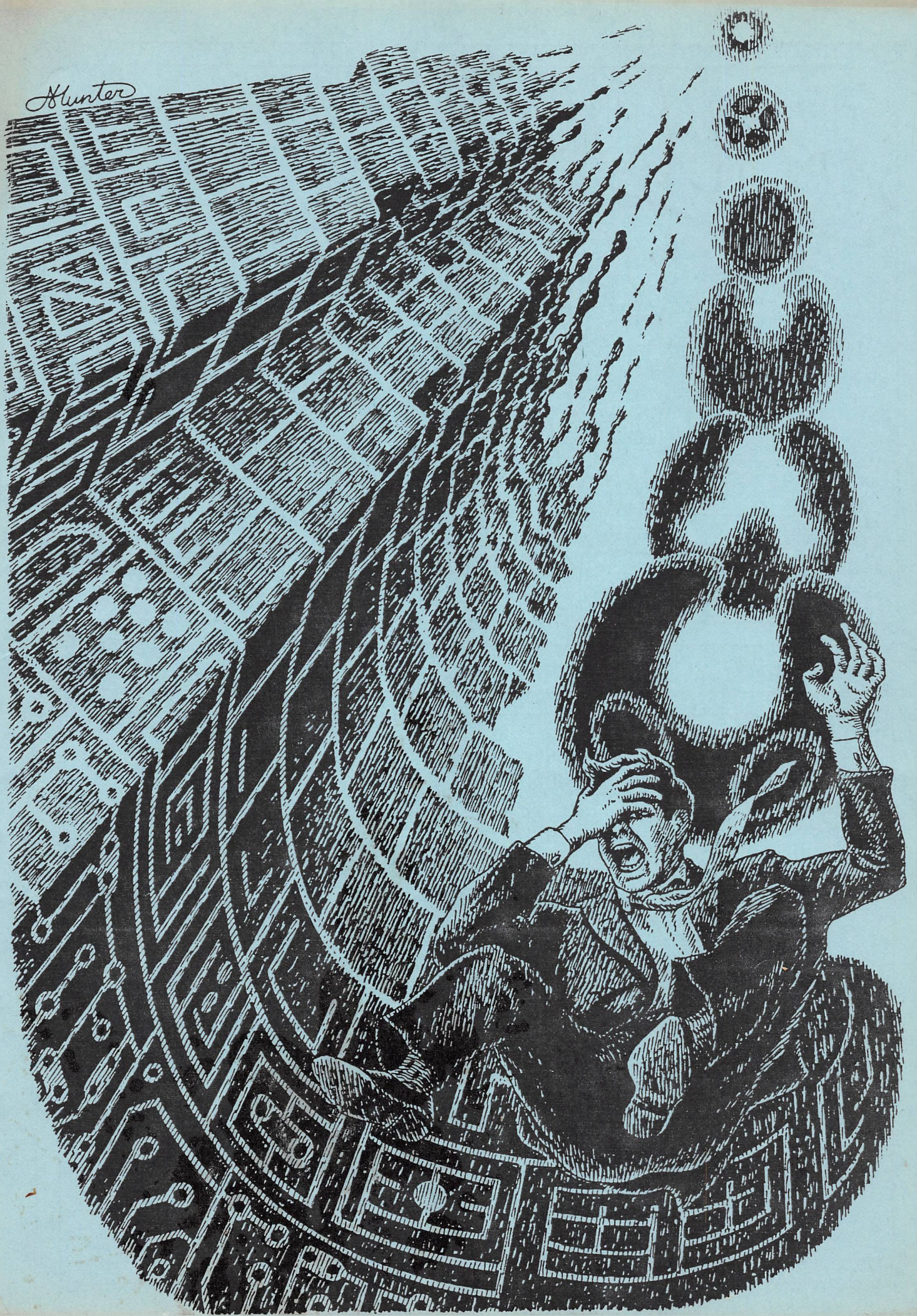


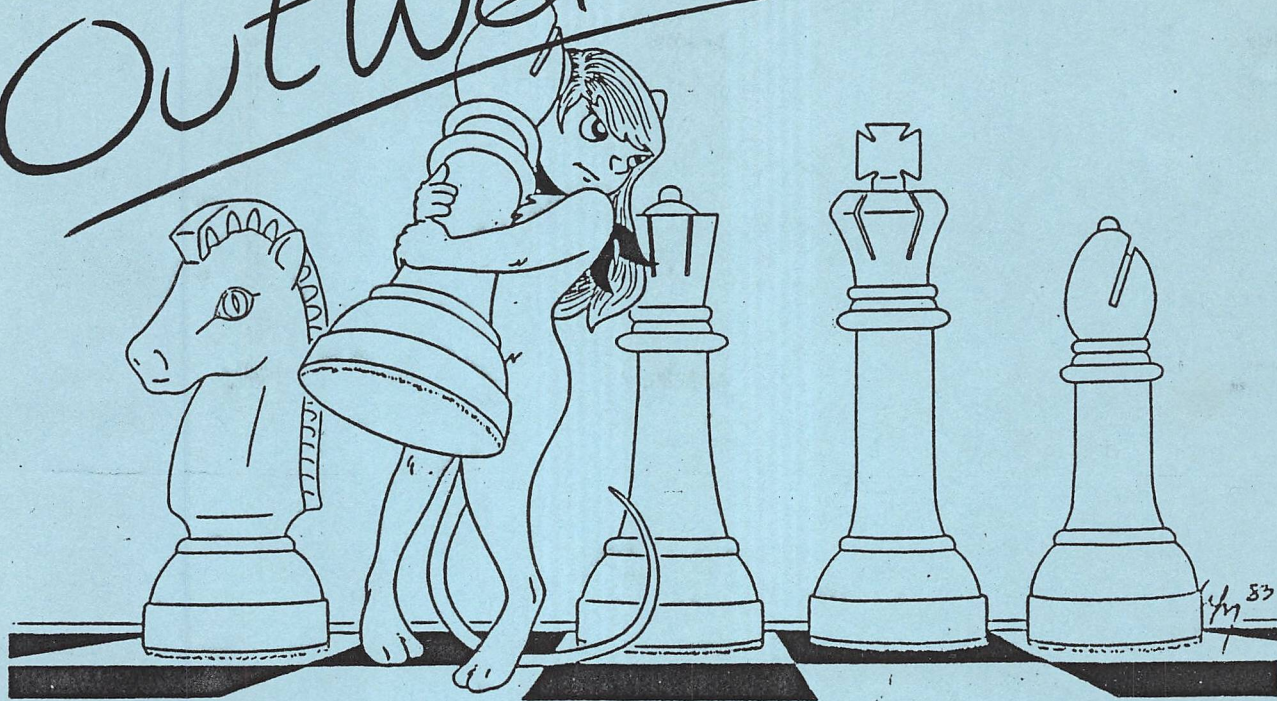


Hunter

Hunter



OutWorld's



54



OUTWORLDS

ISSUE FIFTY-FOUR <> THE EIGHTEENTH ANNISH

BILL BOWERS § 1874 SUNSET AVE., #56 § CINCINNATI § OH § 45238-3142

COVERS BY <> ALAN HUNTER
INSIDE COVERS BY <> TARAL

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This is My Publication #154 <> 1/10/88.



Arthur Thomson



"Hey, Eighteen!", as Richard Brandt would say/has said. Welcome to the fanzine that's old enough to die for its fandom, old enough to vote ... but not old enough to drink in these United States.

So I guess I'll just have to have one for it. At least, I am definitely old enough.

He who touches a fanzine, touches the lifeblood of a fan. Over this nondescript collection of stapled pages endless hours have been sweated: First, in the act of obtaining ... pleading, begging for...material; then in the creative act of throwing all these unrelated things together ... in one fashion or another. Money is unimportant; the days spent over the not-so-enchanted duplicator are not in vain: Egoboo is Ghod, and Loc his mis-begotten son.

He who opens a fanzine ... really oughtta know better!

---Bill Bowers, Outworlds I, January 1970, p.13

I disagree mostly with your editorial; I don't figure I need to justify my being on this planet; I'm here and that's justification enough. And while I'm here, I fully intend to enjoy myself, though I don't really think that my idea of enjoyment is quite the same as Mallardi's. I do agree with your idea that everybody has to do his own thing, but I have to agree with whoever they are who say you take things too seriously. You worry about whether or not people are going to understand you. (Well, so do I, but I'm getting over it.) Go your own way and if others don't agree with it, then the hell with them.

---Robert Coulson, from a LoC on Double:Bill 21, printed in Outworlds I, January 1970, p.3

Editorial Policy ... usually proves to be a bore, and as such, should be dispatched with as quickly as possible. It obviously is much better to demonstrate by example than by promise... one's intent, dreams, and fantasies in a fanzine. But as successful as I have been in avoiding the obvious in times past, you may well be right in accepting this with a small grain of salt.

---Bill Bowers, Outworlds I, January 1970, p.1

Well, if you who were with "us" from the beginning [Terry Jeeves, the Coulsons, Harry Warner, Jerry & Suzle, Bill Rotsler, Mike Glicksohn, the Offutts, Bruce Gillespie, Billy Wolfenbarger...perhaps one or two others], had invested your futures money wisely in salt at that time, you'd certainly would be well off today, wouldn't you? My ever-changing sense of direction in both editorial policy and lifestyle became the stuff of minor legend (and, I suppose, possible embarrassment, were I to read on any further in the Canons, past that first issue).

This fanzine has never quite realized the initial concept that spun it off from the ashes of D:B, nor the primordial dream that gave me the courage to do that deed...but it has come close a time or two. Seven of these years saw no issues at all (though I suppose in retrospect some issues of Xenolith were more Outworldish than some issues bearing the title). And, had I the material on hand, I suppose I would have stretched this issue ~~data the expense~~ another 24 pages simply to encompass the 1800th page. It doesn't mean anything, but I still do play the numbers game, to my own occasional amusement.

The circulation today is fractional to that in the mid-seventies, many of you have only been around a fraction of this fanzine's half-life, but to all of you still aboard, to all that have ever contributed in one way or another ... my thanks and appreciation.

There will be more.

That, in sum total, is the current and the ultimate "Editorial Policy".

This issue is 28 pages long, and has no contents page.

Outworlds I was 26 pages long, and had no contents page. I received much flak about that, so Outworlds II [34 pages long] did have a contents page. On page 17.

Outworlds 55 is, as of this moment, totally unformulated. But it is a) highly unlikely that it will be 34 pages long [the postage factor], or b) that the contents page will surface at the mid-point of that issue. Note that I said "unlikely"...

I'm still "unemployed". Sort of. I do have a job, but not a Job. It's a parttime job (well, it's a 40-hour week, but for less than half what I was making...so therefore...). More of an allowance, than an income ... but every bit helps (though it does get in the way of my being a full-time faned). I'm still not terribly worried, but I suppose I'll have to Get Serious right after ConFusion.

...then again I could just hang on and wait for an opening ... so that perhaps John Owen would invite me to be a third of Triptych. Just a thought...

Now, then... Read it. Contribute to it. Write (about it). ...and, one way or another, I'll see some of you at Corflu 5!

---Bill Bowers [1/10/88]

Stephen Leigh

Five Thoughts on Aikido and Process **or:**



Steve Leigh

"I Thought Everything Was Supposed to Come Easy."

"No, Steve -- extend your hands. Higher."

"No, no, no, no, -- keep your shoulders down. You're throwing your upper body again, not your hips."

"Gyaku-hanmi, not ai-hamni. Mirror your attacker's stance."

"Don't just walk away, Steve. Keep your focus: good zanshin."

"Your shoulders are up again. Center yourself, keep your weight down and your head level."

"Heel down. Down."

"Use your hips."

"Unbendable arm. Don't let your elbow collapse."

"Smoother doesn't mean faster, Steve."

"Do it again."

"Do it again."

"Do it again."

The list of criticisms is, well, *endless*. At least it seems so at times. The process of teaching the body to move is slow. The list of responses I can make to the criticisms is rather more limited.

"Bai."

"Yes, sensei."

"Thank you, sensei."

"Stick it in your ear, sensei."

Actually, I've never said that last one. I'll confess to having thought it a few times in weaker moments, but I've never said it.

Sensei would just stick it back in my ear, after all.

>>> <<<

A few months ago, the band in which I was playing was searching for a guitar player. Dave was the third guitarist we'd auditioned -- none of the others had been very exciting. Dave set up his amp, pulled a Stratocaster from his case and let loose with some impressive licks. We all sat up and listened. We played a few songs he suggested, nodding our heads in satisfaction. We all knew what the others were thinking: yeah, maybe this was the one.

But I started watching his fingering after he stumbled over a note or two -- it was strangely awkward, his fingers crossing over one another instead of sliding smoothly from one position to the next. Then we tried a song he knew, but in a different key. Dave couldn't follow along. We stopped. When we tried to feed him the chord pattern, we found that we couldn't just say "Play a Dm7."

Dave didn't know chords, didn't read music. He had played himself into a dead end. Because he didn't know basic fingering, he was limited by the 'wrong' movements he was making. He couldn't play any faster or cleaner; he could only play songs he'd heard and memorized, and then only in the key in which he'd initially learned them.

He had talent, undeniably, but he was stuck. There was no broad base of fundamentals on which to build.

>>> <<<

I had been practicing about three months when Linda Vecchio came to the dojo for a seminar. Vecchio Sensei is a high-ranking black belt instructor from the Cleveland area, and I found her technique in general to be stunning. But for some reason her *nikkyo* -- a wrist lock technique which can be deceptively painful -- seemed particularly devastating. She demonstrated *Katatetori Nikkyo* at one point during the first day.

