

33

ORLDS

OUTW





I rushed *Outworlds* 32 out--even though it contained little more than letters and a Dave Locke column--hard on the heels OW31 for the primary purpose of showing you that, yes, I was serious about resuming publishing on a fairly frequent schedule.

That would result, I told myself, in a deluge of fine, witty, informative, and interesting fan writing, and I would publish a Big & Fancy issue--OW33--in time for Midwestcon.

Midwestcon is a week away.  
...and this is *Outworlds* 33.  
It contains letters.  
...and a Dave Locke 'column'.

True, a fair number of 'poems' (in one form or another) have arrived, and the artists are beginning to believe that, despite the appearance of the last two issues, I do plan on utilizing their talents. This is nice, as is the realization that, though it didn't seem so--they trickled it--a fair pile of letters have accumulated.

...and having the steady stream of Dave Locke (Support Your Local Fanwriter) work is a powerful inducement, in its own way, to continue publishing.

But as for the rest of you article writers...and, in particular, the Ro Lutz-Nagey of Shaker Heights....

I've been purposely vague about the direction that this incarnation of OW will take, but I'm hoping for four to six issues a year, and perhaps alternating 12- and 24-page issues....

As for which this one will end up being, come, let us find out together...

.....A BLUE DOT FOR HANIA .....

Two bits of background to the following...  
In the course of publishing *Xenolith*,

I managed to extract their "first LoC" from a fair number of friends...some of whom had been around for a number of years. ...mostly by legitimate means. It proved to be a fun gimmick...and maybe someday some of them will write their second LoC! To *Outworlds*...

Secondly, this:

Last year I wanted to do "something special" to commemorate the fact that CRICON IV would mark the 20th anniversary of My Very First Convention. As is all too often the case what was accomplished was far less than what had been planned. And it was also a bit late...appearing in October as *Xenolith* 21.

It started off, thusly:

"Friday evening; Rivercon 7.

"When I registered, and was given my already prepared namebadge, I noticed that in addition to "OS1 / BILL BOWERS / CINCINNATI, OH" (typed large and legible; how terribly unfannish!), there was affixed an object which differentiated it from most of the other badges immediately visible.

"Nothing much, really.

"...just a 73/32" diameter...and shiny...stick-on dot.

"Blue."

I had a lot of fun examining just why I was awarded such a distinctive marking at a con I was merely attending--I wasn't making a 'speech', nor was I on any panels--wrapping it around a list of my first 20 years worth of conventions. I even reproduced an electro-stenciled facsimile of my Rivercon badge--and to make it look authentic, even went out to purchase some blue stick-on dots.

Little realizing that I would have to acquire a package of a thousand of the euphore to amuse myself.

In the course of my wanderings through my conventional years, I related the story of the rise & fall of the former glitter queen of Midwestern Fandom--little realizing that it would lead, at long last, to the following.

...even if I did have to drive up to Toronto over the Memorial Day weekend, just to pick the LoC up...

HANIA WOJTONICZ

Announcing: My First Annual Capitulation Under  
Extrema Pressure From Certain People First LOC Ever

Part I -- Inspired By The Blue Dot

Your comments on the quest for the meaning of TBD and your convention shuffle mode have caused me to reminisce. Being tall, talented and an established cult figure, your person is now being marked as significant by others. When I entered fandom, not being any of these things, I needed to mark my own significance.

Being extremely introverted, and unable to start conversations with total strangers, I decided to create an image that would make people approach me. Thus, before going to my first con (Torque I, 1980), I had my hair braided and beaded (before it was popular). Well, it worked marvelously. People were constantly coming up and asking about my hair. It was a terrific ice breaker and first topic of conversation. Once the first hurdle was passed I found it very easy to continue a conversation or approach the person myself at another time. This phenomena

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continued through my second convention (Marcon, 1980). It certainly enabled me to meet many people and get to know a few quite well. In fact, most of the people I met during those first two conventions are now my best friends.

I couldn't spend all my life in braids, so for Midwestcon 1980 I came up with something a bit easier. This was the start of my "glitter queen" days. It wasn't quite as aggressive as the braids but it worked just as well. And it was much more fun. Were you the one who said you could always tell where I'd been by the trail of sparkles? This continued for a while, not because I really needed it anymore, but because it was fun. Well, being inspired by your remarks regarding my fall as the former glitter queen of midwestern fandom, I'm reviving the sparkles. Partly out of nostalgia (my God, it was only 2½ years ago) and partly because Sid Altus has never let me forget it and is always so devastated by its absence.

Speaking of the convention shuffle. I am very rarely alone or at a loose end at conventions any more. I now know so many people, even if only as acquaintances, that I can usually find someone to talk to. But I still used to panic slightly if I did a tour of the con and could find no one that I knew at all. I think I have now made a breakthrough. At this year's Confusion I spent some time all by myself, couldn't find anyone I knew, and wasn't at all bothered. I actually managed to initiate conversations with a couple of new people. I'm out of the closet at last and it feels wonderful. I will always prefer being surrounded by friends, I thrive on being close to people--but I now know that I won't collapse into a little pile of jelly if they are not around.

#### Aside I -- Noreascon Amnesia

I've resigned myself to the fact that I will never live down the one and only total binge of my life. I've also resigned myself to the fact that I'll never know what happened. Unless, of course, trusty and big-mouthed friends of mine continue to tell stories about it. Your recounting of my adventures was very amusing and highly appreciated. And it was very effective, because here you are reading that LOC you've been promised for so many years. Besides, who has time for LOC's when they're slaving over a hot caftan (200+ pieces no less).

Anyway, I've decided to try and re-construct that long lost night of my life. So far you're the only one who's given me any facts. Of course, you're also the only one I remember (other than Doris and Steve's knee). This is probably going to be harder than I thought. Sigh!!

#### Aside II -- Chicon IV & Worldcons In General

I haven't figured out Worldcons yet. They really don't seem much different from all the other cons I attend. Except for the really small relaxacons that is. Chicon certainly didn't feel very big. The only time I knew for sure it was a Worldcon was during the two big events--Hugos, Masquerade--and in the huckster room. It didn't feel crowded, I never got lost, and I always found someone I knew.

The only real difference is that I can't keep up my usual pace for the whole con. Not staying in the main hotel had something to do with that I suppose.

#### Part II -- The Blue Dot Revisited

I actually have gone to a con all by myself--unescorted and everything. It was one of Roger's Incons--in 1981 I think. I survived but it was very difficult. Having done it once, though, has made me less paranoid about being alone.

The whole rhythm of conventions has changed for

me. I used to rush about a lot, party constantly, try to see everyone and do everything. By the time I got home I'd be totally exhausted. And then post-con depression would set in. Every time. What a vicious circle!

Now, I look at cons very differently. They are more like oases in my rather hectic life, instead of a merry-go-round. It's like I've been holding my breath for a very long time and when I get to a con I can start breathing again. I rather like my hectic life, but it's nice to stop running for a while.

It's odd how things have turned around. Cons used to be hectic high points in a rather empty life. Now my life is so full, there's not enough time for all the cons I used to attend. My first year in fandom I went to 16 cons. Last year I went to six.

My God, that Blue Dot really started something. I haven't been this introspective in ages. At this rate, it'll be my first and last LOC. And I haven't even looked at *Outworlds* 31 yet. (Which by the way, was a delight to see with that name gracing its cover.) I think I'll leave that one for another time and end this here.

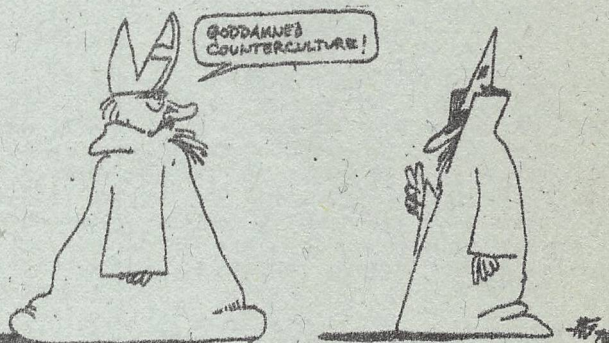
2/8/83

□ □ □ 7 Wilson Park Road #2, Toronto, Ontario M5K 3B6

...so, now that you'd had a chance to look at OW31...

It struck me, as I was typing the above, that even though it couldn't be (because of when it was written), Hania's letter provides at least one valid answer to Harry Warner's letter last time...in which he wondered "why (my) group needs the elaborate environment and expensive lifestyle of cons almost every weekend to get together and be friendly around each other..."

Leaving aside the fact that cons need not be elaborate nor terribly expensive (at least not if one confines oneself to the midwestern relaxacon circuit, the "needs" of the individuals included (whether they want to or not; whether I want them included or not) in "my" group, varies. From individual to individual, from time to time. For most of us, in one way or another, conventions are a very important aspect of our "fanco". ...but only an aspect.



DARROLL PARDOE I never thought I'd live to see Judgment Day come in my own lifetime. But it must be; the dead are rising and to prove it here's an *Outworlds* from Bowers. All we need now is the Lord God descending on pillars of flame...

Seriously, though, it's good to hear from you again. While we've been out of touch I've just been plodding my unobtrusive way through fandom, as usual, churning out little fanzines, keeping up with old friends and making new ones.

So you're turning a new decade in July? Well, so do I at the end of May, and I suppose we must be almost the same age, therefore. I was talking to Chris Priest in the 'One Tun' in London about this very subject a few weeks ago (Chris is 40 in July too) and being deliberately nostalgic about fandom 20 years ago in an effort to provoke the younger fans around us



into accusing us of being 'boring old farts'. Unfortunately they appeared genuinely interested to hear our anecdotes of long-gone fandoms, so that play didn't work. I think there is something of a genuine interest in Britain in fandom past at the moment, because of various ancient fans having suddenly reappeared on the scene, for instance Vint Clarke and Mal Ashworth.

I realised my age with a little bit of a shock recently when, while talking to a younger fan, it suddenly occurred to me that I was in fandom *before she was even born!* I expect you've had the same experience. When people around me are talking about the 'old establishment' of British fandom, and meaning those people active before the 1979 Worldcon, I begin to feel positively antediluvian. But so what? I still enjoy my friends in fandom as much as ever, and it is the present that matters (and the future built on it) rather than what is already gone. So I shall just go plodding on as usual, I suppose until my teeth fall out.

