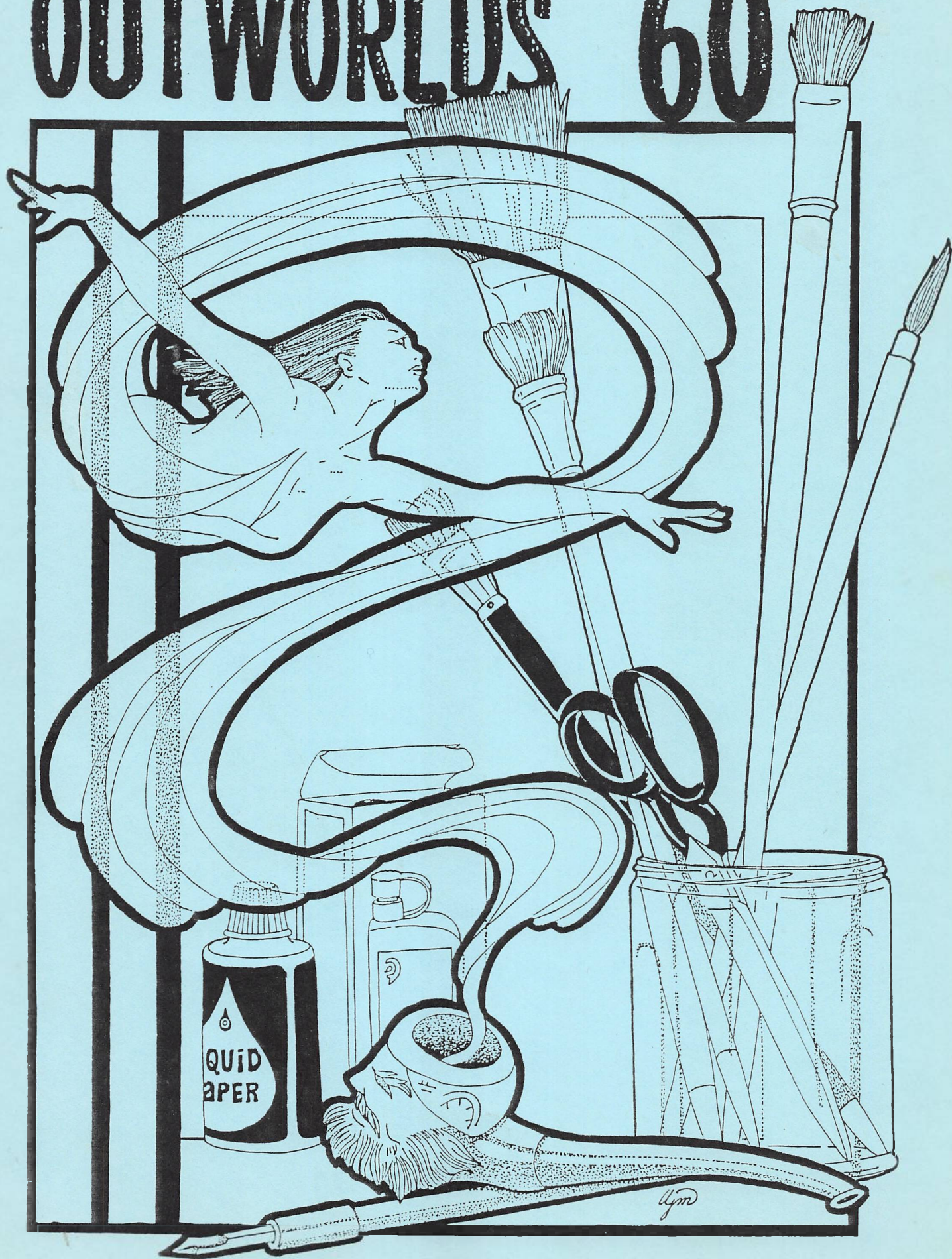


OUTWORLDS 60



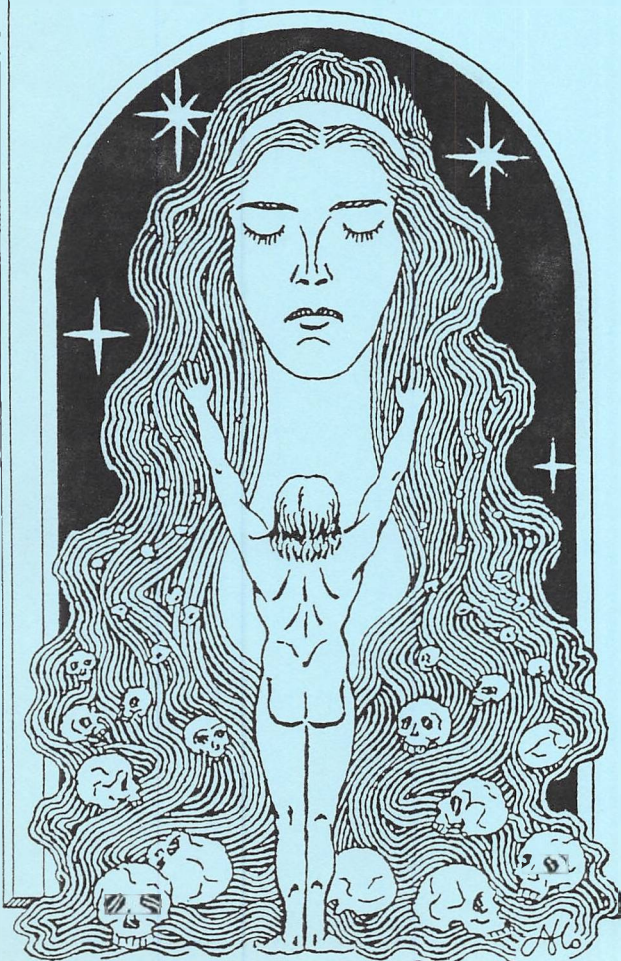
WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE: A TIMELINE

OUTWORLDS	1	-----	Volume 1, No. 1 -- Summer, 1966	-----	mimeo	- 10 pages	-
OUTWORLDS	I	-----	Volume 1, No. 1 -- January, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 26 pages	1-26
OUTWORLDS	II	-----	Volume 1, No. 2 -- March, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 34 pages	27-60
OUTWORLDS	III	-----	Volume 1, No. 3 -- May, 1970	-----	mimeo	- 30 pages	61-90
OUTWORLDS	IV	-----	Volume 1, No. 4 -- [July; undated]	-----	offset	- 40 pages	91-130
OUTWORLDS	V	-----	Volume 1, No. 5 -- Sept./Oct., 1970	---	mimeo	- 46 pages	131-176
OUTWORLDS	SIX	-----	Volume 1, No. 6 -- [undated]	-----	offset	- 32 pages	177-208
OUTWORLDS: YEAR ONE [Egoboo Poll results]					mimeo	- 12 pages	209-220
OUTWORLDS INDEX: YEAR ONE					mimeo	- 4 pages	221-224
OUTWORLDS	SEVEN	---	Volume 2, No. 1 -- Spring, 1971	-----	mimeo	- 50 pages	225-274
OUTWORLDS' INWORDS [distributed with OW Eight]					mimeo	- 14 pages	275-288
OUTWORLDS	EIGHT	---	Volume 2, No. 2 -- June, 1971	-----	mimeo	- 40 pages	289-328
OUTWORLDS 8.5 [special edition: "Beer Mutterings"]					mimeo	- 6 pages	329-334
OUTWORLDS 8.75 [lettercolumn + INDEX: YEAR TWO]					mimeo	- 16 pages	335-350
OUTWORLDS	3.1	----	Volume 3, No. 1 -- January, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 24 pages	1-24
OUTWORLDS	3.2	----	Volume 3, No. 2 -- [undated]	-----	mimeo	- 24 pages	25-48
OUTWORLDS	3.3	----	Volume 3, No. 3 -- [undated]	-----	mimeo	- 24 pages	49-72
OUTWORLDS	3.4	----	Volume 3, No. 4 -- August, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 28 pages	73-100
OUTWORLDS	3.5	----	Volume 3, No. 5 -- November, 1972	-----	mimeo	- 40 pages	101-140
OUTWORLDS	15	----	Volume 4, No. 1 -- January, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 90 pages	501-590
OUTWORLDS	16	----	Volume 4, No. 2 -- June, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 48 pages	591-638
OUTWORLDS	17	----	Volume 4, No. 3 -- August, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 38 pages	639-676
OUTWORLDS	18	----	Volume 4, No. 4 -- October, 1973	-----	mimeo	- 36 pages	677-712
The OUTWORLDS INDEX: YEAR FOUR					mimeo	- 2 pages	=====
OUTWORLDS	19	----	Volume 5, No. 1 -- 1st Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 44 pages	713-756
OUTWORLDS	20	----	Volume 5, No. 2 -- 2nd Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 36 pages	757-792
OUTWORLDS	21	----	Volume 5, No. 3 -- 3rd Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 32 pages	793-824
OUTWORLDS	22	----	Volume 5, No. 4 -- 4th Quarter, 1974	--	offset	- 40 pages	835-864
OUTWORLDS: THE FIRST FIVE YEARS [annotated index]					offset	- 4 pages	865-868
OUTWORLDS	23	----	Volume 6, No. 1 -- 1st Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 36 pages	869-904
OUTWORLDS	24	----	Volume 6, No. 2 -- 2nd Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 32 pages	905-936
OUTWORLDS	25	----	Volume 6, No. 3 -- 3rd Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 44 pages	937-980
OUTWORLDS	26	----	Volume 6, No. 4 -- 4th Quarter, 1975	--	offset	- 36 pages	981-1016
OUTWORLDS	27	----	Volume 7, No. 1 -- 1st Quarter, 1976	--	offset	- 44 pages	1017-1060
OUTWORLDS 27.5 [not yet published; someday...]							
OUTWORLDS	28/29	--	Volume 7, No. 3/4 - 10/13/76	-----	offset	- 68 pages	1101-1168

OUTWORLDS	31	-	1/24/83	--	mimeo	- 24 pages	1169-1192
OUTWORLDS	32	-	3/9/83	---	mimeo	- 12 pages	1193-1204
OUTWORLDS	33	-	6/22/83	--	mimeo	- 22 pages	1205-1226
OUTWORLDS	34	-	8/28/83	--	mimeo	- 24 pages	1227-1250
OUTWORLDS	35	-	10/10/83	-	mimeo	- 12 pages	1251-1262
OUTWORLDS	36	-	12/26/83	--	offset	- 12 pages	1263-1274
OUTWORLDS	37	-	1/26/84	--	mimeo	- 62 pages	1275-1336
OUTWORLDS	38	-	6/16/84	--	mimeo	- 46 pages	1337-1382
OUTWORLDS	39	-	7/10/84	--	mimeo	- 12 pages	1383-1394
OUTWORLDS	40	-	8/25/84	--	mimeo	- 24 pages	1395-1418
OUTWORLDS	41	-	12/3/84	--	mimeo	- 24 pages	1419-1442
OUTWORLDS	42	-	12/27/84	-	mimeo	- 12 pages	1443-1454
OUTWORLDS	43	-	1/24/85	--	mimeo	- 60 pages	1455-1514
OUTWORLDS	44	-	6/22/85	--	mimeo	- 12 pages	1515-1526
OUTWORLDS	45	-	7/19/85	--	mimeo	- 24 pages	1527-1550
OUTWORLDS	46	-	8/21/85	--	mimeo	- 28 pages	1551-1578
OUTWORLDS	47	-	10/13/85	-	mimeo	- 12 pages	1579-1590
OUTWORLDS	48	-	12/31/85	-	mimeo	- 20 pages	1591-1610
OUTWORLDS	49	-	4/2/87	---	copier	- 28 pages	1611-1638
OUTWORLDS	50	-	6/25/87	--	copier	- 40 pages	1639-1678
OUTWORLDS	51	-	6/26/87	--	copier	- 18 pages	1679-1696
OUTWORLDS	52	-	9/25/87	--	copier	- 24 pages	1697-1720
OUTWORLDS	53	-	12/7/87	--	copier	- 30 pages	1721-1750
OUTWORLDS	54	-	1/10/88	--	copier	- 28 pages	1751-1778
OUTWORLDS	55	-	3/25/88	--	copier	- 34 pages	1779-1812
OUTWORLDS	56	-	6/18/88	--	copier	- 30 pages	1813-1842
OUTWORLDS	57	-	7/22/88	--	copier	- 30 pages	1843-1872
OUTWORLDS	58	-	9/18/88	--	copier	- 40 pages	1873-1912
OUTWORLDS	59	-	10/26/88	-	copier	- 6 pages	1913-1918

NOTES: There was a 2nd OW stencilled in 1966; a long sad story. ¶ However there never was an OW #9; I decided to reclaim the FIRST OW #1 in 1971...so OW 3.1 is actually OW 10. And when the 3-point series ended up ten pages short, I added in proto-OW's pagecount. ¶ OW 30 was birthed as a "speech"; the transcript ran in OW 31.

[Alan Hunter]



COLUMNS:

BILL BOWERS • Post-it® Notes from FAFIA 1944
SKEL • Mail Menopause 1949
JEANNE BOWMAN • oh, nine ate two 1953
BOB TUCKER • Beard Mumbblings 1955
BILL BOWERS • Again, LISTmania 1980
"LOCs" 1983

HISTORICAL FEATURE:

SAM MOSKOWITZ • Proposal and Resume that convinced Hugo Gernsback
that he should issue SCIENCE FICTION PLUS 1959

THE STATE OF OREGONia:

BILLY WOLFENBARGER • Please Send a Bio 1974
BILLY WOLFENBARGER • From an Unsleeping Sleep 1975
DAVID R. HAUGH • The Grapes Have Come Home to Roost
and the Father's Teeth Are on Edge 1976
.....

ARTworlds:

Covers by: LINDA MICHAELS

SHERYL BIRKHEAD: 1952; 1992; 1993 • BRAD W FOSTER: 1958; 1980
STEVEN FOX: 1943; 1955 • TEDDY HARVIA: 1984; 1997 • DAVID R. HAUGH:
1994; 1995; 1949; 1953; 1976; 1983; 1988; 1989; 1996; 1998
ALAN HUNTER: 1942; 1974 • LINDA MICHAELS: 1957 • WILLIAM ROTSLER:
1947; 1978; 1982; 1990; 1994; 1995; 1999 • CRAIG SMITH: 1979; 1991

EDITED & PUBLISHED BY:

BILL BOWERS

POBox 58174 • CINCINNATI OH
45258-0174 ••• 513-251-0806
.....

OUTWORLDS: Available by Editorial
Whim; and for Contributions of
Words • Art • LOCs • ~~Money~~
This Issue: \$5.00 • OW61 : \$3.00

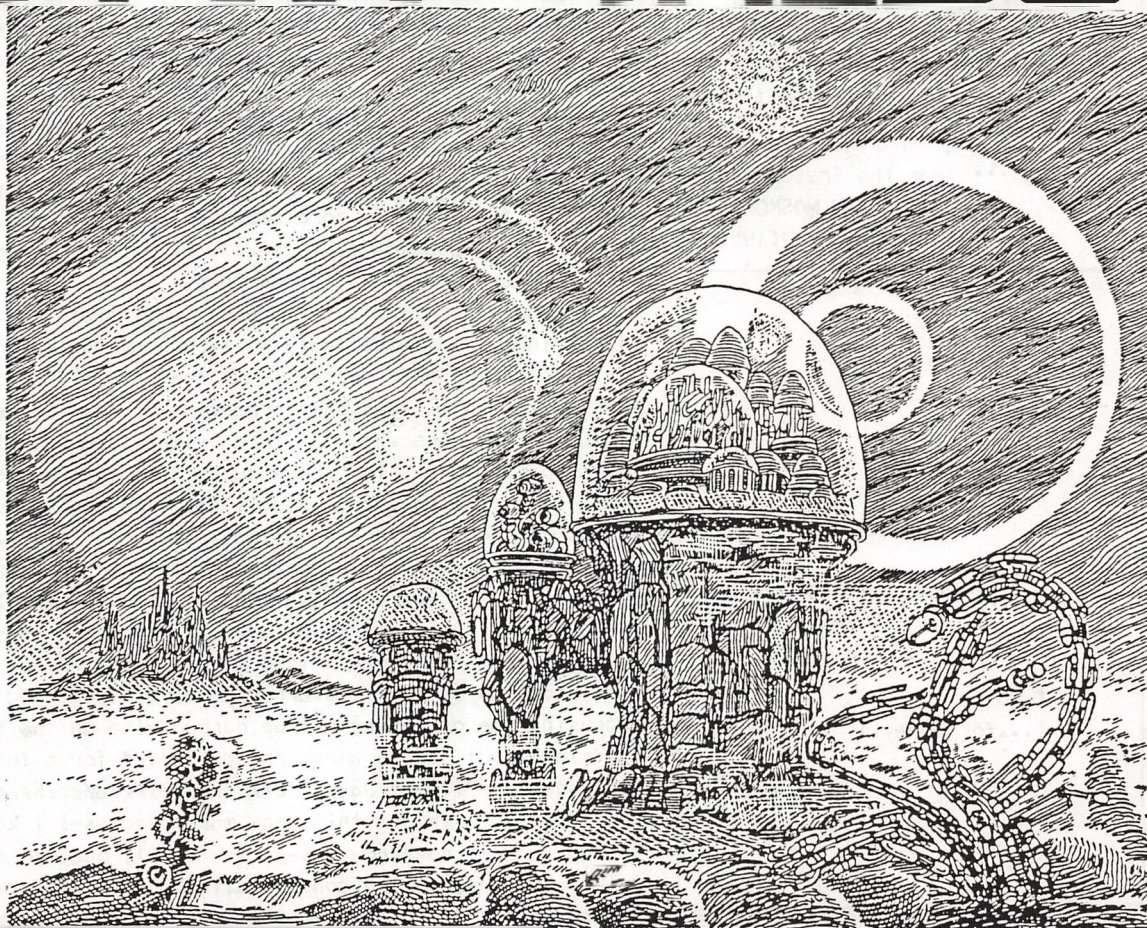
Copyright ©1991, by Bill Bowers--
for the Contributors
This is My Publication #171
April, 1991

The Dot Patrol: One here [] means
"response" is required before OW61

...this issue is for: TANYA CARTER
[for Getting Me Out]; BILL & COKIE
CAVIN [for Taking Me In] -- LEAH &
DICK SMITH [for Lending Me a Word-
Generating Device!]; & So Many More!

OUTW(60)RLDS

...being a
(slightly)
belated:
Twenty-First
Anniversary
Issue....



[Steven Fox]

I WONDER
WHAT
BILL BOWERS
IS UP TO??



POST-IT® NOTES FROM FAFIA

BILL BOWERS

...fade in:

On the 29th of March, 1988, after highly recommending it, "she" managed to get me to sit down and watch a tape of Fatal Attraction. Not a bad movie, really, but basically unrealistic; there's no way, I probably said to myself, that any marginally intelligent guy could let himself end up in a situation like that. Fast forward. A year later when, in the heat of one of our Discussions I "thanked" her for having made me watch that particular movie -- "because it was 'helping me' to 'understand' her" -- she got very offensive. I'm not quite sure what she threw at me on that particular occasion; I know it wasn't the time that she threw the compact disc player at me, and I don't think it was one of the two or three occasions on which a carving knife came whizzing past my ear. More than likely it was a drinking glass. We went through a lot of drinking glasses.