[Technical aside: The names of aikido techniques have two parts, the first being the method of attack, the second the technique done against the attack (and sometimes a third designation for the direction in which the technique is done). In *katatetori*, the person playing the attacker's role (*uke*) grabs the wrist of the person who will be doing the technique (*nage*).]

Vecchio Sensei demonstrated the technique with large, slow movements at first, making expansive circles with her hands.

Then the magic happened. Just before she let us loose to try the technique, she did it differently. That last time, it was fast: her *uke* came in and started to reach for her. But it was already over. There was just a sharp, little twisting movement of sensei's hands and -- *wham!* -- her *uke* crumpled and slapped the mat. It seemed so simple, so easy:

So I tried it as we paired off to practice. Just a sharp, little twisting movement and....

...and my *uke* was still standing there, waiting. I tried it again. Nothing. I grimaced and wondered what my partner was doing wrong.

I really bore down the third time, hunching my shoulders up and grunting with effort. My center was somewhere in the vicinity of the ceiling.

I felt Vecchio Sensei's presence behind me about then. "You need big movements at first," she said. "Like this." She held out her hand for me to grasp and demonstrated: slow and large. "When you've learned to do it big, then you can start doing it smaller."

And she did it again. She hardly moved, but I went down. Quickly.

"You can't take anything out until you've learned to put it all in."

>>> <<<

Painting class.

I was doing a rather surreal acrylic when Robert Fabe, my teacher at the time, came up behind me. One trait I always admired about Fabe is that he never insisted that I paint like Robert Fabe. He also never let me take the easy path. I could do whatever I wanted to do, but I'd better be prepared to defend myself.

"What the hell is that?" Fabe was not one to mince words.

"A couple of figures in a studio. From life drawing class."

"Aah," he said. "I always love it when we get models with six or seven legs and muddy yellow skin. Flat eyes, too. You've achieved a wonderful depthless look there."

"I'm trying to show motion," I said irritably into his deadpan sarcasm. "Why does skin have to be flesh colored? And I'm still working on the eyes."

"It doesn't work, Steve."

"I'm painting what I feel, not what I see. C'mon, realistic art died a long time ago. Look at Chagall, Mondrian, Pollack, Picasso, Van Gogh..." The list was a lot longer, but the names aren't important. Fabe just shrugged and walked away. I thought I'd won the argument. I should've known better; it was too easy.

About ten minutes later I heard a book plop onto the table next to my tray. Fabe opened the book and pointed to a series of plates. The paintings were nothing I recognized. "Early Picasso," Fabe said in answer to my unasked question. "He was fourteen, fifteen; stuff he was showing in the salon exhibition. Pretty realistic, huh? Pretty standard stuff. Yet in a decade or so, he'd turn the art world on its ear." He closed the book.

"Paint what you see first," he continued after a moment. "Learn to use your brushes and colors. When you can do that, then you can start painting what you feel. Then I'll know you really wanted muddy yellow and it wasn't because you couldn't mix flesh; I'll know the model has six legs for a reason; I'll know the eyes are flat because you wanted them flat. Until then, maybe you're not so much painting the way you feel as painting the only way you can."

>>> <<<

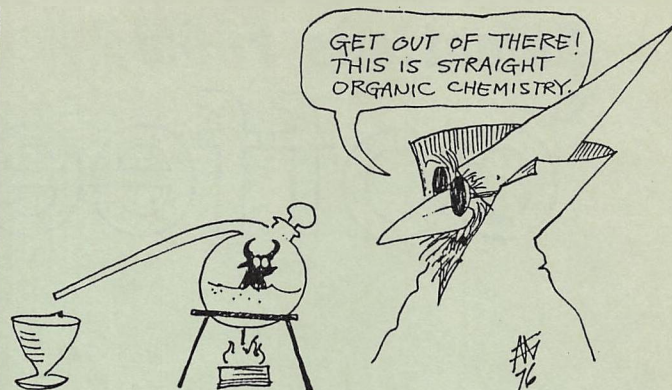
An Unlikely Fable:

Tired of the TV Vegomatic Martial Arts Course ("It slices, it dices, it even uses ninja weapons..."), the student realized that his progress might be quicker if he found a sword master. So the student headed for the nearest mountaintop -- that being where true masters are required to reside--and there encountered a wizened old man with a katana lashed to his waist.

"Are you the sword master?" the student inquired.

The old man demonstrated his mastery by refraining to answer with an obvious "Well, this is the top of the mountain and I am wearing a sword...." The master simply nodded. "If you require proof," he told the student, "simply draw your weapon and strike at me."

The student unsheathed his own blade and swung--a clumsy stroke, but energetic. The slice caught nothing but wind.



Alexis A. Gilliland

The student gaped in amazement, for the master hadn't moved at all: his body had simply dissolved. Only his head remained visible, bobbing in empty air and grinning at the student.

"You are truly a master," the student cried, his sword dropping from nerveless fingers. "I devote myself to study with you."

"Oh, what boundless joy," the master replied flatly. "Well, I hope that at least you can make a decent pot of tea."

For the next several weeks, the student did all that the master required, which consisted largely of repetitious exercises and katas with a wooden sword and staff, and the making of endless pots of tea. The master's disappearing trick remained caught foremost in the student's mind; after a time, all the work with the practice weapons seemed useless and boring. "Master," he implored, "please show me how you made your body vanish. With that one skill, I could defeat anyone."

The master refused. The student continued to beg the master unrelentingly, and one day the master only sighed. "The trick is simplicity itself," he told the student. "It is nothing. But you can't go right to the end of the path from the beginning. That's dangerous. Don't worry about it. Make some tea instead."

"If this trick is simplicity, then how can it harm me to show me how to do it?"

"I guarantee that it's not a good idea. It won't work for you."

"Please...."

The master shook his head sadly. "Fine. You make lousy tea anyway." So saying, he told the student the one word to speak that allowed his body to dissolve. Again, he warned the student against using this.

"Strike me," said the student, and spoke the word.

His body vanished.

And his head thumped loudly on the rocks where he'd stood a moment ago.

The master shrugged and picked up the student's head by the hair. He wagged his finger in front of the student's face. "You wouldn't listen, would you? Don't you know that without a body of knowledge, you don't have a leg to stand on?"

STEPHEN LEIGH

Selections FROM:

'coffeehouse'

COFFEEHOUSE

Espresso, right down to the grounds;
when I looked up, an Arizona poet
began softly crying, & couldn't read on stage.
"They're too beautiful," he said, folding
his poems & his hands.
I lept up, ready. "Then you better hear this,"
I said, adlibbing.

Harrisburg, Oregon
February 28th, 1986



TOWN BUILT OVER SWAMPLAND

Even the indians didn't
want to live here --
nomads should know.
Take a few strides
out back after midnight
the yard a thick sponge
with the winter rains
refuge, & the rains of spring.
Fleas, dark spiders, and after
the rain the crickets
& the hidden moon.

Harrisburg, Oregon
March 24th, 1986

THE ROOMS

Each room silent,
waiting to be occupied.

Various items in each room
to be put away, straightened,
ready for a human touch.

Calender open like a tongue.
Plants ready for water.
Beds to be made so they
may be laid to rest.
Walls wait for people,
to keep them intact.

Toilet lid open
at procelin salute.

And the floors & ceilings
& walls again
to keep a structure,
old-fashioned, secure,
the containments of objects
for our use in a universe
we call our own.

*Harrisburg, Oregon
April 22nd, 1986*



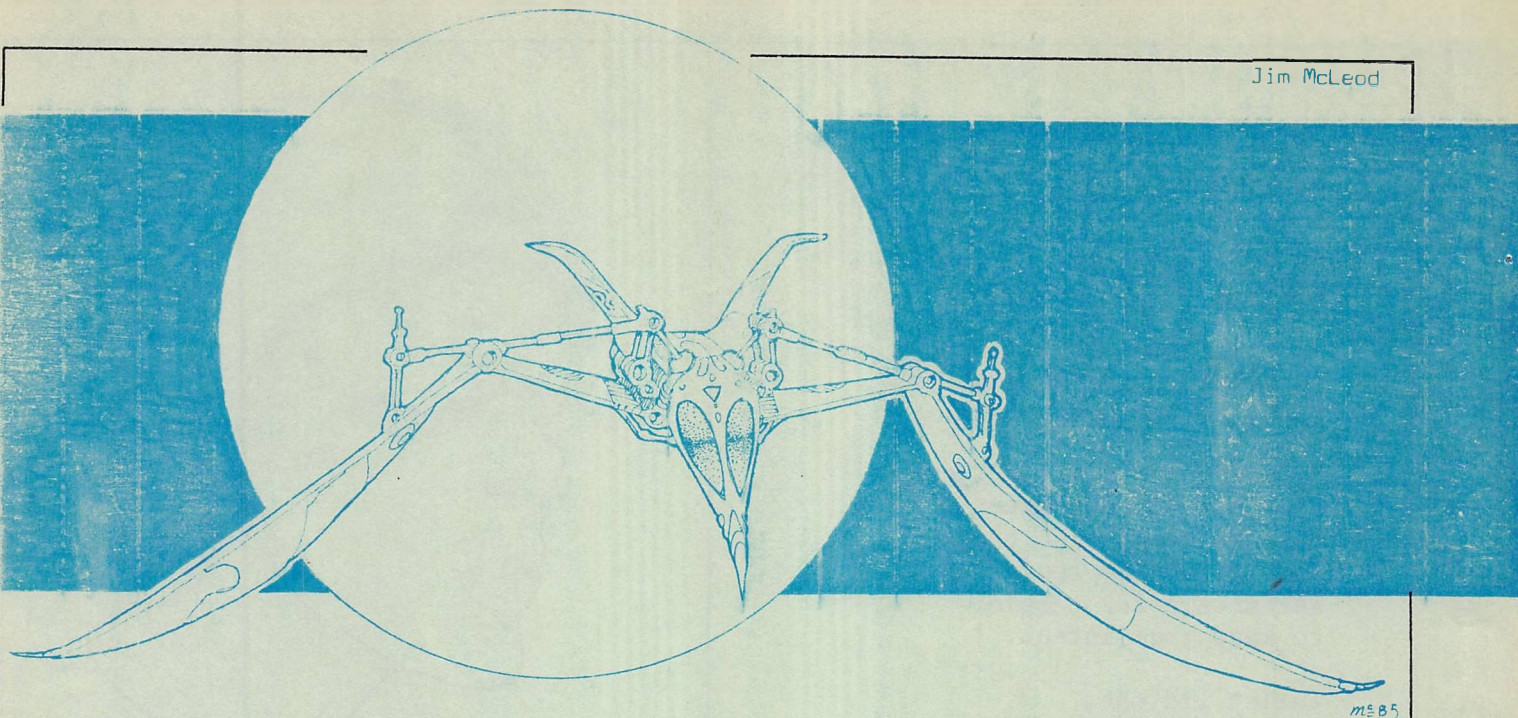
Jim McLeod

WOMAN WITH WIND-BLOWN HAIR

shifts her head
a dozen different ways
changes directions
shifts feet, hips
her blonde hair
billowing across eyescape
witness strands of trees
a lake turned blue
in golden sunlight
revisiting the scene
of her last lay
trying to bring him back
with her winds of memory
but he was blown away
she wants to blow him back,
the wind hot as body-fevers.
He can't come, so far away
no matter how far/long
the wind can reach.
Only the memory of her
lay-love, not him real now
her tears thick
surrealistic across her face.

*Harrisburg, Oregon
April 1st, 1986*

billy wolfenbarger



The Fanzine in My BIRDFEEDER

dave yoder

I'm not real fond of writing, although I do like to see my name in print. I especially hate to write letters. I do like to receive fanzines. I am willing to pay for fanzines if I must but would prefer to have them given to me.

These statements outline a certain type of dilemma in fannish life. For some the question resolves itself by one urge being heavily outweighed by the other. However, others have the two sides so precariously balanced that it is often their current mood, or the weather, or what they had for breakfast that determines which side of the line they come down on at any given moment.

These people are occasionally given to mad rushes of activity when their particular demons permit them to sit at a typer and let the creative juices flow enough to string words together in such a way that some sense can be derived from them. At other times they are to be seen lounging wearily in their favorite chair, ever so often casting a haunting glance at a pile of unread and/or unanswered fanzines. (Wistful little sighs of "Real Soon Now" may be heard at such a time by the careful listener.) And as a daily companion there is guilt -- the feeling that procrastination may have been added to the list of mortal sins and nobody told you; or the knowledge that it at least a venial sin the punishment for which is having your name dropped only from the mailing lists of those fanzines that you most enjoy, while

receiving a note from the postman to the effect that he won't deliver the weight of mail you are receiving and that you must go to the post office to pick up all those crudzines which are best used to line the bottom of bird cages.

And speaking of birds....

But first a little background.

My own personal devils only seem willing to permit me a few days every couple of months for this sort of activity. Reading isn't too much of a problem, but writing--forget it. So I've a choice: either read a fanzine when it arrives and most likely have all those great little first time through creative sparks extinguished in a pool of inertia or, let them pile up until the urge comes upon me to do something about them and take the chance of running out of steam after about one or two.

Eventually a third alternative occurred to me. I could make marginal notes about things I wanted to say and underline or otherwise denote statements I thought worth comment (or that I thought I could comment about). So I did; and it seemed to work just fine until I sat down to write up my notes. I found that some were illegible, others didn't make sense, and what was left didn't seem to get the old brain ticking over too well. If the discouragement wasn't enough to put me off entirely I would then go back, reread everything, write out my notes at paragraph length and then try

to tie the whole works together later. Result — production, yes, but much less than hoped for (and I always knew that those first, lost, ideas were much superior to what eventually went into an envelope).

