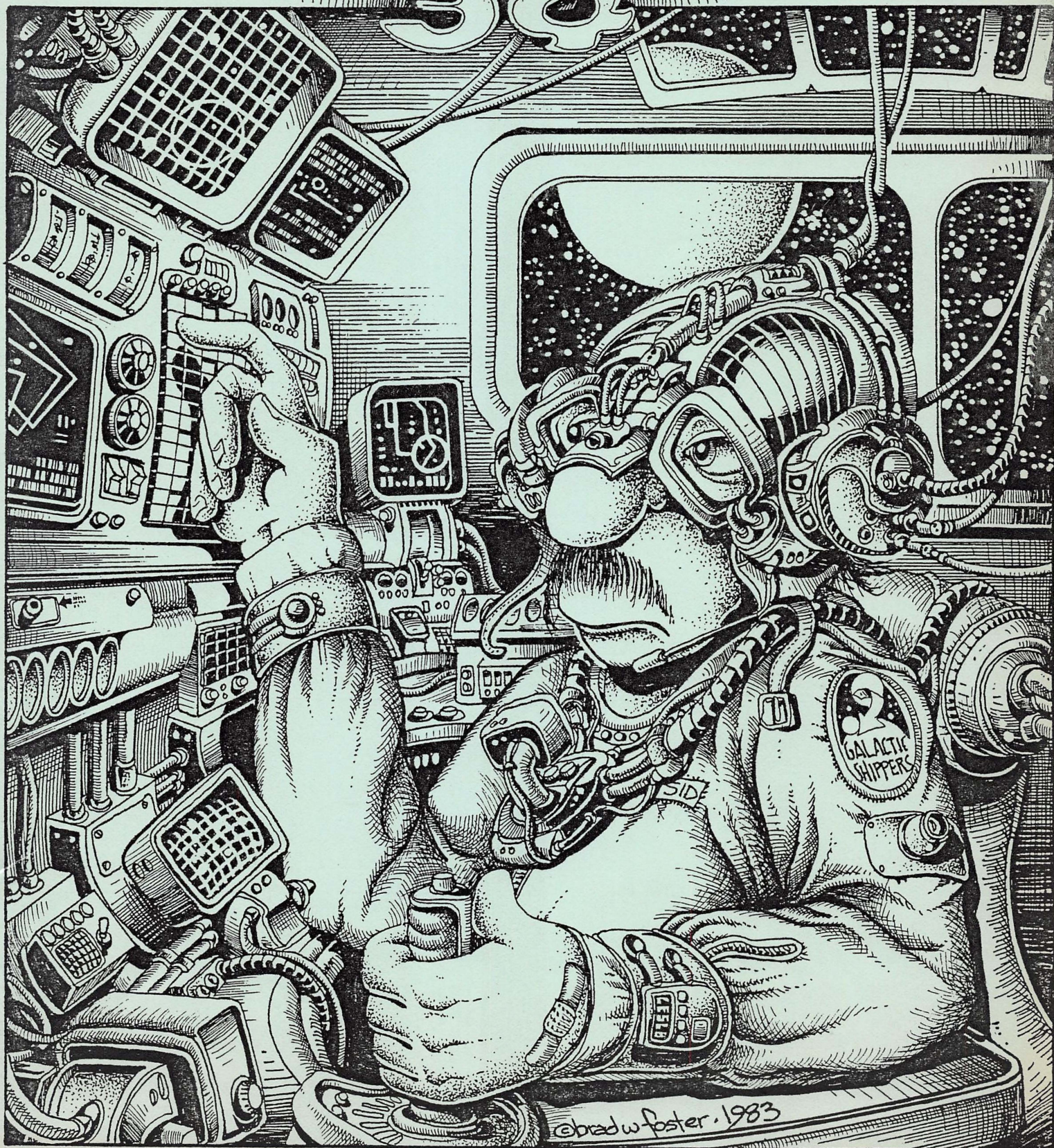


OUTWOODS



This year my Rivercon namebadge was unadorned; in other words there was no "dot" (23/32" diameter, shiny)

attached.

Even though this year's edition was...boring... I basically like Rivercons. I've been to every one except the first--and the 1979 Nasfic, NorthAmerican (put on by the same group) was one of my five favorite conventions thus far.

The weekend of July 20, 21, 22, 1984, I'll be in a small Holiday Inn in Wapakoneta, Ohio, with some of my friends, to celebrate the 15th Anniversary of the Manned Lunar Landing...under the guise of Spacecon 6.

This year we were flexible, and "moved" our weekend. (The fact that Rusty was Fan Goh! at Rivercon *might* have had something to do with it, I guess!)

Life, he said--after a Summer of facing several--
is a neverending series of choices to be made...

Carroll mentions the problems of age in fandom. At least I was born before you became a fan. Having just crossed a different age barrier I may look at it differently than the two of you. In 1976 I became an adult to the state of Michigan. Since I was still in high school, I wasn't received as an adult by most fans. After moving here I became a non-adult for 1 1/2 years before being allowed in bars again. Someone's chronological age seldom enters my mind. Since I entered fandom when I was 15, it has little significance when someone says they must be old because they've been in fandom for twenty years. I do have personal prejudices against boring old farts, but much of that may stem from fears of being one myself. I was particularly impressed by a particular double-digit-fannish-careerperson at Westercon. Basing my judgement on his energy and enthusiasm over some new German music, I'd thought he was in his early twenties. Then he showed me pictures of the kids and later someone explained "WHO" he was. (Why does this always happen to me?)

34 Outworlds

OUTWORLDS 34 □ 1229

Ramon in 1984 when the company leaves San Francisco. (Wonderful weather out there--it's supposed to be a desert, but man has corrupted even that. At night it's just a short drive to Livermore where you can see the grass glow.)

Car stories. You didn't mention the Mustang's flat tire on the way to Chicago...or who had to get the lug nuts off.

Another loaded term (in addition to Ian's example of love) is marriage. Everyone has preconceived notions about the institution, though few will agree.

And that concludes my second LoC. You possess both of them. I hope you're proud. rec'd 7/11/83

PO Box 6907, San Francisco, CA 94101-6907

...well, shall we say "pleased"...at the least?

You mean it wasn't Larry who changed the tire? (I'm still--after all these years--in awe of the way you maneuvered the car, after the blowout, across two lanes of 70+mph interstate traffic and to a stop before I knew what had happened. ~~If I didn't know I'd be a lot of what was happening! Those days!!!~~)

A quote from Leah's latest apazine: "...MISHAP in particular has a reputation for esoterica. Peters and Bowers perfected the art here, after all!"

We're famous, kid! (It's all your fault.)

It was good to see you again...and the party in yours & Gary's room, with good ole double-digit (and Terry Carr not recognizing me) was a lot of fun.

Now then, about Number Three...

BRIAN EARL BROWN I've never talked to any fan born after I got into fandom--but

that's only been nine years, a mere yesterday to old timers like you and Darroll Pardoe. There was a 'Red Sonja' character at ASFICon 4 that I think was born after I found fandom, but I stared at her. (Guy Lillian III aptly remarked that he felt like a child molester just being in the same room as she.)

Enjoyable Dave Locke article. I could really relate to his 8 questions. I think #1 screwed up one of my job interviews. What did I want to be doing 5 years down the line? All I've ever wanted was to live the good life, have enough money for my needs & plenty of time to call my own. They don't have jobs like that.

I think Harry Warner's been making up most of his "Worst of Martin" reprints. After all, in twenty years time (80 mailings) one's bound to use up all the material another--surely less prolific--fan might have contributed.

Your uncompleted fanzine review column reads too much like where I started to go wrong. I think I've been on this ride before. Excuse me if I get off.

On the other hand, what is this business of printing unfinished, 20-year-old articles? First Ted White and now you. Is this the start of a Trend? Can we expect to read unfinished Locs from Harry Warner? Half issues of Yandro? Bob Tucker anecdotes without without the punchlines? Where will it end? It ends, Right Here!

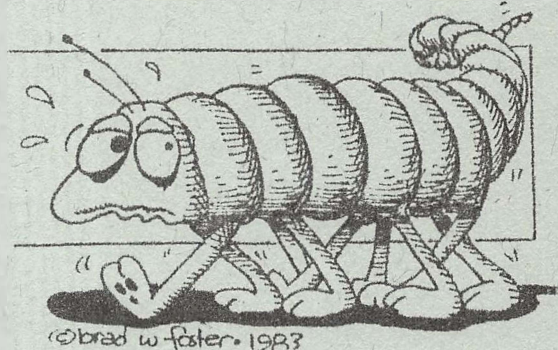
7/21/83

20101 W. Chicago, #201, Detroit, MI 48228

Brian was less than enthusiastic about the illo with which I preceeded his Loc last time. Probably with justification. Sorry, Brian...no maliciousness; I was just being cute.

GEORGE R. R. MARTIN ...been meaning to write for some time to thank you for the issues of Outworlds you sent, which I read with pleasure, even though this isn't the much-beloved Outworlds of old. Then again, what I'm writing these days isn't much like A Song for Lya either. 7/29/83

...which, cleverly, leads into another tale of changes:



Unrequited Puberty, or Worthless Ambitions

Alex Krislov

.....

I WAS THIRTEEN YEARS OLD when I discovered that Latin made me ill. Up until then, I always wanted to be a doctor. After all, I liked gory films, dissecting frogs, and examining the next-door neighbor's daughter. What more would any medical school ask?

But mea culpas fogged my mind. Verb tenses left me wandering the halls trying to remember my name. Besides, we had a really ugly Latin teacher. So I gave up my Dr. Kildare dreams, and decided to go into a less exciting career.

I decided to become a writer.

Writers, after all, are glamorous, handsome, tall and beguiling. They have the gift of gab, and can talk people into anything. And they sit on their duffs at home while the postman brings them enormous royalty checks to pay off their Corvettes and Mercedes.

Who could ask for anything more?

At first, I wrote everything in my head. I committed nothing to paper, an omission for which I am now profoundly grateful. And I decided which writer I wanted to be when I grew up: John W. Campbell, Jr.

Then I joined fandom, and met him. He was short. Shorter than me! He was old! Worst of all, he didn't run around!

So I decided not to be John Campbell after all. Instead, when I grew up, I would be Harlan Ellison. He, too, was shorter than me. But his women were a lot taller. When I was nasty to people, I got a bloody mouth. When Harlan was nasty to people, they loved it. They even ---bragged about it! "Harlan called me a toad last night!" "Gosh! That makes you a BNF!"

