

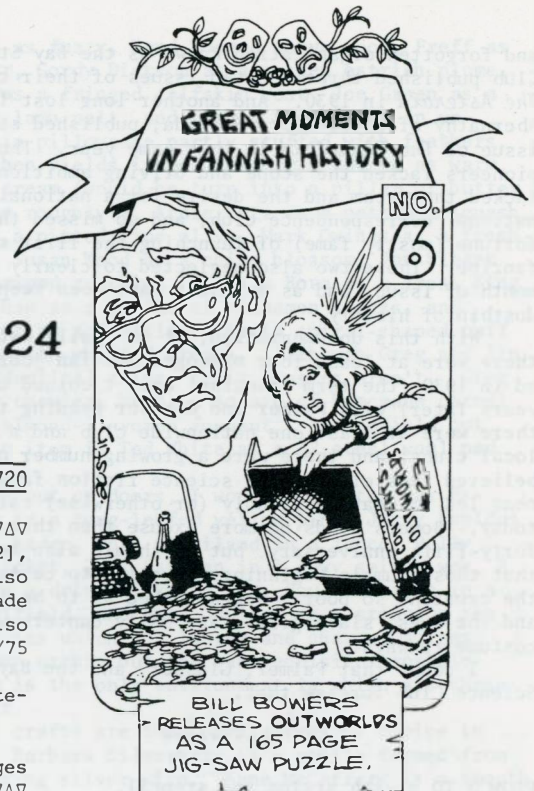
Outworlds²⁴

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Bob Tucker Beard Mumblings

I'VE BEEN SITTING HERE playing with my beard (the long grey one which reaches from my chin to the floor when I bend down to stroke a turtle) and contemplating the progeny of Ray Palmer. The fierce and agonizing descendents of Ray Palmer. You are one of his seed, so to speak, and if you don't know who Palmer is you're a fake fan.

Palmer edited and launched *The Comet* in May 1930, the world's first fanzine as we know the crittur today. He was also one of a group of men and boys who were responsible for fandom as we know it today, a group which deliberately and with malice aforethought created a homogeneous fan society.

Now, aren't you sorry? I sometimes am, when I look at the lot of you.

In some certain respects Palmer was like old Christopher Columbo, and another latter-day hero named Hugo Gernsback. Columbo never discovered America but masses of people insist on giving him credit for doing it; Gernsback did not invent science fiction but other masses call him 'the father of' and honor him for having popularized it in the United States. To the promoter belongs the spoils. Ray Palmer surely did not invent nor publish the first fanzine but he may have promoted the concept which, after forty-five years, led to the issue of *Outworlds* you hold gingerly in your hands. Do the hands tremble? With others, Palmer shared the dream to bind together all those scientifically-minded fans of 1930 into one unit, into the Science Correspondence Club, for the greater glory of themselves and the one True Literature. He succeeded. The club did succeed in uniting New York fans with a number of others living Out West--which in those days, as now, meant all of the unexplored territory west of the Hudson River. (It may be speculated that to a New York native, a citizen living on the western bank of the river was a Westerner.) The Science Correspondence Club and its house organ *The Comet* lasted about three years, and Sam Moskowitz has said

that the membership embraced about 150 fans and writers plus a sprinkling of editors found wandering around. The name of the journal was changed to *Cosmology* after a few issues, but neither Moskowitz in his history *THE IMMORTAL STORM*, nor the *FANZINE INDEX* is clear on precisely when that change was made.

That old reliable (sometimes) skeleton key to fandom's closet, the *FANZINE INDEX* provides the basic information: the fanzine was published as a club organ for seventeen issues, with a beginning date of May 1930 and an ending date of simply 1933. A Chicago fan named Walter Dennis is credited as being co-editor with Palmer for the first two issues, but Palmer alone edited the following two numbers; perhaps Dennis got tired of licking the stamps. Perhaps the name was changed with the fifth issue, because the editorship did. Ray Palmer slipped away after those first four issues, and from the fifth through the final numbers other members sat in the editorial chair: Arthur (?) Gowing, Aubrey McDermott, and Clifton Amsbury. All issues except that final one in 1933 were mimeographed, but that last one was printed. Each issue was between six and thirty pages in depth, and while some were the standard mimeographed size others were of legal length. Moskowitz says that the contents were usually science articles, in keeping with the club's name.

I believe the second successful fanzine was *The Planet*, edited by New York fan Allen Glasser, with a first issue dated July 1930. Glasser's journal was more like the familiar fanzine of today, having book and magazine reviews, film comment, and fan news. It was published for six monthly issues in 1930, was mimeographed in standard size, and each issue was three to five pages in depth. If it had sported Rotsler covers we could credit Allen Glasser with being 'the father of.'

But curiously, other fanzines of the same year may give the lie to my belief that *The Comet* was first. A lost

and forgotten organization known as the Bay Street Science Club published three undated issues of their club bulletin *The Asteroid* in 1930. And another long lost fan, Carleton Abernathy of Clearwater, Florida, published at least one issue of *The Planetoid* in that same year. Those two pioneers lacked the scope and driving ambition of Palmer, lacked the dream and the desire for a national or international correspondence club, and so missed the fame and fortune (mostly fame) of launching the first successful fanzine. Those two also neglected to clearly establish the month of issue, and as a result have been swept into the dustbin of history.

With this documentation, it is easily established that there were at least four mimeographed fan journals published in 1930 (the term 'fanzine' wasn't coined until ten years later) with Palmer and Glasser leading the pack; there were at least one nationwide club and a few small local clubs; and there were a growing number of people who believed themselves to be science fiction fans--and all that led to what we proudly (or otherwise) call fandom today. Bowers needs no more excuse than that to observe a forty-fifth anniversary, but he should also keep in mind that those humble beginnings have led to certain excesses: the crudzine so poorly hektographed as to be illegible; and the apes, slave girls, and belly dancers who crowd the costume runways.

I doubt that Palmer, Glasser, and the Bay Street Science Club foresaw that.

FROM *a* TO *z* with stylus and stencil.

I regard the FANZINE INDEX as one of the most monumental undertakings in our forty-five year history. It is a magnificent labor of love, a boon to researchers, and it ranks in importance alongside the Moskowitz history, THE IMMORTAL STORM; the Warner history, ALL OUR YESTERDAYS; and the two editions of the FANCYCLOPEDIA (the first edition edited by Jack Speer and published by Forry Ackerman in 1944, the second edited and published by Dick Eney in 1959).

In the beginning there were five or six thousand file cards kept by R.D. and (his wife) F.N. Swisher.

The Swishers maintained a running record of the fanzines of the day, jotting down basic information on those published, those announced, those rumored, and those which were but a notion in some neo's imagination. Five or six thousand cards in a day when there were but a few hundred fans and less than that many fan publications. But the card file kept growing and eventually the Swishers began publishing the result of their labors. In the beginning we called it simply 'the Swisher checklist' but later it became known as the SF CHECK-LIST, and still later (oh, much later) the FANZINE INDEX. The lists were published in alphabetical order, of course, starting with *a* (the Swishers themselves published five issues of that), and ending with ZZZZZzzzzz *Goes the Rocket Gun* (published by an anonymous fan who wished to be dead-last in the index). The anonymous editor failed in his cherished desire because the Swishers included a last page listing those titles which could not be fitted into the alphabet, titles like *6*, *?*, and *???* ... *9 to the 9th power*.

At first the index was published in fitful installments through FAPA. The first such installment appeared in October 1938 and contained sixteen hektographed pages; successive installments were published on a haphazard basis throughout 1939, 1940, 1941, and ended with the eighth and last section in November 1942. It is my belief the Swishers tired of the work after the completion of that first volume and threw in the towel, but before quitting they did manage to record nearly everything published from Palmer's glorious beginning in 1930 through the wartime summer of 1942. I don't recall the Swishers again publishing the index after that cut-off date, but they continued to keep file cards for another four years--and that led to an enlarged second edition in the following decade.

Enter two hot-eyed fans: Pavlat and Evans.

Armed with the Swisher records of 1930-1946, and having access to Bob Silverberg's enormous collection, and being fired with the same zeal that drove Palmer, Bob

Pavlat and Bill Evans began publishing anew in December 1952. Like the pioneers before them they published in installments in the FAPA mailings, with the opening section being eighteen hektographed pages covering those fanzines from *a* to *Contour*. They called the new enterprise FANZINE INDEX II because an interloper before them had already published INDEX I. (I was the churl who robbed them; I had published five annual indices from 1941 through 1945.) But by November 1959 (seven years!) Pavlat and Evans had completed the alphabet in one hundred and forty-one pages, and the new book was truly a thing of joy and beauty to the fannish heart; a treasure-house for the researcher and the fan who simply wanted to browse. I would estimate that more than two thousand titles were included. Romping through the pages with a spirit of adventure, one could find esoteric fanzine titles like *Aagh* (from Suddsy Schwartz), *Cosmic Circle Commentator* (Claude Degler), *her scrapbag fantasy* (Florence Stephenson), *The Mutant* (Fred Pohl), *Science Fiction Abattoir* (Sully Roberds), and *Zoom* (Bob Briggs and Dick Eney). Some sections of the index were hektographed because FAPA then had a membership of only fifty elephants, but later sections were mimeographed. A curious sidelight is that at the time of publication, Pavlat and Evans were offering sections to non-members at twenty cents a copy. Fans toiled for peanuts in those days.

Enter next, a dedicated but aged bibliomaniac: Harold Palmer Piser. Piser was retired from business and not in the best of health, but he was determined to index everything pertinent to our field--including, I suppose, printed laundry lists if some fan had put his name on them.

He contacted scores of fan publishers and fanzine collectors and begged to borrow their treasures, offering to post cash bonds to underwrite the security and safe return of those collections to their owners. I don't know if anyone asked a bond, but many collectors loaned him their jewels. Over a period of one or two years I loaned him every fanzine in my possession that he could not find along the Eastcoast; he was especially interested in those fanzines published during the period 1930-1945, and he always returned every one by insured mail.

Piser had one rule he would not waive: unlike the Swishers, unlike Pavlat and Evans, he insisted upon seeing the fanzine before entering it on his records. He refused to accept the rumor of a title, the second-hand assurance that a particular title *did* exist once upon a time, or the starry-eyed announcement of something-to-come from that imaginative neo. He believed in a fanzine and indexed it *only* when it was in his hand, and that was the reason he was willing to post bond to borrow collections. His stated desire was to revise, update, and authenticate all the records before him, all the published indices, and then publish *the* definitive fanzine index. I have no doubt it would have been a landmark.

Piser died long before his work was finished. He once told me that he had collected and authenticated about five thousand titles, but that the work didn't appear to be half finished.

Before his death he managed one positive result of his labors: he republished in mimeographed form a one-volume edition of the Pavlat-Evans index. It was intended as a stop-gap measure because he didn't believe his definitive edition would be ready for another several years. The edition was stencilled and printed by Juanita Coulson, was bound in soft but durable covers, and some copies are equipped with alphabetical tabs for quick-finding. The volume was published in 1965 and was dedicated to Bob Pavlat and Bill Evans; and it carried the following announcement on the title page: "A fore-runner of the BIBLIOGRAPHY OF FANZINES now being compiled."

I've read reports that all his records were burned after his death.

-----BOB TUCKER

In that it was a mention by Tucker last year that led me to plan this issue--to mark in a small way the forty-fifth anniversary of fanzines--it is only fitting that he opens it. And, even though this is mainly a 'fanzine about fanzines' this time, in the end it is the people--the fans and the pros--that make them what they are. Therefore...

Sandra Miesel

Crème de les Sensies

LIGHT IMPROVISATIONS often capture an audience's fancy while ponderous constructions fade away unremarked. A hastily contrived theater poster made Alfons Mucha's reputation, not his heroic murals on the glorious Slavic past. Translating this into personal fannish terms, my frivolous party game/insomnia cure called "sensies" apparently pleased more readers than any of my serious mythological exegeses.

A sensie is a sensuous metaphor for a person's appearance--nothing more. It is not consciously symbolic nor intended as any comment on character. However when the internal and external realities happen to coincide, the image gains in validity. I try to synthesize my intuitive responses to factors like color, texture, size, shape, and so forth into comprehensible forms. For instance, Philip José Farmer gives me impressions of whiteness, hardness, smoothness, opacity, and spiralness. These characteristics unite in a narwhal's tooth. Therefore Phil is a narwhal's tooth. Similarly, John Brunner's reddish brown hair and fair complexion suggest the brown and white banding in a slab of polished agate. The rippling contours of these layers are also appropriate: angular John is not. Now if, as he has stated, he would prefer being Cornwall serpentine instead, he has only to dye his hair green and I will consider revising his image. (Sensies can change, of course. Once Cory Panshin looked like prism-shaped aquamarine wind chimes to me. Now round buttons covered with patent leather seem more appropriate.)

Various people are distinguished by sensations of color and texture. Emerald-eyed Tim Kirk manifests a quintessential greenness and at the same time, an adamant imperviousness. He is an emerald as hard as a diamond. Karen Anderson is flashes of turquoise fire (the same distinctive hue is seen in Isfahan tiles). L. Sprague de Camp is a column of Florentine-finished stainless steel. Yet inconsistently I see Fritz Leiber as golden rather than white smoke despite his magnificently white hair. In this instance a delocalized aureate quality takes precedence over other factors.

Most sensies refer to minerals, fabrics, foods, art, or nature because these subjects are especially familiar to me: I collect, sew, cook, and view. Doubtless other observers would think in entirely different categories but I can only express my own visions, however eccentric they may seem. No one else may visualize Juanita Coulson as a baroque pearl, P. Schuyler Miller as a stalagmite, Issac Asimov as a cluster of galena crystals, or Jerry Pournelle as a huge circular saw, but I do.

Tactile impressions predominate when imagining Terry Carr as black lustre satin, Larry Niven as lemon yellow acrylic fur, Ben Bova as pewter-colored qiana jersey,

Jerry Kaufman as fuzzy, hand-loomed mauve wool, Freff as jackrabbit fur, Gordy Dickson as a russet ostrich plume, Jodie Offutt as a fringed calfskin vest, Joe Green as a black Persian lamb pelt, and Dannie Plachta as an unbleached muslin pillowcase partly stuffed with feathers.

The kitchen yields images for Algis Budrys as warm, thick golden cream (would he turn into a pillar of butter if jostled too roughly?), Arnie Katz as a pattypan squash, Dena Brown as a pitted ripe olive, Mark Owings as a fresh Gouda cheese, Susan Wood as a chive blossom, Jon Singer as a giant striped zucchini, Barbara Bova as a fresh Bing cherry, Bob Shaw as a bundle of cinnamon sticks, and Rosemary Ulliot as a Schillerlocke (a spiral-shaped puff pastry filled with whipped cream). Although Greg and Jim Benford are identical twins, their sensies aren't. Greg is distinctly chewier, being a square of homemade caramel while Jim is almond-flavored fondant. An inedible but useful kitchen item is Ted White as a #2 steel wool pad (soapless).

Venturing out of doors, I would encounter our Esteemed Editor in a long-leaved yellow pine, Jerry Lapidus in a bayberry hedge, Doll Gilliland in a junco, Polly Freas in a cricket, Jack Gaughan in a dewy spider web, R. A. Lafferty in a dried milkweed pod, Poul Anderson in a rippling wheatfield, and Buck Coulson as a stinging sea urchin (a species which has longer and sharper spines than the common urchin but the same exquisite exoskeleton). Fandom is the only environment in which all these could co-exist.

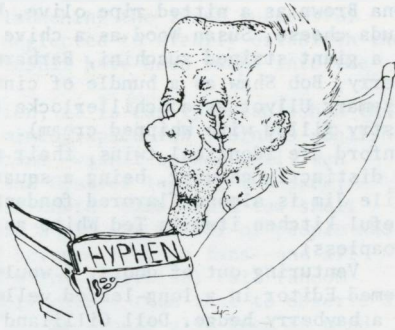
Arts and crafts are the correlatives of choice in other cases. Barbara Silverberg is a mobile formed from loops of tapering silver wire. Anne McCaffery is a smooth limestone sculpture of Cycladaic inspiration. Catherine de Camp is a delicately filigreed and granulated antique gold brooch. Roger Zelazny is dark, dense tropical wood carved into knots and tendrils, rather like the tradition display bases for Chinese jades. Michael O'Brien is a right-hand helical spiral sawn out of pale pink nacre. Gardner Dozois is skeins of pink and yellow jute dangling from a half-finished macramé project. If Fabregé had ever designed a silver spice mill it would be Lester Del Rey.

Harlan Ellison is far more difficult to contain within a single image but as a first approximation might be a kinetic sculpture replete with flashing lights, whirring wheels, and prominently featuring five prolate spheroids covered with pulsating membranes of thin, putty-colored rubber. Others who require multiple images are Bob Toomey (sparrowhawk feathers lying on new spring grass) and Kelly Freas (buff glove leather, green Thai silk, and polished staghorn buttons). Geo. Alec Effinger is the most complicated of all. Picture a walnut brown knitted cashmere scarf casually draped around the base of a 14th century wooden statuette of some obscure canonized prince whose iconographic emblem is a spray of roses.

Sensies are properly composed face to face. Those attempted from verbal characteristics alone are inappropriate. Alpajpuri/Paul Novitski called to mind a young bush baby whose fur was dappled purple and violet. In person he more resembles a King Charles spaniel. Franz Rottensteiner seemed like a gaunt man with eyes like sheet metal screws (Phillips head). In actuality his broad face is as smugly malicious as that of Lucifer, the villainous cat in Walt Disney's *Cinderella*. I was expecting Bruce Gillespie to resemble a boiled custard, the inedible kind that issues from institutional cafeterias. Instead he is a baked custard. (Now for all I know he may have perfectly delectable caramelized lining but I was not permitted to unmold him.)

Sensies are meant to be fun and happily, most people so far have taken them in that spirit. But subject reaction cannot always be anticipated. Eli Cohen objected to being designated a newly hatched baby chick whereas Brad Balfour was delighted at being described as the gleam of some small feral creature's teeth. Certain subjects will not be given the opportunity because I prudently decline to identify them. Who is a wine goblet filled with carbon tetrachloride? Who is a warm lump of chickenfat newly drawn from the carcass? Fear not, Gentle Reader, it isn't you.

-----SANDRA MIESEL



Robert A. W. Lowndes

Understandings

IT MAY HAVE BEEN 1940, but I feel that it was more likely 1941 that Don Wollheim, John Michel, and a few other Futurians (including myself) met with E. Everett Evans, then known only as a member of the Galactic Roamers and a friend of Edward E. (Skylark) Smith, PH.D. (In those days that latter came to quite a lot of "only" so far as prestige amongst fans was concerned.) Before I go any farther, let me say that I do not entirely trust my memory for the full accuracy of details in this anecdote. It's *substantially* true, but anyone who says, "Oh, no --" and puts in a correction won't get any bitter argument from me. EEE, as he was known to us, had some fanzines with him which would be displayed and sold at the upcoming World Convention (Chicago--Chicon I, if the year was 1940; Denvention if it was 1941).

One of them was quite stunning. I had seen some thick, beautifully produced mimeographed magazines, with several colors used, amongst the mailings of one of the elder (non-fantasy) amateur press associations--which would be either the National or the Associated APA--but there had been nothing like this before from fans, devoted to science fiction. Don't ask me the number of pages; I'd be inclined to say 100, but I doubt it; however, it *was* thick.

EEE let out that the members of the Galactic Roamers had gotten together and pooled resources and had this publication done professionally. It certainly looked it. It would be on the fanzine table at the Convention, for a nominal price; the Roamers weren't looking to make any money out of it.

Don Wollheim considered it all a very bad thing. The other publications at the Convention would be the total work of fans themselves, either done by one person, or several working together, but within the range of what the dedicated (but far from professionally trained, and far from well-heeled) fan could do with his own, or a group's equipment. It wasn't a question of art, it was a matter of unfair competition. The genuine fan magazines wouldn't stand a chance against this semi-professional product.

So, you see, the controversy over when and where a fanzine can be considered "amateur" goes back at least that far. (If my memory serves me right, the contents of that

issue hardly justified the extra expense of the production job.)

Fanzines had already come quite a way from the very earliest ones. By that time there were more individually produced magazines than group produced ones; and they were well along the way to independence from the newsstand magazines of science fiction and fantasy for subject matter. Oh, material from a well-known author or editor was still a coup for the fanzine publisher who could get something from him or her, and a review, or even mention, in one of the promags was a bonus; but by now it was the "fan names" who were being sought after.

The very first fanzine I saw wasn't intended as a fan magazine; it was meant to be professional, working its way from modest beginnings and mail subscriptions to a newsstand magazine which would compete directly with the regulars.

In the September 1932 issue of *Amazing Stories* (on sale in August), I came across the following ad: "Science Fiction 'The Advance Guard of Future Civilization.' Masterful tales of fantastic adventure!! Stirring action stories of astonishing science! Interplanetary voyages; atomic adventures; time traveling, etc. Masterpieces of pseudoscience by R.F. Starzl, David H. Keller, Ed Earl Repp, Hugh Langley, Ray Palmer, Edwin K. Sloat, Jerome Siegel, Bernard J. Kenton and others. Price: 15¢ a copy; \$1.50 per year. Scientific-fiction novelty presented with every yearly subscription. *Magazine is not sold at newsstands.* Send money order or cash at once to *Science Fiction*, 10622 Kimberly Ave., Cleveland, Ohio."

Well, I didn't send the money order at once, because I didn't have \$1.50, but I raised the amount as soon as I could. What I received was the second nasty shock--relating to science fiction--of the year. (The first was when the July issue of *Astounding Stories* did not appear on the first Thursday of June, that year. The September issue showed up in July, with the sorrowful news that AS had been forced to go to bi-monthly publication.) *Science Fiction* turned out to be a badly mimeographed magazine, and while I have read since that the artwork was good, I thought then it was very poor. (Still thought so the last time I looked at it again.) Truth to tell, I never read the "masterpieces" in that magazine, and barely glanced at subsequent issues when they came in. Nor do I recall seeing any of the *known* names listed in the ad quoted above, at least in the first issue. I do suspect that that initial exposure soured me on Siegel and Shuster for life.

In the very next issue of *Amazing Stories* (October, 1932) there was an ad for *Science Fiction Digest*, advertised as a "fan" magazine. I believe that was the very first time I ever heard of fanzines. At any rate, I was smarting from the *Science Fiction* ripoff (which, as I realized later, was probably not intentional; the fellows didn't really intend to cheat anyone--they were over-enthusiastic and underexperienced). So it was not until the following spring that I finally got around to trying out *Science Fiction Digest*. I can't be sure now whether I was corresponding with any other science fictionist, who might have been able to assure me that SFD was worth the money.

At any rate, the first issue I received convinced me that it was, indeed, worth getting. It was large size, not so very thick, but printed and with a good helping of fascinating reading matter about science fiction, the current: magazines, authors, gossip, check lists, bibliographies, etc. There was a serial running, *Alicia in Blunderland* (by Nihil? No matter; we know now that it was by P. Schuyler Miller). I can't be sure whether that or the following issue was the final number in the large size format (the one I had contained part two of *Alicia*) but the magazine soon shifted to quarto size, which I liked better. And with the July 1933 issue, we saw the first Round Robin science fiction novel; each chapter was written by a different author--most of them well-known professionals.

I did not know about *The Time Traveller* until later. That was the forerunner of SFD; it merged with SFD so that subscriptions would be filled out when *The Time Traveller* suddenly ceased.

As fan interest in *Weird Tales* grew, and more material

relating to weird fiction began to appear, the publishers decided that the title *Science Fiction Digest* was no longer appropriate, and changed it to *Fantasy Magazine*. It was then possible to devote a special issue to *Weird Tales*, after *Amazing Stories*, *Wonder Stories*, and *Astounding Stories* had been duly honored. The magazine lasted up to the end of 1936.

I never saw a copy of *The Time Traveller* during its brief career, only getting to it in 1940 when I had access to Richard Wilson's splendid collection of fan magazines. The reason for its sudden demise may be unique in the history of fanzines which attained real prominence in the field. One member of the editorial staff proved to be not only a literary thief--stealing an idea which another member told him in confidence and winning a *Wonder Stories* Quarterly plot contest prize with it, but also an outright plagiarist--a story published in *Amazing Stories* under this fan's name was actually a copy of a story published in the 19th century.

Early in 1934, I came across Charles D. Hornig's excellent quarto publication, *The Fantasy Fan*; like TTF and SFD, it was neatly printed by Conrad L. Ruppert and run off on his press. TFF was the vehicle through which Hornig became the first fan to be hired as editor of a science fiction magazine. He sent a copy of his first issue, which was dedicated to science fiction--and actually in competition with *Science Fiction Digest*--to all the editors of the science fiction magazines. At that time, David Lasser had resigned as managing editor of *Wonder Stories*, and Hugo Gernsback needed a replacement; reading *The Fantasy Fan* led him to consider Hornig (who was then 17 years old) and give him the job. One wonders if he would have been selected had the first issue Gernsback actually read been a later one; for with the second issue, Hornig announced that the magazine would henceforth be devoted to weird, rather than science fiction.

During its career (18 issues--a very good run for the times) TFF ran a number of heretofore unpublished (or out of print) stories and articles by Clark Ashton Smith, H.P. Lovecraft, Robert E. Howard, August Derleth, etc. It is notable for being the first instance I know of where a fan found fault with a "name" author's story and was lambasted thoroughly not only by the author in question but also his literary friends.

Forrest J. Ackerman was the fan who gained this rather dubious distinction; Clark Ashton Smith's *The Light From Beyond* (*Wonder Stories*, April 1932) was the tale in question. Smith came down hard in reply, and H.P. Lovecraft and Robert H. Barlow supplied the overkill.

