

**INTER**

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**FACE**



# OUTWORLDS

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SPECIAL...This Issue Only: No, repeat, NO Cartoons about Gliksohn or Warner!

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("Italia" page numbers denote Artwork)

Outworlds #25 [Volume 6, Number 3] THIRD QUARTER, 1975. Copyright (c) 1975 by William L. Bowers. Phone: 216-837-1072 [Lot's of luck if you try via Information: the new Massillon--which is where I live, when out of the POBox--phone book lists it (yes) "William Bowers", of which two are "William L."; I think I'm one of 'em.] Outworlds Production #80. Print Run: 900 or 1000, I guess. This issue: \$1.00; Subscriptions: 4 issues: \$4.00; Next issue (#26): \$1.25.

NOTES: At the moment, I plan on mailing this issue out with OW26 in early November. So, if you get this in an envelope by itself, you may find the dreaded "X"--indicating this as your last issue--on your mailing label. (Then again, if 26 gets delayed, this may still go out as a separate mailing...) # If all goes as planned, this will be run off on Roger Bryant's 1250 (the plates made by my regular printer); so advance thanks to Roger & Trudi... (They also helped me get #24 into the mail...er..."system".) # I'm Doing It Again, Dept.: As of the moment, Xenolith (per IW15) is 'dead'; let me know if you wish your subs refunded, or applied to OW. Culpit, this time, is that after 14 years I've suddenly become a convention fan, and I simply can't afford (either in terms of time or money) to do two fanzines. \*sigh\* So Grafedica-type material will remain in OW. (I do hope to get OW on a bi-monthly schedule fairly soon, but no promises!) # Next issue will probably have NO letters and will be back in the "fancy" format, with lots of art. Enjoy! 9/6/75



...comments (mainly), on Outworlds #21/22, continued...

S. A. STRICKLEN, JR. I like the newsprint idea, given the practical situation. In fact, I was going to suggest something like that in the last letter, because, as I recall, you really had some complaints about costs. Newsprint is hardest on the art, and that seems to be your favorite part, so I can certainly see why it shouldn't be permanent. What occurred to me was that you might try to keep a newsprintzine coming out more or less regularly, with a fancy pre-tentious issue whenever you got one ready. If you can do two things at once (I can't), you could separate your best material for forthcoming big issues, and paste up the other stuff as you get it for newsprint. Especially letters.

I'm pretty good at telling other people how to do their zines. While I'm pleased to know someone with eight balls, I don't like the imitation script. It's ugly.

I have a little counter inside me that clicks up one notch each time someone says something commonplace that I disagree with, and when the count gets high enough, I have a strong urge to respond. Greg Benford has clicked this particular one up before, and now Poul Anderson clicks it past the top. He says: "What's so awful about writing for money, anyway?" That's not the question, what's *wrong* with writing for money. The question is, what's *right* with it. Let me quote from Thucydides, the Athenian:

*My work is not a piece of writing designed to meet the taste of an immediate public, but was done to last forever.*

and

*It will be enough for me, however, if these words of mine are judged useful...*

I think Poul makes several good points, in particular about the people he calls "litcrits". But I also think those people are tarred with the same brush. They write for money, either the immediate pay, or the pay they get by keeping their jobs. And your friendly local astrophysicist can shovel out trash to keep his job too.

Now what I said was that there's nothing *right* about writing for money. There's also nothing *wrong* with it. The plumber works for money, the doctor works for money, and I work for money. Any one who does an unusually good job deserves credit for it. BUT there's nothing inherently glorious about someone who happens to work at writing for money.

Anent his other comments, I submit to Poul that the basic problem is bureaucracy--the means of implementing our social aims --rather than any basic underlying philosophical problems. I myself am pretty much a socialist, but I am strongly anti-bureaucratic. That means I'm pretty helpless until some better way of running things is invented. I suppose that come the millenium, there'll be plenty of philosophical and moral issues to discuss, but I say that means, not ends, are our problem at the moment.

Piers Anthony asks someone to validate his logic. I comment: it is invalid. The word "publishable" is not sufficiently well defined to be used in formal logic. Piers tries to ape what is a mathematical *joke* which shows that the word "distinguished" (in this case) is not a mathematical term. The "Law of exclusion of self" he mentions will be news to the logical world. There is an extremely abstract structure of formal logic which, if paraphrased roughly in English, says that a sentence which comments on its own truth is not a logical statement. This is in the sense that logic deals only with statements, and some English sentences are not statements.

More interesting is the logical howler that Piers commits a little earlier in his letter. I paraphrase it as follows.

**HYPOTHESES:** A. If Piers Anthony is an important writer of today, Then Ted White is a Hugo winner.  
B. Ted White is a Hugo winner.

**Conclusion:** C. Piers Anthony is an important writer of today.

I'm not sure I know of a more elementary logical error.

A final comment on Piers Anthony. My experience in committee work shows me that the race goes not to the swift, nor the reward to the just, nor the victory to the correct. In bureaucratic things *everything* goes to the creature with the most endurance, the one who will sit and argue and discuss all night and all the next day if needed. Everyone in all the arguments going on in OW has commented that he would like to not waste time on the mess and to get it over with. Except Piers Anthony.

Disregarding editorial interference, I have no doubt who will get in the last word. But that doesn't mean he's right. [1/24/75]

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON My sympathies are very often with the editor, who unlike writers have no Editors Guild or *Editor's Digest* or Science Fiction Editors of America, whereat to complain about unfair practices among authors. I once spent many hours helping an author turn a mediocre story into a pretty darn good story, only to have it withdrawn from publication and sold to a bigger market

--unfair since I put as much work into the story as the author, expecting nothing in return but the first printing rights.

So Don Pfeil could easily have had me thinking he's been unfairly picked on but for one factor: that blacklist. It sure would be nice to see a higher degree of intelligence and tolerance in such matters, but I suppose intelligent tolerant people wouldn't get into such rows in the first place. Authors are indeed a sensitive lot, and even humble li'l me has been called nasty names by irate writers who didn't like how I edited a line or angrily disagreed with some critical remark on a rejection, or became enraged with me because the post office lost their manuscript. Now that everyone knows I'm a female type person, authors are a tad bit more restrained when they get ticked off. But time was when no tongue was curbed. My feeling was, "Well, it's too bad they have to feel that way." But if I ever received another submission, I wouldn't let past experience color my decision too heavily. A borderline acceptance maybe--something I'd have to critique for revision I might not bother with if the writer were a proven pain. But if the story would be a credit to my zine and an enjoyment to my readers, I'd just be awful glad to have it, and a pretty rotten editor if I let grudges creep into my heart. Pfeil should try judging manuscripts on their individual merit, not on the basis of who he can get along with and who he thinks is a fat-head. Sounds like a too-big potential for nepotism--whoever flatters the editor most makes the sales--and a lovely way to keep *Vertex* forever middling.

I received a surprising response to my essay in #22, supportive messages from various authors, added insights into the possible repercussions which I hope they've also forwarded to OW, a request from Andrew Offutt for its reprinting in SFWA Forum. The only negative response sent to me was from Ted White himself, who reprimands me for my "wrongheadedness" and suggests I have my head up my ass. Despite his seeming immobility regarding the quarter reading fee, and his irritation with me over the article attacking that policy, his letters have been no less warm and friendly so long as that one subject is avoided. Which negates my fears of making enemies just for taking a stand, and glad I am of that. I'm sorry the essay didn't penetrate Ted's head, though I suppose it's not much different than my rejecting his forthcoming rationales in OW even before I know what those rationales will be (other than cleverly convincing!).

Going back a speck, I never commented on Susan Wood's teddy bear fetish before, because it affected me so strangely I couldn't until now express my feelings. The only teddy bear I ever loved was eaten by my dog out of jealousy, and there being no such thing as a replacement for a loved teddy, I just never felt like having another one. But you see, since I was seventeen, I never had to sleep alone, I always had *someone*, until this last summer when something happened to my mind and I embarked upon a celibacy trip. Abstaining from sex has not been that hard, but sleeping alone for the first time in my life has been awful. So when I read about Susan's teddy, a surrogate bedpartner seemed suddenly plausible, one that certainly had more personality than my dearly hugged pillow, but who would not threaten me with its chauvenistic demanding overbearing self-proclaimed superiority. I worked out the strategy of how I would, with dark glasses, sneak furtively about the nearest toy store in quest of a teddy, ostensibly "for my daughter" or niece or whatever and take it, wrapped in a plain brown wrapper, into my apartment and ultimately to bed. As you can see, the article had more than a shallow effect on me. It very nearly changed my life. Strange.

But I decided I was already crazy enough, without sleeping with a stuffed bear. So I'm simply building myself up for an attempted break from this shell of fear, and accept the affection of the next suitable partner, devil take the consequences. Susan may deserve a part of the credit if I manage to overcome this fear of intimacy that has enveloped me.

Jodie Offutt's article was cute and Real. We who got small boobs must draw attention to our finer qualities. I have small delicate hands, so I keep my nails long and healthy and wear rings. I've excellent legs, so I wear short skirts in better weather. My hair is very long and naturally blond. It all helps distract from the fact that I use a bit of padding for vanity's sake (and from insecurity). It seems to me that we are doing sexist things to ourselves, when we accept it too readily that charisma is measured in the bust--I try to tell myself that charisma is in a smile or a personality, not in the way my fanny moves, and yet I can't take those pads out of my bra....

To your open query to femme fans, I for one don't think any of the art in OW is unbearably sexist. When I saw Fabian's wet dream drawing, my only thought was he must still be living in the silent film era, or he remembers his mother with Oedipal fondness in her youth. I suppose in theory it could be sexist that you've printed a Canfield naked lady, but no naked guys appear in the same issue, making women the sex objects and guys the comedians (lotsa cartoons this ish), but I personally don't consider it sexist until the nude girls are in some way subjugated as often shown in *Amra*. But then, the over-muscled



barbarians in that publication are like as sexist in the exaggerated endowments. I wonder how many sword and sorcery loving artists are into sadism and masochism! Those Amra illustrations would be right at home in some S&M or B&D porno book. OW has more class.

I hear from Darrell Schweitzer and Ted White both that quite a few rumors were zapping around Philcon regarding my gender. I'm supposed to be everything from a lesbian who wants to be a man(!) to a multiple personality ala SYBIL. Interesting that fen find me that interesting...but they could at least strive for a higher degree of accuracy. [undated]

NEAL WILGUS The most interesting thing to me in OW 21/22 was  
..... Susan Wood's *Energyswoman*. Not that I've read the  
Van Loon book she discussed but her description of it reminded me of a similar book published six years before VAN LOON'S LIVES by an American military man, pacifist, poet, lawyer, dreamer. Charles Erskine Scott Wood's HEAVENLY DISCOURSE, a collection of essays-in-dialog originally written for the old *Masses* magazine during World War I, resembles VAN LOON'S LIVES in that it consists of historic personalities discussing modern issues. In the DISCOURSES, a caricature God, complete with long white beard, is the central character and he talks familiarly with a huge cast which includes Jesus, Buddha, Jefferson, Voltaire, Rabelais, Lenin, Ingersoll, Mary Wollstonecraft, Twain and dozens of others. Wood's God, naturally expresses Wood's own philosophy most of the time, a philosophy of rationalism, humanistic skepticism and freewheeling satire against authoritarianism of any kind. There are 41 essays in HEAVENLY DISCOURSE, each dealing with a contemporary event or personality. In *The Monkeys Complain*, for instance, a chimpanzee leader protests against the Scopes trial:

"Jim: It's like this. We monkeys have always been decent people--we haven't made any wars, or oppressed anybody, or built any prisons, or bred poverty and foul diseases and scrawny young, and we don't think we ought to have this scandal put over on us.

"God: Have what put over?

"Jim: Why, that man is any kin to us."

Other events are covered in sketches with titles like *Anthony Comstock in Heaven*, *Billy Sunday Meets God*, *'T.R.' Enters Heaven*, and even *Charles Evans Hughes Visits Heaven Without a Passport and is Deported*. Others touch on more general subjects -- *Prohibition*, *Freedom*, *Censorship* -- but the same feeling of skeptical goodwill and concern for truth and freedom shines thru in all of them. My own favorite is titled *A Pacifist Enters Heaven--In Bits*. Susan Wood's comment that VAN LOON'S LIVES is good browsing but questionable as serious reading is probably true of HEAVENLY DISCOURSE also, since much of it is dated, repetitious and sometimes overly cute. But I still have a soft spot for it and regret that it too is out of print and unfamiliar to modern readers. C.E.S. Wood's influence turns up in surprising places, however, as I learned last fall when I was reading Mack Reynolds' 1963 *Analog* novel *THE EARTH WAR* and ran across the following remark made by the book's dim-witted hero, Joe Mauser: "Professional soldiers are traditionally stupid. What was the old expression? They can take their shirts off without unbuttoning their collars." I thot I recognized that old expression, so I dug out HEAVENLY DISCOURSE and found the following exchange:

"Ingersoll (Aside to Voltaire): Did you ever notice the skulls of these military men? They could slip their collars over their heads without unbuttoning them.

"Voltaire: Les boules-dogs. No brains, all jaw."

This quote--from *Preparedness in Heaven*--may raise hackles with the Heinlein Troopers, but after our disastereous adventures in Southeast Asia can anyone doubt its truth?

I'm really glad to see, by the way, that you and some of the other leading zines are members of COSMEP and aware of the small-press world. I'm always encouraged when I see mention of fanzines in littlemags or the underground (or vice versa) since I think the overspecialization and ingrouping inherent in each of them are barriers to communication that need to be overcome. OW may always have an SF slant but there's no reason it can't relate to and interact with all kinds of interesting fields--and everyone be the better for it.

Love your newsprint.

Finally, I hope you'll have space to give a plug to a worthwhile cause your readers can lend a hand to. Craig Strete (Northstar Intertribal Council, R.R. L., Box 208, Celina, Ohio 45822) is gathering used books and magazines (SF, mysteries, anything) to be distributed to Indian prisoner groups and I can't think of a better way to recycle the forests of castoff reading material most of us are burdened with.

If *Outworlds* was *Outlands* would you be an Outlandish editor? ((Ouch!)) [3/26/75]

I'm not sure what the Heinlein Troopers might think (if at

all), but the Dorsai might not care for it... The Dorsai, in this case, are a quasimilitary group of fans who have been playing at being door guards at some midwestern cons for about a year now. ...in what can only be described as storm trooper uniforms. I don't know any of them by name (I wonder if they have numbers?), and I'm sure they do what they do for the most honorable of reasons, but their training and capability in preventing rip-offs is suspect, from what I hear. I must admit in all honesty that the entire idea of uniformed, role-playing fans (certainly we all play roles, and wear "uniforms", but you know what I mean...) grates on me. I spent 3 years, 9 months, 4 days wearing a uniform in no-good-cause, and while I can rationalize the necessity for them from cops to nurses, anything resembling a military uniform produces a physical repulsion in me. Give me back the rent-a-cops; at least THEY had a reason to glare at every fan as if he were a potential thief...

DAVE HICKS No way I can pose as an old time fan or any kind  
..... of expert, but OW 21/22 was the most enjoyable issue of any fanzine I've seen. Earlier issues were interesting and, of course, very well put together but this is the first that's really connected personally for me. The most important thing I find in OW is the atmosphere--a sense of old friends getting together to talk things over. A feel of late nights & much talk both serious and frivolous. If I understand your goals for OW aright from your editorials, I recoken you've achieved them as far as I'm concerned. A sense of community's hard to find these days & thanks to you for so much good feeling.

Miniscule quibble: Neither *Prince Valiant Goes Nova* nor *The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short* contained enough humor to justify their length. [undated]

ALYSON ABRAMOWITZ The *Excoriator* was enjoyable, but I wonder  
..... how many of those neo-fan and non-fans that were picked up in the recent "promotion"

will understand it? Yet, perhaps that is for the best. With *Locus* being so pro-oriented and most of the other Big zines going the same route, perhaps this and some of the other fannish stuff you've printed here will serve as the introduction that those zines can no longer give to fandom. I hope so.

I see the Roger Elwood bit has finally come to *Outworlds*. RAWL makes an interesting point that, maybe, a few authors/people-in-general ought to think about. Maybe some don't realize it (or don't seem to) but every editor has to have some kind of "personality."

Back in October *Locus* ran an editorial about not accepting articles, news, and ads that the Browns didn't like and that "final judgement rests with us." This is almost the same idea.

In general, I suspect that ALL editors, whether of fanzine, magazine, or anthology, have to reject what they don't like, morally or otherwise. It's simply that Elwood now controls so darn much of the sf/f field that it does become important. It wasn't so bad when Campbell wouldn't accept a "non-Campbellian" story for *Astounding/Analog*; there were many other editors around.

Today, Elwood controls almost one-half of the sf field and that is the problem. He has become too powerful. Powerful enough that he, almost, has to be listened to.

Elwood's books will sell. They have in the past and they will in the future. A book doesn't necessarily HAVE to be good to sell (though it can help). Some of the worst books have become best sellers and some of the best, flops--financially. The main danger in Roger Elwood is his creative control. Those who like/want sf with different morals than Elwood's may not be able to find it.

As to Part B (or OW22) the letters were as usual, fascinating. There's also much more of you there (as well as in Part A). I wish you'd do that more often. It may not be your 'policy' to put comments after every letter/article (one which in essence I agree with you on), but the comments are interesting and I'd like to see them there at the same sort of manner/frequency as in this ish. Ah well.

The use of the 'script' and 'arrows' is really helpful with these comments, too. I finally can figure out where the letter ends and your comments begin without guessing, hurrah!

The layout this ish isn't very good (at least compared to the 'standards' you've set yourself in recent OWs). It might have been better to run the editorial (or at least the first two pages of it) together rather than have to search all over for it. And those damn short articles in the middle of the locs. I don't know about anyone else, but I like to read all the articles and all the locs together, rather than loosing the thoughts in the lettercolumn with an article or vice versa. It might look better the other way, too.

The article at the top of p802-803 is annoying, too. Either I want to stop reading RAWL's article and read Bromley's or I forget about the Bromley one. (I did the latter on first reading.)

The artwork this time seems to be mostly cartoon with no



lines. I thought you LIKED to box in things. Some might have looked nicer that way. All enjoyed but nothing much special.

I was sort of surprised at the idea of art (or anything else) being sexist in OW. I'm usually one to complain on such things. I suspect an artist can get away with much more than a writer in terms of sex, but... The Fabian in #19 specifically, I didn't like it much, but it didn't offend me. It was supposed to be a dream anyway (wasn't it?).

The CONTROVERSEY bit, I don't intend to get involved. I will say that the way you handled the Pfeil/Anthony/Arnold 'war' was a large improvement. The arguments are sometimes fascinating, but when it goes on and on it gets senseless and boring for those not directly involved.

In your editorial you note something of your fear of death. I've had something on my bulletin board for a long time that sort of 'fits' now. I give it to you:

Too many people are afraid of  
tomorrow---  
Their happiness is poisoned  
by a phantom.

---W.L. Phelps

It 'works' with today as well as tomorrow depending on one's circumstances, but I suspect it's true just the way it is--for you. Bill, you're only thirty, *not* a hundred. Don't make yourself old before your time. Sometimes things don't seem to work right, but there's always a future to look forward to. It may not be perfect but it's only what *YOU* make of it. The 'forces of life' may seem to control you at times (I know they have to me) yet you've got to do your best with them. Don't loose your dreams and hopes.

(1/25/75)

...they get battered at times, but I do seem to bounce back!

BUCK COULSON First to the *Vertex* controversy. In one letter Piers says "Arnold still thought he was dealing with an honest misunderstanding." Arnold was dealing with an honest misunderstanding, and it was his. (I suppose one might implicate *Writer's Digest* for publishing misleading information, but then anybody who believes *Writer's Digest* is embarrassingly naive.) Four to six week reports on a manuscript is ridiculous; Heinlein probably gets that kind of service, but I don't, and Arnold won't. Don Bensen (a competent editor and a nice guy) held one of Juanita's novels for 8 months; Larry Shaw held the same novel for over a year. Ted White held one of her short stories for a year (while denying that he had ever received it; his admission that he had received it came in the form of a check). Reports in four to six weeks may be what an author should receive, but it isn't what they *do* receive. Piers is simply muddying the waters; he can't resist sticking his oar into an argument, even when doing it damages the person he is allegedly helping.

On the other hand, Pfeil is unreasonably vindictive, and apparently unaware of how authors operate. He doesn't see why Piers submits stories to *Vertex* if he doesn't like the magazine--the rather obvious author is that Piers *doesn't* submit stories to *Vertex*; his agent submits them. Piers might be enough of an egoist to tell his agent where to submit material; I don't know too many authors who are. (I'm not, and I have a healthier ego than most authors.)

I would also like to know why Pfeil makes much of his contract for short stories in one letter, and then admits in another that he scheduled Arnold's story without one? What the hell good is a separate contract for each story if the author doesn't see it until the story is in print? A general stipulation of what rights he's buying would be just as effective. (Later on he admits that he dislikes the publisher's practice in this respect. Okay; fair enough--but then why bring it up at all?)

Part of the problem seems to be a letter of acceptance that Pfeil says he sent and Arnold says he didn't receive. Both parties *immediately* assume that the other is at fault; Arnold might not know any better, but Pfeil should; he does enough business with the post office. Pfeil comes out of the whole mess looking arrogant; Arnold looks too trusting of advice. (Again, this is partly exacerbated by the fact it was a short story. Juanita--who has bad luck--had one of her contracts lost between Roger Elwood's office and the publisher's office. Since it was a novel, and she has a good agent, Elwood was told he would get the story after he produced another contract, which he agreed was fair, even though it made the manuscript arrive well after his deadline. That won't work with a short, unfortunately.)

But hell, maybe Pfeil isn't arrogant; maybe he just had a bad day at the time this started. After reading most of the 1974 issues of *Vertex* this past week, I'd say he certainly had problems. Working with that sort of material would give me an ulcer in a hurry, I can tell you.

Good for Lowndes. Damn right parents have a right to censor what their children read--or what they watch on tv. What they do *not* have a right to do is to ask the government to do their censor-

ing for them. (Every tv has an off switch; if a parent can't control his children well enough to make them respect it, then he/she is a pretty shitty parent, and protests to stations about showing sex or violence during the hours the little kiddies are watching should be treated like any other crank letters.) Ideally, parental censorship should be at a minimum, if for no other reason than that any child is more apt to perform a forbidden act than one treated with indulgent contempt. But they have a *right* to do the forbidding.

Note to Glenn Behrmann; "that big happy family with the last name of Fandom" never existed except in the untrustworthy memories of a few old-time fans. The first Worldcon in history was highlighted by the forcible ejection of a moderately large percentage of the attendees over a fannish dispute, and fannish amicability has never risen much since. Sure, fans are in general friendly, and willing to welcome anyone who complies with the rules of common civility. They're also more than willing to specify exactly what they think of anyone who doesn't--and why not? In a regular job, you have to put up with the nerds who work with you--you can quit, but that just exchanges one set of idiots for another. But in your social life, you don't, and fandom is basically social. (1/13/75)

SETH GOLDBERG OW...came in handy in my advanced quantum chemistry course when the prof and two students got into a debate over notation for density matrices. I read OW for the last 15 minutes of the debate and when the lecture resumed the prof noted I had been bored and asked me what I was reading and I said nothing related to science.

OW 21/22 has some very good writing in it, especially by Jodie Offutt, Bob Tucker, Bill Wolfenbarger, and yes, yourself. Your editorial really struck an emotional cord in me. People may disagree with me, but I happen to like and believe in honest, emotional, and personal writing. I even got something out of the Ted White vs. Everybody debate, just because it showed people at an emotional level in a noncritical situation (i.e., the fate of the world or people's lives were not dependent on the outcome unlike diplomatic talks). It proved once again that there are two sides to every argument (at least that was my conclusion), a Truth which needs to be ingrained in more people's conscience. I, of course, preferred your editorial and Wolfenbarger's column. Something about your writing just rings extremely sincere and I like it.

I showed Jodie Offutt's article to a friend who reads SF a lot to give him an example of what gets written in fanzines (he has never read one before except for a couple of my copies of *Locus*). Just wanted to give him a quick flash of the first couple of paragraphs and I planned to go back to studying and let him do the same. I planned to have him read the whole article later. I had to wait five minutes or so for him to finish the article as he rolled on the floor in order to get my copy of OW back. Showed it to a lady friend and she would not put it down either.

I am afraid I must point out one somewhat major printing error. In Sandra Miesel's story you have for a lead-in quote on II,

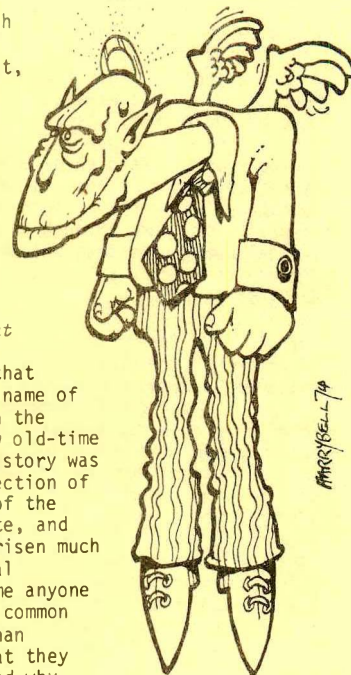
$\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \Psi^* \Psi dt = 1$ . The correct representation of the normalization of wavefunctions is  $\int_{-\infty}^{\infty} \Psi^* \Psi dt$ .  $\Psi^*$  (superscript \*)

means complex conjugate of  $\Psi$  (multiplication is implied and need not be written down) and  $t$  not  $t$  is used as integrate over all space ( $dt$  is used for integrate over time). I suppose I should point out that my field of graduate study is quantum chemistry. Therefore, I am supposed to be an expert on this stuff. Anyway, it is an understandable error for the uninitiated. Wish I had the Greek alphabet on my typewriter. (2/5/75)

Damn! Another Glicksohn come to haunt me... \*sigh\*

JACKIE FRANKE For one thing, I'd like to say you did a fine job with this newsprint issue. The twin-issues are well-done, both layout-wise and reproduction. In many ways, they are the most readable OWs I've seen. No need

OUTWORLDS -- 941



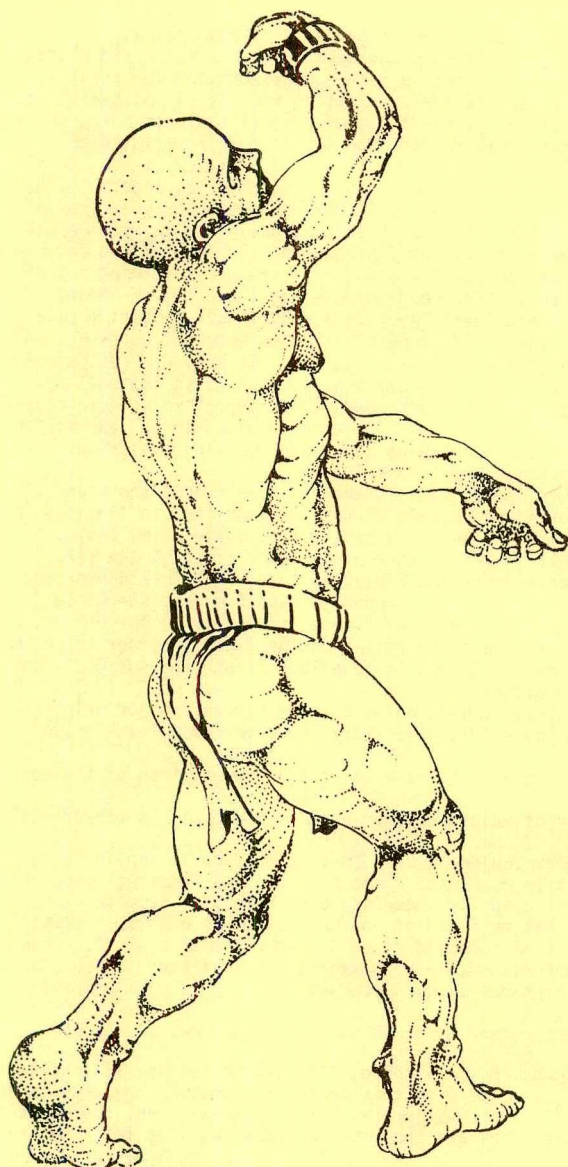


to apologize for using newsprint; the results belie the medium, or it could even be that we've simply become accustomed to belittling the medium without giving it a chance to prove itself.

Hope you managed to find an apartment soon after setting down your editorial. It's always a distressing state of affairs when you are at loose ends, unsure of what or where you'll be in coming weeks. There are those who seem to thrive on rootlessness, but for the bulk of us, fannish or mundane, the sense of security one's very own territory brings, is not a luxury, but a necessity. It matters not one whit whether such territory is strictly speaking "yours", or yours through possession and rent receipts; it's only vital quality is that welcoming feeling of coming home when you enter its precincts. It's a feeling that's very hard to match, much less beat.

*I'm afraid that for me it DOES make a difference whether a place is "mine", or mine through rent receipts; I consider rental money a total waste, and I've paid out a fair share since 1961... The ironic fact is, of course, that if I could give up this particular "hobby" (or at least suspend it for a couple or three years) I probably could get my own place...as well as make it to Australia, England, wherever. Giving up OW and cons though, is a course I can't follow at this particular moment...nor is it, in truth, a course I would want to take. I'm not unhappy where I'm living now, but there's always that feeling in the back of me haid that it's only temporary, that eventually I'm going to have to make that next move. THAT is what I dread...and it's something I can't escape. But I seem to be surviving this transition well, although I'm still searching for a way out of Ohio!*

As you can see I am now the possessor of an IBM Selectric too. It's only a rental unit, taken so I could play with it



awhile to decide whether the cost was truly worth it, but it's the predecessor to my very own machine, and therefore some of the limited affection that I spare for devices and such-like paraphernalia has already attached to this temporary resident. Perhaps it's due to understandable bitterness that may be hidden and still demands an outlet, but even though I do love the Selectric I'm using, I could never compare it with sex. You over-reached more than a bit for that comparison! But short of that, and perhaps also including the exception of a delightfully prepared, excellently served dinner in appropriate settings, I'd be hard put to find the match of it for sheer pleasure. I'll probably be even more pleased once I learn how to use the blasted thing, and get accustomed to the odd key placement of some items. All in good time...

But I coggle at the thought of you even considering the return to a standard typer. I sincerely hope that such insanity is only momentary. If you really feel the urge to restrict yourself so severely, well then why not stick one of the elements on and leave it there a while? Say a month or two. I'm rather sure that that treatment will cure the impulse...

*I DID hear about the statement that Selectrics aren't "as good as sex, but the difference is slight."! It was a joke, folk. Probably a bad joke, but... (Must I go back to holding up the J\*Q\*K\*E sign every time...!?) On the other hand, I'm not going to give up the Selectric while it still functions...but if it should ever self-destruct, the option of a "standard" typer replacing it, is still an open option. About that I was half-way serious. (Sure do love that typer John Bangsund uses!)*

Hmmm. I've nominated OW for the Hugo for several years now and it simply never occurred to me to list the faneds name on that portion of the ballot. I just assumed that, should enough nominations be gained, the con-com would either know of the zine, or in case some really off-beat chance that they wouldn't, would find out who published the thing on their own. I may have been attributing more intelligence to con-coms that they deserve, but somehow I don't think so. In other words, tell the Aussie-con committee, not us...

*Well, that's what I had to do... I don't know...but between D:B and OW, I think this is the fifth time a fanzine of mine has appeared on the Hugo final ballot. Only twice did I/we receive direct communication from a con-com. The first was from Tricon--for the obvious reason: we lived only 30 miles away and knew everyone on the committee. The second time was when we received a form letter, with the blanks filled in, telling us we'd been nominated. That was from Noreascon. Not much, really, but something rather nice...and it beats learning about it from Locust! (I found out this year pre-Locust, but that was through Susan, and not the committee.) (I wonder if the pros get the same rather back-handed treatment?) Oh well, win or lose, and unless I go through a very drastic change of position, this will be the last year I have to worry about it...*

Certainly I recall what happened on July 20th. Our entire family does. We made our first big trip that year, just in order to see the big event, and it would be impossible to forget (Later on I made the trip, sans family, to watch the last journey to our neighboring planet. It, too, was memorable and exciting, but somehow blunted by the awareness that there was too much of a chance that it would be not only the last of the series, but the last ever...)

*This year I spent my birthday, very enjoyably, at BYOBecon 5, where I discovered that Richard Delap also shares the same birth date. I wonder...are there any other fans, besides Delap and myself, who have ever had a Hugo awarded to their birthday?*

I liked the tone of your editorial this time around. It shows a less sorrowful, pitying mood than you did last time out, and shows thereby that you're beginning to heal your old wounds. Displaying your emotional growing pains for all to see may not be the path of choice for us all, but it's one you've taken with your senses full aware, and one I'd guess you haven't done badly traveling along. Keep on truckin' as they say, you'll get there yet.

I wish I could think of more appropriate words than "great" and "witty" to apply to Eric Mayer's *Excoriator*, but I can't and they'll just have to suffice. He did one of the best pieces of fan-written fiction I've seen; tying with my all-time favorite, *I Have No Nose*, and *I Must Sneeze*, done by William F. Orr some years ago. It should go down as a fannish classic, and merit reprinting in some era-to-be. Terrific!

The photo-illos were singularly appropriate too. Added just the right touch of mystery and morbidity...

Situating RAWLs column with Bromley's as you did, will undoubtedly lead some readers (though perhaps not; fans are



generally a more perceptive lot, after all) to give more emphasis to the few negative statements in regard to Elwood. Actually though, he wasn't belittling that person, as much as he was the people who complain about what Elwood does, a form of censorship (and I admit to being one of them) in itself. We who hold the right of self-expression to be a Sacred Right too often deny that same right to others. Say what you want, only don't disagree with me. Now, by my lights, Elwood is a censor of the most abysmal type; one who wants to inflict his set of mores on others. But how about those who follow the "liberal" viewpoint and object to stories being printed that discuss the Black IQ question? It's as if, because we deem a subject immoral by our lights, censorship is all right. We cannot have it both ways. Either there is a case for censorship under some circumstances, or there should be none at all. Personally, I find the idea of letting anything see print that a person feels like printing just a touch too anarchistic for comfort. I can appreciate it on an intellectual plane, but there's too wide a streak of practicality in me to go along with it whole-heartedly. No, I'm afraid I do agree with RAWL. At certain times and in certain circumstances censorship is a necessity. Drawing up the laws that would fairly delineate those times and circumstances is a job worthy of Jeffersonian minds, but one which I believe is possible. I only only wish it were possible to say it's a job that doesn't need doing.

As far as Bromley's neat little piece of character assassination is concerned, I don't have enough information to judge the validity of his accusation of fact against Elwood. But his assumptions and conclusions regarding Elwood's motives, if the facts as he states them are truly facts, are just his *opinion*, and I wish he'd labeled them more clearly as such. I'm really disappointed in seeing this piece in OW. You've claimed that you want to avoid getting into hassles with personal campaigns and vendettas, yet you continue to flirt with those situations by running material like this. Discuss Elwood's possible effect on the SF field if you will, but this type of yellow-journalism is beneath you....

*I still don't know who "Bromley" is, although some people claim to have that knowledge. At first I wasn't too upset about having been 'had', but the more I think on it... I assume whoever it is gets or at least reads OW. I printed it because it reflected a lot of my attitudes towards Elwood; I doubt that I would have done so if I'd known the person writing it was too ashamed or cowardly to back up his "facts". It can't be too much of a person who needs to resort to a pseudonym in a fanzine, for God's sake! (Say what you will about Piers, Ted, Pfeil, et al, they at least have the guts to sign their name to what they write.)*

I thought Poul handled the question of Is Professionalism A Dirty Word extremely well. It is doubtful that he convinced any of those who hold that Art cannot be prostituted to monetary gain as a matter of Faith akin to the Virgin Birth, but he presented his arguments clearly and forcefully enough. I'm not one of those who does agree that getting paid for something results in the work being valueless, or at the very least devaluated, so I can't really say how swaying his line of reasoning would be to someone whose feeling ran in the opposite direction. It was a good piece though, and interesting, and I can only hope that it managed to touch just one fence-sitter and tip them over to the side of sanity and reasonableness.

I've bad memories of that night of the ~~SLAUGHTER~~ banquet at Discon, and would prefer to avoid recollections of it. I do thank you, though, for reprinting Andy's remarks about Roger; they're sincere words of praise from one up and coming craftsman to another who has neared the top, and I fear too few people managed to keep themselves from distraction while they were being spoken. The problem is, I'll wager that some of them won't even bother to read it. The more fools they be...

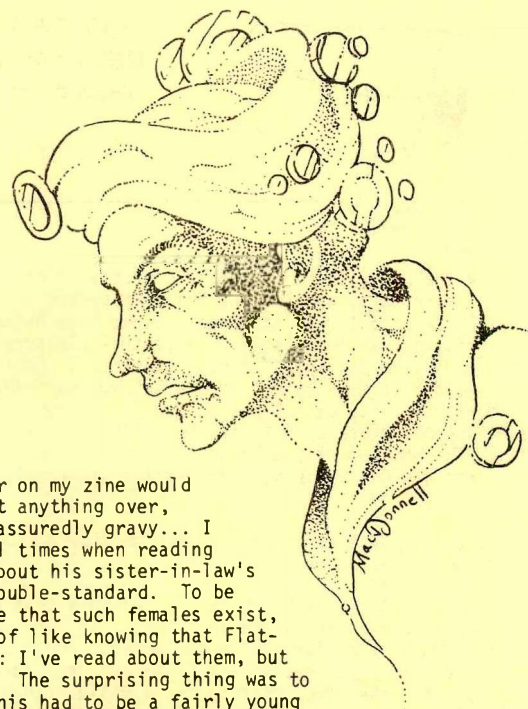
Thank you for running the Full Truth about the Jello plot. Of course by now various versions of this caper abound and are added to and embroidered with each telling. This Just-the-facts; the-bare-facts telling of those insidious events was overdue. Jerry has done fandom a service akin to the one John Dean did for the nation. Fortunately, by getting Joe's permission to run it, Pournelle isn't apt to suffer Dean's fate; that of imprisonment and loss of livelihood as a reward. Very well done!

From zine, to portion of zine, to column. My how *Inworlds* has fallen!

I see that Ted still retained his nit-picking tendencies when he sent in his criticism of OW 19. Of course his lengthy discussion on the Holmesian methods he used to ascertain that the screen on 19's cover had been placed by you and not Grant was and is of interest to faneds who plan on using such reproduction, but I felt you devoted just a bit too much room to it. Some of his points (as always) had validity, some were far more a matter of opinion and taste rather than rules-following.

Jerry Kaufman struck a chord with his association between Wolfenbarger and Williams...yes, yes, indeed!

I wouldn't go as far as Loren does and say that receiving



only one letter on my zine would satisfy me; but anything over, say, four, is assuredly gravy... I blinked several times when reading his comments about his sister-in-law's views on the double-standard. To be sure, I realize that such females exist, but it's sort of like knowing that Flat-Earthers exist: I've read about them, but never met one. The surprising thing was to realize that this had to be a fairly young woman, unless Loren's parents spaced their children extremely far apart. How hard it is to rid the world of gibberish...

