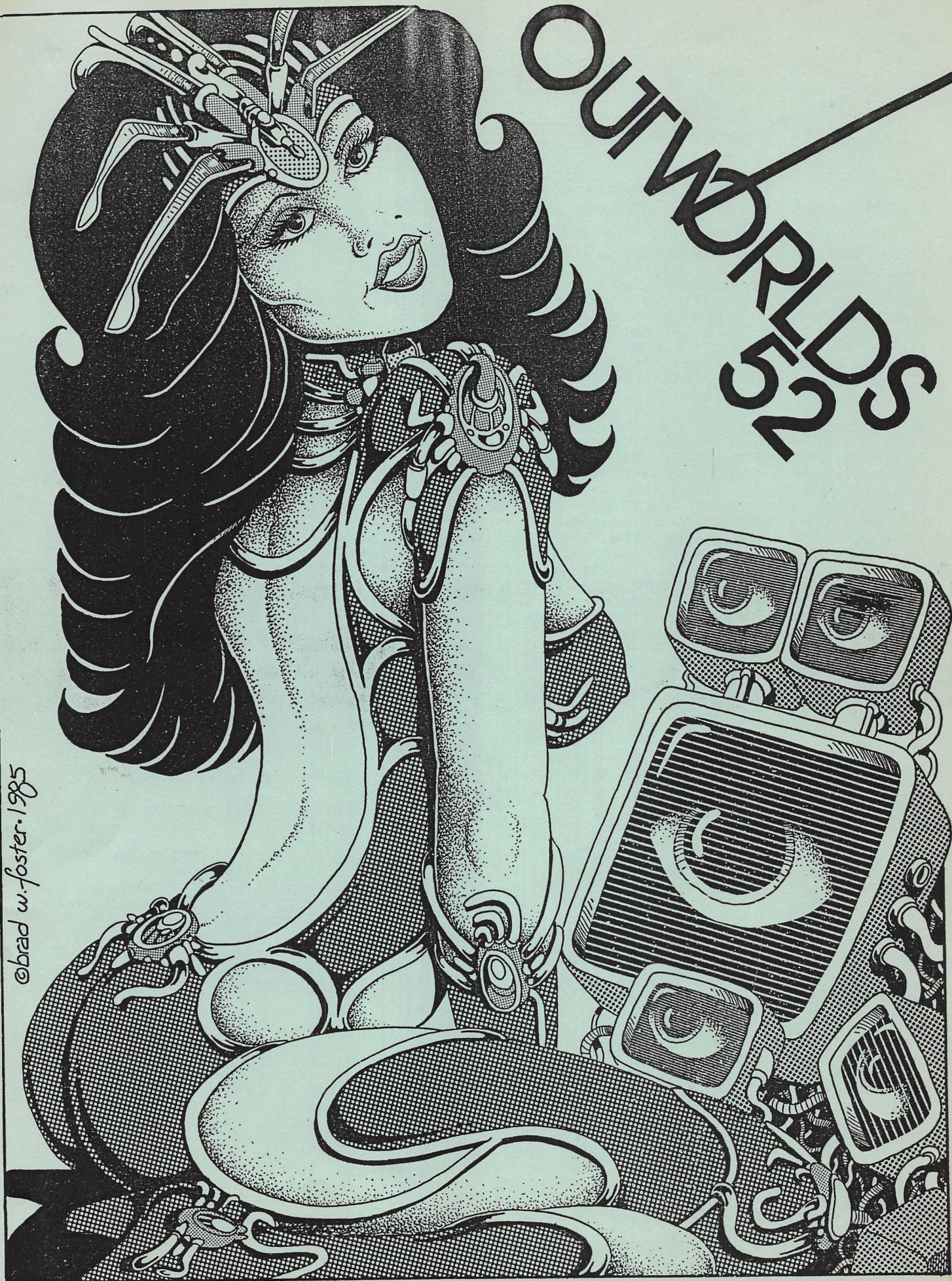
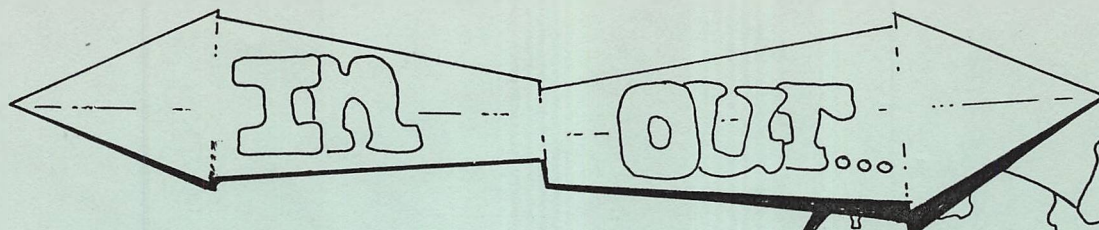


# OUTWORLD'S 25DS

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Sheryl Birkhead

Bill Bowers

1874 Sunset Ave., #56 S Cincinnati OH 45238-3142

It has been said that the fannish calendar begins and ends over the Labor Day weekend, rather than in the dead of Winter. I know that's true for me; I published my first fanzine in September, and attended my first con a year later. And, twenty-five years later, I can still count on the fingers of one hand the number of Labor Days I have spent at 'home'. The last one was in 1977, right after I'd moved to Cincinnati... and was even more broke than I am now, I think.

Ah, well...perhaps I'll publish my 26<sup>th</sup> Anniversary fanzine instead.

It's entirely possible that I was introduced to Terry Carr at Chicon III or the first Discon--but my first conscious memory of meeting Terry was in 1964, at Pacificon II. By then, I had received a *Void* or two, and at least was aware of 'who' Terry Carr was. And, to a lesser extent, he was probably aware of me; I had published my first fanzine three years earlier...had attended my very first convention two Labor Day weekends previously. But I suppose at that time I was primarily 'known' because of *Double Bill*...in particular because of "The Double Bill Symposium", which we'd just finished serializing.

I had survived the two week drive, in Bill Mallardi's Valiant, with Mallardi, Alex Eisenstein, and Durk J. Pearson (yes, the Durk J. Pearson); three dominant personalities there...

I was still very shy then, but eventually, on one of the balconies of the Lemington, I found Terry and Ted White and thrust forth the copy of a book I'd brought along to be autographed. The book was *INVASION FROM 2500*, by Norman Edwards; it was dedicated to "...Terry Carr and Ted White, who made this book possible." It turned out that they had not yet received their authors' copies...hence the inscription.

To Bill Bowers  
for drawing the first  
copy

Norman Edwards

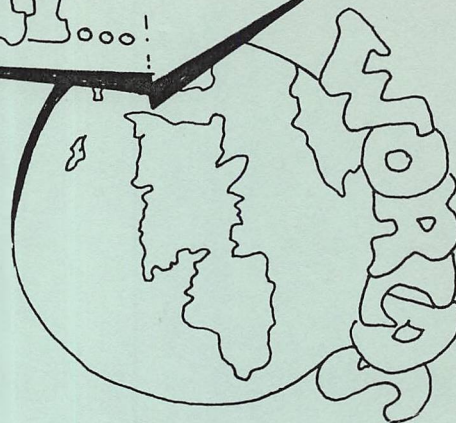
(Terry Carr)

My contacts with Terry over the ensuing years, at least in person, were fleeting and almost exclusively at Worldcons. Still, I continued to send him copies of my various genzines, and occasionally received a welcome letter or an apazine in reply. But it wasn't until the Napa Valley Corflu that I really spent any time with/around Terry.

After LACon 2 I received a letter from Terry saying that he'd left the copy of *DW* I'd given him there in the SFWA suite...and could he please have another. "Jerry Pournelle probably walked off with it...", he added, explaining the absence of the the initial copy.

At Corflu 2, I gave Terry a copy of my then latest issue. But, even though Corflu's have yet to encompass SFWA suites, I had learned my lesson: "Where is your *Outworlds*, Terry?" I asked. Constantly. Soon a fair percentage of the other fans picked up the schtick. "Where is your *Outworlds*, Terry?" they asked. Constantly. In chorus...

Terry took it all with remarkable good grace. But then, I never saw him otherwise...



Cover: Brad W. Foster  
Bacover: Alan Hunter

*Outworlds* is available by Editorial  
Whim; or \$2.50 per issue [5/\$10.00].  
This is My Publication #152. 9/25/87  
{Brad's cover previously appeared  
on *Corpus Colossus* #3}  
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for the Contributors. Thanks all!

.....  
...on a Saturday afternoon in April, in  
the middle of a *Dialog* between two fans,  
the following exchange occurred;

DAVE LOCKE: Well, you know...you mentioned--I forgot the number you used--but you had to put out one more issue of *Outworlds*... And in the back row, where I was sitting, everyone was turning to one another, saying, I don't recall getting that...

The Other Fan: You weren't here last night...

DAVE LOCKE: You published it last night...okay.

The Other Fan: ...I collated; part of it.

The issue referenced was, of course, *Outworlds* 49--and later that day I gave Mr. Dave His Copy...as well as Another Copy to take home... The following afternoon, when he showed up for the Corflu Banquet, Dave handed me a #10 envelope containing the following.....

Jackie Causgrove

Since you gifted me with the results of your labors done with your New Toy--namely *DW* 49 & 48.5<sup>2</sup>--I thought it only proper to reciprocate and bestow upon you the results of my labors with my and Dave's New Toy<sup>3</sup>--namely my very first LoC, to the aforementioned zines. No, no; it's quite all right, I know you'd do the same...wouldn't you?

If not, please leave me with my fantasies.

Naturally I have a Gripe to make; namely with your ignoring of the Valuable Contribution done for this issue by

Yr Hmbl Srvt, I know that Dave credited me within the text of his article (or, as he so charmingly puts it, "arkle") for the hours of sheer drudgery I put into doing the tailored illos for his piece, but I still expected to get credit on the ToC as well (I mean, if Larry Tucker could do it, why couldn't you?). I am *miffed*. Insulted even. Do you realize that I really *drew* those damn illos. Well...I actually *sketched* them, which is, admittedly, not quite the same thing, but there was the required employment of an instrument-that-makes-marks-on-being-set-to-paper that is the Hallmark of true illo-creation. Not to belabor the point, but even the *words themselves*, used in the *very same order* in which I first set them down, were MY words, and I think I really deserve some mention as having done my bit for the Greater Glory and Good of *Outworlds*...even if my work was originally slated for *Uncle Albert's Electric Talking Fanzine*.

Jodie's article is a similar case. (Face it Bowers, you screwed up right and left this ish when it came to Credits...) Eight lines were done by Jodie. Approximately a HUNDRED lines were done by her son, Chris Offutt (I'll bet he'll be Mr. *Christopher* Offutt to you after this gaffe), and nary a mention in the ToC. Gee, if that's all it takes-- write a brief intro to someone else's words and then gain all the Honor (\*coff\*) for doing the article-- then methinks it's time to start rummaging through my files so I can latch onto the credit due folks such as Willis, or Skel, or a plentitude of others. Sounds like an easy route to Fannish Fame to me...

And Chris' words prove that the writing talent in the Offutt family is not restricted to the parents. I chuckled loudly throughout--even read several choice bits to Dave, who'd only had time to skim his copy of this ish. Glad I wasn't anywhere near Haldeman, KY when Andy and Jodie got Chris' missive--I bet them hollers are a-echoing yet! Funny stuff, indeed!

As you know, one of my interests is Fan History; I read THE IMMORTAL STORM years--perhaps a decade--before I knew Fandom existed and found it Fascinating stuff. At first I thought Lowndes' article would be grist for my mill...and then I stumbled across this line: [In reference to Jack Darrow, an early letterhack to various fmz] "*No matter; he never became any kind of professional in science fiction.*" Well! Scarcely ever have we poor humble *lowly* fans been put so firmly in our place. Dismissed are fen such as Morajo, or Tackett, or the infamous Degler. \*Bang\* There goes Willis. \*Boom\* There goes Harris. \*Poof\* There fades Bowers... (almost said Glicksohn, but he's a Published Pro; albeit under a pseudonym). Do we fen actually deserve such short shrift? \*Sigh\*

As I read through the article I think I noted a sort of multi-personality facet; to begin with the lead-off paragraphs seemed to be indicating a fan history article. Not long after the aforementioned quote, the thrust turned to the history of early prozines, and yet later--with the reintroduction of

I spent lesser amounts of time with him at the Falls Church Corflu and the Atlanta Worldcon (does anyone else find it as ironic as I, that I was a Worldcon Fan GoH nearly a decade *before* Terry Carr?) ...and both places I bugged him about coming to "my" Corflu. He said it was unlikely, primarily monetarily. So I wasn't too surprised when he didn't make it; besides, I'd read in *File 770* that he had been sick, but was out of the hospital and recovering.

It was a shock to find out a week after Corflu, from Joel, that Terry had died. I won't presume to the friendship several of you had with Terry, but I liked him... and I felt comfortable around him.

And one other thing: I haven't tried to 'sell' any fiction since 1970. But I've had my priority list for whenever I got back to it (and I will; doesn't every fan believe this of themselves?); After F&SF rejected it, Terry Carr would get it next.

As the years go on, the list of "should haves", "might haves", "could haves" pile up; I'm sorry I never submitted that story to Terry. I'm sorry that, after adding the Dedication to the voiceovers of the video & audio DW50s, I left it off the printed edition.

...and I'm really sorry that I didn't get the following into print sooner.

Terry...I just know that you wouldn't have left this issue in the SFUA suite...

# terry carr clarion fannish

## I.

Writing is something that is in the blood of all fans. They pick it up like a virus from the first science fiction books or magazines they read, and there is no cure for it; for the rest of their lives they undergo periodic outbreaks, and willynilly they produce letters to editors, fanzine articles, science fiction stories, fanzines, novels, or even trilogies when the virus weakens the critical functions of their nervous systems.

They go through their teen years writing stories and often submitting them to sf magazines, from which they get polite form letters of rejection; or else they discover fanzines, which also reject their sf stories but which do sometimes publish their articles about science fiction. And many of these writers, when they read other fanzine articles telling of the doings of fans, recognize in them much the same sort of fantastic fictionalization that has delighted them in science fiction itself; these people are usually soon sitting at their typewriters or word processors telling tales about fans they've met that are either true (and therefore a bit dull) or highly exaggerated (therefore often funny).

Consider Ike Remington, who is sitting before his MacIntosh writing a fanzine article about his best friend's foibles. Every now and then Ike writes a stretcher that even he can't believe, so he calls in his mouse and has it eat whole paragraphs. Ike is feeling particularly imaginative today, so his mouse has been eating a lot and Ike thinks it is beginning to look more like a bigger animal, such as a raccoon. He is thinking that it would be a good idea for

certain authors who write overweight novels to buy computers that use raccoons, or even bears, when he hears his mail carrier pushing today's bundle of advertisements, bills, political endorsements, and maybe one or two real letters through his mail-drop.

Sighing as he glances at the four paragraphs that remain on the screen, although he has written at least ten this morning, Ike turns off his computer and goes to get his mail. And lo! the gods of his chosen microcosm have been kind to him today, for sandwiched between an envelope proclaiming that he may already have won a million dollars and another urging him not to neglect the condition of his car's brakes is a real letter ... a letter from the Clarion Fanwriters' Conference in McLean, Virginia. He tears it open and reads the news that he has been accepted as a student at this year's workshop, pending only the receipt of his tuition for the six-week course.

