



TWENTY-ONE TWENTY-TWO
OUTW(2)RLDS



PART ONE : *Outworlds* #19 + + + + + + + +

GRANT CANFIELD: First of all, I just wanted to say, "Terrific! Really Terrific!" I couldn't be more pleased with the way you handled my material. I mean, my name was **THAT BIG!** It took me a while to place the title you gave the robot trio, but then I remembered it as a facetious flip remark in a letter to you, no? I'm not even sure it's true any more, alas, as I have seen some really remarkable robots in the past year's fan art. Well, the jury is out and I will be interested to see what, if anything, your readership has to say about my art in OW 19.

I would also like to say that you have some (other) mighty fine material in that issue. Dan Steffan in particular is beginning to display first-rate cartooning sensibilities. His 2 mini-strips are gems. Even Mike Gilbert, who professes to hate the comic art idiom, uses that same idiom pretty well. As a matter of fact, there are so many pieces of art in boxes and linear progressions in OW 19, if you consider my collaboration with Jay Kinney, Steffan's comix, Gilbert's comix, maybe a couple of others--are you trying to say anything? Nonsense. That's just the kind of material you had, right? Or are *all* of fandom's artists suddenly *cartoonists*? I

certainly seem to see more use of formal cartoonist language in fan art than I once did--boxes, balloons, action sequences, sound FX, etc. Possibly just a phase. If so, a good one to my mind, because, contrary to Mike Gilbert, I think cartoon art is "where it's at", as those punk hepcats say.

Hey, I noticed you also had some *written* material in *Outworlds* this time. Nice touch, that. It helps balance out all that art, and gives the page, you know, *scale* and an, um, *graphic* look, you know what I mean? Wow, Derek Carter's traffic ticket drawing on page 721 is fine, as are Dan Steffan's bears. And Steve Fabian's Page is *perfect*, what can I say? William, this was an absolutely superlative issue. I am sorry that I am not loquacious enough to express my keen appreciation for your effort here. I believe it is the best single issue of a fanzine I have received in my entire exposure to fandom, my own contributions notwithstanding, or even *withstanding*, for that matter. I can say no more. 4/7 [28 Atalaya Terrace, S.F., CA 94118]

TED WHITE: I'd like to comment on the visuals and graphics of this, your first "new" offset OW.

The cover: The drawing is nice, but the overlay bothers me. I started out thinking it must be Grant's, and then decided, after much contemplation, that

it was yours. This laying an overlay over another artist's work is tricky stuff, Bill, as I know from first-hand experience (see *NYCON Comics*). You need to be as skillful as the artist, and faithful to his conception, modelling if he models, treating areas as flat planes if this is what he does. I think you've failed here.

The first thing that jumped out at me was the poor cutting of the overlay sheet at the foot of the fencepost. This is an area where distinctions of objects with hard, solid lines is not present, and requires of whoever does the overlay at that point that he acknowledge the fact. You didn't. You let the left-hand side trail off half-way convincingly, but on the right side you made a hard curve of the edge of the screen, and swept the curve down to the ground-shadow of the robot's foot. This creates an area--the white, unshaded section above the foot--where no area was intended by the artist and no area should be. Its visual effect is to make the fencepost seem longer and broader at its base. You would have been better off letting the screen cover the weeds at the post's base, where distinct lines could have guided your cut. Failing that, you should've brought the screen in *below* the weeds, and scratched or cut away areas which approximated the weeds.

It was this flaw, as I say, which made me decide the screen was not Canfield's. Other tips are the way you used the screen to "color" both gloves and scarf, but treated the gloves as flat areas, and the scarf as a modeled area (lightstruck at the shoulder). Even so, the failure to "color" the part of the scarf below the robot's arm (which is surely being seen from its underside and should not be highlighted except perhaps along the edges) is another weak point. I don't think too much of using the same screen for the robot's apparel as is used for the background, anyway. It makes the gloves (and thus its hands) disappear into the background--recede, optically. If you had no other choice available and felt you had to "color" those items, it would have been better to highlight them all, to give them more modelling so that they would stand out better.

Moving inside, the inside front cover layout is nice and effective, but you goofed on the typography. From some study I have decided that the lines, "The robot, of course, is a robot, at which there is none better than I." is a full quotation, although while you close these quotes you never open them. That do-hickey next to the T of the opening "The" is not a quote-mark, but an apostrophe, signalling that the word as given is incomplete, as in "E lost 'is 'at!" To achieve a quote-mark, you would have to rotate the thing 180 degrees. This isn't hard to do with a sheet of press-apply type.

Although this is more of an editorial than design comment, I don't think Mike Glyer's letter improved the issue by introducing it--and it certainly destroyed your chances for a clean layout. Better to have placed your editorial on the left page (716) and your contents page on the right (717).

As it is, the visual effect of the contents page competes with and destroys the effectiveness of the lead-page (719) of Susan Glicksohn's piece. It deserved to have a double-page spread to itself, and in fact pages 719 and 720 would have looked better as facing pages. (Page 721 could have been followed by Docherty's illo on p 728 [not 721 as you listed it], to keep the following paired pages together.)

Pages 722 and 723 do work, and quite effectively. So also 724 & 725.

I'm less sure of the layout of pages



it? Well, check my math before you publish *this* paragraph, ok? Because my math tells me that 10 to the 6 is 1,000,000, and 33 times 10 to the 6 is 33,000,000. Now, according to the INFORMATION PLEASE ALMANAC of 1973, on page 703, live births for 1969 were 3,571,000, for 1970--3,718,000 and for 1971--3,559,000. It seemed to me that 33 million births a year in a population of 203 million was a bit high. (Since the population is stable now, this would mean about 33 million deaths a year, about one out of six.) If I use that 33 figure and divide into 3.6 million I get about 110,000 abortions a year. 5/13 [622 W. 114th St., Apt. 52A, New York, NY 10025]

BARRY GILLAM: My favorite pieces this issue tended to be the personal ones: Mike Gilbert's Little Nemo homage, Susan Glicksohn's teddy bears and Poul Anderson on cycles of renewal in sf. (Somehow when I imagine Anderson relaxing, I also imagine the gears of his mind grinding on--an instance being the peanut butter discussion in a recent column.)

(Parenthetical paragraph: The imp of the perverse prompts me to mention one of Edward Gorey's fabled and numberless unpublished works in connection with Susan's column. This is a play entitled *The Teddy Bear*, which was performed at Harvard's Poet's Theatre in 1952. The full title is *The Teddy Bear, a horror play* and it concerns a teddy bear that goes around strangling little children. And contrary to what you are thinking, Gorey had a happy childhood.)

When it comes down to it, most of the writers are being very typically themselves. Perhaps it is just that I find these selves unendearing, unfocused, uninformative and uncommunicative. No names. But it is my unwavering opinion.

I like your attempt to integrate different pieces of text (à la the layout of the photographs and text in Truffaut's *HITCHCOCK*) but it doesn't always come off. Terry Carr's *Entropy Reprints* page looks more like a maze than an elucidation. I know it saves precious space and that everything is theoretically distinct but there is a terrible lack of direction. Where to start? Where to go next?

The use of the insert techniques in Ted White's column, however, is excellent. Here a different typeface and column width clearly distinguishes the contents and the reader has a sense of being provided with illustrative or additional material.

The number of typos this issue is absolutely impossible--even in the paging of the art credits.

Am I being too hard in my judgements? Your standard of quality is so much higher than that of most editors that when something fails to come up to par, it seems (to me at least) painfully obvious.

And, no, I don't think that the three pieces I mentioned above are the only ones that "worked" or met your standard of competence. They were just the things that appealed most to me personally. I have to applaud your continued use of illos drawn specifically for the text (although I think the Shull creature's "Maybe" is a devastatingly subversive comment on all of Robert Lowndes' writing). And the reprinted Bok illo with the Bradbury piece is charming.

One thing that strikes me about Steve Fabian's Page: the facial and body types Fabian uses often seem slightly anachronistic. They are the ideals of previous decades. Here of the forties or

fifties, I think. The man is a wholesome young American (at a time when the phrase was still being used) whose dream of spaceflight and exotic women is the result of a long afternoon at work on his car. His square jaw, and his untroubled brow reflect an apolitical time--late forties? early fifties? And the women's faces are more purely oval than is popular today. I wonder if this is intentional or if Fabian simply returns to the types he first recognized as an artist? (I have no idea how old he is.)

4/26 [4283 Katonah Ave., Bronx, NY 10470]

> Steve is in his early forties, I believe. <

JOHN W. ANDREWS: Dave Locke's *Crime and Punishment* is really likeable, in #18. Many a true word spoken in jest; that's why there's so much philosophy in the humor section of libraries--the only way they could get away with it. I relished *Thunderbean*, though, to borrow an opinion from Lowndes in #19, no interpretation is bearable.

Robert A. W. Lowndes displays an appreciation of narrative values that's rare, even in so-called connoisseurs. Yet he seems swayed by a prevailing attitude I call "The Throne". Great Literature sits on a Throne, while lesser genres like weird and SF huddle up to its knees, like lesser court officials carved about the legs of a colossal stone Pharaoh. Are you really sure, Mr. Lowndes? Just once, why couldn't somebody say something like this, "SF may be only a cat in a ruler's lap, but the giant's befuddled, and a cat may look at a King."

Overall, my essential rapport with Lowndes makes me wince harder. I particularly enjoy his championing character-and-scene over plot, because of my commitment to a national literature. Well, we live and learn: I never saw HPL's letter to RAWL in the collected letters. To think Lovecraft could have been so blunt! Perhaps "junk" didn't mean the same to one seeped in 18th century diction.

Can OW make it? You've established a wide base camp. But the summit looms. I don't know if the air is that hard to breathe yet--they say it's insidious, exhausting. Holding such a high level for three issues is all some crave. The great peril won't be specialization; it's spreading out, letting the SF spring be lost in a morass of generalities.

Poul Anderson reassures me greatly--if only I can believe it. Presumably Mr. Anderson has several to help his flow of thought. You see, I've been tormented for years with my stalled SF career. The twelve year cycle finds me poised for the starter. Or he may mean a recharging of the batteries, which leaves us Unknown greenhorns out...

The great controversy pulls me both ways. Essentially my emotions lie with the mags, because I'm afraid we'll find, if anything happens to SF magazines, that the goose that lays the golden eggs shall have had its neck tied into a knot. Nonetheless, I believe in avoiding promises, though keeping the ones made. Frankly, markets, like gold, are where you find them. I may have an ultimate need, regardless of terms. The airing of these problems helps, I suppose.

Concerning my piece, I know somebody, someday, perhaps at a Con, I hope not in an alley, will buttonhole me about the *Gnat-books*. Sorry, it's against the rules. Jokes aren't to be explained; while satirists are warned of old not to "re-tell" their squibs. Oftentimes we can only wince at misinterpretations. So

satires afford also a "free target". Though not a free lunch. 5/2 [2301 E. Foothill Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95404]

LOREN MACGREGOR: It's beautiful. From the cover (which I'll Grant you) to the cover (time Healy's all wounds) it's marvelous.

Now then: I agree with you, Horatio Alger does work, and the results are in direct proportion to the amount of time you spend with your product. Michael has a point that your personality (let's not have any false modesty, William!) has a lot to do with making *Outworlds Outworlds*, but, gee, my personality has a lot to do with making T-S (love that abbreviation!) T-S, too. As for sending things to pros... I could make a case for having about 15 pros on my list, and very probably could count a few more who I relate to, as you say, as fans rather than pros.

I suspect that there could be a helluva lot more beautiful zines around; for me, that's not my bag. I love looking at them, love getting them, but I don't have the money for putting one out, and if I did I'd want a sizable return. My zine I can send out to however many people I want; I can write it as often or as seldom as I want, I can put anything I want into it, and I don't have to worry about response. Consequently, if I get even one letter on an issue, I'm satisfied; anything over that is gravy.

And maybe that's why there aren't more lovely things around...

Understandings was good, and I enjoyed it...but it didn't spark any comments or arguments or anecdotes. I only hope that people don't misinterpret Mr. Lowndes and think he's saying that no story is bad. There are too many people around today, though, who insist that every story must be considered good because someone (if only the author) liked it.

Bull!

On the other hand, there are others who insist that all stories must "Elevate or illuminate the human condition" or they are perforce trash.

sigh

Several years ago, when the fighting in Ireland was just beginning to nudge into the edges of our newspapers, the pastor of my church headed for home. Father Brennan was old and Catholic and Irish. So much so that when he gave his fire-and-brimstone speeches (as he often did) we had to get a translator to find out what we'd done wrong that week.

When he arrived in Ireland, the airport was crowded with old friends and family, Catholic and Protestant alike. For the month he was there, he was wine and dined and feted; no one mentioned any troubles to him. Afterwards he came back and bitterly decried the newspapers for blowing everything up out of proportion.

Next week there was an article posted at church; the town he'd visited had been hit between the IRA and the British Army.

I thought Jodie's article was tremendous, and if Andy doesn't watch out... But I couldn't help but chuckle when I thought of the apostrophe in Offutt. Oh, fut! I thought...

And, to put things in the right spirit I might mention that my music for this section has been provided by the Clancy Brothers and Tommy Makem.

Long live the Irish. Up with Scotch... I have to be in the right mood to read Bill Wolfenbarger; when I am, I spin and reminisce my way into my own past. This time, I just read, and enjoyed, but I have nothing to add.

Jay Kinney and Grant Canfield are very strange.

Paula Lieberman brings up some in-

teresting points; I was fascinated recently to discover that my brother's wife sincerely believes in the double standard. I sat listening to her for three days as she trotted out every single stereotype that society has so carefully created during the last few hundred years. Men "need" sex, and unless they get it they can undergo physical and psychological damage. Women don't need sex, and therefore have the responsibility to act properly in all situations; if sex occurs, it's the woman's fault, because a man is unable to exercise control when aroused.

I was truly amazed. I didn't really know people believed things like that anymore.

Oh, and any woman who "does it" is one of "those".

I tried to explain Winsor MacCay (that spelling doesn't look right, but I'll trust to little Mikie) to a friend of mine and boggled down part way through. How do you tell someone about a comic strip in which buildings start walking, people turn from one thing into another, and so on? So I just showed him Mike Gilbert's page, and he said "So?"

Anyway, I liked it.

Ted White appears to have his fur ruffled--his column reminds me of my cat, as she cleans her fur and looks around suspiciously to see who might have rubbed her the wrong way. But then, I'm not a well-known fan, and I've been hard-pressed to avoid one or two feuds recently which a number of fans seemed determined to bring about. My best wishes to Ted, and I hope he's able to keep his cool; I'm beginning to see how hard it is.

Did Mr. Stricklen ever write a story entitled *This Story Will Make You Publish a Fanzine?* 5/26

[Box 636, Seattle, WA 98111]

BEN P. INDICK: I have received OW, for which I sent you a clam a month ago, and I gave it a quick once over before going off to work. For all its handsome appearance, the excellent art and clean typeface, I couldn't help mumbling to myself that, ultimately, a fanzine is a fanzine is a fanzine.

Tonight, however, I read the whole thing through, an amazing feat for me, as fanzines usually lie around here a while, and then I realized that all you actually intended for OW was for it to be a fanzine!!

This may seem a weird statement, but, after all, it is a creature of some pretensions, with lots of Names (albeit some of them courtesy of reprinting), and all kinds of Pronunciamentos, by you and others. I was annoyed at this, at first, until my insightful discovery about the essential humility of OW. Afterward, reading it was much easier, and far more pleasant. One is, naturally, suspicious of high-fallutin' notions and back-of-oneself-patting-hopefulness, until one realizes there is an underlying sincerity. It IS a very nice zine to look at, and an okay one to read.

I read with an interest that dwindled the fussings among pro writers and editors. Lest they feel singled out, consider the current fracas in the sacrosanct world of Fine Art, over the estate of the late Mark Rothko. The artist, who is a Museum name, left hundreds of unsold artworks, and there have been, apparently, shenanigans between agents and reputable galleries in conniving to buy cheap so that they might sell dear. Since Fine Art is no \$25 royalty bit, it has made headlines. Yet, gypping is gypping, and the gypee feels no less hurt. I think writers

Language at MIDNIGHT Bill Wolfenbarger



CHAPTER 5

Loretta's vacation time is here, & it's her plan to be gone nearly three weeks from Oregon. Billy stays home; he can't afford to go; he has to find work someplace besides the orchard to pay bills with, get his electric typewriter fixed, buy a new mop, get loaded, say my prayers and write. So: Loretta & little Sara (3-1/2) will be flying up in the air until they get to St. Louis Missouri, where Bobby will pick them up & drive them to Illinois. She can see all those cornfields again. But I know staying in Harrisburg by myself will be a little strange; the longest time we've ever been apart since we began living together for almost four years, is two days. She's been very busy packing, sewing, giving me the proper instructions on when & how to water all the house plants, late, last minute things, take good care I'll miss you I love you I miss you already keep in touch, eat, write, have a good time, don't forget to get the food stamps and take your vitamins.

Our little blonde one is looking forward to seeing Bobby & Aard and the whole crazy crew, plus seeing grandma & grandpa, aunts & uncles on the farm in Wyand, and to helping grandma milk the cows & gather the eggs.

My own thots have been busy tumbling over themselves.

Alpajpuri, who is an honest writer, has been over for a few visits and told us he was going to Portland for a few days' visit with his best friend and that he'd meet us at the airport.

He met us at the airport & helped see Loretta & Sara off, only we had to leave the area some 20 minutes before the jet actually took off. Sara took the parting very well; it was very late at night & she was all excited about the jet, pop & sandwiches, and seeing everyone in Illinois...

In Portland it seemed we all did a lot of talking. I wrote a poem & began a fantasy short story / or is it science-fiction?

CHAPTER 6 : ALONE AGAIN

Time to think, and time to go over some levels of my life I've neglected. Thought-adventures for Oregonwonderland for the rest of May & up until the first 10 days of June with me, my thoughts, the cats juvenile delinquent Justin & Calico Buddhalady Luna & all those little Lunakittens we hear up in the attic with their voices getting stronger and louder, wondering when Luna (or they) will choose to bring them down into the world of the 16 wooden green steps & into the first level of this 6-room house near the river in a small town.

Meanwhile, I've had several breakfast-lunch-dinner/supper invitations & I've helped some of the locals run errands, but of these things I had the most fun helping Don build a fence for the geese and a new female goat. Loretta & Sara's departure has left me pretty spaced. I called her in Coburg to Wyand & they got there alright, everyone is having fun & Sara has been very good & having a good time. And I've been running several house-errands, not forgetful of my own nature & to the places it extends. Watered the garden with many buckets of water. I turned the house plants & washed dishes. Knowing I needed this time to myself. I looked at this house. Keep trying to catch Dylan's *Planet Waves* on the fm radio. Been sleeping on the couch because that's where I find myself falling asleep. Trying to keep up with the news; wanting to spend a couple of

Language at MIDNIGHT

(for JIM ADAMS & SALLY BETHEA)

days in San Francisco. Getting some of the writing I have to do, done. Reaching levels in my head I wanted to reach.

No great horror. My tumbling thoughts have reached a place I like to be, a state in which my head can work in. Then found out later our nextdoor neighbors are getting married August 3rd! I'm very happy for them, & I had to write & tell Loretta & Sara. Loretta & Sara. I miss them, and I need this time to myself. (They need time to themselves.) So here is all this time & space breathing all over us---thinking of myself of an entity.

Happy with the knowledge that Loretta is bringing back some Fritz Leiber, Arthur Machen & maybe Clark Ashton Smith/Richard Matheson for midnight oil for after I write the languages at midnight when all the house is quiet.

Now I should remind you of Johnny & Pat who, when I began these language-pictures were living in Parsons Kansas--; they've since moved back to Neosho Missouri & we've been keeping a regular correspondence with them.

John McNabb is my best friend. We go back nine years. I've often neglected writing much about John & Pat in the past, largely because it's difficult to know where to begin, we've all had so many interesting adventures with them; it's hard to put down just how much they mean to me. They are more people, John & Pat McNabb are, who have shared past lives with us. Maybe Loretta & Sara will be able to see them this trip. I'm trying to talk them into visiting us in Oregon awhile.

Just planted six separate kinds of flowers in the yard, the yard in which most of the land is garden now. All this time & space with this physical movements. I should take a walk over by the river, watch it flow. Everything will come back in upon itself here. It's nice in the quiet place of the house.

Went over to the apartment of a friend to hear *Planet Waves*. Wow. "...may you always be happy" . . . "I love you more than blood . . ." And then went to see Don & Louise, who live just outside town; Don is the Arizona cowboy; I had a cup of coffee there, came back home, fixed a simple dinner of pork & beans with chopped hot dogs, and a big glass of milk. With the rest of the evening before me. We're out of catfood. Only the leaves stir outside.

What I do is go into a flash of living alone, like I did before, and the knowledge & wisdom of those levels will help carry me through---- Just like when dear Alpajpuri & I were in Portland, and he wanted to know something to the effect of "do big cities bother you?" All I have to do is flash out to remember how I survived in big cities: Namely Los Angeles and Dallas Texas; and what with that in mind, I can handle a city perfectly well. Only I'd rather not. The drive back from Portland was mainly in silence with our dream-projections littering the road. Now Jim, and Sally, it's been a very long time since last we saw each other and there are bound to be gaps and voids; and I'd very much enjoy hearing from you & see how your lives are going; and have a Big Reunion one of these days with friends & loving ones & keep in touch with our lives and not split off completely into our own worlds----I wish you could meet little Sara and Loretta too. Also, *Outworlds* is a good thing for me; there are times when I talk to God over my words; what do you think of current poetry or startrails going nova on us & the whole universe in dim reaches seemingly somehow not quite so distant anymore? The birds will sing one more song before twilight.

Thursday noon & what to fix for lunch. I'm learning a variety of things to do to keep my head from spacing out too much by the sudden transformations of being alone again; which I've been most of my life. I've finished reading a marvelous & poetic story by the late Henry Kuttner first published in 1944 and it's called *The Children's Hour*, and have grown quite fond of it on my first reading. And I play out the days, the nights. The coffee-seeking demon has been on my shoulders.

+ 0 +

I've been feeling blue. A compound fracture for . . . Missing wife & child more than I thought I would at this time, I guess. Then, in the mails, at just the right moment, a letter from Loretta!

They're coming back June 10th. I am waiting to welcome them.

Been letting the days and the nights drift.

CHAPTER 7 : CATCHING UP IN HARRISBURG

The time came when Loretta and Sara got back from the Illinois-Missouri visit where they had a delightfully good time seeing relatives and friends, even crazy

should be protected, even s-f writers. Yes, even Robert Moore Williams; since I never liked the Ziff-Davis *Amazing*, nor his stuff, I was unaware he was a bigot, but even a writer for a no-no zine has rights. Nevertheless, as the invective grew, the interest fell. Let the boys present a précis but do their in-fighting in the privacy of their offices, or, better, the court; that is how definitive rulings are made!

I guess what I liked most in the issue was the folio of Grant Canfield stuff. It is as though Edd Cartier were back in the field, only with robots. The same realistic wackiness, attention to detail and artistic skill. Maybe Grant settled for an easy yock with the cowboy hat and bandana, the tie and collar, but they are funny. And as for his genital and anal schticks, well--who could find offense--even Eric Bentscliffe! And Paula's dorm would LOVE 'em!

I cannot say the same about his *impe* comic strip. A few little tricks here and there are cute, but so what? Newspapers would have no comic pages at all if this were their fare. Dan Steffan's *Hat Trick*, which seems to be a friend's salute to a friend, is more to the point, even though your wife may object to her housewifely depiction. No automatic dishwasher? Dan failed to amuse me with his comic following the Big Fight section; the exchange of heh-hehs hardly made up for the wretched truth of the strip, and, alas, in this day, when such truth is on our front pages every day, somehow or other, I can do without it in zines. Or maybe I missed the humor.

Mike Gilbert's parody, done with some knowledge of McKay's literary style, is cute; however, he was, after all, parodying a masterpiece, nothing less, of graphic art. To do it right, FIRST he should have utilized McKay's brilliant architectural/perspectival style, always an inherent part of *Little Nemo*; then he should have been able to ape McKay's faultless handling of figures in space. With these, he could have done his subject justice. In truth, he mistitled his strip; what he was closer to parodying was McKay's earlier, less ornate but very proto-psychoanalytical *Dreams of a Rarebit Fiend*.

Stricklen's story was a delightful tidbit, and the balance of the art was just fine. However, after Steven Fabian's superb work for Gerry de la Ree's press, I wish the one OW I was fated to read would have had something of more substance than this foolish if enviable scene. I am reminded of bathmats which were, for some reason, popular after WWII; they were formed of rows of sponge rubber bobbies for dreamers to trod upon, lie upon, or otherwise fulfill their fantasies upon.

Okay, Bill. I was curious about the new breed of "quality fanzines", and I liked OW well enough. Now I return to my usual mimeo fare. More often than not, it has a charmingly ingenuous tone, which yours is light years from. On the other hand, it is fascinating to see how the editors grow quickly. And, of course, there are the *Kualloquas* and *Titles* which are Quality no matter what their format. 4/22 [428 Sagamore Ave., Teaneck, NJ 07666]

> I couldn't agree more, with your last statement. <

DENIS QUANE: The opening comments by Mike and yourself meant a lot more to me than they would have several months ago. I find myself very much in agreement with what both of you have to say, which is hardly surprising, since both of you are among the small circle of fan editors whose work has strongly influenced my ideas of what it is I want to do myself.

Susan Glicksohn's column is very well written, and a good example of why she is my second choice on the list of nominees for the fanwriter Hugo this year (Sandra Miesel is my first choice). However, I must say that Nancy appreciated this particular column more than I did--Nancy talks to Teddy Bears too.

I am writing this letter in N.Y., on my semi-annual return to civilization, so I am in a good position to compare my impressions with Andy Offutt's. I am considerably more afraid of getting run down by a car than getting mugged in New York, and the statistics are on my side in this, regardless of the newspaper headlines. Dirty as the subway is, I wish there were one in Dallas. Living away from the City so long it's difficult to get used to being able to get to something miles away in just a few minutes--and at almost any time of the night. The Dallas busses practically stop running after about ten at night.

New York as seen from an airplane at night is one of the loveliest sights in the world, or perhaps the sight from Jersey, from the highway just before the bus goes into the Lincoln tunnel. The only thing that reconciles me to going back to Texas the day after tomorrow is the thought of the pile of fanzines and letters of comment that surely awaits me back at Box CC.

Interesting set of "Entropy Reprints". It would seem that in those days even the light-hearted humorous stuff was related to science fiction.

I wonder how many people have informed Bruce Arthurs by now that corn whiskey is not necessarily moonshine. There are a number of good aged, even bonded corn whiskeys put out by the distillers, which deserve to be better known, and which, in some ways, can be better than bourbon. But then I understand that Bruce is practically a total abstainer, so I guess his ignorance is excusable.

The Anthony-White reprint debate continues to be interesting. A few points: White continues to explain Cohen's agreement with SFWA in 1967 in a way that hardly seems consistent with the usual meaning of the words--what Cohen agreed to do is to pay for reprints to encourage new submissions. White (and Cohen?) seem to be interpreting this as meaning that the reprint payments are a reward for new submissions, which isn't the same thing at all.

As with Robert Moore William's "evidence", while it is nowhere near as strong as Piers Anthony claimed it to be, it isn't as weak as White makes out. The implication appears to be that the similarities between the three letters, and particularly the first two, makes it likely that they are forgeries. Just as likely however is that Williams asked the two former editors and the publisher to agree to a statement setting forth his view of the situation, and two of them just signed a statement that Williams prepared for them. I'm not a lawyer, but it would appear that their agreement to the truth of the statement is just as valid as it would be had they written a statement themselves. And in the statement from Davis, which being different, presumably reflects his unwillingness to sign a statement prepared by Williams, there is no ambiguity as to exactly what rights Ziff-Davis considered it was buying.

If Ziff-Davis sold to Ultimate more than they were entitled to on the basis of currently understood practice, then it is not true that the writer's quarrel is with Ziff-Davis rather than Ultimate. Ultimate has a legitimate case against

Language at MIDNIGHT

John McNabb in Neosho. They had to take the bus from Portland to Junction City (JC is 5 miles from Harrisburg Oregon); there they called some friends of ours who live just outside of town, Don & Louiese; Louiese picked them up, and drove them home. First thing Sara did was run inside calling, with arms extended, "Justin, Justin Justin Justin!" (Yes, Justin is Sara's cat.) We all got back into our normal state of space; we just picked it up where we left off. And before we knew it, July 4th was just around the narrowing Corner.

But first I had my bills to pay; since I wasn't having much of an income at the time, I sold my typewriter, that crazy electric typewriter, for \$65. I'm borrowing the Smith-Corona college-use-typewriter standard portable from a friend in Coburg.

On the afternoon of July 4th, Alpajpuri, and friends we'd stayed with in Portland, Greg and much younger Jeffrey, arrived. We went to a chicken-barbeque at Dick & Clair's, our next-door neighbors, and from our funky picket fence watched the sparkly zoombling fireworks from nearby River.

They left late that night after a final round of hot coffee.

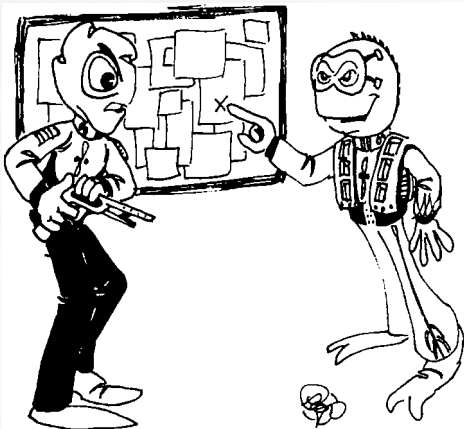
Only yesterday I finished a 1939 novel by Ralph Milne Farley, *THE HIDDEN UNIVERSE*; now I'm into *THE OTHER WORLD* by Murray Leinster, circa 1949. Hell, it could be Poe or Silverberg next week. I'll go on a "run" of Dean Koontz or Kit Reed or Seabury Quinn or someone for awhile, then get sick of reading *anybody*. I used to read *The Saturday Evening Post*--my mother had a subscription to it in the 50s when they had lots of Erle Stanley Gardner & C. S. Forester and Robert F. Young, Hugh B. Cave & Rex Stout. The *Post* was the first magazine I ever really had a deep feeling for. The first sf magazine I bought was *If* in the summer of 1956. But I don't recall the first "sf story" I ever read, or fantasy--although I do remember *Little Red Riding Hood* scared the Hell out of me. Now little Sara has my childhood copy, with the year 1949 written therein; it's the version where the cute little grandmother gets eaten up by the big bad wolf; a woodsman with an axe strolls by, investigates, opening up bad wolf's fat belly, while out comes grandma & little red riding hood! Fantasy has always blown me away more than sf.

I've been introverted all my life.

And I do believe there are songs filled with magic. Mozart lays the world bare, revealing the universe in a harmony-inspired reality. Bob Dylan too. There were times when my bones knew other things, such as childhood. Sara helps me re-live my childhood. Also, I help myself. Like Christmas bones, only every day of the year.

I really don't know how much time I have left; however, I have a very strong suspicion that I'll not see many more incarnations or even any more than this one. Also, it seems to me that the Whole universe is ready for a Change, a Cycle old beyond oblivion, yet constantly renewing itself, when the earth will be a New Earth. Could anyone hope for less?

