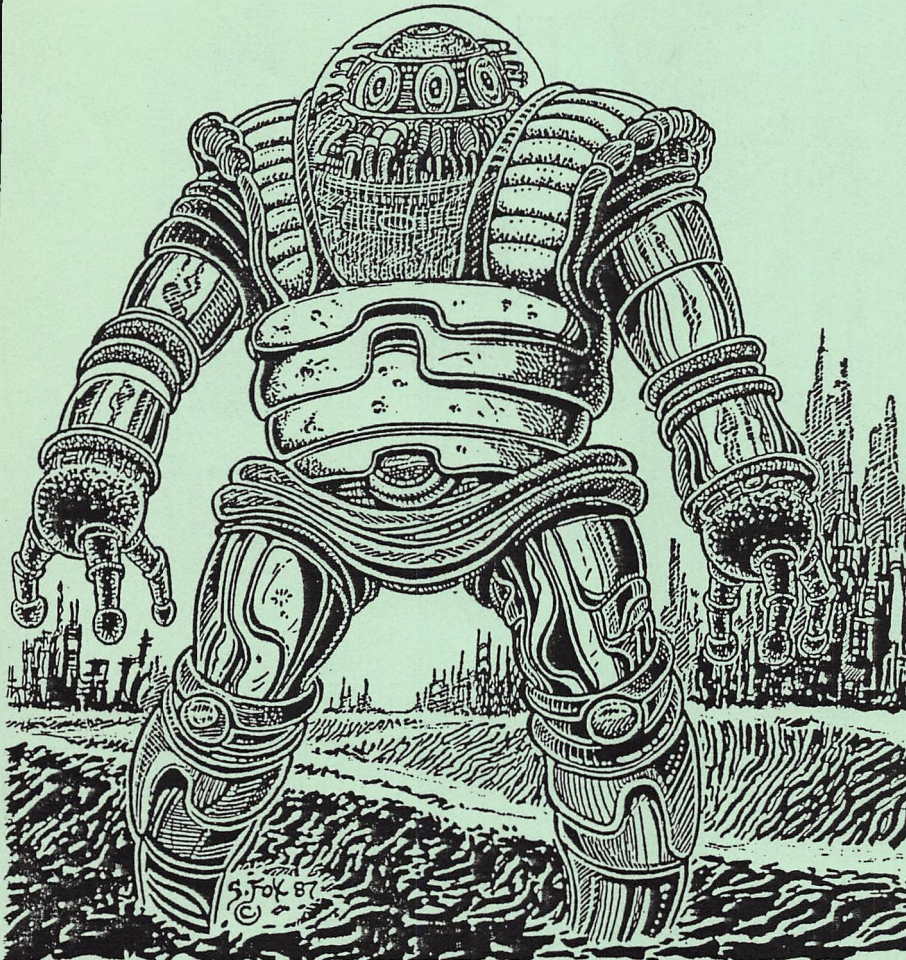


Outworlds

58



Edited & Published by: BILL BOWERS
1874 SUNSET AVE., #56, CINCINNATI OH 45238-3142

- ISAAC ASIMOV -- Fan Guest of Honor;
by Sam Moskowitz 1876
- THE MID-LIFE CRISIS BOOKSTORE AND DELICATESSEN;
by David R. Haugh 1879
- BEARD MUMBLINGS; by Bob Tucker 1882
- NOWADAZE; by Billy Wolfenbarger 1886
- UNDERSTANDINGS -- Feedback: Who Needs It?;
by Robert A. W. Lowndes 1887
- "Feedback"; by Many of You 1889

ARTWORLDS

Cover by BRAD W. FOSTER
Bacover by WILLIAM ROTSLER

SHERYL BIRKHEAD : 1886
BRAD W. FOSTER : 1901
STEVEN FOX : 1875; 1882
DEREK GRIME : 1874
DAVID R. HAUGH : 1879; 1888;
1889 (2); 1892;
ALAN HUNTER : 1876
WILLIAM ROTSLER : 1887; 1893;
1895; 1900; 1905
CRAIG SMITH : 1907
KIP WILLIAMS : 1885

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Copyright © 1988, by Bill Bowers
This is My Publication #162
Dated : 9/18/88
This Issue is 40 pages long, and
contains approx. 24,120 input
words--plus the paste-up pages.

Notes:

OUTWORLDS 60, the Annish,
will count as one issue off subs
and renewals received prior to
1/1/89; it will 'count' as two
issues thereafter.

I am looking for Volunteers
to act as British & Australian
"Agents". This would not be a
particularly overwhelming job,
but I would like to build up a
British "account" to facilitate
supplies for the Amstrad ...and
an Aussie "fund" for whenever I
do get Down There...which I will
someday ~~even if I have to stand~~
~~for it~~.

And, since the Dot Patrol
seems to be working, one here

[]
means that some reaction on your
part, prior to OW59 would be
appreciated!



fan
guest
of
honor:

ISAAC ASIMOV

Introduction

sam
moskowitz

One evening, back in the seventies, I received a phone call from the late Randall Garrett. This was not without precedent. I received a call from him every five or six years about matters as diverse as the urgent need of a \$200 "loan" to pay his rent ("But Randy, it's almost midnight and tomorrow is Sunday. Even if I wanted to give you the money, which I don't, how could I get it out of the bank and wired to you in time to prevent your eviction?" Randy's reply: "Don't dump your problems on me!") to the eye-opening announcement at 3:00 A.M. one morning that he was engaged to marry John W. Campbell's daughter ("Randy, you're drunk again!" The next morning I call Campbell bracing for the indignant denial, instead: "That's correct!" Of course, common sense prevailed and it never happened.).

This time his request was different. He and several friends -- one of them might have been Michael Kurland but I have not confirmed this -- were planning a gentle roast of Isaac Asimov. The objective was to make him fan Guest of Honor at some undisclosed event. He would receive this questionable distinction for his inestimable services to science fiction in transcribing and transmitting the findings and activities of a far greater writer -- Hari Seldon. Seldon, as all of you know who have read the Foundation series made "his greatest contribution to the field of psychohistory. Seldon found the field little more than a set of vague axioms; he left it a profound statistical science..."

In order to lend authenticity and credibility to Asimov receiving an award as Fan Guest of Honor, they needed something of his historical fan background, which they thought I might be able to supply, having known Ike since he was 17. I agreed and wrote the piece that follows for them, which was to have been one of several (I don't know if any others were ever completed) and sent it off to Garrett with the penciled note: "Randy: All the facts in this piece are accurate. The only change is on emphasis and interpretation."

Every fact that follows, strange as they may read, is documented.

To the best of my knowledge, no roast ever took place and none of the mock eulogies, if written, were ever published. Randall Garrett suffered a case of spinal meningitis so severe, that it resulted in serious brain damage. He lingered for some years afterward, with badly impaired mental function, then died. Possibly Michael Kurland knows some of the details of the intended roast.

ASIMOV'S CREDENTIALS

To those readers of the July, 1938 issue of *Astounding Science-Fiction* who read the lead letter in Brass Tacks signed by Isaac Asimov of 174 Windsor Place, Brooklyn, N.Y., the "threat": "You will get a letter like this from me each month and as I say it does not matter whether you go to the length of printing it. Just so's you read it," meant little. This was no Forrest J Ackerman or Jack Darrow, nor was his preference for the "Past, Present, Future" series of Nat Schachner over most authors in the magazine considered particularly astute.

True to his word, another letter appeared in the August, 1938 *Astounding Science-Fiction* displaying a mindblock which would remain with him all his life -- an uncompromising detestation of science articles in science fiction magazines: "Don't you think *two* science articles are a bit too much?" he asked. "If I had my way, they would be condensed to a quarter-page, and stuck in as filler at the end of a story." (He was referring to articles by R. DeWitt Miller on the 200-inch telescope and another by Willy Ley on paleontology.) "Furthermore, *one* science article is quite enough, and the ten pages thus saved could quite profitably be turned to fictional uses," he stated categorically.

Though new to the letter columns, Asimov had been reading science fiction magazines since 1929, and this was reflected in his enthusiasm for the return of Ed Earl Repp, noted in one letter. What really started Asimov on the road to fan fame was his statement in a letter: "When we want science fiction, we don't want swooning dames and that goes double."

The response was immediate from an atypical respondent who wrote: "Continuing this line of thought, he (Asimov) goes on to express himself as regards much in s-f. Undoubtedly it has never occurred to him to wonder whether the girl fans like the incredible adventures of an almost ridiculous hero any better than he likes the impossible heroine," excoriated Mary G. Byers (later the wife of Cyril Kornbluth), in the December, 1938 *Astounding Science-Fiction*. "Let Mr. Asimov turn the pages of a good history book," she continued, "and see how many times mankind has held progress back; let him also take notice that any changes wrought by women have been more or less permanent."

Asimov had made it big. It was one thing to have letters in the reader's columns of science fiction magazines. Many fans achieved that. But you were moving into the big time when you had a *feud* in the columns, and when that feud turned out to be with a girl fan (a truly rare breed in those days), you had it made! Asimov had arrived!

To add whip topping and a cherry to the achievement, Asimov was also attacked by a brother and sister team of fan artists, James and Mary Rogers, as well as a male sellout named Charles W. Jarvis. Asimov took them all on, decried the lack of courage of other males in failing to come to his support and concluded decisively: "Lastly, since my critics make long speeches about realism, let's have a realistic love interest and not slop."

It was now impossible for the big-name fans to ignore Ike. A group called New Fandom, headed by Sam Moskowitz, Will Sykora and James V. Taurasi were bidding for The First World Science Fiction Convention in 1938. In fierce opposition to them was a clique of fans, who termed themselves The Michelists. They formed The Futurian Literary Society on September 18, 1938, inviting Asimov to the charter meeting. Unknowingly he was to be sandwiched in between one of the most savage feuds in fan history, but first he would have to prove his mettle against the most powerful fan in the country, Donald A. Wollheim.

Orson Welles had shocked the nation with his radio presentation of *The War of the Worlds* on October 30th, 1938. Asimov was selected to debate Wollheim on the subject of whether mankind was worth saving or whether we should surrender to the Martians. It appeared to be no contest, with neophyte Asimov pitted against the scarred veteran Wollheim and saddled with the unbearable burden of asserting the affirmative. The fan world was introduced to Asimov's incomparable podium technique of switching from tearful lament to side-splitting humor in a virtuoso performance on Sunday, November 13th, at 730 Nostrand Avenue, Brooklyn, N.Y. Many thought he defeated Wollheim and saved mankind. Soon afterward Isaac Asimov was elected Secretary of The Futurian Society, which included among its members Frederik Pohl, Cyril Kornbluth, Robert W. Lowndes and Richard Wilson.

The fracas between the New Fandomites and The Futurians grew to such bitter intensity, that when The First World Science Fiction Convention convened July 2, 1939, Futurian leaders Donald A. Wollheim, Frederik Pohl, John B. Michel, Cyril Kornbluth, Robert W. Lowndes and Richard Wilson were not permitted to enter. The incredible Isaac Asimov, though *Secretary* of their organization, walked into the hall without interference, was welcomed, seated and attended all the proceedings without problem. This understandably aroused the suspicion of his companions, which suspicions seemed confirmed, when in response to an invitation to attend the Queens Science Fiction League meeting of December 1, 1940 (a club run by New Fandomites), Asimov accepted with the response: "The scientific definition of a Futurian is: 'A guy with whom Asimov has little, if anything to do!' ...And for God's sakes, don't consider me a Futurian--not if you want to shake my hand....Make sure Moskowitz is there, I've got about seventeen bones to pick with him." It was the first meeting in two years at which Moskowitz did not show. He was taking no chances.

A still more incredible performance was yet to come. Isaac Asimov appeared at the January 5, 1941 meeting of the Queens SFL, with Mary G. Byers, the girl who had roasted him in the *Astounding Science-Fiction* letters columns, draped on his arm. The man was, early on, Henry Kissinger's counterpart in science fiction fandom.

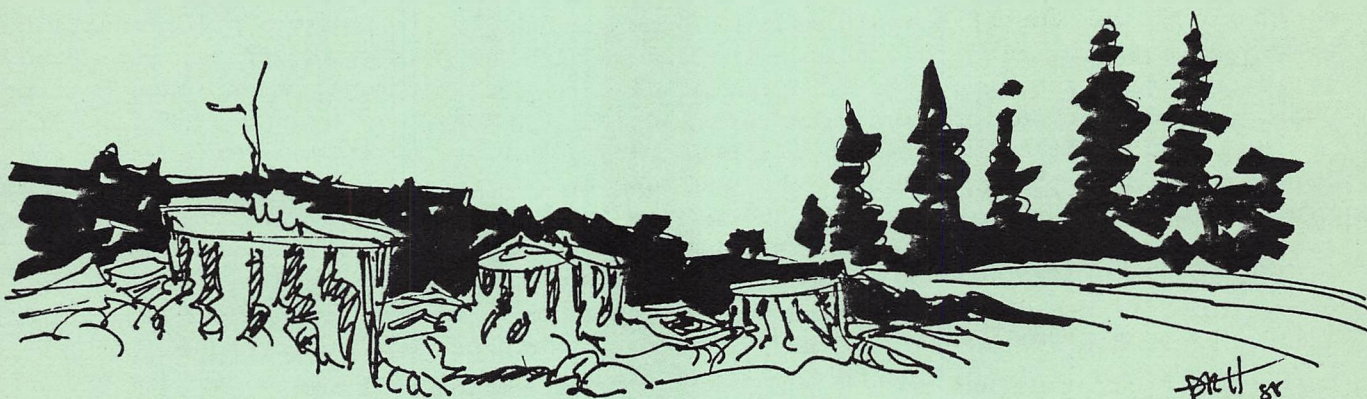
The Futurians made an initial attempt to look the other way, not wanting the world to think that there was divisiveness in their group and that Ike preferred another set of players. It was inevitable that they would have to save face. At their meeting of September 2, 1941, they suspended Asimov from membership on the most heinous charge they could come up with -- attempting to become a professional writer. They further stated that though he might attend meetings, he could not vote and might even be declared officially dead.

This traumatic blow was unquestionably a major factor in turning Asimov into the direction of the scholarship and introspection that would produce his most brilliant achievement; promoting the writings of that incomparable science fiction master: Hari Seldon. From this time on, Asimov faithfully recorded the career of that supreme chronicler, brilliantly analyzed the universes created in that master's fiction and promulgated the philosophies that appeared in his writings as something for the rest of the science fiction world to aspire to. Asimov's role in bringing this writer to the attention of not just the science fiction readers, but the literary world, was an incomparable labor of love. It is doubtful that Seldon would ever have received his widespread popularity and recognition without Asimov's untiring interpretation and promotion of his idol's work. It is for that reason that Asimov appropriately should be selected Fan Guest of Honor at a major convention, enabling some of the sheen of Hari Seldon to be transferred through association.

--- SAM MOSKOWITZ ---

THE MID-LIFE CRISIS BOOKSTORE AND DELICATESSEN

DAVID R. HAUGH



Rick Strunck lost his job cleaning up road kills to high-tech transfer and the rate of exchange between the Dollar and the Yen. At least if you were to talk to Rick that's what he thinks. It all started when the local True-Value store began to stock Deer-whistles.

Up until then Rich had a steady job, contracting out to the state, cleaning up road kills outside of Drain. He covered a roughly triangular area with Memalouse on the east, Cabin Fever to the north and Frog Lake at the southern point. Drain itself was just about in the center.

Across the triangle ran a net of logging roads, three or four two lane county roads, and a mile or so of Interstate. It was typical of Oregon: mountains, birds, clear cuts, all the usual.

Everything was going fine. People with comforting regularity would plow into a deer and make a mess. Rick would fire up his 1967 red three-quarter ton Ford pick-up. Drive out to the spot, and clean up the mess. It was great.

Then came the first deer-whistle. It was a simple device, a hollow tube that mounted over the fender. It had a fan that when released, spun in the airstream and made a god-awful noise. Kind of like the whoop-whoop rings you used to get as a kid.

Trouble was, the whistle worked. Deer could hear a car or truck coming for at least a mile off, and would bolt for the woods. As soon as the word got out, it seemed like everyone had one, the noise level went up, but road kills took a plummet. If it hadn't been for tourists there wouldn't have been any work at all. Eventually Rick lost his contract.

It was about then that Rick started spending a lot of time in downtown Drain. Of course he was encouraged by his wife Mabel, "get the hell out of the house so I can have some peace." And his kids: "Mom, Dad is bothering us again."

Driving to, or for that matter through town, didn't take long. The drive to, took ten minutes. The drive through, took three.

Drain is pretty normal for an Oregon town. One post office, not too busy. A small newspaper, one short main street, and nine different churches.

At first he hung around the post office where there was some excitement. A new electronic mail scale had been delivered. Ralph, the post office clerk, said to anyone that would listen that his new scale was so sensitive it could tell you the first class postage to mail an earring from here to Albuquerque. Then he'd take the earring out of his ear and lay it down on the scale to prove it. That was good entertainment for a week. But Rick and Ralph soon began to argue about who should get to tell people about the new scale. When Rick wanted Mabel to loan him an earring, Ralph asked him to leave.

It was about then that Rick relocated to Niel's Mid-Life Crisis Bookstore and Delicatessen, which just happens to be right next door to the last remaining Edsel dealership on the west coast.

It seems, years ago, Harvey Lauder milk had a Ford and Edsel dealership. And what with all the excitement about the new cars, and the hype about how good Edsels were, why Harvey bought a whole pile of them. Actually it wasn't a pile, mostly they just sat next to each other on the lot behind the newspaper office. But Harvey loved them just the same. As a matter of fact he got upset with Rick, when he told people, "they look a lot like a Mercury sucking a lemon."

Harvey doesn't actually sell all that many cars, but every once in a while some lost Californian comes wandering through town and sees all those Edsels. Harvey kind of rolls his eyes upward and thanks the lord, Californians will buy anything.

But to get back to Niel and his bookstore and delicatessen. It was just the kind of place, particularly in Drain, that acts like a magnet. What with all of those mid-life people being in a mid-life crisis most of the time. Things being a little slow, Niel decided to drum up some more traffic, people, not Edsels.

He started listing, out on the front window, his top five best sellers and menu items (Drain isn't big enough for a top ten) from the bookstore and deli to sort of lure people in. Particularly those that were in the middle of a crisis fit. You know, like Billy that just got out of the hospital with his hernia operation, it came from lifting too many cats, and Rick with his high-tech layoff.

So anyway, out in the front window was the following sign of the times:

RECOMMENDED READING

What Color is Your Unemployment Check
(For those thinking about changing careers)

Stretching the Imagination
(An exercise book for the older set)

A Brief History of Time
(For those that are beginning to have a short memory)

Grass Roots Hair Dying
(Been mistaken for your youngest child's Grandmother?)

Working
(For those that aren't)

RECOMMENDED EATING

Taxes Chili
(Particularly good after April 15th)

Pear-Banana-Lime-Mold
(It's been around for a while)

Quiche Lorraine
(Women like it but no man in Drain will touch the stuff)

Rijsttafel
(For the Marginally Upward Mobile Urban Professional; MUPPY)

Coconut-Banana Bake
(You can leave your teeth at home)

Rick tried out the Coconut-Banana Bake, but passed on the Rijsttafel. It was about then that the word crisis took on new meaning.