The instructors, he reads, will be Ted White, Harry Warner, Mike Glicksohn, Eric Mayer, and Bob Tucker, with Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden teaching the final week. The letter asks him to bring his own typewriter and says he should be prepared to write another fanarticle, column, or fannish story during each week of the Conference. Twenty or so of his fellow students in fanwriting will criticize each of his submissions to the workshop, making suggestions for any revisions they fell necessary or desirable, as will the week's instructor(s); at the end of the course, the best pieces will be published in a special fanzine called CLARIFAN 1989. Ike remembers that the last issue of this fanzine was nominated for the Hugo Award, so he is almost as delighted to be given a chance to contribute to the next issue as he is to have the opportunity to study fanwriting under the direction of so many of the current masters.

He immediately goes to his desk and writes the check for his tuition. He does not mind the fact that he will be eating nothing but tuna sandwiches between now and the time the Conference begins; after all, he has been eating tuna sandwiches for the past eight months, saving money in case he should be accepted for Clarion Fannish.

## I I .

There are many different kinds of fans and not all of them discover fanzines or are interested in fanzines. Some never swerve, even temporarily, from their goal of writing science fiction professionally, tempted though they may be by the greater writing freedom offered by fanzines. Some of them may write an occasional fanzine article, but when they do it is about the latest trend in sf writing or an interview with one of the writers whose stories have been published in science fiction magazines.

Maggie Roberson is one of these fans, an ambitious writer whose stories have been characterized by the number of paragraphs she underlined because she believes that is "literary". She has a wonderful imagination--in truth a very strange one--but somehow she has not learned, even from the personal letters she's received from editors, that plot and meaning are more important to a story's success than writing gimmicks can be. She has applied to the Clarion Science Fiction Writers' Conferences for the past two years, but even there she has found only rejection.

See her now as she works heatedly at her ancient Royal Portable; she is writing a story about Earth people meeting a delegation of alien beings whose entire philosophy is based on the assumption that the multistarred universe was created for the purpose of humor. Right now Maggie is writing a scene in which the aliens, between somersaults ending in pratfalls, tell the Earth representatives that they respect our civilization primarily because it produced Robert Benchley and George Armstrong

its supposed subject--back to fan history. Now I realize that Doc's own interests lie in the prozine history, but I do think it rather deceptive of him to lead off this particular piece the way that he did is what he really wanted to emphasize was the SF pulps. As a history (I'm one of those stubborn people who refuse to use 'an' before "history" or "historic", An is supposed to be set before a word leading off with an unspirited or sounded letter, While "hour" and "honest" and "honor" certainly fit that rule, "history" simply does not--no more than "his" or "horse" or "house".) of prozines, and the impact one prozine's campaign had upon the development of fandom, the article was quite good. I simply felt misled by the lead-in.

Your "speech" was decently transcribed (Ha! I know damn well you wrote it down just as it appears here in OW 48.5--or at least close enough for fanwriting purposes), since I could 'hear' you reading it, but you really--honestly and truly--went overboard with the ellipses! Does your finger happen to perch on the 'period' key every time you pause to think, or what? I realize you're used to being teased about this particular affectation, but it's gotten beyond *schtik* and fallen into OBSESSION. Edit yourself a bit more strenuously, huh?

Foop, Wouldn't you know that at the first MidwestCon banquet I've missed in ages Tucker would pitch those wonderous Cure-Alls, Dr. Halley's Comet Pills. First bit of solid *helpful* information he's yet given at one of those tribal gatherings and I just had to have missed it. \*Oh well\* Guess I'm doomed to die from Twonk's disease or one of the other, even ghastlier ailments.

Hoping you are not the same...

[4/4/87 \ 6828 Alpine Ave. #4,  
Cincinnati OH 45236]

<sup>1</sup> Jackie is referring here, of course, to the Copier...and not to my later New Toy...which is the same as their New Toy; see #3, below.

<sup>2</sup> The reason "OW 48.5" appeared under that heading is slightly convoluted, but essentially is this: After the original 2<sup>nd</sup> stencil of the speech had 'done in' "our" Gestetner, I was simply going to retitile it when I got around to retranscribing it. But when it turned out that I would have mimeo equipment for Corflu...it seemed to be not only easier to restencil the second page, but an appropriate last homage to a form of reproduction that has served me well.

<sup>3</sup> Greg & Sandy 'blame' Jackie, Joel 'blames' Frank, Jackie, Dave, and Frank 'blame' me, Josh Grosse has no one to blame but himself, Me? Well, I know that it is all the Fault of One Mr. Walter Willis. [More on this, later in the issue...as well as, perhaps, an explanation of why this is formatted this way.

\*Gee\* Jackie, \*Hang head\* I'll TRY to \*Control\* the ellipses, \*Really\* \*Sigh\*

You did an excellent job of presenting it [*Understandings*], and typos were very few, none consequential except the one I made myself. I enjoyed the entire issue, especially "A Byting Commentary" and Bob Tucker's convention speech, which shows that the famous Tucker humor has not lost its delightful edge.

I waited this long to write, because there was another error in my article, and I wanted to consult Sam Moskowitz for some details about it before writing the correction. Just got together with Sam yesterday.

The typo, at which I'm still amazed because I knew better, yet didn't catch it when I went over my mss, and made corrections, is the reference to the February 1929 issue of *Air Wonder Stories*. There never was any such issue; the date, of course, was February 1930.

The other error was even more embarrassing in a way, I didn't know any better in 1985 when I wrote the article, but I learned better in 1986. At that time I was making the final revisions on my part of THE GERNSBACK ERA, for Mike Ashley (the book has not yet been completed) and corrected it there. But by then, I had entirely forgotten what I'd written in "Hugo Gernsback's Science Fiction League".

You'll find it on page 1623, where I noted that Charles D. Hornig couldn't have had much to do with the November 1933 issue of *Wonder Stories*, because he would not have had enough time to do much except last-minute details. That was on assumption about the publication date of Hornig's first issue of *The Fantasy Fan* on the strength of which Gernsback got in touch with him and invited him in for an interview--and hired him as the new editor of *Wonder Stories*. I had assumed (lacking any better information) that Hornig's September issue was not predated--as all professional science fiction magazines were. My recollection was that fan magazines were not predated. But in 1986 I read an article by Moskowitz wherein he states that he examined the records for a variety of information while he was working for Gernsback on *Science Fiction*; among the things he discovered was that Hornig was hired as editor of *Wonder Stories* on August 4, 1933. Of course, then, Gernsback had seen the first issue of *The Fantasy Fan* a month earlier than I had assumed, and Charlie had had ample time to put together the entire November issue, which went on sale October 1<sup>st</sup>, and had to be closed, printed, and shipping started soon after the middle of September.

What I wanted to check on with Sam was whether Hornig accepted any of the stories published in his first issue. Clearly the bulk of them were in inventory, but might something he accepted himself have gotten in? Sam is sure that such was not the case.

However, there's no doubt that Hornig selected the letters for "The Reader Speaks", and wrote the comments. His personality comes across clearly there. (But he could still have done

Custer. Her typewriter keys keep jamming and she thinks maybe she will substitute for Custer's name that of the man who sold the machine to her, but she realizes that would be an in-group joke like those in the fanzines she's seen and Stanley Schmidt probably would not enjoy it. For a moment she thinks it would be nice if she were to be accepted for this year's Clarion Fanwriters' Conference, to which she applied in a fit of depression the day one of her stories was rejected by *Space & Time*.

During this pause she hears the unmistakable sound of her mail truck stopping outside, and with a flutter of her heart because she sent a manuscript to *Amazing* a month ago she goes out to her mailbox. There she finds a thick envelope that immediately tells her *Amazing* has rejected the story ... but there is also a letter from Clarion Fannish, which she opens and discovers that she has been accepted for this year's course.

Studying the list of instructors, she realizes that most of them have sold sf stories and novels; they are more than just fannish BNFs. What the heck, she thinks, and writes a check for the tuition. She was going to spend this summer writing a novel about gods from outer space who built Stonehenge and the Easter Island statues as pieces in a chess game, but she has enough money saved to pay for the workshop and anyway she has not been able to figure out whether or not the moves for the Egyptian and Mayan pyramids should be the same.

### III.

The Clarion Fanwriters' Conference is held in a former shopping mall where the students are housed in storerooms of abandoned department stores. Workshops and lectures are held in the defunct Spangler's Boutique. There are still posters of the walls advertising the latest creations of five years past, though previous students have added propeller beanies on the models' heads, and on one poster someone has drawn a brass bra copied from an Earl Bergey painting..

At Clarion Conferences of any sort, the students get to know each other quickly. They have to write their pieces for the workshops at night and since several students sleep in each stockroom most of them move their typewriters into the boutique at night. Ike Remington establishes himself there the first evening and begins a long article about trends in the fanzines from Soviet satellite countries--he criticizes most of them for being sercon--but it is not until the third night that Maggie Roberson, who does not feel totally comfortable at this gathering of hopeful fanzine writers, gives up typing on her knees in her stockroom and carries her old Royal to the boutique.

Most of the display cases have already been taken, so she puts her typewriter next to Ike's MacIntosh and busies herself laying out pages of several false starts she's made. Ike, while his mouse is eating a paragraph of criticism of Kropotkin that he should not have written late last night, notices that Maggie's pages are typed double-spaced, which puzzles him.

"Excuse me," he says very politely, "but may I ask why you write everything that way? With spaces between the lines, I mean. It makes it harder for fan-editors to figure out how much space your stuff will fill in their fanzines, so that's one strike against you before they even start reading it."

Maggie sighs, though she realizes that Ike's comment was made in a helpful spirit. "I'm not using a word processor, as you see; this way I have room to write in corrections," she says. "I type my final drafts double-spaced too, in case the editor wants to make changes."

Ike scratches his chin. "But who ever heard of a faneditor changing your material? Either they reject it or publish it exactly the way it is. Except single-

spaced, of course." He frowns uncertainly. "Say, you're not an apaback, are you? I mean, if you publish your stuff double-spaced the OE won't count your pages the way you do, he'll divide 'em in half."

"I thought they counted the words," says Maggie. "You know--250 a page or whatever."

"In fanzines? No, that's just what they do in--hey, are you sure you're at the right Clarion workshop?"

So Maggie tells him she really wants to become a science fiction writer but Clarion Pro kept turning her down and she decided to come here hoping for some good advice from the professionals among the instructors. Besides, writing is writing, isn't it? Most of the techniques for fanzine writing ought to apply to writing for the professional magazines too.

Ike says, "Well, sure, a lot of them do. But for instance Ted White is teaching us how to write locs--uh, letters of comment--and the pro magazines don't pay for letters, you know."

Maggie grins. "I've noticed that a lot of the stories in *Analog* are told in the form of letters--pretty corny ones, too. They wouldn't have been published in any of the fanzines I've seen."

Ike likes the way she smiled. In fact, he thinks she is very pretty even when she is not smiling. So he keeps the conversation going, telling her everything he can think of about the differences between fan and pro writing. The truth is that he has not read any science fiction since Philip K. Dick died, but he does not mention that; he just keeps talking, and Maggie is so happy about finding someone here with whom she can discuss her real writing that the conversation goes on long into the night. By the time they finally decide to quit and get some sleep, Ike and Maggie have become close friends.

#### IV.

So it goes for the next several weeks. Ike finishes his article about Soviet-bloc fanzines, spicing it up by considering the Soviet fans as aliens with a lack of fannish psi power in their beanies (which was Maggie's suggestion), and it gets a good response from Harry Warner and the class. Maggie writes a fannish story, with some suggestions from Ike, about a secret race on Earth that believes the world was created for the sake of humor, which is where fans came from, especially Claude Degler; the class thinks it is funny but Mike Glicksohn says she shouldn't have underlined so many paragraphs because there still aren't enough faneditors with the equipment to make them into italics.

Ike makes a new start on the article about his best friend, but this time he makes him an immortal and titles it "*The Wandering Klutz*"; he tells anecdotes about the silly things he has seen his friend do and follows each with a brief tale about how his friend did the same thing during a critical point in history and caused the Trojan War, the destruction of the Library at Alexandria, and so forth.

Maggie begins a new fannish story that supposes Ghu, Foofoo, Roscoe, and all the other fannish ghods are clones of the gods in Nordic lore, and that Final Fandom is coming soon and when it does it will be known as Ragnarok. She and Ike discuss their pieces every night, and somehow while they are talking they tell each other the stories of their lives, and all the mortifying things that have happened to them, and their deepest wishes and dreams. This is not unusual at Clarion Conferences; what is unusual is they have both gone through the same sorts of experiences and their hopes for the future are so similar (although Ike still wants to become a BNF and Maggie wants to become the new C. J. Cherryh). They are soulmates, they discover, and by the time Bob Tucker is teaching the class they have become bedmates too. They are in love.

that much had he been hired early in September.)

[4/30/87 \ 717 Willow Avenue,  
Hoboken NJ 07030]

Harry Warner, Jr.

For a while I was afraid you had become another victim of The Incredible Shrinking Fanzine Fandom. So it was a major relief to find a new issue of *Outworlds* in the mailbox. Better yet, the five fans who don't attend conventions, myself included, will find only minor difficulty understanding cryptic references in this latest issue.

Doc Lowndes' long account of the Science Fiction League is the last thing I would have expected to find in *Outworlds*. It's a wonderfully detailed and totally accurate, as far as I can determine, article and I hope younger fans will appreciate it as much as I do. To the best of my knowledge, this is the first long, comprehensive history of the SFL ever published anywhere, which is surprising when you consider how many less important facets of the early prozines and early fandom have been treated comprehensively.

There's even a possibility that the article solves a personal mystery that has long baffled me. Why didn't I join the Science Fiction League? I've tried for years and years to figure out why I didn't. In 1934 I was enormously excited and enthusiastic about science fiction, which I had just discovered in mid-1933 (except for some half-hearted efforts to read Verne fiction earlier) and in theory I should have signed up as a member as soon as the SFL was first announced. I didn't and now I wonder if Doc's reference to filling out a form printed on a page of *Wonder Stories* caused my inaction. The prozines were sacred to me and I would no more have torn out a page of *Wonder Stories* to send in an application than I would have blown my nose on the first chapter of Genesis while attending Sunday school. Doc points out that it was also possible to join by sending in a self-addressed stamped envelope instead of mutilating *Wonder Stories* but I might have overlooked that alternative.

I do remember reading every word of the Science Fiction League pages each issue and I still retain the memory of a few items, like Ackerman's response to a test question about the identity of the most prominent fan: "Remember my modesty!", and the fact that he received a correct marking for his answer to that question. Just think, if I had joined the SFL I would have become an active fan two years earlier than my later debut in fandom via a loc in *Astounding*, and I certainly would not have experienced in later years the vice of envy. One of the very few things I have ever envied another fan is the SFL button, which was a beautiful thing, something I would dearly love to have acquired.

Incidentally, if you ever want to fill up a few pages of *Outworlds*, ask Doc to provide you with a photocopy of one of those SFL tests. I think the questions would amaze and amuse a lot of today's younger generation of fans.