[Freeze frame. And, yes, my comment probably prompted that particular salvo. I've never said that I didn't participate fully in the verbal aspects of our contretemps. Although, as memory serves, I didn't "initiate" most of them. ...or "win" any.]

On the 19th of February--this year--on a double & bill with Postcards from the Edge, I saw Misery. Now she never crushed my ankles (a few bruises, sore ribs, a few facial cuts from when she slapped my glasses off my face...), but for eighteen months I was as much a prisoner...as was James Cann.

In the early 1980's, before she went away, she was (confusingly; flatteringly; intimidatingly... my Number One Fan. ...as she was again, once she had reestablished contact in 1986. Up until we were married in 1989. Then: She forbade me to call/see my friends... Including the ones who, for three years, she had claimed to enjoy the company of.... The phone number was changed so that no one could contact me (she relented once; I gave the number to a few...and then Denise called...or Jackie called...or Naomi called...and the number was changed again). She got home before I did and went through the mail. If there was anything fannish she would call me at work, pick a fight, and then hang-up on me. If the return address on any of that mail was from (other than my mother) a woman, it was automatically torn up before I returned home. (A postcard from Dave Locke "accusing" me of having put up barbed wire on the front yard to keep my friends out became a recurring "topic" for a full year; before that she had "liked" Dave. ~~ΔΔΕΚΙΕ/ΔΔΕ/ΤΥΕ/ΟΝΕ/ΣΥΕ/ΕΟΔΙΟΝ/Τ/ΕΤΕΙΟΔ~~)

I put up with all this, and more, because: I knew she was insecure (and I knew/know insecurity well), because I couldn't lie when I told her I wasn't in contact with "those people"...and because I

"I do not drink.
I do not smoke.
I do not gamble.
I have never been arrested,
not even for a traffic violation.
I have never been involved
in difficulties with women.
I have never been touched
by even the breath of scandal.
I have yet to miss my first
day from work."

... from the "resume" of
SAM MOSKOWITZ
[1952]

... from the "resume" of
BILL BOWERS
[1991] :

I do not gamble.
(...for money.)

[David R. Haugh • first appeared in OUTWORLDS 58; pg. 1892 • Copyright (c) 1988, by Bill Bowers]

cared for her and the kids.

No, she didn't break my legs; but she strove to change whatever it is that defines me as being "me" and she damn near broke my spirit. ...and that is what shames me most.

(A few days earlier [2/16/91] I had journeyed over to Sandra and Greg Jordan's to watch a tape of War of the Roses. ...leaving, I commented: I wasn't sure what that movie would do for their marriage, by as for me, having lived the "book", I was surprisingly dispassionate about the movie. If a bit nostalgic...) [3/30/91]

...fade (crawling) back:

Bill Bowers. There's a name to provoke "nostalgia" in certain ~~discerning~~ select fannish circles. That's me...and I've been "away" for a while -- let's refer to it as "The Interregnum" (that being the most succinct dictionary-friendly analogy I can think of...).

I've been away -- but now I'm back. Thanks to a considerable amount of help from my friends. ...and now I am faced with "explaining" what Bill Bowers (has been) Up To for a couple of years to three distinct (yet-roughly-equal) segments of the readership of this humble pretentious fanzine.

There are those of you who were receiving OUTWORLDS on a regular basis up through issues 58/59 in late 1988, yet haven't heard a word from me since.

There are those of you whose name/work I've run across in the fanzines I've received in the past couple of months...and your words/art intrigued me -- combined with those who used to get OW earlier on, but were "dropped" for some "reason" ~~like nonresponse~~, but of whom I said (rummaging through the card file): "I'd like -- to know...".

...and there are those of you who are "local", or who've seen the small issues of XENOLITH I've ejected (I wanted to say 'ejected'; but it doesn't seem to be a word...) since last September. To you, much of the following (distilled essence of XENOLITH; think about it) will be all too familiar...and if you want to skip-on to Skel's column, I won't blame you. (Though I might manage a new twist, as well as a slightly deeper 'dig' this time around).

(transition):

What follows has absolutely no place in a general-circulation science fiction fanzine. I know the rules; I was "fanning" before most of them were passed. Yet, within the past two years, the one time I was "permitted" to publish, I had something I wrote for one of my own fanzines "censored". ...for the first time in nearly thirty years of fanzine publishing. That will not happen again; ever. This is, in part, an admitted over-reaction to that instance.

I know the "rules"; in most areas of life. Or so you'd think. I know I did.

This: not a disclaimer; just a word.

There are those who will read these words who have health problems considerably more serious than my own. There are those of you who've had financial reversals of your own. And there are those of you who have also suffered the loss of a parent or a loved one.

...and there are those of you, I know now, who have also suffered a "loss" that has nothing to do with death. Except the death of love and caring.

I am, unfortunately, not alone... But I'm the one writing this:

This is, simply, within the confines of My Publication... My Story. "His-story"; not her-story; admittedly. Vindictive and self-serving? Inevitable, I fear. For it is still Not Over...

"I hear there might be rumor that you think fandom might be mad at you 'cuz we didn't hear from you for a while. Well, I certainly wouldn't want you to think that I, personally, was miffed by our lack of communication. Unless of course you mean it to continue!"

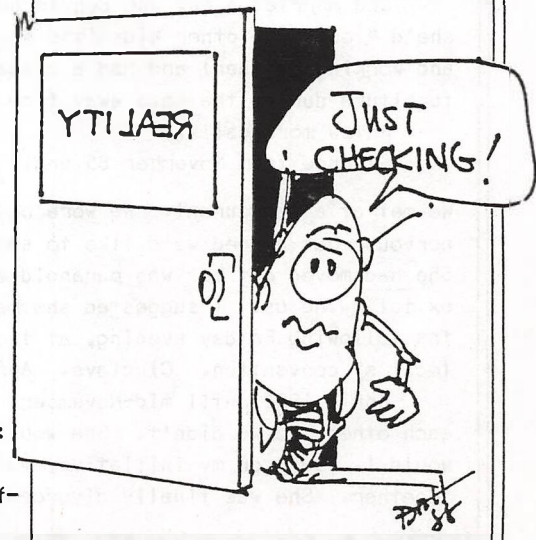
... JEANNE BOWMAN • Sept. '90

"I was shocked and saddened by what I read in XENOLITH. Here I'd been, thinking occasionally about how good it would be when the time came for another Bill Bowers fanzine to arrive after the long silence. And when that fanzine came, its contents were distressing, something that had never before been true of anything you've published."

... HARRY WARNER, JR. • 10/11/90

"There may not be a great deal to say about XENOLITH 32 except that it's good to see a Bowers fanzine again no matter what miserable set of circumstances may have inspired it...."

... MIKE GLICKSOHN • 10/18/90



4/1/91: It was a date chosen by work schedules/not planning--but I swore I'd never be ashamed of "our" Anniversary date. Today would be...is, on paper... our Second.

I'm not going to say a word.

...you probably shouldn't, either.
(maybe by next year)

4/12/91: I've been procrastinating, waiting for anything to be Resolved, waiting for the "right" words. Neither seems to be at hand, and now all that remains between getting this issue printed & out is money...and these next three pages....

I've deliberately locked myself into a finite space; otherwise I suspect I'd go on...and on....

This then is the condensed, defanged, and the dispassionate Version. Yes.

I moved to Cincinnati, into the first floor of 2468 Harrison, in June, 1977. A year or so later, she moved into the 2nd floor of 2468 Harrison. A year or two later we became involved. A year later she moved out without a word of explanation.

June, maybe July. 1985. Her sister called; she wanted to talk to me. Fine. She'd gotten married; it wasn't going well. ...said she'd call again.

October; next call. She'd decided to move out, wanted to see me, but not until she was "out". Fine.

More calls. ...and the reason for her leaving me came out: she had stopped taking the pill (not telling me) and had become pregnant. Now, after 3 or 4 years, she said it was "mine". I believed her.

"So," I said, stunned, "why didn't you tell me?"

"I didn't want to tie you down..."

In the early 80's I would not have been happy about parenthood, and I honestly don't know how I would have "handled" it. She never did understand that, though I might have proven to be a total cad, it was my right to have known at the time, and not in retrospect...years later. (That was a "clue"...) ^{her}

She married a guy who convinced ^{her} that otherwise she'd "lose" the other kids (tho she was off welfare and working by then) and had a miscarriage, lifting furniture during the move away from me.

A few more calls.

Silence from November 85 until April, 1986.

We met at a restaurant. We were both extremely nervous--but agreed we'd like to see each other.... She had moved out but was paranoid about her to-be-ex following us. I suggested she meet me downtown the following Friday evening, at the Clarion...at a local sf convention. Cinclave. April 25, 1986.

April 1986 until mid-November, 1988. We saw each other, and we didn't. She would "go away"; so would I. But, on my initiative, we always got back together. She was finally divorced, six months

after she'd told me she was. I paid for it. (That should have been a "clue".)

At times I paid her rent. My friends helped her move; I paid the deposit. ...the utilities. etc.

Fall, 1988. Others in her apartment building were receiving eviction notices; she was convinced they were shutting it down & she'd be next. In the same time-frame I happened to be talking to Tanya Carter...and discovered that her father had moved in with her & Don; and his house was sitting vacant.

And so, in the middle of the night I asked her: "How would you and the kids like to move in with me?" She later said those were the most wonderful words she'd ever heard. (She, later, said a lot of things.)

The weekend before Thanksgiving 1988 when "to-gether" we moved into 4651 Glenway---apart from all I'd bought her & the kids--she owed me \$5000.

I knew she was emotional.

I knew she was insecure/jealous.

I knew she was even more fiscally irresponsible than I was.

...at least I thought I "knew" all this.

Two weeks after we moved in, I was "laid-off" for five weeks. The beginning of 1990...I was "out" for twelve weeks. This did not "help".

When I was laid-off from Kenner in Dec. 1987, I didn't go back to temping by design. But that's what happened and, when I do work, I make a decent wage. She also worked. In the end, it was not enough....

May 4, 1990. We saw the bankruptcy lawyer. When, halfway through, he said that if she'd used the credit cards, even if they were in my name...she was also responsible...she walked out. I finished up as best I could, and when the papers finally came I told her I'd take it on in my name.... For whatever reason, she signed. Later...I had "made" her...

Late June. She had two weeks vacation; I ended up out-of-work again. The same two weeks.

The first week...went well enough, but came the weekend...something happened and she took off with the kids for two days, and went through \$700.00. It was not the first time she'd taken off and depleted the bank balance. Later, every time, she was "sorry" --but the money never went back in to cover the rent.

The hearing before the Trustee. Friday: 7/13.

I tried. I really did. But when he kept pressing as to how we'd ended up This Deep...I finally capitulated: "...mostly, since the marriage..."

Which is the truth, but: Wrong Thing To Say.

She blew up. Literally. It was all the fault of Mr. Bowers & the debts he'd brought to the marriage. She produced my hotel bill for the 1986 Atlanta Worldcon; admittedly substantial, but long ago paid. She went on. And on. At last "our" lawyer said: "Mrs. Bowers...as your attorney it is my considered advice that you should shut up. This is not divorce court."

Again, true. Again, not a wise thing to say...

As a result of her tirade I was required to produce a ton of documentation, and the "discharge date" was delayed from 9/11 until 12/11/90. A meeting in early November was cancelled by my lawyer; the "discharge" was postponed until 2/11/91. In the meantime she retained another bankruptcy lawyer, while I paid off the \$870. owed the one "we" retained...and she filed an amended declaration in January--total fiction. I saw the Trustee,--with "my" lawyer, Feb. 5th. He said he wasn't going to "deny" the bankruptcy--but reserved the right to sell off what he could...of what she left me. And set a new discharge date of 4/11. My lawyer wants an additional \$200., didn't get around to filing my amended return until last week...and today is 4/13...and I still don't know what I'm going to "lose" out of this portion of the Traumas....

The Feature Attraction: The period following the July hearing was... tense. On Monday, July 23, I dropped the kids at the babysitter, took her to work...and went on to a job I'd just started June 25th. She didn't come home that night. This wasn't without precedence; what was--was this time I made no attempt to find her.

Sunday night/Monday morning, following, 1 a.m.: She called, waking me up. Said she and the kids were "coming home". I said "fine." 1:30 a.m. She called back; said something about a restraining order--I said "whatever"...and she hung up. I ended up staying up all night and went on to work in the morning.

At 5 in the afternoon I was paged to the front office...two Cinti cops...something about "domestic violence"...I had to go with them.... Back to my board, packed-up, clocked-out, put the briefcase in the car --and got into the back of the squad car. The door-locks clicked.

Booking. Fingerprints. Mug-shots. No supper. All night with 15 others in a concrete holding cell, lights on/air-conditioning on full-blast. Perhaps two hours sleep; perhaps not.

Tuesday morning, 7/31/90: Breakfast. 5 minutes with a public defender who said he'd ask for bond and a continuance. 9:30 a.m.: I was put in line in a small interconnecting room, my name was "called" in Courtroom A, I took no more than ten steps to stand next to my lawyer, facing the judge. Six feet on the other side of the lawyer she was standing; she wouldn't look at me. I heard a case number, a date of August 6...and "five thousand bond; no 10%". That's all I heard. I was taken out, required to sign a paper I didn't have time to read, later taken up for processing, and by noon to a cell-block. I waited in line 2½ hours to use the phone; called Tanya. ..."\$5000/no 10%"...

It was a long day. Eventually assigned to another cell-block, given a bunk, one more phone call, and maybe 6 hours sleep.

Wednesday. Tanya found out, as did I, that the 10% could be used. I was "out" early afternoon. At no point was I read my rights, or told the specifics of the charges. The paper I signed unread turned out to be the restraining order. Tanya took me back to get my car and, more at a "loss" than any other point in my life, I called Bill Cavin. Even though there'd been no contact for 18 months, he & Cokie took me in & put up with me the month it took me to get back in the house that she had pretty well stripped. Fannish friends; a lot. I won't forget....

On Aug. 10th, I was served with divorce papers; at work. The "Trial" was September 5. The judge said that I was "guilty"....

...guilty of bad taste and poor judgement, yes; but nothing else. Nevertheless, the sentencing was set for October 17.

With a lot of help...I went to Ditto III. I needed that...!

I was sentenced to 180 days (suspended), one year probation, a \$280. fine...and ordered to attend the AMEND "education & discussion" seminar. Cost: \$120; results...? I haven't hit anyone....

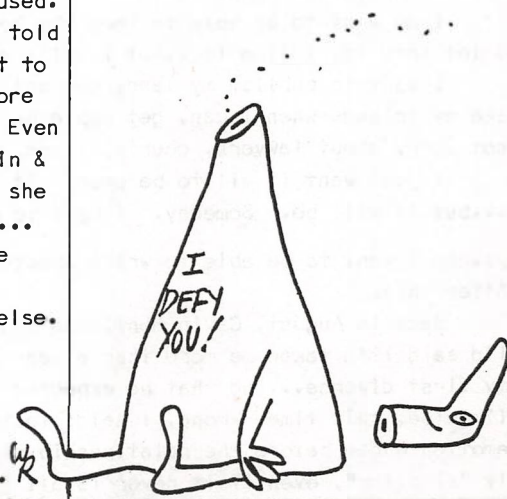
"--you may find people don't know what to say, don't know whether it's better to talk about the divorce, the arrest, or if you're sick of hearing about it and would rather talk about something else."
•• CAROLYN DOYLE • FLAP Mlg. #67

"If you traced your family tree back to biblical times, I suspect you would find you are related to Job--talk about the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune!" You should sell Hollywood the movie and TV rights to XENOLITH 32."
•• MICHAEL WAITE • 10/17/90

"I don't believe you hit her.
"I don't believe you would, I don't believe you could resort to physical violence, no matter how far provoked."
•• MAIA COWAN • 10/10/90

"Mike wrote, 'Stacked against all you have lost is the fact that I have regained a friend...' but I never felt that I'd lost one--just that he'd gone away for awhile. Welcome back."
•• LEAH SMITH • 12/15/90

"H.P. Lovecraft never wrote a tale more horrific than yours."
•• DAVID THAYER • 10/9/90



Still.

I wanted to appeal so bad I could taste it; I was persuaded I didn't have a chance...and I promised myself Corflu & Ditto for the money it would've cost. ...never said I wasn't self-indulgent; just passive!

She cleaned me out pretty good; probably would have taken the rest if Tanya hadn't "shown up" unexpectedly. I have, for the moment, my books, my cassettes, the microwave, the copier(!), & the kids clothes.... She won't proceed with the divorce until the bankruptcy is "settled". It isn't...so I still have no idea of what, if anything, I'll get back, in terms of "my" furniture, electronics, CDs, videos, etc. etc.

I have a TV borrowed from Cavin; I have some furniture borrowed from Dave & Jackie, I have box springs & a mattress from Tanya's garage, I have my father's 20-year-old "stereo"...and I have this typewriter, lent by Dick & Leah. It permits me to bitch & moan on paper; it keeps me amused.....

While "waiting" I've made a dedicated effort to catch up. Then the car died (pg. 1986). No problem; the bus stop is right out front. I found out I owe the Feds \$1349. more in income tax; sigh. Still, I'm a bit proud of the fact I paid the April rent, in full, on time...first time in a long time! I keep trying....!

One Wednesday, April 3rd, the day after I sent in my check for the Corflu air-ticket, I was told that Friday, the 5th, would be my last day of work.

I could have cancelled the Corflu tickets; I didn't. I'm on the last page of an OUTWORLDS I've "promised" would be "out" for Corflu...and I've neither a job, nor credit cards, nor savings, with which to print it. But I will, even though it'll be a minimal print run—with a second "run"; ...later. [Hate doing it, but.]

I do what I have to do. Don't we all?

So.... And how's your life going?

I'm not angling for sympathy; the sidebar quotes on the previous pages are a fraction of the "support" I've received. I do know that you're out there!

I don't want much.

I do want to be able to keep the house. We put a lot into it, I like it...but I still don't know....

I want to publish my fancy pretentious fanzines, see my friends when I can, get cable back, and simply not worry about lawyers, courts, fines, taxes, etc.

I just want it all to be over. It ain't yet....

...but it will be. Someday. I have to believe that! ...and I want to be able to write about other things. After this:

Back in August, Cavin mentioned that (long ago) I'd said it'd taken me more than a year to "get over" my first divorce...and that he expected it would be likewise, this time. Wrong, I said: in this case, the emotion ended before the relationship did. Which makes it "simpler", even if it never is all that simple....

I do know that I won't be applying for membership in F.H.F. this time. (I don't believe I did.)

4/16/91: ...and, yes, I keep going back and rereading the last few pages--wanting to rewrite once again (to write more; to write less; to write with more heat, to write with even less passion), but it's there, and it'll have to do...for this time out.

I never pictured myself as being cut out for fatherhood...but, against all odds, I did grow to love the--younger kids. They've turned 13 & 12 in the interim, I was their 2nd step-father (~~there'll be more~~), and they are the ones who'll "lose" the most.

I spent a lot of years convinced my own father wasn't much good at the job, but before his death in Feb. 90, I did come to realize that he'd done the best he could. If I insist on asking that you accept that from me...I can't expect more from others... (The cruelest thing "she" ever did was the day of my father's funeral... That I'll never forgive.)

