

# OUTWORLDS

## 46



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## FROM THE CONTINUITIES

Sun-blazened afternoon  
through cold-glum air shadowless  
awareness like dreams --  
that much continuity through the forces  
of Sunday light with the continuities  
rushing in among themselves.  
The space-minded dreamers from the stars  
will haunt tonight,  
haunt midnight and beyond;  
it is ritual, not affliction.  
In Oregon the trees loom  
shadowless or shadowed,  
their own faces among branches  
blown from a winter wind.  
In sun or shadow the decades of them  
alive one way or any other  
with changing faces  
because they remain the same  
  
like skeletons in the closet  
grins everwidening.

--BILLY R. WOLFENBARGER  
Glenwood, Oregon  
February 17th, 1985





I'll read it if  
you will...

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# OUTWORLD(S)

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• The Cover is Page 1551 • The Back Cover is Page 1578 • THIS is Page 1563 • Extrapolate! •

...THIS Cincinnati fan supports THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE IN '88 bid!

...I've always liked having Past Issues to send newcomers, but I'm becoming buried! Be Ye Warned: Future Print Runs will be more in line with expected circulation. In the meantime, if you don't have all these...PLEASE Adopt an Orphan Back Issue...today!

OW's 33 / 34 / 35 / 36 / 38 / 39 / 40 / 41 / 42: 50c each  
or 3/\$1.00 • OW 31 - \$1.00 • OW 37 & 43: \$3. ea./both: \$5.  
OW 44/45: \$1. • OW 28/29 (big & fancy!): \$1.50 • XENOLITH:  
One, Two, & Three: 50c ea./all 3:\$1.00 • Good Stuff, yep!

## BILL BREIDING

...as I warned you when I started receiving this Series Outworlds, I'm no great shakes as a letter, so enclosed is a musical tape of comment. I've tried to keep it relatively obscure, and hope you'll like some of it--let me know next ish--and on top of that just about all 26 pieces in some way remind me of issues 44/45. If you're talking obscure, let's see if you can figure which piece of music goes with what writing!

And if you have a sense of dual concentration (believe me--NANY fans don't!) slip on the headphones, crank it, and start typing OW46. It might give you some ideas! (It might work better than those ice cubes...) (8/10/85)

A Noise Reduction ☐  
EO: High/Cross: 70us.

B Noise Reduction ☐  
EO: High/Cross: 70us.

Mexican Radio - Wellof Vostro	Crystal Gazing - Mike Oldfield
Box Cars - Joe Ely	Secrets - First Lux
Waiting At The Station - Humans	you see - Chris Isaak
Dead or Alive - John Cole	Senses Working Over Time - XTC
Crime Of Passion - Mike Oldfield	Family Man - Mike Oldfield
It's You, Only You - Jane Leach	The Burden - The Cill
Sway - Dean Martin	Transparent Day - art experiment by art
Delta Sleep - Trees	My Kingdom - Echo & The Bumpkins
Pride - Robert Palmer	Steve Forbert's Midsummer Night's Dream
Don't Box Me In - Ridgway/Rand	Kevin Youkilis Cried My Mind - 54m
	Dancing Shoes - Dan Fogelberg

TDK TAPE OF COMMENT ON  
SA90 OutWorlds 44/45 ★ 8.8.85 = one

Rainy Season - Howard Duroto	We Used to do Things - Linda Manz
Back Of Love - Echo & The Bumpkins	Zaneibar Sunset - Chad & Army
	Letter From America - Thomas Leer



I returned this evening from the Annual Cincinnati Fantasy Group Picnic (originated as Bill Cavin's largesse to those CFG members who don't travel to Worldcons/Nasfics, and partake of the CFG Suite & Booze there; some of us Do Both, but I at least have the good grace to on occasion Voice Guilt about this double-dipping...while doing it). Showered. Went up to the Grill to eat...came back and finished typing up Al Sirols' letter.

...nursing a swollen and very sore right ring finger; not the most important appendage on my body, given my typing technique...but still distracting. ...trying to decide whether to a) commence typing up more locs, b) start putting together the rest of the issue-at-hand, c) more pressingly, start on my titled-but-nothing-else-to-date Nasfic 'speech', or, d) simply go to bed and get more than 4 or 5 hours sleep...just to prove that I can still do it.

Welcome to Option e).

Wherein The Author Describes How He Attempted To Impale A Hurling Volleyball On The Tip Of His Finger --And Failed Miserably.

I didn't go to the Picnic last year...but two years ago I impressed some people (and, noticably, myself) with a display of my hitherto-fairly-hidden athletic prowess. ...not a world-shaking event; I am both taller and less overweight than the average fan. But the mean age of the others in that particular fannish ritual volleyball game was half mine, and most of them don't smoke. (Of course I'd spent a fair bit of time that year engaged in the solitary vice of putting a silly basketball through the silly hoop at the end of my silly driveway...)

Two years later, and somewhat wiser (the rim is netless, the basketball somewhat deflated) in the ways of the world, but not as Physically Fit, nevertheless when midafternoon it was suggested that a volleyball game was in order, I, of course, returned to the Field of Honor (even if at a different park; Fannish License). After all, I don't play Trivial Pursuit, and my conversational skills are less than legendary. The fact that it was 90 plus (humidity also) a mere trifle.

The fact that the instigators of the game were mostly young women, the merest of coincidences.

...and I stove my finger on the first ball over the net, but persevered; and having served its purpose as lead-in, it is hereby retired to throbbing quiescence...

As the game progressed and I began to examine the sum of my knowledge on heat strokes (and besides, who wants to Impress Carol Forste anyways), it came my turn to serve.

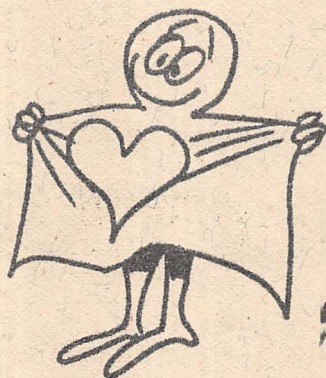
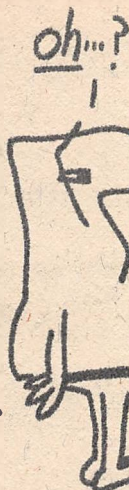
The first two were successful; basically since the other side was equally as inept as 'my' team, all I had to do was get the ball over the net. As I prepared for my third 'go', I noticed, out of the corner of my eye, that someone was traversing the walkway from the swimhouse to one of the pavilions. My serve ended up going dead toward her...said direction having approximately as much to do with the net and our game...as 'sequentially' does with Bowers-writings.

Naturally.

Everybody laughed...it was that obvious, and it broke the tension of the tightly fought game, practiced by teams of crack athletes (we weren't keeping score).

Then Joel Zakem said, from across the net, "--but she's too old for you, Bill."

I should have known better. I always should have known better. ...I inquired:



"She's obviously over thirteen," he said...

Almost ten years ago, when I was in hot pursuit of someone who was half of my then age, my then good friend Ro Nagey (one night, after a couple of drinks) said to Roger Bryant: "...did you know that Bowers was into fucking pre-pubescent girls?"

He was, of course, Being Cute...but a bit of the friendship died with that comment:

I was 32 ten years ago; she was the youngest person I've been involved with. Ever. ...and she was definitely pubescent.

Shtickes. History. Coping.

...and that was as far as I got that night, ten days ago. And now I am left with this day, and only to the bottom of this column (probably fortuitously For All Of Us) to finish up.

Joel was "just being cute" also, and I didn't take it as being malicious or vengeful based on what Joel knows of my life...whereas Ro, by the nature of our relationship at the time, Knew More...and therefore had much more the capability to hurt... Now then, "being cute" with my foibles and predilections is Certainly Allowable; after all, if I can't 'take it', I'll have to take back a third of what I say, corflou out half of what I write...and retract *everything* I say about Naomi in these pages... I am a Public Performer: by doing this fanzine, by writing of the things I care about, by engaging in Public Displays of Affection...my right to 'privacy' is less than if I didn't Do These Things.

...but that doesn't mean that certain subjects aren't more sensitive than others.

I like women. A lot. My best friends are women.

My building of my own self-image, was a slow process. Still not invincible, where I'm at today was accomplished with the help of a number of special women. Some of whom I've been involved with sexually, but am not any more. Some of whom the possibility has never come up. Some of whom I have 'hopes' for, but...

And yet, I do sometimes wonder...

Why is it, other than the 'first', I've never been involved with anyone older than myself? Why is it that when, rationalizing the failure of my marriage, the fact that she was six years younger than I figured prominently...and in the intervening eleven years, everyone (let's not quibble about mere months...) I've been involved with is a decade my junior? Usually more.

I do think about these things. I have a theory of why this is so for every day I've been alive. I worry about it. But not overmuch.

As I keep saying...I just don't "card" people...

Shtick? Of course.

History? I have some: Ellison-numbers, no...but more than my wildest adolescent fantasies.

Coping? I do, you know.

So. Why this? Now?

Maybe I am Coming of Age. Maybe I'm trying to communicate with one special person. Maybe I'm just spacefilling. Probably a combination...and more.

The "waiting-for-Megen" routine...

The "older than thirteen" across-the-net comments. The... Well, it occurred to me that some 'bits' play better in the Midwest than, possibly, elsewhere... For the Record: While flirting with S.Y.T.'s is a lot of fun, I do prefer women.

After all, I never did catch that sixteen-year-old.

~~ATTEMPTING THERE WERE THE TWO SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD~~

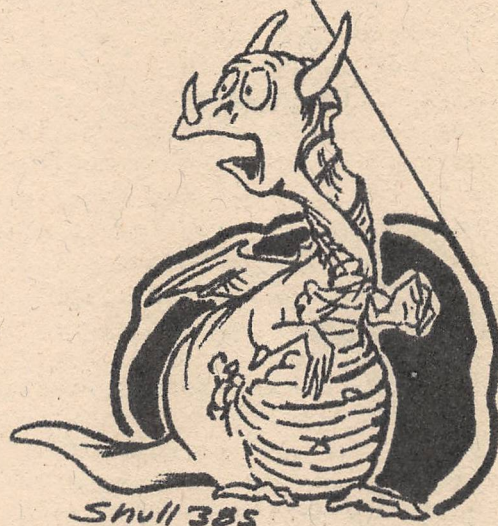
Somehow I have the feeling John W. Campbell, Jr. never had to write an 'editorial' quite like this. But then, he probably never knew any of the women I've known...

I do know for a fact that he never played a CFG volleyball game with Joel Zakem. And Carol Forste... His loss...

--- Bill Bowers, 8/20/85



CLOSE ENOUGH FOR FANWRITING #11  
"Fanwriter's Block"  
column, by Dave Locke



How long will you stare at a blank sheet of paper before suspecting that "Fanwriter's Block" is your best topic?

In my very own history I have witnessed great fanwriters become disconcerted or distressed after having been pressed for material. "Christ, now I'll have to find something to write about!" They moaned a lot, but usually came through. It was easier having something they wanted to write about than to go out looking for something, though everyone would wish them well on the hunt. Sometimes I witnessed writing which showed that they came back without bagging anything, yet even so the writing was something you wanted to read. Nobody ever said that fanwriting was always going to be easy, and if they did they must have been on something.

Easy or not, there's nothing anyone can do to properly defile paper until they've got something to write about. Some people find that ideas usually come easily, some have to troll for their ideas, and others must mount major expeditions or excrete bricks.

Of course, fans don't sit down to write without an idea in mind, usually, but sometimes staring at blank paper helps. At least, it does if you come up with an idea before blood begins to bead on your forehead. If the process often gets that far along, you need a hobby more relaxing than fanwriting, like maybe weightlifting or taking notes toward a unified field theory.

Ed Cox never sweat blood in coming up with something to write about, because he sidestepped the process altogether. He rarely started out with anything to write about. Ed Cox writes by digression. Strange segues abound in his material. He'll sometimes type something, note a typo, and then talk about the typo. That leads him to something else which leads him to something else which eventually



leads him to complete what he is writing, which might best be described as a piece of writing X-yards long. It's great. Denny Lien has more than a bit of that in him, as well, and there are a lot of others who have at least a touch of it. Some fine stuff can be created in material written by digression, whether or not the method is anything you have an opinion on or a feel for. After all, the method creates only structure (or, if you prefer, lack of structure), and says nothing about the nitty gritty of content.

Columns, editorials, nattering -- are often polygraphs. Collections of short topics. It's often easier to write a polygraph than a monograph, despite requiring more things to write about, because it's often harder to be readably expansive on a single topic. I'll give you an example. I'm a tennis freak; a weekend hacker and a follower of pro tennis. I take all the time and rabid enthusiasm that otherwise sensible people waste on such sports as football and baseball, both of which bore me into catatonia, and waste it on tennis. I have been known to devote one or five paragraphs to talking about tennis, and get away with it. I would likely not get away with devoting an entire article to the subject. At least, not in fandom. Not even by playing up the fan-related aspects, such as playing tennis with other fans, playing tennis during a Cinsanity Fantasy Group picnic (the players and the ants are the scheduled entertainment), and even playing tennis during a convention (on Sunday morning, when most fans are either still asleep or wishing they could commit suicide by guillotine). Well, I might get away with it, but that and entertaining perhaps five other people would be the best I could hope for. Better to sneak in a few paragraphs now and again, and hunt for three or four other short topics to bury it in.

Articles are monographs. Single subjects. The proposition of writing an article gives new meaning to the expression: "Christ, now I'll have to find something to write about!"

