, perhaps learn a thing or two, prove that name-calling is not the only way to have a lively letter section, and (perhaps) construct a fanzine that is, indeed, greater than the sum of its parts.

I realize that you may not need me...

But I certainly need you.

There are some good things ahead for you. I trust that you will Enjoy/*Bill Bowers*



OUTW(20)RLDS

SECOND QUARTER ► 1974

EDITOR

BILL BOWERS

ASSOCIATES

JOAN BOWERS; STEPHEN E. FABIAN;
MICHAEL GLICKSOHN

COLUMNISTS

POUL ANDERSON
GREG BENFORD
SUSAN WOOD GLICKSOHN
ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES
JODIE OFFUTT

PIERS ANTHONY
TERRY CARR
andrew j offutt
TED WHITE

RATES

\$1.00 per issue

5 issues: \$4.00

MEMBER
COSMEP

CONTENTS

...FROM WILLIAM'S PEN	Editorial	BILL BOWERS	758
LANGUAGE AT MIDNIGHT	Chapter Four	BILL WOLFENBARGER	771
THE FOUR LIVES OF STERLING LANIER	Article Plus	PIERS ANTHONY	773
THE COMPLETE TOOMEY EXPERIENCE	Experience	GREG BENFORD	777
THOTS WHILE HAVING THE LAWN MOWER REPAIRED	Column	TED WHITE	778
BEER MUTTERINGS	Column	POUL ANDERSON	780
INTERFACE	Letter Column		782

GRAFANEDICA #1 : a fanzine ABOUT fanzines ---- 761

INworlds #12 [odds & ends] -- 791

ARTWORLDS

COVER: DAN STEFFAN [with a little help from NASA]

BACK COVER: ----- PAUL DOCHERTY

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: 785

GRANT CANFIELD: 782; 783

VINCENT DI FATE: 759; 771

TOM FOSTER: 778

WALT SIMONSON: 780

DAN STEFFAN: 772

Outworlds : Second Quarter, 1974 [Volume 5, Number 2; Whole Number 20] Published Quarterly. Print Run: 1500/OUTWORLDS Production #74

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY: WILLIAM L. BOWERS : P.O. Box 148 : WADSWORTH : OHIO : 44281 : (216) 336-3179

This issue is being Postmailed to the 147th Mailing of The Fantasy Amateur Press Association.

Outworlds is also available for accepted contributions of Art and written material [no fiction, please!]; for Printed LoCs; and upon Editorial Whim. The only 'payment' offered is in the form of Contributor's copies and subscription extensions.

No dealer's rates. Advertising rates & deadlines on request.

The opinions expressed by contributors and letterhacks are in no way necessarily those of the Editor. However, all unsigned work is by the Editor -- and usually reflects his opinion. ## Please inform me of changes of address; returned copies count one off your credit when resent. ## Many thanks to Joan, and to Roger Bryant for collating help, above & beyond reason! ## Copyright © 1974, by William L. Bowers. We retain a one-time reprint option for possible future OUTWORLDS anthologies. All other rights are hereby reassigned to the Contributors. 36pp.

OUTWORLDS : POBOX 148 : WADSWORTH : OH 44281

In AUSTRALIA: A75¢ each; \$A3.00/5 to: DENNIS STOCKS, POBox 235, Albion, Brisbane, Queensland 4010. # All Others: Same as U.S. & payable in U.S. Funds via Int'l Money Orders. # Library Rate: \$4. for 1974 issues; \$5.00 for 1975. # Make checks payable to Outworlds and Postal Orders payable to: WILLIAM L. BOWERS.

[] \$1.00/OW 19 : [] \$4.00/5 Issue Sub. starting with # : A Renewal? []
[There's no need to cut this out, but PLEASE Type/Print clearly your wants!]

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ZIP _____

Small Magazine/Press Information

INTERNATIONAL DIRECTORY

of
LITTLE MAGAZINES
&
SMALL PRESSES

International Directory of Little Magazines and Small Presses. 10th Edition (1974-75)

This Directory has been used the world over by librarians, writers, students of contemporary literature, creative writing classes and others as a guide to small and underground magazines, presses and papers. It contains such important data as price, circulation, frequency, type of material used, payment rates, discount schedules, size, personal statements by editors, number of issues/books published 1973 and expected in 1974, etc. Also carries a list of bookstores which stock small press materials. It has been called "The first and by far the best . . ." by Bill Katz ("Guide to the Underground," *Magazine Selection*, R.R. Bowker Co., NY). *Choice* says it's "... the most comprehensive and detailed listing of non-establishment periodicals, . . . that rarity among reference books, a directory that is a delight to read." One thousand listings.

\$4.95/copy	\$15.00/4 yr subscription
\$7.95/copy Hardcover	\$25.00/4 yr subscription

Small Press Record of Books

This volume lists small press books and pamphlets published throughout the world. Listings are alphabetical by author and include title, publisher, height and width, number of pages, type of cover, print process, date, price and descriptive comment. Also carries a separate list of publishers and addresses.

First Edition (lists books for 1966-68)	\$2.00
Second Edition (1969-71)	\$2.50
Third Edition (1972-73)	\$3.50
Fourth Edition (1974) appears early 1975	\$3.50

\$11.00/4 issue subscription

dustbooks

P.O. Box 1056, Paradise, California 95969

small press review

The SMALL PRESS REVIEW was started in 1966 as part of the skein of Dustbooks' small press trade material. It has tried to track the course of small press/mag publishing, to be a kind of running document, a moving record, a magazine which is a conscious part of the very course it examines. It contains news, reviews, features and listings related to world small presspeopleship. Rich Mangelsdorff has called it our "most venerable critical forum," in *Nola Express*. It also lists all books and magazines received and updates the annual Directory of Little Magazines.

The idea has been to put fact and opinion into a pragmatic mixture predicated on preserving creative enterprise, political or aesthetic theory and practice. There are no delusions as to possible or probable dominions: SPR throws in every time on the side of the little, the side of the new, the side of independent literature and thought.

It is used by libraries and universities and others as a periodic record of small press publications and activities; by booksellers as a source of saleable merchandise; by writers and small presses as a source of information and publicity, and as a yowling place.

Back issues of SPR are especially useful in characterizing the small press/magazine movement worldwide from the mid-sixties forward. All are available at \$1.00 per copy, except Nos. 6-7, a turn-of-the-decade double issue, which is \$2.00. No.1: an in memoriam issue for Alan Swallow; No.11: women, poetry and the small presses; No.12: small press organizations; No.15: Canadian small presses; No.16: Bukowski; No.20: African Presses; No.21: an analytic checklist of books from Something Else Press.

Published every other month starting in January. Advertising rates: \$45 per full page (7" X 10"), \$25 per half page (7" X 5" or 3½" X 10"), 10 cents per word Classified.

\$5/year	-----	\$9/2 years	-----	\$13/3 years
----------	-------	-------------	-------	--------------

Directory of Small Magazine/Press Editors and Publishers. 5th Edition (1974-75)

A companion volume to the Directory of Little Magazines, this directory lists the editors and publishers of small magazines, presses and papers by editor's name alphabetically. It includes name and address of press or periodical which he or she edits, gives personal reading preferences, important contemporary and past influences, and reasons for editing.

\$3.50/copy

\$11.00/4 yr subscription

GRAFANEDiCA

a fanzine ABOUT fanzines:one

WHY GRAFANEDiCA?

When I read your *The Making of a Fanzine* I was quite impressed with what you were doing. A primer for the prospective new fan publisher. It was one of the more worthwhile fan articles; an actual contribution of value to the medium. I was rather dissatisfied, though, from the standpoint that there were too many areas of fan publishing which your article dealt with too cursorily or not at all.

Your article dealt primarily with the following factors: 1) fanzine definition, 2) types of fanzines, 3) gathering material, 4) methods of reproduction, and 5) layout. Some of these areas were more detailed than others. Some were How-2, and some weren't. And you threw in a few other goodies here and there which didn't fall into any of these areas. But there were areas which you didn't cover, or which you did not sufficiently delve into. The soliciting and use of artwork. How to get the kinds of written material that you wish to publish. How to start out with competent headings and how to innovate on them. Distribution: starting and maintaining the mailing list. How to handle a lettercolumn. And, most important, the writing of the editorial (probably the most major factor in determining a good or bad first issue). Also, there are a few tricks and tips which I would love to pass on to a new publisher--many of which you didn't mention. And there is a major subject on which I disagree with you: editing. You advised the prospective publisher not to edit, other than for spelling errors. In actual practice, I have carried editing to the extreme of actual major rewrites on articles. But what you tell the new fan publisher is neither what you told him nor what I just told you; you show him the editor's job and everything that it can consist of, and you show that the editor is limited by both his own capacity and skills and by the wishes of his contributors.

THE ABOVE, from Dave Locke, is a portion of one of the more flattering responses (in terms of someone relating to what I was trying to do) that I received on OW 17. It lead me to invite Dave to be "Associate Editor" of EDiCA (neither one of us is quite sure what that means, or entails--but primarily it means he has first crack at the available space...and that I'll expect more out of him!).

For the past few years, I've felt there was a need for 'a fanzine about fanzines'. Not a fanzine review zine (though I really would like to see a consistent one of that type), or even a fanzine-history zine (and that would be nice also). No, what I had in mind was in effect a 'trade' journal for faneds--prospective or practicing.

This 'need' I felt signified nothing of world-shaking import; it was simply something I would enjoy.

In *Imworlds*, last year, Bruce Arthurs & others were discussing the need for what might be called a "graphics handbook". I had ambitions in that direction, and Dave mentioned that he was considering a 'primer'.

Now if you don't publish a fanzine and, furthermore have no intention of publishing a fanzine (though I've heard that before--would you like me to name some names?)--this is probably not that vital to you. Also, since separate publication is not possible presently, and I AM aware a lot of you get OW for other reasons...very rarely will EDiCA dominate an issue to this extent...

When Mallardi & I bought our first mimeograph--neither one of us had even seen one! I have the feeling that the situation is still not unusual. And while a 'handbook' is still the eventual goal--hopefully with the help of Dave Locke, Eric Lindsay, Andy Porter, and others who have the experience...and, most importantly, are willing and eager to pass on their expertise--this will help fill the gap. ...Once again, Dave Locke:

The cause, naturally, is to improve the quality of fanzine publication. Currently this is a matter of trial-and-error on the part of the new publisher. It will always be that, but it needn't be so much so.



GRAFANEDiCA -- A Fanzine ABOUT Fanzines [Vol. 1, #1; 2nd Quarter, 1974]. Editor: BILL BOWERS. Associate Editor: DAVE LOCKE. Published within the framework of *Outworlds*.

LIVING IN A FANZINE: THE ART OF JAMES SHULL - Barry Gillam .. 762

THE MAKING OF A FANZINE - Bill Bowers 764

EDITOR: ONE WHO EDITS - Larry McCombs 767

APPLES AND ORANGES AND EDITORIALS - Dave Locke 769

ART: BRUCE ARTHURS, 765; JIM SHULL, 761/762/763; DAN STEFFAN, 770

To a large extent, EDiCA will be responsive to your needs and desires. It does not, and will not, dictate what you have to do to publish a fanzine. Rather, it aims to offer advice, sources, help -- to those who are interested in publishing their first fanzine, or those interested in improving their current fanzine. Articles, related art, and other contributions---original or reprint---are most welcome. The only limits are, as always, available space...



Living In A Fanzine:

The Art of James Shull • BARRY GILLAM

THE FIRST JAMES SHULL DRAWINGS that I recognized as his were in *The Essence* 1 & 2. Several women, a few mice and a frog. I didn't like them. Compared with the Kirk, Rotsler and Gilbert pieces in the same issues, Shull's were awkward and amateurish in the sense that his work evidenced more talent than skill. Some of the pieces, the mice especially, were distinctive. But they all repelled me for their lack of finish that was never redeemed by a sufficiently interesting personal style.

But in the last few months I realized that the Shull drawings in *Prehensile* and *Starling* were among the best things in those fanzines.

And I wanted to know why I now liked Shull's work. Had it changed? Or had I?

First, I went back to see just what his art consisted of. Because I had the impression that I had only seen scattered illustrations by him in various places. The fact is quite the reverse. Almost thirty issues of *Locus* have carried Shull art. And, in addition to *The Essence*--*Starling*, *Prehensile*, *Energumen*, *Outworlds* and *SF Review* have all published a good number of his drawings. When I dug even deeper into my admittedly small fanzine collection, even more Shull work turned up: in *Tomorrow And*, *Grainfallon*, *Carandath*, *Imworlds* and *Amor*. Both Mike Glicksohn and Jay Zaremba have used Shull illustrations on mailing envelopes. And the St. Louiscon Program Book and two Noreascon Progress Reports contain his work. I'm sure there are many other Shull-enhanced fanzines around, but this seemed a fair sampling. (Because my

sources for Shull illustrations are so limited, I am not offering even a tentative bibliography, necessary as it is to an accurate assessment of his work. My checklist has 134 items.)

Now, I wanted to describe Shull's work. What are his continuing subjects and what are the consistent features of his style?

I returned to *The Essence*. In the first three issues, Shull has eight illustrations. They divide into two groups: those which have a woman as their subject and those which depict an animal. There are four women and three creatures. And one illustration, in a wholly different style, of an old man. These categories are not mutually exclusive: three of the women are "non-human": one a centaur, one winged and one with elf-like ears. But their mythological attributes are aspects of their womanliness. They are familiar and exotic at the same time. (And the improbable gown that the centauress wears is a tribute to her femininity rather than her equinity.)

That leaves us with two basic categories, the first devoted to women, the second to small animals. The first tends to lyricism, whether in a pastoral or a stellar vision. The second tends to be anecdotal, often having a caption or a balloon with the words of the figure. The first, then, is primarily decorative while the second is primarily narrative. Although there are exceptions to all these generalizations, they stand in the great majority of cases.

What of his style, though? Shull, like any imaginative artist, has experimented with different styles and has tried to marry the style and its subject.

His primary medium has, with very few exceptions, always been pen and ink. And the distinctive factor about his drawing has been his use of "heavy" lines with his accompanying "thick" signature. In *Prehensile* 7, Mike Glycer very accurately spoke of "the framed deliberation of a wood carving in his art." The main exceptions here are his early *Locus* and *SF Review* cartoons (1969 and 1970) and his recent women in *Energumen* and *Starling* (1972).

The broadness of Shull's lines lends his figures a substantiality. Compare the creature on the back cover of *Starling* 26 to the woman on the front cover. The lady's limpid discontinuous lines, although faithfully describing the human body, defy the laws of gravity. Like some of Alicia Austin's figures, she is lighter than air. Her true element is the sky rather than the earth. Most of Shull's characters do not so much have a greater weight, for they are not startlingly three dimensional, but they gain a sense of actuality, be it the grungy feyness of his creatures or the sexual allure in the line of a breast under gravity.

Another function of the broad line is that, in its conscious artifice, it suggests that the artist is visually saying, "Once upon a time..." Many of his little creatures and even some of his women seem to be characters in a fable (especially those in landscapes) or from a fable (those who have no background). Even in his recent, "thin line" drawings, the sense of artifice has remained and with it the feeling of the storyteller.

As you have probably inferred, I am not very fond of Shull's women. They are very pretty, yes, and the drawings are often exquisite, but, as Grant Canfield wrote in the *Energumen* 9 letter column about the particularly lavish one on the cover of *Energumen* 8:

It seemed an awful lot of effort for not much effect, leaving me more impressed with the sheer labor involved (it must have taken forever, or asymptotic to it) than with anything in the drawing itself. Obviously he was concerned with a purely decorative effect, but to me it seemed far too cluttered with not-very-decorative decoration. Sort of a waste of opportunity.

Although I agree that, as Grant goes on to say, Shull's series of women against "baroque" backgrounds is something of a dead end, it nevertheless represents his most polished, skillful performance. I have nothing but admiration for his contrast of textures and patterns in that *Energumen* cover: the tight, black gloves compared to the billowing white gown, the sweeping edges of the gown to the filigreed beads of the background, the almost abstract beads to the naturalistic field of roses, the merely outlined roses to the wavy strands of her hair and her coiffured hair to the flowing white train.

But it is a technical masterpiece. The problem is that it might be by George Barr (see, for instance, his similar drawing in *The Essence* 3.) Just as Shull's recent women could be by Alicia Austin. In fact, the *Energumen* cover is strongly reminiscent of Alphons Mucha's distinctive handling of women in its use of a crescent to frame the woman's head, its breaking up of the overall space into decorative panels which complement the female figure and its association of women with flowers and, more widely, with generative powers.

The essence of his work for me, and that part which I think holds its ultimate worth, is the population of creatures he has given us. These little

animals inhabit a munchkin version of fandom. As in the medieval beast epic, in Chaucer and in Copek, the animals comment on the human world by living as we do. Our foibles and concerns are shown up through the humor of their being acted out by animals.

But it is a fabulous *fannish* world in which Shull's shaggy fen live. They listen to *Locus* on the radio, they get *Energumen* from Crackerjacks ("What a prize"), they live in Post Office boxes, they reminisce about when newszines had news. Some actually read fanzines and books. Some ignore books. Some eat books. Just like fans. At the demise of *Energumen*, they gather tearfully around its grave.

It can be a very domestic, familiar world. One fannish creature hides his copy of *Locus* inside *Time* magazine, as if it were *Playboy*. Shull takes delight in adapting cliché situations to fandom. "Fights boredom three ways," says a tired little creature who is mailing out *Starlings*. With wide eyes, another says, "I didn't know they allowed that in fanzines." And one little girl, looking forlornly about, says to the pair of eyes in the mailbox, "We're going to have to stop meeting like this." But the best illustration of this kind is not so much spoken as visualized. A housewife opens the door and, seeing the insect newsboy with papers, she calls back into the house: "Honey, it's *Locus*." Shull's vision of fannish domesticity has never been more complete or satisfying.

Shull's world, like a part of Kirk's and Rotsler's, is an analogue of fandom. But where Rotsler's beings tend to philosophic and sexual humor, Shull's are concerned with their status as fanzine illos. In the same way that fans are concerned about being fans: they talk about it, joke about it, occasionally even rhapsodize about it. One creature laments: "I am an inconsequential illo." On the last page of a zine, a creature in a nightshirt, holding a smoldering candle, bids us "Nighty night, this fanzine is over." Another small person, burdened with ruler, T square and paper, says: "You live in a fanzine and see what you get?"

In their world fanzine and department titles become real objects or are acted out. Shull's verbal humor has seldom enchanted me but his tendency to materialize the names of things is interesting. He has done several variations each on *Locus*(t) and *Starling* (little stars). One of his department heads for *The View From Ground Zero* showed a creature standing by a bullseye target looking up at a falling bomb. For *Outworlds*' letter column, *Inwords*, there was a small stoker (complete with suspenders, rolled-up sleeves and cigar) shovelling letters into a furnace marked "In".

Shull's best illustrations of all are the travellers who pass through landscapes in the same way that fans move from one fanzine to another. The creatures in the small, tight ship USS Fandom on the cover of *Prehensile* 6 remind me of Edward Lear's Jumblies, who "went to sea in a Sieve." The large, childlike heads reinforce their intimacy and vulnerability. The background helps substantiate the "once upon a time" feeling with billowy clouds receding into the distance to give perspective and also to emphasize the relative closeness of the figures. The stylized sun (a big "just so" disc) and waves caught in slow motion droplets add to the overall fabled effect.

Another favorite of mine is the Table of Contents illustration in *Prehensile* 9, in which a small creature is just picking up his belongings and is

looking over his shoulder toward some miniature mountains in the distance. He says, "I guess it's time for this illo to leave for the next zine." This illustration has such a wonderfully developed sense of the continuity and unity that fan artists give to the fanzines of disparate editors that its suitcase bears an *SF Commentary* sticker, although illustrations are as rare as Franz and Stanislaw are frequent in Bruce's zine.

Among these little creatures, I must admit, are some that irk me. These are the little boys and raggedy Ann little girls whose eyes seem to be bulging from some particularly hideous brand of malnutrition. I refer in particular to the department headings for the editorials of *Energumen*. Or the cover of *Outworlds* 7. These begin to look like Ron Cobb victims. There are exceptions even here. The full page lettercolumn illustration in *Caramdai* 7 is lovely for the feeling of voyaging and is much more benevolent. There is, specifically, no focus in these eyes, either pupils or glint of light, to beg pity.

The origin of all these little creatures seems to be the mice that Shull first used as his characters. In *The Essence* 2, there are two mice, one of which was memorably looking up, sword in hand, and thinking, "Wish he would come down here and say that!" The small illustration is particularly interesting for the way in which it creates a much larger world by verbal and visual suggestion. (Jay Zaremba wisely put it at the bottom of the page.) These mice have continued to appear in *Locus* and *Outworlds* for some

time. Often they are still looking up wistfully, although they have gradually been transmogrified into the better known tufted, furry, and, as Mike Glycer observed, "otherworldly" Shull creature. For as Shull's art has improved and matured, the little mouse in the big world (like a neofan?) has moved into his own, fan, world, in which he is the measure of the things about him.

I think Shull summed it up in a *Locus* illustration in which a little girl, fingers knit in uncertainty, wonders, "fandom?" And the very rocks about her feet answer, "YES, YES, YES, YES."

...sometimes, after the first dozen or so years, you begin to wonder WHY you're still publishing a fanzine. Surely there must be easier ways to spend your time...

Then you get something like this in the mail--completely unexpected and unsolicited--and you KNOW why you're still hanging around! There's no way you could ask someone to write something like this; it has to come from the heart and the deep interest of the author. I dig it.

And if you do, you'll be as pleased as I am, to know that this is only the first in a series. Similar pieces on MIKE GILBERT and BILL ROTSLER are "in progress."

...and I liked OW 7's cover!

Bill

OUTWORLDSeven



The Making Of A Fanzine

BILL BOWERS

"...publishing a fanzine is to a large extent the art of the possible vs. the impossible dream." PETER GILL--*Energumen 2*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jerry Lapidus, in attempting to explain the species to a non-fannish audience (under the title quoted in the first paragraph, above), says:

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

Slightly revised from its original appearance in *Outworlds* #17 [August, 1973]
Copyright © 1973, by William L. Bowers

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

A 'fanzine is an amateur publication--a dread by-product of the addiction known as Science Fiction Fandom. The latter term is completely unexplainable to anyone who has not experienced it. But a fanzine is NOT a little Science Fiction magazine. Nor is it (except in notably unsuccessful attempts) a Little Magazine in the sense applied to 'literary' publications. Sometimes a fanzine will mention, review or comment on an item of SF; oftentimes it does not. Some are devoted to other fans; some are devoted to nothing in particular... but everything in general.

There you have three definitions; roughly similar, but not the same. Given the time and incentive to search through the thousands of fanzines I have accumulated, it would be remarkably easy to fill a hundred pages this way! But for the purposes of this article (and with the full realization that other faneds would and will quibble with me), I ask you to accept the following: A fanzine is an amateur magazine, produced by a (science fiction) fan, in whatever form he desires...and for whatever purpose he wishes.

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

Since September 1961, with (or without) two co-editors--Bill Mallardi, and my wife Joan--I have published over seventy issues, under a variety of titles, ranging from a one-sheet newsletter with a circulation of 30, to a 116-page book, to what you now hold in your hands. On the order of 2300 pages in all. In that span of time, I/we have been nominated for the fanzine Hugo four times, which is immensely flattering!

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

As proof thereof: Currently, I am belatedly attending college evenings, under the G.I. Bill, for two reasons--1) I am taking the Commercial Art program (they don't offer degrees/courses in Magazine Design) to learn techniques I couldn't accomplish on my own; 2) I am using the money thus earned--that portion not taken by tuition, etc.--to build up my "graphics library" and to bankroll my current and rather expensive publication.

As you should have gathered by now, I am serious about the production of

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

There are exceptions to *everything* I say here!

I: The Ingredients

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

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

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

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

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

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

PERSONALZINES: Just what they sound like. Generally editor-written with perhaps a lettercolumn, these are usually small and informal.