In the midnight room, should I tell you how my back hurts--or how stooped I'm getting or how I need to have a medical go-over after so long since the last one I can't quite remember when, or how I love to gaze up, up at the stars on a clear mountain night, or, or why I want to tell you something or how poetry makes flowers bend in the wind? Not long ago I was able to get the current address of Jim Adams (remember Chaptre One?); I wrote him a letter, and I got an answer back. In his letter he sounds like a very happy man. On April 4, 1974 I became an official member in the Arthur Machen Society. I used to be a member of the S-F Book Club; I used to be a member of the National Fantasy Fan Federation, and a historian for Southern Fandom Group. I used to subscribe to *Satellite Science Fiction*. About a dozen years ago I joined the National Guards and went to meetings for two months; it was one of the most horrible periods in my life; then I got out, on a medical discharge; I'm a bleeder, but not really a full one. I still remember five years ago when a girlfriend & I took a walk in broad daylight through a haunted graveyard and felt the ghosts play sinister games in a small town I believe some twenty miles south of Dallas Texas; later that night Susan & I hitched for home, got our first ride from a couple of Texas dealers who got us 2 hits of organic psilocybin--we'd never done that silly stuff before--we were just coming on really Strong when we got our second ride in the windy Texas dark with a kindly truck driver who was incredibly kind enough to take us all the way to the apartment! I think I grew a lot, living in Texas / also got Really spacey. Also didn't write very much, mostly poems. I have not learned yet how to spell. Even before that Texas time I had shared the wine with John McNabb in Neosho Missouri! Someone (*really*) should do a Neosho novel. In Oregon I do have a love affair with the ocean and all the natural things. I can't seem to remember many bed-dreams any more. At all events, I've discovered a certain Oregon walk. I can speak no other language at midnight. Always winds will blow, and time will go. Void has its own happiness.



Ziff-Davis, but the writers quarrel is still rightly with Ultimate. If you loan me a, lets say, mimeograph, and I sell it to Donn Brazier, you are going to work to get it back from Donn--it's Donn's job to get the money back from me.

If Ziff-Davis' purchase of rights was actually done by means of the check endorsement route, then SFWA probably has a much stronger legal case than White intimates--I doubt that the courts would look very favorably on a "contract" where only one party had any record of what was agreed to. In the absence of any legally binding contract, then testimony as to what the currently accepted practice, and what both parties understood by the agreement would be particularly important. In those circumstances the letters produced by Williams, if not forgeries, are important evidence even if Palmer and Hamling merely signed statements prepared by Williams.

As to SFWA not taking its case to court--I thought that everyone knew that it is best policy to avoid lawsuits if one can attain one's aims any other way. And it would appear that the threat of boycott is one of those ways. Why, to put the shoe on the other foot, does Cohen give in (twice, now) to threatened, and if White is correct, not very effective boycotts, if first, he has such a strong legal case, and second, he would rather be publishing reprint magazines anyway? This is a particularly important question with respect to the 1967 boycott. White says it was not effective, and also (the time factor is very much confused here) that the only original stories that Cohen was publishing were those which Ziff-Davis had already bought, after which he planned to go over only to reprint. Then why did he give in to a boycott which, no matter how effective in terms of the number of cooperating writers, did not really exist at all? You can't very well refuse to sell something to someone who isn't buying. Perhaps Cohen was afraid of a lawsuit himself.

A good issue. I hope you can keep it up at this level. 5/27 [Box CC, East Texas Station, Commerce, TX 75428]

JHIM LINWOOD: I read through Susan's excellent article waiting for the word fetish to appear, but it never came, so tell Kraftt-Ebing about Arctophilia. I'm surprised that few people grow up to be Arctophiliacs having spent their childhoods holding cuddly Teddy Bears to their bodies...whoops, I'm writing to *Outworlds* not *Forum*! Peter Bull lives in Chelsea, where I work, and is a familiar figure on the King's Road where people stare at him and think "I

know the face, but..." (In fact that is the title of his autobiography.) He runs an occult emporium in Kensington, the decor and contents not unlike those in the shop ran by Kim Novak in *Bell, Book and Candle*. I wouldn't describe him as "tweedy"; to call him eccentric would be putting it too kindly. Most fans will have seen him as the Russian Ambassador in *Dr. Strangelove*, and he is a chat show regular over here too.

Several of my two daughters' teddies and dolls have fannish names because of physical resemblances; Eleanor has a teddy whose head is a big as its fat body; we call it Moorcock. Lizzie has a large rubber monkey called Greg...

Odd that Poul Anderson should mention the boom periods of SF co-inciding with full scale military operations; I read the same thing recently about comic books in a history of the genre. The simple explanation is that away from the mass-media servicemen require portable light entertainment; comic books and most SF will satisfy this demand. Could the new surge/revival that Poul predicts be mainstream books laced with hard science and a modicum of speculation like the novels of Michael Crichton? My wife, Marion, who is an average SF reader, and not a cultist like me, is a good weather-vane regarding what Joe Blow will be reading next month. She was quite impressed by *THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN* and *THE TERMINAL MAN*; as these reached the best seller lists it is a fair bet that this is the sort of thing the public will be wanting for the next few years.

Although Jodie's piece was well written and amusing it was quite frankly; twaddle. It might make good copy for The Irish Tourist Board, but it wouldn't bring much comfort to a Derry Catholic, a peasant in southern Eire, or a soldier being stoned in the Falls Road. All the romantic crap about the "dear old sod", how we beat the Black and Tans, and the sash my father wore has contributed to some extent to create the present tragedy. I'm sorry that Walt in his book (albeit innocently) helped contribute to this silly mythos. 5/29 [125, Twickenham Road, Isleworth, Middx., U.K.]

RAYMOND J. BONIE, JR.: I got a kick out of the Grant Canfield cover. *Westworld* is really getting around. A gunfighter robot--a real robot--yet! Not some android like Bald Eagle Yul. Was Canfield by any chance brought up in this crazy world by machines???

I don't know if I ever had a teddy bear, my memory don't wish to go back that far. Gee, what *did* I take to bed? Anyway I found Susan Glicksohn's piece on teddy bears delightful. Teddy bear holders of the world--unite! Come out of your closets with your teddies held high! Seriously, there's nothing terribly wrong in admitting that you hanker for a feeling of security. I do. I'm scared to death of the thought of what will happen to me if my parents are both gone in the near future. I've just painfully discovered, that even with all that I can do myself--even though wheelchair bound--I could never live on my own. I just couldn't, that's all. To be bluntly honest, I would feel funny having it known that I was harboring a cuddlely, wuddlely teddy bear. But people who have them shouldn't be exposed to ridicule. It's important to be what *you* are--not what everyone else says you should be.

Understandings was damn good reading. I, too, get a bit tired of people who always find it necessary to "interpret" a particular writer's work. Hell, you do

too much "interpreting" then you find that you lost the pleasure of just enjoying. I discovered H. P. Lovecraft a number of years ago and I found that I greatly enjoy reading him. True he wrote some bummers--but so has Asimov, Clarke, and Heinlein, yet I still like them all. Reading should be a pleasure, not a chore. My father watches *The Three Stooges* and I rib him at times about it, but why shouldn't he be entitled to watch it? Most people don't always want to read "high brow" stuff anyway. Neither do I. Anyway, Mr. Lowndes, you're correct in your assertion that something--literally or not--is not "junk" if one enjoys it enough to keep coming back to it. 4/22 [31 Everett Ave., Somerville, MA 02145]

DAVID R. HAUGH: It was like getting a letter from friends that you haven't heard from in a long time. I had never read anything Susan Glicksohn, Bill Wolfenbarger, or most of the others, except for Ted White, and Poul Anderson's *Beer Mutterings* (an old favorite from SFR) have written, but I felt "in tune" with their thoughts. I particularly could identify with your editorial. I'm thirty myself, completed school on my GI, and have been a commercial artist for the past four years, having tried my hand at drafting and electronics, only to find that I was suited for neither.

The necessity of doing something in which you not only feel that you're doing something that other people want done, but that it is the best you can do is really important. I had an instructor that told me "working as a commercial artist is prostituting your talents". This was, of course, while he was making 18,000 plus as an art teacher. Yet I can get just as much satisfaction out of a well produced and designed page (advertising, magazine, etc.) as from a drawing or painting done for "pleasure".

It all comes back to if you like what you're doing, and feel satisfaction with what has been produced, the hell with what anyone else says. 5/9 [828 Loyalton Drive, Campbell, CA 95008]

> I, frankly, printed that one for ME! <

FRANK BALAZS: I suppose that numerous raves and glories are due you about OW #19. But I'll let others who know more about the ins and outs of offset tell you whether you did a great, a good, a fair, or a poor job with this ish. To my eye (in comparison with other offset fanzines), you did a great job. Offset certainly hasn't changed the personality of the zine (so to speak), though to my eye OW seemed more suited to mimeograph. Well, I've been proven quite wrong.

Excellent Canfield cover & portfolio. Do you have more of these robot-creatures on hand? Does Grant have more in his pen, ready for transference onto paper?2

Urk! I have a teddy bear too. In fact (if a young promising college-aged male dare admit it), I still have a number of stuffed animals. My teddy bear is my favorite being the oldest (more on this later) and having underwent one or more injuries in its time. I must admit I hold a certain perverse attraction for the fuzzy-green monkey I have hanging from a shelf with the placard "Fuzz is Beautiful". (The sign being a later personal touch which the monkey did not come equipped with.) Anyway, my teddy bear is, I believe, of a German make, a quality company though, frankly, of its true origins I am unsure. The bear is older than I am, but I received it from someone soon after birth. Thus, poor teddy traveled with me and my parents during our famed escape from Hungary during the '56 revolution. It is, without a doubt, my

oldest possession (except, perhaps, for my hair, a few strands of which I was born with being a few days late). If I ever gave him (the teddy bear) a name I no longer recall it. I have had other teddy bears; in fact, my memory recalls a certain obscenely large creature I had during the years of three or four. The thing (along with a bunny rabbit) was at least as large as I was. They're long gone however. I must confess that for many years now I haven't thought much about teddy...or any of my stuffed animals...besides rearranging them on my shelves as more books came flooding in. Until yesterday I had a koala bear poster in my room and it is only temporarily down as I'm doing poster-rearranging in my room. (My Vincent DiFate resides above my door still awaiting better placement and my Wendy Lindhoe etching is affixed to my closet door.) In any case, Susan's article did inspire me to remove my teddy bear from its shelf and place it on my desk. Right now, it forlornly (its eternal expression) watches me type away, one arm resting on my long-unused electric pencil sharpener, the other arm reaching for its mended left foot which, I fear, still pains it now and then...

Skipping lightly ahead to later in the issue, I find Bill Wolfenbarger's piece. I'm glad--very glad--that there will be more. I think this is the single most entrancing segment of any fanzine that I've read in a lo-o-o-ong time. It is nicely entertainingly personal and seems to capture a rather indefinable mood quite well--perhaps, a mood of false dawn, of pre-dawn, of that time when the world is mostly slumbering, about to break back into reality... Admittedly, the talk of such legendary times as 5 A.M. usually throws me into disbelief but Bill makes me believe that such an obscene hour exists and that people function during it--and that it really isn't a bad time of day after all... I'm just used to the fact the hours before 7 or 8 A.M. do not exist, that's all.

There must be a mistake somewhere. The whole thing started with a review of A,DV in OW #3.5!!!! That issue must have come out years ago before there was an A,DV to review.³ Come on, it can't be that old--I wasn't here at the beginning, but even Frank Blast, lover of fantasy, cannot believe that White and Ellison have been going for blood on this particular issue in the pages of your zine for that long! 5/26

[2261 Indian, SUNYA, Albany, NY 12222]

> ¹No.

²I certainly HOPE so!

³Sometimes, it SEEMS that long ago! <

DAVID W. MILLER: This was my first issue and it left me a little disappointed. After Mike Glycer's letter I expected interesting and provocative reading and got something rather sedate. Several times I found it hard to suppress a yawn (ho-hum).

Anderson's 12 year cycle is mildly interesting. It even becomes more interesting when you consider the changes James Baen has been making in *If* and *Galaxy* so far in '74.

The issue was by no means all bad. While I am no arctophile (my Teddy whose name was Algy succumbed years ago to a combination of exposure, starvation and the mean greenies), I found Susan Glicksohn's article immensely enjoyable.

Jodie Offutt's article is deserving of a larger audience. Maybe on the March 17 editorial page of a large circulation newspaper (N.Y. *Times*?). 5/24

[42 Fairview Ave., Summit, NJ 07901]

ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS: Thanks for No. 19 issue of *Outworlds*.

I read it with interest, except, of course, for the material from Ted White, which I did not read in line with my policy of boycotting his productions. Hence I do not know the nature of his REPORT FROM THE WAILING WALL... For that matter, I do not read pornography either, but I don't want to reform those who do.

I am continually amazed at the quality of fan art--and at the amount of fan energy. But, I guess, if you love it enough, all that effort does not seem like work. Certainly making the equipment for my color shows is an amazing amount of work, but I love them and the work seems very little.

I continue with the processes of spiritual growth, with results that are often astonishing to me. I guess we never know what is hidden in the depths, until we go looking, then the things we find may surprise us. 4/25 [Fountain of Youth Spa, Box 12, Niland, CA 92257]

JACKIE FRANKE: LOVED the cover! Grant is so technically perfect and yet so whimsical that I delight in everything he does. The robot (though maybe Drone would be more precise) critter on p. 715 (if I'm following your numbering system correctly) ran close second. I would have found it difficult to select which one to feature for a cover. Wish I could say as much for his collaborations with Jay Kinney. But the two examples I have seen of that combination leave me cold. No sense of humor, I guess.

I agree with Glycer's comments about the reason for your "success" (though I do happen to object to that term used for a fanzine...every editor has a different notion of what he/she wants to achieve, if anything, with their work. The most abject failure by one set of criteria may have touched every goal set out for it by its creator, and there's no way of telling for sure just what was intended without knowing the editor personally. You have succeeded in reaching your goals, however, at least from what you've explained them to be)(and that's a hell of a long parenthetical statement!), but I think a slight addition would be called for. "The ability to obtain excellent contributors, including a reef of pros," should have included the qualifier; "who interact with, and derive pleasure from, contact with fandom." Pros alone do not influence a fanzine to a great extent. Look at *Moebius Trip*, who also manages to enlist pro contributors.

I enjoy MT, it's one of my six or seven favorite zines, but it lacks the sparkle that OW, at its stodgiest has. The pros seem to be enjoying the work they submit to you, whether it be serious or frivolous. They know there will be reaction from your readership, and they know (perhaps it's the foremost consideration) that their submissions will be treated with reverence and flair. You treat your contributors right, and they treat you right in return.

Susan's article reaffirms my belief that fandom will welcome or at least condone any perversion. Back when I was a youngster, and being your elder, I'm entitled to speak in that tone, such fetishes as loving one's teddy bear were hidden from public view once past the sophomore year. To admit that a worn, torn, and battered hunk of cloth and excelsior (they were primitive times I was raised in) could still elicit love, even into adulthood, well, words fail me... (But remind me to tell you about a certain white chenille bedspread I have tucked away in my closet...)



SF does seem to follow cyclic resurgences, and Poul Anderson's selection of a twelve-year pattern seems as logical as any, but I do think that pinning definite peaks down for the past twenty years or so is difficult at best. 1926 and 1938 had clearly marked indicators; the launching of Gernsback's magazine and the beginning of Campbell's tenure as head of *Astounding/Analog*. But there were no such milestones in the fifties and sixties, and none yet recognized for the seventies. Perhaps it's due to that old axiom used in regarding history; we aren't far enough away yet to discern the highwater marks, but in a few decades, they'll be quite evident.

Wish I could find some pertinent statement to make about RAWL's column; I found much to agree with in it, but he said it all. Quality, like every other subjective judgement, is in the eyes of the beholder.

For some odd reason I have difficulty picturing and staring out at a subway tunnel in naive fascination like a boy from the hills first seeing the city lights. It's more because of his references to coming from the hills of Kaintuck than anything, since he's never been the least bit abashed about showing his sensawonder about anything: a quality I always find delightful in his writings. When he finds a new idea, a new sight, he is fascinated, and can barely seem to wait until he can set it down on paper. New York was a mind-blower for him, and he wants to share that sensation with everyone he can. But it's not a naive delight, unless openness and honesty are considered naive attributes nowadays. Needless to say, I loved his, excuse the term, trip report...

Jodie's article separates the true Irish from the false. If the melody of *Wearing of the Green* didn't flow through your mind as you read the final paragraphs, and a tear didn't pool in the corner of your eye, you're beyond Hope. Damn it all, she said what we all feel! How a loving, whimsical race like the Irish could fall into these Dark Days, is beyond comprehension. It's like we've lost our Eden, in a sense.

One explanation occurred to me regarding the four-leafed clover, and its existence in Irish folklore. The Irish clung to their love for the Old Ways, despite the Church's suppression. It could be that the fourth lobe of the clover symbolized their Old Faith; as being equal with the Trinity introduced by those "from across the Irish Sea." The Irish, like the Indian in South America, accommodated

imposed religion with their own, perhaps "truer" beliefs. Okay, we'll take on your Father, Son and Holy Ghost, but Nature counts too...

The lettercol. Ah, yes. The meat of any fanzine, the place where the impact of your material can be truly felt and measured. The place where Old Articles Never Die...nor old feuds, apparently...

I'd like to point out one thing to Lon Jones: the birth rate was higher thirty years ago, or hasn't he read about our achievement of Zero Population Growth? Unwed pregnancy was higher too; it follows, but may have been hidden better. Nowadays it's much more common for a girl to raise her child *same* husband than in previous years, and the use of a "shotgun" (or social pressure, really) to impose a wife on a guy has declined. I haven't any statistics at hand, but seem to recall that the rate of illegitimacy has risen slightly, but from what base year I don't know. The reasons for that are clear. Thirty years ago, an unwed mother faced a tremendous handicap; it still isn't easy, but at least it's not an impossibility for her to find work, shelter, and raise a healthy and happy child. The use of Shame, as an inducement to so-called Decent Behavior, has declined--about time, say I!

To Paul Docherty; yes, ditto and mimeo are gawdawful jeezuz hard, but they are also *affordable*. By far a more important criteria than most faneds.

Ted White's remark, demanding a decision from those who read him, made me pause. Do I consider Ted a liar? Well, no. Do I think he distorts the truth? Yes, at times, like everyone else does. Do I then distrust what he writes about? Yes and no.

Ted, only an idiot will accept any man's word as Gospel. You wouldn't do that, so don't ask anyone else to do so either. You know through experience that some people's words are accurate expressions of the truth *as they see it*, and yet may not be precisely The Truth. You accept what a person says after a process of learning what their subjective standards are, and just where they overlap with your own. Two people review a book: one says it's great, the other says it stinks. Is one lying and one being honest? Or are they both being utterly truthful by their own standards? It's much the same in any other area where opinions are stated, and that includes almost anything that's discussed in fandom.

I view Ted as being an intensely emotional, caring sort of person. When he states what he sees as "facts", he is being honest, but I cannot tell in most cases whether he is being truthful; whether another person, seeing the very same things wouldn't see other, equally valid "facts". In most cases, the topics he discusses are impossible for me to judge. They happened to people I don't know, in cities I'm unfamiliar with, and concern things that in some cases don't interest me. But he expresses his views so damned entertainingly, that I can't help but enjoy reading them. That's a poor response to what he asks, but it's the best I can do.

Reading all this brouhaha over SFWA and Ultimate, and Farmer and Piers and Williams and Ellison and all the rest, I feel like Tevye in *Fiddler*. "You're right, and you're right, and yes, you're right too!" Which is why I wish the whole thing would only lie down and die a natural death. There's no Bad Guy in all this, no one we can point to and call Sinner. All concerned are honorable men (emotional at times, but honorable) and

I wish they'd all shake hands and quit squabbling among themselves.

But being Honorable Men, they probably won't. Principles Must Be Upheld, after all...

Enough. Excellent issue. Perhaps the best I've seen by you. Of course, it's of absolutely no value in judging future issues, unless you've finally found whatever niche you've been searching for these many years (and, in a way, I hope not. Not because this isn't a lovely niche to be in, but because OW's very unpredictability is an asset). #20 could best it by lightyears, or drag it to a new nadir (by the way, just which issue do you consider as your lowpoint? Every zine has one, after all. What's yours?). 4/28 [Box 51-A RR 2, Beecher, IL 60401]

> Without a doubt--#18. Not so much from the material, as with everything that could go wrong...DID! Two times I came that close to folding: after our first separation...where I started the 3. Series; and with #18. I just about tossed the whole thing, and I still at times wish that I had--even if it would have caused bankruptcy. # On the other hand, I consider by far my most "successful" issue to have been the first one when I revived the title in 1970. At least in terms of what I want OW to be. I've spent the last four years trying to get back to that same sense of satisfaction. I think I'm on the track now, but I can't promise it. <

JERRY JACKS: Firstly; Ted White's column. I'm intrigued, just what does Ted's lawn look like, i.e., if he thinks up his column whilst mowing and/or shoveling, he must have a lawn that by now is a beat up as the front porch of Barad-Dur. I'm fascinated by the current set of Ultimate exchanges between White and Sundry (daughter of Frigg, the Scandinavian god of solitary sex), it's much like watching Roller Derby (to which I am mildly addicted), in that you can see a group of people who are only vaguely interesting to you go round and round performing unspeakable violence upon each other, (in this case the violence is mainly verbal and a lot of the wounds seem to be self-inflicted), but in a non-involving way. The battle is almost interesting enough, though, to make you forget its basic unimportance.

Susan's extremely bearable essay took me back to childhood with "Thing", mine own panda with only one eye and a stigmata of flowing interior fluff. The wound eventually proved fatal and over my tearful protests, (I was eight), Thing went where all them kings you read about go.

Grant Canfield is brilliant--terminally strange--but brilliant. I picked up one of his "Criminally Cute Cookie Creatures" at TORCON and had to get it back to the U.S. through Customs. I had forgotten that I was wearing my sports coat with the marijuana leaf pin, which the customs inspector took one look at, added in my beard and proceeded to examine my luggage in minute detail. I had the cooky wrapped up in clothing to keep it from breaking up during the flight and I was hard pressed by the inspector to explain the thing away. The inspector was sure that the thing *must* be a stash of some sort and was going to break it up until I gave him examples of the "lawyer two-step", the "artwork foxtrot", and the "friends in high places" samba. Eventually cooky and I made it home, unscathed and uncracked.

Speaking of Toronto, the nice lady at City Hall said that they don't have

things like muggers; does she know about Dan Steffan's vile canard on their town?

Sorry I didn't say more about the zine; most of what I wanted to say to you was expropriated and told to you in his usual toadying manner by Mike (Hairy the Hat) Glicksohn and I'd never stoop to repeating remarks that filter down from across the cultural wasteland of the North. Does Mike write his letters to you in English and in French, or is he still a traitor to Pan-Canada Solidarity? 4/29 [195 Alhambra St., #9, San Francisco, CA 94123]

MIKE GLYER: Okay, you can quit now. You have produced the most beautiful fanzine in the world (the most beautiful that I've ever seen). Now what are you going to do for an encore? *Yawn.*

As I said, among my other ravings, the competition for Most Beautiful Fanzine In the World is not quite that stiff. *Is* and *Algol*, *Crossroads*, *The Essence*, *Energumen*, *Science Fiction Review*...I've seen one or more issues of each that were extremely good, but none was a virtuoso effort. The most beautiful fmz I ever saw, actually, was an issue of *D:B--over*aiming for its prodigious amounts of fine art, good writing, etc. I think it was the 7th Annish. > It was--#21. < But even that issue was not well integrated. The current *Outworlds* is nearer to perfection in the presentation of high quality art and text than any of the various zines I've seen.

Now what? (You can go back to ditto and do it all over again!)

The opening Canfield art clinches it at the very start. At that point you manage to strike awe into the heart of the reader, and from then on he/she is yours. The knee-knocking, lip-quivering, heart-shuddering question from now on is--not, "Can he do it?", but "Can he do it again, and better?" Aha, Bowers, you have ruined yourself by succeeding first time out.

But seriously, folks.

I'll let rest my decision on whether publishing my letter up front was a good idea or a terrible one on the reaction. I expect a negative reaction, to be frank, and tend to wish the Post Office had chewed the missive up, rather than have it put out in front there, magnified beyond reason by layout. But if nobody remarks on it, or if it strikes a sympathetic chord among those who respond, then maybe it makes no difference.

On the McGuffey Reader/Horatio Alger item, keep in mind that in these two genre the success myth was specifically portrayed as "luck and pluck"--mainly that if you had a crappy job like cleaning up a warehouse, but did it vigorously and thoroughly, if you were nice, ethical, brave, stalwart, good to your mother, and so forth, then eventually you could find a carriage whose horses were running out of control, stop it, and marry the boss' daughter who happened conveniently to be riding inside. In other words, it was a senseless myth. Furthermore, no Horatio Alger story was ever about an editor who ran his publication for ego gratification. If hard work is a component of success, it is not the be all and end all. It is not even a guarantee of eventual success!

Indeed I doubt that you are as much attuned to the success myth as you are to, say, Populist Intellectualism. Keep fandom in mind as you read the following excerpt from the POPULIST RESPONSE TO INDUSTRIAL AMERICA: "But Populism rejected the success myth, and indeed laissez faire and social Darwinism, for a more basic reason. Unbridled individualism, it contended, destroyed rather than promoted the general welfare. Its own counter-formation, simply, was that cooperation and mutual help, not

competition and self-help, led to true individualism." Is this not more the Bill Bowers we know? Not entirely, but surely more so than "Bill the Mimeo Boy" or some such creature. 3/30

[319 E. Pike, Bowling Green, OH 43402]

THOMAS BURNETT SWANN: I want to thank you for sending me a copy of *Outworlds*, a magazine which is professional in every sense of the word and can only be called a fanzine in the sense that it retains the delightful spontaneity of the best fanzines while adding the discipline and polish of the prozines.

I particularly want to say how taken I was with the racy illustrations by Grant Canfield for my *WOLFWEINTER*. I couldn't decide whether I liked the bemused Faun or the half devilish, half just mischievous wolf better. The figures parading across the page recalled an illustration in a book I read as a child, the play version of Peter Pan, with Indians, Pirates, Tinker Bell, Peter, and others parading in such a fashion. The picture haunted me, and to be reminded of it is delightful, especially since Grant Canfield in no way imitates, he just happens to strike a particular chord of happy memory.

Your magazine is more than a labor of love; it is a work of art. May it grow and flourish as it deserves. 6/4

GENE WOLFE: It's no fun to say this, but my initial impression is negative. The cover is vulgar--that's a minor point, but it's there. The interior--up to the letter column--is good to fair.

And I enjoyed the letter column--I really did. Then, following Bruce Arthurs' letter I read a little note from you: "...and on that positive note, we end it! The 'dirty words' and Ellison/White discussions are OVER! Everything else is go."

That was all right with me. Ellison and White had been pretty savage; if you wanted to cut it off, that was your right, and I tended to agree with you.

After the cartoons came *Thots While Snow Shovelling*; and I discovered you hand't cut it off at all--you just arranged things so that Ted would have the last word. Who do you think you're kidding, Bill?

Meanwhile, half way back in the letter column you WAHF'd nine readers "and Others". But it developed a moment later that you weren't out of letter space at all. I'm not arguing for a moment that you do not have the right to run the letters you choose and omit those you choose not to run--but that stinks, Bill. 4/27 [Box 69, Barrington, IL 60010]

> Some letters, such as the Swann, can really make your day. Others can really Hurt. # What can I say...? <

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Okay, it's beautiful! It's probably the nicest looking fanzine I've ever seen! I wouldn't have used all of the art perhaps, but the design is excellent, the graphics are superb, the printing job is nigh-on perfect, and the overall package is simply breathtaking. Congratulations: even the slightly cluttered layout on the Carr piece works because of the varying typefaces. It's good, Bill, damn good. You know that, but I want you to know we know it too. You may equal this in issues to come, but if you surpass it I can't imagine what you'll have to do.

Added to the brilliance of the visual aspect of the issue is the fact that almost all of the material is well-written

and interesting. Overall this has to be the best fanzine value of the year.

Mike Glycer says lots of nice and interesting things about you and The Outworlds Philosophy. If I had to put in to one word the mysterious reason behind your "success" I'd choose "integrity" as that word. Longevity, personality, fine appearances all help, but the pros who have chosen *Outworlds* as a place to expose themselves have likely done so on the basis of the fact that they expect to get a fair treatment from you. Editorial honesty is far more important than offset



printing. And if you've ever been unfair or dishonest or biased towards a contributor in *Outworlds*, I certainly can't recall the incident. (And much as I hate to admit it, I've read and saved every damn issue...) There's also perhaps the fact that you are more of an outsider than Geis, which may well be the main reason for your ability to remain impartial and fair to all sides of a question. Add this principal ingredient to the lagniappes Mike mentions and your "overnight success" is easily explained away...why, any Bill Bowers could have done it...

You know, it's very likely that my essential misanthropic tendencies all stem from the fact that I *didn't* have a teddy bear when I was a wee tad. The family was pretty poor, and the only toy I ever remember having as a child was a large replica of a doglike beast I called Pluto after the Disney character and some chance resemblance that struck my youthful fancy. Pluto was long, and squat and carved out of a chunk of four by four; and I loved him as only a child can. But the difference between a soft cuddly bear to confide in and a large solid piece of wood to serve the same purpose probably explains the difference between Susan and I as grown-ups.

Now this article is an excellent piece of writing, but it contains Susan's inherent pro-arctophilic bias. What she fails to point out is that the majority of people in the Bull book, including Bull himself, seem to honestly believe that their bears get lonely, annoyed, depressed, etc., depending on what happens to them. Susan cleverly puts in a disclaimer to the effect that such claims are deliberately aimed at disarming us poor clods who have never owned a bear, but I'm more cynical than she is. I'd say a sizeable percentage of the arctophiles quoted in the book are neurotic to some degree. Bull may be unmoved by someone's attachment to his house, or car, but the suburbanite who really believes that his car, yacht, lawnmower or what have you pines away when he's gone is rather quickly put away! I agree completely with all of the positive qualities Susan's article attributes to teddy bears. They are all she says they are and more. I mourn never having one. But when you start dressing little Teddy up, setting a place at the table for him, and bringing him presents if you've been away so he won't pout, then I think you've crossed over, that thin line, my

friend... (I'd go on, but I have to feed SSScotch Press a ream of Twiltone; he's been feeling rather neglected of late...)

Good grief! Poul Anderson was right! 1974 is indeed destined to be a banner year in the field of science fiction! How did he foresee it so clearly? The proof is already in! I've just sold a short-short to Ted White!! The Apocalypse is upon us!

> Fantastic publishes *Outworlds*' rejects! Pass it on... <

Andy's article really moved me this time around. Excellent writing, even if the style is rather deliberately unusual for what I expect from Andy. As it happens I read this article while on the subway here in Toronto and I stood at the very rear of the train and watched the crisp clean track and the spotless tunnels unwinding behind me like gossamer steel threads from some giant spider (did I do it right, Andy?) and I was thankful I live in Toronto (and not New York) where the only policeman you might see on the subway is off duty and heading home. (My first solo experience with the New York subway involved a morning rush hour journey from darkest Brooklyn to Andy Porter's palatial home on Brooklyn heights to pick up two cases of Ballantine's IPA. For anything less I never would have considered it! What an experience: how people put up with it five days a week, I'll never know.)

Jodie's article is also fine: it's a rare pleasure to find a husband and wife team who both write splendid material for fanzines. And when the artwork is included with the article, it's not surprising that the faned comes out looking pretty good. One can't help but wonder what you might accomplish, Bill, if you had to work for it...