Recently I bought a computer. This was to be my salvation. I could call up an open file for fanzine notes, put those notes into it as I read and then organize and wrap up the whole package right there on the screen. No more ideas gone aglimmering, no more scribbled up, worn out fanzines, no laboriously writing things out in longhand and having the last part of a good thought vanish while trying to get the first part down; everything should work out just hunky-dory. The theory is good, it should work, but....

Now we come to the birds.

The above mentioned computer sits on my desk, which sits in my back room facing out the window. Outside this window are my birdfeeders. They were there before the desk, and certainly before the computer—although not before the window which is one of the reasons that they're where they are — so it's not really their fault.

One can't blame the birds either. They have to eat and there's a veritable smorgasboard out there for the pecking. Winter is tough on them and they have to survive as best they can. Besides, what do they know about desks, or computers, or fanzines? (Windows they know about — they just don't understand them.)

Perhaps it's all my dad's fault. He's the one who got me hooked on birds. His feeders and berry bushes and so on always attracted a glorious assortment, and his back window is in the kitchen and so doesn't have a desk—his desk faces a blank wall on our neighbors house. He'd also take me along to the mountain ridge a few miles away that was part of the migration route of quite a few species of hawks. We'd spend hours there wedged in the rocks, binoculars glued to eyeballs, vying to see who could be the first to correctly identify those vague avian shapes gliding along the mountain's shoulder in our direction.

Hmmm, don't seem to be getting things in their proper order here—too many distractions. You're all probably wondering what I'm trying to shift the blame for. Well, if you will recall a few paragraphs ago I mentioned a new locking system; and it would work pretty well if it weren't for the birds. I don't mean the system is for the birds; I mean they get into the system. Of course I don't mean that they're really "in" the system, but....

Wait a minute here. I've told you about the window, the desk and the feeders haven't I? Now imagine, if you will, you sit down at your desk, fire up your new system, open a fanzine and begin to read. Soon something is said that strikes a spark. As you lift your eyes from the page to do a little distance gazing as an aid to the proper wording of a response they fall on a chickadee serenely doing acrobatics on the feeder right outside the window. He picks up a seed and departs but now you've noticed that the nuthatch is here head down on the suet ball as usual (come to think of it, I can't remember seeing him there in any other position). Sternly you force your eyes back down to the page. Firmly keeping your head down you make progress until a loud whirr startles you into raising it in time to see a cloud of sparrows dropping in.

And, oh, how it goes on. House finches in numbers to rival those of the sparrows, juncos hopping around with a friendly formality, an occasional descent of grosbeaks, titmice darting in and out around the competition and, when the snow comes, tree and white-throated sparrows. Bluejays, cardinals, goldfinches and still more -- including a pair of downy woodpeckers whom I suspect of marital problems (she's a nag and he's a bully). A constantly moving and changing scene which provides drama, comedy, suspense (with the aid of the neighborhood cats), action and adventure — who could ask for more?

Well, I could, for one, like a little peace so I could write without interruptions. All the hustle and bustle is entertaining, exciting and good for the spirit but hardly conducive to coherent thought, or any thought at all for that matter. Sitting here, mindlessly staring out the window, is just exactly what I want to do at times, but not now. Alas the window is more than forty times the size of the size of the computer screen and I don't have the discipline to forgo the beauty and fascination of the scene it frames. I love my little feathered friends but there have been times when I've been seriously tempted to root for the cats.

DAVE YODER

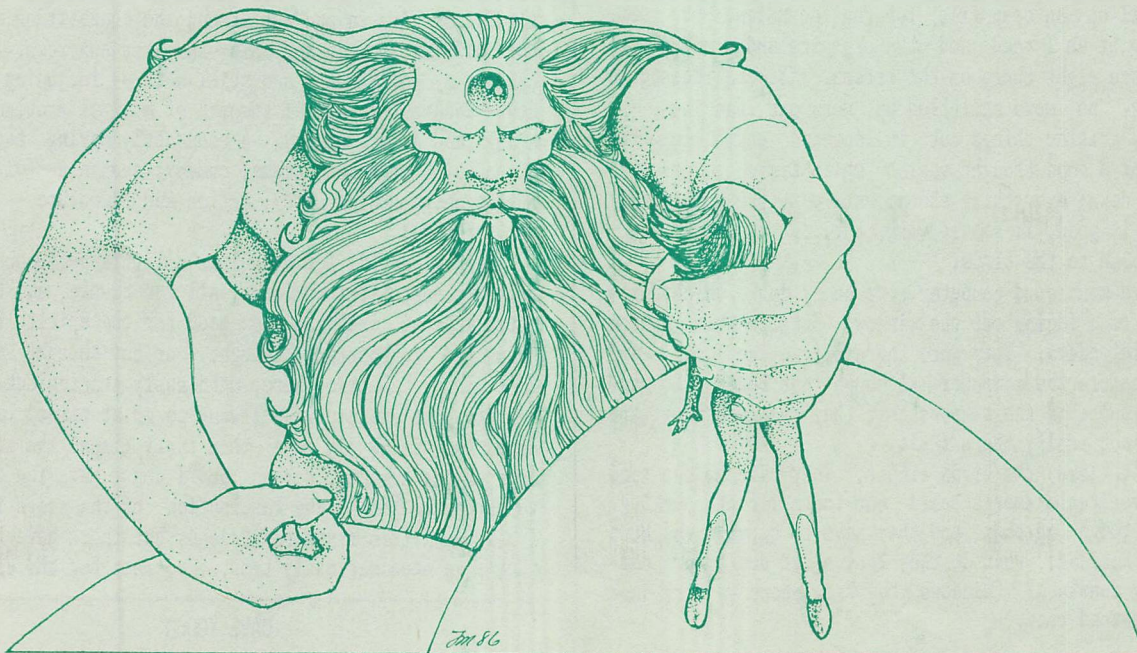
it doesn't
compute

joe r.
christopher

Hell is always inaccurate.

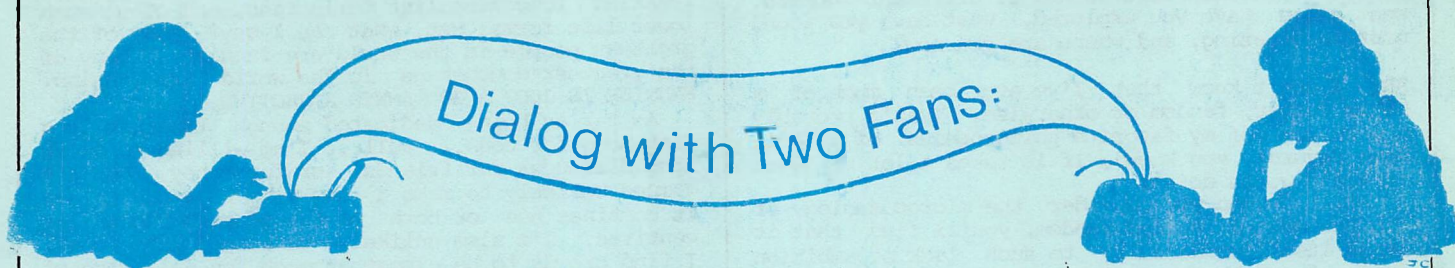
--Charles Williams

The Archetype of all computers
gleamed bright and golden in God's sight:
its language, sans symbolic stutters,
read bit by bit the Logos right;
its input, output, all-about-
put, showed the Truth, bespoke Law's might.
God's programs, through predestined routes
(they're checked Three ways before they run),
need no debugging, last-minute doubts:
His batch, when processing's begun,
then flows and branches, loops the loop,
and, when it's done, then all is done.
But Satan, while choosing not to stoop,
found such perfection 'yond his grasp,
turned red in wrath, and, feeling duped,
then claimed the odds were rigged. He rasped:
"It's rotten to its magnetic core!
Its silicon chips no currents clasp!
My programs are as good as Yours!"
The angel's byte was sharp indeed,
but all his programs were as poor;
he kicked the storage and the lead-
in. "Software, hardware, now scarred-and-marred
ware, how I hate its exacting need!"
Did him then bar the Christus-guard
from 'proaching where the computer be,
or typing up an I-AM card?
Did Yahweh's wrath him scorch to dree?
No: Satan's fall was his own choosing:
"Myself below all logic free!
I turn to hate, all truth refusing,
and all precision! Don't laugh at me!
I'm too important to be amusing!"
So Satan fell from gravity.



Jim McLeod

Dave Locke's



a chat with

AL CURRY

What can I tell you about Al Curry? That you would want to know, that is.

He is a fan. He is or has been a genzine editor (twice), an apahack, an article writer, columnist, a caricature-oriented wildass cartoonist, convention attendee, local club fan, and general carouser at fan parties.

He is a writer, a published writer who is now trying to break into the sf/fantasy/mystery genres.

He is a musician, solo vocal & guitar, Irish and American music in the folk tradition, and is paid for it. I even hear his toned-down-for-broader-consumption numbers coming over my radio every once in a while (though I like him best when he has a pub gig and lets it all hang out). He even writes some of his own best stuff.

I didn't hit it off that well with Al when we first met in print, for no good reason and to no specific extent. When we first met in person I liked him instantly, and as contact escalated I liked him even more and came to have a great respect for his many talents. Now that we meet daily (we work for the same company), our contact could best be described as comfortable, amusing, and unpressured. There are only a dozen or so people I really enjoy sitting down with to have a few drinks and some terminal idle chitchat, and Al is definitely one of them.

A Director at the company where Al and I are employed once

said something seminal about Al's personality: "One thing I really like about Al is that you always know exactly where you stand with him." Al speaks his mind, and is one of those people whose delivery is such that he can almost always get away with it. His directness is mellowed by a crazyquilt of tact and redneck colorfulness and common sense, with a thread of conviction that here's a prime candidate to have standing beside you if events turn really sticky. He hates bullshit, loves wit and good storytelling, is capable of escalating violence far beyond what any perpetrator of violence would expect of a potential victim, has a sensitivity and love for things of real value, has a wicked sense of humor which he directs to the 90% of humanity which falls under Sturgeon's Law, and walks a fine line between what he perceives as civilization and what he perceives as fascade. Part redneck, part civilized, part uncivilized, and perpetually amused at the stupidity of the human condition.

Plus he's a lot more that I couldn't even begin to catalog or understand. There was no cookie cutter around when he came into existence. No mold. Nobody said "let's make another #432.a, Irish variety". He's his own person and has his own personality and his own bag of rocks and wrinkles. He's Al or, according to his birth certificate, Paul Allen Curry.

Let's go talk with him.

DAVE: Fandom may be too small for all of us, but it's too big to be explored by any one person's fanac. Everyone cuts their own niche, and does so in one or a dozen or a bushel of different subsets. What areas have you explored, what have you found most interesting, and where are you now?

AL: I don't know that I've ever been much of a niche cutter, fandom or otherwise. That's probably due to one of my favorite philosophies of life (I have several, you know): If it takes a lot of sweat it ain't worth doin'.

Still, when you consider the microcosmology of the phenomenon called fandom, you'll find that it lends itself wonderfully to such lack of ambition as displayed by those of us who consider ourselves to be masters of slothfulness on Zen levels. You put out a fanzine for as long as you enjoy doing so. When it gets in the way of other things, such as walks in the rain or beer tastings, you simply fall back on that most famous phrase of scripture from the teachings of Fan Zen: Real Soon Now.

Remember all those times I mentioned that my next issue of GNOMENCLATURE was just sitting there in its file folder awaiting an attack from the Muse? There's a perfect example. If you'll only meditate on that statement for a moment, you will realize that you have just heard the Fan Zen version of the sound of one hand clapping.

As far as the aspects of fandom that I've explored are concerned, you'll find this same laid-back attitude is applied ... if applied isn't too strong a word to use. I was one of the editors who put out QUANTUM ... I edited and published GNOMENCLATURE, an example of literary masturbation if there ever was one... I have attended a few conventions over the years (as long as they weren't so far away that driving became too tedious) ... I do the occasional article or column or cartoon for someone else's fanzine (far preferable to doing them for my own publication, since I can still enjoy myself without being forced to collate or staple or come up with postage money)... I'm involved, as you know, in one (count'em, one) apa... I show up for the occasional CFG meeting...and I am presently developing my reputation to become one of those drunken curmudgeons of fandom who can say all manner of vile and obnoxious things and get away with them because I am unpredictable, prone to outbursts of redneck behaviour that mortify everyone within earshot, and, yet, I am nearly impossible to embarrass due to a complete lack of "give-a-fuck."

DAVE: What, you don't like two long and boring drives to attend a single weekend convention? This is highly unfannish and what the hell's wrong with you? This is not a criticism; I'm hoping you'll come up with a succinct and witty rationale which I can steal from you, based on my feeling the same way about it. Like you, I've occasionally driven all over the map to attend a two or four-day con, but very early on it began making me increasingly tired in the head. These days, it isn't good for me unless I can commute and pet the cat before I crash. I have the feeling that you may be some manner of soul brother, even if you aren't owned by a cat.

As for fanac and drinking, I have this theory. I believe that our hobby is really drinking, and that fanac is just something to do with the otherwise unengaged parts of ourselves which aren't preoccupied with bending an elbow. If this isn't so, what else could explain the recent phenomenon where a cutback in my fanac paralleled a cutback in my drinking? Giving up drinking through a straw?

AL: Highly unfannish of me? So what else is new? Glicksohn once snitted that my attitude was "distinctly unfannish" after a comment I had made in one article referring to certain people who attempted to justify the existence of Anachronists, Trekkies, fundamentalist Christians, and other such lower life forms. Heh, what can I say? Many of the greatest people in the world are fannish... many of the greatest douchebags in the world are fannish. FANNISH IS JUST A GODDAMNED ADJECTIVE.