APAZINES: Fanzines produced for

an amateur press association where the membership is limited, and members mail their individual fanzines to an Official Editor for distribution in one bundle. Frequency of 'mailings' varies from weekly to the traditional quarterly schedule.

NEWSZINES: The 'newspapers' of a world-wide, mail-connected sub-culture, these are generally divided between those reporting on professional SF doings, and those concentrating on fannish happenings. The overlap is not universal. To be of value, newszines should be small enough to go via first class mail, regular and frequent in schedule: bi-weekly, or monthly at the outside.

GENZINES: ...are generally available, and generally would be recognizable by an outsider as being some sort of a magazine. They publish virtually anything they can get their hands on. Outside contributors generally dominate the genzine, and they are usually much larger and more given to 'fancy' stuff than the others.

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

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

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

It helps your cause if you've talented friends, relatives, classmates... 'lean' on them! It's unlikely, though not impossible, that you'll get any Big Name Fans, or 'goshwow!', Pros, to contribute to your first issue. You'd be better advised to publish several small, and fairly frequent issues containing the best material you can gather, than to attempt producing the ultimate fanzine the first time out. More fanzines--perhaps 70/80%--die the death between first and second issues than at any other one period, and fans are generally a bit sceptical about contributing when they receive a first issue from a relative unknown. As in any other endeavor, you have to pay your dues, establish your credentials and reliability.

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

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

These are the two questions that I personally have found the hardest to ex-

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

Many, certainly a majority, of the would-be authors fall by the wayside. Others, of those who do make it into the pro ranks, often find it expedient to decry their fannish days. But there are also those who are fulfilled in their work or way of life, and don't necessarily want to be pro writers, who still have things to say...and find this the 'hobby' for them. Many are excellent writer/communicators. They find the informality of fandom and the personal and relatively quick feedback from their fanzine work provides all the reward/payment they desire. These, you will find, will often make your best fanzine contributors.

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

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

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

IF HE DOES, IS HE OBLIGATED TO PRINT WHAT HE GETS THIS WAY? YES/2; NO/25 [Comment] JERRY LAPIDUS: Material--certainly a faneditor can ask for material, especially if he's not getting the type or quality of material that he wants. He is the master of the fanzine, and thus has the perfect right to ask his readership for additional material if he wishes to do so. ## Obligation--at the same time, he has no particular responsibility to print material obtained in such a manner. He should treat it as he treats any other material, and if it doesn't meet his standards of quality or his likes, he should promptly send it back.

In another arena [*Bea bohemia*, I believe], Lapidus developed the theme that there are two basic types of faneds: the 'active' and the 'passive'. Briefly, the passive editor sits back and waits for the material to come in, unsolicited, in response to his previous issue(s). Whereas the active faned keeps the Postal Service [no pun intended] saturated with letters and postcards...asking, begging, cajoling, threatening...for material. I suspect that most faneds, rather than being exclusively one type or the other, approach the situation the same way I do: I become active to the extent of building up a backlog for two or three issues, and then become passive until it's used up.

Some basic DO's and DON'Ts, in conjunction with fanzine material:

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

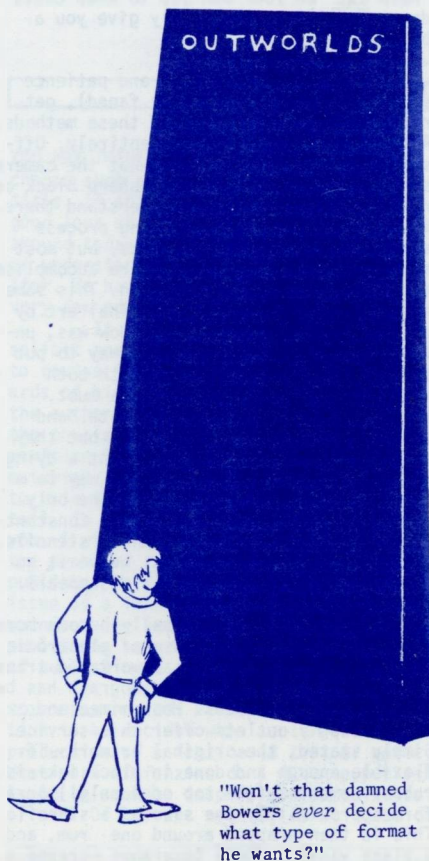
There are more rules, of course. But I believe that if you follow these with consistency, and play fair with those who write or draw for you, you will have relatively little trouble getting decent material for your fanzine.

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

II: The Making Process

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

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



.....

Some people take their fanzines seriously. They try different grades of paper, different typefaces, different methods of repro. They read and re-read contributions, edit and re-edit letters, return badly offset art to the printer for just one more try. More than this, they set themselves goals to reach, invent reasons for publishing, or adopt a philosophy to fulfill. [JERRY KAUFMAN: "Birth of the Giant Baby"; *Outworlds* V, 1970]

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

[EARL EVERS: a letter of comment; *Outworlds* Eight, 1971]

.....

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

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

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

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

DITTO--or 'spirit duplicating'. This method employs masters (purple seems to be the rule for text) and semi-slick paper. Multi-color work is easier than with other processes. Basic limitations: a) it's rough to get clear sharp letters on the printed page; b) it fades over the years; and c) it's print-run capability is limited. It's good for apazines...

MIMEO--There are two basic types of rotary mimeographs: The open-drum (I've never attempted it), and the silk screen type. On it, a silk screen is stretched over two drums, which are inked by internal rollers from paste ink. Over this, the wax-covered stencil is stretched. [The stencil is prepared by having the wax pushed away from the desired printing areas via styli or typewriter keys--after the ribbon has been disengaged--permitting the ink egress.]

OFFSET--generally photo-offset, done at a cheap commercial outlet. In this process the material to be printed is pasted-up, a photographic negative made, which is used to 'burn' a plate, which is used for the printing. [Not really; there is the 'blanket', but I'm trying to keep this simple!] Or for short runs, you can

employ direct image paper masters on which you type directly (with a special ribbon), and on which you can draw with a reproducing pen or pencil. It also reproduces your careless fingerprints. A lithographic (the old oil & water don't mix bit) process, offset's advantages are that you can get BLACK blacks, everything is sharper, you can use photos and 'wash' drawings (half-tones), and you can reduce or enlarge your original type or art. One disadvantage: it do \$ost!

Most fanzines employ a combination of these and other processes, including hand silk-screening, mimeo over ditto--you name it, it's probably been tried. I have published a few all offset issues, but in the past have mainly used offset covers and folios, with mimeoed interiors. What it all boils down to is what you can afford and what's available in your area: thus is the reproduction process chosen.

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

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

As fans have gradually become more affluent, the increased use of electronic stencils for reproducing artwork and transfer-type headings on the mimeograph has become much more evident. Most mimeo and office supply outlets offer this service. Simply stated, the original artwork--if flexible enough and done in black ink--is rubber-cemented (the top edge only!) on a form approximately the size of a stencil. This is then wrapped around one drum, and a blank vinyl stencil is wrapped around a

a parallel drum of the same machine. A scanning device passes slowly over your original, while a needle-stylis simultaneously cuts the stencil--as the drums rotate. Much larger areas of black and detail are possible with this process than with hand stencilling.

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

Traditionalists...firmly into the Mimeo Mythoses...still decry the use of such aids as the electro-stencil in producing a fanzine, feeling that it is in essence 'cheating'. It could very well be envy at work.

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

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

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

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

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

This, then, is that mysterious area of layout and graphics, or: How you place the material on the page with your tools. The simplest fanzine is the one where the stencil (or whatever) is rolled into the typewriter, the title stencilled ...the colophon, and then the remainder of the fanzine: in essence, a single-spaced letter, at least in appearance. At the other end of the spectrum were such fanzines as *Trumpet*, which had full color covers, was offset and center-stapled, with columns justified on a variable-spacing typewriter. Most fanzines fall somewhere in between.

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

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

bove the limits established by his contributors...

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

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

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

But don't go overboard to the extent of offering the ultimate insult: that of feeling you have to spoon-feed the reader. This may come as a shock to some faneds, but readers (believe it or not) generally have enough intelligence to follow most any gimmick you come up with, as long as you play fair with them. Some even enjoy being offered a chance at some involvement when reading a zine.

Not everyone has the drive or the opportunity to go to school for the express purpose of improving their fanzines, as I've been doing. (I probably couldn't stand the competition, if they were!) But this has only been over the past two years (and the first was all academic); before then, I was in the same boat as everyone else, and still my publications were getting a fair share of acclaim as being graphically superior to your typical fanzine. Why? I don't think it was because of my training: I've been a draftsman which might have helped a little, but also was a hindrance in that it left me with this incurable tendency to 'frame' everything with a border. ...but what relationship does having been a computer jockey and an estimator, to a creative endeavor. Nor is it talent, though I like to think that I have a 'flair' for layout.

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

have done what I have done. No mysticism; just a lot of observation, stubbornness, and working at it...endlessly.

Recently, to my delight (remember how it was when you first discovered SF?), I have discovered that there are not only books applicable to 'making' a zine, but there is actually a 'magazine about magazines'! [In the original version, I had a small section titled: *A Basic Library for the Graphically Obsessed Faned.* But my collection has mushroomed to such an extent that it now demands its own article ...in a future issue.]

If you are considering starting a fanzine, or if you are one of us nuts who keep trying to do it better, it helps to know there are others who care...and that there is a body of knowledge (Out There) that can help us all, Old & New. Hopefully, *GRAFANEDICA* can serve to provide a point of access for both...

POSTSCRIPT: Getting it out!

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

But suppose you don't have an apazine? If it's a personalzine, with no outside contributors, you simply send it to

your friends, correspondents, people you think might be interested enough to respond, and to people you mention or wish to impress. A genzine's first priority of distribution of course, is to the contributor's--both actual and potential.

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

I mentioned that most fanzines die between the first and second issues? This is why: The response rate to a first issue (except in rare cases) is damn low --and many of the acknowledgements will be in the form of post cards, or blasts aimed at your reproduction, spelling, etc. It takes staying power, keeping a level head, and doing better on each new issue, to build that potential Hugo nominee.

Making a fanzine involves a lot of work, every cent you're willing or able to spend, frustration and pain mixed in with joy and doses of egoboo. Is it worth it? Only you can decide if it is for you.

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

May it be the same for you...
Because there's no such thing as too many good fanzines coming out!

Editor:

"One Who Edits"

LARRY McCOMBS

YOU MAY THINK IT STRANGE that I should choose such an obvious definition as a title. If so, I suggest that you take a good look at some of the Fanzines floating around today. There seems to be a sad lack of understanding of the function of an editor. We have plenty of publishers, and very few editors.

It is the job of an editor to solicit and choose material to be printed, to revise that material to fit the standards of his publication (or return it to the author for such revision), and to plan the physical appearance of the magazine to maximize the good effects of the available material. In this article, I should like to talk about the job of an Editor in detail. In hopes that it will be of help to you, I will try to discuss in order, all the problems faced by a fanish editor/publisher in the process of preparing an issue of a fanzine. These suggestions and opinions are based on some seven years of publishing experience, including one year of publishing a successful fanzine.

EDITORIAL POLICY: Perhaps the first question to be decided when contemplating the production of a fanzine is that of policy: What sort of fanzine do I want to publish? Is it to seek to inspire serious discussion of stf? Of current events? Is it to be de-

voted to light humor? Is it to be enjoyable for persons outside of Fandom, or will it make use of fanish ingroup jokes and slang? All of these questions must be answered, though it will not be necessary to express them formally in print. But some mental picture of the zine you want to publish will be vital in choosing your mailing list, in planning your editorial remarks, and in selecting contributions.

THE FIRST ISSUE: Let us assume that you have decided on the sort of zine you want to produce. You are now ready to prepare the first issue. It is vitally important that you put a good deal of care and effort into this first issue, since it will have a good deal to do with establishing the reputation of your zine. It will take three or four outstanding issues to live down the bad effects of a sloppy beginning.

MATERIAL: For the first issue, you may decide to write all the material yourself. On the other hand, if you wish to write to solicit material from others, you will be operating under a distinct handicap. No author likes to send his work to an unknown editor; he does not know whether you will publish on time, whether you will present his material clearly and

Reprinted from *THRU THE HAZE* with the kind permission of Art Hayes.

and legibly, what other sort of material you may print with his. Since there are dozens of fanzine editors competing for the output of any good writer, you are under a distinct handicap as an unknown. Fortunately for you, many good writers make a point of encouraging new editors and contributing to them. So your quest is not hopeless.

First, look through the fanzines you have on hand and make a list of the writers who seem to do well at the sort of material you are interested in publishing. Now read their material carefully--including their letters of comments in various fanzines. When you have done this, compose a letter explaining your plans for a fanzine (what kind of duplication, what sort of material, exactly when you plan to publish), commenting upon some of his material that you have read, and asking for a contribution. Remember that the author will be judging your ability as an editor by the skill and care you have put into your letter. If the letter is sloppily written, he will assume that your fanzine will be the same. If you show an obvious lack of familiarity with his previous writing, he will send his material to someone who does really appreciate it. Finally, don't let the Big Name Authors scare you--many of those who are best known as good writers are also most willing to help out with an untried editor and fanzine.

Don't neglect a third source of material. In addition to fans and yourself, you also have a large group of non-fannish friends, many of whom can write interesting articles, stories, poems, and so forth. These people will usually be happy to contribute, and you will make a real contribution to Fandom by introducing fresh new talent.

MAILING LIST: When you are about ready to print the first issue, you will need to choose a mailing list. The simplest way to do this will be to write to a well-established fan, explaining the sort of zine you hope to publish, the number of copies you can afford to send out, and asking for a suggested mailing list. If you are lucky, someone will take the time to prepare a list for you. It is a time-consuming job, though, so ask well in advance.

If no one is able to prepare your list for you, you will have to do it yourself. This will involve a careful study of the fanzines you have on hand. Look for people who (a) write interesting letters of comment to many fanzines; (b) show a particular interest in the sort of material you plan to publish; (c) write review columns which will give publicity to your zine and attract interested readers. It is a good idea to plan an extra-large printing of the first issue; then you can drop from the mailing list for #2 many of the doubtful cases who did not bother to respond to the first issue. Particularly watch for the names and addresses of artists whose work you would like to print--most fanzines do not bother to list the addresses of their artists, and you may find your mailing list short in artistic talent if you are not careful.

EDITING: Now we come to that all-important step. You are ready to begin work on the issue itself, and have before you the manuscripts of articles, stories, letters, or whatever you plan to print. Get a large red pencil, pour yourself a cup of black coffee, and go to work.

First, let us consider the editing of stories and articles. Read the piece through once or twice and consider it ob-

jectively. Really ask yourself if it is worth printing. If not, send it back to the author with a brief note explaining your negative reaction, and possibly suggesting a way in which he could save the piece. You may feel that the piece is very good, but needs some work to make it better. Again, send it back to the author, explaining carefully just what you think needs to be done. It will be a disservice to the author and a discredit to your zine if you print something that you don't think is really worth printing.

Now let us suppose that you are satisfied with the general structure of the item. Now go through with that red pencil and look carefully at spelling, sentence structure, style, etc. These minor corrections can be made on your own, without checking back to the author. Use a dictionary when in doubt.

It will make a world of difference in the appearance of your fanzine if you adopt a general policy on style. This means that you decide beforehand that you will write dashes as "-" rather than as "--" (or vice versa). You decide to print titles of books all in capitals, or to underline them. You decide to use commas before "and" in a series of words, or not to do so. You decide to use non-stop-paragraphing, regular indentation, or some unique format. You decide to put the page numbers at the top or bottom of each page, to give credit in the index or on the individual items. Most newspapers have a small booklet listing their style on each of these points--you will probably find it easier to keep your style chart in your head. But do be consistent, and edit your contributions to match the style of the zine.

LETTERS: The editing of a letter column is one of the most difficult jobs a faned must tackle. Ideally, you should print in the lettercol only material which you know will be of interest to most of your readers. In practice, you must include other material as well: egoboo for the contributors to the last issue, material which you know the letter-writer wanted to see in print, and answers to previous letters.

The most common fault of fannish letter columns is the inclusion of material which is of no possible interest to anyone but the writer and the editor. Don't print things like "Well, hi there again, Joe. Ghu, but it's four ayem and I think I'll leave this letter till tomorrow to finish.... Here I am again. Just had a coke...." But you see what I mean! Use the red pencil liberally on the letters. Always imagine the reaction of a hypothetical "average reader" to the letter, and edit it ruthlessly.

But always remember too that you must be fair to the letter-writer. When you've finished editing, re-read carefully both the original and the edited version. Have you distorted his meaning? Have you deliberately changed it, or made a fool of him? These things should be avoided whenever possible if you wish to continue receiving letters.

I would recommend holding your own comments on letters to a minimum. Unless you are an unusual person (and there are a few) your comments will be much more worthwhile if you put them all in a paragraph at the end of the letter, not interspersed in the middle. Nothing ruins a letter-column more thoroughly than the continual appearance of ((Ha!)) or ((Snork!)) or ((Oh Yeah?)) in the middle of letters. Be courteous to the writer--don't interrupt. And don't make silly comments which only annoy writer and reader alike.

Finally, be sure that it is clear which remarks are made by you and which by

the letter-writer. Some clear mark setting off editorial comments in ((double Parenthesis)) or other /distinct set of marks/ will be needed. And be sure that it is clear where one letter ends and another begins, and who is talking in each.

LAYOUT: Now that you've got all the material ready to publish, the next task is to plan a complete dummy copy. This will allow you to prepare the best-possible appearance for your magazine, since you will be able to see just how each page will look in place in the magazine.

Most people do not have time to prepare a complete dummy. You will find it worthwhile at least to make a list of the material at hand and the approximate pages on which you wish to place it. Then decide where to put the artwork. Don't put a fannish cartoon smack in the middle of an essay on religion, or a lovely fantasy drawing in the middle of a piece of foolish fanfiction. A little care in planning will often result in the artwork being actually illustrating rather than mere filler.

DON'T BE AFRAID TO LEAVE PLENTY OF WHITE SPACE. It takes an exceptional editor to make a crowded layout look good. In fact, *Warhoon* is the only fanzine I know which succeeds in doing so. And if you look closely, you will see that even *Warhoon* leaves plenty of "blue space" around the artwork and the column headings. Will it balance properly with the page opposite it? Will the artwork be buried in the fold, or stranded in the middle of a batch of over-lapping type?

PREPARING THE STENCILS: Take your time. Watch for typographical errors and correct them. There is absolutely no excuse for the appearance of more than 10 typos in a 50-page zine. If you are making more than one typo per page, you are forcing your readers to compensate for your own carelessness--to take their time to unscramble the ideas which you bobbled up. And by saving 30 seconds of your own time, you have cost 10 to 15 seconds of time of several dozen other people. No author will continue to give material to faneds who misspell and otherwise mangle it.

Don't forget to leave wide margins--particularly on the edge of the page to be bound. Don't forget to number the pages.

CUTTING THE ARTWORK: Cutting artwork on stencil is an art--but it does not require an artist. It requires time, care, and loving attention. I recommend Juanita Coulson's article in *Silme* #1 for details of how to do the job. Practice does indeed make perfect. Use up a few old stencils in practice before you start on the fanzine. Use particular care when cutting headings with lettering guides. Stencils tear very easily and tears are impossible to mend.

PRINTING: Take your time. Operate the machine properly. Slip-sheet if necessary. Let the ink dry before separating copies. If you begin to see spots of ink or blank spaces, stop the machine and locate the trouble. Plan on running 10 or 20 extra copies of each page so that you will be able to use only near-perfect copies.

It is better to rerun an entire page than to send out an unreadable page!

STAPLING: For Ghu's sake, use a stapler that will go through your fanzine. This need not be huge or expensive. I have here a Swingline 99 stapler which cost only a few dollars, and which will nicely

put a staple through 30 or more sheets of paper.

If you have only two or three sheets of paper, it will be easier to read with a single staple in the upper left corner. But if you have more, three staples down the left binding are almost necessary.

MAILING: Manila envelopes are best, but expensive. For zines of 25 or more pages, flat mailing seems to work best. In this style, some three or four extra staples are used to hold the pages shut and the zine is mailed as is. I often add a blank page front and back to protect the covers. A single fold in either direction is often used, but most zines seem to get badly mangled when mailed in this fashion.

Only experimentation will tell you what system works best for your paper, staples and post office. Watch for returned copies to see how they are faring in the hands of the P.O.'s expert manglers.

Remember that new postal regulations require a statement of PRINTED MATTER ONLY, RETURN REQUESTED if you want low postage rates, and want to know when a recipient has moved. (Printed matter is no longer forwarded or returned unless return is requested--in that case it will be returned for an extra charge.)

Don't get overly cute on the mailing cover. There's no reason to annoy the already overburdened postmen of other fans. And comments about "obscene matter" or "Communist literature" are *not* funny in these days of investigations and censorship.

KEEPING TRACK: I advise putting your mailing list on 3 x 5 filing cards, one card per person. In my mailing list, a typical card might look like this:

JOE PHANN	(3/62)
6969 Phlotz Road, Snurdville, CA	
GAUL #1 - request	
#2 - letter	
#3 -	
#4 -	
Dropped	

This means that Phann received Gaul #1 because he wrote and asked for it. He responded to #1 with a letter, so he was sent #2. But he never did anything to earn #3 or #4 so he was dropped from the mailing list. The number after his address means that I know that address was correct in March 1962. Thus if I see a different address listed somewhere, I can immediately see whether it is newer or older than the one I have on hand.

Corrections of address are entered as soon as they are received. When a zine is mailed out, its number is written on the card as the zine is addressed. Each day's incoming mail is recorded on the cards as it is opened. Letters of comment, subscriptions, tradezines--all are marked on the appropriate card. Thus, when it comes time to prepare and mail an issue, I know exactly the standing of each person on the list.

SCHEDULES: Don't announce schedules unless you are one of those unusual people who can stick to them. It is no disgrace to publish only three times a year, *unless* you claim to be a weekly magazine! The best policy is to announce a deadline for material for the next issue, then modify that deadline if necessary in your individual letters to contributors. Likewise, long-term subscriptions are unwise, since few fanzines last for very many issues.

Finally, you have finished. The fanzine is in the mail. Now you can sit back and wait for the letters and the reviews. But don't sit back too long! It's time to start planning that next issue.

Remember: It often takes three or four consecutive outstanding issues to begin gaining a good reputation -- but one sloppy job can undo all the good work.

Make every fanzine a sample of your best effort, something you're proud to claim as your own. Be your own toughest critic.

And now, I'll be looking forward to seeing your fanzine. Be sure to include me on the mailing list!

...I would if I could, but Larry seems to have disappeared. Anyone know where to?

Apples & Oranges & Editorials

DAVE LOCKE

IN THE PRECEDING TWO ARTICLES you have been confronted with a skeletal outline of the fanzine universe. An itch was born within you as you read between the lines and envisioned the recipe for concocting your own fanzine. You now have a grasp on the basic makeup of a fanzine and a working knowledge of the editorial mechanics for dealing with it. The universe is looming before you and you're ready to throw in the faster-than-light drive.

But wait.

You're missing something.

You know what the different types of fanzines are. You are familiar with how and where to solicit material. You know a few basic rules for designing a layout and you know enough to make a choice from amongst the various methods of reproduction. You are aware of how to establish and maintain a mailing list, and of methods for handling a letter column. Your editorial duties in working with other people's material have been outlined to you. Some tips, on matters which it took years to master, have been handed to you so that you can avoid sticking your foot in your proposed fanzine.

But you haven't been told about the editorial, yet.

No sweat, you say?

Maybe not. Maybe you've been around fandom for years writing fair, satisfactory, good, or excellent articles or letters, and the writing skills are behind your fingertips making it irrelevant that you have never written an editorial before. Isn't that right?

Or maybe you've never written much of anything before. But who cares, because an editorial is just a piece of cake. All you have to do is crank out a couple of pages about anything because, after all, an editorial isn't anything fancy and important like, say, an article. Isn't that right?

Well, what the hell *is* an editorial, anyway? And how important is it, really?