The one discordant note in an otherwise excellent article was, for me, Jodie's comments on favours, reciprocal or not. Perhaps it's because I've never had someone get me out of a penalty for breaking the law, but I can't accept this system as casually as she does. If you do something wrong, and are caught, you should pay the penalty, whether you play bridge with the local judge or not. Or whether you happen to be Richard Nixon or John Q Taxdodger. My grandfather was Irish too, Jodie, but wrong is wrong no matter who you are or know.

So passed the Irish Elk.

It is a proud and ~~more~~ lovely thing to have a comic strip about oneself appear in a fanzine of *Outboard* stature. It is even stranger when that strip reveals a dreadful truth you had ~~thought~~ well hidden.

Since I've maintained a steady torrent of the sort of sludge the Hat used to write, I thought I'd fooled fandom. (It hasn't been easy hitting these little typewriter keys when you're as big and warty and heavy clawed as I am.) Dan has revealed all, so I can make a clean break of it: he was very good with mustard!

Oh boy, if Piers' remark about Clarion and workshops of that ilk doesn't touch off the next big brouhaha in your lettercolumn, then my fingers have strayed so far from the pulse of fandom I'd better pack up my mimeo and silently steal away. I foresee dozens of pages from both irate pros and fans who have attended such sessions, along with interminable numbers of statistics to show how many workshop-goers have sold how many stories in how many months, etc., etc., etc. It looks to me that Piers is being deliberately provocative here. There *is* concrete evidence that workshops help new writers get established. Of course, if twenty percent of Clarion et al alumni have sold stories, it does mean that 80% got little for their money other than a few (possibly) enjoyable if hectic weeks with some (perhaps) convivial companions. Think I'll sit this one out and watch the fur fly. I *had* been wondering about that order you placed for asbestos paper but now I see...

I assume the "SF" on the inside back cover stands for Sexist Fantasy? Loved it!

Magnificent covers, both front and back. Meat inside, with dressing that should appeal to everyone. Hope it gets the response it deserves, although that'll keep you busy for months on the lettercol. Maybe not everyone will be as wordy as I. 4/9 [141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, CANADA]

> ...and if they only knew how much I've cut! (This Hero Worship is such a... wordy affair, sometimes.) # I thought you HAD packed up your mimeo...but if you haven't, put down this fantastic fanzine, and go and do it! You see... unless my memory is completely gone (I at least I have the excuse of Age) YOU were the only one to comment on that subject at all! (Not that I mind...I sure don't need another round!) *sigh* And to think that I used to hang on to your every word, because I thought that you, of all people, really knew What's Happening in fandom. Disillusionment is such a painful process... # You know, Michael me boy, someday I'm going to have to explain to all my new-found readers just who you are, that I should devote this much space to you. Come to think of it...why don't you write me a letter, telling me why you should rate such treatment! I mean... you don't publish a Big Time, Big Deal Fanzine (anymore), you're not in the least Controversial; the jealousy of your Betters is evident, and you are a Foreigner. All of that...and you're not even pretty! (I must be getting soft...it's time to get back to the Mean Old Bill routine, I guess.) # A particularly Mean & Nasty comment just crossed my mind... Should I? (probably not.) Would it be Fair & uphold my Integrity? (definitely not!) Would He do it to me? (without a doubt.) Can I? (why not?) (...clearing of throat, sinking to my knees so that I can give it to him face to face...) Michael, if wasn't for the title of a certain column in these sacred pages...I'd have forgotten, long ago, the name of your former fanzine. (I'll pay for that one, and dearly, but I always was a masochist...) # Sorry, Mike... <

MITCHELL HOLLANDER: Events run in cycles of some sort. Yesterday it was reading andy offutt's piece in OW19, and noticing a couple of snide putdowns about New York; today it was reading an article in *The Sunday News* magazine section about eleven people who wouldn't live anywhere else.

Contrary to andy, New York lives! Yeah, I'm sticking up for it mainly because I've lived here my whole life, but I've also a point to make.

I can understand that many people don't like New York. Credit is due to andy for at least giving it a try. But New York is a way of life to others (such as myself).

Frankly, andy, I don't pretend to know what caused you to make the blanket statement that New York is "dying without throes". No way to explain it. A confirmed subway-phile, for instance, would never write about the 4:30 a.m. ride in the same way. The subway is a thing of great beauty and wonder.

You have the right to pity those of us who live here, but then allow me to pity you. The great things about New York are sometimes the crazy things. You don't know what it's like to take 2-1/2 hours going from home in Brooklyn to a friend in Staten Island by subway, ferry, and bus, just for the ride, when the same trip by any sane person in a car would take 45 minutes. You don't know what it's like to go up to the top of the Empire State Building and pretend to look at the view while actually listening to the melodies in the voices of foreign tourists. They come up here to look over the city, to take pictures, and to be able to tell others that they were *here*. English, French, German, Russian, Japanese and people whose languages I've never heard before and can't identify. And there's more...

My great dream is to one day "do the subway"--that is, ride every single line in the city. The unofficial record is 21 hours, 20 minutes. *There's* something to hope for.

andy, no kidding--I love the way you write. I mean it, and I wish I could write one-tenth as well. But the one thing I cannot tolerate is a put-down of New York. I will defend this city to the death. "Babylon-sur-Hudson", indeed! 4/21 [739 East Fourth St., Brooklyn, NY 11218]

PATRICK L. MCGUIRE: On Susan's column: Interesting; she and I apparently related rather differently to our teddy bears, devoted as we both were to them. Mine is sitting in a box on the closet shelf in my parents' house, and I have no particular qualms about leaving him there. But I will set forth a CLAIM for that teddy bear. It may well be refuted, but in the absence of contrary information, I will assert that my teddy bear, Clarence Tommy, was the FIRST teddy bear in the world to have a custom-designed SPACESUIT. I would estimate that the year of this momentous event was 1959, but if anyone submits a close claim, I'll nag my parents or otherwise see if I can establish the year with more precision. The occasion for the spacesuit was that I'd worn all the fur--well, most of it--off Clarence Tommy, and my grandmother offered to make some clothes for him. The choice of what kind of clothes was obvious from my point of view even at the age of nine, and by ghod it was going to be done RIGHT. And so it was. Clarence Tommy has a suit consisting of pants, shirt, boots, gloves, and helmet with closeable visor. The whole thing is, with the assistance of a bit of imagination, airtight. The only concession to comfort

on my grandmother's part was that the helmet has holes for the ears to stick out. But if you're going to encounter vacuum, you could always tuck them inside. The workings of the oxygen system within the suit were never entirely clear, as there's no external unit for such. Maybe a highly efficient method of air renewal and air conditioning was built into the helmet or someplace. I think that sometimes I used flashlight batteries for air tanks for long journeys. But a teddy-bear technology that had long before solved the problems of anti-gravity and strap-on (tie-on-with-string, actually) personal flying units was hardly going to cavail at a trivial problem of air renewal. Not that Clarence Tommy did all that much breathing anyhow. But he *did* do a lot of talking, until I was perhaps as much as eleven years old. I just held a conversation with him yesterday, in fact. He was eleven hundred miles away, in Florida, so it's not clear how this was managed, but I did note that his voice, while still rather higher-pitched than my own, does seem to have come down at least half an octave from what I recall. Never realized that Clarence still had a voice-change to go through. He always struck me as a quite mature animal. 4/23

> Patrick is currently attending school in Moscow--with or without Clarence, I'm not sure--and the directions for getting hold of him are so extensive that you'd think they were a Bowers Editorial Policy. # He also commented on my 'Layout', or lack thereof, on the Carr column in #19. As did many others. # Speaking of Layout (take note of the way he manages a subtle lead-in, Glicksohn)...if I was half as good in 'positioning' things as some say, I can see now that I should have followed Mike's letter/my comments, directly with Patrick's. If only for the opening three words... Even us Biggies slip, I guess. <

ERIC MAYER: I have to admit that your accepting *The Excoriator* for OW has pretty much made up my mind on the issue of fancy zines. Its OK to talk about noncommercialism, the joys of ditto, etc., but I can't deny the fact that I am absolutely thrilled at being associated with such a beautiful, top quality as *Out-worlds*. It's great. > Awww...shucks! <

And as you know, it isn't just the money spent that makes a zine what it is. I've seen too many cruddy looking zines sponsored by colleges with almost unlimited budgets. (By fanzine standards.) In fact, I once contributed to a local would-be pro-zine that had plenty of newsstand distribution and slick, full-color covers. It flopped, and it looked lousy. And I really wasn't too thrilled about having an article in it.

Mike Glycer's letter was interesting. Unfortunately I think he's right in implying that a fanzine that doesn't rely exclusively on Big Name Pro contributors is going to have an uphill battle of it, circulation wise. As far as I know, the "little magazines" he talks about are almost entirely subsidized, for the most part by universities. Their circulations aren't much bigger than *Algol's*. And that despite the fact that they have a large, ready made market in the academic community.

Consider this issue, for instance. I think that the contents are, generally, the best of the four OWs I've seen. I enjoyed the issue very much. But what about Joe SF Reader who sends for a sample after seeing the ad in *Algol* or *Locus*? I'm afraid he's going to want SF material, and damn the good writing. He won't get what he wants.



That's too bad of course because the material in OW is excellent, and unique. It just isn't SF. (I've already seen one rather blistering review on this score.) It might be interesting to try advertising OW in some of those "little magazines". You might pick up a lot of readers among people who are interested in SF but only as one part of a more varied literary diet.

But then, maybe there are more tru-fans around than I know. In which case you're in great shape since OW is still distinctly faanish. The pros aren't squeezing the fans out. As I know, and as Lon Jones knows. (It's been my experience that faneds generally bend over backwards to fit in locs from newcomers.)

Physically this OW is superb. Highlights for me, artistically were probably the Canfield folio (and where's the quote from? Sounds rather like it would fit Kuttner's conceived robot in ROBOTS HAVE NO TAILS.), the Steve Fabian page and Dan Steffan's cartoons (especially *Hat Trix*). But then it was all good.

I read the issue from back to front, moving from the depressing, never ending Ultimate dispute (it's been educational, but I'm sick of it) to the warm-cuddly-teddy-bear article by Susan Glicksohn. It was more enjoyable that way.

I appreciated Robert Lowndes' article. A lot of criticism is irrelevant, especially criticism of SF since too often it is a matter of the critic applying the precepts of one genre of literature to an entirely different genre. And then there are the critics who, as Kuttner put it, see zebras in everything. Sometimes they are Holy zebras, sometimes Freudian zebras, very often mythical zebras, but a zebra is a zebra and though zebra spotting might be an engrossing game (I've played it on occasion) it makes for poor criticism.

As for Poul Anderson's column--I wish he was right about all that great new SF that's due about now, but I haven't seen it yet. Maybe by next OW though? (It's dangerous to make such statements in fanzines. This letter might be published the day after the greatest SF novel ever written comes out.)

Keep the *Entropy Reprints* coming. (Though I can't say how many members of any expanded audience would enjoy them.)

Both Offutts (or is it offutt and Offutt?) were enjoyed. I remember when my parents went to New York. They told me they felt very uneasy. Too many creepy people around. On closer questioning I discovered that these "creepy people" looked about the same as me. Hmmm.

Lastly there were the hilarious little piece by Stricklen, and Bill Wolfenbarger's autobiographical article which held my interest, though it shouldn't have since nothing much happens

in it. He's just an interesting person I guess, and he writes very well indeed. This kind of writing is pretty thinly spread outside fanzines. Certainly somewhere there are plenty of people who'd be interested in it even if it isn't SF related.

Incidentally, what's this business about Mike Glicksohn becoming associate editor? Don't you realize what's happening? He's won the Hugo. Now he's taking it easy. But just wait till OW wins a Hugo. Then it'll be, "Oh well, of course as you know Bowers published for ten years but it was not until I became associate editor, with all my proven experience...etc. etc." Tsk tsk. Forewarned is forearmed. 5/9

[RD 1, Falls, PA 18615]

> The Canfield title/quote came from his letter, when he sent me the one I used as the cover. I'm sure Grant didn't intend that I use it. I did so because it 'fit'...and besides, the Truth in it is self-evident. # Glicksohn? Associate Editor of OW!!! ...surely your eyes must be deceiving you, Eric! Everyone knows I've more Taste than that! <

ALAN STEWART: I was very surprised to read that you're only a year older than I am--I had imagined from all the references to 'Mean Ole Bill' that you were more of an age with Harry Warner!

I never cease to be amused/amazed by the great American controversy of when is a fanzine not a fanzine? You all seem terribly worried about winning the Hugo. I agree with you that subscription intake is a deciding factor on whether a fanzine is amateur or not. Advertising revenue is another. Buying artwork or articles hardly makes a fanzine semi-professional though, as the normal dividing line between amateur and professional activities (in sport for example) comes at the point where you get paid for it--not when you yourself fork out the cash!

So you're currently compiling operating instructions manuals. I'm currently writing programs for the Hessen Savings Bank Ag--and I too am not exactly fulfilled by my work. I know just why you put so much effort into OW, not that I would do quite so much myself!

After all, where do you stop? OK, so it's not a fanzine, but so what? Even the pro SF magazines have circulations of only around 25 thousand, or 100 in the case of *Analog*. That's pretty small, really, and only seems a lot compared to say the 100 copies of TTCCH that Elke and I send out. I doubt if a magazine about SF could even achieve as high a circulation as an SF fiction magazine.

But who knows, maybe one day you'll also publish stories in OW. Compared to OW's appearance that of the average SF mag...is very crummy indeed. Only *Vertex* looks good of the prozines and it looks like the *Playboy* of the SF world.

I'm wandering off the point, which is: One can be happy producing something not the biggest or the best if you get a good response to it. One might imagine that the biggest and the best would get the most response anyway, but when fanzines are printed the response just seems to drop off, or so it seems to me from the letters I've seen in printed fanzines.

Maybe it's also because their editors start taking their zines too seriously. You do, but at least you're well aware of it, so I suppose it's healthy unhealthy in your case! 7/26 [6 Frankfurt am Main 1, Eschenheimer Anlag 2, Fed. Rep. of Germany]

> What...ME serious! <

PATRICK WELCH: First of all I would like to compliment you on issue #19 of OW. I've seen few fanzines, but those I have pale to yours, especially in terms of artwork and number of distinguished contributors. So much for the back-patting; I want to address the remainder of this letter to Eric Bentscliffe and his stand on profanity.

While I agree with his cry for "good inventive, imaginative English usage" I question his stand on the "odd cuss word." No doubt that the use of profanity can be a heady experience for a writer, and it is extremely easy to break the "right" barrier. But the other extreme can lead to bad writing also--when some character drops a laser on his toe "Shucks" does not ring as a true response. The ultimate absurdity in the area involved me and someone who wrote to *Analog* calling me on the carpet for using "fornicating" once in a story. I dunno, maybe he was mad because I didn't use a word he understood without Webster. Fortunately Mr. Bentscliffe doesn't go that far; still I would like to know the quantity he approves of--3 damms, 2 hellas and a shet or fuck per 8,000 words?

I believe his major blunder, however, concerns his assertion that a story set "in a couple hundred years time" will be weakened by the use of such archaic language. Has he any idea of the noble lineage of "cock", "fuck" and the rest, or how long they have been part of our language with minimal change? If sf writers are going to have to worry overmuch about the inevitable evolution of language then they will have to invent a new one for every story--with accompanying dictionary. Forget it; I don't want to write that story or read it. As for his assertion that men on a spaceship (and are all our stories going to be about men in interstellar iron lungs?), I have two complaints: (1) I know many college grads who talk like troopers, and (2) in several hundred years I suspect most space crews will be manned by people equivalent to present day car mechanics.

Profanity may be a fad, but, dammit (and notice how succinctly that puts me feelings; fewer words than "for crying out loud" and more honest than "dang it"), a writer should use characters who simulate real people. Otherwise there will be no identification on the part of the reader. No one can write a good readable story consisting only of four letter words, but in this day and age it is difficult to write that type of story by avoiding them also. 4/29 [204 Corinth, Toledo, OH 43609]

DOUGLAS BARBOUR: *Outworlds* 19 at hand, eagles hi-flying in the background: I read the mag right through last night. Of course, I miss not having read at least the last three or four, all those letters picking up conversations I don't know about, and the earlier parts of the white/whomever connections. I've read some of white's stuff in TAC, so I have a fair idea of what's going down here, but the more the merrier I think. It's fun, even if it's rather nasty, to read what is essentially dirt linen; read: gossip. Ted white has come through most of the exchanges as a pretty good man, if one given to forgetfulness (I'll accept his statement that he doesn't knowingly tell lies; but we all tell the selective truth, & often, most often in fact, we aren't aware that we (our memory, whatever) are selecting). So the anthony/white exchanges are interesting, & worthwhile if they open a few eyes to just what can be done to you if you start trying to sell fiction in the pulp marketplace. I'm not at all sure that you must sell like mad to be a bona fide "pro". Many of the authors in sf (as well as out of it) whom I think of as "major",

or at least "important", do not write their asses off with no time for re-writing, for thought, for creative limbo-walking in their heads. look at le guin, russ, delany, disch: all with major works coming out soon (& i do believe they'll be part of that 1974 wave or whatever poul anderson speaks of; not just a bunch of newcomers): these writers take their time, dedicate that time to getting their stories as good as they can, to writing entertainments that are not JUST entertainments, & i must say i'm more entertained by NOVA or LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS, say, on fifth or seventh reading, than i am by, well, ARDOR ON AROS for one, on first reading.

i like a lot of the art, though as a dedicated "little mag", rather than "fanzine" reader, i don't have anything to say about it, or about how necessary it might be. i'd be willing to bet, though, that a really knock-out layout, WITHOUT illustrations would make for a really interesting, visually, mag. something of an intriguing experiment there, hmmm. the only thing i have against a lot of fandrawings is their essential sexism: lots of boobs & stuff, but no cocks. well, in that (so dr. wertham assures us) free exchange of opinions & all personal mag space you've carved out, why not have some woman's sex-dreams too? i mean, why not? that's why i don't think much of steve fabian's page, though charity leads me to believe he's doing a send-up; the problem with send-ups of this kind is that they often *do* precisely what they're trying to send up, & i think fabian's page *does*.

since i missed your earlier editorial on fanediting, i can only glean from the lettercol that it must have been interesting. & that you are going to do it your way, as someone recently said. well, that's fine, & i like people using offset, especially for illos. i get the feeling that some faneds feel that's "selling out" or something equally horrendous (to what? at what selling price? ad infinitum). but a mag that looks good TO READ (let alone look at), is going to be read, probably, before one that you know is going to give you eyestrain. i haven't seen that many fanzines, really, but i like *Algol* for the same reason. like them all for the lettercols: being an "academic" (dare i even whisper the word?) i know all about academic magazines (pardon me: "reviews"), and, when they're readable (which isn't often i admit: the sf reviews are on the whole much better than most; along with those reviews of such minority literatures as Canadian literature, which susan glicksohn & i, almost alone among those who read sf, share an interest in. where there hasn't been time for a critical "line" or dogma (or series of dogmas at each others' throats) to grow up concerning a field, and where it's still somewhat academically suspect (& canlit is even in canada, which says a lot for our egos, we canadian writers), people can still bring a sense of fun to their explorations of it. SFS, for example, despite some stuffiness, allows for notes (in a recent issue a sharp put-down from damon knight, eg.), *Foundation*, in england, allows for a fairly free & easy style, & some discussions: maybe even for the odd letter or two; somewhere back there i began a sentence, & i can't even remember which bracket i'm in anymore: i mean to say, i sure wish academic mags would allow for some good arguments in a letter column, it might just clear up a lot of air, & a few heads. yes.

so i dug the lettercol, & wished, as i said earlier, that i had joined the conversation earlier. on the whole, i find the letters more interesting than

anything else, in any of the zines i've received. the surly & otherwise exchanges of opinion between pros on certain matters can certainly brighten up one's day; the battles are entertaining because often so shallow & petty (not to say they don't mean anything: they do; & i admire piers anthony's integrity, even if i'm not always sure exactly what it's operating on).

i wish you hadn't cut the talk on dirty wordies (as joanna russ once referred to them). oh well, what the hell, my feeling is that the context sets up the EMOTIONAL meaning, & i can think of true lovers saying "let's fuck" endearingly, & knowing it's the only proper word for what they're talking about: they want to fuck, albeit lovingly, not "make love" which can be done, by the way, without fucking. i think cunt is a really nasty swearword, but along with cock, a good, sexy, descriptive term, again when the context of its use *makes* it that way. *chacun à son goût*, of course, of course, but there are times when not using those words makes a farce of what you're writing. i found TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE falling into a bathos, or just mistaken comitrix, because heinlein, for all his intelligent talk about sexuality, cannot handle the fact of the act, so to speak. i find a lot else wrong with the novel, but that's all that's pertinent here.

just one point i'd like to get said somewhere: *Zardoz* is a brilliant film, a great stonefaced comedy send-up of a lot of hoary old sf, dystopia, clichés. the straight reviewers seem to have seen it as a pretentious piece of shit, but then they think of sf that way. but in sf the reviewers have seen it, as far as i can tell, as a "serious" masterpiece, & i'm convinced it's not. there are too many giveaways, including the concluding line of the "prologue" (by Zardoz's creator), the title itself: not only is it funny, but the scene where sean connery discovers --as such superman heros always do, that he's been cozened all these years by an illusion, is *so* deadeye serious it has to be a puton, and the final scene(s), & these aren't all. nevertheless, boorman has done his send-up so well, *because* he has taken the clichés of that particular mode & played them absolutely straight for the most part, years after they have lost their viability. as a send-up, it's a great entertaining film. if, ghod help me, i'm wrong, & it *is* serious, then it's a pretentious piece of shit. but, it can't be, the clues are there, & i can't believe they're accidents; boorman's too intelligent a film maker for that.

hey, i liked it, & at the rate i'm going with locs, i may just become a fan, ghod help me. 5/22 [10808 - 75th Ave., Edmonton, Alberta T6E 1K2, CANADA]

> ...it'll take more than that if, indeed, you have caught that (often incurable) strange affliction of becoming a fan! # Hey, I'm glad you 'discovered' OW...and trust you won't mind if I commiserate with you over the loss of your Shift Key! # And what do you think of THIS lettercolumn...? <

BRUCE D. ARTHURS: *Outworlds* 19 arrived today, and I promptly turned green with envy. I was actually trembling with excitement as I looked thru the zine. I was not disappointed.

Getting to the good parts (my locs) (God, what an ego! I'm lucky humility is unfannish.), I noticed that I seem to come off as somewhat of an Impertinent Bastard in my comments. Musta been reading too many Glicksohn locs lately... So lemme try to clear up a few comments that people

might misunderstand, though mostly for my own peace of mind:

Re: My comments about a yearn to see Ted White grow "rabid with rage": Taking a *serious* look at that comment, it seems pretty disturbing. It means that i actually *wanted* to see mud-slinging, invectives, and insults brought into play, that I wanted the two to rip and tear each other apart... for my own amusement. That *is* disturbing, and I wonder if other people might have felt the same way? Is that why feuds attract so much attention in fandom? That some feuds may have been accelerated and kept going by the overpowering attention paid to them? That some feuds might have been settled amicably and without slander or invective, if the audience had been lacking? It gives one something to think about.

Re: My telling Ellison to "Stand up like a man": Bad choice of words, that. Sounds like I'm calling him gutless, which he ain't. "Take it like a man" would be much better, i think.

Jerry Kaufman's comment on Government peanut butter doesn't quite say *everything* about the subject: In one of the latest issues of *Soldiers*, there was an article on how to improve your C-Rations. The best way is to heat them. (They're really not bad, you know; better than most of the stuff served in the mess hall, in fact.) The article told several methods to heat the rations, explained how to make a miniature stove out of a tin can, and ended with this rather remarkable piece of advice:

"IN THE EVENT OF EMERGENCY, SET YOUR PEANUT BUTTER ON FIRE."

Really! It seems that the peanut oil in the little can of peanut butter will burn just long enough to warm up a can of C-Rations. That really boggled my sense of wonder, as you can imagine.

I don't find myself in agreement with Poul Anderson's remarks about a twelve-year cycle in sf, and how 74 might turn out to be another high spot. As I mention in the lettercol of *Godless* #7, i think that sf right now is at a low level; it seems to have lost the excitement it possessed a few years ago. My own opinion is that the middle and late 60's were a high point in sf. Look at some of the works from that period: Silverberg and Brunner broke out of their molds with *HAWKSBILL STATION* and *STAND ON ZANZIBAR* respectively, Ellison matured and began his Hugo collection; Zelazny's *THIS IMMORTAL*, *LORD OF LIGHT*, *ISLE OF THE DEAD* and other works; Delany's *NOVA*; Piers Anthony's *CTHON* and *MACROSCOPE*; Disch's *CAMP CONCENTRATION*; Le Guin's *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS* and *A WIZARD*



OF EARTHSEA; Lafferty's PAST MASTER, FOURTH MANSIONS, and NINE HUNDRED GRAND-MOTHERS; and so many others! (Notice how many of those listed were Ace Science Fiction Specials? Oh, damned, damned, be the day they died!) Back in those days, I hardly had any time for reading anything other than sf, there were so many "must reads" to be read! It's something that I don't feel any more.

Of course, it could just be me. The 60's were the period when I was getting seriously interested in sf, and it was all new and interesting to me. It's possible that I've grown jaded over the years...but I don't think so.

The one time I was in New York City, I loved riding the subways. There's so much character in them: the grime, the exposed girders, the smells, the graffiti spray-painted on the walls of the cars, the litter, the noise, the people. Gosh, no wonder so many writers go to New York for "atmosphere". Actually, I didn't notice the crowding and paranoia and hopelessness that many people say characterizes New York, but hell, I was only there for a day and a half and didn't see all that much of it anyway, and on a weekend, to boot. But what I did see of New York's attractions (the Katz's and Brown's, as well as more mundane sights), I enjoyed. 4/22

[57th Trans. Co., Fort Lee, VA 23801]

SHORT TAKES + + + + +

JAMES TIPTREE, JR.: As an LOC this isn't, I am holding an unpacked duffel in one hand, spraying it with roach-spray with my foot, opening mail with the other foot, clasping *Outworlds* in my teeth and typing this with my tail. (The remaining hand is occupied writing lies about why various mss. are not finished.) However I promise to read it as soon as they let me out. It looks beautifully readable. 4/27

DON AYRES: For Susan Glicksohn's file: I don't think I ever had a teddy bear, *WHICH IS WHY I'M SO BATTERED* or at least I don't remember one. What I did have, though, was a Koala Bear. That's right, Australian article, brought back from Aussieland for me by my uncle who lives there. Any adventures we had were logged and lost long ago (How's that for alliteration?) and he retired to the attic without some patches of fur, and perhaps some stuffings, beyond the recall of my present memory. Perhaps I ought to look him up on my next trip home. 5/10

FREFF: Grant's WOLF WINTER sketches are fine save for the robed small one and the girl. The girl is typical Grant Nude, and not at all the girl of the story. For shame. S. A. Stricklen's piece should be sent around to the markets, *Playboy* or *New Yorker* first, until someone displays enough intelligence to buy it. Absolutely fantastic, dammit. 4/6

AVRAM DAVIDSON: I have not seen the alleged derogatory references of Sol Cohen as a Jew, by Robert Moore Williams. Something of the sort, by somebody was inevitable, I suppose. I regret, but I am not surprised. If you behave in an evilly-stereotyped manner, you invite an evilly-stereotyped response. (Of course, you may get the response even if you don't behave that way, if you have a name which fits in. I've heard many complaints, for instance, against Ray Palmer: but no one cares what his Religion: Ethnic background is, so no one mentions it--or even knows.)

I would assume it is universally known that I am also a Jew. A few years ago, when I was sick and broke, Robert Moore Williams sent me a small but serviceable loan. Sol Cohen didn't. What does all this add up to? That things are not simple, that everyone ought to be tolerant, that punches should be pulled.

I also regret that the SFWA refuses, and for insufficient reason, to collect reprint-payments from Sol Cohen for non-SFWA members as well. I am not personally involved. I never sold to Ziff-Davis. I have resigned from the SFWA for other reasons. What they are, I won't say. This field has enough feuds already. 5/6

GERARD HOUARMER: Joanna Russ will screw your ass four ways to heaven if she ever gets a gander at the Fabian wet dream on the inside back cover. Understand, I love Fabian's stuff, I go out of my way to get zines which publish him and I'd sell my soul (if I had one) to get some of his art in my own zine, provided I could get a decent printer to do him justice. But really... Alright, the art is great and everything, but the intent is so old, overworn, and probably a bit insulting to the women in your audience. I'd really like to know what they think of such stuff, for a change. 4/24

===== I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Robert Bloch, Richard Delap, William J. Denholm III, Tom Foster, Mike Gorra, David Hicks, Warren Johnson,

Nesha Kovalick, Wayne MacDonald, Roy D. Schickedanz & David Somerville. Thanks!

I just about reverted to my old policy of not listing the WAHFs. For the benefit of Gene Wolfe...the letters I WANT to print, do get printed...though not as soon as I might like, at times. That could be left hanging, so as to imply that the ones listed above weren't 'good enough' to print. That happens...but not very often. Most weren't really intended to be printed, and some were hand-written (and there I do have a prejudice, I'm afraid). Whatever the reason their letter or note isn't printed...I DID appreciate hearing from them, and this is simply an acknowledgment of my thanks; no more, no less.

For the benefit of newcomers, the Susan Glicksohn mention a few times in the past 15 pages is, indeed, one and the same with Susan Wood. (I should have probably simply changed all the letters, but...)

For the benefit of those who took exception to Steve Fabian's PAGE in #19: It so happens that Joanna Russ was sent a copy of that issue; I never heard from her (and that could mean many things). It's not my all-time favorite Fabian, but I enjoyed it and a majority of the readers either did, or at least weren't offended to the extent of writing me about it. And, Gerard, I've never noticed the women in my audience being overly restrained or hesitant about commenting, favorably or otherwise, on OW. By the same token, I think you raise a valid question, and I would like to know if that Fabian, in particular, or the Art I run in general, is offensive on sexist grounds. (...from the women, this time!)

As with everything else, the Art I run is dependent on the Art I'm sent. Cop-out? No. Except in very, very rare cases, my requests for material are non-specific: I say to my contributors, send me what you do best, and if I like it, I'll print it, if not...I'll return it with thanks for having let me see it. I've never specifically asked 'cochs' or 'boobs' be depicted in the art sent me, nor do I now...nor do I rule either out.

I feel no great compulsion to provide 'sex-dreams' for women. This is not a total exercise in Equality. I publish OW for myself, my friends (of both sexes), my regular contributors (ditto), and my readers (ditto)...in roughly that order. I, a DOM from way back, happen to enjoy Naked Ladies --and since my likes head the List... Again --I publish what I like & enjoy; I hope you like & enjoy much of it too. * After an INTERMISSION...the LOCs on #20 follow...





PART TWO : Controversy, Ltd. *****

This 'section' is segregated not to give it special 'weight' (though I'm aware that is an inevitable by-product), but simply to lump all the heavy stuff in one place. If you've had it up to here with the stuff, you are, by all means, at liberty to skip on ahead to Part Three. I won't be offended.

Controversies 1 & 2 are essentially wrap-ups, and Controversy 3, by my edict --is essentially self-contained in this issue. There are some good things mixed in with the nasty, and I think that many of you will find the following entertaining & informative...but I might suggest that you not tackle it until you are in a, shall we say, mellow mood, to start out.

This 'section' may not entirely disappear--at least not until I learn the art of nipping such things in the bud; once started, I have to see them through, like it or not. By the same token, I am not looking for more of the same! If I were so inclined, I am privy to enough information to keep things hot for a long time. But that IS NOT my wish, nor is it what ON is 'all about'. [Contrary to the impression the last few might have given.]