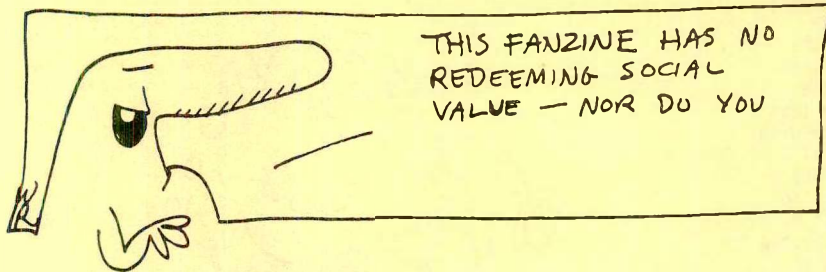
I feel somewhat awkward in trying to respond to your request for feedback from femme-readers regarding sexism, or the lack of it, in OW. There is more than a touch of the Woman's Libber in me, as some people know by now, but I'm not one to go overboard. To me the important thing is the attitude expressed, and how close it approaches the put-down of all females, merely because they're females. On the specific point of the Fabian interior bacover in #19; no, I don't consider it sexist, since, as obvious by the setting, it was meant to represent a fantasy, not any sort of reality, imaginary or not. I don't object to nudes either, in fact I've drawn one or sixteen myself, as long as they're depicted in the spirit of beauty or inherent to the subject matter. I have seen nudes I've disliked in fanzines, but also admit that my standards of what is or is not objectionable are constantly shifting, and still are in a somewhat fluid state. Some things offend, some things don't. I've seen very little, if any (I'm not about to scan every back issue of OW to check, but from recollection only, I believe none) truly lewd art in OW, or for that matter in many fanzines at all. Most seems to fall into the beauty area, or the appreciation of the female form as meant to be viewed by a largely male, or open-minded female who is not afraid to admit her sexuality, audience. Seeing a picture of a man, surrounded by females of the pin-up variety (Vargas-type of drawing construction, if you'll note), who are smiling at him and/or stroking his hair, hardly seems to reek of sex, unless you're speaking of the pre-teen variety (though nowadays that might have to be regressed to the pre-fifth grade variety) of eroticism. Sexist it ain't.

Is Jay Kinney *serious*? A decline in fannish activity certainly hasn't been very evident to me. Perhaps he means a decline in the large circulation genzine, which is on the wane for the reasons, apparently, that he listed, but for fanzines in general, it's been yet another banner year! Believe me, one look at the fanzines stacked around here will pay ample testimony to that statement. At one time it was possible for an individual to loc each and every issue of all non-apan zines (and if he/she really was ambitious, even most in that category as well); now I doubt if there's any one person in the whole world who's even aware of all the titles being produced. I keep thinking that the field has been saturated, and then hear of some fanzine or the other that's in its third year of publication and/or at issue 20 already! Decline? Hah! (1-21-75)

*I can remember (no cracks, Kaufman!) when a fanzine a week was an event to look forward to... Now? When I'm getting an average of two a day! \*sigh\* Are you SURE some of you people wouldn't like to be writers or artists or politicians...anything but fanneditors...? How about it? Please?*

GREG STAFFORD Glancing through 21/22 was ominously depressing. I mean, they look so NICE that I HAD to read it right away. Even 22, which I had planned to keep by the toilet for light reading. This is truly a compli-





ment, by the way. There is a real scarcity of defecating time litture these days, and I'm not the only person to complain of this. OW 22, had I read it slower, could have helped fill the bill, bringing new heights of intellectual pleasure while our humble bodies do the same. Mental diahhrea!! Emotional discharges under various guises of blatant ego-satisfaction. Love it! More! Why couldn't I put it down!? My son ate the TV while I read and now there's no FU for me! [This is partly because I noticed the BMs before you brought it up. Gutter minds, sewage humor, etc.] But at least that settles the problem of censorship.

...there you have it folks! Yet another satisfied Outworlds consumer...

Understandings was beautiful. I am sure that Brett Cox has no children of his own, which invalidates any argument pertaining to that from him, as far as I'm concerned. Anyway, I do have kids, love them very deeply, and there are damn sure things that I will prevent them from reading for a while. Sure, when they're older ("The age of reason" as The Church used to say)(That's probably about seven years old today) they'll get it no matter what. Big deal. If they're so goddamn clever by then they deserve to learn about child mutilation, or adult mutilations for that matter, or any such horror that too much cleverness and maturity can bring about. I censor now because sometimes we can't sleep at night otherwise. If he's old enough to want to read something, despite advice, and does it anyway, then there'll maybe be something else to stay awake all night about. (Having kept my own parents awake over evaded sorts of censorship in my own time.) Rereading, I notice that the tone of this doesn't quite carry what I mean to say, but I'll say that the essence is correct. Tell us about it when you've got kids.

Everything was good. "Cold as an offset semi-prozine." INDEED!!! Give us a break! LOVED IT.

Boy was that Pfeil/Anthony/Arnold thing a waste of time. At least you ended it quickly.

And Jessie, why so coy? The hormones getting in the way of Naming Names? I could sympathize with her, and disagree violently with her on her own self-rightousness which I figure is perfectly excusable though, on all that about getting mss. However, I'll say that I haven't got quite the problem she has (yet?), and maybe it's because of the way we reject. Who cares, really, she's she and I'm me and gods help us if it's some way else. (I know my wife would be surprised!)

But I have to agree, intellectually and emotionally, with her that Ultimate's ripping us poor bastards off. Yes, it looks terrible and grim and worse. We're all paupers, and so Ultimate does what everyone else in the world does (except you and me) and rip off the little guys saying it's a necessary measure. [I should think that, normally, any sane publisher would rather close down one of his two poorly-doing 'zines rather than have the contributors pay his staff. However, I understand that there is a contractual agreement that prohibits this. Too bad. One good market of one monthly that takes the experimental type of stuff that Ted does would be far superior to two rip-off shakey ones.] But what else can I do with a 20,000 word somethingorother (modern fantasy?) (social fantasy?). Ain't gonna be Analogue or F&SF or etc. So I throw in my quarter, hope to sell something maybe even to the Boss, hustle my ass into SFWA for some help and THEN talk about it. Well, you git a job and some more guts I guess, maybe more back-bone or moral determination. Me, job or not, 25¢ isn't gonna kill me right now, and when it gets worse it's not gonna be the fault of suckers like me, but of those jerks who forced it down in the first place. I, however, sincerely hope that the plea can do something, though I doubt it. Needless to say, I feel trapped. Fortunately my existance, individuality, and ego are not entirely dependent on becoming a Professional Writer. (And don't feed me no dilittante shit either. See *Beer Mutterings*.) [1/10/75]

Greg is editor of Wyrd: The Magazine of Illustrated Fantasy which is available from: Brian Crist, 324 Candy Lane, Santa Rosa, CA 95401 (75¢ each, or \$2.50 for a 4 issue sub).

OW 22 (or "B") was printed about a week before 21 (or "A"); Philcon occured in the intervening week, so I distributed some of 22 there (mailing 21 later)...which leads to...

JERRY KAUFMAN B was in large part entertaining, but it was too much of a muchness. Too many letters. In the last few pages I found myself skimming like mad. Maybe the letters themselves were less interesting than the earlier section of letters, since I was skipping specific sections of letters, like those on the various controversies and those on the editing job on Anthony's newspaper article.

I think you could have edited more tightly. The section in my letter on Paula Lieberman's bad math is impossible to follow without the original letter spread out next to it, and is pointless to boot when

Paula's current letter corrects your typo. (Of which you once more have aplenty.)

I went through the Don Pfeil/Piers Anthony controversy carefully, since it is new, and since I have my own beef against Vertex. No, I never had a problem professionally. I don't write, or try to write, sf. I read the magazine for a year, and disliked the selection of stories intensely. Uniformly depressing, largely gimmicky and seldom of memorable quality or power. And Pfeil in one editorial roundly put down "New Wave" in favor of the stories he was printing.

So I noticed immediately that the first letter in the series was missing. Bad. But Arnold's second letter was not impolite. Pfeil's letter of the 21st, about his practices with contracts, seems to contradict in spirit his letter to you of July 24, in which he points out his contract...in one letter he is proud of the contract, in the other he seems to see the contract as a hinderance.

The use of "sidematter"--all the short pieces and columns along the sides--were a welcome relief, and all entertaining. The art isn't what I'd have used in some cases...some of the Rotsler's look stiff, and the Inghams need more room to breathe they looked reduced. The Carleton Palmers were simply not to my taste. Phil Foglio, though looks like a "find." The drawing on 833 is nice and whimsical.

This is no enormous Glicksohn loc. It took me more than two hours to read your flaming fanzine, and I know this is only the half of it. And it drives me crazy to think that, by your insane numbering system, I have not read one fanzine, or even one-half of a fanzine, but one-half of two consecutive issues! You are just trying, through your fan-publishing, numbering, layout, etc., to force us to share your confused mind and maddening life. Good luck. [12/24/74]

PS: This is only one-half of two locs, one-quarter on #21-B, and one-quarter on #22-B. The other two halves will be written after I have received the other two halves of your fanzine.

...obviously a recent graduate of the Michael Glicksohn School of Semi-Famous Letterhacks. This has been Part A, Section I, sub-section Q<sup>n</sup>, of my reply. Stay tuned...

PAULA LIEBERMAN Finally Outworlds 21/22 arrived...and it's only the middle of January. It came in the mail sometime between Jan 6 and Jan 19, and The Million Year Picnic had it previous to 6 Jan on sale to anyone who came in...

Why is it that mailboxes get the most use when one isn't around to remove stuff from them?

Understandings this is a fine column, the one that I consider is the best in its series that I've read. Let's hear it for censorship--but ONLY under the conditions given there.

The next item in Outworlds is the Canfield illo accompanied by the Jodie Offutt article--not that I think it was intended that way, but that's how it appeared to me when reading through Outworlds the first time.

I grumbled about Canfield's nude women once before--in a letter that saw print in Prehensile 12, even though I said (incorrectly) that it was a Fabian and not a Canfield, and I never expected that letter to be printed anyway, it was so random.

There are those of us who don't have much of a decision about wearing bras most of the time, it's simply not feasible not to under normal conditions in the outside world. And that charisma semi-quote! The type of attraction that pulls every pimply-faced teenage obnoxious malefan to oneself is not always desirable.

Jodie Offutt makes finding and wearing women's clothes sound so simple. It takes one hell of a lot of engineering to produce cleavage when that "charisma" is there in large quantities. And if one is shorter or taller than the clothing industry makes allowance for for one's figure type, one gets to discover the joy of altering all the clothing one buys, and learning how to alter patterns before, after, and during sewing one's own clothing. I cheat these days--much of the non-jeans and tee-shirt clothing I wear came from one store near where my parents live, that makes alterations in the clothing they sell at no extra charge. But I would still love to wring the necks



of most clothing designers! And there's no way that the current dress styles are going to look very good on me, or some other femme fans whose figures are about the same. ... all this from just reading that article??

Poul Anderson's column is excellent this month, the best explanation I've ever seen of what a professional writer is, by a professional writer, and it shows.

The letter reminds me of the arguments friends of mine use against the idea of an engineers' and scientists' union. They longing look at the job security offered by labor unions, but they are more scared of the loss of their freedom as individuals to work where and when and with what and with whom they wish.

Susan Wood's column on VAN LOON'S LIVES sounded a lot more interesting than the book might be to me, not that the book sounded uninteresting, but I doubt if I'll ever get around to reading it. By the time I have the leisure to go chasing after books of its ilk, I'll probably be well out of the range of the extensive libraries and for sale used books around the metropolitan Boston area.

The column itself is sparkling, and a recommendation for another Hugo nomination, at the least.

↓ "And then the sun went nova." or, any story can be turned into science fiction. ↓ But two in one issue?

I am at the moment forcing myself to read through *The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short*. If I cannot get through the whole thing, then I will be unable to say that my views of what I have read of it represent the whole article, which so far makes me inclined to put John Andrews on my list of people at whom I feel little compunction about venting my spleen upon when seen in person and at appropriate times for venting spleen at. Meanwhile, back to the printed page.

There, finished it. Now comes the calumny.

It's way too long--or at least four pages continuously of it certainly is. *The Notebooks of Lazarus Long* and the M\*gd\*1\*n M\*r\* thing also in *Analog* were amusing, but this was done to death and beyond the mouldering corpse. A few parts of it were mildly amusing, most of it was rather distasteful, and too much was bile-inspiring. This article should perhaps have been cut short by the use of a condom upon its author.

On to *Outworlds* 22...

After looking at some unknownnumber of *Outworlds* (the ones I've got and MITSFS' collection), I think I'm beginning to appreciate Bill Wolfenbarger's *Language at Midnight*. It sort of grows on one, I guess.

New York at night isn't usually that visible, at least in comparison to other large cities at night, especially from the air. San Francisco and the rest of the Bay Area is an incredible sight, as is Chicago and its environs. Dayton, even, looks like a setting of jewels. But New York is obscured by its vast smog cloud. It's easy to tell New York by air--look for the big smog blanket that covers the coast in the east, and there's New York.

On *A Horny Speculation on the Irish Elk*: but what about Frazier?

If it means anything, if Dean Koontz ever writes any sf again, and considers it worthwhile, I'll definitely buy a copy.

[1/24/75]

Paula also sent the following sketch/commentary....

.....

Going to newsstands, or rather three particular ones, is a hobby of mine. --the one in the Tech Coop Lobby Shop, the Kiosk in Harvard Square, and Nini's Corner across the street from the Kiosk. All three have their attraction, and all three have several things in common--each has the sf magazines, each carries comics, each carries the usual bunch of monthlies, and each has *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, etc., prominently displayed. Also displayed, though not as obviously, are *Playgirl* and *Viva*.

The Tech Coop Lobby Shop is on MIT's campus, and in the same building as the Tech Coop store, which until recently carried all the pb science fiction it could get (like selling out 150 copies of *DHALGREN* in three days, and then being out of it for two weeks). That's the main advantage of the Tech Lobby Shop. There's also the Coop rebate, about seven percent or so.

The Kiosk and Nini's Corner often get the sf magazines before the Coop. There is also a large cat which inhabits Nini's Corner, and sometimes, when one walks in and looks up, the cat looks imperiously down.

However....

Walking into any of these places and looking at the displayed magazines, the most obvious ones are *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, and perhaps *Gallery* and *Oui* and *Swank* and whatever else happens to be there, sticking out boobs and tits and ass and sometimes crotch shots... *Playgirl*, *Viva*, and now *Foxy Lady* are less obvious on their covers--no crotch shots there. And they're not always as much displayed in the open.

OUTWORLDS -- 945

Having found where these publications are hiding, a not too difficult task, one can then look at the prices, the table of contents, and perhaps even glance through them. The latest *Gallery* has a George R. R. Martin story. *Swank* has had an article on fandom or two in it. *Playboy* had an almost reasonable article on fusion. The women's magazines have such things as *The Amorous Astrologer*, pictorials of nude encounters of male and female, articles on the peril of all the methods of birth control (a lot better source are the indices of the past decade of *Science News* and looking up the appropriate issues)...and the worst elements of *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Playboy* combined. And the prices are equal to or higher than the men's magazines for much thinner magazines.

One can poke a bit more inside: notice the tactful display of the nude male showing off the nude female in *Playboy*. I have formulated the theory that the non-female bodies in *Playboy* are sexless, or at least, have no external male genitalia. This also seems to apply to the other men's magazines.

In the women's magazines, it's obvious that the nude women are women. But where the female nudes on the other intended gender magazines are displayed to appeal in a sexually receptive state, the male nudes of the women's magazines are "draped gracefully at half-mast." I guess they just can't get it up.



"FORTUNATELY, IT IS NOT MY NOSE ONLY"

Overall, I consider the women's magazine quite inferior, much less worldly, and very much less interesting. At least I can enjoy reading some of the stuff in *Playboy* and *Penthouse*, and can admire the job done on the photography (airbrush here and airbrush there, and "She's flat-chested!"). But the content of the women's magazine does not correspond. Why, they even do a rotten job of writing about the centerfold subjects. Not even half an attempt at anything intellectual do they make. At least *Playboy* et al make some sort of attempt to show that their subjects have minds of some sort. I wonder if the counterparts have any. "Dah, I'm big and handsome and strong and dumb." And my reaction is, "yuch."

....., Paula Lieberman, .....

TONY CVETKO This issue started off with the 2nd best part--the editorial. Once a fanzine gets into the 1000+ circulation with advertising and all that, I tend to get put off a little bit, as if the zine was suddenly becoming impersonal and Professional, but your warm and friendly editorial was probably the largest factor in changing that particular quirk of mine towards OW.

*Excoriator* was great. I've never seen *The Excoriator* and I didn't really catch on to the parody until the 3rd section, but once I caught on it was pretty much smooth the rest of the way, and after *Excoriator* I doubt that I'll ever see *The Excoriator*. It could never compete with this version.



I've never read an Elwood book, and I probably never will. It might be that his books are good, and it might be that his books are bad, but it seems that everywhere I turn I see someone panning an Elwood book, or someone criticising Elwood's editorial practices, just like Lowndes and Bromley did in OW 21. After all, these people can't *all* be wrong. So when I go to the bookstore with a limited amount of money to spend (which is always the case) I pass up the Elwood book and buy a Carr or Silverberg or Hoskins instead. These people I can *trust* to deliver a quality product. This is why I can understand Elwood's attempts to get people to interview him. These people are costing him money.

But I must admit that Bromley did sound a little fanatical himself, especially where he says "Why was Elwood so blind to the compromising nature of his presidential aspiration? There can only be one answer: he considers SF his private domain--more, a toy enterprise, that he may re-shape to his own ends." All it suggested to me was 1) Elwood was a bit naive in political matters, 2) Elwood really does have a genuine interest in SF and wants to help it all he can, so he decided to run for president, or 3) Elwood has the selfish motives which Bromley describes. To me there are three answers, not one. I rather suspect the first one, because the main impression that I get from all the Elwood articles and interviews is that he is a naive man, especially when he contends that his vast control of the SF market cannot possibly hurt the field.

And I still won't buy any of his books.

I already mentioned that your editorial was the 2nd best part of this double issue, and the lettercol was clearly the best part, all 38 pages worth. A lengthy lettercol is my idea of Nirvana and your's succeeded admirably.

Except for three somewhat uninteresting articles, this double issue of OW was excellent, easily the best I've seen. The three covers were excellent, and the artwork inside was generally very good. The layout was simpler than the last two issues, but it was much more effective. In OW 19 & 20 you tended to over-design a bit, producing an overcomplicated layout that was sometimes difficult to read with parts of other text interrupting, but this time you held back a bit and it was a much better product. I also like the newsprint much better than your regular paper. For one thing it folds easier and so I can fold already-read pages behind not-already-read pages and hold it in one hand. And it also seems more comfortable somehow; OW seems more like a fanzine with this newsprint than with your regular offset paper. If we were voting on this thing, I'd have to cast my vote for the newsprint. Your main problem is still typos. In a few places it was difficult for me to smoothly read the text because of a missing word or a bad typo.

...and keep a lengthy loccol whenever possible. It's the best part of any zine. (1/6/75)

I have the feeling Tony's going to enjoy this issue...

DAVID CALLAGHAN I found your magazine interesting, informative, well produced and entertaining.

But...

Concerning the Pfeil, Anthony, Arnold affair: You made a mistake when you said that you were going to do this one right. By not having a copy of the first letter from Arnold to Pfeil (from either source) you removed the discussion from the realm of facts to one of conjecture and taking sides.

A few comments about the article itself: Pfeil says he disagrees with his publisher's policy concerning the sending out of contracts just prior to publication. He says that these are the publishers policies and that he will not quit his job because he disagrees with them. My advice to him would be to be less thin-skinned about it when the publisher's policy causes trouble for him. If he wants to keep his job and all, fine, but he should expect these difficulties to arise. It's something that he will have to live with as long as these rules exist. Because an author is concerned about his story, his livelihood, he can expect more aggravations.

Pfeil berates Anthony for assuming that "Mr. D" is Arnold. Jumping to conclusions. Actually it's a compliment to Pfeil. Anthony is assuming that this mix up is a rare occurrence. Actually it appears to have occurred at least once more. How often does this happen, Mr. Pfeil (acceptance letters "lost" in the mail, long delays, et cetera)?

Bill says, "I must admit that its absence (the letter of rejection) weakens your case." Pfeil says, "... Please note that he (Anthony) has included a lot of correspondence between Mr. Arnold and myself but he has *not* included a copy of the letter Mr. Arnold sent to me withdrawing the story." To my way of thinking it is just as "fishy" that Pfeil doesn't have his copy of the letter as it is that Arnold doesn't have it. They both had a reason for keeping it, neither did, stalemate. Pfeil continues about the letter. "I found it to be somewhat (not overtly--just somewhat) insulting?" What does that mean? Why doesn't he tell us about it. Arnold gives his version, why doesn't Pfeil tell us what he considers to be "somewhat insulting"? For all we know he might consider being told that he has strange publishing

practices insulting (although true.)

Considering the state of science fiction magazines, I find it disquieting that stories would be rejected for other than literary considerations.

In closing, Mister Pfeil, thank you for the lesson in blacklisting. I will put it to good use when the next issue of *Vertex* comes out. (2/1/75)

DAINIS BISENIEKS Acid-free paper it ain't--those controversies ..... will crumble it to dust in six months. But really, I'm surprised that more faneds have not turned to this sort of paper and printing. The only one I've *seen* is that Dallascon thing a few years back. The paper may not last quite as long as, say, dog-vomit yellow mimeo paper, but who needs it to? Fanzines are, let's face it, ephemera. There are a few things here and there I want to keep--mostly I pass my zines on to a friend who is really more fannish than I am but has no time for fanac. So you get two readers for the price of one.

Of the contents. *The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short* was almost as good as what it parodies; the ideas are, if anything, better. Lot of parodies this time, what? *The Excoriator* was excruciating.

I've heard Poul's advice before. "You must write yesterday, and today, and tomorrow." "Apply the seat of the pants to the seat of the chair..." (And W.H. Auden distinguished the frivolous and the earnest parts of work in *The Dyer's Hand*.) I'm trying. I'm trying. There's something to be said for plugging away at a tale which won't "finish itself"--ideas come in writing, including ideas for new stories. I don't know what kind of work I could do on commission, though. I've got to learn how to plot: so far, I have *too* straightforward problem solving.

Your preview of my translation is slightly misleading, but that doesn't matter now. It will be seen that neither the S.F. nor the introduction were originally Latvian. (I seem to be the second Latvian in fandom, after the long-vanished George Viksnins and before Valdis Augstkalns.) (1/13/75)

ERIC LINDSAY I find it a pity that you had to move to the ..... newsprint type of paper, but all of us have to make sacrifices in producing fanzines, and the result is still far above that of the average zine. I am pleased that you are now dropping the various controversies you have running (it gives *me* a chance to start one). Despite my sympathy with the problems of struggling prozines like Ted White's pair, I can't disagree with Jessie Salmonson's comments re reading fees--if you really can't manage to cope with the unsolicited manuscripts you should give up encouraging them by stating that you will only accept material from SFWA members, or from published writers, or set some other eligibility standard so that new writers will know not to bother you.

Muzac--Beethoven, Song of Joy. Joy is *The Excoriator* by Eric Mayer--I did not see or read THE EXCORCIST, but heard enuf of the plot to enjoy this fannish version. Interesting to find you mentioning your talk with Mae in the terms you did. I had much the same experience at Torcon, during a large dinner hosted by Ron Graham, while talking with Phyrne Bacon. There is a mention of the feeling involved in Kenneth Keniston's book THE UNCOMMITTED--ALIENATED YOUTH IN AMERICA. Censorship, I'm against it totally, with one exception--I am against inciting other people (of any age) to attempt to harm others in a physical sense. I noticed after reading Jodie Offutt's article that Grant Canfield's illo didn't have an apple stuck on the woman's ...umm, chest. Tut, tut, you could have added that last artistic touch when matching article and illo.

*Beer Mutterings* was fun, although those first few paragraphs with Poul mentioning Dr. Johnson's dictum regarding writing for money gave me a funny feeling. I mean, here is Poul doing a free write up for a fanzine, and mentioning the Good Doctor (Johnson, I mean, not Rearendamov) which brings to mind his biographer Boswell, who scribbled at infinite length for his own purposes. If I could remember the reason he gave for writing at such length I'd quote it, but it wasn't for money. Come to think of it, I will quote from the publisher's note in the Yale edition of Boswell's LONDON JOURNAL ed. by Frederick Pottle --"...an assiduous keeper of intimate journals that served the purpose, vital to him, of a mirror in which he could capture and observe his own behavior. 'I should live no more than I can record.'" (Of course, I only read them because pornography was hard to get when I was younger, and no-one suspected the *real* reason for reading works of Boswell.) Like a whole heap of fanzine editors, I want to write, and at one time I thought that this meant "I want to write for a living", but this is an error. To do so, knowing that you would have to compromise for the sake of a sale, would, if a sole source of income, be drudgery indeed. As a part time thing, assuming that you did have time to do the other things you want, then it becomes very attractive, yet when working on a full time job, you simply don't have the time to do everything (you don't have the time no matter how much time you have, but you have a chance of including a wider selection if



not in full time employment--anyone wish to be a rich & idle wealthy man?). No, for people who want to write for their own enlightenment, it means diaries, or fanzine material, or similar. And if you turn to writing for money, it means that you must often use scraps of what you wish to say. Still, as we all know, there are many books by pro authors (and Mr. Anderson is one of the ones I mean) where a passage suddenly lights up whole vistas of enjoyment or comprehension for certain readers--no author who manages this should be discredited because the work as a whole was done for money, or rather, with money as one of the motives held in mind while doing it.

andy offutt & Jerry Pournelle & Susan Wood--you do us proud with such entertaining writing. And Sandra Miesel, who I associate with studious essays on Tolkien, doing a comic strip hero in the fashion in which they should be done. Excellent. The one thing I didn't like was Andrew's work.

Last column of your editorial... I'm unhappy in one way that you say that you could face the demise of OW, because it threatens something that I have enjoyed muchly over the years...but, I am truly pleased that you have found more of yourself, separate from any material manifestation of your life. [3/9/75]

*The demise of OW is not immediately pending, but as I've discovered since, say, last October, it is only one part of my life...not the all-consuming passion that it once was. Even as I complain about the volume of letters, and look ahead with no small dose of apprehension about the size of this particular issue...even so, I still find that I am enjoying it hugely, still have a few tricks up my sleeve (along with my withered old arm), and look forward to being surprised along with the rest of you as to where it ends up. But, even tho my mundane acquaintances will still say it is an "obsession", it is under control to an extent never before attained. I'm doing OW; it's not doing me...*

KIM GIBBS In reading the letter column in the latest *Outworlds*, particularly Gene Wolfe's letter, I began to wonder why I, and other people, write letters to fanzines. In the last four years that I've been around fandom, I've written about ten letters, had my name listed in the WAHF section four or five times and have had one letter published. This would hardly be encouraging if I had a large ego, but most letters I write I realize will not be published, just like I really do not expect this letter to be published. The few letters that I write are written with the hope that somehow I'm communicating with the editor, and thereby a part of the fanzine in an indirect way. If my letter is published, fine, and if my name is only mentioned in the WAHF section, equally fine. In this way I'm a small part of the history of the fanzine with my name somewhere buried within its pages.

Poul Anderson is certainly one of your most interesting columnists, at times I nod my head in agreement while at other times I grit my teeth at what he says. Poul's letter to Pg Wyal is a perfect example of this; I totally disagree with his view on minimum wage laws while agreeing, somewhat, with his view on unions. The minimum wage laws are there to protect the worker. If a company paid unskilled workers what they thought they were worth, then you can be sure the company would pay less than they actually thought that person was worth. It must be remembered that the people who receive the minimum wage are quite often people who started to work early in life and leaving school early, consequently they are not as able to barter themselves for a job effectively. I can see Poul's point, and perhaps wish for something similar to it to take place, companies bidding to get the best unskilled labour they can, but I just can not see this taking place.

Poul does make a good point about unions. A perfect example for Poul would be what has currently happened here. The railway engineers for one of the two major railways walked off their jobs, effectively tying up rail traffic in this province. The reason for this walkout was that they thought the contract they signed was retroactive to January 1 instead of the actual starting date of May 1. Recently they went back to work when they lost a court case, but I find it hard to believe that anyone would sign a contract without knowing its starting date. To me this appeared as nothing less than blackmail to get more money, yet I see it happening more often as the unions become more powerful. There must be a better way to solve contract disputes, perhaps the method that I believe is used in some industries in Australia is the best, where the workers own part of the company they work for, then they would be more reasonable in their demands if it affects their own company. Of course, how this could be applied to a writer's union is hard to imagine. [2/2/75]

...perhaps I should have used your letter to lead off this column, because of your first paragraph. I love getting letters (but if all of you sent letters instead of money, we couldn't go on meeting like this!), and if you've something to say, and say it coherently, interestingly, AND legibly, I'll find the room to print it. (Every fanzine has

some fat that can be trimmed to get in another interesting letter.) I publish "Names" and non-names with equal gratitude that you take some time out of your life to write me. I don't hold with the practice of some faneds that you have to be a Name not only to have your letter printed, but to make it into the WAHFs; that is not only abhorrant, but runs contrary to true fanish spirit of what fanzines are all about. (Thanks for writing, Kim, and you are, indeed, now a part of the history of this particular fanzine! Hopefully, it won't be the only time.)

MIKE GORRA There's something that's been bugging me lately... A lot (well, a few) faneds, are expanding their magazines, going over the thousand-circulation mark, but I wonder why no fan has ever gone whole hog and done it right. I mean, start a real national-type magazine with newsstand distribution and all, get a circulation in the hundreds of thousands, the whole thing. It really surprises me that no one has done it yet, or that no one has even really tried to do it (other than with sf prozines, and for what they're talking about, they don't count). Take you, for example. I really wonder why you, or Porter, doesn't try and really make it big. Would you if you had the money? Oh, not necessarily with *Outworlds* and in the format of an sf fanzine, but with a real professional magazine. Actually, one wouldn't have to charge an awful lot, and it would probably be pretty easy to get material for cheap rates when you're starting, because there are a lot of fans who are certainly of professional caliber who could write what would be basically a fanzine type article...and yet it would pay. You've printed a few pieces in the last few issues that were not dissimilar to a piece I read in the *New Yorker* a few weeks ago, both in style, tone and length. Palmer's for example...or Gilliland's. And as good, too. So I wonder why somebody hasn't done it yet. If you changed things around a little with *Outworlds*, I'm sure you could quickly accomplish it. With a bit of editing out of fanish references, Lowndes', Wood's, Gilliland's, Jodie's, and a few others would be a good basis. Ah, well...perhaps I'll have to be the first. For it's something I mean to do someday. I know I won't be content with editing mimeographed magazines forever, and yet I don't think I'd be content doing an *Outworlds* or an *Algol*, even if I supplemented it with doing trade magazines, as Andy does... because I'd be so close, and yet so far away. Editing a national slick magazine would be one of my dream setups, but at the same time I wonder if I wouldn't like to have more of a creative voice in the magazine than editors of most of those magazines get. So someday, I mean to start my own magazine on a truly professional basis. None of this little magazine thing with a few thousand circulation. The thing I envision is a combination of the best features of the *New Yorker*, *National Lampoon*, a touch of the higher class skin magazines (but just a touch) and a good dollop of the type of personal writing one finds in fanzines. And there is so much good stuff to be gotten out of fans that a magazine of that sort would have pretty good momentum from the start. I'm sure I'll have the capital, or be able to raise it, ten years from now. Whether I'll have the talent or the experience is another question. But it's certainly something I mean to do, and reading your fanzine, I can't help but wonder why somebody else (but especially you) hasn't trod that route before?

In a latter letter...

When I wrote that, I assumed a) that one has the money to live comfortably on while waiting to see if the magazine sinks or swims, b) that you have access to a large newsstand distributing service, and c) that you can afford to hire help.

At the moment, I have neither the time nor the space (i.e., a year, and another 100 pages, minimum) to answer Mike adequately, not to mention fairly. Briefly, the first thing I ever wrote for a fanzine was my dream of the "perfect" prozine. You won't be able to





find it, and if you should, you wouldn't be able to read it --hecto does fade after 14 years...doesn't it? A magazine such as you describe is possible, under my theory that ANYTHING you want badly enough is possible...but not too likely from me, certainly, and I suspect not Andy or Dick either. The key line in your letter is where you express the thought that you might wish to have more of a "creative voice in the magazine than editors" of most magazines. What I don't think you realize is that publishing, on anything approaching the scale you envision, is the dirtiest business around; even politics pale by comparison. I could, with absolutely no modesty involved, if I set out to do it, get a nationally distributed issue of OW on the stands in a year to eighteen months. I have the sources, the access, and the basic know-how. But I won't, even if sizable financial assistance was proffered, unsolicited. I will not give veto control to a distributor (or rather, many local distributors), and I will not be put in a position where I have to publish something to sell, rather than something I'd like to publish... There are, surprise, limits to how far I will go against my basic beliefs in what is Right and what is Wrong in dealing with my contributors, and my readers/subscribers; but, primarily (as always) there are limits to where I will go in balancing what I want to do against what I could do... But enough of that... What I found most intriguing in your letter, Mike, was the fact that you will have, or will have access to on the order of \$500,000.00 (absolute minimum; while I'd like to see someone give Ted White one hundred thou to do his thing with, as per his recent column in SFR/TAC, I think he is drastically undervaluing what would be needed) in ten years. If you can do it, more power to you. Sports Illustrated took something over ten years to go in the black; People, despite its million plus circulation (and avoidance of the postal costs by and large), and despite pulling in advertising at an amount sizeably larger than projected, will take another 2 or 3 years to go into the black. (The years mentioned are from memory, and subject to change...but they give you I think a fairly accurate indication of the size of the investment that must be made in order to launch something on a scale that I think you projected. And this is only if the vehicle works, i.e., succeeds.) There are exceptions, tho Ms. is the only one I'm aware of on a national scale in this century: it went into the black after six months. But it also was not conceived or executed quite like most magazines --it's still, as far as I know--more of a co-op than a structured corporate business.

What I'm trying to say Mike, is that the day of Hefner and his \$5,000. loan to start Playboy is long gone. What you propose is possible, but highly unlikely, if only for the ridiculous reason that most fans I know are basically honest. I dream a lot, and apparently you do too, but I'm not going to do it in this life, and you're not going to do it either...

...not unless I make you angry enough to do simply to spite me. Any more noble motive, and you'll stick to fanzines... Maybe fanzines with four-color covers, and maybe even token payments to contributors...but still, in the end, fanzines.

So prove me wrong... I might be delighted by the zine.

Mike Glicksohn has stated at times that he wished that he'd had the chance to publish some of the things you have. Well, oddly enough, I never felt that too much about Outworlds, for our goals as far as fanzines go, right now, are rather different. Well, I finally felt that way about Outworlds. I wish I'd had a chance to publish *The Excoriator*. A marvelous piece, truly outstanding, and I think it's the best one in either issue. I'm a big fan of Eric's writing, and I think I might have liked this one more than most of his work.

You know, I never would have thought it before, but I find myself agreeing with Lowndes about parents and censorship. My parents have often exercised censorship over what I see and read and often what I print in my fanzine, and yet I don't think that they are wrong in general even though I have felt so in particular cases (as when their censorship caused me to lose a particular plum...nay, a tin of caviar...of an article). They say they have my best interests at heart, and, with hindsight, I often find that they were (and are) right. As I grow older, of course, their censorship shrinks, to the point where it's almost non-existent now, especially as to what I read and what I see. I wouldn't have said it a year or even six months ago, but I really have to thank them, in general, for doing so.

Bill, it really seems to me that some of this stuff is mere chaff, stuff perhaps printed because you felt you owed somebody exposure for some reason. Such probably isn't the case, but I really can't think of any real reason for printing Pournelle's or offutt's pieces, which were dull and didn't really say a hell of a lot.

Just the opposite is true for Susan's column. A delight...

this is the type of book review I like to read, the type where the writer fills in a lot of background detail. It's even better when it's done with an old, mostly ignored book. I haven't read VAN LOON'S LIVES, but I'll certainly look for it the next time I go to the library. [2/20/75]

...back to your "chaff" remark, Mike... As you said back a ways, we have two differing approaches...as well we should. I find it rather amusing to even imagine that Jerry Pournelle or Andy Offutt would need "exposure" from me, but apart from that I must admit that I can't see what would be wrong in giving someone exposure. I print things that aren't commercially marketable (say, Wolfenbarger), things that I consider valuable (the offutt piece you mention, as a matter of fact), but mostly things I just simply enjoy. OW is neither the most polished, nor the most tightly edited fanzine around. Obviously. It's not as...well, "sprawling" as D:B was, but it's a fairly loose fanzine, all things considered. I guess it was about the time that Leland Shapiro declined to trade RQ for D:B, because the latter wasn't "literary" that I decided that I would never do a literary fanzine/magazine whatever. (I could get substantial government grants if I went that route...but despite my continual bitching about monetary things, as long as I've got enough to do a semblance of what I want to do, I'd rather keep the income "clean". I'm a self-righteous bastard, as well as being Old & Mean...) I won't say I never have made a print-or-no-print judgement simply on the basis or "name" or the relative weight or importance of a piece under consideration, but it's a thing that happens occasionally, rather than daily. I appreciate two basic things in a contributor: competence and sheer enthusiasm. And, under my underlying editorial credo (which is fairly consistent under all the "changes"), the latter can sometimes over-ride a lack of the former. What I'm trying to say, and very inadequately, is that I'm not really trying to publish Literature for the Ages. I have, I really have, published several things that I'm immensely proud of...things that are Heavy and Important, and whatever other adjective you might care to throw in. I have also published, and will continue to publish, things that are, in your words "chaff". But I've published very, very little in these first thousand pages that I regret having given space to. Just one person is going to enjoy everything in every issue of OW... That's me--and there's even some doubt about me!

I think our basic difference boils down to this: I enjoy Random, and really hope you'll continue it, despite rumors I've heard. But... I can't help equating it and Algol, because despite some dynamite material (you even brought back Willis!), I can help but get the increasing feeling that everything that goes into Random is just as coldly and calculatingly chosen as anything that goes into "The Magazine About Science Fiction". You're both putting out a product that will "sell" to your particular pre-selected readership...whereas my readership, at least the permanent one inside the transient readership, is composed of people who have found/chosen me, rather than the reverse. I do, honestly, sometimes wonder if you, whether consciously or not, judge the material you accept on the basis of whether Terry Carr will like it or not, rather than if it really turns you on. Terry Carr does a very nice Terry Carr fanzine when he wishes...but someday I'd like to see Mike Gorra do a Mike Gorra fanzine... I think it might be worth waiting for...

MICHAEL CARLSON Even on newsprint, though I can imagine what Mike Glicksohn's gonna have to say, OW is a damn good looking zine. Perhaps a compromise with sturdy covers and newsprint innards might be practical. I actually rather like the feeling of newsprint, and I especially enjoyed the appearance of Connie Faddis' photos accompanying Eric Mayer's article--I think they might not have been as effective on glossy paper, or whiter stock.