As far as being dedicated enough to drive long distances for cons... well... I am willing to drive long distances for friends, or for money, but I'm damned unlikely to make a long trip to a con unless it combines one or both of the aforementioned incentives. I'm also unlikely to attend large cons. I find crowds to be almost as much fun as a case of the jalapeno diarrhea.

Octocon was always a great little con, even though it did entail driving the entire height of Ohio. Good friends were there in manageable numbers. There was good food and drink and conversation. I can only hope that it maintains its level of quality quietude now that it's moving from Sandusky to Cincinnati.

Speaking of drinking and fandom, two frequently juxtaposed topics whenever you and I get together, I would have to say that drink is one of the few lenses that is capable of bringing fandom into focus at times. How else could one sit through a conversation with Jerry Kaufman without the aid of a five pound dextrodine to help you keep up ... or endure one of Ted White's diatribes without access to a bucket of dead squid for throwing. No, perhaps that's not completely fair. Jerry doesn't really talk as fast as he used to do.

DAVE: You play the guitar and sing Irish and American folk music, with or without being accompanied by Dave Gilligan doing serious spit with a harmonica. How did you get into that, into writing much of your own stuff, and into getting paid for it? And what lure does it hold for you at this late date?

AL: My father was lead singer in a quartet for a number of years. For some reason, he decided to encourage this tradition of singing in his spawn, as well. When I was four years old, he began entering me in talent contests and getting me spots on local radio and television shows. Ah, yes, fame and fortune. They made me what I am today ... sigh.

When I was eighteen, I started teaching myself to play guitar. My first appearance on stage with voice and guitar was in 1968 while a student at Marshall University. I walked onto the stage and found myself standing in front of something in excess of two thousand people. I stalled for a second while tuning my guitar to the Standard A note being sounded by my knees as they banged together, and was suddenly struck by the realization that those people were sitting there waiting to hear me do something they couldn't do. Since then, I've been insufferable everytime I got a guitar in my hands.

Writing my own material probably came as an outgrowth of the music I was learning at the time and the poetry I had been writing since my early teens. I still remember the first song I ever wrote. It wasn't particularly good, but I do remember it.

Music is still important to me, although I don't have many opportunities to perform anymore. For one thing, I'm putting most of my efforts into the books I'm writing. For another thing, music jobs here in Cincinnati are about as plentiful as rubbers in a convent. When I first moved to town in

'73, I was playing three or four nights a week. Nowadays, any folk musician with a regular gig once a week is considered affluent.

Dave Gilligan and I have been talking about re-viving our old band (Blind Dog) and concentrating on the blues. At least we would be able to find more work that way. Our only problem is to find someone to fill out our threesome. Used to be, the band was made up of me on guitar and vocals, Gilligan on harmonica, and Laura Hassock on fiddle. Very nice, very full sound. The trouble is that Laura is out of the picture now, and you don't just flip over the nearest mossy log to find a fiddle player who can bow the blues.

Sometime back, I finished laying down two harmony tracks and a speaking overdub on one song for Meg Davis' latest album (the second one I've worked on for her), but the project has been held up. She's in the middle of some kind of fight with the record company in Los Angeles, so it's hard to tell when that will be released.

More than anything else with the music, I want to sell my songs to someone who can record them and get some air play. I would love to get to the point where I only go on stage because I want to perform, not because I need the money or exposure. It has been a long time since I felt like that.

DAVE: Despite serious reservations and occasional peevishness about the clime in which we find ourselves, we're both living in Cincinnati and have been here for some years. In your case, why is that and what is the first thing you'd do if you won the Lotto?

AL: First time I hit Cincinnati was January 1, 1968. I was changing trains on a trip that took me on to Chicago, to Cheyenne, and then to L.A. About all I saw of Cincy at the time was the Union Terminal and some blowing snow.

When I got back this way in '73, I was passing through the area to get some taping done before heading to some appointments with movers and shakers in Nashville. Nothing came of the trip to Nashville, but I did meet my second wife due to the detour through Cincinnati. Except for the four months in Ireland in '85, I've been here ever since. Of course, I also fathered a son, got a divorce, and remarried in that period of time, but I suppose it's all part of the ebb and flow.

Actually, the only reason we stayed in Cincinnati when we got back from Ireland was for the sake of our sons. Doug, Lyn's son by a previous marriage is going to be seventeen this fall. My son, Sean, just turned twelve in May. Both of them seemed to have problems with us moving four thousand miles away, so we decided we had better hang around here for a few more years until both of them get older. It's inevitable that children grow away from their parents as they become more mature and independent. I can't understand parents selfish enough to want it any other way. But until that time comes, I expect we'll stick around this area.

I suppose one could easily find any number of less appealing places if one is sentenced to do time in a city. You do, however, have to endure the tight-assed attitude of a conservative German river town ... and two of the poorest excuses for newspapers in the history of journalism ... and a Prosecuting Attorney who would, if possible, replace Congress with members of the Moron Majority. And, of course, let's not forget the miserable weather you mentioned, sitting around melting and watching lichens grow on your knuckles.

What would I do if I won the Lotto? Christ! Do you mean before or after I quit my job?

I'd buy a house near Glendalough in County Wicklow... I'd buy a farm back home in West Virginia... and of course, controlling interest in John Jameson & Sons Irish Whiskey.

DAVE: Local fanac consists of something called the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, better known as the CFG. Surely there is nothing of a harsh nature which could possibly be said about it, its leadership, or the wonderful people who share in the great joy of it. If a Martian landed on Earth, knocked at your door, and looked at his timepiece while stating that he had only five minutes in which to absorb everything that it might be essential to know about something called the CFG, what would you tell him after suggesting that he join you for a drink?

AL: Harsh words? For the CFG? No, surely not. A finer gaggle of eccentrics, bewildroids, and the socially maladroit, I've never before had the pleasure of knowing. CFG meetings can be a real adventure in esoterica. In one corner you've got Jackie Causgrove, Bill Bowers, and Don Carter discussing their computer systems (always exciting) ... Tom Ainsworth is in another corner talking about the difficulties of trying to sell his dinosaur designs on the cosmic significance of the lost cities of Kalahari as colonies of Atlantis.

And in regard to leadership...what leadership is that? I do understand, though, that our Fearless Feeder, Bill Cavin, actually has a contract signed for the MidwestCon hotel. Only problem now is that he has to do the same thing for next year's convention.

I wouldn't need five minutes to fill in your hypothetical Martian on the CFG. I can do it in five syllables: Bring Your Own Bottle.

DAVE: If tomorrow you found yourself in the position of Taking Over Cincinnati Fandom with sufficient lackies to handle the shitwork, what would be different other than switching funding from CFG-suites at near or far conventions to a you-don't-have-to-bring-your-own policy at the biweekly meetings?

AL: You mentioned the "CFG Suite" issue, and I can only point to that as one of the problems. Someone once remarked that we have always had CFG Suites at certain cons, and I agree that is true in the past. It is also true that our dollars used to buy a great deal more than they do now ... the room rates were once far lower than they are now, never mind the rates charged for suites ... that the cost for food and drink staples was once a great deal lower than now. I thought someone was joking when they suggested that they wanted to have a CFG Suite at the Worldcon in Brighton. There would appear to be an attitude that we need to promote our little organization, and this makes no sense at all to me. We are a social organization; we are not eligible for small business loans. It seems patently ridiculous to adopt an attitude of financial nonchalance to impress others when we cannot (apparently) properly recompense our own members who host CFG meetings.

As far as changes go, I would: (1) Drop the CFG suites at other conventions. ALL other conventions. If our members who attend that convention want to have a suite convenient for their own partying, they can ante-up for the accompanying costs of such an arrangement. (2) Re-institute the practice of yearly dues that give free membership to both of the conventions that the club puts on each year to those of us who pay our dues. (3) Get as far as possible from this attitude that the CFG should be a

money-making proposition. That's pure unadulterated bullshit. Yes, we have some cash in the bank. Whose retirement are we saving for with this funding? There must be some reason for it. There's certainly no reason to worry about a building fund. We have no reason for funding whatsoever except for the purpose of continuing the existence of the club. (4) And finally, give a respectable sum of money to those who do host the meetings. There is no way to put on a CFG meeting for the token sum of fifteen dollars, and I don't think that anyone is naive enough to think there is ... unless they've never given one nor been involved with co-hosting one. The amount should be doubled. Granted, this might cut into someone's enjoyment of having suites at Worldcons in Tierra del Fuego, thus impressing people who have never heard of nor given a flying rat's ass about the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, but heh ... that's what's normally referred to as tough shit in the vernacular. Spend the money at home, instead of on the road. Last time I looked, the club had voted down the option to become a part of Unicef.

DAVE: You've sold the printed word, and in fandom you give it away for free. These days I happen to know that you're spending serious time in an effort to break into serious markets. What has been the lure and evolution of your interest in writing? And where are you trying to head with it?

AL: There's a woman by the name of Lesley Conger, with whom I corresponded for quite a while. She had a regular column in *The Writer* magazine out of Boston. In one of my letters I made a comment about occasionally feeling envy for the character played by George Segal in the movie *The Owl and the Pussycat*. He simply took his typewriter and flung it over a hill with all his might. When Streisand asked why he had done it, he said, "The goddamned thing was trying to kill me."

Lesley's response was that I was basically full of shit, since there's no such thing as an ex-writer. You may take the pledge, throw away your legal pads, ignite your typewriter, and toss away your manuscript mailers. The next thing you know, you're writing a letter to a friend and suddenly discover that the thing has turned into a novella.

Sometimes writing seems to me like the very best of all possible worlds; sometimes it's nothing more than a dose of clap that just keeps dripping.

As you know, I have two completed novels out making the rounds right now. There's a third one shaping up nicely, and five others bubbling on the burners. So ... yes, I am quite serious about my writing ... I'm just not in any particular hurry.

DAVE: I could take a typewriter and throw it away, but it would be an empty gesture.

We own too many typewriters. If we threw them all away, I guess I'd have to learn how to use the word processor, though I'd do it quietly and without talking about it at CFG meetings.

Yes, writing can be wonderful or terrible or something inbetween, at least as regards the doing. Primarily it depends on how enthusiastic you are in approaching it. The quality of the writing can often be boosted by the enthusiasm, but enthusiasm isn't the determining criteria. Sometimes you have to sweat to generate whatever measure of quality you're capable of producing, and that can be fun or not. As I have no particular interest or discipline in attempting to sell my words, my own amusement seems to be my primary concern in any writing project. Things that I write because I have to write them, like reports and committee minutes for work, get cranked out almost as fast as I can type....

Didn't used to be that way. Often used to be that I took exceptional care in rewriting to always ensure the use of what I presumed to be the right word. Today I trust my instincts and let 'er rip.

So how do you approach the transition of intent to thought to fingertip motion on your typewriter? Are you a shit-a-word writer, agonizing before dropping each word on the page? Do you wait for inspiration and then let it flow? Are you a rewrite man? Or what? I once knew someone whose technique committed him to a minimum of 15 lines of type before he would allow himself to refill his drink.

AL: Personally, I'm a shotgun writer. I blow everything onto the paper and then decide whether or not any of it is worth keeping. I suppose it's a literary variation on that old bit of bullshit from those fun-loving boys in the Green Berets that went -- Kill'em all and let God sort'em out. Because of the sheer volume this sometimes represents, I frequently write first drafts in longhand because it enforces some degree of economy.

Am I a rewrite man? Lord, you are a master of understatement, aren't you? I seldom send a letter without a rewrite.

DAVE: I think the reason I went from a shotgun writer to a shit-a-word writer to a shit-a-word writer with agonizing rewrites to my present state of let 'er rip and get it good the first time, is the influence of Grennell. I enjoyed each phase that I went through and felt it right for the time, but I read Dean both fannishly and professionally and it took a while to understand what he was telling me. What he was telling me was that there was that there was no excuse for not getting it good, if not excruciatingly "right", the first time around. I long ago embraced that in writing business communications, but it took a while to understand it in my personal writing. There isn't any reason I can't get it good the first time around, or as good as I'm capable of getting it, unless I didn't know from square-one what the fuck I wanted to do and was hoping I might stumble into it. I think from my own experience and from reading of the experience of others, that wordwhipping is strictly an individual thing and that the thrust is whatever works for you at the moment. Tomorrow I might have to slay a lion on the living-room rug before I'm capable of translating any imagined seminalism into type.

What bothered me when I was into rewriting was that I would often let something go without rewriting. Now that I spend less time in the process overall, but more time in the original draft, letting something go in the first draft doesn't bother me until at least three or four years have passed.

As a rewrite man, if someone could force your nose to a word processor you'd probably spend at least a year getting something off of a disc and onto paper. Easy rewrites promote an initial scatter-shot technique, to judge by what I've heard. If you had the best invention you could imagine for getting thoughts into print, would the discipline of writing become more of a problem or would the tool speed you along?

AL: The perfect device for me for writing would be some sort of mental input device that would simply take all the thoughts and lay them out in the sequence of their origins. I know that some people might think that the same purpose could be served by use of a tape recorder, but it just doesn't work that way for me. I sit there with the mic in my hand and am suddenly conscious of nothing but the mic in my hand... that and the whirring hiss of the void as cassette tape runs through the machine,

wasted and unused. There is something about the mechanics of it that get in my way. I don't know why, and no matter how much I have tried to talk myself out of such nitpicking, it's still there.

That's why this hypothetical "brain-scanner" might be so useful. I could simply lean back, put on a nice Chopin tape, and allow the machine to pick up all my strange and wandering thoughts while sipping at something amber-colored and inhibition loosening. Once that was finished, I could pick up the print out, sit down at my primitive, ancient typewriter, and begin building the thing around some semblance of a story line.