Enjoy. Comment. Keep your cool...

Controversy One: PIERS ANTHONY/TED WHITE

PIERS ANTHONY [4/28/74] This isn't really a letter or a column, it's a general plaint of dismay. Until yesterday I was hard at work completing the third of the Anthony/Fuentes martial arts novels, and after a horrendous struggle to wrestle the thing down to within the 75,000 word limit specified by the contract, I discovered that I had succeeded overwell, and it was 68,000 words. But it would have been 90,000, had we not combined the last three chapters into one and reorganized the plot accordingly. Then I had to write a long letter to the publisher about their distribution (horrible!) of KIAI!, the first in that series, and explain why the authors needed 60 copies instead of the ten normally provided (my collaborator has a mess of martial-arts contacts who can promote the series--but they need to see it first, and can't find it anywhere on sale)--and the editor we dealt with is no longer at Berkely. And it turned out that a major novel presentation I had sent to Avon never reached the editor--and now, three months later, I find out about it. So a long letter there to untangle the matter. That novel is ox, that may or may not

also be submitted to Ted White @ Amazing, pending proper resolution of the Ultimate problem. And a letter listing my novels, so the publisher can list them in the front page of future publications; I discovered that I have had 12 published to date, 5 more sold but not yet published, for a total of 17--and that I also have 17 unsold books (8 complete, 9 in summary). A hell of a ratio! By the time I got through that and related matters, my head was spinning. I mean, I really did feel dizzy. So for today I have in mind some household chores, like gardening (with inflation what it is, a good garden is going to be a necessity) and wood stacking (I have two and a half cords to move). I enjoy this sort of work; I was raised on a farm, and the one liability of writing is that I can't indulge my physical propensities while doing it. But we need to expand our garden, and that means moving the clothesline out of the way, and that involves my wife who is at this moment doing a laundry to hang on that line, so I'm balked. You don't just move a clothesline; you have to dig it up, concrete and all, and rebury the posts with new concrete. And you don't just move 2 1/2 cords of wood; the stuff weighs about 3 1/2 tons per cord (Astralian Pine, not yet

seasoned), and it has to be put somewhere. But I welcome the challenge; after all, I felled it and cut it up myself (well, I did have a chainsaw).

But I have had *Outworlds* 19 for nigh a month, and the controversy editor has told me to get my stuff in or get canned.

So I am not in the best mood as I approach this letter. I am even making typos at an ever worse rate than usual, and it doesn't help that the good typewriter--a custom manual Olympia from Germany--has been on order for almost eight months. With luck I'll actually get it next month, and my typing will improve. You see, I have special things on that, apart from the nonstandard keyboard, like a lower case quote marks, so I can do dialogue without fouling up my new touch-typing skill by having to hit the capital all the time.

> I should point out to some of Piers' 'admirers' that he suggested that I could cut the opening remarks--and I did indeed cut some. I point this out because already I hear cries of "self-promotion!"--and I want it known that I, personally, enjoy having Piers talk about his work and family--and if he happens to mention what he's written, sold, not sold, in the process...it's fine by me. (I shouldn't HAVE to issue such a disclaimer...but this is one area where I HAVE learned by prior experiences.) On with it... <

Ted White seems to want to quarrel, just when I figured the Ultimate mess was wrapped up. I'd rather quarrel with Poul Anderson, who beer-mutters about cycles in SF excellence. An interesting thesis, perhaps with merit--but what about the supposedly slack year of 1969, that saw the publication of Disch's *CAMP CONCENTRATION*, Spinrad's *BUG JACK BARRON*, LeGuin's *LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS*, Anthony's *MACROSCOPE*, and other powerful entres? I think such a discussion could have a positive effect. But I can't take the time for that; Ted White is more or less challenging me to document my case against him or withdraw it. If I do the first, there will be another interminable battle; if the second, he will seem to be vindicated.

So I ask myself, why is Ted looking for a fight, right at the time he is holding one of my major manuscripts, *DEAD MORN*, per prior dialogue in *Outworlds*? Why has he chosen such treacherous ground: the issue of his personal integrity? Surely he realizes he is vulnerable, and that I am the one to demonstrate it. Or did he simply make a tactical mistake?

A couple of paranoid scripts come to mind. Script #1: TED: "Are you calling me a liar? Prove it!" PIERS: "Yes. You lied here and here and here and..." TED: I don't see how I can do business with someone who calls me a liar in print. I was going to buy your novel, but not now..." Script #2: TED: "Are you calling me a liar? Prove it!" PIERS: (to himself) "If I prove it, he will bounce my novel. That's why he has held it without report for three months, after remarking in print about the three week delay in getting it to him (because it took my collaborator time to duplicate the 400 page mss economically). I'd better retract, so as to avoid Script #1."

But I'm not paranoid--at least not to that degree, yet. So I choose Script #3. My intent, frankly, is to defuse a quarrel I do not seek, while showing Ted that my prior statements were sound. It would be momentarily satisfying to make a succinct and definitive statement like

"You're full of shit, Ted." But he would immediately reply "You're fuller of shit, Piers," and the job would have to be done again. While the spectators gulped it down avidly. (Note to spectators: you *do* realize it is shit you are consuming?) I regret the space this will take, but bear with me while I lead from the general to the particular and back again. What I am attempting has never before, as far as I know, been accomplished. I want to show Ted, in a manner he can comprehend and accept, that he is wrong.

There is a class of genre gladiators who thrive on the notoriety of literary combat, and a much broader class of genre voyeurs who obtain vicarious thrills as spectators. The gladiators are never at a loss for a provocative opinion; their verbal (or, correctly, graphic) swords are always keen. The spectators have more trouble getting it up even when specifically invited, as we have seen in these pages. Names of the former come readily to mind--Ellison, White, Anthony is this particular circus.

Why do they do it? They all have better pursuits--movie scripts to manufacture, magazines to edit, novels to write...even wood to move.

Well, I think Asimov defined the type best. To paraphrase from my fading memory of forbidden SFWA Forum manuscripts, there are two types of people: those who are masters of insult and criticism--and those who are excruciatingly sensitive to same. And the two types are always the same people. Thus we have the anomalous juxtaposition of the thinnest skins with the heaviest artillery--and molehills really do escalate into mountains. Useless to ask why Ted isn't satisfied with the acclaim for his genuine talent as an editor (or Harlan with his Hugoes, or me with my--with my--oh, come on, we're wasting time!) someone, somewhere, sometime, in some manner has picked his ego, and he must detonate a suitably destructive response.

I say this with confidence, for I know the type extremely well. As well as I know myself. Because at the moment I am the other scorpion in the bottle. My problem is how to put him away in an ego-satisfying manner--without getting stung myself.

Yet there are differences in scorpions. All are deadly, but some are more careful than others, and some understand their own motives better. I don't like rehashing material that has already appeared in the fannish press, but again it seems necessary. I want to show by actual case history--and not the current fracas--what the problem is. Then the present context will, I trust, come clear.

Turn back the clock to ancient times and forgotten forums: *Psychotic* #23.

Harlan Ellison in his column *A Voice from the Styx* leads off with the confession that he has been unable to get through Herbert's supposedly classic *DUNE*. I find his commentary generally valid; matter of fact, I myself could never get beyond the first installment of the magazine version of *DUNE*. Only this month did I force myself to read *DUNE* entire, in paperback. (I have been going through some of these big novels and collections, like Delany's *FALL OF THE TOWERS*, Blish's *CITIES IN FLIGHT* and *DUNE*. One day I may comment on them as a class.) Ellison comments on JW Campbell and his limitations--and again I agree. I had words with Campbell about his racism, back around 1960, in fact. In the course of his comment, Harlan mentions a number of "important writers of today who have never appeared in *Analogue*, nor would they find a welcome there: Philip José Farmer, Samuel R. Delany, Roger Zelazny, Avram Davidson, Piers Anthony..."

Harlan was in error. Later he himself was to appear in Campbell's *Analogue*. But at the time, 1968 (January, so he wrote the column earlier) his general thrust was accurate. He had been careless in not checking recent issues of the magazine, but there was no intentional falsification. As I said above: some scorpions, gladiators or whatever are more careful than others. It is a fault that sometimes leads to dire consequences, particularly when compounded by the fault of a negative bias. But no big deal, in this case.

Ted commented in the next issue, as did I. Both of us had reference to his error in listing Anthony as a non-appearer in *Analogue*. After setting the record straight, I said "I feel that Harlan's point is valid, even though I have a foot in the other camp." (I also said "Those who attempt to classify me as a New Thing--est are in for as rude a shock as those who berate my conventionality." I trust the ensuing six years have borne me out.) Ted admitted to a similar problem in reading *DUNE* (Ghod-a-mighty--the three of us agreed on something! Past tense, because now that I have actually read that novel, I find I like it after all. Better than Ted liked it, anyway.). He also had reference to his friendship with Harlan. But he felt Harlan had blown a good case against *Analogue*: "Then he includes in the list Piers Anthony. If Anthony is an 'important writer of today,' then I'm next year's Hugo winner. But Anthony has appeared distressingly often in *Analogue* (often with two or three collaborators) in the last several years."

Now I went over this in *Beaobohemia*. But I use this example for a different purpose this time, and because it relates to the three of us currently involved. The fact was that Ted *did* win the next year's Hugo (for fanwriting), so I stand acclaimed by him as an important writer of today. No quarrel there. But I had had five stories published in *Analogue* in the course of five years--1964-1968--two of which were collaborative. One of those was with H. James Hotaling, the other with Frances Hall. Whether one story a year average for that period (and those are the only stories I ever did have in *Analogue*) was "often" is a matter of opinion; but "(often with two or three collaborators)" was a plain error. Two of the five were collaborative; one partner in each case. Thus Ted, in condemning Harlan for error, was making an error himself. That is the worse place to be in error; it pretty well negates Ted's right to make an issue of errors. But still, it was an honest confusion, a distortion, if you will, but not a lie. Ted depended on memory, as Harlan had, as was deceived by it, as Harlan had been. Two of a kind--so far.

Where Ted differed from Harlan was in the manner he freighted his words. He waxed sarcastic with the Hugo comment, ironic as that tuned out to be, and he termed my appearance in *Analogue* "distressing". Thus he took two gratuitous slaps at me. Harlan was generous in the manner he appraised other writers; Ted was negative.

There is a rule of thumb, often applied humorously to young women: "If you can't be good, be careful." It's a good rule. If you are going to go out of your way to affront people, such as by saying that their very appearance in a given magazine is distressing, you had better be dead certain of your facts. It is the chronic violation of this rule that is responsible for the bad smell about Ted White. Harlan made an error about me, but he was praising me; Ted made an error, but he was denigrating me. This pattern, consistently followed, is going to get Ted in more trouble than Harlan. Because of course some of those errors are about

people who can strike back. Ted *does* do this frequently, and he is still doing it today; the number of people who have been provoked by him may be larger than any other example in fandom. (John Pierce was going strong for a while, but he faded.)

Which brings us at last to my statement that Ted quotes: "Ted White is guilty of chronic distortions; they issue from him like bad smells." I think this shows that I am no mean freighter of words myself; I *am*, as I said, one of this type, and when I strike someone he is likely to feel it. As Ted felt it: "I can hardly think of anything he might have said of me which would have offended me more." I am as much a veteran of written combat as is Ted; if it doesn't show as frequently, it is because much of mine occurs outside the fannish press. But I have learned what Ted hasn't: to be careful. Very rarely am I caught in an error. Notice that I do not condemn error; it happens. I do not condemn aggressive behavior in fannish pages. I merely point out that error and aggression have a bad smell--and I hope at this point that you will agree, Ted.

Now I went through Ted's *Thots* and numbered the distortions I could spot at one reading. I found eleven. Perhaps on rereading I will eliminate some--but I may also find more. There is enough material here to document my case pretty well, and taken together with my example of six years ago, I believe they buttress my case. It would be interminable to go through all of them, in a comment already too long, so I'll pick the most convenient to make my case.

Actually I'd better start with [5], because it concerns definitions: Ted gives his dictionary definition of "chronic" which agrees with mine. That's authoritative, because my dictionary is the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. (That's the compact edition--all fourteen or so volumes condensed into quarter-size print and published as two, with a magnifying glass to make it decipherable.) Continuous, constant...yes, that is what I meant. But Ted does not continue with the definition of "Distortion." He implies that it is a synonym for "liar," however: "Is Piers calling me a constant liar? If he is, I'd like him to document his case." No, Ted--I'm calling you a constant *distorter*, and I *am* documenting my case. Beginning with your distorted definition of the word. "Distortion", according to the relevant listing in OED, is "The twisting or perversion of words so as to give them a different sense; perversion of opinions, facts, history, so as to misapply them." Twisting and perversion is not the same as lying--and it is twisting and perverting to imply that it *is*. Ted quoted a valid definition for the first word in a phrase, then used his made-up meaning for the second--making it seem as though the whole phrase had dictionary support. That is certainly a misapplication, and it does give a different sense to what I actually said. If a person can't stop distorting even when discussing the meaning of the word, when is he ever going to go straight?

Okay--we all know what happened. Ted meant to do the right thing, to get his terms straight. He just got carried away. He was careless--at a time he was opposing a singularly ornery customer. Just as he was six years ago--and in the intervening years. (Forgive me if I do not cover the whole record; I believe most fans will concede that I could do so if I had to.) I think the description "bad smell" is appropriate, however. Agree, Ted?

Now back to [1]: "If that (chronic distortion) statement is true, then there



Incident in Warsaw

The great festival of the Sainted, Holy Pig held in Warsaw, May of 1971, was the scene of the most heated conflict between right and left wing Adamites recorded to date. To the ill-informed the rhetorical hair-splitting of these militant factions seems out of all proportion to the blood shed, but in the words of Pliastrd Spilsudski, "*Galic scanecin cloda*", which is wholly inarticulate and attests to the emotional involvement of this prominent religious scholar.

Principally, these groups both concur with Wheless' analysis of the biblical word *adam* or *adamah*, meaning ground, dirt, earth or mud, which debunks the notion of the single paternity of mankind. The archetypal figure *Adam*, then becomes a mythic idea as *adam* stems from *adamah* in Hebrew much the same way that *homo* stems from *humus* in Latin. Mankind, then, may be seen as descending not from a single pair of homonids (a concept which has long bothered geneticists), but directly and in fair numbers from ground, dirt, earth or mud. It is in the precise kind of mud from which man is descended that left and right wing Adamites find their differences.

Left wing Adamites will allow no other mud in their paternity than the rich, soft loam of the Bug River, while right wing Adamites permit only the sandy soil by the Baltic Sea as their alluvial ancestor. Since neither region is mentioned biblically the argument is more emotional than scholarly.

The incident under consideration began when Dr. Plokd Czjkn, rightist Adamite religious leader, rose to address the thousands assembled on the Silesia-Dabrowa bridge for the great festival of the Sainted, Holy Pig, and seriously impeded E. and W. traffic. The benediction, consisting of sprinkling the throng with a fine spray of Baltic sand launched from a helicopter, precipitated reprisals by leftist motorists prepared with buckets of Bug mud. Dr. Czjkn, being the central figure among those officiating, proved also to be the central target of the activists and was severely caked with Bug mud before the assembly recognized a disturbance was taking place.

Cries of "Father Mud", and the taunt "Go back to the beaches", accompanied the mud-slinging episode. Rightists, horrified at the violation of their sacred belief, applied their excommunicational hex-sign toward the rebels: a fist held forward stiffly, knuckles outward with a rigidly extended index finger (believed to represent the crucifying stake, as the biblical word *stavaros*, long translated as *cross*, actually means *stake* or *pole*). Such an insult was not to be borne by the right as to be soiled with Bug mud.

Leftist Adamites, attempting to flee the scene of their abomination, were impeded by a traffic jam consisting of 300 Fiats, 275 Peugeots, 17 Mercedes and a 1957 Chrysler Imperial with Iowa license plates found abandoned containing five cases of Warsaw Falcon pickles, fresh. The thirty or so leftists were apprehended by extreme right wing Adamites numbering several hundred who performed ritual burials on all but three who secreted themselves in pickle barrels before capture. (These have since been placed on exhibition at the Medical Center library.)

International Red Cross workers arrived quickly and arranged an emergency division of clam diggers to be flown in from Martha's Vineyard to exhume the hastily entombed leftists from the vicinity of the Silesia-Dabrowa bridge. Mud and sand-inhalation victims received first-aid, and Dr. Czjkn was drilled from his dried encasement of mud by a crack team of power jack handlers from the Warsaw Department of Power and Light. This encasement has since been reassembled and used as the mold from which waxes have been drawn and sprued for the famous bronze statues now seen in and around Warsaw public buildings. The classic Czjkn pose of thumb and forefinger grasping nose while demonstrating the rightist excommunicatory gesture with the left hand has been adopted as the unofficial symbol of greeting and leave-taking by youth throughout the world.

Although we may not respond with enthusiasm to the issues which sparked this incident, we must certainly credit the participants of the great festival of the Sainted, Holy Pig in Warsaw, 1971, with the most fervid of religious conviction.

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is hardly any point in my continuing with this column..." Ted says. By no means! Ted has much of interest to say, and his abdication from the arena would impoverish it. The statement I made is true; the correct response is not to quit writing, but to quit *distorting*. By all means speak out on unpopular subjects; *someone* has to, if we are not all to slide into contented ignorance. Just be sure of your facts, and don't exaggerate masochistically.

[2]: "Certainly I have been wrong on occasion--as has Piers!--..." Couple this with [6]: "I would like these lies and/or falsehoods identified--or the statement withdrawn." So Ted wants such statements identified or withdrawn--but he is still making similar generalized statements about others. *When* have I been wrong, Ted? Document or withdraw. That's your own standard, right? My point here is not to indulge in a series of statements of wrong, but to show that you are not practicing the ethics you demand of others. You also say that I imply that your errors are deliberate. Oh? Where did I imply that? I feel you are applying a double standard here, and I consider that another distortion of fair process.

However, about [6]: without going into the issue of OW to which Ted refers, which I also have marked up but which will get us into another tedious nitpicking session of the type illustrated by [2], I'll say from memory that the principle false statement to which I referred was not Ted's. It was Barry Malzberg's. He thought *Ultimate* was honoring its commitment to SFWA. In a following issue he corrected himself and apologized. I believe I had arguments with Ted's own statements too, but that would take us way back into the early issues of the SFWA Bulletin. My file of those issues is complete; I can go into all that if I have to--but I'd rather not. Recent events have largely changed the picture.

[3] "More often they (Ted's admitted errors) are errors of condensation..." Half-truth, Ted. As I showed by my initial example, these errors of condensation, memory, etc., are complicated by your evident bias against other writers. You are not just trying to set a record straight, you are trying to hurt people. It is that bias and that freighting that upsets people, not your understandable lapses of memory. Reread my *Analog* example; once you really understand this, the rest should come clear.

[4]: (and let's make this the last; if I haven't made my point by this time, it is useless to continue.) "Piers had offered in proof of his statement that

AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS published stories no one else would publish, Richard Lupoff's story therein. I pointed out that this was no proof at all, inasmuch as Dell Books badly wanted to publish the story..." Well, I stand by this statement. Harlan gave his refutation of your objection, and evidently that didn't impress you, so I shall make a case that you may find more comprehensible. The basic facts of the Lupoff case are no longer in question: even Lupoff's own agent would not handle the item, until Harlan contracted for it. Then Dell wanted it. Harlan refused to give up the entry, so Lupoff lost the sale, and there was some bad feeling. Overlooked by some is the fact that Harlan was right; the AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS contract says "I represent that the story is original and has never been published in *any form*, and that I will not permit its publication anywhere prior to the appearance of the (first edition) of the paperback reprint of your anthology. It is my understanding that your use of the story entails world book rights in the English language, as well as book club, reprint, and foreign translation rights; and I will be free to dispose of it in any form after publication of the (first edition) of the paperback reprint of the anthology." Now that seems clear enough, and Lupoff surely realized the nature of that covenant when he signed it. *He could not sell his story elsewhere, in any form*--until after the paperback A,DV came out. Or, technically, he could *sell* it--but could not allow it to be published before the date of the (as it turned out) Signet edition in November 1973. One may question his attempt to do so, or one may question Dell's unwillingness to wait until December 1973 for publication--but the terms of the agreement were clear from the outset. (Of course the validity of the A,DV contract can be questioned, as in some cases it expired before the Doubleday publication--but in that case, all Lupoff had to do was notify Harlan that he was reclaiming his story, and it would have been deleted from the volume. Evidently he did not do that.) I had a German offer for my own entry, *In the Barn*; I simply told them to wait until after November, whereupon I authorized the translation sale. David Gerrold violated the contract by putting his own story into print prematurely. But honest people do not attempt to renege on a signed contract, and I can appreciate Harlan's ire at being condemned for holding his writers to it.

But this is not the question Ted raises with me now; I only offer it as background, so there can be no further confusion about what has, oddly, turned out to be a confusing issue. *How can a story be called unsalable--when a publisher is eager to buy it, and is stopped only by the technicalities of a prior contract?* Well, it *can* be so-called, and I shall prove that here--but the principle is subtle, involving reasoning that a logician could render more precisely. (If there is a mathematician or trained logician in the audience, I invite his validation of my example.) But, roughly: some things are changed merely by observation. It is a variant of the uncertainty principle: in testing for something, you may affect it, so that your test becomes invalid. Example (and I'm sure there are better examples; I believe Isaac Asimov described one in physics.): What is the smallest undistinguished number? The moment you decide on it, that number becomes distinguished: it is *the* smallest undistinguished number, achieving due fame in the annals. Therefore it no longer qualifies, and another must be selected--which in turn become *the* smallest undis-

tinguished number, ad infinitum. Continue this to its extreme, and you will eventually prove that *that there is no undistinguished number*.

Now apply the principle to publishing: what is an unpublishable story? Locate it, publish it (because if you *don't* publish it, you have not proved your case to your mass audience)--and of course it is now, by definition, publishable. *There is no unpublishable story*. But to avoid multiple paradoxes, we have to apply another principle of logic: the law of exclusion of self. (Again I plead for the clarification of someone trained in logic, as I am not; I suspect I have forgotten more formal logic than I ever learned...) When you set out to make a case, you must exclude the particular example you are working with; it is an *example*, not one of the common herd. The smallest undistinguished number can not be denied its rightful status merely by being recognized as such. And the unpublishable story can not be redefined as publishable merely because it was published as an example of unpublishability. So I feel my own definitions in that connection are valid--even though there were, indeed, a number of genuinely publishable stories in A,DV, as I specified in my review. Lupoff's entry was one of the unpublishables; mine, ironically, was not. (Because Harry Harrison *said* he would publish it--prior to its sale to Harlan. I am not sure I believe Harry--witness my commentary in the forepart of my A,DV comment--but it rather smirches my case.)

Now we come to Dell. And I must invoke yet another principle of logic, that has its humorous aspects, but is valid. *There is no "exclusion of self"--when that self is Harlan Ellison*. (Yes, I am sending a copy of this comment to Harlan, and to Ted; one of my rules is to talk about a person to his face, if there is any question of accuracy or controversy.) The very fact that Harlan is involved with a story, makes that story publishable elsewhere. Because Harlan is, to use Ted's own description, the master of hype. What he takes notice of, the world takes notice of. The science fiction world, at least. That, I submit, was the actual source of Dell's interest. No one else wanted Lupoff's story until Harlan wanted it. For you, Ted, to come in *now*, and try to use *that* as an example of Harlan's iniquity or my error--well, I just have to take that as another distortion of yours. Had Dell--or any other publisher--expressed interest in the story *before* Harlan did, your case would stand; as it is, it does not.

(You know, I went Lupoff one better, several years ago. I compiled the original unpublishable anthology. It was a compilation of a number of my own unpublishable stories, with discussion about where and why each had been rejected. I called it ANTHONOLOGY. Naturally, that anthology bounced, too. I finally sent it to Delap for review, and I believe he was writing a review. Been a couple of years or more now, so I guess he never completed it. The funny thing is, those stories are not controversial; I maintained in the volume that each was, indeed, publishable--except that no publisher would take it. Sigh.)

So, to bring this to a conclusion: I am older than you, Ted, and wiser in this respect: I do my homework before shooting off my mouth. Face it: I have not backed off from your challenge, and I have minced a number of your contentions, without resorting to the Harrison type of abuse. You don't need to argue cases with me; show this comment of mine to any person who knows you--how about your wife?--and verify its accuracy for yourself. You have much to say that is worthwhile and entertaining, and you have every right to say it, and I

defend your right to say it (since I am, as I said, this type of gladiator myself). But too often you enter the fray without properly arming yourself with the facts, and you make competitive, degnigratory remarks that antagonize people unnecessarily--and weaken your own position. By all means fight, if you want to--but wouldn't you rather do it *my* way? What you call speaking out is often gratuitous insult; not only does it cost you friends, it subverts the artistry of insult. Save your insults for the people you really hate; they will carry much more conviction. And--be careful.

In one way, ironically, my own credibility depends on yours. I used the Harrison SFWA/Ultimate boycott threat as an example in my letter to Jerry Pournelle criticizing SFWA. If that was a lie--as Dick Geis implies--then I am hoist in your petard. So I hope, Ted, you will vindicate me by producing that Harrison letter. I placed my trust in your integrity; I would hate to be disappointed. The honor of ornery bastards like us may be at stake.

And a couple of spot questions: *Will Ultimate pay non-SFWA members for reprinted stories? And what is your report on DEAD MORN?*

> ...and a note, Dated 10/1/74... <

I haven't heard from Ted White either and DEAD MORN has been on submission there almost ten months. Since this was an OW-arranged submission, I'll make a complete report on that, when.

Controversy Two: PIERS ANTHONY/DEAN KOONTZ
=====

PIERS ANTHONY [7/21/74] Response to "Piers Anthony Fan Club":

Barry Malzberg: I am happy to learn of your recent success. I mean that selfishly. You see, your situation has been drawn as a parallel to mine, not so very long ago. I earned \$10,000 from writing in 1969, but dropped to around \$6000 in each of the following three years, despite having taken on an agent. I was satisfied with my agent, but I just plain needed more money, and was told that I might do better if I shifted agents. Nothing against mine; it just seems that some writers click better with some agents, and some shifting about is sometimes necessary until the right key, as it were, is found for the lock on sales. So I discussed it with my agent, and he wished me well, and I made some inquiries. One response I got from another agent was, in part, this: "It would seem to me that you have many of the problems financially and artistically that Barry Malzberg had. Barry is...a writer I admire very much... if you are a good writer and following your own head you are not going to make as much money as a writer who writes for the popular markets. I would believe that Poul Anderson makes a lot of money; I know that Roger Zelazny makes a lot more." It was this statement that gave me the impression that Barry Malzberg was not doing too well--for reasons I understood and respect.

Let me quote a little more from that agent's letter, as it was a good letter: "The essential point I'd like to get across is that once you have made the decision to write as you please, you do it with the greater risk that you will not sell as much as the writer next door who is willing by intent or a more amiable typewriter to write for a broader market." And he declined to represent me, advising me to stay with my present agent. In the end, I took that advice--whereupon my

agent placed the first of my collaborative martial arts novels, launching a series that promises to make more of a splash in the martial arts genre, what with wide magazine publicity and a comic-book spin-off in the making, than my work in the science fiction genre. Thus my income is rising, and so are my prospects--as, it develops, are yours.

Actually this agent was not aware of the diversity that my inclination has led me to. I do SF and fantasy and historical and martial arts and assorted nonfiction, my main project at the moment being a set of books on kidney disease--another collaboration (with a leading kidney specialist) for which I have no contract. I am doing it because I feel the job needs to be done; kidney disease is one of the most financially and socially devastating diseases in the world today, and the fourth killer (after heart, cancer and circulatory diseases). I could talk for a long time about kidneys...but I am not making the money of those who are satisfied to do one more cheap adventure. So I do earn less, and this is the way it must be. But if you are doing better in your own ornery fashion, it bodes better for me and *my* own ornery fashion. So I repeat: I am gratified by your success.

Dean Koontz: I was surprised to discover after all these years that Dean had proscribed my correspondence, and that he considers me a "paranoid crank" who lacks professionalism and whose writings are "basically hollow, emotionless, and dull." So, just to be sure I had it straight, I looked up PARANOIA in the Oxford English Dictionary: "Mental derangement; *spec.* chronic mental unsoundness characterized by delusions or hallucinations, esp. of grandeur, persecution, etc." Well, readers will just have to peruse the OW entres of Dean Koontz and Piers Anthony and judge the application for themselves.

However, mental soundness is no necessary prerequisite for literary talent or success. It is quite possible that Dean has done superior work in mainstream, and he's right: I should read it. He recommends comparison of two of his novels, *HANGING ON* and *SHATTERED*--I find these titles significant, in view of the tone of his missive--by, I gather, "K. R. Dwyer", with two of mine. I am happy to accommodate him, and will put on the block two of my novels currently in print: *MACROSCOPE* (about to go into its 6th printing) and *RINGS OF ICE* (new).

Suppose we do this up right: I will plan a column on the subject of Koontz, literature, professionalism and paranoia, emphasis on his two named books, for OW #23. I will send an advance copy to him so he can respond in the same issue, and space will be reserved for the reader's comparisons of his two books and mine. I believe this would be as fair and informational a package as is practicable, and it might even shed some light on why some writers can do their own thing for considerably more money than others. I might add that one person uniquely qualified to comment would seem to be Barry Malzberg, and I hope he does so.

> Barry has declined being either "judge or commentator"; Dean replies next: <

DEAN KOONTZ [9/10/74] Of course you must realize I would have no interest in the project that Piers outlines in his letter (the copy of which you sent to me). For one thing, I consider Piers vitrolric, egomaniacal, biased, and pretty much untrustworthy. Furthermore, I don't have the time to read his books close enough for criticism; I've better things to do.

Again, for his benefit, let's number the points so he has no trouble following them:

ONE: Piers quotes the Oxford English Dictionary's definition of "paranoid" and says he'll let it to the readers to decide who is the sickie. I'll let it to the readers too. I wrote a single letter in response to his slur of my name. It is *he* who has written literally tens of thousands of words in fanzines, professing to be put-upon and persecuted.

TWO: I reject the idea that Piers could be unbiased in criticizing my mainstream work. I need only point to the spot in his letter where he passes judgment on my mental condition on the basis of my book titles to show you why I distrust him. This is the sort of behavior I expect from him; furthermore, it is this sort of criticism which makes a mockery of book reviewing and analysis as it exists in the SF microcosm.

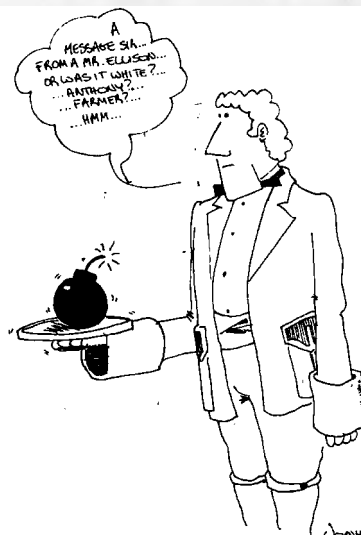
THREE: Barry Malzberg would surprise the hell out of me by agreeing to "judge" such a carnival as Piers proposes. I'll bet he turns you down.

FOUR: Piers knows I wrote him and asked him to stop writing to me. I have the carbon of that letter in storage with my old fan days mail. When we move this spring, I'll send you a copy or send one to Piers to improve his memory and his files.