3/25/83 □ 11B Cote Lea Square,  
Southgate, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7 2SA, ENGLAND

...yes, almost I am beginning to be sorry that I got out with that JDM quote on age in OW31...

Darroll raises two sensitive issues: The one about 'teeth falling out'...

...and the one about younger fans (particularly women) who were born after 'we' entered fandom...

But then I suspect that Darroll and I have a different perspective on both of these subjects.

...never mind!



DAVE ROWE We all know that Father William is now out to do whatever he wishes he do, and good luck to him too. But when it comes to fnzs they have to be legible (so fans can read it), hardly a rule you're likely to transgress, and also that it should be readable (so fans will want to read it). Unfortunately the new *Outworlds* comes a cropper here as you spend far too much time waffling to keep the readers interest; cut the claptrap and stop boring us.

4/10/83

...yet another satisfied customer!

MIKE GLICKSOHN As with its predecessor, there is little in this slim but eminently readable fannish production that inspires reaction. I'm glad to see you back doing something you enjoy and excel at and I hope this new generation of *Outworlds* will gratify both you and your readers to the same extent that previous incarnations did. Failing that, we can always wrap fish in them.

Apart from the delightfully droll quality of your introduction/preface to rich brown's long loc there was a marvellous depiction of the persistence and constancy of fuggheadedness within the context of typical fannish interaction. Describing Scithers in a typical fannish pose and then letting rich demonstrate that even exemplary fans are not above petty promulgations of personality conflicts somehow seemed to encapsulate an aspect of fandom that we'd all rather ignore but which seems to be permanently

with us. I've always liked and admired rich brown but it amused me to see him contorting himself so painfully in his efforts to hold onto at least some of his original feelings toward you. I got the feeling he was well aware of how silly he looked dredging up the past in an attempt to explain his non-reaction to you but somehow had to do it anyway. As if just saying "I was dumb so let's start from scratch" was somehow unfannish. But I'm glad he made the effort, however strained because rich is a perceptive commentator on the state of fandom and I expect his future contributions to OW will be well worth reading. Someday you may even meet and discover that you're both rather ordinary looking fellows who are quite pleasant to talk to and be friends with, not mindless demons out to cause trouble. Then again...

I suspect that Glycer was thinking of the effects of attending cons rather than running them as an explanation for bleeding off time and energy fans might otherwise have devoted to writing for fanzines. Which admittedly only marginally increases his case for Cincinnati but just living in Cincinnati would use up most of the creative energy of even the most talented fan, don't you agree?

3/18/83

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DON D'AMASSA Your latest *Outworlds* struck a resonant note here. As I near my 37th birthday (four days from now), I am in the midst of reconsidering much of my own life and personality. I've even taken to reading books about the mid-life crisis and radical personality changes to try to explain to myself some of the changes in perspective, interests, and attitudes that I have recently undergone. I share, for example, your stated inability to express emotions easily, whether it be affection, anger, pride, or gloom. I attribute much of it to my upbringing in a family where overt expressions of deep emotion were looked on with some disfavor.

Unfortunately, I suspect I project an image of disinterest and lack of involvement, which probably interferes with the forming and enrichment of friendships. Fortunately for my ego, I am reasonably self-actualized, and don't depend on outside approval for most of my pleasures, but there are entire areas of social interaction that I find closed to me. Just as you say you are, I am attempting to adjust my personality and overcome certain inhibiting factors. I wish us both luck.

As a matter of fact, I think the inability to form friendships is not a rare phenomenon. I have been reading some sociological studies and surveys which indicate that an appallingly large number of people consider that they have no close friends at all.

I agree with rich brown's statements about critics not having to express repeatedly the statement that everything they say is subjective. The fact is so obvious, it amazes me how frequently it has to be pointed out. To me, the purpose of standard brief book reviews is that a reader determines whether or not in general the reviewer has similar tastes to his own, and then uses that reviewer's recommendations as a buying guide. Reviews are not graven in stone, nor is there really any objective standard for defining literary taste.

4/20/83

323 Dodge St., East Providence, RI 02914

...it's not that I mind, you understand, having only Dave Locke as a steady, reliable, ~~basically reliable~~ contributor. But eventually, other fans (like rich brown, who's been around 20+ years) are going to discover Dave (who's been around 20+ very odd years)-- and he'll be too busy writing for all their fanzines to have time to write for me...

Either that...or he'll get a job, and...

Herewith, a particularly timely historical piece.





## CATBIRD SEAT

BY  
DAVE LOCKE

ONCE UPON A TIME, during periods in which I was fortunate to be out of work and thus allowed to enjoy the finer though cheaper things in life, I have occasionally had to endure seemingly endless successions of boredom in the form of job interviews. The job interview is one of those aspects of life which should have been abolished somewhere back around the time when Modern Man cleaned the streets of Black-Plague carrying rats, abolished slavery, or invented Personnel Departments. But this carryover from the dark ages remains with us today. Should Fate somehow bend toward me and lay down the choice of obtaining employment by 1) jumping through a burning ring of fire, 2) entertaining at a Shriners' meeting by standing on the podium and playing with myself, or 3) going to job interviews, I would probably be disconcerted and hard-pressed to make a decision.

I have, however, learned a few tricks to make life simpler when one is confronted with a job interview. Some of these apply only to higher white collar job interviews. I'm sorry I won't be more helpful to those of you who will never be faced with that particular kind of interview, but experience in this area is pretty much the experience I've had. I have never, for instance, been interviewed for a job as a gigolo, the operator of a bordello, or a used tape-recorder salesman in San Clemente. If I ever do broaden my experience into those areas, I'll be sure to write a follow-up piece for you.

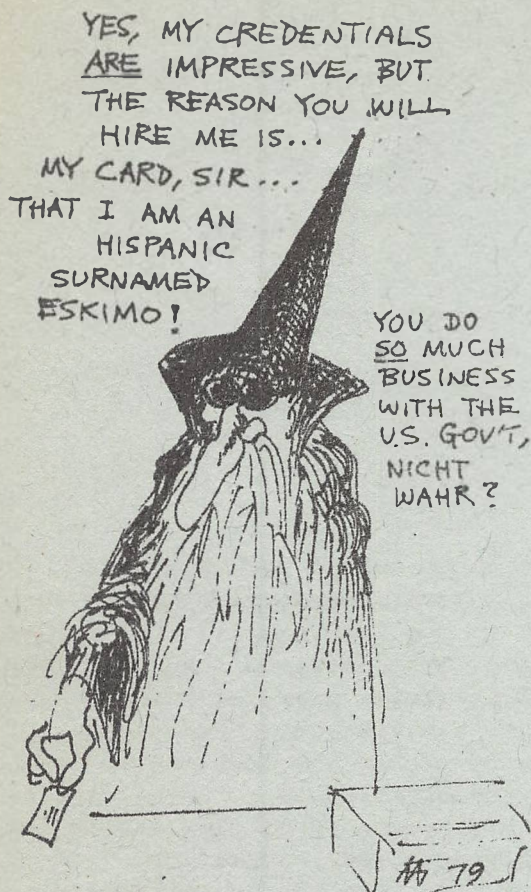
Appearance is quite important when meeting a prospective employer. By all means take every measure of precaution to, for example, avoid leaving your fly open--if you have one. It starts things off on the wrong foot, and can be a genuine conversation killer. When being interviewed for a management position it is necessary to display a measured amount of forwardness and self-confidence, but try not to push it that far. However, if you're interviewing for a job as a gigolo, feel free.

Mismatching socks, grease on your knuckles, and a red tongue from soaking up too much wine, should also be avoided. Of more importance, however, is the fact that you should trim the hairs in your nose. I interviewed a fellow once who initially impressed with his very unusual moustache, until he inhaled and it disappeared.

Composure is of the utmost importance, and is one-third physical and two-thirds mental. The physical centers on the matter of what you do with your hands while being interviewed. It is not the mark of a composed interviewee to have a knuckle in your mouth, or a thumb, or several fingers. Likewise, try to refrain from cleaning your ears while being interviewed; by itself this would not be too serious an infraction, but you keep the interviewer on pins and needles waiting to see whether or not you're going to find something and, worse, how you will dispose of it if you do.

Having a finger or two in your nose generally is a sign of having too much composure during an interview, and is to be avoided for that reason. Keeping you hand in your pockets gives the appearance that you are too casual about the interview. That's if you're standing up. If you're sitting down, keeping you hands in your pockets displays possible undesirable tendencies which you would be better off to not advertise. Try to hold your own with the interview, not during it.





Also, try not to pick your fingernails or scratch your crotch.

The mental part of composure can be the toughest part, depending on how much mental equipment you can bring to bear on the subject of being well composed. For example, do not stare at the interviewers as they ramble gropingly concerning the nature of the position you are seeking. It puts them off balance and often tends to make the interview drag interminably as the result of causing them to speak brokenly and lose track of what they were saying.

Falling asleep during the interview is worthwhile from the standpoint of subjectively shortening its duration, but you would be winning the battle only to lose the war.

Try not to laugh when the interviewer first discusses salary. Smiling is permissible, as combined with a knowing look this can cut through a lot of Mexican hat-stand bargaining. (Mexican hat-stand bargaining: "I'll give you twenty." "I need twenty-five." "Might be able to see our way to offering twenty-one." "Twenty-four would really be as low as I could go, just so you understand that this is for starting purposes only." "I think we could possibly split the difference, if that's agreeable with you." "You mean twenty-two and a half?" "No, I mean eleven and a quarter for each of us.")

However, laughing out loud is considered crass.

On the other hand, crying shows the interviewer that you are either emotionally unsuited for the position or that he has too far to go in salary negotiation and thus could not get you for any amount they might consider reasonable.

In answering the interviewer's questions you must be convincing, and it definitely helps if you feed them the answers they have in mind. If you have deduced that honesty is not always the best policy, there may be some hope for you in obtaining a well-paid management position. The following eight multiple choice questions will serve to give you a feeling as to what it takes to be convincing in the handling of an interviewer's questions. After the test, we'll see how well you did on your own, and if you didn't do too well we'll talk about it and give you some instruction.

QUESTION: *What do you see yourself doing in five years?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ I'd like to be President of this company.
  - ☐ I'd like your job.
  - ☐ Dissipating more rapidly.