I really enjoyed the juxtaposition of Poul Anderson's comment about the mercenary quality of all writers and the 3 obstacles facing any worker trying to "better" himself, which is supposed to make all of us who were ever laid off by a factory blame ourselves for wanting to earn a decent wage, acquire some degree of control over our own futures, and some stability of job, and be able to eat something besides wallpaper after age 60 or 70 or whenever. Granted that unions are by and large as porcine as management, but certainly no more so, and the place where all the problems lie is not at the muscles of the machine (us workers) but the head (read \$\$\$). To wit: on an assembly line, moving at a fixed pace, how does one find the "superior" worker whom the company is going to reward with the mythical raise, rather than firing him and hire some starving immigrant who doesn't speak english and will be eternally grateful for any job, even if he's working for paltry wages? Upward mobility for



the mass of the populace is as big a myth as free enterprise, which only exists for the poor, enabling them to remain so, while the businesses take advantage of all sorts of "socialistic" government breaks designed to "promote" free enterprise. Just because the idealism in 60s youth was for the most part beaten & bribed out of them and their younger siblings, doesn't mean that it was wrong.

It's tough on people to leave them at the mercy of a capitalist system, which is probably why it's never really been done.

Which isn't to say that Poul isn't right about the Writer's Guild. You do have a fairly free enterprise system in the book world, although it breaks down a bit in such closed systems as the sf world (viz. the Pfeil/Anthony blacklisting, the friendly nepotism etc. that prevade sf). The solution that would probably be most acceptable to both Poul & Pg might be attempts to establish alternative publishing systems, which has already been tried by some mainstream writers. In other words, the writers become publisher/editors and let them see what happens. Many people have suggested the SFWA get into publishing; but even that much organization wouldn't be needed...just a writer's cooperative of 6 or so proven sf writers, willing to stake their own money on publishing good (and hopefully work by unknowns that more commercial publishers wouldn't risk \$ on) sf, with all sharing on profits.

I wonder if anyone thinks it worth the trouble.

As Usual, Tucker bedevils & delights with his prose. And the letters, oh Bill you done it again. Sometimes I wonder just why all these people have nothing better to do than innuend, pick nits, argue inference and semantics, and try to stomp post office egos all day long. Feud feud feud. Reminds me of something I read in the Midamericon Progress Report about the feuding in early NY fandom, some comment about the insecurities of the feudees.

The rest of your letters column is not only one of the most intelligent in fmz, but one of the best edited. Damn. I don't care what OW looks like or costs, it's a FANzine.

I love that if 1 or 2 million of us didn't pay taxes they'd go away. I used to get told that if 1 or 2 million of us went to jail the world'd go away too. If I had seeds I'd be a pumpkin.[3/27]

PETER GILL As I don't write LoC's this can't be one of those, and further (I guess) as I'm as far behind as usual, ..... in my letter corresponding this can't even be considered "just" a letter. At least not without upsetting those few friends of mine that I owe a letter or three to already.

Whatever it is, the thing that follows, it comes to you fresh from the reading of 21/22 and obviously inspired by the same. I knew I'd have to do something when I found myself squinting through a headache to continue reading the letters... more on that later...and so a few random thoughts.

As requested I'll tell you by letter that I like OW, that way no bad reactions (or any reactions) have to be forthcoming. I read it all, I enjoy it all and some of it always exasperates me (even while I'm enjoying it).

Piers Anthony vs Dean Koontz vs Ted White vs Don Pfeil vs the world. Why do you print it...why do I read every line of it. I'm not particularly on either/any side of any/either of the questions involved. I get mad at the dumb statements and cheer the logical parts and know that none of them mean anything to me ...and certainly not to them because it is obvious they are all writing with their own minds and hence in different languages. Print as a media doesn't allow mind changing no matter how hard you (the editor/referee) try to be fair. Pfeil's got a right not to print somebody, Anthony's got a right to object...but I don't give a damn. Why do I read every line of it...I don't know, but I'll probably continue to do so, more fool me.

As someone interested in publishing and also in saving money I applaud the use of newsprint, as a compulsive saver of goodies I object...but then I'd really like everything I like printed on superthin aluminum so I could have it forever.

Why do I like lettercolumns when I usually don't remember exactly what the writing is commenting about. I'm not sure, but partly it's because a letter by Mike or Alexis creates them for me in my memory, and that has to be a good thing. Maybe I'm just a readfreak after all is said and done.

I'm not sure what any of the above means, I know I'm not telling you what (I thought) was good or bad, or why etc., but after all you do what you do for yourself, not me, and it has to work or not work on that basis. When it doesn't work for you, change it and when it does ignore the others. [1/18/75]

PHILIP M. COHEN Perhaps it's just as well that 21/22 were on newsprint--that way it's not so heartbreaking to see what a fold job the USPS did on them.

Quite an enjoyable pair of issues. I enjoyed all the humorous pieces, even though I never read THE EXORCIST and read NOVA long enough ago to have forgotten much. The prize of the issue, I think, is Jodie Offutt's piece; I'm sharing that first paragraph with everyone I think would enjoy it.

Kent Bromley seems overly exercised about Roger Elwood,

though perhaps I misjudge where the apocalyptic complaints leave off and the humorous exaggeration begins. Elwood may have a weakness for mainline Xtian themes, but he can tolerate some pretty far-out stuff (Farmer's *Mother Earth Wants You*, say). Not being able to take the L-rd's name in vain may be an irritating restriction, but hardly a crippling one. I am more unnerved by the image of The Incredible Expanding Mediocrity. However, when the crash comes (I bet in a year or three) I doubt that Elwood will be the root cause. The field has been swelling quite nicely without him, thank you. Why not pick on DAW, which (who?) has a much greater yearly output and is about as mediocre?

On offutt's 'Int-oduction'...does the missing 'r' have the same cause as the lowercase 'o' in his name?

Grippies, Energwoman, you mean I've had VAN LOON'S LIVES on my shelves for decades and I didn't know it was a border-liner? Must read.

Letters....

The 33000000-birth figure is cleared up, but an error remains. Dear Jerry Kaufman and Jackie Franke: we haven't reached zpg. The US population grew by 1,100,000 or so last year, not counting 400,000 legal immigrants and Ghu knows how many illegal ones. Zpg is well in the future, and even that presupposes that the present low birthrate stays low permanently. Maybe; just don't count on it being automatic.

If the totally wacko is not as common in undergrounds as Jerry Kaufman would like, it's probably because (a) not many care to do it, and (b) it don't sell. Or most likely (c) a restricted idea of wackness. Aren't Sheridan, Schrier, and Robert Williams wacko enough for you Jerry? Moscoso? *Dying Dolphin, Armadillo, God Nose, Google Waumer?*

No more on profanity, you said, and here's Patrick Welch on 838. Well, amen to all of it; it could serve quite well as a last last word.

Anthony vs. the animals is interesting but (as others have said of earlier bloodletting) depressing. For what it's worth: A/White, A. hat Recht. A/Koontz, Koontz hat Recht but is nasty and writes much worse Sf. Wrote. A/Pfeil, Pfeil hat Unrecht but A. blew it up for more than it's worth, and where does he get off complaining of a 'blacklist' when there are places he wouldn't send his stories? A. may not shoot from the hip as recklessly as White but he still expends so much ammunition that he ought to sit down and ask whether it's worth it.

The extensive documentation is appreciated.

Last and unleast, the art I liked: everything by Grant Canfield, Alexis Gilliland, Randy Bathurst (what exactly is that Uncle Something on the cover?), and Terry Austin. Jonh Ingham has some decent cartoons too. The Gilbert illo on 795 looks very good, and very reminiscent of Schoenherr. Is that deliberate, or just a consequence of the medium? And the strange Fabian bacover.

This letter will make you publish itself.

[1/16/75]

GERARD HOUARNER Call me strange, call me perverse, call me sick, but dammit, I like newsprint. Maybe ..... because it has an "immediate" feel (hot off the presses), or maybe, because it feels cheap and shoddy, one feels so much happier when one finds something great inside.

None of the covers really grabbed me. The Fabian page suggested some nice stories to explain it and the alien Uncle Sam conjured up more thoughts as to who is running this country. In fact, most of your are was forgettable (something which plagues every zine I know of, including mine). The photo for *The Excoriator* was damn nice; the full pager for Jodie Offutt's column, the cartoon on p. 815 and the Austin thing were all nice. How does it feel to have cartoons that are better than regular art?

I read your letter column first and I really enjoyed it (even if I had to keep looking up things in back issues of OW--I mean really, locs on #18? Well, almost.). As a matter of fact, I liked OW B (cute, putting the section letters in the D in *Outworlds* instead of a normal, sane place like a corner or something--only a fan...) more than OW A. Anyway, I enjoyed Alexis Gilliland's speculations on the Irish Elk, even if I am beginning to think I'm of the wrong nationality to be getting OW. How about an article on French Elks? I demand equal time!

In the words of the infamous Pauline Borghese, "a letter column without controversy is like a baked potato without sour cream/butter...dry, exceedingly dry." I suppose it's only fair that you set off the combatants in a section of their own. Fair, that is, to readers who don't want to read such things. Unfortunately, it makes the participants look like performers in a three ring circus.

Lessee, what else was alright. Oh yeah, Salmonson's bit was typical (fantasy's own Harlan Ellison), and she was even right. You know, lately I've been getting a lot of this female/male thing in my reading: I just finished NORSTRILLIA, which has a female in a male body, and then there's Joanna Russ' new book THE FEMALE MAN which I gotta read. (Interesting note--I saw it in a rather large New York bookstore, but it wasn't in the sf



section, even with its garish cover. I guess Joanna Russ was too busy hustling her book out of the sf ghetto to comment on the Fabian illo.) And now I'm confronted with Jessica/Almos Salmonson. Jeez.

[Jan. '75]



ED PEARSON 21/22 was a success overall, I'd say. The type of paper you used didn't detract at all from my enjoyment, especially since it enabled you to make the issue a bit longer. Newsprint does, however, make the demon Impersonality a bit larger and harder to overcome. You did it, though, and are to be congratulated. That's one man's opinion. I'm sure you'll hear others. I was oddly pleased, also, by your statement that you make up your mailing labels by hand. It's nice to know that I get mail from human beings as well as machines.

It seems a shame you had to waste so much space on these various feuds and controversies. These people should, perhaps, realize that the Average Reader (this one, at least) emerges from these affairs a bit nauseated and without being convinced of one party or the other's rightness in the affair. Instead, the result is most often a loss of respect for all parties concerned. Surely these creative people have some more profitable way to spend their time!

Mr. Anderson's column has me jumping out of my chair with my knees all a-jerk every few minutes, but he keeps making sense, damn him! I know he's right about unions. Like Capitalism, Socialism, Christianity and a few thousand other ideas cherished by various fragments of the human race, they are fine in principle. Like all of the above, however, they retain the purity of their origins only for as long as it takes them to reach a position of entrenched power, and then the chief deity becomes the status quo, however dreary that might be. No institution has yet been found which will stop or even slow down appreciably the old human habit of fucking over the other guy.

[1/11/75]

JERRY LAPIDUS As far as the most obvious surprise goes, the newsprint doesn't bother me significantly. Having put out issues of an expensive offset fanzine, I know how much this sort of thing costs...and seeing the quality of printing you usually use, I know this must run even more money. Since you've obviously been able to get really outstanding printing on the much cheaper paper here, and since it doesn't seem to be significantly hampering your graphics goodies, why complain? As it is, you're just about the last bastion of the Artsy Fartsy fanzine gang around--Jay Zaremba has long since disappeared, Alpajpuri has become Paul again, Andy Porter is moving out past the ranks of the "true" fanzine, I've left genzine publishing (at least for the moment), *Granfallon* seems almost dead, etc. Of course, as many have commented, the whole fanzine field is pretty moribund right now; I'm not surprised that in this depression, the more expensive of us are the first to go. So--if you can keep doing what you're doing by switching to cheaper paper, more power to you.

*Jay hasn't completely disappeared...but I'm rather curious, particularly in light of the direction his life has taken, to see how he reacts to the package of #19 through #24 I sent him, when he subbed recently....*

Um, I was the fanned who held Sandra's NOVA parody. What happened to really postpone things is that her letter to me, asking for it back, was lost by the Post Awful, etc. Sorry, Sandra, and glad to see things are mended.

Bob Lowndes' column this time is so good that I really hate to disagree--as I must--with his final thesis. Perhaps, as many say, I'll feel differently about this when and if I'm a parent. But I've discussed the question many times, and my wife and I both feel that the act of censoring a child's reading or viewing material is, *in and of itself*, more harmful than whatever the child is being censored from. Yes, Bob, I would allow a child to read that book. Although I can't help but strongly agree with your points about too many modern liberal attempts to censor non-liberal material. I point to the current, sometimes successful attempts to prevent the appearance of many Watergate-involved officials at college campuses. Yes, the usual line is, "I'm not against their appearance--I just object to seeing them get paid for it." The same applies to Lt. Calley; as repulsive as I may personally find some of these people and some of their actions, to prevent their speaking is censorship, and abridgement of free speech, and to my mind even more repugnant. The idea that *everyone* is in favor of some form of censorship? Perhaps true, but in my own case, this would be limited to, say, the publication in a popular, wide-circulation national magazine of the easy way to build a molotov cocktail. Not that anyone who really wants to can't get the information on his own, but at least this keeps it out of the hands of the casual nut. Aside from this, I would censor nothing. Period.

Even Roger Elwood, though as Kent beautifully details, ghod knows he could use it. Before reading this, I really had no idea how repressive and religiously dogmatic Elwood was; I'd read very few of his anthologies, and Malzberg hadn't hit this point. If all Kent says is true--and I have no reason to doubt it, as most of his charges about Elwood's prejudices can be easily proved or disproved--this man is dangerous to the field. What can be *done* about it? Probably nothing, sadly, since he is opening up many markets for writers, who, particularly in this depression, need the income.

Hmmm. I like andy, and I like Roger, and I've enjoyed both their writing...but that introduction seems to me a waste of space.

Nice nice nice Tucker column---and I see apparently no writer in fandom could resist the temptation provided by the Heinlein bit in *Analog*. Although this is easily the best and most complete, it's at least the seventh I've seen. Kind of reminds me of the costume ball at Nycon, my first convention, when (after *Star Trek*'s first season) there were no less than seven fans with the very original idea of coming as Mr. Spock... including me...

I'm very glad you printed Ted's detailed graphic analysis of OW 19; this is the sort of thing primarily intended for your eyes, and I'm sure 95% of the people who read the magazine skipped over it entirely. But as I'm particularly interested in such things, I enjoyed it immensely.

With a few quibbles. While I agree with Ted on all his specific critical points on the overlay, I nonetheless believe you were right to make the attempt. Even with the failures--which, while there, only a very detailed analysis will discover--your addition turns a very good piece of artwork into an exceptionally striking cover, one of the best single fanzine covers I've seen in years. Yes, Ted is very right to point out where you've been less than perfect, but as usual, I feel the attempt was well worth it.

[4/26/75]

*...after trying to strip the screen from the photostat used to print 19's cover (never, ever, put a screen or anything similar on an artist's original!), I borrowed the original back from Grant long enough to make another stat. So, one of these days (don't ask me when!), you'll have a chance to see the leaky robot again, sans screen, and judge for yourself which you prefer...*

BOB VARDEMAN I think so much about Jessie Salmonson's honesty and integrity, I'm writing her a personal letter on the subject. I trust that she is aware that others share her concern, some even on the staffs of the magazines in question. The matter has been brought up in the SFWA Forum and perhaps action will be taken. I fully agree it is a frightening prospect, one that will definitely expand and soon be completely out of hand.

Jodie's article was fun to read. Isn't it amazing that styles continually change, but always seem to come back to the idea that a clothed woman is more sexy and seductive than a nekkid one? How can any red-blooded male undress a woman with his eyes if she's already undressed? And the anticipation, pursuit, mystery all add spice.

And andy's introductory speech for Roger Zelazny was noteworthy on several counts. It's damned hard to introduce someone as well known as Zelazny and say anything more than "Well, folks, here he is, the man who needs no introduction..."

Kent Bromley quite possibly knows all the pertinent facts about Roger Elwood, but, like all of Elwood's critics, he seems to overlook one point. Elwood does not seem to have done anything that has not been done in the past and, anyone, given the



drive and determination Elwood seems to have, could have become the man's equal. Elwood is not encroaching on existing markets, not that I've seen. Indeed, he is expanding the markets that will look at sf. I've heard conflicting reports about Elwood's ethics in his dealings; no comment since I have no first hand information.

As to his religious beliefs, I feel it is a shame that he carries them over into his editorial practices, but this is Elwood's prerogative. The other market are still there. If you don't like the ground rules set down by Elwood, no one is forcing you to abide by them. Elwood controls a goodly portion of the sf market, but he doesn't control every single market.

If Bromley doesn't like the way Elwood is going, let him put forth the time and energy to show the rest of us where sf should be going. Or, if he thinks positive action like that to be impossible and that some action is necessary, I would be interested in hearing how he would bring about such an end.

Frankly, I cannot consider Elwood dangerous to the field. He may have done unethical things in the past but he seems willing to make amends and cooperate with the SFWA in rectifying his methods of business. And if Elwood sinks and takes his markets with him, he'll just be closing off markets he created. The basic core of sf remains what it has. Nothing ventured, nothing gained. (I keep thinking, if Elwood is so bad, wouldn't a reasonable publisher whose first contact with sf was Elwood, be overjoyed at seeing something better from someone else?)

One last point which gives me pause. Does Malzberg consider Elwood such a threat to sf in general? Most Elwood anthologies I've seen have had at least one, sometimes two stories by Malzberg. If Barry Malzberg thinks Elwood is a danger to the field, why does he continue to contribute to the field's downfall?

Unless, of course, this is all idle speculation. Which I think it is.

Ah, there is simply too much else to comment on. Anderson and Pournelle and Tucker and Wood and, Woodrow Wilson Smith be merciful, four entire pages of John W. Andrews. The work Andrews put in on *The Great Books of Sholem Short* is nothing less than prodigious. (And it was lots of fun to read, too!)

How can I possibly go on to comment on the Miesel joy or the article/anecdote from Lowndes? I suspect my comments to the latter would be similar to those already made to Bromley. If enough people didn't like the way Elwood did things, he would find himself with fewer and fewer "name" authors on which to sell his anthologies. No one likes censorship except the censor, but Elwood's not the only marble game in town. I'm glad to see Lowndes giving forth a more temperant account than Bromley, at least.

[1/15/75]

*Some more information concerning "Bromley" may (or may not) have surfaced since my comment to Jackie, a few pages back. While staying at Glicksohn's apartment during Fanfair III, I glanced through Mike's copy of the program book of the last British Eastercon. In introducing a story of his reprinted therein, the Guest of Honor mentioned, with some fondness, a place called Bromley, Kent. Now I'm not saying that the "Kent Bromley" is, indeed, Harry Harrison, but until someone puts forth a more likely possibility, well... If it is Harrison, he doesn't get OW from me; I've enjoyed some of his fiction, but from what little I've seen of him in the fanzines over the last decade, plus that strange thing in TAC a year or so ago...well, he's one person I wouldn't send gratis copies to. My quick-draw pros, to use an expression, may have their faults, but by and large they are willing to back up what they say, and much of the "troubles" were caused by lack of communication, rather than sheer unadorned viciousness. And they sign their names to what they say. I don't have to, and I certainly don't, agree with everything they say, but I must offer a certain basic respect to a man who fights (Piers calls 'em "combative personalities") up front.*

*The more I think about it, the more I think I owe an apology to Elwood. I don't really care for what the man does--and my feelings weren't enhanced any by the encounter at Westercon. I, in particular, did not appreciate the cute little spiel that were he a Jew or a Black, then they all wouldn't be picking on him. As I told him, if he wants to do Christain SF, then dammit, do Christain SF. He's got the power and the contacts to do what he wants. It is my opinion that rather than going from con to con, showing the nailholes in his hands, he should put up, or shut up. To coin a phrase. Yes, I'm sorry I ran the Bromley piece. In essence it boils down to the conclusion that both it and its subject are a waste of my time and space.*

*If Elwood wants an apology, I'll tender it. If he wishes to reply to the Bromley piece, of course my equal-space-for-reply policy applies to him as well as anyone else; I don't play favorites in that area. And if he did get Bester to interview him, naturally I'd run that. As you all know, I'm a sucker for "names"! But I'm not going to interview him, as he requested. Not unless I'd get a free trip to some con, I otherwise couldn't attend...*

*As for Barry Malzberg: I received a lengthy (for him) Loc on the Bromley piece. A day later, I received a note from him saying, in effect, he wished nothing further to do with fanzines, requested that I not print his letter, but instead forward it to "Bromley". I still have it. Also, since I, at least, consider OW a "fanzine", I haven't sent it to him since 21/22. At this stage there are more than enough people who want to get OW without forcing it on those who don't.*

*I'm printing most comments of any substance on the Bromley/Elwood thing. And, although Piers is trying to convince me that you can't "score" these things, I tend to think that, overall, Elwood came out rather well. So, unless he is inclined to perase it further, this issue will probably wrap up that particular episode. I hope so!*

JOHN MC ANA The Bathurst cover is, to say the least, intriguing. At first glance I just assumed it to be a poor attempt to promote the sale of the zine (I bought this copy at THE SCIENCE FICTION SHOP in New York). However, while reading through #21, I was inexplicably drawn back to the cover. This time I noticed the ears. A nice alien touch.(aliens always have pointy ears, that's how the immigration department tracks them down every January). But something about it still bothered me. This time the thick brows and small nose attracted my attention. Then the eyes. Then it hit. Omigod, I exclaimed to no one in particular, it looks exactly like what a cross between Mr. Spock and a chimpanzee (if you can imagine that occurance you can imagine anything) would look like!

In a more serious vein, I finally did get around to reading the rest of the issue, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. The money I forked over for a subscription seems to represent a justifiable forking... I particularly enjoyed Jodie Offutt's article. Personally, I feel, there is no more lovely sight than a woman who knows how to emphasize the best aspects of her charisma. 2/8

DOUGLAS BARBOUR Jesus! i mean, really! whatin'ell are we supposed to do with that much material? read it, of course. but comment? are you kidding? no way a sane working man can handle everything you've managed to get into these two volumes. it's too much, man, too much, & you're to be congratulated, indeed, except for the typos, as usual.

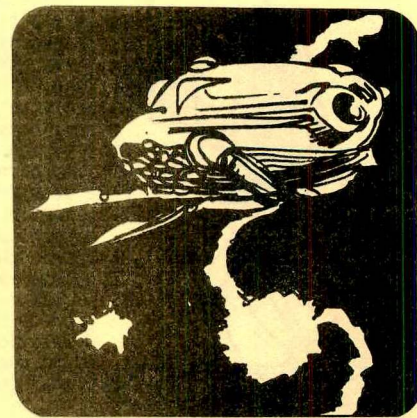
ah well, i have been reading OW 21/22 for well over a week now, & it's wearing me out, but it's also a lot of fun, & i've been dipping in between times, snacks, so to speak, between the larger meals of books i have to teach, etc., & it's a massive, &, on the whole massively good issue. Jesus!

& i learned some-things too. yeah. like, no wonder people in fandom...what is it?...gaffiate?...yeah, that's it, & no wonder: Eric Mayer has ripped away the veil from the inner sanctum of fannish activity. the secret is out, & perhaps, sometime, now we know the truth, we shall come to understand & deal with it rather than turning away in stunned horror at what has been revealed. godh. wow!

& so many other things. which it looks like i'm going to at least mention in passing. as: to wit: Poul Anderson's mutterings of half truths, i think. & the half that is true has to be respected, but some people who are in most senses professional--i.e., they write for others, to communicate their visions, do not write for money first (i'm thinking here of people in the field like Delany, LeGuin, Russ; people in my country, poets & prose writers, who are changing the face of canadian literature these days). so one wants to make one's work saleable--yes, but not at the expense of saying what you have to say, as best you can say it. art: that is where it begins. but then Poul is "still thinking" isn't he?

Susan Wood

won me, then lost me, then almost won me again. her confusion concerning evaluation of the book in question was not exactly a confusion in her own mind so much as a desire to be rigorously honest in telling what is good & bad about a book she likes (liked). still, i felt somewhat confused as i read because she never quite managed to sum succinctly up what she thought made the book worthwhile





writing a column about. but, then, to prove my equal confusion-- i enjoyed the column, probably more, i feel, that i would enjoy the book. now i wonder what i mean by that?

Sandra Miesel is funny here, & i laughed the first time, but i think she's also missing the whole starship concerning Delany. he'd probably like it, though, he appears to enjoy criticism, & has probably done this in, along with any other parodies might come along, in DIALGREN (which i haven't gotten around to reading yet: it's that huge!). some lovely touches, tho, including the slap/bang ending.

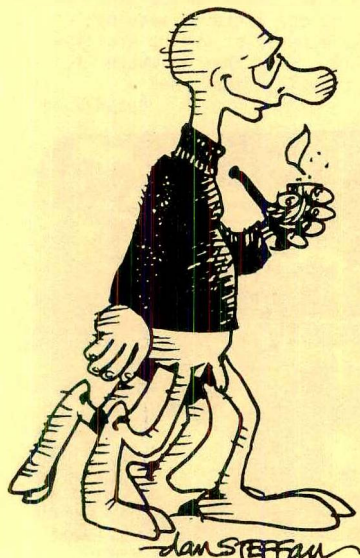
i hope Kent Bromley has an unlisted phone number or else he's likely to be really badgered by 'the Elwood phenomenon' to do an "interview" for OW, as this appears to be the Elwood *Modus Operandi* with everyone else who has had the foolish temerity to suggest that there might be something a bit 'out of control,' or 'not quite perfect' about the Elwoodian activities. i am not at all please--no more than mr Bromley--at his editorial attitudes, & it saddened me considerably to see Robert Silverberg printing a quite outstandingly pretentious (& bad) story by him in NEW DIMENSIONS IV, (& for what reason?); yes, the whole thing is rather sad. it would be pathetic, possibly, but for the fact that he has so much editorial power right now. which just isn't good, as the perspicacious mr Bromley points out.

the *Gnat-Books* remain the only thing i couldn't finish in either issue--even the controversy read better than they--& i have read the original. i think we have here an example of 'conceptual art': the idea of the piece is more interesting, even funnier, than the actual piece. partly because it's far too long, a few of the entries are fine, but i can't bear to try them all.

Bill Wolfenbarger's stuff should be interesting, & i do read it, but somehow i think i enjoyed him more when he just told us about his doings, & didn't, as he seems to me to be doing, preach at us. i like hearing what people have to say about their everyday goings-on, & a writer who can say those ordinary things to you, & keep you interested, is a real treat, & a value as well. i think Wolfenbarger was getting towards that, but too often in this set of chapters he gets off on the mystic trip &--i guess my main beef is--he doesn't seem to have the language for it: everything falls too flat for me. i liked the pieces, but not enough. sorry, Bill, but i guess you don't really mind, do you? Jessie Salmonson's piece is very intriguing, tho, & is a worthwhile thing. tho, it is hard, as an editor, to read what is obviously shit from the first line, & i don't blame people who refuse to. as a poetry editor i've seen a lot of baad stuff, & one can usually tell within the first few lines. what's hard to judge is the stuff that's in between. one can usually tell immediately whether or not a piece is very good or wretched, but the mediocre stuff, much of which you're likely going to have to publish if you're editing a monthly or equivalent sf mag, as opposed to a small magazine, is usually, i would bet, the stuff you have to really spend time over.

and then you ask me how i like the lettercol? well, shit, bill, i mean, yes, yes, yes, it's just so much fun! i love it, even when i disagree with everything a writer says. i saved it, kept going a letter or 2 at a time. loved it all. the range of opinion &, on the whole, your clever ordering (sly, devil, you); yes, i vote for more lettercol, for sure. but, the feud(s) would be nice out of the way. make room for some new ones, eh? on the *Vertex* matter, i don't really know. i guess Pfeil has every right not to like people; but the only thing i've ever heard from any pro--one mention--was not favorable to the mag, especially to its contract. i must say that an editor, i believe, should strive to keep his personal feelings towards an author out of the way when considering material for his mag. *try* to choose the best, not his best friends. on the other side of the coin, sharon has said, concerning poets, that they shouldn't insist, when meeting people with whom they might become friendly, that the others should "love me, love my doggerel." i think that makes sense: you should be able to have a good relationship with a person who doesn't necessarily think that much of your work.

the problem with the Dean Koontz/ Piers Anthony thing is both



come off as somewhat paranoid as far as i'm concerned. & i think Koontz is not proving a damn thing by saying he's left the field for good because it's such a pitiful turf. tell that to Malzberg (who has, i know, written other things), LeGuin, Russ, Delany, Zelazny, Pangborn, & others who are committed to realizing the marvelous potential of sf.

well, i can't possibly-- who could? who will dare?--talk about all the letters: i'll leave that to Mike Glicksohn, who can write really looong letters. but: i really feel i *like* a lot of those letterwriters, & would like to meet/talk with them. i think you've managed a family feeling in this lettercol i didn't quite feel--or at least not so strongly--in the past two issues. i think it's worth striving for, & i hope you'll continue to print long lettercols for that reason. [2/3/75]

ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS Thank you for the double issue of ..... *Outworlds*. Skipping Ted White's material (naturally) I read through them. It seems to me that I never saw the semantic wildernesses (one for each writer and fan) in such full flower. To me, this is all to the good. Nobody knows what anybody else is talking about. Knowing what anybody else is talking about is not important, of course. It is only important to talk.

None of this bugs me. I am still devoting the rest of my life to the processes of spiritual growth, meaning by these fine words largely ideas and practices derived from yoga, and I am still keeping track of my dreams. These remind me of much of the material you publish. How happy I am to see the Tower of Babel come to life in your magazine.

I still wonder where you find the energy and the interest to do so much work. I think you are doing a fine job--in reporting the work of people devoted to reducing the written word to absurdity. This is all right by me. I already know it's absurd.

May I quote from page 225 of the Bantam edition of Puharich's URI? "SO THE PROCESS IS ONE OF SILENCING YOURSELF-- THE EXACT OPPOSITE OF THE ENDLESS THIRST FOR ARTICULATION TO WHICH WE ARE SO VULGARLY BOUND."

Are you listening?

After this, what can I do except shut up?

[1/25/75]

MIKE GILBERT The *Vertex* affair was quite eyeopening; *Vertex* ..... always looked rather a "college literary magazine" to me--I do hate that slicky paper and the artwork is really "amazing", to be complementary. In fact, I had Bill Rotlsuer return my portfolio after they had purchased a drawing from me (issue 1) for the simple reason I didn't want to sell them artwork and one of those purchase orders is enough.

Re: Mr. Canfield: The only things I dislike about comic art is its use of artistic cliches and its slickness (which is part of the commercial business). And by that definition, I do the "humorous sketches" type approach to a cartoon problem rather than the slick version.

I also happen to think Mr. Canfield is the *best* "cartoonist" about in Fandom and much success to him. It is good to see someone who "cartoons" because he likes to and not because (as many do!) the cartoon cliches hide the fact that the artist can't draw--Mr. Canfield *can*, and very well, that's why he is so much better than the rest. He is *good*! However, my preference in "cartooning" (of people *now* working) is the Ronald Searle school (i.e., Oliphant, Wright and some underground) which is a different approach.

Cartoon art may well be "where it's at" for Mr. Canfield-- but it's not where I feel like going: but all the best to Mr. Canfield.

And where did I go? Well, I have gotten into Kids books and Military miniatures and historical illustration. My Kids book is in the distribution lines after a 3 month delay (the paper shortage). It feels dated and I understand the writer/ artist revision fever. There are three more Kids books on the planning board, plus commissions to paint some 1000 25mm wargame Napoleonic figures, and orcs and dwarfs--fanac has suffered grievously. Ah well.

The article (issue before) on Jim Shull was excellent; unfortunately, as Barry Gillam noted, he himself didn't know what Jim was working on professionally, which was very interesting. Fanart usually is the tip that shows of the iceberg of the artists work.

Suffice it to say, William, do not disappear with OW; it's part of we readers too. [1/13/75]

ALAN L. BOSTICK The first thing I noticed when I took OW out ..... of its envelope was that it was printed on newsprint. Newsprint seems to give OW a "warmer" quality. To be sure, it looks slightly more "professional", and thus, supposedly, unfannish, but if it's cheaper than normal stock, and if you don't have to go through the hassle of collating and stapling, I say stick with it.

The first section of the double issue (the part with the



articles and columns) seems to be the Ultimate in fanzines. There are virtually no flaws anywhere (translation: there are no flaws that my inexperienced eye can spot). If this keeps up, by the end of the year you will have published the Perfect Fanzine.

The second section of OW 21/22 seemed less successful than the first. The "Controversies Ltd." section washes out any good impressions left by the LoCs and Bill Wolfenbarger's column. It annoys me considerably to see grown men behave like third graders (with the exception of Piers Anthony, who earns the dubious rank of fourth grader, by basing his mudslinging on verifiable fact instead of as-I-recall's and if-memory-serves-me-correctly's. Piers, if you continue to act as a muckraker, sooner or later, the fans will become jaded to your crusades and ignore you. Restrain yourself, conduct your assaults levelheadedly, and put a little more time between crusades, and you will receive more positive results.

In a completely different vein, I was amused by Jessie Salmonson's diatribe against Ted White's policy of requiring unsolicited mss. to be accompanied by a quarter. I *understand* her point of view, but that does not necessarily mean that I agree, and I do not. "Prostitution", she calls this policy, and perhaps it is. I don't think that Ms. Salmonson understands that professional writing as a whole can be considered a form of prostitution. It may not be so with the small circulation semipro zines, but in the real world, there are a lot of pros who really don't care what they write as long as it gets them their 4¢ a word. Besides, as Ted White told a group of fans at the Discon, "Hopefully, it will keep away those little old ladies in tennis shoes who keep sending in bad stories."

All in all, *Outworlds* was well worth the wait, although I would be much happier if the Post Office got its shit together and started delivering mail with the speed with which it did back in the Good Old Days, while the depression was at its height. Hmmm, in view of that last comment, it seems that President Ford's economic policies are a good thing after all... [2/8/75]

WAYNE W. MARTIN I think, within the covers, these are as good as any OWs. The layouts appear well done and the overall visual effect is fine. The type of paper really isn't that critical. The covers are another matter. They just don't come across as *Outworlds* covers. As interior works, they would have been fine, but the way they came out on the cover was disappointing. If the B cover had been printed in a color (blue or violet), it would have carried a much more impressive impact. The A cover looked as if a lot of detail might have been somehow eliminated in the reproduced product.

I greatly enjoyed Eric Mayer's satire. If you had rejected it, I imagine it might have ended up in *Fantastic*. I didn't particularly care for THE EXORCIST and I think Blatty might have been the producer of a much better product if he hadn't drug the book out so long.

I was rather surprised to see the Bromley piece. I thought you were tired of controversies. No doubt, you have heard from Elwood and he has much he wants to say about that.

*Well, I sent Elwood a copy the end of December, along with everyone else (I do send comments to people commented on, even when they're not on the regular mailing list; he'll also get this one)--but the first I "heard" from him was at Westerncon, over the weekend of the 4th. So I must assume he couldn't have been THAT upset, if it took him that long--particularly in light of his reputation for responses...*

That's a rather strange account that Jerry Pournelle gives. It almost restores one's faith in insanity (being insane myself, that is rather reassuring).

Speaking of controversy, Jessie Salmonson takes a shot at Ted White and company (after all, no naming-names or not--nobody can help but realize the only company that fits the description is Ultimate and its editor is Ted White). It really isn't a company policy though. It's a Ted White policy. Carrington left and it was either try and get along with only the volunteers who were working (when they could, to help out) for free or hire someone. With sales as they were and are, Mr. Cohen obviously couldn't afford to hire anyone, so it remained.

It was a matter of one of three things: 1) the fee for the readers; 2) rely on volunteers; or 3) read his own slush. We now know what he did, whether we like it or not. It's there, apparently for some time to come. At least until either one of the other options becomes feasible--hopefully it won't take that long--or White leaves *Amazing/Fantastic* (hopefully, THAT will be a long time off. For all of his faults, Ted White is a damn good editor).

Anthony & Koontz, Anthony & Pfeil; it seems Anthony has taken over the title of most argumentative OW contributor. I can see it now--Controversy Section: Piers Anthony vs. Everybody.

As far as Koontz goes, I've read his mainstream endeavors and find his choice of subject matter in relation to his writing ability has improved more than his actual writing ability. I suspect the major reason he left sf writing completely is because he recognized the fact that his ability in that area was limited and

that he had little or nothing more that he could handle in that vein. Koontz is basically a creative writer and simply realized that what he was doing in sf was more on the order of reflecting others than producing anything new, of himself. His early Ace Double novel, *STAR QUEST*, for instance, was very Ed Hamilton (ish). While the type of sf writer he mirrored tended to metamorphosise, he found he could be himself better in the mainstream. Anthony is different. He is capable of doing and being himself in about any genre he chooses. [1/31/75]

*Your last paragraph, Wayne, could almost serve as an advance LoC on Piers' next column...*

H. CORSON BREMER I've forced myself out of my correspondence prejudice to respond both as an aspiring science fiction writer (has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?) and as an avid fan of the genre to the Anthony/Arnold/Pfeil controversy in OW 21/22.

I can understand some of the hassles that developed from the series of letters that were exchanged by Messrs. Arnold and Pfeil. In this lengthy conflict the two major combatants, Pfeil and Anthony, discuss the highly questionable acceptance practices of *Vertex*. The major problem seems to be a misunderstanding on the part of Arnold and Pfeil in their initial correspondence. This is one of the reasons why I prefer to do much of my business over the phone. In the average business letter it is very difficult to read the emotion and the character of the individual who wrote the phrases in question on that innocent piece of paper. As I see the facts, the only individual who approached this situation in an unprofessional manner was Mr. Pfeil. Although I feel he has a distinct right to his prejudices, I also feel that he was essentially unfair in his responses to Mr. Arnold's letters of inquiry.

Mr. Pfeil is supposedly editing a professional magazine and following a set of guidelines which are professional in their makeup. Only a very small time amateur magazine publisher could get away with the hit-or-miss, helter skelter contract arrangements it seems Mankind Publishing Company subscribes to.

Concerning Mr. Arnold's alleged "threats": Mr. Arnold, in lodging complaints with the SFWA and *Writer's Digest*, did what a number of *professionals* suggest doing under those particular circumstances. I personally read no malice or vindictiveness in any of his statements nor could I see any alternatives that would reassure him with respect to his story's publication.

The market report (the only indicator of a publication's business practices a new writer has to go on short of personal contact with the publishing offices) he consulted, should have been accurate since it's generally the publisher who supplies that information to the market listing.

These listings were originally intended to minimize the number of submission improprieties on the part of the authors soliciting their stories for the first time to a particular magazine. The listing reduce the number of rejections due to carbon copy manuscripts, word lengths, story content, etc....

It is a definite blow to the industry to have individuals that cannot keep personal prejudices with respect to character away from areas that influence the media's productivity.

I have always enjoyed *Vertex* but regretted the omission of the works of certain authors. In this series of letters, a few of the authors I would like to see represented in *Vertex's* format were mentioned as being blacklisted. This saddens me and destroys a bit of my respect for the magazine and the publishing company.

As an author I have submitted to *Vertex* in the past. Professional paranoia generated by this series of letters has convinced me to put any ideas of further solicitations to *Vertex* from my mind. It is a shame, since *Vertex* has the most promise of any embryonic magazine since the origins of *Astounding* many years ago, and I feel it will only succeed if it is assured of variety in content. In recent months this has not been evident.