FIVE: Piers says "In fact, the comment of one third party was that he has been exceedingly eager to get in touch with me." For what? If this were true, why wouldn't I write him? I have his address. Why would I be running around to third parties mewling about it? No doubt about it at all: Piers lives in a fantasy; he's a sick man.

SIX: Piers says, "...assuming we can believe Dean's claims about his payment rates..." I receive five-figure advances from three hardcover houses under my own name and two pen names. I see no reason to expose my finances to fandom; I hope I have more taste than some. But I will say that, writing two or three books a year, I seem to be making on hardcover advances and foreign sales alone (leaving out all other subsidiary markets such as motion pictures, book clubs, and paperback advances) seven or eight times what Piers made in his best year.

SEVEN: Piers says, "Even though I may elect not to make my money in that fashion, I'd like to know exactly how it is done." I repeat: work, hard work, talent



and major ideas. And I find it difficult to see how a man who writes such inept, pulpy, and morally bankrupt stuff as in the series Piers is doing (in collaboration) for Berkley can keep a straight face when he talks about commitment to art or when he talks about integrity and selectiveness. God knows, all of us have written inept, pulpy, and morally bankrupt fiction at one time or another; I admitted as much last issue. It is Piers' failure to admit this which made me compare him, last time, to R. Nixon. Still seems a valid comparison.

EIGHT: The point of my first letter ought to have been clear even to Piers. I don't want to have to waste time on him. I don't want to have to write to fanzines in response to his ravings. I hope that the letter you sent me (Piers' letter) and this one of mine, can be kept out of OW. I hope the controversy never becomes a controversy. I am committed to my work as I never was when I wrote SF, and I am not committed to fanac as Piers seems to be. However, if you are intent on printing his letter, I believe you should follow it with this one of mine, ending with this eighth point. And perhaps the whole thing can be stopped here.

PIERS ANTHONY [10/1/74] On Dean Koontz's response to my response: by all means print it. I think it is already evident where the paranoia lies, but he has vilified me in print and I feel I am entitled to a reasonable response. So I would appreciate it if you would run his letter, and also this: Dean Koontz wrote in OW #20, "I'll happily submit HANGING ON and SHATTERED for merit consideration against any two of Anthony's novels..." I accepted the implied challenge. I propose to carry through my project. Why is he so upset at the prospect? I believe there are genuine insights to be derived from this

exercise, and that the readers will be intrigued by my discussion of SHATTERED VS RINGS OF ICE, for there is a certain similarity in the books.

Controversy Three: Complete in this issue
=====

DONALD J. PFEIL [7/24/74] First, I wish to thank you very much for sending me the comp copies of *Outworlds*. Some twenty-five years ago I made my personal discovery of (Found Salvation Through??) science fiction, but somehow I missed finding fandom. Now I sort of get that feeling that my adolescent years just weren't complete. Sort of like growing up without the measles.

I probably would have read *Outworlds* with great interest, then gone back to work, but I ran across Ted White's column (in Number 19) and this letter was a required result.

To start with, Mr. White states "Among sf publishers only Mercury Press (F&SF) offers a separate contract for the author to sign before the story is purchased, a copy of which the author keeps. Sorry, that's just not true, and Mr. White knows it isn't true. Attached is a copy of the contract we use here at *Vertex*, a contract Mr. White received and signed when we purchased a story of his. It specifies what is being purchased, the amount being paid, and the *exact* rights being purchased. This includes rights for artwork, First N.A. Serial Rights, all rights, revision and editing rights, and intention to copyright. Also, please note that the contract contains several provisions for the protection of the publisher, including guarantees by the author against plagiarism, against previous sale disputes, and against libel actions.

> Perhaps I should come up with something

similar...if this keeps up! One question I should have asked you earlier, Don...do you recall when Ted's story was purchased? His column was written 1/5/74...and he may not have seen your contract at that time. ...of course, he may well have seen it. The only reason I bring it up is that the time element--especially considering my 'schedule'--in all of these 'discussions' is so crucial. (As a result, you'll note that I've taken to dating EVERYTHING!) <

As far as returning rights to authors, the situation simply *cannot* arise when there is a contract spelling out what rights have been purchased by the publisher. If we bought first rights, that's all we own. If we bought all rights, the story (or article, or artwork) is ours. This is simply personal opinion, but I feel that any writer who sells his material without knowing *exactly* what he is selling, without having the whole thing in writing, is (a) a damned fool, and (b) has no gripe coming if later he finds out he sold all rights on the story, first rights on his soul (if any), and first refusal rights on anything he writes between now and 2130 A.D. If you jump off a twenty-storey building, don't blame the sidewalk for spraining your ankle.

Next, on to Mr. White's comments about pros and fans. He states that most fans seem to know more about the realities of publishing than most pros, that if he had to deal with pros only he'd quit sf, that pros are much more thin skinned than fans, and that fans are better company at cons than pros. All of the above should have been printed in 72 point type (that's *One Inch...Glicksohn*), in red ink, then extensively expanded upon.

In starting and putting out for two years *Vertex*, and in attending, so far, three cons, I have discovered just what Mr. White was talking about. I've found that (a) I haven't yet met a fan I would mind calling a friend, (b) most of the (pardon the expression) minor pros (sounds like part-time hookers), the once-in-a-while writers, the fans-turned-writers, are simply great people, and that most of the "name" pros are instant bad news. And that includes, most especially and with heavy emphasis, the elite of the SFWA.

There are, of course, "name" pros who are both personally and professionally good people. The Silverbergs, Farmers, Carrs, Andersons, and a few others. But in the pro ranks, they're damned few. And it's been my experience that they're the ones who are more interested in selling their writing than in selling themselves. They seem to be authors who enjoy a bit of egoboo, rather than egotists who happen to write.

And, finally, a personal little thing regarding a letter from Piers Anthony in the same issue. He makes the statement that he intends to continue submitting Anthony/Fuentes stories to *Ultimate* and to publishers like *Vertex*, "in certain respects *worse*." (italics mine) Just as a matter of personal interest, I'd like to know just what the hell that is supposed to mean? Mr. Anthony's agent sent me a story, I sent him a purchase order, he signed it, we paid him about four cents a word for the story, purchased what I felt was some outstanding artwork

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I DO HEREBY WARRANT that I am of full age and have every right to contract in my own name in the above regard and further that I have read the above Terms Of Agreement prior to its execution and that I am fully familiar with the contents thereof and in the event any claim is made against the Publisher arising out of the publication of subject work, I agree to indemnify the Publisher for any damages arising out of the publication of the work and to indemnify the publisher against any and all judgments or obligations resulting from said publication. My signature next to the word "Accepted" will constitute this as our agreement:

ACCEPTED: _____ DATE: _____
FOR THE PUBLISHER: _____

to showcase the story, and ran it.

I have heard *nothing* from Mr. Anthony about any complaints he might have had, nothing regarding any objections to the contract, to the artwork, to the amount of payment, to *anything*. So where the hell does he get off making a snide little side comment like that?

> In a later note (undated, but received 8/10/74), Don adds: <

I went back and reread that letter, and I see one point that possibly needs clarification. On the subject of Piers Anthony, I'm not saying that he might not have a bitch about *Vertex*. I am saying that I've heard nothing about it from him, and if he doesn't like something about the magazine, I feel he should have at least let me know about it before making that insinuation in print. As a matter of fact, I have two submissions from him on my desk now, and I wonder why, if he dislikes *Vertex*, he submits to it? I, too, have become a bit cautious in the past year. As I said, I don't think he has anything to bitch about where *Vertex* is concerned, but I don't know what might have happened up in the publisher's end of this building, so....

> I never got around to forwarding that note to Piers, but as I wrote Don...and as things turned out...I don't really think it would have made any difference.

Okay... When I saw we were going to get into Yet Another One...I determined that, by God!, THIS TIME I was going to do it right. You know, check out all the leads, get applicable permissions (Piers suggested that I get official permission to run the quote from Pfeil's "SFWA" article...considering the nature of the publication in which it appeared; and I did, as you see over there to the right)--and in general have it all wrapped up before printing it. Well, let's face it: Given the participants and the nature of the Question of Ethics involved here, I don't think we could ever "wrap-it-up" to the complete satisfaction of all. So, we are not even going to try. I think I have given both "sides" a fair chance to present their case(s)...and now, once again, it is up to the readers. (You readers have a lot of "decisions" to make this time... Take notes. There'll be a quiz.)

Other than one major goof, I think this one will prove that I HAVE learned a bit from the past--as well as become considerably more cautious (which prompted Don's comment above). How I've handled this, in light of what I said last issue, and what I've said to friends who've expressed concern at the direction OW took for a while...well, that's a verdict you'll have to render also. It's rather important to me...

The one major goof? When forwarding Piers' response to Don, I also included Piers' "cover letter" to me. Once I did so, Don in effect challenged me to print it also. And rightly so. I had to then, and Piers agreed, as you'll see later.

Bear in mind, then, that the (first) Piers Anthony letter, that immediately follows, WAS NOT meant for publication. That it appears here is entirely at the lapse of myself, and Piers should not be 'blamed' for this one. O.K.? <

PIERS ANTHONY [8/23/74; to Bowers] Enclosed is my response to Don Pfeil. Someone commented in OW how I was always stirring up the animals, and it seems apt; now you have three animals for the same issue: Dean Koontz, Don Pfeil, and Ted White. They never learn... Charles Arnold [whose address has

changed from that on the correspondence], requests that he be sent copies of the OW article. I'm sending him a carbon of my letter, of course, but if you print it, please send him that issue of OW and any following relevant response. I say "if" because I see a slim possibility that Pfeil, when advised of my expose, will get smart and seek to avoid publication for the whole thing: his challenge to me and my response. I am not trying to blackmail him on this matter; I'd rather have the whole thing exposed. But should he offer to set everything straight with Arnold--which would mean buying his story and considering future submissions from Arnold--in lieu of facing the reaction that will come from the publication of my letter, I think he should be allowed to do that. Arnold never sought this fight, and would prefer to have it ameliorated, I'm sure.

... I'm sorry I can't be briefer in matters like this Pfeil business. But as I guess you can see, wrong has been done, and the matter should be exposed, and a half-assed job just won't do. My mention of Anderson, Ellison, etc. was not random; Ellison got Pfeil's publisher on the phone about this and similar matters, trying unsuccessfully to right them. So there are other animals waiting to be stirred, if Pfeil does try to tough it out some more; they know the situation. Still, and all, I hope we run out of animals soon; I'm busy elsewhere.

PIERS ANTHONY [8/23/74] Thank you for forwarding a copy of Donald J. Pfeil's letter of July 26, 1974. I presume you will be printing it, including the question to me. Since he asks for it, I hereby oblige in my normal fashion.

I should clarify at the outset that my reference was not to his handling of my own story. He read it, made an offer to my agent, my collaborator and I accepted, and in due course we received payment. Neither of ever saw or signed the contract he mentions; no doubt my agent did. When the story was published, we could not find *Vertex* on sale, so we requested and received (April 20) two complimentary copies from the publisher. The illustration was tasteful and relevant, and there was no objectionable editing of our text. My only complaint would be that the story was double-jumped; that is, carried on pages 40-43, 48-51, and 65. No reason I can see for making things difficult for the reader; I am always annoyed by this reader-be-damned editorial practice, especially when I'm reading while claspings a leaky sandwich in both hands so I can't riff through the pages. But I admit this is minor; I have no complaints of substance here.

My comment "...*Vertex*, in certain respects worse [than *Ultimate*]" appeared in my *Rationale of an Indecision in Outworlds* 19, published in March. Note that I had not even

seen the copy of *Vertex* at that time. But even had my letter of comment overlapped the issue of *Vertex*, the average editor ought to appreciate the fact that there is apt to be a months-long lead-in time for the publication of material, so my letter had to predate the *Vertex*. In fact, the date of my letter is plainly listed on the same page as the statement he questions: December 16, 1973. Pfeil obviously did not check or think before he reacted. I make this seemingly minor point because this peremptory, arrogant carelessness is fundamental to the complaint I *do* have against Pfeil. In a nutshell: he tends to ignore essential facts of a case, shoot off his mouth, then be vindictive when exposed. I don't question his technical competence as an editor; I question his character.

Now to the case-history: I quote entire from Item #4 in Pfeil's article *SFWA? Get Lost*.

"Mr. D submitting a story, writing a follow-up when he did not hear a report on it, then pulling what I believe to be an extremely unprofessional stunt. Because I had kept his manuscript too long without reporting on it I dug it out of the pile, read it at once, and fired off a letter telling him I wanted to use it. I went ahead and scheduled it, arranged for artwork, the whole bit. Next I got a letter from him telling me that (a) the manuscript was withdrawn, and (b) he was reporting me to the SFWA and the Writer's Guild. Okay, perhaps my letter to him got lost in the mail. Perhaps the letter he claims to have sent me as a second follow-up got lost in the mail. Knowing the postal system, this would not surprise me. Even so, even if I had deliberately not answered him, there was no excuse for the tone of his

vertex
THE MAGAZINE OF SCIENCE FICTION

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

I hereby give permission for William L. Bowers to use in toto or excerpt from an article written by my entitled "SFWA? Get Lost." which originally appeared in the SFWA FORUM, said article or excerpt from article to appear in *OUTWORLD*S.

Donald J. Pfeil

Donald J. Pfeil
Editor
Vertex Magazine

29 SEPT 1974

If it's OK with Piers Anthony and it's OK with Donald Pfeil, it's OK with SFWA. In fairness to everybody, however, it should be noted that the title SFWA? GET LOST is my invention rather than Don's (if my memory serves me which it, usually doesn't).

I'd very much like to see the copy of *OUTWORLD*S in which the article appears.

Sincerely
Theodore R. Cogswell
Theodore R. Cogswell,
Secretary, SFWA

COT - 2 1974

March 14, 1973

Mr. Charles Arnold
206½ West Green
Urbana, Illinois

Dear Mr. Arnold:

In response to your letter of March 12, demanding the return of your story "The Trees of Regulus II," I wrote you (not my secretary, but me, so I know the letter was written) last month, apologizing for the delay in reporting on your story. I attempted to explain the problems attendant in starting a new magazine, including the pile of over 500 manuscripts I have received since the announcement of Vertex in early October. I also informed you that I had read your story, liked it, and that it was scheduled for #3.

Having it withdrawn now, after art has been ordered and the story sent out for typeset, and the other threats made in your letter, should make it obvious that further submissions from you will not be welcomed.

206½ West Green
Urbana, Illinois 61801
phone: 217-367-0071
March 18, 1973

Donald J. Pfeil

Donald J. Pfeil
Editor

letter to me, nor for the gall he exhibited when he wrote a month later telling me that (a) if I apologized, and (b) if I bought his story, he would send a letter to the SFWA and the Guild retracting his complaint."

That's Pfeil's story. Now here is the truth.

On December 5, 1972, Charles Arnold, and "unknown" unagented writer, submitted to Vertex a story entitled *The Trees of Regulus II*. He had made, I believe, one prior sale, and was a member of SFWA. In short, he was comparatively new to professional status, which is no denigration; all of us pass through it. Again, I make a seemingly minor point to highlight another aspect of Pfeil's behavior: like most bullies, he prefers to pick on the Charles Arnolds of the field, rather than the Harlan Ellisons, Poul Andersons, Damon Knights--or, for that matter, Piers Anthonys. All of them, I think, eventually became involved in one aspect or another of this contretemps; note the contrast in the treatment Pfeil gives them, versus what he gave Arnold.

At this time, I understand--I am not a member of SFWA, so must rely on second hand information--Vertex was listed in the SFWA market report as reporting on manuscripts in four to six weeks. Later it was listed as six to eight weeks. So when nine weeks passed without report, Arnold sent a polite query: was the manuscript received, was it being considered? He enclosed a stamped self-addressed return envelope. Actually, this was naive of him; he thought the editor meant what he said. Give him a few more years, and he'll be more like me: cynical. It is sad, this inevitable shaping of a survival type. Like training a friendly puppy to be a killer canine: beguile him with a honest-seeming approach, then bash him. He learns.

After another month without response, bringing the total submission time to

Donald Pfeil
Editor, VERTEX
8060 Melrose Avenue
Los Angeles, California 90046

Dear Mr. Pfeil:

Re your letter of March 14 and a story entitled "The Trees of Regulus II"; I would like to clarify a few matters and make peace.

WRITER'S MARKET '72, under "How Long Should You Wait for a Reply" states: "If you've had no report from a publisher by the madam reporting time ... just write a brief letter of inquiry to the editor asking if your manuscript ... is still under consideration. ... In the rare case where a publisher fails to report even after your inquiry, after waiting a reasonable amount of time (four to six weeks) write a registered letter to the editor, advising that you are withdrawing your manuscript from that publication's consideration ... Also, send the details to *Writer's Digest* so we can follow up with the publisher in question and check against other complaints in our files." I was following this procedure as a matter of routine, and meant no malice to either you or VERTEX. I would not have done this if I had received a letter of acceptance. I can't understand why you were angry at my action. Wouldn't you have done the same thing in my position?

I would be happy to have my story appear in VERTEX. If you still wish to use it, send me another acceptance letter (I never received the first), and I will send the manuscript back to you.

You ordered art and sent the manuscript for typeset without a contract signed for the story?

I did not mention sending complaints to WRITER'S DIGEST and SFWA as threats; they were sent out as per the request in WRITER'S MARKET and similar requests in the SFWA FORUM. I informed you of them so I would not be doing it behind your back. The instant we straighten this unfortunate mess out, I will gladly retract the complaints. There is no reason for hard feelings over this; we can both blame the U.S. mail.

thirteen weeks, Arnold took the next proper step: he sent a polite letter withdrawing his story from consideration for publication by Vertex, and stated that he was lodging complaints with SFWA and *Writer's Digest* (not the Guild). This was no precipitous action; writers have to eat too, and not all of them can wait up to a year for a rejection (though I have done it). Arnold did not want to remarket his story without first officially withdrawing it from Vertex. In this he was courteous; other writers have simply re-

Regards,

Charles Arnold
Charles Arnold

marketed and even resold their work--after selling it the first time. That *really* leaves an editor in the lurch. I don't mean selling it for reprint; I mean for original as from GENERATION to A.D.V. So yet another minor point in the tapestry: Arnold acted in a restrained, professional manner throughout...and we shall see what it cost

March 21, 1973

Mr. Charles Arnold
206½ West Green
Urbana, Illinois 61801

Dear Mr. Arnold:

The only reason I am writing this is that I am in a letter writing mood, having just had to write to Poul Anderson regarding your complaint to the SFWA. I informed him what the actual situation was in regards to your complaint, and my feelings regarding it.

In reference to your latest letter, (a) the "normal" procedures regarding the length of time a manuscript is in to a publisher, and what you should do if it is there longer, are fine with an established magazine. With a magazine just starting up, though, especially one which you, the writer, know nothing about dealines on, these figures and procedures become somewhat out-of-place. Also, I must, from your comments, assume you are rather new to the field. Professionals know how to deal with publishers, and don't have to take their information from "how-to-write" magazines and/or books. Your comment regarding typesetting and ordering of art without a signed contract emphasizes your apparent lack of knowledge in the field. Your story was to be used in #3, and you would have been paid for it in April, 2 months after it was picked by our editorial staff. If we were to wait for a signed contract (purchase order), it would not have been available for use until #5, with payment in August. Do you really want to wait that long between submission and payment? Most authors don't. Not typesetting or ordering art with a book, where the lead time is 8 to 10 months, makes sense, but is a practical impossibility in the magazine business, both for editors and writers.

In regards to your kind offer to retract your complaints to the SFWA and Writer's Market if I will send you an acceptance letter for your story, all I can say is, once again, I am not interested in receiving any material from you for use in Vertex.

Donald J. Pfeil

him. He did not even conceal the fact he was notifying others of his action; he told the editor first. And of course he had the perfect right, even the duty, to notify others. Had someone else notified him, he could have saved himself the grief of submitting a manuscript to a place like Vertex.

This time Arnold got a return-mail response from Pfeil. The gist was that Pfeil had accepted the story, ordered art, and sent it out to be typeset. Now, of course, the story was bounced, and "further submissions from you will not be welcomed." Translation: You are black-listed here.

Arnold still thought he was dealing with an honest misunderstanding rather than a vendetta. He was, indeed, naive. "I can't understand why you were angry at my action," he said to Pfeil. "Wouldn't you have done the same thing in my position?" He offered to retract the complaints, blaming the misunderstanding on the mails, since Pfeil claimed to have sent an earlier letter of acceptance. (The mails get blamed for a lot; it is significant that Pfeil produced no carbon and gave no date for his alleged missive; this would have been normal business courtesy. Who can prove one way or the

other whether a letter was mailed or received?)

I am enclosing copies of the original correspondence, which I hope OW will run. Note that nowhere does Arnold ask for Pfeil's apology, despite Pfeil's SFWA claim, and that the tone of Arnold's letter is accommodating despite the provocation. I agree to a certain extent with Pfeil, actually: there *was* no excuse for the tone of Arnold's correspondence--except common courtesy, a trait evidently alien to Pfeil's way of thinking. Arnold perhaps should have told the bastard to go to hell.

But Arnold did pose one highly relevant question. "You ordered art and sent the material for typeset without a contract signed for the story?" Thereby Pfeil's case crumbles; honest professionals *do not* make ready to print material without a written understanding. It may be a contract; it may be the author's informal note of acceptance; it may even be a stamped notice on the back of the check for payment, where the author must endorse it. Publishers know that to proceed without an agreement would be in violation of the common-law copyright of the author. If a letter gets lost in the mail, the contract must be renegotiated while the

story waits. To proceed otherwise is a sure tipoff of illegitimacy; some publishers (including Vertex I am told) have indeed published material without authorization or payment. So this is no minor or academic point; it is the major one. Had Pfeil really been hung up, he could have used the phone; I have twice made contracts for \$5000 by phone. But this was merely to come to an understanding so that the relevant revisions and contracts could be drawn up; the publisher would not have acted without that preliminary confirmation. Pfeil's talk of schedules and payments was irrelevant; all he had to do was say in his marketing report "payment normally 6 months after informal acceptance" or something like that, and those who didn't like it would not have submitted their work there. He was plainly wrong.

Naturally Arnold's question stung Pfeil; he had been caught red-handed. Yet he had a way to solve the dilemma cleanly; by apologizing, accepting the story, and paying for it--in a hurry. I once sent a very stiff letter to a publisher in a vaguely similar case; they did exactly that, and we have gotten along perfectly ever since. Arnold was making it easy for Pfeil, letting him know that he would let bygones be bygones. He was a hell of a lot more generous than I would have been (than I in fact *was*, in my example).

Pfeil's response to this conciliatory gesture was, in the manner of an unlamented ex-President, to tough it out. The essence of his missive was "Fuck you." And he sent that distorted version of the case to SFWA, conveniently failing to mention (a) the lack of an agreement, (b) his refusal to be placated, and (c) the blacklist. In short, not only did he act in an unprofessional and unreasonable manner, he lied about it.

Unfortunately, Pfeil is not unique in publishing. It would be nice if he now admitted his error, reformed his ways, removed the unwarranted blacklist, apologized to Arnold and SFWA and solicited Arnold's story as a final gesture of amity. But I suspect he'd rather be wrong. His mode of business is all too common in Parnassus. But take courage: there *are* some honest, decent editors in the business. Treasure them; they are a vanishing breed. Pray to whatever gods you are currently worshipping that the future will reverse the trend, and produce fewer Pfeils and more Arnolds.

At any rate, there you have it: the story behind my remark. As far as I know, Ted White never did anything like this.

DONALD J. PFEIL [undated] To start with, I hope you have printed Mr. Anthony's cover letter along with his reply to me. For it is in that cover letter that we see just what sort of situation we are dealing with. In it he says that, "should I offer to set everything straight with Arnold--which would mean buying his story and considering future submissions from Arnold" he'll drop the whole thing. He says this isn't an attempt at blackmail, but what the hell else can you call it? I don't like people trying to blackmail me, whether their names are Arnold or Anthony, and refuse to do business with people who believe that such tactics are justifiable. In Mr. Anthony's case, it appears that he believes that *any* tactics are justifiable, so long as they're in his behalf.

Mr. Anthony starts right off by admitting that he has no complaints about the only sale he has ever made, the only submission he has ever made, to Vertex. Instead his comment was made simply on the basis of what he has been told by a person who had cause to be anti-Vertex and anti-Editor of Vertex. Mr. Anthony states that

his first complaint is that I ignored the essential facts of the case (the original Anthony comment) and that I shot off my mouth.

I did not ignore the essential facts, nor did I shoot off my mouth in my first letter to you. I simply asked what the hell Anthony was talking about, since he had never contacted me with any complaints about *Vertex*. In this I was *looking* for essential facts, not ignoring them. I was trying to get information. On the other hand, Mr. Anthony, *in print*, made a derogatory comment about *Vertex* without bothering to first look into the "essential" facts. That is, without bothering to contact both sides in the dispute.

Also, while we're on the subject of what Mr. Anthony has and/or has not done, please note that he has included a lot of correspondence between Mr. Arnold and myself, but has *not* included a copy of the letter Mr. Arnold sent to me withdrawing the story. I wish to hell I still had that letter. Mr. Anthony refers to it as a "polite" letter. I found it to be somewhat (not overtly--just somewhat) insulting, and I won't take insulting letters from Harlan Ellison or Piers Anthony or Bob Silverberg or anyone else. End of Mr. Arnold as a *Vertex* contributor.

Which brings us to the subject of a *Vertex* "blacklist." Yes, there is a *list*, but it's not a blacklist. They're simply people I would rather not do business with. Is Mr. Anthony suggesting that I *must* buy from a person simply because that person is a writer? I buy from people who (a) write the kind of stories I want for *Vertex*, and (b) who I can develop a good working relationship with. If it's a hassle working with a given writer, I see no reason why Mr. Anthony thinks he should be *forced* upon me. Also, Mr. Anthony makes reference to the way I treat "name" writers, as opposed to how I have treated poor put-upon Mr. Arnold. Bullshit! There are several writers a hell of a lot better known than Mr. Anthony on the list of people I will not do business with. And they know they're "out" at *Vertex*. Among them Isaac Asimov and Ted Sturgeon. Even Harlan Ellison, who I happen to like very much, and admire as a writer, is currently "out" here simply because I don't need the ulcers. And that's why Arnold's out, and will stay out.

Back to Mr. Anthony jumping to assorted conclusions, then sounding off about them without the courtesy of checking. He refers to my letter to the SFWA *Forum* regarding a Mr. "D". He assumes that my reference was to Mr. Arnold, when, in fact, it referred to a very well known writer who, again, has proved to be a constant hassle. Of course, I can't answer for Mr. Arnold's guilty conscience or paranoia, but I can question who now is shooting off his mouth without knowing all the facts. By the way, the letter to the *Forum* did not list "Mr. A," "Mr. B," etc. It listed the accused writers by name, and it was the SFWA which removed the names.

Next, let's look at the "when a story is contracted for" business. To start with I was not "caught red-handed" printing a story without contracting for it first. I am the editor of this magazine, not the publisher. This outfit has been around for something over twenty years, and has a policy (of long standing) of sending out the contracts shortly before publication. Long after the editor has the story typeset and art ordered. Sometimes after the magazine has been sent to the printer. I have, in print and in personal appearances, several times stated my opposition to this policy, and my belief that one of

these days the publisher is going to get sued for it. But, lawsuits or not, this is still a decision made by the publisher, *not by the editor*. I didn't get caught doing a damn thing, except working within the rules set down by the publisher. And I'll be damned if I'll quit my job just because I haven't managed to get the publisher to change his policy on this.

And finally, let's look at one personal aspect of this. It was all started because I asked the simple question, "what's Anthony's beef?" For that, he refers to me in his cover letter as an animal, and in his answer he questions my character, refers to me as a bastard, compares me several times with Nixon, and accuses me of lying to the SFWA. Then he closes by stating that I had better not make any noises about a lawsuit. I have never met Mr. Anthony, I have never corresponded with him, I have never talked to him on the phone, and I have never made any derogatory remarks about him. Indeed, even in my letters to Mr. Arnold, written long before I even knew Mr. Anthony existed, I attempted to remain polite in telling him I didn't want to do business with him. I even took the time to explain to him exactly why I didn't want to do business with him. So why this raging paranoia on Anthony's part? Who said anything about lawsuits? Is the man totally insane? That's the only explanation I can think of for Mr. Anthony's reaction to my simple question.

> On 9/11, I wrote to Charles Arnold:

"In the course of his reply, Pfeil points out something that bothers me a bit, also; namely, the absence of your original letter of 'withdrawal' to Pfeil, dated, I believe, March 12, 1973. I assume you don't have a copy of it, but must admit that its lack does tend to weaken your 'case'. It's your word that it was 'polite' against Pfeil's that it was not."

"I'm not taking sides; indeed my sympathies on this are a bit split. I'm against blacklisting in any form, yet (even though I'm not a professional editor/publisher--yet) I have some idea of the difficulties from the other side of the writer/editor relationship. There are people I won't publish, for purely subjective and personal reasons, although I don't have a physical 'list'...and wouldn't reveal it if I did. Of course I don't pay, and I'm my own publisher, which makes my position a bit different from Pfeil's."

"What I'm trying to say is, that if you have a copy of your original letter of withdrawal to Pfeil, I'd appreciate your sending me a copy before October 1."

"I'd like the 'record' to be as complete as possible." <

CHARLES ARNOLD [9/18/74] Piers knew from the beginning that I did not save a copy of my withdrawal letter to Pfeil, and I advised him that this would hurt his case somewhat, although not to the point of excusing Pfeil's actions. I sent him the following paraphrase of the letter, which I am certain is almost exact, and I challenge Pfeil to produce a letter substantially different. (I would also like to see a copy of his acceptance letter.)

Dear Mr. Pfeil:

This is to inform you that my story entitled *The Trees of Regulus II*, mailed to *Vertex* December 5, 1972, is hereby withdrawn. I have heard nothing from *Vertex* about this manuscript, nor did I receive a reply to an inquiry of Feb. 12.

Also be informed that complaints are being lodged with the Science Fiction Writers of America and *Writer's Digest*.
Yours truly, etc.

The only conceivable "impolite" thing I said in the letter was to mention I was complaining to SFWA about the lateness in reporting. This was in no way a threat, it was a statement of fact. Poul Anderson's response to this complaint stated flatly that the complaint was justified. I informed Pfeil because I thought it was courteous to do so, rather than do it behind his back. If Pfeil claims I said anything more than indicated above, he is an outright liar, that's all there is to it.

I received no acceptance letter. I received no contract. I received no response to a query. I withdrew my story and complained about lateness. If Pfeil had not been illegally setting my story in type, there would have been no problem. If Pfeil had accepted my offer to cancel the withdrawal, there would have been no problem. If his side in the controversy has any merit in it, I would like to know what it is.

Also, contrary to what Piers said in his letter, I had sold two stories at the time of my conflict with Pfeil; they can be found in ORBIT #13 and NEW WORLDS #5.

> Also 9/11...Bowers to Don Pfeil:

"...I'm not forwarding your reply to either Arnold or Anthony, although I will inform them that I have received a reply. They have had their say, and you yours, and I think that sufficient for my readers, without prolonging it any further."

"On this, as with the 'reprint/Ultimate' controversy, I find myself with mixed feelings. I have no liking at all for the idea of a 'blacklist'; on the other hand, I'm rather cantankerous in what I print myself. Still, I have to answer to no one but myself and my conscience, despite my best laid plans sometimes backfiring. I honestly don't know if I could work for a publisher such as yours or not; I'm not likely to be offered the chance to decide."