EDITORIAL: An article in a publication expressing the opinion of its editors or publishers. Or so says THE AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Article? Did it say "article"? So it did. An article is a nonfictional composition that forms an independent section of a publication, or so says the same dictionary. Composition? Yes; that's the result of putting together, or arranging.

But what about fanzine editorials? Aren't they often just a hodgepodge of random natterings, a conglomeration of myriad subjects, a catchall for editorial

thoughts? Yes, they are often that. Usually the less interesting editorials are like that.

How important is an editorial? Let me answer that question with a question: how important is your fanzine?

Look at it this way. The thing which really makes one fanzine different than another is the essence of personality with which you consciously or unconsciously imbue it. Part of this personality comes from the type of material which you accept for publication, but most of it comes directly from your own hand, and if you throw aside the physical differences between fanzines (the color of paper, the style of typing, the layout; the visual differences), what's left is the material which bears your name. And that's pretty important. Your responses in the letter column are part of it, of course, but what do you call that piece of material which leads-off each issue of a fanzine? You call it the editorial, and it either sets the pace off right or it gives your fanzine a handicap from the word go.

Now that we've exhalted the editorial from an ivory tower, let's come down to the real world and slice a few feet off that pedestal.

An editorial really isn't just an article with a different title. For one thing, an editor does have a few privileges which an article-writer does not rightly have. And a few responsibilities that the article-writer doesn't have, too. The editor may include an "article" within his editorial, but he will never substitute an article in place of an editorial. The reader must be able to identify you with your fanzine, and your fanzine with you, and this cannot be accomplished by--for example--having your fanzine consist of five articles instead of four articles and an editorial. You must communicate to the reader as an editor, and not strictly as a writer. In the simplest of terms, this means that you must carry on a certain amount of discussion regarding both you and your fanzine. If done correctly, you strengthen the "personality" of your fanzine. If underdone, your fanzine tends to lose flavor as an entity and instead it becomes merely a collection of material. If overdone, your editorial becomes boring and/or the taint of it reduces the readers' enjoyment of your contributors' material.

Soft-pedal what might be called "slush" writing: the editorial disserta-

tions on why your previous issue shows offset on pages 4 through 10 and show-thru on pages 13/14. Take it easy in talking about your editorial policies, but do talk about them. Your fanzine, in undergoing a birth process, will begin to assume a personality. You want to make a note of that personality, talk about it a little, and take an active part in shaping it. But you don't want to go overboard. People have personalities, and they do things like go to the bathroom, fall on their ass, scratch their ears, pick their noses, and all manner of things which they try not to advertise too much. Your fanzine will have a personality, and it may have offset, show-thru, pages run upside-down, layouts that don't work, blank pages, typographical errors, and all manner of things which you shouldn't desire to advertise by discussing them in your editorial. Likewise, no one may care about the details of your editorial policies--though they be great Master Plans to you. Your readers will be more interested in what you are doing, and a general outline of what you plan to do, than they will be in sharing the gory details of your fantasies of the future.

For the new writer and/or the new editor, let's discuss specifics. This is aimed more at the new editor who is also an inexperienced writer, but the more experienced fan writer who is about to take his first fling at publishing a genzine may find a few points of interest.

WHAT YOU DON'T SAY

Avoid undue excitement. Nothing looks more amateurish than exclamation marks. The sharp writer avoids them like the plague, although there is an occasional moment when a well-placed exclamation mark is a nice touch! This wasn't one of them.

Avoid cuteness. Avoid toughness. The mark of the amateur fan is a first editorial which is too cute or too tough to eat. "Welcome to *Son of Hermaphrodite* #1. My name is Matthew Fletcher, and I am also #1. I think you will like this fanzine. If you do, tell me so. If you don't, tell me you like it anyway. I know my dog likes S.O.H. He is chewing on the bottom part of this stencil while I am typing it. I told him he is making a mistake in doing that, so I'm going to make him swallow some corflu." Or: "Welcome to *Godzilla Barfs*. My name is Dick Hertz. I haven't been around fandom long, but I've been receiving fanzines for a few months now since I attended my first meeting of the South Athol SF Society last April. I have a few things I'd like to say about science fiction and fandom, and a few things I'd like this fanzine to become. I hope you're at least amused by G.B., but if you're not I'm sorry to tell you that I won't really care. This is my fanzine, for my enjoyment, and if you don't care for it just let me know and I'll wipe you off my mailing list."

Avoid apologizing. I mentioned this earlier. If there's something about your repro that leaves a bit to be desired, don't apologize for it. Just do better next time. Of course, if there's something about your repro that makes much or all of the fanzine illegible, it is hoped that you will save postage and other fans' time by scrapping those efforts and trying again.

Avoid discussing personal problems. You'll see this occasionally. The new fan will have a problem with his parents' attitudes toward fandom, or toward science fiction, or a fan will have problems with his job, his health, his marriage, or what-

ever. Whenever a fan discusses such problems he seldom manages to achieve prime-time entertainment. More often he writes something which will come back later to haunt him. Some fans have a tendency to write about embarrassing matters, but they don't realize they're embarrassing until a bit of time passes and they go back to re-read some of these things.

Avoid impersonal requests for material. "I'm hoping all you people will send me articles and reviews and artwork for the next issue of *Phantom Streetcar*. My files are pretty low, and if you don't get busy I'll have to write most of the next issue myself!" Aside from the fact that you will seldom get a response (and what you do get from such a request is rarely something you'd wish to publish, anyway), there are two things wrong with doing this kind of soliciting in an editorial. Thing #1 is that you'd be much better off to write personal letters requesting material from fans whose work you admire. Thing #2 is that you are wasting the readers' time with a string of words which is not entertaining.



Now, about that policy of yours. You've already been advised to avoid lengthy discussions of policy. You might also be advised, regarding the matter of establishing a policy for the type of material you wish to publish, to examine the subject quite closely. Would you be limiting your fanzine to such a degree that material will be hard to come by? It may be best to altogether avoid establishing policy on types of material unless you're *really* sure that you want to exclude all other types. If this is your first genzine, it might be wise to adopt a "I'll publish the material which interests me" kind of policy until such time as you decide that you really must begin being more selective than that. No sense starting out with a handicap that you don't need.

WHAT YOU DO SAY

If this is your first issue, it's always advisable to start off by introducing yourself and your fanzine. I say "start off". Don't blow your whole editorial by concentrating on just those two subjects.

So you've performed the introductions. Now what do you do? What? You've got nothing to say?

You're not thinking.

There are always three questions

to ask yourself whenever you feel you've run out of ideas.

- 1) Was an incident amusing to you?
- 2) Do you have input to an issue which is/might be interesting to fans?
- 3) What are your impressions about anything?

Use the Verbal Test for screening ideas which result from asking yourself these questions. Is the subject matter something which you have talked about? If it is, did it make for an interesting conversational topic? If it did, it can also make a good written topic. If the subject is something you've never talked about, then go talk about it. Fans provide the best audience to "dry run" your material on, but mundanes can be substituted in a pinch. Just don't stop people on the street, though. They might not understand your motives.

It isn't my intention to give anyone a course in writing fan articles, but a little discussion on the subject might be useful to the prospective new fan editor.

Subject is one thing, style is another. The basic fan styles of writing are: Scholarly, Serious, Informal, Light, and Humorous. If you are an inexperienced fan writer, it may be one of the most important things you could learn to know that Scholarly and Humorous are styles equally difficult to execute successfully. Stay away from them until you get your feet and your typewriter wet. Serious and Light are birds of a feather. Serious is a poor man's version of Scholarly. Light is a poor man's version of Humorous. Informal is the mouth of the driveway, the beginning of the road, the harbinger of the other styles. Start out with Informal, which is a style that is neither serious nor humorous but merely informative. If you find you have a bent for being serious or being humorous, tinge your informal style with the color of one or the other and you will find yourself writing in a Serious vein or in a Light vein. You then progress to either Scholarly or Humorous. You may think this is overly simplified, and you're absolutely right. I'm not going to teach you Touch-Typing, either.

Are you going to structure your editorial, or will it be unstructured? If the style of writing you plan to use is Informal or Light, you have a choice. Will you be outlining your material before you begin to write, do you have your subject material in mind but plan to ramble about it rather than outline it, or are you going to just slide a stencil into the typewriter and natter (write about whatever comes to mind)? For space considerations, as well as for reasons of not running out of room before you adequately deal with the subject material you're writing about, it would be advisable to outline your editorial and to do so with a specific length in mind. Nothing looks more pathetic than the editorial where the editor runs dry and is desperately trying to fill up space to the bottom of the stencil. Likewise, it creates a poor impression when the editor crams two pages worth of ideas into the last two paragraphs of his editorial due to the fact that he didn't allow himself enough room to adequately deal with his subject matter.

For your subject matter, you are going to pick an issue or an event. Do you pick the subject first, or the style? You pick the subject, and you use the style which makes it most entertaining (unless you can write with only one style, in which case you have to tailor your

subject material accordingly).

Generally speaking, the editorial is usually the weakest part of the fanzine. This is because the fan writer feels he must use discipline when writing an article and feels that he can forget about discipline when he's writing an editorial. The weaker the editorial, the weaker the fanzine.

If it is your intention to publish a good fanzine, it is to your benefit that you put as much work into writing an editorial as you would into writing a good article. It's not a bad idea, for your first issue, to actually write an article and then surround it with a bit of editorial chatter. Entertaining editorial chatter, that is. Introduce yourself and your fanzine. Quickly outline your policy. Write a short article, or two short articles. Follow that with an introduction for the material in the issue at hand, or with some other short subject. End on a cheerful note, but not on a final note (your editorial may be the last thing you do, in chronological sequence, for your fanzine before it goes to press but it is seldom the last thing read. "See you in the next issue" is not a proper ending for an editorial.).

If you are not too experienced with writing in general, keep your editorial short rather than making it overly obvious that you are straying beyond the boundaries of your writing ability. As you get more experienced your material will gradually lengthen of its own accord as you begin to grasp the technique of "fleshing out" your subject material.

All fan editors who are inexperienced writers should write articles for other fanzines. The discipline and practice of writing articles does wonders for your overall abilities as a writer. Learning to structure your subject matter, dealing with outlines and pacing, and becoming more sure of your abilities through practice and exposure, will be of definite benefit in improving your editorials. You will never see a pisspoor writer as the editor of a top-class fanzine.

Remember, you have an obligation to make your editorial as interesting as the rest of your fanzine, if not more so.

You now have a grasp on the basic makeup of a fanzine, a working knowledge of the editorial mechanics for dealing with it, and an awareness of the responsibilities of your own editorial matter. The universe is looming before you and you're ready to throw in the faster-than-light drive.

But wait.

You're missing something.

Have you seriously asked yourself if you want to go through with all this?

END-NOTES: Shortly after OW 17 went out, a Source who wishes to remain Mysterious sent me a copy of the McCombs article (which I then sent onto Dave, before he wrote his *editorial* article). It was quite by accident that I discovered Mysterious Source had also sent a copy to Warren Johnson...and probably others. Warren was also planning on reprinting it, but has kindly deferred to me, since we both agree it should have the widest possible distribution. My thanks to Warren...

My reprinting my piece isn't *entirely* ego-tripping. That OW was 'gone' before we got it collated, and a number of people have asked to see it. It was written as a school paper, thus directed at the relative newcomer. All in all, I'm rather pleased...

NEXT TIME: A lot of short thingies, and The "Banned Covers" from THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE. Soon: The *Outworlds* 'Story'. --BILL



Language at MIDNIGHT

**COMING FROM
FICTIONEER BOOKS, LTD.!**

Reflections of A. E. van Vogt

The autobiography of the man who wrote *SLAN*, *THE WORLD OF NULL-A* and so many other classics of science fiction, including a complete bibliography of van Vogt's appearances in print. Large-size paperback; all orders received before publication will be autographed by A. E. van Vogt!

\$3.75 postpaid



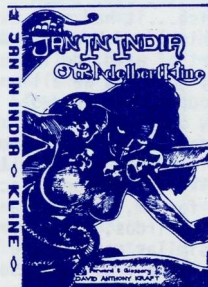
Conan Posters by Steve Fabian

A set of three 14 x 20 processed full-color paintings of Conan the Barbarian as described by Robert E. Howard! Authorized by Glenn Lord. Beautiful work by Steve Fabian on heavy stock, sent in an indestructible mailing tube, and limited to an edition of 1,000 copies—sure to be sold out and become a valued collector's item in just months.

All orders received prior to publication will be autographed by Steve Fabian.

\$10.00 postpaid

NOW AVAILABLE!



\$3.75 postpaid

Special Offer

JAN IN INDIA	3.75
REFLECTIONS OF A. E. VAN VOGT	3.75
CONAN POSTERS	10.00
	\$17.50

Ordered as a unit, 10% discount: \$15.75!

FICTIONEER BOOKS, LTD.
Lakemont, GA 30552

Grandparents Ada and Oliver lived with us until 1953. I remember my grandpa and me in the rocking chair, just like my father. He'd bounce me on his knee. But grandpa had cancer of the throat, was an ex-railroadworker, an alcoholic; one day I hid his vodka in the basement as a sad joke, and a hurt, pitiful look came into his clear blue eyes.

Even earlier when I must have been around seven or eight or some such me and grandpa were in the basement by the wood-burning stove, he looked at me, he told me as best he could about death, Dear Reader, about how no one stayed here forever, that each one of us would "go away" and never return, nothing could change that. I remember the lonely walk back upstairs, soft tears running. O grandpa, grandpa! I realize more and more just how much I loved him and do in memory still.

Several years later, after he'd passed away, I remembered our "little talk together", with all my slowly comprehending questions, it was my first time sacred realization that flesh dies and we are gone. And he'd gotten off booze, turned inward into the Sweet Lord shortly before the end, and died with a beautiful, happy, peaceful, restful smile.

My grandma lived on a few years, died of heart attack, I saw that beatific passing.



When I was nine years old--1952--late one night I had a Vision, heard a voice inside my head, it was a Messenger from Heaven, I saw Heaven, the streets of gold, all the beautiful peace and love and worship there. I only wish my descriptive powers were accurate enough to give it true justice, but I cannot. Besides, it is, really, indescribable, and the human words just aren't adequate. Anyway, what was happening was: I Opened Myself To Take It All In--I had to choose: receive Salvation and die quietly in my sleep receiving the Tender Joys of Heaven, to be wholly, completely with Him thruout All Everlasting Eternity, to sing praises for ever and ever and ever / keep on sinning thru the ultimate grave of ego, suffering in the world of men. I mean to tell you I passed through egoloss, saw Paradise.

And I almost went. I almost went because I understood and the proof of God's Love was laid on me. But, as with all tragedies, I confronted my ego, got scared, thought of how sad it would be for my mother and sister, etc., I blew it, I had the chance, the Divine Opportunity, the Invitation to get rid of all the games, all the sham, the shucks--I am guilt-ridden to

this day. To this very day.

A paradox was thus created in my head: quite obviously (with all my sad shame and humiliation), God knew already what I would decide. Therefore I got it in my head there was some further purpose to my life.

Ah, but don't you see, Fate, or Destiny, whatever, is at least a two-edged rose. If I would only have let my ego blow in the wind, the Cosmos, the Wheel, (or whatever your conception of things tells you it may be), would have adjusted accordingly. As indeed it has. It will be. At all events I'm no spiritual mathematician, I'm getting lost in all this.

Also nine years old in my mother's house, I came to dramatic realization that what I'm on Earth for in this life is to write.

Yes; well, this old eternity dream in the Sparkling Void, yes, yes, the mind attitudes existing inside the skull, nothing to compare them with; they exist all on their own. Secret pages are the ones no one reads, not even if you've written them down yourself and have failed to read them.

If I were to tell that I have been living in the house the gorgon built for a matter of many midnights, discouraged at another outbreak of my awful Winter cold in many empty midnights longing to share with you a few wild and clear dreams, then the Universe will surely give us space. I've been looking for midnights now with the moon, but no moon did I see, even on the starlit nights of absolute clarity. Where was I last when I Saw You?

He left about 10 minutes ago. Wife Loretta gave him a ride back into Eugene Oregon on her way to night work shift as nurse's aide at Sacred Heart Hospital taking good care of the newborn on March 14, 1974; the following evening he was hitching to Salem (Oregon) to attend a Beach Boys Concert--otherwise, we could have had more time together. He came as suddenly as a March wind where Winter still lingers. He knocked upon our door in mid-afternoon (Thursday) and introduced himself; he was saying that Bill Bowers had given him my address last August, and finally now had taken time to come hitch-hiking for a visit. He had with him his letter of "introduction" plus the latest issue of his annual fanzine, *Peculiar 8* and, although I haven't had any time yet to digest his fanzine, it looks like it's filled with nice, thoughtful layout. I had to tell him how much I enjoyed his story from *Amazing Stories* for August 1973. In the blurb for that story, editor Ted White spoke of "...a tall, intense young man who has risen out..." and he certainly is and has. And my goodness: the last fan we had visit with was Roy Tackett (& family) in Albuquerque in May 1973! We're pretty much home-bodies, and don't go out much. Alpaipuri...I was warmed with his humanness and his kind peaceful eyes. (Although Loretta says he has Rasputinish eyes.) He fixed us all supper, which consisted of...I don't recall the name of the dish...it had some kind of chili powder (I think) and Monterey Jack cheese in some sort of wild, delicious dough. It was very good and we all enjoyed it very much/although 3 1/2-year-old Sara wouldn't touch it, only drinking milk, and soon she fell asleep in Loretta's arms. She had enjoyed the Black Bear wine earlier.

We had talk over coffee of science fiction, fantasy, fandom, various fans including a few real weirdos, the river, music interest & similar matters. He has come and gone. It was all so fast. Such a nice, pleasant surprise. I don't recall everything that happened, of course, but Paul is 23 & into creative lifeways (and

older than his years in his outlooks on metaphysical creatures). We walked to the nearby grocery store twice, and a short drizzling walk to the not-far-away Wylamaitte River, surging. In our talks we had our own time-separated flashes of LA fandom and of LASFS (Los Angeles Science-Fantasy Society) and various pathetic scenes.

"R. A. Lafferty is one of my favorite writers," he said.

"Lately I've been reading the science fiction paperback novels of Frank Belknap Long"...and the genius-inspired works of the late & still lamented Arthur Machen.

Alpaipuri must have been here some 40 minutes (with Sara talking her head off) and I woke Loretta upstairs. The Wolfenbargers had a good time with a nice man. We'll all see him again, some weekend as soon as possible so he can get away from the big city space for a space.

The first fifteen minutes of *Kung Fu* were pre-empted by some asshole basketball game. (Paul Novitski) Alpaipuri is a *Kung Fu* fan, like so many people we know. We sat watching with the wine long ago gone and the time nearing quickly for Loretta to get ready for work. He left in the vw van with her in the rainy night--I only hope he'll come see us again as soon as he possibly can. He also struck me as intelligent, and thoughtful. We felt "at home" with him right away. (No, I did not intend to make that last sound like a smartass remark.)

Through a lingering haze of Black Bear Wine it is told. Yes, Santa Claus, there are good people in Oregon. We came to agree that the state of the planet is now in early menopause. I only hope it stays around to grow old gracefully. And we had many laughs. The wine was good. Loretta turned him on to the prescription of a quarter cup of wine in hot coffee. Oh, it's very nice. And I told him we didn't get many mill smells/it was mostly from the great river which was good karma right away because it's so blessedly organic.

And by all this time Thursday night had passed away.

A Social Event is somewhat of a rare thing for us. Paul returned in April for a few days, we wrote 4/5 of a first draft on a science fiction story, gathered river secrets, opened our heads to the rhythm in which we both communicate; it was only then did I realize that Paul's writing was actually love stories.

"How far are you going?"

"Albany."

"Well, that's where I'm goin." The old man smiled.

"Thanks for the ride. Have a good day."

Rides with elderly Spaced farmers up there 30 miles to Albany to present qualifications for food stamps for another month; they send the cards in the mail, then you go get the cards magically changed into food stamps at the Albany/Brownsville post office. Somehow I managed to find another copy of the Ballantine Adult Fantasy paperback *THE THREE IMPOSTERS* by Arthur Machen, with the volume priced at 50¢, a fair price when I consider how I've lusted to read Machen's book again, but my original copy remains with other books in Illinois--later give an interested party a copy --with just me alone at home at midnight leaf-stillness

night

We can still hear trains here.

[To Be Continued]

The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier

WHY ARE IMPORTANT PEOPLE seeking out Sterling Lanier?

In 1971 author/astronomer Arthur C. Clarke of 2001 fame came across a creation by Lanier in the house of a friend. "How curious," Clarke said. "There's an Englishman writing fantasy, and very good too, with the same name." When assured that this was the same Lanier, Clarke called long distance and offered to write the forward to Lanier's upcoming collection of stories.

In 1972 one of the most successful contemporary science fiction writers, Poul Anderson, passed through the Suncoast on his way to witness the final Moonshot at Cape Kennedy. There are several established science fiction writers in this region, and Poul Anderson knows them all personally. He went instead to Sarasota, dropped in on Sterling Lanier, whom he had never met before, and hauled him involuntarily away to the moonshot.

J. R. R. Tolkien, author of THE HOBBIT and the monumental LORD OF THE RINGS fantasy, does not correspond with many people. But he has written to Sterling Lanier for a decade.

In early 1973, while being interviewed for this article, Lanier was interrupted by a phone call. It was the wife of John D. MacDonald, celebrated mystery writer, inviting Lanier to join them for dinner.

Why is Lanier held in such esteem by writers whose literary reputations dwarf his own? Is he a "Writer's Writer," a craftsman whose nicety of thought and expression is studied by other writers despite its lack of commercial appeal? No, Lanier's fictive output is limited, and he is not primarily a writer. And that does not explain why he knows many important nonfiction authors and personages in other fields. He is on good terms with Nicholas Hotton III, Associate Curator, Division of Paleontology at the Smithsonian Institution; Donald Baird, Curator of Paleontology at the Princeton Museum; and George Gaylord Simpson, another leading paleontologist. But Lanier is not a paleontologist. He

knows Robert Shevin, State Attorney General of Florida, and worked in Shevin's last campaign--but Lanier is not a politician. He knows F. J. Cooper, a leading jeweler of Philadelphia--but Lanier is not a jeweler. He knows Roger A. Caris, the wildlife anchorman for the Today show--but Lanier is not a TV personality.

Does he give marvelous parties for literary, artistic and political figures? No, Lanier is a solitary type who cherishes his personal privacy.

Is he highly knowledgeable in some area that experts need to research? Well, he is trained in archaeology and anthropology, and is a vigorous and noted conservationist. Professors at New College count on him as a community resource. He has had calls for conservation information from as far away as Illinois. But this is primarily a local matter.

Does he have some other hold on those who wish to publish fiction or non-fiction? Is he an editor or publisher? Lanier was an editor, but never a prominent one--and authors hardly cater to an editor after he loses that position.

Does he have some famous relative? Yes and no. One of the better American poets of the nineteenth century was Sidney Lanier, a contemporary of Mark Twain. Sterling is a distant relative. But Sidney Lanier died in 1881. Sterling's step-father-in-law is William L. Shirer, author of the phenomenal modern history of Nazi Germany THE RISE AND FALL OF THE THIRD REICH--but Lanier doesn't trade on that for favors.

So just what makes him so special? He is a sculptor.

Oh--is he famous in that capacity? Has he decorated the great parks of the world with monumental busts? No! No! Nothing like that. His works are extremely modest in size, and he does not sculpt in stone. The grandiose is simply not his style.

Lanier is just under six feet tall, weighs 168 pounds, and never exercises voluntarily. His dress and manner are informal. His hair is "dirty brown," as he puts it, and starting to gray at the temples. "For what it's worth, I'm supposed to have artist's hands," he says, obviously not placing much credence in that. He is in his mid-forties.

Thus his works are conservative. Most of his subjects are animals.

Small animals? Yes. Ducks, frogs, fish, rabbits, deer, reptiles. Normally [Usually] one to two inches high.

Oh! In pure gold? No, not often. Mostly in brass.