The easiest fannish things to write are those which, in the choosing, automatically provide you with your subject matter: reviews, trip or convention reports, and mailing comments. You would think that with the subject so easily provided a fanwriter could expend all creative juices on the actual writing. I mean, the fanwriter already has a leg up. A head start. A foot in the door. With all this anatomy getting a free ride, you'd think this type of material would generally turn out better than it does. Well, we've all ready excellent reviews and trip & convention reports and mailing comments, but proportionately we've read more good material elsewhere. Why? Because the common tendency, if something starts easy, is to go along for a free ride. How many fans do you know who rewrite fanzine reviews or mailing comments, forinstance?

The dilemma of what to write about produces some interesting psychological machinations. There is, for example, the question of desire or need. Where do you find one or the other directed? Is desire or need attached to the writing itself, to the topic, to the faneditor you've promised something to, to the zine you want to write for, to the general feeling of obligation that you must continue doing this sort of thing to retain your sense of fandom?

The commitment to write can sometimes serve to change your perspective. It can be interesting, amusing, intriguing to enthrall yourself with the idea of fanwriting. Once obligated, it can be challenging, frustrating, annoying, and intrusive to actually face the execution of your commitment. A lark can turn into a pain-in-the-ass right before your eyes, and all it takes is an utterance along the lines of: "Yes, I'd love to write something for your fanzine."

The really interesting thing is that few fanwriters recall the pain of commitment the next time they consider how much fun it would be to "write something" for the next slick-talking faneditor who taps them on the shoulder. Realization comes afterward, as evidenced by "Christ, now I'll have to find something to write about!"

And there are fans who get desperate. Not Ed Cox, who chug-a-lugs a beer, closes his eyes, plunges a finger into the keyboard, and begins a stream-of-consciousness masterpiece of digression. Not Ted White, who makes this stuff up as he goes along (I even remember a White article where he talks about fanzines printed on the color blue). Not Eric Mayer, who might become famous someday ("ah, yes, I knew him when"), and can then retroactively justify his fannish existence as a



.....

vehicle for having created his autobiography on a piecemeal basis. Not Dave Langford, who reports his and Britfandom's current events as though they all took place in The Twilight Zone. Not Bill Bowers, who challenges his future self to understand the nuances of what he's writing about now (and, if he does understand it, he reprints the item). Not Bob Tucker, who knows so much about 2000 years of fandom that the problem is not what to write about but which to write about. Certainly not Harry Warner, who wrote in volumn for a living and shares the same lovely problem as Bob Tucker, and who also is unable to create a thought without getting a good article out of it. Not Lon Atkins, who has a natural gift and can create an enjoyable article even out of a recipe he created when faced with a larder which contained only a spice rack and half-a-can of leftover catfood.

And a few others.

The rest of us have to sweat a little.

My own style of writing may be viewed in whatever manner you care to see it, but the technique is best described as "shit a word". I have been observed to sit for an entire hour with no relevant movement other than the addition of a comma. Another hour might then pass with no registered movement except for the excision of the comma, which I might put back in after an additional hour of considering the proposition. Shit a punctuation, even.

Of course, I recall a oneshot session where I was inspired by some magic of the moment. When my turn came along, I sat down and began typing at cruising speed. It was all there to be said, and all I had to do was get it out. At about 86 words per minute.

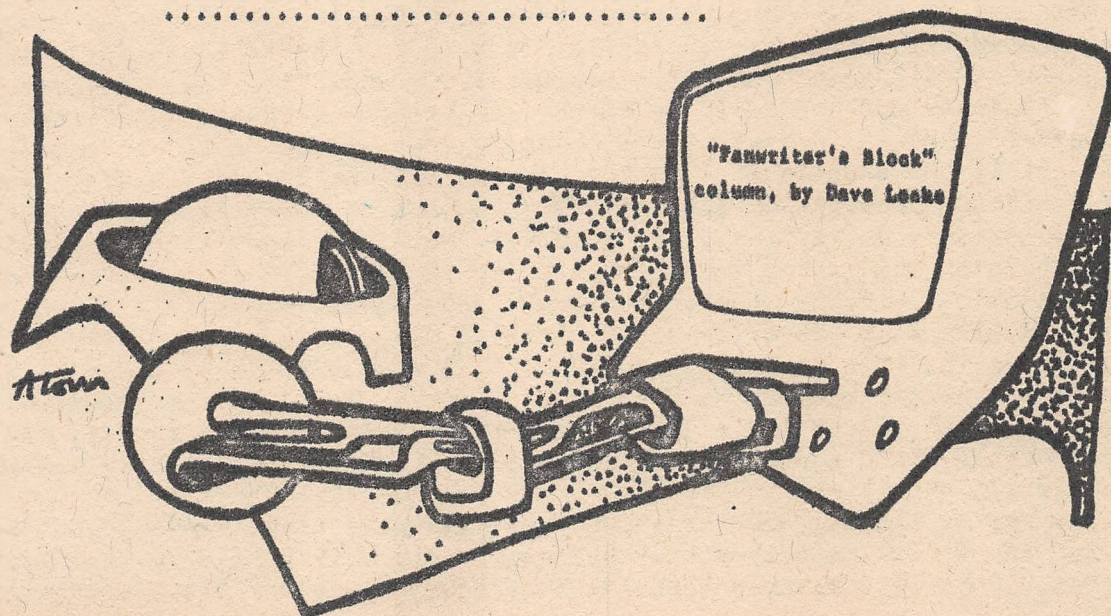
Lon Atkins, who was drinking out in the living room, hollered out: "Shit-A-Word, indeed!" I called back: "I have diarrhea!"

I include this little story just to maintain my quality of image with Jerry Kaufman.

But too often we have to sweat a little, wrestling a topic from the ether. So many of us have to cope with this situation that within fandom we have a whole body of fanwriting created by a process known as 'elevating the trivial'. Important topics, or at least traditional ones, such as sex, religion, politics, and skiffy, are usually relegated to the apas where occasionally someone will devote a paragraph or two of mailing comment to one of them. Here in general fanzine fandom we elevate the trivial, usually out of necessity. If we had something important to talk about, we probably wouldn't be here, or at least we wouldn't sweat finding a topic to write about. It is fortunate, then, that there is much of a trivial nature which can be elevated. Most all of it, actually.

Even so, it isn't easy.

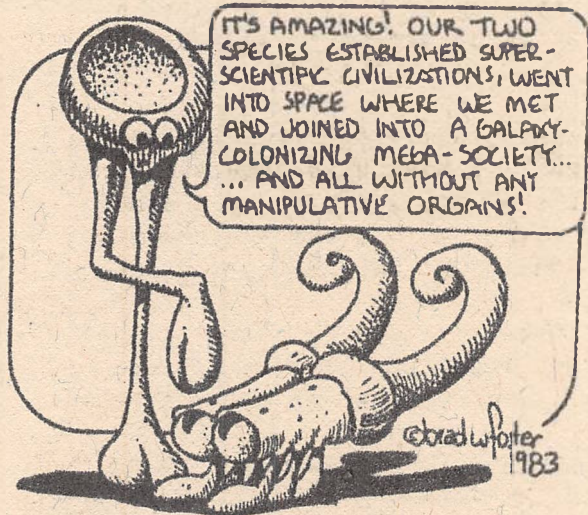
How long will you stare at a blank sheet of paper before suspecting that "Fanwriter's Block" is your best topic?





## Introduction

In 1944 Anthony Boucher wrote the two earliest science-fiction limericks. Both are about the Galactic Patrol:



A galactic patrolman from Venus  
Had a hyper-extensible penis.  
Of all forms of life  
Which he'd taken to wife  
He preferred a mere woman, from meanness.

--G. Legman, The Cimerick, No. 358

The sex of the asteroid vermin  
Is exceedingly hard to determine.  
The galactic patrol  
Simply fucks any hole  
That will possibly let all the sperm in.

~~—~~ Ibid., No. 359

The identification of Boucher's authorship is made in G. Legman's The New Limerick, Note on No. 2656 (pp. 680-81).

Whatever Boucher's intention, these limericks suggest an unfinished survey of the solar system: (Mercury), Venus, (the Earth), (Mars), the Asteroids, (Jupiter)... (The only appropriate title for the second one is a title that has been used several times in fandom: "Up Your Asteroid!") Whether or not Boucher wrote any others about the Galactic Patrol is not known; therefore, neither is it known whether or not he wrote any in which *galactic* is really used for other than metrical reasons, in which the episode gets away from the local star.

At any rate, the concept of the Galactic Patrol seemed too good to leave on the shelf. The following limericks are, in general, less sexual than Boucher's two, for I get bored with repetitions of sexual material. (In my earlier days I probably would have produce more.)

It is worth mentioning that Boucher did write three or four other science-fiction limericks, none involving the Patrol here under consideration. In his period of editing *The Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction*, under the pseudonym of Herman W. Mudgett, he published two which were appropriately mild for the F&SF of that period: "There was a young man of Cape Horn" (no title, August 1951) and "The Glass of the Future" (January 1955). Boucher and his early co-editor, J. Francis McComas, once issued a correction on a cover error as a limerick plus a couplet: "Department of Abject Apology" (F&SF, October 1953); it is not exactly what is meant by an SF limerick, obviously. Another bawdy science-fictional limerick by Boucher, "A young man of Novorossick" (no title), appears in both of Legman's collections, *The Limerick*, No. 1204, and *The New Limerick*, No. 2636, with a note on the latter verse identifying the author. Finally, and furthest removed from the point, Boucher published a bawdy short-short story in a 1955 fanzine which was titled "Khartoum: a prose limerick"; it also has nothing to do with the Galactic Patrol, but it does indicate how much the limerick as a content genre meant to Boucher.

One acknowledgement should be made. Two of the following limericks--the visits to Aquaria--were suggested by a letter from Ruth Berman about mermaids. Both Ruth *and* my wife probably would appreciate an emphatic statement that the inspiration was purely epistulary. And it was.

So far as I know, Boucher's two limericks were never copyrighted, so I assume that my--and any other--imitations may be done freely...in homage to that many-sided man.

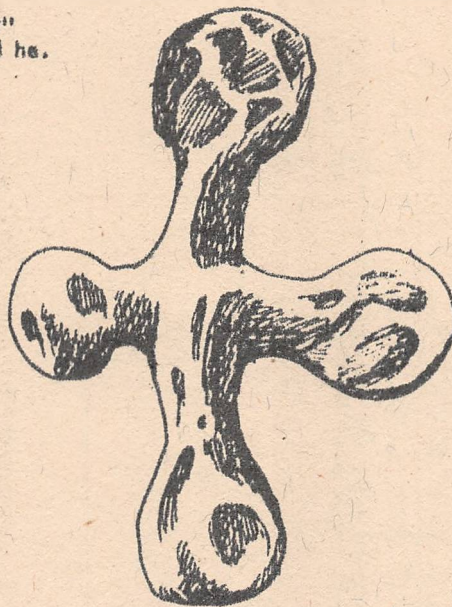


# THE Galactic PATROL

by Joe R. Christopher

## THE COLLAPSED STAR

From a Black Hole's extreme gravity  
A galactic patrolman broke free--  
"Our hero, tell now  
How escaped it, how, how?"  
Just simply, "I wiped it," said he.

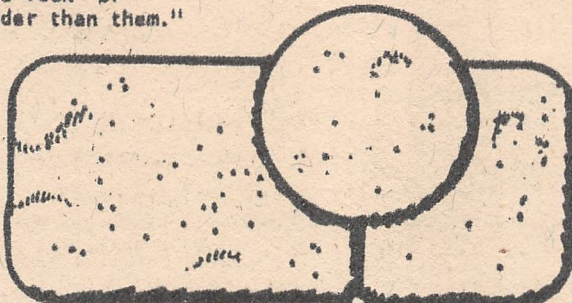


ALIEN

Rozum's

## THE B.E.M., THE BABE --WITHOUT THE BUM

A galactic patrolless named Kim  
Was embraced by a tenacled BEH.  
"How soft are his suckers!--"  
As he started to fuck 'er--  
"His rod best be harder than them."



ALIEN MOTHER

ROZUM'S

## A VISIT TO AQUARIA

On an extra-galactic-long hitch  
A patrolman developed an itch.  
To a mermaid he cried,  
"Roll over! I'll glide--"  
She showed him four holes--what was which?



ALIEN CON /upl

## ANOTHER VISIT TO AQUARIA

A galactic patrolman who'd do it  
With a mermaid had cause soon to rue it--  
She locked in the key  
While mating at sea:  
So clamping him, dove she into it.

## SOMEWHERE ZZAR, ZZAR AWAY A Three-Limerick Sequence

The Galactic Patrol thought to win  
The devilish war with the Zzin:  
They blasted their star  
And their planet named Zzar--  
As if bombs could destroy all of sin.

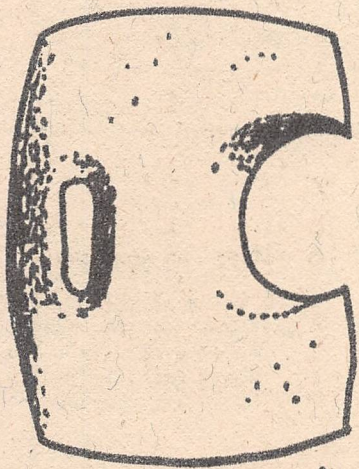
The Zzinful replied of a kind:  
They blasted the Earth from a blind,  
As if they shot ducks  
With lasers deluxe--  
Such a bird is too burnt if one dined.

The moral is truthful but grim--  
"One does t'others what they do to him."  
For Natural Law  
Such lessons does draw--  
Or it would, if a reader would skim.