My (now) 81-year-old mother, battling a detached retina & cataracts, is in the process of selling the family home we moved into, October, 1954. I guess I'll have to learn a new phone number...and take the key off my chain that's been there 35 years. *sigh*

Life does go on; mine will too!

Thanks to rides, crash space & arm-twisting, I made it to Ditto, Octocon, and Confusion. For those, and for the caring, the words, and the support:

Leah & Dick; Patty & Gary; Mike; Pat; Sandy & Greg; Dave & Jackie; (the 'original') Linda; Jeanne; Skel & Cas; Naomi & Chris; Steve & Denise; Bill C.; Wm B.; Roger & Pat; Irene & Wayne; Richard; Sheryl; Michael W.; everyone who wrote/called/cared. Thanks!

THE ISSUE AT HAND: ...is obviously a combination of catharsis/something to do/something for you.... I'm a bit rusty, and it shows in the gutters; the copier (if I get to keep it) needs an overhaul, as it seems to distort the masters; the material is both 'old' and 'new'...but it has all gone together to form yet another issue of the longest-running "active" genzine.... (Think about it...)

The first 'major' article I wrote for my Very First Fanzine had to do with my perception of the 'perfect' prozine. I'm inordinately proud of having the opportunity of presenting SaM's Slice of History --and appreciate his patience in the interim!

My apologies to Skel, Billy, & Dave Haugh for the unseemly delay; I hope the wait was worth it...

Mr. Tucker is, as always, vintage...

...and I just had to make Jeannie NomerCyB a 'columnist'; to keep the lettercol within bounds!

With the exceptions of Mr. Rotsler & Mr. Haugh --I've pretty well depleted my art files... Help!

Enjoy. Write/draw/call/pay...but please respond --because, no matter what happens from here on out, there will be an OW61.... •• BILL BOWERS • 4/16/91

SKEL:

Mail Menopause

*** THE FIRST INSTALLMENT OF A COLUMN

oo

I've been doing some more reading recently -- McBain's SNOW WHITE AND ROSE RED, which was pretty good, and THE McBAIN BREIF. I also noted Mike Glicksohn's passing accolade to Octavia Butler's DAWN so when I saw it in the library the other week I grabbed it and read that too. Pretty good, though I wouldn't go as far as Mike did. It's the first book by her that I've read so I've got Mike to thank for opening my eyes at least. I've avoided her work in the past because I figured anyone named 'Octavia' had to be a total plonker. Oh, I know she wasn't responsible for the name herself (unless it's a nom-de-plume), but it seemed to me that any parents who were so remiss as to saddle a kid with a name like that would hardly be the sort to instill and properly nourish the sensitivities required of a writer. Just shows how wrong a guy can be, dunnit?

I've also read a couple of books by a chap named Christopher Rowley. The second was THE BLACK SHIP which was excellent Space Adventure stuff. The first, STARHAMMER wasn't as good, but it did provide me with the following quote:

"Meg, this particular alien is the space-damned Morgooze of Blue Seygfan! Do you understand what that means?"

"Truth In Publishing does mandate that I advise you that The Move was more traumatic than envisioned, and it's only now that I can even think of starting OW60—I still have Every Intention of "doing" 4 - 6 issues annually ... but initially I probably won't be quite as prolific as immediate years past. Of course, this time I'm not going to Go Away for a year either, so it should balance out. I hope!

"Given all that, before you can change your mind, I'm going to commit the installment-at-hand to disk this very evening, as the initial entry into the OW60 file (though it probably won't be first in the final product) ... "

... BOWERS, to SKEL
12/27/88

sigh



[David R. Haugh]

Do any of us? Truth to tell the book is better than that quote implies, but I couldn't stop giggling when I stumbled across it. Another author new to me was Iain Banks. I read his THE GAMEPLAYER or somesuch, and thought it a damned good SF story. His "Culture" universe makes a strikingly satisfactory background. I'm now on the lookout for more of his works. I've seen mention of his CONSIDER PHLEBAS (set in the same "Culture" environment), but as a 'phlebas' sounded to me like a technical term for a foreskin, it didn't sound like the title of books I like, where the slimy aliens get the piss stomped out of them by that plucky young species Homo Whatzisname.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

Christmas looms : Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
nothing was stirring, not even a louse
(whose name was Yngvii, to silence the critic,
and he was too smashed to stir, totally paralytic).

I've always thought the habit of naming your house was a bit pseudy and pretentious, which is basically what has stopped me from doing it. Mind you there'd be none of that 'Dunroamin' or 'The Willows' for me. The only possible name would be 'Yngvii'. Then, when the Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses came acalling, and stared confusedly at the name plate by the front door, I could shout "Yngvii is a house" at them, before slamming the door in their faces.

◆ ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

By the way, did Dave Locke really show up naked for work on the Monday after Thanksgiving?

Must've been an interesting day that. Surely you could write it up for a fanzine as "The Day Dave Locke Came to Work Naked". Well, it must have happened because otherwise it would mean Dave told a fib, and we all know that Dave does not tell fibs. A man of his word is Dave. When he says he's going to do something, then by golly he does it. You can count on Dave. So when he wrote that he had to "run off to a laundromat and do the laundry" sometime "over this holiday weekend" and "It's that or show up naked at work on Monday", then you know it's already as good as history. So, when he further wrote towards the end "Well, now it's Tuesday" and that he's "Just got back from the laundromat, where I did what appeared to be a half year's worth of dirty clothes", you don't have to be Sherlock Holmes to figure out which option he must have taken. If he didn't go to the laundromat until Tuesday, then he must have turned up for work naked on Monday.

You know I wouldn't mind betting that this was one of those epochal temporal cruxes that SF writers are always going on about, where alternate realities and timelines are created whenever momentous decisions are taken. Do you think that somewhere, somewhen, somehapse, there is a reality encompassing an entire universe in which Dave Locke didn't go to work naked the Monday after Thanksgiving? An awesome thought isn't it? But wait, perhaps this particular probability nexus was even more important than at first considered. Let's face it, a half year's worth of dirty laundry is a hell of a concept, and not one with which the laws of the universe could be expected to readily cope. Perhaps the mass and sheer yecchiness of so much dirty laundry was enough to stress the spatio-temporal fabric itself, allowing some of Heisenberg's uncertainties to creep across the grid and cluster in the interstices. If that happened, and surely it may have, then there may not have been a clean break at the reality interface and possibly, just possibly mind you, there might have been enough uncertainty for a third 'reality' to be created--one in which neither course was taken. That is to say, a 'reality' in which Dave did not visit the laundromat over the Thanksgiving weekend, and yet one in which he did not arrive unclothed for work on the following day.

God, I feel sorry for any poor suckers trapped, however briefly, on such a low-probability timeline. I say "however briefly" because obviously any 'reality' in which you can't rely absolutely on Dave Locke's word has got to be highly unstable.



...BOWERS (the one with no shame) ...

and SKEL (the short one) :

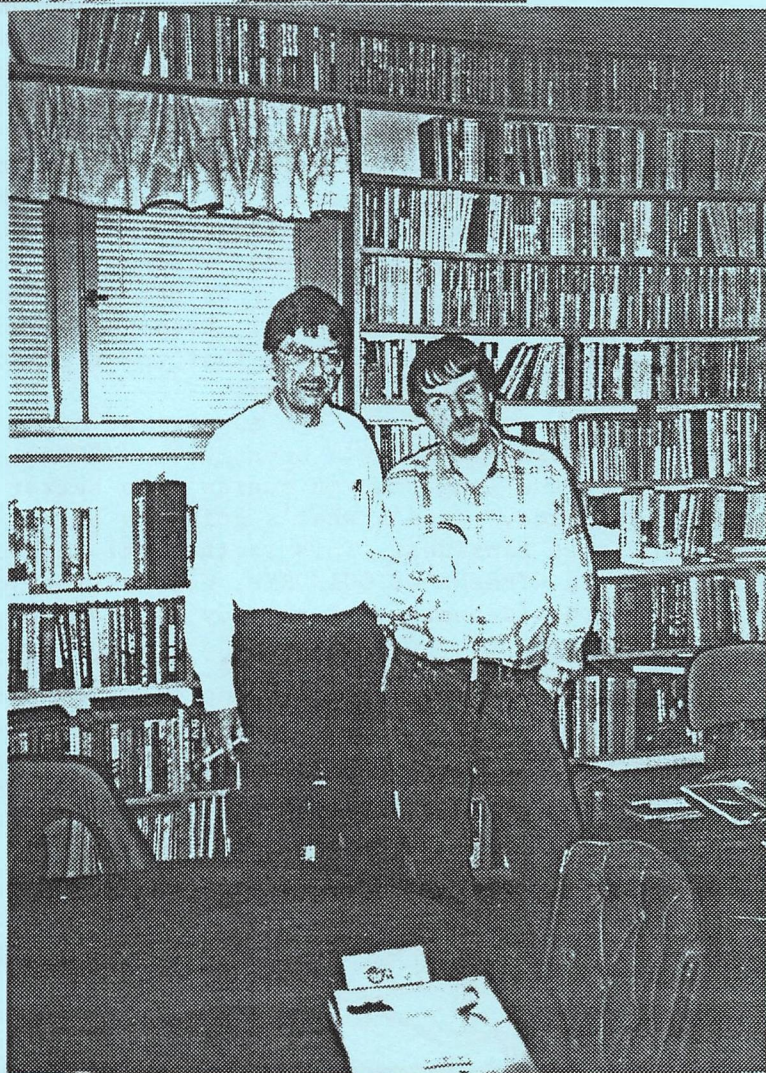
4651 Glenway, Cincinnati OH

October, 1990

photos by CAS

◊ ◊ ◊ ◊ ◊

You don't get any points for writing to me in Swahili. If you'll recall I wrote that I had an "English/Swahili" dictionary, not a "Swahili/English" volume. This means I can (at least until I give it to my brother Mark as a totally useless Christmas present) look up the Swahili equivalent of English words, but I cannot find the English equivalent of Swahili words. Thus your remarks are destined to remain forever a mystery to me. I tried to guess them from the context ("Thanks", or "I want to thank you..."), but 'thanks' is 'shukrani' whilst according to this admittedly concise dictionary there are no words in Swahili for expressing the concept of 'me' or 'I'. Oddly though there is a term for 'ice-berg' which I'd think they'd have even less opportunity to practice. "Hoy, is that a kilima cha barafu kieleacho bahariai over there?" "No, dimbo, you don't get kilima cha barafu kieleacho baharanis in the sodding desert!" A good job too I guess, because by the time you've asked if it is one, it'd have melted anyway.



The room where I'm typing this positively reeks of polish. Cas has been polishing. Again. Every available wooden surface has been sprayed, rubbed and buffed until virtually frictionless. I daren't stab too hard at the keys of this typewriter in case it skids away across the highly polished surface and dives to its doom over the edge. I must also refrain from getting into a proper typing rhythm in case the vibration sets up some form of resonance effect and all Cas' knick-knacks start to slide and leap lemming-like off the edge of the friction-free sideboard, or lest the hardbacks hurl themselves from the slippery shelves of the beeswaxed bookcase.

Truth to tell, all this polishing of Cas' is a bit worrying. Let's face it, all the theoretical astrophysicists who speculate on the origins and eventual demise of the universe tend to be unmarried, and hence unaware of the all-too-real effects of a polishing spouse upon the ultimate disposition of the universe.

Look at it logically -- the universe is cyclical, right? At the moment it is expanding, but eventually it will begin to contract. Eventually all the matter in the universe will glomp back together (don't worry if you aren't familiar with the terminology used by those of us whose thinking defines the cutting edge of modern theoretical astrophysics) once more into the cosmic egg. All the material in the universe will rush back into the centre where it will all *skludge* (sorry, another advanced technical term there) together. Except of course for the highly polished bits like tables and sideboards which will, at the moment of impact glance and skid past each other, ricochetting off toward the opposite extreme, sneaking an early start on the rest of the universe.

Then the Cosmic Egg will explode again, and the leading edge of this explosion, the shockwave that defines the universe, will merely act as an extra boost to all these highly-polished tables and sideboards, pushing and accelerating them on ahead and effectively out of our universe altogether.

Thus we can plainly see, by extrapolating backwards, that the laws of the universe act to minimise the existence of tables and sideboards, and that in previous cycles of the Cosmic Egg every home must have had many such pieces of furniture. Why, back in the dawn of creation, each home must have had hundreds, if not thousands, of tables and sideboards, whereas the loss with each successive cycle has resulted in the current paucity of but one or two per household. As time and cycles go by there will be even fewer. Eventually and inevitably, in some as yet remote future, they will be so scarce that inter-galactic wars will be fought for possession of the universe's last sideboard.

Anyway, what I guess I'm saying is, don't be fooled by the apparent strength of the old fanzine in today's economey. HYPHENS at £50 are only a short term investment. For the long run you couldn't do better than to put your money into tables and sideboards. That's what's going to be really scarce in the future. Not even Cas polishes fanzines. This is the real reason why I haven't got £50 to fritter away on old HYPHENS or QUANDRYs, good as they are. Every penny I get goes towards buying more sideboards. I already have dozens, no fool me.

.....
Being minimally rewritten episodes of whimsy (I was going to call this "Whimsy Were the Borogroves", but who can say what will appear in future instalments?) extracted from letters to Al Curry, Jan Dawes, Mike Glicksohn, Dave Locke, and Walt Willis.
.....

... SKEL • 18th December 1988



uh, did you
say hunt and
peck...?

[Sheryl Birkhead]

.....
I was in an apa about relationships where the question was raised 'what have you done or learned because your sweetie is interested?' Don't think like that! We were talking about French cooking, or hang gliding, or car racing or poker playing of course. Intercourse is after all social, in print if not in practice.

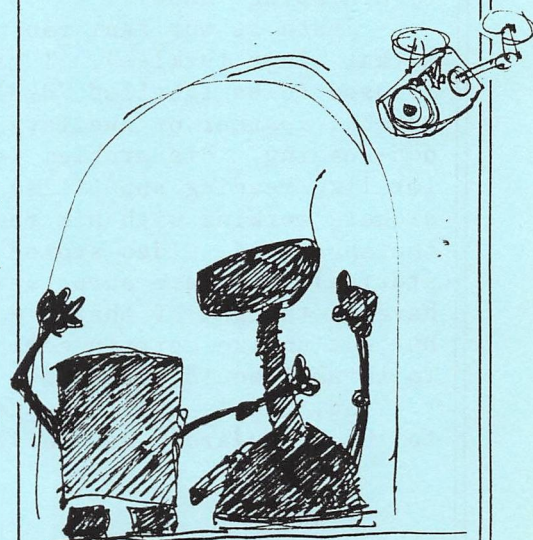
A couple of years ago I would have been reading Science Fiction instead of raiding Don's library of San Francisco Mysteries. It's not so very different, except that this way instead of me saying, um, you know the story about, ah, with the weird polyandrous family set up and the two oddball planets, you know, by that, um, woman I think, who's famous for being a real writer too, ah, what is the name of that, you know the one I mean -- diet for a small planet? -- oh very funny, LEFT HAND OF DARKNESS. I knew that and you knew too. Well, Don can recall the names of the books I am reading, or have finished this week, month or year (if he pauses to think) so I don't have to try to remember the titles. I can often remember the names of the detectives or, more pertinent to the genre, what they eat, or if the ethnicity of the side-kick is part of the story or just another obligatory part of being a SF mystery.

I really want to talk about China Town, going there to watch movies, not to eat out. Sub-titled in English (and often two other languages) spoken in Cantonese filmed in Hong Kong action movies. Not always action movies - sometimes ghost stories (you haven't lived until you've seen a Chinese Hopping Ghost - or won't for long if you don't know what to do), an occasional love story (if it stars Jackie Chan), and police comedies. They are all funny as hell, and not just because there are translation glitches - those don't get my attention as much as I thought they would, except for when a character says "bye" and 'bye' comes on the screen. Don had just discovered the Clint Eastwood of the Far East - Chow Yun Fat, in anything directed by John Woo. Dirty Harry in a Cary Grant body. They have a series of trench coated two fisted pistol toting gangster movies, A Better Tomorrow one two and three. I saw three first, which is just as well, because the hero gets bad guy lessons from a hot dog kung-fu swinging gun toting mean woman (she had no time to be anybody's mama) and then there's a big shootout in the end. Shoot'em ups are not my favorite visual art expression, but hey, she was a great role model. She isn't in the others (nor her twin sister or first cousin lookalike either) so I lost interest. Now with Jackie Chan I'm not so persnickety. Here's a talent who doesn't, as my father says, take himself too seriously. Go see for yourself. Major Amusement. My entire family recommends (except Mom, who would rather play with three year olds anyway).

The Pagoda Palace and the Great Star theaters always remind me of earthquake safety. I am indulging a passion for the stuff by helping organize a preparedness

jeanne
bowman

oh,
nine
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two



seminar for April '92. I want to get the guy who predicted the 'quake on the New Madrid fault to speak - secretly I want to meet him and he is retiring to Glen Ellen, so I now have an excuse. I am doing all this swell research and while I was looking at maps in the state dept. of mines and geology I traced the Rodgers Creek Fault thru our nearest metropolis, Santa Rosa. This fault is sure to give us a tumble within the next thirty years, and most of Santa Rosa is built on the same sort of stuff that underlies the infamous former Cypress structure (but maybe not as wet). Imagine the thrill of seeing two major hospitals, three schools and the place where my Special Education class meets all within the active sheer zone of the fault trace. I have to talk to my teacher about bookshelves, with big display minerals on top. My house is built on the solid basalt of the Sonoma Volcanics not those unconsolidated Quaternary Alluvials (if you haven't seen the movie Tremors, do it now).

There is a lot of excitement in teaching to learning modalities, or styles - visual, auditory, kinesthetic - these days. Like in the stuff I do at the Bouverie Audubon Preserve - leading children on nature walks. We sing songs to reach all modalities 'we're going to see touch and hear, things from far away and near, hug a tree and give the earth a cheer'. Before you gag, take note that I always say at our board meetings that our purpose is to have fun. Like in my field techniques. I describe the Sonoma Volcanics as "boom, burst and blast" or is it "boom, belch, bubble and blast" ah, "boom burp bubble and blow"?? Anyway my talk on the formation of tear drop shaped volcanic bombs is "boom titty, boom titty, boom titty boom" with hand gestures. They like me so much they asked me to be the Docent Training Coordinator. I am not sure if this is fun or a fiendish scientific proof of the Peter Principle.