Then they must be toys! Models for children at twenty five cents apiece. No--the cheapest is seven dollars, going on up to over thirty. [No--they can be quite costly.]

And this makes him touted among writers, paleontologists and jewelers? Yes, in a way. They are finely crafted specimens...



STERLING LANIER was born in New York City in 1927. His mother was from an old New York family, and his father was an Annapolis man, strong on military tradition. Sterling was raised in the heart of Eastern society, and moved in socialite circles. His family summered in East Hampton.

Lanier knew Jackie Bouvier--now Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis--from childhood. "There were about ten of us who went out regularly," he explains. "My usual date was the girl who is now Mrs. Elliot Richardson, wife of the Secretary of Defense. Jackie and I were friends, nothing more."

Lanier was educated in New York private schools and graduated from Harvard. Bobby Kennedy attended Harvard at the same time, but the two were not

PIERS ANTHONY

This, as the Boy Wonder might say, is the type of material fellow faneds would fight to get their hands on. To say that I'm rather pleased to have it would be the understatement of the year. Here, by way of explaining what it's all about (and commenting on its original appearance, early in 1973, in the St. Petersburg Times), are some excerpts...umm...'edited' from a letter from Piers...

...The material marked off or circled in blue represents what was cut from the published version, and I tried to fill in blue the editorial bridges made. Job isn't perfect, because I was sickened by the whole matter--but in general, this is a fair indication of the editing that was done. What I had in mind was for you to run the complete article, but indent or otherwise indicate the cut portions, so that the readers could appraise both the original and the published versions simultaneously. I dare say most readers would agree with some cuts, and object to others. I myself can see the rationale in the cuts up to page 6, but from page 7 on I feel they were a disaster. It seems to me that few readers or hopeful writers really understand what editing is, and that this could be most informative for them. Right or wrong, it is an actual example.

And of course, Lanier is a science fiction writer, so this should be of general interest to fans.

... We figure this as a "noncontroversial" piece--but actually the implications about editing are strenuous. To put it into perspective, I should clarify that I first suggested this article to the editor, got a tentative approval, then showed him the second draft (which included the "pimp" ending) and had his approval and general corrections on that. Finally I did the submission

version--and only then did the disastrous cuts show up. They phoned me to inquire whether it would be all right to delete "Englishman" from the opening page, because we weren't sure Lanier was English despite what Arthur Clarke might have thought; I said OK. That was all; they never said a word about other cuts. I learned when the article appeared in print. That, too, is typical of modern editing. If they think the author might object to a cut, they don't tell him; they wait until it is too late for him to do anything about it. And then wonder why writers of stature consider editors to be pimps.

Incidentally, this article serves as somewhat of a refutation to fans like Leigh Edmonds (lead-off letter in OW #16) who think writers are not artists. They *are* artists. Sterling Lanier earns his living as a sculptor--a form of art--and I myself had several years of art classes before going into writing. I changed because I found that for me, words were superior to paints. And I care about the artistic balance of my prose. Writing is an art, however much some hacks--and some fans--may pervert it. Commercialization is an evil the writer--and sculptor, and painter--must wrestle with. And the musician. But what can you say to a boor? Especially when he is your editor?

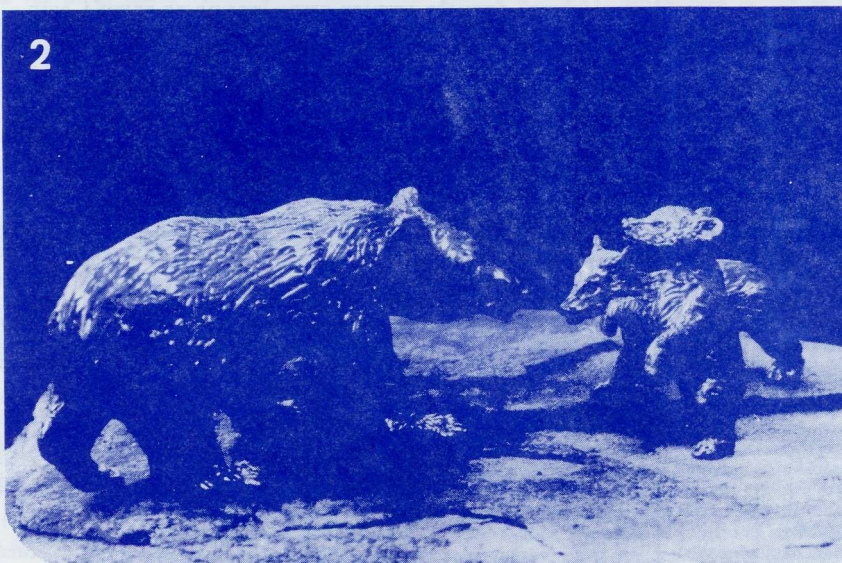
Rather than elect to play around with various typefaces, I've chosen to underscore the portions that were deleted. The bridges Piers mentioned will be underscored and [bracketed]. I might suggest that you read through the article first--it is after all, a good one--and then go back and see how the cuts would have altered it. Ideally, it would be nice to run two completely separate versions...but as always, there are space considerations.

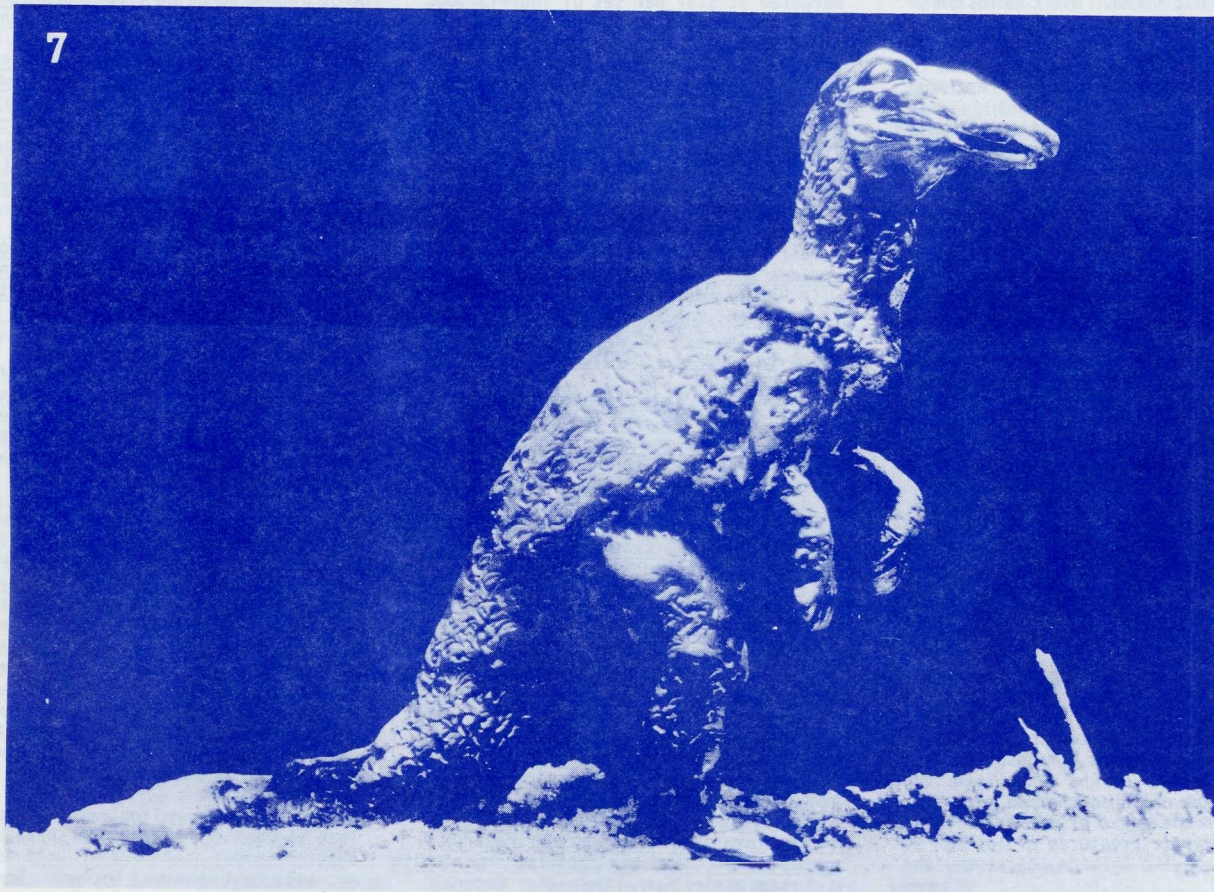
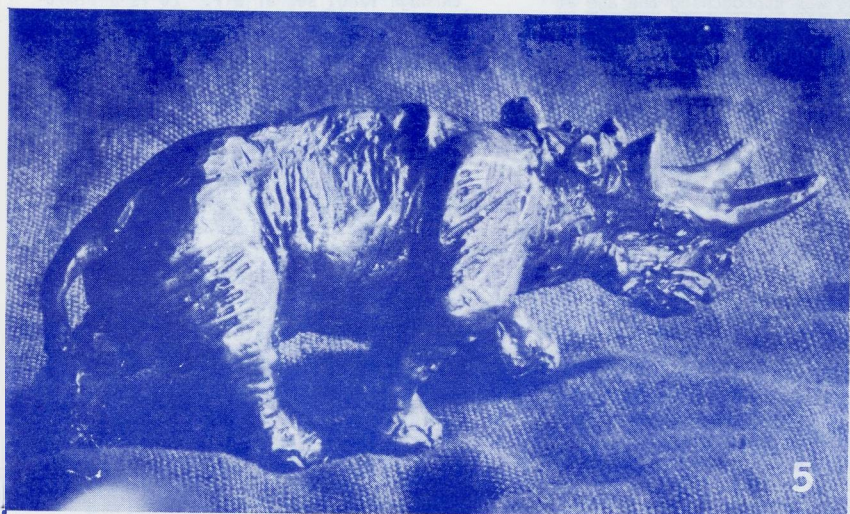
LEGEND

- #1 - "Brigadier General Preserved Hamm,"
Continental Army, 1776 [2" high]
- #2 - Black Bear Group [adult 2 1/2" high]
- #3 - "Legolas" [2 1/4"] [This series can't
be legally sold as yet.]
- #4 - Outer Space Gang [Astronaut: 2" high]
[The third from the right is: YAKELA,
leader of the Pack, from Poul
Anderson's WORLD WITHOUT STARS.]
- #5 - Extinct large mammal (*Arsinoetherium*)
[2" high]
- #6 - "Captain Harvey Cole", European Water
Vole (*Arvicola rupertis*); a barge
captain. [1 1/2" high]
- #7 - Dinosaur (*Anatosaurus*) [3 1/2" high]



PHOTOS **STERLING E. LANIER**





acquainted. Lanier became an editor of the Harvard Lampoon, along with George Plimpton, John Updike and Michael Arlen, Jr.

However, his destiny seemed to lie less in the literary than in the military. He was a scholar of such things as turn-of-the-century battleships. He served two enlistments in the U.S. Army and one in the Marine Reserve, and sought a military commission in any service. During the Korean war he was finally offered it--whereupon he developed an ulcer and had to decline. "I suddenly realized that it would be an absolute disaster," he says. "I would have become a lesser ornament of the Officers' Club bar."

He thus set aside a lifetime's ambition and decided to be a paleontologist--one who studies ancient animals. He elected to approach it obliquely. He entered a related social science, anthropology--the study of man--at the University of Pennsylvania. He found himself immersed in Meso- and South-American archaeology, when what he really wanted to do was get into Human Paleontology and go to work with the noted anthropologist Louis Leakey in Africa. Lanier did work under Loren Eiseley, the noted anthropologist and naturalist who authored THE IMMENSE JOURNEY and other elegant commentaries; but still he was not satisfied.

Lanier [He got sidetracked into archaeology, and] had most of his credits for the doctorate before he realized that he was again miscast. He was working in the basement of a museum, piecing together pottery, when abruptly he rose and walked out. That terminated five and a half years of archaeological studies; he never returned to complete his doctorate. His second career had been discarded.

He cast about somewhat vacantly for his next employment. He made a list on paper with two columns: things liked and things not liked. His conclusion after cogitation was that he should go into publishing. After all, he had spent most of his life reading, he knew his grammar and his likes and dislikes. What else was required of an editor?

He started as a dictionary editor, and later was to publish Frank Herbert's monumental novel DUNE, one of the most successful books in the science fiction field.

Meanwhile, Lanier dropped in at the workshop of a friend, a master jeweler in Philadelphia who designed jewelry for museums. The jeweler handed him a lump of sculptor's wax and said "Model something." Intrigued, he did. He had no artistic training whatsoever, but the talent manifested as he summoned it. The wax softened as it absorbed the warmth of his hands, and became malleable. He made a freehand representation of a hammerhead shark.

The jeweler liked it. He had it cast in bronze--and a sculptor was born. Brass copies of that shark were sold to interested collectors--and that same figure is still selling today.

Lanier became a compulsive modeler. But he set no material worth on such creations. He made many figures as a hobby; some he gave to his friends, and the imperfect ones he threw away. He haunted the jeweler's shop, seeking to learn more. His supervisors in publishing became annoyed when they found the frustrated paleontologist filing away on a metal dinosaur while reading a manuscript.

[This ends Page 6 of the manuscript...]

Since childhood he had been an avid fan of the works of J.R.R. Tolkien. Now those mystic creatures of Tolkien's Middle Earth--the hobbits, the orcs, the

adventurers--became animate in metal. Lanier corresponded with Tolkien and sent him sample figures, and thought no more of it.

A friend entered a Tolkien figure in a contest at a science fiction convention. This second hand submission won a prize. Still the sculptor wasn't moved; such conventions are weird affairs, frequented by some strange types. No telling what such an award might reflect!

Back in publishing, Lanier was becoming more and more disgusted with the stupidity of the executives. It seemed to him that their opacity was an almost insurmountable barrier to the publication of anything worthwhile. Finally it was too much. Lanier had a row with his boss, and left. His third career was finished.

He was approaching the age at which his illustrious relative, the poet Sidney Lanier, had died of tuberculosis. Sidney had written: "What the cloud doeth, the Lord knoweth; the cloud knoweth not; What the artist doeth, the Lord knoweth; knoweth the artist not?" Was Sterling Lanier to live out his span, knowing not?

Still, he had some limited assets. He had married in 1962, and his wife was ready to support him. A working wife seems to be a prerequisite for success in almost any art! He had sold a couple of his own stories while editing, so could consider himself a budding author. And he did have his developing skill as a sculptor.

A friend took him to another leading jeweler, and showed off the pieces Lanier had done from the children's classic THE WIND IN THE WILLOWS: Rat, Toad, Mole and Badger--two and a half inches tall. Like all of Lanier's creations, these had been made for himself.

The jeweler, the head of the firm F. J. Cooper, Inc., asked permission to cast the figures in silver. They were marketed at \$167 per set of four--\$2,800 in 18 karat solid gold--and were an overnight success. They are still selling well.

Lanier was offered a job as Deputy Minister of Tourism in the Bahamas: \$20,000 a year up. He was intrigued, but soon this fell through.

When he realized that he could actually sell enough of his figures to earn a living, Lanier moved to Sarasota--suitably tropical for his taste--and set up as a full time sculptor. This is where he resides [He lives there] today, with his wife Pattie and two children: Berwick, age 7, and Kate, age 5. Their big old house is decorated with so many books and figurines it seems a cross between a library and a museum.

Lanier generated a phenomenal variety of animals and characters. Deer, bear, fox, raccoon, bobcat, duck, pelican, fish--his interest in natural history was given free rein. He did a paleontological series: mammoth, Smilodon (the saber-toothed tiger), Brontops. In fact, the Smithsonian Museum now markets his collection, and has published a brochure on it.

He also does dinosaurs: Tyrannosaurus Rex, reputedly lord of the reptiles but more likely a carrion eater; Triceratops with the three mighty horns, and many others. But not Brontosaurus, the "thunder lizard"--because he keeps all the animals in a series in scale with each other, and that one would require far too much metal. Unfortunately the dinosaurs do not sell well compared to the contemporary figures and fantasy representations.

He has tackled the military too--in the form of a series of caricatures, perhaps reflecting his disillusionment with a former aspiration. Brigadier General Preserved Hamm, Continental Army, 1776,

height two inches. Captain Alpheus Fogg-bound; Colonel Winfield Scott Malletthead; Colonel Masaharu Harakari, Imperial Japanese Army, 1940, height 1 3/4 inches.

After ten years correspondence, Tolkien has now given Lanier permission to market the figures from LORD OF THE RINGS. There is an extremely wide audience for Tolkien's books--they have topped the fantasy best-seller lists for some years--and this is likely to become an important market.

It took Lanier two years to turn out what is perhaps his most ambitious project: a unique chess set. Each piece is a little lifelike statue in beryllium copper: men on one side, apes on the other. One of the rooks or castles is a futuristic machine capable of forging through land, sea or air. It is a limited set: only twelve exist in copper, and six in silver. "I call it the Paradox Chess Set," Lanier says. "If you can understand it, you can't afford it; if you can afford it, you can't understand it!" Only \$500 for the copper; \$1500 silver.

Lanier's tallest sculpture is a tremendous ten inches high: a tarsier perched atop a tall tree stump, escaping a predator.

He also does ornaments and brooches. A recent series is astrological: pendants illustrating the signs of the zodiac. Leo is a lion in the veldt, with the sign of his constellation.

It is this imaginative artistic talent that has given Sterling Lanier his reputation among professionals in many fields. He has given the creatures of fantasy a new dimension, and has done the same for animals of every geological age. His work is carried by reputable gift shops and art galleries all over the country, and he has sold pieces as far away as Japan, Australia, and South Africa. Painstaking research precedes the sculpting of each figure, whether it derives from the ages of the earth or the worlds of imagination. Even thieves appear to appreciate Lanier's work; when the home of Alfred S. Romer, author of the classic text VERTEBRATE PALEONTOLOGY, was burglarized, they took a carton of cigarettes, a TV set, and all the Lanier brass figures. And left the jewelry and silver.

The silver figures present a special problem. All Lanier's pieces are stamped with his name--but "Sterling" Lanier silver would be confused with his first name. So he must put "Lanier Sterling."

Even the cheapest brass is not cheap--because of the technology of casting. The "Lost Wax" process of casting is over 3,000 years old, and has been used by the ancient Sumerians and the American Incas: a fitting technique for a sculptor who dwells so much in the far past!

First, a wax figure is modeled. This is where the artistic skill of the sculptor counts, for an inferior original will hardly produce a superior copy! This wax model is placed in a liquid mold, called the "investment," that resembles plaster of Paris. The investment is allowed to dry and harden. Then it is placed in a furnace and baked at such high heat that all the original wax melts out. Nothing is left of the sculptor's painstaking effort--except a hollow in the investment shaped exactly like the wax piece.

Then the molten metal is poured into the hollow, taking the shape of the original model. The entire unit is cooled, and the investment broken. Sorry, no refills in this process! What remains is

the metal piece. This returns to the sculptor, who works it over until every detail is in order.

Sculptors are not the only ones to use this process. Modern dentists employ a similar technique for the production of gold restorations for teeth. That's one reason restorative dentistry is so expensive.

But suppose there is an order for a hundred copies of the masterpiece? Then a special rubber mold is made around the metal piece, and that rubber mold is filled with wax and the entire lost-wax process resumes. For every metal piece there must first be a wax piece. "This explains," Lanier remarks dryly, "why such work is generally not available at dime stores."

Lanier's lifelong interest in conservation has at times threatened to overwhelm his livelihood. His pet area is protection of endangered species. When the bad oil slick covered the waters, the Laniers were out there cleaning off wild ducks by hand. He wrote a letter to the Emperor of Japan, trying to stop the continued slaughter of whales. Lanier and a handful of other conservationists wield tremendous influence in Sarasota; as a result the ecological prospects there are much better than elsewhere in the state.

At one time a group of conservation-minded businessmen offered to finance him so that he could devote full time to this work, and not have to mess with oddities like small brass monsters. The artistic temperament being what it is, he turned it down.

He has other hobbies and concerns, too. He does serious research on unknown creatures. The Loch Ness monster, he says, is probably an invertebrate, perhaps a gigantic swimming slug. This is an authoritative opinion, for Lanier belongs to the Society for the Protection of Old Fishes: SPOOF. Also, more seriously, the Loch Ness Investigation Association.

Recently Lanier founded a small advertising firm, in company with Eric von Schmidt, the folk singer, writer and illustrator, and Pat Sullivan, one of the leading graphics designers on the West Coast of Florida.

And weapons: Lanier takes pride in his authentic knives, showing off the deadly blade. Much is made of throwing knives that supposedly rotate in exactly thirty paces to strike point first. "You can't measure off paces in a fighting or hunting situation!" he exclaims indignantly. "The rotation of the knife depends on where you hold it. Are you going to wait for your target to pose exactly thirty

paces away?"

Lanier has, almost as a sideline, become a novelist. His wife Pattie does all his first draft editing, "and is damn good at it," he says positively. His first book was WAR FOR THE LOT, a children's fantasy that won the Follett gold medal for 1970. His third book, HIERO'S JOURNEY, is a long picaresque fantasy adventure set 5,000 years in the future--with a strong ecological conservation theme. In between he did THE PECULIAR EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER FELLOWES--the one with the Arthur Clarke introduction.

Now Lanier is firmly set in the last of his four lives. Sometimes, he admits, his past haunts him. When he met John D. MacDonald, the mystery writer took him to a lunch with several other writers. "What did you do before you were a writer and sculptor?" MacDonald inquired as they drove to lunch.

"Well, I was an editor..." Lanier offered.

MacDonald mulled that over. There is hardly a writer alive whose most profound peeve is not connected to an editor. Finally he spoke: "Mind if I tell my friends you were a pimp?"

GREG BENFORD: The COMPLETE Toomey EXPERIENCE

I MET BOB TOOMEY in Sid Coleman's apartment, near the Harvard campus. I like him; he's just odd enough to be interesting. He had a girl friend with him and we spent a pleasant afternoon touring the bookshops and cloistered lanes of Cambridge. It was in one of these shops that I saw a new Elwood anthology containing a Ted White story. One of the lead characters, I found, was Dr. Gregory Benford. This somewhat unsettled me, but it was only openers.

We had left Sid at Harvard, where he had to orally examine a student (well, that's what he said). Soon enough time for my departure airportwards had arrived, and I looked about for a cab.

"Oh no," Bob Toomey said. "I'll drive you."

"Well, I don't want to trouble you, it's out of your way, etc. etc."

"No no, we're going out of Cambridge that way. We'll take you."

It was one hour until my plane took off for Philadelphia. We were near Toomey's car, a huge Detroit product of uncertain age. I shrugged and got in. The deceptively warm autumn sunshine had lulled me.

Perhaps some of you recall the subway entrance at Harvard Square. It sits on a traffic island, accompanied by a small newspaper kiosk. We were approaching this island in the stream of traffic when Bob decided we were going the wrong way. With masterly control he swung into the left lane, next to the island. "I'm going to turn around," he said. "It's illegal," his girl said. "I wouldn't do that," I said. "I'm going to--" he said. "I wouldn't--" I said, but too late, he turned across the island. We cleared the first kerb fine, had a few microseconds of smooth ride across the island (the blurred face of the kiosk owner appearing briefly at my window), and then went over the second kerb into the oncoming lanes of traffic.

Something scrapped. "Damn, the muffler," Bob said. A bus was coming at us broadside. "I think we lost the muffler,"

he said. "Bus!" I said. "Oh." Sound of bus brakes, wrenching of wheel by Toomey and we were into another, relatively clear, lane of traffic. I noticed a knot of on-lookers, all smiling, one clapping. We sped away.

Two blocks further the muffler noise became intolerable. We were dragging the muffler and sparks flew out from it; I could see them by leaning out my window. We stopped. "I'll have to crawl under and repair it," Bob said. "Stand and direct traffic away, so's they don't run over my legs."

I did so. About ten minutes passed. Toomey emerged, hands wrapped in cloth to keep away the hot muffler. "Can't get it."