QUESTION: *Do you consider yourself to be an ambitious man?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ I have an inner drive which demands that I increasingly take on more responsibility.
  - ☐ I believe that I'm fully as ambitious as you are.
  - ☐ I have lots of ambition; I'm just too lazy to do anything about it.

QUESTION: *What is your major career goal?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ To work my way to the top in a modern, progressive company such as this.



- ☐ To grow with a company and eventually earn \$50,000 a year.
- ☐ To not have to work for a living.

QUESTION: *Do you feel that this position would be challenging to you?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ Yes, definitely, and I would hope that it would be an excellent stepping-stone for growth within this company.
  - ☐ Like any new job, I imagine it would be a little tough at first.
  - ☐ I could mail in this job on the back of a postage stamp.

QUESTION: *What steps will you be taking to improve yourself as a manager?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ I have plans to broaden my educational background with further college work and to participate in some of the excellent seminars which are currently being held. I would want to discuss these with my immediate superior to co-ordinate these plans with company objectives.
  - ☐ I think on-the-job experience would be of the most benefit.
  - ☐ None. I like me just the way I am.

QUESTION: *Are you willing to work whatever hours are necessary to get the job done?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ Of course.
  - ☐ Certainly, unless I have an absolutely unavoidable commitment.
  - ☐ I'm willing to work whatever hours are necessary to stay on the payroll.

QUESTION: *What do you require in the way of a starting salary?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ Between \$\_\_\_\_\_ and \$\_\_\_\_\_ is the range I'm looking for, for a top-caliber position.
  - ☐ How much to you have budgeted?
  - ☐ What's it worth to you?

QUESTION: *Do you have any questions about the job?*

- ANSWER:
- ☐ I feel you've filled in the Big Picture quite well.
  - ☐ I can't think of any at the moment.
  - ☐ Does your insurance plan cover mental health?

If your answers were always the first choice, you need no further counselling from me, other than the fact that you should try and put a little sincerity in your voice while making your delivery. Also, try to keep from spitting-up on the interviewer while you are talking.

If you tended to pick the second-choice answer, you're slightly missing the boat. In the first question, never tell interviewers that you're after their job. They may either not feel secure in it or, if they do, they might feel that it's a lousy job and give you zero points for smarts.

Also, never tell interviewers that you're as ambitious as they are. You might be threatening them or amusing them, and again they might give you zero points for ambition.

Additionally, never set your







career goals in terms of dollars; at least never do so in front of the interviewer. Money is crass, shows lack of interest in the company per se, and shows that you will have no ambition to advance once you've achieved that salary. You must realize that money is something you use in your free time, and companies do not officially acknowledge that you have an existence outside of the office.

As for the question about the job being "challenging", jobs are always challenging and never "tough". You've got to learn the lingo.

As for improving yourself, you lazy bastard, they want to know what you'll be doing outside the office so that you can improve your performance within it. While

they never officially acknowledge that you have such an existence, they do know about it and make every effort to ensmall it as much as possible. They want you should fill it up with courses which will lead you to make more money for them.

If they need you to work overtime, they want to make sure you're going to do it and not have to guess whether or not you'll let things go because of being unavoidably detained elsewhere. A death in the family might possibly be a satisfactory excuse to them, but only if the death is yours.

When it comes to negotiating salary, they don't like you to take the fun out of it. If you know how much they've got budgeted, then there's no room for them to maneuver. Besides, if they answer your question they might be lying to you. Hard to believe, I know, but there it is.

Companies have been know to take pride in their job selection activities; telling them that you can't think of any questions "right at the moment" brands you as a dunce who hasn't yet absorbed everything that's been presented. And saying merely "no" might lead them to believe the same thing. Compliment them on their presentation. Or, feel free to ask just one intelligent question so that they'll know you're sharp. Like: "But what will I be doing, really?"

If, however, you were fairly consistent in choosing the third answer, you are to be complimented on your honesty and forthrightness. Also, hopefully, you will have some blue-collar skills, or you will go terribly hungry in looking to land a management job.

One should remember that interviews can be a lot of fun, but only if you have no intention of getting the job. To have a chance at being employed you must make yourself as miserable as possible.