I didn't read those issues of TFF at the time, but many years later. And I now agree with Sam Moskowitz (in *THE IMMORTAL STORM*) that the action of Smith, Lovecraft, and Barlow, in this instance was "...unbecoming to their statures as intellectuals and authors; Ackerman was definitely entitled to his opinion, which he expressed intelligently. It happened to be his misfortune, however, to be defending science fiction as preferential to weird fiction in a magazine catering to the supporters of the latter, and also to be labelling as poor the work of a then very popular writer." (However, had I been writing letters to TFF at the time, I wouldn't have agreed with Forry, and probably would have seen nothing wrong with the author's performances.)

There were other fanzines, but I was not aware of them. Then, in 1934 Hugo Gernsback inaugurated the SCIENCE FICTION LEAGUE. It resulted in a number of fan clubs throughout the country, some of which still survive--though all reference to the SFL is now long gone. Some of these chapters began issuing official organs; and where a club was able to afford to purchase a mimeo machine, there was the chance that an individual member might make use of the facilities to put out his own personal publication. Hectography was also a possibility for the fan who had no access to a mimeograph, and a number of rather pleasing looking personal hecto fanzines began to appear later in the SFL era, 1936ff. Fans who could afford to have their publications printed professionally (as Don Wollheim, with his *Phantagraph*) did so. This was before there were such things as Hugos, or other prizes for the Best of the Year, so the "amateur-professional" question did not arise.

(Don also tried his hand at a semi-professional publication, and produced a fine initial issue of *Fanciful Tales*. Sadly, the returns were not sufficient to parlay with his own resources into continuing.)

But by 1937 the number of fanzines had proliferated to the point where it was not only expensive for a completist, like Don, to keep up with them, but difficult for any collector to know that they existed in the first place. (I remember Don complaining that some had come and gone before he even heard about them.) It was under those circumstances that Wollheim got together with other New York and East Coast fans (though those farther afield were not excluded) to start the Fantasy Amateur Press Association, late in that year. The idea was to see if we could not have *all* the fan publications under one roof. In that way, every member would receive them all. Every fan publisher would be guaranteed an audience, and he could gauge his print run (which meant something if you were running your own mimeograph or hectograph) to fit.

Don learned something about the independence of fans from that venture. FAPA was supported, but not only did a number of fan publishers decline to give up their general circulation outside of any organization; they didn't approve of what would, in effect, be a monopoly. Some members produced FAPA publications in addition to their subscription titles. Membership of FAPA was originally limited to 50, since that was the maximum number of copies one could hope to get from a single hectograph run. By the end of 1938, FAPA was well enough established so that it could survive internal power struggle crises, and the non-FAPA publications had grown still farther.

It was also between 1935 and 1938 that we began to see fan feuds reflected in the fanzines. Without trying to precis *THE IMMORTAL STORM*, they were related generally to animosities arising from unfair business dealings (or accusations of same) between fans; power struggles within and between clubs; and personalizations of political differences--the latter two elements often combined. What I do not recall seeing (a few sales in those days hardly made a fan a pro) was professional authors or authors and editors berating each other in the fanzines.

While just about all the fanzines after *Science Fiction Digest* had personal touches, my impression is that the personal type of fanzine (wherein the personal views and thoughts of the publisher took prominence and science fiction and fantasy--and sometimes even fandom itself--was hardly mentioned at all) started in FAPA. There were attempts at the "arty" type of fanzine from some members of the Futurian Society, including myself. (They are happily forgotten, and may by now even be forgiven.) I do not here refer to fanzines mostly or largely devoted to graphics, or to exploring what can be done with layout on an amateur scale, but to "artiness" in the pretentious sense satired by Gilbert and Sullivan in *Patience*. (I sometimes wonder if we might have done better had we realized that we really were a Mutual Admiration Society.)

I'll say of my own fan writings and publications only that I find some of them worth keeping as diaries of a sort. Once every other year or so, I do get a momentary urge to buy a mimeograph and start republishing *Agonize of Inuit* (not *Renascence*, despite what could pass for a plug in Dr. Wertham's *WORLD OF FANZINES*--to me, it now looks like second-stage artiness) but I find that just a short drink brings relief, and I don't even have to lie down. Nonetheless, I haven't forgotten that fanzine writing and publishing was not only highly enjoyable but valuable to me. From my beginnings as a science fiction reader up to the late 30's, I was a loner so far as acquaintance (aside from correspondence) with other science-fictionists was concerned. Like everyone else, I wanted acclaim for my efforts at writing, but since fantasy or science fiction, erotic-fantastic poetry, or comments on fantasy or science fiction was all I wanted to write, my only successful outlet was the letters department of the regular magazines or the fanzines. Being both lazy and diffident (I was sittin' behind the barn, reading *Air Wonder Stories* when the Good Lord handed out self-confidence) I elected to write mostly for sure publication (hardly any fanzine rejected any contribution in those days). Now and then I tried to sell a story or poem; the

first check arrived in 1940.

The feedback from fanzine appearances meant a lot to me. Perhaps competent criticism would have meant more--had I been able to take it; however, had it not been for fanzines, and the relationships fanzine writing led to it's very unlikely that my later career would have taken the shape it did. (I wonder whether it would have been a literary one at all.)

For those who have not read Moskowitz's book: Fanzine writing brought out both my best and worst character traits, as well as various degrees of writing skill. One of the reasons for my earlier enmity with Sam was sheer snobbery. I truly believed at the time that I had mastered English and looked down on fans (mostly younger fans) whose writing appeared crude to me. So, as Sam suspected, there *was* a basis of dislike before political zeal led me to attack him on broader grounds--but not, as he thought, only disagreement about the stature of Stanley Weinbaum. Looking back over it all reminds me of that old story about Joe, Jim, and Jake. Joe leaves town on a job and is away for quite a few years. When he comes back, he looks Jim up and asks if Jake has changed any. Nope, says Jim, but he thinks he has--always talking about what a fool he uster be.

Well, I learned over the years, and with lots of pain, that I hadn't mastered English after all. It's still a struggle and I've long since ceased to expect that I'll win it in this incarnation.

My interest in fanzines has been in and out, much like my interest in reading science fiction magazines. Time was when I collected favorites and had a fanzine brag shelf, but numerous moves required an end to that--although I find new piles mounting up these days. As with fantasy and science fiction itself, fanzines today are wonderfully proliferated, so that whatever one's tastes and preferences there's a sporting chance that a fanzine expressing them can be found. They'll survive the professional magazines, I believe, but should all those magazines disappear I wonder if the needed introducing vehicles will exist. (But perhaps I'm behind the times even in wondering whether the fantasy and science fiction magazines now play a substantial part in introducing neophytes to fanzines and fandom.)

As to whether such publications as *Locus* and *Algol* should be considered amateur magazines, and therefore eligible for the Hugo award, I see no reason why they should be excluded. No more than the *Galactic Roamers'* super-fanzine should have been excluded from the fanzine table at that 1940 or '41 Convention. (It wasn't.) Should it turn out that either Andy Porter or Charlie Brown is making a substantial part of his income from his publication, that would make it a different matter. However, I have seen or heard no evidence that such is the case, or is likely to become so. Also, neither Andy nor Charlie are professional publishers, with the resources and money to put out an "amateur" magazine which could really constitute unfair competition. (Strictly speaking, Hugo Gernsback's elaborate Christmas Cards were amateur magazines; however, had the question arisen, I think HG himself would have agreed that they should not be entered in a fanzine contest.)

As to the future of fanzines--a lot depends upon economic conditions amongst the individual fan publishers. The earliest fanzines were put out by groups of fans who pooled their nickles and dimes, and had access to some means of printing. A school or club mimeograph often made all the difference. (Hectographs were inexpensive, as I found out at the end of 1938, when I succumbed to the urge to try my hand at a newszine--but that was the best thing you could say about them.) As fans had more money to spend, their fanzines reflected increased affluence.

I do not think that the general motivations for fanzine publishing will change; there will still be large numbers of fans who have the urge and manage to achieve it, one way or another. And there will still be a (necessarily) larger number who want to read and/or contribute to one fanzine or another.

The only thing I see as possibly putting an end to fanzines in this country would be a national political dictatorship. Whether such a regime were of the left,

right, or liberal-labor center would make little difference. Any such government would have all the technical means of repression (which have proliferated alarmingly in this century, as the histories of Soviet Russia, National Socialist Germany, and the People's Republic of China, etc. have demonstrated) behind it; and the mentality and especially the *esprit* revealed and nurtured by fanzines is something that no truly repressive government could or would tolerate. Such publications would have to be genuine underground ones--not the phony "underground" publications that one can buy on newsstands, despite local bans here and there.

Such a happening is possible, but I don't see it as very probable in the immediate future.

-----ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

...an excerpt from Doc's letter which came with the mss.:

It's not exactly a history of early fanzines, but my reminiscences relating to part of the history. I ended where I did (instead of going on to the later FAPA, Vanguard APA, and Spectator Club) because I'd have wound up with 50 pages otherwise! Anyway, those subjects can be handled later if the readers and/or yourself would be interested--although next time I do want to get to comment on some of the very perceptive remarks that some OW readers made about my column on interpreting HPL.

...needless to say, I have already expressed my desire for the continuation; if you would like to add your vote...

Since this issue of OW will (probably) be postmailed to the 151st Mailing of FAPA (to save my membership, once again!) ... and given the extensive Tucker and Lowndes mentions, some of you might be interested to know that Ye Olde Organization is, indeed, still going. Like fanzines, sf, me, and everything else, it has had its ups and downs. I'm not quite sure what you would call the current status, but the February mailing [#150] had 40 items totaling 407 pages. (There are reasons why the Feb. bundle is usually considerably larger than some others...)

If interested, you too can be a member of Fandom's Own Senior Citizens Home...eventually. The opening paragraphs of The FAPA Constitution:

- I. FUNCTION: The Fantasy Amateur Press Association (FAPA) operates in the general field of amateur activity that has grown up around interest in fantasy fiction. Its quarterly mailings distribute to its members material written or published by members.
- II. MEMBERS:
 - 2.1 Not more than 65 persons can be members of FAPA at any one time.
 - 2.2 Membership is open to anyone who can show, as proof of his interest in fantasy amateur activity, the existence of one of the following credentials:
 - 2.21 That he has had contributions, in the form of verse, drawings, fiction or non-fiction, published in two fantasy amateur publications that were not produced in the same metropolitan area.
 - 2.22 That he has been the editor or publisher, in a real sense, of at least one issue of a fantasy amateur publication (fanzine).
 - 2.3 An individual who desires to join FAPA shall send to the Secretary-Treasurer an application stating his desire to join, and citing credentials as described under section 2.2 of this constitution. The credentials must have been published not more than one year prior to the date of the application. ...

There is a lot more...but that should open the door, if you are interested. The current S-T is Bill Evans, 14100 Canterbury Ln, Rockville, MD 20853. Don't say I sent you; I'm not sure Bill will appreciate it! (And give him some time to answer...please.) I said "eventually" up there: there is a waiting list, currently at 26, which means you could get in in 2-3 years. Don't cringe; it took me between 5 and 6 years, as I recall (I try not to) on that WL before I got in. You young folks have it so easy... Yes.

Jon Inouye

The Crudzine Counter-Culture

...in association with Drs. Lucas Madrigas and
Marjorie Stimson

CRUDZINES ARE NECESSARY to the health and welfare of American society. This is no mere understatement. Research conducted at the University of California at Berkeley proves conclusively that crudzines can, and will restore health and sanity in a society that is sick, sick, sick. And double-sick.

THE FUNCTION OF CRUDZINES IN BIOLOGICAL TERMS

Recent tests conducted on rats and pigs show that five out of every ten pigs, and ten out of every eleven rats, eat crudzines if one is placed in a cage with them, and no other food is available. Tests conducted on university students show that if stranded on a desert island with nothing but a crudzine, close to 50% of university students will read it. It is also shown that crudzines make good foot rests, and that in drive-in theatres, crudzines can be placed beneath unmentionables to get a clearer view of any X-rated flick.

Dr. Lucas Madrigas, Director of Research at Berkeley, says, "Crudzines are of immense interest to the health and stability of their creators, when one considers their value in the ecosystem as a whole. As we know, everything we eat and let out is absorbed by the biosphere (the living environment) and recycled to good 'ole Motha Nature.

"Crudzines are produced in such great numbers that they are quickly becoming an important percentage of the total wasterials on earth."

Along with crudzines, the breakdown is as follows:

Porno books	.00000000009
Science fiction (prozines)	.009
Comic books	
Superman	.000000000000000010
Batman	.000000000 1/8 and two rabbits tails
Political speeches, religious cults, Watergate, and others	.004
Playboy	.00000000000000000003
Playgirl	.1
The Weekly Journal of the American Nazi Party	.00009
McDonalds Hamburgers (Over eight million sold)	.004
Supermarket Items (potatoes, fruits, sugar, and other BNFS)	.000004
Major Circulation Magazines	.008
Outworlds	(data withheld)
Nylon Stockings	(currently in research)
Los Angeles freeway corpses	.0000000000000000000010
Egoboo residues from BNAs	.07
Crudzines (at last)	.00000016 and five stamps

From the above data, Dr. Madrigas conducted other tests with his associate, Dr. Marjorie Stimson at San Francisco State. In an earth-shattering paper entitled, *Crudzines and Mother Nature*, she proved conclusively that her dogs ate, over a ten day period, crudzines faster than any other brand. But she added, significantly, that they died of over-gafiation. In this paper, she showed that crudzines DO indeed contribute a vast percentage to the waste products being circulated in the ecosystem.

"My daughters published a crudzine. But when I discovered this, I gathered all their dirty crudzines and ran into the back yard, whereon I tore them into tiny little pieces and screamed obscenities at the neighbor, who I believe is a nature freak and a pervert at that. I let the

crudzines fall piece by piece on the grass, where they would return to Nature. I heard a few whistles, as this resembled many male chauvinistic notions. I looked at another neighbor, who believed he was still in Korea and was using a broomstick like some rifle. He pointed his stick at me and threw dog food. Fortunately, the dogs wouldn't eat the poisoned food. Three days earlier, the dogs had eaten ALL the crudzines, including the fanzine review sections. The dogs were dead and, thanks to the ecosystem, I let them lie there, soon to be engulfed by Mother Nature's almighty tides. As I walked in to cook dinner, I thought of Rachel Carlson and Helen Keller."

Meanwhile, in Berkeley, Dr. Madrigas, having received news of Dr. Stimson's results, was in ecstasy. "I had just finished read THE DOUBLE HELIX by James D. Watson, and I decided to start my own crudzine on the emerging DOUBLE HELIX fandom."

Adding up the figures through IBM computer, the historic breakdown of waste products in relation to crudzines was finally reached.

"It had never occurred to anyone before," he later said, one year after publication of his famous crudzine experiments. "I can't say why. Oftentimes, as with all great scientific discoveries, the simplest, most obvious things miss attention. This is the case with crudzines."

CRUDZINES AND TRASH

Three years later, Dr. Madrigas received a note from Dr. Stimson, calling him a male chauvenistic crud piece. Dr. Madrigas cursed all women in the world, calling them "seeds of sin." Rushing quickly to the church, he showed Rev. Mark Antonio Allanza the note. Apparently the cause of the break in relations was a crudzine published by Dr. Madrigas. The crudzine was title *Syphillis*, and was an intense, serious study of that disease on apparently unaffected females.

CRUDZINES AND THE EMERGING COUNTER-CULTURE

Many poets have emerged from within the pages of crudzines. One of them was J. Marcus Scanner, noted science fiction writer. His first works, *What I Did During My Summer Vacation*, and *Attack of the Queen Men*, were considered classics of their type. Of course, in coming years, Scanner would be a well-known underground sf writer.

Noted feminists have also risen from the ranks of crudzines. One of them was Julia D. Bunni. Ms. Bunni's first political actions occurred within a fanzine called *Spring Fever*, a women's consciousness mag. In her credo, she announced all men as "sick, outrageous pigs." She stated that she could take on any man in any game they chose. Results far excelled expectations, and Ms. Bunni would later emerge as the Queen of X-rated flicks.

CRUDZINES AND TELEVISION

It was found that most crudzines drew potential audiences from television. It was known that 50% of all crudzine consumers read crudzines instead of watching commercials in the interim. Many television sponsors were quickly becoming aware of that fact, and a major campaign to stamp out crudzines began in April of 1972. The fear that many sponsors had of crudzine competition soon jaded, however, as a poll conducted in the sf prozine, *Incredible*, soon revealed that of the 50% of supposedly crudzine consumers, near half that number used crudzines as place mats for potato chips, balogna sandwiches, and other things.

CRUDZINES AND THE EARTH

If crudzines were, in some halocaust, to vanish instantaneously, the biological stability of the planet would be drastically affected. The first victims would be birds,

dogs, and other assorted animals. Other victims would be grass, trees, shrubs--things which constitute a well-made crudzine.

The clouds surrounding earth would suddenly thicken. The temperature, according to Dr. Lucas Madrigas, would "drop immensely, until a new ice era in mankind's history would begin." Following this, many species would quickly become extinct. The Bi-Spectacled Fantrudontis, and other lesser-known creatures, would perish. "In addition," he added, "God almighty himself may well step down and stamp in us with his tennis shoes."

Most experts share the belief that earth would be engulfed in vast tidal waves, therefore destroying all

human civilization. "If it weren't for crudzines," said Madrigas, "we could have another dark age."

CRUDZINES AND THE UNIVERSE

Crudzines are the focal point, according to Dr. Madrigas, at which men are glued to earth. "Man is held to earth by trash, dirty little girls with mud on their faces, and money. In the final run, crudzines prevent us from reaching heaven, and rightly so. Destroy the crudzines, and we shall all perish from earth and touch heaven at last. Therefore, God created crudzines so that man may suffer and serve Him in humbleness and faith."

-----JON INOUE

AS YOU MAY HAVE GATHERED, you are getting this issue's "editorial" in installment form...wherever I have a line...

Thus far, only one person has commented on the fact that, yes, the 'inside' covers of #23 were a connected sequence. Whether that means the rest of you found it obvious, or didn't notice the link--I'm not sure, but it's all part of a rather strange tale. (Strange even for me...even for OW.)

The goal was to have #23 ready to distribute at this year's Marcon. To that end, believe me, I worked at it! The game plan was to have the same printer who did 21/22, do the 'guts' of 23; do it on white 50# offset, rather than the newsprint. Since the printer couldn't handle 'cover' stock, I was going to have them paste-bind the 32 inside pages...and have the cover run off elsewhere. And, rather than going thru the process of stapling the cover to the rest of the issue, and then re-trimming, I was going to send it out loose...a sort of tabless file folder style. Which is why the inside covers were done the way they were.

As you saw, the actuality was something else.

Marcon began Friday, the 21st. On Monday the 10th, at about 10pm, after a day of work followed by school, and following an almost sleepless non-stop weekend of putting the pieces of an issue together, I dropped the 32 pasteups off at the printer. The cover and the pasteup for the mailing envelopes were already at the other printer.

Fine so far; I'd been assured I'd get it back no later than the 18th or 19th.

Thursday morning. March 13, 1975. (Not 1875!) The phone at work rang, and the woman (about my age) who was the production manager for the plant called, identified herself, and gave me the good news:

"Bill...I'm sorry, but we can't print this."

Yes.

So I took the afternoon off, drove up to get my banned pasteups, drove across to my previous printer, drove home and collapsed. Roughly a hundred miles...and why?

Now to talk of censorship is fine; to print columns such as Doc Lowndes' in #21 is to shake one's head and say, do such things really happen?

To experience censorship is a complete wipeout.

I'm a relatively passive fellow normally; I don't jump and shout, rant and rave. If anything, I've been accused of speaking too softly to be heard. When I get hot or start to lose control, my solution is to leave until I cool down, and then come back and attempt to deal with the situation. (There's a definite reason for this line of behavior--something that happened [almost] in childhood, something that still frightens me to this day, almost 20 years later.) I will not lose my temper to the extent that I could strike another human being.

My initial reaction to the phone call? No, it wasn't anger. It was a sense of hurt, a sinking feeling in the stomach...a thousand "why me?"'s. That, I'm good at.

I was civil to the lady during both phone calls that day; to have been otherwise would have been to sink to their level. I did ask why they wouldn't print it. She replied that they didn't need the business that bad. I pointed out that there were no words in 23 "worse" than those in 21/22, which they had printed (and taken my money for) without a peep. She said they hadn't read it.

Again, and again, I asked what it was about 23 that made it impossible for them to print. All she would say

was that while they didn't question my right to publish what I wanted, they didn't have to be the one to print it. I asked if there were any written guidelines of forbidden words or material for someone like me to follow. She said, "No, how can you put something like that down on paper?"

So, your guess as to what caused the ban is as good as mine. My guess is that it was the Gilson illo (which, as I told Stuart--was because of my upbringing one of the most difficult descisions I've ever had to make re: OW) or any one part or the whole of the Canfield material...parts of which I found uncomfortable, but not to the extent of not being willing to publish it.

At first, I was going to send an explanation sheet along with 23, telling my tale of woe. But in the end, I told only a few people, and waited to see what you, the readers would have to say. To date, while not everyone liked everything, by any means, no one has suggested that any portion of #23 should have been forbidden seeing print.

That isn't the complete end. After receiving that phone call, I called up Joe (who'd been my printer up until the newsprint issue), explained my problem, and yelled Help! He said he'd get it done in time for me to take to the con, that he'd do it for the price the other place had quoted, and to bring it on up. He also said..."well, you've always been a little raunchy, Bowers." Thanks Joe, I needed that!

The 20th. The night before we were to leave for Columbus. I went up to Ellet to pick up a batch to take down for the con. They were sealed neatly in wrap, but I found an untrimmed copy, picked it up and thumbed thru it. (When you mimeo an issue, you can build "your" copy as you go along; when you have someone else do it, you see it all at once, and it's a bit to take in. Still it looked good.)

But...wait a minute...oh, no! Not again.

That sudden sinking feeling. Again. Why me? Again.

"How many copies have you got stapled and trimmed, Joe?"

"About eight or nine hundred. Is something wrong?"

Well, the Fabian cover was on the *inside* front cover; upside down. And Sultzter's inside front cover was the front cover, bigger than day. Everyone knows that you put the title on the cover, right? Wrong. Not when you're Bowers!

To end the story, they reran the covers (though the coverage wasn't as good on the smaller press), and had a couple hundred ready to go with me the following afternoon. The margins were now a bit tighter than I'd hoped, because of the second trimming, but overall it came out rather well, I think. And I did get it to Marcon...

It's an issue I won't forget soon!

Shortly after Marcon, I ended up in the hospital for five days. The above probably had a little to do with it, as well as an encounter at work where I told a couple of my bosses my attitude about their "attitude survey" and what they could do with it. (I am not completely passive.)

The diagnosis was that I've reawakened my ulcer, and that I also have a hiatus ~~hernia~~ hernia. Look that up in your Funk & Wagnell's.

...I worked up enough nerve, after I was home a few days, to look it up in a medical dictionary.

What I found is that it is common in overweight people, people over fifty, and sometimes after childbirth in women. Where that leaves a skinny 31 year old male, I'm not quite sure. I think I ought to protest...but to whom?

Dave Locke

Please Don't Write Around



The

Illos

THERE ARE A NUMBER of axioms which shape the layout of our daily lives. Since childhood we have learned them by rote. They serve to protect us from folly, because they are the black-and-white truths of our existence.

"Never grab a tiger by the tail" undoubtedly originated in India, but is still used in the U.S.A. despite the scarcity of tigers in suburbia. Children of wealthy parents are told: "Don't pee on the electric fence." Alaskan waifs learn: "Don't eat the yellow snow."

Neofans learn: "Don't write around the illos."

This is taboo, mainly because it forces the eyes of the readers to move in strange patterns: hopping, skipping, and jumping. The only instance when it doesn't cause ocular malfunction is when the readers decide to ignore the particular offending paragraph. It should also be noted, concerning the matter of writing around illustrations, that this is probably the safest place to use a dng.

Old and tired fans, I might point out, are allowed to write around the illos. But only for nostalgic purposes.

Now that we've learned our axiom, let's move on to today's two topics of study. They are: The Lettercolumn, and, Pricing: The Marketing Of Your Fanzine.

The Lettercolumn, then.

I have learned, over the years, that there probably isn't too much you can do to a lettercol to ruin it. Conversely, there isn't much you can do to it to make it successful, either. If this sounds confusing to you, bear with me while I muddy the waters a little further.

There are some basic decisions you have to make with regard to your lettercol, but they are all based on the presumption that you do indeed receive a few letters of comment. If you don't receive any, or if the only ones you receive come from your mother and Harry Warner, Jr., you have a much different decision to make and we'll cover that subject in a later article (entitled: EGOBOO: HOW TO FILE FOR BANKRUPTCY).

The first problem is length. It would be wise to establish, within your brain, a rough goal for the length of your lettercol. Why? Well, you don't want it to go on for *too* long (reference my future article: OVEREXTENDED LETTERCOL: HOW TO FILE FOR BANKRUPTCY), and you don't want to have to cut it off--as the result of poor planning--before you've gotten down to some of the real sterling comments that you received (particularly the ones from Harry and your mom). How? Well, that's really up to you, but the basis for your decision should be some comparison with the length of the non-lettercol material which you've already stencilled up (a ratio basis, perhaps, like for example one page of lettercol for every two pages of non-lettercol material) or else a total overall page limit. Regarding the latter, stencil up all your other material before you tackle the lettercol (except the editorial, but establish a fixed number of pages for that to run). If you wind up with twenty pages, how many more do you wish to devote to letters? In this context, your decision is a little easier. Not much, but a little.