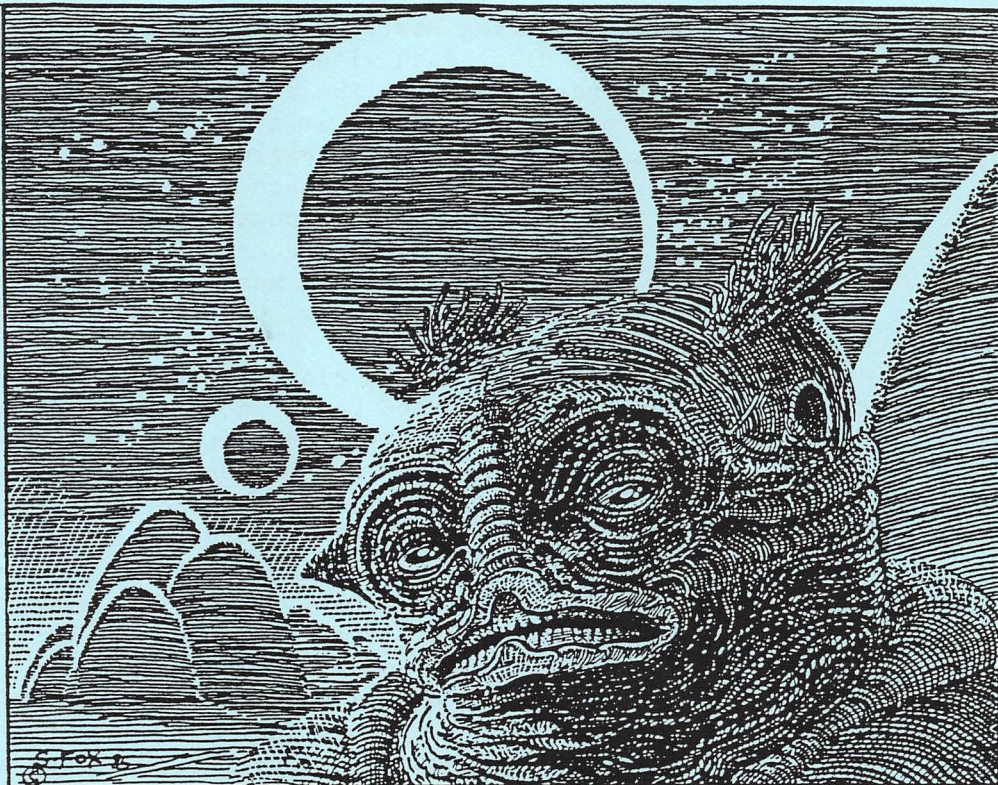
Baycon (San Jose - end of May) asked me to be a panelist. The con has a theme about humor, this may be why they got me (Loren Macgregor, con smof, and I laugh an awful lot together, which also explains things). I said in my blurb that I wrote for OUTWORLDS - Bill, now you know why you got this. I also said I was a radical eco-freak and sent a picture of me hanging up laundry on a fence. I wanna be on the panel on things you shouldn't try at home, but they are quibbling about it being a Bad Idea. I think they should call it PV=nrT (Basements Bats and Bombs??) and educate people about how useful guano is and why its so important to earthquake proof the cleaning supplies. Who needs book titles, let's do physics.

I got a copy of the Food Insects Newsletter and am trying to decide if I want to make snacks for first graders out of larvae, now that I'm getting recipes. My summer job is teaching a class called Backyard Bugs. (You don't have to go to the Amazon to See extraordinary 3 inch long flying beetles, Touch 10 inch millipedes, Hear the song of the Cicada - how do they do that? - find out! Discover camouflaged moths etc). I think the gustatory mode is neglected. I don't know yet when the cicadas bloom, but will have honeybee brood soon. I'll try out grubs on the family first and let you know. Don't hold your breath (which by the by is what you should do when confronted by a hopping host).

Jesse is our real fan of the kick ass action genre (not limited to teenage mutant ninja turkles). I take Special Ed 252 so I can understand why he doesn't read. It used to be labelled "dyslexia", now learning handicapped or learning disabled or unusual learner or auditory-kinesthetic in a visual perceptual context or my favorite, non-reading. His problem is with tracking, which can be remediated by activities a lot like reading sub-titles in a movie (only boring). When I shared with the Professionals working with him that Jess was really enjoying his home grown educational therapy, (yes, video stores have Jackie Chan, and in the right part of town some ghost stories) they were surprised by what a good idea it is. Wow, what a great idea, we haven't thought of that. Now I may not like the violence in some of these adventures, but not unlike certain comic books of yesteryear it is teaching Jesse how to read. To think I would never have come to this without my honey Don Herron.

So, that's what's happening with me here at We B Dudes Ranch 95442-0982. Back to the bee yards, Hai Ya!!!!

... JEANNE BOWMAN • April 2, 1991



Bob Tucker

Beard Mumblings

LIFE UPON THE WICKED STAGE:

The autumn semester has begun at Illinois State U, and so has my glorious career as a stage electrician -- at least for another term. I've worked two shows in October, with two or three more upcoming. The first show was Ben Vereen & Company, a singer-dancer sort of person with three female singers and a small band as his back-up. Until now I wasn't aware of Ben Vereen, but the program notes inform me that he is a famous actor/singer/dancer who has made good in Hollywood and on TV, and has won several awards, including one called "Father of the Year Award" because he has 5 children.

Big deal. I have sired five children and so have lots of other men. How many of us got awards? The mothers should get them.

Mr. Vereen is possessed of a very large and fragile

"As for 58, I'm glad you reprinted the stuff from Bob Tucker's FLAPzine, and I'm all in favor of more."

... Barnaby Rapoport

"You would be wise to cobble together a column from past issues of FLAP bundles. I'm working in the theater again, and am leaving next week (March 20) for two weeks on the road attending a couple of conventions. No time to write anything until April. Bless you for remembering, and asking."

... Bob Tucker • 3/12/91

ego, and he displayed it during his stay on campus. He was displeased with the theater sound system, he was displeased with the theater lighting system, he was displeased with the attitude of some of the stage hands. He may never come back to this campus. I am beside myself with grief at this possible loss. Mr. Vereen had a legitimate complaint with the theater sound system, as it is far from the best. He had no complaint with the lighting system, inasmuch as his lighting director planned it and oversaw the installation. He did have a possible complaint with the attitude of some stage hands. They stared with wonder, and made snide comments, when he strutted about the stage during the afternoon, and went thru a short rehearsal, while his paramour looked on. His lady is a very young, very very shapely false-blond white woman. Mr. Vereen is black.

He didn't seem to realize he was close to the bible belt.

The second show to come to town was a rock group called, at this writing, "Outfield". They are a mixture of British and Canadian performers and, again according to the program notes, have gone thru a number of name changes. No matter. They were not very good, or so I am told by fellow members of the crew who are rock fans. I'm not a rock fan, and I left the stage as soon as the show started to amuse myself in the crew room until their noise was finished. They did have a splendid light show and I was quite happy with helping to set it up; I am always pleased with innovative light techniques and new equipment that I haven't seen or used before.

They had been on the road for only two weeks and hadn't yet shook themselves down, so to speak, so it was an ordeal to pack the truck and ship them out once the show was over. They didn't seem to know what went into the truck first, and how to pack it, so that we spent four hours loading the truck out on the street when it should have taken only two hours at the loading dock. (The loading dock is at the bottom of a steep slope and when a truck is improperly packed the load inside tends to slide toward the open doors. The truck then pulls up to the level street, and we push and carry everything up that slope by hand and pack it into the truck. It is a large pain.)

The next show is yet another rock group, name unknown to me, but this time a female group. I doubt that their music will be any sweeter to my ears. And two weeks after that we will have Julie Andrews in a musical review, a one-woman show. This is a "production show", meaning that it is brand new and they intend to put it all together and rehearse it here before going on a road tour. We have two days of rehearsal, and then one performance before shipping it out into the cold cruel world.

And we've just received warning that a musical, "Cats", is due in next March. A warning, because it is the heaviest show on the road at this writing, and needs about 50 men and women back stage, they are giving us time to round up 50 people with show biz experience. I look forward with mixed emotions.

[11/24/87 • from I Couldn't 'Square Tult • FLAP Mailing #49; December, 1987]

...MAILING COMMENT TO LON ATKINS:

You hardly need another instruction book on writing but I want to mention one that I recommend to all the students in my writing classes and workshops. THE WRITER'S SURVIVAL MANUAL by Carol Mayer [\$14, Crown Publishers, 1982]. It is a basic primer for raw beginners and covers everything except how to sell your book when you are partying with an editor at a convention. It even includes a sample Random House contract. Bear in mind that the students I talk to are far behind you in expertise and savvy: they are high school or university students, or local writing clubs having people who have placed a few poems in Sunday School magazines, or are small town groups who meet and discuss "literature". I give no quarter. I teach point-blank that either you may write to please yourself, or you may write to please an editor and make some money. I don't care which you chose to do, but if you write to please an editor and maybe make some money, you had damned-well better follow the editor's rules. And then I teach them the editor's rules, and follow up with the book mentioned just above.

I think you would be astonished at the number of people who are truly ignorant

of the basic rules. Many of them really don't know what double-spacing is. I encountered one man who single-spaced his manuscript but thought double-spacing was two-spaces between words like this. Another man thought double-spacing was two or three blank lines between each paragraph. My most recent prize winner was a fellow who wrote a gung-ho, blood-and-guts novel of invasion by aliens from outer space incorporating every cliché he has read in the last dozen years, and every cliché he has seen in movies in the last dozen years, plus liberal stealing from Stephen King and Heinlein. Think of THE PUPPET MASTERS, think of THE SHINING, think of that book about children finding evil in the cornfield. (Was it King?) This man rewrote it all, and did so in an unforgivable manner. His manuscript of about 300 pages was single-spaced, with margins so narrow the sentences sometimes ran off the side of the page. And, as an introduction, he included a page of blurbs intended for the editor: in each and every paragraph of that blurb he extolled the merits of his story and then repeated the title with a copyright notice, like this:

THE HORROR FROM OUT THERE (c) by Joe Writer, 1987. A thrilling and amazing story that will grip you in your seat.

THE HORROR FROM OUT THERE (c) by Joe Writer, 1987. A novel unlike every other novel published! You've never read a story like this! Be prepared for a thrill of your lifetime.

...and on and on for a full page of single-spaced blurbs, each and every blurb carrying that copyright notice. I've spoken to the man several times on the phone and I'm convinced this is not a leg-pull, not a put-on. He truly believes what he writes. Geez.

I tell you good people, I earn the fees I charge for reading stuff like this, and for teaching classes of neo-writers.

[1/10/88 • I Couldn't Square 'Tuit • FLAP Mlg. #50; Feb., 1988]

LIFE UPON THE WICKED STAGE: II

I've worked three shows since last November, which provided varying amounts of entertainment for me. (Stagehands are among the few people who are entertained by shows and get paid for it too.) The first was a musical version of PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and on this one, as on the others to follow, I worked the props and special effects department. I used to work in the electrical departments of these shows, in the days when touring shows carried manual switchboards, but nowadays they carry computerized switchboards and these new-fangled contraptions are beyond my knowledge and expertise. If ever a show comes to town with an old-fashioned board I can still split the 220 volts, cheat on the amperage, and properly wire a five-cable board to deliver a show, but alas those boards have gone the way of the buggy whip and the hand-crank Model T.

The PHANTOM show carried three stage tricks that were old hat to me, and one that was new. In one scene the Phantom rows a boat across the stage, picks up the unconscious heroine, and ties her to a stone piling whereupon she promptly bursts into song. Afterwards, a friend asked me how we got rid of all that water in the lake because the very next scene takes place on a dry stage. He wouldn't believe me when I told him there was nary a drop of water in the lake and





[Brad W Foster]

he was fooled by man-made fog rolling across the stage, plus a sound track carrying the muted sounds of oars and lapping water. He was also fooled because the rowboat had no bottom and the Phantom pushed himself across the stage with his feet while pretending to row. The boat itself moved on rubber tires.

The next bit of fakery was common. The Phantom hurls a man off the roof of the opera house. He actually hurls a dummy, and we caught the dummy before it hit the stage with a plopping sound. The third bit of business involved tricky measuring and timing. In the scene, a chandelier falls on an actress standing center stage and crushes her. During the afternoon tech rehearsal we dropped the chandelier to the stage, carefully marked its impact circle with chalk, and then made an X twelve inches behind the impact circle to indicate where she should stand. When that thing drops, the actress drops with it, and during the brief blackout she lifts an edge of the chandelier to roll under it.

The last bit was in connection with the falling chandelier. We hung a real chandelier over the audience, about the tenth row center, and fastened

a trip wire to it. The wire ran backwards into the darkness of a light bridge. We posted a man on the light bridge and he pulled and jiggled the wire to make the chandelier swing and sway over the heads of the audience. Their attention is thus distracted from the real falling chandelier on the stage. I am still mildly astonished that safety-conscious authorities of one stripe or another would allow that. Many in the audience had read the book and knew that the falling chandelier would crush several people in their seats. It could easily lead to a panic.

The next show was a performance of David Copperfield, whose magic show I had worked two or three years ago. It was all new this time and now I know enough about the illusion trade to take my own show on the road. Truly it is done with manmade fog and mirrors. It is also done with stunt doubles who appear to be twins. When you watch a woman vanish into a little box and a moment later pop out of a very large box, the two women are wearing identical costumes and wigs. In another trick a woman climbs into a very large box, vanishes, and when the box is opened three dogs pop out. You would be quickly disillusioned if you were backstage with us and watched us haul the woman out of the box and push the dogs in. This trick, especially, makes very clever use of four mirrors. One of my jobs during the afternoon tech rehearsal was to carefully polish the mirrors to remove every last spot or smudge, lest some sharp eyed member of the audience notice that they were mirrors. Those mirrors perfectly reflect the painted backdrop we were working behind to get the dogs into the box. Well-trained dogs, too. No barking, no sniffing, no piddling on stage.

The third show was an opera about Figaro. It was easy in comparison, and somewhat dull. I did nothing but move tables and chairs off and on stage, hang and take down bedroom drapes, and plant fake flowers here and there. I welcomed the relaxation.

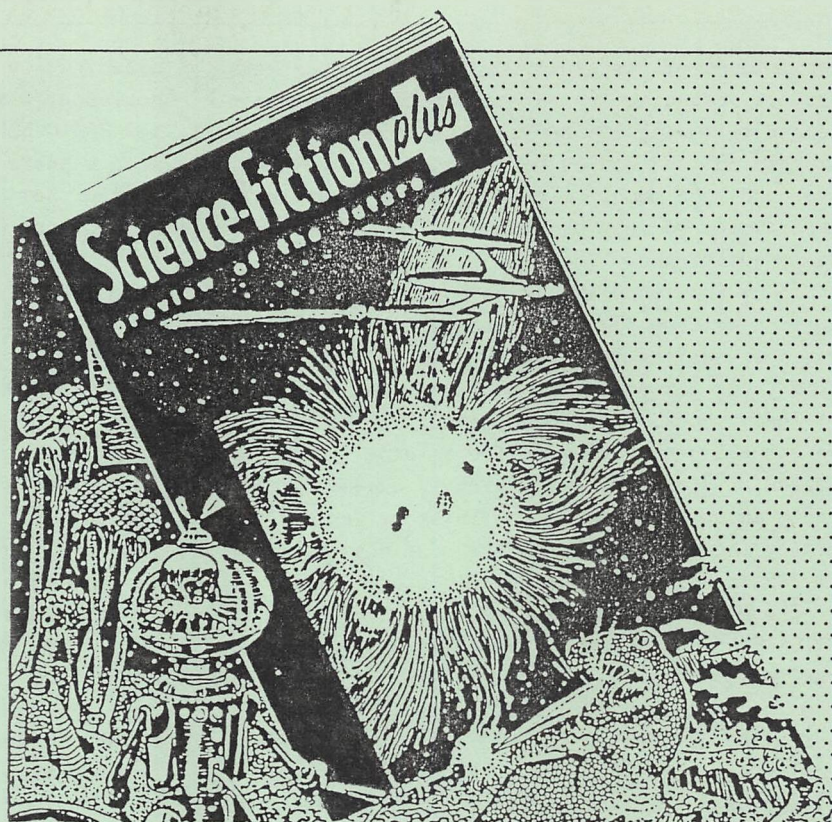
Coming up next week is a rock concert featuring somebody, or some band, named Sting. I don't like rock concerts. Don't expect a backstage report unless he, or they, use fog and mirrors and dogs.

Or unless they spend four acts wandering about the stage while singing about their upcoming marriage.

[...pre-print from I couldn't square it • to appear in FLAP Mlg. #69, April, 1991]

... BOB TUCKER

PROPOSAL AND RESUME THAT CONVINCED HUGO GERNSBACK THAT HE SHOULD ISSUE:



INTRODUCTION

Back in 1953, Hugo Gernsback, the publisher who had the courage to issue the world's first science fiction magazine, AMAZING STORIES, with the issue of April, 1926, reappeared with a new magazine titled SCIENCE FICTION PLUS. At a time when there were 24 other science fiction magazines on the market, all but one of which were pulp or digest-sized, his publication was a standard slick with five-color front covers, two-color interiors, distinctive from all others and a subject of much speculation.

I was Managing Editor of that magazine and though it lasted only seven issues it was redolent with famed names, in addition to that of Hugo Gernsback: In artists, among others, there was Frank R. Paul, Alex Schomburg, Virgil Finlay and Lawrence. Among its authors were Harry Bates, Philip Jose Farmer, Clifford D. Simak, Murray Leinster, Raymond Z. Gallun, Frank Belknap Long, Robert Bloch, Eando Binder, Jack Williamson, Eric Frank Russell, James H. Schmitz, and the magazine discovered and ran the first story of Anne McCaffrey.

I realized at the time I was editing it, that the publication was historically a fascinating episode in the chronology of fantasy magazine publishing and when I left, with the blessing of Hugo Gernsback, I took with me much of the original art work, the magazine records, a substantial portion of the correspondence with the professionals, a good cross-section of the reader's letters, a selection of the intra-office memorandum with Hugo Gernsback and

By
SAM MOSKOWITZ

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other members of the staff, my correspondence with Gernsback preceding the establishment of the magazine and following its demise, the promotion pieces we turned out and copies of the publicity we received and much more. I even insisted on giving a token payment so that my ownership could never be legally questioned.

To my knowledge it is the most complete record of a science fiction magazine ever deliberately rescued from the rubbish heap of oblivion and it is my intention to use it as the basis of a full-length book, fully documented, of the birth, life and death of a distinctive science fiction magazine. Of course, everything is dependent upon being granted enough time to finish my various projects by The Prime Mover before I am hustled off to my Great Reward beyond Social Security.

There are many unique aspects to the SCIENCE FICTION PLUS story and I cannot attempt them until I can follow through on the complete project, but there is one aspect that I discussed with Bill Bowers that has rested in my files for 37 years which is written, which could be published and publication justified on the basis that it is likely the most comprehensive proposal and qualifying resume ever prepared in the history of fantasy magazine publishing and one that was unquestionably effective.

The plans for SCIENCE FICTION PLUS were finalized in 1952 even though the first issue was dated March, 1953. I had several lunches with Gernsback in which he made the initial overtures and as the date of the 10th Anniversary World Science-Fiction Convention (held August 31, 1952 to September 1, 1952 in Chicago, at which Hugo Gernsback was Guest of Honor) approached the matter of my editing the magazine seemed well in hand. On August 31st, Gernsback invited me up to the magnificent suite the convention committee had provided him at the Parker House (the convention was held at the Hotel Morrison) and threw me a curve.

"I have several other executives of my company who are giving me a lot of static about my starting a new science fiction magazine. They are not familiar with the science fiction field and don't know you. They want to see a proposal for the type of magazine you have in mind as well as a comprehensive resume of your qualifications to edit it. I'm sure it's just routine but if you could oblige me with this information for them to examine I'm sure things could go much more smoothly."