Chris Offutt restores my faith in the younger generation. I hope that this is the start of an overwhelming counter-revolution in fandom which will put computers in their place (in the corner of the garage that contains the CB equipment, the hula hoops and a copy of DHALGREN). But I know a lot of fans still believe in computers. Chris mentions this K business, and I don't doubt that someday "K-K-K-Katy" will be identified as the first popular song written by a computer. (If you don't remember it, and I'm sure you're too young to do so, it was a stuttering song. The lyrics when divested of the stuttering on initial consonants had this picturesque beginning: "Katy, beautiful Katy, you're the only one that I adore. Whenever the moon shines over the cowshed, I'll be waiting for you by the stable door.")

I enjoyed "Fanac of the Future" but I must become a wet blanket and point out that audiotape fanzines were appearing at least a dozen years before the first issue of *Uncle Albert's Electric Talking Fanzine*. I believe there were several tapezines that produced at least one issue but the one I remember best was done by Japanese fandom, a quite elaborate combination of talking and music. I think I still have a copy of it somewhere. Larry Tucker might be the first to publish a cassette fanzine, however, because the others I remember were done on open reel tape, which was much easier to use for talking fanzines because of the greater ease of editing.

For that matter, someone ought to persuade Bob Tucker to revive *Le Zombie* as a cassette fanzine. It would be wonderful to be able to hear him recite things like the paen to Dr. Halley's Comet Pills.

If you used that new Canon personal copier to produce most of this issue (the front cover looks mimeographed to me) you might have influenced my future. I've been thinking about acquiring something of the sort for apa use. No decision yet, but it would be ideal for the apas with comparatively small memberships, like SAPS where I'm a member and SFPA where I hope to become a member some time around the turn of the century. *Outworlds'* reproduction is splendid.

[4/20/87 \ 423 Summit Avenue,  
Hagerstown MD 21740]

...I'm not sure, but I suspect that I've just been totally insulted by Harry Warner, Jr.: "...the last thing I would have expected to find in *Outworlds'*, indeed! Does this mean I'm going to have to reinstate a former subtitle, 'The Eclectic Fanzine'...? (If, however, Harry, you weren't referring to the subject matter, but rather the length and depth of Doc's article -- well, I too stand in awe of the commitment Doc puts into his fan writings; but I will reiterate that my 'format' here has no maximum length limits, if I find the piece interesting, [Doc had provided 'breaks' to split the SFL piece into thirds; but I detest serializations in irregularly published fanzines almost as much as some people seem to be less than fond of computers.])

## V.

When Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden arrive to teach the final week of the Conference, it is not difficult for them to realize this, for Maggie and Ike are always together, holding hands or, during the less interesting portions of the workshops, exchanging not very secret smiles and playing with the buttons on each other's clothes. The Nielsen Haydens do not say anything about this, but it does help Teresa to stay awake.

By now Ike has lent Maggie copies of some of the best recent fanzines, and she has gotten him so curious about the current sf magazines that he has gone to a newsstand and bought the most recent issues of *Fantasy and Science Fiction* and *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*. Maggie thinks the articles in the fanzines are better than Stanley Schmidt's editorials; Ike is impressed by most of the science fiction stories because they are as literate as the writings of Joseph Nicholas but the sentences are shorter. Both of these reactions have caused Maggie and Ike to fall even more in love with each other.

The night before the final day of the Clarion Fanwriters' Conference, they stay up writing until 3:00 a.m. Maggie manages to finish the story she began last night about fandom after a plague that caused everyone to sleep for a month at a time and be awake for only a week between; she has figured out how someone could publish a monthly fanzine in those circumstances (her experience at the workshop helped). Ike writes one about a fan who made a deal with the Devil that sent him into space in a faster-than-light starship, thus making him immortal to creatures back on Earth. Naturally they are both exhausted, but they are looking forward to the final day of the Conference, when the final choices for CLARIFAN 1989 will be announced.

"I think your critique of Soviet-bloc fanzines will be chosen for it," Maggie says. "It's better than anything Darrell Schweitzer's written--better than most of the 'Viewpoint' articles in *Asimov's*, too."

Ike wraps his arms around her. "Personally, I think they'll have to include the plague story you finished tonight--it's really ingenious. I loved that bit where the fans put out their zines on dormiphone recordings so everyone can get their fanzine reading done during the months they're asleep." He pauses. "I kind of wondered, though: how do they manage to read any science fiction?"

Maggie smiles the way he loves so much. "Oh, fans don't read science fiction anyway; you know that."

And it occurs to Ike how ironic it is that during the six weeks at Clarion Fannish he has begun to read science fiction again.

## VI.

The workshop on the final day is loose and fun-filled as the students and the Nielsen Haydens comment on pieces that were written even more quickly than usual in order to get them into this final session. (Commenting on someone's very short article, Ike says, "Two hundred and fifty words--that's not too many.") The manuscripts by Ike and Maggie get mixed comments, but mostly they are well received. When the workshop is over, the Nielsen Haydens ask everyone to stick around while they confer outside about the contents page for CLARIFAN 1989.

So the students stay in their folding chairs, most of them talking nervously. Maggie and Ike are holding hands as usual, and they notice that there are several other couples doing the same. Do that many people fall in love at Clarion Conferences, they wonder, or is it just that nervousness has brought a lot of them together today?

The Nielsen Haydens return and Patrick reads out the list of pieces he and Teresa have chosen as the best after going over the notes left by the previous

instructors, reading their recommendations and the manuscripts written this week. There are few surprises--all the articles and stories on the final list got very good comments when they were critiqued during the workshops--but Maggie and Ike are each surprised.

The piece by Maggie that will be in *CLARIFAN* 1989 is not her plague story, but the one about fannish ghods and Ragnarok. "That's on the condition," says Teresa, "that you take out all the underlining. That sort of thing makes me snort coffee up my nose." Maggie happily agrees to remove the underlining--she has noticed during the past six weeks that only the poorest writers in the class use such gimmicks. She looks at Ike with a grin as Patrick announces the rest of the contents page.

She is so happy she has finally had a story accepted for publication that she almost does not notice when Patrick finishes and Ike looks crestfallen. Then she realizes that not a single piece by him was chosen. For a moment she cannot believe it--Ike is so wonderful, and he knows so much about fandom!--but his expression tells her unmistakably that it is true.

"Oh my poor love," she says. She hugs him and he holds her tight, but then he pulls away and she sees that he is almost smiling.

"Well, everybody told me the course was dangerous when I signed up for it," he says. "I've learned a lot of things I couldn't have expected... and I found you. You're the most important thing of all. I'm okay."

That night there is a big party, and everyone is dancing to the tapes that Ted White brought for the occasion. The dancing is a bit ragged, because everyone is very tired, but there is a lot of laughter and camaraderie; students who were bitterly contentious in their workshop comments end up hugging and promising never to review each other's fanzines.

As the party is finally drawing to a close, Ike and Maggie turn off the music and clap for attention. The room quiets, and Ike says, "Sorry to interrupt, but we have an announcement to make."

Maggie says, "We're going to get married next month. And you're all invited."

And so the party and the Clarion Fanwriters' Conference end amid warm applause.

## VII.

Writing is something that is in the blood of all fans, so even though Ike and Maggie's lives are very different now that they are married--both of them are working overtime as much as they can so that they can furnish their new apartment just as they want it--they still spend time almost every evening at the Royal and the MacIntosh.

Of course, there are different kinds of writers. Maggie has submitted the manuscripts she wrote at Clarion Fannish to various fanzines and they have all been accepted; faneditors love her strange sense of humor and always ask for more. Ted White has told her she is a shoo-in to be voted Best New Fan in next year's *Pong* poll.

Ike has sent "*The Wandering Klutz*" to *Omni* and received an immediate acceptance. His check for \$2,000 has already helped their apartment a lot, and Ike is now revising his story about the man (he is not a fan in this version) who foiled the Devil in a faster-than-light starship.

But Maggie still wants to write her novel about gods from space who built Stonehenge and the statues on Easter Island as pieces for a chess game. She has decided to leave the pyramids out of it; the Sphinx looks more like a chess piece anyway, and its move will be to pounce three spaces forward and flatten any piece there.

---Terry Carr [1986]

While you probably wouldn't require quite as fancy a version as I have (the PC-25), you're right, the desktop Canon copiers would be ideal for a small circulation apazine. The process is amazingly clean in comparison to mimeo; at least in comparison to my mimeo technique! They are not, as I've found out, either the speediest or most economical method of producing even a small genzine, however.

It also does not handle quite the area of solids that I might have wished for; the cover was indeed done on the copier, ...but it is nice to know within a minute how a finished page will look; tradeoffs 101.

Buck Coulson

I loved Chris Offutt's letter in *OW49*. Exactly the things I've thought but never formulated, and one of the funniest things I've read in a long time. If Chris should decide to turn to pro writing, Andy'd better look to his laurels.

A note on Lowndes' article; we have not all forgotten P. Schuyler Miller's fiction. I did his bio for the forthcoming Viking/Penguin encyclopedia, and noted that his story "*As Never Was*" was voted one of the best stories of all time in a 1967 fanzine poll. (Since *Yandro* was the fanzine, I had more cause to remember the incident than most people.) The League article was interesting, since the events came long before I'd ever heard of science fiction. I've never seen most of the magazines or stories described, either, except for those like Doc Smith's that got reprinted. "*Exile of the Skies*" was reprinted in the Summer 1950 *Fantastic Story Quarterly*, and as I recall I enjoyed it.

[undated \ 2677W-500N.  
Hartford City IN 47348]

John A. Cortis

...didn't really expect to see another copy of your zine--my interest in fanzines seems to wax and wane randomly and my interest in hauling out the typewriter is a constant zero. I hate typing. My handwriting is illegible. Therefore if I wish to be coherent (I try, I do try) I'm faced with a truly terrible experience. Indescribable frustration lies in wait for me inside a typewriter case. I can see the putrescent green glow leaking out of the thing when the lights are dim. Ghastly. For you see, no matter how hard I try, no matter how intense my concentration, there is no way to avoid TYPOS. And I can't spell worth a damn either.

It's almost enough to make me buy the thingie which will make my printer listen to my computer. You see, I am not comfortable unless my words have been processed. Putting the pages in the Cuisinart just isn't the same. My computer watches over me, allows me to correct typos before they are engraved in stone; all the Cuisinart does is chop the paper up into hamster-friendly bits. All the typewriter does is raise my blood pressure.

Anyway, the reproduction looks great,  
and I especially liked the art on p1616.  
[4/20/87 \ 1355 Ave de Cortez,  
Pacific Palisades CA 90272]

Ian Covell

I'm already dismayed by the possible change in fanzines of the future -- I am not only computer-illiterate (ignore my degree in math; I was younger) but don't possess a video...and anyway, aren't our systems incompatible, the US and the UK? I suppose that's why I'm suspicious of electr(onic) dissemination--it's not *universal* in the way paper prose is, and will lead to a diminution. (Besides, I wonder how many video tapes will be sent on spec to neos appearing for the first time in the locolumns...?)

In some ways, I think I echo Jodie-and-Andy-Offutt'spring, Chris--who, while perhaps hinting he may one day get into it, also seems to say that mechanical reproduction leads to a certain sameness of tone. I could be wrong, but only because I usually am.

Then we come to Lowndes, and all I can say is; keep on, keep on, Marvellous stuff, detailed, full of anecdote and observation. I could wish for even more detail (like asking *why* Wollheim and adherents were trying to undermine the League!) but as is, this is surely required reading for those who want to read the history of sfandom. If Lowndes hasn't already written or contributed to a history of sf, might I suggest he gets these columns collected into a continuous narrative and begins plans for a reprint in full complete form? I think I've heard of the League but not in a way that suggests how widespread and influential it was -- its tenets make sense, its intent is clear and helpful, it wasn't dogmatic but it was honest, and so on. Very sad to note how many of the 'acclaimed' writers of the time have *not* diminished so much as vanished; even people like David H. Keller, whose work I've read but don't recall, is not what you'd call an integral part of most sf histories. At least not those I've read. What *is* fascinating is Lowndes' incredible detail on their personal backgrounds--how on Earth does he remember so much, or is it 'just' marvelous files kept for 50 years? In either case, they make this column great. (I suspect Lowndes' magazine file is rather full, am I right?)

Until I saw that cartoon on page 1630 I'd never quite understood the fear and loathing Foyle had on his tattooing--it really would be disturbing to wake up knowing this wouldn't come off! 'Most scientific.'

I wish I'd known about Bob Tucker's Halley's Comet Pills when I contracted a cold a few years ago; I coughed rather oddly, since it came out 'ká/houtek' for some reason. Then my whole (black whole) body came out in pulsars... I could tell I was in trouble... luckily my asteroid didn't. Hey, funny how astronomical terms all sound suggestive, isn't it?  
[6/4/87 \ 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP, ENGLAND]

Bill Rotsler



K.C.

MEMORIES

George R.R. Martin

...delivered at  
Conquest; May, 1985

The first time I ever set foot in Kansas City was almost thirteen years ago, in June of 1972. Howard Waldrop was to blame, but then, Howard Waldrop is always to blame.

Howard and I had been corresponding since 1963, when we were both high school kids and small frogs in the small pond of comics fandom, but we had never met in all those nine years. Howard lived in Texas, then as now, and I lived in Chicago. Kansas City was about halfway in between, so one day Howard suggested that we should both attend this thing they were calling MidAmericaCon. Years later, with the benefit of hindsight, certain fans with long memories would look back and call that primeval KC get-together "Little MAC", but in 1972 it wasn't called that. The committee that put it on called it "Big MAC". Little did they know. Howard called it "that con in Kansas City". I mostly called it "impossible to get to."

It was, after all, 1972. A man named Nixon and a man named McGovern were campaigning for president (the wrong one won). Kids were dying in Vietnam and other kids were marching in the streets. AM radio was still worth listening to. In SF, they were arguing about the New Wave. *Locus* was mimeographed. John W. Campbell had been dead less than a year. **THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS** was scheduled for Christmas release as a two-volume boxed set; Harlan had told me so personally. And me, I'd had a story in *Galaxy* and a second in *Fantastic*, and my first sale to *Analog*--an article about computer chess--would be out in the August issue. The summer of 1971 had been a crucial and prolific time for me, and *Analog* had other stories of mine in inventory, stories titled "The Second Kind of Loneliness" and "With Morning Comes Mistfall", but nobody but Ben Bova knew about them yet--or about me. I was the rankest and rawest of neopros.

I was also poor. I was a conscientious objector, doing my alternative service as a VISTA Volunteer attached to Cook County Legal Assistance Foundation in Chicago, fighting poverty and injustice. My fellow VISTAs all envied me; with the money I made from my short story sales--almost \$300 in 1971 alone--I was the best-heeled among them. That and five roommates, enabled me to pay the rent on a large cockroach-infested apartment in Chicago's Uptown slum.

I had no car. In fact, I didn't even drive. How was I supposed to get to Kansas City? How was I supposed to survive when I got there? I couldn't afford a room.

Howard had answers to all these difficulties. I could take the train to Kansas City, he pointed out. Well, that was true. Howard was driving up, of course, riding with his good friend and collaborator Buddy Saunders and some other Texas fans. He'd promised to help Buddy at his huckster's table. Buddy wasn't just a poor struggling writer like Howard and me. Buddy was a huckster. It went without saying that Buddy was rich, Buddy could afford a room. I had no place to stay? No problem, Howard told me--I could stay in Buddy's Room.