The next problem is sequence. You've already established a quota, now how do you squeeze everything worthwhile into it? That's a damned good question. Do I have an answer? Well, I have one answer. Try this: Put your letters in a rough sequence of quality, with the best letter on top. Take your second best letter and set it to one side (we'll get back to it later, if you haven't used

it for a beer-mat). Start with the top of the stack and just keep stencilling letters until you get close to the end of your quota. At that point, wrap up the lettercol using your second-best letter. Why did we do all this juggling? Well, it's either that, or some version of that, or you maybe end up with a last letter (a final note to say Sayonara; the dessert course; the last word in your fanzine) that says: "I sure liked your fanzine, but I sure can't think of anything to say about it."

Now maybe we should talk about editing. Editing the lettercol. Surely we don't want to print all the godawful tripe that these wonderful people say to us, do we? Of course not. Where do we start? Well, let's start by taking our blue pencil and drawing it through all the lines that say: "I sure liked your fanzine, but I sure can't think of anything to say about it." And, much as our contributors are starving for egoboo, you might want to consider racing your blue pencil through things like: "John's article (*Snowshoeing Through New York City*) was pretty good. More, please." How about: I got *Glandular Extract #2* the other day, and thought I'd better sit down and jot you a LoC before something more important arrived to divert my attention." Yeah, that can go. How about: "Thanks for treating me to my first issue of *Thor's Armpit*. It was worth every one of the hundred pennies I stuck to the sheet of fly paper I sent you last month." Cross that one out, too. Also: "Have to quit writing now. The old nit picker is pushing his cart up the street & I've got 10 Glad Bags full of nits in the utility room I've got to get out on the parkway for him." Also: "*Satan's Crotch* arrived, and good reading it was, too." Don't be afraid to cut out: "So there it is: my rushed, sloppy, fragmented LoC." Or: "I'm afraid that I've got to quit now. Thanks, and I'm looking forward to #2." Cut all the road apples and meadow muffins from these letters, and get down to the real juice. And don't forget to cut out all duplicate comments (you don't want to have something said ten times).

All of the above quotes, with the name of the fanzine changed, were taken from LoCs written on the last issue of *Awry*. Somehow I doubt that any of these lines will see print. They were used, most every one of them, without any thought that they might be printed. They were just there. It's up to you to cut them out before transferring the letters to stencil.

Moving right along, up comes the matter of editorial interjections. Where, how, and how much--those are the questions. Where: 1) wherever you please, 2) at the end of each letter, 3) at the end of the lettercolumn. Choose door #1, door #2, or door #3. Door #2 is usually your best bet, with a little bit of door #1 thrown in for good measure. Generally it breaks up a letter too much if you keep interjecting comment hither and yon whenever the mood strikes you. And communication generally breaks down if you save all your comments for an 'editorial comment section' at the very end of the lettercol. It's not taboo to break into a letter with an editorial comment, but the practice should be used sparingly. How: your comments should be distinctly separated from the reader's comments. If you're publishing by ditto, use a different color for your comments. If you have a Selectric, use a different typeface. Otherwise, you need a gimmick. ((The double-paren, like this, is in common usage.)) Or invent something. Like: ()() this ()(), or this, or +++ this +++ or ooo this ooo, or that, or whatever. Another system

is to use a larger margin for setting off the editorial comment. The following paragraph is an example of that.

How much: don't go overboard. If you hog the lettercol with too much of your own wordage, you're going to piss people off. *Be* there, but don't get piggish.

By gosh, that covers just about everything one needs to say about a lettercolumn, doesn't it?

No, not really. You see, there's more than one way to run a lettercol. The standard way is to print letter A, followed directly by letter B, and then moving on to letter C, and D, and E, and like that. But there are, you see, other ways.

I don't know who originated the practice, but Donn Brazier and I brought the "segmented lettercol" into popular usage (I have a notarized letter from Donn stating that he acknowledges my having used this idea eight days before he did, and he has a notarized letter from me stating that I assign all rights and royalties to him for the next two years or more--or however long it takes me to get over being tired of using the segmented lettercol). I've seen at least a dozen faneditors using it, off and on, during the last couple of years. Basically what it consists of is separating or segmenting your readers' letters by subject matter, and printing all comments on topic #1, all comments on topic #2, topic #3, etc., separately. It's a lot of work, without a doubt. You might want to experiment with it once, to see if it's for you.

I've abandoned the practice, and moved to a variation of the segmented lettercol. You will often find that one particular subject received a lot of comment from the readers, and that you can publish a feature, or forum, consisting of all the comments on that one particular subject together with your own editorial comments. Everything else that the readers have to say can then be printed in the regular lettercol. This is the best of possible worlds, actually, because you are both segmenting the lettercol and leaving it basically free-form at the same time (removing only one subject does very little, if anything, to harm the free-wheeling nature of the usual lettercolumn). Sometimes I have used, as that "one subject", the egoboo on the previous issue's articles and artwork--publishing those comments in a separate section entitled EGObOO ROW. But when you fool around with the lettercol you're playing with gossamer wings. Sometimes you can play with them without tearing the hell out of them, and sometimes you can't; it all depends on the letters themselves. Often they are not altogether, or at all, suitable for segmenting. There aren't any distinctions I can offer you with regard to this--you'll have to learn them by experimentation (i.e.: fooling around). Have fun. It *is* fun.

I said earlier that there isn't much you can do to ruin a lettercol, or to make it successful, either. Let me explain that. If we throw aside all exceptions, there are only two types of fans out there. Those that like long lettercols, and those that like short lettercols. For reasons which may be obvious, it's awful damned hard to please both of them. If you spend a devil of a lot of time with your LoCs, trimming the dross, trimming the less interesting comments until all that remains is pure gold, and then publishing a relatively short but definitely superior lettercol, a lot of the fans out there will love it. If you print all the letters which you receive, with just the barest of editing to get rid of the dross, your lettercol will become unreasonably long and a lot of the fans out there will love it. It's hard to win and hard to lose.

That's enough about lettercolumns. Let's move along to our last topic for today, entitled Pricing: The Marketing Of Your Fanzine.

This one requires a little thought; if you don't give it a little thought, you probably won't see any reason for thinking about it in the first place. You might even be happier if you don't give it any thought, but I want to talk about it for the simple reason that I don't like to suffer alone.

The first thing to ask yourself is whether or not you wish to offer your fanzine on a cash basis. This isn't as goofy a question as it sounds, because your answer will have a measured effect upon both your fanzine's circulation and the number of letters of comment which you will receive. There is also the question of whether or not you wish to be in the business of manufacturing a product (your fanzine) for money.

If it is your intention to help defray the costs of your fanzine by offering subscriptions, it is to your advantage to carefully calculate the total costs involved and to set a selling price which returns a reasonable per-copy profit (let's stress the "per copy" bit, because we still aren't in the age where you can return a profit on your total production run).

If you are contemplating a break-even subscription price, I urge you to think further. It may be altruistic to offer your fanzine for sale on a non-profit basis, but frankly you are screwing yourself and you are allowing your subscribers to screw you as well. Look at the matter realistically. By offering your fanzine for money, your subscribers are under no obligation to give you anything further--and here we speak in terms of LoCs and trades. So what are you getting? You're getting nothing. What are you giving? You're giving the time and effort involved in cranking out and putting together and mailing all those subscription copies. You would be better off to either realize a profit for all that extra work, or to cut out the extra work and do away with subscriptions.

If you wish to offer your fanzine for subscription, you might wish to avoid offering it for money. Huh? Listen, I've been driven up the wall for a few years now over the matter of offering a sample copy of *Awry* for \$1 cash or international money order. Why? Because reviewers invariably leave off the wording "cash or international money order," and I wind up with a mess of \$1 checks. Buck Coulson once stated something to the effect that "at the bank I'm known at the person with all the small checks". They're a pain in the ass. From now on I offer a sample copy of *Awry* for ten 10¢ stamps (or \$1 international money order). Being a fan, they're as useful as all hell. It will save me the trouble of running to the bank with a pocketful of small checks, and it will also serve to reduce the number of trips I make to the post office (which is not one of my favorite places to visit). You might consider the idea--it could possibly be quite useful to you.

If you're not particularly interested in realizing a small profit on a small number of subscriptions, you might consider not offering your fanzine on a subscription basis. Ask yourself: what are you really publishing for? Let's throw aside the enjoyment you get out of the creativeness involved, and get right down to the subjects of egoboo and communication. A fanzine is a wonderful vehicle for obtaining other people's fanzines (via a trade arrangement). But, to me, the best return on a fanzine is the letters of comment. Do not count on subscribers sending you letters of comment. There's no reason why they should, and consequently they seldom do. Keep in mind this golden truism (which is pretty universally true in our microcosm, with the possible exception of such long-running subscription fanzines as *Yandro*): The only feedback that you can count on from subscribers is money. If you are primarily interested in egoboo and communication, and little or not at all interested in the possible cash angles involved in subscriptions, don't bother offering your zine for subscriptions. You will cut your circulation down to "active" readers--those who trade, and those who letterhack. Many people, I have found, are willing to subscribe if you allow them to. If you don't, and they want your fanzine, they will write LoCs.

There are four reasons why I publish a fanzine: 1) I like to provide a forum for myself and for my friends. 2) I enjoy the creative aspect of putting a fanzine together. 3) I prefer to trade for other fanzines; I am not a letterhack, I don't have the time to contribute articles to all of the fanzines which I enjoy receiving, nor can I really afford to subscribe to all of the fanzines I wish to get. 4) I love getting letters of comment.

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE 917...)

Susan Wood

Energwoman



IT WAS THE SPORTS SHIRT I noticed first, a flamboyant plaid--that, and the grin. The crewcut was grey, the eyes young, the man himself any age at all, yours or mine. He was joking with Juanita Coulson in the St. Louiscon con suite, and handing out shocking-pink buttons that said: "Rosebud uber alles."

"Rosebud?" I enquired softly of my companion, Mike Glicksohn. The man looked at us, admiring our stripey robes and long hair. "Hi Mike," he said, "Like your outfit," and to me "We're all hippies, no matter what we wear--we've never conformed." Then he told me The Rosebud Story.

That's how I met Walt Liebscher. That's when I decided that if fans were all like this--fascinating talkers, friendly to neos--then fandom was a world I wanted to live in.

Walt Liebscher is one of the legendary people of fandom, and not just because of Bob Tucker's odd sense of humor and a flowery euphemism, either. In the mid-40's he lived in the Battle Creek Slan Shack, the fannish commune, where he sported a crew cut and ghodawful plaid shirts, and produced a beautiful fanzine called *Chanticleer* (after Chaucer's fast-talking cock) from a room called Chanticleering. Then he and his friends piled into an old car and headed for LA. "We're all hippies" indeed!

Walt also happens to be one of the world's Fine People. He told me once that when he was a neo, at the Denvention I think, sitting all alone in the lobby, he was invited to dinner and a party, made to feel welcome, part of the family, by one of the Older Ghods of fandom. Since then, he said, he's tried to pass on some of the kindness shown a shy neo thirty years ago by Robert Heinlein.

I got to know Walt better, after the St. Louiscon, as the author of bawdy, sentimental, word-mangling letters to *Energumen*, of punning articles there and in *Moebius Tulp*: Liebscher the Lexicologist, making words jump through hoops. Then I went to the '73 Westercon. Who was sitting in the hotel bar surrounded by laughter, wearing a big grin, a crewcut, and a patchwork plaid shirt in seventeen previously-undiscovered color combinations but Walt himself, ready to adopt me as a Heinlein Foundation Protegee.

"Hi, Walt!" I hugged him. "There are palm trees outside!"

"Hi, Susan! You've never seen a palm tree before?"--and he bounced outside with me to touch one. A cable car went by, jangling. I gawked, the Ostentatious Tourist. "You've never seen San Francisco? Oh, I love it, let me show you..." So we took cable cars up and down hills. We wandered round Ghiradelli Square, looking in the shop windows at all the plaid and patchwork shirts, and I said sure, I'd make him a plaid caftan. We ate icecream. We wandered around Fisherman's Wharf. We talked about the city, and fandom, and everything-under-the-sun. We zoomed round the harbour in a helicopter, both of us giggling and acting about nine years old. Finally, hand in hand, we rode the cable car back to the hotel. I was starting to

droop. Walt, grin and plaid shirt still vibrant, acting about twenty years younger than me, swept me along to the parties.

At TORCON, I handed Walt a package: one blue-and-red patchwork caftan, made from the material he'd chosen. The effect, especially with a blue-and-red propellor beanie, was... remarkable. While I stood blinking, Walt kissed my cheek and handed me a package.

Chanticleer. His last spare set.

I'm sitting here still recovering from a succession of moves including two installments of 1600 miles, contemplating yet another move of 1600 miles followed by a jaunt to Melbourne. Mostly what I'm contemplating is the sheer nuisance value of material possessions, especially printed matter. Books are heavy, bulky, awkward, easily damaged and a nuisance to ship and store. I grumble that, if I didn't need them to earn my living, I wouldn't keep them around. Beside me as I type, though, are three bound volumes of fanzines. These travel with me; these I'd rush to save from burning buildings. One was my first fanzine; one won a Hugo; and one is *Chanticleer*.

I remember Walt at TORCON, gleefully playing with the Gestetner display equipment, hoping to reissue some pages of Channy. The coloured paper didn't provide enough contrast for the temperamental electronic stencil cutter, though. He was disappointed, a little, but... "I wonder if I could start publishing again? You know, Channy was a good fanzine. And it was fun..." Meantime, he was breaking into pro markets: A story in *STRANGE BEDFELLOWS*, a paperback collection of his stories and wordplays called *ALIEN CARNIVAL*, and "Hey, Susan, Alicia Austin's illustrating my first story for *Vertex*! Isn't that great?"

Walt Liebscher, as enthusiastic as a kid at his first worldcon, with that grin and the crewcut and those neon-sign shirts. So alive I didn't want to believe the news coming from the '74 Marcon, where Bob Tucker told Walt's friends that he'd had a serious stroke, was partly paralysed, was recovering, but very slowly.

The last letter I had from Tucker contained good news: "Walt Liebscher is alive and well and up and around, and at least once has gone out to a party. I spoke to him on the phone around Christmastime, and he was doing very well indeed... Here's the newest dope: Walt Liebscher, c/o Abby Lu Fuller, 5341 Raphael St., Los Angeles, CA 90041." ((Abby Lu Fuller, Tucker added, is the former Abby Lu Ashley of Slan Shack. Fandom certainly is a small family.))

Walt is recovering, and I'm delighted to hear it--and not just because I've never heard him tell the story about The Rooster Who Wore Red Pants. He'd appreciate fanzines, I know. He'll get this one. And I publicly promise, Walt, that when you recover enough to publish *Chanticleer* #8, I'll scour the continent for plaid paper for the covers!

Meantime, I have the first seven issues of *Chanticleer* to admire. This wasn't Walt's only fanzine, by a long shot and a multitude of one shots. It was his favourite, though, and no wonder. Even Father William could learn

from its graphics.

Chanticleer is an education for any '70's fan who thinks that, in the dark ages B.E. (before electrostencils --before, for that matter, Selectric typewriters, inexpensive offset, fancy covers and Bill Rotsler) fanzines were badly-mimeographed collections of clever but unembellished words. I mean no disrespect to Channy's words, impressively mimeographed on heavy white stock: wit and serious commentary from the editor and Bob Tucker, even some fanfic from Harry Warner, Jr. The words are not, however, what you notice first.

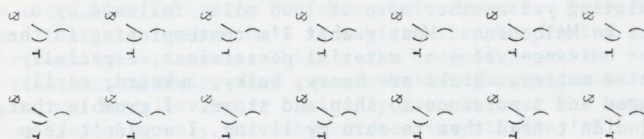
The cover, by Jack Wiedenbeck of *Slan Shack*, is a knockout. The Rooster, silkscreened in three colours, flaunts himself and his red pants. Inside, Walt with his stylized Wiedenbeck himself have cut more of the latter's artwork, including an impressive full-page fantasy nude with serpents and robots and various creatures which introduces the book review section in every issue. (Sense of Wonder.)

By issue #7, the silkscreen covers have given way to heavy construction paper, with a simple title in a decorative border. The Wiedenbeck artwork vanishes after two issues. Walt still has his shading plates and typewriter, though, and all the articles feature decorative frames, painstakingly cut or carefully tapped out.

- (*) There are borders like this (*)
- (*) all around poems (*)
- (*) or, if you prefer, pomes. (*)

-/- Borders like -/-
-/- this, too. -/-

Walt even turned a stencil sideways, in #5, to make a whole page of



roosters. Sixty-six of them. That, faneds, is devotion.

Best of all, *Chanticleer* features Walt's trademark, his typeface faces. They grin around dreadful pomes by "Ogden Nash Rooster".

- | | | |
|-------|---|-------|
| (α α) | The pain through his belly did permeate | (α α) |
| ((-)) | All on account of the wermeate. | ((-)) |
| (. .) | Have you ever felt | (. .) |
| ((:)) | When the weather gets hotter | ((:)) |
| | You'd like to go nude | |
| (v v) | But hadn't otter. | (v v) |
| ((o)) | | ((o)) |

(o o)

One stares ((.)) from the last page of *Chanticleer* #7, stencilled just before the 1946 Worlcon--stares into a non-existent future rich with the promise of a Robert Bloch column and the Pacificon: "I look forward to four days without sleep, and about 200 fans. That is the most delightful dissipation I know of."

The material itself is hard to excerpt. Walt tried to make *Chanticleer* "a sort of reference book for fantasy book hunters," with "a plethora of book reviews." Unfortunately, the books F.T. Laney dismissed in 1945 are even less interesting today. (The notable exception is C.S. Lewis' *PERELANDRA*, which Willy Ley in a lengthy review dismissed as "a thoroughly bad book." He objected to the central characters: "Mr. Lewis seems never to have seen a scientist in the flesh, else he would not ascribe to them the behaviour of slave traders and of those politicians which have made a bad name for all politicians.") In various issues Bob Tucker, Harry Warner, F.T. Laney, Doc Lowndes and other notable fen of the era discuss their favorite fantasy stories; Donn Brazier presents *Evidence for Slan*, and he and Laney tell how they discovered fantasy. Laney even contributes an introduction to jazz. The preoccupations of thirty years ago are interesting enough, but nothing stands out.

Chanticleer's famed humour, too, brings either a groan or a puzzled look. Much of it is in-groupish. The best parts consist of a sort of verbal volleyball match, starring Tucker and Liebscher, with assistance from the *Slan Shack* in the first five issues (before the hegira to LA) and from readers like Bloch. The lettercol, *Chanticlucks*, is full of jokes and merry insults. All this gives Channy a nice friendly feeling, but that too is hard to excerpt. *Chanticleer* alive and crowing is a different bird from a trussed rooster carved up on a platter.

One of the pieces which can be served up, I think, is Bob Bloch's column from issue #7. Fanzines like Channy no longer cost 15¢, but not much else has changed: Not even the '40's controversy over whether fanzines should deal with sf and prodrom--or with fans and fandom.

XX
XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX ROBERT BLOCH'S FANTASY XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
XX

TODAY, everybody collects fan magazines. It is hard to observe this craze without being overwhelmed by an almost irresistible apathy.

Of course, fan magazines offer a big field. And when you go into a big field, you have to be careful or you might step on something.

I was talking to a well-known collector just the other day--in fact, I talked to him so long, he nearly dropped his shovel. He gave me many valuable tips. (Butts, tips--what's in a name?)

Before we go any further (if, indeed, we do go any further; personally I'd like to get off right here and lie down) we better define our terms.

To begin with, what is a magazine?

The dictionary says a magazine is a place in which powder is stored.

Now, what is a fan?

Again according to the dictionary, a fan is something that blows.

Put them all together and you have a powder-blower.

Now this may come in very handy for milady's boudoir, but you won't find many fan magazines there. At least, I never have. But then again, maybe I wasn't looking for them.

So let's get out of the boudoir (COME ON, get out, I said!) and get back to fan magazines. We'll throw away the dictionary, too. It isn't used much in fan magazines anyway, I notice.

At the present time, according to the latest World Almanac, there are 11,563 different fan magazines published in the United States alone.

The same source estimates there are only 115-1/2 active fans.

This means they have to do a helluva lot of collecting.

Remember, too, that some of these magazines come out monthly, some semi-monthly, some weekly, and some only come out when they can see their shadows.

All of this means one thing... your true lover of fantastic fiction must spend so much time reading the fan publications that he cannot, under any circumstances, ever get a chance to read any professionally published fantasy books or magazines.

As a matter of fact, your true died-in-the-wollheim fan hates professional publications, because:

- 1) They are printed without typographical errors.
- 2) The contents are written in English, or reasonable facsimile.
- 3) They don't have funny borders of filler-lines at the bottom of the pages. ((As the star borderer of fandom I resent that remark!))
- 4) They contain stories and such stuff, thus taking up valuable space which could otherwise be devoted to letters about fans.
- 5) All professionally written fantastic fiction is an insult to the intelligence of fandom because it deals with imaginative happenings. Fans, as you know, are so-called because they are interested only in sex, religion, scientific formulae and equations, politics, and each other.

- 6) Worst of all, no professional publication has yet been devised so that it can be mailed folded into 18 parts, stapled 12 times, sealed all over, and bent so it arrives in ribbons.

Of course, this doesn't mean your regular publications are out of the picture. They are very valuable for collecting and trading purposes. A copy of a 1920 *Weird Tales* or a 1924 June *Thrilling Wonder Stories* would fetch a high price today. So would a 1945 *Unknown Worlds*, for that matter.

In order to discover the secret of a fanmag's fascination, let us appraise a typical specimen. Its title shall be nameless.

Nameless is a fan magazine published whenever its editor can get hold of enough used wrapping paper and a battered hectograph.

Its editor, one Sidney Kidney, is only 7 years old. But this is not unusual in fandom, where many prominent members are quite youthful. And Master Kidney, though only 7, has the mind of a child of 3.

(3 years, not 3 people! There is such a thing as carrying fantasy too far.)

Well, what do we find when we open a copy of *Nameless*? First of all, we find that the pages fall apart.

Page 1 consists of a standard "editorial" by, of all people, the editor. I will quote a brief but typical excerpt:

"I apologize because the July issue of *Nameless*, scheduled for publication in October, has been delayed until February.

"Our original plan of publishing a 60-page anniversary issue didn't work out, but these 4 pages should do the trick.

"Since none of the contributors we promised you have sent in any stuff, most of this issue was written by the editor. We wish to thank our able assistants, Cecil Slotch and Edgar Poop, whose efforts enabled us to get the magazine out in almost twice the time it would have taken if we did it alone. Remember the bureau that wore red drawers."

Page 2 consists of the usual story. This one, obviously in imitation of a tale appearing in a pro publication, is entitled: *I Remember Amnesia!*

Page 3, as is customary in most fan magazines, is given over to advertisements.

One Weaver Wrong offers, "Avon pocketbook reprints of Merrit, etc., originally 25¢, now \$15.00 and up. With covers, \$35.00 and up. Autographed by Mr. Avon himself, \$50.00 and up."

A rival fanmag announces, "*Repulsive Stories* will change its name to *Putrid Tales* in the forthcoming issues, which will probably not be forthcoming. Brand new stories by Edgar Allen Poe, H.P. Lovecraft, William Shakespeare, Victor Hugo, and Degler."

Page 4, of course, consists of letters.

This is the most important part of any fan publication --the letter column. In it, fans communicate their ideas to the world at large. For example, an excerpt from the first letter, written by a fan who signs himself "Glbfskfp". (All fans have nicknames, usually based on their characteristics.)

Glbfskfp writes:

"I am not mad at you for misspelling my name in the last issue. Wish 2 L U were mor karefl uv gram-r & such. Did U No Xaprid now on outs with Weemy? Lippy's rivl 2 Outsider mag called Insider replaces uth-r less forncty next mo. Grnvsly yrs."

Is it any wonder, in the face of such evidence, that many people believe some of these fan magazines should be preserved for the sake of posterity?

It has often been suggested that certain fan magazines be sealed away in time-capsules.

I can only add that it would be a damned good idea if they sealed away some of the fan publishers in time-capsules, too.

XX
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX ROBERT BLOCH XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX
 SUSAN WOOD

 Dave Locke: PLEASE DON'T WRITE AROUND THE ILLOS, from 914

You might find it worthwhile to analyze your own reasons for publishing. You may find it rather illuminating when it comes to the subject of offering your fanzine for subscriptions. I suspect it will be illuminating for more reasons than that, but this is the subject we've been dealing with.

That ends today's lesson. In future sessions we shall cover such exciting topics as:

STOP VS. NON-STOP PARAGRAPHING

ANCIENT HISTORY: HOW TO HAND-STENCIL ARTWORK

SCIENCE FICTION: WHAT IS IT, AND WHAT DOES IT HAVE TO DO WITH YOUR FANZINE?

36 SURE-FIRE METHODS FOR TITLING YOUR NEW FANZINE

CORFLU, AND OTHER STRANGE DISEASES

SOLICITING MATERIAL--THE ART OF PLYING

HOW TO PLY ON A LIQUOR BUDGET OF \$10 A WEEK

HOW TO PUBLISH A MEDIOCRE FANZINE
 ON A LIQUOR BUDGET OF \$2 A WEEK

HOW TO AVOID PUBLISHING YOUR GIRLFRIEND/BOYFRIEND'S
 ILLOS, WITHOUT TRAGEDY OR TEARS

HOW TO WRITE GUIDELINES FOR PUBLISHING A FANZINE,
 WITH A STRAIGHT FACE

One thing I will tell you about next time, without fail, is my sure-fire method for getting the post office to accept your fanzine under Special 4th Class Rate at 18¢ a pound. It can work for me and it can work for you, Ed Conner.

In the meantime, please don't write around the illos.

-----DAVE LOCKE

Dave's article is the second in his series of *Grafnedica* articles; the first was in #20.