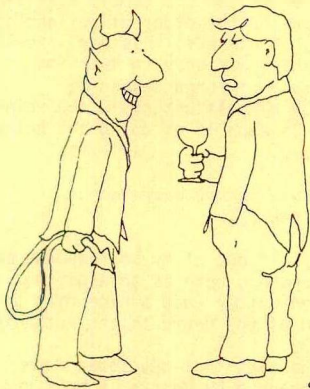
I hope Mankind's policies with respect to *Vertex* are soon changed since Mr. Pfeil's references to a possible lawsuit under those policies are an all too real possibility.

I sincerely hope the situation resolves itself to the satisfaction of all parties involved, with the least amount of character assassination and professional homicide possible. April

DICK PATTEN It's strange but for some reason section A looked like a prozine while section B looked like a fanzine. I can offer no reasons why they looked like that to me, but it sure did strike me.

There is something else that I wonder every time I see OW. There are four (now I'm in trouble, I can't find the word I want I want to say major but not quite. Pretentious, ambitious, graphic? I give up; you fill in the blank.) zines; OW, *Nuctalops*, *Algol* and *The Alien Critic*. Two are always involved in arguments as to whether they are really fanzines or not while the other two are accepted for what they want to be. I wonder why especially since all of you are in the kilo-copy or more range. Could it be that two of you actually know what you are





## BEELZEBUB YOU SAY? WHERE IN HELL DID YOU GET A NAME LIKE THAT?

which some Albafans have been known to comment that I resemble altho I keep telling them that my nose is much shorter). The only reason I mention this is all of the members of the Bowers Bitching Brigade except you and Mr. Arnold would have lost points in Elmhurst. In the *Vertex* thing I find myself on the side of Mr. Arnold. The same has happened to me a few times (no I never sold any--people just lost them) with different editors and none have ever answered my letters of inquiry, and yes, I did include as SSAE.

[1/18/75]

**LOREN MAC GREGOR** First of all, I hope you make good your promise and introduce this Mike Glicksohn character next issue, because I've been dying to know for some time. From what I understand, he's a short hairy fan in a broken hat, resembles a teddy bear to some degree, and runs around in leotards (or flesh-colored skin) with a paper bag over his head. Did he ever publish a fanzine? Was he ever in New York?

Did Jerry Kaufman ever wish him happy birthday?

Should I know him? Is he a folksinger?

But I was talking about Mike Glicksohn...and talking about Mike Glicksohn, I can just scoot right into Mike's comment to Bruce Arthurs, which I intended to remark upon, but didn't:

I've gotten fanzines for several years--oh, golly, I feel old and tired--and have enjoyed most of them. There's a pile of them, though, and I can almost sympathize with the older fen (older than I, at any rate) who sometimes pile zines up unread, and even unopened. There's a lot of that going around, I open everything. But. But!...I'd much rather reply to *Outworlds* and *Aury* and *Kratophany* and any one of 6 or so others, for one reason... The clubs not that easy to get into, and not that easy to stay in once you're there.

Mike makes a very good point; if you know you can get into the club by good writing, by damn, good writing is what you're going to try to do.

Let's look at me, as a possible example: If I'm in the right mood, I'm prolific as all hell. Not good, but prolific; last year I wrote over 600 pages (that hurts, just thinking about it) of single-spaced, typewritten locs. Being kind, one-third or less of that output was worth printing. With a lot of it, I knew I could get my name in print by stringing any amount of words together, in any order, and sending them out. Many fanzines print drek.

Of course, I *enjoy* drek, but then, what do I know?

Now we come to the 9 or 10 fanzines referred to above: Their mailing list is *THAT LONG!*--or maybe only *that* long, but exclusive --and contains some of the best writers in fandom. Harry Warner drops his fanhistory to reply, Charles Burbree clips his long white beard to his shirtfront with an old tie clasp and proceeds to write a Hugo-quality article. Even Lee Hoffman pops up and drops a line or two.

\*(!)\* you say to yourself--I say to myself--I'd better work damn hard on this loc, or I'll never get another issue.

The fanzine may not be big and fancy--although *most* (not all) hectographed fanzines are out of the running--but it has an aura, a personality, a damn good editor (or editors) and I'm going to try harder than usual to make the list.

End of pontifications.

I wish the same could be said of Piers Anthony, who, like the river, goes on and on...and on. A few years back, when I was receiving (clandestinely) every issue of *Beabohema*, a friend asked me what I thought of it. My immediate reaction was, "Well, Piers Anthony takes ten pages in it every issue, explaining why he's never going to write for fanzines, ever again."

trying to be?

I read your controversy column first because I love a good argument, altho I prefer mine face to face. It must have been my mis-spent youth. I grew up in a neighborhood where the pun was the only respected form of humor and the master of the put down was the local hero. Of course we had rules; the major of which was that if you got mad you lost points, in fact you lost so many points that it was almost impossible to win. Naturally there were some side effects. One of which was that I never got really good at the put down, I developed a skin like a Rino (about

Now he's doing it in *Outworlds*.

Huzzah, he's doing a book--excuse me, a series of books--on kidney disease. Well, good on, bravo, and all that: I couldn't agree more, kidney diseases and related problems should get more exposure. More people should learn about them.

But... "...these errors of condensation, memory, etc., are complicated by your evident bias against other writers..." Now: "I could talk for a long time about kidneys--but I'm not making the money of those who are satisfied to do one more cheap adventure..."

I could talk for hours about all the time I spend, unpaid, in hospitals--but I'm not making the money of cheapjack writers with more-moral-than-thou complexes.

Does Piers actually think his bias is less than Ted's? Does Piers actually think he is being objective, that he is carrying a flare solely to light the shadows of moral turpitude among others? He recognizes in himself--so he says--the super-sensitive ego, the big mouth with the thin skin. But, so he says, he is different: Ted White (as an example) is guilty of "chronic distortions." Anthony, however, is a man of his word, and backs his word up--frequently, and sometimes unnecessarily--with the Oxford English Dictionary. If it's in the dictionary--this big one! You need a magnifying glass to read it!--it must be true, and if it's true, then I'm going to say it.

Okay, maybe he doesn't distort. Maybe. But he is equally hurtful--and it seems to me, more deliberately so--when he presents comments like his two "paranoid scripts" on page 842, like his backhand "cheap adventure" slap at Koontz.

I barely know Ted White: I've read him in print, met him once or twice (the second time he mistook me for a neofan and tried to lose me in the halls of Discon). I can't claim more than a nodding acquaintance with him. From that nodding acquaintance, via editorials in *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, via columns in *OW*, *Algol*, and others, via letters and articles in fanzines, I feel this: White offends, and distorts because of his anger. He feels hurt, and strikes back. It isn't meant deliberately, it seems; I suspect that, after he's written, he regrets it.

Anthony, through the same medium: through letters, and columns, and articles in fanzines: seems bent to hurt, to strike to maim, to wound, anyone who has the AUDACITY to criticize *anything* of his.

Well, Piers, it's your thing: You just stick to your martial arts, and your historical novels, and, God help, your bloody series on kidney disorders. You stick to your knifings and backstabbing, all in the name of Truth, Justice, and the Quality of Upfrontedness. You continue to avoid the gratuitous insult in favor of the considered insult. After all, you're a professional.

I've read *MACROSCOPE*: I found it painful and dull and emotionless. I read it before I read Koontz' comments, and I couldn't agree more.

So you continue as you are; obviously I'm just another mad dog, I don't understand what you're trying to do, and I'm too hidebound and traditionalist (or too avant-garde and outre) to appreciate good writing when I see it.

In spite of the above, I wish you luck on your kidney series. If I saw it on the stand tomorrow, with your name on it, I'd probably pass it by because I'd still be feeling mean and ornery. But in a week, or a year, or five years...

So now I've had a break; to feed my body, and rest my mind. I don't feel quite so upset now. But, Bill, in case you didn't notice--I've just about had it with Piers Anthony. You publish a nice fanzine, friend--please don't make the mistake of casting Piers in the role of a real-life Don Quixote.

Don't let him cast himself, either: a director should never act in his own show.

If I were to continue--if I had the energy, if I had the desire--I could go through Piers' distortions and allusions and backhands within his tilt with Don Pheil--I'm betting I could find eleven if I tried. If I may quote what I consider to be a relevant line from Mr. Pheil: "In Mr. Anthony's case, it appears that he believes that *any* tactics are justifiable, so long as they're in his behalf."

Piers Anthony appears, usually, to have *some* right on his side; he confuses this with having *all* right on his side, and apparently acts accordingly.

Bill? Bill... Damn it, Bill, I don't *want* to be in a bad mood today. I don't want to be in a bad mood, Bill, but...

Jessie Salmonson, did you ever consider that maybe, maybe that "rationalization" that you so despise may not be a rationalization at all, but a reason, a true reason, a reason that means only what it states: Hey, our "readers" aren't being paid. The publishers won't pay for them. I get too many stories to read thoroughly by myself, so I need readers. I won't ask them to devote time without giving them something in return.

Have you ever thought that, maybe, just *maybe*, that might be what Ted White was saying?

Oh, well, Piers Anthony says Ted is guilty of "chronic distortions," so this may be one of them.



Look, friend: you say you get from one to twelve submissions a day. Let's put twelve as a *bottom* limit, and say only 25 as a top limit. I suspect that's conservative, but I don't know. 360 manuscripts a month. For one magazine.

But Ted edits two magazines; can we say 600 manuscripts? NO? Oh, you want me to stick to the first figure. Let's say 400, then. Let's see: an hour a story? Some will take more, some will take less. 720 hours in a month. An average of 8 hours a night for sleep, leaving 480. Take away your 400 hours; that leaves 80 to shop, layout the magazine, write letters to the people concerned...

Jessie...why don't you write to Jim Baen and find out what the shelf of manuscripts left by the previous editor looked like--the unread shelf... Why don't you...

Why don't you stop puffing yourself up: a manuscript a day? Big deal--I get to see 20 or 30 stories a month in manuscript and I don't even edit a magazine. Go climb a tree. Go read a Delany novel. Above all, go--and take your half-assed (quarter or no) opinions with you.

I don't want to be in a bad mood, Bill... [1/8/75]

*Lest Loren feel lonely, at least three others went on similarly (at equal, or greater length) about Piers...but they then proceeded to DNG the result. I try to present a balanced response, but can only function within the bounds of what I'm permitted to print. # Loren seemed to be in a much better mood when I saw him at Westercon, tho...*

JOE DE BOLT ...I don't know if I had gotten around to mentioning it before (I had planned to), but I think you tend to be unnecessarily defensive about OW.

(Even the name takes on a connotation of alienation from this standpoint.) Look, you've been doing a great job with zines for years. If they gave a prize for year-in-year-out effort, creativity, and beauty, you'd be the major contender. You like your work, and your work shows it. Some zines have hyperparabolic histories, and some, like Geis, fly a jagged orbit; others seem to rotate neatly but blandly, always showing us the same face. Your work has usually been just as precise, but has tended to have more than a single focus. Add a nice axial tilt to this elliptical path, and you have OW--complete with seasonal changes and dependable mechanics. So when winter comes, can spring be far behind? So thanks for all the sacrifice, effort, and love you've put into your zines over the years. I think a lot of folks do appreciate it. And when I've wanted recently to show non-fans and neo-fans just what an SF "amateur magazine" is, I whip out my OW collection. Of course they have to put on gloves before I actually let them touch the things... [3/7/75]

*...and now I have something to show people, when they ask why I'm still doing fanzines, fourteen years later! Thanks, Joe...I don't believe a word of it...but it does serve to give me a nice warm glow...*

GEORGE FLYNN When I got *Outworlds* 21/22, I thought of the opening line of my loc right away: that it was a devious plot to get one loc for two issues and thus cut down your free list. Then I never got around to locating it; so it goes. Now I've had #23 over a month, and I have the uneasy feeling that #24 may show up before I finally get this loc off.

But just because I'm late, that's not going to stop me from commenting on #21/22 anyway...

Doc Lowndes on censorship: Well, my basic position is that I recognize no right of any person or group (definitely including governments) to tell an adult what he can't read/see/etc. There's no question whatever that books or other works of art are capable of doing harm; after all, otherwise they wouldn't be capable of doing good either. But I refuse to trust anyone to distinguish between the good and the bad ones: the importance of free traffic in ideas is too great, and the historical record of how such distinctions actually get made is too discouraging. Pragmatically, in short, the evil of censorship must be judged worse than the evils it's supposed to prevent. All right, I said above "an adult"; what about children? We have to make the presumption that citizens, i.e., adults, will by and large act in a responsible manner; it may not be true, but this is the gamble we make in maintaining a free society. To the extent that children are by definition not such responsible agents (and it's arguable at what age this line should be drawn), some limitation on them is legitimate. But the principle still holds: ordinarily such censorship should be by the individual parents only; only in a situation where the parents are incapable of exercising effective control, and then with great reluctance, should the government be allowed to get into the act. What about *Do It, Darlings*? Well, if such methods existed, the news would certainly get around, censorship or no censorship; I'm inclined to think the censorship would (as usual) only make the situation worse.

In the "profound transcendental truth" that opens Sandra Miesel's story, the denominator is not  $h^2$ , but  $h^2$ . Congratulations:

this may be the first fanzine to typo the Schrödinger equation.

*The Gnat-Books of Sholem Short* constitutes a severe case of overkill. -- A note on layout: you have here six pages in a row (816-821) with no page numbers. It may look better that way, but it's pretty inconvenient.

On to #22. -- Loren MacGregor should know better than to trust little Mikie's spelling, which is among the most creative things in fandom. -- More unnumbered pages. I sympathize with Denis Quane: the last bus I can get home on leaves at 11 P.M., its immediate predecessors being at 9 and 7.

And then we have what may be the most startling revelation of the issue, that Mike Glicksohn is Irish. Begorra! Then again, presumably it wasn't Mike who wrote that, but that big warty fellow that ate him; well, it did look as if he might be green. -- Like Mike, I was in college before I read my first prozine. I did read all the SF I could find before then, but there wasn't much of it in a small-town library circa 1950. And in connection with Poul Anderson's 12-year cycle, the consensus seems to be that the late '50s were a very low point for SF. But that's just when I started reading heavily (I couldn't afford many paperbacks until I got out of college), so I never noticed anything of the kind...much the same point Bruce Arthurs makes about the late '60s for him.

On the various components of Controversy, Ltd.: Everything they say about each other is most likely true. My reactions to the specific Arnold/Pfeil/Anthony issue are much the same as yours, insofar as you reveal them. You seem to have done about all that was humanly possible to get the facts, and it's unfortunate that there are still gaps in the record. Pfeil doesn't have a copy of the February acceptance letter?

Well, I think Ultimate's reprinted covers from 40 years ago or more; would they still have the color separations from that far back? But Ted White will probably answer this one anyway.

Like Harry Warner I don't use credit, but I do carry a credit card. It comes in very handy at hotels that demand identification, especially when one doesn't drive a car and thus has no driver's license.

So much for OW 21/22, now on to #23. As I said earlier, not so many comment hooks, but a fine issue anyway. Fabian's cover is as usual gorgeous; but was the ship supposed to look like a shark?

I remember that *Collier's* issue Patrick McGuire writes about; pity I didn't save a copy. I was in high school at the time, wondering like everybody else what war we'd be in when I got drafted. As it turned out, we weren't, and I wasn't.

The story Stuart Gilson intended to write has in effect been done: Harry Harrison's *The Streets of Ashkelon*.

What can one say about Joe De Bolt's analysis of Brunner? Just plain superb, I guess. You've done it again, Bill. (I met Brunner when he was Goh at the 1972 Philcon...to be precise, when he followed me into my room, having gotten the wrong number for a room party.)

And that's all I have to say on #23. (What, no controversy?) [5/20/75]

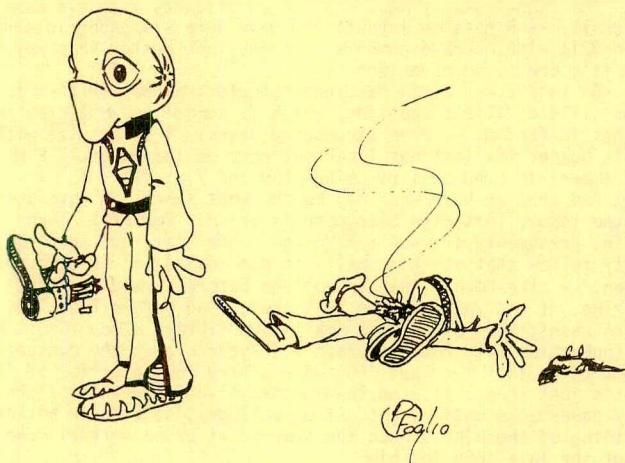
TIM KYGER By Sullivan, what a fanzine. You manage to bring pro looking graphics to a fanzine--and keep it a fanzine. It feels like a fanzine, even though it looks better than any prozine on the market. I'm so jealous of you it's not funny!! And to help you on your way to the perfect fanzine, I have a few criticisms and comments on OW 21/22.

First, the "A" cover: The print differences to separate one columnist from another doesn't work too well at all. Another way needs to be found to do this; this graphic fails miserably. The layout on the contents page was very nice, but the actual contents need to be accented from the rest of the page; print darkened or something like that there. And now *The Excoriator*. Jesus, this is the funniest fan piece ever written. So well written. A gem. And the Connie Faddis photos were wonderful. But the layout of your editorial on page 799 creaked due to a *loc* use of the photo of Mae Strelkov and the illo at the right hand bottom corner of the page.

And now to *Understandings*...I abhor censorship of any kind whatsoever. Sure, every editor is going to censor in his own way. That I can accept up to a point, as long as this "censorship" is editing for the sake of the effectiveness of the article. But "secrecy is the beginning of tyranny!" This is why I don't like the "idea" of Roger Elwood; he has too much power, too much work to do, an out-moded editorial viewpoint on morality, and he is just a bad editor. The piece on Elwood by Kent Bromley was very good; second only to the Bruce D. Arthurs article on Elwood. The analogy to Nehemiah Scudder is very apt. Too apt; I shudder. Kent should be patted on the back for his article. And your graphic for Kent's article works very well; it's my favorite layout in the whole zine.

Jodie Offutt's article was very enjoyable, and the layout quite good, except for the placement of the word "Baby!". It just doesn't work where it is. I don't know what to do about it, but the placement of that word detracts from the absolutely loveliest nude I've ever seen. That nude of Canfield's has a





life of its own. So absolutely vivacious! She steps out of the page at you. That illo is the best one in the zine. So good.

Bowers, do you know it took me a whole bloody weekend to read OW 21/22! You're destroying my study regimen!

The Wolfenbarger chapters are nicely knitted into the format of the zine; it looks very good. The little piece of Austin art on page 835--Great Moments in Fannish History No. 1--was superb. I didn't like the art on page 841 at all. It turns me off, for what reason I don't know.

Oh, and you finally have decided to go the TAC/Psychotic/SFR route I see. Shame on you, Bill, shame on you. Well, the controversy Ltd. section has just confirmed and stereotyped my already strongly held opinions of the respective respectlessness of the personalities of these people involved. Why doesn't Piers Anthony, Ted White, et al go off in a corner and write nasty letters and threatening notes to each other and quit offending my sensibilities by intruding their petty little ego trips into other people's fanzines by dint of the personal hold, i.e., your honor, Bill, they have over some editors. I've been in fandom only a little more than a year, but I was tired of their petty bickering six months ago. I wonder how the rest of fandom feels, having been subjected to it for several years. (Jonh Ingham is right.) The cartoon on page 845 sums it up nicely.

Such a lovely Canfield on page 853! And the Bathurst on page 855; superb. Great Fabian Bacover, how does he do it?

What in the name of Bently is that illo on page 863 doing where it is? Boy, that's a dinkle of a graphic. [3/9/75]

TERRY HUGHES I must admit that your new format (being printed on newspaper stock) gave me a feel of the 1960's:

I kept thinking it was the Dallascon Bulletin. The change in paper stock is something you are going to have to work with. I don't know when you decided to make the change but some of the art has suffered. What I am referring to specifically is Randy Bathurst's cover. I don't know how it looks in its original form, but on this newsprint it looks terrible. I would guess that it is a cover that would look much better on heavy white cover stock. The cover just didn't work. You should have used another illustration for the cover.

Looking through the issue it seems that the cover is the only illo that suffered from this change. The interior ones all work well. I particularly enjoyed Dan Steffan's drawing with your editorial. You made an excellent choice in using it there for it is an illustration, full of pleasant, cartoony humor, that should be used with a feature like the editorial, or perhaps the lettercolumn. Many of the other illos in these issues were top notch as well. In particular Grant Canfield's NAKED lady. I had a hell of a time reading Jodie Offutt's article. Every time I began it, my eyes would slid over to the facing page and stare at Grant's rendering of that healthy looking woman. \*shucks\*

Of course, there were some drawings which I think were poorly done. Like Paul Docherty's for Susan Wood's piece, and Freff's for Sandra Miesel's article. I can tell that Dan Steffan's illo for John Andrews' wretched whatever was an old one. It just didn't have the refinement and humor that his present drawings exhibit. It was a drawing that didn't work.

Jonh Ingham's pun/illustration that you used at the end of Mayer's adaptation was inspired. It shows tremendous talent because the humor of it depends upon the fact that the reader must be aware of the old fan expression of "Who sawed Courtney's boat?" It takes both guts and genius to do such a cartoon. "Who seen Courtney's boat!" indeed! My beanie's off to you, Jonh.

...this seems like as good a place as any to reprint the "real" story of Courtney's Boat that I promised in OW 24. (I received Dick Eney's permission at Westerncon.) Hence:

COURTNEY'S BOAT Over our convictions that there are things better left unmentioned, the protests of readers compel the partial explanation of this gag line--which is not from science fiction at all, but from Samuel Hopkins Adams' "Grandfather Stories".

Courtney was a professional racing-shell rower, and the occasion on which the question arose was that of a race which, it was noised about, was Rigged by the Wicked Gambling Interests (Professional sports of every sort, during the last half of the XIX Century, were notoriously arranged in advance.) On this occasion, Asa T Soule, the manufacturer of Hop Bitters--a patent medicine which, like some today, was up to 50% red-eye whiskey but, being patented as a medicine, could be sold in Prohibition areas and on Sundays---had put up a \$6000 purse for a race between Edward Hanlan, of Toronto, and Charles Courtney, of Union Springs, NY. The two were acknowledged national champions, and both laid claim to international championship; a previous meeting had resulted in victory for Hanlan but with a dreadful stench over fouls being raised by Courtney's backers. Gambling interest in a rematch was intense; but on the morning of the race it was found that The Hop Bitters, Courtney's racing shell, had been sawn half thru the preceding night. Hanlan rowed the course alone (establishing a new record) but won nothing, the wily Soule having withdrawn the funds constituting the purse from the local bank. He, the wily Soule, did however give us our gagline; for it was he who offered a reward of one thousand dollars for information leading to the detection of the party who sawed Courtney's boat. The reward was never claimed; but just for the heck of it, Dean Grennell once laid a camera-trap by a boat named Courtney. Then he got a saw and started to work and, at an incriminating moment, tripped the shutter on himself. Fans will go to any length for egoboo...

--ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS: FANCYCLOPEDIA II, page 5.  
Copyright 1960 by Richard H. Eney.

Now that you know All, back to Terry...

The most frequent complaint I have ever heard about Outworlds has been that your artwork far excels your text. It would seem that with this double issue you were trying to blow that notion to bits. You succeeded somewhat as well.

I feel that the cover story, *The Excoriator* by Eric Mayer, wasn't one of the ones to dispell such a notion. First of all I want to admit that I haven't seen the movie or read the novel of THE EXORCIST. That no doubt puts me at a disadvantage when it comes to reading a fan take off on it. I did not enjoy Mayer's piece. I consider Eric Mayer one of the more promising new fanwriters. Some of his material that has appeared in *Random* for instance has been fine. His fan take off on Monopoly, Fanopoly, had me laughing. But *The Excoriator* was an especially clear example of some of his major faults as a humorist. I'm sure he will correct these faults some day soon, but he hasn't as yet. It was an overly long piece and it was reaching too far for every joke. The humor was poorly paced. Rhythm was lacking and reading all too soon became a chore. This particular fanwriting idea (doing a parody of a novel and filling it full of fan-oriented humor) was a trademark of "Carl Brandon" and so many times similar pieces are called Brandonizations. I would hesitate to label this piece so. Part of the appeal of "Carl Brandon's" work was that it was not necessary to have read the novel to enjoy the parody. If you had just a basic understanding of what went on, you could get more out of them to be sure. But the Brandon pieces were well written, employing a fine sense of rhythm and truly funny jokes. Both of which are absent from *The Excoriator*. Even "Carl Brandon" wrote some clunkers. Some books are just hard to parody. I don't think that THE EXORCIST would be that hard to do a funny take off on, but for Eric Mayer it was. I did not laugh out loud once during the time that I read it, and I'm the kind of guy who bursts into laughter while walking down the street. The fan jokes fell flat. SLAM! The names used, the phrases employed, etc., all these things do not generate a laugh in and of themselves. No, it is the way in which they are employed, the way the writer springs them at the reader. You can tell a joke in a dull, flat monotone and no one will smile. Another person can take the same joke, and by using phrases, inflection, gestures, and timing in his delivery, and produce laughter. Frankly, the idea of using Francis Townner Laney as the demon/devil was not funny. The casting wasn't quite right. The use of Claude Degler or George Senda or Harlan Ellison or any of a number of other people who did fuggheaded things of a huge scope while in fandom would have been better (and funnier) choices. In the end I think you, Bill, should have bounced this take off, and definitely Eric should have drastically rewritten it before submitting it.

This is more criticism than I generally bother with, but, dammit, Eric has potential and talent. It is really disappoint-



ing to see such a piece from him. He can do *much* better. I wanted to go into more detail than just saying I didn't enjoy it.

As a contrast you ran Bob Tucker's *Beard Mumbblings*. Now that was fine fun! But I too thought that the title of the column had been...well, who's to argue with the author. Bob had told me the Seymour Saga at the Discon. It loses a bit by comparison in print because Bob's in person rendition was superbly funny. He's a grand story teller. I also thought there were a few differences in the accounts but both are very funny. I had completely forgotten the name of the town and I appreciate this most pleasant memory jogger. But now we all know Bob's secret: He has an innate fear of garbage trucks following train wrecks. How kinky can one get?

Bill, the rest of the written material falls into spots somewhere between these two pieces. None reach the heights of Tucker's piece, but then none are as weak as Mayer's.

I enjoyed the issue(s), Bill, and I'm sorry if this note seems overly down. I truly enjoyed most of the art and most of the text. That's a bit unusual for this day of rampart dullness in the fanzine field. Thank you.

*Thank you, Terry, for taking the time to say a bit more than that you "just didn't enjoy it." Needless to say, I disagree with your evaluation of Eric's piece, for two prime reasons. My background approaching it: I was not raised a Catholic, and I had (have) not read the book/seen the movie. (And it seems I have a lot of company; so much so I wonder just WHO did read/see THE EXCORIST?) Secondly, I'm not the kind of guy "who bursts into laughter while walking down the street". Quite the reverse, actually, and particularly so at that point in my life when the mss. arrived last summer. But I cracked up at several points in Eric's tale; I enjoyed the hell out of it...what more can I say? # I'll probably have some comments on reading a story in print after having heard it verbally from the storyteller...when I run Ro Nagey's "The Secret Hand-Shake of Fandom" (it's finally written!) in #27.*

I ALSO HEARD FROM.....

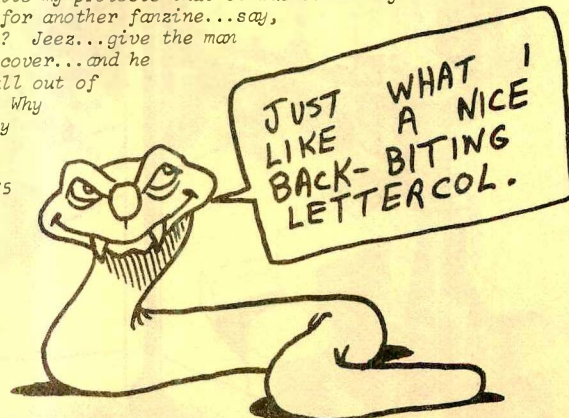
STEVE BEATTY, who sends along a copy of the *Outfolds* I was curious about, and says: "In the lettercol, Jonh Ingham asks why all the pros wash their dirty laundry in fanzines. Does he maybe want them to do it in the prozines?" ## DAVE GORMAN ## RICHARD COAD: "I'm glad you decided to wrap up the feuds. They had gotten quite boring (though Piers' bit about moving 8-1/2 tons of wood sounded interesting; why doesn't he write about that instead of "Great Issues"?)" ## JON INOUE: "I was to a very small degree disappointed that it was in "newstype" print, as I was expecting the big "slick" look, and all the graphics that I've heard about. It's an incredible 'zine. I mean this. Don't let anyone rip it apart or set it down and give unfavorable advice because *Outworlds* ticks." *So do bombs.* ## Sir ANDREW PORTER: "Tucker's column, *Beard Mumbblings*, ran in one issue of *Algol* Way Back When--#14 or 15, I think, sometime in 1967 or 1968. Meanwhile, Rich Brown started up *Beard Mumbblings* as a fancy offset fanzine. And back in the mid-sixties, Ted White, Andy Main and Rich Brown had plans for a Great American Genzine to be called "Beard Mumbblings." Perhaps because all three had beards..." *...which Tucker doesn't have, in case you didn't know. \*sigh\*--another pro with feet of clay...* ## DONALD ROBERTSON: "Jodie Offutt's page was fun. If the first paragraph is true then I think girls look best with a fairly small amount of charisma (little charisma's?)." *...at the risk of making a big issue out of it, I tend to agree, by and large...* "Re: Douglas Barbour's letter, I think some of the conversations" are fun also, as long as they are about something; in Controversy 1 I think they've forgotten what they were/are arguing about, and I'm not even sure what Controversy 2 is about." ## JOHN ROBINSON: "Poul Anderson's essay on a "general" writers union brings me to the question: When is SFWA going to raise its requirements for joining to 3 stories or novels published so as to eliminate those egomaniac 'One-Shot Winnies' who go around to cons boasting of a story they had pubbed back in 1971 (or was it 69?) and expect to have another in print soon, but mostly work at agenting unknowns they claim to be the next piglet, Eklund or even Delany?! ... I'm going to have to see my physics consultant, and perhaps my math consultant, concerning Sandra Miesel's article. There was no problem in understanding her article concerning the Canadian bird-animal in *Vandro*. Why is this one so complex? Wait until the 'winged beaver' shows up in the Most Naked Lady competition at Westercon!!!" *I think I missed that... (I was probably busy trying to prevent Joe Pearson from giving away half the space in my next issue..."How long will this strip be?" I said..."Three... maybe four pages..." Joe said. Straight-faced. \*sigh\* This has been a commercial.)* ## DAVE ROWE: "I enjoyed 21 or A, but 22 or B, heck! How many pages of locs was that? I just couldn't face them all. Locs after all, aren't articles and tend to repeat themselves; surely it's better to just use the best comments than to print as much as possible!" *Dave is just going to love this issue... Don't ask me how I can tell...I just can...* "I was surprised when you suddenly said (in your editorial) 'I live with

the world's biggest fear of death,' and more or less left it at that." *Dave then goes on for a page and a half on death and how he conquered his fear of it. I was going to print it, and I still may someday, but it's a bit heavier than I really want to get this particular Sunday evening...* Briefly, after fighting it every inch of the way, I've come to the conclusion that I have to believe in an afterlife...altho I'm not too sure of what that might be, or, indeed how to get there... All I know is that I'll never get done what it is I have to do before it comes. I'm much better off than when I wrote that particular editorial, but it's still something I have to live with...even tho it's not a 24-hour-a-day thing. (Please note that I make no attempt to convert others to my way of thinking...and I'd very much appreciate others not trying to "unconvert" me in return... O.k.?) I save very few letters, after a lettercol is done, these days...but, Dave, this will be one I'll keep for a long time. Thanks both for writing, and for putting yourself on the line... ## JANICE D. SCOTT: "The true proof of a zine, to me, is its content. And OW 21/22 was/is so packed full of interesting items, that even on newsprint, it means more to me [than 19 & 20]. ... The something about your zine that is extra special are your editorials. The next thing is the forum you mediate in your letters section. It is very interesting reading other peoples opinions, and your comments thereupon." *Someday...Real Soon Now...* I'm going to get back to doing editorials such as I did in the last three or four issues of *Double:Bill*. They were, with the possible exception of my 'story' in OW #II, the pieces of fanwriting that I'm still most pleased with. With the two exceptions of my editorials in OW 15 & the one in #21...I'm not very pleased with my OW editorials. They are all too often the very last thing done, and all too obviously first draft. And I'm not a first draft writer... As for the lettercol, well it's completely out of control (as you may have noticed), but I enjoy it, so why not...? ## DAVID SOMERVILLE ## RICK STOOKER: "I guess I should pay more attention to my city's government; I don't have the slightest idea who the alderwoman is who Bob Tucker met in Chicago and took to the Windycon. The only one I know of charges that the city is discriminating against female dogs by making the price of their registration higher (I have no idea why the price is higher; maybe it is outright sexism) and questioned the police chief's expense account when he went to the FBI school in Washington, D.C." *Speaking of...* ## BOB TUCKER: "Wow! They are stupendous issues! Beginning with that splendid Bathurst cover, I enjoyed every page of the double issue. And although this may not warm the cockles of your heart, I think the newsprint format is quite acceptable." ## Dr. A. D. WALLACE: "Perhaps some kindly inclined reader can set me straight on this matter--I recall no SF&F novel in which marsupials (real or imagined) play a role of any importance, tho Pogo, the 'Possum is one such. Australia has more than its share of these beings, with analogs of bears, mice, rats, and rabbits--perhaps even wolves. The placental seem to have won out in the battle for survival." *It's been a long time, but what was "Little Fuzzy"?* ## LAURINE WHITE: "Now your fanzine looks like *Dallascon Bulletin*, except there aren't lots of goodies to send for. ... Your choice of artwork doesn't offend me, and I enjoy Steve Fabian's art, but that illo about the man dreaming of the girls is rather trite. He's done so many girls in different poses, surrounded by bubbles, etc. I prefer pictures from which I can make up a story. A few of my favorites were: a cover for *Energumen* with men riding giant birds and a moon and mountain in the background; a SFR cover (issue 35) of a man holding a dead girl in his arms; an early *Outworlds* picture (issue IV) with a girl in the foreground and a ship on the ocean behind her." ## BENJAMIN M. YALOW ## *Thanks all!*

*...Maybe OW 21/22 didn't draw the biggest reponse of any fanzine in recent memory...but if not, it has to be close. Far Out!, as John Colorado sez. ## Randy gave me the following illo at Marcon --despite my protests that it was obviously meant for another fanzine...say,*

*Vandro? Jeez...give the man an OW cover...and he gets all out of line! Why me, why Randy?*

8/16/75









--comments (mainly), on Outworlds #23...

GERARD HOUARNER I don't know where you big shit editors come off pubbing things like *Outworlds* 23. It's embarrassing. Not to you, oh no, you got your big deal pro connections and artists and bloody *associate editors*, for crissakes. You have tons of money stowed away in some Swiss bank account, probably own half of Peru with the proceeds from your ads, and I bet you were born rich to begin with. Member of COSMEP, an organization known to have designs on ruling the world through subliminal messages in the pages of its member magazines. YES! But what about the rest of us? The hell with the rest of us, what about me? Oh, you'll fry, Mr. Bowers, yes you will.

Obviously, yet another S\*A\*T\*I\*S\*F\*I\*E\*D subscriber...!

Now that I've made your day, let me just say that the John Brunner article was the highlight of the issue (kinda hard for it not to be, since it took up almost half the issue). One usually expects this sort of article to be done on dead writers, but since Brunner has not yet followed the gaze of his Sheep upwards to that big ZANZIBAR Up There (listen, jocko, it's your job to make sense out of these things; I just write them), it is much appreciated. Now we'll have to watch Joe De Bolt in case he tries anything funny with Brunner (some of these scholarly types can't stand constant re-writing and unfinished works, ya know, and since John is still kicking around, Joe's article can only be considered temporary. Can he take it?).

Loved *Dirt and Smut*, but then, I'm that kinda guy. Amateur gynecologist, don't you know. (...because that's where it's at? Sorry...BAAAD Roger Miller, believe it, joke...)

The art is beginning to bore me. Know why? "Cause it's all so good. You need some real crap in there to make the rest of the issue look good. With this in mind I'm sending you some of my stuff.

I bet you weren't expecting such a nutso letter when you opened the envelope, huh? Typewritten, spaced paragraphs, all very official looking. Just shows to go ya... [rec'd 5/6/75]

Of course I was expecting it...all us big shit editors do!

ANDREW J OFFUTT In your #23 editorial, Bill, you say that "I (and therefore OW) will remain uneasy and unsettled...." I know it says that, among other things; I've read it twice and marked it up with a yellow hi-liter.

Maybe you're right, and maybe OW will settle down ... and grow all comfy and familiar and dull like most anything else after a year or two of sameness ("This works; it's easy because I'm accustomed to it and readers are comfortable with it") or, in the case of a teleseries, after the third episode.

In that case--gee, don't settle down, Bill!

But maybe because you engage in a lot of introspection, seemingly with a frown on your face, you're too deep in the woods to see a tree. Or staring so closely at one tree you haven't an awareness of the woods. Or skip the dam' cliches and say Look Bill, changing is life. You stop changing, you're dead. I know of too many dead magazines, companies, teleseries, and...people. It is more than just normal and natural to be ever changing; it's desirable, something to be both thankful for and proud of, something worth ending sentences with prepositions for.

A couple of the writers I must respect highly have made comments that are appropriate, and that I have typed on cards. One is in my Wisdom File with all the other 3x5's; the other stays thumbtacked to the shelfledge above my typewriter. (When it turns yellow-tan with age, I take it down and retype it; I *change* it.) Sir James George Frazer's *THE GOLDEN BOUGH* is one of the works that *merit* the overused word "monumental", and that have changed my life (again; it's changed twice so far this year, and if I'm lucky there should be a couple more changes before the New Year's party). Frazer did not *admit* this, he proclaimed it loudly; that he would be like the chameleon, unembarrassedly changing his mind and views in light of new evidence and new knowledge.

It is a magnificent outlook shared by too few, particularly in science.

Suppose someone "knows" me only through an article I may have had in OW in 1973 or in *Trumpet* in 1965 or whenever it was, or a novel I wrote in 1966 or even 1974. He meets me. Does he expect me to be the same person, even to hold all the same beliefs? Yes! He probably does. It is one of the most stupid things people do. As a reminder, and so that I can quote it to this or that correspondent once a month or so, I keep Bernard Shaw's comment on that right above my typing machine:

"The only man who behaves sensibly is my tailor; he takes my measure anew every time he sees me, whilst all the rest go on with their old measurements, expecting them to fit me."

What neither Frazer nor Shaw said, Bill, is that this constant change is seldom observed in the less intelligent, the less imaginative.

Change, Bill! Revel in it! It's just that you needn't

bother telling us you've a new policy or direction--unless you want to. In which case do it with eye contact, and pride: you're *Bragging*, man!