On 9/21, I wrote to Piers, giving him a brief..."Progress Report" on the Controversies 3. You've seen his replies to the White & Koontz sections. Now the last: <

PIERS ANTHONY [10/1/74] Pfeil is wrong as I see it, and I feel he should be fired as editor. But at least he is willing to fight the issue out in public. He could have fudged by refusing permission for his letters to be printed; instead, as I understand it, he facilitated such publication. So I accord him that measure of respect, without in any way abating my case against him. As for your showing him my cover letter concerning animals, etc.: It is my policy to say nothing in private that I would not say in public. I object neither to your showing him my cover letter nor to your publishing it. But I think you should make clear, as you usually do, that it was private; I was not setting out to call him an animal in public. It was, in any event, a humorous reference, though I stand by it in the context it was made. Maybe you should remind the reader who originated that animals comment I referred to; perhaps he belongs in this fight, too. I think it was an apt observation.

> One more brief exchange...and that's it, folks. The following was written a day before Piers got my letter prompting the above. <

PIERS ANTHONY [9/23] Arnold, as I understand it, did not keep a

carbon of his withdrawal letter to Pfeil, but he assured me it was businesslike. I suggest you ask Pfeil to produce a fax of that letter, which Arnold and then authenticate; thus we can all judge just what its tone was.

In case there is any remaining question about the way Pfeil operates, here is his letter my agent just forwarded to me, rejecting one fantasy and one SF story. I am now on his blacklist. My agent, in an accompanying letter, says: "And you seem to have succeeded in your determination to eliminate another market." What I call exposure of truth, others call a "determination to eliminate markets"--and of course this *is* the way I have eliminated several markets. It is exactly what I expected, and I suggest you publish this material also, so that the readers and fans can know. I am damn tired of editors acting like petty dictators or kings with divine right, lying, covering up, cheating authors--in general applying the morality of the Hell's Angels to a field that deserves better. But as long as readers and writers and publishers tolerate this shit, it will continue.

> The 'note' Piers mentions, says:

Sorry--I like the writing, but I'm afraid it just isn't science fiction. Also, may I suggest you contact Mr. Anthony regarding submissions to *Vertex*. Apparently he doesn't approve of the magazine.

Sincerely,
s/Donald J. Pfeil
Editor

As it so happens, for once I anticipated the inevitable question, and on 9/21 asked Don if, as I suspected, Piers was now on the 'list'. His answer...: <

DONALD J. PFEIL [rec'd 9/30/74] Although I haven't gotten around to physically doing the lettering, pending the outcome of this Anthony/Arnold/Pfeil business, I'd say that, yes, Piers Anthony *is* on my list of people I'd rather not do business with. Again, though, let me stress that this is *my* list, not a *Vertex* list. There's a character down the street from my office who runs a service station. He is constantly forgetting to put gas caps back on, and does a lousy job of washing windshields. So I don't buy gas there. But I don't say he should be put out of business, or no one should buy gas there. Same with Anthony. I, personally, don't want to do business with him. Some day I'm sure *Vertex* will have a new editor, and unless that editor-to-be is following this discussion in the pages of *Outworlds*, he'll never know about my pre-judging against Anthony or Arnold or anyone else. Those are my personal prejudices, and while there isn't a person in the world I'll let tell me I don't have a right to them, I'll not try to force them on anyone else, either.

=====

I was going to end this Section with a lengthy Sermon/Rationalization, but see no need for it, now. I'd like to express my appreciation to Charles Arnold, Ted Cogswell, Dean Koontz & Barry Malzberg for their prompt & friendly answers to my hurried queries. And to Don Pfeil for the way he responded to an incredible amount of double-checking on my part. And to Piers, for being Piers: He's put a few grey hairs on my head, but he's willing to put forth documentation, and to stand back of what he says... And that's all you can ask of any man. No, I don't always agree with him, or the way he goes about it. But I respect him...



The Difference between a LOVE AFFAIR & PROSTITUTION is NO THICKER than a QUARTER

Jessie A. Salmonson

I dislike battles. I have no desire to become involved in a feud and hope that is not what this ever becomes. I shall name no names, but the following will become so obvious that such a courtesy shall ultimately serve no purpose. I consider the following important enough to risk the anger of people who can hurt me directly or indirectly as a result of this voicing, just as others have been directly and indirectly harmed for lack of silence in other matters. The most horrible, back biting atrocities of fen have been committed not by sophomoric neos, but by professionals in the s-f field, and it is frightening to me to see this. It does not make me feel safe or totally willing to speak bluntly and to the point, though in this case I feel I must if only for a moments peace of mind before the storm.

If you'll bear with me, what I must say will be presented in what amounts to two parts, the first explaining some of the foibles of editing even a small fiction publication, so that everyone will have a feel of just how difficult it can be working through unsolicited manuscripts. The second part discusses how, despite foibles, unsolicited material must never be dismissed, ignored, relegated to ghetto standard, taxed, or shit upon by policies such as those at a certain unmentionable publishing firm. This will finally be a plea to the SFWA to do something now, even though they are not directly affected yet. Danger lies ahead.

<><><>

Most editors, for sundry and acceptable reasons, tack a standard rejection form to unacceptable manuscripts in lieu of any personal comment. A couple of times I've considered going that route myself, but have not yet given in to the rigors. The author who shows even the slightest potential is liable to get a few critical words out of me, but instant critiques cannot be expected to be 100% sagely. Most authors appreciate the comments even if they disagree, but a few take exception to anything and everything negative. From these latter I've received irate letters informing me my typing is lousy or my handwriting illegible, my advice is crummy, I can't even spell, and to go to hell. Those folks with soft egos instead of grey matter in their heads can turn an editor off to even trying to be helpful, and could turn an editor off to unsolicited material in general were such responses overly common. Strike one against personal involvement with unproven authors.

I used to feel obligated to read every word of every manuscript to the last page and make at least some idle suggestion, even if the first sentence was, "Grok's space ship landed on Mars," or "Great Cthulhu slithered slimely out of the swamp," or some similarly obvious bit of rot. But with two to twelve manuscripts a day without fail, and a few knuckles tossed my way for trying to do more than is necessary, I've learned it does no good to say I-yes-or-no to the obvious no-talents, and is risky enough talking to folks with some potential. I'm now liable to cease reading the instant a naked barbarian swordmaster or a federation starship appears in the story. More and more often I find myself rejecting with little more than an "unsuitable" attached, though it is at least hand scribed or rapped out on this typer so it will not be totally impersonal. No one wants to know if they're writing dumb-ass stories, despite all the cover letters begging for criticism--what they want is praise whether they deserve it or not. Strike two against editor contact with unknown freelancers.

Another irritation is the would-be author who reads my personal comment, then writes back to defend or discuss a story I've probably long since forgotten. Or

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY: I'm glad that you're trying to get some positive material after all the backbiting and who-said-who debates. (These days the very sight of a tape transcript fills me with irrational doubts and suspicions.) Dean Koontz's letter gives me a chance to say something positive.

One of the more depressing aspects of the sf scene is the vast amount of garbage turned out by people who are obviously capable of doing better. (Farmer and Moorcock are two examples who spring to mind.) I guess that this problem is largely economic. Every so often some hack like Robert Silverberg makes a lot of money (usually outside the field) and then becomes an excellent writer.

So I was happy to hear that Koontz had gotten a lot of money for HANGING ON. I thought that the book deserved it, but more important, I thought he might now have the chance to improve as much as Silverberg did. I guess I've made my way through about a dozen of Koontz's books, and I agree completely with his estimate of them as largely crap. Nevertheless, I kept reading them because they gave me the feeling that he could do much better if he wanted to. In particular, I remember thinking that THE HAUNTED EARTH had some beautiful imaginative touches in it, and that it could have been a great book if he'd taken his time and done it right. (Normally I don't go around pretending to read other people's minds like that, but that is pretty much what he said in his letter.)

Now Koontz has the financial independence to write well, and he's dropping out of sf. I'm looking forward to his mainstream books, but I want him to know that at least one of his readers thinks he could now write first-rate sf and wishes he would do so. 7/17 [250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801]

BRIAN EARL BROWN: I was looking forward to *Graffedica* #1 because I'm in the middle of putting out my own "very first fanzine, ever" and have been kind of working in the dark.

Afterwards I realized that being in the middle of a fanzine is a little late for advice. I don't know if it would have helped if I had read something like EDICA before starting or not, I'm good at ignoring advice. Of course, advice of any sort is hard to take before getting your feet wet at least once. Certainly I place more weight to the practice of having all the material for your fanzine on hand before starting, having seen much of what I wanted to print get squeezed out by bull that I threw in because I thought I had the room.

You mention the frightening mortality rate of "first" fanzines and relate it to the low response rate. I wonder if it isn't in part a quailing at the amount of work involved. There's all that raw writing to be done, transcribing to stencils, printing and collating. That's a lot of busywork. I probably ought to junk what I've done so far on my 'zine and do it up right. But I'm pretty sure if I did that, I'd lose interest along the way and never get it done. An interesting question would be the number of fanzines that never make it to a first issue?

Piers Anthony's article was fascinating--well Sterling Lanier is fascinating. The editing is another story. (This would make a good piece for EDICA as an example of how *not* to edit.) Some of the cuts I can see. The paragraph on weapons (p 777) is a little nonessential and badly out of place so close to the end. Likewise the bit about dental restoration. Generally,

who returns a slightly revised copy though the previous comments did not suggest the story was salvagable for my magazine, forcing me to do double time on a loser. Or sometimes I do ask for changes, and get rationalizations for the blunders instead of corrections, as though the editor were some dummy who needed every trite little point spelled out for him. There are also the trying authors who suffer from the "my every word is golden" syndrome who cannot stand to cut and edit their own prose, but must keep and save every single word. Often I've critiqued and blue-pencilled in depth for deletions and alterations only to received the same story with the same mistakes for my efforts. Strike three, etcetra, for the newcomers and unheard of freelancers.

An awful lot of my time is wasted, then, trying to help people who won't or can't listen. I can sympathize with those editors whose respect for the transom manuscripts is eroded, editors who use the degrading term "slush" as rapidly as a racist term comes to the lips of a bigot. But I personally keep truckin' because it only takes one success--and I've had many--to make all the irritating losers bearable.

<<<<>>>>

So in spite of all, I still have an intrinsic respect for the transom manuscripts. An author who submits a story to me is doing me a service, and I try to reciprocate by giving every freelancer a fair reading and consideration. I do not feel I do more for an author than he does for me, whether I publish his work or not.

That is why I was absolutely appalled when one previously respected editor began demanding a 25¢ reading fee merely to read an unsolicited manuscript. Repulsed, repugnated--no adjective is sufficient. This is the ultimate insult to the freelancer. No one should ever be expected to pay for the privilege of providing another with a service. I would not even allow gods and kings that, though historically gods and kings have sought just that sort of sacrifice.

The editor initiating this reading fee skillfully rationalized the charge, but I am sickened nonetheless, even more so for the very rationale.

Suppose such a thing became standard practice everywhere, as well it might if this once is accepted without wrath. Thieves who escape penance once will steal again, and more, and again. And more thieves will come to steal in their turn.

Imagine the rip-off potential. Even the smallest publisher could count on an extra hundred dollars a month with this policy, and not be one iota more obliged to read your manuscript. And of course reading fees will rise, the same as the price of gas and bread, as the years go by. A dollar bill is not so much to pay, and it's less likely to get torn out of the envelope.

The repercussions could be horrendous. As surely as Hitler would not have stopped at England, the repercussions *shall* be horrendous, if authors allow it to happen. The small reading fee policy could skyrocket into one more attempted deathblow to the freelancer.

This lack of respect for authors, this unorthodox bullet in the gut, is particularly hard to take from an editor who has always said (and is still saying, out the other side of his mouth) that he cares about new talent and recognizes the value of unsolicited stories. He had previously made a virtue of what all editors do as a matter of course, search for good fiction in the transom manuscripts. One unsolicited manuscript purchased from an unknown at the lowest rates saves a magazine a great deal of money, for otherwise a story would have to be solicited from an established prop at higher rates, without any guarantee that the transom representative wouldn't be better. It is bullshit to say that the transom costs so much money that it must begin to pay for itself. It is bullshit to say that five years ago the manuscripts secretly weren't even read, just returned, but your two bits will make it different. We're being shammed right down the line. All the little mags, the bigs ones as well, are having thin times. Some of the magazines will die--but others will take their place and perhaps to the better. There is no sane excuse for spitting on the freelancer. "I love you but where's my quarter," is not making it.

I have accepted without complaint or ill thought the slow replies, because I felt that meant only that every mss. had to wait its turn for attention. I've shrugged off the utterly lost manuscripts, that's an event every freelancer must allow for. But there is a limit to the acceptable level of offhanded treatment and abuse. Two bits changes the love affair to prostitution, no matter how you look at it.

The only organization capable of affecting this outrage is the SFWA, which has recognized in the past the gross injustices of this same company. This ball must be stopped before it rolls too far and grows too large to be stopped at all. Currently, the SFWA is exempt from this new policy, but I hope they have the insight to realize what this means. If it is acceptable in a small way now, it will eventually become standard submission formula to include a reading fee for every manuscript to every publication. Be forewarned!