Since Gernsback had himself conceived the idea of the magazine and since he had made the first contact with me, this was indeed an unexpected twist. It seemed to me that the Number Two Man of the company was his son M. Harvey Gernsback. He was also the more conservative of the two. The only

other person who might have had input was Lee Robinson, a man who was in charge of advertising for RADIO ELECTRONICS and to whom Gernsback gave a lion's share of the credit for its profitability during that period. Whatever motivated Gernsback's request, he either needed my proposals and resumes to justify the investment in the new property or to actually have me convince others, because he did not understand the modern field well enough to rally the proper arguments.

Whatever his reasons, I was caught between a rock and a hard place. If I did not produce a proposal which reflected his ideas, he would veto the concept himself. If my proposal did not satisfy the "others", they would not agree to it. I also had to be careful in walking that tightrope, not to come up with recommendations I could not fulfill if they were accepted.

If my proposal should prove satisfactory, I then had to submit a resume of my qualifications that all parties concerned were adequate to managing the editorial and production of the magazine or they might accept the concept and reject me!

That brings us to the possible charge by readers of these documents that they are self-serving. To that I reply, they most certainly are. After all, I was now faced with the task of selling a company on producing a magazine that had to be a very expensive production because that is what the publisher wanted! I also had to convince them that I was the man who could do it! That was not to be accomplished by self-effacement, modesty or suggesting someone else might do it better, self doubt or underscoring all the negatives.

There is no doubt that the documents that follow did induce them to produce such a magazine as I proposed, because it did appear and it did convince them that I should be the editor because I got the job. Aside from the content of these documents which cannot be adequately appraised without a briefing on the background of the situation of the science fiction magazine field at that time, which requires a great deal more wordage (which I shall rally when I eventually produce the complete story), the documents should be studied from the standpoint of what approach I took to accomplish my purpose, how I organized my arguments and my general strategy.

On proposals I would like to point out that Gernsback wanted an expensive, slick-paper magazine. I would have settled for the large size but a cheaper bulking paper that would have reduced my costs by one third, but I knew he would never have accepted that. As it turned out, Harvey Gernsback told me many years later that he also opted for the expensive format. Had I bucked them on that there would not have been any magazine at all. What I

wanted most of all was the three-cent-a-word rate and I got that. I wanted it paid on acceptance and I got that. With it I was rate-wise no more than competitive but I counted on my knowledge of the field and its authors to give me the edge and I honestly didn't believe a higher rate would buy me better stories at that time.

As important as the actual proposals themselves, was the psychological impact of my presentation. My magazine proposal was 28 double-spaced pages with breakheads to easily find the various points. It was typed on a new Underwood standard with a very attractive and readable plain face and virtually without a typo. It was stapled in the form of a brochure and I made three copies, the first carbon corrected as flawlessly as the original and the third copy on yellow sheets for my file. I presented Gernsback with two copies, one for himself and the other to pass around.

My qualifications were 21 double-spaced pages in length, done identically in the manner of the magazine proposal and bound separately. What was unusual about my qualifications was that I referred to documentary exhibits to bolster every claim that I made about my abilities, without exception. These I carried into Hugo Gernsback's office in a 25-pound corrugated carton; his son Harvey was with him at the time. I thumped it down on his desk and handed a set of my documents to each. Viewing that ponderous box on his desk, Gernsback with a twinkle in his eye, asked if I had brought my lunch (he had a good sense of humor). "No," I said. "Everyone who applies for a job stretches the truth a little. I have simply brought you proof of every claim that I have made in the papers I just gave you. I'm going to leave it here and you can check it at your leisure."

"And what's this," he asked weighing my two brochures, "your latest novel? Do you expect me to read all this?"

"I went to the trouble of writing it, I hope you'll read it!" I replied.

My psychology was to overwhelm them and it was effective. There was so much they couldn't possibly take the time to check out every fact (and if they had they would have been well satisfied). The amount of material certainly buttressed my claim that I knew the field and had no paucity of ideas.

In my qualifications, since Gernsback had initially approached me, I led off with "Why I Would Accept This Position", not "Why I Hoped They Would Consider Me".

I emphasized my strengths to compensate for my weaknesses. My strength was my in-depth knowledge of science fiction, my weakness was lack of professional editorial experience. I made the point that good general editors were a dime-a-dozen, but

without knowledge of this specialized field they were only suitable for donkey work. The important prerequisite was knowledge of a very specialized field, contacts with the authors and artists, gained wisdom on what was new and fresh in stories and what was old hat. There wasn't anyone available that was an expert in the field and an experienced professional editor. I could easily be taught the technical aspects (and I was!).

Another weakness was the lack of a college degree. I countered by claiming recognized equivalency. I had written a term thesis for a college student that he needed to graduate and it had received an A + and was good enough to sell to a professional magazine, footnotes and all, and I included it with my presentation. I had been guest lecturer on science fiction at New York University and documented it. I was declared a "learned" man by one of the nation's leading educators.

Knowing Gernsback's admiration for scientists I listed three men with scientific degrees as character references, two of whom had sold him stories for his old magazines.

To verify my authority in the field I outlined my collection and even included a photo of it, my listing as an authority on science fiction by the Who's Who people, quotes in the U.S. and abroad proclaiming me as such.

I had written and sold science fiction which meant I was probably competent to do in-house re-writing on manuscripts that needed touching up. I had been a literary agent specializing in science fiction so I knew authors. I wrote columns and reviews professionally so there would be no problem doing that for SCIENCE FICTION +.

I had published a hardcover book as a business, so I understood something about the mechanics of printing.

I knew my science well enough to correspond with Albert Einstein and Fred Hoyle and included my correspondence with them on scientific subjects.

I had organized many conventions, which meant I could handle a staff. I was a good speaker and publicist.

At the same time by being honest, I didn't have to bluff about any phase of the work. They were aware of my lack of knowledge of production and Hugo Gernsback himself, Fred Shunaman the editor of RADIO ELECTRONICS and his wife Angie (the production woman of that magazine) showed me the intricacies of that aspect of the trade. In fact, when I went on to other publications I found few superior at editorial production or at buying publication printing.

In presenting my qualifications for the position, it must be remembered that the year was 1952, 37 years ago, and the credits I listed were those

I possessed at that time. I maximized every "plus". Twenty years later I had to minimize my accomplishments or I would never have gotten a job. In 1972, at the age of 52 I had parted ways with The Cahners Publishing Company where I was publisher and vice president of QUICK FROZEN FOODS MAGAZINE, QUICK FROZEN FOODS INTERNATIONAL, as well as several directories with editorial, accounting, production, circulation and advertising departments all reporting to me.

The position, responsibilities and salary level one gets as a "publisher" is something usually achieved by growth with a single company. It is very difficult to secure another publisher's slot, because the man you are applying to is already the publisher and he is not going to take an over-qualified individual who may be a threat to his own status and authority and who will be unhappy with a cut in salary.

As I was cleaning out my desk at Cahners, I received a phone call from an employment agency asking if I knew a "heavyweight", (that is an industry term for a top, takeover editor) who could handle a staff and the killing schedule of producing a tabloid-sized publication twice a month. Since I had several consultancy arrangements going that were very profitable, I decided to offer my own services at a reduced salary rather than spend possibly months looking for another position. The publisher of this magazine was only 36, so I had the problem of also convincing him that I would be willing to work for a man younger than myself. I wrote a new resume emphasizing only my editorial skills, leaving out entirely my ability to sell advertising, supervise circulation and run the entire show, including purchasing. I played up my experience on a tabloid which I had worked on immediately after leaving Gernsback (tabloids have make-up problems, journalistic techniques and superior headline writing needs quite distinct from a standard-format magazine). I negotiated a salary which though lower than what I was getting was higher than he had ever paid for the position on the basis that my long experience (turning my age into an asset rather than a liability) would enable me to make economies that would more than make up the difference (which I most certainly did). But at no time did I drop the slightest hint that I was skilled in other areas that might threaten him.

Some 18 months later I was lured back to the magazine I had left by Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, in the full publisher's role, to rebuild it, since it had collapsed and been sold after I left. Aside from the fact that the entire magazine science fiction field was depressed after I left Hugo Gernsback and there were few jobs available, within a few years the salary levels I achieved made it impossi-

ble that I would ever be able to accept a full-time editorial job in the science fiction field. However, I did hire and train a long group of science fiction fans as editors, including Arnie Katz, Ross Chamberlain, Richard Hodgins, Andrew Porter, John J. Pierce, Paul Scaramazza, Joe Wrzos, and several others; all but Joe Wrzos who teaches English, have turned the training they received on my magazines into full-time editorial careers. There was one period when there would be as many as three of the above on my editorial staff at the same time and we used to hold inter-office science fiction bull sessions.

In a very real sense my instruction with Hugo Gernsback (who was very good at editorial production) was the catalyst that set me off on 33 very successful years in the publishing business and the proposal and resume that follows were the two documents that ensured the prospect.

... SAM MOSKOWITZ [7/17/88]

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PROSPECTUS PROPOSED SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

PREPARED BY
SAM MOSKOWITZ

WHY TODAY IS THE TIME FOR A QUALITY SCIENCE FICTION MAGAZINE

In Chicago over labor-day week end, the science fiction fans of this country held their Tenth Anniversary Science Fiction Convention. One Thousand science fiction readers showed up from every part of America, from Hawaii, Mexico, Canada, England and Ireland. One thousand! Think of it. One thousand readers of science fiction were interested enough to arouse themselves, spend money and spend three days in Chicago listening to science fiction editors, authors and fans speak on science fiction.

There is a great ground-swell of interest in science fiction today, greater than any time in history. The great progressive steps of science are interesting more people in scientific subjects daily, and when these people reach the limits of what science can tell them about a subject, they inevitably turn to science fiction which takes off from a scientific base and extrapolates one step further.

The science fiction magazines published today, are on the average doing well and making money, but they were unprepared for the tremendous surge of interest. Through the years they have sailed up many harbors without outlets. Many of them are printing science fiction with so little science that they are mere fantasy with a little scientific window-dressing. Others are trying to present detective stories of the future, and of course you can't do that when the killer can always enter the locked room through the fourth dimension. Still others were caught short trying to appeal to the cultists and the borderline-fringe of the population; one group prints western stories on a planet with a rocket ship instead of a horse and a ray-gun instead of a six gun. The best of them have grown esoteric and sophisticated, and present material written cynically with tongue-in-cheek. It was hard-times that drove them up these blind-alleys, and now, with a bonanza literally upon them, they frantically struggle and squirm trying to find a formula that will catch the interest of the majority of the scientificists and permit them to pull far ahead of the competitors in circulation. But they cannot see the forest for the trees. In this time of great potential sales they all huddle about the 100,000 mark or below, still publishing in pulp or trying the digest format.

In Chicago, Raymond A. Palmer told me that during the war years *Amazing Stories* attained a circulation of 175,000. He went in for cultist material appealing to the border-line fringe and the circulation has now dropped to 96,000 and is still dropping. He said that all the publishers were looking for the formula that would enable them to cash in on the wonderful market potential today, but they couldn't find it.

If, even before the atomic bomb and the jet plane there were 175,000 people in the country who would buy a science fiction magazine, what must the potential be today, now that science fiction is stressed in the press, national magazines, radio, television and even staid scientific journals?

On the following pages I have outlined a prospectus of what the science fiction magazine should be like that could be expected to walk away from the hopeless snarl science fiction magazine publishers have gotten themselves into today. It is a complete break, an absolute departure from anything on the stands today. Yet the principles upon which it is built are so basic, so sure, that it is either a publication as described that can establish itself as a big money maker in the science fiction field or there is no such publication.

FORMAT

The eventual details of format of a proposed magazine are often subject to alteration or modification from their original plans by exigencies of time, finances, distribution and practicability. In the case of this proposed new science fiction magazine, details of format are of paramount importance to the success of the magazine and should not be discarded unless there is absolutely no alternative.

1.) It should be a large-size publication, similar to *Radio Electronics* in outward appearance. It should contain a slick or good grade paper stock. Reason: Of the 24 titles in the science fiction and fantasy field today, 10 are digest size (dimensions of *Reader's Digest*); 13 are pulp size; 1 is large size, but is not a slick being printed on pulp paper and slanted at a juvenile audience, so it does not actually deserve consideration here.

The large size would make this magazine unique as the only science fiction publication with a mature slant printed in slick-magazine format. There are many good newsstands which refuse to handle pulp magazines at all, displaying only that class of publications with a good appearance. The large size would automatically place such a magazine on thousands of stands that ordinarily rarely display a science fiction magazine. There are many other stands which handle pulps, but just stack them up in bins, sometimes beneath the display with only the spines showing. The large size would ensure display on newsstands of this category. The digest-size science fiction magazine is often regulated to the same bins as the pulp magazines or mixed in with the pocket books. Its small size makes effective and stand-out cover lettering, illustrations and titling very difficult. In a science fiction magazine it is essential that the provocative nature of the contents be made clear to prospective purchasers, either old-time readers or casual newsstand browsers. The large size offers ample room for effective title lettering, cover illustration and cover blurbs, rendering its sales appeal superior to that of the digest-size science fiction magazine which often is a complete blur at twenty feet. Only those digest-size magazines with the sales force of *Reader's Digest*, able to provide special stands, displays and advertising receive adequate display. The others take their chances.

All the science fiction and fantasy magazines today, both pulp size and digest, with one exception, are printed on varying grades of pulp paper. The one exception is the digest-size *Fantastic* which is only in its third issue at this writing.

It is perhaps unfortunate for publishers of pulp-paper magazines but nonetheless true, that many people judge a magazine's contents by the paper it is printed upon. Today, science fiction is receiving an incredible amount of publicity through almost every medium of news and entertainment dispensation. Many people must go down to the newsstands, as a result of this strong publicity with the idea of buying a science fiction magazine, but change their mind when they find that the only thing available is a cheap, pulpish-appearing type of publication. A large-size, slick paper science fiction magazine could end up the greatest beneficiary of all fantasy magazines of the powerful free publicity science fiction is getting today, for it would be the most likely choice of those influenced to try a science fiction publication.

2.) The price of such a publication should be, if at all possible, twenty-five cents. In publishing a large-sized, slick paper magazine, you naturally are aiming for a much larger audience than any today enjoyed by the pulp and digest-size science fiction magazines. If you were not, there would be little sense in publishing a magazine of this character. One of the prerequisites of a large-circulation magazine is that it be properly priced. Today, many of the digest-sized science fiction magazines are priced at 35 cents, and quantitatively are not worth the money compared to the wordage and illustrations you can get in the pulp-sized science fiction magazines at 25 cents. On the average, though less dignified in appearance, the pulp-sized science fiction magazines outsell the digest-sized science fiction magazines. Part of the reason for this is that today 25 cents is not regarded as a large sum of money, if a periodical interests a newsstand scanner he will not hesitate to pay twenty-five cents if his interest is mildly aroused, but he very often balks at risking 35 cents on an unknown or questionable periodical.

It is understood that a large-sized, slick-papered magazine printed to sell at 25 cents cannot be, due to today's printing costs excessively large. Yet, large, slick-papered magazines like *The Ring*, which appeals to a specialized fight audience, and has a limited circulation is apparently able to subsist as a monthly giving its readers 64 pages of text, high-wordage, a great amount of photographic plates, so little advertising as to discount it as a factor and still retail at 25 cents. It is suggested, therefore, that 64 pages would be sufficient for a starter.

To overcome the thinness of so-few pages it is urged that either a thick paper stock or two grades of varying thickness be used to bulk up the appearance of the publication. Coupled with this it is most strongly urged that there be a title strip on the spine of the publication giving title, date and volume number. There are two important reasons for this. First, a saddle-stitched magazine, particularly if it is thin, gives the appearance of a pamphlet and looks like very little for the money to a prospective purchaser. A title strip on the spine gives the aspect of a bulkier and better value for the money. Secondly, many newsstands with inadequate display space will place excess publications in stacks with the spines showing. If your publication is not fortunate enough to be chosen for display or is left on display for a limited time, it will end up in these stacks. If you have a titled spine, an individual looking up and down the spines of the magazines may be attracted by your title, pull out, examine the magazine and possibly purchase it. Also if the dealer is asked for a specific title not on display he can easily find it. However, if you have no backstrip, there is no hope of selling any copies of your magazine in this way, and you may even lose the sale even when the customer requests the magazine if the dealer cannot easily locate it.

3.) The question of cover-design. Since the all-important title is not known at the time of writing, suggestions must be made with reservations, for the nature of the title may suggest or demand a specific type of cover-design.

Should the title lend itself, I am strongly inclined towards the advantage of the cover design now used on *Radio Electronics*. That design has the following advantages. It permits a cover painting practically free of type and blurbs, yet it leaves ample room on the side strip for any story title and blurbs necessary. The design is modern and neat. The strip down the side is eye-catching to newsstand browsers. The title of the magazine stands out in such a design.

Cover art should be eye-attracting and bright without being cheap or crude. By its very nature the type of material we have to sell is exciting, thought-stimulating, provocative. We should not be afraid to display these qualities and by proper choice of subject matter, arrangement of cover, quality of illustration it can be done in a fashion which gives the reader the impression of maturity and high-level quality.

4.) Type size should be large and easy to read. This is one of the most important selling points of all and one on which I would be least-willing to compromise.

Giving the reader an easy-to-read typeface is a particularly difficult problem in our case since we will have a limited number of pages and yet will want to give the reader a comparable amount of wordage as he can obtain in the average science fiction magazine.

In a magazine such as ours, 75% or more of the pages in the magazine will be made up of solid text. Our situation is not comparable to that of a magazine like *Look* which offers pictures first and text secondarily. Our primary offering to our readers is textual in nature and our pages must be inviting to read. A magazine set in poorly styled or excessively small type (such as is found in *Radio Electronics*) will cause the reader to lose appetite before he has glanced through the magazine. Further there are millions of people in this country with defective vision, millions of older people who will not read a publication with small type. A poor type-size automatically cancels them as prospective readers, they will not even give us a show, much as they might like to. Fiction of any type is read for entertainment. You cannot enjoy reading anything if you are not comfortable. That is why moving picture theaters install air-conditioning, so that the patrons will be comfortable watching the show in warm weather. If they are not comfortable, they will simply not attend. If a reader finds the type-size of a magazine uncomfortable to read he cannot derive much entertainment from the fiction, regardless of how good it is, and will eventually not buy your publication.

I have made a study of every other science fiction publication on the market. The average digest-size magazine offers roughly about 60,000 words of fiction, give or take a few thousand. The best-selling pulp magazines offer about 70,000 words of fiction plus additional pages of departments. It is clear then, that taking into consideration our superior format, if we can offer about 60,000 words of fiction we are on a competitive basis in quantity with the average science fiction magazine.

After considerable study I have arrived at the conclusion that a page set in three columns and using the identical type-style employed by *Blue Book* magazine is the most desirable for our publication. I am enclosing a copy of *Blue Book* with this report and it presents the most readable 10-point type face to be found anywhere. *Blue Book's* problem is also similar to ours. They sell fiction, the bulk of their magazine is made up of straight pages of text, and they have come up with a type-style that is not only eminently readable but allows a maximum amount of wordage. *Blue Book* using their type-style runs approximately 1300 words to a page. This would make it possible to run 60,000 words in 47 pages. If our magazine were 64 pages it would allow 17 pages for illustrations, contents page, editorials, departments, etc., which should be ample.