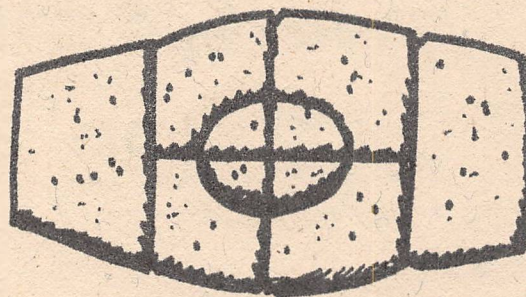


# BETELGEUSE BLUES

An attractive young beetle of Betelgeuse  
 Had an orifice filled high with fetal juice  
 By galactic patrolman.  
 Said she, "Sure as my soul, man,  
 I'm an egg-laying mama from Betelgeuse."



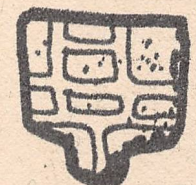
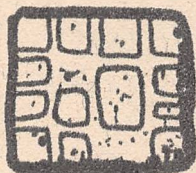
RIVAL STONE very



ALIEN COIN RIVAL'S

## WHILING AWAY TIME ON THE TRIP TO SIRIUS

A galactic patrolman from Pluto  
 Said, "My level of thought's reached a plateau:  
 So I'll read Aristotle  
 On long trips with a bottle--  
 A symposium worked well for Plato."



ALIEN COINS  
UR

## IN THE MANNER OF EDWARD LEAR

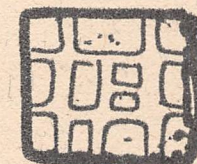
The galactic patrolmen were young  
 And notably handsomely hung;  
 But when they got older,  
 Their passions grew colder--  
 They retired from the work of the young.



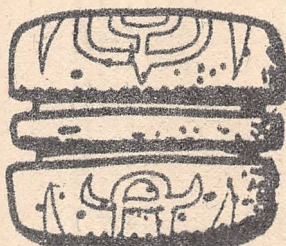
ALIEN COIN  
UR

## BOYS WILL BE BOYS

Since sexual aggression and violence--  
 That is, raping and killing with high lance--  
 Are interrelated  
 It seemed to be fated  
 The galactic patrol would keep silence.



ALIEN COINS  
UR

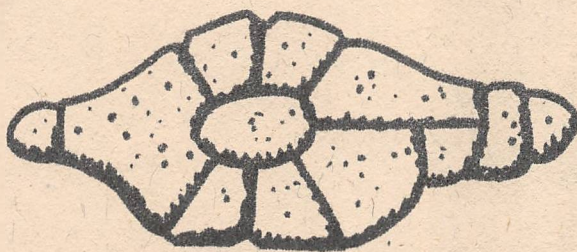


ALIEN COIN UR

## THE PROBLEM WITH UNFALLEN WOMEN: A Hyperlimerick with a Hyperrhyme

While visiting Perelandra,  
 A galactic patrolman met Sandra.  
 "Hey, girle, let's screw  
 For the next hour or two--"  
 She rejected his offer with candour:  
 "Hey, boy, let's pray  
 For the rest of today,  
 For your problem's of will, not glandular."





ALLEN MONEY

ROSELYN

## THE GALACTIC PATROL'S ADVENTURES ON WONDERLAND: Five Episodes

### I. The Beginning

Thundering down from the sky,  
The Galactic Patrolship drew nigh;  
It landed and, then,  
Disgorge of its men--  
A waistcoated Rabbit ran by.

### II. A Word in Time

A Galactic Patrolless named Alice  
Said, "Sir Caterpillar, be uncalledous--  
I love--what d'you call--  
Your hookah! that's all!"  
(All limerick readers thought "phallus".)

### III. In the Duchess's Kitchen

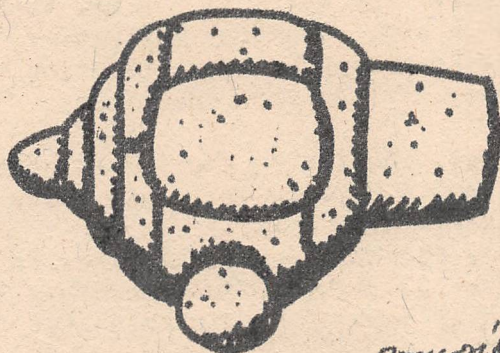
Said the Cheshire Cat with a grin,  
"It's madness for you to come in--  
The Galactic Patrol  
Can control fumarole,  
But pepper gets under your skin."

### IV. The Never-Ending Meal

A Galactic Patrolman drank tea  
And conversed with the Dormouse, on dit,  
Of much of a muchness,  
Of such of a suchness  
Of a sky-bound tea-tray's apogee.

### V. In the Midst of Croquet

The Queen shrieked, "Off with his head!"--  
The Axeman then chopped the man dead--  
The Galactic Patrol  
Was shocked to its soul,  
For its Captain it was that there bled.



ALLEN MONEY

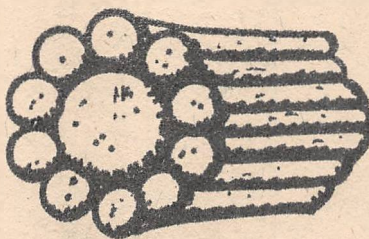
ROSELYN

## HYPERSPACING THROUGH HEAVEN: A Three-Limerick Sequence

The galactic patrolship went hyper:  
Outside of its portholes, sans wiper,  
Were angels bestrown,  
Great God on His throne,  
And harpists galore--with one piper.

When traveling faster than light,  
The galactic patrol saw one sight:  
Wherever it jumped,  
One secret was dumped--  
God has a long beard which is white.

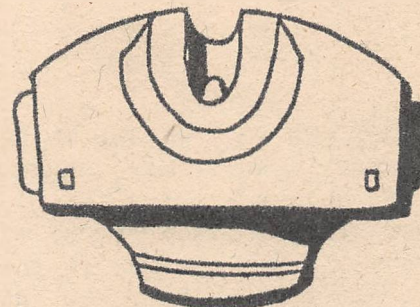
Conventional believers were pleased,  
Non-Christians were angered or teased--  
The galactic patrol  
Took pix through porthole  
Of God as hypothesized.



ALLEN MONEY, ROSELYN

## A TRADITIONAL DISCOVERY (in a different tradition): A Hyperlimerick

With a tachyon drive in its back,  
A galactic patrolship went *whaak!*  
It leapt across space  
In a race beyond pace,  
And all light was then lost in its track;  
But somehow a glimmer  
Of heavenly shimmer  
Revealed for them God through a crack;  
The crewmen, amazed,  
Just gazed and just gazed,  
For the rest of their *thwaak!* in that hack.  
"O galactic patrol,  
What saw through porthole?"  
Said one, "To begin with, She's black."

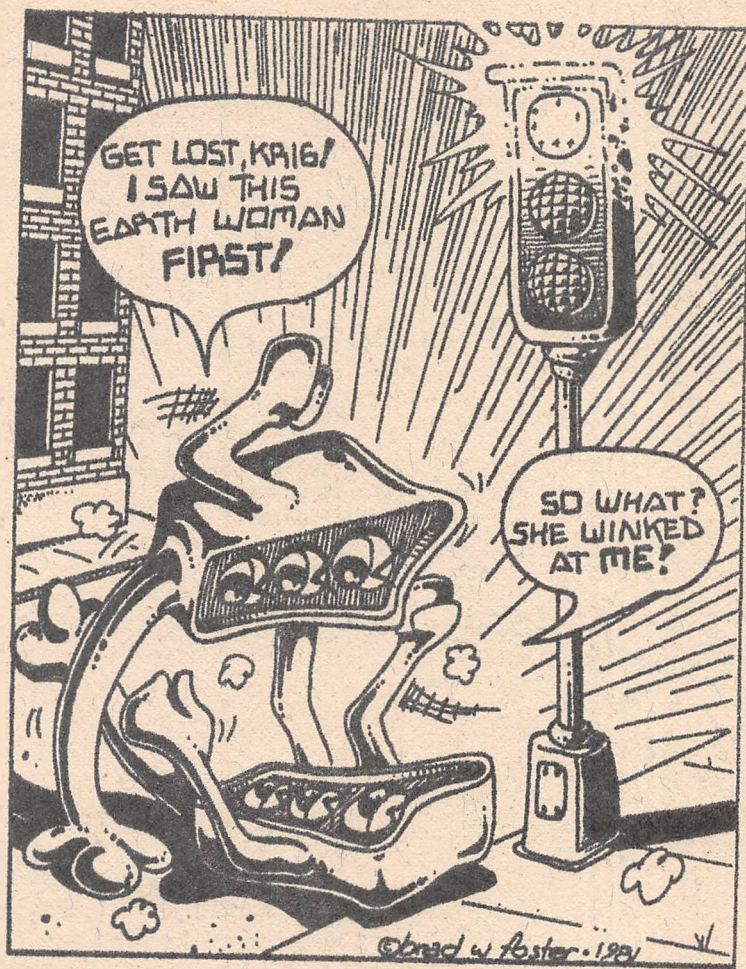


ALLEN MONEY, ROSELYN

## EPILOGUE: For a Kumbus melody

A galactic patrolman named Bill  
Wrote limericks shaped by his skill.  
On voyages that thrill us,  
He wrote them for Phyllis--  
To sing to a Martian quadrille.





## NO TIME LIKE THE FUTURE by Jodie Offutt

"GO OUT AND LOOK AT THE TWINS, JODIE!" Avenelle said. I was at the post office where I walk nearly every day, chatting with our postmaster. The woman in the car that had just pulled up was holding two blue bundles, one in each arm. Jennifer and Ashley, three weeks old. I marvelled at their smallness and likeness, gave some attention to their 4-year-old big brother in the back seat, then asked if they were identical.

"We don't know," she said.

"Don't know? How come?" She said that Louise, the doctor who's been delivering babies in our county for over forty years, said they'd have to make some blood tests to find out. Oh.

Back in the post office, I asked Avenelle why the hell don't they know if the twins are identical. There was either one or two placentas, right? Isn't that how it works? The babies were born in the hospital and you'd think somebody would have kept track of whether a pair of twins was fraternal or identical.

We couldn't figure it out.

A few days later I saw Louise and Suzie, her nurse, at a party.



"Suzie, I want to know something about the twins that were born to the folks in Haldeman. Why don't they know if they're identical?"

Suzie said that she and Louise weren't there at the time and when she looked at the chart, it was blank on the subject. The blood tests, she said, were pretty expensive and these people don't have the money to pay for them..

Back at the post office, Avie had found out that Louise hadn't delivered the babies, a midwife had. Maggie the Midwife. These twins were not expected; there had been no reason for an ultrasound since the pregnancy was normal. However, it doesn't matter *who* was in the delivery room, obstetrician, midwife or GP; she should have had the presence of mind to check the afterbirth. Especially in a modern hospital, *especially* today when our society is so preoccupied with genetics, statistics, and biochemistry.

We're still puzzling over that. How many years before we know by looking whether those little girls are identical or fraternal?

□ □ □

I'VE BEEN ON JURY DUTY since the first of the year.

I've been to the courthouse three times. The first day the juries were chosen. They needed a panel for the grand jury, two for district court and one for the circuit court from the 225 people called. All our names were put into a cigar box, then drawn, one by one. Mine was one of the last eight names out of the box and the judge said we'd be called only if there was a murder trial or some other biggie that might be difficult to empanel, or if a lot of jurors were on vacation at the same time.

The second time I had received a letter telling me to report. When I got there the trial had been postponed. Sure enough, it was a murder. A fellow had killed a seven-year-old girl when he was fifteen, but was tried as an adult. A higher court had ruled a mistrial because he was still a juvenile at the time.

Maybe they are going to try him as a juvenile, now that he is twenty-one. I don't know. At any rate his home county had balked at paying for the psychiatric tests and evaluations he'd had; the bills amounted to two or three thousand dollars. The trial was postponed while they argue that one out.

The third and last time I reported for duty, the trial involved a man who had been accused of sodomy with a ten-year-old. His stepson. Once again, my name wasn't pulled from the cigar box and I didn't have to serve.

Several people I know were on the jury, including one woman who is in her late sixties and a spinster. Mae works as a clerk in a store owned by friends of ours. Mae is somewhat... trying to her co-workers, and as many times as I've been in and out of that store over the years, she has yet to remember my name. "That woman was in here looking for you, Ann."

I really question whether Mae knows what sodomy is. I fantasized somebody--the judge, one of the attorneys or perhaps a fellow juror--explaining it to her, and Mae's reaction. I couldn't decide whether she'd have a shocked or blank look on her face.

The other day I was in Roses out at the shopping center during their grand reopening. I was watching somebody dressed as a Care Bear either scare or thrill little children--and there was Mae.

"How did that trial come out, Mae? I've been out of town and haven't seen the paper."

Well, it was a hung jury. It seems that the kid is fourteen years old now and says he lied when he was ten. Some of the jurors believed him and some didn't.

Now I think I've got this part right. Mae is a little vague sometimes. (Make that usually.) The child has been living with his father, and his mother and step-father are now separated or divorced. When the trial was over, the mother came into the court room and cut a shine (Mae's words). She said she wanted to see her son, who has been living with his father (Are you following all this?), and when the judge said she'd have to get a lawyer, she looked at her ex-husband (the most current one as I understand it) and said, "I should have killed you when I had the chance!" And she went out and slammed the door.

The judge told the deputies to bring her back, at which time he charged her with contempt of court and sentenced her to ten days. She cut another shine and he gave her *thirty* days.