You might find it more suitable to your personality that you entertain at a Shriners' meeting by standing on the podium and playing with your body. However, until Fate lays this before you as a valid alternative to the job interview, don't do it unless you really want to.

~~~~~ DAVE LOCKE ◊ with illustrations by Alexis A. Gilliland ~~~~~

Bill -- This may be your greatest challenge yet as a faneditor. # This article is One of Those, the kind that fanwriter and faneditor alike shiver about. In the mists of fanhistory there are tales of The Killer Article (no resemblance to the killer review), the slayer of fanzines, the article that gets sent out again and again as fanzine after fanzine, upon receiving it, ceases publication. # CATBIRD SEAT has killed fanzines in three countries. Written in 1976, acquiring marvelous Alexis Gilliland illustrations in 1979, this article is a dragon to the knights of general fanzine fandom. # I won't detail the gruesome history but, Bill, watch out! # This article is a menace to fanzine fandom. You must stop it with Outworlds, and not let it add your fanzine to its list of victims. Good luck, Bill. You can do it.

s/DAVE LOCKE, 3/16/83



Close persual has left me feeling that, perhaps, the critics are jumping at shadows. Certainly there is a familiar context, i.e. conventions, those who want to do their own thing, those who feel it is necessary to control them, etc., but one finds the same scenario in, say, Auntie Mame. Am I to suppose that Aunte Mame is a satire of Mr. rich brown & Mr. Patrick Nielsen Hayden?

Meanwhile, I enjoyed Mr. Locke's story immensely and wasn't particularly bothered by either overt or covert messages. I can't wait to find out what I missed in his "The Fan Lobby".

Naomi is a local fan.

**TERRY CARR** "Seems like most of the fanzines I receive these days are filled with comments on Standards in fanwriting, either their perniciousness or their necessity. I trust that this is simply because a lot of people were thinking of this several months ago when all these letters and fanzines were written, and that fanzines to come will go on to other topics, because I think most of what can be said about Standards has already been said several times over."

Also, though I agree that any judgment of a fanzine should first of all consider what the editor was trying to produce, and then how well the attempt succeeded, I certainly don't think that consideration of the editor's goals must preclude any judgment of the worth of those goals. Remember, some forms of writing are just crap no matter how well done--the most accomplished follower of John Norman's goals is going to produce nothing better than well written junk, etc. A while ago my wife Carol and I saw *Road Warrior*, which I despised. "It's nothing more than a demolition derby with science fiction trappings," I grouched. Carol is much more into the craft of movie-making; she said, "But it's so well *done!*" "So what? Would you consider a movie good if it was the best possible example of a snuff movie?"

maybe....) How about The Ultimate Ray Cummings Novel? no

As for what you're doing in *Outworlds* currently, I think it's pretty good. 3/29/83 CW

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Patrick Nielsen Hayden means well but his letters do seem so irritating. Almost snide. I guess it comes from trying to be so fucking clever. I don't know about rich brown. He seems so Ernest about fandom. He wrote an apparently short (for him) letter to Cy Chauvin about the new *Selden's Plan* in which he discussed the differences between Sercon fans and fannish fans. Sercon fans, of course, are dull and tedious and never write anything that stands the test of time, unlike fabulously fannish "fannish fans". This was all rather surreal because that issue of *Selden's Plan* was about as fannish as one could get, with articles about weird postcards, comic books, and fancy typewriters. rich was so "ernest" about all of this, then finished up his letter commenting on one of the few book reviews Cy did include. What do it mean?

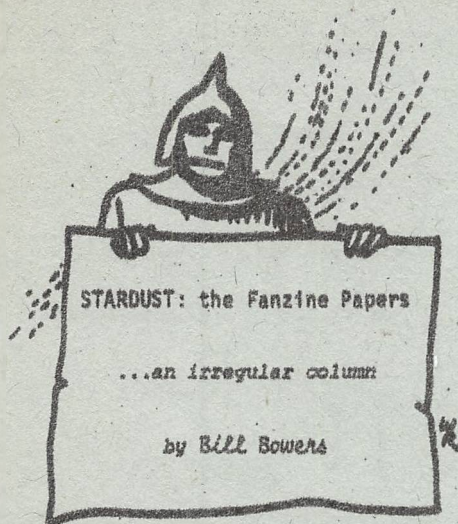
Mike Glicksohn is still writing locs...? Didn't he gaffate or something. I mean he did drop from FAPA. You have to be pretty dead to do that. 3/20/83

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One "policy" that Xenolith developed was that, when at a loss for material—but unwilling to exert the effort to write something new—I would print some of my old stuff. Not reprints—but items that had never been published...usually because they'd never been finished. The following was written in 1967, while overseas, and despite all the standards-talk, more unrevised....





This is, in theory, a fanzine review column. The theoretically has been added because an item which purports to be one thing all too often turns out to be entirely something else again. Hence, an opening disclaimer.

Generalities first; some specifics later on.

What is it that makes a fanzine review column a necessity--and apparently, to some, it is--but by the same token lends its perpetrator toward being viewed in the same light as a leper among fair virginal damsels? Is it tradition, force of habit, or simply the desire to fill up a few more pages, that leads a fanzine editor to entreaty an Outsider to review (sometimes) competing fanzines within the pages of his own publication? Why is it that other than Buck Coulson, and a few others such as Ted White and Walt Willis, who pop up with decreasing frequency as the years go by...why is it with these few exceptions, that most neophyte fanzine reviewers rarely last out their first year? The fatality rate is truly awe-inspiring!

And just what is a 'fanzine review column'? Is it merely a listing of the Table of Contents, with perhaps a passing nod to one of the 'Name' contributors, and all directed at a reader who certainly couldn't care a damn sight less? Or, might they prove to be valid--and thus potentially valuable--criticism, of a rather unique and intriguing phenomena?

Are ratings--be they numeric, astericks, or obscenities--essential to communication between the reviewer and those who attempt to glean something from his admittedly biased opinions? Are Coulson-short reviews preferable to TEWhite-long critiques? And is there any benefit, other than that of self-preservation, to be gained from operating behind a mask?

Should a reviewer who attempts to approach his thankless task in some seriousness attempt to mention every issue of every publication he is fortunate...or unfortunate...enough to receive? Is a fanzine reviewer any more exempt from clarity and good taste than a book reviewer such as Judy Merrill apparently is? Should our fanzine reviewer attempt objectivity, or dismiss it as a misnomer from the beginning?

These then, are the Questions. Surprisingly enough, I don't claim to be able to furnish the answers to even nearly all. In this installment, and those which follow, you will find my answers to a few...and perhaps we all might gain some little understanding of the remainder along the way.

□ □ □

Too many months ago, when I first asked Ray Fisher if he might be interested in a fanzine review column, and he indicated such an interest, I was certain that I had the whole thing perfectly formulated. That was too many months ago. Influenced by the relative success of the anonymous reviewer who operated in *Cinder* a few years back, and somewhat fearful that my natural degree of intimidation might stand in the way of a worthwhile column, I determined to hide myself behind a mask, and proceeded to swear Ray and Joyce to an oath of secrecy, over the corpse of the Pillar of St. Louis Fandom.

The main reason for all this oath-swearing and such, was that I was then somewhat hung up on the idea of being able to review my own fanzines with some degree of attempted objectivity, and still retain some little degree of immunity from retribution by my surely enraged co-editors. In other words, I wanted the power and the glory...but in safety.

I have since achieved such safety, at least in terms of mileage, and perhaps by the time I return some seventeen months hence, Mallardi, Evers, and even the Fisher's may have forgiven and forgotten. I hope.

In the meantime, what the Hell! So let's live a wee bit dangerously.

□ □ □

The shielding mask having vanished, let us attempt to examine simultaneously, even if necessarily in terms of generality, two fanzines this time--both of which I have had a little personal contact with, but one certainly more than the other. Both strangely enough, are represented here by their 16th issue, but at least one will have #17 out by the time you see this.

In many ways, the similarities outweigh the differences, even the those most directly concerned with these two, might tend to disagree with me. Neither one is a one-man effort--far from it. *Odd* lists only Ray & Joyce Fisher on the contents page, while *Double:Bill* is most often identified with Bill Mallardi and myself, although Earl Evers has been a co-editor for several issues now. But, neither one would be possible, in its present state, without a silent but ever hardworking staff. These are the ones who perform the shit jobs, who come through with material or even encouragement when the going is roughest, and who are in general responsible for the fact that, every once in a while, a complete fanzine is somehow assembled, and issued forth to an expectant fanish world. What intrigues me about these, the nameless and unheralded, is their reasons for being such, and in many cases their apparent desire to remain such. They're certainly not doing it for the egoboo value inherent in such a function. Whatever these reasons be, I know that *Double:Bill* would long ago ceased without them, and I'm certain that *Odd* is in the same position.

A very heartfelt Vote of Thanks to those who do not stand and watch, but definitely *do* serve.

You know, one cannot help but to admire and envy those such as Bill Donaho, Ben Solon, and Pete Weston, who produce major fanzines virtually single-handedly; and the respect accorded Harry Warner, Jr., for having through *Horizons* virtually salvaged the apa-concept from degenerating into total chaos is most certainly vastly underdone. But the multi-staffed, weighty fanzines...these too have their value; fandom would be considerably the poorer were it to lose the likes of *Nelkas*.

To venture from the sublime to the ridiculous for a moment, fanzines come in every conceivable shape, frequency, and state of contential matter. But who is to say that one form is necessarily preferable over another? True, the always handy answer of 'personal preference' could be thrown in here; but it's also a matter of personal preference whether you shit or shave, upon first arising.



So attempting to review *Degleri* and *Trumpet* in terms of comparison would be more than ridiculous--it would be asinine. However, with *Odd* and *Double:Bill*, it just might be possible.

□ □ □

Commercially, the cover of a magazine is designed to attract the potential buyer's eye; enough so that at the least he'll pick it up and leaf through it. That it doesn't always work is another matter, and not always the artist's or photographer's fault. However, since all fanzines are prepurchased or received through the mails, with the sole exceptions of convention distribution or personal visitation...in this light, and by Ron Whittington's scheme of logic, fanzine covers are useless (particularly in view of the fact that 99.9% of the time they bear absolutely no relation to the interior contents of the fanzine).

A fanzine cover is not required in the same manner a commercial venture needs such a device. Therefore, while custom dictates some sort of cover for most fanzines (other than perhaps newszines and apazines), it is by and large solely mere pretension to desired respectability. Fanzine covers are generally useful as a protection for the interior contents, and by and large that's their only redeeming feature.

Logically.

However, logic is not all things to all men. I happen to like fanzine covers as an institution, and if on occasion I look with askance at the practice it's usually more the fault of the fanzine editor by reason of inept stencilling or reproduction, than quickly placing the blame on the fan artist himself. Although a few professional artists contribute to fanzines, I feel sure that most fan artists have had less formal experience or education, in ratio, than the average fan writer. And yet, while the competent fan writer competes almost equally with the pro writer in the pages of a fanzine, the competent fan artist sees his published work received with a long, loud silence.