With some justification, I could have called this entire issue *Grafnedica* #2...but I haven't. I still have this urge to put out a separate "fanzine about fanzines", but it won't be in the immediate future. In the meantime, I do welcome more material along the lines of the contents of this issue--from Dave, and from anyone else interested. (I also, while moving, ran across several things I'd like to reprint, but original material takes precedence.) If I get the material, I may do an issue such as this once a year (no more than that); otherwise, "fanzine" material will be merged in with OW's usual potpourri of material.

GRAFNEDICA A FANZINE ABOUT FANZINES

Several people have asked me what "GRAFNEDICA" really means. Well, it's no big thing, actually. I didn't start with a definite title in mind, but was just playing around with a sheet of Avant Garde transfer lettering, and that's what I came up with. Now Avant Garde is a fascinating typeface, particularly given the ligatures (ligatures are where two letters 'overlap' each other, such as the "RA", "FA" and "CA" above) and alternates available. It is, as I said, fascinating to fool around with...but it is also a typeface that I've gotten soured on, because *everybody* was fascinated with it to the extent it was overused. (It was, by the way, designed specifically for the magazine of the same name.) If you want a meaning for EDICA, try this: "graphics fanned into commercial art". Aren't you sorry you asked? Some things are better left unexplained.

Conducted by MICHAEL GORRA

THE GHODMINTON PRESS / OUTWORLDS PRODUCTIONS

FANPUBLISHING symposium

Preface-----

Each faneditor has his own approach to publishing, some of them differing widely from the methods used by editors of the zines he admires most. This symposium is designed to give each of you a little insight into the way others tackle the same problems that you, as faneditors, do. In all probability, nothing will be solved by compiling the results of this questionnaire sent to approximately 35 prominent fan publishers of both the past and the present, but I'm sure that it will make interesting reading, and just *might* help to make the path a little easier both for those of us publishing now and for the neofan yet to come.

-----MICHAEL GORRA

Participants-----

JOHN BANGSUND: *Australian Science Fiction Review*, *Scythrop*, *Philosophical Gas*, JOHN W. CAMPBELL: *AN AUSTRALIAN TRIBUTE*
ERIC BENTCLIFFE: *Triode* (20 issues), *Bastion* (3 issues), *Blazon One*
BILL BOWERS: Co-editor of *Double:Bill* (21 issues, 1962-1969); *THE DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM*; *Outworlds*
DONN BRAZIER: *Title* (38+ monthly issues)
LINDA E. BUSHYAGER: *Granfalloon* (19 issues); *Karass* (13+)
TERRY CARR: *Innuendo*, *Fanac*, *Lighthouse*, *THE INCOMPLEAT BURBEE*, et al
JUANITA COULSON: *Vandro* (22 consecutive years); *Vandy* (FAPA), et al
LEIGH EDMONDS: *Rataplan* (16 issues); *Boy's Own Fanzine* (2 issues; innumerable apazines)
RICHARD E. GEIS: *Psychotic*, *Science Fiction Review*, *Richard E. Geis*, *The Alien Critic*
BRUCE GILLESPIE: *SF Commentary* (2 Ditmar Awards, 2 Hugo nominations, 1969-present); *Metaphysical Review* (1969-1972); numerous apazines
MIKE GLICKSOHN: *Energumen* (15 issues, thrice nominated for the Hugo, once winner)
MIKE GLYER: *Prehensile*
DAVE GORMAN: *SF Waves/Gorbett*
MIKE GORRA: *Starship Tripe/Banshee* (9 issues, May 1973--August 1974); *Random* (8+ issues, Sept. 74--on)
TERRY HUGHES: *Mota*, *High Time*
TERRY JEEVES: *A CHECKLIST FOR ASTOUNDING* (3 parts from 1930-1959), *Erg* (quarterly for 15 years), *Triode* (co-editor)
ERIC LINDSAY: *Gegenschien*
DAVE LOCKE: *Awry*, *Pelf*, *Phoenix*; *THE REALLY INCOMPLEAT BOB TUCKER*
HANK LUTTRELL: *Starling*
LESLIE LUTTRELL: *Starling*
ANDREW PORTER: *Algol*, *SFWEEKLY*, *Degler!*, et al
DENIS QUANE: *Notes From the Chemistry Dept.* (10+ issues)
PETER J. ROBERTS: *Egg*, *Checkpoint*
DONALD C. THOMPSON: *DON-o-SAUR*
HARRY WARNER, JR.: *Spaceways* (30 issues); *Horizons* (141+ issues)
TED WHITE: *Stellar* (1956-58); *Gambit* (1958-59); *Void* (1959-1968); *Minac* (1963-64); *Egoboo* (1968-1972); *Null-F* (1955-present, FAPA), et al

One-----

WHAT MOTIVATES YOU TO CONTINUE YOUR PUBLISHING VENTURES?

JOHN BANGSUND: The need to write for a known, responsive audience.

BILL BOWERS: I'm stubborn; I'm going to keep doing it

until I get it right. And if I ever do, I probably won't any more... I enjoy surprising people, and have fun doing so. Then there's the sense of power, of accomplishment, in taking the diverse works of many people, and constructing/assembling something that only I--given my interests, hang-ups, abilities, etc.--could make of such material. It's many things--my way of communication, my bid for immortality...it keeps me off the streets at night, and besides, it's apparently what I can do best.

TERRY CARR: When I was publishing regularly, it was primarily because I loved the feeling of creating something good--gathering good material, designing attractive layouts, editing a lively lettercolumn, etc. Sometimes when I'd finished running off a fanzine and had assembled my own copy I'd just sit and grok that, neglecting to send out copies for weeks. (This happened mainly with some early *Innuendo*'s)

JUANITA COULSON: I like to print things.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: Force of momentum. It's very expensive to pay back 200 subscriptions or so. A need to continue an outlet for my own writing. Encouraging letters. But the old enthusiasm is gone after six years.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: First, the satisfaction I get from seeing the finished product. Second, of course, the egoboo of pleasing others. (Third, I suppose, would be to show Bowers how it's done.) With *Energumen*, those would have been reversed, but *Xenium* really is largely published for myself, and a mere handful of people who are important to me.

MIKE GLYER: A need to keep in touch with fandom; a desire to create something interesting.

MIKE GORRA: A few things; the sense of accomplishment I get from having finished an issue, and the egoboo. All kinds of egoboo--the charge of having someone who's work you've admired want to appear in your fanzine, the egoboo from locs and other compliments. I suppose the egoboo *helps* to breed the sense of accomplishment--I doubt I'd publish if I got no response.

TERRY HUGHES: Pleasure. *Mota* is an outlet for my creative energies and for the energies of others with a similar bent. I resumed fan publishing because no one was doing precisely the type of zine I wanted to read, so I did it myself.

LESLIE LUTTRELL: Inertia and Egoboo.

ANDY PORTER: *Algol*: To publish the very best magazine I'm capable of. *Degler!*: As a biweekly letter to tell my friends what's happening with me, and to do a little personal in-the-stick writing and ripping off unusual graphic trips courtesy the office Xerox machine.

DENIS QUANE: A filled mailbox.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Vanity, the urge to show off, the fact that some recipients seem to be appreciative, habit, occupational therapy.

Two-----

IF WE DIVIDED FAN-PUBLISHING ACTIVITY INTO THE FOLLOWING WORK ITEMS, HOW WOULD YOU RANK THEM FROM THE STANDPOINT OF ENJOYABILITY? [With a rating of "1" going to your favor-

ite.] : LAYOUT, LETTERCOL, HEADINGS, MAILING LIST, EDITORIAL, DUPLICATING, COLLATING, STAPLING, ADDRESSING, SOLICITING MATERIAL, EDITING COPY, TYPING STENCILS OR MASTERS.

RESULTS (figures given are an average of rankings attached by the faneditors):

1. Layout -- 2.4
2. Editorial -- 2.8
3. Lettercol -- 2.9
4. Editing Copy -- 3.7
5. Headings -- 4.3
6. Soliciting Material -- 4.8
7. Typing Stencils or Masters -- 6.5
8. Duplicating -- 6.6
9. Mailing Lists -- 6.7
10. Collating -- 9.2
- Stapling -- 9.2
12. Addressing -- 9.5

JOHN BANGSUND: I don't really like any of these things much. If I could just solicit, edit, and lay out material, leaving all the hard work to others, I would be happy, perhaps.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: Literally, I enjoy all aspects of fan-publishing except those requiring mechanical repetition.

BILL BOWERS: Ask me twenty times, and I'll give you twenty different sequences. It all depends on what stage of doing or not doing an issue I'm currently at.

LINDA BUSHYAGER: I really hate lettercols; don't know exactly why--maybe because having read the letters when they first come in they are no longer fresh. ((LeB ranked lettercols "9".))

TERRY CARR: I may be one of the few fans in or out of captivity who'd admit to enjoying the typing of stencils. Ah, that nice minty smell of stencil-wax!

MIKE GLICKSOHN: What a dumbass question. Tomorrow I might put addressing ahead of stapling. If you're going to pose a question like this, why not put more emphasis on the creative aspects of putting together a zine and leave a general category SHITWORK at the end.

TERRY HUGHES: Actually my favorite is assembling the material for an issue, which I assume you mean by "editing copy" (rather than just making spelling corrections). I consider typing stencils a drag because for me by then the issue is already complete and I'm thinking of the next.

ERIC LINDSAY: Most of the work of doing a fanzine disgusts me.

Three-----
WHAT ONE THING, CONCERNING YOUR FANZINE, ARE YOU MOST DISSATISFIED WITH?

JOHN BANGSUND: My writing.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: Nothing I'm dissatisfied with BUT I'd like to be able to lavish more time and money on it.

BILL BOWERS: Nothing. The dissatisfactions I have are with myself, solely, and my inability to do exactly what I want to with it, and the fact that before one issue is physically finished, it's emotionally finished for me, and I'm on to the next one.

DONN BRAZIER: That I don't have enough money for a) more circulation, b) more pages, c) more time to come out weekly, d) more offset, which would be great considering I have none at all.

LINDA BUSHYAGER: My procrastination which causes me to keep

delaying publication. If I had more time, I know I could do a better job in all aspects--soliciting material, layout, my own editorial. This is one reason I chose to switch most of my activity to *Karass*. It is much easier to put out nine issues of a 10-15 page fanzine than one issue of a 45-60 page fanzine.

TERRY CARR: I was most dissatisfied with my inability to publish a regular monthly fanzine, ever. *Fanac* came out weekly for quite awhile, but it was different; I wanted to make *Innuendo* a monthly fannishzine, but I'd keep getting carried away typing stencils till each issue ran to 50 or 60 or 90 pages, and the intervals between issues were always long.

JUANITA COULSON: That the completed pages don't collate, staple, address, envelope-stuff, and mail themselves.

LEIGH EDMONDS: Nothing dissatisfies me about *Rataplan*, it is almost exactly what I want, if it weren't I wouldn't be publishing it.

DICK GEIS: Not getting ideally suitable material when I want it.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: Artwork and layout, which I just can't do. And the 36 hours a day I don't have for publishing work.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: My own writing for it, or perhaps, my inability to make myself put more effort into the pieces I write for it, all of which are first draft, and could easily be improved if I'd take the time to work on them.

MIKE GLYER: The inconsistent quality of the offset repro, and my inexperience in preparing graphics.

DAVE GORMAN: Lack of editorial personality, and the fact that GB is not really a "Name" zine. I mean, I'm always reading in other fanzines where letterhacks and editors are quoting something or other from GB, but they always call it "some zine which I can't remember." Ouch.

MIKE GORRA: The amount and quality of the locs I get, and my seeming inability to enjoy putting together a substantial lettercol.

TERRY HUGHES: The quality of reproduction.

TERRY JEEVES: Letters. I'd like to print more, but space doesn't allow.

ERIC LINDSAY: The contents, followed closely by the appearance.

DAVE LOCKE: My editorials. I'm never as pleased with them as I am, usually, with my articles.

HANK LUTTRELL: The first 2 issues.

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL: Lack of a backlog of material.

ANDREW PORTER: The graphic appearance of *Algol*. If I had a lot of money I'd put it back into improving the appearance. I'd also get better contributions.

DENIS QUANE: That I haven't been able to keep it more frequent. (i.e. monthly)

PETER ROBERTS: Its frequency.

DON THOMPSON: Can't think of a thing.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: My failure to take it out of FAPA, where it reaches many people who aren't interested, and send it instead to a hand-picked mailing list.

TED WHITE: Response. That is, I never felt the response was equal to the work and talent I put in my fmz.

Four-----
IF YOU WERE NOT THE EDITOR OF A FANZINE, DO YOU FEEL THAT YOU WOULD BE MORE ACTIVE IN CONTRIBUTING TO OTHER PEOPLE'S FANZINES?

YES: 12 NO: 11 MAYBE: 2

JOHN BANGSUND: Yes. But I don't entirely trust other people: they get the commas in the wrong place, misspell words, omit sentences--in short, they *edit* me.

BILL BOWERS: Sure I think so; doesn't everyone? But the fact remains that during the lulls in my publishing cycles, I was never that prolific an outside contributor. I had a shot at becoming a competent quote artist unquote, once, but my written material would be too much like my editorials, to inflict on others.

DONN BRAZIER: Many times I have considered giving up *Title* to become a more active genzine writer for other fanzines.

TERRY CARR: No. My activity in fandom has always been dependent on *involvement*, and when I'm not involved enough to publish, I'm seldom involved enough to write for others, either. I think this is true of most fans: the most prolific fanwriters are usually prolific publishers as well.

LEIGH EDMONDS: I write letters of comment only when my interest is aroused and articles when asked to and I can think of something interesting and/or amusing. Otherwise it is easier to publish for myself.

DICK GEIS: I'm mostly a one-man show--don't like to be dependent on others for publication of my writing.

MIKE GORRA: I probably wouldn't write very much more, but I would be more active in contributing to other fanzines because I wouldn't hold back things I'd written for use in editorials and such in *Random*.

TERRY JEEVES: Most certainly. In the years before I began *Erg*, I wrote a heck of a lot more and drew a lot more for other zines.

DAVE LOCKE: I'm both a fanwriter and a faneditor, with the usual limited amount of time for crifanac. When I spend less time on one, it usually gets devoted to the other.

ANDY PORTER: No. There are a lot of other things I'm into and without *Algol* I could devote a lot more time and money to them.

PETER ROBERTS: Yes. This isn't an honest answer, but a pious and untested belief.

Five-----
IF FANZINE PUBLISHING WERE A STRICTLY COMPETITIVE BUSINESS, WHOSE FANZINE WOULD YOU BE MOST JEALOUS OF. WHY?

JOHN BANGSUND: Depends what you mean by 'competitive'. I'm not jealous of anyone's fanzine, but I admire a lot of people for their writing and publishing abilities, and I guess I have a sneaking envy of some fans' business acumen. But no one else can publish *my* fanzine, just as no one but Ursula LeGuin can write her novels, so in a real sense there's no competition.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: Since no one is currently producing the type of fanzine that I would like to produce given unlimited time and money, this is impossible to answer.

BILL BOWERS: Foul! Because I can't judge fanzines on competitive values. I'm envious of other fanzines and faneds, and some of their material, but not too many, any more. I suppose that the one fanzine I'm most in awe of is *Title*, because Donn Brazier, more than anyone I know, is doing the fanzine he wants to do...and doing it damn well.

DONN BRAZIER: Appearance: *Outworlds* for beauty; *Moebius Trip* for format. Content: *Notes From the Chemistry Dept.* and *Moebius Trip*.

LINDA BUSHYAGER: Several--*Energumen* for its beauty and good articles; *Outworlds* for its excellent artwork and layout; *Algol* for its well-written material; *Starling* and *SF Commentary* for the fine editor writing. *Moebius Trip* and *Title* for all the work put into them.

TERRY CARR: When I was publishing *Innuendo*, I was jealous of *Hypen*, mostly. When I was doing *Lighthouse*, I envied *Warhoon*. They were the fanzines most like what I was trying to do.

JUANITA COULSON: Bill Danner's *Stfantasy*; he gets to set the type by hand.

LEIGH EDMONDS: Dick Geis because he reckons he can live off the proceeds; John Bangsund, because his fanzines are always well written and enjoyable; Susan Wood because she publishes lots of Susan Wood.

DICK GEIS: *Algol*. Porter has a 'pro' look and superficial quality. Not much guts or entertainment; I'd beat him given time.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: A meaningless question. Fanzines just ain't competitive enterprises. If they become so, they are no longer fanzines. If you ask which fanzine I would most like to have been editor of--*Australian Science Fiction Review*. I still draw from it much inspiration for my own activities.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Gag..choke..arrrgghhh..cof..cof...stutter...stammer...ah-ah-ah *Outworlds*...God, never thought I could say it! Because Bill does everything I think a faned should do and he does it better than anyone else around and he does it ten times as well as I ever could. (And if he publishes that in his own fanzine he should be shot!)

MIKE GLYER: Charlie Brown's--Charlie has the tax situation whipped, and deals with a product with a winning, easily repeated formula.

DAVE GORMAN: *Algol* because of its superb advertising, *Outworlds* because of his love for his zine, and anything of John Bangsund's because of his superior writing, which has only been surpassed by Willis.

MIKE GORRA: Difficult question. I envy different fanzines for different reasons. I'm jealous of the amount or response *Title* gets, and of the appearance of *Outworlds* and *Algol*, but I don't really envy these fanzines their material, except now and then with *Outworlds*. I suppose I'm most jealous of *Awry*, because Locke gets to publish himself and Grennell every issue.

TERRY HUGHES: I feel that the whole notion of "competitiveness" in fanzines and fandom is distasteful and I would rather not give into it even in a hypothetical situation.

TERRY JEEVES: Can't think of a name, but I am jealous of any faned with access to an IBM Selectric and/or electronic stencil cutting gear.

ERIC LINDSAY: *Outworlds*, for excellent contents and appearance. Donn Brazier, for contents and interest value in *Title*.

DAVE LOCKE: *Outworlds*: I've got the written material, but he's got the art and the graphics.

HANK LUTTRELL: If fanzine publishing were "strictly competitive business" I don't think I'd be interested. On the other hand, if I had the same vague goals I have now, I might be jealous of *Vandro*, which has been one of my favorite fanzines for more than a decade.

ANDREW PORTER: In my branch of fanzine publishing I am competing--for material and for readers--and I've always begrudged the ease with which Geis manages to increase his stocks of both readers (subscribers) and contributors.

DENIS QUANE: Depends on my mood: *Locus*, for its pro contacts, *Vandro* for the way Coulson has of writing short reveiws, *Outworlds* for too many reasons to list, *Title* for its response, *Energumen* for its reproduction.

PETER ROBERTS: John Bangsund's *Philosophical Gas*.

DON THOMPSON: Richard Geis' *The Alien Critic*. If I were able to devote *all* my time to my zine and do the very best possible job on it, it would be a lot like TAC.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: I can't answer because I wouldn't publish a fanzine if I found it created jealousy emotions.

TED WHITE: No one's. At one time my answer would have been *Innuendo*. Today there are no fanzines I regard that highly, *sigh*...

Six-----
SHOULD AN EDITOR SOLICIT MATERIAL? YES: 25 NO: 0

JOHN BANGSUND: There's a dumb question, Meyer!
IF YES, SHOULD HE SOLICIT ONLY FROM PEOPLE HE KNOWS WELL OR FROM ANYBODY? People he knows well: 2
Anybody: 21 (with the provision he can write what you want.)

JOHN BANGSUND: And there's another!
HAVE YOU EVER SOLICITED MATERIAL FROM PEOPLE WITH WHOM YOU HAVE HAD NO PREVIOUS CONTACT? YES: 17 NO: 6

HAVE THESE PEOPLE EVER RESPONDED WITH CONTRIBUTIONS?
YES: 17 NO: 0

IS AN EDITOR DUTY BOUND TO ACCEPT SOLICITED MATERIAL?
YES: 5 NO: 20

BILL BOWERS: No, but if I don't, I feel guilty.

HARRY WARNER, JR.: Yes, unless it's unprintable for reasons other than merit.

APPROXIMATELY WHAT PERCENTAGE OF THE MATERIAL YOU PRINT IS SOLICITED? (Include in this figure "standing requests"): AVERAGE: 41% BREAKDOWN: 10% or less--6; 11-30%--5; 31-50%--3; 51-70%--2; 75% or more--7.
These figures do not, of course, include editors of personalzines, nor the one "Ø" which was listed.

JOHN BANGSUND: You have raised two moral questions here. I can't say yes to a question that starts with 'Should', such as these, since I feel no imperative. The one about an editor being 'duty bound' is a little different: In this case, an editor is duty bound to publish what he thinks is good, solicited or not. It's tricky, rejecting solicited material, but you have to do it sometimes.

DANN BRAZIER: *Title*'s system means it's always loaded and overloaded with material. In soliciting, I believe the ed should be very familiar with the writer's work, and should state lengths desired, & some broad lines of ideas he'd like to see.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Ideally solicited material ought to be based on a fairly specific idea. There's nothing wrong with writing to someone you admire and say-

ing "Please send me something, anything you happen to have on hand," but a far better fanzine will come from requesting a specific article on a topic that the writer in question is suited to write about. I suspect that you're much more likely to receive a contribution that way, too. There may be some writers prolific enough even nowadays in the midst of the fanzine explosion to have loose articles lying around unclaimed, but I doubt there are many or that they are very good writers. And with the demands on the better fanwriters being as heavy as they are, a general begging request may not produce results, while the suggestion of a specific and specifically chosen appropriate topic may well spur the writer's fertile brain into producing a contribution.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: I have trouble fighting off material sent to me unsolicited. Often I ask for articles in other, casual, correspondence. I've published only one complete issue of solicited material--SFC 28, in which four writers told of their "1971".

DAVE GORMAN: If I talk somebody into writing an article for GB, and keep encouraging them throughout the process of the creation, and offer suggestions, etc., I feel obligated to accept the manuscript for publication. I haven't been disappointed with this method or manuscripts yet.

DAVE LOCKE: Haven't had to solicit material within recent times. My gimmick is to line up columnists, and count on enough of each of them coming through to fill up each issue. Good, unsolicited articles can then be considered gravy, instead of bread-and-butter.

HANK LUTTRELL: The advantages of soliciting material from friends is that you have an excellent idea of what you will get before you see it.

TED WHITE: *Void* only occasionally solicited pieces--with the exception of the Willish. On the other hand, sometimes in conversation I'd suggest a piece to a friend, or say "Hey, why don't you write that up?"

Seven-----
RANK IN ORDER OF IMPORTANCE, WITH MOST IMPORTANT GETTING A RATING OF "1", THE INGREDIENTS NECESSARY FOR A GOOD FANZINE: GOOD REPRO, GOOD ARTWORK, GOOD LAYOUT, A STRONG, WELL-EDITED LETTERCOL, A STRONG, VIBRANT EDITORIAL PERSONALITY, GOOD OUTSIDE CONTRIBUTIONS (NON-EDITOR WRITTEN), TONAL CONSISTENCY OF MATERIAL (i.e. ALL FANNISH OR ALL SERCON, ETC.):
RESULTS (figures given are an average):

1. A strong, vibrant editorial personality -- 2.0
2. Good outside contributions -- 2.3
3. Good repro -- 2.6
4. A strong, well-edited lettercol -- 3.0
5. Good layout -- 4.5
6. Good artwork -- 5.0
7. Tonal consistency of material -- 6.8

JOHN BANGSUND: Editorial personality and good repro are essential; the rest desirable but optional. Mind you, the editorial personality need not actually *vibrate*: a genteel shimmer is quite satisfactory.

DONN BRAZIER: I'd rate the last higher than 7, but so much depends on what is expected in the zine. I see no advantage in either/or--especially if the zine has had a little of each all the time.

JUANITA COULSON: I don't think the lettercol, outside contributions, or tonal consistency figure in--too restrictive and prejudgemental of what a fanzine must be to qualify as a fanzine.

LEIGH EDMONDS: None of the above. The major factor is that any fanzine should be enjoyable to read. Good repro's helpful, artwork is okay as is layout, but they are not necessary, a strongly edited lettercol

can be too tight for comfort, a strong editorial personality can be overpowering, outside contris depend on the authors, and tonal consistency can lead to inflexibility.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Another bullshit question. It's entirely too subjective to rate.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: None of the above. *Good writing*--good by the best standards the editor knows. Good artwork doesn't turn me on. Of your items, the quality of the lettercolumn gives a good indicator of the quality of the whole fanzine.

MIKE GORRA: For me, the written aspects of a fanzine totally overshadow its visual ones, so long as a fanzine is legible (and I suspect that I consider a lot more things legible than most fans do). If what I'm reading is exceptionally good, I don't care if the fanzine is uglier than sin.

TERRY JEEVES: Appearance is the first and greatest consideration with me. This puts the reader in an appreciative frame of mind so he is more ready to enjoy what follows.

DAVE LOCKE: Tonal consistency is not an ingredient at all. Variety is what makes it--with me, anyways.

LESLEIGH LUTTRELL: All are equally important. Fanzine editors concentrate on the areas they're best at, and that they enjoy most. There are no specific standards for a "good fanzine."

ANDY PORTER: It's been proven that the "lack of editorial personality" is not such a great problem as some claim. A good magazine doesn't need a strong editorial personality as long as its other facets are well made and strongly evident.

PETER ROBERTS: My first choice is for "adequate repro"--without that there's no point in publishing.

TED WHITE: With the exception of the last item, all strike me as of equal importance, and the emphasis of one element over the others seems to lead to an uneven fanzine. These elements work together to form an overall gestalt which is the fanzine.

Eight-----
HAVE YOU EVER FOLDED ONE FANZINE AND STARTED ANOTHER IMMEDIATELY? IF SO, WHY? YES: 10 NO: 15

JOHN BANGSUND: Yes, because my ideas, attitudes, and needs change. I have been known to buy new shoes --and even cars--too.