"I would be happy to take a cab--" "No, no, I'll be just a minute." He crawled under again. More muffled noises, a curse, and the job was done. Hands fluttering like birds, Toomey is back behind the wheel and we are off into traffic.

Nothing happened for three or four minutes. Then we lost our way, stopped to ask an Italian gentleman and were treated to a 5-minute lecture on avoiding traffic patterns at rush hour. We eventually locate the general direction of the Mass Pike and are off again. We come to an intersection which appears to carry heavy commuter traffic, all bound for Mass Pike. Toomey leans out the window and asks a nearby motorist for advice. The driver points off along one road. "That's not the way the Italian said," I volunteer. "Hang on," Bob says. We follow the road. "Doesn't look right," his girl says emphatically. "Let's stop for directions," Bob decides, wrenching to a stop. I got out an approached a gas station attendant. He gestures in the opposite direction, the Italian's direction. We turn around, slide into oncoming traffic and are in the mix. Brick buildings flash by, open air groceries appear and dissolve; it is very eastern. A lot of time has passed but I am relaxed. I know we are not going to make it in

time; now the game is simply to see how close we can come without catching the plane.

Events telescope, as though we are in an experimental sf short story. The world slips into inevitably the present tense.

We find the Mass Pike. A torrent of cars are rushing on the onramp and we follow. Suddenly the muffler breaks loose and begins to bang around under the car. Traffic brackets us, all moving at 40 mph. Toomey stops. He backs up. Instead of rearending us, a large truck swerves to the side and vanishes into the thickening gloom of the Boston night. Toomey backs up until we reach a dead spot to the side, a nook away from the lanes. We get out and find the muffler beyond repair. Toomey sees nothing for it, and neither do I; we wrench the muffler out, struggle with the connections and snap it off. With one unperturbed gesture Toomey throws it in the back seat and we get back in. The muffler noise is really bad now, roaring like a wounded Moskowitz.

But we are on the Mass Pike now, we pass through a toll booth and suddenly there is the turnoff for the airport. We rush through the lanes, find the right terminal and stop. I thank them profusely, snatch up my bags and trot into the station. There are 4 minutes until the flight. I check in. I find out that the plane is ailing and takeoff will be delayed an hour. I decide to have a drink. On the way across the terminal I spot a taxi driver and ask him how far it is to Harvard Square.

"Not very far," he says.

"How much time, by cab?"

"Oh"--he ponders--"ten minutes, I'd say."

I have two drinks.

Doubles.



THOTS WHILE HAVING THE LAWN-MOWER REPAIRED

INTRO: Spring sprang--and had a relapse. Today is April Fool's Day, and the temperature here in the sunny south has hovered all day in the low fifties, despite the fact that for half a week now "tomorrow's" weather forecast has been "Clearing and warmer--highs in the mid-to upper-sixties." A month ago, around the end of February and the beginning of March, the temperature soared into the seventies and even on one glorious day reached eighty. The trees began budding and flowering, and small children celebrated, but, alas, too soon.

Nevertheless, lawn-mowing season is coming on us again, and this time hoping to beat the season to the punch I took my trusty Toro to Lane's Mower Service before grass-cutting season for its annual overhaul.

The lawn-mower in question was passed on to me by Jay Haldeman, trusty co-chairman of the upcoming Discon, several years ago. It had been his parents' before it was his, and it has seen a lot of use. But it's self-powered, rugged, and just the thing for mowing several acres of lawn with while I let my mind spin off columns like this one--if only it didn't have the habit of dying at least once a season!

Last fall I was using the mower with the leaf-bag attachment (cleverly rigged for it from a previous and slightly different Toro) to collect and grind up leaves for the garden (compost, you know), when the starter failed.

Now the starting mechanisms on modern power-mowers seem to get more and more complicated as the years go by. When I was a kid (and power-mowers for home use were only just coming into fashion) it was a very simple device: a notched pulley on the end of the driveshaft, around which you wound a length of rope. The rope had a knot on one end, and a wooden handle (optional) on the other. It always worked.

More modern starters involved permanently attaching the rope to the pulley, with a spring-retractor that re-wound the rope after each pull. Handy--especially when it took half a dozen or more pulls to start a cranky mower. Even more recently some larger mowers have incorporated batteries and electric starters, but my Toro had settled for a device where by one cranked up a spring and this spring turned over the engine when one pushed the throttle control forward. This starter has

caused me no end of trouble--largely because the spring doesn't kick the engine over with enough force to start it unless everything is operating perfectly, and (preferably) the engine is already warm. I have sometimes timed myself and found myself cranking up that damned starter and triggering it over and over again for as many as fifteen or twenty minutes. (If you have a similar mower, you know the routine: the engine gasps or wheezes every third or fourth time, just to let you know that it was almost ready to start that time, and will start in another, oh, five or ten minutes of this sort of nonsense.)

Well, last fall, as I say, I was using the mower to collect leaves and when I tried reducing a pile of Virginia Creeper vines to compost, they wound up on the blade and stopped the machine. It didn't take long to unwind them, but the starter, which had already started slipping a little, absolutely refused to engage any more. That is, as I would wind up the spring it would suddenly slip and turn over the engine for a half-hearted moment (while the throttle--as is necessary to make such a starter work--is in the off position, thus precluding this slippage from starting the engine) and leave me to crank it up again. I took the starter off the machine and found it badly worn where its ratchet engages. "Come spring I'll have to get this fixed," I said to myself and promptly forgot about it.

Well, last week I remembered it and talked John Berry into coming over with his van to transport the mower to Lane's Mower Service (they charge \$4.00 for the pickup if they come for the mower themselves--and you usually have to wait a week or two, as well).

"What's wrong with the mower this time?" John asked, having helped me convey it over to Lane's on several other occasions.

"The damned starter," I said. "You know, I really wish this machine just had a simple rope starter. Something where I can pull the engine over myself, rather'n depending on a limp spring for the job. Oh well."

At Lane's a man looked at the machine and said, "You know, it's hard to get parts for these starters now. We usually just take them off and replace them with a rope starter. It's easier and more convenient for the user."

"That's fine," I said. I gave John a glance. "Just what I wanted anyway."

So that's where the mower is now: at Lane's, getting a new, simple, old-fashioned starter put on it. By the time the deadline for the next column rolls around, I should be getting my weekly workout trotting around behind the mower once more, Thots pumpling through my head and reams of deathless prose being composed in my mind and lost therein to the ages forever more. Meantime...

WHEN IS IT FANAC? In *Prehensile* #11 (which arrived in today's mail--is the Postal Service trying to tell me something?), Mike Glycer opines, in response to a list of fan Hugo suggestions from Michael Glicksohn, "As for Ted White, if he's done much fanwriting this year I didn't see it. There's been his *Algol* column, written by Ted White, editor of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, about writers' agents and SFWA. There've been his letters to *Outworlds*, written as editor of the Ultimate zines in explana-

tion of Sol Cohen. But unless you count Ted's letters in *Passing Parade* I haven't seen any fanwriting by him this year."

Stung to the quick, I began thumbing through the pages of my memory, looking for examples which might prove Glycer wrong. Well, he overlooked my column in *The Alien Critic*, but inasmuch as it dealt with why I quit the SFWA, I don't suppose it would have changed his mind. And my column in *Algol* didn't concern itself entirely with agents--one installment did, but the next one was on topics like *Algol*'s tenth annish, the sf play *Warp*, and stuff like that--nor was it written from the podium of my editorship of *Amazing & Fantastic*.

Then too, Mike doesn't belong to the same private apas I do, thus missing eighty or ninety pages of decidedly non-proish writing I turned out during 1973. Nor did he get, I would guess, either my *FAPA*zine, *NULL-F* (which celebrated its 50th issue on its nineteenth anniversary this year) or the local series of one-shots published under the name of *The Gafiate's Intelligencer*. But even if he had, that would not alter the essential question: *When is it fanac?*

This was a thorny question ten years ago. I recall there was a small uproar the year Jack Gaughan won both the pro-artist's and fan-artist's Hugos--despite the fact that Jack had been a voluminous contributor to fanzines that year--and I expect the question is about due for recycling this year. In fact, one wonders why Glycer didn't mount his podium to attack Terry Carr for winning the fan-writer Hugo at Torcon 2--Terry being better known to fans of Glycer's ilk as a pro these years, after all.

Let me say "upfront" (as Harlan might put it) that I am not electioneering (or even "looking") for a second fan-writer Hugo. I like the one I have fine, but the award has been available for only the past seven years and it would seem obvious that more than seven people are deserving of the award. I have at least once since winning mine withdrawn my name from subsequent consideration (when nominated) for just that reason. So I think I can speak on this subject without any axes to be ground.

When is it fanac? The only genuine answer *must* be subjective, I'm afraid. And it won't help Glycer. It's fanac when it *feels* like fanac. That is, when I sit down to write something for a fanzine, I

do so with a certain mental posture, an awareness of audience, no matter what topic I intend to write about. When I write for a fanzine it is with a limited and specific audience in mind. Others beyond that pictured audience may also be among my readers, but they--while welcome to read and respond and include themselves in the audience to whom I am writing--aren't those to whom I am specifically addressing myself. Not until I become aware of them. The thing about a fanzine (even the big ones) is that its audience is small enough and limited enough that I can feel myself a part of a specific group, part of a family, if you will. Now, this family includes both friends and enemies--those whom I like and those whom I dislike. But I know who they are. That's essential.

When, on the other hand, I write an editorial or the like for my prozines, I am aware that the bulk of my audience is totally unknown to me--and that the vocal minority who will respond are unlikely to be really typical of the majority of silent readers. This puts me in a very different 'mental set'--and it directly affects how I write, if not what I write.

I've been a fan for almost twenty-five years now. Fandom is my backyard, the block where I grew up. Does that explain it? I hope so.

ERRATA: *Outworlds* is one of the best-looking fanzines I've ever seen, but I wish Bill would find someone to proof his typing. Mis-spellings don't bother me (I fall prey to them too often myself), but several words were dropped out of my last column (and elsewhere as well) and at least two such omissions seem to me to require correction.

On page 747, column one, first new paragraph, the sentence reads "Verbal contracts are worthless both parties agree upon their details and honor them." It should read, "Verbal contracts are worthless unless..."

And on page 748, second column, last paragraph, "His letter is written in a curious tone, and I find it significant that the most common he resorts to...is rectal." That should be "the most common image..."

REPLAY: Several readers address themselves to points raised by or dealt with in this column, in *Outworlds* 19. I feel that I have said all that I need to on the basic topics of previous columns here, but obviously some clarification or reply is called for in a few cases.

Denis Quane, for instance, entirely misses the point of the origins of my exchange with Harlan Ellison, and then after redefining the exchange accuses me of "ignoring these points."

My argument was not actually with any claims Ellison made for AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS--it was with Piers Anthony, who characterized the stories published therein as "unpublishable elsewhere." Piers offered as an example of this criterion Richard Lupoff's story. I pointed out that this was an ironic choice indeed, for reasons already explained.

But the "unpublishable elsewhere" criteria was always a red herring. In fact I doubt very much that any of the stories published in any of the DANGEROUS VISIONS volumes were actually unpublishable elsewhere--even in the mid-sixties. And I said this publicly on a "Dangerous Visions" panel at the 1966 Westerncon, to Harlan's face. It is possible that some of those stories would have been unpublishable according to publishing standards of the mid-fifties and earlier, but let us remember that by the time DANGEROUS VISIONS was being assembled Michael Moorcock was pub-

lishing *New Worlds* on a wide-open basis, and other markets were opening up which were by no means limited. When I assumed the editorship of *Amazing* and *Fantastic* in late 1968, I kicked all taboos out the door, and I think Ben Bova is doing much the same with *Analog*.

Now I did not make any moral or legal points about the publication of Lupoff's story in A.D.V.--I simply pointed out that it was "unpublishable elsewhere" because Harlan would not allow it to be published elsewhere, a point Harlan actually documented between sneers. It really does not seem to me to matter why he would not allow it to be published elsewhere (he was entirely within his rights), but it did seem to me that Lupoff's story was not a good choice to use in illustrating the point that no one else would buy it--when a buyer did in fact make a handsome offer for it.

Now that was my point. And I refuse to be drawn into an entirely extrane-

TED WHITE

ous set of arguments over the morality, legality, etc., of Harlan's refusal to allow the story publication elsewhere.

Quane then accuses me of "tactics" similar to those used in my argument with Milt Stevens over the content and implications of my editorials on the Worldcon question. Again, I think Quane has missed the central point. Those editorials were not directed toward Stevens or the LAcon, but Stevens insisted that I had labeled him and his co-workers on the LAcon "a thief, an associate of thieves."

How would Quane feel if I said, "In his letter Denis Quane accuses me of vicious and slanderous attacks on Harlan Ellison, Richard Lupoff and Milton Stevens, and as far as I am concerned he is a liar!"? Would he rise to say, "But that's not what I said at all!"? Would he do this (to use his own words) "as if the dispute was only about the exact words he had used ...completely ignoring the fact that (my) quarrel (is) concerned with the implications of his words, and the conclusions drawn from them, rather than the exact words which had been used"?

Now the fact is that the inferences Stevens drew from what I had written were not intended by me. When I tried to point this out--several times, in several ways, with increasing annoyance--I was contradicted. "You did too mean it!" was the basic reply. To which I could only reply, "Well, if the shoe fits, wear it in good health."

Is this arguing "about exact words"?

In closing his letter, Quane says of himself, "Being a Nixon man..."--so perhaps all I need say is, "I know what I said and I know what I meant."

Memo to Jerry Kaufman: I have tried writing letters directly to Harlan, and I tried to do so in an un-One-up, non-point-scoring fashion. Harlan has never given these letters the courtesy of a reply. His letters to me (the latest is in the July *Fantastic*) are always in response to a public comment about something in which he is involved, always snidely nasty, and usually made as public as possible (the letter to *Fantastic*, which he demanded I publish, went in carbon-copy form to *Locust*, for example). Frankly, Harlan's public actions these days deeply disgust me, and I apologize if this disgust has provoked me to reply to him in kind.

The question of language remains with us, but I think Paula Lieberman's letter answered Eric Bently's more than adequately, even if it was printed first. Paula demonstrates that daily usage of "swear-words" exists among the present generation of males and females--and it seems inevitable that the language in which we speak will filter into the fiction we read (and write).

Paula misreads me, however, if she thinks I regard swearing as an exclusively male prerogative. I don't; I do however regard swearing as a commonplace in all-male groups, especially when the group is under stress (as in war). My use of the word "emasculating" was meant more literally than she has taken it, when I suggested that to write about such situations without resorting to such language in the dialogue would be to emasculate the dialogue. I might have said, to equal effect, that this would be to castrate the dialogue. Perhaps this image seems equally inappropriate to her, but I think it a valid image:

Castration is commonly practiced on male animals, both pets (cats, in particular) and farm animals (geldings, steers), because it makes them less aggressive, more docile, and fatter. I submit that castration of dialogue can have the same effect.

Eric Bently insists on casting me and my opinions into simplistic molds with which he can then argue more successfully. "You are obviously influenced by the 'Age of Protest', and feel that you must do your bit toward breaking what taboos you can find to break--whether they really need breaking or not! As a leading exponent of what I can best describe as 'The Effluent Society,' you must admit that this is true."

My ever-handy dictionary has this to say:

Taboo: 1. A prohibition excluding something from use, approach, or mention because of its sacred and inviolable nature. 2. An object, word, or act protected by such a prohibition. 3. A ban or inhibition attached to something by social custom or emotional aversion. 4. Belief in or conformity to religious or social prohibitions. 5. A proscription devised and observed by any group for its own protection. (Tongan tabu, perhaps "exceedingly marked," marked as sacred: ta, mark plus bu, exceedingly.)

On Effluent: Flowing out or forth.--n. Something that flows out or forth; especially: a. A stream flowing out of a lake or other body of water. b. An outflow of a sewer, storage tank, irrigation canal, or other channel. (Middle English, from Latin effluens, present participle of effluere, to flow out.)

Frankly, I reject Eric's characterization of me. This is the first I was aware that I'd been influenced by any such "Age of Protest"--of which I was unaware until now--but my feeling in general is that taboos represent unhealthy suppressions of healthy human feelings, usually as a result of pressure from vested interests, often The Church. To the extent that I feel this, I would guess that I do "my bit" toward breaking such taboos. I don't feel I've made any important contributions in this direction, however--unlike, say, Galileo, who went up against the taboo of investigation of celestial realities.

As for being a "leading exponent of...The Effluent Society," I am nonplussed. I would suppose that Bently has coined this term to represent me as a proponent of 'dirty' language, deriving

it from the connotation of "effluent" as "sewage". But of course a more justified definition of an "Effluent Society" would be one which has much outflow--a society, say, which encourages conspicuous consumption, waste, etc.

Well, I don't belong to *that* society--my entire lifestyle is opposed to wasteful consumption--and I doubt I belong to any other. I am not advocating the usage of obscene language--I am advocating the *freedom* to use such language when and where it is appropriate.

This discussion began with a narrower focus: the use of obscene language in science fiction. And I repeat what I've said before: there should be no taboo against its use *where appropriate* in sf. For the most part, that means in dialogue--as a reflection of what the character would really say in the fictional circumstances in which we find him.

Eric is arguing--with much slight of hand and evasion of positions--against this freedom, for censorship. He is saying that he knows better, and that it is wrong--taboo--to write fiction in that way.

And about all I can say in reply (that I've not said before--many times before) is that the thrust of literary history is against him.

Eric also asks me, "Do you honestly, logically believe that the use of four-letter words is either going to increase the sales of *Amazing* or of your own novels if used?"

This is a red-herring of a question if ever I encountered one. It is based on nothing I have said or suggested, and is totally irrelevant to the discussion we've had up to now, which has centered around the use of such language in a historical context and its appropriateness in sf.

But, to answer the question, I have no idea of whether four-letter words have increased or would increase the sales

of either *Amazing* or my own books. The question had never before occurred to me in these terms.

I have used four-letter words sparingly in my own fiction. In one book, *THE SORCERESS OF QAR*, I did make use of erotic realism--and a surprising number of people (from Wally Wood to a girl I met at a non-fannish party recently) were favorably impressed by that, even though I regard the book as a failure and my worst book to date. If you were to go through my published fiction, counting "four-letter words," I imagine you'd find few beyond the "damns" and "hells". I simply didn't have many scenes I felt needed more than that.

As for *Amazing*, I have published some fairly strong stuff therein--Robert Silverberg's *THE SECOND TRIP*, Barry Malzberg's *On Ice*--largely because I felt the overall worth of each piece justified its use of explicit words and phrases.

I very rarely consider sales *first* in deciding on a piece of fiction. (I would suppose that this has been important only in considering the recent Conan stories I've published. The first two brought about a sharp increase in sales in the issues in which they appeared. Under such circumstances, I'd be a fool to reject future Conan stories unless I regarded them as totally without worth--and thus far that has not been a problem.) Usually I am impressed by the *quality* of a work, and I operate on the general axiom that a good story in a given issue will help sell the *next* issue. The reverse is also true.

That is, if I publish a story like *On Ice*, it is highly unlikely that its nature is going to either cost me sales or boost my sales for the issue in which it appears. The buyer of that issue, after all, must put down his money *before* he reads the stories therein. However, if he liked the issue he may well buy the next,

and if he disliked it he may decide *not* to buy the next. But the impression he forms is likely to be based on the overall *gestalt* of an issue, and not on one given story, since he knows stories vary in theme, approach and nature even within a single issue and will vary equally with those in the next.

So I regard the question of "four-letter words" and their effect on sales as unanswerable. There are too many other factors.

But I think that one tangible dividend of the occasional use of stories which use "four-letter words" is that one's magazine becomes known as an *honest* magazine, one in which taboos are not blindly enforced. Writers deeply appreciate this, and so do many readers (I have no idea what percentage they reflect of the total readership, however). When Alexei Panshin said recently that he knew of no other editor who would have published Jack Dann's *Junction* (which has been heavily nominated for a Nebula--and may even have won one by the time you read this), he caught the thrust of my ambitions exactly. The question of "Does this story have four-letter words in it?" is not germane. The question, "Should the presence of such words influence my editorial decision?" must be answered, "It depends on whether they are a valid part of the story." Thus, I require--demand!--the freedom to consider a story on its own merits, unclouded by rote taboos, such as Bentcliffe would urge upon me.

(Ah, but we must remember we are writing here in a *fanzine*--and this sort of topic might lead some fans to conclude that I was donning my Professional Persona. That would never do. No.)

OUTRO: Thus we conclude another installment of these Thots.



Beer Mutterings

POUL ANDERSON

MOSTLY THIS COLUMN is just for fun and tells a lot of lies. But now and then I can't help using it for serious purposes. Here is one of those times. What I'd like to do is ask for your help, in the form of your idea, in a matter than concerns us all.

I write near the close of a lovely April day after a couple of hours indoors paying the month's accumulated legitimate bills--which is right and proper, of course--and the Great Rip-off--which is not, and impels me to start trying to do something about it.

That something is not to bitch about taxes as such. True, government at its best goes about things with monumental inefficiency, and more often is directly harmful. I resent punting up to subsidize foreign tyrants and crooks, domestic loafers and hoodlums, labor and capital cartels, snooping, restriction, and the horrible rest of it. However, nobody we sent to Washington could soon cut the federal budget by much. Besides necessities like defense, there are too many past follies to pay for. Thus, Social Security is an utter fraud, but millions of people have been forced at gun point to become dependent on it till it would have to be phased out very gradually. To repudiate the national debt would amount to confiscation. To repudiate our debt to classes like wounded veterans would be monstrous. Et cetera, et cetera. The individual states and municipalities are in a similar

trap. The first effect of conversion to rationality in public affairs could well be a sharp temporary *increase* in taxes. (My libertarian friends don't like to hear this, any more than my liberal friends like to be reminded that it isn't private organizations which fight wars and operate concentration camps, it's governments.)

Granting, then, that for a long time to come we must endure heavy levies, the question is how. What kind? Why? What I want to see is an end to income tax, repeal of the Sixteenth Amendment and enactment of a new one prohibiting any such exaction at any level. But this wish is empty unless an adequate replacement can be proposed.

Let's ask ourselves what the characteristics are of the least pernicious tax. The following list looks reasonable to me, though you may think of other criteria.

- (1) It must raise the needed revenue.
- (2) It must be inexpensive to administer.
- (3) It must be readily collectible, preferably automatically to make evasion impossible.
- (4) It must distribute the burden equitably.
- (5) It must have a minimum of adverse economic and other social effects.
- (6) It must not give the authorities unnecessary power. This is important enough to state separately.

By each standard except the first, income tax is a ghastly failure. And even the first is debatable.

(1) What is "needed" revenue? It's way too easy to decree further nicks in the citizen's paycheck. (Excise taxes and the like are still simpler to keep out of sight, out of mind; but they don't share every other vice of income tax.) Increases should be difficult to get. In fact, I'd Constitutionally limit public fiscal intake and outgo to a fixed percentage of gross national product. That's another story, though.

(2) The IRS costs half a billion dollars a year. This is merely its own outlay, with no mention of an army of outside accountants and lawyers or of the victims' time and energy. Don't big grown men and women have real tasks on hand?

(3) Despite the 1984 collection apparatus, multimegabucks which are legally due escape each year. I don't mind that per se, myself. It's a myth that tax evaders and avoiders throw an extra load on people like me who pay as required and have no gimmicks. More revenue wouldn't buy us a thing except more bureaucrats. However, the costly nosiness is there because of the built-in leakiness. Also, I object to the fact that harmless, useful citizens are behind bars--at public expense--because they succumbed to a temptation which need never have been put before them. (Some argue that tax evasion has been the only rap to hang on villains like Al Capone. Nonsense. This merely shows the regular police were incompetent, and the Feds took off any pressure to reform them.)