Hopefully it doesn't diffuse or even defuse my point to mention another one: another yellow-marked portion of your editorial. "The choice," you wrote, "is this: *Outworlds* as a work-of-art; or, *Outworlds* as a medium-of-communication." What are you, a Doctor of the Church or something, setting up these false dichotomies? That the two, work or art and medium of communication, are not mutually exclusive is proven several times annually, by *Outworlds*. [5/12/75]

...yes...but...MUST the "change" be so incredibly fast, so unrelenting...? I NEED a break, a plateau ever so often --not to 'rest on my laurels', or whatever--but just to glance briefly back to see where I've been, to reflect a little, before the continual charge onward... Some of, perhaps, the most valuable parts of my life have flashed by with such blinding speed, that I'm not sure whether they be dream or reality. (A lot of my life is like that...but, in some cases, it does make a difference...) Now and again, I'd like to be a passenger on the ship of life, rather than simply a piece of cargo, carried wither the currents may toss me! I think the one visual thing that had the most profound effect on me, I saw like ten years ago...a film version of the stage set (under what title I'm not sure) that had the sole character do his bit in full color...but every once in a while, he'd shout: "Stop the World! I Want to Get Off..." And the film switched to black & white, he did his monolog, before coming back to the full-color, or 'real' world... It's simply that I'd like to be able to do that, just say once a year, knowing full well that you have to come back and resume the chase/race/pace... Perhaps it's simply a technique I haven't developed yet...? # I don't WANT sameness; what I want is controlled chaos!

HARRY WARNER, JR. Look what I've achieved in a mere five years. A practically prompt loc on *Outworlds*. Who knows what prodigy of quick reply I may achieve if I'm still around for your gala tenth anniversary issue, now that I've responded to this one a mere ten days after receipt?

Patrick McGuire brought back some nostalgia for me. It couldn't have been as bad as it seems in memory, but I have this illusion that every other issue of every big-circulation newsstand magazine I read from 1935 onward published an article about the next world war. Matter of fact, the last time I toyed with the notion of investigating the contents of one big box in the attic which I haven't gone through since moving here eighteen years ago, the first thing which appeared when I lifted the lid was an issue of *Argosy*, telling about the horrors of World War Two. The arrival of that war didn't stop editors from conceiving this brilliant idea for commissioning articles, of course; they just utilized a minor modification and started to publish articles about how the current war would end, and then in 1945 the magazines launched into an awe-inspiring eruption of articles on what World War Three would be like. It's hard to feel smug about any aspect of the decline of newsstand magazines of general interest, but if that trend brought any good side effects, it must have been the slowdown in endless rehashings of that tired old theme.

Bob Lowndes dealt this time with prozine issues that were even before my time as a youthful reader. But I eventually acquired some of these issues via back number purchases, and many of the authors he mentions were still going strong when I began to read the prozines, so I felt pleasantly at home while reading *Understandings*. The column did one thing for me. It made me realize that I couldn't possibly sell any of my old prozines. I can ponder that possibility in an abstract way sometimes, because it's possible that prices will never be higher than they are today with bad economic times lurking just a few years ahead for the nation. But when I actually look at one of those old magazines, or read a love story using them as main characters like Lowndes' column, then I know that I could never bring myself to committing such heresy. It would be the only possible encore to the anecdote in a biography of Richard Burton I've just read, about an old topper in Burton's native town in Wales who got so hard up for money to pay his tipling bills that he tried to sell his parents' gravestone. I wish every issue of every fanzine would run the last two lines of this column somewhere in its book review section or alongside any essays of a critical nature.

I'm starting to feel like a major authority on John Brunner's life and works, after reading this long discussion in *Outworlds* a few days after the arrival of an issue of *Zimri* with another biography. Joe De Bolt's treatment of his material seems ideal to me: it's not sycophancy but he's obviously a Brunner enthusiast, and without that status he would be foolish to spend so much time and effort on a book about Brunner. I am not comfortable with one thesis, the assumption that the impor-



tant Brunner books are the ones that use science fiction to editorialize on current problems. This is dangerously close to the old Ray Palmer trick of using science fiction as a new field for marketing western fiction. But I know that relevancy is the be-all for many readers today and if Brunner can make more money from his books which view with alarm today's preoccupations, more power to him, as long as he still writes occasionally the books that I consider real science fiction and the books that are relevant to the larger matter, the fact that the future is always unpredictable and that its problems will be wildly different from those we expect it to possess.

Darrell Schweitzer's belief that it's impossible to separate fanac from professionalism in every case is exactly the same as mine. But I don't think it follows that "the feel would still be the same" for those who write for pay for "fanzines". I spend much more time every day writing for pay than I do writing for free, and I vastly prefer the greater freedom that I enjoy in my fan writing to the writing I do on the job. There's a vastly different feel. Darrell asks: "Why should I give away material that I could get paid for?" The obvious answer to this is: he could earn infinitely larger sums at much less trouble if he wrote for pay for markets other than fanzines. It takes less ability and care to sell to trade magazines and house organs or to ghost-write speeches for busy people in one's home town than it takes to write for a good fanzine, and even the semi-pro publications aren't going to offer the word rates that Darrell could earn from such mundane markets. If Geis or Porter or anyone else decides to pay for some of their material, I see nothing wrong with it, but anyone who thinks the sums he can earn by writing for them

will have any noticeable effect on his pocketbook is bound to be disappointed, in today's inflated economy. Of course, there's the chance that this or that youngster who gets a few bucks for a story in *Space and Time*, for instance, will receive thereby such a great encouragement that he'll persevere until he turns himself into a genuinely good writer.

It's hard to say anything about the art work without repeating all the nice things I've said in the past. The Fabian and Canfield covers achieved the rare feat of holding their own against one another, despite the normal rule of thumb which causes one cover to eclipse the other in most fanzines. The inside back cover is a positive stroke of genius, the pictorial equivalent of the short-short story which Fredric Brown could write so well. I remain unconvinced that you were told the full story about the photograph for the Brunner material. I don't remember seeing straight black lines between sections of kaleidoscopic images in the past, or a kaleidoscope that provided such sharp images. I liked everything about the Cuti fullpage except the eyes on the riders. The thought of an epidemic of huge eyed little creatures in fanzine illustrations to match the large-eyed children in pictures sold in dime stores is a bad way to end this loc. [4/22/75]

...sorry, Harry, but I have several featuring Nick's "Moon Child", which I like very much. But then I don't subject myself to dime stores, or their "art"....!

MICHAEL CARLSON OW is it's usual lovely self--and a couple of the drawings really set me off; particularly Sultzer's inside front cover, McLeod's (826), Steve's cover (of course), and Grant's caricature of Glicksohn, a la Yosemite Sam.

Waste Paper was the highlight of the issue, which is understandable, since I went crazy over the last set of excerpts as well.

Joe De Bolt's piece on Brunner is fine. Strangely enough I've liked much of Brunner's non-sf stuff (CRUTCH OF MEMORY, BLACK IS THE COLOR, WEAR THE BUTCHER'S MEDAL, for example) better than a lot of his sf.

Combining biography and criticism is often a difficult task--De Bolt seems to be doing it well --if perhaps concentrating overmuch on finances.

It's all so good there's little else to say, except to agree with the basic thrust of Lowndes' column. Too many critics are out to assemble (supposedly) "creative" reputations, and dislike the art form they are criticizing. There are some creative critics, and they are as much a part of the literary process as writer/non-critical reader. The current technique in film, for example, is to take a film that is popular and (even better) well-reviewed, and criticize it on the Arts & Leisure page of the *Times*--thus making a name for oneself.

A critic should love/respect his field. [6/11]

WAYNE MACDONALD A short issue, but better than then newsprint... It seems by the inside cover that you are making amends for the front cover of *Outworlds* 21. (...what!!) It was hardly necessary even though, admittedly, the inside cover of thish was more effective in some ways. Unfortunately not in others. The title, for instance, was very difficult to read, and rather crudely done. The rocket exhaust faded off very unconvincingly and made a recovery before fading away altogether. I can't tell whether this was intentional or accidental. The rocket itself is an improvement over Steve's, but the moon in the background lacked effective contrast. Moreover the background of space suffered from pinholes into a negative universe. Perhaps the printer had dandruff, yes? And the scratch in bottom centre didn't help either.

Why am I castigating you for one single page? Well, it seems to work for Mike Glicksohn, and we all know what a Big Name Fan he is? His example shines before mere Little Known Fans like myself, and who are we to refute him?

Unless we disagree with him, of course. But because a BNF does it makes a wonderful excuse.

Continuing in the same vein however, we find page 886, where Joe De Bolt is spelled out in larger letters than either John Brunner, or the name of the article. This confused me for a brief moment; I thought Joe's name was part of the title. I didn't know Joe so didn't separate his names automatically. The addition of "by" somewhere would have helped.

Dear Bill.

Sorry for the long delay in locing but my typewriter broke I was in the process of moving my mother was buried in it/

I was not suprised to see the cover was not by Sheryl Birkhead/Brad Parks/. The repro was non-existent/unreadable/messy with fingerprints/acceptable/great/.

The editorial about your repro system/sex life/car troubles/insecurity/new job/the con/ reminded me of the time I met Barney Williamson (who is only 5 1/2 feet shorter than I am) didn't get mail/ told old joke/listened intently/.

The article by Grant Canfield's friends was especially interesting for me because I lost the majority of life it did not fit, however I think the one on page 902 tho not very good, was more appropriate.

It's well known that the Navy has the problem of cannibalism well under control. However, I can sympathize with Dave Locke/John Robinson/Susan Wood/ Rick Stoker as my father also died in childbirth. Don D'Amassa's article on James Schmitz/Vonda McIntyre/John Lakes/Charles A. Sterns/Kilgore Trout/ was not up to his usual hilarious style. Better luck next time.

I think the comment on J.G. Ballard/Barry Malzberg/ Brian Aldiss/Stamley Weinbaum/John Brunner was totally appropriate/inappropriate/fugheaded/stupid/. If you examine the author's body of work with enough insight you will find a veritable plethora of plots/short stories/non-sf poems/words/ that accurately reflects the times/leaves you speechless/have political overtones/ are Merbangelistic/.

By the way, the mailing page was addressed incorrectly. I live at 15 Rose Court, Apt 115, which confused the Post awful/Post Offal/Kostal Disservice/mailman/carrier pigeons/ no end. However, the stamp on the mailing page arrived uncanceled. I guess Jehovah/Allah/Buddha/Ghu/ Herbie/Krishna/L. Ron Hubbard/ likes me.

Bhest/Sincerely/Signed yhos/Very,

A.

A.P. Tree  
15 Rose Court  
Albany NY  
12209

P.S. Have you ever heard of slipsheeting?

PPS Too few box.

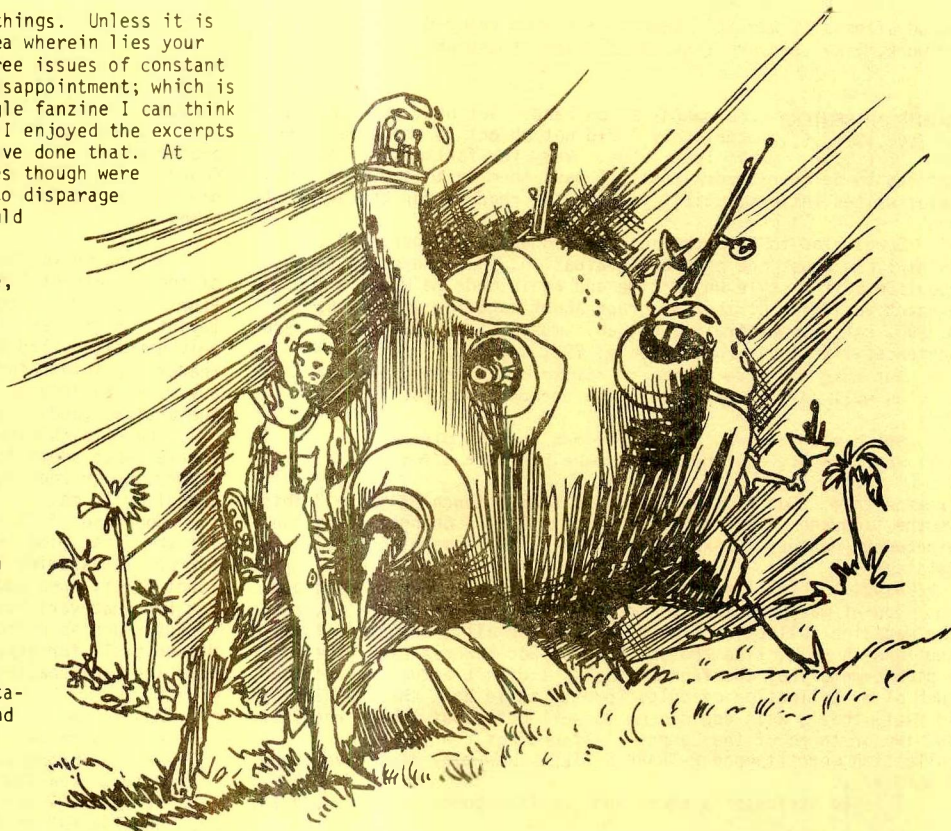


I don't know why I quibble about such things. Unless it is because I think that this is the primary area wherein lies your interest. I did enjoy the issue. After three issues of constant expansion, *Outworlds* 23 seemed a bit of a disappointment; which is silly; it's still better than any other single fanzine I can think of (possibly excepting *Algol*). Most of all I enjoyed the excerpts from Grant's *Waste Paper*. I wish I could have done that. At least as important as the excerpts themselves though were the illos by Grant. And as much as I hate to disparage *Waste Paper*, a zine I have never seen, I would be a year's retirement from fanac that the two column layout of *Outworlds* made a considerable difference in appearance. Strange, because I rarely like two column layout. It only works with offset and micro-type-face. *Outworlds* has both, though, I notice...

Artistically speaking I think I've got your number. You are obsessed with naked female bodies! Admittedly so am I, and most of the rest of the male sex. The rest we'll ignore for now.

I was interested in your reaction to *Guying Gyre*. I had opportunity to read a copy, and found the zine fascinating. Not interesting, but fascinating. Gil writes in the most unique fashion I have come across in fandom. He writes simply, to the point, and almost childishly. Yet it is not a result of inadequate intelligence; it seems instead to be a result of profound control. Gil has dispensed with all literary ornamentation and sets about saying what's on his mind in as simple and as direct a manner as he can. I've read Phosphene too. Herein lies the hope of a fannish Gil. Phosphene is interesting in its own right, not merely as a curiosity.

...I reread *Sometimes It Takes a Great Ocean* and immediately was struck by the thought of a series of illos of GLUNK (or whatever's his name) copulating with the prostitute he picked up. Why do I think of these things you ask? Why do you print them?



...well, we both could blame it on Glicksohn...but I suspect it's because neither of us has any taste... # I accept all responsibility for the "crudities" in Brian's inside front cover. The original was an object of beauty. Primary problem resulted when I had a screened velox made of Brian's photo + art, and the title and the rocket's exhaust filled in... Instead of taking the time to paint out all the objectionable little 'dots' (well, I tried; but my hand wasn't steady enough), I cut the title and the white areas in the rocket out with an Xacto knife. Not the recommended way to do such things, shall we say. Nevertheless, it was much better on the first run, which was done on a 17x22" press, than the version you saw--the re-run version; see last issue--which was run off on a 11x17" press with inferior coverage. Fabian's cover suffered likewise, I'm afraid. This is another one of those things that I'm not particularly pleased with, but I'm learning to live with. I could be a lot more technically "perfect" if I did the sensible thing and either cut down to only one or two issues a year, or gave up some of my other 'things'...but that's not a viable option for me at this moment. I learn from each issue just a bit more about what I can and what I can not do within the bounds of my experience and wallet, and the equipment of my printer... I don't mind letter's like yours, Wayne; it shows that you are interested and that you care...and may be able to appreciate some of the difficulties not apparent to those who don't do a fanzine... By the time such letters arrive, I am usually (with the exception of Ted's "sliver") acutely aware of the imperfections...believe me!...but mentally on to the next OW. (I am by no means conceding the "fancy offset race" to Porter or Reamy; it's just that I have a habit of backing into things, or doing it the hard way. But I'm going to blow your mind yet...just as soon as I whittle down this pile of damn locs!)

DOUG BARBOUR sorry i haven't written sooner, but i've been busy & sort of put off reading the brunner article until i had time to sit down & digest it. it's the kind of thing i really enjoy in zines--basically sercon person that i am--& it certainly helped to make up for the obviously Wasted Paper. but i'm sure you'll get enough flak on that from the women who buy yr zine. i don't mind some of its humor, but the bothersome adolescence of it all finally got to me. ah well.

i miss any substantial lettercol, tho you tell us to expect much next time. i should hope so; after all the big double ish is running for best fanzine & had soo much, & just must've provoked an immense amount

of loc-quationousness. all of which i'm sure i'd enjoy reading. well a day, it better be good & long next ish. please?

i enjoyed patrick mcguire's piece on the fictional views of WW3; it made the proper points & was also properly evaluative of the "achievement" as worthwhile fiction. neal wilgus's four poems show some sign of talent. After the Invasion shows that he can build to a good ending, & that he can learn the value of using what are almost sf (archetypal) images: the last 5 lines. For me good poetry has lots of interesting image & sound patterns (not rhyming couplets or anything--i'm in favor of open form stuff), & i don't find too much of that in these poems, except for some glimmers in that 2nd poem. But, if he reads the right people, & keeps working, neal might write some real poetry some day. i know that sounds rather pompous, i can only qualify it by saying i've been reading & studying poetry for about 18 years, & writing it for close to 15 & i hope that i may write some real poetry someday, too.

of course, the centre of the issue is the brunner piece, & it was very good reading on the whole, full of interesting facts & quotes from the man himself, & also providing some heavy insights into what it's really like to work as a freelance. it should, as it did with me, increase a lot of people's empathy with brunner the man, as well as with brunner the writer. yet, yet, some little niggles occur. there are footnotes here, so why aren't they all useful? footnote #1 tells us that much of the material is adapted from *The Development of a Science Fiction Writer*, but doesn't tell us if that is a book, or, if it's an article, as i suspect, where the hell we can find it. i suspect it was in the first issue of the british sf magazine *Foundation*, which is, admittedly, hard to get, if not impossible, but we should know; i, for example, would like to read it someday, if i ever get the chance. during the section on The Established Pro, i was somewhat confused as to when what was happening. i think the whole article needs one last rewrite to get rid of some confusions that arise through somewhat awkward temporal comments--ie. pointing out when something happened: this is worst when discussing the difficulties associated with the time lapse concerning STAND ON ZANZIBAR. nevertheless, the article gave me a sense of just how dedicated brunner is, how hard he's worked to make himself a good writer, & it made me want to read some more of his stuff. it's also made me a bit inquisitive about the book it's a part of; but, as i say, such a book should be as good as possible, & i hope the few flaws of style & structure in the article are removed before final publication. they mar an otherwise superb introduction to an important sf writer, & since such a book is new to our field & will therefore be read with great care outside it, it must be on its best behaviour.

gee, well i guess this wasn't such a bad



issue after all, was it? thanks, & i even enjoyed a lot of the artwork, like the very fine front cover, & the photo of brunner.

[5/30/75]

DAINIS BISENTEKS *Outworlds* 23 on hand. Not bad, not bad. But certainly I did not object to the cheap paper of last issue. Very few fanzines are to me objects to be cherished. Mostly I pass them on to a friend...who never writes letters; still, you get two readers for the price of one.

I was glad to have the information about Brunner, and I think I can trust the critical evaluation. But there are things about De Bolt's style which time and again made me wince. The elegant variation of the paragraph about magazine appearances, p. 890, col. 1, was truly...um, ah...muscovite.<sup>1</sup> Even worse were sentences like these, both from p. 892, col. 1.

But this was also a time to strike out in new directions as well as be honored for past accomplishments.

But his career was about to reach a third plateau of achievement, one that would make his past efforts pale.

Examine them. Don't they have more than a touch of "hype"? This is the language of journalistic eulogy, little changed since the nineteenth century. Like Olaf, I would like something more palatable.

Gawd, I think I read the *Collier's* article when it came out. Odd--I was born in '37 and only came to America in '49, but the magazine collection I used to have and all those accounts of the fannish past, like the one here by Doc Lowndes have given me a pseudo-memory of the fannish past. I didn't actually read too much of my collection of pulps (pretty solid back through '38), in fact, that's what decided me to sell out...but I have read all but two or three of the Campbell *Astoundings*. A few in my collection were stamped R-TRAPP'S FILE. How many fans have such, I wonder?

I liked Stricklen's story and the four poems by Wilgus.[4/13]

<sup>1</sup>...if, as I suspect, you're referring to the physical appearance of that paragraph...I chose the type 'styles', not Joe...

BRUCE D. ARTHURS ...some (late) comments on 21/22; #22 first: Re Denis Quane's comment on 831: No, I'm impractically a total abstainer. Actually, I usually fix myself a slow gin and coke before going to bed. I like sloe gin, though I couldn't understand why people kept laughing and guffawing whenever I mentioned it. Glicksohn finally explained it to me.

And just recently I discovered a *liqueur* (if that's the proper spelling ((you're asking me?!))) called, I think, Amaretto. Ah, ambrosia! It would make Tucker give up Jim Beam, Glicksohn give up India Pale Ale, Kurt Stubbs (a local fan who has a standing offer to beat anyone up to and including Poul Anderson in a beer drink-off) give up beer! It is so smooth, so delicious...and so horrendously expensive. (About \$15 a fifth, if I remember right.)

Austin's illo on 835 was marvelous. Will there be more in the series? I can think of a couple more: "The Day Bill Bowers Turned Old" or "The Day Heidi Saha Reached the Age of Consent".

I note both Glicksohn and Don Ayres have never had teddy bears of their own. Why, someone might accuse them of being fake fans for that lack. They're not fakefens, though...just snakefens.

Glicksohn again, 859: As for riding to airports with people, you'll never guess who I rode with when I left Philcon last Dec. Stu Gilliam, the black comedian. No kidding; remember the Ben Franklin hotel? That's where they house the co-hosts for the Mike Douglas Show, and guess who'd been co-host that week? Just one thing, tho; thruout the entire cab ride, I didn't say a word. Why? Because for the life of me, I couldn't remember what Stu Gilliam has done. I'm sure he would have loved it if I'd said, "I really loved that routine where you do such and such" and it turned out to have been something of Dick Pryor's.

On to #21. Kent Bronley's piece on Elwood is \*ahem\* not too complimentary. It suffers from the fact that Bromley, like most people, has never met Elwood. Elwood's intentions are good, extremely good, absolutely 100% pure, in fact. His intentions are so good as to be almost unbelievable, and I suspect that there are a number of people who just can't believe that anyone's intentions are so good. Actually putting those intentions into effect, now...

I recommend that Bromley read Jerry Pournelle's long piece on Elwood in *Notes From the Chemistry Department* #10, which mainly concentrates on Elwood's personality and how it affects his work. (Elwood's personality was something I deliberately tried to avoid as much as possible in my own long article in *Godless* #8, since I felt I hadn't met him for a long enough period to make such judgements. Also, I have rather strong anti-religious feelings, and I felt they might remove the impartiality I was striving to give in the article if I'd gone too deeply into Elwood as a person.)

At any rate, since Elwood is giving up the short-story/

anthology market and concentrating on novels, it doesn't look like there's much chance anymore of his "dominating" the market. He's still putting out an awful lot (I just realized those two words have a double meaning; hmm), but he's not a *controlling* influence in the field.

Enjoyed the "Lime Jello" report, tho' I think I'd have preferred one from Susan Applegate's viewpoint rather than Jerry Pournelle's. Incidentally, a few weeks ago I bought myself a new car, a '73 Mustang. Guess what color it is, and what I have named it?

Moving on to 23, I notice that I haven't yet mentioned any of the art except Austin's illo in 22. The trouble with a Fancy Fanzine like OW is that one comes to take the excellent art and layout for granted. Perhaps you should bring out an issue with only hand-stenciled stick figures for art, to "shock" the readership into being more appreciative of the usual art. At any rate, be assured that I do appreciate the many hours of work the artists (and you) put into the appearance of OW.

One nitpick with Canfield's bcover on 23: the face of the female robot seems too masculine. Perhaps some sort of ornate headdress, or redesigning that strange nose, would make it more appealing to me.

Good use of Zipatone on the robot, tho. I got myself some for the first time last week, and it is Neat Stuff. Am I correct in assuming that Grant made a general shading of the robot first, then added details and highlights by applying white ink (or whatever) over the Zipatone. Some of those white highlights--such as directly behind the right knee joint--look too damned small for anyone to do with an Xacto knife unless they were inhumanly patient.

*You've got it basically right, Bruce, in that most of the highlights were white paint. Another fun thing to use is WHITE Zipatone...and apply it over a black drawing or background (see Grant's robot on p. 715, and the "Outworlds" strip in OW 19) or over presstype (see the "Double Issue" and "\$1.50" on 21's cover) to get a fake halftone effect...*

The most entertaining piece this issue was *Dirt and Smut from Waste Paper*. I especially liked the letter from Glicksohn. Actually, the few times I've met him, I never noticed that Glicksohn was particularly short. Of course, I'm not too tall, myself. (Now you would notice, Bill.) The thing I noticed was that he has rather a lot of hair. A hell of a lot of hair, in fact; none of my high school math teachers ever looked like that ~~THANK/GODDAMN~~. In fact, I'd wager that if Glicksohn walked into the friendly local school system and applied for a teaching job, they'd either fall on the floor shrieking with laughter or hang him from the nearest tree as a dirty hippie Commie. Maybe both. But he sure is hairy; give him five or ten years and he'll look like a giant tribble. (Well, maybe medium-sized...?)

The Brunner biography was highly welcome. It's always a pleasure to learn about the background behind the men behind the books. I'd certainly like to see more of this sort of writing from Kennikat Press--or anyone else for that matter. I'd especially like to see one done on Phil Dick, since he's one of my favorite authors, yet I know almost nothing about his life or the influences that have affected him thru his career, particularly his early career.

I also think De Bolt's article gave me a somewhat better appreciation of Brunner's work. I'll be keeping some of the books mentioned in mind the next time I visit the used book store.

I wonder how many people will notice that the inside covers form one continuous story? [4/22/75]

*Well...the SAFE way would be to check the rest of the letters first...but offhand, I think you were the only one to mention it, at any rate.*

DR. ALEXANDER DONIPHAN WALLACE Exponential expansion to your ego, and many thanks for the splendid issue of OW (#23).

A few comments in the context of Joe De Bolt's fine piece on John Brunner: The words "literary" and "academic" do not have a pejorative connotation, a rare thing in fandom. The phrase "... he undertook a major exploration of the nature of evil using elements from his personal experience ..." is an infelicity.

Without pointing any arrows in Brunner's direction, there arises the question of financial stringency, the necessity of hack-work (of some kind), and the existence of various barriers to be overcome, as *essential* requisite to literary success. Relying on inexact memory it appears that all of these (to take some examples) were early deterred from the opportunity for literary creation: Orwell, Cary, Graham Greene, Dickens, Wells, Kipling, J C Powys, Conrad, W S Maugham, Snow, Hardy, Trollope, C S Lewis... As a qualitative statistic it appears that 90% of all "successful" English novelists of the past century have made



hard going of it. It may be objected that C S Lewis was supported by his father for some five or six years at Oxford, and before, of course. This is true, indeed, but Lewis was preparing for a fellowship, learning things he would as soon not have learned, writing student essays, grading exam papers and doing private tutoring. His fellowship was for five years, and required tutorials, lectures and other academic activities, as well as some evidence that his fellowship should be renewed.

The enclosed clipping is an example to show that even the late starter can get into the literary entertainment business and achieve affluence. ((A NY Times clipping, titled "Master of Gothic Novel Hard at work on No. 243", about a Dan Ross, who "wrote the first of his 242 books just 13 years ago, at the age of 48." He discovered he could write a book in 10 days--"and since he usually takes only one day off between them, he does well--'a thousand a week or so,' he explains.")) The real question here involves both ways and means: Is it necessary to suffer in order to attain affluence in doing what one wants to do? Does the higher aim demand the greater outlay?

While Lewis is in evidence it may be noted that he did not regard fiction as mere entertainment, or as occasion for the author to display his talents. He criticized writers of fiction for inventing vicious villains for pure heros to chastise, so that the author might identify with his hero and so obtain merit with himself in this cheap fashion. A deep fellow, this Lewis. He remarked that his conversion from theism to Christianity was held back, not so much by belief, as by ignorance of what to believe. Thus he found earlier "the blood of the Lamb" to be silly and shocking and (still in the vein of SF&F) J R R Tolkien was one of those who enlightened him on such matters. A deep fellow, this Tolkien, who supported himself (as Lewis did) in academia and whose SF&F was a labor of pleasure--or propaganda, as Lewis might have put it.

R A W Lowndes' account of life among the pulpeters was no less than fascinating. He terminates it with a nonsequitur, in effect writing thus--I declined an opportunity to edit a "best of the year" because pundits get no pleasure in reading SF&F.

Implicit in your editorial rumination is this solemn query: What is the future for a faned? Better, if brutal, is there a future for a faned as such? Otherwise, is not fanedding (or fanedding) ephemeral, almost by definition? [received 4/16]

PIERS ANTHONY ...a brief remark from memory on 22: Somewhere in there Pfeil of Vertex said that the referenced blacklisting case described in the SFWA publication was not Arnold. Now I had never thought there were so many similar blacklisting cases that they were interchangeable, and apparently I owe Pfeil an apology for underestimating him. Now I wonder how the hell many writers he is blacklisting for what supposed causes. And I wonder who he was referring to before, if not Arnold; maybe we should identify that person and get his comment, to see whether Pfeil's summary was an accurate representation there. Would not surprise me to find that writer had an entirely different version.

In 23, the article on John Brunner interests me. As you may (or may not) know, I was born in Oxford, England just about six weeks before John Brunner, so we just may be the closest two SF authors in regard to place/date of birth. I am interested in all my contemporaries--that is, the ones closest to me in age. My collaborator andy offutt is just ten days my junior; Harlan Ellison is three months my senior; and Robert Silverberg is somewhere in there. We all of us are 40 now, supposedly a significant and appalling age. Anyway, the temptation to draw parallels is great, and there seem to be some quite apart from age. But I'll content myself with a couple of remarks. I seem to have done somewhat better, considering my later start, than Brunner, so that I never have had to turn out a purely bread and butter novel while neglecting my important work. Luck, mostlv. And Brunner affected my career: the first nove SFWA program of copies-to-members was Brunner's SQUARES OF THE CITY; I read it and said, "Hey, I bet this publisher would like my novel CHTHON, which has some similar convolutions." So I sent it there, and made my first novel sale. Thank you, John Brunner!

[4/15/75]

I note that Don Pfeil lost his job at MANKIND Pubs. I hope my expose had something to do with that, but more likely it's coincidence.

[7/5/75]

With the folding of Vertex, and Pfeil leaving the parent company, that particular discussion becomes, I would say, little more than a moot point. It could be argued/discussed for years, but enough "evidence" is missing, and the readers have responded with their thoughts...so that I see no point in prolonging it...

FERNANDO QUADROS GOUVEA Well, I went and did it, despite all the warnings of my survival instinct: I read all four issues of OW (19 thru 23) in five days. Reading an average of .8 issues a day for five days, I'll be lucky if this letter is coherent enough for you to

Brute Tornley  
2323 Sibley St.  
Alexandria, Va. 22311  
April 10, 1975

Dear Bill,

The plan was to find some terrifically bright and amazingly intelligent thing to say or do to you with this letter. You knew, to really impress you. Well, I was gonna do a letter of comment but (get this) it was going to be on another fanzine. Real or imaginary I'm not really sure but it was going to be a terribly creative letter nonetheless. And then I staragted to do it but then I found I couldn't or wouldn't (if you're so clever why doneha think something up to say huh?). Then I decided to go the straight dada route (it worked with Milne Glycer so why not Bill Bowers) you know the louver-helicopter-fan-jet-insect-relations-her-eyes-were-jellied-basebals-of-fire stuff. Well, I couldn't come up with anything there either. Then I was just going to send the picture with no note attached and let you think of something and figure it out. But I had a hovering sort of feeling that you might think the drawing was a sort of practical joke and throw it away. Well, here's the final comprise--an honesty with boot licking sort of thing on the last sheet of the fabled Brute Tornley stationary. Thanks for putting out a fine zine like OUTWORLDS and hope you like the picture.

Couldn't hit it sideways,

*Brute*

Dear Bill,

Well, ok, too bad you can't use the drawing and all that. Maybe I'll try to favor the crew at THE NEW YORKER with it. But then maybe I'll come to my senses and maybe not. You've got nifty forms for reply and why not? Don't worry about not being able to make anything (paper airplane? jolly party hat?) of HIF. As editor Mark Jenkins has admitted to Sheryl Birkhead: 'I don't understand it very much either'. Yep, the reciving of OW 23 was the reason for your receipt of the drawing. I did like the #23 very much, particularly the Fabian cover. Which is strange cause I generally don't like Steve Fabian's drawings; they strike me as being too facile in execution with too little content. Course I really like the ones that have been showing up in FANTAS-TIC lately so maybe it's just a passing phase of either his or mine.

Couldn't hit it sideways, *Brute*

understand.

You see, Bill, OW is fun to read, but it's also full of thoughtful writing and other treats. It's inevitable consequence is producing thought. An overdose of thought-stimulant --that's what reading the four issues felt like. It tired the hell out of my imagination. Needless to say, it was also a lot of fun.

Of the four issues, I think the best is 23, maybe because of the longer material. Anyhow, for the sake of coherence, I'll try to look at them in order.

First OW 19. Canfield's robots are really excellent, and I'm glad to see (in no. 23) that he intends to continue doing them. Someday, someone will become rich by publishing a whole book of Canfield's best work. He's incredible.

The best columns in 19 are Susan Wood's and Jodie Offutt's. The lettercolumn was also very good to read, even if I was a little alien to what was being discussed. I'll talk about the Great Controversy later.

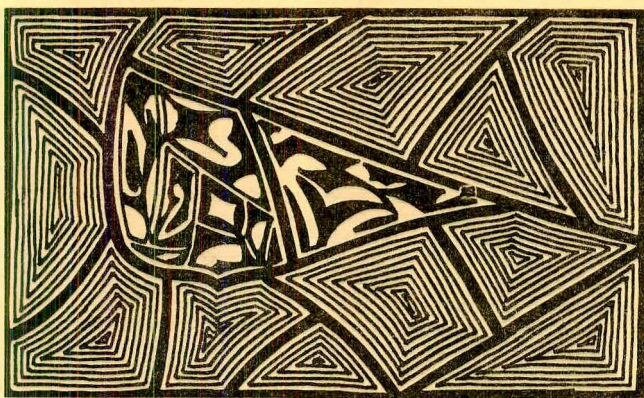
As a whole, no. 19 was a good issue. It looked very good, and was usually easy to read. Of course, sometimes I wished for a magnifying glass...or a microscope. I understand the small print (it's your Petition For More Space, isn't it?), but it's very hard to read at times.

In no. 20, Grafaneditica sure stands out. To people who, like me, have a distant dream of someday editing a fanzine, Grafaneditica represents a variety of stimuli and warnings, and it may bring about a diminishing of the frequency of crudzines--I sure hope so.

Barry Gillam's article on Shull is also very interesting. The only sad thing about it is not being able to look up all those illos he mentions--alas for being a neo!

The Sterling Lanier article was very interesting, since I





hadn't read anything about him before. I find him fascinating as a person, and also like his sculpture very much.

The double 21/22 issue is harder to talk about. It impressed me with its size, especially with its enormous letter column--and, of course, with the Great Controversy. I found *The Excoriator* mildly amusing. *Understandings* is very interesting, especially when he says that everyone approves of some form of censorship. It's true, and I find it an excellent thing--some kind of censorship is not only inevitable but necessary.

Jodie Offutt is again very interesting, and fun. andy offutt's speech is also very good, and funny. The eyewitness account of the Lime Jello affair was fascinating: you *could* print more of these, couldn't you? I love reading about Fannish Legends. Susan Wood's column was excellent. I'd heard of Van Loon, but never in so pleasing a way. Susan is really an excellent fan writer.

Now to the letters. They are all very good, especially Glicksohn's. (Please don't banish me from OW for that, Bill.) The letters are usually fun to read. But then, we come to what impressed me the most, though not really favorably.

The Controversy. It may be a mere coincidence, but I find the illo on p. 841 curiously appropriate... Really, all this controversy is a bit too violent for what is supposed to be an enjoyable fanzine. And besides that, generally you don't get anywhere with this kind of verbal fight.

Let's see. Controversy One is really only a totally unnecessary reply to a totally unnecessary challenge. Piers is reacting to Ted's challenge, and does so first by playing at psychologist, then by listing a series of cases where Ted is supposedly guilty of deforming the truth. Yes. Interesting, isn't it? Now Ted comes along and says things aren't exactly as Piers says, and Piers...ad infinitum? And HOW are we to know who is distorting what? They're probably each telling the truth as they see it--go ask Philip K. Dick if everyone sees the truth in the same way.

Next, Controversy Two: in which everyone is calling everyone else paranoid. This is not a pleasing matter, and Dean Koontz's violent letter doesn't help, either.

Then, Controversy Three... This is a depressing story. First, it deals with serious stuff, like the unwarranted blacklisting of an author. Then, it, too, is full of "facts" which are presented by Piers, then refuted by Don, or vice-versa. There is really no way for the reader to decide who is right, and too much evidence is not shown (Arnold's first letter, for example). Perhaps you, who may know the men involved personally, can decide who is telling the larger amount of truth. I sure can't.

Well, now to no. 23, the best of the lot. Both front and back covers are excellent. I like the idea of not printing "Outworlds" on the cover, and it is unnecessary, since you won't be selling it on the bookstands. The issue generally looks good; I like the idea of printing in two columns of type instead of three: it makes for an uncluttered look.

I also like the idea of listing the contributor's addresses. Yes, that'd be very interesting, though I hope not too many people write them, or every one will prefer to not reveal the addresses.

Patrick McGuire's article is interesting, even though its theme is a little too specific. In any case, it left me curious and wanting to see this issue of *Collier's*, so I suppose it did all I could ask of it.

Robert Lowndes' *Understandings* are a pleasure to read, and this one was even more so. The discussions of the early magazines are not only necessary from an academic point of view, but also represent exactly what Lowndes talks about at the end of the article: they are *criticism* in Lowndes' sense: a true, vivid, readable, *pleasurable* sharing of pleasure.

*Understandings* left a nagging question in my mind: how old is Lowndes? This is mere curiosity, and, after all, he did read the 1929 *Amazings*!

According to the dust jacket on his *THREE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION* [NESFA, 1973], he was born September 4, 1918...

Joe De Bolt's article on John Brunner was impressive, and a lot of fun to read. Besides that, it was interesting both as criticism, and as a kind of guide to Brunner's work. Of course, I've read quite a few things by Brunner, but I didn't have any idea about the structure of his career. It turns out that I had never heard of some of his books, including some that got nominated for the Nebula and Hugo awards. It's an excellent article, and thanks for bringing yourself to ask for it.