Quit smirking. You were fifteen once, yourself.

I can't recall when I stopped wanting to be Harlan Ellison. Was it the elevator story? Or his multiple resignations from Fandom? Or his five divorces? Probably not. It was probably his incredibly public life. It's one thing to be open and aboveboard. It's another to write about the time you were caught shoplifting from Publix Bookmart.

Everybody has a fetish. Mine is privacy.

So I decided to be James Joyce when I grew up. I wanted to be James Joyce when I read DUBLINERS. I wanted to be James Joyce as I finished ULYSSES. When I read FINNEGANS WAKE, I decided I'd rather be someone more comprehensible.

So I picked another short writer. Michael Moorcock. In a fit of hubris, I committed a story to paper. It was awful. Half the sentences were unnecessary. The symbolism was so obvious it leaped off the page and yelled, "UNDERSTAND?" Worst of all, the story was obviously inspired by the student riots fulminating at various Ohio schools.

Moorcock bought the story. I may never forgive him. Displaying the marvelous humor which has made him famous, he put it in an anthology called "The Nature of the Catastrophe". Very descriptive.

At the time, I wasn't embarrassed by the story. But realizing your ambitions at 17 is dangerous. Reality is an evil cure for daydreams. The pay was pitiful, for one thing. And the first--and only--English language edition had a typo in they story's most important line.

Worst of all, I grew no taller, became no more handsome, and failed to sell my next three stories. 18 years old, and already a has-been! Then *New Worlds* went from monthly to quarterly publication, and I knew my career was over.

I therefore decided: when I grew up, I would be a newspaperman! Like H.L. Mencken. Or Clark Kent. Or Philbert Desanex. New daydreams! Unfortunately, these went down on paper. Below, a selection:

□ □ □ □ □

From the private Journals of Harry Hagglehound:

It was one of those wet, slimy evenings, when the earthworms come out to dance, and the shrinking of bootleather breaks your arches in two. Foggy, dreary and dark, so dark I couldn't see my hand in front of my face, and couldn't recall what my hand was doing there anyway. My kind of weather.

.....

.....
I'd been on vacation for a few weeks, drying out again, so I picked up the paper. The headlines were strange:

FETUS BREAKOUT AT PLANNED PARENTHOOD

NUKES STORED AT LOCAL ARMOURY

IRRADIATED FELINES DEVOUR DOGS

BOY LOCKED IN 'FRIDGE, EATS OWN FOOT

News had been slow in my absence, but that was nothing new. News around here is usually slow. And quiet. And tawdry. And lots of other modifiers. Without the sure hand of a born newshound, Two Pines seems as dull as it really is. I decided to liven things up by following up the most promising of the headlines.

"What I can't understand is where they got the rifles!" wailed the woman at Planned Parenthood. "Have you ever had a fetus point a rifle at you? It's not only scary, it's nauseating!"

"Did they say anything to you?" I asked.

"Well, yes," she said with a shudder. "One said they were looking for new homes. I thought I was done for, until I remembered the operation I had back in '64. I told them I'd had a hysterectomy, and they agreed that none of them wanted an hysterical mother. They they tied us up, and left through the back door."

I tried the back door myself. It led to a blind alley. At the back, something was glowing...and loudly eating. I heard the muted whimper of a dog.

Reaching into my pockets to grab my courage, I advanced to the rear of the alley. By the time I arrived, little but whimpers remained of the poodle. Instead, there sat a glowing cat, with something odd and deformed seated in a lead-lined saddle on his back. It was a fetus, with strangely intelligent eyes. Suddenly, I found myself looking down the barrel of a shiny new rifle.

"Who the Hell are you?" the shape on the cat's back inquired. I told him (Him? Her? It? I'd be scouring my church literature for months after this!) Pleased, the fetus said, "Come with me. I've got something to show you."

We put the cat under a blanket in the back seat of my car. I drove, after overriding the fetus' objections. Soon, we were in the hills surrounding Two Pines. And I was lost. "This way," said the fetus, riding the cat out of the car. I followed them to an enshrouded cave.

The interior was lit by dozens of glowing cats. Hundreds of fetuses stumbled about in various stages of development. It was very warm. Not unlike an incubator. In the rear of the cave, a sign read:

HOME OF THE FUTURE MUTANT MAJORITY.

Under the sign were rows of weapons--rifles, zip guns, bazookas, small missiles, sling-shots, water pistols, pea-shooters, and fraternity paddles.

"Impressive, isn't it?" said my guide. "When we come out, it'll be the start of a revolution that...no one...will abort. We're just incubating. There are more of us every day, Harry. Tell your readers to expect us."

To make a long story short, my editor threw me out of his office, and told me to get back on the wagon quick. "The armoury's been looted, Harry! A hundred bombs missing, and you're telling me fairy tales! Now get to work!"

I covered the story, leaving out my surmises as to where those bombs went. Never found that cave again, either. All I know is, someday, a lot of small figures are going to be coming down out of the hills.

Just as soon as they've been born again,
~~~~~  
More from the private Journals of Harry Hagglehound:

I've been drinking again. I never can resist. Whenever it gets hot around Two Pines, I



.....

hear the cry of lonely liquors. So I give 'em company, in the bar at belly's bottom. Just an old soft-heart, that's me.

I could go into a big philosophical hoocha over whether all this happened. I'm the first to admit that my judgement is not always great when I'm on the sauce. But if I've been hallucinating librarians instead of pink elephants, it might be time to change my brand of booze.

Quit rambling, Hagglehound. Where was I? Right...in the Belly Bottom Bar, north of Old Craggsburg Avenue. Sam was setting up a row, and I was knocking them down. That's when this old lady with a lecherous look came in, looking for action. She had an ADA button on one lapel, and a "Hot to trot" twinkle in her eyes. She smelled of kerosene, too. I figured it was some turn of the century brand of perfume, but I wasn't about to test that theory out with a match.

The old babe flounced up to the bar, and yelled for a Perdiction Punch. I made with a low whistle. Sam's Perdiction Punch is a mix of known and unknown substances. The known ones include rum, whiskey, vodka, chile peppers, and a snifter of raw ether. The unknown ingredients are rumored to include everything from mescaline to nuclear waste. Some folks who've overindulged in the Perdiction Punch have been found wandering the streets in Tibet; but they're easy to find, glowing in the dark as they do.

The old lady hefted the 14 ounce tumbler like a pro. Downing the whole thing in three gulps, she brayed for another. Sam shook his head and started to mix it up. That's when the sweet old broad noticed me. "Hey, you're Harry Hagglesburg, or Higgleheart, or something like that, ain'tcha? Come on over, and have one on me!"

I've always been both cheap and easy, so I plopped down beside her. "Sam!" she bellowed. "Give this ripe hunk of meat a double!" Sam obliged.

"What's a sweet old lady like you doing in a cheap joint like this?" I asked her. "Slumming?"

She leered. "Honey, I've been coming in here since it was just a speakeasy. Back in those days, we had all our cell meetings right at that table over yonder. We were going to overthrow the government from right here in this horsepiss saloon!" She cackled gleefully. "Sam, over there, he's the son of the guy who was writing down everything we said. If I hadn't turned around on the evidence, I'd have ridden the rail with old Dashielle Hammett."

I smiled. "So what are you doing these days, what with the failure of the revolution and all?"

"I'm the town librarian, hon. Do you mean to tell me you didn't know? And here I thought you've been sending me that gorgeous copyboy with the soft buns just because you were kind."

"My God, woman," I gasped. "You are absolutely incorrigible! Sam," I called, "the next round's on me! So what kind of deviltry can you get into running a library? You peppering the children's books?"

After four of Sam's Perdiction specials, her voice was beginning to slur. So was her judgement. A look of uncertainty appeared on her face. "Promise you won't tell?" she asked. I assured her in my best reporter's bluff that I wouldn't. "I'm part of the international censorship conspiracy," she giggled.

A few drinks later, I was drunk enough to think she might be serious, and she was blotted enough to want to prove it to me. She drove me to an old warehouse on the outskirts of town. It was boarded up, and looked abandoned. "I don't think anyone will be here at this time of night," she said, giving my bottom a lecherous pinch. "Wouldn't want anyone to feel they had to shut you up!" She produced a key that opened the locks on the rear door, and we went on in.

It was bedlam, and it was chaos. It was a regular cornucopia of books, records, posters, and film cans. The whole place stank of the kerosene odor—it wasn't perfume after all. I decided not to smoke.

"What's in that big box over there?" I asked, pointing.

"Oh, that's just a dinosaur bone, hon. Just manufactured. But we haven't planted it yet. First we have to get it encased in the right kind of dirt, so it'll fit into

.....



.....  
the strata and fool all those geologists."

I picked up a book. It was a creationist text. Under it were a number of volumes on the new conservatism. She puckered her lips in a moue of disgust. "They keep printing that stuff, faster than we can buy and burn it," she said. "If we don't keep it out of circulation, heavens! People might read it! Good thing we librarians get book announcements before ordinary people."

I pulled out my notepad, and asked just how widespread this movement was. "Why, we've got librarians, publishers and booksellers all around the world, honey. Why don't you put away that pad. You'll never get this story into print." She smiled sadly. "Not in the Planet, anyway. Now, honey, I'm not joking. Quit scribbling in that thing!"

"We'll see what gets printed," I muttered. I turned back to the books, to get some of the titles down. I recall dimly that she sighed softly...and then I heard something split the air behind me, just before the lights went out.

I woke up at dawn. I was lying in the gutter outside the Belly Bottom Bar. Beside me was my notepad--a ruin, with many pages torn out.

When I finally got to the office, I found a note, sending me to the publisher's desk. There, the old man himself introduced me to "Eunice Sloan--our town librarian, Harry!" Yep, it was the sweet old bat herself. Pulling me aside for a moment, the publisher said quietly, "Harry, Eunice is an old friend of mine. We've been working on a few projects together. I don't want anything bad written about her. You understand? Let's just have a few pages on her history with the library for the Sunday Lifestyles section. Maybe it'll raise her circulation a bit." He slapped me on the back. "Thanks, Harry... I knew I could count on you." Eunice just simpered.