The driveway to Rick's house also leads to three other homes, among them, the home of his best friend Alex. Pulling into his own offshoot one afternoon he came across a terrible sight. It was his black Labrador pup Buddy, chewing on a dead rabbit. And not just any rabbit. Alex's favorite pet rabbit.

After much coaxing, calling, and finally threats, Rick got the rabbit away from the dog and carried it into the house. Two thoughts were chasing each other through his head.

First, Alex was going to be awfully upset about the rabbit.

Second, how could he fix it so Alex wouldn't find out?

Setting the dead rabbit down on the kitchen sink, a plan began to form. Buddy actually hadn't had the rabbit very long, there were just a few teeth punctures. What if he were to clean up the body, make it look as good as possible, and put it back in its cage. Alex would come out in the morning, find the dead rabbit in the cage, and think it had just died of old age or something. No one would be the wiser.

First thing was to clean up the rabbit. Filling up the kitchen sink with water, Rick proceeded to give it a shampoo. It was about this time that his daughters showed up.

"What 'cha doin' Dad? Isn't that Alex's rabbit? Why are you giving it a bath? How come it's dead? What are you going to do with my hair dryer? Mom!!!"

Rick was actually kind of proud of his work, the rabbit looked beautiful. Clean, dried and brushed, it looked almost alive. Sneaking across Alex's yard, Rick found the cage door to the rabbit hutch open. That must have been how the rabbit got out in the first place, before the dog got it. Putting everything back in order, Rick wormed back to his own kitchen door without being seen. Everything was going great.

The next morning Alex was at the kitchen door, a really disturbed look on his face, and a coffee cup in his hand. "I just can't understand it. It just isn't possible," this was from Alex, now sitting at the kitchen table. Rick, trying to appear calm but interested, prompted him to go on.

"It's just incredible, my favorite rabbit died, you know, the big black and white one?"

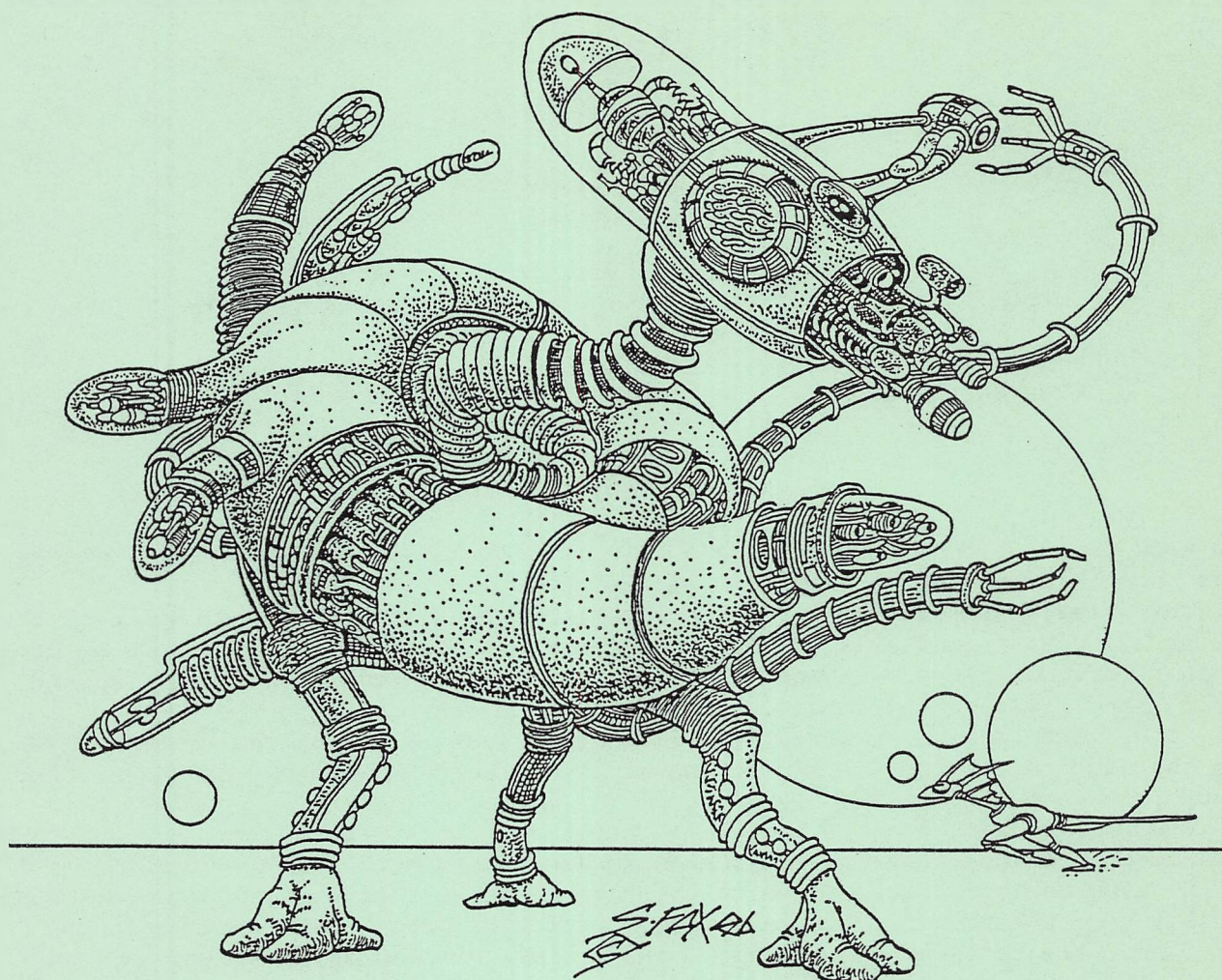
"Yes," this from a still hesitant Rick.

"I just found her this morning lying dead in her hutch. She looked better than I've ever seen her."

"Gee, that's too bad," now Rick was warming up to the part.

"But the strange thing is," and here Alex paused and leaned forward to be as close as possible to Rick, "that rabbit died two days ago and I buried her in the back yard myself."

--- DAVID R. HAUGH



Bob Tucker

Beard Mumblings

I AM A GENUINE MUSEUM ARTIFACT

About a year ago I was browsing thru a local museum known as the McLean County Historical Museum and was pleasantly surprised to find one of my books on display there, *THE LINCOLN HUNTERS* from 1958. They had a small display of such books written by McLean County writers: Harold Sinclair, Elizabeth Ives, Jerry Sohl, and myself. Splendid company, those people.

Sinclair was big league: he wrote historical novels and historical fact, he won some prestigious award, had been selected by the Literary Guild and the Book of the Month, and had sold a novel to the movies. I sometimes partied with him, but

infrequently. He was a heavy drinker and I didn't want to keep up with him. When his novel THE HORSE SOLDIERS became a well-received movie and made him rich and famous he quit his job to write and drink full time. The movie eventually came to Bloomington and was shown at the theater where I was working. The theater manager arranged for a personal appearance, and speeches, and flowers presented on stage and all that sort of thing. I got to put the spotlight on the man and his wife, and later projected his movie. As everyone expected, he was snookered and hung onto a curtain to keep from falling down. His wife accepted the flowers and made a short speech for him, and she plus the manager helped Sinclair off the stage and into a seat. He never saw his movie that night; he slept thru it.

Elizabeth Ives was the wife of an ambassador and a sister to Adlai Stevenson, two-time presidential candidate. She wrote a book about his life, hoping to assist his candidacy, but instead helped to do him in. Adlai had the ill luck to run against Ike Eisenhower and the ill luck to have his sister write a book about him. She revealed that as a boy, Adlai had shot and killed his cousin in a hunting accident. That was the end of his hopes.

Jerry Sohl was a local newspaperman for the Daily Pantagraph and true to stereotype, wanted to write the great American novel. He came to the house one day wanting to interview me, and stayed for the afternoon. I convinced him that Random House and Reader's Digest were not the places to start, and suggested that he write mysteries or science fiction for the great unwashed, as I was doing. He did. I introduced him to my agent, and my editor, and soon his career was in full flower. Eventually he went on to Hollywood, and movies and TV stuff, as well as several mainline novels. Last I heard, he was retired and living the life of ease in a posh L.A. suburb.

I brush coatsleeves with the high and mighty.

Several years later than all the above, the local library had a party and autographing session for us "famous local writers" and group photographs were taken. The photo published in the paper depicted us all examining my book THE LINCOLN HUNTERS. The newspaper was kind enough to give me a copy of the photo.

Only a few months ago Fern was sorting pictures in a huge box of same, pictures amassed over the past thirty years, and found the photo of us four "famous local writers". She suggested that we donate it to the museum to accompany those old books we'd found on display last year, and I did. The museum people went ape. They not only didn't have a copy, they didn't know it existed. I got official letters thanking me for the "valuable contribution to history" and thanking me for even remembering them. I got an interview with the Director Himself. I was assured that Real Soon Now the treasured photo would be on display with the books, in the McLean County Famous Authors Section.

I'm an artifact. You may find me next to the prairie plow and the scruffy Indian skeleton.

-oOo-

ADVICE to would-be writers who want to publish skiffy novels and become rich and famous: beware! bureaucrats, especially those who work for the income tax bureau.

A paperback publisher in far off exotic Italy decided about a year ago to reprint on of my early skiffy novels, and offered a decent sum. I agreed to the sum. The contracts were drawn up and signed. Last July (1987) my agent informed me that the advance money was ready and waiting in his Italian office, but first I need sign some Italian tax forms to guarantee that I had been and would continue to pay American taxes on Italian incomes. This has been a standard practice for years. If you, the writer, assure the tax people in foreign nations that you are paying American taxes on foreign earnings, they will not withhold taxes. In short, you won't be taxed twice on the same sale. In the past, it was only necessary that you send a notarized statement to the foreign tax office.

No more. Now, my agent told me, the Italian tax people want a statement from the American tax people that I did, indeed, pay what was due. I filled out the Italian tax forms and sent them along to my American collector, along with a cover letter explaining what was wanted of him. Silence followed. A silence of seven months. In January this year (1988) the American tax collector finally returned the papers to me along with a Xeroxed letter of apology for their tardiness. I submitted the papers to my agent, who sent them to the Italian office, who sent them to the Italian publisher for forwarding to the Italian tax office. In the long meantime, I had forgotten how much money was due me and had to go look it up.

Is the long wait over? Don't turn blue. Some weeks later I received a letter directly from the Italian publisher with yet *another* form to fill in.

This time the publisher, and the Italian tax people, wanted to know if I was a genuine bona-fide American citizen? (I should direct them to the McLean County Historical Museum where my work rests along side a prairie plow and an Indian skeleton.) I wrote back on the form assuring them that yes, indeed, I had been born at a certain place on a certain date and had lived in the USA ever since, ~~AND THAT I~~ ~~voted for Abraham Lincoln in 1861.~~ Off it went. Another month passed. The check finally arrived from my New York agent and I stared agape at the amount.

The Italian tax people had withheld their taxes.

There is a famous old fannish statement to cover all this: "You bastards," said Al Ashley.

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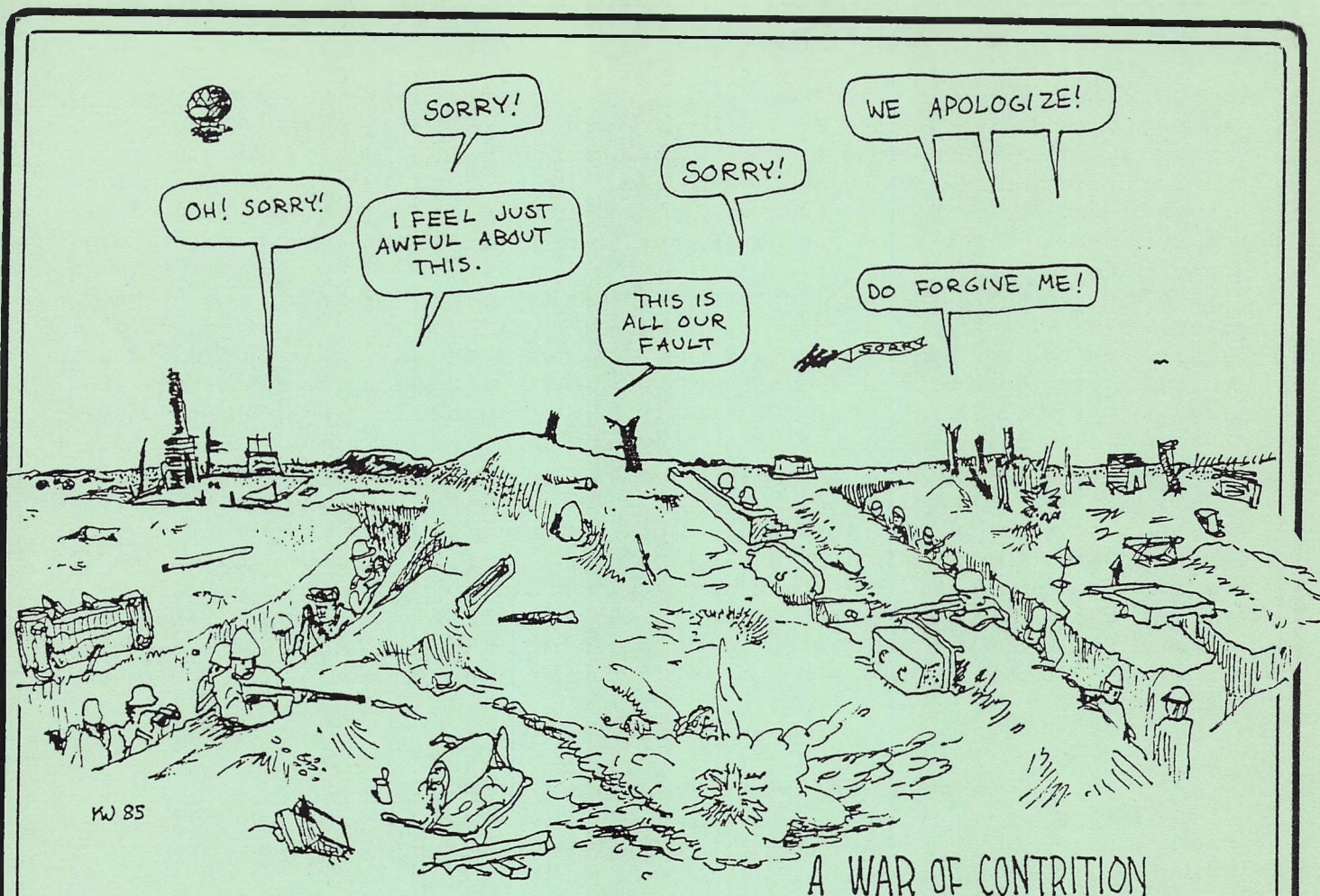
... Further research into my fading memory suggests that it was Martin Alger, not Art Rapp, who invented the home-made mimeograph using a very large coffee can (perforated) and a strip of cloth wrapped around the outside of that can. I don't remember what he used as a crank, but inking would be only a small problem with a paint brush. What I don't remember is why the can should be perforated if a brush was used for outside inking.

It was Alger, some of you may remember, who collected Packard hearses. Big Hearted Howard once told me that Alger had as many as five or six of them parked in his yard. At one very early MidwestCon, Alger and Howard drove to Cincy in one of those hearses with a large load of Howard's books and magazines crammed into the back where the coffin should be. MidwestCon had no huckster room then, so Howard huckstered out of the hearse in the parking lot. It attracted no little attention amongst the passersby.

-oOo-

MY BEST new Christmas book was SPY CATCHER by Peter Wright, a now-retired former assistant director of MI5, of Her Majesty's spy-catching apparatus. Several news services have reported that the book has been banned in Britain, and the reader will understand why after completing the book. No leader, no politician likes to have his or her party exposed as a gaggle of incompetent boobs, ignorant bureaucrats, Russian sympathizers, spies, moles, and all-around no-nothings. This book names names of people past and present, dead or alive, active or inactive, and documents their careers as good guys or bad guys. The author stoutly insists that the master spy, the Number One Russian sympathizer, the London mole that drove many allied agencies up the wall, was none other than Sir Roger Hollis, the Director of MI5 himself.

Ah, it's splendid black comedy! Several people in MI5 spent years and years attempting to track down the Russian mole in their midst, but there he sat at the very top, scuttling their work. The various agencies in Washington, the CIA, the FBI, and the NSA had secret agreements with MI5 and MI6 in London to share their intelligence and counterintelligence information, and no sooner did the Washington people pass along their hot tips to London than they learned that the hot tips had



A WAR OF CONTRITION

also been received in Moscow.

The British secret services employ a system of "watchers" to follow Russian Embassy personnel, wherever the personnel move about London. We would call them tails, or shadows. The watchers *always* operate in groups of three: one to drive the car, one to read maps, and one to operate a radio and report their movements back to headquarters. The Russians quickly learned to spot the cars, and soon learned their radio frequencies, thanks to Sir Roger. Thereafter, the radio people in the Russian Embassy could follow their own diplomats and the watchers by merely listening in.

Ah, but there's more to this black comedy. The MI5 and MI6 people also had radios tuned to those frequencies. Furthermore, they had radios tuned to frequencies being used inside the Russian Embassy. So they got twin reports from the watchers: one direct from the watcher's radio car and the other from the radios inside the embassy, where they were listening to the watcher's radio car. But yet more: the chief of the watcher service, when presented with this evidence, refused to change his mode of operation. He had always used three-man cars and saw no reason to change now. However, he believed he was doing his bit to thwart the Russians. Every six months he had his cars repainted, and given new license numbers. That would stymie those Russkies, by golly!

I read the book as a thriller, and at the same time I read it as a black comedy in which a few intelligent men recognized the trap they were in, and fought unsuccessfully to break out--and all the while they got little or no support from top government officials because ... well, because members of the peerage, and members of the aristocracy Simply Would Not Stoop to Spying For a Foreign Government. It just isn't done in Britain.

Hah!

[March 26, 1988]

LOOK! Tinker Bell, I Flew, I Flew!

Long after the previous pages were writ ... I journeyed to far off exotic Wichita, Kansas to spend several days with friends there as I do every year. When that week was nearly ended, four of us climbed into a company plane and flew eastward to St. Louis and a brand new con called NameThatCon. Many of the Wichita fans work for either Beechcraft or Boeing, and two or three of them are private pilots so it was but the work of a moment to rent a company plane (for a sharply reduced fee) and zoom off to St. Louis.

I was riding in the co-pilot's seat reading the maps for Roger Tener, the pilot. After a while he asked me if I wanted to take the wheel and I jumped at the chance. He told me how to look over the ~~backboard~~ dashboard and keep the far horizon on an even keel with that dashboard, he showed me three large dials to watch with one eye while I was watch two smaller ones with the other eye, and he handed the wheel over to me. It was half a steering wheel, and for about the next hour I flew that beautiful plane. Wow. It was a Beechcraft six-seater (two pilots, four passengers) and it handled remarkably well. The auto-pilot wasn't working so it was necessary to keep hands on the wheel at all times and watch the horizon (plus five dials) to make sure I wasn't flying upside down. Keeping the nose up, and keeping the correct heading were the two troublesome chores.