# Lettercol

August 4th, 1985 -- a date that will mean little to you when you encounter it somewhere in the depths of *Outworlds* 46 -- but for me, stranded here in the present vs. your past, it is a Sunday afternoon: The remaining copies of OW 44/45 are enveloped, stamped and ready to mail, Spaccon & Rivercon have come and went...and I have precisely three weeks in which to write a 'speech' (easy for you to say!), Go Home for a family reunion, keep at the job I 'quit' four times in the space of a week, Live Life in my copious free time and, oh yes... 'do' this fanzine in such a manner that I don't end up collating it on the flight to Austin. So let's see how good I really am, in this my 143rd 'publication'...which also serves as the 24th Anniversary Bowerszine...

...when I left you last, a little over two weeks ago, I somehow forgot to mention, before I fell off the bottom of Page 1550, that Jeanne's letter did not wrap up all those on file... But, somehow, you knew that, didn't you...? Continuing then, re: OW43---

JOE R. CHRISTOPHER

The reprint of *Outworlds* I was intriguing; just think, with the 20th Annish we can expect all of *Outworlds* I, and I cannot imagine what will happen with the 25th Annish--perhaps you will produce bound sets of all issues until that time. (Or perhaps you will just produce those missing 40 pp. of letters, perhaps double-numbered so they fit both 1061-1100 and whatever total you're up to by then.) Ah, the possibilities of your inventiveness are endless.

Brad Foster's alphabet (or OWphabet) was delightful. What it needed was some sort of nonsense alphabet of rhymes (like those Edward Lear did) to go with it. Could one collect enough science-fictional beasts to complete an alphabet?

H is for Hurtle, a happy beast . . .

Or perhaps someone could write a series of verses on the major figures in the field of SF:

C is for Campbell, whose Golden Age . . .

Or maybe even, as might befit *Outworlds*' tradition even more, an alphabet based on fanciful terms:

S is for Slan, as fan all wish . . .

(I seem to be producing nothing but tetrameter lines: I think that was what Lear used.)

Your comment about convincing Lowndes to continue his column suggests this issue is not a momentary shift to the Public Bowers but that you're going to continue OW in that mode for a while. Or maybe half and half issues? At any rate, I expect we're in for some interesting rollercoaster rides.

By the way, my son phoned from his college up in Iowa about a week ago. Besides the usual complexities of college life, he also said that he was planning to move off-campus into a Sci-Fi House next year. I had visions of Slan Shacks replacing dorms. But it turned out that he meant Sci-Fi: a rented house with science and philosophy majors. \*sigh\* Ah well, he doesn't read much SF anyway. (3/15/86)

...well, Joe, you have your children to provide life's rollercoaster rides...and I have my fanzine to depict mine in. I wonder which of us is getting off cheapest?

RICHARD BRANDT

I'm all for your reprinting all the past issues of OW in your forthcoming publications; of course, you'll probably require that we loc all the issues on their second appearance; but what price a complete run, eh? (Seriously, I see your listomania was still intact; but how many first-volume Bowers indices are generally available, right?)

More comments on "Mystery Women", I see. I still think you handled those entries well: as I read your intent, the subject's identity should have been obvious to anyone who already knew, and irrelevant to the rest of us. (Those snoops.)

My, don't you think Benford and Coleman would be interested to see the changes that have taken place in SF in media since 1975.....

More people talking about their kids. I seem to get along okay with children, as long as they're somebody else's (e.g., as long as it's for an endurable length of time; and I can always say, "Lady, come get your kid, he's starting to be a nuisance..."). I suppose being a parent isn't something I have to worry about in the foreseeable future...the trouble is, the foreseeable future is gone real quick...

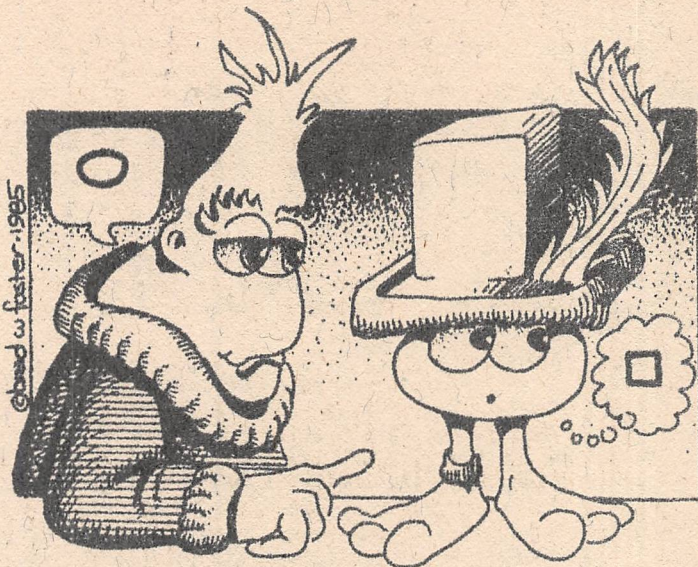
Is Cincinnati any closer to Texas than the Napa Valley? Hmmm... (You could ask one of the Mystery Women:)

Oh, quite interested to see you were involved in N'APA and the N3F pubs for a while; I haven't been in N'APA for quite a while, but I still send checks to Lola Andrew and get their other publications, which have seen some changes recently, but probably haven't changed substantially since your Interregnum...

Love that Brad Foster. Too bad most of the Hugo voters won't have seen his work. (All best wishes to Alexis Gilliland, but don't artists who are seen in SFReview and the prozines have a recognizability edge?) (No, actually, all my best wishes go to Brad, again.) Good pieces by Al, Railroad, and Doc Lowndes, long may he resume. (rec'd 8/18/85)

...actually, you could. Ask one of the Mystery Women that question, that is. The Other One could probably care less, but then she's coming from a totally different direction: from Her I received a birthday card (postmarked Cita del Vaticano), the cover of which asks me "Remember all of the aggravation I caused you?" ...and the inside informs me, "I'm almost done." Oh, yes, I believe. Have I any choice...? Actually, even this recent mentions of 'mystery women' has been more-or-less restricted to Two...two others showed up at Rivercon, last weekend. Or was that three...? I'm beginning to get confused, myself. Perhaps it's time to check the List? No...no, can't do that (she got startled this spring)... Okay, enough of that: Yes, I'm having fun, and yes, all-those-referenced are getting the fanzine, and yes, they're all still talking to me...or were: I've seen all-but-one in the past six weeks (and the odd one called)--but it isn't fair to all the rest. So I'll be discreet for a page or three. I ...besides, I have the feeling time is running out: I mean it only took my astute Xenolith readership three years to figure out "F.H.F."... I ...Bill Bowers: Editorial Spacefilling-to-the-bottom-of-a-Page" -- a recently acquired skill. Wordy, ain't he?





## BRAD W FOSTER

Woof! Impressive issue you got there. Referring of course to #43. I tell you, what I like most about it is just flipping through, looking at the variety of material and layouts you've put into this. But instead of looking clumsy, it all works together, a difficult feat to pull off, but one you've done here (and have done quite well in most all issues of OW).

Thanks for running the complete alphabet on the inside covers. Interesting to see them reduced down and grouped like that. And like your play on the title with "OWphabet", very clever!

...got anyone in mind for the cover on issue #46? I don't normally get so pushy about getting to do covers, but I think it's kind of interesting to have hit every third issue since #34 and want to see how long we can continue that! Since the last two I've done were more "cartoon" oriented, like to try another slight change again--up for a "cheesecake" type, something combining a sexy lady and the hardware-sf like the cover of #34? Certainly nothing as outrageous as the fold-out HTT cover (that was a special project), probably not even any bare boobs-r-buns, but definitely sexy. Interested?

Enjoyed the Martin piece, having just finished his ARMAGGEDDON RAG; nice to get some personal info on the author. (Fine book, too!)

That number Tucker gave for the recorded message was certainly fascinating--I gave it a shot, of course. Bit cooler in there today, only 87°, but everything else seems the same. Of course, now that I've heard it, I want to know just what the hell it is all about. Ask Bob to give with the info on that one!

I think the Lowndes column was fascinating, and certainly feel that it fits into OW just fine; keep them coming.

I was a bit put off at times with the "SF and Media" interview until I got to the end to find out it had all been done 13 years ago! I mean, I kept wondering how they could ignore so many things of the past few years in their discussions. Very confusing; wish you'd nailed down that date before the interview started.

Funny starting to read that reprint of the "first" *Outworlds*, and then to find a flashback within this flashback. Are we surreal yet? (1/28/85)

Grant Canfield used to do a fanzine titled *Wastepaper*. The 2nd issue's cover contained a blown-down version of Cover #1. The 3rd issue contained...I don't recall exactly how many issues it lasted...but it became interesting. I, on the other hand, attempt to "draw" with words. How am I doing so far? You certainly have a "contract" for every 3rd ish--my pleasure...

## IAN COVELL

I read *Outworlds* 43 very quickly and only after finishing it did I realise how marvellously it had been put together: different typesizes, page layouts, those great alphabet letters ... like all good things it looks effortless until you see...

As is usual when reading the writing history of a published writer (such as George R.R. Martin), I kept getting the feeling I SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT WHEN I WAS HIS AGE...or something similar; as if mirroring the steps that created GRRM-the-writer would produce IC-the-same, but it doesn't. (Actually I went one better than him in producing a story for projects where stories shouldn't be; specifically, I used a science fiction story as part of my degree course thesis--and passed. [Just.] Looking back, how on earth I had the gall to submit the future history of mathematics as a romantic space epic of political skulduggery is quite beyond me. Maybe firing squads weren't in that year? Of course, I should have kept a copy and submitted it somewhere--but who knew what would be reasonable...) (I also had *exactly* the same experience with a submitted story; I sent two; didn't hear a word for a year; phoned, was told they had lost them both; then they phoned back and said Why No It Wasn't Lost At All, We Published It Last Month, sorry about that...was I willing to sell it to them? And they'd changed editors in the meanwhile, and it was all his fault, and... Yup, I do mirror GRRM's career to a great extent; all except the last ten years...) Pity I don't like his fiction, his fan writing and speeches are as good as anything I've ever read.

(p. 1472) I really don't think my comments on feminism and children (?) are controversial; others may disagree with me, but I don't see it as any big deal. Challenged, I still maintain that 'humanity' being bi-sexual as a species is defined in terms of a male-female pair, preferably of roughly the same age so that both are fertile; beyond that, everyone can scream as loud as they want.

((A slight editorial deletion here, to reduce the number of trees needing to be killed for future letter-columns. ...it has nothing at all to do with this just-added ... kicker of "roughly the same age"; not a thing, I tell you!))

D'Amassa: I don't think I have ever seen a didactic piece as a story--1984, BRAVE NEW WORLD, THE SLEEPER WAKES, BREWHON, WALDEN TWO, and on and on, are not stories, they are lessons; there is no development within such a piece that is not governed by the author rather than internal events; as such it echoes soapoperas whose development is governed by ratings rather than by logic. There is no escape within such a piece, we must listen, children, this is the way the world is. Some parts of some worlds are like that; I dislike the sanctimonious certainty displayed...

I agree with everything Robert A.W. Lowndes writes, and am glad that another section of sf's history is to be examined/written about. I was only yesterday re-reading the French (translated) history of sf illustration which gives, in addition to some marvellous illoes, synopses of various stories published at the time. Many sound invigorating in concept (and a lot of heroes heroines get killed, according to the selection; I thought the death of the protagonist was evidence of 'serious literature'?)...

(1480: a sidebar, really. Thinking of the average walking pace as three miles an hour, I realised quite recently that devoid of other forms of transport, lacking ships planes cars and the rest, we'd be confined to an island that would take six months to traverse; it would take a week to contact someone I can phone in ten seconds... Add to distance the fact that there are fifty two million people in my country alone, and if I even contact one person in a hundred in my lifetime, no, one in a thousand, that's fifty thousand people... what is all this rubbish about proper representation?)

Chris Sherman is correct, I do tend to step onto a soapbox at times and sound off as loud as may be, but



BOLERO was, if possible, less erotic than TARZEN THE APESMAN...and certainly less (intentionally) entertaining. ¶ I first got to know George Martin when we stopped at his Chicago apartment on the way back from BYOBcon 5...July, 1976. There, among other wonders, George showed us his rejection slip collection...and a story that had collected something like 45 rejections. It was there that I learned that my Good & Dear Friend, Ro Nagoy-the-Writer (as he was known in those less cosmic days) could in no way compete with George's impressive accumulation. In fact, it came out that Ro had yet to have even SUBMITTED a story. "Aigh\* Heroes; who needs 'em? ¶ I understand that George eventually sold THAT story and if ~~that~~ a Nugg... But I won't regale you with any more "George" stories...such as his horrific behaviour at Ro & Lin's wedding, or print the transcript of 16 HOURS of tape Ro has on him...if he will just cut out wasting his fanwritings on Glickohn! I've always considered myself the more prompt fanned, and I certainly don't embarrass him in public--as much. ¶ ...say, Ian...re: your-lady-of-the-cinema-viewings--two Questions cry out to be asked. One is my own curiosity...and the other to prevent Naomi from going for the throat and wasting valuable work time doing so. Question One: Is 'he' "of roughly the same age" as you? Question Two: Are you both fertile? ¶ And the reason Naomi responds to you at work is, as a result of her own past fertility, it's the only place she has time to. ¶ Why do I have the feeling that if the two of you meet--unknowning--you'd make a very Cute Couple?

VΔ

**EAT**

SWORDS  
MUST  
BE HARD  
TO GET





MIKE GLICKSOHN

If Brad Foster doesn't get a Hugo nomination and a Hugo this year then there will be serious cause to doubt the vaunted intelligence of science fiction fans once again. It is rare that an artist of Brad's talent combines his degree of ability with his amazing prolificity and he deserves to be encouraged and thanked for his considerable contribution to fanzine fandom of late. (That way he might continue producing covers long enough for me to get around to doing another *Xenium* before he burns out, but don't mention that, okay?!)