~~~~~

I imagine Harry is still chasing down stories in some misbegotten bar. I never became Harry Hagglehound, though. I worked on a real newspaper. The type where you start off as a file clerk, and work your way up to writing stories about garden parties in the wealthy suburbs.

It was just as well. I don't drink, and when I rip off my shirt, all you see is hair. Somebody must have stolen the one with the big red "S"--or maybe it got lost in the cleaners.

I returned to college and fiction, which may be a redundancy. I reconciled myself to growing up as a college teacher. I dreamed of growing up to be Thomas Pynchon, the only writer I know of with a bigger privacy fetish than mine.

By this time, I had discovered three salient facts:

- 1) Being a writer doesn't make you rich.
- 2) Being a writer doesn't make you tall and handsome.
- 3) Being a writer doesn't get you laid. Well, not always anyway.

So who needs to write for a living? Better to do it on the side, and become colorful.

I settled down to college life, determined to finish graduate school and get my Doctorate. I did research. I wrote papers. I learned to love being the oldest hippie in Ann Arbor. Who could ask for more?

When Ro Lutz-Nagey called with an offer to make me a magazine editor, I wrung out my heart in anguished confusion for a good three seconds, and left collegiate life forever.

I'll leave the story of our hoary days on *Power Transmission Design* in Ro's able hands. He's a lot angrier than I am, and can tell it better. Suffice it to say, being an editor is not nearly as much fun as Hugh Hefner makes it look. Besides, pictures of gears just don't stack up well next to the Playmate of the Month.

I've realized my dreams at last. I now write for a living, full time. This means working at home, with no one to share coffee breaks, paying double social security taxes, and writing lots of technical documentation to support less remunerative creative efforts. It does beat working, though.

.....

And I finally know who I want to be when I grow up:

Alex Krislov.

If anyone sees him, please tell him to call home!

Yes, Naomi...that's *all* he does!

(Token local esoteric aside.)

...actually, I suspect that Alex would agree that it's all Leah's fault. Like my "piece" in OW31, the above is based on something that was originally intended for *Imp* 2. In Alex's case, Leah not only didn't publish...she *lost* the original (& only) manuscript.

In the meantime, either at *that* Confusion (or shortly thereafter)...Alex and I were discussing such things as Leah's publication "schedule"...while I was still wondering precisely *what* she had meant, in a loc on *Xenolith*, when Leah had accused me of having "just entered puberty." I'm not sure at what point in the conversation, or even which one of us coined it, but the term "unrequited puberty" was born. To the vast amusement of Alex and I. Leah was less amused.

That led, after a series of delays that could only have been scripted by Ro Lutz-Nagey, to my being handed the print-out of the above at Midwestcon....

Alex had his lawyer with him, to serve as a witness.

I must admit that I found this a particularly juvenile action on the part of someone a mere decade younger than I.

Tell you what, Alex...when *you* reach puberty, I have this great correspondence course I'm developing...

Say, does anyone *else* out there in the vast OW-reader-ship have material that was intended for *Imp* 2?

If so...in the tradition of Minneapolis in '73, *Outworlds* 27.5, Glicksohn's alleged poker prowess, *Iguanacon* 2, and other well-known fannish hoaxes...well, with the proper nudge here and there, we could well make *Imp* 2 the most famous unpublished fanzine of all time.

(And one of unexcelled quality, if the two pieces already published in these pages are any indication!)

No...no, don't thank me, Leah.

I mean...what are friends for...really?

MIKE GLICKSOHN Let me see...where's my "Glicksohn's Guide To Competent Letterhacking"?

...ah, here it is. Volume One, Fanzines You Care About...Volume Two, Fanzines You Don't Give A Shit For...well, volume one it is. Hmmm...First Rule: "Read the fanzine.*" Gee, I wonder what the asterisk is for? Oh...a footnote: "For Bowers' fanzines use your OED magnifying glass." Seems like good advice!

Hania should be encouraged to write more locs: her letter to you was both well-written and insightful and her comments about conventions were quite fascinating. After seventeen years as a con-goer I *still* "rush about a lot, party constantly, try to see everyone and do everything" but I suspect that's because Hania and I see fandom in a fundamentally different way, that difference coming from my deeper interest in fanhistory and fanzines which makes a non-relaxacon more than just a quiet time with good friends (although it is that as well, of course).

As always Dave the Locke amuses and entertains with deft pose, wit and (probably) some very useful information. Fortunately for me, I've never had a job interview in my life, have no intention of going into management (or "administration" as it's called in the education biz) and am secure enough in my current sinecure not to need to worry about the possibility of a job interview in the future. So all I had to do was enjoy Dave's humorous advice. And I do hope his kiss of death doesn't work this time as I'd hate to have

wasted the thirteen of the fourteen minutes it took me to read and loc this issue! (I wonder how many readers will understand the title? I know Maia will!)

Terry Carr is a most insightful chap (which translates as "I've been saying the same thing in numerous recent locs") and his points are smack on the mark. Combined with what rich brown had to say in the latest *Holier Than Thou* and a delicious quotation Bill Patterson found from a 1794 tome for *Quodlibet* I think this puts the whole issue of fannish standards to rest. (Of course, those without reference to these other two fanzines will probably keep on reiterating the same old arguments for a few more months. Wise faneds, naturally, will judiciously edit out these redundancies: right, oh wise one?)

Good for BEB! It's somewhat of a change to see some amusingly "insulting" remarks from Brian and the change bodes well for the future. Since Brian appears to be the central target of some pretty heavyweight mud-slinging of late it's good to know he isn't completely defenseless. His "Doing nothing is something I can imagine you doing" is as droll a put-down as I've read in quite a while!

The fanzine commentary from sixteen years ago was fascinating for several reasons. Primarily because it showed not only how much your writing has improved but also that the elements of your current style were already apparent 'way back then. And it was amusing to note that some things never change: the lack of feedback for artists in fandom is a topic that pops up every two or three years and I expect it'll continue to do so long after we've both gaffed. (Funny how few of the names you wrote about back then are still around, isn't it? Fans are so flighty: after fifteen years or so they wander off to other interests...)

Thanks for reprinting the Cavin introductions from Confusion. Since none of us trufans ever reads program books (if we did we might find out what was happening at the convention and then the Men With Big Sticks would be round to drum us out of fandom) this was the first time I'd read them. Both were well done even if Bill did deserve better. And the way you presented them was an insert to my intelligence.

I suppose the Wilgus poem *might* be amusing if I'd read the Vardebooks it was based on...maybe...perhaps...but I doubt it. Mediocre verse is still mediocre verse whether one knows the background or not. Only in fandom could something that insipid get published.

I'm surprised that Harry considers FAPA to be an entity above and beyond its members but apparently he does. How many of the people who expelled Martin are still in FAPA and is it necessary/worth it to "punish" the innocents who've come on the scene in the twenty years since the original unfortunate incident?

Fear not, I'll not resurrect the Marcon trip story. It's clearly a case of being an old fanbelt and tired...

Of late I've come to accept that I'd rather send someone a couple of bucks for a fanzine than take three or four hours to loc it. This of course only to fanzines I feel I'd miss if they stopped arriving. The reason I continue to loc OW is that I always want to be able to point out that I have received money from Bowers for my fanzine but he's never received money from me. Preserving that record is worth half a day of my time easily. (Especially right now when I'm being paid zero dollars a day!)

7/14/83

[COA] 508 Windermere Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6
Do I know you, sir? Didn't you use to be a friend...?

ROBERT COULSON Enjoyed Dave's article. One point I might add; once you have the job you need to continue giving the same answers for public consumption. I always tend to slide into honesty once the job is secured, which may be why I've never been promoted. (On the other hand, a public stance that the company needs me more than I need the company does seem to have impressed enough people so that I still have a job with a firm that has laid off or fired about half its employees since Jan. 1. They play no favorites, either; the man who took over on Jan. 1 and instigated the new regime was fired Friday. He made the rash statement when he took over that he'd "turn the place around" by the end of June or hand in his resignation. I figure he was a bit dilatory about resigning, so the corporation sent a vice-president up from Dallas headquarters to give him a push.)

On the other hand, the future of the factory as a whole is doubtful. The corporation got a new vice-president recently; a man who was formerly a Presidential advisor on economics. I read that bit and said "Oh, from the marvelous people who gave us the Recession." I thought my department head was going to choke on his coffee.... I somehow get the feeling, though, that the corporation isn't going to keep putting up with a factory that's losing money.

Well, if I get laid off, I'll have more time to publish fanzines and go to cons, right? Maybe by next year we can make Midwestcon, Inconjunction, Spacecon, Rivercon, and Okon (the latter is the only one we're committed to at the moment). Assuming that they all fall on different weekends, of course.

"Self-actualized"? That's part of your problem right there, D'Amassa; you read too much popular psych and even seem to believe some of it.

Never having been a compulsive list-maker, I couldn't record the first 40 fanzines received, but the first three were a *Fantasy Times* (before the name-change to *Science Fiction Times*), a *Mad*, published by Dick Ryan of someplace in Ohio, and one of Bob Silverberg's fanzines, the name of which suddenly escapes me. (I knew it when I started the sentence--ever have that problem? If not, I suppose I can put it down to senility, or maybe to 14 consecutive days of 90°+ heat.)

Note to Ian Covell; the feminists haven't been fought more solidly because a lot of us agree with the less violent of them, and *Houston, Houston* got an award because it was a damned good story as well as being popular propaganda. Of course, the Nebulas are far more socially sensitive than the Hugos, largely because they're voted on by a smaller and more liberally-oriented group. If there isn't a good popular-propaganda story in a particular year, they'll give it to a poor one, as long as it strives to be artsy as well as ~~propaganda~~ "socially conscious". But "*Houston*" was one of the better ones. (Most of the short material on this year's Nebula ballot, in contrast, was pure garbage.)

Spaceship! Just recalled Silverberg's fanzine title. (Of course, you knew it anyway, but just to show that my memory works sometimes...) 7/24/83

[Semi-COA]: 7682N-100W, Hartford City, IN 47348

ROGER WADDINGTON Many (and belated) thanks for *Outworlds* 31; now that I've joined the ranks of the unemployed, I can begin to catch up with my fanac.

Well, during my own rather large chunks of unemployment a few years back, I certainly found it easier to catch rides--with those leaving early/staying late--to and from conventions. But other than that, I didn't seem to accomplish very much more... Probably simply a matter of self-discipline, eh?