Thus it came to pass that I packed my suitcase, took it to work, did my VISTAing till five o'clock, and then lugged my suitcase all the way across the Loop to Union Station, where I caught the late train for KC. Not knowing anyone in Kansas City, or where I was, or what kinds of public transit were available, I had to blow half my money for the weekend on a cab ride from the train station to the con hotel. It was quite late when I arrived; registration was closed, the beer bust was over, and not many people seemed to be around. I went up to Buddy Saunders' room and knocked. "Are you Buddy?" I asked the sleepy, shirtless kid standing there. He denied it. "Are you Howard?" I asked. He denied it vigorously. "I'm George Martin," I said. He'd never heard of me. "I'm supposed to stay here," I said. He didn't know about that. "Where's Buddy?" I asked. Asleep, and not to be woken. "Where's Howard?" Oh, out somewhere, who knows? The kid closed the door. Me and my suitcase wandered back down to the con level, where a few dregs were still up looking for a party.

Fortunately, one of those dregs was Howard Waldrop. We recognized each other at once, which was odd, because he didn't look anything like the way I'd imagined him. A historic moment. His first words to me were, "George?" My first words to him were, "I thought I was supposed to be staying in Buddy's room, damn it!"

Actually, I did wind up sleeping in Buddy's room, but it wasn't quite as I imagined. I was young and naive, you must recall; when Howard offered me a place to sleep, silly person that I was, I assumed he meant a bed. I visualized Buddy's room as a double, with an extra rollaway. Buddy would have one bed, of course, and I would the other. Howard, being the one who'd coaxed me down and all, would selflessly settle for the cot.

I wasn't that wrong. After we'd talked for a couple of hours, Howard finally took me and my suitcase upstairs. He had to knock to get admitted to Buddy's Room, and the fellow who opened the door for him wasn't the same one who'd confronted me earlier. That was when I began to realize that things were seriously amiss. Buddy's Room was a double, just as I'd surmised. Buddy was asleep in one bed. Three fans I'd never seen were crowded into the second. There was no rollaway. There was a fan asleep on the floor between Buddy's bed and the wall. There was a fan asleep on the floor between the two beds. There was a fan asleep in the bathtub. There was a fan asleep at the foot of the bed. There was a fan asleep in front of the closet. There was a fan asleep in the closet.

Now, to walk into your hotel room at a con and find it filled to overflowing with young barely adolescent fans in various states of undress, that would be surprising for anyone, at any time, but I concede that it could perhaps be considered a delightful surprise if the scantily-dressed young adolescent fans were (a) female, (b) attractive, and (c) awake. Unfortunately, Howard had taken no more cognizance of my sexual fantasies than of my comfort, and this particular group of fans were unanimously male, unanimously asleep, and--worst of all--entirely Texan. They hadn't even left floor space for me. There was a little vacant area over by the window. "Aha," said Howard, moving quickly, "this is my space."

Well, there are machines 'wired' to handle European & US 'standards'; but they are Rather Expensive. It's not going to happen tomorrow, but I expect that someday 'electronic' fanatic will be a little more accessible than you imagine; for instance, this word processor (including monitor & printer all-in-one-box for less than I paid for a typewriter two years ago) is British developed, made in Korea, with ribbons & discs from Japan and Spain, and (was) sold in the US by a mass marketer, rather than an 'electronics' specialist. It's no more impossible than the progression from quill pen & ink to the basic strike-on fabric ribbon typewriter... and is happening economically at an ever-accelerating reduction in price; if you are willing to settle for being one or two generations (read: 6 months to a year) behind...

(And, while it admittedly was a special case (all those photos necessitated using almost twice as many copier cartridges), by using low-quality tapes bought-in-bulk, I could have, in retrospect, distributed video copies of DW50 for within a dollar of what it cost me to 'print' and mail each copy of the printed version.)

From time to time I have delusions of publishing 'collections' from my past fanzines -- including "Understandings" -- but this is nothing I've talked to Doc about...and nothing that can happen real soon; I've made rather incredible progress since moving, but I still have 14 bedrooms plus a storage locker to sort out (just in case you thought Dave Locke was exaggerating in DW51) -- and that comes first...

But if you are interested in more by Doc Lowndes, keep an eye out for the Ashley book he mentions in his LoC. As a footnote to that letter, he also mentioned: "Right now I'm much involved in working on a book for Gernsback Pubs, dealing with Hugo Gernsback's publishing career with chief accent on the prophecies of future technology that he ran in his magazines." Also, though it might be hard to find (my copy is #205 of 500), there's a small book: THREE FACES OF SCIENCE FICTION, by Robert A. W. Lowndes [NESFA Press; 1973]... (Is there anything else I'm not aware of, Doc?)

By the way, Ian, I wanted to thank you for 'doing' J. T. McIntosh; Memoir & Bibliography. Not only because I've enjoyed most of 'his' work (BORN LEADER is one of my favorite novels)... but because, in the process I've discovered the other Drumm Booklets; I'm not the world's most enthusiastic Lafferty fan, but I've acquired the Leigh Brackett, Algis Budrys, James Gunn 'booklets', and the Richard Wilson Checklist...and will be getting more...

[Unsolicited Plug: If anyone else is interested in some very reasonably priced booklets, write: Chris Drumm, POBox 445, Polk City IA 50226 ...and ask for a copy of his catalog.]

Richard Brandt

Ya know, who'd have thought ten years or so ago, when I was a half-baked neo mailing half-assed locs off everywhere

(entirely too many of which saw print), that I'd be a contributor to the 50<sup>th</sup> QW? Or that Bill Bowers would be slandering my dietary habits? Regardless, I'd like to say thanks, again, for all your hospitality.

I still like the Glycer footnote best of Dave Locke's arkle in OW49. As someone who puts out a fanzine using an old Olympia typer donated by the Associated Press, I can relate to Jodie's kid, too. I just finished doing the program book for El Paso's upcoming con, which meant a lot of cutting and pasting; now one of our club members has a GEOS package for his Apple, so I guess I'm with the dinosaurs now.

Fanhistor is one of my fave raves, but most modern fanhistorians probably look to later areas for their interests than the primordial area Lowndes discusses this issue. It's chastening to picture Uncle Hugo as our spiritual father... Of course, for me the article is redeemed by the chance to see quotes of embarrassing letters in old prozines. Lowndes is a national treasure.

Bob Tucker, relying on his years of experience, has arrayed a litany of every form of fannish madness imaginable. As someone serving on a concom, I can relate. I'm sure you can, too.

And, on page 1627, you have one of my favorite Rotslers. Eminently quotable; the only other cartoon so blessed was one I remember fondly, even if I can never turn up which zine of mine it's in; I think the artist may have been Randy Mohr, but I'm not sure. "Eat photons, Terran scum!", it went. Now I have a companion piece...

[undated \ 4740 N. Mesa #111,  
El Paso TX 79912]

*...you're welcome anytime, Richard, [And I enjoyed your Corflu trip report in Light in the Bushel 5; thanks for not using all the quotes you jotted down in that little notebook! (Great cartoon on page 8, too... though it seems vaguely familiar; do I know the artist?)]*

Walt Willis

The best thing, I thought, was Chris Offutt's letter to his hitech parents. It had wit and charm; and also some valid points, like the more intimate relationship between a writer and his typewriter. I vividly remember my very first typer, a Standard Oliver Visible Writer, which had great hoops on either side from which keys swooped down like avenging angels on the unsuspecting paper. James White and I carried it home suspended on a broom handle from the friend's garage where we had excavated it, and plunged it overnight into a bath of kerosene. That worked fine except that for months afterwards everything we wrote was covered with oily spots. But show me the word processor you can do that to.

Another things wps lack is things you can oil and clean and generally fuss about with to put off the realisation that you have nothing to say.

[5/21/87 \ 32 Warren Road,  
Donaghadee, N. IRELAND BT21 OPD]

I finally did squeeze in. I found that if I stuck my head under the desk, and let my legs stick out across the entrance to the bathroom, I had enough room to stretch out. All the pillows and blankets and sheets had, of course, been claimed during the Pleistocene, and the air conditioner had been turned up to its "Arctic Blizzard" setting, but I made do. I used my boots for a pillow and my old white cotton bush jacket for a covering, and I actually slept some. I only got stepped on three or four times and bumped my head on the desk once. I'll admit to having some trepidations about the feeding frenzy I anticipated the next morning when everybody headed for the bathroom. I needn't have worried. Fortunately, they were all Texans, and I had the shower to myself.

That was my introduction to Kansas City, to Howard Waldrop, and to Texas fandom. You may find this hard to credit, but I remain fond of all three.

My first Kansas City memory was far from my last. I remember other things about Little MAC. Spending hours in the huckster room, talking with Howard--Buddy had chained him to the table until he'd sold enough funny books for his share of the gas. Broom Hilda in the art show. Room parties. The Playboy Club on top of the hotel. We all went up there Saturday night, to drink and leer at the Bunnies, but Buddy the filthy huckster was so wealthy he could stay for more than one beer. Howard and I got talking story instead, left the Bunnies early, snuck downstairs to Buddy's Room, took out Howard's typewriter, and began a collaboration that ultimately became "Men of Greywater Station". Eventually we sold it to Ted White for a penny a word. We should have stayed with the Bunnies.

I remember the banquet--food so inedible that I still say it was the worst I've had in some fourteen years of convention-going--with Jim Gunn reading from **ALTERNATE WORLDS** and Phil Farmer reading a story called "After King Kong Fell"--hey, how come nobody made *them* write speeches? And the masquerade, oh the masquerade--Howard came as a Droog, all bundled up in a green flannel blanket (that was the title of the hilarious con report he finally wrote, "Droog in a Green Flannel Blanket") so no one could get a peek at him until the unveiling. And when he did unveil--stunned silence. The problem was, **Clockwork Orange** had opened in Dallas, but not in Kansas City, and none of the KC fans knew what the fuck the clown in the white suit and combat boots was supposed to be. They gave the prize to a vampire.

But most of all I remember the people I met: Howard, Jim Gunn, Phil Farmer, Jim Loehr, David Anthony Kraft, George and Lana Proctor, Steve Utley, Buddy Saunders, and--especially--the con chairman, a portly chubby-cheeked fellow who looked and dressed a little like the Big Boy in front of all those restaurants. Good thing nobody ever put *him* to a vote. He was always an innovator, this chairman, anticipating fannish trends. At Little MAC, he'd anticipated Constellation's budgetary innovations. He'd planned for a thousand fans, and nine showed up. On Friday he kept saying, "The crowds will be here on Saturday." On Saturday, he started with, "Tonight, they'll come tonight." That night, he was hoping they'd get some Saturday registrations. And by Sunday he's planning for his worldcon. This was the first time I ever met Ken Keller.

I had fun at Little MAC. I spent all my money too. I was so broke when the con was over that I had to walk back to the train station on Sunday, since a taxi was no longer in the realm of financial possibility.

But you'll have noted that I came back.

By now I have a million Kansas City memories, more stories than I could tell in a dozen speeches, more cons and more parties than I care to contemplate. I remember Harlan at BYOBcon 1975, and the

standing ovation they gave him when he announced that **THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS** would be out for Christmas in a three-volume boxed set. I remember the dead-dog party in the Cincinnati suite, and the legendary game of Strip Hangman. Ro Lutz-Nagey was down to his briefs when he suddenly remembered a pressing engagement elsewhere. Mike Glicksohn turned out to favor baby-blue bikini briefs with a white racing stripe down the side. My ex-wife liked them so much better than my white jockey shorts that she promptly went home and dyed all my underwear. Jack Chalker was the only one who wasn't naked when the evening was over. And of course I remember Big MAC. The Muhlebach and the Pioneer Grill. Tom Reamy in his powder blue tux winning his Campbell Award. The Hugos I lost, and the first-ever Hugo Loser's Party, in my room, right off the pool. Larry Niven had broken his Hugo twelve seconds after they gave handed it to him, and Ken made him come to the Loser's Party for his replacement.

I could go on and on, but there are too many memories, too little time. Things have changed in the last thirteen years, of course. I have a lot more stories and books in print and more on the way, and so does Howard Waldrop. My hair is shorter and my waistline larger than in 1972, but I'm not nearly as poor. Nixon's not president any more, and *Locus* isn't mimeographed. When I arrived, my hotel room was not full of semi-clad sexually voracious teenaged nymphets, alas, but at least it wasn't full of Texans, and I did get a bed. Ken Keller still looks a lot like the Big Boy, but he's given up wearing checkered pants.

Fortunately, in a world where so many things changed too quickly and so unpredictably, there remain a few constants, a few things we can count on year after year after year.

I still like Kansas City, the fans, the cons, the parties.

I still love the people here, even more than I love the barbeque, and that's not easy.

And, lest we forget, **THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS** is STILL coming out this Christmas, in a four volume boxed set.

Thanks for having me. I'll be back.

---George R. R. Martin [1985]

I, too, have my Kansas City Memories, starting slightly before George; I was stationed at Dickie-Garbage AFB from 1965 till 1967--when I was sent off to make the P.I. safe for Marcos. I also have fond memories of the 1975 BYOBcon (even if quibbling with George on the details of the Strip Hangman game) and Big MAC. But all that will have to wait against the day some far future Kansas City con makes me a Goh.,.

"Ken Keller..."? Do I know him...?



Brad W. Foster

...careful now Walt, about what you say putting down word processors; it is, after all, Your Fault that half of Cincinnati fandom has the system we do!

Al Curry

How does one comment on the future of fan communications as presented by the Venerable Locke? Especially when one is a print reactionary, such as myself. The most I will tolerate at home is a typewriter, and that is normally restricted to second-drafting. How do you present the 21<sup>st</sup> Century and its effects on fandom to someone whose preference in writing methods consists of nothing more intricate than a fountain pen and a yellow legal pad?

While it is true that I participated in your live fanzine production at Corflu, you, better than most, should know that it was only because I am one of the most infamous hams ever to hit the stage in Cincinnati (or Covington, where the con was actually held), and seldom miss a chance to go up and offend someone with my guitar.

No, no, I fear that Dave has missed a portion of fandom in his piece. While we may wind up being in the minority, we are still deserving of some consideration in this or any future age. We are the bookies, the printoholics. We don't give a flying rat's ass for the screens and printers, as a rule. Besides all this, I look at a screen for ten hours a day at my place of employment. If you think I'm going to come home and do the same thing, you're out of your mind.

...and in regard to my previous comments...

I would like to thank Andy and Jodie Offutt for having brought their son Chris into this world. His byting comments were fucking brilliant.

I'm afraid that I can't comment to any extent on Robert A. W. Lowndes' article, other than to say that it seemed well-written and well-researched. I am one of those for whom the history of fandom holds little or no interest.

This is not, by the way, an attempt to denigrate those who *do* read, write, or study the history of fandom or the history of the genre of SF. Different folks are, rather obviously, interested in various and sundry topics. It's just that my interest in reading is directed to the literature itself, rather than those things that went into the creation of its current appearance. I'm quite sure that others would find many of my interests just as lacking in importance...and that's what makes us an interesting species, eh?

I was, however, amused by the list of rules of the Science Fiction League, and the apparent seriousness of those who created and participated in it. They sound more than a little too evangelical for my tastes. Go ye forth and become fishers of men, and so forth.