Hot damn! but that was exhilarating. Roger took over the controls as we approached St. Louis and brought us in for a landing. The con committee had sent a car to the airport to pick us up so we all hopped in and zoomed off to the con. It was good too.

--- BOB TUCKER ---

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This Installment Editorially Adapted from: I COULDN'T 'SQUARE TUIT;  
Bob's FLAPzine; Fannish Little Amateur Press Mailing #52; June, 1988

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"I've enclosed a short story/article for your consideration." So Dave Haugh wrote, when sending in 'Mid-Life Crisis '. "Just to prove that Billy Wolfenbarger isn't the only Oregonian that's willing to write."

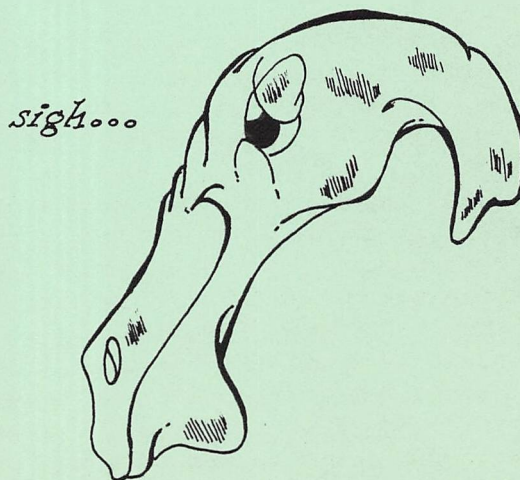
Here, then, is an "Update" from our "other" Oregonite:

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#### NOWADAZE

the pain lets up  
let's go, I say,  
tho I'm still a bit slower  
it's my timing instinct,  
my sense, I'm up  
& about I'm writing  
I'm washing dishes  
fix Cate's breakfast  
take her to kindergarten  
& back read  
as much as possible  
keep in touch with poets  
sometimes I just need to  
sit down.

---Billy Wolfenbarger  
Eugene, Oregon  
April 30th, 1988





# Understandings

Robert A.W. Lowndes



## FEEDBACK: WHO NEEDS IT?

You can call it "egoboo", you can call it "criticism", and "feedback" may involve either or both of those elements, but it's something more than just egoboo or criticism. Who needs it? I do; and I think that everyone else who writes for publication needs it, whether the writer is paid or is writing for love as with those of us who contribute to *Outworlds* and other fan publications, in or out of the fantasy-science-fiction field.

Roughly speaking it can be broken down to "I liked it" or "I didn't like it", but there are several varieties of both; let's break them down.

"I liked it."

"I liked it because ..."

"I liked it, and furthermore ..."

"Generally I liked it, but ..."

"I didn't like it."

"I didn't like it because ..."

"I didn't like it, but ..."

Here's how I feel about each of those seven categories.

"I liked it." That can run from that simple sentence alone to a thorough mash note. Any variation gives me a warm feeling, and perhaps a touch of egoboo, but it isn't useful to me. I know I've pleased that writer, but I don't know either *how* or *why*. I'd like to please that writer again, but there's not a single clue as to how I can do it.

"I liked it because ..." Now we're getting somewhere. The "because" may relate to subject matter, to the presentation, or both. But now I get the feeling that I not only did something right (which the first category also tells me), but just what it was that pleased the reader. True, I write to please myself first, and to please Bill Bowers second (so far as *Outworlds* is concerned) but I always hope that I'll please a fair number of readers, too. That doesn't mean that I'm necessarily going



to try to repeat exactly what I did--that is what the hack writer does, and economic necessity may drive him or her to it--but it does give me some guideposts. That kind of feedback is useful to me as well as nice to read.

"I liked it, and furthermore ..." The reader presents further material in support of my ideas or feelings, some of which I might have included if I'd thought of them, but often it's something I didn't know. Were I to rewrite or expand that material for some other publication, I'd certainly include it, with due credit; or it might give me ideas for a different piece.

"Generally I liked it, but ..." That "but" can often be useful. It may show me factual errors, show me where I didn't get my meaning across clearly, or show particular faults in my writing that I was unaware of and might keep on repeating in various ways otherwise. I've often gotten valuable criticism from that variety of positive feedback.

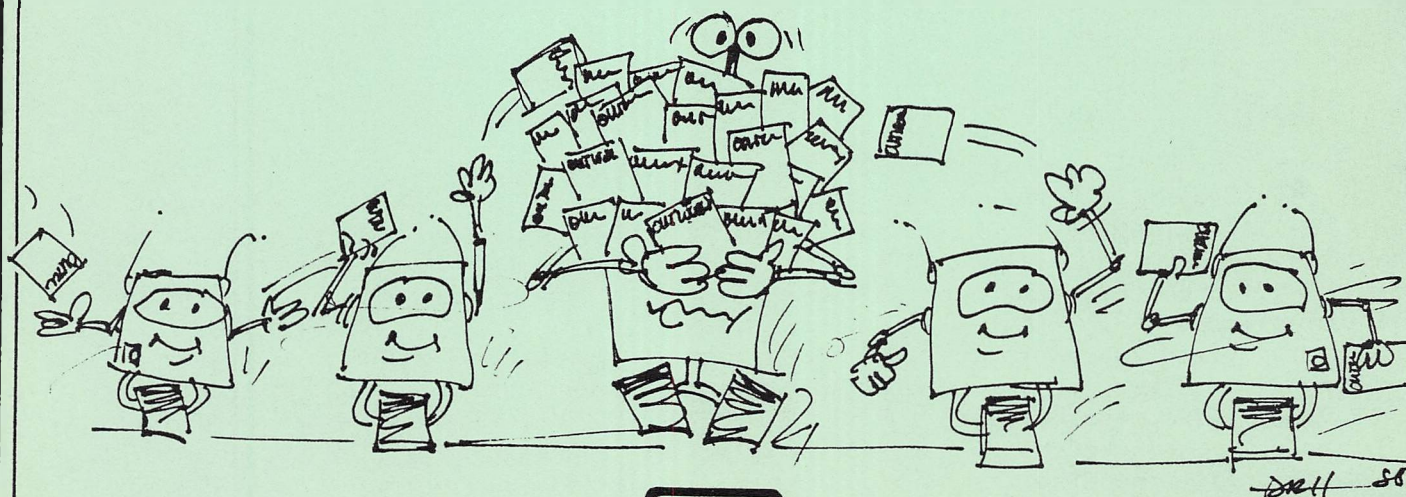
On the negative side, we start with "I didn't like it", and that can run from the simple statement to outright *ad hominem* assaults. All I can gather from it is that the reader was not pleased with my efforts and may have a very low opinion of me, personally. So it goes. Every variety of public performer has to accept that kind of response, and those who can't take it are well advised to quit. One can reply in kind to an *ad hominem* assault, but no one who does can come out a winner; he or she has just played into the hands of the "critic" (who, in such a case has proved to be no critic at all, because abuse is not criticism). A calm, reasoned reply may be appropriate, certainly, and may put down the "critic" quite effectively. If the assault is libelous, then some sort of action *may* be appropriate; but generally that isn't a wise choice unless the writer being assaulted has genuinely been damaged. As my drinking uncle used to say, "Never sue for libel; the bastards may prove it on you!"

"I don't like it because ..." Sometimes the "because" turns out to be trivial or at least irrelevant, but there's always a sporting chance that I can learn something from it.

"I didn't like it, but ..." That can show me, at times, that although I failed to please this particular reader, I did offer him or her an opportunity to *think* about what I wrote--and he or she accepted the opportunity. No one can *make you think*, as many writers have realized bitterly after a lifetime of trying. (I think of H. G. Wells, who spent most of his life fighting against stupidity, only to begin to realize in his final years that human stupidity is invulnerable to frontal assault. I can't prove it, but I suspect that he died partly of a broken heart.)

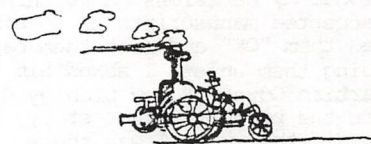
So endeth this little tutorial. I learned a little myself in writing it because I've never tried to analyze my own feelings about feedback before. And what you've just read is only an outline. If any of you want to dig deeper, I'll be delighted, whether you agree with me or not.

--- ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES ---





# IT CAME IN THE MAIL



CHARLES D. HORNIG

8/31/88: Well, since I today received IMPRESSIONS FROM THE DITTO MASTERS 3, with the relevant hotel information ~~at last~~, and since a glance at the calendar reveals the astonishing fact that we leave for Toronto three weeks from tomorrow (I'd made plane reservations for myself and Lynda a couple of weeks ago as an article of faith; Mike had, after all, assured me there would be a Ditto!), I'd best get with it if I'm going to take this issue along. [In theory, I've a three-day weekend coming up; but the overtime on the "new" job started today, and I've really no choice, fiscally-speaking, but to work Saturday if the opportunity presents itself. Ah well, I work...not "better"...just do work under deadline pressure-itis....]

Despite the fact that I was here, last year, also...it is going to seem strange to be "home" Labor Day weekend. But, as I've said more than once over the past year in these pages (although some of you apparently weren't paying attention!), once I made the decision to attend both the Seattle Corflu and the Toronto Ditto this year...that pretty much eliminated the possibility of my going to New Orleans. So I've transferred my membership to Steve Leigh ~~and made him promise to write something for the Annish~~. I'll regret the missed opportunity to meet Brad Foster, David Thayer, others...to see friends too rarely encountered...and I'll regret not seeing the astonishment of many when a friend who is not-a-hoax (ask Dick and Nicki Lynch!) shows up at her first con in twelve years! [Yes, I should be in New Orleans: Not only did I meet that friend at Torcon 2, but this weekend will also mark the 15th Anniversary of my initial encounter with one (the infamous one) of my "mystery" women; I will undoubtedly Hear About my absence!]

But choices always have to be made...and while I can now dream of in 1989 attending the Minneapolis Corflu, the Boston Worldcon, ~~and the San Francisco 1990 Ditto~~, that is all far off, and well past Octocon, Confusion, and Sercon 3 (for which I am, incidentally, doing the "publications"). In the meantime: The Doc Lowndes Collection is well in progress, and perhaps I'll have a tentative publication date and an "advance order" price for you next time. And the Annish is shaping up nicely (including a contribution I'm inordinately pleased to have the opportunity of presenting, courtesy of one of the contributors to this issue). I keep busy.

But all of that is talk of issues future; to get there, we have some "old business" to read into the Minutes:

I have discovered time-travel! Through the fine-tuned memories of Doc Lowndes and Sam Moskowitz, I have been torn from 1988 and cast back to the early thirties! These dear, dead days beyond recall are evidently not dead and certainly not beyond recall, though they are dear to all us old-timers.

I really wish I had known Doc Lowndes better--he is far more gracious than I am and has made me a bit ashamed of the way I characterized Sam. I do feel that Sam has done a tremendous job--for all of its faults, THE IMMORTAL STORM is a prodigious accomplishment, and I congratulate him for it.

After reading Sam's comments in OUTWORLDS 56 I found myself laughing heartily, then saying "SO WHAT?" Does anyone care whether I started work for Gernsback on August 1, 1933 or August 7, 1933? Does it change anything? My diary for August 7, 1933 says, "My first day as managing editor of Wonder Stories!" So Sam is correct, but if I wanted to split hairs (as he does), I could say I started working for Gernsback on August 2, because on that day he gave me a novel to edit at home. However, I didn't go on the payroll until August 7th. Now, is everybody satisfied?

Doc Lowndes seems to think I accused Sam of lying. I never did that--I believe he always told the truth as he saw it. However, I believe Sam often wrote with delusions of grandeur--THE IMMORTAL STORM tells a detailed story of the behavior of a hand-ful of teen-age boys. Lots of fun, but hardly an "immortal storm". He makes everything sound so world-shattering important. He says there was constant conflict among fans in the early thirties. Actually, there was very little, percentagewise, except for people like Sam who liked conflict. Why not admit we were just a bunch of kids having a lot of fun? What was important was that we were the first bunch of kids getting our kicks from science fiction, rather than the sex and drugs of 1988. (I'll take 1933.)

The trouble is, Sam was a very aggressive, competitive, argumentative character, and he projected his personality onto others. For instance, he had me "controlling" the Science Fiction League. All I did was issue memberships and chapter charters to anyone who wanted them, and attend meetings when I could. I never "controlled" anyone in my life. He had me being "defeated," "losing out," etc. None of this has any meaning.

I can sympathize with Sam, seeing Gernsback picking me for editor in 1933, when he would have been even better qualified. So would have Julius Schwartz or Mort Weisinger. It must have been galling to find this unknown out-of-towner being given this plum.

But Sam does not know what went on in the office of WONDER STORIES from Aug. 1933 to February 1936. I do, because I was there and I don't remember Sam visiting there even once. (He can probably document that he did.) I saw Mr. H (Gernsback) just



about every day. He gave me free reign on **WONDER STORIES**, and I worked on the magazine a full day, five days a week, and sometimes read manuscripts at home week-ends. Gernsback gave me full charge and never questioned my decisions on anything. Yes, I passed all accepted manuscripts on to him, but he simply marked them "OK" and sent them back to me, without reading them unless I asked him to, such as with "**The Martian Odyssey**", by Stanley G. Weinbaum. He even wrote the blurb for that story, the only time he ever did that when I was there. I spent a lot of time on "**The Reader Speaks**" and "**Science Questions and Answers**", and of course "**The Science Fiction League**" after April, 1934. Gernsback had many loyal employees, despite the fact that he paid poorly and delayed paychecks, because he allowed his people such freedom.

You know what Mark Twain said about statistics. Despite Sam's statistics, I selected all of the material for **WONDER STORIES** for 2½ years, except for a few novels from Europe that Gernsback got cheap. (Most of them I didn't like, but had to print them.) Friends of Gernsback, like Laurence Manning, wrote superior stuff, and I was glad to get all of their work.

It must be galling for Sam to remember how tight Gernsback was with him in later years -- but Sam came through as arrogant and forceful, needing a close reign.

Again, statistics can misinterpret. The "\$2. per week" I claimed as my cost of putting out **THE FANTASY FAN** was \$2. net. Income covered the rest of the cost. And this is just an estimate. Anyway, who cares???

Sam is right about my faulty memory -- it was "Skylark Three" that appeared in my first **AMAZING STORIES** (Sept. 1930) and if I said "Skylark of Space", I was wrong. Also, yes it was the Chrysler Building being uprooted, not the Woolworth Building. Guilty as charged. However, I still claim that I became a science-fiction fan on August 12, 1930, not in 1928. My sister had bought the July 1928 **WEIRD TALES** and didn't like it, so I rescued it from the garbage. But I didn't follow it up. I wasn't ready to be a fan. Anyway, it wasn't a science-fiction magazine, though it contained some s-f stories. For that matter, we could go back to 1923, when my mother took me to see The Golem, or 1927 when I was fascinated by Metropolis. But I wasn't a fan.

The reason I didn't go into this many years ago is that I didn't consider it that important. I have been inactive in fandom most of the time for 40 years. I will be in New Orleans for the Worldcon in Sept., and of course next year in Boston--where all us surviving old-timers will get to gather for the 50th anniversary of Worldcon One. And thanks, Doc and Sam, for this trip into the dim past. I do like you both very much, and hope to see you at a Worldcon. [7/20/88]

As I type these words, you are, in all probability, enjoying yourself in New Orleans; perhaps, next year, I'll get the chance to meet you...and all the others! ## Since your letter came in literally a day too late to squeeze in the last issue, and with the express intent of "wrapping-up" this particular "discussion", I forwarded a copy of it to Sam. His reply follows:

### SAM MOSKOWITZ

While there might still be some points of contention, I feel that Charlie Hornig is being conciliatory here and I don't see any point in pressing the matter further. In fact, I believe the brief schism

has had a happier ending than 90% of such things and a lot of the credit belongs to Lowndes and Searles who in effect said: "Hey, fellow, you are making the stew a bit too thick."

I might say that I did not think I was better qualified than anyone to edit **WONDER STORIES** in 1933. While I was reading all the science fiction magazines in the order and frequency in which I could purchase them in second-hand book shops for no more than five cents each, and formed a Science Fiction League Chapter in 1935, I really didn't enter active fandom until 1936, so please do not accuse me of envy except retroactively or with hindsight.

I might also add that of all my various faults, I doubt that arrogance is really one of them. If I had any, the depression of the thirties knocked it out of me by the time I was 16.

What is uncontestedly true was that being so early in science fiction fandom, everything we did was "first", through no deliberate planning on anyone's part. We never thought of being entered into anyone's book of records. What we did have was courage.

One other thing. A helluva lot more than a tiny fraction of fandom was busy fighting or lining up on sides. In the 1936 to 1939 period there probably were not more than 75 important fans and I think I could literally list names of at least half of them who were engaged in fighting or acknowledged partisan, maybe more.

**The Immortal Storm** as a title from the very first was intended to be sardonic and the apocalyptic prose of the narration a reflection of the seriousness with which the teenage participants experienced the events. Until this very day, more than a half century later, I have had old men sliding into the last decades of their life come up to me and express such bitterness over those events that I was taken aback.

A few months ago I received a small press phone call from San Francisco from an individual who said they were interested in reprinting **THE IMMORTAL STORM** in a reset edition and if I controlled the copyright. I told them that I did and if they would write me details I would be delighted to cooperate. I never heard from them again. However, sometime later Hyperion Press, 45 Riverside Ave., Westport, Conn. 06880, who had issued the book in hardcover and paperback in 1974 and kept it in print until a few years ago, wrote me and said they had enough library back orders to justify a new printing, would I give them permission and a copy of the book to shoot from and I did. They claimed a September, 1988 publication date and even if late it should be out about the time this is read. They will issue a hardcover edition only, so the book will again be available but I do not have the slightest idea what the price will be. [8/8/88]

I haven't reread **TIS** since I obtained the ASFO edition in, I believe, 1961--but perhaps I should. (It, along with **ALL OUR YESTERDAYS**, is currently on loan to Lynda...to "prep" her for all these weird people she'll encounter at Ditto!) I do believe your book, and the Warner histories, should be available and accessible to the unfortunately diminishing ranks of fanzine fans. And I wish Art Widner all possible luck in his quest to document our mini-world in the aftermath of Harry's books. [Since Joe Siclari doesn't answer his mail any more, let's skip him, and since I'm not up on which Advent titles are still in-print, perhaps Harry can let us know if either is still readily available.]

...now then, onto other comments on QW56 & before:



## A. LANGLEY SEARLES

OUTWORLDS 56 received and enjoyed very much. Interesting that the material, while logically ordered, ended in reverse of the usual fanzine fashion: letters came first, article last.