Why is this?

As one who has attempted all three endeavors--fan editor, writer, and sometimes artist--but not having too many delusions to the overall level of my output, I should perhaps be able to venture some sort of an answer. I wish I could; for then too, I might be able to define satisfactorily 'science fiction' or 'fandom', or whatever. The temptation is very, very strong, but I refuse to fall back on that goddamn anachronism, that 'I don't know if it's Art, but I know what I like'. Sorry, but I don't always know what I do like; something which I may like very much on first sight falls apart on a second viewing...while something I pass over casually when leafing through the magazine begins to grow on me, until I have to go back and see what it is that has hooked me. And it's a random process, depending seemingly on my moods--which are constantly in a state of flux--more than anything more tangible. If I were to compare my appreciation of an item of artwork with anything else, it would of necessity have to be poetry. Both are a direct appeal at, or on, my emotions... both have an immediacy, an impact, that few prose works other than some of Roger Zelazny's can produce for or to me.

I draw abstracts...but desire realism; I write in flowery, many commaed sentences, but constantly wish for brevity. I guess that it 'tis fate that I am me...rather than being brief and realistic!

To compare the covers of Dave Prosser and Paul Willis is about on the same level as a simultaneous review of *MISSION OF GRAVITY* and *BABEL-17*. Both covers are, unfortunately, among the lesser efforts of two talented artists, but both are still well with the competent stage. Prosser's effort is a 'fun' cover, and is true that I specifically asked for some wenchies, but am I alone in desiring a return to the gore and sacrilege of yesterday...perhaps not an enjoyable field, but one in which Dave was undisputed leader? And while Paul's per-and-ink abstracts are well-executed and pleasing to the eye, I'm afraid that I have been spoiled by his ventures into scratchboard, a media in which he has the damdest success.

With all due respect to Mickey Rhodes and again to Paul Willis, the bacovers here represented are nothing more than blown-up interior spot-illos...well done, but not apparently enough to hold down a page in its entirety. But then that is a problem which has long plagued D:B, and now apparently *Odd* has fallen prey, also.

As far as interior illustrations are concerned, in terms of sheer numbers and superior reproduction, *Odd* is far in the lead, but the quality of the individual illustrations fluctuates widely, while the illos in *Double:Bill* appear to retain more or less the same degree of competence throughout the magazine. But the mimeographed media may well have a lot to do with that, what with detail being limited, even with the use of electrostencils. *Odd* presents the work of 20 artists, while D:B uses that of 11--only three of which... Rhodes, Terry Jeeves, and myself...are represented in both magazines. And while Dan Adkins obviously dominates this issue of D:B, *Odd* is co-dominated by the works of Jack Gaughan and Mickey Rhodes; although the individual efforts of some of the less prolific contributors outshine solitary efforts of those two, the overall effect must definitely be taken into consideration.

In any event, my choices as the best 5 interior illos in each mag follow:

#### *Double:Bill* 16

1. Dan Adkins / page 17
2. Alex Bisenstein / page 6
3. Dan Adkins / page 28
4. Bill Bowers / page 19
5. George Barr / page 9

#### *Odd* 16

1. Jack Gaughan / page 36
2. Mickey Rhodes / page 63
3. R.E. Jennings / page 45
4. Jack Gaughan / page 19
5. Chester Malon / page 8 (heading\*)



ADVICE FOR  
YOUNG FEN:  
NEVER TRY  
VERBAL DUELING  
WITH SOMEONE  
SMARTER THAN  
YOU.

(\*Incidentally, this brings up the question of judging created headings as an art-form. While the headings of Mickey Rhodes are competent



and communicative, they lack the impact and the obviously intense care and effort behind those of Chester. I'm not sure of the actual elapsed time which Chester spends on a heading such as this, but if my major venture into this field is any indication...the heading for Paul Willis' column, which occupied the better part of two evenings...it indicates that there is more to the production of appealing headings, than lettering guides, scribbling free-hand, or using press-type. This is something which I've enjoyed seeing in Odd, and am definitely going to try and bring about in D:B.)

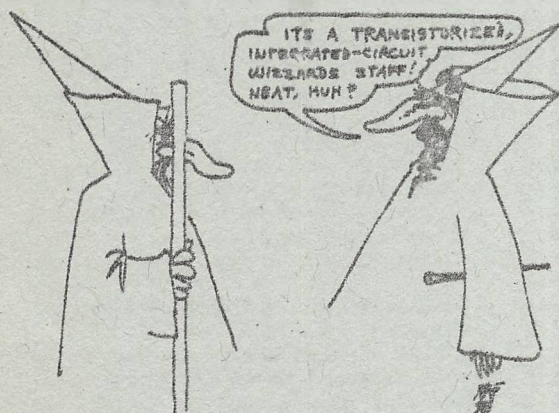
Two minor mentions, before venturing on to another topic. 1.) I've enjoyed very much reading the letters from Jack Gaughan, which have been appearing in several of the fanzines for the past couple of years. While an occasional communication from a pro writer is not the rarest of things, I believe that Gaughan is one of the few pro artists to take an active interest in fanzines, per se. Certainly he is the only one at the present time. I must confess that I find myself more intrigued by Mr. Gaughan's letters and himself, than a majority of his published work--but the same holds true of a number of writers, and so should not be considered a disparagement. And 2.) ...I would like to voice one minor bitch to Ray Fisher--namely, that the drawing of mine on page 57 has been rotated...the ink spots should be falling off the bottom. Not that it's any Big Thing, but you can't always go by my signature. (Sometimes, even I can't...)

□ □ □

...ah, such sweet nostalgia. ...ah, such acute embarrassment!

That's all there was. At this late date I have no recollection of why it was never completed...but that's probably just as well... (both that I have no recollection... and that it was never completed). In any event, you can see why I am not primarily known today as a fanzine reviewer...

=====



**BILLY RAY WOLFENBARGER** This guy Bowers is amazing--another *Outworlds* already; perhaps he'll publish another 19 issues before the year is out. He may even be attending that many conventions; you know, science fiction conventions.

Nice loong letter by rich brown. Good. rich always writes well. He's always been one of my favorite fannish writers. He does have this knack of putting his thoughts together so that the stuff flows, and I appreciate that.

Ah, there's Harry. I wonder if Harry Warner, Jr. has any idea of how many LoCs he's had published over the years; anyway, it's reassuring to see him in print again. Imagine...hermits talking about conventions...

It is morning. There's a kind of convention around this little "farm"/house outside city's limits. It's the chickens gabbing, telling one another they've laid an egg. Loretta has maybe 40 of them. Just last week she bought a milk goat, Maggie. Then there's the two sheep I want to get rid of. And a few cats. And Sara has a new rabbit. And Sara has 5 goldfish. And I think that's it. None for me, no thanks; a writing daemon is all that I can handle. I did forget someone, Sara's dog Tandy. And I've got books and magazines you probably wouldn't want to know the names of.

I think I'm the only sf/fantasy/weirdhorror fan in the whole of Harrisburg, etc., and I don't know if I'm complaining or not.

A convention seven days a week.

Time after time Catherine has wanted to take a closer look at the books upon the shelves in the living room--there's a few hundred books there--and I scoop her up to bring her closer; invariably she chooses Hemingway's *THE OLD MAN AND THE SEA*, Michael McDowell's *KATIE*, and Varley's *WIZARD*. Any moment now we're going to have a convention of minds.

The current book I'm reading is *AGAINST THE PRINCE OF HEIL* by David C. Smith & Richard L. Tierney. You see, Red Sonja has recovered from the effects of mountain fever, and a sorceress has helped pull her strength together, and she's with people who want to kill Du-jum the evil wizard, and reclaim their city. Red Sonja is passing thru... what's gonna get her???

4/29/83 □ 22661 Coburg Road, Harrisburg, OR 97446

**LESLIE DAVID** I was rather surprised to receive *Outworlds*, since I'm not very well known in fannish circles, or at least publishing circles, and I didn't think you remembered me from a chance meeting in Phoenix, or the 2 midwestern cons I've managed to attend over the years. Not being familiar with your fanzines poses some problem; reading *Outworlds* 31 was like being on the outside of an in-joke. I found it very hard to make sense out of what you were trying to say. I might as well go all the way and admit I've never heard of Dave Locke.

Your "Handy-Dandy Guide for Picking up Women at Science Fiction Conventions" was interesting. I currently am a member of a singles ski club in Richmond and have learned that there are 2 kinds of people; the ones who are my friends and the people I associate with/look for at parties and the ones who crawl out of the woodwork for the parties. Of the latter I am constantly trying to avoid. The cocktail party atmosphere is conducive to working on opening lines to talk to people you think look interesting and would like to meet. Unfortunately, all the bad old lines also surface in this situation, as well as round 2 of "Boys only want one thing". It's nice to know men haven't changed while I was in the process of getting older.

5/19/83

POBox 5057, Ft. Lee, VA 23801

...making up the initial mailing list for this incarnation of *Outworlds* consisted of listing old friends, a few people I felt I "owed" it to...and going through the lettercols of the few fanzines I still get...which is where I found your address. (At a guess, in HTT... but I don't remember now.) And I'm also sending/giving it to a fair number of people I know through conventions...people who've had little or no previous familiarity with fanzines. It was all speculation and whim...and a shake-out process is underway, as I drop those who haven't responded...and add new names. At a guess, less than a third of those getting this issue were getting OW regularly when OW 28/29 was published, and with the circulation under 200, rather than around a thousand...I'm not the only one who has changed...

...and, yes, I remembered you from Phoenix. We just sometimes seem to 'not' in different circles...



FAMOUS CINCINNATI FANS  
(#1, in a possible Series)

**Fan Guest of Honor**

---

**BILL CAVIN**

---

"B.C. ...MORE THAN A COMIC STRIP"

...If it weren't punishment enough that I have been sentenced to "introducing" Ro Lutz-Nagey every January for the remainder of my life, it now seems that I have "volunteered" to write half of the introductory material for this Confusion's Fan Guest of Honor. Ordinarily, I would be reluctant to share this honor, but in this case sheer survival dictates a Solomonian splitting of the task: Obviously to do justice to a fan of Bill Cavin's stature requires an epic of greater proportions than the most prolific writer's life-work.

Even Mike Resnick's.

So I shall provide you the true account of how a boy from the Midwest outgrew (literally) his roots in Trenton, Ohio, to become the Dictator of the Legendary Cincinnati Fantasy Group... all while attempting to become a Howard DeVore of his generation.

Mike will follow with a thoroughly fictionalized novelette of Cavin's meteoric rise from hauling ice (as well as herding George Wagner's sheep) ...to his Goldship at this esteemed convention. (A position, I might add, that was previously unsullied... at least not since the peak in 1976.)



...as for my part, well, at first impulse I was simply going to recycle the intro I did for Randy Bathurst at a Marcon umpteen years ago. After all, nobody would remember that one...and this new subject is equally deserving of the widescreen treatment. And you probably would have bought it. All-but for one glaring difference between Randy and Bill: Cavin can't draw.

...not even to an inside straight, the way I hear it.

And that is the sum total of my poker parlance. (You'll find me playing Euchre...with the poker widows.) Bill has the terminology down pat, but after recent Octocon and Conclave losses, one has to wonder if the hitchies have worn off that marked deck he purchased from Roger Reynolds at Spacecon.