Yes, we all know what a slick speech maker you are these days, Bill. But I remember those first frightened days when the speech pattern contained elongated pauses, when the voice quavered, when the paper was held myopically close

to the face to give you something behind which to hide from the crowd...come to think of it, wasn't that at Corflu?

What can one say about Sir Bob the Tuck? He is now...has always been...and, apparently, will always be one of the masters of harmless silliness.

Long may he wave his bottle of Beam. #49 was a good issue, Bill. The artwork was excellent. I especially liked Jim McLeod's "Nomad" on 1631 and Brad Foster's cover.

Please stick with black print on white paper if at all possible. After going through the rest of the issue, I felt as if someone had just turned down the lights when I got to the speeches by yourself and Tuck.

[6/18/87] \ 5449 Hamilton Ave, #20,  
Cincinnati OH 45224]

Well, Al, I'm sure your 'reactionary' attitude is genuine; I don't recall anyone ever having accused you of taking a position simply to be perverse! My philosophy-of-the-moment on word processors and computers is they are 'helpful' to me, in the way I do things; but for 'you', well, whatever it takes to get the words (art) OUT is fine with me. (So far at least 90% of my time at this screen has been solely devoted to formatting out a fanzine. With mixed results, admittedly; and I do have other interests (indexing my various collections, the prime secondary)--but for the moment it fascinates me (and cuts down on the typos). Getting the end product out, be it letter, story or fanzine, is, to me, the reason for having any word-generating 'system'...from No. 2 lead pencils to Cray computers.

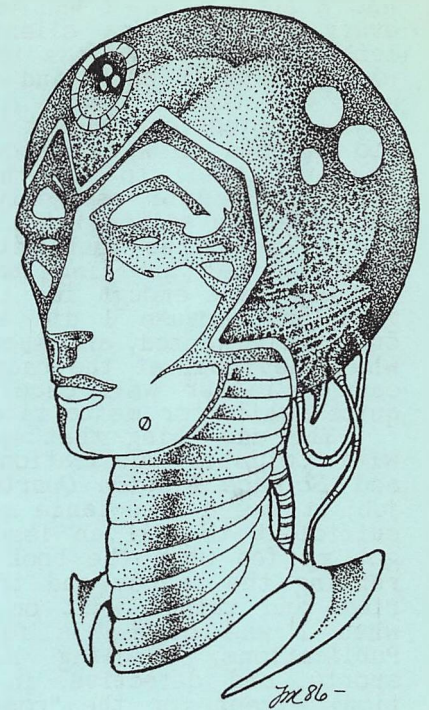
I guess you were lucky to get a copy from the second 'run' of QW49. Al...without all of RAWL's pages in blue too! This one we're going to disagree on, though; I personally find most instances of black print on white paper glaring and offensive to my retinas. (Fortunately however, for you, white paper is roughly half as expensive as the colored variety, so there will probably be more of it in the immediate future of this fanzine than not. Then again...)

Marc Ortlieb

I submit, as my hypothesis, that Chris Offutt is far more representative of fandom than is his mother. I see this as a refutation of Dave Locke's article. That said then let us move on to the argument.

Give your average fan access to the latest in microcomputer wordprocessing technology and what is the first reaction? "How can I rewire the laser printer so that it cuts stencils?" [Unless the fan is Eric Mayer or Erik Biever, in which case the question is "How can I rewire the laser printer so that it will imprint a foul concoction of multi-coloured dyes on my hekto jelly?"] There should be some way to do it shouldn't there? After all, lasers produce finely directed heat beams--if we are to believe your President Reagan--and stencils, being wax, are subject to being cut by finely directed heat beams.

Jim McLeod



## ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH?

# Understandings

ROBERT A.W. LOWNDES

Various people, including Bill Bowers, have asked me whether I would welcome the opportunity to return to editing science fiction magazines, under financial conditions that I considered acceptable. To answer, I'll have to look back over my professional career in science fiction.

That career started on the end of 1939 when, upon leaving the CCC's for the third and last time, I joined Donald A. Wollheim, Chester Cohen, and Richard Wilson in residence at the Ivory Tower--the first of a line of apartments inhabited by various members of the Futurian Society of New York. Frederik Pohl had become an editor (*Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories*, for an offshoot of Popular Publications, called Fictioneers, Inc.) and he turned his literary agency over to me. He'd been running it for a year or so--not spectacularly, but he did have some clients whose stories he'd been able to sell. I no longer remember just who they were.

So I joined the Ivory Tower, with hopes of being able to make a living through the agency and through selling my own stories. At that time, Don Wollheim was the only one of us who had appeared in professional magazines. Dick Wilson was yet to make his first sale; so was I.

It was exciting--and scary in a way. I had the money I'd earned from the CCC's and that would hold me for awhile; but when that was gone, I'd be completely dependent on my 10% of stories by my clients, when paid for, and what I could sell of my own work. It looked like a sporting chance; there were a larger number of science fiction magazines now than ever before, and most of them paid on acceptance, rather than publication. The rates were nothing special: ½ cent to 1¢ a word; but in those days the cost of living was much lower, and both income and sales taxes were negligible, compared to today.

One of the first things I found out was that I had to read a lot of poor to bad science fiction, whether I wanted to or not; and I also had to keep up with all the currently published science fiction and weird magazines, whether I liked them or not. Reading science fiction and fantasy was no longer a hobby; it

was a necessity. I had to go through every word of every manuscript a client sent me, so that if it looked utterly hopeless to me, I could tell him why when I sent it back. And the second thing I discovered was that I really didn't *know* my markets the way a professional agent needs to know them. I was too wrapped up with my own ideas of what was good (what I liked) to see that some of the stories I tried to peddle uselessly should never have been submitted to editors at all. I looked down on some of the magazines then being published and took the attitude that *anything* that added up to a story at all was good enough for them. That may be an exaggeration, because I did try to discover what each one really wanted, and submit appropriately. But I'm what they call at the racetrack a "slow starter". I can do rather well once I catch on, but it takes quite awhile for me to catch on.

The one thing that saved me was getting a job with Columbia Publications, editing *Future Fiction* and *Science Fiction Quarterly*. It wasn't an office job; it was a free-lance matter. I delivered material sufficient to fill an issue, wrote blurbs, etc., and got my fee when the book was printed. I continued running the agency and trying to sell my own stories; and things went on thus until early in 1942 when I was offered a full-time job with Columbia Publications, handling *all* their pulps (western, sports, and detective, in addition to science fiction) except for the "romance" pulps; with those, I was the overseer, but only had to do production work. Never mind: I got paid every Friday, and now I didn't have to worry about next week's rent or to-night's dinner. In fact, I was soon able to move to a larger apartment where you paid by the month. I turned the agency over to another Futurian then, because I didn't have any more time for it--don't remember now whether that was John B. Michel or Damon Knight; one of the two got it from me, then passed it on along to the other, who ran it into the ground.

But the two years or so of the agency were rewarding in many ways. Since all the editors in New York City were within easy traveling distance by subway, I delivered and picked up my submissions personally, putting aside one day a week for my rounds. That way I became acquainted with John W. Campbell, who was always willing to talk, and to whom I mostly listened because I was too shy to argue very much with so imposing a figure. (Too bad --he liked me, but would have liked me better had I been willing to cross intellectual lances with him. But there, again, his seemingly vast areas of knowledge was overwhelming to me. I've never been able to argue unless I *thought* I knew what I was talking about; with Campbell, it was mostly a case of realizing that I *didn't* know--and even if I felt sure that he was mistaken, I couldn't muster up any sort of evidence that seemed convincing even to me.)

*Astounding Science Fiction* was printed right there on the premises at Street & Smith Publications on 7<sup>th</sup> Avenue. Thus, I frequently saw the "latest" issue as much as a month before it went on sale. At times, when Campbell was willing to see me, but wanted to finish a bit of work before talking, he'd encourage me to look through a "new" issue, and would recommend a particular story for me to read. In that way, I got to read parts two, three, and four of *SLAN*, by A. E. van Vogt before most of the other readers did.

Campbell bought very little from me. In one instance, I found a check in the mail from Street & Smith when I got home from the CHICON (the first Chicago Convention) in 1941. It was for "The Embassy", by Martin Perason (Don Wollheim and Cyril Kornbluth in collaboration). There was no letter of acceptance; you never saw that, I learned from others--the check told the story. But the most exciting sale of all was a short-short story by Don Wollheim, which I had reworked, and brought to Campbell for

High tech isn't really suited to fans. It is not so tinkerable. I can repair my mimeo with three hairpins, a piece of sticky tape, and a hefty kick to the inkdrum. The last time I tried that with the school's photocopier, I blacked out a third of the suburb of East Hawthorn. Sure, if you are Eric Lindsay, you might be capable of tinkering with computers but beware the results. Eric's one attempt to modify an Atari ST to run the Sydney Cove in 98 bid is currently polling second in the Australian Prime Ministerial Race for 1988.

Besides, electronic mail isn't as much use as the real thing. Joseph Nicholas makes mention of the British fan who has solved his heating problems through the influx of Australian fanzines. Admittedly said fan does use high tech in the process. His letterbox has a scanner that checks the return addresses on the fanzines that it receives and, IF address equals Australia, THEN the fanzine GOES TO Subroutine 2 where IF the name DOES NOT EQUAL Leigh Edmonds & Valma Brown THEN the fanzine GOES TO the furnace. Calorimetric studies have shown that computer paper does not yield as much heat as mimeo paper and besides, you have to buy the computer paper yourself, which defeats the purpose of the exercise.

I have a feeling that the fanzine, as we know it, will be around for a fair while yet. Fans tend to adopt the technology that was in vogue when they first produced a fanzine and, being basically stubborn, will resist anything that does not, in itself, make fanac easier. I succumbed to the computer age because editing text on a disk is far easier than typing over correcting fluid. Getting the computer to type up mailing labels is far easier than doing the lot yourself. Apart from that though, I think I'll stick to mimeograph.

It is a proud and masochistic thing to be a fan.

[5/10/87 \ POBox 215, Forest Hill.  
Victoria 3131, AUSTRALIA]

*I saved your LoC until 'last' Marc, not only because it's the most amusing, but because I probably 'agree' with it over-all more than most.*

*Actually if I weren't a total anomaly -- a fan who DOESN'T like to tinker with anything (other than layout, and relationships) -- I would probably stick to mimeo (and nice textured paper), also. As it is, after having survived five used mimeos (the last one blowing apart in my face) over the past twenty-five years, the only way I'd go back to mimeo is with a brand new Gestetner and electrostenciller, both with at least a decade-long service contract! The set-up I have now [this wordprocessor, the electronic 3-pitch typer which preceded it, and the photocopier], while not as cost-effective on a per-copy basis, together cost approximately half what the Gestetner set-up would run... (But then, after Corflu, I DO have an 'account' with the local distributor...)*

*Fans... stubborn? Nah. Must be strictly an Australian attribute.*

...on *Outworlds* 49, I Also Heard From:

Sheryl Birkhead, Joe Christopher,  
Robert Lichtman, Dick Lynch,  
and Chris Offutt's Mother!  
|||||

#### Mike Glicksohn

I've got a blank video tape set to take to Larry for the video version of #50 so at least I'll have one half of its various incarnations to enjoy. I regret missing what was probably the "best" fourth of its existence but there's not much I can do about that now. Dirk Gently to the contrary. (That's a skiffy reference, boy! You remember skiffy, don't you? The stuff you used to read before you discovered *gillys rym qphs* video recorders?)

Starting with #51 (because it's shorter, easier to comment on and comes after #50, of course); I'd say this was an experiment that worked pretty well albeit sometimes more for the conception than the execution. Celebrating all those Cincinnati anniversaries with an all-Cinci issue was a neat idea but I expect the idea itself caused you to use some material you probably wouldn't have used in (if such a thing exists) an "ordinary" issue. But it was still quite fun to read. (Not so much fun to look at though; at least not for these old tired eyes. Not only did I find the plethora of typefaces unappealing but several of them were actively *ugly* to me. I realize you are just exploring the potential of your latest toy and it's possible that some of the discs you got weren't set up to have their typefaces modified but I expect you'll get a handle on the technical aspects in the future. I'll just have to hope you settle on a typeface that I find at least readable, if not attractive.)

Joel continues to surprise me with his increasing fannishness. First (from all reports) a fine speech at Corflu and now a deftly done fannish article for *OW*. He's certainly come a long way since he and Frank co-edited a crudzine just twenty years ago!

Denise's reference to "a short, hairy Englishman...surrounded by adoring fans, usually female" made me wonder; whatever *did* happen to Derek Carter? (Last I heard he was in Los Angeles...)

Not unexpectedly, the best piece in the issue is Steve's description of discovering the romance of teaching. Disillusioning though the experience must have been I'm sure Steve realizes that not *all* writing instruction is the domain of cynical money-grubbers (although it might come close in the correspondence school area). Some day I hope Steve gets a chance to really *teach* writing, as Joe Haldeman does up at MIT. I'd bet money that (a) he'd be bloody good at it, (b) the students would really *learn* from him, and (c) he'd find it both enjoyable and rewarding. (Of course, I also bet on the Red Sox over the Mets last fall so...)

Great title on Frank's piece! Great article too, since it mentions me.

*Unknown*. He looked through the pile of submissions I gave him, picked it out because of its length, and read it on the spot while I was looking through the newest *Astounding*. He read it; put it down on the desk, then picked it up and glanced through it again, and said: "I'll take it." He felt that it was a trifle weak in the middle, but the beginning and end were so strong that he couldn't resist it--and whatever was wrong with the middle wasn't poor enough to call for a rewrite. That was "*The Haters*", which appeared in *Unknown* under Wollheim's name.

Campbell was genuinely sorry when our Futurian newsmagazine, *Science Fiction Weekly*, had to discontinue, because we were all so busy trying to make a living that there was no longer the time to gather material, stencil, and publish it. Despite our political slant (which I made every effort to soft-pedal in *SPW*, as well as to soft-pedal references to the continuing feud between the Futurians and New Fandom) he felt that we had done a good job of reporting. I remember a letter of appreciation from Mr. Delaney, publisher of *Weird Tales*, when we ran an interview I'd had with him; he congratulated me on having put down exactly what he'd said, and told me that that was a rare thing in published interviews.

My dealings at *Weird Tales*, of course, were with Dorothy McIlraith, a gracious lady, and a better editor than she is often given credit for being. She bought a number of stories from me--especially by Dr. David H. Keller, who sent me a boxful of his unpublished science fiction and weird manuscripts. But I could never sell her something I wrote myself!

Alden H. Norton, of Popular Publications, who took over *Astonishing Stories* and *Super Science Stories* when Fred Pohl left Popular Publications for the first time, was a sweet guy and fun to talk with. He bought a few stories from me, but best of all encouraged me to try my hand at writing stories around covers bought but not yet assigned to a particular issue. He bought the first two, but bounced the third. (Ironically enough, some years later, after I let Forrest J Ackerman see if he could sell it anywhere, he finally succeeded--after touching it up a bit--in placing it with *Super Science Stories*.) Norton gave me one piece of advice, when I took a little time off in 1942 to show him my first issues of *Western* and *Sports* magazines. "Remember that you're not bringing the magazines out to impress other editors." (That doesn't sound like much, at first; but later I'd realize that some other editors hadn't either been told that or learned it on their own.)