Meanwhile, on to another form of labor relations:



NOTES Of A Guilty Bystander

Stephen Leigh

WE'D TAKEN ALL THE LAMAZE CLASSES. We'd breathed in various ingenious patterns intended to make you forget you were in agony. We'd listened to lectures, we'd put together a goody bag replete with strange little items such as two dead tennis balls knotted into an even deader sock. We were as prepared as any two apprehensive yet anticipatory mortals could be. "We want to go natural if we can," we'd say to inquiries. People would nod politely at that and probably wonder whether that meant that--doctors, nurses, and all--we were going to be in the nude for the birth.

So the gods that govern such things giggled behind their hands and sent Lord Vitamin to the babe. It grew.

A week after Denise's due date, the doctor made arcane and indecipherable marks on her chart and turned around to face the two of us. "We're going to schedule a Section," he said without preliminary. This was odd for him; he'd never said anything previously without prefacing it with a joke ("Well, you're pregnant, so I guess you'll just have to bear with me for the next nine months..."). "We'll set it up for a week from now, if nothing's happened by then. How's that for a bombshell?"

We nodded without saying much. It wasn't *totally* unexpected. There'd been a few signs of impending Caesarian--Denise's erratically elevated blood pressure, the pre-eclampsic swelling of ankles, the fact that the baby had yet to drop (I could visualize it clinging with clawed hands to the sides of the uterus), the lack of effacement in Denise's cervix. Yeah, we knew it was a possibility. "The kid could be between 9½ and 10½ pounds," the doctor continued. He tapped his chart with a pen to lend gravity to his prediction. "With that kind of weight, it could well be too large for your pelvis."

I thought of Denise and the mountain she carried in front of her and the discomfort she'd had in the past few weeks and realized how pitifully few in number the human race would be if it were up to me to bear the children. After the doctor had left in a miasma of plastic gloves and petroleum jelly, I turned to the wide, sad eyes of Denise and proclaimed with male cowardice: "Well, at least you won't have to go through labor."

"Just major surgery," she replied, far too mildly.

"This'll be quicker. And you'll know when it's going to happen. You won't have to call me away from a gig."

"It's major surgery."

"They say Caesarean babies are prettier."

"And I won't get to hold it right away, and I'll have to have an anesthetic, and it's major surgery." Her voice wavered with emotion, her eyes were bright.

Seeing that this particular battle was lost, I strategically retreated. "Well, we still have a week. You'll probably go into labor before then."

THE ENDLESS LITANY, CHANTED DURING THE ENSUING WEEK:

"My (sister, friend, aunt, mother, brother) was scheduled for a Section and went into labor (the day before, that night, the week preceeding, the entire next year)."

"Hey Denise, you still hanging around?"

"You mean you *still* haven't had that kid?"

"When are you getting rid of that load?"

"When are you due?"

"Anything yet?"

"Any news?"

"Well?"

WEDNESDAY, 7/6/83: Denise had experienced erratic cramping through the night--we thought maybe all those tales in the litany were about to be revealed as TRUTH. I yelled at Denise's stomach, ordering the recalcitrant child to come out of there THIS INSTANT if it knew what was good for it. In a probable foreshadowing, it refused, though one of the cats came out from behind the bed apologetically dragging a chewed sock. When we woke for good at five am, Denise found that she'd lost her mucous plug. But...the contractions didn't regularize, and nothing further happened. (The kid dug hands deeper into the folds of the uterus, its tiny eyes shut with effort. "Not coming out, not ever coming out...")

.....
We went to the hospital.

Christ Hospital is a teaching institution--little students, all far too cheery at that hour of the morning, flock around the doctors and nurses like a cloud of mosquitoes around a swamp-lost dog. An RN came in to shave and prep Denise. ~~They/dressed/Her/in/green/plyed/and/plyed/Denise/Her/name/was/now/''Willy''~~ A student was in tow to watch and learn helpful hints about shaving pubic hair and inserting catheters. Once more, I thanked Fate for making me male. The student-nurse tag team finished and departed. I told Denise her pubic hair now looked rather New Wave. She was not amused.

We waited.

Eventually Denise was carted down to Labor and Delivery and wheeled into a corridor, where we waited once more--we were getting pretty good at that. Down the hall, carpenters dressed strangely in hospital smocks hammered at supports. A drill whined, a dull saw blade screeched through wood. Our obstetrician, Dr. Stephens, ambled over. "Construction," he said. I nodded, trying not to smile and say blandly "Oh really?"--one should never insult the doctor who's going to be cutting into your spouse. Dr. Stephens is the newest of the doctors in Denise's OB-Gyn clinic. Fresh from his residency, he looked cherubic and awfully damned young. I felt old around him. He informed us that there'd been an emergency Section a few minutes ago--the Operating Room had to be "cleaned up" before Denise could go in. "Just wait here," he said, as if Denise and her catheter and IV were going to walk down to McDonald's to get a hamburger in the meantime. "I think I'll go get some coffee--I could sure use it."

Denise and I glanced at each other. "Go right ahead," I said.

He'd seen the look. He chuckled as he walked away.

Mr. Duffy, the anesthesiologist, came by and talked to Denise about the spinal. Both sets of prospective grandparents snuck back and wished us luck. Nurses drifted by in surgical greens. Finally, they came for Denise. One of the nurses handed me a set of greens. "Get into those," she said, not looking at me but at her watch. "Then just take a seat over there. Someone will come and get you when they're ready."

They wheeled Denise away past the carpenters.

Up to that point, I hadn't been excessively nervous or apprehensive. I was so busy trying to look self-assured for Denise that I had psyched myself into believing it. Waiting drains away self-confidence. I began to fiddle with my camera. I put the surgical mask up, pretended to be Dr. Kildare and Hawkeye Pierce, pulled it down again. Took off the cap and adjusted the strings. Put it back on again. Played with the camera again. Watched the carpenters hammer. Went over to the bulletin boards and read a few clippings tacked there. WOMAN GIVES BIRTH TO SIXTEEN POUND BOY. VENEREAL DISEASE AND BIRTH COMPLICATIONS. DANGERS OF CHILDBIRTH. Decided I didn't want to read any more. Sat down again. Played Hawkeye some more. Set the camera to various shutter speeds.

A nurse strolled out past the noise of sawing and drilling. "The room's not ready yet," she said. "They're just giving her the spinal now. It'll be awhile." I nodded, sat down...

...and realized I needed to piss.

"Excuse me," I said. "But where's the restroom?"

She gave me a knowing look. She laughed. I smiled wanly.

After a quick pee and a trip to the waiting room to tell the assembled crowd that absolutely nothing had yet happened, I found my way back to my chair and waited, wondering why hospitals make such a big stink about sterilization. Here, the corridor leading back to the operating rooms was under construction, with a fine haze of dust about. I'd changed to surgical greens, yes, but since then I'd gone to the bathroom, talked and shaken hands with relatives, and was lugging around one unsterilized camera which was going into the OR with me.

Dr. Wendel, the resident who was to assist Dr. Stephens, came out and started bullshitting with the nurses, complaining about the number of Sections they'd had. "How many of these damn-" he began, then noted my presence. I could see him swallowing words--they didn't look as if they tasted good. "-Caesarean Birth Experiences do we have

.....

.....
scheduled this morning?" he finished. He laughed, nervously. I wondered what he'd really intended to say. Cut jobs? Slash and hacks? Cut and pulls? Surely there must be irreverent medical slang for Sections...

Dr. Wendel went back down the Hall of Hammering. Somewhere nearby, in one of the labor rooms, a woman began a low wailing. "It hurts, it hurts, oh Jesus it hurts..." A nurse glanced in the door of the room. "I know it does, honey," she said, not ungently. "It's supposed to. Just hang on, and I'll get someone to give you your epidural soon."

I vowed once more that no matter what great advances in genetic engineering we manage, I was never having a baby.

An OR nurse stuck her head around the corner. "We're ready for you," she said over the scream of the drill.

Camera around the neck, I felt like the Tourist Doctor. The OR was a landscape of green cloth and yellow light. Denise was laid out for the sacrifice behind a drape held up by surgical clamps. Mr. Duffy stroked her head with a damp cloth. Dr. Stephens glanced up, waved a begloved, blood-streaked hand. "Get the camera ready. We're going to open up the uterus now."

Events, after all the waiting, moved almost too quickly now. The incision was made --amniotic fluid, the color of water with a little milk, gushed and was suctioned away. Dr. Stephens reached in--one of the nurses said "I can see dark hair, lots of it." Denise, who could see little behind the drapes, though perhaps the child was out. "Boy or girl?" The nurse chuckled gently. "Hard to tell yet."

Dr. Stephens was tugging--I was amazed at how much strength he put into it; you could see Denise's whole body moving with each pull. Finally, he shrugged and let go of the head. "That's a big one," he said to no one in particular. "Give me the shoehorn." A nurse handed him a device that looked suspiciously like a crowbar. More tugging, from both doctors. Another shrug. "Give me the scalpel again." He enlarged the incision, and pulled hard. "Here it comes."

I snapped pictures.

"It's a girl, Denise." The baby was suctioned, the cord cut and clamped. She wailed distress at being unceremoniously hauled from warm, wet, and dark to dry, cold, and light. They held the infant up for Denise to see. I held Denise's hand, and she cried.

Into a receiving blanket then, and a quick cleaning. "I count twenty digits," the nurse said. "She looks real good." (Nurses are not required to speak correct grammar.) "You got a name for her yet?"

"Megen Elizabeth," Denise and I chorused together. Megen still wailed, face a vivid scarlet, legs and arms a dull, pasty purple. "They're supposed to be like that," the nurse said, noticing my gaze. She then proceeded to cover the purple feet with black ink. It was not an improvement. She evidently felt the same way--after taking prints of the soles, she wiped off the ink. The nurse swaddled Megen, held her out to me. I gave the camera to Mr. Duffy and took my child, holding her down where Denise could see and touch. The doctors began repairing Denise.

It was, perhaps, a sensory overload. I still don't know exactly what I felt. I'm not able to sort out the emotions very well. There was enormous happiness at seeing this child at last, at the old-woman's wrinkled hands, the pudgy and too-red face. And relief--for we couldn't help but wonder over those nine months of gestation whether something might be wrong with her. And there's a nagging of fear, a lance of responsibility. In the pictures Mr. Duffy took of the three of us, it's hard to see my expression behind the surgical mask, but I know I was grinning and shaking my head at the same time. Megen's miniature hand grasped my index finger, and I pretended that it was affection and not just reflex.