So I suggested to Bill that he acquire a new deck. He thought this a nifty idea, and rushed right out and purchased a new one with his American Express card. The markings on this deck are in Beta-format...and we're all having a lot of fun fleecing the networks with it.

Just kidding. Of course. After all, Cavin is not a man without his convictions. Why, I remember the time (on the way to The Last Fgmilange) when I had to accompany him to the Pittsburgh police station. I'm sorry, but I am not at liberty to divulge the details. However I can assure you that it was not a minor misdemeanor. (That, rumor has, is my racket.)

Speaking of rackets...

I just read the contract for the new Octocon hotel and noticed that, in addition to other goodies, we were getting an extra sleeping room. Knowing that Bill plays poker all night and doesn't sleep around at conventions, I innocently inquired as to the ultimate disposal of this gratuity from the hotel.

"Oh, I thought I'd take it for myself," he said casually.

Visions of having to pay for my own room once again next October dancing, I sputtered: "...but Lou would never have done anything that selfish!"

"I'm not Lou," Cavin said blandly.

This is true. Other than the obvious difference--Cavin doesn't have white hair--Lou was very generous. Cavin gives the appearance of generosity, and many of us have fallen for that routine. Until we've approached his huckster's table!

You'd think with the prices Bill charges for the books that Resnick gives him for free...he'd be able to afford a room, if not a suite, to hold his poker games in. But no, even now Cavin invariably sleeps in his car at conventions. A few of us used to let him crash in our rooms...at least until one by one we discovered that he has a particularly perverse nocturnal habit: he plays solitaire in his sleep.



Another reason Bill sleeps in his car these days, is that when one offers him crash space, one deprives two or three other fans of sleeping accomodations.\*

When I first met Bill, six or seven years ago, he was a svelte 260. Despite the fact that in the interim his weight has soared to a three followed by several digits, I have yet to find him attempting other than a verbal diet.

I've done my best: Every time I'm down at his apartment, I help myself to a piece (or, if I have a couple of hours, two) of his pizza. I thought I was making ground until recently: He's taken to ordering two large pizzas when he knows I'll be there.

Despite the good-natured, and true, barbs...Bill Cavin is a very special friend. If a bit dense.

A while back he called me and said that he had to talk to someone.

So I trundled down the seven-tenths of a mile, and was greeted with the following: " Leah just called and asked me to be Fan Guest of Honor at ConFusion. I told her that I'd have to think about it."

"You fool!" I said, less than patiently, "I've been Fan Guest of Honor at both a ConFusion and a Worldcon. The Ann Arbor people treated me best. Take the money and run..."

I was fairly pleased with myself until I found out that when Bill called Leah to to her he'd accepted...he also asked if it was okay for him to huckster at the convention.

Despite this naive tendency toward sheer greed, Bill Cavin is probably the ~~best/favorite~~ best loved fan around Ohio. Within the confines of Cincinnati -- this being a seperate city-state -- it's a bit different, but we put up with him.

And now, I'm afraid, you're going to have to do likewise.

---Bill Bowers

---

\* A particularly vile carnard, in that Bill generously offered me crash space in his room at this convention. But an irresistible one.

---

### JUST THE FACTS, MA'AM

---

The Confusion Committee decided that Bill Cavin has accomplished so much and has been around so long that it would take not one but two biographers to do him Justice. Leaving aside for the moment the question of wether it's really justice that he needs -- as opposed to, say, mercy -- they decreed that Bill Bowers and I should each tell you half of the Bill Cavin story. We flipped a coin, and I got to tell you about Cavin from the waist down.



My initial reaction upon finding out that I had to talk about any portion of Bill Cavin at all was "(expletive deleted)!", which left only 499 words to go. Then I got to thinking about it, and I realized that Bowers, who is as untrustworthy as most slender guys with too much hair, would probably tell you nothing but lies about Cavin. It would therefore be left to a loyal and decent fellow like myself (you can tell by the Waistline of Nonaggression and the Bald Spot of Maturity) to set the record straight. This I shall now proceed to do.

What is Bill Bowers likely to tell you?

THAT CAVIN CHEATS AT POKER. A vicious lie -- and besides, even if he does, it hasn't helped him yet.

THAT CAVIN IS WITHOUT CONVICTIONS. Well, yes -- but that's harder than you might think, especially in the light of his numerous arrests on morals charges.

THAT CAVIN HAS ABUSED HIS POSITION AS GOD-EMPEROR OF THE CIN-CINNATI FANTASY GROUP, AND DEPOSITED ITS FUNDS IN HIS OWN SECRET SWISS BANK ACCOUNT. Total hogwash. Cavin can't read Swiss. The last I heard, the money was in a Mexican bank. (He can't read Spanish either, but that's hardly my problem.)

THAT CAVIN HAS THE HIGHEST-PRICED TABLE IN THE HUCKSTERS' ROOM. I used to think so, too, but a careful study of records shows that he pays \$15 for it, just like all the other hucksters. (Having the highest-priced goods is another matter altogether.)

THAT CAVIN FREQUENTLY SLEEPS IN HIS CAR AT CONVENTIONS SO HE CAN HAVE MORE MONEY FOR POKER. Another vile canard. Anyone who has ever tried to sit in Cavin's Honda without swallowing his knees knows that you can't sleep in the damned thing. What he does do in the middle of the night is sit there and twitch uncomfortably while waiting for some unsuspecting neofan with money to follow the trail of playing cards he has laid out from the con suite to the parking lot.

THAT CAVIN HAS NEVER GONE ON A DIET. Wrong, wrong, wrong! In 1977, Cavin and I embarked on a series of diets together -- we are currently on our 27th -- and between us have lost some 3,219 pounds, a figure which certainly constitutes a record for peacetime tonnage. Bowers is just jealous because we've never asked him to join us.

THAT CAVIN IS THE BEST-LOVED FAN IN OHIO. Wrong again, Bowers. Cavin is the best-loved fan in America. Especially when he sits down at the poker table -- but even (I grudgingly admit) when he doesn't

(Okay, Cavin -- I wrote that last paragraph word-for-word the way you dictated it. Now what about that date with C.J. Cherryh that you promised me in exchange for it?)

--Mike Resnick

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MADE IN MEDURIM

Neal Wilgus

There was a young maid of Medurim  
who could tie down loose ends and secure 'em.  
Men her bottom could paddle  
or ride in her saddle --  
she could do everything but insure 'em.

Her name was Luu and her body  
was sexy and her costumes were gaudy.  
A lady of ease  
she knew how to please  
and so her behavior was bawdy.

Now Luu had a mind of her own  
and a will that was solid as stone.  
She lived in the Teeming  
and was constantly scheming  
on how to take over the Throne.

And Luu was a dealer in dope  
which is why she could rarely say nope.  
All Old High Medurim  
smoked chrome of mecurm  
and never had reason to mope.

A Prince who was friendly with Luu  
spent some time in her rooms it is true.  
He'd wine'd her and din'd her  
and now he reclined her  
for they were both hot for a screw.

They both were as high as a kite  
and the Prince kept it up the whole night.  
With the coming of dawn  
they once more got it on --  
he was big and she was just right.

Now the Prince was a man of great power  
who thought of sweet Luu as his flower.  
But she was still scheming  
to get out of Teeming,  
escape from her un-ivory Tower.

And although the Prince was a sinner  
at magick he was just a beginner.  
But Luu cast a spell  
while he drank at her well  
and she trapped him there while he was in her.

So the Prince was not only a knave,  
he now became Luu's faithful slave.  
He became her escort  
at the Emperor's court  
and taught her just how to behave.

And in court Luu now found a place  
where they welcomed a pretty new face  
as well as a body  
that might well be naughty  
and add some new spice to the chase.

Now when Luu caught the Emperor's eye  
and heard him breath out a hot sigh  
she looked in his eyes,  
undulated her thighs  
and saw something rise 'neath his fly.

So the Emperor emptied the court  
and asked pretty Luu for support.  
With his hand on her knee  
he proceeded to plea  
for some friendly competitive sport.

Then Luu turned the Emperor on  
when he found that her panties were gone.  
She gave him a jolt  
like a kick from a colt  
and they smoked chrome mecurm till dawn

Now the Emperor was short, gross and fat  
and his wife was a mean pussy cat.  
So wifey was scheming  
while the gal from the Teeming  
showed the Emperor where it was at.

Soon the Emperor was under Luu's spell --  
she was good and she did her work well.  
Even though he was gross  
she would give a good dose  
of the magick she came here to sell.

But the Empress was watching unseen  
and took notes on the whole raucous scene.  
When the pair was done screwing  
she'd be their undoing --  
get rid of the King and become Queen.

Now the Empress made her move with a knife --  
slit a throat and disposed of a life.  
The Emperor heard Hell Call  
and went to meet Bai Baal  
with the kindest regards of his wife.

And Luu was quite startled to find  
that the Empress had her next in mind.  
Luu was covered with blood  
of the fat royal dud  
to whom she had tried to be kind.

But just as the Empress struck  
Luu was saved by the sheerest of luck.  
For the Prince was a sneak  
who had taken a peek  
just to see how the Emperor could fuck.

So the Prince knocked the Empress cold  
and Luu made a move that was bold.  
She found that the Prince  
wasn't hard to convince  
so they quickly moved in and took hold.

Now that modest young maid of Medurim  
does more than sell chrome of mecurm.  
All Medurim is screaming  
how the gal from the Teeming  
is the Empress at last who'll secure 'em.

...being a "limarepic" spinoff from the  
6-volume WAR OF POWERS "series" by Bob  
Verdeman and Vic Milan...





**HARRY WARNER, JR.** As usual, I'm very late with my comments on *Outworlds*. You've heard all the old excuses and since retirement, I've indulged in the luxury of not trying to think up new excuses. It's hard work, the task of inventing a brand new excuse for lateness with locs. What is retirement if not freedom from work? There is something wrong with that tentative start on a syllogism but it would take a lot of labor to find the basic flaw and I refuse to indulge in anything that resembles...well, you get the basic idea.

I think I can better your 19-year-old grudge by one, possibly two years. I got angry with most of FAPA's membership when the organization dropped Ed Martin from its roster on trumped-up charges of passing off original material as reprint. That happened in either 1962 or 1963, I'm pretty sure, since I seem to remember simmering over the matter while recuperating from my broken acetabulum. Since the illegal expulsion, I've been demonstrating my continued grudgeholding by including in each FAPA mailing some reprinted material by Martin, sometimes only a paragraph or two, sometimes a couple of pages. I haven't missed a mailing in this display of peevishness for two decades or a trifle longer. I wanted, you see, to inflict on FAPA Martin reprints if the organization kicked him out on the spurious allegation that material in his last FAPA publication was reprinted.

*(I suspect, Harry, that you have the reasons for the expulsion--in that second sentence--transposed. I should have written you when I got your loc to clarify the matter. The reason that I didn't get around to doing so is that, even though I'm not retired...I'm practicing...)*