Of course, I might also run the risk of turning out something that looked a bit like an elongated bit of verse by e.e. cummings, but we must take chances, mustn't we?

DAVE: Cartooning and caricaturing. What got you into that?

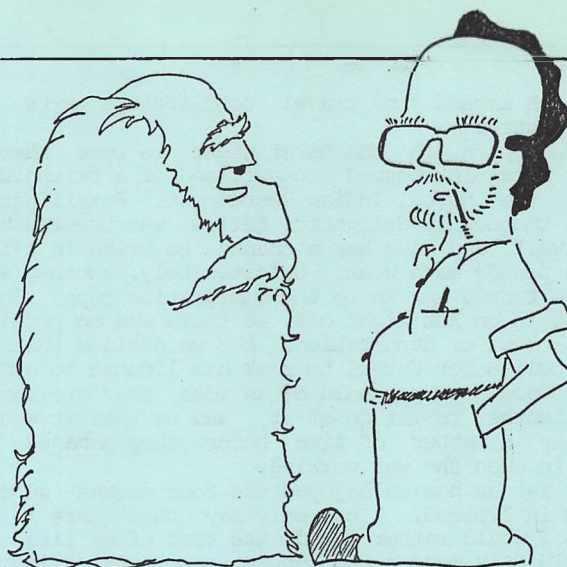
AL: There was a lady in Austin, Texas (Linda Norris) that I wrote to for quite some time, and she always used to refer to me as her Irish gnome. I began signing my letters as G. Harold Gnome (the "G." stands for Gnigel). From that, I started drawing G. Harold at the end of each letter, as well as signing the name ... hence the development of the character and the original idea for the first issue of **GNOMENCLATURE**. Obviously, G. Harold had to be a caricature of myself with the addition of pointed ears. From there, I went on to develop the characters of Uncle Spam (a sort of mottled blob with a human face and a striped top hat), Ivan the Troll (an enforcer for the Fraternal Order of Gnomes, F.O.G. Local #69), and my personal favorite, the dread wizard, Brainard the Inept.

Then I got the idea for the panels that I published under the heading of Big Gnome Fans, in which I did one of Derek Carter and one of Bill Bowers. With a bit of practice, I discovered that I could do reasonable caricatures of a number of people. By applying my normally snotty sense of humor, I could manage to do cartoons that never failed to offend at least a small part of any given audience.

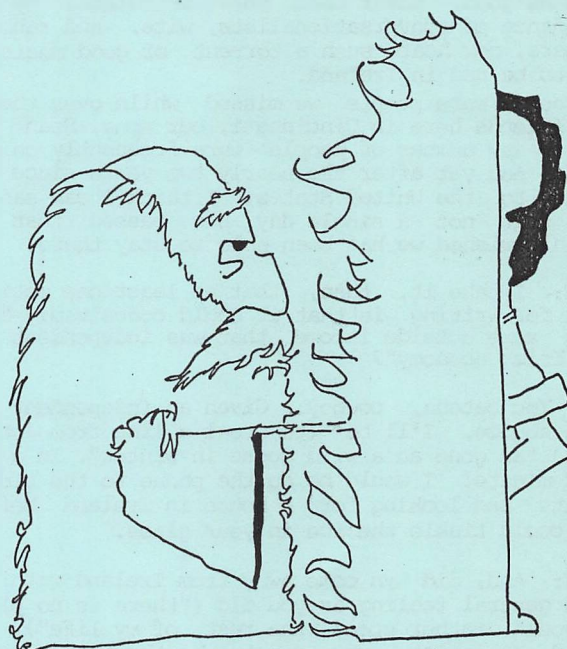
DAVE: I liked Brainard the Inept, too. Let's resurrect him right here for at least one more encounter.

Other than the fact that you're Irish, what made you decide to try making a living over there? And other than the fact that it didn't work out, how did you enjoy being there for a few months?

AL: Other than the fact that I'm Irish... there is also the fact that my wife (Lyn Loughlin) is from an Irish background, as well. It was a trip that both of us had always wanted to make anyway. We knew that it would be difficult to make it over there, although I don't think that either one of us had any idea that it was going to be quite as difficult as it actually was. I had some ideas about getting a bit of work through the international offices of Manpower, only to find that they have an agreement with the Irish government not to hire foreign workers because of the unemployment problems (currently at around 24%). As it was, I was able to scout up enough work playing guitar in the pubs to help us stay afloat for a while. If we had gone over with a larger grubstake, we would probably have managed to pull it off. Just as we were getting ready to come home, I began getting some real notice by a number of people who could have made things break loose for me if I had been able



SO... YOU'RE BRAINARD, THE ALLEGED WIZARD?



to stick around and travel to different parts of the country.

Lyn got a job the first night we were there, after being introduced to a friend of a friend who owned the Moghul Indian Restaurant. Fuzail Waris was a thoroughly delightful fellow who treated her very well and gave her a chance to bring in a few extra pounds each week. Unfortunately, another employee turned her in to the immigration cops. They walked in on her night off, so there was no problem with arrest or deportation, but we decided that it was foolish for Fuzail to risk his license to operate. Once cops get hold of an idea, they are somewhat loathe to let go of it, and we knew it would be only a matter of time before they managed to drop in when she was working.

As far as how we enjoyed the four months we did spend in Ireland, I can only say that there is no place I would rather spend the rest of my life, if I could only manage to secure some outside income that was independent of the Irish economy. I have never seen any landscape as lovely, never tasted beer as good, never been more stimulated by the abundance of conversationalists, wits, and rabble-rousers, nor heard such a torrent of good music as was to be had in Ireland.

There were people we missed while over there. Our friends here in Cincinnati, our sons, Sean and Doug; any number of people were frequently on our minds. And yet after the nearly two years since our return to the United States, I think I can safely say that not a single day has passed that we haven't wished we had been able to stay there.

DAVE: I take it, then, that at least one motivation for writing is that it could conceivably "secure some outside income that was independent of the Irish economy"?

AL: You betcha, cowboy. Given an independent income source, I'll be (to steal a line from Johnny Cash) "as gone as a wild goose in winter". In a New York minute! I would be on the phone to the ticket agents and looking for a house in Ireland before you could tinkle the ice in your glass.

DAVE: And, did Lyn come away from Ireland with the same general feeling as you did ("there is no place I would rather spend the rest of my life")? Or would she insist, were you to win the Lotto, that this be reconsidered?

AL: Lyn's reaction to Ireland was as strong as my own.

For both of us, of course, the response could never be quite that simple. We have two sons to consider, and that's a big consideration, indeed. Even if we were able to make this hypothetical move to Ireland, we would still have to commute on a fairly frequent basis, as well as sending for the boys to fly back and forth on occasion.

Bray in particular, and County Wicklow in general, were nearly perfect for us. Lyn disliked Dublin. I spent more time there, and so found more items of interest. Bray, however, was the happy medium. It was small enough for the lifestyle we wanted; and yet, with almost no effort, we could reach Dublin and, with only slightly greater effort England as well.

DAVE: Now that you're earning a living by wearing a tie and sitting at a desk, and have even trimmed your beard to the point where at least the bottom half of the tie is visible, what is it that galls you most about working at the same place that I do:

being asked if you're my brother, or being asked if you're my son?

AL: It is something of a hoot when people make comments about you and I looking alike. When my hair was still long, they were asking if I was your son. Now that it's temporarily short, we're hearing the "brother" routine. Could be something to do with the style of beard (although mine is generally longer, and possibly more heavily silvered than yours), could be something to do with the (approximately) same length of hair (although the style of hair is basically different) or it could have something to do with our common trait of paunchiness. Personally, I lean more to the theory that they decide that we look somewhat insane, add that to all the rest, and make the assumption of blood relationship.

DAVE: Your beard may be "silvered". Mine is shot with white, at close range, with both barrels. In California, or anywhere else prior to the last few decades, no one would think twice about two guys with beards. We are, however, in Cincinnati, Reagan is President, and it's the 1980s. "Image Consultants" like John Malloy do their damndest to prove that McLuhan was right. Were we willing to play the game and give a shit about such things, each of us would be clean-shaven, wear three-piece suits, and our names would be in the paper when they come up with stories about how much everyone loves the company that we work for. This is why I keep my beard. What's your excuse?

AL: My beard has been hanging from my face for some twenty years, with the exceptions of a few examples of temporary insanity. It has been there for so long that I feel nude without it. Very simply, it is as much a part of me now as my eye color or the fact that I'm right-handed. As you may recall, my response to "cleaning up my act" for the office was: I don't give a damn about cutting my hair, but I wouldn't shave for the second coming!

DAVE: Why is it that we avoid meat and stick to fruit and vegetables when we go out to lunch together during the work week?

AL: Personally, I try to stay away from meats as much as possible. I find a vegetarian diet far more esthetically pleasing, and of course, at my age, liquids are far easier to digest than those nasty ole solids. I find a combination of potato and grapefruit liquids to be more than ample for my nutritional needs in a lunch. Aside from that, there is the added advantage that the whip wielders in the office have more trouble smelling the vodka when we go back ... and let us not forget the Joe's Bar special of a tall vodka and grapefruit for \$1. Hell, you can buy three of those and still be paying less than if you bought a sandwich. Shrieks of economic common sense to my way of thinking.

DAVE: I could probably convert you to meet if I introduced you to the Bullshot. Beef boullion and vodka. They probably don't have it at Joe's, however. Of course, the official Steero Bullshot Cocktail Mixer is made with water, tomato paste, monosodium glutamate, lemon juice, salt, citric acid, sugar, beef extract, caramel color, natural and artificial flavorings, spices, and worcestershire sauce, but beef boullion and vodka is about \$5.00 cheaper per drink.

AL: I've heard of the BULLSHOT before, and I must confess to having been totally whelmed by the idea.

Normally, I prefer vodka in my vodka, but as you are well aware, I do have a certain fondness for a bit of grapefruit juice from time to time. The bartenders at our luncheon watering hole could be a bit more generous with the vodka, though, considering the world-wide grapefruit shortage.

DAVE: I dunno. Joe pours more overflow into the shot glass than most places I frequent. He does, however, stop just short of giving us a double. I guess maybe we shouldn't report him.

AL: I suppose Joe does allow a bit of over-slop to occur when doling out the vodka, but I much prefer those who stick to the old "slow three" or "fast five" count method of pouring. Those who use pourers on their bottles or who actually use a jigger for mixing drinks always seem to be a bit more conscious of the amount they're pouring into the drink. They're sort of the accountants of booze, as if they had to account for every drop to some IRS of alcohol, and that smokes up the ambience of bars in general. After all, the grapefruit juice is the garnish, not the other way around. If these booze C.P.A.'s were chefs, they would rest a fork-full of sirloin on a bed of parsley.

DAVE: Let's play a head game. For some reason explainable by skiffy or fantasy wordage too lengthy to go into right now, you have the ability to travel back in time and for two minutes confront yourself at the age of 18. You grab yourself by the throat, just to get your attention, and attain instantaneous recognition of who you are. The clock starts a 120 second countdown. What do you say to yourself?

AL: "Here's the list of winning number combinations for the first two years of the Ohio Lotto. Never mind what the hell I'm talking about ... just hang onto these for your life." I release the grip on my younger self's throat, remember something else, grab me by the shirt front before my 120 seconds are elapsed, and as I begin to fade from my younger self's view, I gasp, "ROSEBUD."

DAVE: I think I'd refine that and give myself the first 10 Lotto numbers where no one had the winning number (along with the Very First winning number just to get some early money). That would provide me with enough \$\$\$ to go anywhere, do anything, piss away millions, and probably die ten years younger than I already am. This would create a serious time paradox, unless in the last few seconds with my young self I decide to forego "ROSEBUD" for "and don't make any commitments unless you're sober."

Probably, though, my younger self would shake the whole thing off as having indulged in too much partying. And here I'd be, blaming myself again.

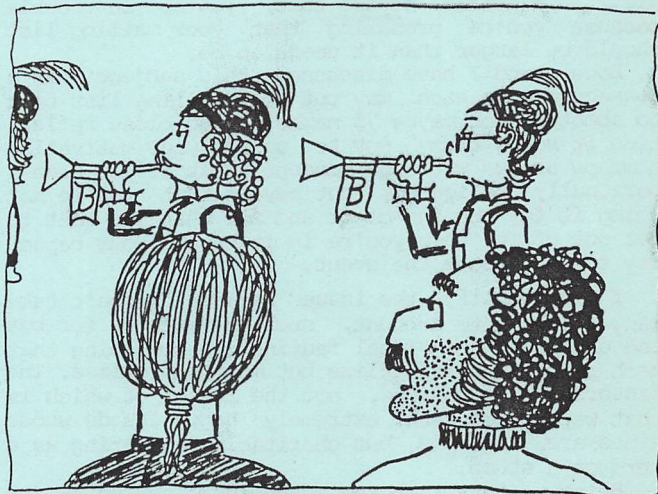
This won't happen. It's another head game, but if you and I got carried away to the point of co-editing a fanzine, in your half what would you find it amusing to ~~write about~~ do?

AL: Probably about the same sort of thing as I do in your fanzine. The cartoons are always fun, and my column is nothing more than a collection of the dim bulbs that manage to shine through my clouds of pipe and cigar smoke. I put out GNOMENCLATURE using very little more than this sort of material. As far as I know, no one ever nominated it for a Hugo, but the thing was one hell of a lot of fun.