<<<<>>>>

If I ever meet that editor at a convention, I think I may seduce him. When I get him alone and naked in his hotel room, I'll stick a quarter in his ass and walk out. Anyone who has seen my bod knows I could get away with it, too.

~~~~~ JESSIE SALMONSON ~~~~~  
Editor FANTASY & TERROR  
Box 89517, Zenith, WA 98188



I'd have to agree that the editor chopped out most of the good stuff in the article. Certainly the "pimp" ending is a well deserved point.

I'd be foolish, if I said I understood how depressed you feel about this big Anthony-White, et al, controversy you've been carrying. I do offer my sympathy. I think in the long run, it was for the best that you didn't reprint the whole mess, however much I might have liked to read the war from the beginning. Certainly the obligatory letters printed in this issue fail to be entertaining.

I don't know if Richard Geis could offer any advice for stagemanaging a "controversy" or not. He seems to be the local authority on them, but I suspect he relies more on the strength of his stomach, than any great "secret". 9/18 [55521 Elder Rd., Mishawaka, IN 46544]

> Well, at one time, Dick offered to take the [then] White/Ellison/Anthony thing off my hands...if it became too 'hot' for me. I sometimes wonder how things would have turned out if, indeed, I had surprised him, and taken him up on the offer. \* Other than being wiser and older (yes, even older than I!), Dick has a few things going for him, other than the obvious ones of experience & contacts. For one thing, as Charlie Brown pointed out to me...Geis doesn't go to conventions...and thereby run the risk of physically being caught between the 'participants.' \* In any event, I haven't the slightest urge to challenge his position as the 'local authority'! <

**WESLEY D. IVES:** If you are as freaked as you seem to be in your shattered writings in OW 20, then you are too near Terminal to appreciate sympathy, Well-Meaning Criticism, enthusiastic approval, or viscious & cruel nastiness. So briefly:

I am pleased with your arbitrary decision to cease and desist with the Hideous Melee. I stumbled into the Monster with OW 19, completely unprepared to discover that the Taint has truly escaped Washington and infested the world... And now, gods be with we who are evil, there are tapes which are perhaps central (assuming this madness to have a center: or outer edges, for that matter).

I hope it stays dead... Upon long & destructive meditation, I had determined to write a Final Say type letter, of the gentlemen-gentlemen-can-we-not-discuss-the-matter-at-a-lower-decibel-level school --but after several tries, I concluded that neither intervention nor alliance were in my cards. So I folded my hand; these people play a very total and consuming kind of psychopoker, and the stakes are too high for my blood.

Trying to comprehend just what is happening with, between, & among White, Ellison, Farmer, et al. (forgive me if I left your name out--;) was, I quickly discovered, a very smooth slide into sensory overload for one who has his hands and mind full with volumes of evidence on the Tory. There just isn't any room... I'm operating on automatic these days, anyway; friends have the glint in their eyes that says "I better watch him--the precipice is showing" and gods, it's getting even more intense. Bill, you live in the Heartland, where the people have elected Republicans in years past--can you conceive of the seminal change the seized North Carolina and led them to vote for Republicans all down the slate? For over a century, people here have voted for any venal swine at all, as long as he/she/it was not a Republican; and then in '72, after four years of the most intense soulsearching,

they voted a straight Republican ticket... Now the shock has set in: the look is there, if you can see it--against the rules & wishes of every Brave Confederate Boy, against the fading screams of their great-grandparents, they sinned, and voted Republican: And The Wrath of God Descended. The Governor fired everyone--they had forgotten that they were working in patronage jobs; the Senator is lost in the shadow of the Chairman, and surfaces only to make an occasional embarrassing pronouncement; and the President is being shown daily, by a man who has been N.C.'s senator for most of the population's memory, as a man haunted, if not possessed, by the ghost of

...ER...AH..EXPLETIVE DELETED!...



the Fuhrer. The whole state is in shock, and there is no way to escape: the whispers, the fears, the horrified mutterings of those who have retreated into unknowing, all bounce around the State, picking up intensity with every rebound and every inch moved closer to the Final Action.

So forgive me for not giving my two cent's worth to the Now-Finished Great Controversy. I haven't had two cents to give, mentally, emotionally, or psychically, since last October, and the pressure is increasing. It's happening all across the South: Heartland, pray for us!

And even if you can't listen, Bill: my sympathy. May your life's pieces not be scattered beyond your reach. Rec'd 7/22 [125 Cox Ave., #12, Raleigh, NC 27605]

**BOB TUCKER:** I first read *The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier* when it was published in the St. Petersburg Times about a year and a half ago. I was living in St. Pete at that time, sweating out eye surgery, and the astonishing fact about the matter now is that I didn't realize it had been edited when I read it. It read smoothly for a newspaper piece, giving no clue to the reader standing outside that it had been sharply edited, that masses of background and factual data had been deleted. I simply accepted it for what it appeared to be: a paean to Lanier, and later I had the opportunity to discuss the article and the subject with other writers living in that area of Florida.

Reading the article again today and noting the deletions, I'm tempted to play editor and try to second-guess that Florida editor who first published it; why were certain paragraphs kept but other and similar paragraphs thrown out? On your page 773, note the close similarity between two paragraphs on the question, why is Lanier held in such esteem? The first long paragraph stands as written but the next four shorter paragraphs were chopped, and yet the only objectionable matter I find in those four shorter paragraphs is the negative reference to editors. An editor would be certain to delete that,

as this one did again in the last paragraph where editors are suggested to be lower than pimps. I can't imagine any newspaper editor permitting that slur to appear in his own paper. Fanzine editors would print it, and some editors of national magazines would allow it for the entertainment value: it makes a nice snapper.

As I recall, the article originally appeared in one of those newspaper supplements, the Saturday or Sunday "magazine" devoted to features aimed at the folks at home, and it is easy to believe that space is tight in such magazines. Articles and fillers are tucked around the advertising displays and the other lead articles in the same issue. Given that, and still playing the imaginary editor, I can understand why some--but not all--the deletions were made. The bridge inserted on page 773 is a wise one; "No--they can be quite costly" is more meaningful, and complimentary, than "No--the cheapest is seven dollars, going on up to over thirty." Seven dollars is cheap for a decent work of art and thirty dollars isn't too much when you consider the prices fans pay at conventions for sometimes-lesser pieces of art. The bridge pays Lanier a compliment without inviting some readers to mutter, "Aw, that's cheap!"

I suspect many of the following lines were deleted because they smack of name dropping without adding value to Lanier the artist. Kennedy, Plimpton, Updike, Leakey, Eiseley, don't really belong to the piece, except possibly Eiseley the teacher. And in a newspaper which lives on the advertising of a large city, it seems folly to take passing swipes at the stupidity of executives, the expensive costs of dental work, the inferred cheapness of dime stores, the nearby oil slick, and the Emperor of Japan. With the possible exception of the last named gentleman, the executives of those other establishments could protest to the advertising manager and the editor would have to defend his article. It seems likely this one deleted the material and stood ready to blame it on a lack of space, rather than rock the boat.

I can understand the editor (faint heart!) of a family magazine deleting the references to throwing knives and moving targets, but I don't understand why the long descriptive passages about modeling animals was cut; much of the best background was in those passages telling of his work with domestic and paleontological animals, his military characters, and the fantasy work. The editor was clearly asleep at his pencil, robbing the article of a richness it deserved. But again, the astonishing point was that I read it in the newspaper and never realized it had been cut. The editor was skilled in his job, whatever his reasons for the deletions 7/28 [34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, IL 62650]

> I sent a copy of Bob's letter to Piers:

I have no quarrel at all with Tucker's letter, but wanted to clarify that the extended lead-in to the Lanier article was at the editor's request, and that he also sent me back for a second interview to obtain more impressive names and direct quotes...which he later edited out. This sort of thing caused me to stop doing business with that publication. 8/23 <

**STERLING E. LANIER:** To say that I'm pleased is a bit mild.

Piers really ought to be with the AP services. Can you name a major (in my case, minor) figure in the news, who EVER got anything writ straight, AS HE SAID IT? Piers, God bless his cantankerous, bicycle-

shaped typewriter oriented head, said EXACTLY what I told him. I am not talking about his prose, which, even when I find it obscure, is always in lovely English (No, Virginia, there is NO AMERICAN LANGUAGE; we speak a DIALECT of English, just like the natives of Jamaica).

Anyway, it was a truthful story. There were *lacunae* of course, but that was my business, not his. And to be on the cover of both F&SF and *Outworlds* in the same month! For a guy with a very modest output, this is some thing.

The pictures are superb. BUT...the prices have all been revised, needless to say, upward. At \$1500.00 for the silver chess set, I would not make the price of the silver alone. Silver has gone, in 18 months, from \$1.40 a Troy ounce, to \$7.80. Blame the administration.

On your magazine in general, I'd say this. I will never (Scouts Honor) do a fanzine, of any variety. You scared the shit out of me, and I read it through; i.e. anyone who wants to start a fanzine, is locally certifiable, and ought to be committed. 7/9

GEORGE FLYNN: Well, you've done it again. In OW #20 you printed my loc complaining about your typos (a cause in which I see I'm joined by Ted White). And what do I find on the opposite page? A letter from Philip Cohen referring to me as *John Flynn*! Pretty sneaky, Bill.

On to the rest of OW#20/EDICA#1/IW #12/ISIWTWLS#1. (Did I leave anything out?) Seriously, it's kind of annoying having two tables of contents. All right, so you think of *Grafaneditica* as a separate entity, but physically it isn't. (There isn't even any clear demarcation on p. 771.) Why make things any tougher on the reader, who usually has enough shocks to deal with when he opens OW? But maybe I shouldn't say that, since you've actually used the same format two issues running. Trying to lull all your new subscribers into complacency, or getting mellow in your old age?

Fine article on Shull, interesting enough to get me to dig out all the illos described that I could find in my fanzine collection; but frustrating that there are so many I *don't* have. I thought the cover of OW#7 was great too.

I'd say that most of the deletions in the Lanier article make sense, removing material which, while it may be interesting, seems irrelevant to the main line of the article. And the "pimp" cut is obviously simple prudery. On the other hand, it does seem peculiar that they took out all the details about *what* he sculpts, since that is really the central theme. Of course, we don't know how much the editor was constrained by space limitations. Oh, lest I forget--it was a great article.

Not much to say on Ted White's column, since he wraps up most of the subjects fairly definitively. I agree with him on the nature of fanac, four-letter words, and even on your typos! But I rather suspect that his next column will be more provocative...

I was largely in agreement with Tom Collin's article on space in OW#18, except that he omitted what to me is the most compelling argument: the desirability of not keeping all our civilization's eggs in one basket; that's not likely to go over with the general public, though. One point on Philip Cohen's arguments: the sending up of astronauts in quick succession was of course a matter of economy. It costs too much to keep the support establishment going between missions, and

it's hard to find good people willing to turn their careers off and on at intervals.

Eric Mayer wonders whether publishers ever use covers over. Well, Ultimate certainly does so on their reprint zines, but I don't know if they use the originals or just copy the earlier covers somehow; the latter seems more likely.

Eric's other point about "pr-----1" zines giving out free copies for locs started me on an interesting train of thought. When a zine costs a dollar or more a copy, the distinction between giving free copies and paying for material gets rather tenuous. (Why, for some of my locs you've printed it works out close to a cent a word!) I can see the next crusade now: Any zine that give copies for material is professional! (Of course, taking money is also professional; obviously true amateurism lies in giving copies free to everybody *except* contributors.) Seriously, I don't care who pays for what. I go along with Ted White: if it's intended (mainly) for fans, it's fanac.

The discussion on Piers Anthony reminds me that I didn't respond to #19, where Piers (in his open letter) wasn't sure of my position on his submitting to Ultimate. Well, my answer is now YES, unless there's pertinent evidence to be found that you haven't already published. If there's evidence that will stand up in court, let somebody sue; otherwise the situation's so confused that Ultimate deserves the benefit of the doubt.

Re Jerry Pournelle's letter: When will these presidents learn that they only get in trouble releasing their tapes? Seriously, I fully agree with you that that word "only" makes an enormous difference to the meaning of Ted's statement. Yet it's a pity that you didn't listen to that tape, since the inflection *might* have carried the same implication. Yes, the whole thing is a sorry mess, but the facts should be established to the extent humanly possible. Good luck!

Here I am at the end of the zine, and not one comment on the artwork. Are you sure this is *Outworlds*? 8/20 [27 Sowamsett Ave., Warren, RI 02885]

> I'm not sure what Ultimate does...but to be economical about it, they'd almost have to use the color separations from the original publication. Most people have no idea of how fantastically more expensive color work is than plain b&w. In full-color (read: 4-color) work, you not only have to make four separate camera shots, with different filters... but you either have to run the paper through the press four times, or put it on a press that has up to four printing 'stations'. Even with the recent leap in paper costs, it is the camera work, plate making, and "press time" (i.e., labor) that makes offset so expensive as compared to mimeo. Still, once you've "paid" for this, the more copies you run--in spite of using more paper--the lower the cost-per-copy is. That's why I jumped to 1500, rather than, say, a thousand--it makes around 10¢ a copy difference. (Of course, that 'savings' is moot, if you've got 500 copies in the back room, unsold!) # By the way, there are presses capable of running 5 colors in one pass, but they are used mainly for advertising/promotion work, as the costs begin to go outta sight at that point. # And, as I understand it, the "best" color presses today are those (built in Chicago, to specification) that are used for National Geographic, and used for nothing else. # Sorry about the ramble, John George--scratch a graphics freak, and... <

KEN GAMMAGE, JR.: I enjoyed immensely

Anthony's article on Lanier, though I got the impression that his fiction was getting downplayed sharply as opposed to his more "artistic" sculpting. And since this impression is belied (in a nice way) by Anthony's own words on the subject, it is either a) unconscious on Anthony's part or b) stupidity on my part. I wonder if anyone else got this impression.

Thanks for *The Making of a Fanzine*. I only wish I had seen this about eighteen months ago. Ah well...just shows that everyone should chip in for a complimentary copy of OW for every neo. You really should you know.

I found Dave Locke's column very embarrassing...mainly because I have done everything, and I mean *everything* that he says not to do while "editing" *Locomotive*. And the *real* piss-off is that I knew it when I was doing it, and just didn't have the willpower to 1) cut out this little ego-boost interlino here or 2) postpone this little editorial smartass there. It's all very frustrating, considering I have had a (perhaps) 3/4 finished ish of LM on stencil for many months, and many of those same things are wrong with it, and I have no time to retype and... (Aaaaaargh!)

Benford was very funny. I liked it. I spent about ten minutes after reading *Beer Mutterings* trying to think up something clever to send to Poul Anderson to impress him with my cleverness, and elicit a surprised letter of congratulation from him. Needless to say, I couldn't think of anything on the subject. Perhaps I'll send him some of my crazy economic theories, like the sliding debt scale for use when the currency is inflating or deflating (a very rare thing, that last!) so debtors would pay proportionately the same amount, no matter what fluctuations were occurring with regard to the money supply. It sounds stupidly obvious, but since two of my teachers couldn't seem to fathom it, perhaps I have something! (Fat chance.)

A very appropriate Birkhead illo on page 785. You have good sense as a layout man (as well as editor!). If I may lick your boots for another line or two, your comments following the offut loc showed beautifully what I really hadn't seen in the magazine before--a true person as the editor. There are very few of you who can show this in as impersonal a setting as a lettercol. I was deeply moved by your tired, patient voice asking all concerned to please lay off. It was on that page that I decided that I had to give my vote to OW at Discon.

My final point has to do with White versus Farmer. I will not...er...I'll try not to just give an opinion on this. I want to back this up as well as I can. Ok.

I wish that you had listened to the tape when Pournelle made his offer. I realize why you didn't, and agree with your reasons, but all the same, I wish you had listened for Ted's voice inflection. But since you didn't, I think that he is definitely in the stronger position, because he was misquoted. I also think that he had every right to call Farmer a liar at the moment when he was pissed. Unfortunately, he would have been in a much stronger position (and all this "position" crap means solely in my eyes) if he had instead told Farmer calmly that he had been misquoted, and that he had not used those words or words to that effect. When Mr. White (isn't it funny how some people do that when they are about to say something nasty) misquoted me in *Amazing* several years ago, I did that latter thing, because I am virtuous and full of integrity, and my honor is unimpeachable. Rec'd 7/19 [7865'E. Roseland Dr., La Jolla, CA 92037]

> You can lick my boots anytime, Ken. Mr. Glicksohn could use a little help... <

**WENDY LINDBOE:** I much enjoyed my first subscription ish of OW (#20). I recall seeing a copy of OW some time last year when it was still mimeoed. You seem to have Gone Places and Done Things since then...

I have to say one thing about your new format: it is easy to lose oneself in offset print. For example, on page 761, you have the beginning of the article "Why Grafanedita?" in rather small print. The Shull illo and the masthead are outlined, and so is the title up at the top. On the opposite page, there are several ads, all in large print and outlined. The net result of this is, the last thing my eye caught on the two pages was the article. This, my mind cries out to me, is not right. The outlines call attention to that which is outlined, and I don't think an ad should be visible at an article's expense. Also, I find that only a bad illo needs attention drawn to it artificially. Shull's work can certainly stand on its own...

Perhaps I am being too picky. I'm sorry. But I am an old layout freak and you *did* mention your tendency to frame everything. I'm just agreeing with you, that's all.

To change the subject...The "how to" advice on publishing fanzines was very helpful. I am getting my feet wet in the fan pubbing business, and at this point I need all the help I can get.

Although we all loathe crudzines, they are inescapable, and sometimes represent the best efforts of a budding faned. The neophyte who waits until he gets it perfect may wind up waiting forever, and that's not so good. I'd rather see a half-baked issue than none at all. A wise guy who thinks he can get away with a slop job will soon find out from his mail (if he gets any) that he can't, and maybe he'll do better next time. It's better that he makes his mistakes and learns from them *now* (while he's giving them all away) than later, when he has subscribers. After all, crudzines don't *hurt*. If it's that bad, don't read it. 9/25 [200 Great Kills Rd., Staten Island, NY 10308]

**HARRY WARNER, JR.:** The reproduction and artwork are such precisely affixed to their usual level of excellence that I can't think of much to say about them. Bruce Arthurs' cartoon struck me, though, as one of the funniest I've seen in any fanzine in a long while, perhaps because it is so perfectly mated to fandom, rather than some mundane jest adapted for fanzine purposes.

Barry Gillam's article is as fine an appreciation of fanzine art as I've seen anywhere. He describes what he's talking about clearly enough to be comprehended by a person who doesn't have his fanzines filed in good order and therefore can't pull out the magazines under discussion. He avoids completely the arty farty generalizations that pass for art discussion in the mundane world. Articles like this might even help the newcomers to fanzines to learn what to look for in illustrations that have in-group connotations. I look forward to the promised article on Bill Rotsler in particular, although I can't imagine how he's planning to keep down to manageable size an article covering nearly three decades of creativity.

Larry McCombs gives some good advice but I'm not sure that a fan should read it until he's published his first issue or two. This article makes the task of putting out a fanzine seem even greater

than it really is, and I fear it might frighten away the more fainthearted neos. He overlooks the most important point of all involving the hunt for material. I think I'm approximately ten times more likely to respond to a request for an article if the person seeking it gives me a topic to write about. Chances are a lot of other potential contributors react in the same way. Thinking of a topic is at least half the battle for me. Besides, a proposed topic prevents me from worrying for fear I'll write about a topic that doesn't jibe with the rest of the contents of the forthcoming issue. I used to feel as Larry does about editing to make style consistent throughout a fanzine. But in more recent years I've decided that it's a waste of time and damaging to the image which a fan's writing projects for him. I'm afraid that Dave Locke takes too strict an attitude to the question of editorials. Too many good fanzines have run editorials which conflict with his advice. Besides, I don't see that it does the universe any harm when a neofan makes mistakes in print in a bad first issue, and unleashing more crudzines on fandom might be preferable to causing fans to be too rigid and proper in their projects in order to meet standards. The fun and life can go out of a fanzine and fandom that way.

I was lucky the first twenty years I worked for the local newspapers, because I suffered very rarely from the indignities that Piers underwent with that Sterling Lanier article. But the past decade has been impossible for me. My most recent adventure came several days ago. The column I'd written about the fifth anniversary of the first manned landing on the moon appeared unchanged except for one deletion: its entire first paragraph. To the reader, it must have been like coming into the movie fifteen minutes after the first reel began, and the fact that my last paragraph referred to something in that first paragraph and was published complete didn't help, either. Deletions in Piers' article could have been partially the result of space considerations, of course. I've never been able to understand how publications can claim they didn't have enough space for this or that article intact while they contend that they're protected by the constitutional guarantee of a free press which enables them to give as much space as they wish to anything they print.

Poul Anderson's new tax proposal would be ideal for me. I've made a purchase on credit once in the past twenty years, a used car which I needed immediately after a long hospitalization when I'd almost run out of ready cash and didn't want to tamper with long-term investments. I have never owned a credit card (except for the few minutes between the arrival of an unsolicited one in the mail and my tossing its torn-up fragments in the wastebasket, once or twice a year). I don't have a charge account anywhere, and I never let a bill go unpaid long enough to suffer interest charges. But I'm not sure that this kind of tax would be satisfactory. There would be too many ways to evade it. People would switch from buying to renting homes if the purchase price involved tax at the rate imposed on five-figure incomes, thirty per cent or so. Stores would make higher profits than ever by the demand for renting major appliances, perhaps with a purchase clause

Go forth my son into that fannish wasteland... and if you see Harry Warner, give him a kiss for me.



for a fairly small lump sum if the individual had rented constantly a stove or refrigerator for two or three years. Think of the increased traffic jams as increasing numbers of people used rental car agencies, involving much picking up and returning vehicles. I also think Poul softpedals too much the way such a tax would hurt mostly the lower and middle classes. 7/23 [423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740]

**NESHA KOVALICK:** When *Outworlds* 20 came last week, I was on my way out to Something Important. I opened the envelope, looked at the pretty pictures and thought, 'Neat... lovely...' All afternoon, as I wandered through the stacks and stuck to the desk chairs from the heat, the pleasurable thought intermittently came to me that eventually I could go home, take a shower and read my *Outworlds*.

When I did get to read it, I was very disappointed because it's not neat and it's not lovely. It's ugly. There are some awfully good things in it--*Grafanedita* came at the right time since I've finally fallen prey to the dread pubbing disease and joined an apa. I like the Sterling Lanier article because I thought *HIERO'S JOURNEY* so very well done. And Poul Anderson's solution to the tax question is one I've never heard before. It sounds workable, although I've no doubt there's a hole in it somewhere--like getting it passed in a country where big business controls so much political power. It's a lot easier to tax poor people and always has been.

Unfortunately, about that point *Outworlds* turns to Round #542 of the Quarrel. Bill, you've promised now that this will be the end of it. If it is, I'm relieved. If it's not, I just don't want to see any more of it. Fanzines are for pleasure, be it serious pleasure or silly fun. They should not, I think, leave a bad taste. A disagreement between people one respects, a difference of opinion, is interesting. A nasty childish Quarrel is not. It is



simply ugly. It shocks me the same way Nixon's foul mouth and prejudices shocked me-- It is unpleasant to have people one respected, if not liked, cut themselves down to such an unpleasantly petty level. They degrade themselves.

Please, please leave off with this. Let them argue private things privately if they must argue them at all.

As far as layout, general visual appearance, art, go, 20 is a lovely fanzine. You seem to have settled into an excellent imaginative-within-the-bounds-of-the-conventional style. The only problem is that one tends to compare *Outworlds* only with itself and say, "Yeah, well I liked this one but I liked the one before better," instead of realizing that there's nothing else quite like it. *ALL Outworlds* are so well done in comparison with any other fanzine that a sense of proportion is lost!

My sympathies on your divorce. I hope you and Joan have enough good memories to cherish them, and few enough bad ones to learn from them. 8/2 [1004 14th St. #13, Boulder, CO 80302]

> Nesha...I appreciated your letter, the compliment, and the concern--for us and the zine. I'm rather poor at taking orders, but I do deeply appreciate the thoughts and suggestions of those who care. This issue is not All that I wanted it to be, nor has any been--but it's one small, faltering step closer to the goal. To say that I await your reaction to it, with mixed feelings as to what that reaction will be, is to put it mildly... <

JAY KINNEY: You seem to have the typeface overkill pretty well under control, limiting yourself mainly to Souvenir, Eurostyle and Bulletin. My own orthodox tendencies would be to limit the faces even more (particularly on the cover) but this gets into fine point finagling.

*Grafanedita* is a fascinating section of OW and I don't much care one way or the other that it isn't a separate publication. I've seen both the McCombs and Bowers pieces before but the Locke piece was all new and totally enjoyable. Dave knows what he's talking about and has definitely mastered "Humorous writing", and demonstrates this in articles like this without sacrificing information or relevance. I do not have much faith in the Hugo nominations or awards these days, but in my book Dave deserves a nomination (at least) for best fan writer. Good stuff.

The whole idea of *Grafanedita* itself strikes me as a bit decadent, though, I have to admit. Here we are with a general decline of fannish activity in the last year or two--due to inflation, paper shortages, a sense of impending political chaos, the end of a fannish cycle, and what-have-you--and into this vacuum comes *Grafanedita*. If I were to consider the current fanac as "the last days of what was once an active subculture" then *Grafanedita* would seem to be a late critical refinement on an over-the-hill phenomenon. However, I'll restrain my apocalyptic impulses and simply assume (and hope) that *Grafanedita* in fact helps to generate new energy in the whacky, self-indulgent world of fanzines.

To allow myself a little critical refinement here, I'll mention that I find the type size in OW 20 taxing, though I recognize its advantages in allowing more material to appear.

Ted White's thots re: frank language

in literature make sense to me. The controversy centering around him and other SFWA members doesn't, though, and I'll be quite happy to have it fade from OW's pages.

Wolfenbarger and Benford were both warm and charming. I'd like to see more graphics in future OW's, but that is as much up to scribblers like me as to you. No? 7/24

[160 Caselli, San Francisco, CA 94114]

> Yes...and No, Jay. I have a fair bit of art on hand...but, of course, never enough! (A constant replenishment of art & other material is the only 'fix' to my personal addiction.) Primarily, issue 19 thru this one have been done with such speed, and under such circumstances--they've been literally thrown together (once I established the basic grid), not sloppily, I hope, but with a primary goal of getting them out, even if I couldn't 'fuss' around with them as much as I wished. And, while I do feel guilty about 'holding' material, while asking for more, I WILL NOT just throw a piece of art in here or there --just to have a piece of art. Given a little stability, a little time, and the material to work with...I'm going to blow your mind. Whether those three items come together next issue, the following one...or a year from now, is something I obviously can't say or promise. But they WILL come together at some junction in time, if only because I'm too damn stubborn to accept anything less. And why should I? <

NEAL WILGUS: Thanks for sending *Outworlds* #20 which I really enjoyed--particularly the Anthony piece on Sterling Lanier and Anderson's column on taxes. Frankly I can't see what the excitement is about regarding the "censorship" of the Anthony story--except for some putdowns of editors which you'd expect to be censored there seemed no real suppression of ideas, only editing presumably to fit space requirements. My own worst experience along these lines was a satirical essay called *The Cow* in the little magazine *Quixote* several years ago. The whole piece was written as an anti-Vietnam War statement yet all references to Vietnam were replaced with "foreign countries" for some unexplained reason...

Also enjoyed Wolfenbarger's chapter four altho I'm not sure what it was all about. I too was impressed with Alpa-juri's *Wind She Does Fly Wild* in *Amazing* and hope we see more of his professional output... All in all I enjoyed OW 20 very much and only regret so much space was devoted to the civil wars instead of more creative material. That you have excellent graphics and reproduction you already know, I suppose. Still haven't conquered the typo problem, but who ever does...?

I found *Grafanedita* interesting too although I'm not into doing any fanzineing myself. I think Larry McCombs' comments on distinguishing between the letter of comment and the editor's remarks make real sense and need to be heeded in OW. It doesn't need to be ((double parens)) or /brackets/--even a simple \* will do, but without some kind of graphic break it's hard to know where your readers end and you begin... One question neglected by *Grafanedita* is whether or not a zine should be published in the first place. Of course that's a purely subjective decision on the part of the would-be editor--but shouldn't some consideration be given to factors like the paper shortage, resource-consumption/pollution, contributing to inflation, etc.? If I had the time I might try my hand at an

Environmental Impact Statement on Fandom-- it might be very interesting. The best comment I've seen on the subject to date is F.M. Busby's "Anything to save a tree is fine with me" (in *Dynatron* #57). 8/6 [S.S. Route, Box 175A, Corrales, NM 87048]

BRUCE D. ARTHURS: Migod, you used it! You actually used the illustration I sent you! Wow, now I can actually list OW as one of the fanzines I've contributed artwork to. What egoboo!

If I had the time, I'd make an orderly list of all the points about writing editorials Dave Locke made, then go over them and show how I've violated each and every one at some time or another, and still do with a few of his points.

You know, when I first read one of Bill Wolfenbarger's memoirs-sort-of, I thought he was a crashing bore. But recently, I've been reading his things with a fair amount of interest (I'm not wild about him yet) and I'm not bored by his stuff any longer. I figure that: 1) he's become a better writer, or 2) his life's gotten more interesting as it progresses along, or 3) I've lost all sense of good taste.

The letter from Dean Koontz was saddening. Saddening because, while I never considered his sf books as classics or potential award-winners, I always enjoyed reading them. With one exception, *ANTI-MAN*, but even there I had a lot of fun by writing a ripping and slashing review of the book, throwing in a bunch of puns and ridicule; that review might be the best I've ever written, I think. I'm saddened to think that Koontz might never write sf again. I, at least, will be awaiting the appearance of that last sf book he dreads, with eagerness.

BUT...since Koontz says he has matured into a good writer now, why is he so ashamed of his sf career? Why doesn't he use his new maturity to write a good science-fiction novel and show up all his old inferior work for what it was? I'd like to see him try it, at least; hell, he must have used to have enjoyed writing sf or why did he spend so many years writing only sf? In fact, I remember from an SFR article he wrote about his teaching career that on a list of "recommended" books he gave to his students was one of his own science fiction books!

No more to say, except that I really think I would have liked Docherty's bcover better on the front. His piece of art seems to tell a story (a picture of fanned Bowers struggling up the Fannish Beanstalk towards the Perfect Fanzine at the top?), while Steffan's front cover just seems to sit there. 7/25 [57th Trans. Co., Fort Lee, VA 23801]

> Dan's cover was an experiment that wasn't completely successful...because the printer failed to use the 90% screen I'd requested. As you may have guessed, the 'moon' came from a magazine ad...and the rocket was erased out of the background, with a few highlights painted in... Slick paper, such as that used in the news magazines, never totally absorbs the ink... as your fingerprints on a basically black --well, dark grey--page will show. It's fun to play around with... <

JOHN W. GARA: Marriage is something I know nothing about.

Divorce is something that I may understand a bit better. Seems that almost every couple I really liked has ended up in divorce court. I can remember few who seemed to be really making it. Anyway, I do hope that both parties can adjust to it if it must be.

Guess I am one of those "Ellison fanatics" that you mentioned. But, I don't really think I will miss *The Origin* of the

Battle too much. I tuned in shortly after it began. To avoid aimless muttering I will just quote a guy named Bill Bowers in OW 20. "These are people I hold in high esteem; it hurts..."

My uneducated view of Shull art is that I enjoy it. I really like that cover on OW 7. How many times did I hear those words when I was a little guy?

I enjoy Bill Wolfenbarger's *Language at Midnight* columns.

And, thanks to Piers Anthony for *The Four Lives of Sterling Lanier*. Lanier was just a name heard sometimes until I found *HIERO'S JOURNEY*. I enjoyed that book quite a bit. Enjoyed also finding out who Sterling Lanier is, was, etc..

Was rather interested in the ideas in Poul Anderson's *Beer Mutterings*. His idea is interesting. But, I really don't know what would work. I just know that when Pa. started wanting income tax I was quite upset. There I was paying tax to the U.S.A. and serving in the Armed Forces of the U.S.A. and suddenly the state of Pa. wanted some money too. I had not even been in the state for about 2 years. Was in Europe. But I couldn't get out of it. The officer in charge of advice on such things told me I did not have to pay for a couple of reasons. When I came home on leave, the tax office said there was no way to get out of it. Well, the govt. must have something to pay the bills. Little though I may understand the whole affair, I still wonder why they need so much from so many of us. I even heard there is a group in this country who pay no income taxes because they claim it is unconstitutional. THAT sounds interesting too. Oh well.

So, there goes Dean R. Koontz claiming that he was only satisfied with one of his 19 SF novels. Well, where does that leave me? I really enjoyed almost all of those 19 books. Will have to look around for some K.R. Dwyer books I guess. I don't really agree with all the reviewers and critics anyway.

I have to admit that I liked OW 19 better than 20. Possibly the fact that there was more artwork helped. Two things that I know helped were/was offutt inc.. *The Onlyest Kentucky Boy in New York* brought a real big grin to my face. (No I didn't look in a mirror. I could tell.)

...And the Irish Hate the Irish. Yes... they do. No grins there. I knew a few such folks in Europe. International duty station. British soldiers and airmen. One young guy had family in Ulster and was afraid that if he went home someone would find out he was in the Forces. A truly unpleasant situation (master of understatement, that's me), but a well-written article. Thanks.

So, speaking of unpleasant situations and battles that keep going because they started...you must admit that I haven't ranted on about how X is doing Y wrong and should be shot, etc.. You ask in OW 20 "...does everyone else see White as All Wrong and Farmer as All Right? Or vice versa?" Outside of some of those directly involved, I doubt it. That is what bothers me so much about it all...no one is really right and no one is really wrong...for the most part. Possibly, it is easier to stay angry and keep fighting than it is to get it all settled. I definitely agree that you should not drop one columnist or another. I sure don't intend to stop reading this author or that one just because they don't like each other. I hope to continue to read all parties concerned in any fanzine that I might read.

To again quote that guy named Bowers in OW 20; "The cycle must end; soon." I will agree completely. 9/4  
[226 E. Fayette Street, Uniontown, PA 15401]

## Language at MIDNIGHT Bill Wolfenbarger



CHAPTER 8 : CYCLES & FACES WITHIN

Ever since Loretta & Sara visited Illinois & Missouri, and saw John McNabb in Neosho, we haven't heard from him. The last time they saw him, he was going to attend his first AA meeting. I wrote him a letter, but have yet to receive a reply. Johnny McNabb has the proud & happy distinction of turning me on to Bob Dylan in the summer of 1965, and we've been close ever since. In fact John & I are the best of friends. The next time I'm rich I'll go see Johnny in Neosho Missouri or wherever he may be by then, for sure. I'd love to turn him on to some weird fantasy, something "heavy-headed" and yet completely entertaining. And I'll just sit back and listen to him sing & play guitar...

Just like everyone else, I'd love to see all the people I love, wind-blown and scattered though they may be. Imagine a room as large as a football field, done in subtle, tasteful decor, grand good music flowing from each corner, with everyone tucked inside. Another room, not quite as large, would have to be added quite nearby, room for the kids to play in. Somewhere, somehow, of course, a kitchen would be, and down the road a few paces would be a restroom as large as a high school cafeteria, filled with sanitary necessities. These rooms are surrounded by mountains, yet with pounding ocean surf a few miles away. Low flying birds stop for a time, listening to the music....

We have few friends in Harrisburg Oregon, though most people we know here are acquaintances who drink; quite a lot. We don't have much in common with most of them. I believe one of these days we'll take to the foothills; living in a valley is nice, as long as it's in Oregon, yet a valley has its drawback certainly, not the least of which is the feeling of being so helpless, weatherwise. This is the field-burning season, and when all the smoke settles over us, it's pretty awful. It rained yesterday, early September, and as far as I'm concerned it was a beautiful day. Oregon is just letting us know Winter draws near. Errant people get confused by the weather. Rainy weather helps me get all cozy inside. Oregon natives, or people who have been here a long time (same as in Washington) take it in their stride, as best they can. That way, it helps give you peace of mind.

And peace of mind is one thing we all need.

Nights are growing, growing cooler. Stars burn clearer.

All we have to do is tap the rhythm of the universe.

CHAPTER 9 : CLEAR NIGHT

Unaltering changes in this life. We are all the same Being. We color our own worlds with our own illusions. Seldom do we open the window of Being to see what lies beyond.

There was a time in downtown Dallas Texas a Jesus Freak walked up to me on a busy paranoic street to ask Very Important Questions, and the young man drew back when I told him that my own personal form of praying was love-orgasm-act of writing poems. He didn't believe me. He thought I was putting him on, making some sort of fun out of him.

"Oh come on . . . ! . . ."

But what I told him was absolutely correct. He thought I was some kind of nut.

"Every time I write a poem I'm saying a prayer. Writing is my holy work on this planet."

He turned away; he had to leave.

Night flowing with white stars. There is a loneliness here in a physical form each night I write. Loretta is at work again, Sara asleep; cats have crashed and their dreams have not entered this room. God stays awake with me, knowing what I am doing. Books are restful on wooden shelves. Those burning outside stars are filled with mystery. I keep half expecting, when I look at night at the stars, to see a glittering light brighten, descend with awe-striking swiftness, and hearing a faint, unusual noise--to be confronted with a ship, a "flying saucer",

a mode of "transportation"--and with whatever beings may be inside that unearthly thing--and to be allowed (by the grace of good will) to bum a ride. One never knows. Life itself is wilder than any newborn superscience epic!

And life here goes on. Waiting in anxiety to receive from the publishers, the second part of a 2-volume paperback book with Arthur Machen stories/a letter from John McNabb/the next thrilling issue of what's-its-name magazine/Loretta's next day off--/the next falling star... Nights of boredom except when I watch a poem, or hear the sky rock with children's laughter.

Whole worlds within the reach of an eye, the roaring cosmos simplified in a maple's leaf, the sugar-coated zombie with stars to teach them the new way home.

Consciousness as reviewed through mirrors, charmed with quicksilver. There are so many things to do tonight! Dreams of Jim, dreams of Sally, dreams of all this finding the way home to them. Dreams of Paradise. Invisible dreams that run through the head at noon over soup & milk. Dreams of a Moon Pilgrimage, of monsters, of songs not yet ghosts. Dreams of the Silver Cord trying to talk to me! Dreams of when I was young(er). The symbolism all there! The Dreams I have! The Dreams you have! And the lonely dreams in bed alone with eternity ticking in your ear.

BILLY: We may have an early freeze tonight. The wind is still. The signs are clear.

RAE: You talk like you're in a dream.

WOLFENBARGER: But of course, the main thing is, the railroad has had no trains all evening: I keep listening, but all I can hear is the night. All I know is, I could sing the blues, looking at this empty coffee cup.

Goodnight & sweet dreams, America, wherever you are. Are your children tucked-in safely? I believe I could sleep in full quiet sleep if I didn't hear the constant machinery of what makes this nation what it is today.

Enough dreamnotes from Oregon!

Us featherless bipeds should get into more peaceful conscienceness with the seeds of the Universe.

The cowboy from Arizona, Don, moves in with us for a couple of weeks, or so, because he has nowhere else to go. He has a silly airdale, Geni, just out of the puppy stage. Don is thirty years old and has blue eyes and brown hair; he is a kinda short fella. At present he says he's an athiest. He loves corn-on-the-cob. He also misses the desert. Arizona. Near Flagstaff. Don loads/unloads barrels of oil in a chemical plant. He wants me to help him write a book. But all I really want to do is visit Mars.

Luna, whose true age to us is unknown, had her second litter with us; this time she had four little ones, and Sara and one of her two-year-old friends, Gretchen, got to see one of them being born. Early next morning she had two more. They've been so quiet & huddled we can't tell yet how many male and female; we know she has both. I can never remember all their colors; but I *do* know one is a calico, likw Luna; another is a striped gray; and a black one; those are the ones I *can* remember. We believe Justin is the father, but trying to fix any exact speculation, leads us to infinity. They're upstairs in a corner of our bedroom in a cardboard box; they eat and sleep atop a stupid plastic curtain we never wanted and are trying to make a trip with it and other similar insane items to Goowill.

Also, our next door neighbors, Dick & Clair, moved to a nice big house near Monroe, which is something like ten miles gone, out in the country, with a couple of horses. They keep inviting us out but we haven't had any free time yet. The people who live next door to us now, are Jim and Karen, and their two-year-old daughter Gretchen, plus a sickly-looking cat Rascal, female, and a little dark puppy dog, Luke. We have a nice relationship with them, they with us; we met them through other people we know, Dave & Scheryl, and their kids, Angenette (Hold it: wait--let me back up a moment: *Gretchen* is 3: she had a birthday two or three weeks ago!)....and now, as I was saying, everybody, is that Dave & Scheryl's Angenette, is 2<sup>1/2</sup>, and their son Bo is nearly 2. There's so many kids around here it's hard to keep track of them all. Angenette & Sara are best friends.