But I've been wondering if some of my grudges go even further back, and how much these irrational prejudices based on trivial long-ago episodes afflict my rational judgments today. It would also be nice to know if other fans suffer from similar failings. A while back I read a collection of Cyril Kornbluth's shorter fiction, some of which I'd read upon original publication many years ago, other portions of which were new to me. Then I mentioned in a loc on a fanzine that some of its fiction was at least as good as perhaps half of the stories in that Kornbluth collection, particularly the short stories he contributed to the first issues of Wollheim's first shoestring prozines. My intended point to that comment was the possibility that some of the fans writing fiction for this fanzine might eventually be earning money and celebrity from their stories as Kornbluth had done. But the next morning I almost didn't mail the loc because I started to wonder if I would have made such a comparison if Cyril hadn't published a very nasty and uncalled for little poem about me when I'd been in fandom only a few months. His poem was accurate in a sense because I was making the stupid mistakes that most neofans commit. But it hurt because he hadn't

done the same thing for many other neofans of that period. I may have benefited from Cyril's poem because I tried hard to prove him wrong and eventually I thought I lost the bitterness it caused me to feel toward him. But more than forty years later, I keep wondering if my trauma from the little fanzine poem ever did heal, and if I would consider those earliest prozine appearances by Kornbluth as clear evidence of budding genius, little gems in the rough, if he hadn't yielded to whatever impulse caused him to write a poem about me.

Dave Locke's idea about a fan lobby in Washington is a good one. I can think of some other things the lobbyists could do. They might try to establish a federal appropriation for the benefit of abused fans. Down through the years, there has been a grim record of persistent abuse of fans by their automobiles. Fans have been stranded in the wilderness by motor vehicles that have refused to carry them further, they have been injured by autos which didn't exercise common courtesy and get out of the path of other motor vehicles, they have been forced to spend much money they can't afford because their autos suddenly come up with an imperious whim to have their old transmission or valves replaced by fashionable new ones. I'm sure a lot of fans have been too ashamed and degraded by the treatment they've received at their autos' hands to admit publicly instances of abuse by motor vehicle. Money can't compensate adequately for mental suffering but it would come in handy for the fans who have been most abused by vehicles.

I don't suppose Dave envisioned anything in his lobbying proposal that would be so extensive that it could engage in negotiations between great and inimical powers. But just think of the possibilities if a fan lobbyist group became powerful enough to do such things. For instance, negotiations might start with a proposal that if they will stop carrying weapons to cons, we will declare an immediate moratorium on fanzine articles about the effects of Seventh Fandom on today's fanzines. A tentative peace pact might involve such things as a mutual agreement: if they will never again write or pronounce the words sci fi, we will expunge from our vocabulary both putrid and trekkies.

Mercy, here's Billy Rae Wolfenbarger who rarely goes out in the evening any more at the age of forty. It makes me feel a trifle less eccentric for my behavior since retirement. I've come close to turning into the hermit which fannish lore has credited me with being all those years when I was no such thing. I haven't even gone to a concert since retiring or to a movie. And I even have my card which officially confers on me the status of a senior citizen entitled to such benefits as admission to two local theaters for the price of a child's ticket. 5/4/83

423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

...did I tell you how, only a couple of weeks ago, on a Friday evening on my way to Toronto for the Memorial Day weekend parties, my car died--on a full tank of gas, and only three days after a complete tune-up--before getting past the Cincinnati city limits...and I had to run across 3+ lanes of interstate rush hour traffic to get to a phone to call AAA? ...or that the hotel I called from was the Holiday Inn where Midwestcon was held until three years ago?

gee, I could have sworn I told you all about it.

Or, did I tell you how, a couple of hours later, when we had established that the car would run, and I was trying to simply commiserate to the Toronto-fans that I would be a bit later than planned...that Roger Reynolds kept hanging up on my expensive credit-card long distance calls...and kept busing the door release mechanism to let me into Doris' apartment complex...300 miles from where I was...?

I know I told everyone about that one...!



That reminds me that yet another continuing tradition in the pages of Xenolith was the epic tales of the adventures of a dirty green 1978 Mustang II. I guess I owe you an update. I got rid of it last November. It had over 126,000 miles--all but 3000 mine--on it, and was still running when I sold it to a guy who was going to 'fix-it-up-and-make-some-money-off-it'. He sure did fix it...it hasn't run since a week after he drove it away...

My "new car" is stuff of which fanzine legends can, and will, be made. A 1978 Buick Century, Lou Tabakow bought it new. After Lou died, Dave Locke Jackie Causgrove had it for a year or so, before selling it to me.

In that car, I took a 16-hour trip to Luncheon '78, with Lou Tabakow and Surt Stefl talking to each other. ...and a return 16-hour plus infinity trip with Lou Tabakow and Surt Stefl not talking to each other.

Someday the story will be told...

(Attention, Mike Olicksohn & Others: None of the above should be construed as indicating that I want to hear that damn 1981 Maroon "tire story" again...)

Qulok, everyone...let's play "Who Can Hold a Grudge The Longest..."

(Buck Coulson & Ted White may sit this one out.)

Seriously, rich seems to have opened something up here...

I really only vaguely recall what rich was probably referring to... I think at the time I took the term "all-for-all-trade" seriously, and several fans were publishing special issues (but sequentially numbered) for the Shaw fund...which would be available for cash only... So I cut 'em off the trade list... Something like that, right, rich?

Not that I'm opposed to paying for fanzines... For over twenty years, when they weren't available otherwise, I've been paying for at least one fanzine. Currently, it's File 770. (The CFC has club subs to SFChronicle & Locus...so I don't have to.)

If I want something and it's not available by the "usual", I'm not particularly put out by having to pay for it...though economics do force some decision-making. I figure I set the rules for the availability of what I do...and others are certainly entitled to do likewise.

(That's one reason I don't list "trade" as one of the options for getting OW... I do trade with some others...but have no great interest in much of what is being presently published, and so don't wish to feel obligated to send what I do in return.)

...and I've always thought that those who brag that they've never paid for a fanzine...because it's 'unfanzish'...are total cheap assholes...

Group.

IAN CORVELL ...I forgot what I was going to say, but then, this issue has had that effect over the past several days. It was like walking into a hall full of trick mirrors: you knew you'd come in through a door, and you knew there must be a way out eventually but just for now, you let the confusion and shattered light build itself around you while you try to understand what was going on. In short, a very complexish ish.

The JDM quote is dead accurate; I just passed my 3zero birthday. Makes you think.

You seem to be in communication with A/andy O/offutt, do you think...hmm...that he would be willing to tell you the names of all the erotic books he wrote? Since I first read one of his books (XVII IS LIVE...) ten years ago, I've been collecting everything I could. Not always with pleasure (GENETIC BOMB, GALACTIC REJECTS--I thought 'bomb' and 'reject' very apposite words) but most often with extraordinary enjoyment. I have never seen any of his erotic books, and would at least like to know how many I'm missing.

I like your quote (page 3)--life is nothing if it doesn't involve creating beauty; if a magazine ever accepts my story, "A Minstrel's Song", you can read the ultimate such endeavour. Read William Morris, he's the only writer who came consistently close, though Edmund Cooper (esp. CLOUD WALKER), Donald Barr (SPACE RELATIONS) & Patricia McKillip (FORGOTTEN BEASTS OF ELD) are carrying on the torch/touch.

What do you mean, disjointed? This is how I talk...

Reading Dave Locke's piece (first time I've ever heard even a backhand remark against Jessica AMANDA Salmonson--if it had been her collected thoughts, it would have been a shorter remark) I am reminded of the phantom issue of ASF. Now I understand that a fan wrote in and criticised an ASF issue one year ahead; from which idea grew RAH's flawed story "Gulf". Does anyone know what that latter said--and is there any chance of someone reprinting it?

I see we differ very much in temperament and outlook--at least judging by this small revelation of autobiography. I have never liked the word 'love' as an instantly comprehensible term. "Everyone knows what love is." Rubbish, the controversy over whether the red I see is the red you see has nothing on the interpretation of that word 'love'. Modern romantic dissatisfaction in relationships (George O Smith--to digress--in his lovely ROOTH predicted that teenagers and others combine and dissolve relationships almost exactly in radiation decay exactness and quantity; not something you can deny is it?) stems from two main areas: 'It isn't like the movies or the magazines', and so it Can't Be Love, and 'She doesn't love me the way I deserve to be loved', and so This Can't Be Love Either. For the most part, love is a game you agree on and those who are susceptible to outside influences--actors and actresses in TV soap operas and films--tend to shift the rules to suit their renewed personality, thus ending real relationships.

Me? I've been 'in love' twice that I know of; neither time was the feeling returned, so I ain't sure I can call it love.

I suspect I will never be a real fan (correct?). I've been receiving/locosing/contributing to fanzines, American and British, for almost ten years. I still don't understand most of the terms used, and resolutely maintain that I am part of this network of communication because we are all interested in sf. I couldn't afford to produce my own fanzine even if I wanted to, and I'm not sure I have the interests outside SF to produce an interesting one anyway. What I'd want to talk about is recent SF--or SF I have reread/radiocovered/gone off. Why 2010 reads as it was written, two pages a day and a weekend off; how annoyed I am at my younger self for collecting Asimov when his unchanged style in FOUNDATION'S EDGE proves none of his characters move or react, they sit around talking while he shifts the galactic scenery around them; why Donald Barr's PLANET IN ARMS, although politically, socially and economically speculative as well as romantic, has been systematically ignored--like his first--by most critics; ...I could write about that, but I find myself interested (when reading fanzines) in speculation on whether the divorce and remarriage rate in SF parallels, exceeds or undercuts the rates outside SF, or why two prolific authors have started to write 'upbeat' stories after their respective divorces... In fact, virtually anything that touches or snacks of SF is of interest to me. When will LeGuin return to fiction writing without polemic underpinnings; why haven't the feminists been fought more solidly, and why was ROBERTSON HOUSTON given an award? Is it true about who you know?

When Dave Locke goes "Backtalking the Book", SPACE RELATIONS by Barr, he should have mentioned that



Craig was carrying a torch in his crotch at the time. This is known as 'throwing the light on a subject' or even 'making light of a subject'. It also adds a new meaning to 'carrying a torch for her...'

Rich Brown is correct about: a) not holding a grudge (like anticipation and regret, a foolish pastime) (and wasted time); b) that objective standards just don't exist. An author seems to be worthy to the extent his personality (as revealed in fiction) mirrors society's preoccupations of the time. It is not, for example, enough for a writer to be prolific, his subject matter must be such (and so ambiguous) that it can be read as applicable to modern day life. (Panshin, I recall, said that his RITE OF PASSAGE was interpreted differently depending on which year he submitted it.