After a few minutes that seemed both longer and shorter than that, the nurse stole her back and set her on the scales. The scales read to ten pounds, with additional weights racked below. The needle slammed to the stop; the nurse fiddled with the weights. "11-3." There was a collective head-shaking around the room, a sigh. Dr. Stephens looked over the drapes at Denise. "You'd never have delivered her the other

way," he said. "Not a chance."

I squeezed Denise's hand. She returned the pressure. "Should we keep her?" A whisper. Denise just smiled in answer.

I was sent away while they put Denise out--she was beginning to feel some pressure. I didn't overly mind; it's strange to see someone's uterus hanging outside the body. I walked over to the waiting room where several pairs of expectant eyes were fixed on me. The mask was down around the neck, the cap pushed back: my best doctor pose. "You have a granddaughter," I said. "Eleven pounds and three ounces worth."

A general shout of glee--I kissed mom and mom-in-law, shook hands with fathers. My mother said "I'm going to cry" and didn't. Denise's mother didn't say anything but wept copiously. The baby was wheeled around to the observation window where all involved oohed and aahed and made other appropriate noises. "Does she have everything?" Denise's mother asked through tears. "I didn't look that close." It was hard not to laugh; I felt so damned good.

"How's Denise?"

I told them of the operation, that Denise would be going into the recovery room in a few minutes. Then, after the nurse had taken Megan into the nursery and our parents had scattered to lend financial boost to Ma Bell, I went back and waited for Denise. She was wheeled in, rather groggy.

"Did we do all right?" she asked.

I took her hand. "We did great."

She nodded. She slept.

□□□Stephen Leigh

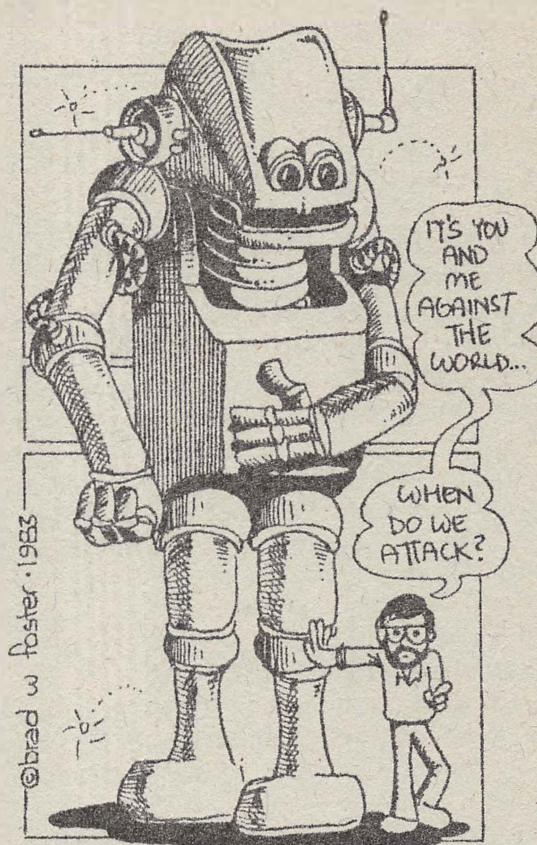
▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽
SUPPORT YOUR (SEMI-LOCAL) FANZINE□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□□

...well, I seem to have missed the deadline, but they went ahead and published anyway. Awfully rush-rush of them, don't you think, since the fanzine was conceived in 1977. "Them" are Joni Stopa (Wilmot Mountain, Wilmot, WI 53192) and ~~OUTWORLDS~~ Dave Locke (6828 Alpine Avenue #4, Cincinnati, OH 45236), and their fanzine is *Gallimaufry* #1. (Trades to both editors; sample copies, \$2. to Dave.)

Where is it written that the furthest removed co-editor insults me in her second paragraph, while the nearest removed co-editor (the one I making famous after years of obscurity in the pages of *Vandro*) won't even mention me...instead devoting his editorial to some cock-and-cow faan fiction story.

Gallimaufry aspires to the lighter side of the fannish spectrum, and although some of the material literally creaks with age (I've read of the symptoms), the first issue is a nice start.

Material includes Glicksohn's first for-cash fanzine article (to go with his one pro sale), the awe-inspiring feat of Dana Siegel being silent long enough to write something...and the husband & wife team of the Andrew J. Offutt's. (I understand Mrs. Offutt at one time wrote for fanzines under her own name...)



Close Enough For Fanwriting

Column, by
Dave Locke

.....

BILL BOWERS JUST LEFT HERE AT 2:30 AM, returning control of our bed to Jackie and myself. The top sheet has developed an interesting pattern of rectangular depressions from bearing the weight of freshly mimeoed pages of *Outworlds* #33. We're thinking of erecting a sign: "*Outworlds* slept here."

When he left ("the next deadline is the end of July"), I opened my copy and the back page fell off. An inauspicious start. Restaple. Start again.

It was then I learned, on the very first page, that I'm doing a column for *Outworlds*. Well, why not? However, if this is going to be a column then it should have a title.

It wasn't until I got to Terry Carr's letter that the title suggested itself. CEFF was my column title from Jackie's erstwhile *Resolution*, and now I'll move it over to *Outworlds*, with her blessings.

Thank you, Terry and Jackie.

IT'S JUST A FANZINE AFTER ALL, TERRY CARR

"What the Standards-bearers call for (and I number myself among them) is for each fanwriter to produce the best writing heesh can, and the sneers are directed at people who are obviously dogging it, usually under the excuse 'It's just a fanzine, after all.'"

Such ludicrous bullshit, Terry Carr. That's the worst kind, you know.

Ted White may even agree with you, but I agree with Ted who said back in 1981: "...appropriate to the spirit of fannishness, something that could not be taken too seriously."

I may have to explain why I've spent as much as a couple of months' spare time in reworking a single fanarticle, or justify the fact that everything I write except letters goes through a pencil draft and is diddled with before leaving my care. Possibly I might be called upon to explain why I told Bill Bowers I didn't want him publishing an 11-page manuscript of mine because it wasn't good enough.

But let's not dwell on that too long. It can all be explained simply by the fact that few people submit fanwriting for publication if they aren't at least moderately happy with it. It meets or beats their own minimum standard, or they don't let it get away.

My quibble, and it's a big one, is with the word "best". Your thrust for quality is good, Terry, but your choice of word is inappropriate. Let's go to the dictionary: "Best: excelling all others; superlative of good; superlative of well; the utmost; the highest quality." I think you do fannishness an injustice when you "call for ... each fanwriter to produce the best writing heesh can."

This is inappropriate to the spirit of fannishness because, quite frankly, it's too fucking serious. I doubt that even you live up to it, though you may consider it a great--possibly unattainable, but great--ideal. What it is, is nonsense. Beyond that, it's an excessive burden to place on the shoulders of any fan.

It's too grim, Terry.

I do agree with your thrust. No one is going to endorse the deliberate writing of shit. No one is going to object, either, to a fanwriter trying to do his very best. The objection is to your image of a fanwriter going balls-out every time he approaches fanwriting. It's excessive, in a fannish context it's silly and absurd, and it's much too serious to jibe with the spirit of fannishness.

But, since I do agree with your thrust while disagreeing with your specific expression, let me propose a maxim which we both may agree with.

I find it preferable to say that fanwriting is pointless unless you are trying to do it well. To me that sounds better. Not to mention unnecessary.

Possibly this new outlook might allow you the freedom to generate some more new fanwriting of your own, instead of spending so much of your fannish karma introducing 'entropy reprints' of the best fanwriting you did twenty years ago.

Have fun with it, Terry.

.....

WHY IS TED WHITE WEARING A BLACK HAT?

There are a few people in fandom who ride a hobbyhorse which I like to refer to as The Apa As N-----.

Pardon my choice of language. I don't use "n-----" in the usual racist sense. I use it in the sense that everyone has their n-----. They do, you know. In fanzine fan-dom we have general fanzine fandom and we have the apas, and some general fanzine fans look upon the apas as their n-----.

They are wrong.

Let's talk about that.

And let's pick on Ted White to illustrate the attitude we're going to talk about (we: me and the pencil in my hand).

Selected quotations from Ted writing in *The Zine That Has No Name* #3, November 1982: "A bunch of slap-ass apas." "The level of writing is a bit higher than apa-blather." "A later generation of old and almost-ex 'fans has retreated into two or three private apas." "The discussions of Real World topics--from nuclear power to politics to rock music--has an earnestness that I associate with apa-discussions ... there is little 'fannishness' (whatever that word may mean to you; to me it implies at least a modicum of wit and wordplay)."

Selected quotes from Ted writing in *Holier Than Thou* #15, January 1983: "Few apas exist for any purpose except the exchange of inane blather between members." "Complacently mucking about in the chitter-chatter banalities of apahacking." "I have always felt that 'fannish' writing involved the employment of a specific viewpoint." "Logical non-sequitors."

What's a logical non-sequitor, Ted?

Why does Ted White wear a black hat when he talks about the apas?

I don't know, but I have a suspicion. A few general fanzine fandom people look upon the apas as fanzine fandom's equivalent to the n-----. Obviously each activity has its own lure and rewards, but it's equally obvious that people like to compare two different things and pronounce one inferior, after which it's considered with disfavor. Even if the initial judgement is correct, and after 22 years in fanzine fandom I don't think that it is, the attitude is win/lose. I can enjoy both areas of fanzine fandom, which makes the proposition win/win.

Wit and wordplay can be found in both.

The main focus here is whether apa writing is inherently inferior to general fanzine writing. As I see it there are only two approaches to the topic: 1) Will a fan write less interesting material for an apa than for a general fanzine? (sometimes yes, sometimes just the opposite. Usually, it's a silly question), and/or 2) Are the better fanwriters generally found outside the apas? (sometimes yes, sometimes ... like today, definitely not).

I sandbagged one quote from Ted, and it comes from *The Zine That Has No Name* #3: "When I talk about fanzine fandom here I'm talking about the circles I'm a part of and am aware of."

Me, too.