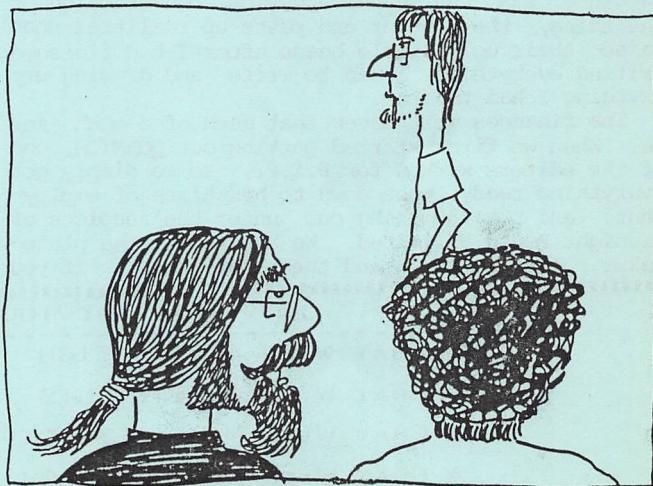
DAVE: I think I've done everything in fanzines: apazines, genzines, servicezines, personalzines, coedited zines, clubzines, oneshots, official or-



WHATTA YA FIGURE ... VISITING DIGNITARY?



ROYALTY, MAYBE?



WE WERE BOTH WRONG.
BOWERS HAS ANOTHER NEW HAIRSTYLE.

Curry 86

gans (which sounds vaguely obscene and, as Grennell says, if there's anything we can't stand it's vagueness), and out of the whole bunch the stand-outs are the coedited zines. And, despite much enjoyment from each of them the standout amongst the coedited zines is the genzine/personalazine I did with Ed Cagle: SHAMBLES. The chemistry, despite shared scutwork and the problem of communication, worked. 90% of it was fun, 10% was enough to make each coeditor's ass squinch up, and the response (including Faan Award Nomination) kind of made our eyes glaze over.

One of the problems with any fanzine is that the mailing list can get away from you and kill the joy. Production becomes work, and work isn't hobby unless kept to a minimum (unless you assume that Fandom Is A Way Of Life, which I'm confident that neither of us even vaguely assumes). The mailing list gives are those people you'll send your zine to if: 1. they do nothing, 2. your contributor requests it, 3. they are your contributor (arkle, art, letter of consequence, etc.), 4. you want their zine in trade, 5. for a time you'll copy them on the premise that they might get sufficiently interested to contribute or trade. If you produce and distribute copies beyond that, you're in trouble because you're presuming that your mailing list should be larger than it needs to be.

Bowers and I have discussed this subject. As a consequence we each may cut our mailing list back to about 50 or maybe 75 names. Upon close reflection it seems crazy not to unless your motivation somehow argues with the concept that if you aren't personally obligated, but beyond that you're not doing it for the fun of it and for what you want to get out of it, then you're in it beyond your capacity to perpetuate the event.

I oversimplify the issue because I don't take many things into account, such as finances for but one example. The "ideal fanzine" is something that each person must visualize but may not realize. The factors are numerous, not the least of which is that we've each seen extremely happy faneds whose zines are, arguably, but charitably, as boring as a turd on a stump.

Being my turn to throw a shoulder to the print-wheel, let me focus this drivell and ask you what ingredients would have to be available before you even begin to give serious consideration to creating or co-creating a fanzine other than an apazine?

AL: The thing that I always hated most about doing fanzines was the actual physical construction of the thing, the lay-out and paste-up realities that raised their ugly little heads after I had finished writing everything I had to write and drawing everything I had to draw.

The finances were never that much of a much for me. When we first started putting out QUANTUM, one of the editors worked for P.I.P., so we simply got everything ready, went down to her place of employment, and put the thing out under the auspices of Midnight Press Unlimited. We cranked up the platemaker, the presses, and the paper cutter. If you

have an old set of QUANTUM you can probably tell precisely at which point Marla Gold left the staff of the magazine. Also, since there were so many of us working on the thing, costs were cut down considerably when it came time to divide up the expenses of the issue.

GNOMENCLATURE was quite another thing. I started putting that out before QUANTUM folded. Since I was the only one editing, I was also the only one shelling out the bucks. Of course, I had also bought an A.B. Dick photo-offset and an Itek platemaker by that time, and I was doing the printing (or rather, my ex-wife, Tanya was doing the printing) for almost every fanzine coming out of Cincinnati and some work for the CFG as well; we were managing to put QUANTUM out for next-to-nothing.

I think my main problem in putting out another fanzine would be a lack of dedication, a sort of whimsical attitude toward getting the thing out when I had promised everyone I would do so. This, of course, is a problem that you've never run into personally, so you might not understand it. No ... seriously...the only way I would consider doing another fanzine would be in a collaboration with ONE other person. Never with an editorial staff, as it was before. I wouldn't want to solo with one because of the obligations that would fall on only one set of shoulders.

It is something that you and I should think about...although, for obvious reasons, we would have to come up with another name for the thing. Try combining TIME AND AGAIN with GNOMENCLATURE, and you wouldn't have any room on the front cover for any graphics. Of course, from some of the fanzines I've seen out these days, a lack of room for graphics might prove to be a real blessing.

DAVE: I think we're both too lazy to do this, or anything else along the lines of a genzine these days, but if we weren't we would. Let's keep the thought on the back burner in case we each get sufficiently inspired to produce at least half a fanzine.

But now, with this dialog alone, Bill Bowers must feel like he has produced half a fanzine. We'll have to either cut this off or face the prospect that Bill would publish it as a serial. And, if he finds gainful employment instead of being a full-time unpaid faneditor, who knows when it would all see print?

So, nice chatting with you, and probably it's time for another drink.

AL: Definitely. I've almost forgotten what it tastes like. Let's adjourn and refill these glasses.

DAVE: Right, and when we get to the bar let me ask you a few things that Bill wouldn't publish the answer to, anyway.

Goodbye, Bill. You can join us when you've typed the final copy.

DAVE LOCKE <> AL CURRY

>> PREVIOUS CHATS <<

A CHAT WITH STEVE LEIGH <> OUTWORLDS 36 : Pg. 1267

A CHAT WITH WALT WILLIS <> OUTWORLDS 37 : Pg. 1281

A CHAT WITH MIKE RESNICK <> OUTWORLDS 37 : Pg. 1305

A CHAT WITH BUCK COULSON <> OUTWORLDS 40 : Pg. 1399

A CHAT WITH DENISE PARSLEY LEIGH <> OUTWORLDS 45 : Pg. 1534

A CHAT WITH BILL BOWERS <> OUTWORLDS 50 : Pg. 1653

CHRIS OFFUTT

I was very surprised to learn that my private letter home was to be printed in Outworlds. All the ensuing locs were even more surprising. The pen is mightier than the sword but not the shotgun.

Harry Warner Jr.'s comment that I have restored his faith in the younger generation may be premature. I wrote that letter while unemployed and living in a rooming house at age twenty-eight. Walt Willis thinks my letter had wit and charm. These qualities are necessary when writing one's family for bail money. Marc Ortleib submits that I am more representative of fandom than my mother. I do not care to represent any group of people, especially those who enjoy reading other people's mail. Ian Covell claims to echo me. Perhaps he wants a cracker, too. Al Curry should double-check with my mother before thanking her for bringing me in to the world. John A. Cortis says his computer watches over him. He should either invest in a desk-top model or a taller chair. Jackie Causgrove says she's glad she wasn't in Haldeman, KY when my parents received my letter. So are the neighbors. Buck Coulson suggests my father "look to his laurels" if I decide to go pro. To that I can only say: Dad taught me all I know.

And Mom taught me never to write home the truth of my circumstances. [rec'd 12/17/87]

LINDA MICHAELS

It's probably been pointed out already (and you and I know I'm not the most cognizant reader of Outworlds, what with them always falling into the bathtub) but it seems the higher-techie you get, the less of you shows through. Your presence is barely extant in OW52. Not that you exactly stutter, but when speechifying you do get shaky, and this does indicate you're a prime candidate for machine takeover (Max Headroom reversed). If you let your new toy continue to be your principal topic there will be none of the glue that's you left to hold the thing together. That's how I see it. Rotsler's letter was like, hey, a human voice. And I could tell the commas from the periods, too.

I know, it's new. And your machine did tell me a lot as the lack of fill-in-the-blank names obviously points out that your sex life's vanished.

I of course liked Carr's "Clarion Fannish" and Lowndes' illumination of His past in Fandom's past (and a compilation of "Understandings" would be a worthwhile undertaking) but I liked them as separate entities. Whatever made previous OWs a solid chunk of writing just wasn't there. Maybe it left with the two-column, continued-somewhere-else-we-hope-the-next-page format. Maybe it's just my copy's staples fell out.

[10/11/87]

MIKE GLICKSOHN

I've locced just about all the real fanzines that have been accumulating here in the last three months so I guess it's time to acknowledge OW52 which I thoroughly enjoyed despite the way it looks. Now before you think I'm just kidding let me admit that one of the locs I did lately was to Pulp and I told Vin that I thought his typefaces were ugly with a capital "ugh". Since you're using a similar style it requires consistency on my part to applaud Bill Rotsler's sentiments. I don't have his self-control so I won't stop reading OW when you don't change the way it looks but at least I can let you know that he isn't alone in his reaction to dot-matrix printing. I think it really sucks and I wish there was some way you could switch to some other format. I know you won't, though, so I'll just have to force myself to wade through the visually unappealing presentation to enjoy the good writing underneath. Just the way I have to fiddle around with the distracting format you used in this issue with each page half article and half locs. I don't like that either but I doubt you'll pay any attention to my opinion... which is exactly the way it should be, of course. Still, I can always think back to the Good Old Days when OW looked as good as it read....



Nice piece by Terry, nicely framed by you. Terry and I were friendly acquaintances, not friends, and I regret I didn't know him any better, but I never had anything but admiration for everything I knew about him. He was one of the true gentlemen of fandom and will be missed for more reasons than it's possible to list. I think it's a testament to the man Terry was that I feel very flattered to have been mentioned in one of his last pieces of fan-writing.

That George Martin sure does give a good speech. What would we faneds do without his steady stream of eminently printable speeches to keep our fanzines going? (So don't ask me when the next Xenium is due, okay?) And by the way, I recently had an 83 minute phonecall with a certain Mr. Ellison (at my expense unfortunately) and George will be happy to know that THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS may yet appear thereby spoiling one of fandom's longest-running gag-lines.

I skimmed through Doc's column this time because my interest in the history of the early magazines is somewhat minimal but I couldn't help noticing what seemed to be a



Bill Rotsler

Bill Rotsler

quintessential comment on the basic nature of our two countries. It somehow seems just right that while America was producing ASTOUNDING Stories the best Canada could come up with was Unusual Stories!

You can't really blame Harry for his antipathy towards computers. Just look at the bastard offspring they produce in the way of fanzines. Kinda makes one think of thalidomide...

Not surprisingly I didn't understand what that cryptic congratulatory card was all about until Doris brought the conversation back to my mind (or what passes for it). I am impressed, though, that you remain Machiavellian enough to have photo-copied it before it was mailed to us! And if I was confused by it imagine what a bombshell it was to Doris's parents when she mentioned that by publicly calling ourselves man and wife we'd become legally married in your somewhat bizarre state!

Sorry for the shortness of the loc. Just can't seem to keep it up for as long as I used to... [11/6/87]

Gee, Mike, it's probably been the better part of a decade since you've referred to anything I've done as being 'Machiavellian'; it certainly brings back warm feelings of nostalgia...and the thought there may be hope for us both. [I first became aware of Ohio's rather interesting concept of instant common law marriage in the early 60's, when Roger Zelazny was working in the Cleveland office of Social Security. In the intervening years I have done a few foolish things...but I've always been careful of what I've said (as hard as you may find that to believe!).]

The OW52 'format' was conceived of as a one-time experiment -- and will retain that 'concept', if that eases your mind. What I did was print the entire text of the issue in

ATTENTION:

WE HAVE IT ON
GOOD AUTHORITY
THAT KITE-FLYING
WILL SOON REPLACE
ROLLERSKATING AS
the "LATEST" CRAZE--
SO GO DO IT NOW
BEFORE YOU'RE
MISTAKEN FOR A
FAD-FOLLOWER



Brad W. Foster

two passes, on continuous-form paper: first the 'outside/article' columns, and then I reloaded the same paper to pick up the 'inside/letter' columns...decolated the printout...pasted in the headings/art, and was ready 'to print' in a very short time. On the first text page, at the bottom of the 'columns' containing my intro to Terry, and Jackie's Loc -- I was going to give 'forwarding instructions' but in the end decided that while I would probably get some flack, my 'audience' was intelligent enough to Figure It Out. In that regard, at least, I was right; well, nobody has told me otherwise...

Ah, but Mike, I do "pay attention to (your) opinion(s)", and to those of anyone who makes the effort to write... As to whether such opinions prompt action, or even acknowledgement on my part, well, that depends... And perversity is only one of the factors involved!

BUCK COULSON

Lowndes says "the last science fiction pulp to fold was my own Science Fiction Quarterly." Well, sort of. The last of the pulps which had previously been published, yes -- but it folded in 1958, and Popular had an annual reprint pulp titled Science Fiction Yearbook from 1967 through 1971. In other fields, of course Ranch Romances was still pulp sized in 1971 and was probably the last of the old pulps. I have no idea when it folded. Incidentally, the latest revival of Weird Tales will be pulp sized. (Depends on what you call a pulp; it originally referred to the paper, of course, but in collections it frequently refers to size, since magazines haven't had a sharp distinction between pulp and "slick" paper since WW II. Lowndes seems to refer to size as well.) Lowndes' column was fascinating, as usual. I don't really care whether he gets back into editing, but I hope he's going to use these columns as a basis for a book of memoirs, and I'd certainly like to see as a GoH at a Worldcon -- or a regional con, assuming it's one I attend. I've given up listening to GoH speeches, unless I'm stuck up there at the head banquet table and can't get away, but I'd go to listen to Lowndes. How about Windycon--anyone on the concom read Outworlds?