BILL BOWERS: Yes. Actually, I'm doing it all the time; OW isn't so much a continuing fanzine as it is a series of one-shots, each with different purposes and goals. It's all connected by a common name simply because it's neater that way, and easier for the non-Bill-Bowers' of the world to relate to.

TERRY CARR: Sort of. In 1961, when I moved from Berkeley to NYC, I folded *Innuendo* and began coediting *Lighthouse* and *Void*. That move marked a distinct change in my life and interest; plus, I left behind most of my artfiles, lettering guides, et al. Different companions in NYC made for different fanac on my part.

MIKE GORRA: Yes. I found that my goals had changed, and I wanted to move on, yet at the same time leave an intact, "finished" record of where I'd been, rather than just change the zine's direction and keep on with *Banshee*'s numbering. I also wanted to publish a fanzine that would be a good fanzine from its first issue, which *Banshee/Starship Tripe* certainly wasn't, and, frankly, I wanted to cut my mailing list *fast* and starting a new fanzine was the quickest way to do it.

TERRY JEEVES: No. This has always seemed idiotic to me.

The new zine is still an expression of the same editor, and will eventually settle to the same level as the old, unless (say) a sercon fan suddenly turned to things utterly fannish. *Then* such a change might be justified.

ANDY PORTER: If making *Degler!* into a newszine in one issue is the same thing, I suppose I have. When I pulled *Degler!* out of APA L I turned it into a newszine, because I wasn't happy with the way the newszines of the time were being run and thought I could do a better job.

Nine-----
HOW MUCH SHOULD AN EDITOR BE PRESENT IN HIS OWN FANZINE (ASSUMING IT TO BE A GENZINE) WHETHER IN TERMS OF ACTUAL WORDAGE OR IN TERMS OF MAKING HIS PERSONALITY FELT THROUGHOUT THE ENTIRE MAKEUP AND MATERIAL OF THE FANZINE? DO YOU ENJOY PRINTING A LOT OF YOUR OWN WRITING IN YOUR FANZINE? WOULD YOU PRINT MORE OF IT IF TIME AND SPACE DID NOT LIMIT YOU?

JOHN BANGSUND: The ideal fanzine, for me, is one that combines the best characteristics of the genzine and the apazine. Bruce Gillespie and Dick Geis are the masters of this approach. A fanzine without editorial personality is just another magazine, and I can buy better at the corner shop. A fanzine with no outside contributors can be better than SFC, *Alien Critic*, *Algol*, *Outworlds*, etc.--if the editor really knows what he's about. Time and space do not limit me, so I publish whatever I feel like, and a lot of it is my own writing.

ERIC BENTCLIFFE: His presence should be sufficient that he comes through as an individual, and obviously some fans need to write more each issue to achieve this than others.

BILL BOWERS: He can be his most important asset, and his most pronounced liability, at the same time. An editor should always be free to insert himself to the fullest possible extent into his own zine. *But*, he shouldn't feel obligated to the extent that he *has* to have an editorial in every issue, or respond personally to every loc in the lettercol.

An editor can make his influence felt in other ways than having a certain amount of words-per-issue with his name attached to. But he shouldn't be shy, or overly modest, and most certainly he should not be run out of his own fanzine by the extensive words of others. That's part of what being an "editor" is all about; you have greater privileges, but also far greater obligations than your contributors.

Sure I'd like to print more of my own things. But until I'm able to sit down and write out the things I want to say/do, as opposed to thinking about what I'd like to say/do, I probably won't. Writing for your own fanzine is like writing for anything else: You do it, or you don't.

TERRY CARR: I always published as much of my own material as I could write, since I had a clearer idea of what my fanzine's "slant" should be than any contributor could have. Publishing your own material gives you a fuller sense of communication than publishing someone else's, or publishing your own stuff in somebody else's fanzine: both the words and the medium are up to you, when you do the publishing.

JUANITA COULSON: I am indifferent to whether my writing appears in my fanzine, unless I have something in particular to say. And no, I wouldn't print more of my own stuff if time and space were available; that's not why I publish.

DICK GEIS: How much? AS MUCH AS HE WANTS! I'd use more Geis if I had time to write it, in TAC. I've got charisma and personality on paper, so I take advantage of it, and enjoy it.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: I print a lot of my own material because I'm the only person who will take the trouble to write down the sorts of things that should go in *SF Commentary*. If somebody else is willing to contribute what I need, I'll accept the contribution. I like fanzines where one "meets the editor" in every issue.

MIKE GLYER: An editor should dominate his fanzine (but this does not mean he should interject himself into other's articles, or that sort of nonsense.) A long editorial and an opinionated participation in the lettercol are strongly desirable. I'd print more of my own if I had time to write it.

MIKE GORRA: An editor does not have to have very much of his own writing in his fanzine, but he should permeate the fanzine with his personality, through the choice of material. I enjoy printing my own writing; I would print more of it if my self imposed monthly page limit, combined with the amount of superb material I've been getting from others, didn't prohibit it. If it comes down to keeping one of my own pieces in the files for an extra month and keeping one of somebody else's there, I'll hold back on mine, because I've had pieces languish in people's files for months and I try to avoid doing that to others whenever possible.

TERRY HUGHES: I feel that the editor is present in practically every fanzine you can think of. A fanzine is very probably a good reflection of the character and interests of the editor *at the time it is published*. A fanzine is a reflection of certain facets of the faneditor's personality. I defy anyone to show me a fanzine which has lasted for more than five issues which does not have its own personality and which fails to give some insight into the personality of the editor. I enjoy writing for my fanzine. Being an editor makes it more difficult to judge my material objectively though. For instance, I *always* get my obscure references, but would anyone else?

I wouldn't print any more by myself. I feel I use the amount that suits me and my needs. I would like to have the time to write more for other fanzines. But when it comes down to a choice between putting out an issue of *Mota* or writing for someone else's, I'll put out my issue.

ANDY PORTER: An editor who maintains wide control of his fanzine can influence the layout and design and type of material to bring about a general tone of style wider than just that evident in the editorial. A lot of judicious editing of the lettercolumn can do a lot using this approach. I suppose I'd like to print more of my own writing, but the general approach to publishing each issue and the way the magazine is constructed gravitates against more personal writing.

PETER ROBERTS: A good genzine should have a personality of its own: this is usually provided by the editor, but it can also come from the letter column or the regular columnists. It's not impossible, therefore, for a genzine to undergo a change of editor without losing its personality.

The degree of editorial presence in a fanzine depends on the ability of the editor himself; in most cases, however, the editor should work to make a genzine cohesive--something more than a collection of separate articles. He can do this by inserting his own writing or, simply, by good editing; the letter column is the area where the editor is best judged.

Ten-----
DO YOU THINK AN EDITOR SHOULD RESTRICT HIS FANZINE TO MATERIAL OF ONE KIND, OR SHOULD HE BE DIVERSIFIED? AS A COROLLARY, SHOULD AN EDITOR PRINT ONLY MATERIAL RELATED TO SF OR FANDOM, OR ANYTHING THAT STRIKES HIS FANCY? WHAT IS YOUR PERSONAL PRACTICE?

BILL BOWERS: I wish, I really do, that I could publish a neat, organized one-subject zine. But I can't. Whether a fanzine is about one subject or many has

very little to do with my enjoyment of said fanzine.

An editor should publish the fanzine he wants to, not the one he thinks he should, or the one guaranteed to win him instant fame&fortune and a Hugo.

I publish the things that interest me the most, the things I get the biggest kick out of, and a few things I think are Really Important.

I see nothing wrong in restricting your zine to what interests *you*, and if that happens to be one subject or area above all others, fine. I simply don't have the self-discipline to follow that course myself.

DONN BRAZIER: Diversification is a goal, but a goal with traps. TV's *The Tonight Show* is a model to follow, I think: some fun, some tricks, some music, some *sercon*.

The goal assumes a quantity of *short* material--bang, bang, bang. A long piece about rock music crowding out most everything else, for example, is bad. Ideally, a fanzine should stick to the genre and the people who make the genre work (pros) or the people who wallow in same (fans).

Title began rather SFish or sciencey/psychological, but I soon found out that fans wanted to know about fans. Thus, the continuing popularity of the *MUNDANIAC* dept. Fans like to know about pros--all details of *everything*.

As for articles not about sf or fandom, some discretion is required, first in subject matter, second in treatment of it. Stamp collecting, for instance, would bear some hard thought on its presentation and development of some relationship to either sf or fandom. Even science articles should be somewhat speculative or imaginative.

LINDA BUSHYAGER: Personally, I feel that material should be related to sf or fandom as much as possible, since that is the reason we are all here together. If a good article which is not sf related should come along, that is ok, but if a fanzine regularly begins to print non-sf material, it becomes a "little magazine" and not really a fanzine anymore, and tends to expand readership outside of fandom. Some fanzines have gone into rock music or films. These are still amateur magazines, but not really sf fanzines.

TERRY CARR: I followed both policies at different times. With *Innuendo*, I limited my material to strictly fannish stuff; with *Lighthouse*, I published everything from Redd Boggs on fannish subjects to Phil Dick on drugs and sf to travelogues by Tom Disch and Chip Delany, etc. Both approaches can be effective. The difference between *Innuendo* and *Lighthouse*, from my standpoint, was that when I was publishing INN I was also publishing several other fanzines (several apazines, *Fanac*, etc.) in which I printed the not-necessarily-fannish material; when I was doing *Lighthouse* I wasn't publishing anything else, so that fanzine became the repository of all my interests.

MIKE GLICKSOHN: An editor *can* restrict his material, if he's publishing for someone else. The editor who is publishing for himself--not to make money or sell subs or win a Hugo--should publish anything he damn well wants to, hence anything he enjoys himself. Any editor who doesn't is prostituting one of the last bastions of free expression left to us.

BRUCE GILLESPIE: A fanzine editor publishes what he wants to publish, so the question is essentially meaningless. However, if he doesn't get a response to the stuff he likes publishing, he might choose one or other policy. I've tried all types, but Stanislaw Lem and the "heavies" still get the best mail.

DAVE LOCKE: I go for variety, and I don't care whether the material is related to sf or fandom. Of course, since I don't write the whole issue, I don't always get the variety that I would wish for.

I keep toying with the idea of writing a complete issue myself. And illustrating it. Editorial, three or four totally different articles, reviews, lettercol.

DENIS QUANE: I think a fanzine with a unified point of view will be more satisfactory, and that such a fanzine will have a chance of finding its proper audience. My prejudices are in favor of material being limited to sf-related or at least fandom-related, but I admit that other approaches may work for other editors.

PETER ROBERTS: I think it's easier to start publishing a fanzine that's restricted to a specific kind of material--the result shouldn't then look as scrappy and chaotic as the average first effort. I also think it's a waste of effort producing yet another fanzine devoted to articles and reviews of sf--someone else is doing it better, and nobody needs a second or third-rate sercon fanzine (whereas a poor fannish fanzine is still readable and of some interest).

TED WHITE: I don't think an editor "should" do anything.

The whole point of fanzines is that they are a hobby, and one largely without rules, aside from those which lead to good duplication and the like (clarity, etc.). If an editor wants to put out a fanzine devoted to jazz and sports cars, or if he wants serious discussions of world issues (energy, ecology), or he wants any other topic--that's his choice. If he comes up with material that other fans want to read, his fanzine will be a success. Even if his stuff is interesting to only a few others, their interest may sustain (through egoboo) him. Historically, fanzines have covered almost every (if not every) topic of interest to their editors. I think that's fine. In my case I have devoted different fanzines to different approaches. The original *Stellar* had a narrow focus: faaanfiction (fiction about fans), plus editorials, fmz. reviews and letters. *Void* devoted itself exclusively to material about fandom and sf. *Gambit* and subsequent smaller zines (*Mknac*, *Egoboo*) covered whatever I wanted to write about, which was as often music-related as sf-oriented or fannish. Fandom has room for all these approaches. Mine were dictated by my interests of the time and my feeling about how well other fanzines were covering the areas in question. When publishing *Void*, for instance, I felt it filled a, umm, er, void in fanpublishing. But, although I never published a *Skyhook* or *Warhoon*-type fanzine, I enjoyed those two intensely--and I wish someone was publishing one now.

Conclusion-----

To attempt to condense these responses into an equation that will result in the perfect fanzine would be folly, for publishing a fanzine is an almost totally subjective experience depending on the individual's approach to and outlook on his task. Yet hopefully this poll will have amused you, and perhaps have clarified a few points about the art of fanpublishing. I would like to thank all those who participated in this symposium, and especially Dave Locke, who helped in formulating the questions, and Bill Bowers, who granted me a place to publish it.

-----MICHAEL GORRA

To attempt, in 20 pages, to do a proper "appreciation" of 45 years of fanzines, was obviously impossible. To have an issue devoted to fanzines, and not to have solicited contributions from Warner, Wollheim, Moskowitz, Knight and others of the Founding Fathers still with us (although I would have, and still would welcome their input) might seem a bit strange, but when I realized that the newsprint option (and thus 8 or so additional pages for the same money) was going to be denied me, I purposely held back on soliciting material for this specific issue. For once, I exercised a little self-control; I'm learning!

I'm quite pleased with both the content and the variety of this issue as it stands. It was purposely designed to be the most straight-forward, simplistic issue since #17. The subject matter dictated that; so did the fact that I may actually get it mailed in May by following this course...

A fanzine is many things to many people. To me it is a place where people can share their lives and their talents and their interests. My thanks to all who participated...

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE.....

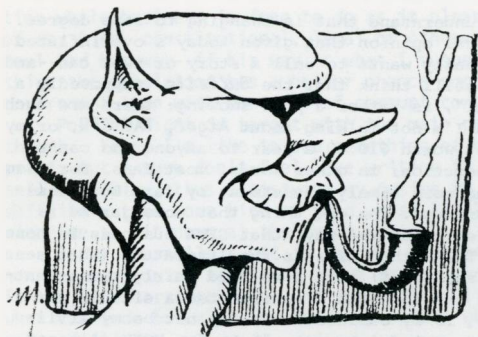
TERRY AUSTIN: 17 Greenleaf St., Rye, NY 10580
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 DAN STEFFAN: c/o Ted White
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 BOB TUCKER: 34 Greenbriar Drive, Jacksonville, IL 62650
 HARRY WARNER, JR.: 423 Summit Ave., Hagerstown, MD 21740
 TED WHITE: 1014 North Tuckahoe, Falls Church, VA 22046
 SUSAN WOOD: Dept. of English, University of British Columbia, Vancouver, B.C. V6T 1W5, CANADA [as of the end of June. Susan is in Toronto at the moment to take her oral; next time it'll be Dr. Wood!]

.....
 ...not a half bad lineup, is it!

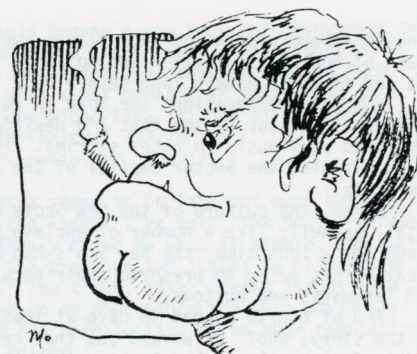
As mentioned in #23, from now on addresses for all contributors will be printed, unless they specifically request otherwise. That policy will apply to letterhacks also; I wasn't sure in a couple of cases this time, tho.

The letter-of-comment policy is this: One LoC gets one issue. If I should happen to have LoCs on two issues published in one Interface, you will be credited with two issues of OW...but I don't log the credit until it is actually typed up. And the way I'm behind....

The Index to the first Five Years of OW (which fits between 22 & 23) will go out with #25 to those who, on my file cards, got all four 1974 issues (19-22). It may also, if I've the nerve, contain the OW financial record for 1974. Read how Bowers took a \$2500.00 loss! Yes, that's a "paper loss"; the cash-out-of-pocket wasn't quite that bad...but bad enough that the pruning of non-subbing, non-active people will continue. I have no choice. Cheers!



INTERFACE



Jerry Pournelle *Outworlds* 21/22 is an incredible effort. I can't imagine anyone doing that much work, but I thank you for it.

The "controversy" section was rather dull, for me at least; I don't know what effect it has on other readers. I am very glad you included it, though, particularly the long case study of the Pfeil/Arnold dispute. That all pretty well happened before my administration in SFWA, but it serves a useful purpose in being published.

The purpose served is this: that was a minor dispute, and relatively simple compared to many that SFWA gets. Think about that for a while. SFWA has no paid officers, yet the officers are brought into a dozen controversies a year at least as complex as that one. The issues are important to the participants; they may also have some important implications for the whole profession. Not only must the disputes be settled, but settled in such a way that the precedents are endurable.

Now I think no one could possibly be interested in seeing all of those in print (and it should be obvious that in most cases the participants don't want them in print). Thus, because so much of the time of the officers is taken in this type of thing, but little is ever seen of it in public, it's possible to get the impression that "SFWA doesn't do anything." Perhaps your printing that interminable correspondence will show the contrary is true.

Then, I think Mr. Pfeil may well have changed his opinion of SFWA since he wrote his letters to you. I won't describe how SFWA managed to be useful to *Vertex*, but we were, and I think Mr. Pfeil has reason to appreciate it.

I learned one lesson as president of SFWA: it's useless taking an absolute stand in disputes between writers and publishers. In fact, worse than useless: it's counterproductive. SFWA exists to further the interests of professional sf writers as a class. In some cases our primary mission is best served by taking absolute stands, but in others we're all better off if disputes can be mediated.

Let's take the magazines in particular, because it's the stickiest case of the lot.

There aren't very many markets for short stories. Thus, any magazine is rather important to all of us. Some magazines are particularly important to beginning writers; I can live a long time without sf magazines now, but I couldn't have three years ago.

SFWA can make life pretty difficult for magazine publishers, and ghu knows some of them give us reason to do it. Are we, though, justified in saying "redress that grievance instantly or fold up?" What if the magazine *can't* redress the grievance, or, worse yet, can, and the editor *wants* to, but the publisher thinks the magazine a minor venture and would fold it if given a great deal of pressure?

Would the profession be well served by such tactics? Would the individual writer himself be well served? The elimination of a short story market would be a serious thing to some writers, and no great favor to all of us.

Of course we *have* gone to the mat in a few cases, and we are willing to do it given enough reason. There have been several votes authorizing the officers to take any measure, including boycott, required to get satisfaction if our negotiations were not successful.

Fortunately for all of us the negotiations have been successful. We have a few outstanding grievances, but they aren't very big or very extensive (knock wood)(or plastic?). Writers continue to make some pretty bad agreements and sign some pretty bad contracts, and we can't do much about *that*, but we have been remarkably successful in getting publishers to live up to their own contracts--and that's a far cry from the way things were a few years ago.

Not long ago I was at a meeting of the Mystery Writers of America and heard about an appalling thing a publisher had done to an MWA member. I asked why MWA hadn't done anything, and discovered that MWA seldom if ever gets involved in grievances at all.

It made me feel a lot better about the work we've done at SFWA, doubly sure that for all its faults SFWA is the most useful and effective writers organization around. Perfect it ain't and won't ever be, certainly not if perfect be defined as keeping every member happy forever; but by gollies we've done pretty well by our members and the profession. Or so I think.

By the way, I don't understand at all what is meant by the "big wheels" who run SFWA. If all that means is that SFWA officers and officials tend to be professional writers with substantial sales, it's close to true--although there are exceptions even there. But if what's meant is that SFWA is dominated by some small clique of close friends, nonsense.

SFWA is dominated by professional writers who are willing to do the work, and it's a lot of work, required to make it effective. I'd never met or corresponded with Andy Offutt when I became President and he Treasurer, and I found myself leaning more and more on him for advice and special tasks, because he got the cotton picking work done--and because he didn't hesitate to tell me when he thought I had lost my mind.

My Vice President was Norman Spinrad, hardly a member of the Old Guard, although he was a good friend. Our disagreements were legion, but we worked well together. And so forth. When it came to special projects, I called on anyone I could get who would do the work--and who I could be reasonably sure would not merely *say* he'd do the work and then forget it.

SFWA isn't run by a clique, and most of what it does isn't very interesting except to those affected by its work. I tried a couple of times to give a bit of news about SFWA to fans and the results were either counterproductive or had too little effect to justify the effort involved (and it's a lot of effort) (for a SFWA President, who has his own life to run while trying to work for 400 prima donnas with egos as large as his own).

Enough.

I'm glad you liked MOTE IN GOD'S EYE. Larry and I have heard strange stories: about book stores told the book was sold out, and other book stores who certainly sold out their supplies and can't get more. Well, we hope it gets read by someone out there. We also hope everyone likes it as well as we liked writing it.

We deliberately set out to write the kind of science fiction we were looking for some years ago when we first discovered sf. Not that we don't hope jaded old fans won't be able to rediscover some of the FUN we had reading sf back in those days--that was intended too; but we were particularly hoping to produce a novel that any reader, fan or not, would *enjoy*. If there's significant fiction, whatever that means, in MOTE, that's fine, but first and foremost we tried to tell a good story.

The most common adverse comment seems to center on my poor Chief Engineer, Mr. Sinclair, who does in fact speak with a Scots accent. We've even been accused of copying him from Star Trek.

My favorite story on that happened when Ted Sturgeon, who liked the book enough to do several rave reviews of it, told me he thought the engineer a stereotype.

"But Ted," I said, "you've been a merchant seaman. How many ship's engineers were Scots out of all those you've known?"

"All of them, damn it. I *know* it's realistic. I even told one of them, 'Man, you're a walking cliché!'"

In other words, our character is drawn from life, and if you'll stop resenting the fact that he's Scots you may even like him. Actually he crept in for another reason having to do with "future histories" and other series stories. I had a pretty well worked out future history, and since the aliens in MOTE are rather powerful, they had to be discovered at a time when human civilization was pretty strong or there wouldn't be a story at all. Also, there'd never been any aliens in my future history, so it had to happen at a time just subsequent to SPACESHIP FOR THE KING if MOTE were to fit into that picture at all.

For those who've read MOTE, you'll see there was another

problem--there aren't too many places you can put an alien in the heart of human civilization and not have the aliens able to come out and find the humans long before MOTE takes place.

BUT the one location, the Mote in Murcheson's Eye, was adjacent to a star system that I'd designed in great detail and mentioned previously in other stories. That was New Caledonia, which was also the Sector Capital of the area, and populated by New Scots.

Worse, the culture of the New Scots was worked out in great detail as well: like a number of enclave cultures living under siege for a long time, the New Scots had consciously and with great effort *tried* to preserve their peculiar cultural features and languages and customs.

And of course we had to have at least one New Scot character in the story; who? It worked out that he was ship's engineer, and in fact he almost had to be, since the engineer had to be an important character, and the human society was so structured that it was very unlikely that the First Officer would be New Scot. The Skipper couldn't be for he was the main character, and the readers would justifiably have resented a protagonist who talked with a thick accent.

So, there we were, and no apologies; in my judgment the Scots will retain a number of features of their old culture: look at how well attended the Highland Games are, and how many pipe bands there are, and so forth. And it is an easily verifiable fact that a great many ship's engineers are Scot, not only on US and British ships, but on those of a number of nationalities.

The second criticism I've seen is that some of the characters seem to be too greatly influenced by their roles. Well, sure; they have to be, to some extent. But they are, we think, quite different from each other, and they'll surprise you, or at least they certainly were able to surprise *us* at times.

The third criticism we've got is that the human civilization isn't really viable: there won't be, after these enlightened times, any kind of human empire with semi-hereditary aristocracies.

To that I can only reply that people have thought that before. The Roman Republic was dominated by the nobility for a long time, and then became "enlightened", governed by new men and a meritocracy. Came a time when people were damned glad to substitute heredity for their current means of selecting leaders.

England was pretty "enlightened" back in the XIXth Century, but that didn't stop the aristocracy from having a great deal of influence, and there are those who'd say it was a good influence. Good or bad, it was quite real.

And in MOTE it is explicitly stated that the Prime Minister is a commoner who inherited nothing; in the course of the story it's seen how one character becomes a Baron; and the Trader is certainly not descended from any long line of nobles.

I think the system in MOTE would work about as well and about as long as any other system would; but then I confess that I don't think there is any ideal social organization, nor do I believe that any kind of social organization will be permanent.

I'll also confess that I see one merit to a society with a sprinkling of aristocracy: a man who believes his children and grandchildren will have an important role in government may well give some thought to the long term effects of what he does; and if he doesn't have to look to the next election in order to keep his influence and at least some of his power, he may even act more wisely than do some current politicians who are as "democratic" as you could wish, in the sense that they try to give the people what they want right now...

No, I don't think we ought to be governed by hereditary aristocrats, but I do wonder if regularizing the influence of some great families wouldn't be beneficial. Perhaps not. But we've seen government by plebiscite and some of its horrors...

In other words, Larry and I tried to create a viable social order. It has faults, some serious. It has problems, some serious. We weren't after all, writing a utopian novel. Just what we hoped would be a good story.

As for our next, (other than INFERNO which should be out in serial form next summer [*Galaxy*] and book form next fall, and which is the strangest thing we'll *ever* write: it starts at a Worldcon and the protagonist falls out an 8 story window on the second page) we've got a more traditional 50 or so years from now novel that really does try to explore conflict of culture and the problems that arise from same.