Personally, I tend to read fanzines as if they were extended letters to me. This doesn't always work (I have no friend who's enemy enough to include an interview with Barry Malzberg or Joanne Russ in a personal letter, though fanzines have...) but it is often the standard by which I judge 'zines. I admire erudite comment, I admire clear writing, clear thinking, and humour (very few attributes of which I possess). I have no idea what a 'perfect fanzine' is and so can't judge 'zines relative to it. Which is what a lot of fan critics seem to be doing when they compare modern fanzines with older ones; fanzines are of their time because fans are. (Strangely I have the opposite view when reading fiction; when I criticise a book for small faults, it is with the underlying background that The Book is Good But Isn't Perfect Because Of These Bad Bits. Of course, this does tend to echo quite a few other critics who can spot what's 'wrong' with a book much better than describing what's 'right' with it.)

I can't attend Conventions--especially abroad--but I do find reading about them interesting. The pity is that too often con-writers assume the reader has access to other con reports and delight in offhand remarks about people, places and events that are supposed to sunburst in full detail in the reader's mind, but to me just murmur at the further side of the foggy barrier that is both the Atlantic and the fannish reticence about exactness.

All in all, I found *Outworlds* interesting (so interesting I had to look up 'eclectic' which is one of those words I keep meaning to get the definition of, but always forget until now) ('choosing the best of everything'; from the Greek). You're right, it does

describe your fanzine. I also enjoyed it--recursive as it was.

13 years, and 31/32 issues. It was 1970 and you were twenty seven years old. Flower power was waning and the Vietnam situation had gone too far, and people were realising it, Nixon was in smiling charge. Now, it's now. Looking back (and to echo my own recent thoughts): what do you think of the younger you?

5/7/83 □ 2 Copthorne Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP, ENGLAND

...boring, inhibited...and bitter.

A flip, but accurate answer to an intriguing question...yet I have answered it, and will answer it...in everything I've written over the past decade...or will write tomorrow....

I do strenuously disagree with your assessment of 'anticipation and regret' as being foolish pastimes and wasted time...

Without anticipation, what is there to look forward to...and without regret, how can we learn from past mistakes and ungrasped opportunities...?

But, whether you are a 'fann' or not, I enjoyed your letter and hope you'll write again...

You give good LoC.

.....  
A Belated Aside to Harry Warner: There's simply no way that I would be party to expunging the word 'putrid' from the fannish lexicon as long as Bill Marks is still around... (Cheap-Esoteria-Shot!)

...and now, the one everyone's been anticipating:

LEAH A ZELDES Recently you warned me that you were planning the next *OW/Xenolith* for Midwestcon, and if I was going to Do Something, I had better do it soon. But what can I say? A lot has happened since you first wrote the major piece of this issue for a fanzine that is considerably less close to reality now than it was then. The answers I procrastinated about giving you then probably don't fit so well anymore.

Or maybe they do. Or maybe I can come up with some different ones. We'll see.

We'll dismiss the question of whether or not it is advisable to base one's lifestyle on the philosophy of a socially-backward 16-year-old, and just go straight to the three lessons.

You didn't touch at all on the effect Lesson #3 has on Lesson #1, and that's highly important. I thought it was, even back then. And even back then, there was a corollary--"You can only be in love with one person at a time."

And if you remember that, then you'll see that perhaps I haven't modified my own interpretation much at all.

As for Lesson #2, you left out an important word, "chronological". Childish behavior (or pubescent behavior) is the same, at no matter what age. And I haven't ever had much patience with it.

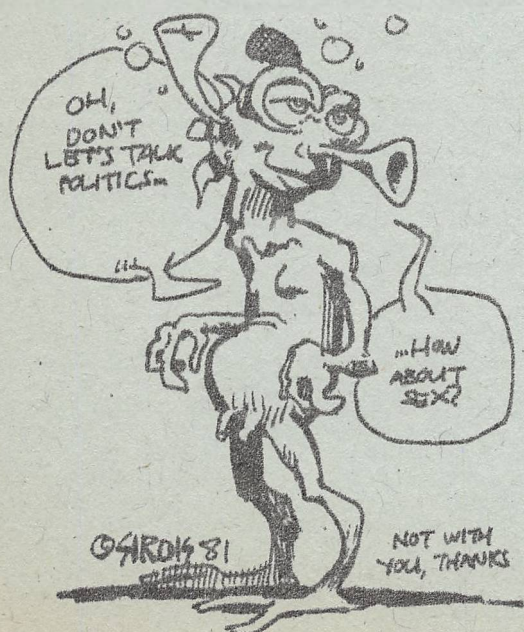
I've taken a certain amount of ribbing since this fanzine came out, in the nature of "people who write fanzines about you", so if you're going to go around spouting the Zen According to Leah Zeldes, at least you ought to get it right.

It seems to me that a large measure of our "disagreement" hasn't to do with these "basic tenets", but instead with how one should act upon them.

"...She was not ashamed to be associated with me (even if she wouldn't use my name in con reports)" (I wonder how many people realize how esoteric that comment really is?) "...nor was she afraid to demonstrate public affection."

If you will permit me, I will introduce a fourth lesson: There is a distinct difference between public affection and public sex.

Obligatory Background Info Concerning the Letter





2025 □ Outworlds 33

A while back, Roger Reynolds published an issue of his fanzine in the form of THE FUTURE FOCUS BOOK OF LISTS ("\$3.00/\$3.50 U.S. Mail, and Editor's within" (sic), from 1301 Bernard Ave., Findlay, OH 45840). Although erratically executed it was a neat idea, and I wish I had thought of it. And I probably will...

[illegible]

"MY COLLECTION OF FANTINES"

|    |      |                            |                   | (Rec'd) |
|----|------|----------------------------|-------------------|---------|
| 1  | 10¢  | Science-Fiction Times      | 329 12/59; 8pp    | 5/23/60 |
| 2  | 10¢  | Science-Fiction Times      | 337 5/60/12pp     | 5/23/60 |
| 3  | 10¢  | Science-Fiction Times      | 338 5/60/8pp.     | 6/28/60 |
| 4  | 27¢  | Santa 11                   | 1/60; 24pp        | 5/18/61 |
| 5  | 40¢  | Macabre VIII               | Winter '60; 24pp. | 5/18/61 |
| 6  | 25¢  | Escape 1                   | 1/61; 28pp.       | 5/18/61 |
| 7  | 10¢  | The Fantasy Collector      | 5/61; 18pp.       | 6/8/61  |
| 8  | 20¢  | Yandro 98                  | 3/61; 28pp        | 6/8/61  |
| 9  | 20¢  | Yandro 99                  | 4/61; 30pp.       | 6/15/61 |
| 10 | 20¢  | Yandro 100                 | 5/61; 76pp.       | 6/15/61 |
| 11 | 13¢  | Bhismi'ellah! 6            | 1/61; 44pp.       | 6/23/61 |
| 12 | free | Xero 5                     | 7/61; 58pp.       | 6/27/61 |
| 13 | 13¢  | Parsection 7               | 6/15/61; 24pp.    | 7/3/61  |
| 14 | free | WRR Vol 3, #2              | 4-5/61/34pp.      | 7/5/61  |
| 15 | 20¢  | Yandro 101                 | 6/61; 30pp.       | 7/5/61  |
| 16 | free | Axe 7                      | 7/8/61; 8pp.      | 7/14/61 |
| 17 | 15¢  | Kipple 15                  | 7/61; 16pp.       | 7/18/61 |
| 18 | 10¢  | The Fantasy Collector      | 6-7/61; 16pp.     | 7/18/61 |
| 19 | 20¢  | Yandro 102                 | 7/61; 28pp.       | 7/19/61 |
| 20 | free | WRR Vol 3, #3              | vol 3, #3; 30pp.  | 7/20/61 |
| 21 | free | Axe 8                      | 7/22/61; 4pp.     | 7/27/61 |
| 22 | 25¢  | Terror 4                   | 6/61; 28pp.       | 7/28/61 |
| 23 | 13¢  | Parsection 5               | 3/15/61; 20pp.    | 7/31/61 |
| 24 | 13¢  | Parsection 6               | 3/15/61; 20pp.    | 7/31/61 |
| 25 | 10¢  | Menace of the LASFS        | 25 4pp.           | 7/31/61 |
| 26 | 15¢  | Cinder 5                   | 6/61; 28pp.       | 7/31/61 |
| 27 | free | Discond 15                 | 7/61; 14pp.       | 8/4/61  |
| 28 | 9¢   | Speculative Review V.3, #3 | 6/61; 14pp        | 8/5/61  |
| 29 | 15¢  | Filibia 7                  | 6-7/61; 32pp.     | 8/10/61 |
| 30 | free | Axe 9                      | 8/5/61; 8pp.      | 8/11/61 |
| 31 | 10¢  | The Fantasy Collector      | 8/61; 20pp.       | 8/12/61 |
| 32 | 10¢  | Menace of the LASFS        | 26 4pp.           | 8/21/61 |
| 33 | 15¢  | Kipple 16                  | 8/61; 32pp.       | 8/21/61 |
| 34 | 50¢  | COSMAG/SFO 1st Annish      | 9/52; 70pp.       | 8/23/61 |
| 35 | 15¢  | ASFO 1                     | 1/53; 24pp.       | 8/23/61 |
| 36 | 15¢  | ASFO 2                     | 4/53; 26pp.       | 8/23/61 |
| 37 | 15¢  | ASFO 3                     | 9/53; 24pp.       | 8/23/61 |
| 38 | 20¢  | Yandro 103                 | 8/61; 38pp.       | 8/23/61 |
| 39 | 15¢  | Parsection 8               | 8/1/61; 20pp.     | 8/23/61 |
| 40 | free | Axe 10                     | 8/19/61; 4pp.     | 8/23/61 |
| 41 | 10¢  | Menace of the LASFS        | 27 4pp.           | 8/25/61 |
| 42 | free | G2 1                       | 6/61; 10pp.       | 8/28/61 |
| 43 | free | G2 2                       | 7/61; 18pp.       | 8/28/61 |
| 44 | free | G2 3                       | 8/61; 24pp.       | 8/28/61 |
| 45 | 12¢  | Fanac 76                   | 6/30/61; 6pp.     | 8/30/61 |
| 46 | 12¢  | Fanac 77                   | 7/30/61; 12pp.    | 8/30/61 |
| 47 | 15¢  | Abanico 1                  | 9/61; 16pp.       | 8/30/61 |

I've always said/thought that Vandro 98 was the first fanzine I received & marked my entry into fandom. Well, 4-6 were received through an ad in a prozine, and in the here-and-now, I wouldn't call #7 a "fanzine". Damned if I know the story behind those S-F Times!... Buck & Juanita...no way out; you're still responsible!

A later issue of Cinder was the first to "publish" me. --and the names of faneds past coming rolling back: Joe Gibson, Wally Weber, Andy Main, Larry Williams, the Lupoffs, Redd Boggs, Larry & Noreen Shaw... and Hi There, Terry Carr! (And yes, the list really did end with Abanico 1...my Very First Fanzine. \*sigh\*)

"It's a little different when you live alone... when conventions comprise your primary social interaction." Well, I guess I'll be finding out about this, now.

But I expect I'll still be accessible to my friends, even if any person I become "involved with lives far away". I always was before. And even if I can't do everything the way I did five or six years ago, I doubt some things will change. My friends are important to me.

In any case, I'm enjoying conventions better these days. I can't point to any specific reasons (well, maybe I can, but I'm not going to) but I suspect a lot of it is that we all have our on and off periods, and when I was using you as a sounding board to kvetch to, I was definitely off.

Anyway, despite the fact that I may not agree with all of it, I'm touched and flattered by this article.

5/24/83

616 Congress #4, Ypsilanti, MI 48197

I Also Have Heard From: LARRY DOWNS; BRAD W. FOSTER;  
 NEAL WILGUS; JOAN BAKER; DEMORAH WIRSHIP; ALEXIS A.  
 GILLILAND, and JOE CHRISTOPHER...but not from You. Yet.

My Thanks to Jackie Causgrove & Dave Locke--without whom this issue won't be out. If it isn't...

The year was 1964 and four intrepid lads were crammed into a Valiant on the way to Pacificon II: myself, Bill Mallardi, Alex Bisenstein, and.... I saw Durk J Pearson on the Larry King tv show last Sunday. And they call me a 40-year-old-hippie....!

... 'till the next time..., Bill-6/22/83, 2:42 A.M.



### UNDER THE ROOT OF MEMORY

The racial track of memory  
Shuttles into evenings  
Of far blazing stars  
Cold nights in eternity  
Coffee under a roof  
California coast  
Oregon black roses  
Missouri hills  
Texas wastelands  
The gnarled leaves of memory  
Blowing in the winds of fate  
Tracking dreams among the stars  
Resting in winter's haven  
The old stories of the evenings  
Whispered in the fog.

-- *Billy Wolfenbarger*  
*January 10th, 1983*

### THE DISMAL RAIN

Beating with a slow persistence  
It muddies these filthy streets,  
Leaves refuge clogging drains,  
Gurgles through cracks and ditches  
With a steadiness unfounded  
By the lonely beatings of my heart.  
There is a heavy, muffled gaiety  
In its will, and makes whatever wind  
Obey -- as though air was its prey.  
The evidence of the rain in afternoon  
Has sidewalks and streets browner  
Than ever -- a brown of mud,  
Of everyone's ultimate dirty laundry,  
Of what the world might have looked like  
Fifty years ago in any January shower.  
It is a slow, steady rain, final, like the last  
Winking of birds' eyes before they drown --  
With the unsteady sky  
Lofted between white and grey.

-- *Billy Wolfenbarger*  
*January 30th, 1983*