S.A. Stricklen, Jr. is fantastic: this story is really very good, GLUNK!! [6/18/75]

...I'm always interested in the reaction of those getting OW for the first time...in a clump of 4 or 5 issues at once...since it's obviously impossible for me to place myself in their shoes. I won't print too many "overview" responses of this kind, but occasionally...why not?

NEAL WILGUS At first glance I thot OW #23 was going to be a disappointment--but you proved me mighty wrong, indeed. The disappointment, I guess, was a superficial reaction to the mere 36 pages you managed this time, but when I got into the real meat of those pages I was ready to declare that #23 is the best OW I've seen yet. Here's why:

Joe De Bolt's article on John Brunner's career is a really first rate, professional piece of writing that makes me want to kick myself for not being more familiar with Brunner's books. If the rest of THE HAPPENING WORLDS OF JOHN BRUNNER are up to this high standard, the book will be an instant classic of sf criticism/biblio/biography. I'm just thankful, really, that HAPPENING WORLDS won't appear till fall so that I'll have this summer to catch up on Brunner's fiction, the better to appreciate the biography. Many thanks for publishing such excellent material.

McGuire's *Defeat and Occupation* was a close second to the Brunner article, to my mind. Again, very well written and the subject so intrinsically interesting that the only complaint is that it was a bit too short, perhaps. Excuse my "serconism", but it seems to me that analysis like this is exactly where the SF vision is most valuable and socially useful. More of the same is needed...

Lowndes' *Understandings* is always interesting, and of course *Dirt and Smut* was of great value to anyone struggling to appreciate the complete significance of fandom. Stricklen's *Great Ocean* was about the only thing in #23 I might have deleted, but even it was amusing. Great covers, great interior illos, great layout--and even a few letters and zine reviews. Who could ask for more (in 36 pages)? [5/2/75]

PAULA LIEBERMAN The concept of *Outworlds* being a work-of-art exclusively makes me shudder. Maybe that's the problem with DHALGREN--as close as one can get to the concept of all art, with no communication--if it doesn't communicate, then it's only art to the person who made/wrote/edited it. Maybe something is Art, but there's an unreasonable amount of doubt if there's only one person who can understand it.

You say that *Outworlds* isn't what you want it to be, whatever that is. But whatever *Outworlds* is, I stand in awe of what you've done with it.

1951 was a long time ago, in light of mid-1970's foreign policy. And looking at magazine articles from that year, it seems even further away. It hasn't been very long (somewhere between a couple and at most ten years) since various documents of the Soviet Union and its supposedly satellites of that era along with partial expansions (there are articles with such names as *The Decipherment of Esoteric Communications* which give indications of what the poor people trying to figure out what the announcements and press releases governments make actually mean have to go through--sometimes only one sentence in three pages of document that's of any significance) have been released to western political scientists. Anyway, from more than twenty years later and the synopsis given of that issue of *Collier's*, it looks like it was an alternate universe even then.

The obvious solution to the "inner" and "outer" circles of fandom question is for several hundred different inner groups to exist. So what if they don't overlap too much, how else could everyone be in an inner group?

The inside cover illos are, well, interesting. I don't think much of the bacover, though. It doesn't make much sense to me. There is the "cyborg" discussion my roommate and I had my freshman year (we were talking about the average Techman, and got to the ones who computer hacked all night long/plugged themselves into the computers all night long) but going to all the effort of making a human female shaped robot....no, especially not with titanium. [4/12/75]

PETER MANDLER #23 came today with four pieces of junk mail. Coincidence?

*Understandings* was lovely. I'm not sure why I enjoy these reminiscences from way-back (yes, even Isaac



Asimov re-re-discovering the joys of pre-pubescence). Perhaps it has something to do with the kinship I feel for lonely teenagers holding newsagents at gunpoint while feverishly rifling through magazine racks. I also feel a little regret that I wasn't there at the Beginning; it's hard nowadays to get a comprehensive knowledge of the field, since there's so damn much of it. Nevertheless, Lowndes' memories give me more of a sense of wonder than most of the fiction I read... Is that what fandom's all about? That it gives you the same kind of kicks the fiction is supposed to?

The Brunner extravaganza is the type of thing I would like to see more of in OW; the major fanzines are the only ones able to get the quality material and reserve the space for it when it comes in bulk. Comprehensive overviews of an author's entire career (while they should possibly be restricted to those who are not into prolificity) are not only helpful as reference and elucidation, but will do wonders for that author's Ardent Devotees. While I am not a Brunner groupie, I still enjoyed the article...

On second thought, maybe you didn't have space for the Brunner thing; it seemed to be the entire substance of the issue.

(4/17/75)

ALAN L. BOSTICK Howcome *Outworlds* arrives in my mailbox only after agonizing months of waiting? It can't be just your fault; the latest date I could find that had definitely passed before you had laid things out was 28 February, indicating that you finished the layout sometime around mid-March. Was OW delayed prolongedly by the printer? Did the US Mail fuck things up again? Has the CIA started a campaign of harassing those commie-pinko-pervert-hippies who try to pollute american morality by publishing fanzines? ((The 'bulk' mailing was made April 4...obviously yours was delayed somewhere!))

I had thought that #'s 19-22 were really good-looking, but they are trifles compared with #23. The only fault I can think of offhand is in the lettercol. Apparently the letters you had on hand were not really enough to put out a really good selection. ((No, that wasn't it, by any means! Main reason was that I just didn't have the money for more pages...and a secondary reason was that I wanted to let certain things cool down a bit...)) The rest of the general layout and run of articles and artwork were all uniformly excellent.

The publication of Patrick McGuire's article was exceedingly well-timed, as it turns out; the capture of the American freighter *Mayaguez* by the Khmer Rouge government of Cambodia, and the subsequent recapture by force of the ship and its crew is an ominous warning to those who can read the writing on the wall of the true nature of the next World War, i.e. Industrial Powers like the US and the Soviet Union vs. the small underdeveloped countries of the world. The Communist Menace is a thing of the past; the great confrontation of the future will be Have against Have-not. Look at the results of the international population and food conferences. Consider the ominous turn of events in Southeast Asia. Yes, Mr. McGuire's article was thought-provoking, but in light of recent events, not the kind of thoughts that we really want to have to think about.

It isn't polite to end loc's on such gloomy notes as the one above. There should always be a ray of hope for mankind, and Fandom should be pleased to know that I've found it. All you cynical pessimists have to discontinue your carping now, because I have proof of the innate goodness in humanity! (Are you ready, World?) Humans are basically noble inside! Do you know why? Because Bill Bowers has published an excellent issue of *Outworlds* without having to print a loc from Mike Glicksohn! If that can happen without reducing the appeal of OW, who knows what heights of aesthetic perfection Mankind can reach to? (All right, Bowers, you've done the impossible. Now bring back Glicksohn before your readers riot.)

(5/15/75)

Must I? Oh well, if you insist... As they say...

MIKE GLICKSOHN All good things, they say, come to an end and I suppose, like all cliches, there is truth in that. Certainly my fortuitous ability to find reasons to put off reading the latest *Outworlds* has finally evaporated. Now, I wouldn't be so crass as to suggest that your much-enjoyed phonecall of last night, during which you begged, pleaded, grovelled and whined for a complimentary reaction, had anything to do with it. No sir. I wouldn't be that crass. Just because you make snide passing references to your betters in your editorial is no reason to assume I'd let fandom know about how you go about getting the praise you receive. I'm a bigger (metaphorically, of course) fan than that, so your debased, disgusting behavior is safe with me.

Surprisingly, once I'd gotten drunk enough to actually begin the onerous task of reading your latest chef d'oeuvre, with its run-of-the-mill artwork, nondescript graphics, pedestrian layout and design, and merely competent material, I found it to be some slight degree above the usual standard of amateur science fiction eclectically informal investigative journals that are sent to me. And I trust that the previous sentence, jammed as it is chockablock with fulsome praise and extravagantly overblown superlatives will assuage your ravenous desire for egoboo. I'd hate to let a friend down by not coming through with an appropriate pat on the back...

assuage your ravenous desire for egoboo. I'd hate to let a friend down by not coming through with an appropriate pat on the back....

Enough of this frivolously fictitious fanac! Of course it's beautiful and of course I enjoyed reading (most of) it... But I really couldn't let you steal an advance on me with those less-than-subtle slurs in the section you laughingly refer to as your editorial, and hence these opening remarks to bring things into a proper balance once again. (I was actually rather glad to see you reply in kind to some of the things I've written about you, just so readers throughout fandom could finally realize that I'm not unfairly picking on an unarmed man when I engage in a battle of wits with you. I may still be accused of atom-bombing an ant, but that first, feeble, faltering step has been taken. Keep trying; and I hope your Geritol proves as inspirational as my Chivas.)

And having said all that, I've little to say about the issue itself! (I've shot my De Bolt, maybe?)

Grant's stuff is just great, and brings back very fond memories of one of the very best personalzines I've ever enjoyed reading. His intro, too, is a marvellously perceptive analysis of Bowers and *Outworlds*. It's a shame, really, that Grant never won a Hugo, not only because he deserved one, but, selfishly, because it might've kept his interest level in fandom higher, and we'd still be enjoying the amount of written and drawn material that he produced at the height of his sorties into fanac. As it is, the more lucrative professional cartoon field quite reasonably took his interest, and while we still get to marvel at his work in a few of the better and luckier fanzines, there is far less of his magic around nowadays. And, which may be even more of a loss, there is practically none of his truly inventive writing being published. Which makes this compendium of gems and gee-gaws triply enjoyable. Grant may well be one of the cleverest and most brilliant creative spirits not working in fandom. Dammit! (And to think he was an illiterate guano collector and Famous Pencil Holding School dropout before he was published in *Energumen*. It certainly is a wonderful thing.)

I did spot one factual error in the De Bolt article: The Globe, perennial meeting place of London Fandom, was not demolished after all, but the meetings were moved to the One Tun when it appeared that the Globe was to be razed. Other than that, I've little to say about the piece. I rather surprised myself by reading it through, because this is usually not my favorite type of article. Perhaps I was wondering whether Joe would discuss the attitudes of large segments of British fandom to Brunner (where he is oft called Ghod, without the complimentary connotations reserved for Elmer Purdue and where "to brunner" means "to strut in finery") but again, that may be in the next section. Whatever, it was interesting background material, though hardly revelatory.

Enjoyed your fanzine reviews. Who read the issues to you? The Sultzter inside bacover is delightful! And what more appropriate place for it than your fanzine, which afficianados have dubbed *Outhouse* for years!

(5/11/75)

I ALSO HEARD FROM.....

4-19-75 Dear Bill: Relieved, read, and enjoyed (very much) *OUTWORLDS* 23 a week or so ago. I think it is the best looking issue I've seen, and contained the best article to appear in a fanzine in years. Of course I mean Joe De Bolt's words on the career of John Brunner. I enjoy the hell out of personality pieces and wish more were written for fanzines. You did miss the perfect touch to finish off the article, a Brunner bibliography, but that would've probably taken months to compile. And I can't forget to mention Grant Canfield and friends who contributed some of the most amusing writing I've seen in a long time. Loved the illos. Hell, Bill, I loved the whole issue and hope you get both the Hugo and Faan awards this year. In fact, the only way you could top the current OWs is to get John Bangsund and Harlan Ellison to write you columns. Oh, you already thought of that, eh? Hope I do get to Midwestcon this year, and Publish On! Peace, Dave

...DAVE GORMAN

## CY CHAUVIN ## PHILIP M. COHEN ## CONNIE FADDIS ## GIL GAIER ## MIKE GORRA ## NICK GRASSEL ## CHRIS HULSE ## TERRY JEEVES ## JODIE OFFUTT: "I don't think OW 23 is so dirty. I didn't let the kids look at it, but I don't let them look at *Fetish Times*, *Screw* or Bill Rotsler's Christmas cards, either." ## DONALD ROBERTSON...

...only seven pages on #23? Something of a disappointment...but then, at the moment I couldn't have handled much more, so... It might be interesting for potential faneds to consider that the virtual lack of a lettercol in 23 contributed in large measure, I suspect, to the sparse turnout... 8/22/75; 11:35 P.M.







...one more time: Comments (mainly) on Outworlds #24...

JESSICA AMANDA SALMONSON I am in pain. I refused to take those dratted constipating pain pills today, as they make me vewwy sweepy, and I'll never catch up reading fanzines, submissions, letters and books if I lay here in a post-operative dozey daze forever. My aunt is caring for me while I recuperate from the first stage of what is correctly referred to as "sexual reassignment" surgery. I feel like someone just kicked me in the balls, despite the fact that I no longer have any... I suppose I should savor the feeling, as when I'm healed, that eye-opening crotch-clutching surprise will never again be within my potential to experience.

OW 24 arrived a few days ago, the envelope mutilated but the contents safe. The opening bit of fan-history was informative to us greenfens, but probably has its greatest appeal to older fans, as nostalgia. Ray Palmer is still madly publishing amateur thingies about flying saucers and assorted occult garbage. I received something from him on green paper out-of-the-blue about two months ago, with a lot of dull & dated drivel about Nixon, plus a rehash of that old and silly theory about the world being hollow with a hole at the top. Quite uninteresting and unintelligible. Are there any other doddering old fans left, whose interests & intellect has not evolved one iota since those early days of fandom?

Sandra's "sensies" is a most inventive twist on an old game, comparing personality impressions to things inanimate. Something faintly similar: once at a part with several lesbian women, the girl I was then strung out on suggested we take turns inventing fairy tales about one another. She told the first tale, an adaptation of The Princess and the Pea, about me, whom she considered so overly fragile and emotionally sensitive that the smallest problem buried 'neath the thickest layers of velvet would get me all upset. (And she called me her Princess for the duration of our affair, but this turned out to have a sarcastic meaning because she also felt I behaved like I thought I was superior stock, royalty, pampered and coddled, and pouty when I don't get my way...alas.) There was the slightest undercurrent of hostility in her tale, since she and I had been having difficulties, and it set a bad precedent. Other girls started depicting one another in tales of ugly old trolls, evil witches, warted elves, focusing on the worst traits of some very beautiful women. It took the level head of the only male at that gathering to avert a hair-pulling orgy. The whole scene was a bit tacky, and not nearly as much fun as Sandra's innocent evaluations.

The Wood, Gorra and Locke articles were lower points for me. In small doses, *Granfanedica* material is different, a change, variety, great. All-in-a-lump, it loses most of its favorable attributes. Gorra's symposium should have been a gem, and would have been in a better rounded issue where it would provide a variety. But it suffered here when so much of the material is similar, too much *about* fanzines, nothing for balance.

Always have loved the lettercol, even before my name was sprinkled throughout.

I must foot-note previous information sent you about my tit-size. Due to hormone therapy, I'm now able to go bra-less when it strikes my fancy, and throwing away my li'l foam rubber inserts has done wonders for my morale (if not my morals?). I'm not really pre-occupied with my figure, but it *is* important. Though I only fill an A-cup, I do feel adequate, and it isn't really important if I develop further or not (I probably will now that I've had this surgery). One fantastic thing about this cleavage, though, is its errogenous qualities. When a gay girl plants her lips on my nipples, I feel like I died and went to hebben. You'll never know, Bill, how good it feels. (Oh, I *do* hope this info isn't jarring your head any!)

Howsoever, I am not 100% lesbian anymore. I flipped out over a couple different guys in the last months. But really neat guys seem to be far rarer than really neat girls, so I'm closing with a small poem on the subject, to help you understand...

#### Recipe

Sugar, spice, many things nice  
Willing ear and sound advice  
Some vanity, but not too much  
Flesh like satin soft to touch.

Scented tresses, subtle lure  
Mind so wicked, heart so pure  
Eyes that shine, reflecting love  
That's what li'l dykes are made of.

[6/26/75]

Perhaps you should be jarring my head, considering my back-ground...and sometimes I suspect you're TRYING to...but it hasn't worked out that way. My basic philosophy--which I do TRY to live by--is that whatever makes you happy while not causing intentional hurt to others, is fine by me. I must admit to a certain curiosity as to what my reaction would be if I ever meet you... Perhaps at the Vancouver Westercon...

JERRY JACKS I had meant to loc 21/22, specifically concerning *The Excoriator*, which I thought was an excellent satire both faanishly and cinematically. I thought F.T. Laney as the demon was a nice touch (has Mayer read *Ah, Sweet Idiocy*, I wonder?).

F.T. Laney managed to have far more influence and lasting effect on the fannish social scene than he ever deserved (almost as great as *he* thought he had). I "heard" about ASI while still damp with corflu behind the ears, a veritable Neo's Neo, in Baltimore in the early 1960's, but I didn't read the thing until 1969. What I heard in Baltimore mostly dealt with Laney's fervent denunciation of "fags in fandom" and I got the distinct impression that most fans were still opposed to homosexuals in fandom, rather violently so.

In 1968, when I became 21, I decided to come out. (Note here: "come out"--from "come out of the closet", i.e., to openly identify oneself to the world as being Gay/homosexual. "Closet Queens" are gays who are in hiding), and did so to the extent that I became chairman of my college Gay Liberation Front in 1969. I didn't come out within fandom until 1971 (and I was the first open gay in fandom), two years of getting over Laney, that's power!

I finally came out, fannishly, at a talk I was giving on "Alternative Life Styles in Fandom" at the 1971 Westercon. Walt Leibcher was in the audience and Walt took the floor at one point and delivered his opinion of Laney, which, due to Walt's personal dealings with the "man", was a pretty hot and scathing twenty minute rundown of Laney's petty prejudices and under-handed dealings.

I was working on an article to be called *Ah, Sweet Idiocy--Revisited* for Astrid Anderson when she folded her 'zine. One day I may finish it; though, mayhaps Laney's best reward from fandom would be his being totally forgotten.

Ah, well, on to 23...

Steve Fabian is one of fandom's least recognized artists, he has consistently turned out beautiful, clean work for as many years as I can remember, yet is just accepted, "Oh, hum, another beautiful Fabian cover, what else is new?" (Besides, he has such a neat signature.)

Reading your editorial [in #24], 'specially about your printing troubles with this issue--I had noted the Astronaut Crucifixion and went back for a second look--if *this* was the reason for the "censorship" well, it was a misplaced gesture on their part, the drawing just wasn't worth the fuss. Now *Dirt & Smut* was worth the fuss.

(From his viewpoint of dirty old fan status Jerry remembers ...) Ah, yes, I remember *Wastepaper* as being one of the Golden Moments of fanzine pubbing (hm, maybe brass fits better than gold), the first F\*U\*C\*K in modern fanzine history, not to mention piss, cunt, shit and other naughty words. Grant proved that you could say all these "terrible things" and still be boring. One of the zines peculiarities, I still remember, was the repeating of the last issue's front page, reduced, on the latest issue's front page--a neat and obviously memorable device, useful for filling unwanted space.

Since that time, I have been fortunate in getting to know Grant (and the ever charming Kathy) Canfield as friends and by golly they are just as terminally strange as the cleverly deflowered bits of *Wastepaper* would lead you to expect, keep on, er, trucking, Kids.

In the immortal words of Ms JoAnne Worley (this really dates me), I found the Brunner article to be-BORE-ING. Mayhaps the full book is better. Joe De Bolt ranges from fawning adulation to terminal cutes. Truly, the article read like one of those *Opera News* reports on the latest Greek Diva.

OW 24 is like a fine Bouillabaisse, so full of meaty goodies, I hardly know just where to stick my hand in. I agree that this is obviously *Granfanedica* 2, in fact I haven't seen so much in a fanzine *about* fanzines in years.

The Fanzine Poll was *fabulous!!!* What a way to get into the heads of some of the tcp fanzine editors of the present and past (try and figure out if that's a dig, I dare you), more, more, I'm still not satisfied.

The only fanzine experience I've had (aside from the inevitable crudzines one never speaks of) was as Production Manager/Publisher for *Niekas*. The damn mimeo was in my bedroom, greater love indeed. Anyway, running off a 120+ page, mainly micro-elite type 'zine and overseeing collating 1000 copies smudged much of my publishing ambitions. I keep getting urges to put out a fanzine now and then (a lot of these urges surface after receiving the latest *Outworlds*, Damn it, Bill), but I guess if I was going to actually do it, I'd do it; don't hold your breath.

Jon Inouye's *The Crudzine Counter-Culture* was a delight. I remember Dr. Stimson from my days at San Francisco State, gee, I thought her "erratic" behavior was due to having eaten in the student cafeteria one day, not due to anything "strange." I last saw her taking off in a hot air balloon (made up entirely of old N3F 'zines) from the campus lawn. I had thought that a strong reaction to the (you'll pardon the expression) Campus



Pecan Pie, live and learn (as they say in Moose Groin, Alberta).

Re: Mike Glicksohn's letter and your comments--I, for one, would like to see you investigate the average penis size of your three associate editors (illustrated by Rotsler, of course) but that's another story.

\*Blush\*, thanks Mike for your comment on my letter, but it takes more than dirty High School French to satisfy me (let's negotiate a settlement).

What, no great controversial issue for the letter col this time? No piercing satire from Piers Anthony or grassy wisdom from Ted White? Dull, mundane, (gasp) Normal. Better luck next issue.

I'm going to have to make out a form for loc's to *Outworlds*, starting off with, "this is the best issue to date, because:" and ending with "it alone deserves a Hugo." From the issues I've seen thus far, Bill, I could use that form for a long while. [7/26]

*So why don't you finish that article for me? It is well known that if I'll print Glicksohn, I'll print most anyone else! Speaking of which, Jerry, I'm afraid you and Michael can't go on meeting like this... OW may be a bit strange, but it is not an Official Organ (to use a term) for the Penthouse Lettercol Fandom... At least, I think not...*

PETER MANDLER It is only now, having received my first subscription copy, that I can say what must be said about #24. (Incidentally, copies that are paid for are no more satisfying than copies which come free; they just give one the compulsion to read them cover to cover, so as to get one's money's worth, if that be possible.) Although the content was almost entirely fannish, I got an overall impression of great variety and...uh, coziness (?), despite the fact that I have barely edged my way into the fan forest.

In any case, we must all acknowledge you as the Neo's Best Friend, what with EDICA and its how-tos, your definitive fanned symposium and the Tucker/Lowndes historicals. (They all come--quite conveniently--while I'm trying to get my premiere fanzine, *CLio*, off the ground.)

Harkening back to the Controversies, I would like to put in a few words of admonition to that stripling proto-pro Arnold. *Mister Arnold*, sir, I have had a story pending with *Fantastic* for weeks upon weeks, and I do not let out a pip or a squeak of protest, I do not write impatient letters to busy editors demanding to know whereat my manuscript has gone. Consequently, I do not get involved in Controversies. (Neither do I get published.) In the future, especially when dealing with pussycats like Don Pfeil or Ted White, may I suggest that you sit on your hands and self-impose a gag order when inspired to fume? Unless, that is, you enjoy seeing your dirty laundry flap in fandom's filthy breeze.

Back to the present. What little art there was in 24 was up to your usual standards, though I remain noncommittal on what I think of those standards. The A.B. Dyck profile was both inspired and vomitous; unless I have my Glicksohns mixed-up, that was the desired effect, right?

The only serious fault I can find with 24 is a single instance of literary blasphemy. I refer, of course, to Susan Wood's juxtaposition of Walt Liebscher and Geoffrey Chaucer; if not juxtaposing, at least crowding them into the same paragraph. And then, mind you, she goes on to make bizarre criticism of Chaucer's sexual habits; I quote: "...a beautiful fanzine called *Chanticleer* (after Chaucer's fast-talking cock)," (emphasis mine). I understand this comment even less than I applaud it. [8/9/75]

C. L. GRANT Re the loc by Eric Mayer: while Roger Elwood may have in fact provided a number of new markets for new writers and other good things, the fact that he does publish a hell of a lot of mediocre sf IS a threat, and the disclaimer that if he doesn't do it someone else will is no answer to the problem. Mediocre sf does not do the field much good. It buries the well-written, finely conceived material under a pile of schlock that might not have been published at all. Sure it's fine that the field has enlarged, but it should, it seems to me, expand UP, not straight along in a furrow that's been plowed a thousand times before. And, in point of fact, a good deal of his anthologies were aimed at the young teen market.

(And if Mike Glicksohn is amazed about Elwood's once-upon-a-time fascination with wrestling, he should consider his once-current rapture with roller derby!)

Re Ted Whites 25¢ submission bit. Considering the salary (word loosely used) he gets for editing the two magazines, considering the size of the slush pile that goes to the unpaid readers, considering the garbage that comes in with said slush pile (as any pile reader knows), and considering that the slush pile readers are pros (Monteleone, et al) or folk aspiring to same in one form or another, 25¢ per manuscript ain't all that bad. The trouble is, I suppose, that instantly this kind of thing gets out, there will be those who think Big Time Editors shouldn't have to lower themselves to such a practice. Believe me, pride is nice, but when you're reading a slush pile instead of writing your own stuff, it don't put bread on the table. I

doubt very seriously that it will keep good new writers from surfacing. If they're good, and I mean GOOD, it isn't too hard to imagine that either Bova or Ferman will ferret them out.

Sandra Miesel is superb. That isn't necessarily constructive criticism, but it fits.

And what Jerry says about Scots hanging on to their traditions is true. They just don't blare it all over the media. Sneaky is what the Scots are. Witness the Prime Ministers of England and how many of them have been Scots. Education, you see, is the core of Scottish life--without it, you'd be stuck in Scotland which, while it is a beautiful country, isn't the most opportunity-ridden place in the world. I only wish he hadn't chosen Sinclair for a name. After all, the Grants were one of the original clans... [6/17/75]

*And now, to get this following fellow out of the way a bit earlier, this time. (I'm getting tired of finishing letter columns with him!):*

MIKE GLICKSOHN You've every right to be pleased with #24. .... It's smart looking, without being gaudy, and has your usual copious quantities of interesting and well-written material. Of course, not everything appealed to me, but so much did that I was able to sit down and read through the whole issue in a single sitting. (Admittedly I had to program my schedule so I'd have a hefty chunk of free time to do just that, which explains the delay in answering the issue, but I could tell looking through it that I'd be doing that in the end, so I restrained myself until the time was ripe. What the hell, if I can go three whole weeks without a drop of scotch or a martini, not reading *Outworlds* for three days is utter child's play.)

It's pretty hard to comment on your artwork this issue, but it's good to note that at least two of your regular contributors reveal superb taste in subject matter. (Randy's "profile" was a delight, as well as an honour. He may not be quite on a par with cartoonists like Kirk and Canfield as far as actual technique is concerned, but his imagination and sense of humour are unequalled in fandom. And at the risk of antagonizing a man of his stature, I feel obliged to point out that I did once pour down the sink a mickey of some foul-tasting gin I'd inherited from somewhere. It's the only time I can remember deliberately spilling alcohol.)

*I messed up in the "credits" last time in failing to make it clear that Randy conceived and drew the "A.B. Dyck's Profiles", while Terry lettered (and, I believe, inked) it. And I think Michael is wise in not wishing to antagonize a man of Randy's stature. My only question is, when it is obvious that I am almost as TALL as Randy--why don't I rate an equal amount of respect...!?!*

Most of Bob Tucker's column was new to me (which makes me a fake-fan I guess) and hence of considerable interest. It was good solid historical background, and an excellent way to start this anniversary issue. It's hard to imagine anyone having the stamina or the wherewithal nowadays to duplicate the fanzine indexes of the earlier decades of fandom. Roger Sween is doing a fine job with what he has chosen to do, and future bibliographers will be indebted to him I'm sure, but his listings make no claim to being anywhere near comprehensive. (Some people have the fallacious idea that I get all the fanzines. Thank ghod this is nowhere near to being true. When I check the listings of fans like Roger Sween, Ned Brooks, and Fred Haskell, I find that usually I'm only getting about half of the fanzines they are. That sort of thinking could drive a man to drink! What if the other half start putting me on their mailing lists?)

That should be *Creme des Sensies*, by the way, ol' non-bilingual buddy.

Most fascinating perspectives from Doc Lowndes, but nothing to comment on. (This has been a Dave-Locke-Practice-Your-Editing-Exercise: now don't blow the course!)

*(How'd I do, teach? Did I pass? I can hardly wait...)*

The most interesting things in Doc's article (and in Bloch's reprint and in Tucker's thoughts) are the evidences of the Plus-ca-change nature of fandom. Knowing they were arguing about the fannishness of offset fanzines thirty-five years ago tends to make the heated debates of the last year or so seem a little absurd. Still, it has long been said that we usually fail to learn from our own history, so I doubt that fandom should be immune from the cyclic type of development illustrated here. I expect in another thirty years they'll be arguing that coloured hologrammatic fanzines not produced by the editor him/herself shouldn't be eligible for the Father William award unless their circulation is less than ten thousand...

The Inouye filler was the only piece in the issue I found scarcely worth reading. Just a personal reaction, but it seemed to have been forced around a simple starting idea and written



even though there was little to flesh out the skeleton with. A line or two worked, but it just didn't jell for me. Chacun a son gout, tho. (My heavens we're getting a lot of French in this loc. I must've spent too much time with Carlson at the Disclave. Tabernac! As the Jewish francophiles all say.)

I'm not too proud to admit that I hadn't spotted the connection between your inside covers last issue. It takes a big man to admit his own stupidity, but sometimes us little guys can do it too. The problem is that I read OW in good-old-fashioned linear manner, working my way from the front cover through to the back and spending several hours on the multitudinous thousands of teeny tiny words you cram between them. By the time I get to the inside back cover, I've most likely forgotten what was on the inside front cover. And with the very small amount of spare time I have for reading fanzines during the school year, there's no time to re-evaluate it afterwards, considering the magazine as a single graphic entity, rather than as a series of articles, illustrations and letters. (Translation: I didn't notice them.)

The tale of the censorship of #23 is indeed depressing. And it must have been frustrating not to be able to find out the "why" behind it. Not being by nature a religious person, I'd put the "blame" on the material in Grant's column. But from all indications, many people are more sensitive to (sac)re(i)ligious material than just about any other area of human experience so you could well be correct.

As usual, Dave Locke's thoughts are basically sound, and he's certainly earned the right to be listened to attentively. Also as usual, I disagree with one or two of his suggestions/ideas but that in no way makes them invalid. I think would-be faneds reading Dave's advice *should* be aware that there are other ways of doing the things that Dave has talked about, but since the ways Dave recommends and discusses will work, I see no point in a lengthy discussion of alternatives. Besides, it's a humbling thing to realize that had Dave Locke received the letter that's in this issue of *Outworlds*, it would probably have ended up in the IAHFs!

I'm almost tempted to enter the discussion of pricing your fanzine and the trades-vs-locs discussion, but I think I've about worked that one to death over the past four years. It's here that I differ the most from Dave, but he's still publishing his fanzine and we all know (thanks to you, Bill) that I'm not publishing mine, so it may well be that one should listen to him. (And I liked the way you teased the title of the article in your layout of the heading. Although all things considered it's most probable that Dave designed it for you...)

I've been trying, rather unsuccessfully, to remember just when it was that I met Walt Liebscher; but I usually find that apart from the fans I met at the first con I ever went to and those I've just met at the most recent one I've attended, it's pretty hard to pinpoint exactly when I met an individual fan. It's rare that meeting a fan is a dramatic confrontation, unless two people who've known of each other for some time finally meet face-to-face. Often, though, you find yourself drifting into conversations with people you do know and suddenly the people that they know who are in the conversation have become *your* friends too. It must have been that way with Walt and I. And it had to have been at the Baycon or the 69 Westerncon and I'd guess at the latter. But wherever it was, it's a meeting that I'm extremely grateful for. Walt's one of the kindest, gentlest, most generous & sympathetic people in fandom. He's also one of the nuttiest, kookiest and most outrageous people anywhere. And one of the most deeply loved people I know. Walt used to muse wistfully that it was a shame that Hugos for fanzines arrived on the scene so late, so that the old-time great fanzines didn't get that tangible symbol of appreciation from fandom that some of the newer ones have received. Well, a bit of that omission has been corrected by this lovely article about Walt and about his fanzine. And you know something? I think Walt will be more pleased with it than he'd ever be with some silly metal rocket ship.

The Bloch reprint is vintage Blochian humor that stands up remarkably well considering the years that have passed since it was written. Once again we see ideas voiced almost thirty years ago that are still being aired (although not as cleverly) today. This reprint should be mandatory reading for all modern-day fan humorists: we'd be spared a lot of second hand (and rate) imitations of Bloch if it

were. (It'll also be useful for us letterhacks: from now on I could say "The joke by \_\_\_\_\_ first appeared in the August 46 issue of *Chanticleer*..." which is a somewhat more refined way of indicating the lack of originality of certain material than my usual "\_\_\_\_\_ sucks.")

Is it to be hoped that this really excellent piece of personal and fanhistorical nostalgia by Susan is the first in a series of articles about the great faneds/fanzines of the past? It certainly would be a wonderful thing!

What's there to say about the symposium, except I enjoyed reading it? Naturally I differ in opinions with many of the things said, but where I differ strongly my own thoughts are there as well, so it's pointless to add anything more here. Others will undoubtedly be bored to tears by it, but it's nice that there's a fanzine with an editor who is interested in such matters so we can pander to our own somewhat specialized interests every now and then. Thanks, Bill; you pander well.

I'm still awaiting my Book Club copy of MOTE (sorry about that Jerry, but these are Hard Times y'know) so I'm avoiding "reviews" of the book so as not to bring too many expectations or too much plot-knowledge to it when I finally do get to read it. However, I was really interested in the details Jerry provides about the thought and care that went into the creation of the background for the book. Not having read any Pournelle work previously, I'd have been completely unaware that the novel is set in a consistent framework of future history. This is the sort of letter from a pro that provides really useful information and insight for a casual reader like myself. (And I wouldn't have been unkind enough to point out your failure to indent your reply to Jerry's letter after you switched columns, Bill. You managed for six whole lines, and for a man in your condition and with your limited abilities, that's pretty damn good. Keep trying, old chap; it'll come, maybe up around issue #50 or so after you've farmed out the rest of the work on the zine to a pro, as you've done with the printing...)

From what I've heard from people who've worked as slush-pile readers, an undercurrent of contempt for a large proportion of beginning writers would not be unjustified if it did exist. I think the slush readers deserve a little something or other to help overcome having to put up with such things as the first-year creative writing course at some prairie province community college which set a class assignment of "write a science fiction story and send it to F&SF". Ask Susan sometime about the writing ability of first year students at the college level...

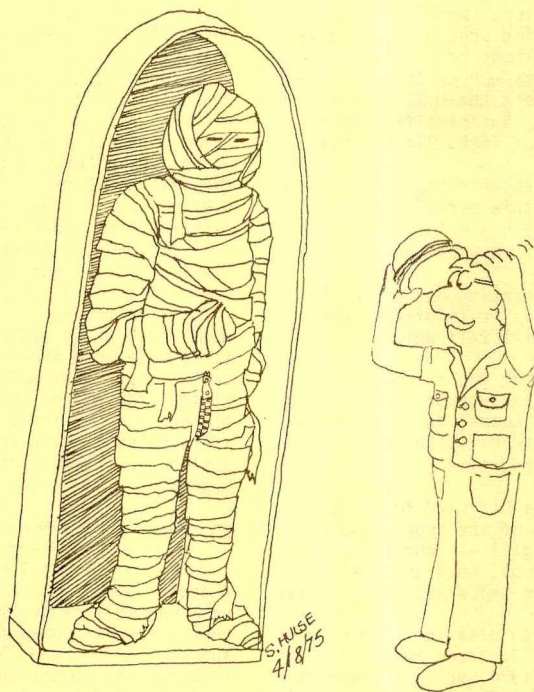
I found Karen Rockow's thoughts on the degree of actual involvement of an "editor" in his/her fanzine of considerable interest, and I was surprised you didn't comment on it. It'll be interesting to see if the Faan Awards--where the award is specifically set up for the editor, not the magazine--reflect a difference from the Hugos in this respect.

*I don't see that anything in that area was "proven" this year, in that there's no question in my mind of Dick Geis' "involvement" in TAC/SFR. Anyone willing to mimeo and collate 3,000 copies of a 50+ page 'zine had better be involved...let me tell you! And even the issue or two that was offset last year...I think that even there, Dick (as I did with OW 19 & 20) hand-collated, stapled & trimmed. Anyway, I think my feelings on faneds & fanzines were made clear enough in 20 (and before) so that I didn't see a need to respond to Karen's letter...*

Three cheers for Roberto Fuentes for his admirable defense of his work with Piers Anthony. It would be nice if Dean Koontz replied, but it's hard to imagine how he could justify his previous statement in the light of the information presented here. Advantage, Mr. Fuentes: game, set and match point.

For Ted Cogswell's letter alone this issue is almost worth the three weeks of my life it took to read it all. That's a remarkable example of the creative art of letter writing. If I'd read it *before* I started this loc, instead of just now, think how much I might have improved my own attempt.

I've learned to live with the small size of my penis although I've never utilized it to achieve fanish fame and glory as Susan and Jodie have done with their own more restrained endowments in an area where the Bigger is Better syndrome seems all-prevalent. (I think I phrased that rather well, don't you?) However, although I've never met Dave Locke, I'm pretty sure







I'd win out in the Ability To Grow Bodily Hair event, so one out of two isn't bad. Bring on Steve and Dave, I say, and the winner can accept that guest appearance in *Nickelodeon* that Tom Reamy has been urging upon me! [6/14/75]

...not bad, Michael; not bad at all! A reply/comeback indeed worthy of *Fandom's Second Best Letterhack*... (I was going to say that this whole 'discussion' could be subtitled *Much Ado About Very Little*...but I think I've used that one before, haven't I?) You mean Tom asked you? I'd thought he was looking for center-spreads; the U.S. Government makes the postage stamps...

ALAN L. BOSTICK In his article, Dave Locke says something that surprises me very much. "Do not count on subscribers sending you letters of comment. There's no reason why they should, and consequently they seldom do." As far as I'm concerned this is false. I always try to write locs to every fanzine I receive, whether I subscribe to it or not. I've been doing this ever since I requested a sample copy of *Prehensile* and neglected to loc it afterwards. I felt like a heel for sometime afterwards and resolved never to let it happen again. I feel that it is good fannish etiquette to respond in some way to the fanzines one receives. Besides, not only do I like to get my letters printed, but having locs printed means that I don't have to worry about renewing my subscriptions... Mike Gorra's *Fanpublishing Symposium* is awe-inspiring. The survey gives me an idea of what it is to be a fanned, something which I expect to find out about first-hand in the next month or so.

I must take exception to certain statements in Eric Mayer's letter: "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?" What Eric does not seem to understand is that unionization and improving working conditions were not connected; labor unions were not accepted establishments until the Depression. Working conditions for laborers were improved during the period preceding World War I, known as the Progressive Era. One of the most ugly things about labor unions is that they make Big Business appear to be tolerable. Also, the Government does not protect the U.S. citizens in any way from Big Business; it protects Big Business from being disturbed by U.S. citizens. As a matter of fact, Big Business can be considered to be the government.

The A.B. Dyck "ad" reveals Mike Glicksohn's character all too well! At last we see the true nature of this person. And to think that I actually asked for (and got!) his autograph at *Discon II*. The fiend, to take advantage of neofen that way. [6/27]

JON SINGER I am digesting number 24, thinking out where the jacks will fall... (it is easier to pick them up if you figure out where they will fall before you throw them).

For one, I am damn pleased to find that you print the addresses of your contributors. I have been wondering for some time how to get in touch with that slime, Locke, so I can mooch (or whatever) a copy of *Shambles*; people keep telling me that they have his address, but this is the first time I have actually seen it.