I feel like a housewife and a babysitter.

Tomorrow is here.

(To Be Continued...) ▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽ BILLY WOLFENBARGER

MICHAEL GLICKSOHN: ...Now let me take a look at OW #20. I think I'm strong enough to stand just a quick peek. Besides, the rubes expect it of me.

Visually this is another generally superb issue. Some are going to say that some of your pages are too cluttered, the toc for example, but for me they happen to work, so you'll hear no such remarks from this quarter. The things that didn't work quite as well as they might have for me are the centre spread, which somehow doesn't quite gell, and a couple of the layouts, in particular the start of the Wolfenbarger column, which looks more like a quarter page ad than a column. The start of the lettercol, on t'other hand, is dynamite, so I guess there's life in that old carcass of yours yet.

I'm enthusiastic about the idea behind *Grafaneditica* but at the same time I'm wondering how long you can keep it up? Once the basic advice has been given, the primer articles on the important aspects of producing better fanzines have been written and all the different views on publishing have been expressed, what more will there be to say? Nevertheless, I'm sure you've got the plans in mind, and I intend to follow what's happening with interest and contribute wherever possible. (Even though you don't mention me as someone with the experience and enthusiasm to be of help, you wrinkled old miser, you!) (it will also be fascinating to try and determine whether or not faneds are capable of learning from the experience of others, or whether they will still muddle through by making all the mistakes themselves. I doubt it will be even remotely possible to determine whether or not what you're doing has been of any use, but it'll sure satisfy those doing it, and if it improves even one of the large number of uninspired fanzines I'm currently getting, it'll have been worth it!)

I can't agree more with your comment on the Gillam piece. This is one of the best articles on fan art that I've ever read, and I can imagine the feeling you must have had when it appeared out of the blue. (It's nice that people occasionally take pity on you and send you good stuff like this: but how are you going to explain to would-be faneds how you go about it?)

I am *not* going to comment on your fanzine piece again, and if you publish it once more I'm going to point my finger in the general direction of what I imagine to be Ohio and laugh derisively. I understand your desire to use it here, but this is it, right? (It's still a damn good introduction of course, in your own inimitable and iconoclastic view of the way such things should go. I wonder if somewhere there's a fan trying to follow exactly this method of starting out along the path to fannish glory? Good grief, fandom couldn't support *two* Bill Bowers!)

ALL this advice about writing to people for contributions is all well and good, but the simple fact is that there are too many fanzines and too few fanwriters and artists. Larry's suggestion of developing your own stable of contributors from personal friends or acquaintances not in fandom is probably the best thing to try. You can't really expect to get too many things from the top people because the competition is too fierce. Get the next fannish generation's award winners before anyone else knows about them: that's the way to win a fanzine Hugo and get people to beat a path to your door. Now if I could only figure out how to put that advice into practice...

How many mailing lists have you prepared for new fans lately, Bill? Good grief! I can't believe he was serious about that. But so much else he says is good,



solid common sense, I guess he can be forgiven an occasional idea out in left field. I think you must have been nodding your head in vigorous agreement much of the time you were typing this up though. I like a man who isn't afraid to strive for perfection in a fanzine, and Larry's remarks strike a responsive chord in that part of me that used to be a faneditor. (Oh yes, it's still there: atrophied, withered, feeble, but there.)

Then there's Dave's contribution which is superb too. I don't necessarily agree with his viewpoint, but that's old hat where Dave and I are concerned, and he's certainly given the matter a lot of thought and made some very valid points. It's interesting in a way to consider how many of the better-known recent fanzines have editors who can really write well. Dave himself would be a good example of an editor who is among his own best writers. But how would you rate Charlie Brown, Andy Porter, Linda Bushyager, Mike Glicksohn, Jerry Lapidus, Bill Bowers? I've my own opinions, naturally, but if you think I'm going to state them here, you're crazy!

Someone following Dave's advice would probably do a good job, provided he/she had any talent for writing to start with. But I don't think Dave's way is the only way, and I know you don't either, Bill, since you do several of his don'ts in the editorial this issue. Part of the joy of fanzines is that they *aren't* regular magazines. *Outworlds* isn't an imitation *Atlantic Monthly*, thank god, so some of the things that you wouldn't do in a regular editorial can and perhaps even should be done in a fanzine editorial. It's a different type of audience, for one thing, one that is far more personally involved in what you're doing than is the typical reader of a normal magazine.

The courtesy due any writer when one wishes to edit a contribution is sadly lacking from the way in which Piers was handled. It is indeed a rather shocking indication of the shabby disregard many editors apparently have for writers. One wonders whether or not there isn't some way a piece of writing can't be protected from such treatment? Some of the excised material seems to have been removed just for the sake of reducing the length of the article. That's a shame, since a lot of it was fascinating. But it's rather understandable that most of the more negative remarks about business, editors, the military, etc., would be given the blue pencil. You can't bite the hand that feeds you, after all: and where would a newspaper be without advertising?

I've had a little experience with being driven to airports by friends, but nothing to compare with Greg's. I've also had a few experiences with Toomey, and I'm beginning to realize I'm lucky to still be a whole man! I'll certainly never share anything more complicated than a pogo stick with him at any time in the future, and I suggest that for our own safety we all pledge never to get in the same elevator with Bob at future conventions.

I hope Ted never moves into a high rise, because without those lawns to mow a lot of very fascinating fanzine writing would be denied us. And I happen to think that it's where and why a column appears, not what its topic happens to be, that determines whether something is or isn't fanwriting. For my money, Ted is one of the most interesting fan writers we have, and I hope he continues to share his thots with us regularly. Whether we give him another Hugo for them or not.

The question of *Algol* seems somewhat

academic now. Andy has his Hugo. He has his fanzine, or semi-professional amateur publication if you like, and he'll do with it what he wishes. Not enough people care about the matter to make it worth continuing the argument. Let's enjoy what Andy does with *Algol* now that the whole matter has been brought to the attention of anyone interested in knowing about it. In the meantime, there *are* those of us who know which is the best damn fanzine around, if that's any consolation.

Well said, Dean Koontz. A mite self-congratulatory, but under the circumstances, I think that's understandable. And to think you started out with that article in *Energumen*. Perhaps that's why Piers hasn't hit the big time yet; he never wrote for the right fanzines....

I agree with your interpretation on the White-Farmer thing. What Ted said and what he was reported to have said were worlds apart. For all our sakes, though, I hope you can wrap it all up and start on more constructive things. 9/28

> That crack about friends driving you to the airport was totally uncalled for, Glicksohn...and I'll have you know that I ~~absolutely~~ resent it! ¶ There ARE ways a writer can protect his words. Other than publishing his own fanzine. Other than the vanity presses. (And I won't speculate on whether the two are one & the same!) This seems like a good spot to plug the PUBLISH-IT-YOURSELF\* HANDBOOK, edited by Bill Henderson, subtitled *Literary Tradition & How-To and fbotnoted \*WITHOUT commercial or Vanity Publishers. I highly recommend it to anyone in the slightest interested in publishing in any form. Other than the excellent articles and assorted tips, it is, in itself, a self-published book...360+ pages in "quality" paperback format, but "typeset" in letter gothic and light italic on a rented Selectric! Check your library, or: \$4. from The Pushcart Book Press, POBox 845, Yonkers, NY 10701. <*

STEVE BEATTY: You are right; the arguments among the pros in the lettercol have passed the point of being productive. As long as they were discussing the actual issues involved, it was interesting, but not when it degenerates into trading charges of "You're a liar and I'm not."

I was writing an editorial for *Photon* when *Outworlds 20* arrived. After reading Dave Locke's article, I threw away what I had written and started over. *The Making of a Fanzine and Editor: One Who Edits* were interesting, but I didn't learn anything new from them. Most of the things mentioned I have worked out through experience. But they are quite valuable for someone who is just starting to publish. The pointers in Dave's article weren't new to me either, theoretically, but I needed something to jar me into putting them in practice. Having it all spelled out in black and white (well, blue and white) in one place helps.

I never thought someone could write that much about one fan artist.

The illustration in the Wolfenbarger serial is certainly an example of an inappropriate illo.

Michael Shoemaker did some mailing comments in APA-H under the title "Outfolds, published by Bill & Joan Dollars." A standard size sheet of paper was folded into a square about 2"x2". 7/22 [1662 College Terrace Drive, Murray, KY 42071]

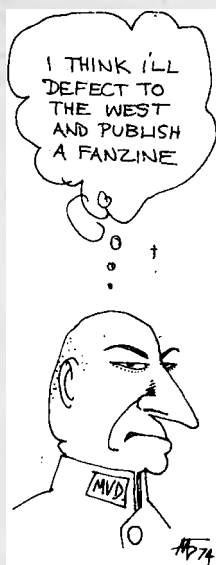
> Gee...you mean we've been immortalized? I'd write, asking for a copy, but I'm too busy counting all my money... <



ERIC BENTOLIFE: *Outworlds 20* is something of a magnum opus, I think, and a vintage one at that. In some of the other recent issues the layout, art, and graphics have been so good that they have tended to outmatch the writing. However, this issue the material is up to the high standard of the aforementioned layout, art, and graphics and the whole thing creates a very fine ambience. Er, the paper's good, too!

In fact the whole thing creates such a good and soothing influence on me that I think I'll make this Be Kind To Ted White Week. I could make reply to his reply and obfuscate this issue still further, but because of the influence of this issue (and, possibly because I'm having trouble with my lawn-mower, too) I'll merely say that I've enjoyed the discussion, that I still disagree that one is elevated and/or emasculated by the use of four letter words --that I've never asserted that I wish to foist my opinions on anyone else (except by sleight of hand), and that FUNK & WAGNALL are wrong, wrong, *wrong*. They aren't keeping up with fanzines and fandom...why only a couple of months ago I coined the phrase 'Effluent Society' to define those who are fluent in the usage of "F's"...don't believe everything you see in print, Ted.

The Sterling Lanier article is excellent, the stuff of which Good Fanzines are made, interesting material well related. It vies for top-spot in the issue with the *Grafanedica* symposium which is also excellent material, and which could well provide a definitive base for The handy-dandy d.i.y. fanzine book. I find I agree with almost everything written by yourself, Larry, and Dave Locke; I probably wouldn't have used the same phrases and emphasis if I'd attempted to write/edit it all together, but the sense would have been the same. One thing that hasn't been mentioned so far upon which I would like to see some discussion, is the interaction between fanzines and fandom at large to produce different types of fnz during different periods of fan-history. It would be interesting to have conjecture on which produced or inspired, which. For instance, if the time was wrong for a *Hyphen* would it still catch on? If fandom, as a whole, was going through a sercon period (as a whole it seems to be doing so at present) can one or more fanzines reverse the trend; or do



they have to reflect the mood of fandom to catch on? 9/9 [17 Riverside Crescent, HOLMES CHAPEL, Cheshire CW4 7NR, U.K.]

**PAULA LIEBERMAN:** "Life is change, what does not change is not alive." And *Outworlds* continues to live... The covers of OW 20 are nice, but I like the backcover a lot more than the front.

Bob Toomey is incredible even for a driver in the Boston-Cambridge area. But he seems to have missed driving the wrong way down the trackless-trolley tunnel. That's not in the rules, but neither is driving *across* the kiosk. Scaring (used advisedly; Boston jaywalkers don't really get scared, they merely come as close to being hit as possible without it actually happening. It's sort of a game between drivers and pedestrians) pedestrians on and off the sidewalks is. What else? Well, going through walk lights is another great favorite of Mass Ave. drivers (she says, as she looks at the steps of MIT with the cars going through the 77 Mass Ave. red lights while a few dozen people try crossing in between...).

The Mass Pike, huh? That's neither the quickest nor fastest nor best way to get from Harvard Square to Logan. Not only that, but it's not even the *worst* way!

--Gelding also tends to make animals longer-lived. I suspect in various societies not telling one one is a flaming asshole also makes people longer-lived. Fandom/prodom isn't really one of them.

Taxes involve a symbolic capability of the government. Most US citizens pay their income taxes--with grumbling, some rancor, but *pay* nevertheless. If one or two million suddenly decided they weren't going to, the income tax just might go away.

When I pulled the fanzine out of the envelope, the first thing I noticed was the *Grafanedita* on the cover. Then I saw *Outworlds* 20, and thought "??".

It's strange to see the Edica-OW-IW combination--how long will it last as a tripartite (though unequal) mix, I wonder? It was also a bit strange to see *The Making of a Fanzine* again, though reasonable in the context. The blue type doesn't particularly bother me; what does is the unevenness of the darkness of it--but I doubt if that's really your fault. Other than that, I find it a joy to merely even glance through.

My letter in 19 was typoed a bit--model for modal, and 33 million instead of 3.3 million, and one or two other

trivial things. 7/17

[3 Ames St., Cambridge, MA 02139]

> I met The Incredible Bob Toomey at Discon... He verified that everything Greg said was The Truth. But he had one slight addition: the car had been rented... <

**BARRY GILLAM:** OW 20 looks quite good.

Some of the layout (Bill Wolfenbarger's piece in particular) still seems awkward to me but that's a minor blemish. I happened to show #20 to a non-fan friend who asked what I'd been doing lately. Her comment was that it must be nice to write professionally. She assumed from the quality of the magazine that I was "well paid".

And, of course, I am by being published in such style.

Shull responded to the Xerox of the article I sent him by objecting that I had not taken into account his children's book illustrations, which are apparently his major work now. I hadn't even been aware that he was working professionally: these are the hazards of criticism. And this is why I feel so strongly about the lack of bibliography in fandom. There is no way you can talk about something authoritatively if you don't know just what it is you're talking about.

The Lanier article in #20 makes a very handsome centerpiece. And the use of the Di Fate artwork is striking, especially the contents page heading. 7/23 [4283 Katonah Ave., Bronx, NY 10470]

**DAVID W. MILLER:** I found *Grafanedita* interesting and informative. I have been in fandom for only about six months. The artwork of James Shull immediately impressed me and to date he is my favorite fan artist. Barry Gillam's article on Shull is well presented. I am eagerly awaiting the articles on Rotsler and Gilbert.

The other contributors to EDICA should be quite helpful to anyone just starting a zine. And may spark the urge to try fanediting in fans who have never considered it before. I know it has for me.

I liked Bill Wolfenbarger's column this time around. I guess I only find him boring when he writes about things such as his new house or the trip to California. When he talks about people and fans (yes, there's a distinction between the two) I find him immensely interesting.

## Wolfenbarger: maintain and improve

The above is from the local newspaper, *The Summit Independent*. The Wolfenbarger mentioned is a politician of some sort. (Probably the usual.)

Poul Anderson's column was interesting. He isn't the first person to propose an "obvious" solution to a world problem. Trouble is that people don't discover the "obvious" problems with their solution until it is too late.

The Ted White Admiration Society portion of the lettercol was *depressing*. However your words at the end were enough to partially ease that depression.

I agree with your interpretation of the Farmer-White misunderstanding. If you hadn't pointed it out, it would have gone unnoticed by me at least. It appears from reading the transcript of the taped SFWA meeting (sounds like Watergate!), that White was offering clarification when he mentioned the slush-pile. Not advocating the destruction of manuscripts by unknown

writers as Farmer and others apparently thought.

However I always seem to pick up bad vibes from White's columns in TAC and OW. I think he wants to be controversial (nothing wrong with that), and has conditioned himself to react harshly to criticism. Because of this, I think he has a tendency to over react and did just that in this case. White also puts me off in that he appears to whine a little when he goes about his duty of accusing people of various dastardly deeds (or when he has been accused of such deeds). All of this however is probably misinterpretation on my part. People such as Pournelle have said that in personal meetings with White they have gained greater respect for him. It seems clear that we do not by any means see the complete Ted White in his columns.

I don't think you should drop Piers or Ted. Whatever fans have said about them has been said more or less in the heat of the argument. Their columns are appreciated by all (almost). Having such columns for *Outworlds* is a blessing, if a mixed one. R7/31 [42 Fairview Ave., Summit, NJ 07901]

**DICK PATTEN:** The repro of the Sterling E. Lanier photos was fantastic. Your printer must be one of the best in the business.

The articles in *Grafanedita* were very interesting and informative. I don't even want to think about how many of the rules I broke (and am still breaking) with Z. If I knew them and then decided to break them it wouldn't have been so bad, but most of them I didn't know about till I broke them and was already in trouble. A zine like this could be a lot of help to a faned like me.

When I start to type Z I do it in sections. I try to put an article or whatever, in full even pages, after it is all typed I play around with the stencils until I get the stuff in an order I like then run them off. That's as close to layout as I get (that's also why Z has no page numbers --I don't know what order they'll be in until I get it all done).

The Piers Anthony article was interesting, both as a straight article and as an example of editing. I had never heard of Mr. Lanier but he sounds like an interesting person. I disagree with Mr. Anthony when he says the editing was a disaster. I agree the article was changed but I think it was defanged, rather than the object being changed. It was a good article either way but in the edited version it was calmer.

The lettercol--ah yes the lettercol. Your local is fascinating. Mike Glycer tends to drive me up the wall. I usually find myself disagreeing with everything he says which is good for my heart. Needs exercise, yaknow.

The pros in the local tend to prove a theory I have had for a long time; that just because a man or woman has an exceptional talent (and every one of the pros you have in the col have) that doesn't mean they are necessarily better than the rest of us.

If I was you I wouldn't blame myself that the nonsense got out of hand. Once you printed the first letter you were committed in fairness, to print the rest. It was up to the "big boys" to show some restraint. Two things came to mind when I read that bit about playing with the big boys. One was, hope that you are never ready to play with the big boys--it's better to live with the adults. The other one was, my son has the ambition to play with the big boys, after all they're almost 10. 7/25 [2908 E1 Corto SW, Alb., NM 87105]

> On reflection...I think I'd much prefer playing with the big girls. Sorry...! <

**CHRIS HULSE:** Thanks for OW 20: meagre words which don't do justice at all for the pleasure I received from 20; and that's why things such as locs exist, and flourish.

Number 20 is the most impressive OW I have ever received. You must be a person who can operate extremely well under personal duress and under times of anguish for the only minus point--if you could call it even that--is the problem you seem to have experienced correcting misspellings. Considering what this issue went thru, via you, during its compilation, makes the results that much more flabbergasting. OW 20 is beautiful.

Double bonus: not only can you produce visually, you have given the reader contents to match the package. Also, the blending of EDICA and *Inworlds* with OW has been done with great skill and, yet, each section still retains the flavor of a separate zine/function.

I'm glad to see the inclusion of *The Making of a Fanzine* in 20 to complement the other valuable articles on fanedding; I've recommended to several newly-published faneds that they send you a buck for #20 and ingest and digest the material contained therein. It may be material not everyone will agree with but it's well thought out and logical; a good foundation for any new faned. Also, many points that seemed obvious, even to me, were ignored by some of the fanzines I've been seeing lately. Myself, I intend to consult OW 20 for ideas and tips on publishing any future fanzine I may launch. Presently, I'm doing an apazine with a mimeo I acquired, and I've found that even a simple two pages require a little forethought and planning, graphics-wise (at least I think they do). So, I am consulting OW 20 for even that.

Bill Wolfenbarger's column has finally come up-to-date, I'm glad to see. I enjoy reading his column, even if I have to re-read some sections to understand what he's saying. It also seems as if he gets a little more far-out each time his column appears; he's definitely mellowed since he came to Oregon, too. Oregon is a beautiful place and reading Bill's comments about this area provides a needed different point of view; anyone who can enjoy the trains' sounds has got to be all right. We can hear the trains here also, which pleases me, especially at night. When I was a young boy in California I would lie in bed many nights listening to the peaceful clickety-clack! of the trains: my bed was directly underneath a window and at night the train sounded as if it were only a block away (in reality, 2 miles). It's always been one of my favorite sounds, and memories.

I read Anthony's article before I read the intro on the bottom of the lead page, wondering what all the underscoring was for; it reminded me of the cheap tricks resorted to by grade "X" newsletters and other publications to emphasize--everything. Then I read the intro and it all came clear. I was a horrible job of editing for it lifted the guts right out of the article. Otherwise, I found it surprising to discover that Lanier is a well-know sculptor, perhaps moreso than he is known as an sf writer. I hate to pass judgement on photos alone but I can't really say I faunch for his work in the field of sculpting.

Hopefully, by next issue the people involved in the LOC column riff will have wrote all they care to say on the matter and let it drop. It's really disheartening to see so much bad karma pass between these talented people--it's even more discouraging to see a really legitimate letter column get elbowed aside by

all the letters that *must* be published in all fairness. I enjoy any correspondence from BNAs but I share your misgivings about their letters being so down.

Dropping White or Anthony as columnists would sure be a mistake, though. With the correct editing, and with the two gentlemen aware of the house rules, OW shouldn't be read by the involved pros just so they can write extensive letters refuting libel, and ignoring OW. They'll be able to read OW and presumably enjoy it and contribute. I can understand strenuous disagreements but the ones I encounter in OW seem downright poisonous.

I too believe you should continue experimentation with OW. I think even with a large circulation you'll be able to continue the Surprise! format without any damage to said circulation. I'm repeating what has already been said, but, this is has already been said, but, this is one of the strong points of OW. Bill Bowers does what he wants, not what he thinks might please Joe Phann in Snurville, CA. And ultimately, that's what will please the majority of your readers--readers whose numbers will grow, and grow... As OW gets bigger I hope it retains its fine qualities of today. (And if 21 has a press run of 2000+ then I have no doubt OW will still remain fannish.) If you'll pardon my using the word, *Outworlds* is very "professional."

PS: I forgot to mention that #20 made the most effective use of typesets I've ever seen in a fanzine; I'm beginning to realize how hard it is to make effective use of such matters, besides saying something worthwhile.

I would like to see more how-to articles, perhaps more detailed and specific, although too narrow an article would probably have very limited use for the general readership.

What the hell does *Grafanedica* stand for? 8/11  
[955 Ellis Court, Eugene, OR 97405]

> No hype, Chris...but it's letters like yours that keep me going, and help me survive in a world I don't understand, and one I have definite problems trying to "cope" with. That, and an ingrained stubbornness I'm blessed/cursed with so that I've got to believe that whatever it is I "do"...it IS of some value. ¶ I think I'm beginning to switch from a belief in "free will" to one of "pre-determination": Lord knows, that given the choice, I wouldn't be on exactly the same road I'm currently trudging. But whatever the reason I'm on it, I've got to follow it to its ultimate destination--where it disappears over the hills ahead. ¶ And yet, I may well of chosen it of my own free will... For it IS a very rewarding road--from a totally selfish viewpoint--in that it has given me a slightly incredible number of very valued friends. My "downs" are of such intensity that they are exceeded by only one other thing: my "ups". I'd spend my last cent and my last ounce of energy on it--if it will even begin to bring as much pleasure to those who do neat things for me (which DOES include LoCs)...as what they do brings pleasure to me... ¶ But don't fret...I haven't flipped out yet (and you'll not be rid of me as easily as you were Nixon!) I'll know I've crossed the point of no return when I can no longer look at something like I've just written...with a slight smile--because I KNOW such things aren't to be writ in a fanzine, even by such a dedicated rule-breaker as myself--and yet say I meant every word of it. Nor can I do I apologize for it. ¶ Pax. <

**JONH INGHAM:** OW 20 is possibly your most successful to date. Given that a fanzine is basically informal (and if the contents are not, the appearance--until the appearance of recent *Algoz*s and OWs and such--has usually been so), I've always felt that it is the task of people who take the path you and Andy Porter have chosen to follow to maintain that informality within the glossiness. And while I do not think previous OWs have made the mark, 20 is spot on. You are to be heartily congratulated, as it isn't an easy thing to do. My only carp is purely a layout matter: The Piers Anthony intro should have been presented in such a manner that it was clear that it was to be read first. As it was, I was half way through the article, trying to figure out the meaning of all the underlining, etc.

And I must say, that within the context of the article's style, I think the editor was right about 75% of the time. I found the style almost condescending; it was like someone's thoughts being jotted on paper, which can make for a great article, but doesn't here. As for the ending, it bears no relation to anything that has gone before, and the editor was probably right in cutting it--where he fell down was in not saying anything to Piers when he first saw it. Which no doubt makes the statement an accurate one.



Which of course brings us to your fabulous feud filled lettercol. The enclosed illos say it all as far as I'm concerned but I don't envy you at all. Better to have no letters at all (and that's exactly what the last *Dear Jonh* had) than all this defending of one's philosophical nuances. (And why do all these pros wash all their laundry in fanzines?)

I was quite interested in Barry Gillam's overview of Shull. I always take these things with a grain of salt because the critic always seems to assume (or at least writes in that tone) that the artist is consciously presenting the various strains and philosophies which provide the meat of the critic's discourse. In some instances this may be true, but for myself (and most of the artists I've talked to), just about everything happens on an instinctual level. (Or as Polanski said in a recent interview, "All these actors want to know my reasons for doing things. What can I tell them when I don't know myself?")

For myself, I find inspiration off things I read in zines, lines I hear in movies, or misreading slogans and signs as I glance at them in the streets. James Shull probably gets his ideas the same way,



and I'm very interested to see what he has to say. I'm also looking forward with great eagerness to the Rotsler overview, and I hope that Barry eventually works his way through all of us. (Ego aside, I'm really curious to see what an overview of me would say, but that's many illos away.) 9/23 [4A Salisbury Rd., London W13, UK]

> You'll find the illos Jonh sent at various appropriate spots thish. And Jonh--I hope that many of those "many illos" will appear here! <

**STELLA NEMETH:** I was very interested in the *Grafanedita* section of issue #20. Although I am not the type to publish even a one page fanzine I was curious as to how one was put together. There seems to be a lot more to think about than first meets the eye, but I was fairly sure there would be.

I have to admit that as a rank outsider I have been interested in the various Ted White disputes, but I can see that after a while they would become emotionally debilitating. "Frankly I am not at all sorry that you did not print 'another round'". I think you had other things to say and to print and I am glad that you were able to get around to them. It is unfortunately true that Mr. White is controversial and that other people react strongly to what he has to say. It is necessary of course to be fair and to allow people to defend themselves, but with each round the discussion seems to get more acrimonious. I hope, for your sake, that you will be able to avoid this in the future.

I have a comment to make about Poul Anderson's column on taxes that I think is general enough for the fanzine. Now that it has become known that former President Nixon did attempt to subvert the Internal Revenue Service, it becomes necessary to reevaluate the right of the government to have certain information about us. We were unusually lucky that the public officials in charge of our IRS records were basically honest men and that those who wished to subvert them asked for obviously illegal actions. Had Nixon and his men been more subtle they might have gotten away with a great deal more and still not been caught. Rec'd 8/28 [133 Elmwood Terr., Rochester, NY 14620]

**JOHN D. HAMM:** I have, for the last several months, been suffering through a separation with my wife. We too, are 'good friends'. We see each other every couple of weeks for a few hours & talk & keep up on each other's new lives. It is painful though & I can empathise with you. You are brave and lucky to be able to share your hard times and your good with so many people through your fanzine.

To a certain extent *Outworlds 20* reflects your troubled times, particularly the letter column. It is such a shame to see everybody uptight. When I think of the interesting things Philip José Farmer might have to say about what he's working on or what he's reading, or whatever, I really feel bad. A whole page of small type by P.J. Farmer! I haven't read any of Farmer's recent books even though they have been getting quite a bit of praise. But I know from past experience that if he had written something about his writing, or even just his thoughts or observations, I would go out and buy some and give him a try. He would sell 3 or 4 books or more to me and probably quite a few other readers. That may not be what it is all about but it shows positive actions can

bring positive results.

The Piers Anthony article was interesting from many points of view. I've often wondered what editors do to manuscripts. One can only guess at the why of some of the cuts but in any case it was graphically illustrated what an editor can do. On the content side I was pleased to learn so much about a man who had previously only been a name to me. I was not particularly impressed by Lanier's recent "Brigadier Ffellowes" tale in F&SF but have heard a lot of good comments on *HERO'S JOURNEY* and will start reading it next week.

The *Grafanedita* section has little value for me since I don't plan on ever publishing a fanzine. Nevertheless it is interesting and quite enlightening to a passive reader to see the thought and complications in producing a fanzine. 8/13 [4 - 3023 Quebec St., Vancouver, B.C. V5T 3B2, CANADA]

> It was with some hesitation that I ran John's first paragraph. While I have no qualms about baring MY soul in these pages, I try to exercise a little care in naming names of others where I know it will embarrass them. So it took some thought... I finally decided I had to accept it in the spirit in which it was written. And besides, the last sentence in it is so damn true! ¶ Thanks for your words, John...and I hope things work out for you, as well as they seem to be working out for me... ¶ And I do quite agree with your comments re Phil Farmer: what you said is what I was trying to say at the tail-end of #20's lettercol. But I wouldn't restrict it to Farmer by any means... It's one of the reasons I print so many non-related things by Piers, about what he's doing. I have been taken to task for it--because, obviously, he's only writing to me for "self-promotion"...but I can't buy that argument. We may have found out these past several issues that the pros are not always more than human, but they ARE the force, the gestalt if you will, that have brought us together... and what they are doing, and what their interests are -- IS of interest to me. It must be approached with Caution!, though, because if you scratch a writer, you'll find that he's been abused by one or more editors or publishers. By the same token, rile an editor and you will find that he's been had by an author or two. There are a lot of things wrong in the worlds we inhabit, ones we can't ignore...but I'll buy the logic that a kind word will in most cases solve a lot more than the most Righteous Crusade. I know that much for a fact. <

**GLENN REHRMANN:** First, the 'zine as a whole is a very (VERY), well, I don't know, perfect?, professional? -looking fanzine. I think that that four bills is the best investment that I've made in fandom. I did like #19 better than #20, for some unknown and Un-Revealing Reason, but I can't put my finger on it.

I enjoyed the way you did *Interface 1* in #19. I found the offutt's and Susan Glicksohn to be the high points of the issue. I really enjoyed the artwork; off-set does indeed have its advantages and it takes the sad chore of looking at reproduced-artwork out of at least one fanzine.

Onward to OW #20. Once again I liked the 'zine very much, and it clarified some points made in #19's *Interface 2*.

I had a previous letter rough-drafted to send, but I never got around to it. Now that I've seen another OW, and gotten the

hang of things, I will rewrite some of the letter, though not so harshly as it started out to be.

As I said before, I enjoyed OW #19 very much. I also want to take this opportunity to say that I fully agree with you on your/the editor's right to make OW your own creation, for your entertainment. However, it seems to me that everything after page 745 wasn't meant for a fanzine and certainly not for a fanzine of OW's caliber. Why use OW for a battleground for the SFWA? "A good argument is fun, stimulating." OK, yeah, but what you have here is outright war, as you say, "bad vibes." Let's for a moment, look at a rather worked-over storyline in SF; that of a group of beings failing in the face of danger/destiny/what-not because of quibbling among their own kind. I'm not saying the field is folding, but what ever happened to that big happy family with the last name of Fandom?

What really bothers me is 1) the sort of thing that took place in #19 was between authors or authors and pubcos, (~~AND NOT THE FANS~~) and 2), you said yourself in #20 that you don't like wasting valuable space for such stuff.

I once pondered just whether or not fandom is full of immature people looking for escape; this applies to "the pulp years" especially well. (Speaking of which, we shouldn't turn our noses up at pulps so much, what with a paper shortage; who knows what we'll be using for 'zines soon!)

Now I'm wondering about the writers.

It really seemed barbaric, this scene at the SFWA meeting with Harrison and White. How could this thing possibly be carried to such lengths as to warrant physical violence between the two parties involved? Even though nothing substantially violent became of the matter, it seems that these two gentlemen were going a bit overboard in their confrontation.

I must agree with Mr. Koontz in that the fact is that Mr. Anthony was belittling other writers and boasting for his own benefit. I'm sure you as an editor realize that this is a form of slander; besides the legal aspect of it, who wants to read such drivel? (I would no sooner buy any of this martyr-talk of his than any other B.S. on the market...) Further, it also seems to me that you shouldn't print material of such low quality in OW; I highly doubt that it is entertaining to most fans. 7/19 [30 Baldwin Rd., Scotia, NY 12302]

> The paper "shortage" is by no means as mythical as the oil "shortage", but a lot of the same factors enter in. Just as there's all the dollar-a-gallon gas you could ever use...there's enough 70 & 80# coated stock to go around, for a price. While you can prospect for oil, paper/pulp mills have to be built, and none has been recently. I believe there is only one slated to come on-line next year--and its entire output is already committed--but never mind, it won't be the kind of paper you & I can afford. There hasn't been enough of a profit margin for the ones who bankroll it--and they are the ones calling the shots--to invest in expanded output recently. Now there is, but these things aren't built over night: it takes 3-5 years to get one cranked up. (I know a little bit about this--the company I work for builds the power generation equipment for such things...and it takes 2 or 3 years (and several million of the customer's bucks) for us to get our part erected.) I'm not very happy about it, no, but I think this one is a bit more legitimate than some of the shortages we've experienced, as well as some we are going to have. <

**RICHARD C. NEWSOME:** If OW turns into a Ghiant Enterprise, I wonder how that will change it?

When I subscribe to a small or medium sized (in subs) fmz, I feel like a part of it, as if I own 1/300th share of what is going on. The giant fmz, however, somehow make me feel like a vicarious observer, rather than a participant.

I suppose the problem is not that fmz are being circulated too widely, but that fandom has become too large. Any zine that serves *all* of fandom is going to be impersonal. Thirty years ago, when there were only a few hundred fen, this problem didn't exist. In these times, when fandom has swollen to 10 times its old size, it can only be 1/10 as personal as it once was. And so fandom fragments into cliques, and fringe-fandoms, and private apas... There is no real solution. This is a zero sum game, and the tremendous loss suffered by the small group of old-timers diffuses into a slight gain for each of the mythical newcomers. 11/18 [300 B Sunset Drive, Midland, TX 79701]

**SANDRA MIESEL:** Have you ever seen the study for the *Battle of Anghiari* (Rubens after Leonardo)? It depicts a frenzied tangle of snarling warriors on horseback. This is exactly the image presented by the pro controversies in the last few issues of OW. (Alternative selection, considering the numbers eventually drawn into the fray: Pollaiuolo's *Battle of Ten Naked Men*.) I hope you will never find it necessary to waste space on such disedifying spectacles again.

Or in other words, don't get started on Roger Elwood.

If any further testimony is required on the charm of Sterling Lanier's sculptures, my daughters would be happy to provide it. They were entranced by the baby mammoth and baby triceratops in their Christmas stocking last year. (Merely carrying on a family tradition. When I was a tot I liked to play with my father's set of miniature bronze dinosaurs from the American Museum of Natural History.)

The artist himself does not lack for charm either.

Sterling's disenchantment with archeology reminds me of a comment made by a notorious Italian tomb robber: "Alas," he sighed, "I have wasted my life with whores and archeologists."

I went through a rather similar disenchantment with chemistry myself. Unfortunately, I've never been able to find an economically viable replacement. 10/14 [8744 N. Pennsylvania St., Indianapolis, IN 46240]

**ALFYIS A. GILLILAND:** I would suggest that the difference between a prozine and a fanzine is that in a prozine the contributors are upset when they don't get paid.

Poul Anderson urges tax reform in *Beer Mutterings*, reversing himself from a previous column, and asks for suggestions. The subject is really too damned technical for any simplistic answers, and a lot of people have no real idea of what is involved, including, I suspect, Mr. Anderson.

However, since inflation aggravates the situation by shrinking our deductions and inflating the number of dollars in our income (thereby moving us up into ever higher tax brackets), we might perhaps figure out our income tax in inflated dollars.

Whether or not this would do anything for the income tax or not, it might give the Government a powerful incentive (getting less money) to fight inflation. 7/19 [4030 South 8th St., Arlington, VA 22204]

**PETER ROBERTS:** I like the look of OW 20, but I'd quibble about the

layout which I consider to be rather a hindrance to the reader at times. It's probably my fault, but I kept on losing the start of various articles: the Bill Wolfenbarger piece, for example, which was cleverly disguised as an advert. Perhaps you should stand back from the next issue and say to yourself "Where will Peter Roberts, in all his innocence, attempt to start reading this?" Perhaps you underestimate your readership's unconscious conservatism--or lack of intelligence, if you like. Ah well.

Eric Mayer's loc was of particular interest to me, since he touches on a point about which I feel strongly; namely, that "the weird tale makes greater demands on the reader's imagination (than sf)." Eric's comment is basically true, though he's made it rather skew-whiff by referring to "weird tales" which suggests the hack 'heroic' fantasies of the pulps. The real point is that *fantasy*--non-realist or anti-realist fiction--is more demanding of a reader's imagination than science-fiction, which is grounded in realism. Eric, of course, spoils his argument in the rest of the letter; firstly by saying "Who knows, the way things are going in ESP research, weird fiction might turn out to be science fiction after all." (Phew, we're safe again, kids; no need to use our imaginations, if it all *could* be true after all.) And secondly, because Eric mocks the mundane idea of maturity as "being realistic" and contrasts it with the fannish ideal of imaginative escapism (embodied by sf and, it seems, the space programme). The trouble is that basic sf is rooted to scientific realism: the *rational explanation* is the killer touch which blights science fiction and confines the imagination.

Turn to true fantasy and embrace the irrational! How's that for a battle cry? 10/13 [6 Westbourne Park Villas, London W2]

**JILL JAMESON:** Separating OW 20 from *Grafanedita* 1: I liked *Grafanedita* really a lot, had the earlier version of your piece & thought it important, & approved of all the other articles & the flow between them--especially liking the *Apples & Oranges*... OW, on the other hand, was so depressing. Of course you know that, & feel victimized a bit by it maybe--but the continuity of the mood, between editorial & Lanier art. & lettercol, was impressive. I can see you looking at it from the point of view of a lot of unfortunate things coming together at once, & finding it appropriate from a pessimistic vantage point. But I wonder if you didn't just lie down & let your mood walk over you & the issue. I think OW 20 felt a bit too "Ouch, #20"--like: the same material could have been taken in hand & given a good shaking. I know it's a difficult time & I'm sorry. *Outworlds* has given me a lot of pleasure for quite a while; I look forward to it & to its glimpses of you. But the "I know I did wrong" hurt feeling syndrome isn't very useful for dealing with life or fanzines, and certainly you've always seemed to me sensible enough to get ahold of that: So I really look forward to #21/22. 7/23 [227 Hyman, London, Ontario N6A 1N6]

SHORT TAKES + + + + +

**ERIC LINDSAY:** Poul Anderson's piece reminds me that, in this country >Australia< at least, income tax was an emergency wartime measure that never got withdrawn. I also recall as US paper giving details of one of the nastier abuses of the power of the Tax people against a citizen who challenged an assessment. On balance I really think Poul's idea of a tax on credit would be good, *except* that we both know that it would be an *additional* tax on top of existing ones, rather than the replacement that Poul intends. For myself, I'm going to see if I can find a way of living cheap enuf to avoid all taxes! 10/4

**MIKE GILBERT:** Eric Mayer wondered why publishers keep artwork and if they use it again. Yes they do! For reuse on other editions, even for use on a *different* book. Also they've bought paintings and used sections as different covers thereby saving a heap of \$ since they have many covers for the price of one. Also many companys/editors keep the artwork for themselves. So it goes... The only SF company that you can be sure of getting your work back from without negotiation is Condé Nast (*Analogue*).

Re: Sterling Lanier: Indeed I loved his animals; he is a gifted man. *Rec'd* 7/29

===== I ALSO HEARD FROM:

Joseph Hammond, Brett Cox, Bill Breiding, Gregg Calkins, David Somerville, Sheryl Smith, Mike Glyer, Andy Porter, Greg Stafford, Ray Bowie, Jr., Larry Williams, Wally Stoelting, Jerry Giannattasio, David Barnett, Beth Myers, Bill Wolfenbarger, Dennis McHaney, Ken Keller, Joe De Bolt, Donald Robertson.... Karen Rockow, Darrell Schweitzer...and possibly others, considering the chaos involved in packing, etc. (I'll probably run Karen's and Darrell's letters next time...)

Again, I'd like to thank you all for giving me a slightly incredible lettercol! I'm not quite sure how I'd react to an equally large 'pile' of response in the future (and the fact that this contains the response to two issues is, of course, a factor)...but try me!

I printed a fair amount of self-ego-boosting comments this time--more than should have been run to maintain 'balance'--but you'll pardon me if I needed a little ego-boosting this year...!

Besides...all those comments are True!

Today is November 29. The page opposite was typed the week of October 20, pre-Windycon. The opening page was typed a day after returning from Discon. The time element involved, the various Ups & Downs over almost three months are probably reflected in my choice of letters, and comments on them. But I'm much too close to it to be in any way objective. As always.

...Even tho this is being 'done' before the 'A' Section, most of you will probably end up here. So: I wish you All a Happy Holiday Season, and a Very Good New Year... BILL