Moskowitz's "Fantastic Voyage" was very enjoyable, and historically useful in its uncovering of yet another pseudonym. (Has anyone ever counted how many of these Sam has ferreted out?) It isn't very often that Sam's data can be faulted or amplified (Doc was absolutely right to call him "the best of science-fiction historians"), so I hasten to add some data to the Parmenter/Dresser file:

Richard Parmenter was born in Buffalo, N.Y. on November 16, 1894. He attended Cornell University, receiving a degree in chemical engineering in 1917. He served in the U.S. Army in 1917-19. After World War I he worked chiefly as a hydrographer, first for the Massachusetts Bureau of Fisheries (1924-25) and then on the Lake Erie Survey (1928). He also acted as commander of the Austin sub-Arctic Expedition of 1927. At the age of 40--a late age for this--he returned to Cornell to study for a Ph.D. in physiology, which he received in 1937. Thereafter he specialized in psychobiology, directing research in the civilian pilot training program (1939-40) and acting as a private consultant. He served in the U.S. Navy in 1940-45, retiring as a Lieutenant Commander. He was also an expert in oceanography and psychosomatics.

Dr. Parmenter strikes me as an exceptional scientist with far-ranging talents, as well as one who got into developing fields early. I am not surprised to learn that he wrote science-fiction, and suspect he probably read it regularly, too. He was married and had one child (I don't know if it was a boy or girl), who might still be living and a source of information about the man. [7/1/88]

## MIKE GLICKSOHN

I suppose it would be unrealistic to expect that while my fannish life was on hold the rest of fandom would kindly not keep on Doing Their Thing so here I have two of your fanzines surfacing in the very large stack that got ignored while we worked things out on the personal level. Now that I'm back on my own again I'm also back into fanzines and over the last ten days I've managed to make small inroads into that pile. I'll never get properly caught up, of course, but some fanzines deserve and get a greater effort than others (despite being the ones I "need" do less about to be sure of staying on the mailing list) and certainly OUTWORLDS is a prime example of that sort of zine. This may not be the detailed loc 55 and 56 really deserve but at least you'll know I didn't sluff you off and skim the issues.

My record is, unfortunately, complete still: I've never been to a "fanzine convention" and I've never seen a "live fanzine" actually performed. I hear tell Corflu was good this year and perhaps I'll try to make it next year in Minneapolis. In the meantime, there's always the chance that Ditto will actually take place and give me a taste of what it's all about.

Jodie shouldn't worry too much. Back when I was in graduate school and the enrollment in the course I was in was two our professor was kind enough to list both of us as co-authors of a paper he composed (and we gathered the data for) for a journal in the field of quantum mechanics. I have a Xerox of that paper somewhere and periodically I run across it while looking for long-lost mementos of

long-forgotten times. And I no longer even understand the title of the paper, let alone any of the text itself. The language of science may not be deliberately arcane but the effect is the same as if it were.

Another entertaining if slightly strained extrapolation from Skel (including some of the worst puns I've ever read (or will make a few weeks down the time-line)). I'm left only considering the possibility that were such a typewriter used for plagiaristic purposes then end result would have to be known as "galvanized steal"....

(Say, did Steve Stiles read Skel's mss before he came up with your lettercol heading or is this an example of Simultaneous Discovery of an idea whose time has definitely not yet come? It's bad enough to think there's one person out there whose mind works the way Skel's does but if he's somehow infected Stiles then perhaps we're seeing the opening few pages of King's THE STAND coming to life!)

I'm not sure what scares/astonishes me more: that you can actually make up these movie lists or that I can't even though I've seen most of the titles you list.

You were right about my pseudonym but typically wrong about the subsequent write-offs against that "professional" income. I wrote off a few cons and some related expenses for one year which is hardly a decade even to an unfortunate graduate of the American educational system. (And I could have written and sold other stories except I liked the idea of being able to present friends with an autographed copy of my complete published works, that's all!)

I've never had a problem reconciling George Martin and his fiction but then it's never struck me as so unremittingly sombre as Covell seems to find it. (Which is not to say George can't write some pretty grim stuff: I still rate his "Sand-kings" as a masterpiece in the field.) The one author who really seems to be totally contradictory in personal performances vis-a-vis his fiction for me is Gardner Dozois. How such a manic comedian and joker can write such depressing stuff is amazing and that's why my one published story, which was intended to be dreary and depressing, appeared under the "Gardner R Dubious" label.

I'm surprised Harry wouldn't think most faneds could lay their hands on something they'd published eighteen years ago. Coincidentally my first fanzine was published eighteen years ago and within ten feet of this typewriter I could lay my hands on about five copies of that issue. Not being able to do this would be, for me, like being unable to recall the name of your first child just because he or she had left to go to college. Don't we all have at least two bound volumes of those first efforts at publishing or am I just a sentimentalist?

Taral has written a quite fascinating analysis of the Fan Artist Hugo which last I heard Glycer had declined to publish; you might like to air it in OW some issue. (Should have won? How about Shiffman, Fletcher, Canfield, Steffan, Carter, Shull, McLeod, Taral as well as ATOM and Bell? And I've undoubtedly overlooked a couple on the short list.) I like to think you're wrong about Taral never winning the Hugo. Evidently his stuff is commercial since he's selling small amounts of it to augment his income. I tend to think a few years ago people didn't vote for him because they didn't like him personally; now that he's mellowed (haven't we all?) I think he stands a better shot. Of course, with Foster's undeniable abilities and seeming ubiquitousness it would not surprise me if he won for three or four years in a row so it may be a while before it's Taral's "turn".



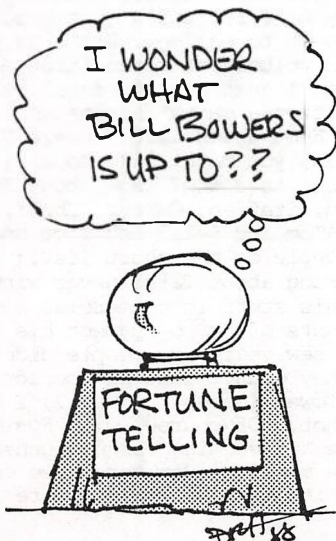
I was quite surprised to find a loc I'd supposedly written on OW54 since I'd been more or less willing to state that I'd done no fanzine fanac in the months that Doris and I were coming to grips with and working out the details of our separation. Perhaps I felt such an obligation to reply to OUTWORLDS that I did so and then blanked out the memory so I wouldn't feel guilty about not giving my full attention to the disintegration of my personal life? Then again, I note that I was supposed to have written this loc on the 38th of January so perhaps you made the whole thing up just so there'd be an apparent Glicksohn loc in #55 and fannish tradition and consistency would seem to be maintained? Thanks, old friend, but I am back now so you don't have to fill in for me any longer....

I was wondering why you'd publish an item as bizarre as a crossword (unless it was to justify the accompanying cover letters which certainly do deserve to see print) but then I caught the reference to Mr Linda and figured Joe still had enough cousins named Guido who were "connected" that you felt you had to include it. I actually filled most of it in (thereby, I hope, adding immeasurably to the value of this particular copy of OW at some future TAFF/DUFF/IFF--that's Interplanetary Fan Fund, of course--auction) but two or three squares baffled me. I strongly suspect the little bastard doesn't know how to spell though....

[[on OW56]] Very nice distillation of your philosophy of fanzine publishing. It may have taken twenty odd (very odd) years to boil it all down to such a concise statement but the result really does seem to Say It All. (If only Peter Gill were around to reprint it six or seven times...) (Obscure Fannish Reference #117, eh?)

I was amused to read, in Skel's long letter explaining why he wasn't loccing OUTWORLDS, that he has drifted away from active fandom. Since every fanzine I read has an article or letter from Skel I shudder to think what he might produce if he was "active". Whole new fandoms would have to spring into existence just to contain his output!

As you may or may not recall back in the days when I was a college student I actually majored in quantum mechanics. (Even had a sign on my door that read "Quantum Mechanic probably on duty" but the undergrads in our house just thought I was weird, not clever.) To carry BEB's analogy a step further, if we try to prove the existence of Bill Bowers by sending a loc on OW we immediately invalidate the experiment (the famous Warner Uncertainty Principle) (which states, of course, that there's no



proof that all locs on all fanzines aren't actually written by Harry Warner using various pseudonyms) and hence I'm actually wasting my time finishing this loc! Unfortunately, on the offchance that Brian might be wrong (it has happened), I think I'd better keep on going. (Thank ghod for all that stuff about writing novels which I don't have to comment on ~~of f#%\$!~~!)

The Eric Lindsay loc reveals an entirely new way of modern-day letterhacking. In the past, when one didn't want to actually bother reading the damn fanzine one would skim through, pick out a nice phrase such as, say, "the dogs of war" and then write a page and a half about raising pit bulls. Nowadays one can be almost as devious by merely commenting not on the contents of an issue but on the hardware and software used to produce it! I foresee an eventual need for two separate lettercols, one dealing with the "what" of the previous issue and the second, much longer, treating with the "how" of it all.

I think Harry's on to something here and we were all right there as a brand new science was created! I refer, of course, to his pioneering conception of the new science of staplistics. From now on, of course, every new stapler sold will already have been registered with an appropriate law enforcement agency so that the unique markings it leaves on the staples it ejects will be on file. Squads of staple police will roam the land registering the staplers we currently own (although, of course, some of the genuinely evil people Chris mentioned will preserve unregistered illegal staplers for their own nefarious uses) and soon our great countries will be free forever from the threat of... hoax fanzines! I see it all now: fandom is aghast as a vicious issue of, to make up an example completely at random, AUNT LEAH'S BIG STICK, appears in mailboxes everywhere. But not to worry: a copy is taken to the staple police, one staple is carefully removed and inserted into the staplometer--devised at a cost of seventeen million dollars by a company composed exclusively of former Apa-50 members, of course--where the rifling marks are compared with those of every stapler in the land. Within seconds the guilty party is identified and an arrest warrant is on its way to Minneapolis. No trial is needed as the staplometer is infallible so a quick lobotomy is performed with an industrial strength heavy-duty stapler through the skull and justice has been served! On the other hand maybe I've just ben reading too many Paul Skelton articles....

There was a time when I might not have have agreed with C.F.S. Baden that "nude women" were in the category of "other imaginary creatures" but somehow nowadays I can see his point....

The letters from Searles, Lowndes and Moskowitz made for a fascinating exchange and the article by Sam was delightful. What an incredible memory he has! And what an even more incredible filing system! As someone who rarely ever makes copies of letters and saves practically no correspondence I'm flabbergasted at Sam's record-keeping ability. And as someone who has trouble remembering the finer points of the plot of a book read a month ago I sit in awe of a man who can remember entire short stories read a half-century or more ago! I spent a couple of hours chatting with Sam at last year's KEYCON (and had him sit in on my one-man "panel" on fan history so he could share some of his anecdotes from the early days of science fiction and fandom) and he was simply delightful to talk to, throat mike and all. Perhaps you could get him to contribute a regular column to augment the Lowndes memoirs?

[7/15/88]



9/5/88: Well, I don't know if he wants to "formalize" the arrangement, but Sam has been very generous in sending me articles; in addition to the one that leads off this issue, I have two more in "the file", plus a contribution for the anniversary that I, hardly the dewy-eyed neo-faned, consider a genuine coup. But, for that you'll have to wait until Confusion! ## I suspect the Taral-article that you referred to is the same as his contribution to the Last ~~Dangerous~~ HOLIER THAN THOU. Am I correct? ## You have found me out, Sir! Yes, I had sent Skel's typewriter epic to Stiles for illustration, but Steve was tied up with deadlines at the time. When the LoC-illo came in later, I was tempted to run it with Skel's piece...and, had I the issue to do over again, I probably would; but it also fit where I placed it; had I the third opportunity to redo that issue, well... As I've said, the perfect solution would have been to run it twice....

## ROBERT COULSON

Odds and ends of comments on OW56, in no particular order. What d'you mean, my CBG fanzine article was "silliness"? 4¢ a word is business, man! It's no sillier than....err....a Sugar Frosted Flakes commercial.... the tobacco subsidies... lots of things like that.

Nah, Lowndes isn't a better historian than Moskowitz; I'm a little surprised that anybody took that comment seriously enough to answer (did I say anything that you cut out?). He's a far more entertaining writer, but that's not the same thing.

Full agreement with Ian Covell. I find exceptions now and then, but basically, if the verse can't be sung, I'm not interested. (Considering some song lyrics I've heard, I'm not interested in a lot of stuff that is sung.) Which is odd, since I can't sing anything....I just go for rhythm and rhyme ~~and Tina Turner~~.

Lon is going at things the hard way if he's beginning with a mystery, since that form is usually written backwards; the author begins with whodunit and works back, leaving clues that his detective can pick up on and look good. "Detective" as a generic term of course; whoever gets picked to solve the thing -- the girl in the castle if it's a "romantic suspense". In other fields anything works. I wrote one science fiction novel by writing down the scenes I liked first, and then figuring out a plot to string them together. (Then I had to rewrite the scenes so they'd fit the plot....) I did the juvenile interactive book by getting handed the characters and making up the plot as I went along, keeping in mind that I had to have forty or so "decision points" in a 20,000 word book; in those things the hero says hello to someone that then there's a decision point as to whether he bashes the guy over the head or ducks down an alley, or goes ahead and says "How areya?".

Yes, Wollheim's POCKET BOOK OF SCIENCE FICTION was the first non-reprint stf paperback. Wollheim also can claim the first original-story anthology, with THE GIRL WITH THE HUNGRY EYES. [6/24/88]

## DAVID R. HAUGH

OUTWORLDS 56 was an excellent issue. The type is much easier to read. Also like the drawing by Steven Fox on page 1815. [And] I must admit that it felt good to see some of my own work back in print again. It's been many years.

I found that my own limited experience with

writing didn't agree with "The Alabama Kid...", but at least Lon was willing to put himself on the line. And the article did spur me to finish a contribution that perhaps you'll be able to use ... a contribution other than art.

I had a little trouble with "Fantastic Voyage", since it was about an obscure writer in a period of SF that I know little about.

But when I came to Bob Lowndes and his letter on SF covers and the color thereon, it brought back some really old memories. Memories of sitting under the workbench of a TV/Radio repair shop in the early fifties looking at those wonderful covers. At least I thought they were wonderful. The yellow ones were my favorite...particularly with green or blue space monsters grabbing a pretty girl who always seemed to be falling out of her spacesuit. Great days.

[7/1/88]





## C. S. F. BADEN

Wow, you printed my loc! My first appearance in a sf fanzine. I got a definite thrill finding it in print. And I got to see it the same weekend I finally figured out what corflu meant. See, this is my first year of fanac. I started subscribing to F&SF, ASF, IASFM a few years back, and then LOCUS, and then FILE 770 last year, and then other zines such as OUTWORLDS. I've been to one convention (LAconII), and didn't get a lot out of it. Nobody told this neo what to look for, so all I saw was the fansuite and the huckster room. I'm resolved to seek out Loscon this year....

You can address me as anything you want--Chas will do nicely, if I can call you Bill. I'd never heard of Lon Atkins until I read OW56. I left Costa Mesa last year, but I keep the POBox as a mail drop. At \$28/year, it's a bargain--I subscribe to dozens of mags, comics, and an unknown number of fanzines, and I haven't had to change my mailing address in five years despite living in four different places. You can expect my mailing address to remain constant for the foreseeable future. (Or is that a poor phrase to use--"foreseeable future"--around sf readers?)

My sf fanac is presently limited to loccing. I'm active in another fandom, composed of railfans. Railfans are people, usually male, who like to watch trains, and very often are amateur (or even professional) photographers. Railfans travel across the countryside chasing trains, and many of them like to know what's happening on the railroads today. Twice a month I pub a zine which has a paid circ of 500+, and covers news of railroads in California and vicinity. (Any railfans out there, send me a stamp and I'll send you a sample issue of FLIMSIES.)

Railfans travel to interesting out-of-the-way places. (We also travel to uninteresting out-of-the-way places, but you wouldn't want to hear about those.) Railfans, like sf fans, have to eat--so we tend to "discover" unusual good eateries off the beaten track. Just as long as they're near the railroad track. An example:

RUDY AR - RUDY BAR-B-Q... It's out of the FLIMSIES coverage area, but true Alco fans will probably find themselves there sooner or later. While railfanning the all-Alco Arkansas & Missouri in northwestern Arkansas, don't miss Rudy Bar-B-Q, the only restaurant in Rudy AR (pop. 250). Alco C-420s on the railroad's Fort Smith Turn pass less than 50 feet from the doorstep ... and the trains often stop there for lunch. If the train is late, pass the time by inspecting the Polaroids of local hunters and fishermen with their prizes and check out the multi-purpose building next door which is sometimes a rifle-pistol range, sometimes a church and sometimes a country-western music hall. If you have any trouble finding the place, when you get to the tracks, look for the restaurant with the "Welcome Alco Fans" (no kidding!) sign in front!

--Kirk Woods

("Alco" is a locomotive manufacturer that shut down decades ago, and so Alco locomotives are hard to find.)

Oh dear, I've digressed again. I was going to give you another installment in my family's autobiography -- ALL THE REST HAVE PEANUT BUTTER -- but I've run out of space. [7/31/88]

That's okay, Chas... you can digress here anytime! (Certainly you can call me "Bill"; it's one of the kinder things people call me... and the one that I answer most readily to!

## ERIC MAYER

I've been busy publishing mini-comics, writing articles for some small prozines and doing comic book scripts (aside from the house buying). It's even rumored that some comics shops actually stocked KIWANNI, though you'd hardly know it by the sales.

I was interested in Lon Atkins' article, having just completed 160 pages of KIWANNI scripts--by far my longest writing effort. I have to admit, the story I wrote broke down into just about the proportions Lon mentioned, although not by design. I wonder if his teacher's theory isn't more an observation of how books often tend to come out, as opposed to a useable blueprint? In my case I think I made a discovery writing the comic--mainly that it isn't good (for me) to know too much about the book except, generally, where it's headed. In the past I planned long projects in minute detail...and never finished them. I got bored. With Kiwanni I was concerned with cranking the scripts out faster than the artist could draw them and I managed to surprise myself right down until the end. So I had fun. I guess I'll be going in the opposite direction from Lon--trying some fiction writing without a detailed plan for once. Not to say there aren't formulas. I rather enjoyed Dean Koontz's WRITING POPULAR FICTION. Mike Resnick is pretty contemptuous of formulas. I wonder about Koontz--would he have written a book about them if he didn't make some use of them himself, as basic structures? Or is it just a matter of the professional writer having so internalized some of the stuff that he uses it in a different way? Actually that book and White and Strunk's are the only books on writing I thought valuable. Although, in my position, I am only theorizing, I would say what's most important is to remember that structure is generally more important than style and style should be clear. The big thing would-be writers like me try to avoid thinking about is that, when you come down to it, style, structure, formula are all of no avail unless a writer has something to say that will interest a sufficient number of people. Let's face it, it's easier to accept that you have problems structuring a plot than it is to admit you don't have anything very interesting to tell anyone. And the latter, in most cases I will venture to say, is the real crux of the problem. [rec'd 7/11/88]

## BRIAN EARL BROWN

You continue to amaze me with your frequency and regularity. The average time between issues of American fanzines seems like two years--except for OUTWORLDS which comes out pretty close to quarterly. And mailed first class and photo-reproduced.... I'd say I don't know how you can afford it, only I know you only mail out a little over a hundred copies so it doesn't cost all that much (say \$200 per ish instead of \$400).