Jackie is absolutely right about "a history"; the only people who should use "an" in referring to history are Cockneys. [10/18/87]

ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

All thanks for Outworlds 52, and once again I'm delighted to see my offering in the blue section. I entirely agree with all who claim that black type on light blue is more readable and less strain on the eyes than black type on white.

Now for a few comments on the letters, in relation to my Science Fiction League survey:

Jackie Causgrove: Most certainly, I did not intend to "put down" Jack Darrow, or any other fan. He was the indefatigable Loc-writer of his time, and I verily suspect that he wrote a letter to the editor of each of the magazines of the time about every issue. (Some time I'll have to do an article about Outstanding Loc-Writers of the pre-Golden Age period of the magazines.) On a number of occasions in the latter part of the period, one would find two Darrow letters in the same issue, particularly in Wonder Stories. It did not occur to me until I read your letter that my words might have been interpreted the way you interpreted them. Your inference is valid in a way then, even though I did not intend the implication and I apologize herewith to Good Old Jack Darrow (as he was often called then) wherever he may be.

Harry Warner: I certainly agree with you (and always did) about the matter of cutting out a coupon from one of the precious issues of our favorite reading matter in those days. I particularly recall the September 1931 issue of Astounding Stories wherein Strange Tales was announced, with a coupon at the bottom of the page offering a cut-rate subscription: three issues for 50 cents (the cover price was 25 cents). Overleaf we had the first page of the lead novellette, "The Copper-Clad World" by Harl Vincent. No way would I cut out that coupon, and it did not occur to me at the time that I might just have written a letter of explanation, enclosed 50 cents in stamps, and received my subscription.

The alternative would have been to buy another copy of the September Astounding Stories; but not only could I not afford an extra 20 cents but that would have cut my savings on the subscription down to a nickle. Most of the magazines that had special coupons for readers showed similar insensitivity to the reader who kept and cherished his copies. One big exception was Astounding Stories itself, later on; in the final two issues of the Clatyon run, Harry Bates installed the double-barreled coupon (on both sides of a sheet) so that it could be cut out without excising any text. In my own magazines, much later, I took care to see that any such coupon was either double-barreled or was on the flip side of an ad that did not include a coupon. (My publisher would have had my head if I "backed up" coupons.)

The next thing I write for Bill will be an appendix to the SFL survey, dealing with the SFL tests.

Buck Coulson: It's heart-warming to read that P. Schuyler Miller's fiction had not been "entirely forgotten", but what we need is a collection of his best short fiction.

Ian Covell: One reason for Wollheim and other fan's opposing the SFL was Wonder Stories's slow-payments. Wondering if he had been "picked on", as he put it, when he hadn't received payment, as of 1935 for his story "The Man from Ariel", which had been published in the January 1934 issue of Wonder Stories (on sale December 1933), not to mention "The Space Lens", which had appeared in the September 1935 issue (on sale August 1935) he wrote to various other Wonder Stories authors to ask if they, too, were owed money over a long period. He found that he himself was not picked on; a large number of others hadn't been paid, either. What he did then was to induce a number of them to join him in a suit, which proved to be successful, and then publicize the whole matter throughout fandom. That turned many fans against Gernsback and Gernsback projects such as the SFL.

The unfortunate thing about the action is that Hugo Gernsback, and Hugo Gernsback alone at the time, got the reputation of not paying for stories. But Amazing Stories and Weird Tales were far behind in paying authors, too. Sam Moskowitz told me about seeing a letter from Robert E. Howard, written to Farnsworth Wright in 1936, the last year of Howard's life, wherein he pleaded for payment for stories that WT had published in 1934. However the situation with Amazing Stories and Weird Tales was not made public at the time, so Dr. T. O'Connor Sloane and Farnsworth Wright were spared the obloquy that fell upon Gernsback. None of the three were crooks; all were struggling to survive and unable to pay authors more quickly than they did. (If they went out of business, then everyone would lose; if they managed to keep afloat and prosper, all would be paid in full.)

Well, I have a good memory (not as good as formerly) but I wouldn't dare to write the kind of material that I do for Outworlds if I didn't have a near-complete collection of the magazines from 1925 through 1939. I'm only missing six items, none of which I feel any need for. (Amazing Stories Quarterly, Winter and Summer, 1934; those were 100% reprint issues, without editorials or letters departments: Miracle Science and Fantasy Stories, which I've never read — I've seen both issues and did buy the second, but it was such a shoddy-looking magazine that I couldn't bring myself to read it; and Astounding Stories of Super-Science, January and February 1930. Thanks to the Futurians in the 40's and Bob Silverberg in the late 50's I've read and re-read both issues and don't consider them important enough to pay what I'd have to pay for them today. So you won't find me saying anything about Miracle, aside from its appearance; on the other four items, I'll rely on memory, and my indexes.)

I do not have a collection of fan magazines of the period, so can only repeat what I read about them in THE IMMORTAL STORM, or elsewhere--and perhaps take a chance on remembering something.

Richard Brandt: While you didn't exactly make the suggestion, it was your remark about "embarrassing letters in the old prozines" that gave me the thought of making that the subject matter of an article to get to work on after I'm done with the SFL tests. Many thanks!

Al Curry: I'm more concerned with prozine history in the pre-Golden Age period than with fan history -- and I do not mean that as a put-down of fans. Actually, the two cannot be

separated entirely, because of the part that Loc's played in most of those magazines. But I'm simply not equipped to write much about early fandom, not having the necessary backup material.

Yes--we were indeed serious at that time and what we were serious about (up to the near-end of the 30's when some of us got overwhelmed by politics) was science-fiction, not relevance. You'll never know what it was like for the fans of those days when science fiction had no "standing" at all and was widely considered "sensational trash" by parents, teachers, etc. We had to be "evangelical" to justify our existence.

But there's no reason--rather, no necessity--for such an attitude today, and certainly no reason why you, or anyone else, should be interested in the type of material that I perpetrate. I do it because I'm interested, and because it's the only subject on which I can honestly claim to be an expert, and because very few others are doing it.

Thanks, Bill, for sending the xerox of Buck Coulson's comment on "Once More into the Breach". He's right in a way, and I had forgotten about the series of pulp annuals. However I do think that those can be considered anthology series, rather than periodicals. No individual issue was in any way dependent upon the one (or ones) before in the sense that monthly, bi-monthly, or quarterly magazines were.

You say, Buck, that the series was published by Popular; I'm sure I recall a series from Standard, now that you've stirred my memory, running material from Thrilling Wonder Stories. Or were there two series?

As for a "book of memoirs"--who wants to publish it? And what's the payment offered? For a fan magazine, I happily work for free--labor of love--but for a book I expect to be paid well. [10/29/87]

I think there is a distinct difference in the way many fans perceive fanzines...and suddenly I'm beginning to wonder if that perception is somehow dependent on "where they came from"; i.e., if their predominant exposure to sf before discovering fandom was as a reader of books/novels, or as a reader of the prozines (or magazines in general). Then there are those "among" us who've come from the media world.

Might it be that the lessening of the number of regular general interest fanzines has less to do with economics and our Changing World...than with the fact that the number of fans now entering fandom via the prozines is fractional, whereas it used to be just about universal? Just a thought.

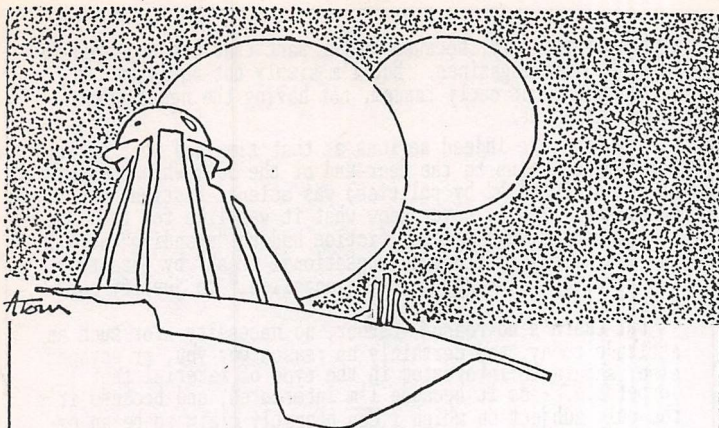
I devoured the public library's sf section during my adolescence, but it wasn't until I "discovered" prozines [the February 1960 F&SF, ordered through one of those obnoxious high school magazine "drives" that I felt at "home". Over the next year I "found" the other prozines on the stands... much to dismay of my "lunch money". [Including, somewhere in there, the last issue of The Original Science Fiction Stories.] For whatever reason, the magazines-as-an-entity fascinated me more than the books/novels, though I continued to read whatever I could get my hands on.

I still have the three "issues" of the one-copy print run /typewriter generated 'fanzine' I did before I ever saw a fanzine. Someday, and for a sufficient amount of money...

Years later, the first thing I had Terry Jeeves get me with my British 'account' was a copy of Ruari McLeans MAGAZINE DESIGN. It still contains the best 'definition' of what a magazine is, to my way of thinking.]

Several factors have prompted this digression: I'd be willing to bet that those who enjoy your writings most come to this point in time with a background in the prozines, or magazines in general. I'm obviously one of them and as long as you're willing to write about what interests you, I'm pleased and proud to be able to publish the result. [I'm also more than happy to publish the pen-work of Mr. Curry in the same span of pages...!]

Secondly, I haven't looked to make sure, but I suspect that if you go back and check the big-'n'-fancy issues of this fanzine in the mid 70's...I'll bet that you'll find any coupons backed by non-editorial matter. I may come from a generation later than you and Harry, but I had/still have the same reluctance to deface periodicals I enjoy. [Or get rid of them, no matter their intrinsic value; all right, all



those who've helped me move can chime in here....!

Thirdly, and the original impetus to this epic: In the 1960-62 span when I was discovering prozines, I found Fantastic Universe a couple of issues before it folded in the middle of a Fred Brown serial. It holds a certain fondness because it was within its pages, in Belle Deitz's fanzine review column, that I found an address to send off 15 cents to an address in the wilds of Indiana. I still have those issues, even though I haven't looked at them in decades and they're packed-away in a box (somewhere), but I do recall that those last issues of FU were a bit larger than the digests, but not as large as 'standard' magazines. My question to you (and to Buck, who still lives in the wilds of Indiana) is: would those last FUs be considered 'pulp'?

RICHARD BRANDT

Interesting layout, which made OW52 the fanzine I kept returning to. Damn good issue, too, even if I did see that cover art before.

I appreciate the feedback in the form of Mike Glicksohn's comments on OW50. My presentation was a bit different for me, since it was the first time I attempted to write something to be presented aloud before an audience. I think I concentrated on a few snappy lines to be delivered vocally, but, judging by the evidence, didn't do as well tying my points together coherently and stressing them enough to catch the casual listener. (At least my reputation as an essayist is defended.)

Terry Carr's piece is a classic; the first thing that strikes me is the inventive imagination at work, as Terry-through-his-characters works up such off-the-wall notions as the computer racoon (I wonder why the word "moose" never cropped up). It's a combination of pure playfulness with gently chiding satire, of the basic fannish ambitions and preoccupations. I'm glad we have this; I'm sorry we won't have any more....

My first con was in Kansas City, you know. MidAmeriCon, 1976 style. Recently, after another reminder, I racked my brains trying to remember just what I did there (aside from sharing Dave Rowe's floor my first night in...). Aside from meeting George there, anyway. Hmmm.... I did see half of GONAD THE BARBARIAN (and then walked in on the same group in Denver five years later...doing the last half again, damnit!); I was at the Meet-the-Pros party; I attended the banquet; I attended the Hugo Ceremonies...and after that, I can't think of a single damned panel I attended (was I just ignorant, or already quintessentially fannish?). I sat in the movie room for hours on end; ah well, I did manage to catch many movies which will never make the rounds again, video revolution or no. (How times have changed--at Lacon II, I purposely stayed away from the best film festival I'd ever seen -- missing movies the mundane half of me has been dying to see -- Targets, Exterminating Angel, Lola Montes -- because I was a fan at a convention, damnit! I'm not sure how I feel about that...). So what did I do at the Really Big MAC? Oh, went to lunch with Eric Lindsay and Alyson Abramowitz, chatted with Victoria Wayne (remember her?), chatted up teenage girls.... How I have progressed: now I'm going to cons and sleeping in a room with five noisy and unkempt Texans (including one diabetic, one manic-depressive schizophrenic, one asthmatic, and one suicidal....)

Arthur Thomson

Never again.

Would you believe I am seeing an Older Woman?

Another good Lowndes contrib -- meaty with anecdotes and character sketches and priceless behind-the-scenes stuff of history -- ya know, there really is a book (or two) in a collection of these columns someday....

Would you believe I got a loc on my last issue from Joel Zakem?

[undated]

Of course I believe you're seeing an Older Woman, Richard... if you tell me so. What I don't believe is that you are, indeed, a decade-younger version of me; rather, it appears that you've read one too many Bowerszines! (However, if you are indeed emulating, you have interesting times ahead: my 3U's were that..."interesting" in every sense of the word!)

Are you quite sure you didn't haunt the stairwell off the mezzanine of the Mulbach, circa 1976...?