In striking contrast to *Blue Book's* type face is that of *Radio Electronics*, which though eight point as compared to *Blue Book's* 10 point, and much less readable, only gets 1420 words to a page or 120 words more. It is not worth the difference.

5.) Interior illustrations should all be half-tones. There is no sense in printing on slick quality paper if we are going to present the reader with the same line drawings he receives in a pulp or digest-sized magazine. Since our paper will lend itself we should have all or most of our interior illustrations half-tone and photographic in effect. Since the expense of color is out of the question, the half-tone illustrations will tend to lend a note of class and quality to the magazine.

POLICY

CLASS OF READERSHIP

1.) It is proposed that this science fiction magazine be slanted towards a mentally adult audience. This includes a range from high school students, college students, laymen possessing imagination, scientists and scientific workers on through.

It used to be axiomatic in the field of pulp magazine publishing that the average mental age of the American reader was twelve years old and that the material should be written and slanted so as to appeal to this level. This may have been true before the advent of comic magazines and may have worked then, but let us face the facts. The facts are, that with the exception of the science fiction magazines, the pulps are not just dying, but are almost dead. The people with the average-mental-age-12-years-old now have 450 comic magazine titles to pick from. The children and the low level mentally of the population find that colored picturized comic strips are much easier to read than straight textual pulps; no publisher of pulps is ever going to lure that class of readership back again. If you want to sell to that class of readership don't publish a science fiction magazine, but start issuing comics.

Most of the science fiction magazines in the field now have the writing of their stories at adult levels. That this is the correct group to slant at is indicated by the fact that the science fiction pulps are the only pulps making money. A graphic illustration of the ineffectiveness of the low-level appeal is the case of Out of This World Adventures, a science fiction magazine published two years ago by Avon Pocket Books. They bound a comic magazine inside a pulp science fiction magazine in hopes of attracting this lower mental age audience. They lasted exactly two issues! It logically follows, that if pulp magazines, with the cheap and juvenile limitations of their format, can attract enough readers to make a substantial profit by catering to a more adult audience, a large-size, slick magazine that not only will be adult, but which, because of its paper and format will look adult will attract a much larger percentage of potential adult science fiction readers than pulps ever could hope to.

A MAGAZINE WITH A MISSION

That we are a magazine in the science fiction field with a mission should be our policy. The key-note should be similar to what I stated in my article "The Case for Science Fiction" published in the Winter, 1949 issue of The Arkham Sampler:

"Science fiction has much to offer modern society. Granting a reasonable amount of imagination to the reader it is a top-rank entertainer. In the hands of a competent scientific man, it can become a capsule of sugar-coated science; safe to feed the high school student as an aid to his education. Through its great prophetic vision, it becomes a medium to properly acquaint the public with the blessings of correctly used scientific achievement or with the terrors attending its misuse. No other form could as accurately, dramatically or significantly tell the world of the blessings or devastations that the release of atomic energy

foregatherers. To the youth it can be an inspiration to pursue a scientific career. To the scientist it can point out new goals for achievement or new ideas for exploitation. And to the literary world it can contribute masterpieces which the future will identify with this generation."

BASIC STORY REQUIREMENTS

1.) Every story should be scientifically plausible, based upon sound scientific principles.

2.) The sense of wonder inherent in the attainment of new worlds, new inventions, new social gains and other strong science fiction gambits should be emphasized. Scientific progress is not something casual, but a thrilling and marvelous achievement.

3.) Widest variety possible in the area of sciences used, and types of science fiction run. We will use the interplanetary, in fact, we will bar no sound type of science fiction, but we should emphasize that there are many marvels to be accomplished right here on earth.

While most of the leading science fiction magazines today have adopted an adult policy as far as writing goes, they have neglected the scientific aspect of their stories. The result is that many stories are little more than fairy-tales for grown-ups, and the reader finds it difficult to attain a "willing-suspension-of-disbelief", so essential to the proper enjoyment of the imaginative story. Scientific accuracy is not a policy essential anywhere, and many magazines use a large percentage of out-and-out fantasy. Yet I can supply unbreakable facts to the effect that 75% of all science fiction or fantasy magazines that have collapsed used a large part, or substantial amount of straight-fantasy regularly. Further, only one magazine features weird tales predominantly in this country; that is Weird Tales magazine and that has been losing money for years and has the lowest circulation of any newsstand fantasy magazine.

The facts are that this is a scientific and technological civilization. The people believe in science. They have seen science accomplish many miracles within their life-times and know it not only possible, but inevitable that it will accomplish more. The atom bomb, the jet plane and the miracle drugs, predicted so closely and eloquently in science fiction have resulted in science fiction being adopted as the American fictional expression of the atomic age. When you write a story about a trip to the moon, and tell the reader that it will be accomplished in a rocket-propelled vehicle, he will believe you, because he knows from past experience that such marvels are possible. Therefore it is possible for him to enjoy the story because it does not tax his common sense. Few people today still believe in werewolves, witches, magic incantations, vampires, gnomes, etc.; it is difficult to get them to swallow stories based on these gambits of fantasy. Therefore, the weird and fantasy type story does not sell well in this country. But the science fiction story does, and the better the science the better it sells because the reader wants to believe that what the author is writing about, can and will happen. Poor science kills the illustration of future events that the author is trying to put across.

4.) Writing should be up-to-date, well-done and modern, but not sophisticated unless specifically called for by some angle of the plot.

Not only do most of the leading science fiction magazines today ignore science, but in the

writing of their stories they have encouraged the use of sophisticated writing and flip phrasing and dead-pan casualness with The New Yorker magazine as a model. The result is that their stories have lost all "sense of wonder". In a large percentage of their stories, the action begins in the future, tremendous new advance--when mentioned at all--are treated matter-of-factly, taken for granted. There is nothing wonderful about the premise that someone has invented a space ship that can go faster-than-light. People in the stories riding in such space-ships, drink cocktails, tell clever stories, yawn and even fail to identify that they have flashed past Alpha Centauri, the star closest to our sun. The plot is likely to be about plans to overthrow an inter-galactic empire with civilizations on two million worlds. They might just as well have written a cloak-and-dagger story of the present, it would have been more convincing.

Therefore, the element of curiosity which drives the average reader to the science fiction magazines, the desire to find out what future inventions will come next, how they will effect our lives, what we might find on other planets, what turn future development might take, is side-stepped and the reader does not get what he paid for.

Recently, Standard Magazines which publishes Thrilling Wonder Stories and Startling Stories, two of the biggest sellers in today's science fiction market decided to cash in on the apparent boom and published a quarterly magazine titled Fantastic Story Quarterly, composed for the most part of reprints from the old Gernsback Wonder Stories of 1929, 1930, 1931, 1932 and 1933. Within three issues, this reprint magazine, according to their own editor, outsold both of their regulars. They were at a loss to account for it; admittedly the older stories were not as snappily written as the modern stories, yet they had wider appeal. The editor of those magazines, Mr. Samuel Mines in speaking to me said: "If I could only find out what those old-stories had, that the new ones lack and combine the basic appeal of the old-type with the better writing of the new, I'd be able to run away from the field."

There are only two things the old-style had that the new ones lacked and that was, One: better science in the stories. Two: a tremendous sense-of-wonder communicated to the reader combined with sincerity in the writer's presentation. Recognizing such elements, those are what I propose to incorporate in the stories of this new publication along with better writing. The word "sincerity" receives special emphasis since there is no room in the field for the writer who write with his tongue in his cheek, who does not believe what he is writing is possible. His attitude communicates itself to the reader and destroys the illusion of reality.

DEVELOPMENT OF NEW AUTHORS

The biggest problem facing science fiction magazines today is procuring enough good stories of the type they want to fill their pages. Due to the fact that so many of them want the New Yorker style of writing in their science fiction stories, there are only a handful of writers around who can do it competently and these writers are greatly in demand and sometimes offer their story to the highest bidder. The magazines paying the best rates get first look at all the stories and the rest get the hand-me-downs and second and third-rate writers.

Many of these writers doing the New Yorker type of science fiction have a very good scientific background and could write the type of story we want effectively. Some of them actually got their

start in the old days writing for Hugo Gernsback, but they are not likely to write for us, except as a favor (since I know them all very well). Even if our rates matched the best they would be reluctant, since a rejection from our magazine might leave them without other markets who would use or accept the type of material we were featuring. Therefore, although we could get some support from them, we could not count on enough to regularly fill our magazine with good material.

Due to the very numbers of the science fiction magazines (24), the number of good stories likely to be received through unsolicited manuscripts or through agents is not very large.

There are two main groups of writers we must depend on for our initial draw: 1.) Old writers who were outstanding figures in the old days but who have not been appearing lately. These writers have a good working knowledge of the basic attributes we expect in a science fiction story, but would have to be helped in modernizing their method of writing. 2.) New writers who have appeared, show outstanding talent, but have not as yet been accepted or developed as big names. This is our best field, to take them and train them for our magazine before their output is committed to any one publication and to win their cooperation with the promise that we will build them up in the pages of the magazine.

Our objective is to discover and develop an entirely new group of science fiction writers, trained in our type of material. This cannot be done in two months prior to the putting together of a first issue. It may take years and every device must be used to discover and encourage them. Contests, such as short-story contests are recommended as a means of discovering new talent. Editorials and scientific features should be packed with ideas which potential writers can pick up and develop.

It becomes readily apparent, then, that the majority of our worthwhile material will have to be obtained by direct solicitation. At first this is likely to come mainly from old names who have not appeared lately and new names who have not yet reached the top. As our magazine establishes itself the regulars writing for the other magazines will be drawn to us for prestige reasons. We must be working constantly on the development of new talent which will eventually fill the bulk of our magazine, writing stories and writing them well the way we want them written and the readers like to read them.

REPRINTS

I favor the use of one reprint an issue whenever such a story can be obtained that has never appeared in a nationally circulated science fiction magazine before and where it typifies the type of story we want to feature. Reprints should match up to the standards we want to set.

The advantages of reprints are: 1.) One naturally does not use a reprint unless it is an outstanding story. 2.) It is often possible to get salesworthy names in the field through the purchase of reprint rights. 3.) It makes it possible for us to purchase outstanding stories from abroad that have never been published in this country. 4.) It tends to lend variety and interest to the magazine. 5.) A good reprint is preferable to a weak new story. 6.) Reprints can often be purchased at lower rates, making it possible for us to save and if necessary be in a position to pay more for some new story that we want, without stretching the budget.

SHORT-SHORT STORIES

One of the most difficult types of science fiction stories to write is the short-short length. It is extremely hard to get into lengths under 2,000 words the background material essential to the creation of a snappy climax. I propose to run at least one such story every issue, and on occasions two or three. In addition to reader's entertainment, this is the length in which there is the best opportunity to discover and encourage new writers. No magazine in the science fiction field today makes a policy of running a short-short story every issue though some occasionally use one. It is advisable that a short-short story contest be put on at one time or another to encourage the development of this phase of science fiction. The short-short has the additional advantage of helping to lengthen the number of titles on our contents page, giving the impression of a large number of stories for the money to the prospective reader.

RATES TO AUTHORS

It is axiomatic that you get nothing for nothing in this world. You cannot pay the lowest rates in the field and hope to get the best stories.

The leading publications in the field, Galaxy Science Fiction, Astounding Science-Fiction, and the newcomer Fantastic pay a minimum of three cents a word on acceptance. They will all pay more on special occasions and Galaxy Science Fiction has a policy of paying an author who has over three stories accepted by them a base rate of 3-1/2 cents a word and if they have over six they get a base rate of 4 cents a word.

There are very few science fiction pulps and these include the very trashiest and poorest-selling element in the entire field, who are not ready to pay 2 cents a word for their material. It is a fact that under 2 cents a word it is a hopeless task to maintain a high level of quality or get writers to rewrite and rework material to order.

I recommend that we pay three cents a word to well-known, established writers who can produce our type of material. This will only make us competitive with three other titles. I further recommend that we set a base minimum of two cents a word for any original material. Reprints we shall obtain for the best price we can get. If it should be necessary to pay for any special department or feature, payment will be by arrangement, different for each special case.

In a case where it might be thought advantageous to pay more than our established rate in isolated instances, this shall be done only after consultation with the publisher and his prior agreement to that special case.

In the case of an established author, an author who is known to us, or who has sold us before, payment should be made promptly upon acceptance of the manuscripts.

In the case of an unknown who submits an acceptable manuscript, payment might be advisably held up to publication date or past to guard against attempted plagiarisms. Such attempts are not likely to meet with much success, since I have read the bulk of science fiction stories produced in this country.

Unless we have definite plans, or see a specific instance where we might profit through later use of a story, it should be our policy to buy magazine rights only. It is possible today for a science fiction writer to make more money through

subsequent sales of book rights, pocket-book rights, radio & television rights, movie rights, foreign rights to his manuscript then he made on its original sale. Few leading writers today will offer you a story without stipulating that they withhold all buy magazine rights. It looks better for a company to come right out and make an inducement to the writers of the fact that it will not withhold opportunities for them to make an extra dollar from their stories (especially since it is rarely that a magazine publisher realizes anything substantial from sale of subsidiary rights anyway), then to acquire a negative reputation that will result in writers submitting their stories to us last even though we pay rates comparable with the best.

SCIENCE ARTICLES

It would be desirable for the magazine to carry one non-fiction science article each issue. This article should be written by an outstanding man in the field. The articles should be soundly scientific, yet written in a popular style. Articles should emphasize the exciting future potentialities of whatever science is discussed so as to keep in mood with the stories. Often a straight science article on a timely science in the public eye at that moment can build circulation even better than fiction. Several of the leading science fiction magazines have discovered this and frequently will feature an article on the cover if its subject-matter is sales stimulating. A science article by a prominent scientist lends tone to a magazine and gives it an air of authority and substantiates the impression that its editors are seriously interested in the scientific accuracy of their stories. The ideas in a science article can often be an inspiration to the authors supplying them with fresh ideas. The science article can sometimes be run concurrently with an outstanding science fiction story based on the subject or theme to buttress the validity of the story.

MAGAZINE COMPONENTS

ARTWORK

The illustrating side of science fiction, strangely, is not as competitive today as that of the authors. The majority of the science fiction magazines on the stands today feature illustrations so poor that there is some question as to whether they would be better off without them. Even the leaders seem to regard the art-work of small importance, yet, in science fiction, more than any field I can think of, the covers and illustrations are vital to good sale of the publication. Where the illustrations are good there seems to be no relation between the illustration and arousing the public's interest in the magazine. A preposterous percentage of symbolic drawings are used, which in addition to being poorly drawn carry no message to the reader. It is my view that illustrations should be interest provoking. That they should make the reader want to read the story. Illustrations should arouse curiosity. Illustrations are not to be used as decorations but as salesmen!

The highest paid artist in the field is Chesley Bonestal, whose specialty is making close-ups of astronomical scenes look like photographs. Upon close examination, I found that Frank R. Paul, old-time science fiction artist and still in the employ of Radio Electronics not only could paint or draw these astronomical settings in as pointed detail as Bonestal, but has greater imagination, and is infinitely superior in his handling of color and more scientifically accurate in detail.

Paul also is a master of futuristic cities, space ships, scenes in outer space, alien creatures. His primary weakness is in drawing human figures (So is Bonestal's!).

With Frank R. Paul, and one other artist who can do a reasonably good scientific background, but who is strong on human figures, for such stories as human beings must be shown close up, we would have art-work comparable to the very best of them. I do not anticipate any difficulty in getting necessary artwork.

DEPARTMENTS

1.) Editorial. I do not think it advisable to have the pep-talk type of editorial as a regular thing, though occasionally, when you actually have something to crow about, it serves its place. I think the editorials should be informative and thought-provoking, that they, like the articles, should be a source of ideas to the writers and thought-stimulation to the readers. An outstanding example of the type of editorial I have in mind is Hugo Gernsback's "Our Electronic Universe" which appears in the October, 1952 issue of Radio Electronics. It's important that Gernsback write at least some of the editorials for he is a fountain of new ideas. The first editorial, certainly should be by him, and this need not necessarily be on a scientific subject since the idea of Gernsback returning to the publishing of science fiction is salesworthy enough to be played up. Future editorials may even be guest editorials, prominent writers and scientists asked to contribute a guest-editorial to the number. This could be a prestige-adding factor.

2.) There should be a science digest in the back of the magazine, occupying at least four pages possibly more, listing in brief paragraphs the outstanding scientific achievements made in all sciences the past month. These listed under their scientific headings. Radio Electronics has all the scientific connections necessary to fill such a department with stimulating subjects.

3.) Book Reviews. There should be a column devoted to book-reviews of both science fiction books and books of advanced scientific thought and ideas which should interest our readers. The book-reviews add a literary note to the magazine, serve also to publicize the booming popularity of the field. The reviews of the scientific works will still further add prestige to the magazine. These may often be guest-reviewed by prominent scientists in the field of science they represent. Commercially, the book-reviews are an inducement for both the fiction and scientific book publishers to eventually advertise their books in our magazine. So the book-reviews serve a dual purpose of added information for our readers and a feeler for possible commercial revenue.

4.) Reader's column. Of the 24 science-fantasy magazines on the stands, all but 5 carry a reader's column. There are many arguments pro and con to be made on this point, but I favor a limited

reader's column, not occupying too much space to be included for the following reasons: 1.) It is a gesture in the direction of the active fans, who, though small in number are very loyal and are also of value in getting extensive publicity for the science fiction magazines. Only the very best letters will be published, however. 2.) Through the reader's column, using a reader's letter as a vehicle, a magazine editor may often make a point that would not be prudent for him to state personally. 3.) Sometimes a story or an article receives mail from prominent people. A letter from them in the magazine would lend prestige. 4.) While not a completely accurate one, it is still a helpful guide, if judiciously matched against circulation figures, as to the popularity or lack thereof of certain departments, authors, types of stories, etc. 5.) A reader's column is elastic, can be lengthened or shortened to accommodate editorial space requirements.

5.) Space fillers. Sometimes there is space left over at the end of a page. Kept on hand at all times should be STORY BEHIND THE STORY vignettes from the authors, telling how they got the idea for the story. These can be gotten at no cost, are more interesting than scientific blurbs, and serve as another department.

6.) Announcements of Forthcoming Stories. Important stories or outstanding authors that we have coming up, not only in the next number, but in future issues should be placed conspicuously in every number. These provide interest and incentive for the reader to look for and buy the next issue.

BLURBS

The blurbs to stories should be direct, provocative and informative and not sensational or melodramatic.

PANEL OF SCIENTISTS

Consideration should be given to the use of an idea use in the old Wonder Stories, which consisted of A PANEL OF SCIENTISTS, listed as a board of scientific editors who in theory passed judgement on all the main points and accuracy of the stories published. This, again would be a prestige gesture.

COVER

The name HUGO GERNSBACK should be conspicuously placed on the cover. His reputation has become legendary, and the tremendous ovation he received at the recent science fiction convention at which he was guest of honor indicates that he is liked and respected. This should be instrumental in gaining more readers than any author's story we could run.

Still on the subject of the cover, three words: ENTERTAINING - INSTRUCTIVE - SCIENTIFIC might be run under the cover logo as Radio Electronics runs "LATEST IN TELEVISION * SERVICING * AUDIO." Indicating that science fiction is more than just escape literature.

HUMOR

An occasional story of humor should be run to indicate that we are not long faces and have a little balance.