I'm trying to clean off my desk (like Poul, I love to have written but hate to write, and letters are a good excuse) and I really ought to get back to work. 12/26/74

In the occasions in the past where I've had to deal with the SFWA officialdom (mostly regarding THE D:B SYMPOSIUM) I've always recieved a prompt and friendly reply, so I have no complaints there. I do think that the eligibility requirments have been slightly ridiculous for a professional organization (like RAWL, I don't think one or two sales does

a "pro" make) but I understand that is changing to some degree. (It's my rather cynical opinion that given today's overinflated market, anyone who really wants to sell a story or two, can--and indeed, has.) And I still think that the *Bulletin*, supposedly a "professional Journal", is rather a poor showing; there are much better fanzines, and I'm not talking about *Algol*, *TAC/SFR*, or my own, either. It's not worth \$10.00 a year to anyone who can't write it off as a deduction; in other words, most fans. For them *LOCUS* is a better and more timely investment by far. But those are just personal hang-ups. The one thing that does jar me is being told (not by Jerry, by the way) that SFWA business is none of my business. ANYTHING that affects the literature (what sees print; what doesn't see print) that I've read fairly consistently for twenty years, and in which I've invested a sizable percentage of my income, *is* my business. It may not be my livelihood, but I do have a vested interest. ## As for MOTE, I'm not going to necessarily endorse the Heinlein cover-quote, but just say that it was the most enjoyable book that I've read since *DUNE*--and that it has done more to get me back reading sf after a lapse of a couple of years than anything else I can point to. As merely a reader, I want to thank Jerry and Larry for keeping me up to ridiculous hours of the morning several nights in a row. It's been a helluva long time since any book has done that to me! [I see I've blown my 'format' already; oh, well, it'll give Michael something to write about next time...]

Eric Mayer You handled my story marvelously! I admit to getting a big charge out of seeing my name on the cover along with all those prominent fans and pros.

Outworlds arrived here shortly after Christmas, a good time for it since the holidays this year provided a welcome bit of relief after one of the most depressing autumns I can recall. As usual your format surprised me and, as usual, I liked it. The newsprint has a nice feel to it. Sort of takes the sting out of offset repro. But then maybe you've guessed by now, I'm a sucker for surprises. Randy Bathurst's cover is terrific.

The letter column leaves me agast. Is this some kind of record? Only one gripe--the continuing feuds. I realize you're trying to be fair by allowing everyone to have his say, but since the more the participants talk the more foolish they make themselves look, you'd be doing them a bigger favor by just cutting the whole thing short. It must have been very trying for someone attempting to cope with real problems to have put up with all this braying over imagined ones. The kinds of personalities displayed in all these unfortunate pages would seem to be much more at home politicking than writing, which might go a long way towards explaining the current quality of science fiction books and magazines.

As for the Pfeil/Arnold controversy...both men seem to have unduly short fuses but blacklisting is blacklisting, whatever you choose to call it, and it stinks.

Just to finish off the bile before moving on...I tend to agree with Jessie Salmonson's analysis of Ted White's 25¢ handling fee for unsolicited mss. Taken on its own merits, in the case of Ted's two magazines, it makes sense. But there is the danger that it will spread and there is that distasteful underlayer of contempt for the unknown writer that such a cover charge implies.

I agree with Lowndes. Everyone favors some sort of censorship, and that's OK just so long as none of that censorship is institutionalized. Problems arise when a single person becomes a kind of institution himself (Roger Elwood for instance). I think a person in such a situation has an obligation to try and recognize his biases and minimize them.

I don't know that Elwood poses much of a threat to science fiction. He seems to be dealing mainly with the kind of mediocre, production line writing that makes up the bulk of all sf published. If he isn't printing it someone else will be. At least he isn't aiming his anthologies at an early teen audience as, I suspect, Ace did for a long time--a policy involving a lot more censorship than Elwood weilds.

I enjoyed Jodie Offutt's article. As for a comment on it, I think that, in this case, discretion might be the better part of valor. I hope that Grant Canfield's illo isn't a depiction of what Jodie found in that Frederick's catalog.

The idea of a writer's union is mind boggling--Poul Anderson is right there. On the other hand Poul's statement that "the biggest obstacles to any worker trying to better himself... are the unions, the minimum wage laws, and Social Security," seems almost naive. It appears obvious to me that without government protection U.S. citizens would be unremittingly screwed by Big Business. Look at what business did to workers before unionization. Why would it be any different today? Has human nature changed that quickly. Consider also the recent antics of oil and sugar companies. I'm sure that government is intrinsically just as corrupt as big business, but we only have to deal with one government (where-as there are swarms of Big Companies ready to take advantage of us) and government is, theoretically at least, under the control of the general popula-

tion while business is free to do as it pleases, without restraint of any kind, constitutional, legal or otherwise. (Or would be if Poul had his way--if his way is what I suspect it is.) Anyhow, I think the population has a better chance coping with one corrupt government than with hundreds of corrupt corporations.

Poul is right on target with the main portion of his column though. Yeah, I'd like to see something of mine in professional print, but I sure don't feel like writing it. And if I were to sell something, thus satisfying my desire to be "published" it'd definitely take some kind of goad, most likely monetary to convince me to sit down at the typer again.

Jerry Pournelle's bit is funny. Perhaps I can forgive him now for mentioning something about taping conversations somewhere in the feud correspondence. A tub full of lime jello indeed... what can I do but shake my head and wonder what Roger Elwood would make of it?

As for John Andrews...ah yes...Heinlein as a fuggheaded neo...incredible...croggling...I'm sure I missed half the jokes John cracked but I got enough of them too. Really weird...but good.

I'm afraid Bill Wolfenbarger disappointed me this time. I saved his *Language at Midnight* for last. It was around 1 a.m. when I started on it, a few days after Christmas, the tree still up, the lights on, a good feeling in the air that hadn't been there for a while. It's quiet around here at that time. Once in a while a train goes by, across the river, aside from that you can hear the rafters creaking when the wind blows. I sat down with a cup of tea. Everyone else was asleep. I figured I'd read a page or two but I got caught up in the thing, in the people Bill was writing about. Bill is himself. That's something I can appreciate, since I'm in the process of finding a job, being confronted by an endless succession of people who all want me to be something other than what I am, some fixture for their business concern. I felt good reading this and I was disappointed that there wasn't more of it. (Yeah, I know it was a big hunk of writing.) I'll be looking forward to the next installment. 1/6/75
[RD #1, Falls, PA 18615]

Bill hasn't disappeared but he has not sent in an installment recently --and since I was flush with stuff, I didn't pressure him. Next time...

Arthur D. Hlavaty I think *Outworlds* 21/22 was the best issue I've seen yet. It seemed better balanced--a little about sf (unlike #20), a little about charisma and other lewd subjects, a few laughs, and a little hostility, to keep up the traditions. (I must confess to a certain sneaking fondness for your verbal martial-arts columns, even though I suppose I'd be a Better Person if I didn't like them.)

Lowndes may have a point about "liberal" censorship, but why does he use Roger Elwood as an example? Forbidding blasphemy & dirty words and allowing characters to engage in "deviant" sex (including fornication) only if they don't enjoy it is hardly liberalism.

The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short was disappointing. Heinlein cries out for parody; but in trying to do the whole thing, paragraph by paragraph, Andrews fell into a kind of mechanical word substitution which palled quickly.

I really liked Susan Wood's article on VAN LOON'S LIVES, partly because I've been fascinated by the idea of the greats in history all getting together ever since I was about 12 years old and read a story called *The Inn outside the world*, by Edmond Hamilton. I now realize that the story was awful, but the idea stuck with me. Later I got hold of an obscure book called HEAVENLY DISCOURSE, by Charles Wood, which was written for *The New Masses* and reads like it, but was a lot of fun. The best

example I know of is Brigid Brophy's new book *THE ADVENTURES OF GOD IN HIS SEARCH FOR THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL*, which features Shaw, Voltaire, Gibbon, and a fictional character named "God." Like all the others, it gets a bit preachy in spots, but it's very witty. (Piers Anthony might like it; one of the themes Ms. Brophy harps on is vegetarianism.) 1/9/75
[250 Coligni Ave., New Rochelle, NY 10801]

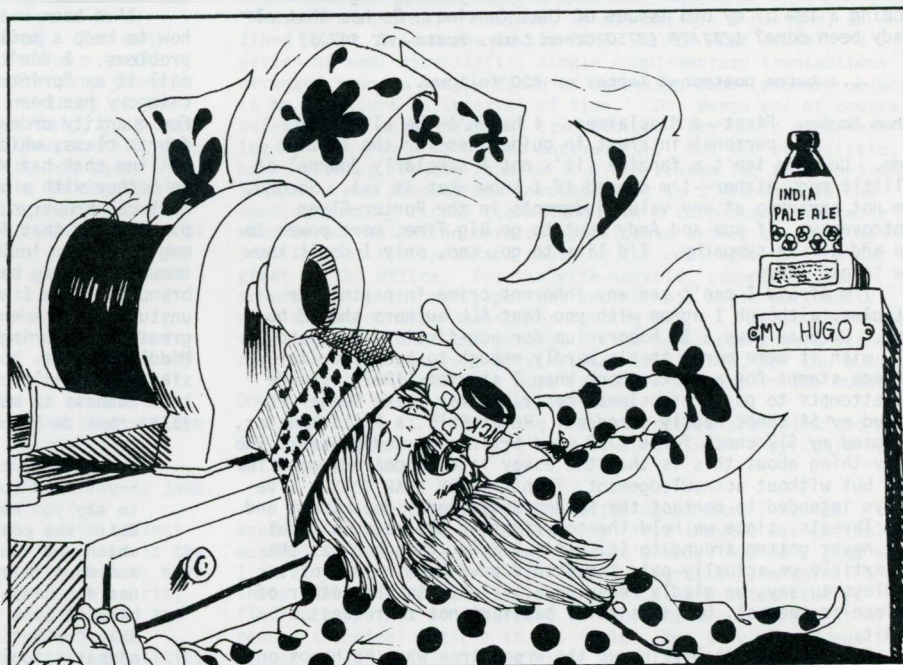
John Carl The double-issue seems to be laid out much better than most of the issues I've seen from you. Perhaps this is because you obviously tried to keep it simple, and much of the grotesqueness of the previous two issues is eliminated because of this. To tell the truth, after seeing issues 19 & 20 I was about ready to give up on you, since you were obviously (to me, at least) trying too hard to live up to your reputation as a Hugo-nominated fan editor.

A basic detriment to an effective layout of a cover is an ugly logo, and believe me this present one is ugly. A little consistency would go a long way. I'm speaking mainly of the middle "o" with the little arrows going every which way. This is as ineffective a gimmick as I've seen from you. Also, the "A" and "B" in the middle of the "D" is just too cutesy.

There is nothing wrong with printing *Outworlds* on newsprint,

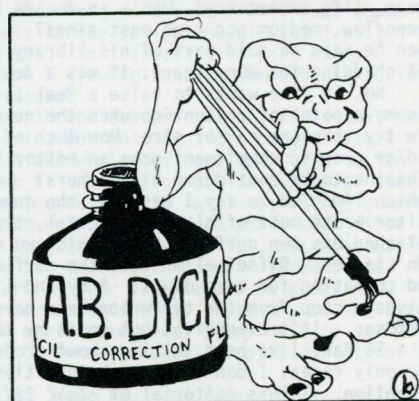
A.B.DYCK'S Profiles

(PRONOUNCED
"DICK")
WHITE
LABEL



MICHAEL GLICKSOHN ★★

- HOME: TORONTO, ONTARIO.
- AGE: 28.
- PROFESSION: MATH TEACHER.
- HOBBIES: FANAC, LETTERHACKING, CHILD MOLESTATION.
- LAST BOOK READ: MISS PICKEREL GOES TO MARS.
- LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: TYING OWN SHOES.
- QUOTE: IF IT'S ALCOHOLIC, I'LL DRINK IT.
- PROFILE: DEBASED, VULGAR, COMPLETELY DEVOTED TO BOOZING.
- COR-FLU: A.B.DYCK WHITE LABEL.



however, and I wish you luck in (practically) pioneering the medium. As ephemerally attractive as it is, however, the fanzine won't last half as long as even the flimsiest of other issues.

I was wondering when you would take advantage of a Script element for your typer. Your usual italics were beginning to get a bit monotonous. And you are one of the few people that I've seen who've used the Orator element to their advantage. You do indeed have skill with typefaces. I'm not waiting the day when your Selectric does indeed go down the drain. Perhaps, if they only last six or seven years, I ought to reconsider my decision to get one.

Eric Mayer's little squib was cute, but ephemeral. He shows remarkable talent for parody, though it may not be fully developed in this piece. He does retain many of the phrases that seemed most striking to me when I read *THE EXORCIST*, and attains sharper ridicule of the more silly scenes in the book by presenting them in a different light. But...it seems to be lacking that certain something that would make it a truly good satire.

Jodie Offutt's article was cute, but what can I say about it?

The Canfield illustration accompanying the article wasn't quite so good, however. It is inconsistent--compare the realism of the body with the idealised face. The head seems to me to be slightly too large for the body, and oddly positioned. And just why is it that Grant didn't draw the feet?

The better part of this double-issue was for me part "B", because it consisted for the most part of letters, and letters are the staple ingredient of my fannish activity--and these are skillfully edited and particularly interesting letters.

Ted White's loc was great, and showed why *Void* was such a great fanzine. I've been thinking of really croggling Ted and locking a few of my old issues of that fanzine. Or has that already been done? 1/12/75 [3750 Green Lane, Butte, MT 59701]

...a twice postponed letter on #20 follows...

Karen Rockow First--a disclaimer. I haven't the slightest personal interest in guidelines for the fanzine Hugo. *Unicorn* isn't a fanzine (it's not a scholarly journal or a little mag, either--I'm damned if I know what it is). Second, I'm not arriving at any value judgments in the Porter-Glyer controversy. If you and Andy want to go Big Time, more power to you and all my sympathy. I'd like to go, too, only I don't know how to get there.

I'm afraid I can't see any inherent crime in paying for articles, although I agree with you that ALL authors should be paid. *Unicorn* pays a \$5 honorarium for non-fiction prose and I only wish it were more; that's hardly enough to keep a writer in postage stamps for a week. Back when I started (1967), I made two attempts to pay professional contributors. Pete Seeger returned my \$4 check neatly shredded. Peter Bull, a British actor, accepted my \$17 check for a 1700 word article on teddy bears. The funny thing about this is that the essay later appeared, word for word but without acknowledgement, in his *TEDDY BEAR BOOK*. I've always intended to contact the Random House legal department and Make Threats, since we hold the copyright on the material, but I've never gotten around to it. It's ironic, though, that the one article we actually paid for should have been ripped off. Needless to say, we gladly reassign all rights to the author of a piece on request, but it's still bad form not to request or credit.

I think Mike is barking up the wrong tree when he harps on the money issue. All editors make sacrifices--of time, money, space, life expectancy. Who's to decide the dividing lines between low, medium and high cost zines? I sympathize with Andy when he says he sold part of his library to finance *Algol*, but I'm not shedding too many tears; it was a decision freely made.

No, if Mike wants to raise a Real Issue and one which may become a point of contention when the next Hugos come around, let him try this one on for size: How much of a PERSONAL literary and/or graphic commitment does an editor have to make for a magazine to be considered his or hers? In the good old days (which I'm glad to say I missed), the question was spurious. An editor wrote most of his own material, typed his own stencils, splashed his own conflu, cranked his own mimeo and stapled his own staples. Offset eliminates the conflu, stencils, stapling and collating for some of us. Andy and I have now removed ourselves a step from the typewriter and have our type set by IBM composer. It's expensive, but so is my sanity.

So far, I've been talking about production, and if that were the only facet, I don't think the question would deserve much attention. In his editorial of *Algol* 22, however, Andy announces that Ian Andrews, a friend and professional artist, and Moshe Feder will be responsible for "the layout and pasteup of this and future issues." He doesn't say if he is paying them and I don't really care. In spite of the satisfaction I derive from designing *Unicorn*, there are times when I'd like to have a production staff to paste up the bloody mag. I'd also like a publicity director, a business manager and two full-time secretaries. I already have an associate editor in Chicago who copes with the poetry and short

stories that threaten to overwhelm us, an art editor who occasionally draws for us, and a few mythical people who fill out the masthead. Starting next issue, we'll have three consulting editors to give second opinions on scholarly mss. outside my ken.

But it seems to me that when you take on too many people to do your work for you, things get a bit out of hand. You're no longer an editor; you're a publisher. Maybe this is just splitting hairs. After all, Hugos are given to magazines, not editors. I justify my own outlays to the typesetter and printer by saying that it gives me time to write, which is why I started *Unicorn* to begin with. I'm the first to admit that I don't write as much as I intend. But looking at *Algol* 22, I was disappointed to find Andy Porter in only a few stray comments to locs and an editorial explaining the financial aspects of his zine.

Enough about that. I thoroughly enjoyed *Outworlds* 20. *Grafanica* is just what we always needed--group therapy for editors. I can't think of a single segment of the population that needs it more, except perhaps Republicans. It's very courageous/outrageous of you to admit stealing techniques and approaches from other fanzines. We all do it, if not consciously, then unconsciously. I live in dread of the day which I know must eventually come when I publish a paragraph or entire essay as my own which is in reality taken verbatim from something I had read years before and unconsciously memorized. I do have a personal axe to grind with you though, Bill. My memory may be playing tricks, but it seems to me that *Unicorn* was a "miscellaneous journal" a long time before (since May, 1967, to be exact) *Outworlds* became an "eclectic journal." The similarity is a bit too close for my liking.

I've been waiting a long time for someone to explain to me how to keep a mailing list, but Larry McCombs hasn't solved my problems. I don't even know how to mail my zine. I used to mail it as "printed matter," as McCombs suggests, but that category has been eliminated for domestic (but not foreign) mail. For quantity orders, I stick the mags in a Jiffy bag and mail fourth class, which is, I suppose, illegal. It's the regular mailing that has me confused. We don't have enough subscribers to bother with a permit and I don't understand that crap anyway. My local Brooklyn, N.Y. and Cambridge, Mass. branches of the p.o. insist that I mail third class and charge 24¢ a copy (the mag is 32 pp. including covers). But two issues ago, I had trouble finding parking and patronized another nearby Brooklyn branch. There I was told I could mail second class for 14¢ if I unstuck all the envelope flaps and tucked them in. That was great fun. During the summer, I have an arrangement with the Middlebury, Vt. postmaster whereby I mark my envelopes "transient" and mail for 16¢ a piece. Perhaps someone can explain this madness to me in words of one syllable. 11/9/74 [1153 East 26 Street, Brooklyn, NY 11210]

...since most fanzines are still distributed mainly by mail --you HAVE to know what you can or can't do. (I was going to say you have to Know Thy Enemy...but that would be unfair: the postal system is the one branch of government in which you can, to a degree, still deal with individuals...) And what follows is general, from my experience. You can use 4th Class (Book Rate; also Manuscript Rate) if your zine is over 24 pages, and contains no advertising other than "house" ads; i.e., your own. It does not have to be offset. Book rate, at the moment, is 18¢ for the first pound, 8¢ for each pound thereafter. You were had on the 3rd class: up to 4 oz., it's 16¢ world-wide. If OW 23 at 36pp qualified (it did), your 32pp issues should also. Your use of "second class" is illegal any way you look at it. First: you have to be at least quarterly. Second, you not only have to have a permit, but it can only be issued in Washington DC. It costs, and it takes time; while waiting for it, you have to use bulk rate, pay that rate, and then get a rebate when/if the 2nd class permit is okayed. (You do have to be offset to get a 2nd class permit...and damned regular--although OW at present is eligible to apply for same. I checked; otherwise I'd have to charge state sales tax on subs; Ohio's definition of magazine vs. book includes second class eligibility. Dumb.) The more I think of it, second class mailing might be the final dividing line between "fanzines" and "prozines". Once you take that step, you'd best be serious. (But it's so cheap, even with the zones and all!) # I still think that when you get into the 500+ U.S. circulation, you almost have to go to bulk mailing; the sorting and bundling is one helluva pain, but... My total OW-related (not including personal correspondence) 1974 postage was \$527. Really. It would have been at least double that but for mailing the majority under the bulk permit; and unless you're in a position to sneer at that much money... The "main" mailing of OW 23 (470 copies) cost me \$32.96. Single copies since then have cost 16¢ ea. (You have to have 200 copies for a "mailing", and it has to be U.S. only.) You figure it out. Then start thinking of apas!

Roberto Fuentes I just received issues 21/22 of *Outworlds*. In these you publish several letters about the Piers-Koontz controversy. As you know I have collaborated with Piers several times; a story in *Vertex*, the unsold novel *DEAD MORN* now with Ted White at *Amazing*, and the Martial Arts series with Berkley. Well, Mr. Koontz says: "And I find it difficult to see how a man who writes such inept, pulpish 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." Well their quarrel was not my quarrel, except of course that Piers is my good friend and I strongly believe in the bonds of friendship, but I do not know the ins and outs of the matter enough to comment on them. But Koontz has used pretty strong words about my work and concomitantly about my character.

In the first place I don't consider myself morally bankrupt. I was very actively involved with the students directorate in Havana in overthrowing Batista's dictatorship. In 1959 I was sitting pretty in Cuba. I was at my last year in law school, I was on very friendly terms with some of the most powerful personalities in government, I had just been offered a second lieutenant's commission in the Cuban army as judo instructor (in Cuba there are only second, first lieutenants, captains and majors in the army); I was also a leader in the students union in the University of Havana. Yet I followed my conscience and for 10 years I actively fought against the communist regime of Castro. I suffered prison, I was hunted for my life as chief of the MRR action and sabotage section in Cuba, I returned several times to Cuba to keep up the struggle till it became evident that for the time being our cause was hopeless. I also know my martial arts. I am a San-Dan, third degree black belt in judo, was a former black belt champion of Cuba (twice, never defeated). For many years I taught judo in Cuba in my own schools, and here in the United States I still teach it at two schools. For many years also I was an international competitor in judo and today at the age of 40 I still keep active in the competition field, just last September winning the Metropolitan Masters Judo Championship. Our series are novels about the martial arts, but I do not agree with Mr. Koontz's judgments; on the contrary I think he is completely biased by his dislike of Piers. In the first place every fight and judo exposition is technically correct. Even some of the most farfetched scenes have their base in reality; they are things I have seen done or done myself (for the most part), or which some reliable witness has told me is possible and he has seen it. In the second place we have taken strong moral stands.

We have tried to show the full range and meaning of Judo in our novels. Judo is not just a sport for most of us; it is a way of life, and that is the way its founder Jigoro Kano intended it to be, it is a Do a way to find enlightenment and to become a better human being. Time and again we have presented that philosophy in the novels. We have tried to show also the worldwide comradeship that exists among judokas.

Our hero Jason Stryker is an athlete whose whole life is judo. He does not smoke or drink and keeps physically fit.

In all the novels we have taken a very strong stand against drugs of all kinds. In No. 2, *MISTRESS OF DEATH*, the theme is the fight against a criminal empire founded on a new drug, but we have taken time and space to talk about the evils of drugs in sports, especially the worldwide use of amphetamines by athletes and the even worse use of steroids for gaining muscle. In No. 3, *THE BAMBOO BLOODBATH*, they tackle a scheme to smuggle large quantities of cocaine into the USA and again we write about the evils of using conventional drugs as well as their dangers. This novel also has several chapters set in Cuba; in them (being as objective as possible) I have tried to show the readers the hell that is living in a communistic dominated country (or any dictatorship for that matter--No. 5 and 6 tackles the right wing regime of Brasil). Yes my readers, one thing is to read of the necessary hardships to create a communist or socialistic paradise and another is to be there swinging that machete and cutting sugar cane without being paid for it or watching the state abolish Christmas because it interferes with the sugar harvest.

All through the novels we have taken a very strong stand against discrimination of all kinds. One of our heroines, Ilunga, is black and she becomes Jason's lover; in different times his girlfriends have also included a Chinese girl and a Nicaraguan Indian girl. We are very prejudiced against bigots of every kind and one of the episodes in No. 3 narrates a small run in I had against one such in a post office (he did not like latins, especially when they were small and could not talk English, but he rapidly changed his opinion when confronted with a big black belt latin judoka). Yes I am a great believer in not just talking about righting something wrong but of doing something to stop it. In No. 4, *NINJA*, and No. 5, *BLACK CASTLE OF THE AMAZON*, we attack pollution and the evils of rampart industrialism. We also point out the fact that there are no easy solutions.

No Mr. Koontz calls all these morally corrupt, etc. Well let me ask him just one question. Just how did he arrive at this conclusion? By his own words he says that he does not read Piers'

work, yet how can he comment on the series if he has not read them? He is hoisted by his own petard; he is either a liar or he is attacking something he has not read on the basis of his own prejudices. When you do not like something just because it has a label on it, written by Mr. A, that is the same as when you do not like a person because his color is green or he eats garlic; in short a bigot.

Apart from all of this, the series does have an underlaying strong fantasy and sometimes science fiction theme in them. The first one, *KIAI*, was enough to get me into SFWA; it has the Kiai paralyzing shout of the title, the Ki or inner force that saves the hero, the delayed death blow, and at the climax the reincarnation of a 300 year old man. The second one has more use of the Ki as well as a new drug that makes men physical supermen but with terrible addictive powers that kill them in the end. In the third one, we show some claimed Kung Fu powers that include levitation and maybe teleportation and can be taken as fantasy or as psi powers. *NINJA* and its sequels are the most conventional SF of the lot as they have as hero the 300 year old Ninja, who wants to bring the world back to its pristine purity by the simple process of killing off all the excess people and is ready to make a good try of it. 1/12/75

Joe Christopher I enjoyed OW 21/22, but it took me three days to read through it/them. (This is why I no longer get prozines read.) Since I'm teaching a mass media course at the moment, it struck me (perhaps because you used newsprint) that OW fitted the first of four points Christopher Driver made in *Why Newspapers Have Readers* (printed in *Encounter* and reprinted in Alan Casy's *MASS MEDIA AND MASS MAN*, 2nd ed.): "Newspaper-reading, I believe, is essentially a pastime, as defined by Dr. Eric Berne in his *GAMES PEOPLE PLAY* (1966): 'a series of semi-ritualistic, simple complementary transactions arranged round a single field of material, whose primary object is to structure an interval of time.' Dr. Berne was of course referring to inter-personal transactions--the basic good-morning-how-are-you's of social intercourse. But the ritualistic, habit-forming element remains. ... The reason for this loyalty is that a man reading his morning paper in a [subway] is conducting a daily ritual transaction with a corporate personality whom he may well find more congenial than either the wife he has just left at the breakfast table or the colleague he is about to greet in the office. For the wife herself, trapped in her suburban box, the newspaper may be the sole adult personality whom she encounters during her working day. ... It is therefore very important that the perusal of the newspaper should structure the right interval of time; not too little, not too much."