I'm reasonably certain that Ted is mostly referring to apa mailing comments, though they're hardly the entirety of what you'll find in an apa. However, they are easy to write, anyone can write them, and for those reasons alone you'll run across a lot of poor mailing comments.

Most any form of fanwriting can be poorly done, and often has been. Speaking in genres it gets difficult to pinpoint specifically which is the absolute rock-bottom: convention reports, fanzine reviews, or mailing comments. Ted might suggest mailing comments. I would argue that at least they have the saving grace of not being straight-line narratives, and regardless of whether a given comment is good or bad it tends to pass quickly. Subjectively speaking I've read more good mailing comments than I have good con reports or fanzine reviews. But a poor set of mailing comments sitting next to any turd is going to smell about as bad. Still, I'll pick con reports as the nadir...

I think there are writing opportunities that can be exercised by doing mailing

.....

.....

comments, but I don't think someone would agree with me on that unless they also agreed to the same feeling about correspondence.

There are values in correspondence which aren't so available elsewhere, which is why I have enjoyed correspondence as much as I've enjoyed any type of writing that I've done. It's a different level of communication. So is the mailing comment, which bears a closer resemblance to correspondence than it does to, say, an article or an editorial. But there are different ways to approach mailing comments, and therein may lie the problem of recognizing or not recognizing whether there is any benefit to be gained by writing them.

Some fans may compare the mailing comment to the way they would handle editorial response in the lettercolumn of their fanzine. Others may view it as multiple correspondence with a twist: you're seeing the other correspondence and are free to kibitz. This requires the view that a mailing comment from one person to another is a two-way communication with an audience that can participate. Another way of approaching the mailing comment is to view each apazine as an entity to be letterhacked, which is pretty self-explanatory and is a method that can work well, especially for the person who enjoys letterhacking genzines and perzines. Yet another perspective is of mailing comments adding up to a rather freeform group discussion, in which it is people who are being addressed as opposed to apazines which are being responded to. All of these perspectives, and probably a dozen others, are reflective of approach. The true nature of the mailing comment, regardless of approach, is that it is a medium for expression in a closed-group communication. Much like a party. Less like writing an article. More a target audience than a general audience. More an opportunity to be oneself in a free-form manner than within the construct of what is considered to be an article or an editorial. Not necessarily as open in opportunity as the two-person correspondence, but more participatory than the letter of comment.

Fans write good or bad in any form, which is irrelevant. There's a lot of uninspiring correspondence in the world, too, which says nothing about whether--for example --I can benefit by engaging in correspondence. The same applies to mailing comments. I enjoy doing them, they don't automatically become less readable simply because they're mailing comments, and whether or not they're interesting is determined by whether or not I can be interesting--which when you think about it applies to any form of writing. I control that factor--it doesn't control me or predispose the reaction that I will receive. At least, not within the bounds of fanwriting.

Mailing comments are what you make of them. They're just another kind of writing, but without a specific form except that which might be self-imposed. I can wander, talk to people, talk to subjects, talk to issues, talk to myself, tell stories, or do whatever I damn please. I find that appealing.

I like doing mailing comments, and I like it most for the realization that I have no restrictions on form. Some fans may, overall, view mailing comments with some measure of disdain, but they do so because of what they see as substandard work. Mailing comments are what you make of them, a good writer can write good mailing comments as easily as he can write in a more restricted or "demanding" format, and whether or not he feels there's a lot of substandard mcs or arkles or editorials or whatever should have no bad influence on what he writes himself. I'm certain that the fact that most all faan fiction is terrible did not deter Lon Atkins or Terry Carr from writing or appreciating good faan fiction.

Denny Lien is competent and workmanlike when he writes fanarkles, but when I receive my once or twice-yearly fix of his apazines they get read immediately and I don't care whose genzine or perzine is in the to-be-read stack. Lon Atkins has maybe three or four peers among fanwriters, regardless of what type of fanwriting you're talking about, and most of his fanwriting can only be found in the apas these days. There is no one who better represents what can be done with a mailing comment than David Hulan (who, I would guess, has written a single handful of formal "articles", one of which was reprinted in a best-of-the-year Fanthology (and it was probably the least, but still deserved), and another reprinted once fannishly and then again professionally). Where

.....

.....
are you going to read Debra Doyle, Bernadette Bosky, Greg Calkins, etc. and so on, if you're not reading their apazines?

Sure, there's a lot of crap in the apas. There's a lot of crap in general fanzine fandom, too. There's good and bad everywhere.

General fanzine fandom can't legitimately look down its collective nose at the apas. It just isn't tall enough.

I didn't use to think so, because I don't think it used to be so in the recent past, but at the moment I believe there's more good writing to be found in the apas than in general fanzine fandom. Perhaps fans like Ted White suspect or really know this to be so. I notice that the Apa As n----- syndrome is cyclical, occurring during periods of low tide in general fanzine fandom. When you're trying to boost your own product, one of the tactics sometimes used is to find something you can refer to as 'the competition' and then knock it. In politics it's called mudslinging. In fandom it's called mud-slinging, too.

And it's so damn silly.

Fanzine fandom is too small. We've only got genzines, perzines, servicezines, clubzines, and apazines. There are no niggers in fanzine fandom; only different types of fanzines. How do you compare a *Warhoon* with a *TWLL-DDU* with a *File 770* with a *Melikaphkhaz* with a _____? You don't. What you do is enjoy the whole bunch of them.

Fandom is people and fanzine fandom is people creating fanzines. Those people create fanzines that are good, bad, or mediocre, and it doesn't matter whether this happens in general fanzine fandom or in the apas. Most fanzine fans do a little fanac in both areas of fanzine fandom, and I doubt they feel that their individual or collective efforts in either place can be considered hopelessly tainted.

Even old Ted White writes well in both fields, though it's observationally obvious that he puts less effort and emphasis into apazines.

Let's all chip in on a bottle of bleach for Ted White's black hat.

Department of Working Hypotheses

A columnist has special privileges, including the right to introduce short subjects (shut up, Glicksohn) which the writer of articles cannot deal with. I will invoke that privilege now, and I know that I have Bill's consent.

Pneumonia, 6/17/83

Rest in peace, Bob Pavlat. You will be missed.

In Care Of

Teresa Nielsen Hayden, one of the very best of fandom's current writers (chances are, you and I aren't fit to change her typewriter ribbon), has made this statement to fandom at large: "Narcolepsy is a disease of the central nervous system. Fifty percent of its victims are occupationally disabled by age forty. There is no known cause or cure. I have it. I am a fan and by god I'll get an article out of it, so you're assured of hearing more about this later."

Teresa and Patrick (and he's no slouch, either) have left their Seattle jobs and their home to spend time near a sleep disorder clinic in the Oklahoma City area. A visit to Toronto and the worldcon are pencilled on their calender. Their genzine (*Telos*) is no more and their perzine (*Izzard*) now has an irregular schedule. Mail sent c/o Kaufman & Tompkins, 4326 Winslow Place North, Seattle, Washington 98103, will be forwarded.

I would presume that you shouldn't expect a response, but I also presume that they would appreciate letters and fanzines. These are hard times, and the Nielsen-Haydens are part of us. Show them that we care, won't you?

The Ultimate Short Subject

Mike Glicksohn.

A Quote For All Times

"Most fascinating game there is, keeping things from staying the way they are."

-- Kurt Vonnegut, *PLAYER PIANO*

.....
Dave Locke

HARRY WARNER, JR. Another concession to the inevitable must be my failure to understand fully the significance of the blue dot, even after reading the material about it in this issue as thoroughly as the combination of your reduced type and my decomposing vision permitted.

I have gone through life without undergoing a full-fledged job interview. World War Two was in progress when I applied for the only two full-fledged, full-time jobs I ever held, and manpower was so short in those years of vigorous drafting that I was asked little except my draft status. Several times during my years at the newspaper I conducted job interviews when someone who should be doing it was busy elsewhere and I remember thinking that journalists are as obnoxious when they're seeking employment as they are after they get it.

I have one problem with Terry Carr's advice on how to judge a fanzine. What am I supposed to say if someone asks me what I'm trying to produce as editor of my FAPAazine? I'm sure I don't know and without such knowledge, how can anyone else evaluate it? Should I remove *Horizons* from eligibility in the ego-booby poll in FAPA and insist that mailing comments about it refrain from value judgments? Even if other fanzine editors are more sure of themselves in this respect, I doubt if it's as easy as all that to evaluate a fanzine by what the editor is trying to produce because like most of the other phenomena in this space-time continuum, one's goals as a fanzine editor are undoubtedly a complicated conglomeration of various factors, some of which the editor consciously knows, while others must be traceable only to his subconscious motivations. Joe Fann when he publishes his latest issue of *Plutonian Pearls* may be doing it partly as a carrier for some of his ideals and ideas about fandom or science fiction, partly because he gets high on locs, partly because of force of habit from the years when he was more enthusiastic about publishing fanzines than he is today, partly because he feels an obligation not to allow fanzine fandom to shrink any further, partly because he has used his recently acquired new mimeograph for only the past three issues and it would be sinful to stop publishing his fanzine until he gets more use out of it, partly because someone told him he got four nominations for the best fanzine Hugo last year and if he perseveres he might be nominated in another year or two.

7/17/83
423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown, MD 21740

BRAD W. FOSTER You went on about getting the blue dot on your badge as a distinctive marking, but never did say just what the "blue" signified. Who else had 'em? Are you sure you weren't marked as an outcast by that dot? Didn't you ever wonder why all those people kept at least four feet between you?

The Gilliland toons were all incredibly funny, some of his best, especially the one on 2010! The Sirols toon on 2013 is another winner, perfect dialog.

Catbird Seat was great. Don't get to laugh too often when reading a fanzine, but this one had me in stitches! Judging by my own answers to the sample questions, it's a good thing I'm self-employed!

The "What do you require in the way of a starting salary?" question reminded me of the question I get a lot when arranging an illustration job. The client always (well, mostly) comes up with "So, how much do you want for this?" Which has to be the weirdest question I ever get. I mean, I want as much as I can get. If I take two seconds to scribble on a sheet of paper and then ask them what I want for it, I want two million dollars. The question is, what will the client be willing to pay? Only twice have I ever gotten enough money on a job that I felt it was

really worth. Hate that question.