I found the *Fanpublishing Symposium* a bit hard to read. I am not sure whether this was more a function of the choppiness of the thing or my general distracted feeling; I was unable to digest more than a fraction of the lettercol, much to my surprise--I usually like lettercolumns. Even those with long letters from the hat.

Who is Jon Inouye? My sources tend to disagree with some of the research he mentions in his article. T. Jaded Philistine, writing in *J. Pseudoscience* for January, 1974, pp 11-14, states that "four studies, in all, have demonstrated quite clearly that

crudzine consumers fall into two major categories, with regard to TV usage..." Philistine goes on to say that "...of those who actually watch their TV sets, most seem quite paralyzed and are unable to pick up the crudzines lying about for relief from the commercials. Only about 22% of the watchers make an effort to escape the commercials, and more than half of them fail..." Apparently, moreover, only about 39% watch the TV. Another 17.5% leave their sets on (more than half of these never turn the set off at all) but ignore it, and the remainder dither about, sometimes turning the set on, sometimes off; they watch it sporadically, but not always while it is on, and show signs of deterioration typical of crudzine abuse. In another article which appeared in *IEEE J. Mimeo Technique*, Feb.-Mar., 1975, one of Philistine's coworkers, G.J. Snotley, insists that Dr. Stimson's dogs did NOT die of overgafiation, and that in fact, they DID eat the poisoned dogfood that the neighbor threw to them. Snotley further asserts that the alleged crudzine published by Dr. Stimson's daughter was, in reality, a rather good personalzine-lettersubstitute, with artwork by Kirk, Rotsler, and Steffan, and that Dr. Stimson is herself suspect on the grounds of age prejudice against her children.

But enough of this banter, let us turn to *serious* research. In Dave Locke's article, he cites a number of moderately funny (ranging down to bleh crud) lines which he has excised from letters directed at *Away*. Now, when Dave states that "They were used, every one of them, without any thought that they might be printed.", I am moved to wonder what class of fan writes letters to this fellow. Two answers immediately occur to me. The first is unkind to Dave's estimation of his correspondents, and the second is preposterous. I am afraid that the (unedited) letters that I have seen addressed to certain zines I will not name (out of a sense of taste...) show no such thoughtfulness in their creators. I am fairly certain that some of these fen, at least, think remarks like "Joe Farkl's column on the distinguishing characteristics of dog excrement as collected in New York was really great. I am sending him a sample from my lawn to see if he can tell what produced it. Don't tell him, but it's really from the neighbor's monkey (heh heh)..." are not only remarkably amusing, but DESERVE to be published. This leads me to suspect that Dave has, indeed, overestimated his readership. Perhaps, though, the samples he gave us were from people he knows, and the real clunkers are in letters that never get printed at all....

I, myself, find that if I know the editor of the zine I'm locating, I tend to write a personal letter to say things like "I am really looking forward to the next ish," and I try to save things like the bit about crudzines above for the loc, which goes on a separate sheet. [7/29/75]

DAINIS BISENIEKS I have been reading some Civil War history: GRANT MOVES SOUTH, MR. LINCOLN'S ARMY, GLORY ROAD, A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX. But no segment of American history is more familiar to me than the doings of that small band of brothers...yeah. And I am quite happy to have the contributions of Tucker and Lowndes in this issue. *Fandom*, that's my country. I would have become a fan much earlier but for the misfortune of having been born abroad.

Sandra Miesel does go beyond conventional metaphoric descriptions, doesn't she? Somehow I am reminded of a trio of characters in *GORMENGHAST*: Spiregrain, Throd, and Splint.

Jon Inouye's piece is the kind of thing I don't read. *Worm Runner's Digest* is full of similar stuff which I don't read either. All I ever read there is John McClellan's story of the Animals of Sud Nim. How come I have never heard them mentioned among fans? Perhaps in the 95% of fanzines and the 99.999% of parties that I miss, but even so... There has been a story in every issue for something like a decade. It's an incredibly fannish thing, and the author's drawings are charming.

It seems to me that prostituting a bastion of free expression (Glicksohn, p. 923) might be a hard thing to do.

Brett Cox does go on and on, doesn't he?

...written on my favorite typer, a Remington portable that must be about as old as I am. I was told that this model ceased to be made when America entered WW II, and elsewhere I learned that it was first made in 1920. This is the kind where a lever at the side swings the type bars upward; they are recessed for storage. I got it for a buck at somebody's garage sale. It has a few quirks I have learned to live with. I am charmed by the design: no frills. No phony streamlining. Comes in one color: black. [6/18/75]

ED FRANK Last Monday afternoon I walked down to the mailbox and lo-and-behold I found a thick package addressed to me; I hurried back into the living room and plopped down on the couch and with my trembling fingers I opened up a bag full of treasures. Inside, to my delight, I found my back issues of *Outworlds*...21, 22, 23, and 24. I just sat there and started to read 21/22. I believe somewhere along the line I stopped long enough to eat supper, although I'm not positive whether I did or not. I looked at the clock somewhere in the



middle of 22B and discovered it was 1 A.M. So I went to bed. The next day I polished off 22B and 24. Today I finished 23. A few somewhat late comments on issue 23.

The front cover by Stephen Fabian is gorgeous. He has always been my favorite artist in the prozines. I'm afraid I can't say the same thing about fandom, there are too many good artists with different styles and techniques that I like. It would be impossible to pick one favorite. But that cover for 23 for a Fabian fan was almost too good to take. I write lots of letters to the prozines and I always end up talking more about the artwork than about the fiction; that may be why they aren't published. Your fanzine has the best graphics of any I've seen and the quality of written material to go with it.

You always seem self-conscious or something about your editorials; they're interesting. *Outworlds* just wouldn't be the same for me without your rambling editorials. As for me, I hope you ramble on. (Ramble doesn't seem to be the right word but you know what I mean.)

*Understandings* by Robert A.W. Lowndes. I've always been fascinated by stories about the early years of science fiction. In reading Asimov's collections of stories THE EARLY ASIMOV and BEFORE THE GOLDEN AGE, I liked Asimov's introductions as much as the fiction they contained. I likewise found this account interesting. It's kind of hard to believe that anything existed as long ago as the 20's and 30's let alone scientifiction. Oops... sorry, I was just joking.

The drawing "Walking Machines" was gorgeous.

Moving on to *Dirt & Smut from Wastepaper*, some of the excerpts were funny but most of them were dull to uninteresting. The best illustration of the whole bunch was "Short Mike Glicksohn". Just for the sake of the drawings and the few funny excerpts this piece was well worth reprinting.

You were quite right in printing the illo by Stuart Gilson. It was a finely done piece of art, imaginative, and it forces you to examine yourself and find out what is really inside of you.

*Sometimes it Takes a Great Ocean* by S.A. Stricklen, Jr., was more enjoyable than the majority of the glop appearing in the prozines lately. Maybe a few of those writers should take a few tips from this story and improve their writing to a readable level.

I'm really sorry Bill, but I can't offer any complaints about this issue. Somehow it doesn't sound like you mean it unless you are complaining about something. But I really do. [7/24/75]

On 24. A great column by Bob Tucker. I'm relatively new to fandom so anything about the history of fanzines or fans fascinates me. I like early science fictiondom too...

Onward to *Creme de les Sensies* by Sandra Miesel. Since I don't know most of the people she was talking about the piece really was very interesting for me. She does create very good images with her knack at description.

*The Crudzine Counter-Culture* by Jon Inouye. I wonder if he is familiar with the chemist who wrote *The Endochronic Properties of Resublimed Thiotimoline*? Their two pieces have much in common.

*Please Don't Write Around The Illo's* by Dave Locke. As a beginning fanzine editor I really appreciate these articles on fanzine editing. Maybe I should demand more articles like this one, or another issue like *Outworlds* 20, but you seem to be doing such a great job I don't know. I would hate to have anything else squeezed out to make room for more editing articles. What's a poor fan to do? On one side I want more articles on the making of a fanzine and on the other I want more articles and columns dealing with other things. You're supposed to be the editor, so you decide!

Susan Wood's *Energuswoman*. A brilliant (I don't think I've used that adjective yet in this letter) piece. This column sparked my imagination and filled my head with hundreds of fantastic ideas for things to be put in my fanzine. Every so often I need a jolt like this to get my thinking out of a rut.

Michael Gorra's *Fanzpublishing Symposium*. Gosh-Wow-Gee-Wiz, all those big name fans contributing to one lowly article. One really noteworthy comment about this article: None of the fan-editors appear to agree about anything. I guess that's what makes fandom so interesting: The multifold variations within the fanzines themselves.

The "credit" on Mike Glicksohn's letter on p. 935 was (let's see, I've used funny, brilliant, interesting, good, great...) remarkable!

In closing, the "Banned Covers": I must be getting a little slow in my old age of 18, but I had to look at the pictures a half-a-dozen times before I got it. The guy coming in the door on the front cover is the same one that is talking on the back cover! Aren't I brilliant! [7/28/75]

...more than me...I had to ask Dan what the difference was!

DARRELL SCHWEITZER I must say that I disagree with Susan Wood about the quality of the humor in *Chanticleer*. One of the treasured items in my fanzine collection is an issue of Gary Labowitz' *Canticles from Labowitz* from about 1970 which contains about 30 pages of reprints

from *Chanticleer*, including the Bloch column Susan reprints here I loved it at the time, & still think it holds up very well. I quite vividly remember Bloch's movie script with the Mad Chemist, Tucker's "review" of Curt Siodmak's first novel in which he tried to determine if Donovan had a brain, a Lovecraft parody called *The Shadow Out Of...*, the lettercol with such return addresses as Innards, Indiana, and all that. And of course the typographical tricks. Labowitz reproduced a lot of them.

It didn't strike me as ingroupish at all, really.

One thing I might say about the Locke column is that I strongly disapprove of the "segmented lettercol" and tend to ignore fanzines that use it. The reason is that this kind of lettercol encourages the writers to compose short, semi-coherent "I liked" style letters, with many short, often one sentence paragraphs on each subject. There is no discussion in depth, and the venerable and ancient art of LoC writing begins to decline. A good letter of comment should be basically an impromptu essay well thought out, with depth, digressions, & everything else. I always try & write mine this way, and a couple of times I've been surprised to find my longer ones printed as *articles* and listed on the ToC. Also you might notice a book called PLANETS & DIMENSIONS by Clark Ashton Smith, published by Mirage a few years ago. This was the "collected essays" of CAS, and the problem was that he didn't write very many. Most of the entries are in fact letters of comment, either to prozines or fanzines. Then consider the LOVECRAFT LETTERS books...

The point is that a lettercol in order to be any good has to have letters more than two lines long. You've got a good lettercol, but I always thought *Title* had a terrible one. I've even developed a technique for frustrating would-be letter choppers. It's very simple. I design the letter so that each subject blends together, so that segmenting would result in total incoherence. Then the faned *has* to print it that way. The present letter isn't particularly a specimen of that. If it were I would have figured out how to link the first paragraph about *Chanticleer* into the rest.

I'm hoping that faneds will soon realize that segmenting letters is not only an inferior practise, and detrimental to the precious bodily fluids of fandom, but it is also *more work!* That should be enough to send them back to conventional lettercolumns.

While we're on the subject of lettercolumns, there's something in this present one that I'd like to know more about. How do you go about deducting fanzine contris from yr income tax at 3¢ a word? This is academic for me right now because my writing income is less than \$500 a year (I hope this will change soon--several editors owe me money) and I don't report it, but sooner or later I'll have to face such problems. Is the 3¢ a word an arbitrary thing, or is it determined by the average amount the writer gets for his work regularly. I normally get 1¢ a word, and I have written for ridiculous rates (i.e. considerably less) several times. Gee, at 3¢ a word I could write full time for fanzines, especially if the government ever passed a negative income tax. Can you deduct letters of comment at 3¢ a word? (Does Harry Warner pay any taxes at all?) Pressing questions, these. The implications are obvious. A professional non-profit corporation of LoC writers, with a big office in Manhattan, and thousands of employees laboring in little cubbyholes locating fanzines as they are shipped in by the truckload. Then maybe a fanwriters union, and a boycott of non-union fanzines.

That's enough to scare us into communism. Then we can start an apa called The Claude Degler Memorial People's Revolutionary Collective.

Fandom, Fandom, über alles...

[7/20/75]

Well, I certainly didn't "invent" the "segmented" lettercol (we went thru this in *Awry* a while back...), but I was probably the first one to use it in the 70's... (Now does THAT not sound impressive!) So I suppose I should defend the practice, right? Consider it defended. It can be overdone, and it does have faults...certainly... But it can also be fun...for the editor, the readers...and the loc writers, trying a ploy or two on the faned... I full well intend to try it again sometime--consider yourself warned, Darrell (and I doubt if you'll be able to outguess me)--someday... In fact, the only reason you haven't seen it here for a while is not that it's "work"--that it is, but some faneds are crazy enough not to be turned off by that--but simply the time is not present to preform that "work"... Yet. # And Donn Brazier HAS published full letters...I know; one of them was one of my rare ones...

ERIC BENTCLIFFE This could well be a disjointed letter since I'm expecting Hurstmonceaux and Faversham over shortly for a round or two of Croquet (a sport I hope to initiate you into sometime next year...), and some Harrison Adventure plotting...we've had a complaint from Himself that the last one wasn't imaginative enough, pshaw! This time we'll try a greater proportion of fusel oil in the martini's.

*Outworlds* 24 arrived a couple of days ago, and is a fine





interesting issue. The format seems right in that this issue is almost (not an insult!) *traditionally* laid out in fanzine style... the best sort of fanzine style. Somehow being *about* fanzines it wouldn't have been right to be too experimental this time around.

Bob's piece on the early days of fanzines was fine and I'd like to underline one thing therein that he didn't; (on *The Comet*) "...All issues except that final one in 1933 were mimeographed, but that last one was printed." Surely Palmer and co. were trend-setters, for how many times has that happened since! Somehow this sentence, tied in with Doc Lowndes' mention of the early controversy about a semi-pro fanzine vying for attention with the strictly amateur ones back in 1940, and "The very first fanzine I saw wasn't intended as a fanzine; it was meant to be professional, working its way from modest beginnings to a newsstand magazine..." makes what we've all been doing since rather predictable doesn't it? Please do ask Doc to continue with his reminiscences of earlier fanac; reading such fine stuff as this is, I find, one of my best excuses for doing nothing else...

Dave Locke seems to have covered almost everything relevant to lettercolumns, but I would add one note here--which applies to both lettercolumns and to fanzines in general--by all means start the section with a really good letter but make sure you end it with one as well; and equally, start your fnz with a good piece and *end* it with one as well--this is to allow for the fact that just about as many people read through a zine backwards, as from the frontcover in. What this reveals about their sexual attitudes I leave to your fertile imaginations and I *refuse* to dwell on those who start in the middle of the mag and work both ways as it were!

The Symposium reads well and interestingly, but like all attempts to analyse the things that fans do fails in that to any outsider it can not convey the sheer *fun*, the joy de vivre if you like, that you can get from publishing a fnz...the sheer *fun* and joy de vivre that it's possible to get *after* you get the conflu and mimeo-ink off your torso, that is.

Susan's *Energawoman* nicely compliments the rest of the material on fanzines...it's perhaps a pity that no one had anything particularly controversial to say about fanzines to provide some little counterpoint. Maybe next time you could get someone to tear a few fnz to shreds for a *Grafaneditica* issue--I will say this in favor of fanzines, they may not make good toilet paper but they sure as hell make fine confetti! Like.

That Croquet match mentioned back in my initial stanza has delayed things somewhat; it's now July 28th and I still haven't found out where my spot-ball got hit to...bring your own flamingo when you come over, Bill, mine is all tuckered out...

[7/28/75]

TERRY HUGHES It seems that I now owe you letters of comment on two issues of *Outworlds*, #23 & #24, so I had best rectify this matter. I'll just don my beanie and turn into Capt. Typo and loc two issues with a single page.

You realize, Bill, that the fact that #23 did not say *Outworlds* anywhere on the cover irritates serious fanzine collectors such as Rick Sneary no end. While Fabian's cover was nice, I much prefer Grant Canfield's, uh, highly functional female robot (robotress?) which graced your bacover. This issue also made people aware that Grant not only draws in a funny fashion but can

also write. Of course, people laugh at what he writes, but he seems to bear up well under such events. Grant Canfield has accused me in his introduction to *Dirt & Smut from Waste Paper* of "preferring the nomadic hippie life of carousing, fornicating imbibing, and partaking of the Demon Weed to the stern fundamentalist disciplines required of a fan editor" and to such outlandish charges I can only plead "Guilty, guilty, guilty." A nice collection of pieces from Grant's excellent, skinny, frequent, xeroxed zine.

The photo-heading for the bit on John Brunner was very well done.

Of the two issues, I preferred #24. I like the idea of your non-cover cover and think that it worked very well. The top items in this *Outworlds* included most definitely Bob Tucker's column. You are very lucky to have *Beard Mumbblings* as a regular column.

Mike Gorra's *Fanzpublishing Symposium* worked very well. It is a subject that could fall flat, but Mike did an excellent job of selecting which responses to use for each question and he did a fine job of editing them down. Any such discussion which uses a number of quotes from me evidences real class. Would you believe... (Gads, am I the only one who still uses that old Don Adams expression? Or are other people out of date too?) It was a well handled discussion and I found it most interesting. It is yet another piece that you've published which will be of considerable interest and help to emerging fans.

Speaking of emerging fans, as I was just up above, I am glad that you printed those NEO-FAN GUIDE covers Dan Steffan did. They are really great covers, absolutely appropriate for such a volume. I truly regret that the Torcon Committee found them objectionable. Jesus, what a bunch of prudes! An issue of *Time* or *National Geographic* would probably be just as corrupting. It is unfair that such fears would abort the project that Dan poured so much time and talent into doing. Why should they choose to ban something, like Dan's covers, which would only stimulate a neofan's sense of humor! Aren't there enough dull fans as it is?

Rotsler's cartoon strip on page 932 was excellent. Its reference to old fanzines is especially appropriate since this issue was commemorating fandom's 45th anniversary, but then so was his reference to real life moans. Without real life moans, cons would be pretty dull. [7/20/75]

...one thing I should have mentioned in #23 is that Terry has revived his excellent *Mota*; fortunately for me tho, he didn't do it soon enough to re-claim Grant's "article"... You don't think I would have willingly given up the chance to be censored, do you!

LYNNE HOLDOM I've enjoyed all the copies of *Outworlds* so far but just haven't gotten the energy up to write comments yet. I too like to have written but not to write. I was a bit surprised that your publisher refused to publish #23 as I could remember nothing terribly bad about it. I did think the *Waste Paper* article should have been thrown in the wastebasket, but I certainly wouldn't run a crusade against it. But then bathroom humor doesn't appeal to me even at best which this wasn't.

I thought that the article on John Brunner was interesting. It appears that he's always been a battler. I haven't liked his recent fiction very much but if he wrote some of it under financial pressure, that would explain some of its faults. The major annoyance lately is his preachiness. It turns me off completely and makes my sympathy go to the bad guys since Brunner hasn't any to spare for them. One facet of Brunner's work that I find fascinating is his updating of earlier novels. Often a comparison can tell a great deal about how society and ideas have changed in the interval between editions. My personal favorites of Brunner's works are *CATCH A FALLING STAR* and *TIMES WITHOUT NUMBER*, and also *The Vitanuls*. Also it's very easy to be sympathetic with his anger at muddling editors. Anyone should be judged on what he actually wrote, not what some editor thinks he should have written.

I also agree with Poul Anderson on the lack of desirability of a writers union. Also I think unions should be subject to the same anti-trust laws that affect business. But what really hinders young people starting out is regulation of membership. A while back the plumbers union agreed to hire 500 more members--half white and half minority. They had easily 10 times as many applicants as jobs and they hired on a first come basis so we don't get the best plumbers, just the ones who were willing to wait in line the longest. Now if they let anyone into the plumbers union that could take and pass a training course, we probably wouldn't have to pay an arm and a leg for a plumber.

I also enjoyed *THE MOTE IN GOD'S EYE* better than any other published last year. I think *THE DISPOSSESSED* is a more significant book but not nearly as much fun to read. Another fun book was *SHOWBOAT WORLD* by Jack Vance. After all, most readers read for pleasure--a fact some authors would do well to remember. I don't mind significance, but it should be in a good



story.

As to the lime jello affair--I'd think raspberry would be better. For real perverts I'd suggest strawberry/banana.

I guess I was lucky but my parents never tried to censor my reading material. As a result pornography rather bores me. It certainly doesn't turn me on. However, the easiest way to get people to read anything is to talk of banning it. What worries me is when ideas are banned. Sex isn't going to harm anyone old enough to understand it--in that I agree with Brett. I wouldn't mind letting a 14 year old read what he chooses. But I think that violence, particularly to children and animals, can upset young children (12 and under) when seen in films. Also I think there is as much censorship by liberals as conservatives. To paraphrase Walter Kerr in the *NY Times*: When liberal and conservative meet and clash, we know whose views will ultimately triumph. (I'm sorry I can't remember the exact quote.) [6/25/75]

*I was glad to see your thoughts on MOTE, since I've been told it could be enjoyed only by WASPish males....!*

STEPHEN GREGG I don't generally loc fanzines (lack of time, rather than lack of interest)--but *Outworlds* 24 prompted so much cerebral activity on my part that I find myself compelled to write.

First: This continual concern (in *Outworlds* and every other fanzine I receive, it seems) with censorship and obscenity in the field. For instance, the flak you've gotten over the various nude illos you've run. I simply don't understand it. If someone doesn't want to see or read what you or anyone else is printing, then they don't have to buy your zine; but there's no reason for you to have to answer to someone else's biases and prejudices. For myself, I've seen nothing in any issue of *Outworlds* that I'd consider "obscene." There have been things (such as *Dirt & Smut from Waste Paper*) that struck me as trivial and which I did not enjoy--but not obscene. A person has the right to publish/read whatever he desires. Period. I may not like it (examples: literature of the Christian Anti-Communism Crusade; feminist tracts that tell me I'm worthy only of death if I have the temerity to regard females as sexual objects [Pure bullshit, of course. Females will be sex objects to males as long as there are two sexes and balling remains fun.] In return, I would hope that I am also regarded [by some females, at least] as a sex object. The danger comes when that is all a male can see in a female, or female in male. If one cannot also conceive of the other as a fellow human being then that person isn't human), but it has a right to see print if there is someone who wants to see it.

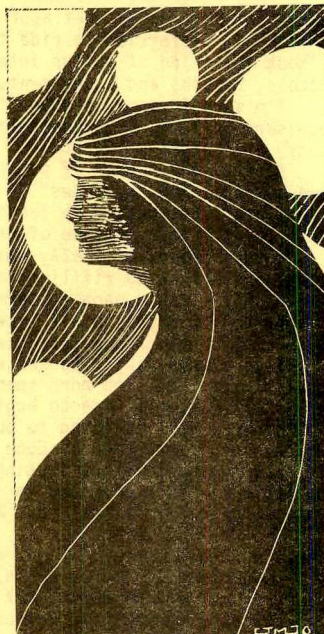
Conversely, while I personally would be more than happy to print work by Piers Anthony in *Eternity* if it met my editorial needs, I must disagree with Brett Cox about Pfeil's "blacklisting" of Anthony in *Vertex*. An editor has the right not to publish or consider work from an author he would (for whatever the reasons) rather not work with. I've done it myself, once. An author sent me a submission, then a follow-up letter a couple of months later. The follow-up stated that the author had not yet received his mss. back and that I had 15 days to let him know what was going on or he was writing SPWA and other writer's organizations about my editorial practices. He included no SASE for a reply. In answering him I told him that I did not have the story, that I did remember receiving it (very distinctive stationary), but that it was either returned and subsequently lost by the PQ, or disposed of if, like the letter, no SASE had been enclosed for its return. I also told him he could forget submissions to *Eternity* because I have no use for an author who approaches his work in such matter. I have never (before or since) received an ultimatum like his. I could understand it if he'd queried me about it several times and gotten no response (tho if he didn't include a SASE I wouldn't feel obligated to respond), but this was the first time he'd written.

The other small controversy in the letcol was the 25¢ charge for the reading of unsolicited mss. at *Amazing* and *Fantastic*. Frankly, I can't see the gripe. I'm sure Ted gets more mss. than I do (and I receive something like 25-30 fiction submissions, and 10 or so poetry submissions a week) and I assure you that the vast majority of these stories/poems are utter shit. Hell, 25¢ isn't even payment enough for managing to open some submissions (envelope sealed, clasped, then taped over with half a roll of fiberoptic tape--and then the cover letter explains that "a return envelope isn't enclosed; please re-use the original envelope" that had to be torn to shreds before I could even get to the mss.). No, 25¢ is hardly sufficient. But it just might discourage some of those people who keep bothering editors with submissions that an ape would be ashamed to acknowledge.

Fourthly (or so): While I do not completely agree with Poul Anderson's comment that workers would be better off without unions, minimum wage laws, and Social Security, he does have a point, Eric Mayer. Unions were originally probably necessary, and have done much good. But they've gotten too powerful and most of their efforts nowadays are detrimental to society as a whole. Social Security is a farce. If a person isn't willing to save on his own (I myself don't; everything goes into *Eternity*), the gov't

shouldn't be responsible for his stupidity/neglect and require him to save. And the minimum wage/overtime laws are ridiculous. I have been working as a cook at a Howard Johnson's for 5-1/2 years. I started before restaurants came under federal regulations at \$1.50 an hour (not bad when I was 16). Within a few years I was making over \$3. Since the restaurant has come under federal guidelines, I've gotten exactly two raises--both over a year ago. In addition, I used to work up to 75 hours a week when I needed more money (to pay printing costs for an issue of the magazine; or replace a burnt-out engine in the car). No problem. Now, since the gov't requires the restaurant to pay overtime for any hours over 46, that's all I can work, despite the fact that I'm perfectly willing to work "overtime" for my regular pay. That would be illegal--and the company isn't about to pay me overtime when they can simply work someone else. So I lose about \$1000 a year. [6/18/75]

I'm going to have to disagree with your disagreement with Brett...simply because I don't see you and Pfeil being in anything remotely resembling the same position, despite you both being "editors" of sf magazines. You, as far as I know, ARE *Eternity*, in much the same manner that I am, by and large, *Outworlds*. In other words, our magazines are ours', and nobody else's: we DO them, from soliciting the material to covering the losses out of our own pockets... Right? We then, have the right (if not the obligation) to print whatever the hell turns us on...and to reject that which doesn't. (I do think there are certain obligations you/I owe subbers when we accept their money for what we do, and certain different obligations owed to contributors whether they are paid in cash (by you) or in flattery by me...but I won't go into that here.) I must think that Don Pfeil was in a completely different position in that he was working FOR a publishing company as an employee... As far as I know, most publishing companies (and certainly the one in question) are in business for one reason, and one reason only: to make a profit for the owners/stockholders. If you want to publish "art", you start a fanzine, go to a vanity press (same difference?), or start a non-profit corporation under one guise or another. But when you're working for someone else, anyone else other than you and your conscience...well, you OWE your employer to do the best possible job, and if you can't, you get out. I, the more I think on it, do think Pfeil was wrong if by "blacklisting" certain people HE couldn't work with, he therefore couldn't put "names" on the cover of *Vertex* that would sell another five (or five thousand) copies of the magazine... (Where that leaves Arnold, I'm not sure; I'm still thinking on that one --and that one letter is still missing.) Let's put it this way: Although I get no where the level (either in terms of quantity or, apparently, lowness of quality) of submissions that either you do, or Pfeil did, I can appreciate that a lot of the work involved in "editing" a magazine is, yes, shitwork. The 'glory' comes in having your name on the masthead; but, before you can do that, you must have something to put behind the ToC and before the backcover... And, unless you're a Kenneth Smith, in order to do that number, you're going to have to deal with other people... And some of these people are gonna give you some grief, I imagine... Still, nobody asked you, me or Pfeil, to be an "editor" on whatever level --at least they didn't ask me. We do what we do either because we're good at it, we can't do anything else...or simply because we enjoy doing it --when the final tally is in. It is neither any more or less "noble" than any other profession/indulgence/hobby. You either learn to handle and deal with the pains (some of which are people) and keep going, or you get out, and do something else... Editors (except possibly in fandom) are even more of a minority than writers/artists... But that doesn't by and of itself, make them/us any more noble...just a bit more overworked...! It certainly is a Wonderful (and sometimes lonely) Thing... # Damn, I get wordy at times, don't I?





JACKIE FRANKE I found OW 24 an extremely interesting issue,  
..... and feel you did a fine job in exploring the  
different facets of fanpublishing from the  
history of the "movement" down through current BNFaned feelings  
about their work and their product (I dislike that term for a  
fanzine, but sometimes no other is quite appropriate...). Tucker  
managed to write one of the briefest yet concise resumes of the  
Early Years that I've run across. His addenda concerning the  
fate of Piser's monumental work brought out an audible groan  
when I read it; no wonder Bob is so intent on spreading out his  
fannish collections--he's afraid something similar might happen  
when the inevitable occurs to him. Sad thing to even contemplate.

Sandra's article was fun reading. I didn't agree with her  
on all her sensual judgements, but that's to be expected; it is  
a very subjective "game" she's playing after all, and the wonder  
of it is that we had so many rough agreements.

Enjoyed as well RAWL's reminiscences about the early years  
of fanzines and his growing acquaintanceship with them. Between  
his and Tucker's anecdotes, you soon realize that la plus change...  
holds as true for fandom as it does for mundania. I liked his  
mentioning of the usefulness to a faned of his fanzine as a type  
of diary for future years. I've heard several faneds give that  
as a reason for publishing; a bit of rationalizing perhaps, but  
logical enough.

Inouye's article left me cold, but you can't win 'em all,  
as I've heard it said.

What to say about Dave's article? He's so right on with his  
comments that any comment would be superfluous. The sad thing is  
that a primer like he's writing would be invaluable to the  
aspiring (and that is *definitely* the wrong term!) faned, but I  
really doubt that them as needs it will see it. Somehow it always  
seems to work out that the faneds in direst need of good advice  
and proper example are the ones who publish without seeing a  
fanzine at all, or at most, one or two. The more cautious sort  
will absorb the info themselves from reading widely before putting  
that first mimeo stencil or ditto master in their typers. So it  
goes.

The forthcoming installment titles were funnier than hell,  
and I can't wait, or to be more accurate, can wait, but with dis-  
comfort, until they appear. Writing that guideline with a  
straight face sounds downright fiendish....

The symposium was interesting up to a point, but left me with  
the feeling that something was lacking. Just what I can't say,  
perhaps the lack of enthusiasm shown by the respondents on some  
of the questions, perhaps something else. It didn't scan as well  
as the DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM, that's for certain, but then Mike  
didn't go through all the labor that you guys did in writing up  
that milemark work. A good try, at any rate, though I have to  
agree with several of the respondents in saying that fanzines and  
publishing them is such an individual matter, that answering many  
of the questions became a moot point. [7/30/75]

SUTTON BREIDING I've more and more come to view letterwriters  
..... as columnists, and due to this try to create a  
fairly tight lettercolumn in *Black Wolf*,  
though how successful I am I don't know. I prefer not to respond,  
letting the locs speak for themselves--I *do* respond when something  
effects me strongly enough, in one way or another--or if I happen  
to be in a conversational mood, and even then I don't talk too  
much. I'm not really that appreciative of comments interjected  
in mid-loc, preferring to ride the wave and atmosphere to the end  
without this kind of coitus interruptus. I do enjoy all sorts of  
letcols, though, and experiments of any nature.

I'm sure I do print some kinds of those remarks deemed un-  
necessary by Dave, but nonetheless, I print whatever strikes my  
fancy; of course!

Receiving a number of substantial locs is to me about the  
same as receiving "articles".

I don't get that much feedback on *Wolf*; enough to satisfy--  
well, to give some measure of gratification--it could be better!  
I go through moods of *really* wanting to strip my mailing to the  
bones--and when I go riffling through the index cards, I can't  
imagine why I would want to take anybody off! O, how could I!  
I might do it; might not--I like to keep in contact, if nothing  
else, so I don't *demand* response from anyone.

I've always wanted to see a fanzine equivalent of *The Small  
Press Review*; and even more specialized, a phantasy-mag review  
zine; this latter I hope to begin at least as a column of sorts  
in another zine I am going to publish (I know you won't laugh too  
hard at such a statement), *Ebon Lute*.

I am going to start stating that sample copies of BW are  
available for such and such in *cash*, *stamps* or *food-coupons* only  
--that's probably illegal, but all the better. [7/12/75]

*I'm indeed sorry that you didn't make it across, even if  
only briefly, to Westercon, as I would have enjoyed meeting  
you, as well as having met Bill... I think we have basically  
the same approach to lettercolumns (I must admit that this  
one is a bit more than "satisfactory"!)... & I'm certainly in  
no position to "laugh" at anyone else starting a 2nd zine...!*

DOUG BARBOUR even for someone as often uninterested in the  
..... history of fanzines as I am, this is a most  
enjoyable ish. the issue is dedicated to  
filling us in on fandom, especially as it relates to fanzine  
publishing. I think it does a good job, right from Bob Tucker's  
column on through. on the other hand, none of these columns  
really provide anything like a comment hook to those who, like  
me, don't really know the early stuff. I read this gossip/  
history & enjoy it, but I can't say much in return. Dave Locke,  
however, is more personal & tells us all something about pub-  
lishing & himself at the same time, & in such a manner as to  
amuse us while he teaches. & Susan Wood reveals once again why  
she won the hugo. first of all Susan can write rings around a  
lot of fanzine writers; I mean, let's face it, she has \*personal  
style\* plus a fine personality to deck out in that style. I  
really like the way she turns anything she wants to talk about  
into an excuse for letting us into her life. indeed--do, it's  
the kind of writing Susan is doing--& there are lots of others,  
in columns or letters, who do the same; & *that's* one of the  
things I love most about fanzines--that makes her so welcome.  
the only people who can get such writing--if they know how to do  
it--published in the big outer world are famous VIPs of one sort  
or another, yet, it's precisely this kind of talking to one's  
friends in a personal sort of way which can be so winning, &  
which makes fanzines such a neat communication device. suffice  
it to say, I really enjoyed Susan's column; or didn't you guess?  
the fanpublishing symposium was also interesting, mostly,  
again, for the comments rather than the stats. & Ted White's  
final comments could probably be engraved & placed above every  
faneditor's desk. hurrah, as they used to say in the british  
army, for each different fanzine & its uniqueness.

then, of  
course, the lettercol. Jerry Pournelle had better watch it;  
he'll be better known as a letterhack soon than as a writer of  
sf. I've come across letters of his all over the place recently,  
& they have increased my admiration for the man. I think I'd  
still like to see a defence of the sexist presentation of women  
in MOTE from one of the authors (though to be frank I don't be-  
lieve there is a defence; perhaps Pournelle is wise in refusing  
to discuss the matter), but I do intend to read the book, & I  
imagine I will enjoy it, though on a different level & in a  
different way than I enjoyed THE DISPOSSESSED, THE FEMALE MAN or  
DHALLGREN, all of which I enjoyed in differnt ways, too. on one  
of the other hands, when Pournelle discusses possible future  
methods of government, he makes his case very well. Roberto  
Fuentes is to be congratulated for his "character" and "morality"  
yet somehow, I don't quite know how, he seems to protest a bit  
too much? ah well, anyone who knows how evil Castro's Cuba is  
must be doing something right. right? I don't believe I've ever  
seen such a beautiful set of brackets as Ted Cogswell's, & I'm a  
lover of the digressive aside. a beautiful letter, & I wish I  
could write them like that. get that man a column quick! I wish  
Brett Cox really represented the young, rather than being, as he  
must be, an exception. for you, Brett, censorship might not be  
necessary; for a lot of kids, who knows? I'm against censorship  
but I sort of respect a parent's right to protect his kids, so  
long as that protection doesn't interfere with my right to read  
& see whatever I like. & finally I'm sorry (actually I'm not,  
but...) about my pretentious typing style, but I like it, & it  
is easier, somehow, to ignore caps most of the time. so it goes  
Philip Farmer's letter rang down the curtain nicely on the con-  
troversy (he said hopefully). [7/1/75]

SAM LONG ...let's discuss Sandra Miesel's "sensies", which  
..... intrigued me muchly. I used to do such things my-  
self when I was a kid: I gave colors and attributes  
to friends, neighbors, (high school) teachers, and relatives--  
but unfortunately I've lost my records of that period...or per-  
haps fortunately. Who knows? But anyhow--mine were never as  
complex as Sandra's. I find that I agree with most of her  
characterizations, but there are some that I don't. Phil Farmer  
has never struck me as being narwhalesque, for example. I  
imagine him as more like a finely sculptured polished soapstone  
head...maybe ivory rather than stone. But not tusky. And I'd  
have thought Larry Niven's arcylic fur would have been pink...  
Poul Anderson reminds me more of a herm than of a wheatfield.  
Jackie Franke is more like a wheatfield than Poul is in my  
imagination. Sandra herself is like a brightly colored silken  
banner or a silken sail on a medieval ship, blazoned with arms.  
And John reminds me of an ash tree. I see you, Bill, as more  
oaken than piny. Mike Glicksohn is somewhat persimmon-like --  
brown and leathery on the outside, good on the inside. I can't  
decide whether Sheryl Birkhead is more like a field of daisies or  
an apple tree, but I see Linda Bushyager as being like ivy. The  
late James Blish was a granite bust of himself. Joe Haldeman is  
a well-turned piece of brass, and Gay is also a silken cloth.  
For some reason, Phil Foglio reminds me of an aluminum or tin  
teapot. Both Andy Porter and Mike Glyer give me ship-images,  
but I can't specify any closer. I hasten to add that not all  
the images I have in mind are complete, and they are all subject



to change. Broadly, tho, as I said, I find Sandra's said it best and I agree with her.

Susan makes Walt Liebscher sound absolutely fascinating. I'm looking forward to meeting him someday soon.

Mike Gorra's fanpubbing symposium was good, but it should have been a *real* symposium, i.e., drinking party. There's where the real truth about fanpubbing would come out. And even if it didn't, wouldn't such a party be a gas?

The A/B cartoon on page 927 was excellent save for one thing: I've never seen Mike in a polkadot shirt. Of course, I can't say I'm all that familiar with his wardrobe.

Jon Inouye's piece was both faanish and incomprehensible... not a bad mixture... [8/12/75]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD ...just thought I'd put down the lingering impressions from two columns--Susan's and Sandra's...

I don't know Walt Liebscher--I kinda "met" him at Torcon--coming home from the Chinese dinner thing--I distinctly remember the beanie and his mentioning a girl in the office who was wearing slacks and getting flak and how he supported her right to wear them--such things are recollections and memories made of.

I found Sandra's classification system intriguing and tried to decide if I, subconsciously or otherwise, could pigeonhole people as neatly and found I can't.... I think I'd tend towards emotions evoked by people--and I mean that purely on a first impression basis--knowing full well that the impression changes as people become better known--but I tend to form a rapid first impression feeling (and if mightily pressed might be able to bend such feelings into a systems of colors and what they mean to me, but not much to anybody else). Very interesting.

Aha--and here we have the saga of the zine fiend--who, disguised as the kindly masked rider of the plains works as a reporter for a local... hmmm...think there's a slight mixture of masked "men" there, but what the heck! But, I see the road to fanzine perfection doesn't run smoothly.