F. Orlin Tremaine resurfaced as editor of *Comet*, a short-lived magazine that started with the December 1940 issue. Tremaine was also a pleasure to talk to, and he took several stories from me--in one case sending it back twice for expansion because we--this was the (in)famous story that was written in the end by a committee of Futurians--hadn't really brought it to a conclusion. And Tremaine gave me another brief, but golden bit of advice, when I became an editor: "Don't let policy become a fence."

When *Comet* finally folded, the company was *kaput*, and nobody got paid for contributions to the final issue. However, it was a brave effort on Tremaine's part, even though foredoomed. His issues of *Comet* display some of the strengths, but also some of the weaknesses of his S&S *Astounding Stories*. But I remember that period in his career with affection, because he published the first story under my own name that I had actually written all by myself. (The two earlier ones under my name were collaborations. "*The Outpost at Altark*", in *Super Science Stories*, was a reworking on my part of a Wollheim mss.; it remained Don's story, and should have gone under his name. "*The Martians Are Coming!*", in *Cosmic Stories*, was partly my idea--but I didn't write a word of it: Cyril Kornbluth and Dick Wilson should have been credited.)

In relation to Wollheim's *Stirring Science Stories*

and *Cosmic Stories*, the record needs a bit of correcting. It is true, as you may have heard, that the first two issues of *Stirring*, and the first issue of *Cosmic* were filled with donations from the authors involved (except for Isaac Asimov, who demanded a token payment for his story, "The Secret Sense"). However, the authors had freely consented in advance; and starting with the second issue of *Cosmic*, stories were paid for at ½ cent a word on publication. With the final issue, the large, flat issue of *Stirring*, the company went out of business, and some were left holding the bag. (Some of us did get paid for some of those stories, at a still lower rate, when they were reprinted in the Canadian magazine, *Unusual Stories*.)

I also met Robert Erisman, who handled *Marvel Stories*, and sold him a few items. He, too, was a nice guy; and although *Marvel* did have an irregular publishing schedule, my authors did get paid promptly upon publication. Oscar J. Friend was indeed friendly to me, though he was always very busy and didn't have time for the kind of chats I had with Al Norton. But as far as I can recall, the Thrilling group only bought one story from my agency, "The Purple Bat", by Richard Wilson; that was his first sale outside of the Futurian-edited magazines.

Malcom Reiss of *Planet Stories* was also most friendly, and took a few of what I had to offer. I tried to write stories for *Planet*, but didn't fully realize their special slant until much later.

And we must not forget Mary Gnaedinger, another gracious lady. She handled *Famous Fantastic Mysteries* and *Fantastic Novels*. The 1939 issues were 100% reprint from the old Munsey Magazines, but in 1940 they found that, due to some sort of postal regulation, they had to run at least one new story in each issue. My authors got nowhere with Miss Gnaedinger, but she was fascinated with a sonnet I wrote relating to one of A. Merritt's novels about to be run. It led to my selling her a number of poems, not all of them relating to Merritt, at the rate of 25¢ a line; and since they all came to 14 lines each, that was \$3.00 a throw. In those days I was writing poetry constantly, so you might say that those sales were the easiest I ever made of anything I wrote myself. The readers liked them, and, better still, Merritt himself thought highly of them.

Looking them over today (Sam Moskowitz included a couple in **REFLECTIONS ON THE MOON POOL**) I see that they are highly sonorous, as I intended, and also somewhat silly--not my intention, and they didn't seem that way to me at the time. I haven't had the courage to re-read the others. However, I'm not ashamed of them; they were the best I could do at the time, and they afforded thousands of readers with harmless entertainment--so let it go. But now I can understand why some well-known science fiction authors repudiated their early work.

I remember talking to Fletcher Pratt in the '50's and telling him how much I had enjoyed a couple of his novels in the 1932 quarterlies: "The Onslaught from Rigel", in *Wonder Stories Quarterly* and especially, "A Voice of Across the Years", in *Amazing Stories Quarterly*, both dated Winter 1932. He shook his head slowly and said, "Those were taaaad stories." He felt the same about all of his work in the Age-of-Wonder issues, except for some of his translations from the French. And we all know how distressed Theodore Sturgeon would be in later years when anyone praised "Microscopic God", or, worse, wanted to reprint it.

When I met Edmond Hamilton in the '50's, I decided not to mention his early "world-saver" stories that had been so popular in the 20's and 30's, however much I had enjoyed them at the time. So I congratulated him on the way a certain episode had been handled in his novel, **THE VALLEY OF CREATION**. Hamilton replied, "Thank you for nothing. My wife did that section."

Dave's moving article was also a delight, highlighted by some of Al's most pointed cartoons. One in particular caught my eye for some reason; now I no longer feel bad that Al had to sleep on the couch in the living room when we visited their new apartment in the Overlook Hotel after MidwestCon! (You must ask Al to take you to Mt Airy Forest someday; it's fascinating to see a local get lost from three separate directions trying to find a place he claims he can see from his bathroom window!) (Neither Doris nor I saw any trace of the supposed local ghost, a lady named Marian says Al. This didn't surprise me since Al's heritage is more prone to such matters--it's the ~~drunk~~ Irish in him, you know--and besides, as I told Al, history has shown that I'm not the Marian kind.)

7-4-87

CONGRATULATIONS!

UPON THE ANNIVERSARY

OF YOUR FIRST WEEK OF

LEGAL MARRIAGE IN THE

STATE OF OHIO,

UNITED STATES OF  
AMERICA

Jackie Causse  
Sandra Jordan  
Al Currey  
Don Cate  
Mike Paul  
Bill Cavin  
Bill Powers  
Linda  
Tampa Cate  
Michael Jordan  
Lorie Cavin  
Carol Forste  
THE WITNESSES

I also like the time machine provided by the photos scattered through this issue. It's odd to see who has changed appearances and who hasn't. And if it's any consolation, ol' buddy, you look better now than you did ten years ago!

DW50 makes a pretty good souvenir of Corflu for those of us who weren't there (and probably an even better one for those of you who were). As with #51 I don't personally care for some of the visual aspects of the zine but it certainly captures the essence of the convention and should be a valuable item for future fan historians.

Since I have a fannish mentality I can enjoy Steve Stiles' cover even though I don't fully understand it. In fact, this statement accurately reflects my reaction to several of the items in the fanzine, which probably says more about me than it says about the fanzine.

Take the Brandt piece, for example. When I watched it on videotape I didn't realize that it had a theme. It looked like a collection of clever if somewhat unrelated schticks. In print, though, its unity is more apparent and, natural-

ly, I find myself in agreement with what Richard says, I guess I'll continue to participate in the fan Hugos just so I can "hold this absurd misfortune in contempt". And, say, have you an address for this Camus fellow? I'd like to get on the mailing list for NOTEBOOKS; sounds like an interesting fanzine.

The Moreau parody was very clever and probably represents the sort of material best suited to the concept of a "live" fanzine since (and this is *not* a putdown) it doesn't require much thought or effort to appreciate it. Material that needs to be reread and chewed over before it can be assimilated and understood just doesn't go over well when you only hear it once (which is why most con Goh speeches should be printed in fanzines if they're to be properly appreciated.)

If this were the first thing I'd ever seen from Gary Hubbard I'd be tempted to think it was entirely fictitious but since it's in keeping with other material he's done over the years I'm *almost* willing to believe that his wedding day actually did occur in the manner he describes. I'm still not quite sure about the guy and the fish pool, though and if Gary ever admitted that he made the whole thing up I'd punch him admiringly on the arm and call him a sly old dog. Then I'd thank him for a most entertaining read...and punch him in the stomach.

Al Curry as a slightly manic potentially evil prince of Faerie? Yeh, I can come to terms with that. (Maybe he didn't *want* us to find the Mt Airy Forest. Maybe that's where all the dancin' takes place...)

I love the idea of the Corflu name badge being by Dick Bergeron. What sort of reactions did that provoke?

Much as I hate to say it, I don't think the Dialog between you and Dave worked all that well. It's too fractionated, too obscure, too lacking in continuity. This sort of thing reads well if it's worked out thoroughly before being transcribed but it doesn't come off as well when it's off-the-cuff (or even "off-the-cuff after some rehearsal time"). Not that it's some sort of disaster, just that it lacks the tightness and solidity that most of Dave's Dialogs have had and will probably be hard to follow for people who don't know the two of you. (Which reminds me; did you actually *transcribe* this entire issue from the audiotapes made at the con and if so how long did it take you to do it? If not, how much had to be transcribed and how much was available in hard-copy?)

So, has Leah started talking to you yet? (That was *nasty*, truly *nasty*! Congratulations, I didn't know you could stoop that low.)

I like this idea of doing a reprint from the first live fanzine in subsequent presentations. If others continue the trend I can foresee shorter and shorter versions of that live *Spanish Inquisition* appearing in a nested sequence over the years until finally Jerry or Suzle (or one of their descendants) will stand up, walk to the podium, say "S" and sit down again. Then,

Sometimes you just can't win. Later that evening, after another drink or two, I asked him if he remembered that burlesque of his early stories that Farnsworth Wright had published in *The Byrie in Weird Tales* (December 1933). "Alonzo Leonard," replied Hamilton--and from the way he said it, I realized that not only did he remember it; he still resented it after more than 20 years. Love may come, love may go, but embarrassments last forever.

To get back to 1940/1941 (my first issue was dated April, 1941--on sale in February), and my first editorial experiences: We were in a seller's market. There were a number of magazines being published, but many of the best name-writers were now in the military service. Almost anyone who could write a coherent story could get acceptances now; but almost everyone sent their mss. to John W. Campbell, first; then to the other magazines that paid a cent a word; then the other magazines that paid on acceptance, even if it was only  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent a word. Columbia Publications, which paid  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent a word on publication--and not always promptly--was the last resort. The exceptions were fans who knew nothing about the economics of the market, but remembered Charles D. Hornig and *Wonder Stories*, 1933-1936. I was dependent on what came in over the transom, plus an occasional submission from Julius Schwartz by special arrangement, meaning that the publisher agreed, for the sake of a good name on the cover, to pay a little more and pay it on acceptance. (The story was actually accepted before I saw it.)

The mail from readers and fans was nothing compared to the number of letters that had poured into the offices of Gernsback's magazines each month, when his were the only science fiction magazines around--and even in the 30's when he had competition from his former titles and from the Clayton *Astounding Stories*. Fans were becoming more interested in writing for fan magazines (or publishing their own) than in writing LoCs to the pros; and those who did write in usually picked the big-name publications. We were lucky to get 50 letters per issue. While on the whole the readers felt that my issues of *Future* and the quarterly were better than Hornig's, and our sales did improve somewhat, when the paper shortage due to the war hit us the science fiction titles were dropped. It was the western, detective, and sports titles that really sold.

I felt that I had been a flop as a science fiction editor, and dropped out of science fiction. I disposed of my collection, stopped buying any of the magazines, and tried to forget there was such a thing. After all, I was fortunate enough to have a job editing all the other pulps; and now I would concentrate on reading literature, poetry, history, biography, political magazines, etc. My science fiction career was a thing of the past which I could remember fondly later on, maybe. I no longer called myself "Doc" Lowndes; that was also a thing of the past.

And so it went until 1950 when, one day, Oscar J. Friend, who was now an author's agent, came in for a long talk with Louis H. Silberkleit, publisher of Columbia Publications. Oscar persuaded him that the time was ripe to restore his science fiction titles. By then, I had obtained a fund of editorial experience that would really help me do a better job.

Once more into the breach; and with the first issue of *Future combined with Science Fiction*, May-June 1950, I found that I had not been forgotten. That issue drew over 200 letters, spread out over a few months. The general tenor of them was "Welcome back!" So, of course, I started getting all the other magazines again--necessary, because I had to know what I was up against--but there was no time to read more than a fraction of them. Even though I rather enjoyed it, I was still reading science fiction as duty, not just pleasure.

This time, it was a buyers' market. There were

more titles in the new boom than had been dreamed of during the 1939-1941 boom. The oldtimers had come back from the war, writing so prolifically that the best-paying markets couldn't absorb all their good stories. And more, more, more newcomers were trying to break in. This time, I managed to get most of the good names; and for a few years my titles were making money--enough so that we were paying up to 2¢ a word on acceptance. That period ended in 1953, when the sheer weight of the titles brought about a collapse; science fiction readership hadn't expanded enough to keep up with the supply. And newsstands were so cluttered that, except for the biggest-selling titles, no magazine stayed on sale for more than a week or so.

By that time, we had three titles: *Future Science Fiction*, *Science Fiction Quarterly*, and *Dynamic Science Fiction*. The latter had been a 132-page magazine, same size as the quarterly, selling for 25¢, as it did. (*Future* had added pages and raised its price to a quarter, too.) We cut back the number of pages on *Dynamic* and then put it to sleep after a couple more issues. And rates dropped; and payment reverted first to "on schedule", which meant "as soon as the issue is closed", and then to "on publication", though really prompt, at first. Other titles began to die.

The next blow was the disappearance of American News as a magazine distributor. That, added to the effect of television, tolled the bell for all the pulps. The bell rang slowly, though, and a few pulps managed to continue for some years; in fact, the last science fiction pulp to fold was my own, *Science Fiction Quarterly*. (By that time, *Future* and the new title *Science Fiction Stories*--which started as a one-shot in 1953--were digest size.)

The final years of the Columbia science fiction titles were an increasing frustration; the payment policy meant that I could get very little material from name authors and I was increasingly sorrowful at the lower over-all quality that resulted. Not that my magazines were ever the "best"; they can rightfully be described, on the whole, as "of medium excellence", which is what the word "mediocre" really means. And I did manage to present some outstanding stories and articles, discover a few authors who became well known, and encourage a number recently discovered elsewhere. So my feelings were different when the Columbia pulps all folded at once in 1960.

Nonetheless, it did seem as if my science fiction career had come to an end, even though I was still editing a book each month for Thomas Bourey at Avalon. To me, science fiction meant magazines--not books; and, of course, in 1960 the science fiction book business was just beginning to proliferate. But the collapse of my science fiction magazines wasn't the kind of blow that it had been the first time. I'd re-collected all the old magazines, including *Weird Tales* from 1925 to the end of it, and this time I did not dispose of my collection; and when the necessities of moving in 1965 required me to dispose of a large part of it, I held on to WT, and the old Gernsback and Sloane issues, and the Clayton and Tremaine *Astounding*. It was the *Weird Tales* collection that made my next incursion into the breach possible.

But I left science fiction magazines behind me in 1960 with a good feeling. Many knowledgeable readers felt that I had done a good job, and was an expert in making bricks without straw. Well, it wasn't entirely without straw, although most of the time my rates were not competitive. Could I have produced better magazines had I been able to match rates with Campbell and Gold--or at least with Sam Merwin--all the time, rather than once in a while for one particular story or article? Perhaps--but the rate matter was only part of it: Could I have done better if I hadn't had to spend most of my working time on western, sports, and detective

one by one, the stars overhead will start to wink out.