QUALIFICATIONS
SAM MOSKOWITZ
AS SCIENCE FICTION
MAGAZINE EDITOR

WHY I WOULD ACCEPT THIS POSITION

Mr. Gernsback is the third person in recent years to approach me with an offer to edit a science fiction magazine. I have declined past offers because I did not feel that the publishers stood a fair chance of success, so consequently I was in no great hurry to resign from a good, solid position to accept a cat-in-the-hat.

After a considerable amount of thought, I am convinced that Mr. Gernsback's ideas on a new science fiction magazine as outlined to me enjoys an excellent chance of success and to back my convictions I am ready to leave a position that I have worked at nine years, where working conditions were satisfactory to me and where the utmost harmony exists between me and my employer. If I come to work for Mr. Gernsback it will be at an initial loss, for though my base salary will be the same I will be losing my weekly sales commissions, the cost of commuting will come to four dollars additional per week and I will forfeit a substantial annual bonus at Christmas time. In addition, accounts that I have painstakingly developed over nine years will have to be turned over to other salesmen. I am ready and willing to do this because:

- 1.) I have full confidence in my complete knowledge of every aspect of the science fiction field.
- 2.) Today is the time, if there ever was one, for a new science fiction magazine of the right type.
- 3.) Hugo Gernsback as a publisher would be an asset since he fully understands science fiction, has a great reputation in the field and would understand my problems in this specialized branch of literature.
- 4.) Mr. Gernsback's proposition presents opportunity and prestige.

Publishing a nationally-distributed publication is a serious business. A great deal of money is at stake. The choice of an editor is a very important step. More so in the field of science fiction than elsewhere.

Science fiction is a specialized field. It offers a very unusual brand of merchandise to a very particular audience. You either know the field or you do not. There is no in-between. Good editors are a dime a dozen. Men to read manuscript, correct proofs, make-ready a magazine can be procured cheaply for the price of an ad in The New York Times. Good science fiction editors are rare. All that have existed in history can be counted on the fingers of one hand. My files are piled high with the titles of science fiction magazines that had good editors, but collapsed because the men didn't

know science fiction. Relatively as high are the science fiction magazines that have collapsed or are dying a slow death, edited by men who knew a little about science fiction, who thought that being acquainted with it would be enough.

There are elements present in science fiction stories that are not to be found in general fiction and the stories cannot be chosen and handled like general fiction; there is an entirely different set of standards. Nor will readers of science fiction respond to the selling techniques of general fiction. They require a specialized appeal.

In picking a science fiction editor the most important thing is: **DOES HE KNOW HIS SCIENCE FICTION?** For he can have every other quality of a fine editor, but if he does not know his science fiction he is going to fail!

EDUCATION

I am a graduate of Central High School, Newark, N.J., class of June, 1938. That is as far as my formal education extends. Beyond that, I am self-taught to an extent that places my actual learning as comparable to that of a college graduate. This is no idle boast and I present the following facts for confirmation.

1.) On May 7, 1949, Robert A. Madle of 1366 East Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., an acquaintance of mine who was familiar with my background, wrote me and in desperation asked me to write a college thesis for him, circumstances having placed him in a position where he could not complete one on schedule himself. I had less than two weeks to complete this in my spare time including all research, compiling a bibliography and special reference cards. The subject was: "How Accurately Did Fiction Predict Atomic Energy". Due to my wide reading and my vast scientifically-arranged book collection, I did not have to leave my room for research. I had the thesis to him in four days. It received an "A Plus", an extremely rare mark at Drexel University, Philadelphia, Pa. and was termed "a fascinating account, mechanically perfect." Without any changes whatsoever this thesis was sold to and published by Science Fiction Quarterly and appeared in the November, 1952 issue as a collaboration. Enclosed is Exhibit 1, two letters from Robert A. Madle soliciting the thesis and another informing me of his success with it. Also included is Exhibit 2, a copy of the magazine in which it appeared.

2.) Max J. Herzberg is the literary editor of The Newark Evening News, New Jersey's leading newspaper, former principal of Weequahic High School in Newark, former member of the board of education, the author of 40 standard texts in use in high schools throughout the country. His educational achievements occupy a full half page in WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA'. In an article titled "Science Fiction a Cult", which Mr. Herzberg wrote and which appeared in the April 13, 1947 issue of The Newark Sunday News he refers to me as: "a learned and enthusiastic Newarker." The dictionary defines "learned" as: "Possessing great knowledge acquired through study." Mr. Herzberg can tell an uneducated man from an educated one and he knows the proper meaning and usage of words. Included is Exhibit 3, a copy of this clipping.

3.) On Dec. 13, 1950, at the invitation of New York University, I lectured a class there that was making a special study of book-collecting and bookselling for two and one half hours on the history of science fiction, and needed no notes. Enclosed as Exhibit 4, is a copy of Stefcord dated 1/6/51, a weekly newscard devoted to flash news in the fantasy field which reported the lecture.

CHARACTER

I have been employed in my present capacity as a Route Salesman-Driver for The Hazel Specialty Co., 919 So. 18th St., Newark, N.J. for a full nine years, ever since I was honorably discharged from the army where I served with the 610th Tank Destroyer Battalion. I have carried on all of my science fiction activities in my spare time.

I do not drink.

I do not smoke.

I do not gamble.

I have never been arrested, not even for a traffic violation.

I have never been involved in difficulties with women.

I have never been touched by even the breath of scandal.

I have yet to miss my first day from work.

Character references who will verify all of the above:

1.) Dr. Thomas S. Gardner, 155 Jackson Ave., Rutherford, N.J. Dr. Gardner is America's leading Gereontologist, co-discoverer of one of the Tuberculosis drugs at Hoffman-La Roche and president of The Anti-Ageing Research Foundation.

2.) David M. Speaker, 19 Wittelsley Ave., East Orange, N.J. Mr. Speaker did a great deal of the experimental work on radar, has manufactured medical equipment to order and is at present employed by the Emerson Radio and Television Corp in N.Y.

3.) Dr. A. Langley Searles, East 235th St., N.Y. 66, N.Y. Dr. Searles is a Prof. of Chemistry at Columbia University, N.Y.

Hints as to an individuals character may often be ascertained in published statements. On page eight of The Science Fiction News Letter, Bob Tucker in discussing a controversial financial situation which existed at the New Orleans Science Fiction Convention in 1951 said: "In mid-September, a special convention issue of James Taurasi's Fantasy Times appeared, containing the Moskowitz report noted on the previous page. Knowing his trait of persistence and satisfied with his honesty, we discarded our own figures in favor of his. Until the New Orleans group publishes a closing record, we may accept the Moskowitz report as one which reflects as accurate a picture as can be obtained." Included as confirmation is Exhibit #5.

SCIENCE FICTION AUTHORITY

It is generally acknowledged in the field that I am one of the world's greatest science fiction authorities. I have been reading and collecting the literature more than eighteen years. I have one of the finest libraries of science fiction ever compiled and the only scientifically arranged such reference library in the world. It is composed of:

1.) Every science fiction or fantasy publication ever issued.

2.) 3,000 volumes of the most outstanding science fiction and fantasy books.

3.) The largest and most complete collection in the world of science fiction pamphlets, fan magazines, more than 5,000 of them.

4.) Thousands of references to science fiction in publications throughout the world, including science fiction excerpts.

5.) The more important and outstanding magazines and pamphlets are bound professionally in hard covers. There are 500 bound volumes with more being added. No comparable reference library exists.

If you will refer to Exhibit #6, it will show a picture of me with a portion of my science fiction collection used as a backdrop in connection with a news story. This will give you some idea as to the size and neatness of the collection.

PRIVATE BOOK COLLECTOR'S IN THE U.S. & CANADA, published by R.R. Bowker and Co., publishers of Publishers Weekly and Antiquarian Bookman, lists the continent's most outstanding collectors and their specialties. I am listed under Fantasy. This book can be seen at any large library; I am not yet egotistical enough to pay \$20.00 just to see my name and specialty listed. Sol Malkin, Editor of The Antiquarian Bookman, has solicited from me an article on my collection and this should appear shortly in that publication.

The A. N. Marquis Co., publishers of WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA, decided to issue in 1949 a companion volume entitled WHO KNOWS--AND WHAT (among Authorities, Experts and the specially informed). On Page 766, column 2, listing 22 of this volume I am listed as an authority on the "History of Science Fiction", and the only individual listed for that specialty. It reads:

"MOSKOWITZ, SAMUEL. History of Science Fiction. b'20. Student (Weequahic Adult Sch. Newark). Editor and publisher Helios '37, managing secretary New Fandom, International Science Fiction Organization '38 '39 '40; director First World Science Fiction Convention NYC '39. Author: The Immortal Storm, A History of Science Fiction Fandom; The Old Familiar Places --History of Science Fiction Publications '48; Golden Atom '40; History of Prophetic Atomic Energy Stories '45; also articles in the field Pres. Eastern Science Fiction Ass. '46 '47 '48 '49; part owner of The Avalon Co. '47 '48; Fantasy book reviewer Fantastic Novels Magazine '48; Science Fiction League -- Eastern Science Fiction Association--Science Fiction Advancement Association--National Fantasy Fan Federation. Received laureate award by Nat. Fantasy Fan Federation as writer on science fiction '47 '48."

New editions of this book will add to this. Enclosed is a copy of the book as Exhibit 7.

It will be noted that one of the main reasons for my listing as an authority on "The History of Science Fiction" rests with my work in writing THE IMMORTAL STORM, A History of Science Fiction Fandom from the beginning up to recent times. This also contains a history of professional science fiction magazine publications, pamphlets and specialized fantasy book publishing. The size and scope of THE IMMORTAL STORM is so great that it could not be discussed in detail here; however the first 17 chapters, comprising 140,000 words of text were mimeographed and assembled for distribution at the convention in New Orleans last year. So tremendous was the critical and sales return that I have arranged for it to be published by Henry W. Burwell Associates as a cloth bound book. A copy is included as exhibit #8. Typical of the type of reviews it has received is the four page review in the September, 1952 issue of Astounding Science-Fiction. This is included as Exhibit #9.

Whenever and wherever a note of authority is necessary in an article on science fiction, authors have had to quote from my published statements for authentication. Typical of the type of thing that goes on all the time is the article "The Story of Science Fiction's Editors" by James V. Taurasi published in the June, 1952 issue of Other Worlds Science Stories; three times in the first three pages of this article Mr. Taurasi has had to use direct quotes from my *THE IMMORTAL STORM* to make his statements acceptable. Included as Exhibit #10 is the issue of Other Worlds Science Stories containing this article.

I am internationally accepted as an authority on science fiction. In England, the highly regarded Fantasy Review in its June-July, 1947 issue reprints from an American publication my article on the state of science fiction in the world at that time. The introduction refers to me as: "The well-known American critic of the field." In the Spring, 1950 issue of that magazine in an article by Thomas Sheridan titled: "Hugo Gernsback: Pioneer of Science Fiction", there is a lengthy foot note on the bottom of page 6, quoted from my "History of Fandom" evaluating Hugo Gernsback's contribution to the field. A bound volume of Science-Fantasy Review containing these two items is included as Exhibit 11 with two markers indicating the location of the two articles mentioned. This volume is typical of the method and condition in which my collection is kept, other single magazine exhibits being duplicates used to reduce the weight of these exhibits.

In Australia, the July-Aug., 1948 issue of The Sydney Futurian presented an abridged reprint of one of my book-reviews in an American magazine. This is included as exhibit #12.

The examples shown as exhibits are merely representative selections, I could produce dozens more.

LITERARY BACKGROUND

1.) FICTION: I am not an amateur in the field of writing. As far back as eleven years ago I was writing and selling science fiction stories, articles and columns to the science fiction magazines, professionally.

My fiction has appeared in Comet, edited by F. Orlin Tremaine, published by H. K. Publications, Inc., 215 Fourth Ave., N.Y., N.Y.; Planet Stories, edited by Malcolm Reiss, Fiction House Publications N.Y.; Uncanny Tales, edited by Malcolm Colby, Adam Pub. Co., 455 Spadina Ave., Toronto, Canada; Los Cuentos Fantásticos, a Mexican science fiction magazine. One copy of each, containing stories are offered as Exhibits 13, 14, 15, 16.

A short story of mine, "The Lost Chord" is scheduled to appear in the science fiction anthology SCIENCE AND SORCERY to be published next month by The Fantasy Publishing Co., Inc., 8318-20 Avalon Blvd, Los Angeles 3, Calif. This story has the unique distinction of being anthologized in hard covers before it appears in a magazine. It's scheduled to appear in the science fiction magazine Fantasy Book after book publication. All my stories have elicited tremendously favorable response here and elsewhere, evidence of which I can produce on request.

2.) ARTICLES: Of my work in this field I refer you again to Exhibit 2 as a representative example. I have produced and had published on science fiction and related subjects literally hundreds of articles which can be viewed in Exhibit 11 and other forthcoming Exhibits.

3.) LITERARY-AGENT: During 1941 and 1942 in conjunction with my own writing I worked full-time as a literary agent specializing in science fiction and fantasy. Among the well-known science fiction authors I handled were such names as John Victor Peterson, William Lawrence Hamling (now owner and editor of the science-fantasy magazine Imaginatio), Dr. Thos. S. Gardner, Harry Walton, Graph Waldeyer, Abner J. Gelula, James V. Taurasi, Thomas Calvert McClary, Raymond Van Houten, Victor Valding and many others. My markets included Popular Publications, Standard Magazines, H. K. Fly Publications Fiction House, Adam Publishing Co., etc. A large part of the work of this agency included helping my authors with plotting, revision and slanting of science fiction. When Harry Walton hooked up with my agency he was already a big-name selling author in the science fiction field. He handed me five stories which he considered hopeless, which he had been unable to sell anywhere. I spotted the flaws in the stories, convinced him he should make necessary revisions and sold four of the five "hopeless" stories for him, two of them having since been reprinted and anthologized. He subsequently gave me his entire output to handle. John Victor Peterson, had sold three stories to leading markets, was unable to sell. He brought me his work and with a few minor revisions these same stories copped covers on magazines. I know how to handle science fiction authors to get the utmost cooperation from them. I dropped my literary agency in 1942 when I was inducted into the armed services, and except for occasional personal favors for long-time clients did not resume it.

4.) COLUMNS: I have conducted regular columns for professional science fiction magazines. I did two for Alden H. Norton's Astonishing Stories up at Popular Publications. One titled "Viewpoints", a column of author's biographies, and important news happenings in the science fiction world. A second titled: "Fan Mag Reviews", a review of the science fiction fan periodicals that were sent to the office.

In 1948 when Popular Publications decided to again resume the publication of additional science fiction pulps, Alden Norton, now advanced to Associate Publisher of Popular Publications asked me to do a fantasy book-review column for Fantasy Novels Magazine. This column ran the life of the publication and included as exhibit #17 is a copy of Fantastic Novels Magazine for July, 1949 containing one of my columns.

Hundreds of my columns have appeared in the literary science fiction fan magazines, one in particular, "The Time Stream" named after John Taine's famous novel, attaining tremendous popularity.

5.) BOOK PUBLISHER: In 1947 I made one venture into the field of publishing hardcover science fiction books. I contacted a printer named William S. Sykora and arranged to have the book linotyped and printed at cost with both of us to share in the profits. I contacted one of science fictions most famous authors, David H. Keller, M.D. who agreed to wait for payment until such time as the book showed a profit. I cleared rights from eight different companies for his stories with the payment of a single complimentary copy of the book to each original publisher. These complimentary copies later resulted in favorable reviews in publications of these companies, and a serious offer from one of them to reprint the book in pocket book form. This opportunity was lost due to temperament on the part of the author. Advance orders obtained through di-

rect solicitation of science fiction fans, realized solely on my personal reputation 400 advance orders at \$3.00 apiece. This covered all initial production costs. I sold the entire edition in one year, three months, realizing a profit on the book. When circumstances made it impossible for my printer to continue on the same basis, I decided to quit the publishing field rather than invest in production at commercial rates and the expensive necessity of setting up an office and warehouse.

Included as Exhibit #18 is a copy of LIFE EVERLASTING AND OTHER TALES OF SCIENCE, FANTASY AND HORROR by David H. Keller, M.D. Note that I had written a 5,000 word introduction and included as a separate pamphlet a bibliography of Keller's published works. Also refer to inside back cover jacket biographical sketch which verifies points about my activities previously made. Included are several of the many favorable reviews of the volume.

SCIENTIFIC BENT

In my opinion, no man should be hired to edit a science fiction magazine who does not have a strong interest in science. I am not a scientist, but from my earliest days science has been one of my greatest interests and avocations. I realize, very pointedly, that science fiction without a logical scientific foundation becomes a fairy tale or fantasy and as I can prove with facts and figures fantasy does not sell in this country but science fiction does. It is scientific progress that provides the goad of curiosity that sends people flocking to the science fiction magazines. Their interest is aroused and they want to know what inventions will logically come next and how will these inventions influence their lives.

If you will refer to the newspaper clipping that was exhibit #6, you will note that I began reading science fiction as the result of my interest in astronomy. Read the clipping and you will see that I have been in correspondence with Albert Einstein with pointed questions concerning his General Theory of Relativity. I have corresponded on this subject not only with Albert Einstein, but also with Fred Hoyle, author of THE NATURE OF THE UNIVERSE, which presents some of the most daring theories of modern times. I submit, that no individual who did not have a real and overpowering interest in science would take the trouble and make the effort I did to get clarification from the most outstanding scientific minds of today and I submit a copy of my original letter to Albert Einstein, letters from Albert Einstein and Fred Hoyle as Exhibit 19.

In talks, in articles, in actions, I have always fought for maintenance of a solid scientific foundation in science fiction stories. My stand has not always been popular with the editors or even the authors, who would find things so much easier if they didn't have to worry about science. At the Ninth World Science Fiction Convention held in New Orleans in 1951, The Times-Picayune leading Louisiana newspaper in its September 3, 1951 edition highlighted my remarks which were calculated to prevent a still further reduction of the science in science fiction stories. Included as Exhibit #20 is a copy of the clipping.

Life magazine in its issue of May 21, 1951, presented an elaborate write-up on science fiction. It goes without saying that their reporters spent four hours in my room taking pages of notes. Note in the first paragraph on page 134 of this writeup they make a special point of emphasizing that I, along with Forrest J Ackerman of California are the

two strongest influences working against science fiction becoming out-and-out fairy tales. This is included as Exhibit #21.

Typical of my efforts to keep science fiction on an even keel and maintain it in public favor is my article "The Case for Science Fiction" in Arkham Sampler Winter, 1949, which I include as Exhibit #22.

Examine also my article in Exhibit #2 which reveals my clear understanding of atomic energy.

Note especially that my friends given as character references are men of outstanding scientific achievement and in forthcoming exhibits on The Eastern Science Fiction Association of which I am Director, note the preponderance of important scientific names.

ORGANIZER AND PUBLICIST

No man can make an effective magazine editor without organizing ability, the ability to work effectively and cooperatively with his publisher, authors, artists, co-workers and readers. In many cases the publisher has no conceivable means of checking on this vital point.