On the other hand, his comment about how much fun interviews can be if you have no intention of getting the job reminded me of the sheer pleasure of my two years of college after I got my degree. I was no longer having to worry about getting grades to qualify for any kind of paper, just taking courses to actually try and learn some stuff. Really fun going into a test and making up all sorts of outrageous answers, fully secure in the knowledge that you don't have to give a bloody damn what the grade will be! Most fun in that regards were the art-history tests.

My god! Fanzine reviews that not only mention the art, but actually talk about it! I've always figured it was a good thing I was doing all these drawings for the fun of it, since they hardly ever got any feedback, not even from the editors who ran them. But after reading your reviews reminds me that, while no one may talk them, I can hope that someone is actually noticing some of those things.

For Ian, Offutt has written "120-or-so" erotic novels. Your guess is as good as mine which ones, though. 4109 Pleasant Run, Irving, TX 75062 : 7/21/83

JOEL ZAKEM Sitting in my brand new apartment, re-reading the first three issues of the newly revived *Outworlds*, and I keep coming back to three separate items.

The first is the McDonald quote that lead off 31. And since I turned 30 this year, and I am less than two weeks away from starting law school, I can see the truth in it. Yet I wonder how much that zero had to do with the reappearance of *Outworlds*.

The "new" OW seems to be more of a continuation of what you had been doing in *Xenolith* than what you had been leading up to in the last issues of the "old" OW. And I prefer it this way; while I liked the previous incarnation of OW, the new issues are more meaningful to me. It is more immediate, more personal, and (dare I say it) more mature.

I also do not believe that the old OW would have prompted a letter such as the one from Hania. As an extremely shy individual who often has trouble relating to others, it is refreshing to read accounts such as Hania's. I only wish that I could occasionally forget my inhibitions and feel more a part of fandom, rather than as a somewhat outsider. Failing in that, I would like to be able to write about my experiences as clearly and as (seemingly) honestly as Hania and you do.

Which sort of brings me around to the third item; Bill Bowers' *Handy Dandy Guide For Picking Up Women at Science Fiction Conventions*. And in typical pseudo Bowers style, and since Kevin Ayers is playing in the background, I thought I might start out with a quote.

"Lovers come and lovers go...But Friends are hard to find. ...Yes I can count all mine...on One finger." (from *Shouting In A Bucket Blues*)

And while the one finger part may be a little small, I think you get the connection.

In your circular style, filled with esoteric references, many that I don't understand (but that doesn't matter), you have written what appears to be your most honest piece. And though I have read it, and Leah's reply, several times, I cannot say anything more about it. Like Hania's letter it gave me more of an insight to a person (or persons) who I know, but not as well as I'd like to.

To me, that is the beauty of *Outworlds/Xenolith*/whatever. It helps, especially now that I am (voluntarily) becoming somewhat of an exile, keep in touch with a group/family/movement (chose one) that I've felt close to, but never a part of.

The last letter I wrote to you was because of something that pissed me off. This one is just to say thanks. 8/19/83 : 1228 S. Brook, Apt. 3, Louisville, KY 40203



Here I Am Again

GEORGE
R.R.
MARTIN

Guest of Honor Speech
delivered at Disclave
Memorial Day weekend;
1983

SO HERE I AM AGAIN.

"Again?" some of you Disclave regulars may be muttering to each other. "What does he mean, again? He lives out west in Wyoming or Arizona or one of those other funny states, doesn't he? He's never been here before, has he?" This shows what you know. I have been to Disclave before. Once. That was why I was so pleased when Alan Huff asked me to come east. Because it so happens that I attended the 1971 Disclave, and it so happens that it was my very first SF convention. I don't even want to think about how many I've attended since then. Hell, I'd have a hard time remembering half of them. But I remember that '71 Disclave well enough. Your first con is like your first sale, or your first lay, or your first Hugo--you don't forget it.

Maybe a few of you were here in '71 too. If so, maybe you remember me. I looked a little different back then. My hair was shoulder length, just like everyone else's, but I was still clean-shaven. I didn't stop shaving until 1974. Even then, I was a snappy dresser. In fact, I was a hell of a lot snappier. As I recall, I wore my Psychedlic Hippie Pimp outfit to the con; ankle boots with zippers, burgundy bell-bottoms, a bright solid green tapered body shirt, a black satin apache scarf, and --the piece de resistance--my famous double-breasted pin-striped mustard-yellow sports jacket. Perhaps now you veterans recall me. I was the one wandering around the con suite doing permanent retinal damage.

Actually, I still have my wonderful double-breasted pin-striped mustard-yellow sports jacket, and when I was asked to be Guest of Honor here, I thought it would be a nice, nostalgic touch if I brought it with me and wore it while making this speech. Two things decided me against it. First (sigh), there was about twenty-five pounds less of me in 1971, so I no longer quite fit the double-breasted pin-striped mustard-yellow sports jacket. Second, Parris told me she'd ask Alan to dis-invite me if I contemplated any such thing. But it's a great jacket, really.

You might wonder why I dressed up like I did. After all, it was only a con. Why didn't I just put on jeans and a funny hat and my LET THE WOOKIE WIN t-shirt? Well, you got to remember, this was 1971. Fannish fashion was different; we didn't have LET THE WOOKIE WIN t-shirts yet. We didn't even have Wookies. Besides I was used to

.....

dressing like this. I was a graduate student at the time, spending three months in Washington covering the hill as part of an internship program sponsored by Northwestern. Of course, you can't dress like a slob when you're interviewing senators and congressmen and such, so this was more or less the way I dressed when covering Senator Eastland and Senator Stennis for the *Delta Democrat-Times* of Greenville, Mississippi. Except, for senators, I would wear a tie instead of an apache scarf. I had some very nice bright silk ties. I always believed in having a little spark of color to liven up the basic darkness of men's clothing.

Besides, I figured I had to dress well because I was gonna be such a center of attention at Disclave. You see, I wasn't no mere neofan wandering into his first con. Hell no! Nbt me! I was a filthy pro! Well, maybe not filthy, but dirty anyhow. Smudged a bit around the edges. I'd sold two stories. My first story had been published in *Galaxy* just that February. (Anyone here remember *Galaxy*?) My second I'd just sold the month before to Ted White for *Amazing*. It hadn't even been published yet. In fact, I hadn't even been paid for it. But I knew Ted was going to be at the con, and I was looking forward to meeting him. He was the editor of a major prozine, after all, and I was a brilliant new writer he'd just discovered, so I figured he'd certainly want to take me out to an expense-account dinner at Sans Souci, and I didn't want to be under-dressed. Besides, I figured I had to impress all the fans who'd be coming up to me for autographs. After all, I'd published a story! Hell, I'd made a career total of \$94 from SF writing at that point, and I was gonna burst through into triple figures once Ted paid me.

(If any of you are worried about me, put your minds at ease. In the twelve years between Disclaves, I have managed to hit three figures, even on a *single story*!)

Well, things didn't quite work out the way I'd planned at that first Disclave. I must say, though, they started off promisingly enough.- Once I found the con, that is. This was 1971, you must recall, and Washington didn't have subways then, just holes-in-the-ground that screwed up traffic, plus a lot of busses. The con was at a different hotel, the Shoreham I believe, and I'd never been there, so I got on a bus line I'd never ridden before and asked the driver to let me know when we came to the Shoreham Hotel, and settled down to read or look out the window or do something or other. Next thing I knew we were at the end of the line and everyone else had gotten off the bus. I had to ride all the way back, but finally I did find the hotel, and after that I managed to find the consuite. Just inside the door, there was a table set up where they were taking registration. Sitting behind it was the very first science fiction fan I ever met. He was a very skinny guy with hair down to his waist and an extremely scraggly beard and a manic gleam in his eyes. He looked sort of like an orange Rasputin. He was not as well dressed as I was. But I forgave him that, because when I paid my money to register, he recognized my name! "Where have I heard that name before?" he asked me.

I modestly allowed that I'd had a story in the February *Galaxy* and perhaps he had seen my by-line.

"Shit!" he yelled. "I bought that story!" Then this skinny, hairy, orange guy introduced himself. His name was Gardner Dozois, he claimed, and he was an editor at *Galaxy*.

Now, I read *Orbit*, you know, so I recognized Gardner's name. And I'd even started getting this little mimeographed newszine called *Locus*, but you got to remember, this was 1971. Richard Nixon was in the White House and *Locus* didn't run pictures. So the only SF editor I'd ever seen a picture of was John W. Campbell, Jr. I noticed right off that Gardner didn't much look like John W. Campbell, Jr. Already I could see that expense-account dinner at Sans Souci receding in the distance. Still, it was very nice meeting a real editor and having him remember me and all. "Hey," Gardner said, "that story was . . . okay." Then he buttonholed another skinny, hairy guy who'd come over to check on registration or something. "Jay," he said, "here's a guy I fished out of the slushpile." Jay, as I recall, hadn't read the story. In fact, although Gardner was to introduce me to several other people at the con as a guy he'd fished out of the slushpile, none of them had read the story either. Or heard of it. Gardner was the only

.....

.....
person at Disclave, or in the entire District of Columbia, it seemed, who was cognizant of the fact that I'd published a story.

I really didn't meet very many people at that first con. I observed a number of folks from afar, and stood on the outskirts of a good many interesting conversations, and wandered around the consuite, and went to all the programming--but it was my first con, and all these people were strangers, and some of 'em were pretty damned strange strangers at that, and I was a kind of shy guy who tended to blend into the background, so long as the background was mustard-yellow and pin-striped. Most people do feel more than a little lost and awkward at their first con, and it was certainly true of me. Still, I have some vivid memories, and I did meet a few people besides Gardner.

Terry Carr was one. Terry Carr was Guest of Honor, but he seemed to be on all the programming, and he was always hanging around the consuite, being accessible. He was really incredibly nice, and I asked him all the stupid, naive questions that neopros ask editors and told him about all the great stories I was gonna send him for *Universe* that he'd surely want to buy, and Terry listened to me patiently and talked to me like I was a real person and answered all my questions, and he even remembered who I was a month later, when sending back one of those stories I'd promised to send him. Later, when I discovered that not all GoHs were as open and friendly as Terry--a discovery that didn't take me long--I told myself I'd remember the way he treated a rank neo at that first con, if the time ever came that I was GoH. And now, what do you know, an even dozen years have passed, and I'm GoH at Disclave just as Terry was. And I do remember. So I want to say, if there are any neos out there who are feeling a little lost, and lonely maybe, who are full of stupid questions that they are dying to ask, who aren't getting invited to any parties, and who'd like to tell me about the story that they're writing and maybe even ask me to collaborate, to all you confused unhappy neos and would-be writers, I want to say--

--bugger off and leave me alone. I don't look like Terry Carr, do I? I'm going to the secret pro parties to get drunk with my friends.