It's a real bummer about those two bad patches on your Xerox's drum; was that commercial printing or Canon Home Copying (and if Canon, would replacing the ink cartridge fix those light patches?)?

What a pleasant surprise to learn that Alan Hunter is still around. Keep printing his art and do press him to write about his art.

Ian Covell's comment that 40 cuts were made in Ghostbusters to clean it up for television boggles the mind because there was no nudity in it to begin with. I wonder what was removed. Naturally, a bloody film like Jaws could be shown intact. As a race we've got our priorities screwed if sex is more offensive than hacking bodies to pieces.



Mike Resnick seems awfully hostile to Bob Ray's "7 points to plotting". Resnick's comment "Try applying these 7 points to most works of literary excellence and ambition, and you'll find they simply don't apply..." certainly begs for refutation (tho it would get tedious citing how "most" works of excellence and ambition do fit the pattern). Shakespeare's Hamlet and McBeth both strike me as fitting Ray Bob's--ah--Bob Ray's 7 points. How can one forget hooks like the three witches in McBeth or the ghost of Hamlet's father. The other points come naturally in their sequence. Of course it helps that we're talking about plays here which come in acts. I imagine even Resnick's books can be graphed against Bob Ray's seven plot-points. Sure it makes plotting sound mechanistic, but so what? There's a certain mechanistic quality to a lot of things -- like fanzines. 1st comes a flashy cover, then some personal chitchat from Bill -- but not just any ol' thing, it's something that will "hook" the readers and bring them on into the fanzine even tho by now Bill doesn't really need to Hook his readers. The rest of the material will ebb and flow, mixing really brillo LoCs or articles with slower paced material, saving the 1st or second best stuff for the last. I don't think Bill thinks about structure, but OW is highly structured, just as I don't think Resnick thinks about the 7 points to plotting even as he uses them. [7/6/88]

Oh, I certainly do attempt to "structure" an issue going in, both in my head and on home-made "frame" sheets. Of course, given that I am not the most efficient manager of time I know, or that when I do have the time, I seem prone to over-committing in some area of my life--when it comes to crunch time, that "structure" undergoes some last-minute renovation! ## The patches which defaced many copies of two issues were the result of a commercial copy center I won't be patronizing again. The first time I didn't notice until I got home, and was devastated. The second time, I checked before I left the copy center...and raised (for me) a considerable amount of static. It ended with the bill being reduced by over a third; a compromise I wasn't happy with, but....

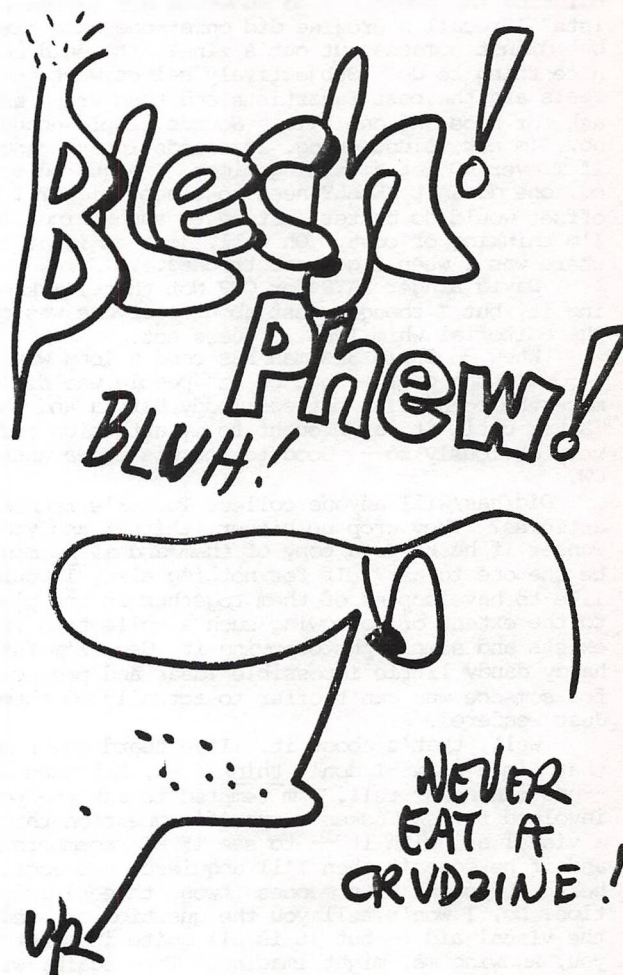
### SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Um--Rotsler's backcover is a bit unusual to say the least. Looks a bit like pictures kids used to make using leftover fabric samples -- then try to guess what it was.

My only problem with the print thish was, at times, telling when you stepped in. I usually read any zine twice--once a scan when it arrives in case something needs IMMEDIATE attention -- and then a second time when I get around to replying. This time both read-throughs took place very close to each other. As a result, I picked up the pattern of your reply. This may be an unusual comment. But, if anything I'd be tempted to say the blacks are TOO black, or perhaps the white too white? I'm not at all sure what the problem would be with that, but the pages are very crisp and clear--but almost TOO much so. Then again, part of that is probably a carryover from the headaches which affect my eyes.

This is my third time through--commenting as I go.

No one else mentioned the small brochure I wrote to you about -- with the suggestion that Bill Bowers start a zine for profit.... Wonder if it was widely distributed? That is tied in with postage costs -- gads, they must really be killers. A few



things I've sent out actually cost more to send than to purchase and that's a sad state of affairs.

Let me see--am I too lazy to go--no, I'll get out the card I wrote up to start some information on fanartists...there.... For longevity of servitude without recognition--ATom wins hands down--and I'll keep that in mind over the next year. Hmm, what about a one time award... I'll have to think about this and see what other people have to say. Then too, there is Terry Jeeves -- and I THINK that is the long-standing list. After that I'd hasten to add Taral, but it looks as if his time may be coming since he made the ballot this year. From there I'd have to go to the newer members--Mel. White and so on--as I mentioned last time. The adage that assumptions are generally wrong is more and more proven correct -- I had just assumed that Brad HAD won before (before last year that is) and that ATom... I'll be interested to see if any other of your readers/locers have others to add to the list that I might (once again) be forgetting. I also realize that I don't have a supporting membership for the next European Worldcon--so I may be putting myself out of the voting category anyhow. Alan Hunter... must add him to my list. He says he doesn't think much of what he has to say would be of interest--but it would be to me. His name is not as familiar as it, apparently, ought to be and I'd like to know his fannish history--like a short bio (fan-wise). If it isn't forthcoming and since you do have addresses listed, I might write "in a while" to see what information I can get. Vaguely, some-



thing is moving in the back of my mind -- didn't someone, somewhere, somewhere (how's that for pin-pointing the project?) do showcase art by fanartists? I recall a prozine did once--one at a time--but didn't someone put out a zine? It would be a nice thing to do. Subjectively select what one feels are the best fanartists and then write and ask for bios and one illo. Sounds simple enough -- no, I'm not volunteering. It sounds interesting and if I ever DO get a working mimeo, I might be tempted, one doesn't REALLY need to sleep--right? I know offset would do better justice to such things, but I'm thinking of cost. Oh well, just an idea. Now, where was I when I got sidetracked....

David Singer PAYS for OW? Not that I'm knocking it, but I thought just about everyone was on the editorial whim list -- guess not.

Whew -- Chris Sherman has come a long ways!

I'm one of the "out of it" people who did not make the connection between Teddy Harvia and David Thayer until it was brought to my attention and very obviously so-- Good to see his appearance in OW.

Did/has/will anyone collect Tucker's fanhistory articles? They crop up hither, thither and yon. I wonder if he keeps a copy of them and if he might be the one to ask? If for nothing else, I would like to have copies of them together in one place--to the extent of borrowing such a collection if it exists and simply photocopying it. Gee, I'm full of handy dandy little impossible ideas and projects for someone who can't offer to actually DO them! Just wondered.

Well, that's about it. I've heard the rumor that I'm a hoax--I don't think I am, but then again --one can never tell. I'm tempted to ask the people involved to ask Tucker a specific question that has a visual aid with it -- to see if HE remembers me--and if he doesn't then I'll acquiesce and admit to being a figment of someones (twos, threes) imagination. No, I won't tell you the question or send you the visual aid -- but it is all quite innocent--as you, knowing me, might imagine. Then again, with that line I'm sure imaginations are exactly what WILL go into overtime. Come to think of it, they could ask you, but one never knows WHAT to believe from Bowers -- right (only joking Bill, only kidding!!)--holler, but don't hit--please. (Quick--what TV show did that come from?) [6/26/88]

Ironically, once I jelled the idea of doing the Lowndes Collection, the second thought that came to mind was that the Second Volume of THE IMCOMPLEAT TUCKER is long overdue! Perhaps, if no one else takes the hint (and if Bob is willing), I could probably be persuaded. But not until Doc's "book" is out. I too have lots of dreams/schemes/plans... but one at a time on "projects" of this magnitude! ## The separation of editorial commentary from LoCwords is a factor here that I'm aware of. I do use two distinct (to me) typefaces, but apparently not that obvious to others. The past few issues I've indented the locs, but even that hasn't worked. (It would help immensely if there was an italic 15-pitch Brother printwheel, but I haven't been able to find one.) I do try to make the demarcation line between my words and yours clear -- but you (generically; not you specifically Sheryl) still have to Pay Attention! [And, had you done so, you would have known I wasn't planning on doing this] ## So why should I bail you out on the hoax charges...? You, at least, haven't had to stand "trial"! Besides, nothing involving Tucker is all that innocent! Trust me.

## IAN COVELL

I'm puzzled you sent it airmail, but since HOLIER THAN THOU arrived a few days after yours, after a transit of 5 1/2 months (!), I think it might be the best way....

Was amused by Brian Earl Brown's letter (1818), which manages to get across most of what I understand about quantum mechanics and probability functions -- and possibly information theory (if I knew what that was). Of course Brown misses the essential fact that any 'proof' is actually a single event; there is no proof that Brown will exist directly after he has written his letter (not even posting it; someone else could do it, maybe did), nor that he will exist in the interval until he gets the next issue. (Of course, as Calder Willingham said in his marvelous NATURAL CHILD, there are some echo-people who don't so much exist as react; knowing they're there is no guarantee their minds are there too.)

On my own letter, the news is that this government has set up a new official body to 'vet' television; already, before any outlet has appeared, it has demanded that satellite channels sign an agreement to broadcast only acceptable(!) works, with the threat of legal action against them if they don't. This new body is run by a maniac who admits to being offended by nakedness and 'illicit sex'... but the companies are still running scared, assuring everyone they'll conform to anything he demands. (This has already led to the censoring and/or banning of episodes of Miami Vice, censoring films already shown down to 'TV versions'--eg, The Deep and Magic -- and the promise of more wholesome entertainment for the family; nobody has yet come down to calling it censorship; everyone calls it 'maintaining standards', but since nobody will admit to setting standards....)

Lon Atkins' article is okay as one view of plotting. (My own favourite book on how to write is the one by Koontz; supposedly about writing a best-seller, his tips, taken in the way meant, would turn out a high quality, complex novel.) The point is always that you should use a method that works for you, there is no 'standard' system, nor one that will work for everyone. The main point is that most books do have a start, middle, and end; and most people want to be caught in the first few pages, entertained and enlightened and thrilled in the middle, and both satisfied and...completed (?) by the ending. (That is, they see that ending as the right one at the right time.) Apart from that, the author should always know more than his readers; this was certainly true in THE MALTESE FALCON (see Resnick, 1824), where there are actually a series of mysteries all centered on the bird--each encounter leads to a new piece in the puzzle. What Atkins doesn't mention is counter-plot and blind alleys and similar complications of the story that build and maintain tension. There are books which have been written with a single driving plot, but most have to be done as interlocking stories heading to a single denouement (try Lawrence Sanders, eg, who sometimes gets too strict in his need for a single denouement).

Chris Sherman is slightly wrong in that Burgess's NOTHING LIKE THE SUN was written after A CLOCKWORK ORANGE, not before. Like him, I like the book, though I'm sure Burgess's insertion of adultery is more to do with Burgess's very strange marriage than with the orig bard. (I'm a bit puzzled he hints MYTHOLOGIES still has a lettercolumn -- so far as I know, D'Amassa stopped publishing it years ago...)



The Searles/Lowndes/Moskowitz section proves that history really is a matter of opinion -- even when it involves facts. It's amazing to realize there are still some pseudonyms to uncover, fifty years after they appeared. The little work I've attempted in that area has swiftly uncovered contradictory statements by various people. We need Moskowitz, no matter whether his opinions are contentious or not, the volume and accuracy of what he produces makes a good background for further research. (I'm also sure we've all been convinced that we didn't write something when someone patently believes we did, and produces the quote; I don't think this is sloppy writing, I think it's connections -- at the time we wrote it, our intent was mirrored by our words, but the intent was simply not the fact. Make sense?) [7/3/88]

## LARRY DOWNES

Well, I give up. Despite the fact that you published my last "update" letter faithfully and almost immediately, most of it was out of date by the time I got OUTWORLDS 55, and the rest of it is outdated now. I don't suppose anybody really cares what I do at the level of detail of my last letter, anyway, and at the higher levels--the "life event" level (a wonderful term that goes with the flexible benefit style of insurance plan: a l.e. includes changing employers, spouses, or the birth or death of a dependent, and it's when you can change your mind about how much accidental death and dismemberment protection you might want, or how much you want to put aside for child care in before-tax dollars. But more importantly, it finally and succinctly defines what's important in life and what isn't. It's a definition I can live with, anyway.) -- nothing's changed. Leah called last week to complain about having to get my change of address from OUTWORLDS 56, so your readers already know I've moved to within a few yards of the soon-to-be-illuminated Wrigley Field. Everything else is just motion anyway. (Leah: I did send you a CoA card, but apparently it didn't make it. I promise to return your call Real Soon Now, but I'm still working on March calls at the moment.)

The small-world thing of it is that I was leafing through some journal last month (I think it was IEEE Transactions on Software Engineering) and saw a reference to a paper on Mothra; sure enough Jeff Offutt was one of the authors. Don't feel bad, Jodie, I read the abstract and I didn't understand it, either.

I love the concept of a series of business cards from Apa-50 rejects. It proves the point I'm trying to make in an article about my high school reunion (I've been working on it for almost a year, \*sigh\*), which is that people in my generation did not "sell out" their sixties values, we just didn't start with any. Someone wrote in the reunion yearbook that he hoped people hadn't given up on their ideals, but I just don't remember most of my classmates as being particularly idealistic. Unlike our older brothers and sisters, who may or may not have been misguided, we really started college with the notion of getting through, getting a job, and becoming comfortable. When the Sixties kids do that, they're Thirty-Something or Family Ties, and when our younger brothers and sisters do it, they're considerably more over-determined about getting rich and getting things, so they're the yuppies. But us poor late-seventies kids are just what we've always been, sort of dull. The Blank Generation, the Lost Generation II.

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## LARRY C. DOWNES

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33 WEST MONROE STREET  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS 60603  
(312) 580-0033

Not that I'm accusing Patty or Chris or Leah, or for that matter, myself, of belonging to that norm. It's just that having a business card doesn't seem either Establishment or an Imperative for "us" -- it just is. The year I graduated from high school, the Top Song of the Year was Debby Boone singing "You Light Up My Life", and #12 was K.C. and the Sunshine Band's I'm Your Boogie Man. Now I understand why I can't finish this damn article; I'm trying to say all this without sounding judgmental.

I got your note about Chris's note on Apa-50. For me much of that material is still pretty raw, or at best unsorted. Chris's tone of voice sounds more detached than I think I could bring to such a project, and if so more power to him. I may be spending most of my time in San Jose starting in the fall; if I do, I'll give him a call. It would be strange enough to talk about Apa-50 face-to-face but impossible through the mail. Did Apa-50 really affect him? I always had the sense there was for him, much more so than most of the rest of us, much more in the "real world" that mattered. My comment a few years ago about not being a revisionist may become more ironic than I intended. [7/17/88]

When (he said, taking the positive approach) you do finish that article on your high school reunion, Larry (if it's more than the 5th, I don't want to deal with the fact of just how long you have been out of Oak Park!)--~~and if you can't sell it~~ why not send it here?

9/10/88: ...and that, apart from the following 'transition LoC', ends the feedback on OUTWORLDS 56. Thanks Everyone, & Onward...!

## RICHARD BRANDT

Just thought I'd take a minute away from plowing through my stacks of old prozines (Curse you, Bill Bowers!) to let you know how much I enjoyed OW 56 & 57. (Am I really this far behind in my loccing, or are you just publishing a bit more frequently than, say, myself lately?) In 56, Sam Moskowitz's literary-detective article was intriguing. He has a logically-deduced solution, but it would be nice to see if a follow-up would provide further confirmation; for example, does Isaac Asimov actually have such a letter in his files? And have you actually snared SaM as yet another regular contributor?

Speaking of Taral (as I was some months ago), his cover for OW57 encapsulates the reasons for my high regard of his work: In spite of the many nudes and attempted erotica that have been fobbed off as fanart, the most sensuous drawings around are Taral's critters. Then again, maybe I'm the only



one who reacts that way. Please don't tell me.

I mean, my latest girlfriend has a goat and all... Oh, I was at Westerncon and a woman from Dog Canyon, N.M. whom I'd dated a few times let slip that she was interested in a slightly less platonic arrangement. Now she's staying over while she temps at an office in El Paso. (I, on the other hand, am hearing more of those persistent rumors that I may actually be put on the company payroll, ha ha.) (Does it sometimes seem to you that the women are getting older, too?)

But I digress...I got quite a charge out of Doc Lowndes's column this time. Not only does it give me more questions for my killer trivia game, it's a fascinating piece of nostalgia in its own right. Too bad he could not provide all the answers, though...Geez, Bill, you talk like you're as pressed for space as Hugo Gernsback! (And your old letters are harder to turn up than Joel Zakem's, I might add.) I guess Doc didn't want to make a big deal out of Jim Blish's essay contribution, although it bemused quite a few of those who have come across it before. Ah, those soul-stirring, flaming days.

Speaking of fannish firsts, I'm hoping to be recognized as the faneditor least likely to see a copy of a review of his zine. I got a postcard from a student in Connecticut this week inquiring about the old rag -- interesting enough that I'm getting more inquiries now than I did a year or so ago back when issues appeared somewhat regularly -- anyway, she said her professor had shown her a back issue of LAN'S LANTERN with a review of my zine in it, and she was, as they say, piqued. Leave it to the academics to find a way for even more people to see a review of my zine before I do -- and without my having to publish another issue, yet!

Well, the radio's playing "Scarborough Ferret" now, which is my clue to sign off. Don't let my paltry response discourage you from keeping up the good work.... [8/1/88]

## ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES

The new OUTWORLDS was a wonderful surprise, and I'm delighted to see that my labor in making enlarged Xeroxes of the material from WONDER STORIES paid off. It doesn't look as neat as the parts that you carefully typed out, but it's quite easy to read.