I liked the overall impact of OW43 because I'm one of the old school that still enjoys a good old-fashioned genzine and 43 was definitely that. Not too much Bowers, of course, but one can't go both ways, can one, and I'm sure there are three or four smaller issues already on their way to me filled with your usual brand of soul-baring/searching and whimsically arcane esoterica. I also thought the concept behind reprinting the original OW #1 was highly creative even if the issue itself wasn't. At least I can now say that in at least one sense I've got a "full set" of *Outworlds*.

I note that you are once again following in my editorial footsteps and have a George Martin convention speech as a feature of the issue. It's good to see you aren't above stealing my good ideas and preserving the historical continuity of our publishing rivalry. I thoroughly enjoyed this particular speech (not that I've ever read one of George's speeches that I didn't enjoy, and that includes the unpublished one I've got on file in case there's ever another *Xenium*) because it told me things about George's background that I hadn't previously known. Since I have to introduce him at RIVERCON this summer I was grateful for the ammunition!

I can understand Bob Tucker's feelings about the blatant commercialism of the Star Trek plate offer but I can also understand why Bjo would put her name to it. Star Trek, after all, has always generated a large degree of heavy-weight huckstering and if there's money to be made from it why shouldn't it go to someone who did a lot for the show initially without thought of profiteering? I'm sure Bjo's done quite well out of ST, thank you, but she's earned it and I'm damn sure if there was a way the rest of us could make some extra cash out of our involvement with science fiction most of us would jump at the chance.

Hmmm...the limericks prove once again that there isn't much room for poetry in fanzines. Especially poorly done, non-scanning and dubiously rhymed poetry. Still, the layout was nice...

I for one am glad you talked Doc Lowndes into renewing his column. There aren't enough of the pioneers still active that we can afford to waste those we have. I may not agree with his taste in science fiction but I enjoyed reading his comments about the early days and I hope he'll once again become a regular contributor to your pages.

The letter from Chris Sherman is an excellent example of the worst features of modern word-processing equipment. It's so easy to preserve one's words that some writers tend to let their personal editorial standards lapse and it strikes me that Chris has done just that. This so-called letter is one of the worst pieces of over-written rubbish I've had to wade through in months. I have the definite feeling that if Chris

had needed to sit at a typewriter to compose this sort of stuff he'd never have let himself get carried away to the dismaying extent that he did. Of course, the people who *publish* this inferior quality work must shoulder a sizeable chunk of the blame as well. As yourself the "Stephen King" test: if you'd received that letter from someone whose name you didn't recognize would you have used it? In terms of writing quality it falls so far short of your normal standards that I'd be amazed if your answer was 'yes'.

This is the second time (but the first in print for general consumption) that Mister Locke has tossed down the gauntlet and challenged me to doubt the availability of his supply of superior single malt scotch. Of course, the wily devil knows that without a car there is little likelihood that I'll be testing him in the next little while so he probably feels fairly safe. One of these days/months/years however I'll call his bluff, show up on his doorstep, pick the bugs from between my teeth and demand that he put up or s but up. And we'll sit down to insult each other, try fruitlessly to convince each other how our stand on such-an-such a fannish issue is the right one and enjoy a few glasses of the good stuff...probably from the bottle I'll have in my saddlebag, Just in Case!

Beyond the fact that he liberally sprinkles his article with my name, Dave continues to write your most consistently enjoyable material. Even when he doesn't particularly have much to write about he manages to do so with such style and deftness that his work is always a joy to peruse. His work is a never-ending testament to the fact that good scotch is *never* wasted, even if it's just sitting in a closet in case of unexpected arrivals!

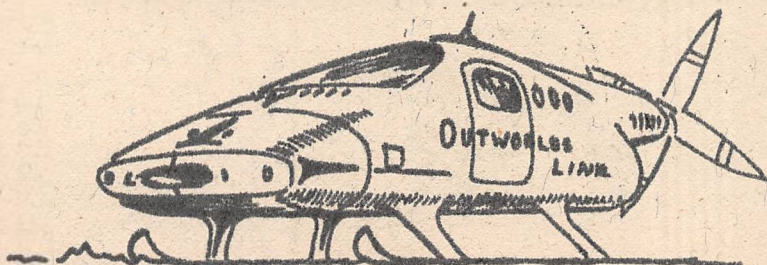
Steve's piece was cute. Slight, but cute. Guaranteed to appeal to all the women on the OW mailing list. No, strike that. Guaranteed to appeal to *almost* all the women on the OW mailing list. And not a few of the men as well. Not me, though. I'd rather Steve wrote about anything at all in preference to his writing about raising his undeniable cute child. On the other hand, I'd rather Steve wrote about raising his undeniably cute child instead of not writing at all so I guess I'll shut up and move on to another paragraph before someone reminds me that if people didn't perform like Steve and Denise I'd soon be out of a job and have to actually *work* for a living...

I was a little baffled by BEB's comment about fannish fame coming to those who can best socialize at cons: who do you suppose he was thinking of? When I run down a list of fans who to my mind are "famous" within the microcosm they all tend to be people who have earned that reputation through long hard work. Perhaps, though, Brian is thinking of the fliksingers who are popping up as guests of honour at some cons of late? Certainly I don't recognize their names but I'm sure they've earned their own form of fame via the vocal equivalent of letterhacking, article writing and fanzine publishing. In all honesty I cannot think of a single Well Known Fan whose *only* "claim to fame" is an ability to function glibly in social situations. Can you?

Like Brian, though, I wish you much luck with the CORFLU bid. January isn't my first choice for times to visit Cincinnati (and the 1980's aren't my choice of decade for going south to the land of the Big Buck) but I'll see what I can do. Is there any truth to the rumour that if you win you're going to make all attendees bring a new issue of their fanzine with them just to defuse the arguments that CORFLU reduces fanzine production?

(3/2/86)

...and give you an excuse for not coming? ¶ The trouble Mike, with "following in (your) editorial footsteps"... is aesthetic: I'd hate to have to walk so mincingly. I think you've forgotten about OW34...also. ¶ As a Wise Short Person once said: "There are those who Talk the Talk ... and then there are those who go ahead and Pub their Ish." ¶ Your use of the ammo was deadly...!





GEORGE 'LAN' LASKOWSKI

George Martin's speech from

Electracon stirred up a lot of memories of my own past and introduction to SF. I too was a comics reader, though not a fan. I thought about writing letters to the comic books, but never got around to doing it. My sense-of-wonder was stimulated by the Tom Swift, Jr. series, which led to the discovery of Alan Nourse's *ROCKET TO LIMBO* and eventually Heinlein's *HAVE SPACE SUIT--WILL TRAVEL*, Norton's *Time Trader Series*, and a host of others. Fandom was a long way off in my future from that time, and it's been almost ten happy delightful years since I joined, years I wouldn't trade for anything (--well, almost anything!). The topic of George's speech is one that I could listen to from various fan for hours--their first awakening to the joy of reading SF, to the discovery of other people who also read it, to the thrill of finding fandom. Almost every story is the same, yet different--different authors found first, different interests leading to the same fandom.

I too received a flyer announcing the Star Trek Plate of Mr. Spock that Tucker speaks of Mala and I both laughed about it. It seems as though people will try anything to make a buck. His comments about the post office had me chuckling. I myself have had little trouble with the local branch, but I have heard other, weirder stories from fellow fans.

Just as George Martin's speech sent me back to my early days in reading SF, Robert Lowndes' article prompted me to think of my earlier youth and how much like him I was. I disliked sports (still do) except maybe swimming (good exercise and enjoyable), and would rather have spent the time reading. Although my parents encouraged us kids to read, they also wanted us to get out and play. I did, occasionally, and when I got into Scouting, they knew I would at least participate in some sort of activities (which I did, to the point of finally becoming an Eagle Scout). I still managed to maintain my interest in reading along with the Boy Scouts, being on the high school swim team, and maintaining a B average in academics. Science Fiction, once discovered, remained my favorite form of literature for reading. And Fandom? Once I got into that, I too set my life up around fannish events, particularly conventions. When I have to set up my yearly schedule for dorm duty at school, I make sure that I have my convention weekends off. If someone asks me to trade weekends (or parts thereof), I check the convention calendars first. SF and Fandom are a big part of my life, and I loathe to give up any part of it.

I agree very much with Lowndes' assessment of SF (which can be applied to all forms of literature); it's meant to be an escape, a means of entertainment. And "...any other values therein are bonuses." 3/5

...I got the "limited firing" flyers a YEAR earlier!

WALT WILLIS

I particularly appreciated the Lowndes column because 50 years ago I could have been seen trudging up the Newtownards Road with copies of the very magazines he mentions. The issues of *Amazing* and *Wonder* he missed during scarlet fever quarantine were returned to the wholesaler and shipped to the UK as ballast, where they were sold in Woolworths for my lunch and bus money. (Fewer fans nowadays I imagine have actually suffered privation and hardship for science fiction.) In case you're wondering why my mother didn't suspect about the lunch and bus money, I used to stay late at school anyway looking after the library and reading back through the bound volumes of *Punch*; which I noticed started to become funny in 1926. The same year, you will remember, in which Burbee invented sex. What can be the significance of this? (3/27/85)

...that sex is funny; ...unless *Punch* became erotic?



and here we have...

TERRY JEEVES

I was intrigued by your comment on the 'numbers' game and fan-pubbing. I have no idea just how much I've written and drawn for various fanzines over the years. However, apart from co-editing various zines (*Space Times*, *Triode* [17 issues]), etc., I can list my own publications fairly quickly:

*ERG Quarterly* 91 issues since #1 in April, 1959.

*Astounding Checklist, Parts 1, 2 & 3*

*Vector* 1, 2, 3 & 4

*ERG in the USA* My combined trip reports for 1980 and 1982.

*Down Memory Bank Lane* The complete 12 parts (80+ pages) of my memories - now on sale at \$3.00 a copy.

But the real point of all such activity, is not to pile up mythical credits in some fannish heaven--but to have FUN--and I have achieved that.

I like the Foster alphabet--and it reminded me that I haven't seen that old standby of neofen for quite a while--remember 'A is for Atom, B is for Beanie ...' and so on. It used to crop up every few years when a new fan discovered fandom.

On unions--not a lot to say except that once they were both needed and useful. Nowadays as with our recent 12 month miner's strike they are pointless and harmful to the men, the industry and the country. As for 'fair play' and 'jobs'... Those miners who accepted redundancy rather than accept jobs at another lot got a thundering great £36000 or about three times what I got on medical retirement after 5½ years war service and 32 years as a teacher!

Nice LOCcol, and some familiar names therein.

Bob Lowndes's new 'Gernsback Era' sounds great--where can I get a copy and how much? By a coincidence, I have a 6 page article in the next *Erg* in which I comment on Gernsback's *Science & Invention* for 1926. Small world isn't it? Anyway let's have more stuff like this. (3/30/85)

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

In respect to the Gernsback book: It's still a "work in progress". I sent Mike Ashley, who is the over-all editor, the finished version of my section in May. He received it (he needed it before he could start on his section) and wrote me that he wouldn't be able to get to reading it for a month or so, at earliest. I'm still waiting to hear from him as to suggestions for final corrections, etc., before I send my original to Dr. Jeffrey Elliot. Elliot, too, has to do a section, as does Sam Moskowitz. So I think it very unlikely that the completed mss. will get to the publisher before the end of the year. Thus, there won't be any reliable data about publication date before 1986. (7/17/85)

*Outworlds*--the fanzine that Answers All. Sometimes. Regarding the next installment of 'Understandings...'

There's good news and bad news.

The good news is that I've finished the first draft, and have started on the final version. The bad news is that I won't get back to it for some weeks at the earliest, and very possibly not until September.

...Whenever. This IS a fanzine, after all. I'm just glad you agreed to continue the column!





## AL SIROIS

I am not even going to try to figure out your numbering system...or why OW began in 1970 but *really* got started in 1966...or your pagination...or where the hell you get all your energy from...I will settle for saying, instead, "congratulations" and "shoot for 15 more".

I appreciated the graphic addition of the U.S. News & World Report page at the head of *Cockroach Cluster*. Did you notice that Dr. Schreiber received notice in *Esquire's* "Dubious Distinction Award" section?

It's always kind of fun to read "how I got started" articles, which is why I liked the piece by George R.R. Martin. When I think about it, it's kind of odd that I didn't get into writing to comic book letter columns. I simply never thought of it, for some reason. I read lots of comics, but the resulting output was drawings, not writing. Plus, I didn't know about comics fandom. I suppose that if I had found out about it, I would certainly have sent out some artwork...although in those days (mid-Sixties) my artwork was crude at best. Then again, judging from what I have seen of fanzines from that era, I was *still* a better artist than most.

I never did go in for super-hero-fiction, thank christ. I was too busy doing James Bond parodies. In fact, I cut my authorial teeth on that sort of thing...I once did a series of parodies, one for each James Bond book. These monstrosities ran about 50 (single-spaced) pages each. I still have a few, hidden away. I don't know why I keep 'em...they're pretty bad. That was in my mid-teens, when I was also writing pastiches of Edgar Rice Burroughs. One of those actually made it into print, in a round-about way...it turned up in *Creepy* or *Eerie* as a comic-story script, with art by Gray Morrow. By that time, though, I had already published my first sf short story, and was deep into a freelance art career.

The only difference between me and Martin is that he is respected and oft-published. Otherwise, the background is pretty similar.

Oh shit! I forgot to mention Brad's front cover. I think someone should give the guy a Hugo...he's really doing it right.