You can go hang around the con suite. That's what I did at that first Disclave. Of course, the con suite was a pretty exciting place in 1971. I remember sitting on this couch having lively discussions with other neos about whether *Amazing* was going to win the magazine Hugo that year. I thought that was what you did at SF conventions, what'd I know? My opinion was that *Amazing* had it bagged. After all, they had one of my stories coming up. All through the convention there was a woman wandering around the con suite wearing nothing but a bikini, and people were writing all over her body. I was too shy to write on her body myself. Years would pass before I would become important enough to be asked to autograph a portion of a woman's anatomy. That happened... but no, that was a different con entirely. I must admit that I thought this scantily-clad human autograph book was passing strange, stranger even than Gardner, stranger even than some of the stuff I covered in Senator Stennis' office. I wasn't sure what I thought of it. On the other hand, I approved right off of the kegs of free beer. I was a very poor grad student, remember. Free beer seemed like a positively delightful idea to me. They even had programming in the con suite to go with the beer. One midnight Gardner climbed up on this chair in the middle of the party, and this other guy named Joe Haldeman climbed up on another chair and they read their correspondence. It sounds pretty damn stupid, but I nearly choked on my beer I was laughing so hard.

I went to the programming during the day, too. I mean, that was why I came, right? I still remember the first panel I ever attended at an SF con. It was, of course, a new writers' panel. Since I was a new writer, I was hoping they'd call me up out of the audience to join them. Well, that didn't work. They had four new writers already, plus a moderator. The new writers had placecards in front of them on the table, but not with their names on 'em. Instead the cards said things like, "the Homer Eon Flint of his generation," "the Otis Adelbert Kline of his generation," and "the Captain S.P. Meek, U.S. Army, Ret. of his generation." The Otis Adelbert Kline of his generation drank too much of the free beer (later I discovered the beer is even freer for pros than it is for fans), tipped his chair too far back, and fell off the platform. He lived.

I enjoyed the panel, but not everyone did. That night in the consuite, one veteran fan complained very vociferously in fact. In particular he denounced the Stanton A. Coblentz of his generation. Stanton A. Coblentz was a great writer, this man kept saying, and those no-good New Wave punks had no right to make fun of him. Remember, it was 1971. Richard Nixon was in the White House, John Campbell was editing *Analog*, and Harlan Ellison had just closed *THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS*. We took this Old Wave/New Wave stuff seriously then, and nobody had ever heard of the Labor Day Group. So a big argument broke out. The Stanton A. Coblentz of his generation, whose real name I discovered was George Alec Effinger, was nonplussed. "I don't even know who Stanton A. Coblentz is," he said. "I just sat down and they put that sign in front of me."

This Effinger fellow had more names than anyone else I'd ever known. He had three of his own, and two of Stanton Coblentz's (not even counting the initial), and a couple of secret pseudonyms, but everybody just called him "Piglet". Gardner explained that this was to avoid confusing him with George Zebrowski. "George Zebrowski is George," he said, "so he had to be Piglet." Then it occurred to him that my name was George too. "You can't be George either," he said. "You'll have to be Railroad."

"But I don't want to be Railroad," I protested. Gardner pointed out that it was better than Piglet. Or Stanton A. Coblentz, for that matter.

There was an SCA tourney at that convention. They held it out on the back lawn of the Shoreham. I'd never seen the SCA before, so I watched some of it. These people hitting each other with wooden swords seemed even odder than the woman with writing all over her body. The Saudi Arabian diplomats who were sharing the hotel with us found the spectacle engrossing as well. That's the only time of my life when I'd wished I could speak Arabic.

I finally met Ted White. He wasn't as well dressed as me either. "So this is what the editor of *Amazing* looks like," I thought, visions of Sans Souci withering even as I shook hands. The *Amazing* Look in '71 was denim. Today it's plaid. Times change, fashions change. Only pin-striped double-breasted mustard-yellow sports jackets endure.

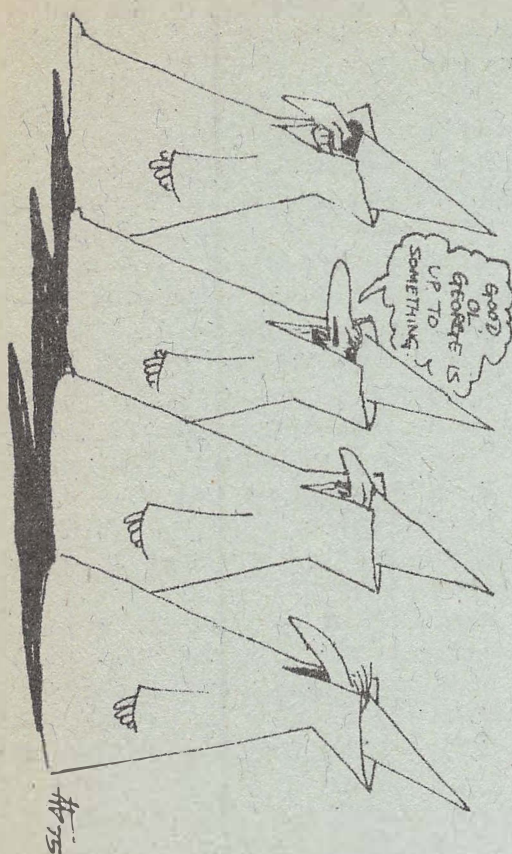
Disclave changed my life, no doubt of it. I went home that summer and wrote my fool head off, determined to produce and publish enough stories so that someday I too could ascend to the glory of a new writers' panel. Little did I dream that once I got on that panel, I'd remain on it for about nine years. But with the dream and a lot of pustulating envy to drive me, I had the most prolific period of my life, and every story I wrote that summer eventually sold. Without Disclave, I might still be a journalist. Without Disclave, I might still be wearing ties.

Disclave taught me other things as well. I learned about WSFA meetings and BSFA meetings and about all Guilford Gafia and all the good people who lived around D.C. Unfortunately, my Washington internship was up within two weeks, and I left D.C. without ever attending any of these various functions. It would be more than three years before I returned to Washington for Discon. But fandom grabbed me a lot harder than D.C. did, and just a bare few months later, I attended my *second* SF convention ever, a little do up Boston way called Noreascon I. Neofan or neopro, I was undeniably a bit naive when I attended Disclave. But with that experience under my belt, I was better prepared for Noreascon. More sophisticated. More at ease. I even knew people. The more cons you go to, the more people you meet. In fact, I ran into a guy from Disclave seconds after arriving in Boston and registering. I'd strolled into the programming room nonchalantly, and I spied him right off. They were having an auction of some sort, and this guy was coming down off the stage, having just acquired an original Morris Scott Dollens.

Filled with fannish cameraderie, I waved hello, and bought myself a manuscript by Otis Adelbert Kline.

Even more humiliating, the Dollens fan didn't recognize me at first. I had to prompt him. "Martin," I had to tell him. He looked at my name badge, and I thought for sure the double initials would make him twig. I'd sat on the couch with this guy for a couple of hours, drinking free beer, arguing about the upcoming Hugos, and telling him about the story I'd published in *Galaxy* and the one upcoming in *Amazing*. "We met at Disclave, remember? In the consuite? George Ar Ar Martin," I stressed.

WILLIAM L. BOWERS
2408 HARRISON AVE.
CINCINNATI, OHIO
45211



This Fanzine Belongs To:

Finally recognition flickered in his eyes. "Oh, yeah," he said. "Railroad." I winced. "Oh, yeah," he continued, "you're the--"

"--writer," I started to say.

"--the guy with that yellow jacket," he finished.

To have a career in this field, you've got to make an impression on the fans.

It's nice to be remembered. And it's nice to be back.

□□□George R.R. Martin

▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽▽
A BACOVER...CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A MAILING WRAPPER:

...for Harry Warner, Brad Poster...and others:

"...later that evening when I was sitting in the River Grill, fueling up for a night of frivolous conversations and speculative making out, I got around to reading the Rivercon VII program book. . . .

"...I finally thumbed back to the introductory page (service was slow) and almost choked on my glass of ice water when I ran across the following:

"In case you're wondering, the colored dots on some of the badges do have meanings: regular Rivercon members have plain badges; a blue dot denotes a VIP member, usually an author, artist, editor, etc.; hucksters' badges have green dots..."

"No, folks, there's no doubt about it:

"I did deserve my Blue Dot because I am contained within that descriptive phrase.

"...and here you thought I was just another pretty caftan wearer, in constant demand to make convention speeches, and an unacceptable fanwriter, par excellence.

"It's a proud thing to be an et cetera with a Blue Dot.

"...but you can call me 'etc.'."

...which is a condensation job that the Reader's Digest would find noteworthy...but which should inform a bit more than I managed last time.

Eventually, I will retell/reprint the whole sor-did story of THE BLUE DOT...but not just yet...

More than a year ago, Dave Locke was musing on the possibility of a fanzine that, even if it wouldn't meld...would at least overview both convention and fanzine fandoms. That's not the "editorial policy" of this incarnation of Outworlds at all, but the notion keeps kicking around as I muck about shaping the vision...while attempting to build a mailing list.

To that end, I distributed quite a few (well, for someone as cheap as me) "spec" copies at Westercon... And to date have not received any sort of response from anyone who wouldn't have gotten OW33 anyway...

Nevertheless, in that this is the "Worldcon issue" (plus it contains all these high-powered pros as well as Davel), and since I was suckered into a hucksters table at ConStellation...I've increased the print run a bit higher than I really "want".

With the proviso to new readers that this is an atypical issue...there is very little Bowers within.

The next issue will a) contain a lot of Bowers; b) revert to the 12-page format; c) will have a lesser print run, and d) ~~all of the above~~ will probably be out considerably before you expect it.

I'm deliberately being ambivalent: The temptation to go over 24 pages has thus far been resistable...but you know how it is with me and temptations. Maintaining a managable circulation this time 'round is more than a whim; it's a basic need. If you liked this, and want more, it's very simple: respond. There will be considerably less to go around next time...

...Bill, 8/25/83