(4) Naturally, each class of people maintains that taxes hit it hardest. But I don't know of anyone who's studied the income tax at all--whether or not he accepts it in principle, which of course most do--who doesn't agree that it's rotten with special privilege and grossly regressive. The clever, and the rich who can hire specialists, enjoy exemptions beyond the dreams of the worker or the petit bourgeois. This doesn't matter as far as individuals are concerned. There aren't enough millionaires to make a significant difference; and anyhow, economic egalitarianism is nothing more than a modern expression of what aforetime was called the deadly sin

of envy. The discrimination *does* matter when on the one hand we let huge corporations make a ridiculously tiny return, while on the other hand we grind down individuals and small companies that might otherwise grow to give them some competition and thereby give the ordinary human a break. Income tax is bringing about a plutocracy, if indeed it hasn't already. In case you are wondering, a plutocracy is the kind of government Carthage had when it went up against Rome.

(5) The foregoing is one adverse effect, and earlier I mentioned the creation of criminals through the creation of a crime to commit. As for economics, any tax skews the economy, but income tax does so to a grotesque extent. To give a single example, my accountant reproaches me for keeping a perfectly serviceable car, now about seven years old and in many respects better than any current model, instead of replacing annually or biennially in order that he can claim depreciation and interest payments. Multiply this by millions, and what does it do to the environment? What resources does it take that could be used for better purposes? Think for a while about your own circumstances.

(6) Everything else might be bearable, but the power that income tax gives to government is not. Those liberals who complain about the FBI keeping dossiers on subversives or the credit mongers keeping files on customers, don't seem to mind in the least that the Internal Revenue Service routinely asks every kind of impertinent question and has drawers bulge with the most intimate information on each single taxpayer in the country. Those reactionaries who, when Social Security entered the system, maintained that the numbers would become dog tags, have been proven correct. Dead against the spirit and letter of the Bill of Rights, we are presumed guilty unless we can prove innocence. Harassment to the point of economic and even personal ruin grows ever more frequent. I should add that this remark is based on documentation, not on direct experience. The sole time so far I was audited, the examiner was courteous in a hangman fashion; after I'd gone to a lot of effort which might have been applied productively, he allowed a substantial deduction he had earlier challenged. But there are too many cases of outright persecution, and we all live under the ax. Himmler and Beria didn't need to arrest their whole populations to bring the Terror.

We aren't quite that far along--yet. But the intrinsically oncoidal nature of government makes me fear for the morrow. A generation ago I wrote a story some of you may remember, *Sam Hall*, about a fascist future America which used a computerized data bank to keep day-by-day track of everyone in the country. We've almost finished building it by now, and its initials are IRS.

Thus the indictment, or rather a sketch thereof. We come to my request for your ideas. If income tax is an institution both evil and stupid, with what can we replace it that will meet the standards set forth?

There's much to be said for sales tax. However, it does discriminate in favor of the rich. The poor might have to be given rebates or some other form of relief. This would multiply bureaucracy, invite cheating, and require invasions of privacy.

At present I incline toward a tax on credit transactions: a percentage of the principal of interest-bearing loans (late payments with finance charges included), added proportionately to each installment of their clearance. Without having done any close analysis, I suspect it would meet the criteria.

(1) Adjustment of the percentage as conditions varied would produce needed revenue; the volume of such business is enormous.

(2) Since records are kept anyway, it wouldn't cost much to program the computers to figure things out for the government too.

(3) Evasion would be impossible. If you use your credit (other than for ordinary items billed monthly as a mutual convenience), your tax is collected and forwarded by your creditors.

(4) If you're poor, you mostly or entirely use cash, and thus would get little or no tax. To be sure, the well-off would pay cash more often than they do these days; but this effect would be minor, I think, and could in any event be compensated for by adjusting the percentage bite on loans. You see, credit is important enough to current society that it would continue to be used for major expenditures. The difference would seldom be felt in the pocketbook. For example, what's it to you whether you have x dollars per month deducted from your paycheck or added to your mortgage payment? Credit tax would actually help you, by letting you budget according to your individual family needs and desires rather than locking you into an arbitrary scheme--not to speak of the paperwork many of us would be spared.

(5) As said, a credit tax would encourage people to pay cash whenever this is practical. Personally, I think that's desirable in itself. But the real benefit should come from levies on business. You don't suppose steel mills are bought or oil wells drilled on cash terms, do you? No, industry needs financing far more than people do. Why shouldn't it pay in relation to the assets it acquires? For that matter, why shouldn't the moneyfolk themselves--like insurance companies, which have garnered an unholy amount of the nation's capital--fork over a fair share? Economists have refuted the common belief that business merely passes taxes on it to the consumer in the form of higher prices. The effects fall on it and them about equally. The proof is too long to give here; but if you feel surprised, you might recollect that every dollar paid to the government is potentially one less for the company.

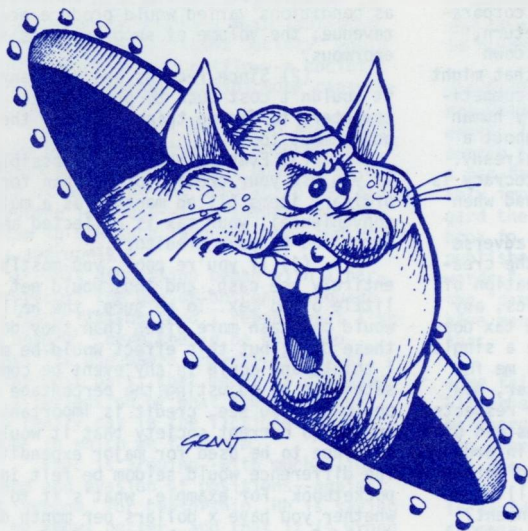
(6) Officialdom would need only the power to examine the records of lenders, which it has already. This right of search could and should be restricted to the sums involved and, I admit reluctantly, the identities of borrowers, for purposes of keeping their creditors honest. Other information which a lender may have required is no business of any third party.

There you have it. Obviously a lot of details remain to fill in; and maybe the entire idea is wrong. I'd be happy to see arguments pro and contra my suggestion, or whatever different suggestions readers care to make. Eventually I hope to write an article, or even a book, for regular publication.

Contact me, if you wish, at 3 Las Palomas, Orinda, California 94563. I probably won't have time to answer most letters at length, but will make brief and grateful acknowledgement. If anything worthwhile develops, I'll report on it here at a later date.

Liberty forever!

[...normally I do prefer that comments come here first...but in this case--if you have anything more to say than Poul's idea is 'great' or 'not so'--it would be best if you did write Poul direct...]



INTERFACE Letters & INwords

Outworlds #18 -- WRAP-UP

JAY KINNEY I found your 8-1/2 x 14 experimental format to be a project worthy of praise with the added comment that it made reading OW rather awkward and the center pages have already come loose. As a one-time thing it's okay, but I would cry "cease, please" if it were to be a regular presentation.

I can see your future offset circulation hopes as the logical continuation of your past concerns and your discussion of this in IW [#10] made sense. I have no particular vested interest in keeping OW on a small/mimeo level, though if such expansion tendencies with faneds were to become a major trend in SF Fandom I would worry that the same fate might befall SF Fandom as has happened with Comics Fandom --where high prices and slick repro are the rule for fanzines, with the contents often falling far behind the presentation in quality.

This is (to generalize wildly) one of the more obvious weaknesses of the West these days--where packaging and advertising have developed to such a sophisticated level that very often the actual product doesn't meet the expectations aroused at all. We're all familiar with the lousy record albums with great jackets; books whose covers promise more than is ever delivered inside; the campaign vows that are never kept...the list goes on endlessly and not unfamiliarly.

I shant accuse OW of this as I think that what I have found uninteresting in its contents in the past has come from a divergence of tastes on our parts--not from low quality ingredients. But at a time when OW is poised, ready to go offset and run \$1.00 a copy, I'd just like to voice the hope that the joys of the design opportunities before you don't overshadow the need for solid cereal in the box. End of editorial drone. I do look forward to seeing what develops.

PHILIP M. COHEN ...Money saving or not, 310 Stewart Ave. it's about the least attractive issue you've put out since I walked in, a sad contrast to the Norm Hochberg fantasy at the beginning (a beautiful idea). Dan Steffan's fine *Thunderbean* centerfold is hanging on by 1/2 staple. I hope your long paper runs out soon.

I think I'm one of the people

Dragged into the Future is aimed at, and I'm still unconvinced. The comparison with Isabella's Spain is silly; (a) We already know lots about what's out there, and it ain't hospitable; (b) Except for cislunar trips, present craft are about as useful as rowboats would have been to Columbus. Brief retorts diverse: Spin-off? Yes, but far less value for money spent than the title implies. Jobs created? Yes, and look what the pyramids did for the stonecutters; any boondoggle [accent on *boondoggle*, not *any*] could claim the same. One or two cents on the tax dollar? Doesn't look so small when you're dealing with gigabucks. COLONIES TO RELIEVE POPULATION PRESSURE? Migawd!

The only justification for the space program, as far as I'm concerned, is that it enables us, to some extent, to gain information that could be gained in no other way. So I consider the space program a good thing--in moderation. But I question the wisdom of sending up Apollo astronauts in quick succession, rather than squeezing every drop of information out of each trip before even planning the next. In fact, I question the economy of any but a minimum of manned flights.

These days my sense of wonder begins at Jupiter, and it'll be a long while before manned flights get out there. Unless Harry Warner's propulsion power breakthrough appears. So let's concentrate more on building a steamship and less in crossing the Atlantic in rowboats.

Now an informal linguistic response to the discussion raised by John Leavitt's letter. My main point has already been made by John Flynn: reduce the complexity of language in one place and it reappears elsewhere. An English form like 'would have been being eaten' is as 'complex' as anything in Latin. And, though it has been argued by reputable linguists that civilization leads to simplification of inflections, the evidence nowadays is considered unconvincing. Why, say, is Cambodian as inflectionless as they come, while Japanese has a multitude of verb forms? And so on.

As for Nesha Kovalick's assertion that Latin is 'simple and well-ordered' compared to English, that's unlikely. There are almost no records of ordinary, spoken-in-the-viās Vulgar Latin; what we have is a restricted, much codified literary form. And it's still a lot messier than a Latin II text might lead you to think.

In short, any claim of correlation between civilization and language 'complexity'--whatever that means--is suspect. Vocabulary is the only exception; naturally,

social specialization and printing increase it immensely.

To Harry Warner, Jr.: Primitive peoples have general words like 'tree', just as we do. Claims to the contrary arise from reports by people with little knowledge of the language. (Abstractions are hard to elicit.) Of course, they may have many more words for kinds of trees, but that's because they have use for them, just as we have an extensive vocabulary for car types.

ERIC MAYER I agree with most of what RD 1, Falls Tom Collins says but he PA 18615 makes the mistake of bringing up what is by now cliché

--mainly that the space program has shown us that "anything is possible if we but want it badly enough." That just isn't so. Science isn't an Aladdin's lamp. Technology isn't omnipotent. This is an outmoded and potentially dangerous idea. Besides, I can't bear to read another editorial saying, "If we can go to the moon we can cure cancer, or turn dirt into oil, or license all the dogs in Falls." I'm almost as sick of hearing that canard as hearing the one about all the money spent on Skylab that could be spent better, "here on earth" or "cleaning up the slums" or whatever. Spaceage clichés--UGH!

Imagination is frowned upon by society. One of society's measures of "maturity" is a lack of imagination euphemistically called "being realistic." The "mature" individual tends to see the imaginative individual as an escapist. (After all, there is no financial point to having an imagination. Consider the average SF writer...) I remember reading an editorial recently, following the failure of Kahoutek to show its tail. A lot of people were disappointed. The editorial writer chided these folks at length, implying that they were using Kahoutek to as an excuse to ignore social problems but now they'd have to get the stars out of their eyes and start facing reality. He absolutely gloated over the comet's non-arrival. Needless to say the paper treated supporters of the space program in the same manner, even suggesting that they may have read too much SF as children. (And now it was time to grow up.)

I'm not surprised to find this attitude rampant outside of Fandom, but inside...? That is puzzling. People are perhaps too quick to adopt the little cubbyholes government and media have prepared for them. What are you? A liberal or a conservative? Conservatives support Nixon. Oh, so you're a liberal then. Fine. Liberals don't support the space program, of course...

Good article by Lowndes. BEOWULF can be reduced to a pulp adventure. I struck a blow for something or other (ignorance?) by doing that for an English paper last year. Any piece of literature can be read for the wrong reasons.

Lowndes mentions that the weird tale often has no plot in the action-formula story sense. There is another major difference between the two. In the action-formula story the hero must win out by his own efforts. The whole point of the story is the hero's mastery over the real world. The introduction of the supernatural implies the existence of powers beyond the realm of human understanding or control. The very fact that there is a "supernatural" shows that man is not fully aware of his universe let alone its master. I think that the weird tale makes greater demands on the reader's imagination sine SF usually extrapolates (to some degree however small) from known facts whereas the weird tale posits an entirely new order of things, alien to

scientific rationalism. Who knows, the way things are going in ESP research, weird fiction might turn out to be science fiction after all.

Dave Locke certainly makes a Startling Revelation! A fan who doesn't write fiction? I can hardly believe it. Every SF editor in the country should send him a note of thanks. Just imagine how those slush piles would shrink if all fans stopped writing SF stories! But then, the slush pile is the frustrated authors' revenge!!

Norm Hochberg's "cover schematic" is truly a thing of wonder. I goes especially well with the rather odd design of this issue. (Odd, but fun. I hope the offset printing and increased subs don't cause you to standardize your format. I like being surprised.) The artwork is quite good, especially Dan Steffan's Torcon People.

Re George Barr's LoC--I've always wondered why authors retain reprint rights to their work while publishers, in effect, buy all rights to artwork. What good does it do a publisher to keep the original of a cover? They certainly never use them over again. (Do they?) I'm sure artists could afford to do better stuff if they could get two checks out of it. The publishers could have better work at the same price if they wanted.

By the way, that loc you printed this time was the first one I ever wrote. Gosh wow. Funny, all these zines that are so "cold-bloodedly, Fandom-threateningly, pr-----!" all give out free copies for printed locs...hmmmm.

Outworlds #18 -- OUT-TAKES

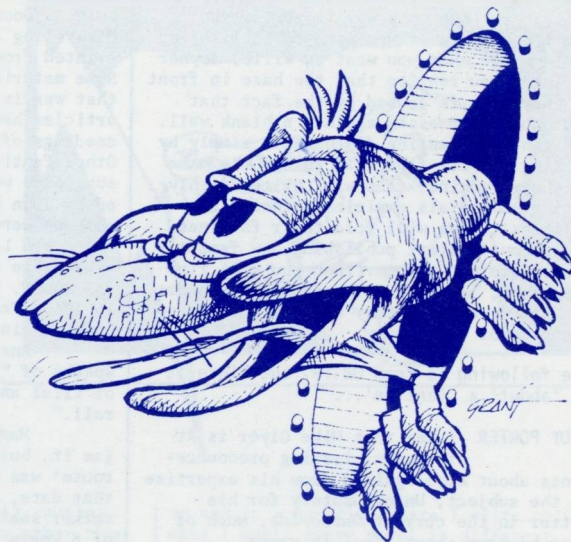
JOHN AYOTTE: Don't let anyone give you any shit about the format of 18. It works... and that's what matters the most. My graphic biases may be of the same intensity as yours, but they are fundamentally different...but it seems like a perfectly valid format to me.

GEORGE FLYNN: One thing I did look at in the interior was my own letter, and here I find that you have done me a grievous injury! I described *The Dead Past* as about a machine "to see into the past", but you printed "sent into the past". By this fiendish ingenuity in producing a typo which superficially makes sense, you will lead all your readers to believe that I don't know what I'm talking about. I refer you again to my remarkably apposite remarks about publishers betraying authors.

Norm Hochberg has a point, but insufficient imagination: obviously the ultimate *Outworlds* will be assembled in a higher dimension, with infinite connectivity among the pages; and anyone foolhardy enough to open it will vanish into a space warp.

GERARD HOUARNER: I would advise you to drop the format like a ton of turkey, except you might pick up on Norm Hochberg's style, and I don't think I can retain my dubious claim to sanity of *Outworlds* #19 comes out looking like THAT! (However, just for the hell of it, I'd like to see you try and do something with the mobius strip. Go ahead, I dare ya.)

Thanks, also, to: SHERYL BIRKHEAD, RAYMOND J. BOWIE, JR., DONN BRAZIER, JERRY KAUFMAN, MIKE GORRA, CARLETON PALMER, DICK PATTEN & DAVID SOMERVILLE. ## OW 18 didn't draw a tremendous response, but since it was two thirds 'wrap-up' lettercol, that's fine... ## Sorry about all the 'loose' pages, but the stapler was/is a bummer: I had to bend over EVERY staple with a knife... That's why it took 3 months to get out!



GRAFANEDICA-TYPE LETTERS

...as you'll recall from last time, I was going to run some of the comments on *The Making of a Fanzine's* first appearance in these pages...in EDICA #1. Even after the 'merger' I was going to run a separate lettercol. Perhaps in the future, but this time *everything* gets lumped together!

JEFF SMITH ...I even learned something from *The Making of a Fanzine*. --I mean, there's a lot of things I could learn from you about fanzine production, but a lot of it I wouldn't be too interested in learning, probably. This was something basic: Paste drawings up for electrostencils by the top only. Well, now that I know it it seems painfully obvious, but for almost three years now I've been swabbing them through the middle and then painfully pulling them off later. --And let me tell you about the time I ran out of Elmer's and rubber cement and everything else, and I had already learned about scotch tape, so I used...stencil cement. When it dried a nice dark X showed through the drawing. I resigned myself to printing that nice big X, and indeed, if I had taken it to a commercial electrostenciller that's what I would have gotten. (One girl at Gestetner once said to me, "Oh, this stencil is ruined. Your drawing runs into the printing"--the bit that says "Vinyl-Stencil" or whatever, and which does not print. Even I knew that.) Anyway, back to The Big X. Jack Chalker gestefaxed it for me on his machine, and thanks to some superb knob-twiddling managed to all but erase the X. (The drawing is by Mike Archibald and it illustrates Paula Marmor's poem *The Moor Ghost*. If you look it up in *Phantasmicom* 10 you'll see how little of that Big X remains.)

HARRY WARNER, JR. I wasn't able to locate a Funk & Wagnells at the public library, but I did find "fanzine" in one dictionary there. Webster's Third New International Dictionary of the English Language Unabridged, whose library copy is dated 1961, gives the etymology of the word and then this definition: "A periodical that is written and edited by science fiction and fantasy enthusiasts and that is frequently prepared by mimeographing." It was a trifle more accurate a dozen years ago than today, of course. Your definition comes closer, if you define "fan" as any kind of enthusiast of anything. I'm afraid that the word has gained enough acceptance by the mundane world to lose the original sense that linked it to amateur

publications by people who have or used to have interest in science fiction and fantasy. It bobs up occasionally in national publications, undefined as if almost everyone knows what it means, when referring to the Hollywood-type "fan"... no, that's badly put. I don't mean it's used to refer to newsstand magazines about movie stars which are often called fan magazines, but publications about a certain singer or actor issued by his devotees out of hero worship instead of hope of profit.

The only real change I would suggest for your essay: a fifth type of fanzine, for which I can't think of a convenient name along the lines of genzine or apazine, the specialized kind of fanzine that sticks to swords & sorcery or the works of Burroughs or a crusade against Charlie Brown. Such a listing is need particularly if this essay is to be read by people who might publish a fantasy-related fanzine but know little about the things: I think this is the most fertile field for the neofan to harrow, because there's a genuine need for specialized fanzines on such things as book art, fanzine collecting, a dozen or more professional authors, and goodness knows what all else.

One more comment: In the ninth *Inworlds*, you mention briefly the NFFF official organ, and say "I'm not into clubs and organizations." (That's out of context since I've amputated the following words as libelous and untrue.) Now, I'm sure this article was valuable to you in its original appearance, because it was part of your formal education. If I reacted similarly to most *Outworlds* readers, I'm sure most people found pleasure in it in this appearance for seeing known facts assembled in a neat, compact package but the bulk of it must have been a review of already known facts for most of your readers. Now, the NFFF is where such an article belongs. I don't like organizations in general, either, I've joined almost nothing in Hagerstown and very little in fandom, but I make exceptions where they seem justified, like a worldcon society or the NFFF. In NFFF you would have the ideal audience for such an article: mostly younger fans, many of whom are thinking about fanzine publishing, mainly youngsters who don't live in big fan centers and can't get advice at local club meetings.

DAVE LOCKE "Editorial independence" is the only way to go. If you don't publish what you want to publish, or don't write what you want to write, sooner or later you realize that the haze in front of your eyes is caused by the fact that your nose is pressed against a blank wall. You can see 'fanzine discontent' simply by looking for it: fans will change the name of their fanzine; fans will write deathly boring editorials explaining their 'new policies'; fans will fold their fanzines and promptly start publishing new fanzines with different slants. Then you will find sane fans, like the Coulsons or the Bowers, who simply do what they want to do with no pretense of continuity.

The following is from OW 19, but since it is 'about' a 'fanzine'...

ANDY PORTER I see that Mike Glycer is At It Again, issuing pronouncements about *Algol* gained from his expertise in the subject. Unfortunately for his letter in the current *Outbound*, much of what he says about *Algol* is wrong.

To answer specific points, Glycer says, "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 contris (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 *Algol*."

That statement is misleading, inaccurate, and the portion in parentheses is subterfuge--Glycer can not possibly know what or when I paid for material, if any. The facts of the matter are as follows:

Major articles, in my estimation, which have appeared in *Algol* in the last five or so years are as follows: The Martian Cities Appear to Have Been Inhabited (poetry) - Lawrence Janifer; A Time For Daring - Harlan Ellison; Some Architectural Sketches for "The Towers" - Samuel R. Delany; In The Ruins (fiction) - Delany; Gunpowder I' The Court, Wildfire At Midnight - Banks Mebane; Are Femme Fans Human - Robin White; The Background of Chthon - Piers Anthony; On Pornography - Anne McCaffrey; From the Nebula Awards Banquet - Frederick Pohl/Lawrence Ashmead; The Bug Jack Barron Papers - Norman Spinrad; Sketch for Two Part Invention - Samuel R. Delany; The Devaluation of Values - J J Pierce; The Influence of Fandom - Robert A. W. Lowndes; Lefty Freep & I - Robert Bloch; John W Campbell & The Meat Market - John Bangsund; Writing & The Demolished Man - Alfred Bester; Charles Brockden Brown: The Broken Hearted Look - Richard Wilson; Traveling Giant - Robert Silverberg; Experiment Perilous: The Art & Science of Anguish in SF - Marion Z. Bradley; Science Fiction As Social Comment - Frederik Pohl; The Overseas Scene: An Australian Viewpoint - George Turner; Exploring Cordwainer Smith - Bangsund, Foyster, Miesel, etc.; Science Fiction As Empire - Brian Aldiss; Dreams Must Explain Themselves - Ursula K. Le Guin; The Lathe of Heaven--Taoist Dream - Doug Barbour; The Art & Craft of Writing SF - John Brunner; In Search of Perfect Knowledge - Greg Benford; A New Metaphor for the future - JG Ballard; The Life & Times Of SeeTee Smith - Jack Williamson

That's a pretty impressive lineup. AND NONE OF IT WAS PAID FOR MATERIAL.

As for scouting "low circulation or obscure sources": some material has been

reprinted from other sources. Greg Benford's column "Doorway"; Silverberg's material, "Traveling Giant"--and that's it--were reprinted from FAPA (circulation: 68 copies). Some material was reprinted from apa F--but that was in 1964 and 1965. A number of articles have been reprinted from the Proceedings of the Brazilian SF Film Festival. Other fanzines have reprinted from that source as well, including *Seythrop*, published by John Bangsund. Some of Ted White's columns were reprinted from material in apa F and apa L. Some of Dick Lupoff's book reviews were reprinted from *OPO*, published for apa F. But, since the demise of apa F in 1965, Ted's and Dick's material have been original in *Algol*.

Another inaccuracy is where Glycer speaks of "...Andy Porter, with his years of trial and error, dedication, and bankroll."