As to the article on how to write a novel goes, I'm reminded of a jingle by Rudyard Kipling. It goes something like this:

"There are six and fifty ways

Of composing tribal lays,

And each and every one of them is right."

(I said "something" above, because I'm not sure of the exact number that RK used, and he might have written a synonym of "composing". But the quote above transmits what RK was saying.)

The main trouble with the "method" presented is that it is much too mechanical. Now there may be some markets which have so tight a formula for their needs that an explicit recipe like the one above is not only useful but really needed for the writer who wants to sell to them. Otherwise, any formula for constructing a good story, whatever the length, may be useful to this or that individual, but there's no such thing as one formula for all. No matter what you're writing, you have to arouse the interest of one person at the very start: that is the editor to whom you're trying to sell. If he or she is convinced, then you're on first base; if not, you're out. And convincing that editor may bring you home, to continue the metaphor--although it often happens that others in the publishing com-

pany have to be convinced, too. (Jim Blish's DR. MIRABILIS was received by delight by some book editors here in the USA before it was finally published in England; but in each case, Jim was "put out" by the promotion and advertising department, the question being: "How do we market this?")

In the current issue, I dearly loved the Computer Aids article.

Two comments for Langley Searles: (1) Edmond Hamilton was indeed held in low esteem by the end of the 30's and the beginning of the 40's. But that was not entirely just. He had already begun to break away from his "one-plot, world-must-be-saved" mode, beginning with such stories as "The Man Who Saw the Future" (AMAZING STORIES, October, 1930), "A Conquest of Two Worlds", (WONDER STORIES, February, 1932), "Space-Rocket Murders", (AMAZING STORIES, October, 1932), and "The Man with the X-Ray Eyes", (WONDER STORIES, November, 1933). Especially with the two in WONDER STORIES, readers welcomed the "new, improved" Hamilton, and wanted to see more of his improved work. And they did in WONDER STORIES, 1935, ASTOUNDING STORIES, 1935, and AMAZING STORIES, 1936. But my SFL article relates to 1934, and the situation at the time, even though some of the better new-Hamilton stories did appear in the 1935 WS, while the SFL was still going under Gernsback.

As to an "Understandings" article on my tours of the CCC's, I'm not greatly moved at the thought -- but if a passel of other readers would like to see such an installment, then I'll do what I can to please my fantastically appreciative audience.

[7/28/88]

I, for one, would love to see your memories of the CCC's--since that is a portion of our history I'm aware of only as history. However, I've promised myself not to "bug" you for future installments until we get the "Collection" together; that is what made the unexpected arrival of the "Understandings" in this issue all the more delightful. [Still, the one I'm "waiting" for is one you mentioned several years ago: an article on the Vanguard APA! However, even at that time you said it would be of epic proportions, so I'm willing to wait! I am a fairly patient, undemanding faneditor, aren't I, Doc? ...even if I do come up with all these ideas to take up your time!]

## HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

I have some sad news for Jodie Offutt. Not everyfan is totally absorbed by computers and every bit of information pertaining to them. Yes, I am a computer technician/electronics technician. Yes, I worked on JPL computers, and now work on the computers that control the USPS automatic mail sorting equipment.

But I do not take my work home with me. I have no home computer system of any kind, unless you count the three dedicated Chess computers. No word processor. No fancy printers. No video system, not even a TV set. And I still find myself short of time and money to do all the things I would like to. Is this typical of fans?

A footnote on my letter that you printed... Heinz Pagel died in an accident a couple of weeks ago. This is certainly a sad loss to readers. His publication of THE COSMIC CODE and SUPERSYMMETRY were outstanding examples of a good scientist being able to explain complex ideas in a manner that the average reader could understand. [8/3/8]



Bill,

It is this power that I have. Last issue I asked why "a very high incidence of fans need to write a story", and this issue Robert A. Lowndes reveals all - blows the gaff as it were. They were all trying desperately to get their Master Of Scientifiction degree. And there's me giggling and thinking that this lusting after spurious degrees and honours was some bizarre aberration of fandom's early, juvenile days.

I enjoyed puzzling out G-knee's LoC (even though the vegetables are still unclear - transparent vegetables are always better, don't you think?) but alas I haven't the time to resolve the final element. I keep having to toss aside the daily crossword unfinished lately for this same reason. No time. We're decorating. OUTWORLDS 57 arrived yesterday, when I was due to put the last bits of wallpaper on the dining room walls. Unfortunately there were problems at work with one company's Sales Analysis system, and after backing their systems off an entire fortnight (silly twats hadn't looked at their daily reports!), correcting the fuckup, and rolling the sodding things forward again...I didn't get home until nearly eight-thirty. Too late to decorate. So I had my late dinner, found myself yawning lots, grabbed some beer and OUTWORLDS, and went to bed. I managed to read about half of it before being mugged by Morph.

Today it's back to the decorating. Alyson's coming tonight, to stay for the weekend. Alyson Abramowitz. Called midweek from Stockholm. "Did you get my letter?" she asked. "Yes," I replied. "Did you answer it?" "No," I replied. "Is it alright to come and visit?" she asked. "Well," I said, "we're right in the middle of decorating, and the entire universe that matters (ie. 25 Bowland Close) is a complete and utter shambles. We'd love to see you but we've nowhere to put you." "Oh, I don't mind," she said, "See you Friday". Which wasn't exactly what I had in mind, but, it'll be nice to see her again. Besides, it'll give us a day or two's break from papering and painting. Then it'll be back to it again.

So you won't be getting a LoC on OUTWORLDS 57. Sorry to put it so bluntly but I don't have time to wrap it up nicely, to beat about the bush, to, as it were, dawdle towards an epiphany. Yes, Barnaby Rapoport has me dead to rights there. My friends always greet me with, "Hi Skel! Dawdled towards any epiphanies today?" I always grin shyly to mask my embarrassment, being too stupid to know what an epiphany is. Come to think of it, 'Dawdler Towards Epiphanies' sounds like the name of one of those inscrutable alien races - "Sorry Earthman, but you seem to have mistaken me for another of my race. I am Beholder of Rainbows, and this is my sib-mate Chaser After Ambulances. You probably want my creed-cousin, Dawdler Towards Epiphanies. An easy mistake to make. Here, have a worm to chew while you're waiting. Hey, Chaser After Ambulances, I didn't know Earthmen could change colour to green."

Hoping you are the same...

25 Bowland Close,  
Offerton,  
Stockport,  
Cheshire,  
SK2 5NW,  
England.

29th. July 1988.



# She WRITES THIS FANLINE



JEANNE BOWMAN

DEAR BILL —

JULY 7, '88

REVENGE, ALRIGHT, TORTURE, NO. HERE'S  
A TRANSLATION of THE REBUS (I KNOW  
YOU DON'T NEED IT, of COURSE. ... BUT  
WHEN YOU SEND IT ON TO YOUR XWORD  
GUY, YOU CAN FEEL SMUG)

"DEAR BILL

NOTES TO CRYSTALIZE AN IDEA  
BUT GEE WHIZ I'M FRESH  
OUT of TIME, CORDIALLY YOURS  
Jeanne "

WE B PUDS RANCH  
PO BOX 982  
GLEN ELLEN 95442

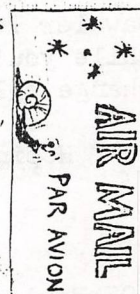
ROGER WEDDALL

ROGER WEDDALL // 12-9-88 GEE DEAR BILL, I LOVED THE LAST ISSUE OF OUTWORLD

BUT AM RUNNING OUT OF AMAZINGLY COMPLIMENTARY THINGS TO SAY ABOUT  
THE LAYOUT + PRESENTATION, PLEASE RETURN TO THE CRUZZINE/ORDINARY  
MODE AT ONCE SO WE'LL ALL HAVE SOMETHING TO COMPLAIN ABOUT. ONE  
THING I FEEL COMPELLED TO COMMENT ON/ABOUT #57 - PAGES 1845/46/47/50.  
MY OH MY... AS ROBERT LOWMEDES COULD PROBABLY CONFIRM, THIS FOLDED-OVER  
PAGE TECHNIQUE WAS UNDOUBTEDLY PERFECTED IN THE FORTIES BUT TO THESE  
NEW EYES IT'S A WONDERFUL INNOVATION. THE BEST THING ABOUT #57,  
HOWEVER, WAS THE QUALITY OR NATURE OF THE ARTICLES. SPEAKING OF  
ROBERT LOWMEDES, I THOUGHT HIS LOOK BACK ON THE VERY SERIOUS  
TOPIC OF WHAT QUALIFIED ONE AS A SCIENCE FICTION MASTERMIND IN 1935  
TO BE BOTH FASCINATING IN THE WAY THAT SOME ARCHAEOLOGICAL RUINS  
ARE, AND FOOD FOR THOUGHT ON THE MATTER OF WHAT IS (SF) FANDOM.  
I DUB ROBERT THE PIAGET OF FANDOM, AND IN THE SAME SENTENCE PREDICT  
THE TOTAL SEVERANCE OF FANDOM FROM SF INSIDE 100 YEARS. ANOTHER  
AMAZING THING (I HESITATE TO CALL IT AN ARTICLE) WAS JEANNE'S REBUS.  
IT ONLY TOOK A LITTLE WHILE TO SOLVE IT, BUT HAVING DONE THAT I MUST FIND  
OUT: DID SHE EVER MANAGE TO FIND HERSELF A COMPETENT MAGICIAN, AND  
WILL SHE EVER BE ABLE TO STOP COOKING? BILL, PLEASE LET US ALL KNOW HOW  
IT ALL TURNED OUT. AND THEN THERE WERE THE LETTERS: AH ME,  
SKEL AND HIS FIVE GOLD FERRETS - THIS IS STIRRING STUFF INDEED.

G A L L E R Y C A R D

MOST AMUSING NON-EXISTANT LINE: MY MISREADING 'the capabilities  
of CD ROM technology' as 'the capabilities of ED ROM tech-  
nology'. OH, I THINK TO MYSELF: A MACHINE FOR WIPING ALL  
COMMUNISTS + SOCIALISTS FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH? RUN  
FOR THE HILLS! HMMN, I HOPE YOU + ED ROM ARE GOOD MATES,  
OTHERWISE THAT JOKE WON'T WORK AT ALL... DE NADA!  
AS JEANNE BOWMAN SAID: IT'S WAY PAST WITCHING HOUR (AS  
I WRITE THIS) AND I'M FEELING SILLY. CHEERIO,



TO: BILL BOWERS

1874 SUNSET AVE.

#56  
CINCINNATI

OH 45238-3142

U. S. A.





## JOHN FOYSTER

John Foyster  
PO Box 483  
Norwood SA 5067  
Australia  
6 August 1988

Dear Bill,

The colored dot which shines brightly from page 1815 of *Outworlds* is slightly attractive, but the direct threat implied by it is more effective. The issues of *Outworlds* you have sent recently have all been attractive (except for the ghastly small print which various readers have complained about), and the historical stuff of Lowndes I have particularly admired. But I haven't done the obvious thing and R\*E\*S\*P\*O\*N\*D\*E\*D. This is partly laziness and partly a weird battle with the Post Office to have my mail delivered to me; over the last eight months a few pieces of properly-addressed mail have been 'returned to sender' (including at least one item from the Post Office itself!) and this has quite put me off using those facilities - a considerable handicap for fan or beast - but there's a light at the end of the tunnel... if you know what I mean.

LISTMANIA, in #55, on the other hand, was exactly the kind of item to dissuade me from responding. Bruce Gillespie is a master of this kind of phatic fanning, and you could take a few lessons from him on increasing the boredom level. (But Bruce is now into a new bag, phatic reviews, so perhaps he'll not be available for tuition.)

In #56, Lon Atkins's article derived from Bob Ray only succeeded in reminding me that I'd have been better off with Bob 'n' Ray. The letterhacks are rather different, of course, in that they range over so many topics (sometimes only incidentally) that it's hard not to get hooked. Here's Sheryl Birkhead, for example, asking what she is going to get as a supporting member of CONSPIRACY. Hell, I'd like to see something for my *attending* membership - but I've become accepting of this sort of rip-off as a result of years of getting little or nothing from US Worldcons in which I've held memberships. Nowadays I think of Worldcon memberships more as donations to charity - something difficult to do when they make large profits.

The back of the book you have given over to a Sam Moskowitz section which illustrates the best and worst of Sam's historical method. What is good, as several writers attest, is his extensive file system, which is obviously unexcelled. What's less good is what becomes visible - how Sam uses that information. It's usually only a little thing upon which one stubs the toe, but take as an example a discussion which occurs in the middle of page 1838. In dealing with the 'well-known' author Basil Copper and his recollections, Sam points out that Copper misremembered major details of a story by Manly Wade Wellman (perhaps Copper remembered *some* things about the story's action, even though he plainly got the publication details wrong).

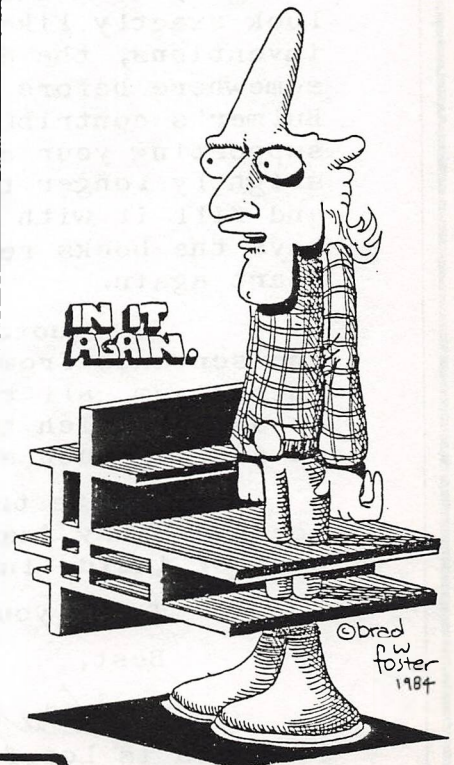
But in his forceful and demolishing rebuttal paragraph Sam does two odd things in amongst the litany of flaws: at one point he reproduces Copper's own point as though it were a rebuttal of Copper (Moskowitz - 'It wasn't a macabre tale. It was science fiction...') Copper - 'the story itself sounds more like science-fiction than the macabre', and at the end of the paragraph he introduces John Campbell's family name as though it were to the point (Sam's point is that 1939 - when the Wellman story was published - is not the middle thirties [the period about which Copper is apparently writing]), but instead of saying exactly that Sam identifies the fault by saying that the period Copper was discussing was one '*preceding* Campbell's *Astounding*' (which made me, for one, check back into the text to see why Campbell was being discussed - and he isn't, it's just Sam's odd way of telling us a date).

All this means, of course, is that sometimes Sam's way of writing gets between what he knows and what the reader reads. No big deal, except if you make a point of being accurate.

Throughout, of course, there are the references to CORFLU and DITTO which break a foreigner's heart. Curse you, Bowers!

But otherwise, regards

John





Dear Bill,

3 August, 1988

The most fascinating thing about the web of fandom is the unexpected nature of the connections one can make. For instance there may seem nothing to link OW#57 with Forry Ackerman's study, or with Ken Bulmer's bookcases, but to me the links are obvious. Many years ago Forry redecorated his study with a wallpaper representing shelves of books. All very realistic looking, except that the books had no names on the spines. Forry called on his friends for imaginary book titles, and Chuck Harris and I responded with several dozen, of which my favourite was "The Stirmaker, by Olaf Tablespoon." I liked this not just because it was so neat, but because it had daring overtones... of a sort of blasphemy. This was because of the fact that for me and many of my generation of fans Stapledon's Starmaker was a sacred book, which set out our view of the Universe in something like the way the Bible and the Koran do for their believers. For 50 years I would have said it was my favourite book but in all that time I had not actually re-read it, and now having gotten the Penguin re-issue I'm almost afraid to open it. Well anyway, in all that time this issue of OW is the first news I have had of Stapledon as a real person rather than some kind of Prophet. I'm not sure I'm ready for that yet.

I was still brooding about this when I came across the description by A Langley Searles of how he always paints his bookshelves, and the wall behind them, a matt black. He says the shelves disappear. I tried to visualise this. Why, I thought, with a shock of recognition, the end product must look exactly like the result of the second of the great Bulmer inventions, the Single Transferable Shelf. I mentioned this somewhere before, and only hope it wasn't in OW. Anyhow, Bulmer's contribution to gracious living was a way of supporting your entire library with one shelf. You get a plank slightly longer than the width of your room, wedge it in place and fill it with books. Then comes the clever part. If you have the books real tight, you can take the shelf away and start again.

The quotations from old time fans were touching. In one sentence from the youthful Kyle you can see all the enthusiasm, all the need to express ideas without the ability to do so, which typify the young fan. "Feeble are the words to express such a great subject". Yes indeed.

I note the atmosphere of Mars is salmon coloured because Harry Andruschak eats a lot of fish. Now that's the sort of inside information you can only get in fanzines.

Thank you for a wonderfully evocative issue.

Best,

*Walter*

PS. This is Locofont Roman.



9/11/88: ...I really wish I could plan on getting to Tropicon, to see you and Madeline--tho I suspect you're going to be continually surrounded. ...as you were at My Very First Convention, Chicon III! The odds of my attendance aren't likely, tho, so this: Has anyone yet asked you for publication "rights" to your "speech" there? If not...my humble request is dated above!

[I note, with mild chagrin, that John Foyster's LoC is (despite my statement four pages previously) obviously on OW56 -- not 57. That's what comes of setting it aside for the "paste-up section"... \*sigh\*.]

## MILT STEVENS

Jodie Offutt's article in OW#57 should be required reading for every high school student in the country. This loathsome disease might be enough to dissuade some of the users who have been unphased by the menace of technoglossalia. Even telling kids that they'll go blind if they keep playing with their CRT's hasn't done much good. This new danger may finally curb the distressing trend towards profligate computing.

Back in the days of the Science Fiction League tests, it was much easier to be a stefnal know-it-all. I sort of envy the fans of those days who only had a couple hundred prozine issues to read to cover the entire field. Back then, completist collecting was almost a reasonable activity.

By now, the SFL tests are quite a challenge. I was almost taken in by the question on ASTONISHING STORIES. I knew ASTONISHING STORIES had more than seven issues, but it took me a few seconds to recall that ASTONISHING STORIES hadn't been published yet in 1934-35. I remembered Pluto was discovered in 1930, but I'm not quite sure how many radioactive elements had been discovered/developed by 1934. Like Lowndes, I don't know the circumference of the Earth or the speed of escape velocity. (I imagine both are the same now as they were in 1934, but that doesn't help me any.)

The operations of the literary stock market are always sort of interesting. Dr. David H. Keller was apparently the most popular SF writer of 1934-35, but by now he's faded entirely into history. Edgar Rice Burroughs and E. E. Smith were less popular then, but they still have an active readership. The fairly low rating for H. G. Wells makes me wonder about the taste of the people who took the test. Also, even if "The Brain-Eaters of Pluto" was my favorite science fiction story, I certainly wouldn't admit it in public.