Hah! Tony Cvetko a yuppie? I characterized myself as a yuppie not long ago and was roundly ridiculed by a woman at work who, like myself, is a refugee from the sixties. We are both 20 years out of style, but with Politically Correct hair. I still have sixties values, which is, I guess, the point. I also subscribe to the credo that 9 out of 10 people

should be lined up against a wall and shot. Either that or thrown into the big pit which I am going to dig as soon as I am elected king. All the yuppies are going to go into the pit. I have a feeling that Tony will be on the rim, with me, pushing the motherfuckers over.

I have been reading *FEAR AND LOATHING: ON THE CAMPAIGN TRAIL '72* by Dr. Hunter S. Thompson. Highly recommended for anyone who has forgotten quite why he or she is angry. It didn't take long for me to realize that Thompson, despite his craziness, speaks for all of us who Give a Shit.

I didn't like the limmericks. You should have had Alexis Gilliland re-write and illustrate them.

Brad Foster's *OWphabet*, on the other hand, is a truly impressive piece of work, and a natural for a fanzine. Really very good!

I found Doc Lowndes column particularly enjoyable. Ya know, he *does* kind of remind me of Harry Warner! Fandom could stand more moderation. I liked this piece so much that I got his address--my girl friend's parents are close friends with his sister, Ruth--and sent him a copy of my own fanzine. I hope he keeps writing for *OW*--his piece may well have been the best thing in the ish.

I got a kick (no pun) out of Leslie David's statement about hoping to dance until her feet are bloody little stumps. Quite an image.

I kind of think Chris Sherman is overdoing it. I mean, sure, it's neat to work on word processors...and sure, you can work lots faster...but the rascals promote a certain sloppiness. For instance: last month I wrote a 34-page short story on my computer, and took it from conception to manuscript in eight days. Thing is, I wrote it too fast! In the normal course of events, those 34 pages would take me about three weeks to a month to do...and then I'd let it sit, then I'd haul the fucker out a while later and re-read it, then revise it...but as it is, it's already out making the rejection rounds. I think it is very important for those of us who write on word processors to get an outside opinion. I.e., workshop the sunnuvabitch. I think that when a writer uses a word processor, less time is spent on the crucial editing stage of a work than is necessary. Word processing is a boon for self-expression, but it means nothing as far as *writing*. Sherman himself admits that he has become a better editor than he is a writer. And, he would be more accurate if he said that his letter was contained in 9407 bytes.

Dave Locke's column was pretty lightweight. Either that, or my lack of interest in scotch precludes meaningful response. The Curry cartoons are pretty funny though. Also, I would like to hear more about the dead cat in the Resnick's freezer.

I can see why *Vertex* didn't publish the continuation of the Coleman/Benford rap session. Utterly unremarkable in content, no different from many a rap I've had with fans and friends.

Hey, the Jim Shull cartoon character didn't have a bow tie and wasn't holding a book! That wasn't the Jim Shull I remember.

I thought the Wolfenbarger poem was very loving. Gave me a good feeling when I read it. Worked on a couple of levels. Nice work.

I also found each and every ATom illustration to be flawless. How the hell does he do that?? I wish I could draw that way.

If you take Corflu 4, I'll be there. Let's see, I could bring my drums...or better yet, some of Dr. Schreiber's super-roaches!

(2/27/85)

...you do that, Al; that way I won't have to cater the banquet. Just provide the chocolate. And whipped cream.

...and, as soon as I tell you that I Also Heard From SHERYL BIRKHEAD, BILL BREIDING, BRIAN EARL BROWN, and EDD VICK ...that wraps (unless I misfiled) 14 pages of commentary on the 80 pages of the 15th Annish. Thanks!



# LETTERS



August 12th, and counting.

Saturday evening I finished typing up Al Sirois' Loc... and started something which may be inserted between that and this. Or it may not.

Yesterday I spent working up the Christopher & Locke 'layouts'... and working out a basic plan for this. Normally... and you'll just have to accept this as an article of faith... issues are planned sequentially and, except for annishes, pretty well typed that way. This one isn't working that way... and it certainly isn't what I envisioned when I first started thinking of the "Austin Issue"...

Then again, it may end up being a Better Issue for all of this....

I probably should be working on my 'speech'. No probably about it... Well, I DO have a 'title' ~~///of letters I had that last fall///~~ for it...

Real, real soon, now.

In the meantime, after a latecomer, 3 or 4 letters from those who'd received OW44 before 45. I also have a swiftly growing stack of comments on the 44/45 combo issue.

I am going to Catch Up on printing letters... but somehow suspect this won't be the issue...

But we try. Into the night, we try...

ERIC LINDSAY

I wonder if it is merely that you are swift at fanac, or am I slowing down as I grow older. I have here OW 41, 42, and 43. Loved the Wimpy Zone Cover. And the article. Jackie and Dave outdid themselves.

I liked your account of the Continental gamble. I also don't bet, and every now and then wonder how it would be to win fame and fortune by gambling. If I were a millionaire, would I then spend much of my time attending Cincinnati conventions? It is tempting.

At Aussiecon II the fan rooms are in the basement of the Victoria hotel, just next to the bar. Just about all the local fanzine fans are booked into the Victoria. The "official" hotel is the Southern Cross, but I'm wondering who is going to bother going over there? I suppose we'll have to send an envoy, for the US fans who came on the package tours and were thereby stuck at the "official" hotel, instead of the fannish one.

Alas, I can see Jackie doing all those non-fannish things trying to smuggle tobacco to Bob Shaw. Why not ask Marty Cantor to ship the stuff? Also the "combustible products" not permitted doesn't hold up, unless you folks make your paper for letters out of something mighty different to our paper.

Fan feuds certainly do seem inevitable, and I rather enjoyed your world weary withdrawal from the TAFF matter.

I used to feel taxed to death; of course, now I'm not working, I don't feel that way. Now I feel that I'm trying to recover the past two decades of my taxes. I overlooked the matter of tax returns; unfortunately, this year I still earned enough to have to fill in a return. Real Soon Now I'll actually get round to doing so. Meanwhile, I acquiring my computer fixes on the barter system.

Loved Brad Foster's Alphabet, but why not remove the borders when using them with text?

Bob Tucker's comments on the post awful are all too true, and merely repeat what we all know. Fandom is at peril. Indeed, I notice Robert Runte mentioning that his fanzine is now partially available by electronic mail on one of the computer networks. I foresee editorials twenty years from now telling of the decline of the phone system, and how fandom is at

peril.

I'm delighted to see Doc Lowndes say that he wants stories with plausible extrapolations on present day science. That is what I like in my sf, but various critics keep telling me my taste is too low brow. Stuff them. (7/24/85)

Eric is wrong--the bar's on the mezzanine, & the fan rooms are next door. He's thinking of a previous con --where we had to trek up 2 flights of stairs to get a drink. We met on those stairs--ah, how romantic it will be to return to the scene of the...

Your zine has the most attractive layout I've seen in a fanzine in a long time. .... JEAN WEBER

...awww, shucks! This is rapidly becoming a Tradition --Jean correcting/footnoting Eric's letters. But then Eric is so eminently correctable, isn't he? I will get down to see you people someday; I was going to stand for DUFF this time...but after some thought, I decided that I'd rather go some time when every other person I ran into wasn't North American... Little ole me might get lost in that crowd.

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I think what surprised me the most about OW44 was realising that it had been almost five months since your last issue. I'm getting so far removed from fanzine fandom that I hadn't even missed you!

It's more than a little awesome to think that Willis is personally responsible for preserving something as historically important as the Magna Carta. For that tidbit and his line about the AMA and lawyers OW44 was well worth the price of admission.

When I sat down to start this loc about five minutes ago I was expecting to write a short paragraph about how boring all the natter about computers was to me and how you'd never catch me writing anything along those lines in any of my fanzines (coff, coff) or locs. Then in the middle of the previous paragraph Doris called and among the things she mentioned was the fact that, after stating categorically for the last few years that she'd never want a computer in the home since she works with them all day, she's seriously toying with the idea of getting herself a computer. And she doesn't even read OW let alone loc it! I may well end up the only fannish person I know who doesn't own/use/work with computers but by golly I'll stick to my guns... unless, of course, she gets a printer...

Good letter from Norm Hollyn, even if it is a little hard to believe that your average allergist has little flakes of elephant sitting around the lab just to test little boys for pet potential. Gee, Norm, my Post Office story is about a rubber stamp almost identical to yours but for Teaneck, New Jersey; makes you wonder just how many of those stamps the system has, eh? (Or, same thing, how many post office depots there are in the United States.)

I definitely think it's about time Skel at least



got a nomination for Best Fanwriter, don't you? Even when he doesn't have a hell of a lot to say he says it in such an entertaining manner that the thought of yet another writing Hugo going to the likes of Gels or Brown is enough to make one throw up. (My OED, by the way, has "twee" in it but it comes in two volumes, not one, so may not be considered a dictionary by Paul. Happily the OED passes all three of my tests for a dictionary, with valid explanations of "energumen", "xenium" and "floccinaucinihilipilification", so I'm willing to overlook the fact that it refuses to acknowledge the existence of marijuana.) Although I'm on frequent public record as being an ardent admirer of the humorously adorable wombat Skel probably didn't know that for a brief period of time I seriously considered getting myself a pet ferret. Doris was with me when we saw a cage full of baby ferrets and they're really beautiful gracious creatures, as they flow with boneless grace about their world. Happily, I'm a Taurus so it takes me months or even years to act on one of these impulses and by then cooler and more sensible heads have prevailed so the only pet I have at this time is the worm in the bottle of tequila Harper brought back from Mexico with him. So it goes.

(7/11/85)

...pitiful, isn't it, how these formerly active faneds have to resort to such subterfuge to work into a loc the titles of their former feeble attempts at glory. Sad. ¶ ...but your introduction of George Martin at Rivercon was classic, Mike; well worth an issue of any of the above... (Of course ole George didn't do too shabby in rebuttal; it's really a shame that the routine wasn't recorded...for it was one of the more enjoyable bits of formal programming I've experienced.)

## TONY CVETKO

I was looking through the pile on the floor making another pile of stuff ready for the trash & remembered you gave me OW44 at Midwestcon & you actually put an X on it. God, why do I have to loc every issue? It's not fair.

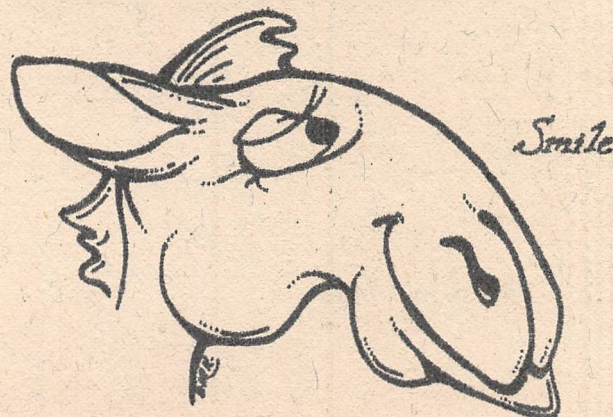
So, wasn't the con fun? Almost like the old Autoclaves for the old gang that showed up. Nice, I guess, to see you again, even if ever so briefly. So what's new? Congrats on your promotion, if it's something you wish to be congratulated on. I assume so. You never got around to talking about Corflu, you know. Let's here some gossip.

Me? I've lost 25 pounds in 3 months, 15 since Midwestcon. Unbelievable.

The Midwest is still here, and fuck those East Coast/West Coast wimpolds who think otherwise.

And I guess that's my slim letter on a slim issue. Does this erase the X? (7/31/85)

...with a loc on a two issue old OW? Oh, well...but watch out next time. ¶ Say, Tony, do you realize it's been a bit over(!) nine years since I called you in the middle of a week and said..."How bored are you? Why don't we go to Rivercon this weekend...?" #2, I guess --and here we both are, still going to cons and all. Some habits just die hard...I guess.



GEORGE 'LAN' LASKOWSKI ..... Hey, what's this slim twillitone zine? *Outworlds* #44? Ah, Bill's gone back to producing the smaller issues again. Curses, he says he will have another out for SPACECON/RIVERCON. Maybe I can write a loc on OW44 which will insure me getting OW45. If it has an interview with Denise, I certainly do want it!

I feel much the same way you do about publishing fanzines. While in the midst of it I decide that I am going to rest for a while and not put out another one. But once the pages are collated, the zines in the mail and the responses are coming in, the urge returns and I prepare for another mammoth issue of *Lan's Lantern*. In fact, the urge usually comes as the last issue is being wrapped up. The zine is in effect completed, but there are other things coming up that should also be written about and put into the next one. So I get going on that as well. It's a vicious cycle. But above all, it is fun..

It is strange how kids pick up on the habits of the oldsters in a crowd. A school I taught at previously had a day on which a student in each class took the place of the teacher, and I saw my habits reflected in the way those students taught the class. The sitting on the desk in our corner of the room, my constant use of the word "okay", pacing back and forth, putting something on the board and standing in front of it saying, "Okay, do you understand?", these and more (and I could give you things other teachers found out about themselves) my "replacements" did and I saw what I had to work on. I think I've managed to clear most of the quirks except my use of the word "okay". It's such a nice transition word, not quite like Skel's "ferret" or "Cleethorpes", but sufficient for my needs. There was one teacher who used the hypothetical student "Nancy Farquard" in his stories about classes and such. One teacher in the school picked up on it and when comment-time rolled around, wrote comments about Nancy Farquard in the style of five of the teachers (for her five different classes) and turned them in to the office. It took several days before people finally figured out who had actually done them. (And they've been expecting me to do something similar ever since!) By the way, congratulations on the new position. I hope you'll be up to all the new responsibility. I mean you'll have to wear a tie, and a suit (or at least a sport coat), no jeans, keep your hair trimmed, etc. Think you're up to that Bill. (Or is that Biff?) Can we now look forward to larger and spiffier *Outworlds*? (7/11/85)

...notice the bold, direct and unashamed use of his title...the sign of an ACTIVE fanaine publisher! You, sir, are invited to Corflu 4, should it come my way. ¶ Actually, I do now own a suit-that-fits: premiered at Sid & Linda's wedding a year ago this week, it was in truth purchased so I could get in The Magic Castle in L.A. while out for LAcon II. Seemed logical to me. I have worn it thrice to work--with appropriate shock value each time--but keep it against the day I can redeem the undated return ticket to the Castle I carry in my billfold. As for work, when the forecast is 75 or above, it's sandals & t-shirt; jeans about 80% of the time, cords the remainder; winter uniform adds flannel shirts to the extensive wardrobe. Fame & Success has not gone to my head...~~and my place kept collection!~~

## AL CURRY

Realizing that your schedule of pubbing Owl Whorls is somewhat frenetic, I suppose you may well have put out an additional 3 or 4 issues since #44. So, why am I writing?