DON D'AMMASSA

Greatly enjoyed the reminiscences by Robert Lowndes. I was never able to pick up the Health Knowledge publications when they were first appearing, except right at the end. They were just never distributed anywhere I could find them. I do have a complete set of Famous SF and bits and pieces of the other titles though. I read or heard or dreamed somewhere along the line that Stephen King had submitted a very short version of CARRIE to the Magazine of Horror and that it had been rejected because of length requirements. And I believe King's first fiction sale was to Lowndes. So I suppose he can rightly claim to be King's discoverer.

The embarrassing meetings with Edmond Hamilton and others that he describes reminded me of my very first Worldcon. I ran into an old acquaintance there, a brash, tactless fan who is still periodically active out on the West Coast, so I won't mention his name. But he knew that this was my first major convention, and followed me around whenever he had the opportunity to show off his knowledge, or alleged knowledge. And he had opinions about everything.

Well, I slipped into the Lancer Books display area to try to elude him, but it didn't work. He was a big Robert Howard fan, and Lancer was then in the process of publishing the Conan stories. At the entrance, there was a large display, which included some of the De Camp and Lin Carter additions. My companion spotted them and immediately exclaimed, "De Camp is at least a passable writer, but it's blasphemy for the name Lin Carter to appear in any connection with Conan." Guess who was standing less than four feet away in a very quiet (and soon much quieter) room? Lin Carter and Sprague de Camp.

Later that day, my friend spotted me again, grabbed my arm and insisted he was going to introduce me to John W. Campbell, Jr. But Campbell had moved and could not be found. Nevertheless I was dragged hither and yon until I finally put my foot down and insisted that I wasn't interested in spending all day looking for him. My acquaintance was affronted, and in his usual drill instructor voice, complained. "I know Campbell is an asshole, but he's an important person in the field and you really should meet him. And naturally at that exact moment, Campbell chose to surface once more."

[11/27/87]

It wasn't until some time after I first titled a fanzine "Outworlds" (1966) that I discovered that Lin Carter had used the term (minus the "s") in several of his books. It is a measure of my affection for the name that I continued to use it after that traumatic discovery.

I wonder what Robert Lichtman's excuse was...

ARTHUR D. HLAVATY

Thanks for Outworlds 52. An excellent issue except...

Harry Warner on academic literary criticism reminds me of Stanislaw Lem on American sf: all he knows about it is that he doesn't like it. Let's look at one of Harry's ideas: that there is a small body of Recognized Great Works that all academics must pretend are the only good ones, even though they themselves might prefer the poetry of Edgar Guest. This may have approximated the truth years ago, but at least since the student demonstrations of the 60s, and the Black

and female demands for more attention being paid to their literature, the question of what works should be in the literary canon has been a major and hotly-contested one. Establishment literature? Duke, where Bernadette is now an All-But-Dissertation grad student, recently decided to upgrade their English department, and after a certain amount of competition reminiscent of the pursuit of successful football coaches, hired a number of Big-Name Critics and publicized the fact widely. One of these, Frederic Jameson, is teaching a science-fiction course this semester. Another, Jane Tompkins, taught a course in the Women's Sentimental Novels of the 19th Century, and is currently teaching a course on Westerns. I don't know of any BNC who likes the work of Edgar Guest, but if one did, the current academic climate would make it likely that he or she, rather than being ashamed, would loudly proclaim that the rest of the academic establishment was ignoring an important poet, no doubt for ignoble motives. [10/20/87]

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I'm sorry I didn't make myself clear in the last loc about my surprise at finding Doc Lowndes' article in Outworlds. A person who is getting as close to the crypt as I am has the right to be cryptic once in a while, I suppose. What I should have said was that virtually everything published in Outworlds is somehow linked to a con one way or another and alludes to that association in at least every other paragraph. To find a long article which dealt with matters that happened before fandom had full-fledged cons was the surprise.

But I'll be quite blunt about it this time: I enjoyed Doc's new article almost as much as the previous one, and the only difference in my reaction results from the fact that this new one isn't as long as the old one so its pleasure quotient was abridged. I'm sure it contains quite a few pieces of information that haven't found their way into print before, about the way prozine publishing was back in the years before books became the principal medium for science fiction. I don't believe I was buying any prozines at all by the time Doc was putting out his final batch of reprint publications so I couldn't relate directly to what he had to say about them. But everything else in the article dealt with matters once dear to my heart and still fairly clear in memory.

Incidentally, when Doc speculated elsewhere in this issue about uncertainties involving Charles Hornig and his beginnings as a Wonder Stories editor, it occurred to me you or he might want to try to determine the facts from Hornig himself. His address is 580 Minnesota Avenue, San Jose, CA, 95125, and I imagine he would enjoy Doc's article on the SFL if you have a spare copy of that issue of Outworlds.

Re-reading the Terry Carr story was as pleasant an experience as the first reading of it, except for the obvious shadow of knowledge that there won't be any more faan fiction where that came from. As far as I can determine, Terry put every bit as much thought and care and polish into fiction he wrote for fanzines as he did for the fiction which would be published professionally, despite the disparity in the number of readers the two types of fiction would have. And the very nature of his faan fiction precluded any thought of later sale to a professional editor. Not many individuals with the ability to make good money with professional fiction would take as much trouble with the material they give away to fanzines.

George R. R. Martin was amusing and informative in his Kansas City narrative. Here's another example of why the best of con speeches and debates should be preserved by later fanzine publication. I doubt if one-tenth of one per cent of all the publishable material from this source ever gets into print, leaving tapes as the only other survival possibility, and who knows what happens to tapes made at cons after the owner gafiates?

I hope Marc Ortlieb is right about the survival power of paper fanzines. But the point you made, about your ability to distribute the live fanzine issue on videotape for little more than the cost of publishing it the conventional way, is a warning. The cost of reproducing on paper is rising so fast and the cost of reproducing on tape is declining so

fast that the two costs are threatening to meet in many aspects and they've already passed each other in a few. Commercial videotapes of some movies and telecasts now cost less than hardbound books to some extent and the cheapest videotapes are little or no more expensive than the most expensive paperbacks normally found on newsstands. It's cheaper to go to a movie in many theaters than to buy the thicker paperbacks from your favorite bookstore. The local public school system has been swamping Goodwill Industries with discarded books while the area's electric utility company has presented public schools with lots of computers. The adult education program intended to give this area's residents an equivalent of a high school diploma which they missed by dropping out when young used to consist of night classes at a number of points where books were the instructional materials; now it's done by showing telecasts twice daily over public television for students to watch, presumably because this is much less expensive. I love television and I don't claim to hate it as some fans do, but I keep it in its place, watch it only during evening hours, and relax with the printed word at other times in the day. I'm sure this will be considered hopelessly obsolete and too expensive a way of life for any but the very rich, around the turn of the century.

The letter from Bill Rotsler was disturbingly like what might come out of my typewriter if my id somehow got complete control of my ego and superego. No, no, I don't want to be cut from your mailing list, but something primitive within me rejoices at the blast at the computer fanzine publishing fad. [10/30/87]

Actually I've never cut Bill off, since I'm using his art, and on the assumption that at least he doesn't throw them away.... We'll see what he thinks of this issue.

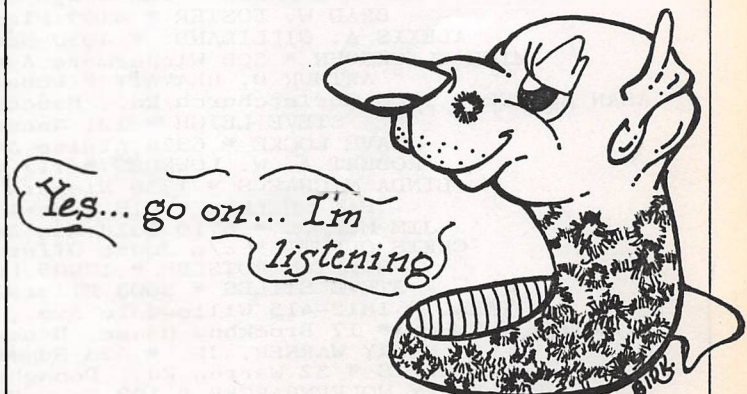
I don't have that many copies left, but I'll send Hornig the two issues containing Doc's articles, and see what, if anything, happens. Thanks for the address.

I should have mentioned that a first draft of "Clarion Fannish" had appeared previously, in, I believe, SAPS.

Your comment on "who knows what happens to tapes made at cons after the owner gafiates?", gives me a perfect opportunity to insert a plug for THE SCIENCE FICTION ORAL HISTORY ASSOCIATION, which was founded in 1977 by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., "for the purpose of preserving science fiction's heritage." It is a completely volunteer-effort, but depositories have been established at three major universities, and I think it deserves every fan's support. Larry Tucker is the current President. ...and Dues are a very reasonable \$5/year to SFOHA, c/o Jean Barnard, 1810 Charlton, Ann Arbor, MI 48103.

STEVE STILES

Just a footnote to Harry's letter: Bob Stewart is responsible for most of the multi-page Void covers; I pencilled one, for Void #28, that Ted inked. The covers that Ross Chamberlain did were for Arnie Katz's Quip, which was heavily modelled after Void. [10/30/87]



Sheryl Birkhead

WALT WILLIS

Terry's story was lovely, and how I wish I could tell him that.

I liked George R. R. Martin's speech, and I thought Marc Ortlieb's letter fairly coruscated. I particularly cherish the thought of the Strategic Defence Initiative being used for cutting stencils and of Eric Lindsay's Atari running second in the race for Prime Minister of Australia. The sitcom of international politics would be immensely superior in every respect if Marc was allowed to write the script. I liked Mike Glicksohn too, especially about the stars starting to wink about during the Inquisition, but I have to say I'm a bit disappointed in him lately. He seemed such a nice bloke when I met him at Brighton, and highly intelligent, and he speaks very good English for a Canadian, yet he fusses about dot matrix typefaces nearly as much as John D. Berry. And now here is William Rotsler at it. Having been through the little magazine syndrome and emerged on the other side almost sane, I am firmly convinced that fussing with typefaces is just a waste of fannish energy.... All that is required in a fanzine is legibility, and in my opinion the biggest danger to legibility in magazines is not honest and unpretentious body text of any kind but the affected layouts of these arty fellers, with their purple ink on blue backgrounds, and bleeding borders and unjustified lefthand margins and titles wandering all over the page.

Not that any of these good fans would do anything like that, but it's the sort of thing which can happen once you lose sight of the essential purpose of publishing, i.e. communication. The suggestion being made to you is presumably that you should invest in a daisy wheel printer, and therefore give up the facility to italicise. In other words you are to surrender an important element in fannish communication just to make your type look more like that of a typewriter. Pooh. That's like listening to the hifi instead of the music.

I have to admit a personal interest, being proud (and kinda humble) of having introduced the Amstrad PCW to Cincinnati fandom. I see that when I told you about it I was so newfangled with it I hadn't even learned to spell it right, but now that I'm quite old fangled it still fascinates me. Is everyone over there now using Locoscript 2? If there are any sticking to Locoscript 1 I'd be happy to send them the books I have about it. Incidentally, if you're not using LS2 it is very useful for changes of address on labels. You can use the "Find Page" facility to go straight to the label you want to alter, and then print out that one. [12/16/87]

Locoscript 2 just hit our "official source" recently; I've ordered it, but it hasn't shown up as of yet. I was aware of it, thanks to Eric Lindsay who'd sent Jackie Causgrove, from Australia, a copy of a British magazine Putting Your Amstrad To Work. It has apparently metamorphosed into something titled Your Amstrad PCW (the British have such a way with magazine titles, don't you think?). In any event, we (Jackie, the Jordans, and myself) have a rather expensive sub to the magazine...whatever its name is this month! Between that, a Mensa-based PCW user's group in California, and Our Local PCW Resource, Don Carter, we're making progress. Plus Michigan fan Josh Grosse has created a two-column program for the PCW; the main drawback is that it requires going into ASCII...and stripping all the enhancements out. We have Newsdesk International, but Jackie is the only expert on that, at the moment. Now, if LS2 permits me to drive the daisy wheel printer, I'll be happy...

Still, I almost feel like a traitor, with the PCW screen sitting immediately to my left...blank. You see, this issue is in the nature of an experiment (as have been the last few) in that it has been entirely inputted on the Kaypro 1, outputted on the Brother HR-10 daisywheel printer...and then 'squeezed' into shape on the Canon PC-25 copier. With the brother, I do have the ability to italicise, with little more effort than it would take on my typewriter. With the Kaypro, I have the ability to achieve fannish ~~crossouts~~ and "quasi-quotes", neither of which fall within the scope of Locoscript, at least as far as I know at the moment.

Don has predicted that eventually I will abandon the PCW for the Kaypro. I don't know; Locoscript is so much more user-friendly than my current learn-as-I-go familiarity with Wordstar...and if I can get the daisy wheel working on it... then again, the next issue may be dot matrix; who knows?

I dunno; I probably never will get completely beyond the "little magazine" syndrome. "Putting together" a fanzine is the fun part for me, and I do have fun with convoluted layouts/titles/whatever. But I don't deliberately set out to make it inaccessible for my readers; not really...: the feedback, the continued contributions, is the incentive, the only "reward" for the considerable effort and expense I do put into this. I may try to tweak and irk to get your attention, but I don't want to deliberately "exclude" anyone.

On OUTWORLDS 52, I Also Heard From: SHERYL BIRKHEAD, BRIAN EARL BROWN and LYNN HICKMAN. I also have a few early replies to OW53, including ones from TERRY JEEVES (dated 12/22) and ROGER WEDDALL (dated 12/28; rec'd 1/2). ALL the overseas 53s were posted 12/13; only Skel's was Air Mail!?! Next time...
-----1/4/88-----

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