My first reaction to the idea of publishing Olaf Stapledon's love letters was one of almost disbelief. I can reasonably guess the book won't become a runaway best-seller. On second thought, I don't like the idea. I think publishing somebody's love letters years after they are dead amounts to academic ghouliness. I know the argument that this sort of thing increase the understanding of the author's work. I would counter argue that you don't have any claim to understand anything which was none of your business in the first place.

[8/29/88]

## ROBERT COULSON

Those SFL tests were interesting, though in looking them over I kept wondering if they should be answered according to today's science fiction or that

of 1935 when they were published. (In one case, I might be able to answer most of them; in the other I'd be a dismal failure. In neither case am I going to put it to the test. And I'm afraid that the question about the word "crater" reminded me of, I'd be irresistibly tempted to answer, "the judge who disappeared".) Lowndes mentions Milton Rothman as becoming well known as a fan or fanzine publisher; I remember him mostly as a book dealer, since I found fandom much later. I bought quite a few back-issue magazines from him, and it was a note in one of these packages--written by Dave Jenrette--that pointed out the Indy fan club to me. And of all the names of fans who passed the tests, the only ones who stayed around for me to meet were Forry Ackerman, Ray Palmer, Jim Blish and Bob Madle, though I've corresponded with a few others and I'm currently getting art Widner's fanzine.

If you put out a collection of Lowndes' columns, I'll buy it.

In THE BEST OF EDMOND HAMILTON, both Hamilton and Leigh Brackett mention that what is possibly Ed's best story, "What's It Like Out There?" was written in 1933 and rejected by "every editor in the business". It didn't get published until 1952. So some of Hamilton's "routine hack" reputation was actually caused by editors -- if nobody was buying anything else, he'd write what was popular.

I hate to destroy Skel's illusions, but "three-fourths" is a perfectly normal quantity in the U.S. though perhaps "three-quarters" is more common. Two-thirds, three-fourths, four-fifths, five-sixths, and so on and on. I realize that England doesn't have fourths, only pints, but things are different here.

Rivercon was enjoyable, as always. Though I suppose the high point of the con for me wasn't connected at all to science fiction; it was finally completing my set of Phoebe Atwood Taylor mystery novels. We got home late Sunday night, and I read both mysteries on Monday. I actually bought some science fiction, as well, but haven't bothered to read that yet. (I'm working on a non-fiction book about the 1907 Peking-to-Paris automobile race. There's a concept to spark a jaded sense of wonder --and it all really happened.)

I loved Jodie's article, but it didn't bring forth any comments. Jodie said it all. [8/2/88]

## MIKE GLICKSOHN

As clever as Jodie's parody about AIDS was I think the thing that impressed me most about the article was Jackie's computer-created graphic enhancement. While I'm just a tiny bit ambivalent about whether or not this is "real" artwork it certainly can be interesting. (And, yes, I know by any sensible definition this is as much a work of art as any pen and ink drawing but, somehow...) I think I'd be put off by an entire issue illustrated this way but now and then it can be very effective. (I wonder if any OW readers will say that the AIDS problem is too serious to be made fun of and chastise Jodie for this satire?)

The Lowndes column was (a) fascinating, (b) too long. I read through the first half with considerable interest but I have to admit I skimmed the second half even though I understood that for historical purposes a complete history of the tests was of much greater use than a half-history. The whole piece certainly gave some interesting insights into what it must have been like to actually grow up with the emerging genre of scientification.

Of course, I'd have failed the test hopelessly if I'd actually tried it but since I'd have been



answering it in 1988 not in 1935 I think that's understandable. (Besides, some of the answers have changed over the last 53 years!) And without having been one of the small band of faithful at a time when sf was in its infancy it's impossible to imagine just how important this sort of thing must have been to the dedicated readers of the time. If it all seems a wee bit silly and pretentious to us now (Mike Glicksohn, B.A., B. Ed., B. StF...?! ) that just reflects the ease with which later generations came into the sf field thanks to the pioneering efforts of those early trufans. (I trust a future OW will explain why SaM's name isn't on either list of test-takers?) [[...how about this issue?]] All in all this was a fascinating look at the early days of the field (although I'm not sure Dave Kyle will look fondly on the overblown enthusiastic rhetoric of his very young self!) and the fact that at least half a dozen of the people whose efforts are chronicled here are still around and active over a half century later is quite a testimonial to the addictive qualities of scientifiiction and its fandom.

Speak for yourself, bro! I can lay my hands on the copies of OW that contain Doc's columns at least as readily as you can. (Well...I'd have to walk down two flights into the basement and you live all on the same floor but I'd be a damn close second!)

Searles did not have to worry; he certainly hadn't written beyond this readers interestspan. I'm sure I'm not alone in finding these insights into fanhistory delightful and I've no doubt that future sociologists will find OW a veritable treasure trove of otherwise unavailable information on the early history of science fiction fandom. Keep it up, Bill! (So, tell me, has Degler responded to the issues you sent him?)

My first thought on reading Roger's postcard is that if he doesn't want his annoying feline pets to throw up on his fanzines he shouldn't let them read them in the first place!

If Jeanne Bowman is into words to the extent she suggests she is perhaps she ought to try more "cryptic" crosswords. I hardly ever do the ordinary 'one-word/one-clue = synonym' crosswords but the cryptics are a fascinating challenge to anyone who likes puns, wordplay and anagrams. The excellent series of Penguin books of "London Sunday Times" crosswords even come with an explanatory essay outlining the basic conventions of this style of puzzle. For the same price as a paperback that will take me a day to read I get 70 or 80 puzzles that will entertain, amuse and frustrate me for several weeks so it's a damn good deal. They're a godsend on airplanes, in washrooms or in bars that show World Federation Wrestling on the overhead wall-screens.

Paul's thought of a "ferrets-across-the-world" singalong is a noble one but personally I can't go ferret. By noon on Christmas I've drunk at least a bottle of champagne and I'm sure I'd lose track of the words and with my awful memory I'd never be able to ferret them out. Guess I'll just sit back at the time all the other OW readers are raising their voices on high and drink a large glass of stoat.

In my persona as Speaker With Authority I might agree with Mr. Skelton that some fans feel a certain obligation to at least try and join the ranks of the professionals they hang around with by writing a story. It's all a very personal monkey, though, and obviously effects each of us individually. I'd be extremely happy to publish a novel one day, just so I could hold it in my hand and see my name on the cover. But I know how much talent and time and work that takes so I doubt this will ever

happen. And to a large extent Paul is right: since I know I'm not geared towards fiction writing having that one small short-short published took away any monkey I might have had on my back. Nowadays I happily settle for large checks for teaching math and lots of time to exorcise my need to ~~write~~ type by loccking fanzines. (Skel is also correct about the visual appearance of OW. Why, anyone with one eye could see it was attractive...) (That was for the "taking what you can get" crack. Especially nowadays.)

I do hope you'll carry follow-ups on that photograph and notice because I just can't sleep worrying about whether or not anyone found that poor ferret's missing hind paw. Of course, what the guy who posted the notice would do with one hind paw is debatable since he appears to have lost the ferret as well. Perhaps he plans to develop a Build-A-Ferret kit?

[7/27/88]

Well, Michael...I was sort of hoping you'd do the obvious, and call the number (since Bill took the photo in Toronto), and report back to us...

## BRIAN EARL BROWN

I confess, in a contest of small writing Roger Weddall wins hands down! He, of course, uses a fine point pen while I use a medium. (ahem.)

It's sort of amusing to note the extent SaM & Searles have "taken over" OW with a good article on Stapledon by SaM and a long letter from Searles on top of the generous material they supplied last time, and the even more generous material they encourage Doc Lowndes to contribute. If you're not careful OW will become an Annex to FANTASY COMMENTATOR. (Just kidding, Bill.) It's nice to see a zine that looks back at science fictions founding from such knowledgeable people. I look forward to your collection of Doc's columns & hope SaM and Searles will continue to write for you. The SFL Test was fascinating. I know I couldn't answer most of the questions, many of which seem too specialized and obscure even for then. It's amazing that so many got high scores of 97%.

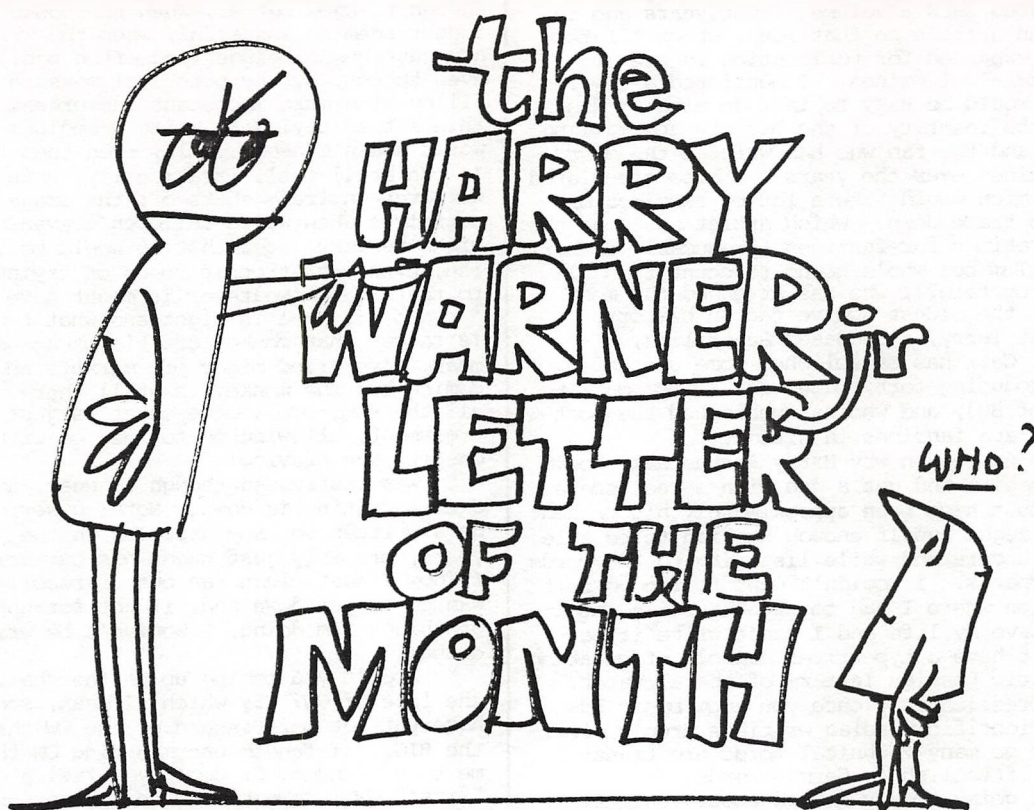
At first I wasn't too thrilled with Jodie Offutt making an analogy between AIDS -- which I don't consider a laughing matter -- and computer viruses. But she won me over by the thoroughness of her comparison and general wit.

The flyleaf you use on hers & SaM's articles was a pleasant surprise and an unexpected piece of sophistication in a run of OW marked by its conventionality. I still remember the first OW I rec'd-- #18 or 19 -- saddlestapled legal-length paper but with the pages filling up, not sideways as normal. For the same reason I tend to regard Alan Hunter's backcover as the front. Maybe it's the red printing or maybe because its vertical "looks" right. Taral's drawing is one of the few that didn't look quite right. After some thought I decided it's because the figure's head is just a bit small in proportion to the rest of its body. It still is a good drawing & Taral is one of the few artists doing art that's not just gag cartoons.

Andruschak seems a bit cavalier to say I got it all wrong about quantum mechanics without offering some proof on dismissing Paul Davis as an explainer of quantum mechanics when Davis holds a degree in this area, which Andruschak doesn't. But I shouldn't be so testy--I'm an Award Nominee! -- for the Standard Blackhole...oh, well, it is an award.

[8/2/88]





You saved me a great deal of possible trouble by devoting so many pages of the new OUTWORLDS to the SFL tests. I'd thought several times about digging exploratory shafts on the attic in the hope of encountering the strata at which my older prozines repose, because I wanted to see again after all these years those questions that puzzled my youthful self so much. (I couldn't possibly have taken the test in 1935 because I'd been reading the prozines only a couple of years and had acquired only three or four back issues. I might have done pretty well on the science quiz and I could have written those little essays but I simply didn't have enough prozines to know the answers to most of the questions about authors and stories.)

I hope your younger readers who look through the test questions will realize from them the fact that is so easily overlooked: science fiction and magazines were virtual synonyms in the mid-1930s. Notice how few references there were to stories published in book form. There had been a fair amount of science fiction novels in hardcover by then but mostly obscure titles by little-known authors which most libraries wouldn't own. I suspect that even H. G. Wells' science fiction was hard to find in the United States in 1935. It runs in my mind that the Seven Famous Novels omnibus didn't appear until a year or two later and the big collection of his shorter science fiction until the early 1940s.

Several little matters caught my attention in this nostalgic rereading. For instance, I wondered if Arthur B. Gnaedinger was the son of the Mary Gnaedinger who was destined to become a few years later editor of the Munsey reprint prozines. And I was quite impressed by the writing skill of Morris Miller in the short extract published in WONDER STORIES. Like Doc Lowndes, I know nothing about him, except the fact that he's mentioned once in THE IMMORTAL STORM, as a member of an early Brook-

lyn fan club. I suspect he would have made a wonderful fanzine writer. On the matter of the change from "degrees" to various membership categories: I'm pretty sure I read somewhere recently, possibly in FANTASY COMMENTATOR, that the degree concept was scuttled for fear it would lead to charges of creating a phony diploma mill.

So you and Bob Lowndes deserve immense amounts of credit for making this accessible to modern fans and who knows? The day may come when the SFL tests will survive only in OUTWORLDS, if paper deterioration causes all surviving copies of those issues of WONDER STORIES to turn to dust after another half-century. I don't think anyone has microfilmed WONDER STORIES commercially as yet.

I know Jodie Offutt was trying to be reassuring but she overlooked something that worries me more than ever, now that I've read her article. Even if she is right in stating that this virus can be transmitted from one computer to another only in a few ways, isn't it possible that the contagion could occur through immune carriers, you and me and other human beings? There are various human diseases that can be transmitted from one person to another via a third person who is personally immune. I must stand within a few feet of computer equipment when I go to the bank. How can I be sure I'm not infecting a state-of-the-art cash register at a supermarket? For that matter, what if the virus from the computer can affect simpler mechanical devices? I'm going to sue IBM if further investigation shows that I carried a virus from the social security office to my typewriter, causing the u key to slip out of its proper place. Now that I think of it, I walked past the computer room in the courthouse not long ago and it wasn't long after that when the combined off-on and volume knob on my television set began to act eccentrically.

If the Guinness book of fannish records mentioned by Langley Searles ever comes into existence, I'll qualify for a listing, as the fan who



first suggested such a volume. Four years ago in SAPS I ran an article on that idea, which I later rewrote and expanded for publication in one of Robert Lichtman's fanzines. I mentioned a few records which would be easy to include without dispute, like the identity of the biggest apa mailing of all time and the fan who has written the most locs to fanzines over the years. I also speculated on records which would take a lot of research or arguments to trace down: which artist has done the most illustrations for fanzines (presumably either Rotsler or ATom but who's going to count them all up and make certain?), who has attended the most conventions, the oldest active fan in history (probably Pat Terry, a deceased Australian, although G. M. Carr has established some sort of record by producing forty pages for an apa mailing at the age of 80), and who has published the most pages of non-apa fanzines in history.

There's no reason why Harry Andruschak should not learn Russian and get a job with a real space program. I must have been approximately his present age when I taught myself enough Russian to be able to read and understand while listening to the words in Russian operas. I wouldn't want to find myself in a situation where I had to speak Russian intelligibly to save my life and I can't write it because I don't have a typewriter capable of creating those eccentric Russian letters of the alphabet. I have the impression that once you know basic Russian, the scientific Russian writings aren't difficult because so many technical words are transliterations of English or German words.

I'm not going to say a word about your tricky format at the start of this issue because I don't believe it, even though I've looked at it repeatedly and it's still there. I'll content myself with praising the Sam Moskowitz book reviews that started on one of those short-sleeved pages. I hope these Stapledon novel reprints sell lots of copies and I also hope purchasers won't be too disappointed to find no dragons or intelligent dolphins in them. But the prices are a bit frightening. I seem to remember paying something like 25¢ apiece for the paperback Stapledon books in English editions I bought through J. Michael Rosenblum many years ago.

[8/3/88]

Well, Harry, in that it was (I believe) because of a comment you made, in response to the original SFL "installment", that Doc did the "Tests" -- I'm glad "we" saved you "a great deal of possible trouble"! Somehow it only seems fair...

### ERIC MAYER

I got a kick out of the article on the science fiction tests. For my own part, if I never take another test as long as I live it'll be too soon. I glanced over the tests and can safely say I would have gotten a score. (I do know how many moons Venus has--I think.) It was interesting to note that one of the lowest scores on science fictional knowledge was achieved by the most successful writer represented--James Blish. Perhaps that means something? I'll bet Art Widner was especially pleased to see his (barely) passing score immortalized after all these years!

Skel's comments on writing struck me as being right on the mark. Yeah, it seems that when you become obsessed with sf, and sf books at an impressionable age, and consequently the creators of these wonders appear to you as some sort of magicians, it leaves its mark. Even after you're old

enough to know better, when the books themselves no longer seem so wonderful, when the writers of them are just human beings (and often badly paid ones), even though, by any practical measure your life is filled with more important and urgent and enjoyable things than trying to write a mediocre sf novel the world doesn't need...well, even then (now) you (or I) can still feel, irrationally, unfulfilled. Maybe we never entirely shake off the image we form of ourselves when we're children...even though we might realise later that it would be futile, foolish, even catastrophic to go on trying to live up to that image (whatever it might have been).

So, if Skel is right and what Lon most wants is to get that monkey off his back--good for him. I mean, I've tried minor pro markets and independent comics but the monkey is still there. I think maybe all the semi-pro league stuff is just a methadone treatment, allowing me to keep on with my life despite the craving!

Was distressed though to hear, again, that Skel's writing is down. Nothing serious, I'll bet. He's written so many articles in the past few years, probably just needs his batteries recharged. I know I just clean ran out of recollections I wanted to put down and, if not for the other sorts of things I'm doing, I wouldn't be writing much either.

Aren't you coming up on the "halfway" point in the life of OW? By which, I mean, soon you will have put out more issues of the OW that came after the BIG, all fandom encompassing OW that introduced me to sf fandom. Or don't you feel a dichotomy? The "first" OW I remember as being addressed to Fandom at Large--a mover and shaker fanzine. (I don't say it was, just what I remember...) The second OW strikes me (despite having the same contributors largely) as being somehow apart from fandom, utterly unconcerned with it except for where its membership overlaps your friends. Funny, when I started DEJA VU I figured it was GROGGY renamed...but it has turned out really to be a different zine entirely...even with many of the same people involved.