What I'd like to see is a column in OW by Bernadette showing us the sort of fanzine criticism she's advocating since my own background and nature aren't analytical enough for me to really come to grips with what she's saying here. I've never consciously sat down and tried to draw up a list of the standards by which I judge fanzines and I'm sure if I ever did so the standards wouldn't be literary criticism standards at all, but this strikes me as perfectly natural in a specialised field like fanzines. But if I could read some self-aware criticism I'd have a better idea of what the differences were and whether or not there really was a significant improvement. But you're probably way ahead of me and have this scheduled for #52, right?

The actual Corflu "memory" book was interesting to read but doesn't provide much in the way of comments. On the other hand, I do keep looking at Brad's logo and wondering what in hell's name it means, if anything. Any comments, maestro?

[7/6/87 \ 508 Windermere Ave,  
Toronto, Ontario M6S 3L6 CANADA]

...Bernadette?

Brad's logo was based (at my suggestion) on his illustration for the word 'corflu' in the latest edition of THE NEOFAN'S GUIDE. A few fans have speculated that maybe Brad has never seen a mimeo stencil; my interpretation is that it's symbolic in that white-out on paper is as likely as I'm ever to get to the smelly stuff again!

By the way, Mike, I thought the title for Frank's piece was great too! You see, both Frank and Joel gave me their contributions untitled; I believe the routine in both cases went something like: "I did all the work; you title it!" [Ungrateful upstarts; you'd think after twenty years they'd know how to properly submit material to a fanzine. Obviously both graduates of that correspondence school Steve mentioned...]

...don't worry; I don't "fully understand" Steve's cover, either. But I enjoyed it... and am in awe of the job Larry did 'transcribing' it to video!

Well, since you asked--and you just know I always answer ALL of your queries don't I, Mike? The Brandt, Hlavaty/Bosky, Hubbard, and Bosky articles were transferred from manuscript-form; obviously I had a copy of Leah's letter; Al gave me pencilled lyrics for his songs, and Steve helped me divide the Woody Hayes Memorial Lyrics into their proper lines, over the phone; Jerry sent me photocopies (from some fanzine or the other he used to co-edit) of the MacGregor & Roberts reprints. This all helped. A lot. Other than the poem, I transcribed all the rest of Art's prologue, all the transitions, and all of the bloody Dialog. It took a while...and if I never hear my own voice on cassette again, it will be soon enough. (It's probably the reason I have yet to get the cassette version out; but I will... To complete the set...and to free up a couple of video tapes!)

Oh...Mike...now that Doris has explained it to you, perhaps you can explain to the rest of the listening audience *The Story Behind that little insert towards the front of your letter...*?

Richard Brandt

The first thing I get from QW50 is that it's not as obvious how nervous I was in print. And it's a great souvenir for those of us who were there, putting all those one-shots in a convenient location and whatnot. And, of course, the membership list came in real handy, with me just preparing the mailing list for my next issue...

I rather liked Jackie's cover for #51, so I was sorry to hear all the trials and tribulations behind it. We can take these things for granted too easily, I guess; it's easier to understand why I don't see as much of her artwork as I used to (which was probably around the time she was still publishing *Dilemma* or *Resolution* or whatever). Naomi Cowan's contrib doesn't stand up so well as an "article" if one brings any high expectations to it, but as a bit of freehand philosophizing it is the kind of thing that might fit nicely into an informal diaryzine, which come to think of it should ideally resemble a friendly conversation...

Of course ten years ago, I was still a naive, happy-go-lucky college student in Fort Worth. But it comes to mind that if I'm still in El Paso at the turn of the decade, I'll have not only spent the decade here (as of Dec. 8, 1990, actually), I'll have spent the longest time I've lived continuously in one place here. Spooky. The place has grown on me (like mold); after living in a desert climate, I don't know if I could ever get used to living anyplace humid again (my complexion rebels at the idea); the mix of cultures is interesting; I've grown quite fond of the mix of transients that are my friends--journalists, students, retired military brats--living is cheap, and life is kind of quiet. Of course, there is no "fandom" to speak of, and I have absolutely no use for the sf club here (except that they let me run conventions, and then think about scheduling them opposite Corflu).

Then again, I did meet this new kid who showed up at one of the club meetings, and who sat around the con staring at everything with these enormous grey eyes, and now we're planning on driving to Armadillocon in her parents' RV, and suddenly I don't have much use for the 16-year-old girls in the park anymore.

So I guess I *may* still be in El Paso on Dec. 8, 1990 (which aside from being the anniversary of the first time I laid eyes on this miserable town is Jim Morrison's birthday and the anniversary of the day John Lennon was shot--coincidence, you say?), now that something more than inertia may be holding me here. (And there.)

Good luck, keep publishing, and I'll be seeing you somewhere between Fleet Street and Poverty Row, I have a feeling.

pulps? I think that is the more apt question, because I answered it partly when I started the reprint magazines for Health Knowledge.

It would be several years later; I started out at Health Knowledge handling two titles: *Exploring the Unknown*, and *Real Life Guide*; the first was in competition with *Fate*, the second with Hugo Gernsback's *Sexology*. The number of titles grew, and some came and went; but at no time did my schedule require me to produce more than two magazines a month. When I started my reprint series, the bulk of the material was either public domain (classics, or stories from *Weird Tales*, etc., upon which the copyright had not been renewed, and I had no idea where the author or the author's heirs could be found) or reprints arranged with the author or agent or publisher at a rate not to exceed 1/2 cent a word. New stories were paid for at 1 cent a word; and my budget was very low, so I couldn't use new novelets very often.

*Magazine of Horror* started out as virtually an anthology, but I soon realized from the reader's response that they really wanted reprints from *Weird Tales* and *Strange Tales*, etc., and didn't mind an occasional bit of science fiction if the story was really on the terror or horror side, or just plain bizarre. *Startling Mystery Stories* was intentionally more on the plain pulp level; the idea was that every story had to be *some* kind of mystery, and most of them would be on the weird side; but again, a bizarre mystery with a natural explanation would also fit in. Thus, Edward D. Hoch's early "Simon Ark" mysteries fitted in.

I might add that, of all the writers I discovered while at Columbia Publications, I'm most happy about having picked "*Village of the Dead*", by the then unknown Edward D. Hoch out of an envelope one day, reading it, then immediately writing a letter of acceptance and asking for more. And it's heart-warming that so many of those I either discovered or substantially helped along until they didn't need sales to me any more still remember that time. None of them ever knifed me, so far as I know.

Louis Elson was parsimonious, but an intelligent publisher; he never made me big promises, as Louis H. Silberkleit was like to do when in an expansive mood, but he kept the ones he did make. He let me handle the magazines in my own way.

The unfortunate thing was that we could not get adequate national distribution for my titles, even though Health Knowledge was a subsidiary of Acme News, a distribution company. We couldn't get the titles on the New York subway stands, because a deal with the distributor that covered them required a rebate. Acme News would have been willing--but the Law proclaimed that if we gave *one* distributor a rebate, we must give all the others the same rebate. We'd have sold exquisitely in New York City, and lost shirt, socks, and underwear everywhere else.

I never got as much money from HK as I did from Columbia in the later years (and Silberkleit was unfailingly generous with salaries and bonuses during the good years), but it was a rewarding experience. I turned down a chance to take a position in California that would have started at something like double what I was making; but why move? I was happy where I was, and while life wasn't easy, I could get along on the magazine and book editing combined. And I still believe that I would have been miserable in California; I'm a born Connecticut Yankee and not happy outside New England, unless the difference is so small as to be negligible. (New York and Hoboken aren't different enough to make me feel as if I'm living in an alien land.)

I resigned from Avalon Books, shortly after moving to Hoboken. Not that Thomas Bouregy wasn't treating me well; he was. But I was weary of having to chop down long novels to fit into the mold of Avalon Books, which were uniform throughout; 55,000 words was the limit.

Looking back on it all, I'm astonished that *Famous Science Fiction* lasted as long as it did; though had we had decent distribution, it might have continued. I do think that there were sufficient potential readers of that type of science fiction to allow it life, though not the kind of money-making life that the more successful of the other titles had. And I was restricted in that, with one exception, I could not use any material from the Gernsback and Sloane years. Sol Cohen, who let me run *The White City*, by Dr. Keller, was reprinting all the good (and some not so good) short stories from those issues in his titles that seemed ground out like sausages; moreover, they had better distribution than we had.

So, at the beginning of 1971, the HK magazines I handled were all put to sleep; and this time, I really was out of science fiction, professionally--save for an occasional invitation to write a foreword or afterword for a book, and to select the contents of the Del Rey collection, *THE BEST OF JAMES BLISH*.

During the HK years, I didn't have to read much science fiction as a duty; there was no need to keep up with the other magazines in order to do the best I could with *Famous Science Fiction*. I could only use short and short-short new material, because of the small budget; someone got paid for most of the reprint material. But the number of new submissions I had to read over was small, and I had ample time to read them carefully. As for selecting reprints, that required a lot of reading, but it was nearly all rereading--checking on my memory. In a few instances, a story that I remembered as very good did not prove to be so; in other instances, a reader's request led to rereading of something I'd thought little of at the time--and found it was much better than I'd originally thought.

I refused to run anything which, on rereading, struck me as being poor or outright bad. If readers thought something that I considered good to be bad--well, that was misfortune, the kind of misfortune every editor is up against. We all learn to live with that, and to hope that those complaining readers will be mollified with something else, later. But if I ran something that I considered bad (on my own decision--not something forced on me from above, as was sometimes the case in my Columbia magazines, where I'd find that an author had made a deal with the publisher and here was accepted material that I'd never seen before) and the readers agreed, that was not misfortune; that was imbecility. I've had my share of the sort of misfortune noted above, but I do believe I've avoided imbecility.

That doesn't cover stories that struck me as good the first time I read them--then, after accepting them, and rereading for editing I found myself appalled. How could I have ...? Fred Pohl described that kind of experience when he once referred to his "sin file". All editors have them, because we're all imperfect, even the best of us. Is there any explanation? Yes, I suspect that there is: When you've been reading dreadful, hopeless submissions hour after hour, one that is merely bad can look good by comparison. You breathe a sigh of relief that you've found one acceptable mss. in the pile. As the saying goes, "You have to experience the worse to appreciate the bad."

Since 1971 I've read science fiction for my own pleasure; I'm now a reader and something of a fan again, though science fiction is no longer anywhere near as important to me as it was back in the 30's. I don't think it ever will be again, but that's no loss. It does constitute a small part of my regular reading; and while mostly I concentrate on rereading the old magazines of the Age of Wonder (1926-1937), I've recently subscribed to *Isaac Asimov's Science Fiction Magazine*, so now I have some idea what current science fiction short stories and novelets, etc., are like. And I grab Asimov's or Heinlein's

p.s.: Do you think there's something Freudian in people's decision whether or not to use the extended zip code?

[undated \ ...as before]

No,

...and you should probably watch the comments about '16-year-olds' ...unless you have a desire to be lectured by an immediate-past Corflu Goh, (However, ... now that you don't need them anymore...)

Speaking of former sixteen-year-olds, here we have the basically mythic...

Patty Peters

It was a pleasant surprise that the one-shot read at all well after the time lag. Though I hadn't participated, I had observed the others off in the corner. Almost a ritual evolved as each tried to find the on-switch. Too bad no one thought to enter directions in the one-shot itself.

I was sorry Art didn't address Jerry's intro more directly. Maybe he was saving it for the live OW the next day? Changes in fandom are probably the same as those in the rest of life. Technological advances (transportation/communication) have changed our methods/modes but not what we do. People have more influence on what machines do than the other way around. Somebody's gotta want it badly enough to pay for development.

One of the big differences would be the frame of reference. I'm constantly astounded by things that, though taken for granted by people my own age, are unknown to those a lot older or younger. People voting now who were born after Kennedy was assassinated. My grandmother (still alive) who only owned wooden ice skates in her life. My father graduating as an Electrical Engineer before transistors were invented. My niece, whose father fought in Vietnam, not knowing what Watergate is.

To give you an idea of how much I haven't gotten around lately, the live OW was the first live fanzine I've attended. Lots of contributions from old friends, what a cozy feeling. And some new-to-me voices (audible) to add some spice. All-in-all a nice way to spend a warm spring afternoon. (After all the daffodils at home bloomed two months before the convention.)

--and before you add some rude comment about "old friends": I reserve the right to say that about people I've known for 1/3 to 1/2 of my life.

Gary's story got me thinking of my own wedding. To avoid the huge fights all the older siblings had gone through over such events, I decided to keep it small. Really small. Gary, me, and two witnesses at City Hall. This managed to piss off my family, but they chalked it up to my being oddball and came up with good presents anyway. Rich Coad was the closest Gary had to a "best man". That made Bill Braiding my "Maid of Honor". I guess the judge was very somber throughout, casting harsh glances at the four of us suffering from giggling fits. Fortunately we didn't have to say anything

but "I do". Also fortunately, it was in San Francisco, so there was no bullshit about obeying Gary or God. In the end the judge must have given up about our being serious because he mumbled something about the appropriateness of laughter at a joyous occasion. We all lost it then, I don't think he understood. Oh well, the next couple looked normal. Instead of a reception, we took Bill & Rich out for super burritos and then to an ice cream place for banana splits. We went back to our apartment after dropping them off, but were too stuffed to do anything but stare at the ceiling. I think we still had the gekkos then--I remember watching one on the closet door. It was definitely worthwhile, 'cause now I can say Gary and I are the only two people to be at both of his weddings.

Kind of a shock to open up DW51 and see me, but I guess it's another subtle attempt at fame for me. Do you know where we were? Let's see...early 1977...that would be the middle of the school year up at Houghton. Don't remember any conventions (except Autoclave where I met Bill). The length of my hair looks more like mid-77 too. I know in late (Sept) 76 it was just past my shoulders. (Student ID picture from Tech.) I still have the sweater... Where did you dig the picture up? You, at least, look good! I like the idea of putting together pieces from your local friends & sending them out to your mailing list friends.

[7/8/87 \ 7501 Honey Ct., Dublin CA 94568]

...I don't think I have to work at making you famous anymore, Patty; I suspect you're already there [see the following]. The photo came from the 76/77 'area' of my album, but wasn't labelled, and I couldn't tell the exact context from the surrounding photos. Somehow, from the nondescript background, I had thought it was taken at one of Sid's things... But there was another convention you attended in early '77; or have you finally succeeded in blanking out a certain Minicon? (Anyway, I'm glad you weren't upset; I do have a lot of photos that I could run from that era, of a lot of people including a couple of lap-sitters!)

Gez, has it really been ten years since I put you and young Mr. Breiding on a train West at Cincinnati's spacious Amtrack shack?

A not-so-young Mr. Breiding stopped by last week on his latest trek. He speculated on the possibility of leaving the Bay Area and relocating in the Midwest. Naturally I subtly pushed Cinsamity, as a centrally located area to settle in... (How's the arm, Bill?)

Harry Warner, Jr.

I was particularly delighted with all those photographs which reproduced so well. A few of them gave me the thrill of recognition, symbolizing the fact that I know a few fans by sight. Others provided me with my first glimpse of individuals I'd known only via unfounded mental images in the past because I'd

latest novel when it comes out in paperback.

So, would I be willing to go once more into the breach -- to edit a science fiction magazine again? (Books, no; unless I'm awfully hungry.)