I rather think three days (read off and on) is too much. On the other hand, I did keep reading.

And isn't it frightening how many people are satisfied with the "corporate personality" of a newspaper when they could be getting OW? 2/6/75

...You asked in your last letter about what I--as an academe--think about fanzines. (My first thought was suitably academic--"But I haven't read Wertham's book: how do I know what I think yet?") I agree that literary journals (I'm thinking of those publishing criticism, such as *PMLA*) are often stuffy. I find much in them of interest, in the same way a scientist will read a technical article in his field. But they always run the danger of dullness. On the other hand, fanzines run the danger of being lively but trivial. I don't object to triviality entirely--I found long ago that left to myself I will read about nine mysteries or SF novels to one serious novel (but I will read the serious novel also). So triviality is part of my personality. Maybe because I grew up reading comic books during WWII? Anyway, for some reason.

Another thing wrong with the academic magazines is that the editors are so print oriented (or on such tight budgets) that they use no pictures. But the whole business goes back to the mistake the Americans made of introducing the German Ph.D. and its corresponding high seriousness. The fanzines, on the other hand, are often like eating nothing but cream puffs--the first three (or first nine, in my case) are delightful, but eventually one gets tired of nothing but sweets. A chicken-fired steak (substitute some plain fare of your area) would be a delight.

The ideal magazine, for someone of my type, may be one like *Unicorn*, which will run a serious medieval study next to an article on potato chips. Or (what I actually do) a variety of magazines.

I'm tempted to ramble. Have you seen *Kaiser News*, published for the Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation, and edited by Don Fabun, who used to turn out *Rhodomagnetic Digest*? There's graphics, for you. With some serious content, besides.

... One of the additional problems with academic magazines is that often advancement (and hence salary) depends on being an editor or being published--and what are Americans more serious about than money? I've got over 40 books, pamphlets, etc., connected with Lewis Carroll on my shelves, and it's amazing how

seriously scholars can discuss Alice. After all, if we admit we enjoy the stuff we read, who will pay us? Work is not supposed to be pleasant.

In fact, I've been turned off professional meetings for the last two years because I kept finding them very dull. (I've been going to Mythcons out in California, but the head of my department doesn't really consider them professional.) The most fun I've had at a meeting recently was at a "Literature and the Occult" conference this spring--and even there the content (by serious minded scholars) was suspect.


In short, I agree with you about academic journals--except when I'm interested in particular content.

And finally, there are magazines like *Outworlds* which, according to my metaphor, must be mixing cream puffs and chicken-fried steaks: it doesn't sound appetizing... 4/7/75
[820 Charlotte, Stephenville, TX 76401]

SFWA FORUM

DECEMBER 1974

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INVOICE	
The Science Fiction Writers of America	
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Ted Cogswell Remember the Zero Mostel musical of several things back, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*? After Bob Tucker's discourse on coincidences in 21, the parallel is kind of mind boggling.

The oddest kind of coincidences are the verbal. They happen too frequently for comfort. For example, *serendipity* is a word that would show up way at the bottom of any word frequency list. So one night I switch on the local educational TV channel for no reason at all (Aside: #44 has a penchant for programming panels of local high school teachers. Nothing makes for a brisker evening than listening to five directors of janitorial science, all with M.A.'s from Slippery Rock State Teachers College, discussing their anguished search for relevance in current programmatic innovative practices which somehow are not quite meeting the felt wants and needs of the modern student of today at this point in time. Even the Ted White/Piers Anthony and the Piers Anthony/Don Pfeil exchanges pale in contrast. [Digression within an aside: The *Rocky Mountain News* used to have a sports special with an incredible number of college football scores in minuscule type. One day Slippery Rock took Immaculate Conception 13 to 6 and a *News* compositor couldn't resist. That C for R made instant local

history. ((Obligation within a digression within an aside: We congenitally bad spellers lean heavily on Roget because when private spelling disagrees so violently with public that a word can't be found in Webster's, our only out is to check a synonym in the thesaurus. The one you're after almost always shows up someplace in the following listing. So being thoroughly convinced that *minuscule* is spelled *minescule* because I've always pronounced it min-'es-kyoo-el, I checked Roget under *tiny*. Nothing, so I had to hunt and peek until at long last came the dawn. [[It all goes back to an early misspent youth. When I wasn't locked in the bathroom perusing the more pornographic illustrations in the Sears catalog--CORSETS, WOMEN's was OK for a quickie but for really blessed relief nothing could equal PANTIES, MISSES'--I had my nose in a book. Since I lived in a reading world instead of a talking one, out of it all came scores of eye pronunciations such as *colonial* for *colonel*, *basilisk* as *balisk*, and best of all, because I didn't get caught up on it until last year, *canine* for *cayenne*. (((("What kind of pepper?" said my wife, George, incredulously. "Canine," sez I. "You know, that hot red stuff.)))]]]) and happened on an interesting lecture on serendipity. I switched off when another gaggle of high school teachers come on and picked up where I'd left off in a magazine article. Sure enough, in the middle of the second line, flashing on and off like a neon sign, was the word *serendipity*. Things like that happen too often to be the result of blind chance. Which gives me a great idea for a science fiction story. You write it and we'll split.

A couple of quick comments and then I've got to get to the typewriter and get some work done.

1. I agree with Poul's agreement that anyone who writes for anything but money is an ass. Poul's frequent and my infrequent appearances in publications such as *Outworlds* are really a special sort of tithing. The sweetener is that we can deduct such charitable contributions at three cents a word on line 22 SCHEDULE A, Form 1040, US Individual Income Tax Return. As a result of that happy loophole, Piers Anthony hasn't had to pay any income tax in years. He's the only pro I know who tithes in the 90% bracket. Piers also is the only pro I know, besides myself, who was in Spain during the Spanish Civil War. Our situations were somewhat different, however: he was in arms and I was bearing them.

2. It is not universally known that Avram Davidson is a Jew. It *is* universally known that he's a Mennonite who's trying to pass. The reason that SFWA doesn't try to collect reprint payments from Sol Cohen for ex-members is that they're too chintzy to pay their annual dues. The reason SFWA doesn't try to collect reprint payments from Sol Cohen for its own members is that Ted White convinced us in Toronto that Sol was a poor, sick old man who, in spite of all his extra vertebrae, is barely able to make ends meet.

3. And tell Bromley to stop picking on Roger Elwood. My relations with the man have been both pleasant and profitable. It's true that he doesn't answer his mail most of the time, but that's not his fault--the poor chap has an incurable case of philatophobia. In spite of which, I'd make him first phone if I were running a bucket shop.

4. Jodie's picture didn't do her justice.

5. Tell Jessie Salmonson that if she'll just pull the coin return lever she'll get two dimes and a nickle back. And tell her to stop sticking on poor Ted. If he wants to put out for two-bits, that's his business. I'm tired of everyone picking on the small entrepreneur. One of these days Ted will have a house of his own and he'll be able to sock the Johns ten bucks a head just to get in the front door.

And now I really must to work. George and I send our best to Bill & Loretta & John & Pat & Jim & Sally & Don & Louiese & Dick & Clair & Jim & Karen & Dave & Scheyrl and our condolences on having neighbors who drink quite a lot. On the other hand what if Loretta & John and Pat & Jim and Sally & Don and Louiese & Dick and Clair & Jim and Karen & Dave secretly eloped to St. Louis, leaving nothing behind but a note on the kitchen table that said, "This thing is bigger than the fourteen of us!" The thought of Bill & Scheyrl alone in that big house with no one for company but Sara & Bobby & Justin & Calico & Geni & Gretchen & Rascal & Luke & Angenette & Bo--and none of them housebroken yet--is enough to bring a tear to the most hardened eye.

Lovely issues, Bill. When I look at my own poor *Forum* thou makest me sin in envy. One thing, though: how come Poul always gets his own column while I always get stuck under *I ALSO HEARD FROM?* 1/18/75

...so write me a column! # When Dean Koontz mentioned that his sub to OW was deductible, I about fell over; now this! Is OW becoming a "tax shelter" for successful pros? Oh well --if it's good enough for Richard Nixon...is what I say...

Robert Werner I have a story which relates to what, in the interests of good taste, should be referred to as Pournelle's Account.

It was approximately 2:30 A.M. on a Saturday morning, in late January, several years ago. It was early in the semester and many students had left, either for home or some more interesting weekend expedition. Waterbury Hall, downtown dormitory of the State University at Albany, New York, was as silent and sedate as it would ever be. For some unknown reason, I was up and around at that hour. Then, clad only in shorts, I went to the bathroom, pushed open the door, and stepped in.

I received an immediate physical shock. The windows were wide open. Out of my sight, someone retreated out of the latrine's other door into another hallway. Then I saw a substance in each of the eight sinks. I checked further and also found the bathtub full--of Jello, Lime Jello. (The sensualist probably had worked for the cafeteria food service and gotten hold of a large box.) In my innocence, I didn't realize the fabulous situation this was. It was if nubile young ladies had brazenly decalored their availability to me. But, quite literally, I got a case of cold feet and left, rather dazed.

The latrine was locked up later. The official reason was that the pipes had broken. But perhaps someone else had appropriated the pleasure.

I am still unsure of exactly what I missed. So there exists considerable frustration in reading the Pournelle Account. As with another Haldeman in Washington, the entire story may never come out. Meanwhile, we can concern ourselves with this discovery of another taboo. For I have never read an unexpurgated Lime Jello story, not even in DANGEROUS VISIONS. 1/13/75 [R.D. 2, Box 164E, Greenville, NY 12083]

Brett Cox I quite frankly have no idea of how to start this off. I'd like to be able to write a Big and Important Loc to match a Big and Important Fanzine like OW, but I'm not sure if I have it in me or not.

Your editorial was most enjoyable, and very effective. I'm pretty far removed from you as far as personality/inner feelings/world outlook, etc., goes, but you still managed to make me identify with you, your hopes, your problems, and your dreams. Which is no mean feat, my man. It also lent a marvelously personal touch to what would otherwise have been a totally Overwhelming fanzine. I liked it.

The Excoriator by Eric Mayer was, in a word, marvelous. Impossible to comment on, as it is all "pure" fannish writing, but great nonetheless. I suspect, though, it might be somewhat lost on those of your audience who aren't really into fandom that much. (I thought I'd gotten all the in-references down pat by now, but "I sawed Courtney's boat," is a new one on me.)

The explanation is not easily summarized, but, if Dick Eney has no objections, I'll reprint the relevant entry from the FANCYCLOPEDIA II in the next issue or so...

Re Robert A.W. Lowndes' column: First off, I wish to thank Mr. Lowndes for taking the time to reply to my original loc in TAC 8, even if Dick Geis didn't print it--a failure I regret. Although I'm well past the point of being "new" to fandom, it'll be a long time before I quit getting a definite charge out of a pro responding to something I've said.

The concept of censorship scares the hell out of me, and parental censorship of a young person's reading matter scares me doubly. When I read Mr. Lowndes' original statement in TAC 6, I thought, "My God, what if my parents tried to censor my reading? What would happen then?" I then looked over at my bookshelves, and the number of books therein that my parents would have frowned on, not to mention banned outright, had they known the book's contents before I bought them, was goggling in the extreme. So I wrote the statement that was printed in TAC 8, and, ill-tempered and juvenile as it was, I still stand by it.

Mr. Lowndes hypothetical book review was, I agree, fascinating. If such books existed, I would certainly defend the right of parents to keep them from their children. But such books don't exist, and, quite frankly, I don't believe that they could. Books that would incite children to violent or anti-social acts, or which use obscene language, or which contain explicit sex scenes, are not written on a level that the average child could understand, so there's no need to worry about children being "corrupted" by them. My view is that if a child is intelligent enough to read and understand such books, then he/she is also intelligent enough to be able to differentiate between what is "right" and what is "wrong" in said books and won't be "brainwashed" by them. In my own case, I read THE CATCHER IN THE RYE at age 11, and it didn't encourage me to drop out of school, use "obscene" language, patronize prostitutes, or walk around and break garage windows with my bare hands. I read A Boy and His Dog at age 12, and it didn't arouse violent rebelliousness in me or cause me to view women as hunks of meat useful only as sex objects. I don't think that they or similar works would adversely affect anyone of similar age who was intelligent enough to read them in the first place, unless he or she was mentally disturbed to begin with.

In short: Thank you for replying to my letter, Mr. Lowndes,

but I still think you're wrong.

As for the rest of his article: I'm uncertain about his closing statements, but I agree with his opening remarks 100%.

I'm personally not too sure about Roger Elwood--I have my reservations, but I haven't made up my mind totally yet. Regardless of my own views on the subject, however, I was sorry that you saw fit to print Kent Bromley's article on the matter. Not because I disagree with it, but because it is, in part, simply not true. His cavils concerning Elwood's religious orientations are well taken but a statement like "His [Elwood's] editorial taboos include 1.) profane language of any sort, 2.) blasphemy, and 3.) explicit sexuality." and "taking the Lord's name in vain" is grounds for summary rejection" are utter nonsense to anyone who's read even a few of Elwood's anthologies. The taboos are there, to be sure, but not to the extent that Bromley claims. The question of Elwood's impact on the sf field is confused enough as it is, and diatribes such as Bromley's can only make things worse.

I should have realized it at the time, but it has been pointed out to me that "Bromley" is a pseudonym. Given that and the location the piece was mailed from, as well as a few stylistic touches, I have an idea as to whom it might be. Be that as it may, I have a letter from Barry Malzberg to forward to Bromley whenever I establish his identity...

Jodie's article was very good, and true for the most part. However, her statements about the effectiveness of freaky clothing in a small town should be taken with a grain of salt. I don't know how things are in Kentucky, but down here in the Styx any given tobacco field is filled with long-haired males, and all the girls look like refugees from 1967 Haight-Asbury. So do the boys for that matter. It's taken it a while to get down here, but it's definitely arrived.

I can't really comment on Poul Anderson's article proper, except to say it makes sense to me. As for his reprinted letter--the only thing I have to say is that his statement that minimum wage laws "prevent a potential employer from hiring a marginal worker for what the latter is worth" is rather ridiculous. Such an idea wouldn't work for the simple reason that any given "marginal worker" either won't or can't work below a certain wage level because to do so would be a waste of time. Cost of living, you know.

Susan Wood's column was absolutely fascinating--I'll be sure to look for a copy of VAN LOON'S LIVES the next time I go to a decent library. It was also extraordinarily well-written. I haven't read too much of Susan's writing, and up to now I've been frankly how she managed to win the Hugo last year. Now I know.

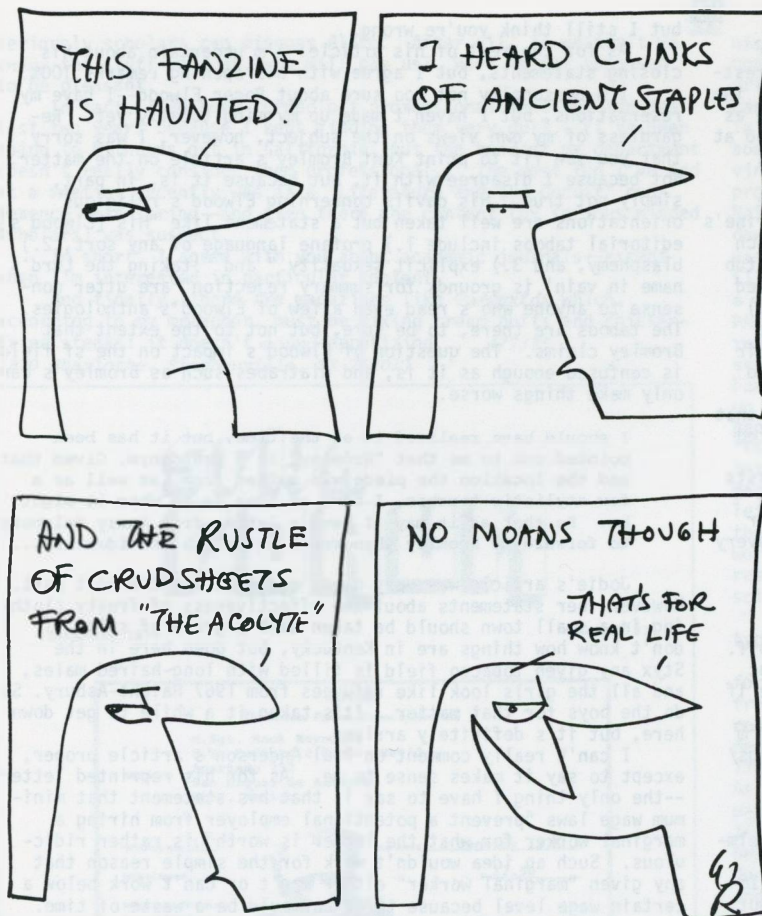
Beard Mumbings by Bob Tucker was a pure dee-light, as Vic said in A Boy and His Dog shortly before he spilled somebody's brains all over Quilla June's bedroom floor. Three comments, all on the references to rock music: First, it's "The Guess Who," not "Guess Who?" Second, if he thinks helping to set up Yes was a hassle, he ought to help set up Emerson, Lake, and Palmer, who carry 36 tons of equipment on their tours, not to mention the mandatory cast of thousands. And third, Bob needn't worry about what college students will do for recreation when rock concerts go out of style, because they never will.

The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short by John W. Andrews was a perfect example of flawed excellence. The notes were all clever and amusing, and were excellent parodies of Heinlein's Notebooks. However, the numerous interruptions added nothing to the piece, and most of the time actually detracted from it. But most of all, the piece was way, way too long. It took me two-thirds of a study hall to read it all, and, while I'm a pretty slow reader, that is getting a bit ridiculous, don't you think? A parody should almost never be as long as the original work. Gnat-Books shouldn't have gone over a single page, if that much.

...my god, all that and I haven't even gotten to 22 yet? I hope I finish this before your silver anniversary issue. Onward!

One thing that struck me right off in the comments on OW19 was the highly technical and involved criticism of the artwork and layout. You've probably noticed that there are no such comments in my loc. This is because my own fanzine orientation is almost totally with the written word and not with graphics. I haven't the vaguest idea of what constitutes "good layout" or "bad layout" and, quite frankly, I don't really care. Same goes for artwork: when I originally saw Canfield's robots in OW19, I merely said, "Hey, dynamite!" and let it go at that. I certainly didn't examine the bottom of the fencepost to see if there were any white spots. None of this is meant to be in putdown of those who hand in these sort of comments--more power to them, say I. But that sort of thing just doesn't fit into my way of writing, so if this letter is lacking in any comment on the artwork and layout, it isn't because I didn't like them. It's just because I didn't have anything to say about them.

Jackie Franke's reference to the Irish as "a loving, whimsical race" struck me as being rather odd. Race? Since when



does living on the same island as another person make you both members of the same race? And even if it were true, I'd still find it hard to believe that all members of the race would be uniformly "loving and whimsical," just as I find it hard to believe in any racial characteristics outside of the purely physical. Reminds me of an ongoing argument I have with my mother--she refers to the Jewish *race*, while I refer to the Jewish *religion* and/or *culture*. You see, there's a *slight* difference between the two.

Gene Wolfe's loc puzzled the hell out of me. I find it croggling in the extreme that a writer of his calibre who's dealt with many a "mature" theme in his fiction should find the Canfield cover "vulgar". I just don't understand it. What's "vulgar," anyway?

Mike Glicksohn hit it right on the head with his remark about the impetus for writing locs. In a way, it goes back to what Poul Anderson said in his column, although on a smaller and less important scale. I write locs because I want to communicate, sure. I write locs because I want to see them in print. But I *also* write locs because I want to get the next issue of whatever zine I'm loccking. Who doesn't? (In case you're wondering, all three reasons apply in the case of this loc, only about five times as strongly as usual...)

Bruce Arthurs' comment about the late 60's as a golden period for sf brings to mind the statement (I forget by who) that "The golden age of sf is twelve." Whatever was hot when you first started reading the stuff--especially if you were very young at the time--or whatever you read when you first started reading the stuff is always going to be your own personal "golden age" whether it was any good or not.

As for "Controversy, Ltd.": First, I urge you to continue this as long as necessary. Don't go out of your way to continue it, but don't cut it off prematurely, either. I'm sure that a lot of people find it all rather distasteful to find out that the people who write all of those marvelous books that give them so much pleasure are faulty human beings like the rest of us, but that's the way it is, people. I personally am not in the least offended or turned off by any of the various entanglements presented.

Piers Anthony was very careless in assuming that the "Mr. D" in Pfeil's letter was Charles Arnold. This was a big mistake, and didn't help his cause any. He's also at least partly in the wrong, I think, for berating Pfeil for the policy of printing-before-contracting, since, if Pfeil is telling the truth, the matter is beyond his control. However, I side with Anthony and Arnold concerning Pfeil's treatment of the latter. Matters would be greatly simplified if we could read the original of Arnold's

withdrawal letter, but working under the assumption that Arnold's paraphrasing of it was accurate, I can't say that I see anything insulting about it. In related matters, I found Pfeil's accusation of Anthony calling him an "animal" ludicrous in the extreme--he obviously didn't read Piers' letter very carefully. And I find the concept of blacklisting--and that's what it is, whether it's "official" or not--to be absolutely appalling. I can think of no circumstances under which an editor would be justified in arbitrarily excluding any and all works of a single author or group of authors from consideration for publication simply because he doesn't like the author(s) or because he/she/they have the annoying habit of standing up for his/her/their rights.

That's enough about *that*. Onward:

Since I'm both a certified Nixon-hater and a resident of North Carolina, I was naturally interested in Wesley Ives' loc. It's accurate in the main, although he failed to point out that almost all of the Democrats who turned Republican in 1972 weren't voting *for* Nixon as much as they were voting *against* McGovern. After all, what self-respecting redneck could vote for a man who was going to do things like legalize marijuana and give every American family a thousand dollars? The fact that he wasn't going to do any such thing didn't stop them, of course: *they* knew they were right! As for my own case, I can't vote, but I'm pleased to say that the three members of my family who can voted straight Democratic in '72. More importantly, they didn't vote *for* McGovern as much as they voted *against* Nixon. Which is a Ghoud Thing any way you look at it.

It simultaneously did my heart good and made me turn green with envy to see my former co-editor get his bad self in the loccol. It also served as the prime impetus behind this loc--after all, you don't think I'm going to let that skinny Princetonzied snob upstage me, do you? Of course not! I can do anything he can do, only better. (By the way, the last two lines of his loc gave me the biggest laugh of the whole bloody freaking huge issue. "Unimpeachable," *indeed!*)

Although I heartily agree with all of the positive comments on *Grafaneditica*, I must admit that the one time something in OW helped me in editing a fanzine, it came from the pro feuds. Way back in the days of yore, when Ken Gammage and I were preparing the 3rd issue of *Locomotive*, I got a letter from David Gerrold in response to my editorial in LM2. The letter had a PS that said that it (the letter) wasn't a loc and wasn't intended for publication, but the fact that the letter was something of a putdown made me mad--even though I realized Gerrold was right--so I decided to print it anyway. Then I got some back issues of OW on loan from Mike Gorra, the ones containing the early rounds of the White/Anthony/Elison brawl. I read them carefully, said, "Jeez, I don't want something like this to happen to me!", and didn't print Gerrold's loc. So, all that controversy, if it did nothing else, kept at least one inexperienced faned from making a complete fool of himself. Aren't you glad? 2/22/75 [Box 542, Tabor City, NC 28463]

...well, Brett, I don't know if Glicksohn will certify this as an Official OW "Big and Important Loc" (Michael tells me such things; I just make the little decisions...like what to print), but I enjoyed it. (Even the third I had to cut!)

David R. Haugh Having suffered a mental hernia¹ hernia from trying to carry through *Outworlds* 21-22 A/B at a single sitting, I think I'm ready for a few comments, though it is hard to see with a truss around my ears. (Straps get in the way.) Graphically 21A was a good issue, with your usual clean layout, nice selection of artwork, and straight columns (us "pros" like straight columns.)² I might make a suggestion on art credits though, where the work is unsigned. How about the artists name in small type? If your contributors are to gain recognition, their names should be visible with the work.³ Being one of the few people who haven't read or seen THE EXORCIST⁴, I still enjoyed *The Excoriator*. I'm also glad to see Jodie Offutt back, and Poul Anderson muttering in his beer. Which brings me to the Lime Jello Affair, and Joe Haldeman. I haven't yet tried the jello route, but for all you sensual people out there, the next time you're in the supermarket, go over to the vegetable section, look around for the fresh nuts, find the box of chestnuts, AND SHOVE YOUR HAND DOWN INTO THE MIDDLE OF THE BOX. It'll turn on both men and women alike. It's almost as good as a barrel of oiled ball bearings.⁵

Pournelle also mentioned mercenaries in the account; he'll have to add another set to his list. David Drake's "Hammer's Slammers." The first story *Under the Hammer* appeared in the October *Galaxy*, and the second *The Butcher's Bill* was in the November issue, I believe. Drake must have been a tanker, or

really did his research, because his scenes of armored warfare are real. If you haven't yet read the stories, it's worth looking for the back issues.

Now I come to *The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short*...after two pages it was no longer amusing, after three pages it was no longer interesting. If it had been cut down to three pages it would have been excellent; at four I was swamped with gnats.