[rec'd 8/4/88]

9/13/88: I don't think I'll ever "outgrow" a certain fascination with how others "view" me and my 'Work', and your perceptions, while of necessity simplistic, are basically correct. I wouldn't, however, say that I was "utterly unconcerned" with fandom, even now (and my definition of it is not restricted to "fanzine fandom", even though that is currently ascendent in my arena of participation). Rather, I guess I view fandom as a framework, a nebulous entity that does influence what I do, but doesn't govern it; certainly not to the extent it once did. My closest friends all have some tenuous link to fandom, even if they don't all refer to themselves as trufans.

The period of time, roughly bounded by mid-1976, and some less-defined point earlier in this decade, was the most concentrated explosion of exploration, experience and, I believe, "growth" in my life. I don't necessarily want to relive it, but it shaped what I am today, and what my "approach" to life...and fanzine publishing is; though neither is as static as that statement might indicate. That period of time is tentatively subtitled "The XENOLITH Years" in The Project, for reasons obvious to anyone who read the majority of its run. [Ironically, one "Series" under that title was more OUT-WORLDSish than many of the issues published under this title, since #31.] I went into this, both in XENOLITH ONE (which was not the first issue, as anyone who may not have seen it, but is aware of my



logically inconsistent fanzine numbering system, might suspect), and OW31, and won't do so at length here. Still, my "goals" as a faned are basically the same as they've been longer than I care to admit: that is to amuse and bemuse myself, while attempting to surprise and entertain you -- with a never-ending appreciation for those willing to write and draw "for me", despite my somewhat tardy response time lag...and in spite of my (I am told) sometimes rather convoluted approach to fanzine graphics. I am, however, somewhat amused by the fact that some "reviewers" insist it's a "personal-zine"; I definitely leave my mark, but I consider OUTWORLDS a genzine ... one of a handful that is at all frequent, sadly.

I am highly amused at the response to the lead-in layout of last issue. I don't agree with Brian that this "run" has been all that "conventional" (not after the flack I took over the "double-column" issue last year!), but I must admit that the priority is to get it out...and then to get "fancy" when I have the time. I haven't forgotten any of that stuff I did in the 70s, you know; and I have a few "new" ideas up my sleeve. For when you least expect it...

I guess, now that I've gotten this far, the most obvious "difference" between the current version and the "Classic OW" is that I'm having a lot more fun than I was back then. Hoping you are the same, Eric!

## BARNABY RAPOPORT

I found Lon Atkins' "The Alabama Kid Meets the Art of Plotting" to be problematic. Whenever someone proposes rules of writing, he's really making generalizations about the psychology of reading. There are no writing techniques, only psychological techniques to affect the reader. "Writing techniques" are just oblique re-statements of these, like the shadows in Plato's cave. A writer who is good at psyching out the reader will write effective fiction no matter how "bad" his writing is. Still, the temptation is to slip into discussing stories as if they had intrinsic mechanical properties, and weren't just composed of psychological gambits and strategies. When this happens--when the discussion is in a vacuum--the conclusions sound arbitrary and unconvincing. They, and the stories they inspire, are "mechanical".

For example, consider the hook. Most of these are so transparent in their attempt to grab the reader's attention that they don't work at all. You know all the familiar moves -- the frantic action

scene, the burst of staccato dialog, the contrived conundrum, the ultra-dramatic description and so on, until you've got a Life In Hell cartoon: "The Fifteen Types of Corny Hook". But the more perceptive you are psychologically, the less mechanical your technique will be, and the openings of a perceptive author like Theodore Sturgeon can hook your attention without any visible tricks at all. His low-key openings are full of invisible gaps and subtle cues that compel the reader to learn more by reading on. Sturgeon obviously thought a lot about what makes a person curious.

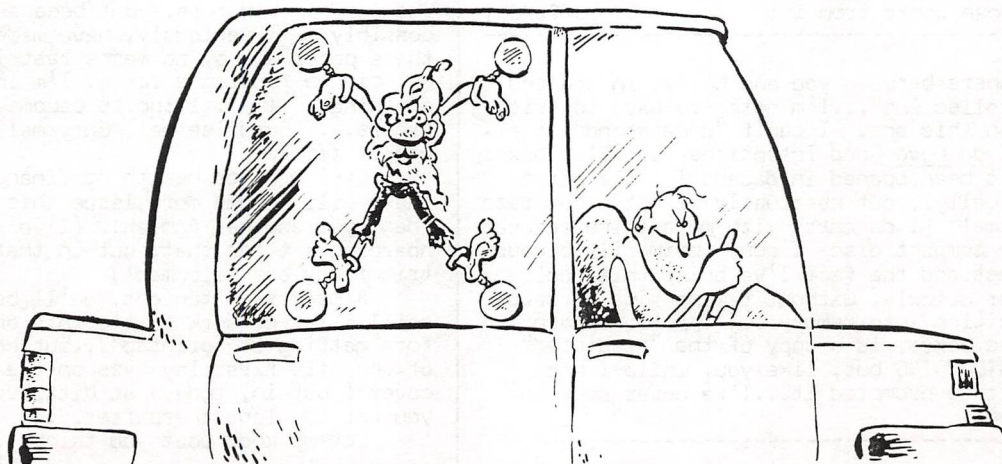
Taral's cover for OW57 was the best work of his I've seen yet. It wasn't just the crisp, graceful drawing, or the obvious care and attention to detail -- I remember being similarly struck by the first Taral illo I saw, a relatively crude illo in DUPRASS 3, the ghost reading in her graveyard. It's so well imagined that it takes on a third dimension of clarity and solidity. Sometimes a simple stylist will overflow with this vivid sense of fictional reality, like Vaughan Bodé, and a glitzy, dazzling artist like Barclay Shaw can lack it. To me, it's what makes SF or fantasy art good. [9/9/88]

## IAN COVELL

What a pretty inside cover--I wonder what it means? (I got the 'Deer' 'Bill', but the rest of it rather passes me by...) (Though I'm going to be glad when I find out what the naked backside is supposed to say...)

Moskowitz made a good point (in his review) that it takes Americans to rescue Stapledon's work, and interview his widow. Despite his acclaim in other countries, it still seems clear that anyone who writes sf, on whatever level, is not of interest unless -- like Aldiss -- they also write magic realism or contemporary work! (Ballard is also a case--decades of writing sf, then he writes a single modern-day work using all the same imagery and style, and suddenly he's seen as a genius.) It's a pity I can't stand the work of Ballard or Stapledon.

The Lowndes article is, of course, marvelous--but you must admit the fact it didn't include the answers is very aggravating! We have a very high quality TV quiz called Mastermind where each contestant is allowed to choose a 'specialised' subject, anything from a biography of a single person, to all of a subject. Someone once chose 'science fiction' and scored low because the field is now huge and the areas they chose to question simply weren't areas he'd managed to read in detail. (You



Craig Smith



may know the plot of a book, but could you name the character who did everything in them...?)

(One reprint I'd like to see is the letter in ASF that predicted the issue a year ahead -- and Heinlein was enveigled to write "Gulf" to fulfill the prophecy...)

It's now over sixty years since the first true sf fans were given the chance to comment on sf--in a way, I'll never really understand that there are some people who've been reading sf for twice the time I've been alive, though hopefully thirty years from now some younger fans is going to say precisely the same thing to me -- and even more hopefully some of those older fans will still be around to top me! I'm beginning to think that 'fandom' can be seen as...what would the technical term be?...a 'sub-culture', or even a fully fledged 'culture' -- second and third generation fans abound; marriages, children, group agreements, and so on. If the definition of culture fits, why not use it?

I thought I wrote small, but if Roger Weddall's postcard is photoed full size, he beats me by a mile!

[Intrigued by Rapoport's description of the Captain Future story--I've been thinking how early sf differs from the modern, and what we've really lost--if I can phrase it like this--is the ability to personalize the universe; Ray Cummings could succeed by imagining one atom was a real universe, and Doc Smith could imagine that stars were incubators or conversely our universe was a single atom in a greater brain. As science has refined itself, and disillusion has overcome human relations, the universe seems to have become estranged from us--of course we are only minuscule mites infesting the thin skin of a minor planetoid circling a minor sun in a myriad of galaxies, but that should be a cause for wonder and enchantment rather than the introverted, lots feeling so many sf stories now contain. I strongly suspect that if people really studied the sf novels which have crossed over into bestseller lists, and remained there, they'll find novels which simplify and romanticize real science and could be more fairly compared to the sf of the thirties than of today.]

Everything Harry Warner says is true, but I'm astonished at him. I have kept a portable booklist of books I want (on conversely, books I possess) since I started to collect twenty years ago; it seemed obvious that if you collect every sf book you see (and I suspect 99% of beginning fans do) you'll soon start to duplicate. The other odd thing is how often he looks at his books; perhaps he has even less room than me, but I don't think I could ever go for years (as I presume he does) without at least going through boxes to see if I wanted to re-read or remove books from it! [8/22/88]

Being somewhere between you and Harry, in age and years of "collecting"...I'm going to have to "side with Him" on this one. I can't "understand" it either, and I do have Good Intentions--but I've boxes that haven't been opened in decades! I'll get to them, eventually...but eventually is not a concrete point in time! [I do carry with me a twice-reduced list of the compact discs I own; primarily because of their cost and the fact I've built this "collection" rather quickly, without taking time to savor each acquisition into memory...] ## Somewhere, in one of those boxes, is a copy of the "predicted" issue of ASTOUNDING but, like you, while I know of the letter that prompted it...I've never seen the letter either.

Meanwhile, it only seems appropriate that, since he "opened" this particular LoColumn, I close it with:

## CHARLES D. HORNIG

ATTENTION! I HAVE AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT OF CATAclysmic PROPORTIONS! NOW IT CAN BE TOLD!

After more than a half-century, many active fans, including Doc Lowndes, have wondered why, back in 1935, the Science Fiction League cancelled its plans to give degrees to persons who passed the famous science-fiction examinations. Poor Doc became a mere First Class Fan rather than a Doctor of Scientifiction!

It was cowardly, or at least neglectful, for WONDER STORIES to suddenly make this change without explanation. And why did not Doc Lowndes and others demand an explanation at the time? It is very simple. I'm sure that I told Gernsback about my plans to award degrees -- but after this was announced in publication, the matter came to the attention of the firm's attorney, who let us know that it would be illegal for the Science Fiction League to award degrees. We were not an educational institution licensed by the State of New York to grant degrees. Simple?

I did very much appreciate your running those pages from the old WONDER STORIES on those old tests. I no longer have copies of those old mags, and was surprised to find what great detail I went into in preparing them. Much of it, as Doc Lowndes says, was trivial. Most interesting were the remarks of active fans of those days about the future of science-fiction. What a spirit there was!

In 1935, only a few hundred mags had been published, and not many books. Imagine how complicated it would be today to have such tests -- going back more than 60 years rather than just about ten for most of the questions? [7/30/88]

...while my filing system would never earn the Moskowitiz Seal of Approval, to the best of my knowledge, that wraps up the response to the last few issues. For one fleeting moment in time, I am Caught Up! ~~At least until the next issue!~~

Many thanks to all of you: the "feedback" is the only payment the contributor's get...but you know that already. And I do like to know that you've done more than simply glance through a given issue... I have fun with the presentation, but the content is what it's all about.

...speaking of which: I am by no means unhappy about the current "direction" of this series, and I am very happy to have Doc, SaM, Tucker, Jodie...as regular contributors. But because a few people, possibly semi-seriously, have made comments, this: these pages are by no means restricted to material on science fiction's roots. I'm interested in a lot of things; I'm willing to become interested in others... Surprise me! Bury me! ~~Write me!~~ ~~Write me!~~

Baring major health or financial reversal, there will be one more issue this calendar year. Then, yet another Annish! (I've already started hoarding art for that; but in that area too, contributions are welcomed!)

A week from tonight, we'll be in Toronto. I've still a lot of work to tie this one together, before getting it "printed"...but hopefully a number of you will first lay eyes on the neat Brad Foster cover (just in, today) at Ditto...and the rest of you not too long thereafter....

Let me know what you think....

Bill Bowers; 9/15/88



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|          |              |              |              |             |               |     |
|----------|--------------|--------------|--------------|-------------|---------------|-----|
| 58ART    | 2k : 58HAUGH | 10k : 58LOCS | 5            | 16k : 58SAM | 2             | 8k  |
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| 58CONTEN | 2k : 58LOCS  | 2            | 24k : 58LOCS | 7           | 22k : 58WC    | 2k  |
| 58CONTRI | 4k : 58LOCS  | 3            | 14k : 58PGNO |             | 2k            |     |
| 58DOC    | 6k : 58LOCS  | 4            | 20k : 58SAM  | 1           | 4k            |     |

B: 390k Used: 18/172k Not used: 46/218k



## DAVID THAYER

7209 DeVille Dr, NRH, TX 76180-8257

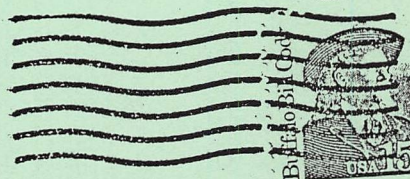
LINCOLN HERITAGE HOUSE  
 Freeman Lake Park  
 Elizabethtown, Kentucky 42701

Built 1789 - 1805 for Pioneer Hardin Thomas family. Joiner work done by Thomas Lincoln, father of President Abraham Lincoln.

Dear Bill - DNP

*[A large section of the letter is heavily scribbled out with black ink.]*  
 I really liked Terry Jeeves "10 and a fusc" cartoon. Beast, David

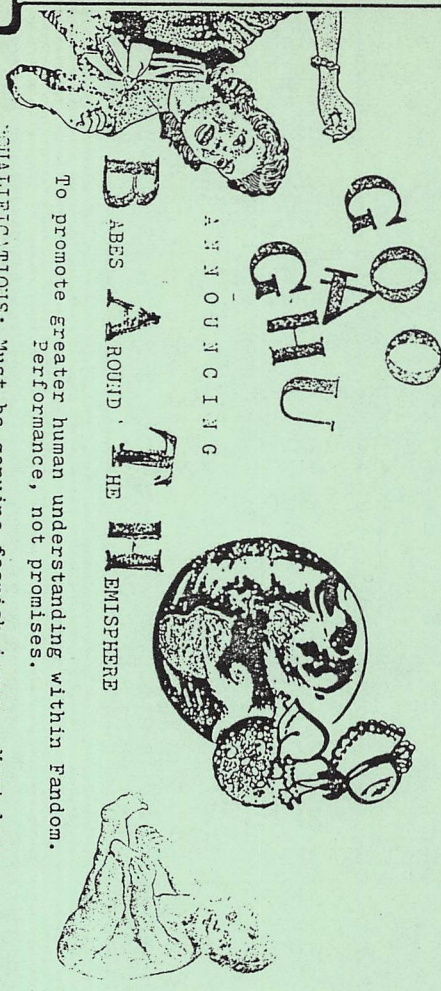
KOLB VUE by ARTVUE POST Card Co., 160 Fifth Ave., N.Y. N.Y. 10010



Bill Bowers  
 1874 Sunset Ave, Apt 56  
 Cincinnati, OH 45238-3142







To promote greater human understanding within Fandom.  
Performance, not promises.

**QUALIFICATIONS:** Must be genuine faanish issue. Must have contributed to gaffiation of one or both parents - eg Terry Floyd, Chris Atkinson, Ted White, Allyn Cadogan, Steve Leah Higgins, Stephen and Denise Parsely Leigh. Units still in the oven and gleams in the eye (ie Blanchard & Bridges) do not qualify. Candidate must be able to travel for free (or 1/2 price) when accompanied by parent.

**NOMINATION:** Usually progenitors name progeny.

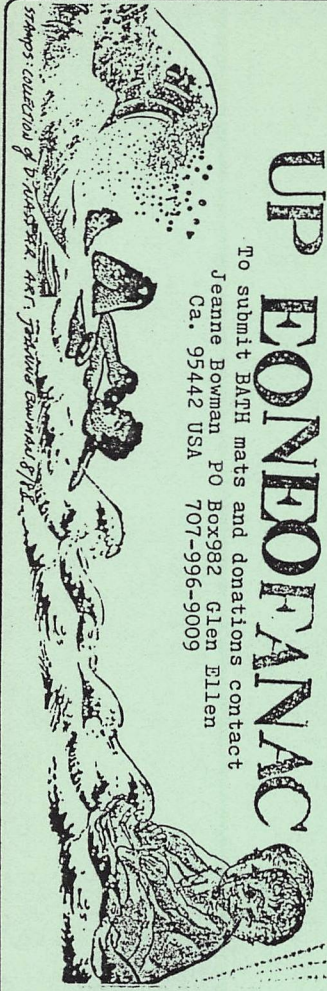
**CONTRIBUTORS:** All monies cheerfully accepted. The more cash BATH recieves, the more candidates we will circulate thru fandom to conventions of choice: Nick Herron to Novacon Kelly Moskofian to Corflu. Please indicate who you are with donation and if you have ever known gaffiated nominator(s).

**BATH MATS:** We do not stand in BATH. Submit platform to administrator. Remember one picture is worth a thousand words.

**ADMINISTRATIVE DETAILS:** If there is no clear majority, we draw the BATH winner from the official propeller beanie. Any arbitration shall be done by current administrator (Jeanne Bowman) whose use of random selection and kangaroo court rules shall be binding.

# UP FANAC

To submit BATH mats and donations contact  
Jeanne Bowman PO Box382 Glen Ellen  
Ca. 95442 USA 707-996-9009



Dear Bill;  
lookit this! I got a typer to play with for a few minutes while Nick reorganizes the cookie sheets and muffin pans oops z

## ANNOUNCING

BATH cv cvcc see enclosed flyer. you will haxave noticed thaat mr. Nick had decided thee typer is as much fun as the piano. l,dc bbbbykyhcccc333eteeedx mb vcd b the pots and pans no longer hold any appeal. rats. well, anyway, if nothing comes of Bath at the worldcon, I expect you might be slightly amused by the concept. ooops, yuppie talk here, f I mean, I wanted to share this piece of frivolous satirical fluff . . . so you get pink and blue. speaking of blushing, my goodness, did you really mean to publish that rebus without giving art credit ??? tweak, diddle and eegle or maybe is their some question of credit? they were donna's rubberstamps I guess. couldn't help but tease you on it. Or is this another of your mysterious conversational ploys?

yes I am kidding about bath, butonly if it isn't taken seriously. we had also thought to subtitle it "bimbo's away (from) the house" we being certainnorthbay mothers and femtans in the slightly intoxicating company of our TAFF winners. what it takes for me to take a broadside return into fanac.....if this sort of thing is fanac. theree might be an article in here, maybe.

I liked the layout and partial pages of outworlds latest. and especially the offutt bug piece. ummmmm, food for thought. one day I will seek to learn if the bow eman of antiquity is a relation (who cares, get serious, I don't have time for that) and even to finish reading the article itself.

What I know about those old writers of golden yesteryear I treasure from My brief meeting with E. H. Price. What a character. He died at his computer, with "farwell to Friends" glowing on the screen.

nick is getting into, f rather out of his open draawert and back into my lap and I don't want to go back to onehanded typing. aten't you glad ???

I feel to go to WELD CON

*Jeanne*

PRIDAY SEP 2