Do I have cartoons in #44? No, and Christ knows that's the only time you speak with proper civility... when you want cartoons... sniff, sigh.

Do I have a loc to which you have responded in your typically snotty fashion, oh ancient would-be deflowerer of San Quentin quail? Again, the answer is no. No, William, you've just been caught in the cross-



fire of whimsey.

(8/5/85)

Gee, Al, I didn't know it was "speak(ing) with proper civility" that garnered me your cartoons. It always seemed to me that it was shortly after I'd insulted you most blatantly that a batch would arrive. If I'd only known sooner, I could have saved us both a lot of ...err...grief. ¶ Al's whimsey was struck in Bray, County Wicklow, Ireland...but rumor has it that he & Ms. Lyn will be back in Cinsanity in October. I'm sorry things didn't "work out", but (dare I say it) it will be good to see them again. (There, Al, was that 'civil' enough for a new batch of cartoons?)

#### JODIE OFFUTT

Well, here I am, about to loc an Out-worlds. Oh, lord, no telling what I'm letting myself in for. Bill, I can't believe I was sitting in the consulate at RiverCon reading a damned fanzine! I hope nobody important saw me. How fa-as-aa-nish! (Too much proximity to you and Glicksohn all weekend.)

You're getting a reprieve from the dot matrix. MAC's Image Writer won't be that hard on you, though. Why don't you have your eyes checked and stop blinching. When we got the new MAC (Remember when MAC was a worldcon in the midwest?), since it is the bigger (512k), Andy took it and I got the old one (128k).

Two nights ago Andy was standing there minding his own business--not at the computer--when it consumed itself. Fried. Smoke curling out of its vent. Not a month old. It was very traumatic for all of us.

We'll get a new one tomorrow and in the meantime Andy continues working on mine, and I replugged in my Big Red Machine. (We can't stop the real writing for this fanzine stuff, now can we?)

A piggybacked *Outworlds*. How nice. This is the first time in a long time I've read through a fanzine. (Exceptions: *Time & Again*, *Ettle*--in truth, I've skimmed some of that, sshh--and *Gallimaufry*.) Reading through it would not be unlike watching a soap opera after a long hiatus. A lot of the names are the same with a few new ones, and it takes a while to pick up on the conversation. I don't like your not printing addresses; that helps identify people. It always did. Hagerstown I know, and Cincinnati and Toronto, but... does this fellow live in England? I think so. And where does so-and-so live. For instance, I always want to know when I'm reading words from somebody on the West Coast because you have to have a different attitude about those people.

There are some real honest-to-God quotable quotes in here. Walt Willis's remark about the AMA using lawyers instead of white mice for experiments because there're more of them and one isn't apt to get fond of them was worth all the time I spent reading the zine. And Buck Coulson's "Either it's fun, or it's nothing." is choice. I think maybe that's why I quit reading fanzines and loccing a few years ago. At some point I realized the pressure of obligation--I think I saw myself competing with Mike in getting locs published--was the extent of it, and it was no longer fun. So I stopped.

Another thing that happened about that time was an influx of real crudlines put out by 16-, 17-, and 18-year olds who had access to the school mimeo. In addition to being poorly reproduced, they were full of typographical and spelling errors, and whatever grammar, sentence structure and punctuation they'd learned in grade school had been completely forgotten by the time they reached senior high. On top of all that, they were all being very philosophical. Very heavy stuff, or so they thought. Now I ask you, how philosophical can a 17-year-old be? And how can you take it seriously when he doesn't bother to proofread his copy, nor check for spelling errors and typos?

That also contributed to my gafflation from fanzines. And I may still be--even if I do have my very own Macintosh.

I'll tell you what! I don't intend to swell my

computer files with letters to *Outworlds*! The Macintosh has a little trash can down in the corner of the screen and when you're through with a document, you drag it, kicking and screaming all the way, to the trash can. Then with a click of the mouse, you Empty Trash, and it's all gone away. Pretty slick.

Skel: I couldn't find 'fout' nor 'twee' in any of our dictionaries, including a HUGE, library-size one. I was sure they'd be in that one. I fail to understand how any town with 70,000 people can be called a hick town. Hick must have a different meaning in England. Hick means small to me. I have not heard that John Denver song, although I've heard about it and hope to hear it some day. Toledo is not a bad town. It is one of the few towns I've visited that I would like to go back to, and every time I say that, whoever I'm talking to is simply incredulous. They have a museum in Toledo that is fantastic. Toledo is the home of the Libby Glass Co. which is responsible for the largest glass exhibit in the country at the museum. The building itself is a work of art. As I was leaving --I almost missed this--I saw a photography exhibit that I was so taken with that I subsequently enrolled in two photography courses, and as a result have had hours of pleasure learning photography and appreciating the art. (I couldn't say much for the convention we went to Toledo for, but that was Andy's problem, not mine. I had lots of time to go to the museum and out to Libby's outlet store and buy lots of presents.) Sure, I'd like to go back to Toledo.

Let me tell you about Lubbock, Texas, or Wheeling, West Virginia, or Chillicothe, Ohio. Yuk! A hick town is not a hick town unless it has less than five to seven thousand people in it. Right, Bill? I'm sure glad I don't live in the midwest, but here in the languid, hospitable, placid, easy-going, sunny South, on the right (southern) side of the Ohio River. How do you pronounce Cleethorpes?

I like Jackie's Dialog heading. Nice. And so is the dialog. Once you have a child, you also have a new normalcy. And who knows about school, Denise? I went back to college when my kids were in college. It was --and is--great.

After reading your reasons for bestowing *Outworlds*, I'd add another one to the list: badgering. I think you would not have given me this copy if I hadn't been standing there staring you down. Well?

Bye, Bill. I enjoyed your OWs. Now I'll put them right in the vault with the rest. (8/4/85)

...was that the time you were standing on Glicksohn's shoulders...when you were "staring (me) DOWN", I mean? ¶ Actually, when I was stationed outside Kansas City Mo --which is considerably larger than Cleethorpes--I considered it a 'hick' town, and drove to St. Louis every other weekend. ~~WHE I CAN'T SAY THAT NOW!~~ ¶ The Mac back in her control, Jodie sent the piece that starts on p. 1602...but refuses to commit herself to a regular column. Some nonsense about school. Tell you what, Loyal Audience: You helped convince Doc Lowndes...so let's all work on Jodie now... (Just another service of the Bowers-Bring-'Em-Back-From-The-Glades-Of-Gafia (Screaming-If-Necessary) Ltd. Okay?



...and, speaking of hick towns...here, formerly one of Columbus' finest ...now Cincy's Own:



NAOMI COWAN

Well, as you know, I have followed the Covell/Carol debate with some interest. Mr. Covell, when I read your comments about me I laughed. One good insult deserves another I suppose. My intention was to point out the silliness and inappropriateness of ignorant generalizations. (I told Mr. Bowers something like this at the time.) It seemed that you have been calling Ms. Carol and, by extension, people who think as she thinks, bigots, uninformed, narrowminded etc. Frankly, I do not believe that "all" of "anyone" thinks or acts the same.

My personal experience and observations of close friends experiences, generally match up with Ms. Carol's. Now, Mr. Covell, if I understand you correctly, you are saying that if one desires a complete picture of those *general* qualities that make up humanity, one must look to both sexes. I agree with this idea, *as the world exists*. I do not think that this is how the world ought to be. Nevertheless, it does back up the viewpoint that *generally* speaking the two sexes have different expectations and outlooks on life. Many women in this country (but not all, by any means) feel the expectations that our society has of them are unfair. I won't bore anyone with the details of my personal life except to say that I am demonstrably healthier, happier and (even!) more attractive now that I run my own household and do not live with a man.

Speaking of my personal life, I've been rather amused by Mr. Bowers' version of it. Since I have been occupied with endless months of endless overtime, occasional night school and three small children to rear, I am glad that someone has been paying attention to my personal life. Mr. Bowers' insufferably condescending tone may well be correct. I sincerely try to keep up a speaking acquaintance with my personal life on every other Sunday and holidays, but am frequently too tired to care.

Mr. Bowers, as you know, I thoroughly enjoy your opuses (op1?), both your own comments and other contributors. I find nearly everything stimulating in one way or another and would like to thank all of you for taking the time to share your thoughts. I am just not much of a writer (Mr. Bowers himself said I resembled a computer, not so long ago) so my apologies to not responding to all of you... (hand-delivered 8/12/85)

...I don't recall saying that...but it does put you one-up on the "system" you work on! I do apologize for picking on you in front of people who don't know you; you are my friend, and I do worry about you... even tho I do have the utmost admiration for the way you cope with life. ~~But don't tell anyone!~~ It's just that...if you weren't so damn sanctimonious (such as above)...and that's all I'll say, except to remind you that sanctimony is a Right reserved to Me...here!

HANIA WOJTONICZ

I told you I got inspired at Spacecon. I couldn't possibly finish this loc by the time we had to leave for home. What follows is a rather disjointed bunch of paragraphs, prompted by reading OW#42-45. I'm exhausted.

In response to Jackie's "Pipe Dream", I think there should be one phone number to call for information about anything in the world. I nominate the home phone numbers of the guys who wrote Trivial Pursuit, since they obviously know everything about everything. It could be known as the International Information Exchange. They'll answer your question if you provide them with a piece of trivia. This will be cheap and easy since everyone knows something that no one else knows.

I really enjoyed George's Electracon speech in OW #43. I always love to hear how "it all started" for people. It always amazes me how often the discovery of fandom, the future career, the husband/wife is come on by accident. Every job I've ever had I got by accident, coincidence or luck. I came upon fandom only by accident as well.

One thing that bothers me about fandom is that even though I've known certain people for years, see them all the time, and have shared many experiences, I still don't know very much about them. By that I mean things like, where they went to school, what their jobs are now, what's their favourite color. It may sound rather trite, but I don't think you can really know someone unless you know something about their background and what their lives are like away from fandom and conventions. What I'd really like to do is sit down with some of these people and do some interviews. Not like Dave's chats with fans which are more like slices of current life and fannish activity (which I really enjoy, by the way), but an actual biography. Would anyone else be interested in something like that? What do you think?

ASIDE: The only good documentation for software that I've seen is the stuff I've written. (Yes, I know that sounds egotistical.) I'm constantly amazed that even giants like IBM can't seem to find people who understand computers and also know how to write clearly and simply. I'm thinking of starting to do documentation on the side. (I know my stuff is good because my company is marketing my documentation on our office automation system, instead of using IBM's.)

In response to Gene Wolfe's quote of Ruth Plumly Thompson, I have to say I don't know many men who have retained their "childish sense of wonder and surprise, that buoyant and boyish curiosity, love of adventure, sense of fun, that craving for things new and impossible that give such zest and flavor to life". I also don't know too many women who "are of necessity practical and realistic and rarely gifted with a sense of humor". I think both these statements are way off track and can't possibly be applied to either sex in a general way. Obviously there are individuals who match these descriptions, but all men and all women? I hardly think so. Gene said the quote was inflammatory. He was right because it made me really mad.

Please tell Robert Lowndes that he is far more than "potentially interesting". The times he wrote about in OW#43 may be history to me, but I love history.

I never bother with putting up and taking down Christmas trees. When Christmas is over (or whenever I get around to it) I pick up the tree and put it back in the storeroom (fully decorated, draped in lights and tinsel). Next time around it takes at least five minutes to walk from the storeroom and plug it in. Artificial trees are wonderful.

I have a theory that each individual is on a separate time track which is only occasionally interactive with those of the rest of the world. Everyone has those days where every minute feels like an hour or conversely when every hour feels like 30 seconds. But the thing that really convinced me of this is references to past events on the evening news. I know for a fact that Charles & Diana only got married a year or so ago. They couldn't possibly have had time to have two children. And that incredible blizzard we had a few years ago, there's no way that happened way back in 1977. Didn't Mount St. Helens erupt last year some time? This whole thing is Pierre Trudeau's fault. Ever since he quit as our Prime Minister I can't keep track of anything anymore. For practically my entire life, if someone asked me the name of the Prime Minister the answer was always Pierre Trudeau. Then to make it worse, the Premier of Ontario, who has been in power for about 107 years, also quit. I'm still not quite sure who's in charge of the province these days. I'm so confused.

I finally mustered up the great will power required to get up before 8:30 a.m. and went to a Women's Network Breakfast. I've never been very interested in this kind of thing. I guess I thought it wouldn't be much use. Boy was I wrong! I have to go now because I've two articles to write as a result. Now I'm really exhausted. (7/28/85)

...so am I, Hania...and the other 11 respondents (to date) are simply going to wait a bit. I'm really glad you wrote...and they did, also... Until then... (8/19/85)



- da rules ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
- 1) Bill's 'books' are for your enjoyment -- but are to stay IN the consuite (and not to be used as placemats). Thanks!
  - 2) ...any help keeping the suite more-or-less cleaned-up will be appreciated.
  - 3) There is no Third Rule.
  - 4) You are the programming.
  - 5) Enjoy!