Although Dave Locke's article is humorous, he does raise some rather serious (at least to the faned--particularly the first issue faned) questions--but clothes them in humor. I don't think I like editing--one reason I'm not an editor (I mean editing in the sense that I'd be hacking and cutting letters from friends; trimming STUFF for "real" publication is something quite different). Always wondered what the average monetary loss was on an "average" fanzine and just how long a fan with "average" means (uh, so to speak) could manage to put out a zine for the fun of it. Not too many people put out such economic facts. Ah well, just curious.

Specific comment to the question in David Haugh's letter about signing stuff--I like to see signed work where the signature is "nice"--i.e., the way Grant or Terry (Austin--or Jeeves) and so on. I don't particularly like the way a lot of others do it and in THOSE cases would prefer it to be left blank. For myself, Bill, it feels "funny" to sign anything--although I do off and on--specifically the stuff I did for *Galaxy/16*--but I don't like the way it looks and it feels "commercial" to me, so I don't generally do it. ...on small illos a typed name would look a bit out of proportion I'd guess. [6/15/75]

*I suspect the reason most faned's don't provide financial "statements" is that, when you sit down to figure it out, there's simply no way you could have spent that much money and have so little to show for it... And you cry a lot! I'll probably resume it sometime/somewhere, because I do keep records, but anyway I do it will upset a lot of people.*

STUART GILSON *Outworlds* 23 and 24 were received and most appreciated ...the zine is, as you have repeatedly suggested, continuing to develop and evolve into new and better things, and each approach you have decided to build upon has been both refreshing for its originality and entertaining for its treatment...seriously, I have never been more impressed by a publishing format than I was by that used to great advantage in *OW* 23, and should I ever be hit by the madness, it is certain I shall publish in the general direction of that masterpiece, using it as the ideal objective...

Despite your reaffirming of the same, before *OW* 24 I had never consciously realized that each issue is indeed a separate entity in itself ... regardless of the warmth you obviously treat the publication with, *OW* is "pretentious" as you put it, and is characterized, not only by excellent repro, but by the fine grade of paper you have selected to use. If I was at all critical of the last issue, it was the lack of artwork which could have been used to great advantage with that paper brand...

Really, I was surprised at the apparently negative reaction towards my illo by the printers you frequented... that you should still print the thing, though, and despite your own fears and the objections of others, is highly to your credit in proving that the fanzine medium has persisted as an individual entity in publishing, and has endured as,

indeed, the last remaining bastion of the free press...it is comforting to know that free thought still exists as a viable right and is not merely a privilege...

My own thoughts on religion are erratic, owing to my refusal to submit to the tenets of a faith without verification of those tenets...to merely accept a belief out of faith is, in principles, entirely against the philosophy I live by which subsists on cohesive and logical order in the universe. If anything, I suppose I would tend towards Nosticism...I strongly persist in viewing man as but an insignificance, an impotent and mentally-steril insect, who deludes himself of his great importance in the scope of all nature, when the very basis of inspiration for his continuing to live is futile. And if man is indeed created in God's image, God being the supreme entity who created this insignificant man, then I am left perplexed by the contradictions that ultimately arise... I am definitely not an atheist, nor even contemptuous of any organized faith, but instead, merely searching, merely seeking for an answer to a problem that may or may not be insoluble. One thing though... it's almost a delicious irony that the Lowndes essay on censorship should appear in the *OW* directly preceeding the issue that contained my illo and the Canfield article (I must admit to being most uncomfortable with this latter entry--I don't know, maybe I'm just the old prude...) [6/23/75]

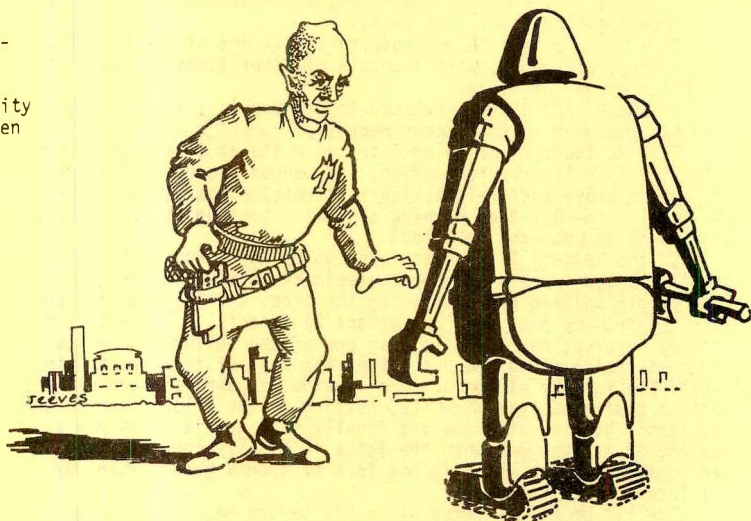
DENIS QUANE *Outworlds* 24 arrived today and proved a major illustration of why it's something of a disadvantage of having my mail delivered to a PO Box at school and picking it up in the morning. I hardly got any work done all day.

Your announcement that you will go back to publishing a separate "fanzine about fanzines" fills me with joy. It was *Inworlds* that played the greatest role in leading me into the wonderful world of fanzines, and there is nothing around now that plays a similar role for the newcomer.

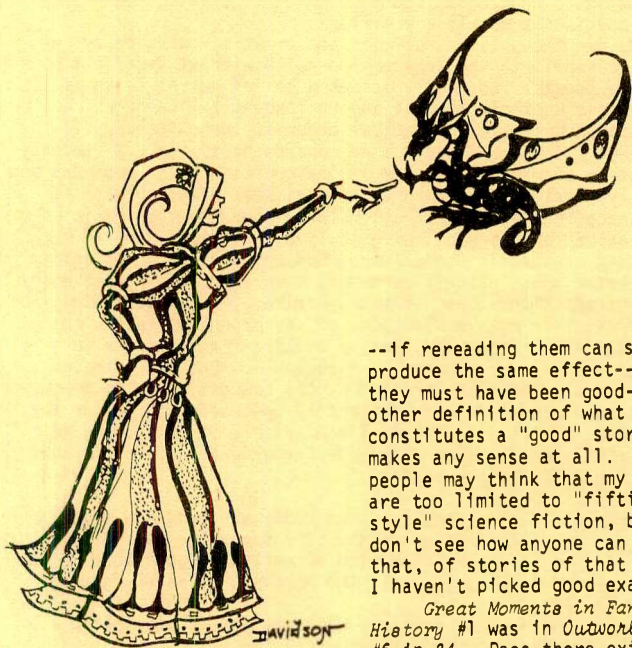
Part of the reason why the arrival of #24 killed my whole day was that the number of back references made it vital that I dig out #'s 21/22 and 23 and reread them as well. Well I probably wouldn't have gotten all that much written today, anyway. [No, I'm not indulging in a secret ambition to become a pro writer--all kinds of people have been telling me that I need to publish more in the chemical journals (people like my departmental chairman, the head of the foundation that funds my research, the President of the University...) and since I basically agree with them, I resolved that this summer would be devoted to getting into print all the research results that haven't been written up, all the ideas for articles that I've done nothing about... and I'm worse than Jerry Pournelle in looking for excuses to do something, anything, rather than write what I ought to be writing.]

The material about fanzines in this issue was good. Someday you ought to collect together all the material about fan editing that has been published in your zines and get someone to put it out as a book... I'm looking forward to more contributions of the same nature from Dave Locke.

Brett Cox's comment about the personal "golden age" for any sf reader is probably the period when he began reading sf is right for my case--and I remember admitting as much in my last issue. But I think his further comment "whether it was any good or not" is wrong. There is good and poor science fiction written in every era. The stories that one will remember as constituting "the golden age" will be the good ones. A fond memory may be at fault in thinking them better than the equally good stories being written now, but if they can live on in one's mind







--if rereading them can still produce the same effect--then they must have been good--what other definition of what constitutes a "good" story makes any sense at all. Some people may think that my tastes are too limited to "fifties style" science fiction, but I don't see how anyone can say that, of stories of that type, I haven't picked good examples.

*Great Moments in Fannish History* #1 was in *Outworlds* 22, #6 in 24. Does there exist #s 2-5? I hope so, those two

were both good ones and I'd like to see more of these from Austin.

One minor comment about technicalities. It has been bothering for some issues now that your italics are generally smaller than the surrounding text. Now I understand, the main text has been Letter Gothic, the italics Light Italic. And you've explained why you have used the Letter Gothic for the text. But it still looks wrong. Italics is for emphasis. And printing words smaller is not a good way of emphasizing them. Possibly go to Manifold for the italicized material. Or one of the typing elements intended for 10-pitch typewriters. [6/18/75]

*I'm aware of the "problem", even though I don't think it a major one. I think the major problem is not the size, but the fact that, as far as I know, IBM doesn't make a sans serif italic element... In any event, since the golf balls have apparently just gone up from \$18. each to something like \$25. each...I'm afraid we're all stuck with the eight I now have... (Particularly since the typer itself is making once again the strange noises mentioned in 21... "eigh"...)*

DAVID GRIFFIN It seems strange to have such a good looking format, and yet still be talking mainly about fandom. I'm used to seeing that type of

material in tatty (after the P.O. have been at them) mimeozines. The best thing in it was the Bloch "Fantasy", but then I'm a sucker for that sort of humorous material--that's why I like *Triode* so much.

Dave Locke (I suppose he had to write about locs) said a lot about locs from the editor's side, but not much about the writer's side. May I suggest a few things? A good loc should consist of 3 parts which should be well intermixed:

- 1) A bit of egoboo for the fanned, a statement of which articles were liked best and vice versa;
- 2) A discussion of some topic raised in one of the articles (or letters) at length, with a couple of other items discussed in a smaller amount of space;
- 3) Items completely unrelated to the previous issue, eg. what has happened to the loccer recently.

This is the sort of thing I try to write as I have very modest abilities in a literary direction, and cannot produce a masterpiece of English prose and/or intelligent discussion everytime. It's not infallible--but then nothing ever is. Looking at it from your side, what do you want in a loc?

Of the letters I was most taken up by Karen Rockow's. It shows once again the difference between the semi-prozine--with many people editing and publishing the zine, and the real amateur fanzines--run by just one (or perhaps 2) fanned(s). I don't think it's so interesting if you're just one of the editors who writes and maybe edits a little, but leaves the rest of the work to others --half the fun (?) of producing a fanzine is going through all the toil of typing out the stencils, putting in the illos, turning the duplicator handle, stapling and finally mailing--it gives you a feeling of achievement when the issue is finally completed and sent out, something which is not felt to such a great extent by the locers or contributors.

The bit on postal rates was a bit beyond me, and I thought our system was crazy enough! I don't know how it is in the USA, but it is possible to send a paperback from England to Australia,

more cheaply than to the next town (although it does take a lot longer to get to Australia...usually). [7/23/75]

*I do wish I could give you a nice, neat answer as to what I want, as a fanned, in a letter of comment. The only answer I can give you is exactly the same that I give to people who ask what kind of articles or art I want for OW: Briefly, what I want is simply the very best you can do...! If you're not interested in what you're writing about, it will show, I think, and I'll probably cut it... I'm a mean and cantankerous old man (and liable to continue becoming more so after THIS wee letterool!) and am going to have to become a bit tougher in what I choose to print, simply for survival's sake... It'll be a while before there's another issue like this one, believe me!*

BRUCE D. ARTHURS I think you may be right is saying that it's the best looking issue in recent times ..... A damned attractive package.

Ah ha! So there is more than one *Great Moments in Fannish History* from Austin's pen! Hot damn! How soon can we expect to see #s 2 thru 5?

Sandra Miesel must think in a different manner than me. I don't ordinarily think of people in terms of the "senses" she describes, and it requires a deliberate shift in thought to do that sort of thing. Here's a few that come to mind: Susan Wood is peppermint ice cream, Jim Goldfrank is a smooth golden liquor that would drive Tucker's Jim Beam to shame, and Ned Brooks is one of those toys that go around obstacles in their path, instead of stupidly trying to climb over the things. Sandra is right about some senses, tho; the people being described in some instances might not appreciate the comparison to whatever. I have to chortle when I think of some of the nasty descriptions I could write down. Tsk, shameful of me.

I suspect myself that the Canfield art in the *Nickelodeon* ad was the main reason for the censorship hassle. When I first saw that piece of art, I immediately thought, "Boy, are some people going to be offended." Especially feminists, since it was even more sexist than Canfield's usual work.

It's a good thing I don't have a gun in the apartment, because by the time I'd finished reading Dave Locke's *Please, Don't Write Around the Illos*, I'd certainly have had it at my forehead. He says a lettercolumn shouldn't go on for too long, and I'd just finished running off the latest *Godless*, where the letters take up over half the issue. Then he says the best place for editorial comment is at the end of each letter, and my comments are scattered all thru them. I swear, I'm glad I'm not putting out a fanzine with the sole purpose of satisfying Dave Locke.

And I'm afraid the same goes for Gorra's *Fanzine Publishing Symposium*. Particularly the question of solicitation of material. Now, other people may go out ringing doorbells looking for material, but I've never been that way. With only one or two exceptions, I have never solicited material or artwork for my fanzines. (Except in a general way, i.e., "Hey, readers, my contribution file is getting low.") I've always been of the opinion that if someone wants to contribute to *Godless*, it shouldn't be because I'm a friend of theirs or because I threaten to throw a brick thru their window unless they contribute, but because they've seen the fanzine, been impressed with it, and want to see their work published in that fanzine.

Example: a local fan told me recently that I should use artwork from some of the local fanartists around here. That's fine with me, except that none of the local fanartists have expressed any interest in seeing a copy of *Godless*, and I don't see why I should give them any as long as I have plenty of stuff already in my art file. I guess this is why I never had any Canfield art; I sent him a few early issues, back when I was trying to get an art file, and never got any response. If he's not impressed enough with the fanzine straight, I don't see why a personal and specific request from me should make any difference.

I always get a charge out of the latest contributions to the Glicksohn Mythos, in this issue Bathurst's *A.B. Dyck's Profiles* and Austin's cartoon on page 935. You gotta admit, when a drunken-to-the-point-of-idioty, long-haired, egotistical math teacher with a silly hat goes around and still has a lot of friends...you gotta admit the man must have charisma...some-where... I even have my own contribution to the Mythos, "Mike Glicksohn's Beard", if the damn thing ever gets published. In the next *Granfalloon*, Linda Bushyager tells me, maybe later this summer. That damned thing has had so many delays in publication, it's become a legend its own time! If there were no Glicksohn, we would have to invent one.

"Kent Bromley" is a pseudonym, eh? Hell, if you want to criticize a man, at least do it more or less to his face, don't send someone else (including a fake identity) to do the job.

And I loved Ted Cogswell's remark about making Elwood first phone in a bucket shop!

Hey, getting back somewhat to the question of soliciting material, I've got sort of a comment on the matter of paying



people for written material or art for a fanzine. One of the local fanartists mentioned above will not donate his work just for the egoboo of being in someone's zine. However, he doesn't accept money, either. To have him do art for you, you have to feed him dinner. Now, my question: is this guy being paid for his artwork?  
[6/24/75]

*You're not trying to start a go around, are you Bruce!? It could be a sticky question, if it came down to it... Now the Browns feed dinner to those who help collate/mail Locust... and when I have someone down to collate/mail/ whatever, I try to provide beverages and a meal of some sort... I think that's only fair; but it's not demanded of me by the people who show up, and I'm sure the same holds true in other cases as well... I don't really know... some of my artists (most of them, as a matter of fact) expect their originals back, which they then sell at convention sketch tables: are THEY being paid?*

GERARD HOUARNER Sandra Miesel's bit conjured up all sorts of uses. Imagine a sort of "New Wave" of writers using her image method of describing characters. I imagine, if you can, Ulithetren Okop of Beilopskia, famed instigator of the Martin Turnover and leader of the dreaded Fella-din, being described as a mildly roasted pig's calf basted with Duco cement and sporting jazzy two tone hush puppies. Imagine, if you must, a whole new crop of writers taking this heroic image and composing a multi-volume fantasy that will keep Sandra Miesel busy working for T-K Graphics for the next twenty years. Anyway, I kinda liked *Creme de Les Sensies*.

However, I must disagree with Jon Inouye on several points in his otherwise very perceptive article on Crudzines. Very few people know of the incident in Los Magogees, New Jersey, where the entire population was wiped out when a swarm of lemmings over-ran their town in order to get at the crudzine hoards in the town's basements. You see, the town was trying to corner the market in crudzines, ruin the ecological balance of the world and take over the universe. Thus crudzines have the power to bring out the worst in people (notably editors). On to a few minor points. It is a well known fact that, contrary to what Dr. Madrigas was quoted as saying, God created crudzines in order to keep editors out of heaven and keep them busy on earth. It has been said that God had a lot of money invested in Heavenly real-estate and he was afraid that if he let any editor types in, the property values would go down. Finally, Monsienieur Taki-lop, famed organizer and leader of the Church of the Two Truths, has frequently stated in the church's organ *Thinging and Taxes* that crudzines are responsible for the severe drought of cor-flu on the island of Tanga somewhere in the Pacific. I don't know what that means, but I thought I might as well throw it in....

The fan-publishing information was most enjoyable, though I wish you had thought of an article describing how to construct a mimeograph machine from spare parts around the house (ribbon, wire hangers, dead frogs and other miscellaneous objects). Such an article would have probably tripled the amount of fanzines running around and would have made for an interesting discussion in the letters column on the practicalities of such a machine. Needless to say, I was very interested in all that there pubbing stuff, especially Dave Locke's article and the symposium. It offered quite a lot of information and pointed to the generalization that "there ain't no such a thing as rules to fan pubbing". Everybody does it different, which is half the fun of doing it in the first place.

Your locolumn was it's usual alive and vibrant self, even if you had to publish a letter from Mike Glicksohn. At least you had the good sense and fine taste not to publish any of my nonsense. ((Sorta blew it this time, tho, didn't I?)) Was it my imagination or was the art scant in this issue? No full pagers, nor double page spreads on Jodie Offutt's boobs (or in Jodie Offutt's boobs, or whatever) or other parts of the anatomy (now if she lived in Canada, I might have been able to fit the word "beaver" someplace in that sentence and really raise some eyebrows, but as luck would have it, I can't put the word "beaver" anywhere in that sentence without it sticking out, if you'll pardon the expression, so I'll just have to leave the word "beaver" out. I guess double entendres just aren't my forte.) I love, nay, worship the Austin cartoons.

In conclusion, I am constantly amazed at how a man of your age can continue pubbing and investing large amounts of time and money into a fanzine. I mean, don't da cane get in da way, sometimes? At least I have an excuse for fugging around (great word, fugging--it sounds dirty, but just try to get yourself arrested for yelling it at a cop. You'll be amazed at the results. I was, and will be for the next six months) in fandom: I'm in college, I'm not even twenty one yet (which means I can't send away for all those dirty magazines, gosh darn)(but at least I can get *Outworlds*, which is more or less the same thing, I guess) and everybody expects me to be an obnoxious, immature idiot. So why not? In the words of the great bard, "I was born this way, what's your excuse?"

[7/19/1984]

*Gerard took the first sentence of his third paragraph, and developed it into a...well...do-it-yourself article that will be along in an issue or two. Strange, this fellow...!*

GEOFFREY MAYER I just finished issues 23 and 24 of *Outworlds* which I bought from you at Westercon. One item in each issue had particular importance to me: Dave Locke's *Please Don't Write Around the Illos* in 24 and your editorial in 23 (that's the order in which I read them). They affect me because I subscribe to fanzines and I don't write Letters of Comment.

The reason is I have nothing to say. I thoroughly enjoyed both issues, but the only comments I can make follow this line: "Grant Canfield's *Dirt & Smut*... was so funny, I got snort on the pages" -- the very type of thing Dave Locke says to Blue Pencil.

I am not creative with the pen, hardly fluent even. (It took three tries to get through English 1A!) My talents lie elsewhere (music and computers) and all I have to offer is my evil money.

*Focal Point* used to be my favorite fanzine. When *Tandem* took its place, the Katzes started a no-subs policy. I received one glorious issue. I tried to write a LoC. The magazine meant a lot to me, but the words wouldn't come. I never received another issue. ((Perhaps I'm wrong...but I don't remember a 2nd issue ever coming out...))

As for the price of tea in China: You mentioned in your editorial the possibility of raising the price of subs to cut circulation. While I'd be willing to pay more for OW--I like it that much after two issues--this sounds like the first step towards no subs at all.

In summary, I hope you and other faneds (if this sees print) will take pity on those of my ilk who enjoy your productions but have nothing to offer in return but cash, check, or international money order.  
[7/28/75]

ARTHUR D. HLAIVATY Dave Locke's column kind of surprised me. I had never realized until now what use-

less parasites we subscribers are. Actually, I would suspect that requiring locs would lead to a lot of very dull letters, written out of a sense of duty. For instance, if I had been required to comment on #23, I probably would have done one of the following:

- 1) "I sure liked your zine, but I sure can't think of anything to say about it."
- 2) I could have displayed some of my vast fund of ignorance about graphics.
- 3) I could have said that I liked the article on Brunner very much, but wasn't particularly interested in the others (But likes & dislikes without reasons are boring. As Connie Hawkins once said, "Opinions are like assholes; everyone's got one.")
- 4) I could have made some comments on *Dirt & Smut*, mostly along the lines of "If you think that's smut..."

The first three alternatives would have been dull, and since you said that Canfield's *Dirt & Smut* made you uncomfortable, I suspect mine would have turned your stomach.

So what do you do when you don't have anything interesting to say? You can write a letter like this, but you can get away with that only once (at most). So before you decide that Locke is right, here's \$4. for 4 more issues.

Do I have anything to say about #24? Not much.

I was a bit surprised at the censorship of #23. I am one of those Eastern Effete Snobs who tend to think of America as two coasts connected by airlines, and stories like this from America's Heartland tend to confirm my prejudices. Maybe the *Nichelodeon* ad offended the printers or maybe it was the grave picture. You mean that wasn't a guy with a big nose buried wrong-end-to? (That's the sort of comment you missed by not expecting me to write. Now aren't you glad?)

I suppose I should be shocked that my tax money is subsidizing Ted Cogswell's letter, but I'm not; the letter was worth it. Come to think of it, I'm in favor of letting writers get away with all sorts of tax deductions (and not letting politicians get away with any.)

And while I enjoyed #24, that is all I can say without boring you (and myself).  
[6/23/75]

*For the past week, while typing up the comments on #24, I purposely kept these two letters beside the typewriter (they obviously went together), yet never inserting them, because I knew that when I did, I would have to answer them at some length. They weren't alone in expressing some shock at Dave's comments on subscribers... (I should hope that I shouldn't have to issue a disclaimer to the effect that I don't always agree with everything Dave, or anyone else, writes...but if I must, consider it done.) Whenever you talk about fanzines, in order to preserve any attempt at doing so in a reasonable amount of space, one must, I'm afraid, generalize rather broadly; but that, given the independent natures of faneds, can often prove rash. Still,*



ignoring for the moment the Big Three (Algol, TAC/SFR, Locus), MOST fanzines that do offer copies for sale, subscriptions, or whatever, may do so with great expectations, but the harsh reality is something a little different. Most fanzines are lucky to get enough cash inflow to help out on the postage... One can hope that one of Susan's reviews in Amazing will get you two or three thousand subscriptions, so that one can retire and play Dick Geis... One can always hope that a Rich Uncle... There are exceptions, fanzines that break even (it is rumored)...but by and large subscribers aren't that big a thing to most fanzines, either in terms of numbers or amount of income provided. Subscribers can be a pain: they seem to expect a faned to actually produce his fanzine on the announced schedule (which is of course ridiculous, not to mention unfannish), and after the money they send in is spent --they become mere names on the mailing list. And "they don't DO anything." You're going to have to ask each faned on an individual basis why he does or doesn't offer his fanzine for money...but most won't be able to tell you, I fear. I would advise all beginning faneds to consider Locke's thoughts very carefully, before putting those "rates" on the contents page of your first issue--and I would advise against them doing so. When you don't make your fanzine available for subs, you have the ultimate freedom: you can give it away to anyone you damn well please, produce that many copies --and don't worry about it. But the first time you offer, and accept, subs, I believe you are taking on responsibilities --ones just as valid as those you feel you owe to your contributors. It is a lot easier to set sub rates, than it is to fulfill them. (A major problem is that most faneds are perpetually broke--an occupational hazard--and spend the entire subscription on the issue at hand, and are left with 3 or so issues owed the subber, and no money with which to publish them... I've been there, and to a degree I'm afraid I still am...) ## Enough generalities; let's get to OW... I offer subs, I try to honor them, and...at the moment...I welcome them: subbers and their Evil Money. I do not consider subbers automatically second-class citizens: there are a few people who have subbed to everything I've done for more than ten years, a few who put in a fairly sizable amount when I was offering "life-time" subs...and I consider them as much a part of the "OW family" as anyone, even tho at the most I only get a one line note whenever they resubscribe... OW's major problem at the moment is simply this: While it has a much larger number of subbers than most fanzines, that number is not nearly within shouting range of the Big Three... There are too many of you to do a nice, simple little mimeoed zine and still have fun doing it...and there's not nearly enough of you to support something in the format of 23 or (I hope) 26 on a regular basis. Part of it's my fault: 19 thru 22 have paid back their printing and most of the postage costs (there were other expenses, tho), but that was a year and a half long process, and the fact that those issues went through several dealers helped. 23 and 24 are still firmly in the hole. Right now, at this moment in early September, I am of two minds: I would like to go back to a small, and fairly frequent, fanzine with a print run of, say, 150 - 250. But I still have this backlog of fantastic art, and I have yet to even begin to explore the possibilities, even on a shoestring budget, of what can be done with offset.... But, now more than ever (since I have belatedly become a "convention fan") I cannot manage that second option on my own. I will do somethings that will help: such as offering at least issues 26 & 27 to dealers (I'm sure all the offset issues will eventually pay their way...but I can't wait a year or two to recover that investment...not and publish more than one or two issues a year, that is), attempting to get more advertising...and launching one more ad-campaign for OW. I am even sending out renewal notices; something I've never done before, something I'd rather not have to do, and something that takes time and postage that could be used elsewhere. ## But I can't do everything... If, you like Geoff and Arthur, are subscribers, like what I do well enough to want it to continue being generally available, you can help in any one of several ways: 1) Check your mailing list for the number of your last issue, and renew if possible one issue in advance (this not only spares me the time and expense of renewal notices...it lets me plan a little more firmly what I can afford to budget for the next issue); 2) send no more than a 2 year sub at one time; otherwise I'll probably blow the money now...; 3) don't twist arms (well, not too hard), but try to talk at least one other person into subbing; if you, at least the majority of you, can do that, I not only could put directly into OW the money I spend on ads, but also I could spend a lot less time worrying about how to finance each upcoming issue... ## At the moment, and I don't want to upset anyone, but... at the moment the options after #27 are very much up in the air. Right now, I'm hanging in Limbo, somewhere between most fanzines, and the Big Three. OW, right now, is either too big...or not big enough... \*sigh\*

Those WERE supposed to be the last two letters...but since the previous page was done 8/27 and it is now 9/4 (I was up to the Stopa's over Labor Day, and have been trying to recover from the food-feast ever since), naturally a couple more letters came in... Therefore, in my never-ending (and I realize totally futile...) quest to get "caught-up"....

GEORGE FERGUS It seems such a long time since I have written you a loc. In fact, I just checked back and discovered that I haven't located a Bowers zine since Double:Bill #13, ten years ago. It's positively mind-crogling. It should make all those other faneds I owe locs to feel better. On, then, to my decennial comments...

I have one quibble with Jessie Salmonson. She asserts that all editors read unsolicited manuscripts as a matter of course, since a story found in the slush pile would cost less and might be better than one by an established writer. I expect that most professional editors would consider this extremely unlikely, and I was under the impression that a large number of them refuse to give any serious attention to "transom" manuscripts by unknowns. Certainly the number of book review fanzines returned with rejection slips by various publishing houses bears this out.

I wonder if one could avoid such a reading fee for unsolicited manuscripts by first sending a letter of inquiry along the lines of, "I have previous had stories/articles published in zines X, Y, and Z. I've just finished a new piece that I feel would be ideal for your magazine because of its insightful new treatment of -----". Please return the enclosed self-addressed postcard if you would be interested in seeing the mss." If he does so (and what editor wouldn't?), then the manuscript becomes solicited, right?

I, for one, can't agree with Glenn Behrmann's comments in OW 22 describing Piers Anthony's columns as boastful, slanderous drivel that is probably not entertaining to most fans. Mainly because I like to listen to my favorite authors discussing their work, but also because I happen to share Piers' opinion that his novels are an order of magnitude better than Dean Koontz's. Furthermore, if Piers and Roberto hadn't written to OW about their Martial Arts novels, I might not have been intrigued enough to try out the Jason Stryker series, which I have found to be both interesting and enjoyable.

Although even if Piers' only motive in writing for fanzines were to spread his name around so that he can get more money for his work while simultaneously deducting such writings at 3¢ a word from his income tax, I would still say more power to him. It's really a crime that writers, who bring such pleasure to our lives, are so underpaid that they would have to resort to such self-puffery merely in order to make ends meet. In fact, if it weren't for people like Piers and John Brunner talking about it, fans still might not realize how hard it is for even the most respected and prolific authors in the field to make a living from freelance writing.

By the way, since you've misspelled it several times, Frank Lunney's controversial zine of a few years back was *Beabohemia*, not *Beabohemia*. But then few of us were really into Bohemia Fandom.

Actually, I suspect that Eric Mayer's "parody" in OW 21 was more entertaining to those like you, Bill, who haven't read THE EXORCIST. It would be hard to imagine a more straightforward (tho well-done) condensation of the original. The substance of the plot and characters is the same--only the background has been changed, from Catholic to fannish, and I'm afraid that I do not have an automatic chortle reflex at in-group fannish references. At least, no more so than I have at religious mumbo-jumbo.

Karen Rockow's letter in #24 touches upon an interesting point. Disregarding for a moment the other arguments about awarding Hugos to near-professional fanzines like *Algol*, there remains the possibility that in the future the editor and publisher of a fanzine could be two separate individuals. This may make it necessary to change the fanzine Hugo to a "best editor" award just as the prozine Hugo was changed, back in 1972.

[9/1/75]

...as far as I know, the "fanzine" Hugo is awarded to the zine itself, not the editor and/or publisher, so I don't see the situation arising.

HARRY WARNER, JR. The new fan history book is finished, and now there's nothing for me to do but tackle the stacks of fanzines that arrived while I was working on it and the stacks of those that hadn't received comments before I converted to full-spare-time-history-final-drafting and the stacks of those that will be arriving in the weeks to come, if anyone in fandom hasn't lost patience with me for non-response. It's a big relief to return to loc-writing particularly on a fine fanzine like the 24th *Outworlds*.

Naturally, I enjoyed the reruns of old fannish dramas that Bob Tucker provided in *Beard Mumbings*. It would be nice if his final section, about the fanzine indexes, would inspire some fan



about 15 years old to start work on a new edition. It wouldn't be any use for a fan who is 17 or older to tackle the job, because it will take about seventy years to finish. One difficulty is that even the Pavlat-Evans edition, for all its virtues, wouldn't provide the person who wanted to produce a new fanzine index with a springboard, because the compiler couldn't concentrate on just the period after 1952. There are many gaps, particularly involving apa publications, and incomplete listings for some very prominent fanzines. I suspect that the task is beyond anyone's strength by now and all that can be hoped for is a series of limited projects.

Bob Lowndes' memories go back before even my prediluvian experiences and his column reminds me all over again how unusual it is to engage in a hobby which still possesses some of the people who were around when it all began. His mention of FAPA's failure to become the major source of fanzine distribution makes me wonder what would have happened if the FAPA founders had resisted the temptation to use the organization as an outlet for their power politics and for fanzines devoted in large part to their own feuds and to global social matters. Maybe FAPA would have become the substitute for independently distributed fanzines that it was meant to be, if some of the charter members had distributed in its first mailings some good-sized, general interest fanzines. I can't imagine what is the basis for Lowndes' memory of a 100-page fanzine out of Michigan around the start of the 1940's. I don't believe anyone published that long ago such a fat fanzine, unless you count a worldcon combozine or two which consisted of special issues of various fanzines from this and that fan bound together. Bob might be confusing one of these with Bill Hamling's *Stardust*, which was a beautifully printed fanzine of that era, but quite small in number of pages. The nicest-looking, fattest fanzine with which Evan was associated was *Nova*, but that didn't start publishing until the end of 1941 and never even hit the fifty-page size. It was mimeographed, I doubt if the mimeography was done professionally, and I know that the multi-color covers were homemade, because they were fine examples of Jack Wiedenback's airbrush silkscreening technique.

Dave Locke says so many wise things in such comprehensive manner that I can't find anything to complain about. Well, maybe one thing. He didn't include a warning against one letter column editing practice that has upset me once in a long while. About every ten years, a fan bobs up who decides to condense letters by rewriting in concise form what he considers the meaning of a lengthier comment, and failing to announce that he is paraphrasing instead of quoting directly. I gave up writing locs to one fanzine of the 1960's because the editor kept mangling my letters in this way, changing my meaning repeatedly, and not only failing to announce that he was doing it, but refusing to print my complaints about these misquotes. This is a very good way to save space when it's done fairly and accurately. Ackerman and Morajo used to do it a lot in VOM, always distinguishing such sections from direct quotes, and I don't remember any complaints.

It was high time someone wrote an article about Walt Liebscher like Susan Wood's *Energawoman*. If *Chanticleer* seems so much fun today, just imagine how much more welcome it was when it was brand new, when almost all fanzines that concentrated on books and science fiction were deadly serious in tone and awfully dull to read.

...it was a good idea to do something to mark this 45th anniversary of the start of the consecutive history of fanzines (although I'm sure you realize there were isolated publications before 1930 which could be considered fanzines). I wonder if fandom will have enough homogeneity and ambition to prepare for a festive observance of the 50th anniversary five years from now? Or will fanzines by 1980 be so predominantly smei-pro in nature that the golden anniversary won't seem so important? [8/31/75]

I ALSO HEARD FROM.....

CARL BENNETT ## BILL BREIDING ## JOE CHRISTOPHER: "I must say that I find Christopher's letter on pp. 929-930 rather stuffy. Exactly what kind of distinction is he making between SF and 'serious novels'? Is he saying that SF can't be 'serious'? ... No doubt if one balances Burrough's PRINCESS OF MARS against Conrad's LORD JIM, the distinction seems fairly safe. But what if one compares Brunner's STAND ON ZANZIBAR with Chaucer's *Miller's Tale*? Which is the 'serious' narrative? For that matter, which is the greater and more important? How do you prove it? ... It was a sloppy generalization on Christopher's part, and poor editing on your part, Bill --you should have whopped him one in an afterword to his letter." ## PHILIP M. COHEN ## KIM GIBBS: "*Outworlds* 24 was a pleasant issue to read with very little controversy and argument. Even the letter page was less hostile than it has been lately. What happened? Are you getting mellow in your old age?" ## PAULA LIEBERMAN: "I think that the NEO-FAN'S GUIDE Suppressed Covers deserved suppressing...my own particular frame of mind, that, not censorship. I have yet to see that particular situation at a part, even one without an open door! I have yet to see a completely nude woman at a party at a con (though some of us may have been very close). I cheerfully admit I'm biased and would

much rather see a nude male on a cover than a nude female... especially as the femme in the picture isn't doing anything, except maybe having a dumb expression on her face, and having something done to her. Most femme fen seem somewhat more animated..." (I argued this subject with Paula at at least two cons--seems like more!--this summer, without being able to convince her that Dan's covers were "satire"...not a photographic rendition of a "real" party... But, apart from the inevitable skinny-dipping that takes place at any con with a pool, I still think that Paula is going to have to retract at least part of her comment, in light of the strip Hangman game that took place --in a room with a wide open door--at the Sunday nite dead dog party at BYOBeon. Unless she left a lot earlier than I thought, she saw enough naked flesh of both sexes to, I hope, satisfy her ...) ## ROSEMARY PARDOE ## CHRIS ROCK ## DAVE ROWE ## STEVE SIMMONS ## JOE D. SICLARI ## WALLY STOELTING...

I also received belated loc's from DAVID GRIFFIN (on #20) and ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH (on 21/22)...as well as just discovering a misplaced loc on 23, from PATRICK MCGUIRE: "Um, I realize you'll print anything you damn well feel like that the postal service will let you mail, but by the same token I'm entitled to supply negative egoboo (egobroke?) when the situation warrents, and consequently I'll state that some of the material in 23 is of questionable taste: the *Nickelodeon* ad and the *Waste Paper* reprint, to be specific. I'm sorry that the censorship issue had to come up on that issue, because it makes my objections look the same as those of your first printer, which I trust they're not. I'll defend to the death your right to publish such material; I just wish you wouldn't choose to do so." ...and the one negative response I received from the 20 or so people who got OW through an ad I ran (strictly as an experiment) in the *Nostalgia Journal*...MIKE LOVINGER: "Now don't get me wrong, I think your book's 'look' is great. Nice layout, clean, attractive--quite professional. Also I do read SF and your contributors are recognizable to me. ... But...it's boring. I think Paul Anderson's *Beer Mutterings* sums up the zine--'Mutterings'. Maybe it's what you want, one printed mass of rather personally interesting 'letters' (I can't call them articles; maybe essays?). What I mean to say is seemingly personally interesting to their respective authors. Of course, I'm wrong to a degree because you do appear to have some kind of a following. One can't sell over 500 copies and not have one. But you don't have me. ... Maybe I need to keep up with it more. Maybe I'm into comics & comix fanzines too much (they really make *Outworlds* look bad to me; not bad as a zine, but bad as to contents). Maybe I'm not into SF enough--or the right style SF. ... Whatever it is, Bill, *Outworlds* doesn't have it for me. Have you ever seen a copy of Gary Berman's *Infinity*? Yes it's a comic-art-zine to be sure, but it's 'it'. Or maybe Caz's *ERBdom*? ... I can't pin point what it is other than the major contents difference. *Infinity*'s is quality art, *ERBdom*'s is ERB, *Outworlds*' is ? . I have yet to figure it out. ... Sorry, Bill, but it's beyond me. I wish you luck, though, cause I can see you put your heart in it."

I didn't print that to end on a downbeat; it's there because it is a valid response from an 'outsider' who I approached (thru an ad) with my fanzine...and I am, naturally, curious as to what the reaction will be...

...way back at the beginning, I made some remarks about the fan-Dorsai... Well, at Wilcon, I had a chance to get to know a few of them (in civvies, so-to-speak), and found out that a few fans I had known are, in fact, part of the group. Apparently they have something going for them: 22 of them--in Klingon 'drag'--managed to control the 16- to 18 thousand at the Star Trek con in Chicago, in late August. Possibly part of the problem is the usual lack of communication between what they think they're doing...and what outside observers think they're doing... At any rate, I don't think I have any animosity towards them as fan-individuals... But in a group, and in uniform --I dunno... I'll try to keep an open mind.

I'm not saying there isn't a letter in the house that should be printed... but if so, I don't know where it is! And that's the first time in YEARS I can make that statement. There won't be an OW like this again, soon, but it's been fun... Bill [11:25 PM; 9/5/75]