"Now for *Outworlds* 22B," he said sharpening his knife, "this won't hurt a bit." I always enjoy Interface, and the Interludes on the ...*Horny Irish Elk*, *Incident in Warsaw*, and ...*No Thicker Than a Quarter*, helped to enliven some heavy stuff. Personally I don't think I'd care to cross Ms. Salmonson. Now for the knife. I really hope this is the end of Controversy, Ltd.; the whole section was a downer. Thank goodness you were able to wrap up the Vertex thing in one issue. There are those that seem to forget that motives of an editor and publisher may not be the same, (the publisher to make money, the editor to produce a product people will buy, and still keep his publisher happy). Also were Mr. Pfeil to be so foolish as to quit his job, any chance he might have to modify the publisher's behavior would be gone.

Last but not least, while I liked Carleton Palmer's strip on page 840 "visually", the strip on page 841 was stiff and choppy, and to use an old saying, "trite". 1/23/75

[828 Loyaltan Drive, Campbell, CA 95008]

1 Did you have to use that word? Besides...what do you think I got carrying all these locs downstairs to sort...!

2 Dave is a commercial artist...you know, one of those doing what I've been going to school for, for the last 100 years.

3 I tried that once, with #7. Man, did I get chastised for being "pretentious"! (What do other artists think about it?)

4 ...meet another, and quite frankly, I have no plans for doing either. I enjoyed Eric's piece in and by itself; that's why I accepted it, and ran it. (If it has some added significance to those who've read/seen the model, that's a bonus.)

5 ...now that's disgusting! For shame. (But if you want to see something that will really grab your ball bearings, wait until Ro Nagey sends in his story! [He'd better, because if he doesn't, I'm not going to show up in Ann Arbor next January...and he knows it!])

Harry Warner, Jr. ...you might be guilty of deceptive publishing tactics. When I opened the envelope and pulled out the two issues, I thought to myself (a much simpler form of mental exercise than thinking to any other person): here for once is a Bowers fanzine or two which I'll easily find time to read soon. Then I discovered how sneaky you were this time. There must be about 679,840 words of text in these thin, floppy sets of pages, no matter if they do feel as if they could be read as rapidly as a large-format comic book.

Susan Wood's article is wonderful and a trifle unsettling. It shakes me up because it undermines my already shaky faith in my memory of the dim past. I would have sworn that I read VAN LOON'S LIVES several years before it was published, during the late 1930's when I first acquired the right to use the adult section of the local public library. (An odd thing: Hagerstown has always been bigoted and segregationist, but the library was the one place where blacks were welcome in pre-World War Two years, and yet that institution was the worst in town for prejudice against children. Not only were kids barred from using the adult section when they needed books in it for school purposes; they were also forbidden to go in the front door. Instead they were required to walk up a little alley, in a side entrance, and up the stairs to the children's department on the second floor, and if they made too much noise going up the stairs they might not even be permitted to use the side door.) Maybe there was an earlier edition of Van Loon's book than the 1944 version which Susan writes about. I enjoyed it immensely, even though my reading it coincided with the only attack of quinsy I've ever experienced. It needed to be good to be enjoyable under those circumstances.

Runs in my mind that *Toonerville Folks* was the official name of the comic which Bob Tucker remembers. I seem to remember finding a book of reprints listed among the comic anthologies in some catalog or other recently, but I can't find it now if it exists. Fontaine Fox was the artist, and I believe it was nearly unique among famous comics in the fact that the artist decided to discontinue it after a while. Almost all comics either stop because they've lost popularity or continue because someone else takes them over, but this one just ended before it went bad or it could be spoiled by another hand. One of my favorite toys was a wonderful little wind-up Toonerville Trolley That Meets All the Trains, with lopsided wheels

which caused it to go staggering along the floor just like the one in the comic panel. Maybe it's still packed away among the boxes in the cellar; if so, it's probably an asset worth \$500 or so by now, considering how nostalgia items are selling.

Bill Wolfenbarger's contributions were fine, and they kept reminding me of something. Finally I discovered the cause. They seem like outlines for scripts in a fannish version of *The Waltons*. Just think, ten years or so in the future, when fandom has completed its current project of taking over as the nation's biggest hobby, we'll be watching these chapters come to life on the screen, one hour every week.

I don't think I could get myself as worked up over Ted White's 25¢ fee for unsolicited submissions as Jessie Salmonson did. But I feel it's wrong on a different ground. Reading matter of all kinds is fighting for its very existence today in all fields, against the increasing inability of schools to teach kids to read, against the awful inflation in publishing costs, against the fact that two generations now exist who have grown up on television as the main source for information and entertainment. I don't think this is the time for anyone connected with the publishing industry to rock the boat amidst such waves. Demanding two bits per story from unknown authors doesn't have a direct effect on readership of the prozines. But it could cost the field some new talent, deciding someone who might have turned into a great science fiction author to write instead for the true confessions publications or, heaven help him, a newspaper. Good science fiction is just one of the many things which are needed to help the nation retain what is left of its reading habits.

The art remains superb, and I was particularly tickled by Randy Bathurst's ingenious cover. It's an idea which might prove highly profitable if turned into a large poster and sold professionally. 2/27/75

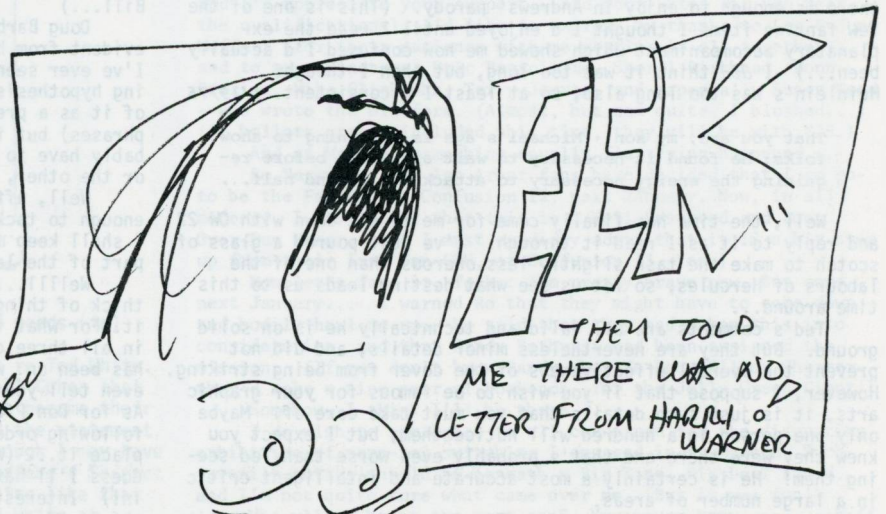
[423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740]

Mike Glicksohn Hell, no apologies were necessary in the first place, Father William! If the newsprint had looked shitty now, that would have required some sort of soft answer to turn away the wrath of the fannish masses, but this is a damn nice looking issue, and if it saves you several hundred hours of mind-numbing shitwork, who's to complain. (Even if it only saves you several dozen hours of mind-numbing shitwork, we'll allow it: your mind is numb enough as it is already...)

As evidence of that last parenthetical claim, may I gently point out to you that your star columnist Susan Wood has won a Hugo, and therefore is a previous winner, and therefore you did list at least one previous winner in your Hugo recommendation list? Somebody tell this man the name of his fanzine...he probably thinks he's publishing the Postscript to the Last Whole Earth Epilog...

Hey...let's not get huffy there, young fella. At least I have the excuse of age. Susan has TWO Hugos: the one from DISCON II, and one from a year earlier. You DO remember something called *Energumen*, don't you? (I understand that someone from your area had something to do with it...)

In case you hadn't been aware of it, I like *Outworlds*. In fact, it's the fanzine I most look forward to getting, beating out *Xenium* by a whisker and *Awry* by a boil. When the Faan Awards are presented, I hope the people who are instrumental in making fanzine fandom the enjoyable place it is for me will reinforce that judgment for me. Regardless of what *Outworlds* may



satisfy for you personally, it is a fascinating and completely enjoyable creative endeavour which fulfills many needs in at least this one small section of your audience. That'll never be a reason for continuing to publish, but I want you to know it anyway.

I think I'd rate *The Excoriator* as easily the best fanfiss parody I've ever read. It's damn near brilliant! Who is Eric Mayer and why is he writing all these wonderful things for us? What more is there to say?

Doc Lowndes is probably right that most people have dual standards where matters such as censorship are concerned. Things/actions that we can accept as intellectually good or bad can become surprisingly turned about when they get involved with causes or people we feel strongly about. An amazing number of people who abhorred the assassinations of the Kennedy brothers weren't at all upset when George Wallace got shot. Well-intentioned people fighting bigotry often seem to think that hating Nazis is perfectly acceptable and those opposed to censorship see no contradiction in trying to jail the publishers of hate mail. Emotions do strange things to people, don't they? Doc's column once again has much to say.

The Elwood bit is somewhat old hat by now, but the concerns expressed here are probably still valid ones. The single most telling fact about what sort of man Roger Elwood is I heard recently from Joe "Jellybelly" Haldeman. It seems that Elwood once edited a wrestling magazine, but he quit when he found out wrestling was fixed...after two years!!!!

Oh-oh, I foresee another lengthy discussion on the relative importance and desirability of big tits on women. Jodie's neckline might not plunge, but her column could. All Fandom Into War, that is. If you see such a cataclysm gathering on the horizon, Bill, may I suggest you handle it this way and save us all a lot of boredom: investigate the average bust size of your three female columnists. (I include Sandra, since you mention her in the editorial.) (Thirty three sounds like a nice round figure...) Then give the average IQ of the three of them and tell everyone to shut up.

No way, Michael. If I did that, the next thing you'd want me to do would be to investigate the average penis size of my three associate editors...and correlate that to the ability to grow body hair. You might be willing to be exposed in such a manner...but then again, you might come up short!

Poul Anderson on politics does not particularly interest me, but Poul Anderson on writing or Poul Anderson on Poul Anderson is one of the most entertaining columns around and the first half of this issue's column proves that once again. His refreshingly frank look at the reasons writers write was fascinating, but that last sentence reaffirms my deep-seated belief that Writers aren't like the rest of us mortals. I enjoy my job and I think I'm one of the lucky ones to be able to work at something I'm happy doing but if I win the million dollar lottery in a month's time, I'll quit the very next day. Them as write because they can't not write strike me as being blessed indeed.

Why does it keep saying "Int-duction" in Andy's thing? Maybe I'm dense (no comment, please) [OK..."no comment"] but I can't see the point to it. Is there one?

Excellent columns by Susan and Tucker, too, but neither is particularly comment-evoking. I hope Bob will be a regular in future issues of OW. His style is as smooth as his favorite elixir and he always seems to find interesting thoughts to speculate upon.

If I had a copy of the June '73 *Analog*, which I don't, I wouldn't be able to find it now anyway. Even without it though, there is enough to enjoy in Andrews' parody. (This is one of the few fanzine items I thought I'd enjoyed until I read the explanatory accompaniment which showed me how confused I'd actually been...) I *did* think it was too long, but then I thought Heinlein's was too long also, so at least I'm consistent. 1/19/75

That you are, my son. Michael's age is beginning to show, folks: he found it necessary to wait six weeks before regaining the energy necessary to attack the second half...

Well, the time has finally come for me to sit down with OW 22 and reply to it as I read it through. I've just poured a glass of scotch to make the task slightly less onerous than one of the labours of Hercules, so let us see what destiny leads us to this time around...

Ted's comments are all valid and technically he is on solid ground. But they are nevertheless minor details, and did not prevent the overall effectiveness of the cover from being striking. However, I suppose that if you wish to be famous for your graphic arts, it is just such details that you must take care of. Maybe only one person in a hundred will notice them, but I expect you knew they were there and that's probably even worse than Ted seeing them! He is certainly a most accurate and intelligent critic in a large number of areas.

No, Jerry Kaufman is not me. There is a distinct possibility,

on the other hand, that I may be Jerry Kaufman. The evidence mounts: many locs in numerous fanzines; never read the magazines never had a teddy bear; mathematical rigorous...yes, I guess I'd better face up to the fact that I'm really Jerry Kaufman. Damn! I just got all settled in and defrosted the refrigerator and now I've got to move to New York and learn to love cockroaches and mindless random violence. I wish you'd kept quite about this, Jerry...

Loren, in his inimitably circuitous fashion, is saying that we all publish what we *want* to publish, and there's certainly no arguing with that. It is, when you get down to it, the main reason for the success and pleasure one finds in fanzine fandom. I wouldn't want to publish an *Outworlds* either, but I'm damn glad that *you*, just for the selfish pleasure I get in sharing what you've created.

It was fascinating to read the viewpoint of Ben Indick who is deeply into fanzines and see his view of *Outworlds* for the first time. I suppose that since I've been with you from that (second) first little soft-green mimeoed issue, the changes you have gone through to reach your current heights of offset perfection haven't seemed quite so abrupt to me as they must to someone whose first glimpse of your fanzine was #19. To me, no matter what the external appearance of an issue, it's still just crusty old Bill in a clever plastic disguise, and with maybe a few fancier tricks up his sleeve. (Along with his withered, tired old arm, of course.) So I had my eyes opened a little by Ben. Interesting.

That Jackie Franke surely has a way with words, yessir. "...OW, at its stodgiest..." Lovely phrase, that; rolls trippingly off the tongue. But...is there any other kind?

Hey! Jerry Jacks should write more locs! That's an excellent example of an amusing and highly enjoyable letter. And just to satisfy Jerry, (something I've never tried to do before) "Merde, alors, formidable!" (There's no justification, by the aside, for assuming that Dan's comic strip about me is set in Toronto: although, to be honest, the absence of cockroaches and dog shit does at least *imply* that the city is not an American one...)

Amusing exercise in the use of the single entendre by Alexis. Makes one wonder if the achievement of ZPG that Jackie mentioned isn't somehow related to the massive influx of nubile young American women into science fiction fandom and groupiehood while the stable of sf pros hasn't noticeably increased in size and may even have undergone a decrease due to the siphoning effect of such counter-productive substances as lime jello.

I'd write you that letter explaining why so many pages of your semi-professional-magazine-with-delusions-of-grandeur... sorry, fanzine...should be devoted to me but for such a classic piece of fanfiss writing I'd want a somewhat better quality magazine to publish it in. Keep trying, though, and if you ever learn what it is you're trying to do, maybe I'll lower my standards and send it to you...

I'm tempted to ponder why my letter calls forth the longest answer you manage to come up with in the issue but a more immediate question comes to mind: who wrote it for you? It's very droll! I particularly liked the line about sinking to your knees to give it to me face to face. Sounds like something Roger would say...and he probably did.

As for that crack about the *Outwhirled* column reminding you of my former fanzine, you're confusing me with rich brown, which is very easy to do since we both look like Andy Main. rich published *Beardmutterings*, not I. Anytime you can't remember the name of my fanzine, old friend, just drop over. It's engraved on the base of my Hugo...(heh, heh, heh...) (sorry, Bill...)

Doug Barbour (whose affiliation with the "little mags" is evident from his pretentious typing style) is the first person I've ever seen claim that *Zardoz* was a spoof. It's an interesting hypothesis, and turns the entire film around. I'd thought of it as a pretentious piece of shit (to coin one of Doug's phrases) but it's worth considering in the new light. I'd probably have to go and see it again, *looking* for evidence one way or the other, before I could be sure.

Well, after three glasses of scotch, I ought to be mellow enough to tackle the hard stuff in the Controversy Section. But I shall keep myself in hand (to enter the mood of the sexism part of the lettercol) and refrain from comment...maybe.

Welllll...you certainly do manage to get yourself into the thick of things, don't you? Fascinating reading, almost all of it. For what it's (briefly) worth, Piers comes off pretty well in all three controversies. Amazing how long his feud with Ted has been on: why, I'd bet that seven out of ten OW readers can't even tell you who edited *Beabohemia*. Care to take me up on it? As for Don Pfeil, it seems as if I've heard that "I was just following orders..." line somewhere before; if only I could place it... (Whoops! There goes my chance of selling to *Vertex*! Guess I'll have to submit to *Outworlds* directly from here on in!) Interesting section, Bill, but is it really over? Only the Bowers knows for sure...

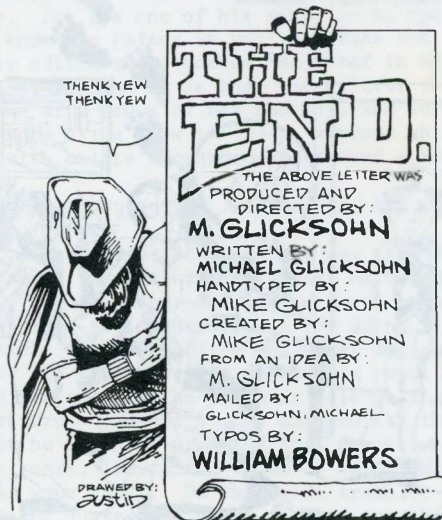
Jessica's very-well-written diatribe is the first complaint I've seen about Ted's new policy with regard to the slush pile. I'll be interested to see what, if any, reaction it gets from other professionals. As someone not concerned with becoming a writer, I must admit I hadn't given the matter a great deal of thought, but my initial reaction was, "Well, why not?" If a manuscript is worth buying, okay, but I expect that the great majority of unsolicited mss are atrocious, and a 25¢ fee for even starting to read one doesn't seem excessive to me. Now that I think of it, perhaps I can adapt the policy to my own field, and charge a 25¢ fee for marking each test, said fee to be returned if the student passes. It would make a lot of very dull work a little easier to face! (Regardless of one's thoughts on the subject, the column is well handled, beautifully titled and ends as effectively as any piece of fan writing I've ever seen. I hope Jessica contributes more regularly to fanzines, as well as publishing her own unusual and intriguing magazine.)

With all this reaction to *Grafaneditica*, I'm almost tempted to put in my two cents worth (to coin a column title from ancient history) and explain how it should be done. But why should I give you the benefit of my knowledge? What have you ever done for me, after all? So I'll refrain from comment and let you and your readers struggle along as best you can. Experience is the best teacher, the school of hard knocks, I do and I understand, and other such educational clichés.

Eric's thoughts on the ability of one or two fanzines to sway current trends in fandom are intriguing. I'd think that there are far too many fanzines being published in North America for a single new zine to significantly change the overall tone of the fanzine publishing scene. But on the other hand, it's always been my observation that *any* new fanzine, no matter what its slant may be, will inevitably attract its own audience. I wonder if the situation might be different in England? With comparatively fewer fanzines around, maybe one dynamic new publication could influence the direction that fanzine fandom would take. I don't think I've seen anything like that happen here though; at least not in the years I've been actively interested in fanzines.

It's interesting though: the only unanswered fanzine I have left here is Eric's own *Triode*: it will be fascinating to see if his re-animated fanzine has any long-term effect on the nature of British fanzines. They could certainly do worse than to learn from the truly excellent product Eric has produced!

So...after nearly six hours I get to the end of OW 22. And I've neglected to comment on/react to a vast majority of the material in the issue. There's just too much here for most people to do more than pick out an isolated highlight and let it trigger a reaction in them. It's a very meaty, very concentrated issue, and it deserves much more in-depth reaction than I've given it. But I do want you to know that I've enjoyed it, been informed by it, amused, intrigued, infuriated and entertained by it. And I look forward to similar sensual delights in the future. 3/2/75
[141 High Park Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, CANADA]



Philip José Farmer Rick Stoker's letter in OW #23 needs (in)-validation.

I've never read Harrison's letter to Sol Cohen re Ted White. But I can assure you that if Harrison did indeed tell Cohen that I would not submit to Cohen's magazines if Ted White became their editor, I neither said that nor would have approved the statement.

At the time I had never heard of Ted White, though I may have noticed the name on the pages of the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*. (Wasn't Ted an assistant editor or something like that for a while? [Yes.]) I first became aware of Ted White at a

John Brunner

The Square House, Palmer St., South Petherton,
Som. TA13 5DB South Petherton 40766

Date as postmark

Thank you for your letter/postcard/circular dated 1975

under reference *fanzone*
23

It was:

- (a) Most interesting and welcome.
- (b) A load of codswallop.
- (c) Junk mail fit only for recycling.
- (d) Incomprehensible and probably meant for someone else.

Further communications on the subject must be addressed to:

- (a) My literary agents.
- (b) My accountants.
- (c) My lawyers.
- (d) Anybody-but ANYBODY-so long as it isn't me.

convention in San Diego some years ago. I don't remember what year, but I believe that Ted was already in Cohen's employ.

Anyway, the imbroglio is past history for both Ted and myself, as far as we two are concerned. I regret ever having gotten involved. But it did teach me a lesson. One, not to rely on my far-from-photographic memory. Two, let my agent handle any disputes with publishers. Three, consider any statements to be printed very carefully, make sure that qualifying phrases are added where there might be any doubt.

Looking back on the whole distasteful affair, I see that both Ted and I were half-right, half-wrong. Which half doesn't matter now.

Towards the last of the OW correspondence, I decided that I had made some bad mistakes and that it was foolish to continue the "feud." I intended to write Ted and to try to make some sort of reconciliation. But I procrastinated--as I do with most things--and Ted beat me to it. He wrote me a letter the contents of which I won't go into. But the result was that we agreed to drop the affair and even to start all over again on a friendly footing.

You have to admire a man like that. And one result of the experience is that I've learned something worthwhile. Even at 57 I can learn. 4/10/75

Now that's a nice way to wrap up this session. I'm just as guilty as either of the two parties, in that I didn't do enough checking-before-printing. I am really glad that it worked out!

What you have seen, eye-sore readers, is roughly HALF of the letters I intend to print on 21/22. Some items for this first installment were obvious choices; others were chosen in the interests of maintaining variety. The ones to come are every bit as good, and as diverse. I am flattered and overwhelmed by the influx...and I will do everything within my power to get caught up on the comments on 21/22 AND 23...and even possibly this issue...within the pages of #25. It may be a bit larger...

A few final "editorial" comments...

Most of you should know by now that I am, indeed, standing for TAFF. It is something that, naturally, I'd like to "win", and I'd appreciate your support...and your votes (if you meet the qualifications). I'd like to express my thanks to Len & June Moffatt (for their patience with me getting it all together), and to my nominators: Eric Bentcliffe, Sheryl Birkhead, Donn Brazier, Mike Glicksohn, Terry Jeeves, and especially Susan Wood --who wrote the platform. (Almost, but not quite, I blushed...) (If ballots aren't included this time, they will be with #25.)

And at Marcon, something equally flattering happened...

Ro Nagey and the Ann Arbor fans have decided that I am going to be the Fan GOH at Confusion 12, next January. Now, in all modesty, I must admit that this is a Well-Deserved and Long Over-Due Honor. (And I must candidly admit that it IS a big step up from their last Fan GOH, at Confusion 13. Yes.)

Now let's face it, folks: I'm pretty brave now. But come next January... I warned Ro that they might have to come down and bodily haul me up. He said that they had taken this into consideration, and that Randy Bathurst had been assigned the mission. (If you don't know Randy, but do know Elliot Shorter--they'd make a nice pair of bookends--for the Jolly Green Giant!)

Somehow, I think I'll be there...

I do wish to apologize to all concerned for the disgusting exhibition of name-tag switching I engaged in at Marcon. Such juvenile antics should be beneath a Big Time, Big Deal Faned... and I'm not quite sure what came over me. (But it was fun!)

Who will I be at the next con? You never know... --Bill

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Credits The Rotsler on 932 furnished by Susan Wood. (The Eddie Jones illos in #23 were courtesy of Mike Glicksohn.) 5/18/75

BANNED COVERS

...those two small illos below have a strange story behind them.

Back in the days of yore (I really have no idea when) kindly Bob Tucker took pity on the new-born sf fan, and wrote a little item called THE NEO-FAN'S GUIDE TO SCIENCE FICTION FANDOM. And for many years Juanita and Buck Coulson kept it in print, for the benefit of the unwary who were trapped by fandom.

Jump to 1973, and TORCON II.

Linda Bushyager and Linda Lounsberry received permission from Tucker and the Coulsons to revise and update the Guide, and TORCON committee agreed to publish it for distribution in Susan Wood's Fan History Room (an idea that should definitely be adopted by other worldcons).

Still with me?

Linda Bushyager had asked Dan Steffan to do the covers for the new edition. Because of logistics and impending deadlines (and all that other jazz faned's are stuck with) Linda did not see Dan's covers: Linda shipped the typed copy to Canada for printing, and Dan did likewise with his covers.

Came the axe... In her letter to me explaining all this, Linda said that apparently someone on the TORCON committee "thought the covers were obscene (or nearly obscene) and was

afraid that young and innocent neos would be corrupted, or worse yet, their parents would think they were corrupted and would threaten/sue/complain/boo/molest the Torcon Committee/Convention." So, since the committee was paying for the printing of the Guide, some innocuous Rotsler illos were substituted, and the Guide was published.

(I should point out to readers of OW23 that while Linda may have erased part of Grant's anatomy, she didn't "ban" these!)

After TORCON, Dan Steffan ended up in the wilds of beautiful northeastern Ohio. I happened to see the covers, grabbed them, and promised to run them Real Soon Now. In is now Real Soon Now by my calender, and thus (in a much reduced form) you see the covers below...

The intro to the Third Edition says: "The Neo-Fan's Guide is published occasionally to help lead the sheep to slaughter, to delight the older fans, and to point up the ignorance of the younger. It may also be beneficial to a few strangers wandering into the half-world of science fiction fandom."

The TORCON Committee dona ted the over-run Guides to TAFF (a Good Cause!), and they are available for 25¢ (plus 10¢ for mailing) from: LINDA E. BUSHYAGER, 1614 Evans Ave., Prospect Park, PA 19076. (It's 22 pages, and well worth the price.)

If you were puzzled by The Excoriator in OW21...or portions of this issue, it includes a glossary of terms that will help!