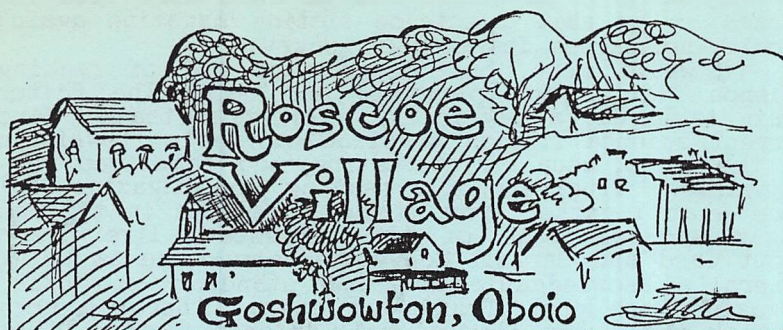
It would mean, once again, the end of reading science fiction for pleasure; and being The Editor again is hardly a new thrill. More than that: I find current science fiction magazine stories well written on the whole, usually interesting, and sometimes very enjoyable. True, I'm only reading *one* magazine, but from what I gather from studying reviews in the fan magazines--and some of the reviewers, like Orson Scott Card and Darrell Schweitzer strike me as being generally knowledgeable and understanding--the other magazines are pretty much the same. There is more fantasy than what I would call science fiction. Not that I dislike fantasy, so long as it is what I call "science-directed" fantasy, like Heinlein's "Job", but most of the samples I find are *not* science-directed. Also, while I appreciate a well-constructed story, with well-thought-out characters, I find that I'm really not much interested in what most of the present-day material is *about*. Again, that should not be read as "dislike", but it could well be read as indifference.

Truly, I don't really believe I'll ever be asked to go into the breach again. And I won't tempt Fate (something in which I rarely believe, and even then not wholeheartedly) by saying, "No, never!" Who knows what the morrow, some tomorrow, may bring? I don't. But, to repeat, I think I'd have to be awfully hungry before I'd say "Yes."

---Robert A. W. Lowndes  
[December, 1985]

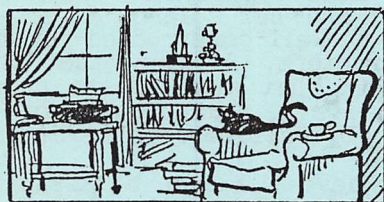


Arthur Thomson



~ A Traditional Fannish Community... Where

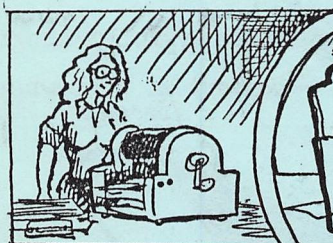
Technology and Life  
Forgot to Change!



Original "Slanshack" Dwellings.



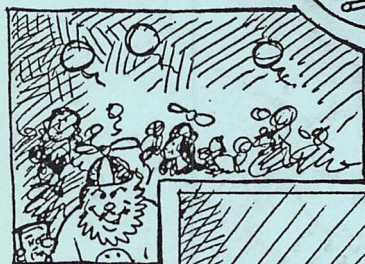
Ritual Faan Garb  
(center) Traditional  
cuisine



Craft demonstrations.

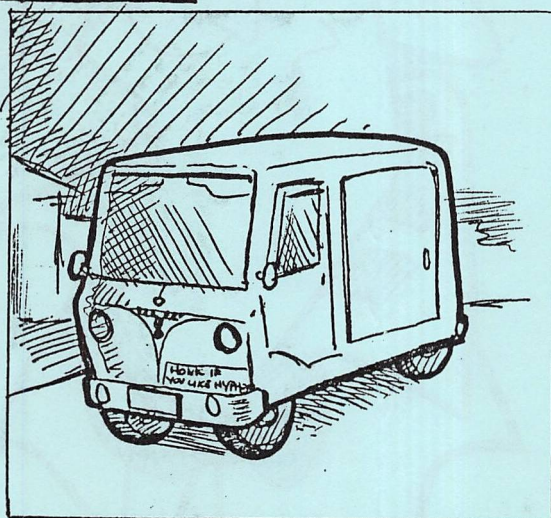


LANGFORD-PICKERSGILL ALEHOUSE



Festival time  
in Roscoe

You'll  
BELIEVE  
FANS  
will get  
SILLY!



Mooseh's squirrel model Van...

Stu Shiffman

[Reprinted from the Corflu IV oneshot;  
Fanac By Gaslight]

never seen either them or their photographs. All this caused me to feel philosophical over the ways things are working out in my old age. Now I've seen pictures of the legendary Patty Peters, whom I've always regarded as basically mythic, and within a few days I'll finally be able to see Last Year at Marienbad, a movie that has been just as inaccessible to me as the concept of Patty. What will come next?

The cover reprint of Louis Russell Chauvenet's parody represented some time-binding for me, too, in a rerun sense. When I saw his poem in FAPA several months back, it reminded me strongly of a parody I'd written on the very same Kipling poem back in fanfancy in the late 1930s for one of the yearbooks that Bob Tucker had been publishing. I believe there are some remarkable similarities although I haven't had time to try and hunt up my own version of the poem and certainly I didn't use the references Russell included to fanzines, sercon, and neo because those terms hadn't come into fannish use yet. Incidentally, in the accompanying article Art Widner refers to his record of publishing his next issue 34 years late. I think he has established another fannish record of sorts, in elapsed time between visits to me. He was here some months back, for the first time since the late 1930s or very early 1940s.

This Corflu would have been more pleasant for me to attend than the previous one, I'm sure. I know I would have walked out and come home in a temper from Corflu 3 if I'd been there when the pie was thrown. And I gather that most of the people at your Corflu actually are involved in fanzine fandom in some manner, which is all to the good, although I can't help thinking how many fine fanzines we might have if all of them had spent that weekend writing and publishing instead of socializing.

But I think I would have been impatient with Bernadette's thesis about literary criticism in fanzines. Surely she overlooks the basic fact that there's no similarity between it and the literary criticism establishment in mundania. Fans write criticism because they feel the urge to do so, they express any opinion they wish, it's done without thought of financial return, and most of them write in English. The mundane literary criticism establishment consists of people who earn their living that way, write in a particular dialect that isn't fully understood by anyone except a few of the writers, and wouldn't dare express opinions that go against the current critical fashion. I'd be willing to bet that there are a few men and women with the highest reputations as critics in academic circles who hide the collected poetry of Edgar A. Guest behind other books, take it out late at night when nobody else is in the house, and read and reread it with the greatest pleasure, knowing full well what would happen to their reputations and careers if they dared to let the aberration become common knowledge.

I read these issues on a pleasant afternoon while sitting on a bench under

a tree in the local park, because the cleaning woman had driven me out of my happy home. When I came to Jackie's article, I felt awfully guilty. I'd been grumbling to myself about this and that physical problem like the headaches which have plagued me in recent months and the continuing decline of my eyesight. When I learned about Jackie's back problem I realized I should forget my minor problems and spend my time instead praying that she recovers completely from what sounds like the most bothersome kind of operation and post-operative treatment. I hope everything has gone well for her.

The non-camera art is also splendid throughout. I recognized Mark immediately, even before I read the wording on the cover of the 51<sup>st</sup> issue and I'm sure he would be highly amused if he could know how he has served fannish purposes. Then there's the Al Curry material. It doesn't seem fair that one person should have the ability to write and to draw and to sing and to do them equally well if I may judge by the evidence of these two issues. Steve's two-pager is wonderfully evocative of the multi-page covers he used to draw for Ted White's fanzines years ago unless I'm confusing him with someone else who did the drawing. I'm old, I tell you, when I can't remember for sure such a basic fact of fandom.

[8/2/87 \ as before]

Well, Steve has done a fair amount of work for TEW zines over the years, and Stu Shiffman has done multi-page covers more recently--but I suspect that you're thinking of Ross Chambelain... [And, even though it's taken twenty-five years to get Steve Stiles art for my fanzine, I hope it's not quite as long before...]

(It hasn't been quite that long since I ran a Harry Warner article, but it has been a while!)

Actually, Harry, you could lay waste to Art's issue-gap record by simply publishing one more issue of a genzine!

It has not been a good year (apart from all the deaths) healthwise for fans... As for Jackie, well she had the 'minor' surgery -- followed by a major hemorrhage due to an inattentive nurse. A couple of weeks later, the very day before she was to return to the hospital for the initial major surgery, a doctor put together various records, decided that her chances of survival were considerably less than anyone had projected, and cancelled the operation. Now getting ready to go through something of this magnitude requires a certain amount of planning and 'gearing up' so, while everyone is glad the doctor came to his conclusion before the operation commenced rather than after -- the timing was less than ideal. I'm sure, for Jackie, they did do a shortening of the rod already in place to ease some discomfort, but she has basically been placed 'on hold' for a year until they figure out a way to strengthen her bones.

I Also Heard From Russell Chauvenet, Harry Andruschak [who has a CoA; 946 W. 220<sup>th</sup> St., Unit 106, Torrance CA 90502]; and Bill Rotsler...

Dear Bill:

True, I've only known you slightly over the years, simply because of how far apart we live. But I've read and enjoyed your fanzini for umpteen years. Thus I am going to give you a piece of advice that will help your greatly.

The advice is this--and you should act upon it at once, act without thinking--go into whatever room your computer is and destroy it. Or at least destroy whatever prints out that stuff. Dot matrix printing is typographically beneath contempt. It is also near unreadable. To someone who is a connoisseur of typography it is pond slime.

Dot matrix words, to my mind's eyes, either...look...like...this... and...are...all...mono...tone, or theylooklikethisandareequally unreadable.

You may put this among your fannish Great Lessons, along with "Never do fanac with a woman with bigger troubles than you," "Never play cards with anyone named Wilson," "Never mimeo when you can Xerox," and "Fanac will rot your brain."

Also, as long as you publish using the typeface of Dorothy Matrix, don't bother to send me your fanzine. I won't read it--though I might look at it--and I didn't read the two you sent me & won't. I will donate them to the LASFS auction ~~\*\*\*\*/\*\*\*\*/\*\*\*\*/\*\*\*\*/\*\*\*\*~~ for the general benefit of fandom.

I know what you plan to do. (I have certain powers.) You are going to print my letter in Dot Matrix's excruciating typography and chuckle to yourself. But I won't know, because I refuse to read even letters sent in that cryptography.

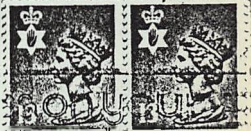
Your friends in glorious fandom,

William Rotsler  
17909 Lull St, Reseda, CA 91335



Early this year I saw an ad in *Useless*, it tugged a memory chord. I went home and (even after the move) found the following, from ten months earlier. This is why it's All Walt Willis' Fault...

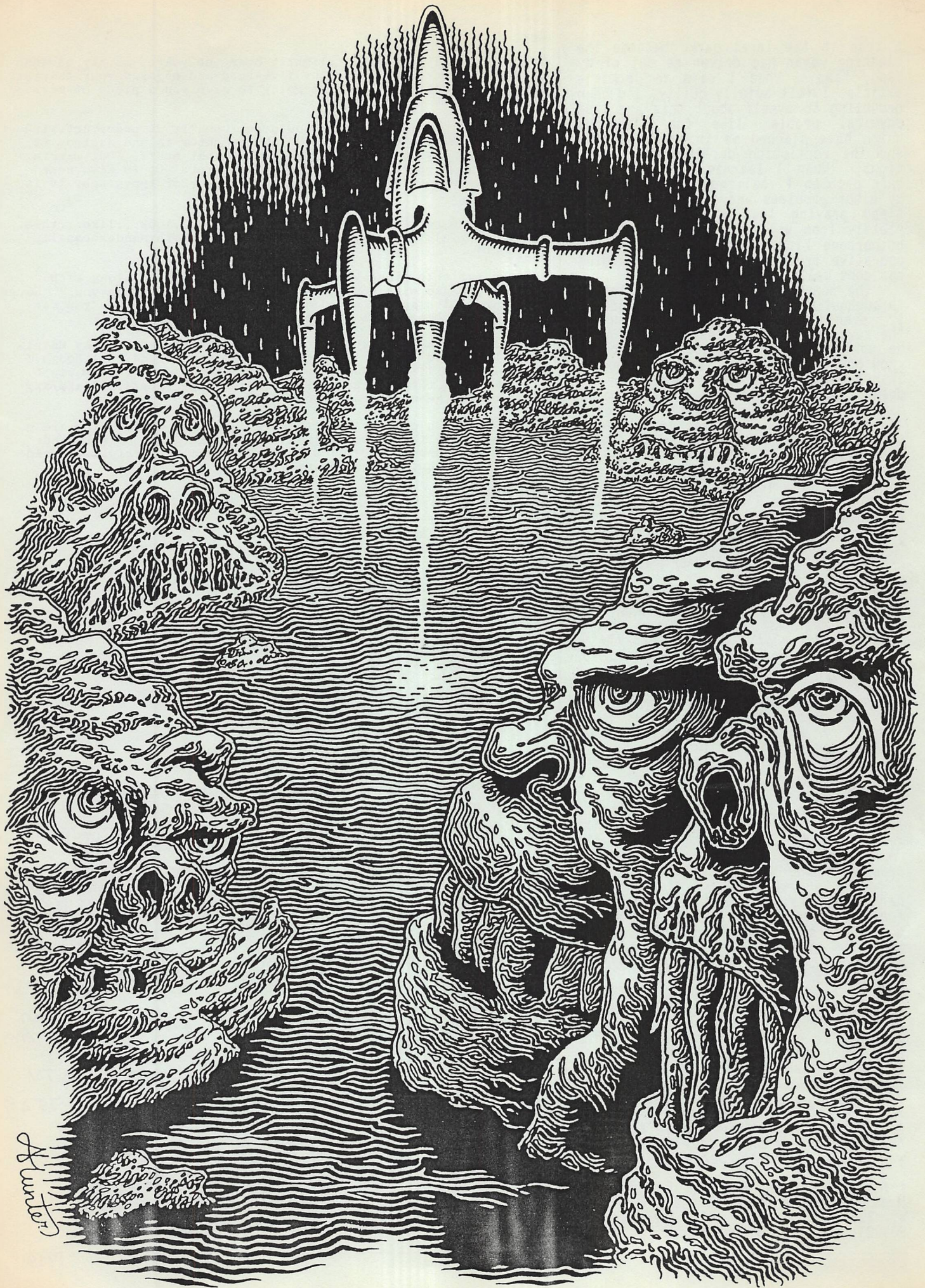
Thanks for QUIWORLOS 48. There were many good things in it but I was particularly impressed by Wayne Alan Brenner's letter. It seemed to me pretty nearly an ideal letter of comment. He says what he likes and explains why; he can be critical without being unnecessarily unkind, and he does it all in an interesting and original way. I'm thinking for example of his simile about the toad and the Camaro. He seems to be one of the few people who realise it's not good enough to use dead similes and metaphors from which all significance has long drained away; like talking about people being left in the lurch or hoist by their own petard, as if everyone still knew that a lurch was a losing position in cribbage and a petard a bomb. # Loved Jodie Offutt's piece too. On your note to the Curtis letter, I now have the new Armstrad PCW8256 Word Processor/Computer, selling like hot cakes (note; new simile needed) in the UK at the equivalent of about \$630US. I read that Sears Roebuck have placed a trial order for 25000 of them. This is the 15 per inch typeface; there's also 10, 12 & 17. Best, Walt Willis



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