Yes, Once Again...  
It's the Bill & Rusty Show!  
**SPACECON 7**  
**July 19-21, 1985**

A Rehearsal -- held at the Holiday Inn - Maplewood, Ohio (Interstate 75, Exit 111)  
(located next door to the Bell Telephone Bldg. & Space Station)

We've got it right...but we keep doing it anyway. The Friendship Inn Hotel we know of, less than minimal programming, an excellent hotel restaurant... Oh, an perhaps we don't have the largest con suite around...but, once again, we have retained the services of Bill & Rusty as your special host. Jackie Causgrove will take your money, give you your badge...Rusty will assign your room & "organize" things...and Bill will get you until the hotel is paid off. The pool is outside, and the bar is right over there...

The Only Catch: Each year Rusty reserves 30 rooms in his name. This is to eliminate any blacking problems, and he gets you \$5.85 off the rack rate. And up-as in Rusty & Bill get you \$11, for all the rooms. PLEASE either pay in advance, or bring enough cash to the con to cover your room. (He can handle a limited number of personal checks, but not credit cards. Sorry.)

We aim to please: if you'd like a ring-size and (not available as a single), plan on ducktaping out of your room, or need a crib (from one-of-these...) -- let us know these things in advance. Rusty is your Master & assigns rooms -- but contact Bill pre-con...

MR. MICHAEL GLICKSOHN  
508 WINDERMERE AVE.  
TORONTO, ONT. M6S 3L6

Bank of Montreal  
BLOOR & WINDERMERE  
2330 BLOOR STREET WEST  
TORONTO, ONT. M6S 1P3

Bill Bowers

U.S. DOLLAR ACCOUNT

003  
JUNE 29 '85  
\$4.8.00  
DU.S. FUNDS

SPACECON 7 - July 19 & 20, 1985

Rooms for both nights:

- |                    |   |
|--------------------|---|
| 1) 406 Double      | GUY ALLEN (Lansing, MI) & BILL MARKS (Toronto, CANADA)      |
| 2) 409 Double      | SID & LINDA ALTUS (Huntington Woods, MI)                    |
| 3) 421 Double      | KATHLEEN BAILEY / BILL CAVIN (Cincinnati, OH)               |
| 4) 415 Double      | JEAN BARNARD & NANCY TUCKER (Ann Arbor, MI)                 |
| 5) 427 Double      | BILL BOWERS (Cincinnati, OH)                                |
| 6) 425 Double      | KAROL M. BROWN & DREW MACDONALD (Plymouth, MI)              |
| 7) 422 Double      | VENDY COUNSEL & BRAD WESTERVELT (Bloomfield Hills, MI)      |
| 8) 424 Single      | MARY COWAN & GEORGE LASKOWSKI (Dayton, OH)                  |
| 9) 404 Double      | BARBARA J. CROSS (Chicago, IL) Late arrival: 4 or 5 a.m.    |
| 10) 408 Single     | JOHN & MICHELLE DONAT (Toronto, CANADA)                     |
| 11) 407 Single     | MIKE GLICKSOHN (Cincinnati, OH)                             |
| 12) 400 Double     | STEVEN F. HUDSON (Sarnia, OH) & JOEL ZAKEN (Louisville, KY) |
| 13) 412 Double     | FRANK JOHNSON (Cincinnati, OH)                              |
| 14) 403 Double     | SANDRA & GREG JORDAN (Cincinnati, OH) --- Plus CRIB         |
| 15) 405 Double     | ROGER & MICHAEL LANGNER (Cleveland Hts., OH)                |
| 16) 423 Single     | JOHN & SARAH LANGNER (Aurora, OH)                           |
| 17) 419 Single     | FRANK OLYHYK (Cincinnati, OH)                               |
| 18) 417 Double     | RUTH PARKER (Cincinnati, OH)                                |
| 19) 420 Double     | DEBBIE RIGDON & LARRY TUCKER (Ann Arbor, MI)                |
| 20) 411 Double     | ROGER & PAT SIMS (Evanston, IL)                             |
| 21) 413 Single     | DICK & LEAH SMITH (Ann Arbor, MI)                           |
| 22) 402 Single     | SUZI STEFL (Ann Arbor, CANADA) --- Double / SAT             |
| 23) 410 Triple     | MANIA WOJCIWICZ (Toronto, CANADA)                           |
| 24) 401 Double     | MARGARET WOODCOCK, CHARLES OLIVER, TED REYNOLDS             |
| 25) 426 Double     | DAVE & CAROL YODER (Barnville, PA)                          |
| 26) 318 Fri/Double | JOSHUA & LUAN GROSSE (Ann Arbor, MI)                        |
| 27) 320 Sat/Single | LYNN & JOHN HARRIS (Columbus, OH)                           |
| 28) --- Double     | JACKIE CAUSGROVE (Cincinnati, OH)                           |
|                    | RAY THOMPSON (Troy, MI)                                     |

Saturday night, July 20th. only:

- |                |                                     |
|----------------|-------------------------------------|
| 29) --- Double | DON & TANYA CARTER (Cincinnati, OH) |
| 30) --- Double | BARB & GENE MEEHAN (Barberton, OH)  |
| 31) --- Double | MICK HAMMILL (Cincinnati, OH)       |
| 32) --- Single | Peter Heenan                        |
| 33) --- Single | Paul SCHEIBER                       |

Dear Bill:

Really enjoyed your most recent con, the rules weren't too bad but I did seem to pretty well cover the necessary. I did have a lot of fun with the books, and even managed to resist the temptation to wander out into the hall with one despite your presence in the con. Well, the bar was really nice I personally felt it was by the fact that you failed to provide either Calabro or Coors de Cassis so I superstitiously dropped into the suite can once or twice and finally took it but it appears that you attract a pretty good lot of people - some we kept coming along behind me and putting it back.

About that third rule. It seems to me that random will not long tolerate these sorts of parties, being forced in them by the aging Bill/Smokes who have held it in bondage for so long. Face it, what you attract are a number of the world are taking your suit to the wall.

The programming was great. The variety of quality gradually increased in the annals of the con. Some programs, some were of course, more enjoyable than others but it was a very interesting and fun. I did and thank.

See you next year  
Love Ed



Dear Bill,

Really enjoyed your most recent con, the rules were a bit loose but did seem to pretty well cover the necessary. I did have a lot of fun with the books and even managed to resist the temptation to wander out into the hall with one despite your provocation to the contrary. While the bar was really nice I personally felt insulted by the fact that you failed to provide either Calvados or Creme de Cassis so I surreptitiously dipped into the trash can once or twice and quietly trashed it, but it appears that you attract a pretty good class of people--someone kept coming along behind me and putting it back.

About that third rule: It seems to me that fandom will not long tolerate these sorts of restrictions being forced on them by the aging BNF/SHOFs who have held it in bondage for so long. Face it sucker, the fringe fans & Trekkies of the world are taking your sort to the wall--Real Soon Now.

The programming was great. The variation and quality practically unsurpassed in the annals of fandom. Some program items were, of course, more enjoyable than others but there's no accounting for taste (the ginger-flavored one's are my favorite).

I did, and thanx.

See you next year,

Dave Yoder

Over the span of years, I've received a fair number of comments on my various fanzines. Some good, some bad, most interesting (at least to me) they came in a wide variety of forms the majority typed, some scrawled...and more recently in unaesthetic dot matrix. There has been the verbal commentary--over phone and at con; and I was even once shown a T-shirt LoC by Larry Downes. Still...

Sunday afternoon, at Spacecon 7, I took down the copy of "da rules" that had been taped to the mirror over the bar, and instead of throwing it away, placed it in front of Dave Yoder...who was seated at the ~~Scimitar~~ poker game.

"Write me a Loc on the con, Dave," I said...and wandered away.

A short while later...after wandering back...well! Some people are so suggestible! Write me a Loc on this issue, Dave...

A Long Time Ago Rusty Hevelin wandered around the Midwest, wistfully mentioning that he'd found this neat little Holiday Inn located next door to the Neil Armstrong Air & Space Museum (located in some town both unpronounceable & unspellable) that would be perfect for a small con. Eventually, I took the hint...and volunteered both the pre-con slave labor and an appropriate weekend: ~~My Birthday~~ The Tenth Anniversary of the Manned Lunar Landing.

Apart from the first year, which was a 'real' con--GoH, huckster room, banquet...and an attendance of over 120--it has turned into a relaxacon that makes Midwestcon & Octocon look positively over-programmed...with an average turnout of 60-70 each year.

And Rusty was right: If anyone at all has had any problem with the hotel over those seven years, they haven't told me about it. The staff is ever-accomodating, even to the extent of moving someone who had been 'living' on our fourth floor for a month this time...

People tell us they like the con; maybe they're right...a majority have been there at least five or six out of the seven years...

And I generally have fun myself. At least once the hotel bill is paid off.

I think that's the problem: a couple of years ago, in order to get a cut rate & preserve our 'block' we started the procedure of one master bill from the hotel to Rusty and myself...and the attendees paying us (rather than the hotel) for their rooms.

This is a great theory...and most of our patrons try to be accomodating. But...

This year, after Midwestcon, I came to A Decision.

I informed Rusty of it Saturday afternoon at Spacecon, and Sunday evening, after everyone else had left, talked to Jackie Causgrove and Bill Cavin about it.

"It" is this:

There *will* be a Spacecon 8, next year--July 18-20. I hope...

...if enough of you reserve enough rooms through Jackie to make it a go.

Next year...1986...I'm going to go to Midwestcon and not have to hustle rooms. Next year...1986...I'm going to go to Spacecon, pay my money, and find out what all you people have been up to the last seven years.

No...I'm not quitting; just taking a Sabbatical...

(And, if I'm still in the Midwest, I'll be back the following year to resume My Duty.)

In the meantime, Jackie Causgrove has "volunteered" to take over the co-chairmanship.

Thanks, Jackie...I know I'm going to appreciate it!

...and if enough of you clowns don't get it together in time to have the requisite number of rooms for Jackie...

I'll be disappointed.

See you next year, Dave.

~~~~~ Bill Bowers (8/11/85)



# SPACECON 5 - July 22-24-1983

- 1) Bill Bowers
- 2) Rusty Kevelin
- 3) Jackie Casagrande
- 4) Mike Glicksohn
- 5) Sonya Tabakow
- 6) Alan Lynn
- 7) Pat Rogers
- 8) Roger Smith
- 9) Jack D. Zuck
- 10) Peter Lomax
- 11) W. Carlin
- 12) Carol Yoder
- 13) Sandy Reynolds
- 14) Carol Besnick
- 15) Mike Besnick
- 16) Andy Allen
- 17) Stephen Leigh
- 18) Denise Parlay Leigh
- 19) Megan Elizabeth Parlay Leigh
- 20) Larry "Jon" Zuck

# SPACECON 6 (1984)

- 1) Joe Haldeman
- 2) Gay Haldeman
- 3) Dorothy Bedard
- 4) Maria Cowan
- 5) Jan Tardoli
- 6) Sandy Reynolds
- 7) Roger Reynolds
- 8) Billy Reynolds
- 9) Jack D. Zuck
- 10) Jackie Casagrande
- 11) Bob Bedard
- 12) William Carlin
- 13) HE Wojcik
- 14) Mike Glicksohn
- 15) Carol Yoder
- 16) Carol Yoder
- 17) Frank Dyer
- 18) Frank Dyer
- 19) Nancy Tucker
- 20) Larry Tuck

Bobby Reynolds

# SPACECON 7

- 44) Bob F. Parker
- 45) Cat Sims
- 46) John Rogers
- 47) Roger Smith
- 48) Medea Jordan
- 49) Ned Reynolds
- 50) Carol Brown
- 51) Don Langner
- 52) Sarah Langner
- 53) Mick Hamblen
- 54) Don Carter
- 55) Tanya Bate
- 56) John Dool
- 57) Michelle Doran
- 58) Denise Parlay Leigh
- 59) Stephen Leigh
- 60) Roger Smith
- 61) Larry "Jon" Zuck
- 62) Carol Yoder
- 63) Rusty Kevelin

Carol Brown R. L. S.

# SPACECON 7

- 1) Bill Bowers
- 2) Mike Glicksohn
- 3) Bob Bedard
- 4) William Carlin
- 5) Jackie Casagrande
- 6) Maria Cowan
- 7) Jan Tardoli
- 8) Ray Thompson
- 9) Jean Barnard
- 10) Steve Huelson
- 11) Rusty Kevelin
- 12) Roger Reynolds
- 13) Billy Reynolds
- 14) Scott Badley
- 15) Nancy Tucker
- 16) Guy Allen
- 17) Carol Yoder
- 18) David Glen
- 19) Hania Wojcik
- 20) Tanya Bate
- 21) Rusty Kevelin
- 22) Sandy Reynolds
- 23) Bob F. Parker
- 24) John Harris
- 25) Lynn Hanks
- 26) Pat
- 27) Maggie Woodard
- 28) Larry Tucker
- 29) Ned Reynolds
- 30) Charles A. Quirk
- 31) Sid
- 32) Frank Dyer
- 33) Barb Cross
- 34) Susan Cross
- 35) Joshua Gross
- 36) Brad Westerkunt
- 37) Linda Altus
- 38) Wendy Journal
- 39) Frank Johnson
- 40) Guy Jordan
- 41) Sandra Jordan
- 42) Roger Smith
- 43) Paul Dyer





Atom