Maybe Glycer and others don't realize it, but the decision to 'go the SFR route' was made in early 1972. Prior to that date, *Algol* was going along with a rather small circulation. Over the course of 8 years it had risen from nothing to about 350--hardly a large circulation, even for that time. At the time I published *Algol* #18, I had fewer than 90 subscriptions. And, like most fanzines, I'd been losing money for the entire life of the fanzine. Dedication, yes; trial and error, perhaps; but no bankroll. I started publishing *Algol* when I was a high school senior. I'd never kept track of the costs, but they weren't that high--in 1965 I was working for less than \$100 a week, and, in all honesty, my pay scale has never been high. In fact even today I make less than \$10,000 a year (I'd like to make more; who wouldn't?). My rent is rather high--I used to share an apartment, but haven't for three years, and living in New York isn't cheap.

In fact, in order to make up the deficit created by the last two issues of *Algol*, I recently sold my collections of comics and complete set of *Galaxy*. The money from the sale went into the *Algol* accounts, leaving only the current issue in the red--currently to the tune of \$300.+ So much for that statement.

Finally, Glycer says, "...and even the big genzines, like *Algol*, there is yet a zine to rival *Monster Times*, for scope of audience, so who knows?"

A contributor to *Algol*, looking over the current issue, suggested I could lower the standards, put in more controversial and colorful material, print on newsprint to hold down costs, etc., and go into competition with *Monster Times*. The point is that, like all fanzines, I want to publish the fanzine/magazine I want--not what will sell the most copies to the widest audience. And isn't that what fanzine publishing is all about?

MIKE GLYER I received a carbon of Porter's advertisement: I trust you will charge him the standard rate when you publish it.

I have little interest in playing games of grammar with Porter. It never occurs to Porter, for whatever reason, that I made favorable comments about his fanzine. If anything less than an ego blow-job earns Porter's enmity, one should probably never mention *Algol* at all--though it would have been thoroughly dishonest of me in discussing leading genzines and their editors' methodology to have ignored it.

What is more annoying is that while Porter did so in a most obnoxious and supercilious fashion, he supplied the very data that proves my analysis of his methods in editing *Algol*. I said he scouted low-circulation and obscure sources for the best reprints he could find: he writes an entire paragraph describing just that. I

said he does so to supplement that amount of usable material which he is sent straight off: he lists major articles in *Algol*, and subtracting the reprints, one can see that's exactly the case. I said he had achieved his present status through the judicious application of business and pro sf principles: Porter's paragraph on the problems and solutions of *Algol*'s cash flow provides some details of that. For the latter I take on faith that there is a large cash flow (enormous, compared to the average fanzine), since to clear the deficit "created by the last two issues of *Algol*" he had to sell some of his collection (or is a complete set of *Galaxy* cheap?) and is still \$300 in the hole on the last issue. And in cash flow, it's not debt that counts, but total production expenditure plus total income. Most faneds don't have to go to a large circulation and sell part of their collection simply for the pleasure of remaining \$300 down--hence I refer again to the aptness of my phrase "the judicious application of business principles." Maybe not entirely judicious, but I'll even take that on faith.

Now how that totos up as "misleading, inaccurate" beats me.

Warren Johnson may not be the world's most reliable source, but if Porter indeed informed Johnson via letter that he pays Lupoff for his column, then Porter overstates himself in saying "Glycer can not possibly know what or when I paid for material, if any." Furthermore I remind Porter that he is not the exclusive source of knowledge on this issue, unless those he has paid for material are incompetent to offer evidence.

Porter takes me to task for my writing style, too, when he was intended as its beneficiary. For example, in reference to the line "...years of trial and error, dedication, and bankroll" the money matter is the last of the three mentioned things. In a zine with the cash flow of *Algol*, "bankroll" is far from dishonest, and far from irrelevant. Or am I mistaken in thinking that *Algol*'s appearance and circulation has something to do with the type and quality of material people bestow on him? And I'm not talking about *Algol* 1965 either, so let's not get that red herring dragged through again.

Then Andy gets uptight about my mention of *Monster Times*.

With the mention of *Monster Times* I ended a discussion of the marketability of an excellent fannish fanzine, different from SFR or *Algol* in intent but not quality, though noting that even the better sercon big-circulation genzines don't have the audience of *Monster Times*. For those who need it simply said, if zines with genre identification, pro names and good graphics haven't overhauled a commercialized crock like *Monster Times* then maybe it's quixotic to think about wide distribution for an even more obscure (though quality) product. I grant that this judgement is premature, since fmz have only started to build circulation and a saturation point is not yet established. But the real point is that my remark was value-free with respect to *Algol*. Why does Porter take it as an assault on his integrity?

Quite frankly, Porter's extreme sensitivity to any substantive comment on his operation, particularly that which is accurate and favorable, mystifies me.

Andy IS a bit super-sensitive to any and all comment on his zine, but I really can't fault that. He does leave himself open to the suggestion that everything he didn't 'list' was paid for, although I'm sure that's a false impression. I think

Andy is going to have to decide which way he's going to 'play' it: He has told me & others that he has paid for some material and artwork. Then he comes out with that "if any". I like Andy, and I like what he does; but I'll be damned if I sit by and be 'used' to defend him, when he has two stories for two people.

Now I'm on record as saying that, to me, the act of 'paying' for material takes a fanzine out of the amateur class. But I have no basic objection to someone paying for material if he can, or wants to...or 'needs' to. What I do have to object to is, a) if he isn't honest enough to admit it when asked--particularly when he's competing with those who don't, for awards; b) when he does admit it, but only on a selective basis as if he's ashamed of it; c) or when payment is offered on a selective basis. I don't see any reason why payment should be offered for reprints from other fanzines (presumably they were written for purposes other than monetary reward)(but permission should be sought)--but I can't help wondering if all of Andy's contributors were aware he was paying a few--and what difference (indeed, if any) it would have made in their submissions to him. I imagine he would still have gotten most of the material 'free', but I really think they had a right to know...and to make a decision based on that knowledge. Everybody has their favorites, and plays their favorites. But if you're going to accept money for your zine, and offer same in compensation to get work for that zine, I think you do have obligations to others than yourself. Mainly: ALL contributors.

End of sermon. Comment welcome, but I'm not going to turn this lettercol into a continuing advertisement for (or against) *Algol*. This IS *Outworlds*...

THE PIRS ANTHONY FAN CLUB

BARRY N. MALZBERG I'm trying to lay low for the duration but this new issue of *Outworlds* is stunning and I must thank you for it. It is the best single issue of a fan magazine in terms of production that I have ever seen, the graphics are professional, and the content extraordinarily interesting. What else to say? I wish you the best.

Piers Anthony is generous in implying that due to an excess of integrity I'm not doing too well in the markets or in terms of income over recent years. I am happy to correct this. Although I will leave debates about my integrity to the fundamentalists among us, I would like to propose that over the past eighteen months or so I've probably done as well as any writer working within the categorical limits of the field. Piers must be aware of the fact that I've published ten s-f titles within the last year; there are more in inventory.

His own integrity, of course, has never been in dispute and I hope things will get better for him...and for all of us.

On Ted White. I am on record severally in saying that I think he has done a good and noble job with his magazines--one which was certainly well beyond my means when I was struggling with them back in 1968--and I think that *Fantastic* is the best s-f magazine published today and probably the best since the sliding off of *Galaxy* and *F&SF* in the late fifties. This man has talent. He's also a pretty good writer; more proficient than many people, perhaps even Ted himself, give him credit for being. But he does have a tendency to make misjudgements and hasty statements. Thus:

Harry Harrison did not attempt to block Ted's appointment as editor of A/F

succeeding me in October of 1968. (Ted doesn't say this in this issue; Piers does, picking up one of Ted's accusations in another fan magazine word-for-word.) If Harry, whose relationship with Sol Cohen goes back many, many years had wanted to block Ted he could have. To the contrary, he expressed certain objections to Cohen; Cohen noted them and then asked Harry's permission to hire Ted, stating that he would not go ahead without Harry's blessing. Harry told Sol to do so.

And there was an official SFWA boycott of A/F in 1967.

...NOW I'm really confused!
Reference: Page 2, TAC #9.

DEAN R. KOONTZ Piers Anthony is amusing--usually. No one other than R. Nixon spends so much time telling us how virtuous, slandered, and full of integrity he is...

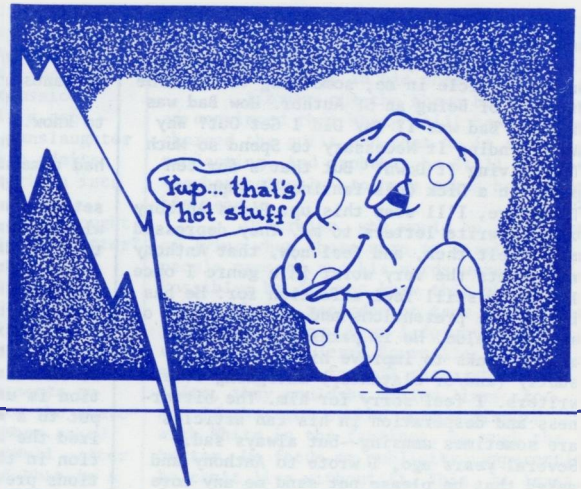
This time, though: no chuckles. In OW 19, Mr. Anthony's paragraphs of ignorance and self-congratulatory moralizing make reference to me. Brief reference, but nastily calculated. Why, Anthony wonders, can he make so little money when "even Dean Koontz" is doing well. It was that "even" which made Barry Malzberg call my attention to Anthony's article--and it is the other statements and inferences put forth by Anthony that made a reply necessary.

Allow me to number my points, a system which should allow Anthony to follow the main line of thought:

ONE. I began writing sf when I was 20, sold two novels when I was 21, and published a lot of *bad* sf. It was bad because I was emotionally, artistically, and professionally immature. Out of 19 sf novels, only the first Bantam book, *FLESH IN THE FURNACE* is satisfactory to me. Not all of the bad stuff was the result of inexperience. Much of it was bad, more often just middling, because I wrote it to pay the bills. *Produce or don't eat* is a truism of this low-paying genre. Always will be, so far as I can see.

TWO. I never intended to be a science fiction writer all my life. It was a learning stage. I got out of it two years ago, when I was 26, and thank God! I respect the handful of artists who have remained in the field for most of their creative lives--though nearly all of them, five out of maybe six artists, are burnt-out cases, thanks to the meager pay, small audience, and critical non-attention. I wanted a larger audience, because the whole point of art is communication. I wanted more money than sf can pay, because I wanted to do far less work and still live well.

THREE. The reprint sale to Dell, which apparently galls Mr. Anthony, was for a comic mainstream novel, *HANGING ON*. That book was well reviewed all over the country, raved about in *Publisher's Weekly*, where the criticism is tougher than most places. *HANGING ON* is doing well for me: the sale of reprint rights in Denmark alone was \$2,600, quite a bit higher than average. Under the name K.R. Dwyer, I have written two books for Random House. Both have received damn good reviews. The second, *SHATTERED*, went into a second printing. The third Dwyer book, *DRAGONFLY*, garnered a five-figure advance from Random House and will be a major novel in terms of both theme and commercial potential. I am now doing a book-a-year for Atheneum under my own name. Here and there: other things. I



am now in a position where I write only what I want; every novel is different from the last, sometimes in style as well as in content and purpose. I'll happily submit *HANGING ON* and *SHATTERED* for merit comparison against any two of Anthony's novels, most of which I've either read or tried to read. I doubt that he has read either *HANGING ON* or *SHATTERED*--yet he can say "even Dean Koontz."

FOUR. After he refers to my success, Anthony says: "Fine for (him)--but I doubt (he) could have done it had (he) insisted on complete integrity in the dealings of (his agent and publisher)." I've changed the pronouns to keep Anthony's other targets out of this. First of all, my agent, who handles relatively few clients, is generally regarded in New York as the toughest and most honest man in the business. I've been working with him two years, and he's helped to turn my career around. But here comes this paranoid crank, Anthony, accusing people he doesn't even know. Secondly, the hard- and soft-cover publishers of *HANGING ON* have behaved with consummate integrity. What the hell does Anthony think? That they're paying me good money *only* if I promise to help them screw other writers, only if I promise to murder infants in my spare time? When a hardcover house advances me five-figures for a novel (as is generally the case everywhere these days), and when they allow me to say whatever I want in whatever fashion I choose, what more can a writer ask?

FIVE. Anthony says, "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." Anthony invites comment. Okay. Two things are required: Professionalism of a high degree, and literary talent. One has only to look at the realms of fan material Anthony has written to suspect the quality of his professionalism; and his incredibly confused vision of the inner-workings of publishing does not help his image. And as for literary talent... Well, I have changed drastically as a writer over the last couple of years (still one stinker sf novel waiting out there to haunt me, four years old, argghhh). The sf I did will one day revert to me, and I am in the process of trying to buy back and shelve a lot of it. But I *have* matured. Anthony hasn't, at least not to my eye. I still read him, or try to, and I still find him basically hollow, emotionless,

and dull.

Too much, already. I think I have a good article in me, something titled "The Horrors of Being an SF Author. How Bad was It? How Bad was I? Why Did I Get Out? Why Am I Finding It Necessary to Spend so Much Time Living It Down?" But that's for ten pages in a Dick Geis fanzine, I suppose. Therefore, I'll wrap this up. Piers Anthony used to write letters to me. They depressed me. I felt then, and feel now, that Anthony represents the very worst in a genre I once loved and still feel affection for. He has incredible pretensions and no real sense of his own value. He is painfully boastful, and he seeks to improve his own image by subtly (and/or blatantly) maligning other writers. I feel sorry for him. The bitterness and desperation in his fan articles are sometimes amusing--but always sad. Several years ago, I wrote to Anthony and asked that he please not send me any more letters. I felt obligated to answer them, but they depressed me so terribly. Anthony complied with that request. And now I only ask that he not print snide remarks or libelous inferences which, by their very public nature, demand that I waste my time on responses like this one. I am making an awful lot of money; I am writing only what I want; I am getting critical attention and acceptance under my own name and a couple of pen names; I am as happy as the proverbial clam. I don't need to be brought down even one degree, even for one hour, by Anthony's know-nothing drivel. And surely, Mr. Anthony, you don't need to read my responses to your sillinesses. Okay? Save me some frustration, and save yourself from stepping off the deep end. I'll be a clam, perhaps an oyster, making my pearls, however imperfect they may be; and you stay out of the water, lumber along the beach where I can't hear the vibrations of your footsteps.

THE TED WHITE ADMIRATION SOCIETY

JERRY POURNELLE I've been advised never to write anything to fanzines because it only leads to endless discussions, acrimony, and activities that can absorb 105% of my time. I'm afraid that's close to true, and I'm going to have to drop what I'd hoped would be more frequent communications between SFWA and fans.

The trouble is, nothing is ever finished. No matter what is said, there will always be new misinformation in print the next month. We respond to that and there's more. Pretty soon we're dealing with issues of historical interest only and taking time that ought to go into pay copy to do it.

However, I would be remiss in my duties to the SFWA and its members if I did not respond to Mr. White's remarks in *Out-worlds* 19. I make no doubt that this will stimulate new remarks by Mr. White. I make no doubt that they will be published without any editorial attempt to check their accuracy. By that time, hopefully I will no longer be an officer of SFWA and can ignore them. I think, I hope, I pray, that what I am about to say will raise no new issues, and I fervently pray but do not expect they will finish the former matter.

First, regarding Mr. White's charge that Mr. Farmer stated a "flat-out lie." Mr. Farmer recalled that Mr. White had said at the SFWA annual meeting in Toronto that the rather loose manuscript procedures and mss. losses complained of to the SFWA involved only the slush pile. Mr. White charges this is a lie.

The following is a transcript from the tape recording of the Toronto annual meeting, side B, record marks 124-134 in-

clusive.

Unidentified member: "With regards to manuscripts being lost."

Offutt: "That's just what I wanted to know."

Unidentified voice: "I have never had a manuscript lost."

Pournelle: "If there is a procedure set up whereby that will happen [manuscripts will no longer be lost] and it's satisfactory to the officers, that's all it takes."

White: "You understand that the bulk of the manuscripts you're talking about are the so-called slush."

Pournelle: "That's probably true."

At this point several people talk at once including myself, and the conversation is unintelligible. I then proceeded to put to a vote the motion that SFWA authorized the officers 90 days time for negotiation in the matter, after which all sanctions previously described by me would go into effect upon proclamation by the officers.

Chorus of aye.

"All opposed?"

Total silence.

Pournelle: "Without objection, the record will show it is unanimous."

No objection is heard.

Mr. White is also in error regarding the source of the suggestion that sanctions be delayed. Mr. Haldeman did indeed suggest a delay of one month during which time a written agreement should be presented for Mr. Cohen's signature. There is considerable discussion, including Mr. White stating that it was unlikely that any payment to SFWA would be made by Mr. Cohen. Mr. Offutt, Treasurer, SFWA, then asked what might be a reasonable payment schedule. I had previously suggested a sum, and Mr. White stated at this time that he thought that sum might be paid monthly.

I then requested a motion that SFWA empower the officers to negotiate an agreement, details of which I set forth, and that if it were not accepted and signed, with payment received on account, within 90 days, various previously described sanctions were authorized. The results are given above.

I want to repeat that I am quite pleased with the outcome of all this. I want to repeat my lack of personal animus toward Mr. White. The tape of the meeting shows quite clearly that upon several occasions I offered my congratulations to Mr. White for keeping the magazines alive, and expressed my willingness to listen to any reasonable way out of the situation. If I had been a bit sarcastic in my presentation of the situation to the membership, it was possibly not without justification. After all, this was a closed meeting, not for publication. The only tape allowed was made by SFWA and delivered to me, and it has not been out of my possession since. I will keep it until there is no obvious further use for it and then destroy it.

The tape also shows that Mr. Harrison stated that there were four, not twelve, *Ultimate* magazines in print at that very moment. Otherwise the conversation is much as Mr. White states, except the abuse was not confined to either party. It also shows that order was restored by the chair in every case, with both members and guests ordered to take their seats. It is precisely because of later publication of details such as this that we do not generally invite guests to SFWA business meetings. I was well aware that Mr. White had been invited to be present; had I not known it and agreed that it was only fair that he be there while we discussed the magazines he edits, I would have asked him to leave as I would have asked any non-member to leave. Dithering about Harrison's membership

status is a waste of time; not only had Mr. Harrison informed me prior to my leaving Los Angeles that he was rejoining, but there was at that time being set in print an article giving his reasons for doing so. The article was published in the *SFWA Forum*.

Since I distinctly told Mr. White during the Toronto meeting that SFWA had not previously had the machinery for administering disbursements to writers, but now was in a position to do so, I do not understand why he finds it necessary to say this "apparently" the case. I will second his remarks that we probably gained somewhat more respect for each other in private meeting where only my wife was present than we had in the business meeting, and add that I would have thought this inevitable under the circumstances.

I will add that this has cost me not only the time it takes to write it, but also the time it required to listen to and transcribe the relevant portions of the tapes, and it is time I don't have. If fanzine editors wonder why communications with SFWA are erratic to non-existent they might ponder the costs that seem inevitably to come with the simplest attempt to give out information.

I won't say that Bill Bowers had any obligation to check out the facts in Mr. White's column before printing it, but I will say that I wish he and other fanzine editors *felt* such obligation. It isn't fair, however, to single Bill Bowers out for criticism. In fact, he has been far more fair than most in this regard. I understand he too has time problems. Has someone a suggested way out of this dilemma? I can't ignore attacks on SFWA members when I have the facts at hand; but I can't afford to be the unwitting instrument to goad others into making those attacks, either.

I'm beginning to think that my friends who advise silence and intentional ignorance of what goes on in fan publications may be right, and that pains me, because I actually enjoy fan magazines.

I will add a personal note of apology to Mr. Piers Anthony: I assure him that my statement "were the facts of the matters as you state them I would have acted differently [than did my predecessors]" was not intended to imply that his is deliberately misrepresenting the truth, or even that he is wrong. I thought I had made it clear that I don't know the facts of the matter and don't think it does any good to bring it all up anyway: we can't impeach past presidents even if there is grounds for doing so.

More importantly, I have not heard anyone's account of the situation other than Mr. Anthony's and although I have great respect for his integrity, no man is competent to judge in his own cause; before I could say anything other than in subjunctive mood I would have to listen exhaustively to the other parties in the matter and I have neither the time nor the desire to do that. I won't withdraw what I said, but I do hope it gives no offense, because certainly none was intended.

POST SCRIPT: I may as well respond in advance to something I just know will come up: that the meeting at TORCON contained only a "tiny percent" of the membership of SFWA.

First, it's not a tiny percent of the voting membership. It's a pretty good slice of the voting membership.

Second, all the officers except Spinrad were present and Norman and I had discussed what we'd do, and what strategy we'd employ: and I may as well admit that

what we'd hoped for was unanimity on giving another 90 days to settle the matter, but we thought we'd not get that unless we asked for immediate sanctions and compromised.

Third, several past presidents had been consulted.

Fourth, several of the members most closely involved and to whom the largest amounts were owed had been consulted.

In my judgment that is a sufficient-ly representative body.

PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER This is in reply to Ted White's remarks about me in *Related Matters*, p. 747, OW #19. I'll deal with the accusations in the order in which White made them.

White says that my memory and recounting of events at the SFWA Torcon meeting were selective and inaccurate. He says that I neglected to mention that Jerry Pournelle was the one who made most of the remarks directed at Cohen, Ultimate, and himself (White).

I don't have a perfect meeting by any means. But when I was there, I heard no sarcastic remarks from Pournelle; in fact, I thought he ran the meeting in a very business-like and impersonal manner. However, I was not at the meeting until just before the Ultimate matter was taken up, so I do not know what went on before then. I was late in getting up and had difficulty finding the room where the meeting was taking place.

Before White calls me a liar and says that I was there when the meeting started, he should know that I have a witness. This is R. A. Lafferty Himself, whom I encountered in the hallway and who was also looking for the room. (The hotel personnel I asked directions from gave wrong directions.) So, after bumbling around together, we finally located the room and entered it. And shortly thereafter the Ultimate business was taken up.

I was in error, though, I see, in speaking of White's outburst at the beginning of the meeting. I should have said that this occurred after I had arrived, which was for me the beginning. But I was wrong, and I apologize for using that word, and I hope it teaches me to be very careful about using the right word in acrimonious intercourse.

My apologies to White and everybody for writing in a white-hot heat and not re-writing after letting the letter cool off.

However, White did make an outburst, and he did tell Harrison to shut his dirty mouth or words to that effect. Certainly, he used the words "dirty mouth." Which White admits.

Next, I doubt that White means it when he says he welcomed the opportunity to be hit by Harry, have his glasses broken, and so be able to have Harry arrested. Harry challenged him to step out into the hall, and if there was ever an opportunity to get Harry into a slugging and so on into the gaol, that was it. But, as I stated, White did not accept the challenge nor did Harry have second thoughts. When White did not step out, he (Harry) was satisfied with that, and order (of a sort) was restored.

Personally, I think that White's statement of his intent to be a personal agent provocateur shows that he wasn't thinking correctly. It certainly shows a lack of imagination. What if they had stepped out and White stood there with fists down refusing to hit first (or at all) and Harry had struck because he was past frenzy pitched? What if Harry had hit him on the nose instead of in the glasses and broken the nose? What if he had slugged White in the solar plexus and perhaps ruptured it? Or not used his fists but wrestled with him, squeezed White's balls or broken an arm or two? Would that be

worth the satisfaction of getting Harrison into gaol? It could have been even worse. Harry could have struck him, knocked him back against a pillar or a wall, and White could have suffered a fatal concussion. Harrison would then have been in a gaol, held for murder or involuntary manslaughter charge, for an action which White admits he would have liked to tempt Harrison into committing.

Or did he? Was this an afterthought, one which occurred while writing the letter? Why didn't he step out?

Now we come to the most serious charge in White's letter. He accuses me of flat-out lying. For those who don't have OW #19 handy, I'll quote the paragraph containing the charge.

"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."

I was very upset by this false accusation. White had once before charged me with dishonesty (in a recent *The Alien Critic*), but he couldn't remember anything about the event except that he had a vague memory I'd been dishonest in dealing with Ultimate. This was so ridiculous, so astoundingly unspecific that I ignored it, since I didn't know what the hell he was talking about and neither did the readers of TAC and neither did White by his own admission. Nobody with good sense would make a charge like that.

However, I have noticed that in the past few years White has been making shotgun charges of dishonesty and lying against a number of people: Harrison, Ellison, Blish et al. Some of these may have been justified, but the majority seemed to be merely a sort of defense (or offensive) mechanism operating in White. Most of those people who got into an argument with White in fanzine columns were eventually charged by White with dishonesty or lying.

I also noticed that this began a little while after White's embezzlement of Bob Shaw's money. (For details of this, see White's confession in the most recent TAC #8]. See also Geis' comments afterwards, which reveal that White's Operation Candor was not so candid after all, and that he had not been telling all the truth even about that.)

The White-Shaw case was a sort of open secret from its beginning, at least among many pros; I don't know how many fans were aware of it. I concluded finally that White was shotgunning accusations of dishonesty all over the place because he was projecting his own sense of guilt onto others. And possibly he was hoping to provoke those accused into revealing to the public the existence of the White-Shaw affair. I refused to be provoked, though I was tempted, because the affair wasn't really any of my business (but it's everybody's now that White has revealed it in TAC).

Also, somehow or other, no matter how provoked I was by White's false accusations and his own lying, I knew that if I exposed the whole thing I'd be doing a wrong thing. It just didn't seem cricket; it would be small.

Besides, I knew that White was stewing in his own juice about the affair (and still is despite his confession). Let him stew, the poor devil, was my uncharitable thought.

Finally, Harry Harrison, provoked past reason, made the exposure in a letter to TAC, and Geis printed it along with White's answer, his confession (which I found touching), and Geis' comments on his investigation into White's honesty in Operation Candor. I want to make it under-

stood that I am not condemning White for the Shaw thing; what would I have done if I'd been in White's shoes? I don't know, because I was not in his shoes.

I bring out the above because I am convinced that White still hasn't discharged the guilt and that he is still projecting. And probably he still wishes --subconsciously--to have ashes heaped on his head.

Otherwise, why would he accuse me of lying when there were at least thirty people present and his words were taped? Possibly, he did not know that the meeting was being recorded on tape or had forgotten it. I know that I forgot about it until I called Jerry Pournelle, and he reminded me. As for all those who heard White, they could be called liars, too. And if they got sucked into a dispute with White in the fanzines, so much the better. He feeds on publicity; apparently, he can't live without it. This, at least, is my opinion, and it's made after a study of some years of this specimen of *Fanzinus Acrimonius*.

Still, after a certain amount of thinking on the subject, I found it incredible that any editor would admit that he could care less about the slush pile even if he really felt that way. And I find it hard to believe that White could, in reality, feel a disdain for the slush pile. After all, he has, according to my memory of his own testimony, made some great discoveries in the slush pile.

It's my opinion that White spoke unthinkingly, that he was making a spur-of-the-moment statement, a defensive one, which, if he'd had time to think, he would never have uttered.

Still, why did he call me a liar? Then the light came.

My quotation of his statement re the slush pile had not been exact. The words I quoted from memory were not exactly what White said. Never mind that even if the words had been slightly different the intent of his statement was the same as my quotation. It was obvious to me and to everybody who heard him that his words indicated an indifference to the fate of the mss. in the slush pile. This was obvious because of the groans and cries of protest from myself and others.

But White is going to accuse me of lying, I thought, when he should be accusing me of not quoting him exactly, of being in error in regard to the exact words he used. One more blast from the shotgun.

I called Pournelle, and he took the trouble to track down White's taped words and to write a letter to OW. I refer the reader of this letter to [his] letter. He can see that my memory was not correct on the exact phrasing, but that if I had added "or words to that effect" in my original letter, even White could not accuse me of lying. The meaning is the same in either quotation.

So--I expect an apology in the pages of OW from White.

I apologize to the reader for not having added "or words to that effect" or "as I remember it."

And I repeat, I'm sure now that White made a hasty remark which he did not mean and would have retracted if he had not been too pressed to think about it.

One next-to-final point. Mike Glicksohn's letter in OW #19 comments on my lack of integrity. What he says, in effect, is, Who am I to accuse White of lack of integrity when I sell stories to Popular Library, an outfit which (White says) is shafting authors (or words to

that effect)?

Glicksohn really should have heard my reply before he assumed that White's accusation was correct.

There are a number of good reasons why my TARZAN ALIVE was purchased by PL, and they have nothing to do with integrity or lack of it.

One, PL has no agreement with SFWA.

Two, I don't have White's knowledge of the publishing scene in NYC and so knew nothing of PL's alleged unethical dealings with authors.

Three, and this is the strongest and most telling point, I had absolutely no control over the softcover deal with TA. Doubleday controls the softcover sales of my books. White must have known this, since he knows about Doubleday's standard contracts in the s-f field, yet he neglected to mention this. White also knew that I could refute his charge of lack of integrity, but he also knew that, people being what they are, the charge would be remembered by more people than the refutation would.

As for the William's letters, all I can say is that it would not have occurred to me (and obviously it didn't) to suspect forgery. But if it had, I would have made the investigation first and determined that forgery had or had not been committed. Then, if forgery were proved, I would make the accusation. In any event, this could easily be resolved, since both Hamling and Palmer are alive.

In my opinion, this is a case of the pot investigating the kettle.

And this is my last word on this matter. I'm moving from Lilliputia to Brobdingnag, and the baggage is almost all loaded.

andrew j offutt Despite the date, this is not an April Fool letter. It is only in my capacity as treasurer and membership chairman of S.F.W.A. that I send this along for the clarification of your readers and writers.

Contrary to misinformation published in your nineteenth issue, the records of SFWA indicate that Harry Harrison, having resigned not too long before during internal difficulties the business of no one outside SFWA, submitted a check and application to rejoin SFWA in June, 1973. He was not sent a formal letter of acceptance, but a "Welcome home, Harry" from me. He would have received that prior to 1st July. The world convention in Toronto took place two months later. At the time of the SFWA meeting under discussion in your magazine, then, Harry Harrison was a member in good standing. So, just for the record, was Phil Farmer. So was yours relatively truly, who was also the man who ended the controversy in that meeting by asking Ted White's advice as to the offering of terms/discussion between this professional organization-of-writers and his publisher. In all likelihood Ted White has not mentioned this in print because he has forgotten--maybe a sensible suggestion such as asking his advice re our dealing with Mister Cohen sent him into a state of semi-shock!

I don't enjoy getting formal letters from andy offutt. ...and at this stage in my life, I don't need 11 p.m. phonecalls from Jerry Pournelle (after one of the most difficult weekends in my life), lecturing me (non-threateningly, but telling me...) on editorial responsibility & libel. And while I'd love to have Phil Farmer write to/for OW...I can't help but wish it were for other reasons.

I don't enjoy taking this much of what is becoming increasingly valuable

space, to produce a lettercol that is full of bad vibes. Such a waste...

Ah, they say, now he comes down on Ted White, for causing it...

No.

If not him...then 'them'...?

No, the preceding gentlemen wrote what they felt they must...

The cycle must end; soon.

The reason I can't come down on Ted is quite simple: after looking at this mass of correspondence for a solid month, plus... looking at it from every angle I could find ...I simply can't agree with Phil Farmer that if he had added the phrase "or words to that effect" to his statement in OW 18, or even used quasi-quotes...that this would have made what he quoted Ted as saying... the same as what Pournelle's transcript has Ted saying. I wish (almost) that I could say that Ted over-reacted, and that he did say: "Well, after all, it's only the slush pile."

Now I don't know how anyone else reads that sentence, but to me the emphasis automatically goes to "only"--and I would have been as upset as Farmer was in his initial letter.

But the phrase Pournelle quotes Ted as saying, while certainly using the word "slush", has no where near the negative connotation that the Farmer version has him saying. If I had said one and was quoted as saying the other, I'd be upset also...

I have no reason to doubt the tape-version; Jerry offered to play it for me... but I declined: it was a stormy night, the connection wasn't terribly helpful...and I was down & out. By the same token, I have no doubt that Farmer quoted what he remembered, or what he wanted to remember--but don't we all do that? I wouldn't consider him a 'liar' for that...but the fact remains it wasn't my words he mis-quoted...

The crux is that, for me, the two phrases--obviously about the same subject--just don't equate as being one and the same. They aren't for me.

Am I clutching at straws; does everyone else see White as All Wrong and Farmer as All Right? Or vice versa?

At last years Midwestcon, Ted asked me when I'd relaxed my 'ban' on personal attacks. It was right after I printed 'the' Harlan Ellison letter. He had a right to ask...but I didn't have a good answer then, and the one I offer now is perhaps inadequate:

I've made a lot of mistakes, and in the past year I've grown a bit sloppy in my editorial capacity. Things got out of hand. Obviously. As Harlan once said to me, long ago, I "wasn't ready to play with the big boys." I'm not sure I ever will be; I'm pretty sure I don't want to be. Dick Geis, as I've said a heap of times over the past year, I'm not.

My editorial 'policy' is this: I WILL NOT drop Ted and Piers as columnists; I have been advised that I should and as much as 'ordered' me to do so... That is not the way to influence me. I enjoy both, I think both have things to say that should be said; they are welcome for as long as they wish. Both have been fair with me...

The 'personal attack' ban is reimposed--with one exception. (Come to think of it, it's not an exception after all.)

This is not to say we're going back to sweetness & light, and everything nice... A good argument is fun, stimulating, and it keeps things going.

The rules: If you're going to put words in someone's mouth, describe actions they took, or attribute motives to what they have done or said...either be general and non-specific (in other words, be cool) ...or be prepared to furnish me with proof --documentation or witnesses.

If a little foresight is used... is that really too much to ask?

And I can't emphasize enough that the 'rules' apply to letter writers, as much as, if not more than, the others.

I will not emasculate (if you will pardon the sexist phrase) those who write for me by saying: I'll have to check out everything you say. I've not the time, resources, contacts or phone numbers to do that. I've done a lot of 'passing' of letters over the past year, trying to keep things fair, trying to give everyone concerned their 'day' in these pages. I've slipped a few times, sure, but most of the times I was caught short was by things that really, honestly, didn't seem that provocative--to me. Like, for instance, Ted's original bit on Harlan, in #15. Certainly it wasn't high praise, but I assumed Harlan wouldn't bother... (Pick 'em right, every time!)

The one thing I offer, to one and all, is this: If you feel that you have personally been 'wronged' by something said in these pages, you are welcome to respond, correct, debate...as soon as I can possibly squeeze you in.

This is one policy that has always been in effect; it is, I think, the over-riding source of my joys and of my frustrations, both.

The joy is that I do have, if you will, the reputation of being generally 'fair' in these 'things'. I claim no noble mantle of perfectness; far from it! Nor do I behave the way I do because it is demanded of me. It is the way I was raised, and the way I feel most comfortable. The 'reward' is in quite a bit of the material I get to print.

The frustration is that I sometimes end up with a downer of a letter-column. You might have noticed. It's great to have all these Big Name Pros in your modest little zine. It's not quite that great to have them write for the reason they did. These are people I hold in high esteem; it hurts...

The issue at hand, to coin a new phrase...

When Farmer said that White said: "...only a slush pile," I believed him. He had been at the meeting; I hadn't.

When White disagreed, in his way, I wondered.

I should have checked; I didn't. For that I apologize. Perhaps I could have saved most of four pages... I could have saved Pournelle, Farmer and myself considerable time, money and grief.

But 'could have' has never won any notables.

Farmer and Pournelle have said that this is their last word on the subject. I have written to Ted, asking him to apologize for calling Farmer a liar... if he can do so...and that, acknowledging that I have little right to ask it of him --I'd appreciate him defusing the situation. I hope he does; but I can't force it out of him.

Not only do I not have that power over any man, but in this case, at least, I think he had cause for being upset.

I have printed the rebuttals; I will print Ted's response, if any. Such is my version of Editorial Responsibility

APOLOGIA: I must apologize to three sets of people: The contributors to last issue who will have to wait a bit longer for their well deserved egoboo; to the worthy writers of those letters; and to the readers of this issue. I didn't publish this last section because I wanted to, but because it was something that had to be done...and the sooner, the better. Next time should be more upbeat!

EVERYTHING YOU'VE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SF, BUT DIDN'T KNOW WHERE TO LOOK.

ALGOL

A MAGAZINE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION

If you're the SF fan who's interested in more than reading a good story; if you want to know the why and how of SF writing, then ALGOL is the magazine for you. ALGOL can answer your questions, and help you understand the forces that dictate what you buy in your bookstore. ALGOL takes you behind the scenes to show you the inner workings of the SF field -- magazines, paperbacks, agents, editors, authors, etc. -- and you'll learn in ALGOL:

- THE INTRICACIES OF MAGAZINE PUBLISHING FROM AN EDITOR'S VIEWPOINT.
- WHY AGENTS CAN BE BOTH GOOD AND BAD FOR BEGINNING WRITERS.
- LEADING WRITERS & EDITORS INTERVIEWED IN EACH ISSUE.
- HOW TOP WRITERS CREATE THEIR MASTERWORKS.
- HOW THE PUBLISHING COMPANIES WORK, FROM THE INSIDE OUT.
- WHO DECIDES TO PUBLISH THE BOOKS YOU END UP BUYING.

Each issue of ALGOL features critical articles by the very best writers on SF, critical issues, current controversies, etc., plus regular columns by Ted White, editor of AMAZING and FANTASTIC, and book reviews by Richard Lupoff. The current issue features articles by Poul Anderson, Robert Bloch, Barry Malzberg and others; an interview with Roger Elwood; regular features; and dozens of letters discussing the latest trends and views in the SF field.

All this appears in a package which has been termed "outstanding." ALGOL is typeset -- each issue containing more than 50,000 words -- and printed on high quality slick paper, with easy to read layout and fine art by the best artists in SF. ALGOL also contains a wide range of advertising including one of the most complete classified sections in SF today, with bookstores arranged by geographical sections for easy location.

Six issues -- three years -- of ALGOL cost only \$5.00. A single copy costs only \$1.25. Copies of our star-packed 10th anniversary issue are still available at only \$2.00. Use the coupon below for fast service. Make checks payable and mail to: ANDREW PORTER, P.O.Box 4175, New York NY 10017.



Please send me a subscription to ALGOL. Enclosed is \$5.00 []
Please send me one issue of ALGOL. Enclosed is \$1.25 []
Please send me ALGOL's 10th Anniversary Issue. Enclosed is \$2.00 []

OW

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____

JUST A SMALL, UNOBTRUSIVE AD FOR



Before voting this year for the '76 Worldcon site, carefully consider the possibility of Kansas City as your final choice. Why? Well, our centralized location, our experienced fan group, and our nationally known hotel facility-- the Muehlebach, with its 700 rooms and 51,000 sq.ft. convention center, are only three very good reasons. If you are still undecided and would like to know more about the K.C. bid for the 34th World Science Fiction Convention, write to us and request a copy of our FREE bidding information brochure. Please address all inquiries to:

THE K.C. IN '76 COMMITTEE P.O. BOX 221 KANSAS CITY, MO. 64141

The first Eight under this title were "a fanzine about fanzines", beginning in Jan. 1973. Issues 9 thru 11 were primarily OW 'riders'. It is now, for the moment, to be a column/department/page of news, reviews, plugs...whatever doesn't 'fit' elsewhere!

INW¹²ORLDS

MAE STRELKOV's FRIENDS: For obvious reasons in view of the changes in lifestyle of the Bowers' and the Glicksohn's, and in order to insure Mae a safe and organized trip, we have accepted the kind and gracious offer of ALEXIS & DOLL GILLILAND... The 'fund' has been transferred to them, and they will be making all the arrangements for the trip and Mae's stay in the States. She will fly into D.C. shortly before the Worldcon, but hopes to do quite a bit of travelling after it's over. Offers of Hospitality are most welcome, and should be sent care of the Gillilands, at their NEW address: 4030 South 8th St., Arlington, VA 22204. Please understand that the final itinerary wouldn't be made until after Mae's arrival, so acknowledgements might not be possible in all cases.

The proposed Bowers/Glicksohn Thank You fanzine isn't dead, but it's pretty iffy at the moment. We shall see. But we do, once again, thank sincerely everybody who helped so generously in making this possible. You are, no hype, fantastic...!

Outworlds GETS AROUND! If has requested an expanded version of POUL ANDERSON's column from OW #19. # And, if plans work out, the next issue--Summer, 1974--of *Views & Reviews* will contain quite a bit of material on science fiction...including reviews of TAC & OW. They've also asked to reprint Si Stricklen's "story" from OW 19...

Views & Reviews is a digest-sized quarterly, with some newsstand distribution. If it's not in your area, it's \$1.50 per copy, \$5. per year, from: 633 W. Wisconsin, Suite 1700, Milwaukee, WI 53203.

LANIER: If you are interested in acquiring any of STERLING LANIER's creations, contact SATYRICON DESIGNS, 6607 Peacock Road, Sarasota, FL 33581. Their brochure is well worth writing for on it's own! (I have the 'Poul Anderson' one, and hope to get more.)

INTERFACE ANNEX: I just received a copy of the following, addressed to TED WHITE, from LARRY T. SHAW: Ironically, in your column on "chronic distortions" in

Outworlds #19, you have told a gratuitous, blatant, potentially damaging, and in my opinion vicious lie about me.

Only one story from *Infinity* was ever reprinted in *Swank* or any other Magnum magazine. In addition, one story from *Suspense Detective Stories*, *Infinity's* original companion, was reprinted. No story from *Science Fiction Adventures* was ever reprinted. In both instances of reprinting, the authors received payments substantially larger than those made for the original sales.

Unless you can prove otherwise, and show some valid reason for making this statement, I will expect a retraction and complete apology from you to be printed in the next *Outworlds*. Otherwise, I will instruct my attorney, who is receiving a copy of this letter, to proceed with legal action.

I'm not sure I was meant to print that, but I wanted to get Larry's version in this issue. There's no way that White can answer: the letter is dated 6/4, I got it today, 6/8--with this page, the editorial & contents page only remaining undone. It goes to the printer, Monday, 6/10. (I owe that much to those who did get in by the May 15th 'deadline'.) As with those, I

will print Ted's rebuttal's, apologies, whatever, in OW 21. If he offers them...

This is a good place to mention that Piers Anthony DID respond to Ted's challenge at length, listing his "chronic distortions." Ted has a copy, and Piers' letter will be in next time, also. Sigh.

Editorial Comment: What's this threatening legal action before giving Ted a chance to apologize, or not? My God, if it's required to adopt this attitude to be a Big Time Editor/Publisher, let me remain a lowly trusting fan, who believes that most people will apologize for mis-statements of fact...until it is proven to me otherwise. Yes, "even" Ted White.

PLUGS: Leigh Luttrell's DUFF-report--LESLEIGH'S ADVENTURES DOWN UNDER (And What She Found/Did There) is out and available for \$1. (all proceeds to DUFF) from HANK & LESLEIGH LUTTRELL, 525 W. Main, Madison, WI 53703. 38pp with excellent illos by Steve Stiles & Ken Fletcher, it would be well worth the buck, even if it weren't for a Worthy Cause. But it is...SO GET IT!

Stuart Schiff [5508 Dodge Drive, Fayetteville, NC 28303] publishes a neat & interesting little magazine, *Whispers*. The 3rd issue is largely devoted to an appreciation to Lee Brown Coye, with words by Gahan Wilson & the editor, plus folio, photos... Excellent, if you're into the Weird... [\$1.50 each; \$5.50 per year...Quarterly.]

Stephen Gregg [POBox 193, Sandy Springs, SC 29677] has published the third issue of his semi-prozine, *Eternity*, with some nice Fabian work, fiction by Zelazny, Malzberg & others, and yet another reprint from OW! Well worth supporting so that he can get it out more frequently! \$1; 4/\$3.50

Karass is the only present viable fanfannish newzine. Despite Linda's frustrating habit of putting goals & intentions into others (no, I'm not aiming at what *Algol* is aiming at), it is valuable and worth the getting. 25¢; 5/\$1. [LINDA BUSHYAGER, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076]

The Fantasy Association [Box 24560, Los Angeles, CA 90024] publishes a monthly newsletter, *Fantasiae*. It runs lead pieces by many of the Names in fantasy, plus reviews & letters. Membership includes a sub the newsletter. I believe it's changing, but a sample is available to non-members free.

DEPORT TUCKER! At my request, Jackie Franke wrote me a nice letter about the Tucker Fund, and now I don't have room for it... The goal is to send BOB TUCKER/WILSON TUCKER/HOY PING PONG to the Aussie Worldcon next year. Jackie and Bruce Gillespie are the Administrators. Donations are welcome, and an Auction is being held. *Tucker Bag* #2 [a rider with several zines, or from JACKIE FRANKE: Box 51-A, RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401 (send a 10¢ stamp; it helps!)] lists 70 items up for bid. As with the Strelkov Fund, and those previous, this is the time when a lot of goodies come out of the fan closets; you can get something worthwhile, and DO something worthwhile at the same time. And send a buck or two along, also...

ONCE AGAIN, OW is going as a post mailing to FAPA. Mainly because of the *GRAFANEDICA* material. I have no immediate plans to send future issues through (definitely not the next two) so if you wish to see more...

OW BACK ISSUES: OW IV ['70]: 75¢; OW '70/'71 'Sets' [5]: \$10.00; OW 19: \$1.

Outworlds OUTLOOK: With tearful apologies OW #21 will contain (I promise!):

"The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short"

by JOHN W. ANDREWS

"Russia's Defeat & Occupation: 1952-1962"

by PATRICK L. MCGUIRE

Plus: some of the Columnists, one hell of a lot of 'up' letters, one hell of a lot of ARTworlds, hopefully Ted White helping wrap up whatever it is we're emeshed in-- Plus what else I can squeeze in... There are some damn good things upcoming!

I hope to have #21 out for the Worldcon; I hope to make the Worldcon, but neither is a sure bet. If both should work out, I'll probably be in the huckster's room, trying to save postage while playing Andy Porter... Come in and say Hello. I growl a lot, but I don't bite. Much.

MAILING LABEL CODES: The usual...

S = You pried a Sample out of Mean Bill.

r = For Review; Or, You are reviewed.

M = You are mentioned in some way...

T = an All for All Trade, I trust.

t = a tentative Trade

nt = thanks for what you sent, but I'd prefer Not to Trade...

X = means your Credit Balance has hit zero; we don't send renewal notices. A number tells the last issue due you...

TRADE POLICY #973: I am getting too damn many fanzines. I'm flattered, but I can't relate to/even read this many! I trade with most genzines, several personalzines regular newsletter/zines, but few apazines. I try to send a copy of OW to anyone who sends me more than a dittoed COA-sheet, but if there's a 'nt' on your label, please don't send more... I'd only feel guilty and you unhappy when you didn't get any more OW's.

If you sent money for EDiCA, you should have an explanation; but if there's any question on your 'status', send a SSAE. I try to answer questions, queries, etc., promptly...but I'm buried! As usual...

UnClassifieds

UNCLASSIFIED ADS: 10¢ per Word; Minimum: 20 words or \$2.00. Name & Address (within reason) are Free. Check with copy, please
KABALLAH, THE WORLDS OF FANTASY: Covers films, undergrounds, books, etc., in the Fantasy & SF field: 40¢ 5/\$2. Contributions welcome. GERARD HOUARNER: 25-33 48th St., Long Island City, NY 11103

LIBERTARIAN CONNECTION, the only APA for anarcho-capitalist libertarians. In our 6th year. Life extension, futurology, self-liberation. No activity requirement, no waiting lists. Sample 50¢. LISA DAWN, Box 90913-OW, Worldway Postal Center, Los Angeles, CA 90009

Lovecraft, weird/fantasy, and the Cthul Mythos related material. Free listing of books, fanzines, and posters upon request SILVER SCARAB PRESS, 500 Wellesley, SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106

WANTED: L. Sprague de Camp's SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK (from the early fifties). Also: F&SF--Vol 1, #1 & Vol 2, #2. Quote price & condition before sending. BOWERS