Since my teens I have led, organized and presented massive and complicated science fiction functions. In 1939 I personally organized a national organization New Fandom to present The First World Science Fiction Convention held in New York City in July 1939. This was a three-day affair with seven sessions and I arranged and acted as Director of this event at which Frank R. Paul was Guest of Honor. So successful was this convention that it inaugurated an annual series of conventions that are being carried forth to this day without any change in the pattern. Time and New Yorker gave that 1939 affair write-ups, the first time in history any important publication had given write-ups on science fiction. Enclosed as Exhibit #23 is a copy of the program of that convention. Note I deliver the key-note addresses on the first two days.

Since that time I have prepared hundreds of small and large conventions and science fiction meetings, with never a failure and with an attention to detail. Note Exhibit #21, the Life write-up features a two-page spread picture of a science fiction banquet, and note that this banquet is produced in cooperation with The Eastern Science Fiction Association of which I am Director and that I supervised and presented the two-day program preceding the banquet. I am seated at the extreme left on the platform.

Twice annually I have been elected and re-elected Director of The Eastern Science Fiction Association which meets in Newark, N.J. since its reorganization in 1945. At this organization I have presented a string of the most distinguished scientists and science fiction writers to be found anywhere. Enclosed as Exhibit #24 is a sheaf of clippings and announcements that reveals the high caliber of our programs and why well known figures in the science fiction field are anxious to be seen and heard at our meetings.

Our functions do not perish in the dark, and speakers at our gatherings often find that excellent publicity precedes and follows them. Typical of the numerous write-ups our club has received is Exhibit #25, a six-page write-up in Harper's Magazine for September, 1946. No. 26: a write-up in the Sunday News for Jan. 14, 1951. These write-ups are unsolicited, but as sure as death or taxes they follow our meetings. When we had Arthur C. Clarke, British interplanetary flight authority, author of a best-seller, book-of-the-month club selection on that subject, Reuters News Agency flashed a story

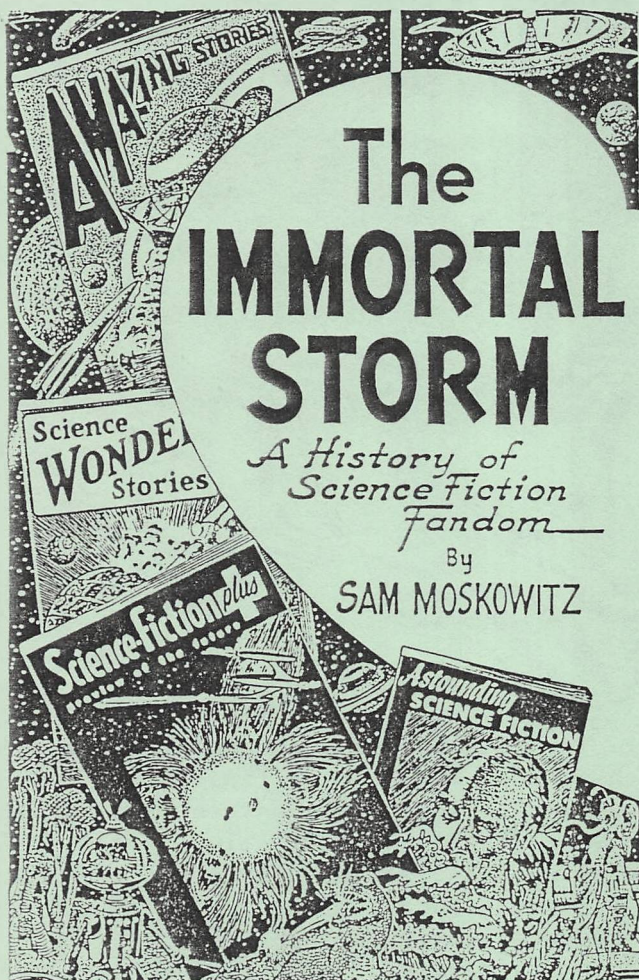
to the British Empire and all ships at sea.

One of the reasons for the attendant publicity is the fact that I am an accomplished speaker, veteran of 23 years before audiences and am able to express myself concisely, forcefully and audibly. This talent is valuable in creating good-will and publicizing any ventures I may embark in. Note ref-

erences to me as a speaker on Page Four of Exhibit 5, Exhibit 20, and Exhibit 25.

My activities summarized above, prove beyond any reasonable doubt my ability to organize detail and gain the cooperation of people about me and to gain best public advantage from affairs engaged in.

--- SAM MOSKOWITZ ---



Sam Moskowitz

I would be remiss if I didn't acknowledge that the 1988 reprinting of THE IMMORTAL STORM did appear from HYPERION PRESS [45 Riverside Ave., Westport, CT 06880]. Several of you have wondered as to its availability; those who've read it, particularly those who are Sam's contemporaries, can be sharply "divided" in their opinion of the work. Nevertheless, it is the record of SF Fandom in the 20's & 30's, and one of the cornerstones of any essential fannish library. This edition was produced for libraries; it is well-made. It is a facsimile-reproduction of the 1954 ASFO edition, but the physical size was increased, to make the text more readable. I'm not sure of the price, but you should query Hyperion; Sam reports that copies of the First Edition were selling for \$95. at Nolacon II. Only 200 copies of this edition were printed; it's still available...but probably won't be forever.... Consider this your notification!

...two other essentials, for your fannish library: "Edited by Terry Carr with some last-minute assistance from Robert Lichtman" -- INNUENDO #12 has finally been published! Terry, Benford/Demmon, Warner, Katz, Susan Wood, Perdue, Coleman, Perry, Carol Carr & (of course) Carl Brandon. [\$6. postpaid from Jerry Kaufman, 3618 Linden Ave. N., Seattle, WA 98103; note CoA]

BEYOND THE ENCHANTED DUPLICATOR... / ...TO THE ENCHANTED CONVENTION, by Walt Willis and James White; illustrated by Stu Shiffman. [From Geri Sullivan, 3444 Blaisdell Ave. S., Minneapolis, MN 55408-4315; Standard Edition: \$6.; Special Mimeographed & Autographed Edition: \$15.] The sequel to the 1954 Genuine Classic...

BILLY WOLFENBARGER

PLEASE SEND A BIO



[Alan Hunter]

45 years now. This canning season he'd been working & working & much more of the same -- finally got four days off -- where he'd long since gotten used to watching the shadows of wheels and cable lines and a seemingly endless array of all sizes of tin cans filled with beets & corn & carrots (each in its own order) and the more bulky shadows of large cracked spiderwebworked oak posts in the cannery basement, all where the loneliest hours & leagues of hours had to be filled with his own abrupt & temporary phantasies.

Then today he'd begun the raking of sodden October/November leaves, finished a somewhat thin section, then thought of chopping wood before the rain came again. The wood chopping, at last, began to slow him down. But at least for now the wood box was filled, with other pieces waiting. Yes. Waiting. He was waiting for something too, whatever it was -- he supposed it would come to him. There was still so much yard work to be done.

So he got into the raking of leaves again, finishing off two large sections of wet lawn, and trying to keep his mind clear. He knew subtly he was waiting for something that might happen or show itself at any time. It wasn't happening now. He picked up an empty cardboard box near him in the front yard. Feeling the thin weight of it in his hand, he looked up at the grey sky with its greying light. Apparently the rain wasn't

gaing to begin again for a while, and he had the time now to get all the rake-piled leaves off the grass.

In bare hands he scooped the leaves into the box, then carried it past the side yard to the backyard & garden; the garden would need this mulching. He dumped it out at one corner, where the raspberry vines ended. He stood looking out across the sodden garden area and recounted the thirty-one pumpkins he'd harvested yesterday & had put into one wormlike row. They were changing colors before his eyes; greyness-sky had already begun its slow churn into dusk, and shadows were filling up the yard everywhere; the strands of his black hair and the leaves stirred in the wind.

He left the pumpkins on their own.

Then he eventually finished gathering & dumping at that deepest & loneliest time when the darkness becomes complete.

Inside the house again, he built a slow, careful fire in the fireplace. He ate a stone soup stew & finished up a cold cup of coffee. A look at his little pocket watch said he had three hours before Miami Vice, so what in the hell to do but wait for that something to fill these moments of his life he'd been waiting for growing into his idle thoughts, his abrupt and stilted imagenings.

The phone was ringing, ringing.

"Hello?"

But it was no one from Chicago or Albuquerque or Venice or Neosho or Morgantown or Tuscon or Albany or San Antonio or England, it was a very wrong number. He wanted to slam down the phone, but he didn't.

At what seemed like long last the something came to him, as he sat in a warm black chair and staring at the nothing of a grey wall as he turned on lamps' light with a flick of a finger. And rain came tapping, tapping on the roof and then across his windows. It was still too early to check the fire. And by this time all the vagrant shadows had leapt away with the light. He was waiting for tomorrow's mail. They were his poems.

... BILLY WOLFENBARGER

undated; envelope postmarked 11/14/88 • 612 words

FROM AN UNSLEEPING SLEEP

This house I'm in
resonates
the finality of quiet

The sounding gestures of the world
(world around me)
are at rest

The only compass I have
through the dark
is a however dimly lit collection
of brain cells
for a vast passing through the dark
with a light on from another room
to see the words with, to find
my coffee cup, & my 4 a.m. voyage
through the zone of a "timelessness"

Bummed out all day
I had no one
with which to help me celebrate
my literary anniversary,
31 years of published writing,
& the one I love couldn't make it,
couldn't communicate, & it
felt like so many other of my
literary anniversaries, where any
"celebration" goes on only
inside my head, into the interior
of my mind, & my heart keeps beating
out the poems of life anyway

But I did the best I could

The only "real" moments of celebration
was when I bought a book of stamps

All the rest hollow, after 31 years

And, finally, at last, I lay
my body down in a bed for sleep
where eventually dreams of my
far away love tumbled through my head
& flowed one

dream of Us after another, a
surrealism of fantasies &
reality-checks
& a quiet calmness came over me
took over at last, finally
with a surity beyond any doubt
of our love for one another

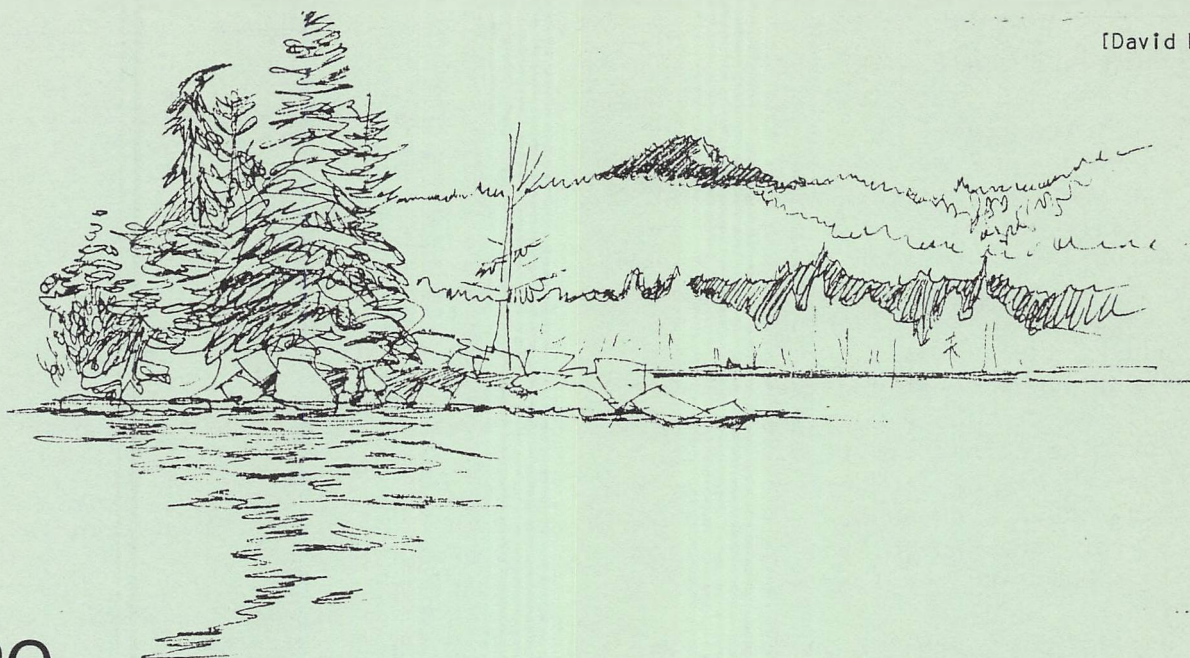
And I knew
with absolute assurance
thoughts & feelings
can vibrate with astounding resonance
to the ends of this earth

So happy anniversary
to myself with written words

February pre-dawn chill
across my shoulders,
wearing a blue shirt & black sweater
in a Northwest eternity
where future days & nights will pass
as in a chain unbroken
until its length
is long enough, its circle
large & complete enough.

____BILLY WOLFENBARGER

Eugene, Oregon
6th February, 1991



the
grapes
have
come home
to roost
and the
father's
teeth
are
on edge

david r. haugh

Rick Strunck would have never discovered the meaning of true relief, if it hadn't been for Sam 'n Ella, the flagellation twins.

Things had been slow in Drain. Rick, who'd lost his job cleaning up roadkills, had been out of work for six months. The kids were beginning to get restless and Mabel, his wife, had just about had enough of a house husband.

Mabel's job at the local extension office of the community college was a god send. Not only did it help bring in money, it got her away from Rick for awhile. As a matter of fact, things were getting so tense, that Mabel had taken to disappearing every Tuesday night for a few hours always on some mysterious errand.

Rick asked her once where she was going, but Mabel had told him in no uncertain terms that she wanted some time to herself. This was shortly after he had tried out a scheme to grow mushrooms for profit in the hall closet. Not only had he smelled up the house, but the spores had gotten loose, and in Oregon's damp climate, started growing as shelf fungi around the skylight in the kitchen.

Embarassed to admit that he didn't have anything to do, Rick had started to call himself a writer. He figured that writers really didn't do anything but sit around most of the time looking at a blank piece of

"I hadn't really finished with
"Mid-Life Crisis", and to coin
a phrase, this is the rest of
the story."

... D.R.H. 11/88

paper. You know, waiting for inspiration to hit. So he pulled out his oldest daughter's portable, stuck in a piece of paper, and typed "Make Big Bucks with Your Pickup Truck". After he typed in cleaning up road kills, ideas ground to a halt. The house was a pot at low boil, and it was getting sticky around the edges.

After Rick had been run out of the post office for making a nuisance of himself, he began hanging around the Midlife Crisis Bookstore and Delicatessen. This lasted for a couple of weeks, until the owner Niel, to stop Rick from reading all of the magazines on the shelf...he kept wrinkling the covers...suggested that there must be something that he, Rick, could do with his time.

"Rick, don't you have anything to do today?", this from an exasperated Niel who'd just seen a new copy of COSMOPOLITAN get a big fold in the middle of the cover.

COSMOPOLITAN was one of Rick's favorite magazines; he liked to look at the women in their liberated lingerie. Mabel wore ankle length nightgowns and robes. As a matter of fact, Rick hadn't seen Mabel without her clothes on since their last child was born. Maybe there was something in that. Anyway, Niel was still trying to get rid of Rick.

"Didn't you tell me that you used to play the guitar?"; this time there was a "Um humph" from behind the magazine. "I learned to play at 'My Mother's Knee' and other joints." Rick had put down the magazine and moved over to the pastry counter, "what makes you ask?"

"Sam and Ella said that they were going to start a country and western band. It might be a chance for you to pick up a few bucks." Niel barely control the eagerness in his voice. Everyone knew about Sam and Ella, and their oddities, but maybe Rick's desire for money would move him to go visit.

Niel was lucky. Not only did Rick decide to check out this new idea, but he thought that he'd get spruced up for the part.

He already had the clothes, levi's, faded just right. Boots, and a tee-shirt with "I've Been To Toad Suck Arkansas", printed in big red letters on the front.

What he really needed was a quick haircut. Since he didn't have the money right off, Rick thought that he'd give himself a haircut, but first maybe he ought to practice. To do that, he needed his best friend Alex. After all, you're supposed to help your friends.

Pulling into the community driveway, Rick spotted Alex mowing his lawn. "Hey Alex, what are you up to?" This was to lull him into a false sense of security.

"Just mowin' the lawn", Alex pronounced lawn with a u.

"You know Alex, you're looking a little shaggy around the ears", Rick leaned out of the window of his truck. "I could help you with that."

"How?" Now Alex was getting just a little uneasy. He was always that way when Rick wanted to be helpful.

"Let me cut your hair!"

That's how Alex came to be sitting in Rick's kitchen, a sheet wrapped around his neck, and a buzzing clipper next to his ear.

"Boy, this really looks great." The first run of the clippers had taken off a bit more than Rick had anticipated, but he was sure he could even things up.

"Yes sir, really lookin' good", for some reason the next cut had taken off even more than the first. There was a definite line on the right side of Alex's head.

"Are you sure everything is going all right?", this from a somewhat worried Alex.

"Sure, sure, not to worry", but Rick was worried. Why weren't things working? When Mabel trimmed his hair she always used these clippers. Ten minutes later, the clippers still weren't working, and Alex was beginning to look like a replay of Joe Friday on Dragnet. Dum de dum dum, flat top!

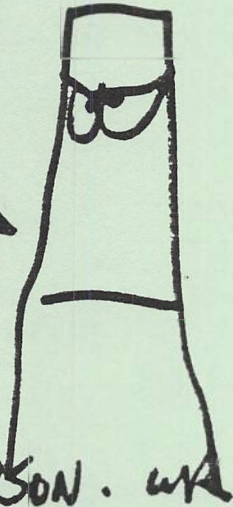
It was about then that Mabel showed up. "What in the world are you doing?"

"I'm giving Alex a trim."

Mabel moved closer to have a look at the clippers, "without the guide?"

All in all, alex took it pretty well, but he did wear his hat a lot, including indoors, for the next few weeks.

Which is how Rick ended up at the community college. Mabel in desperation for



SERIOUS PERSON. WR

[William Rotsler]

Rick to have something to do, suggested that he come in and talk to the administrator about giving classes on the guitar. So far he hadn't been able to get Sam and Ella to let him play with their band, they had said something about, "Having a reputation to maintain."

The community college was actually an extension of the main campus, with classes held in the old offices of a closed mill. Of which there are several in Drain. Driving out one Tuesday night, Rick was surprised to see Mabel's diesel Rabbit sitting in the parking lot. For one, that meant that the car was actually running that week.

It was while he was talking to Ben Sheffle, the administrator, that he heard a sound that would make your blood run cold. From down the hall came a terrible shriek, and not just one, but several, all raised in chorus.

"What in the world is that?" This from a startled Rick.

"Oh, that's just the Jungean Marching and Screaming Society." Ben hadn't even raised an eyebrow. "Would you like to take a look?"

While they walked down the echoing hall toward the now subdued sound of people talking, Ben explained that the local Society met each weekend in a classroom. As part of their meetings, they participated in primal scream therapy. Evidently it really helped to release tension.

Just as he reached the door, Rick stopped frozen in mid-motion. There had been another

scream from behind the door, quickly followed by a chorus of answering sounds. But he had recognized that voice, as a matter of fact, he thought he had even heard that scream before, it was Mabel!

Peering around the edge of the door, Rick saw her, his wife. His Mabel, in the middle of a group of strangers, screaming her head off. How could she?

It was then that Mabel noticed Rick's head peeking around the door. Her scream stopped in mid-pitch, and a look that Rick could only at best, call annoyance, rippled over her face. This was followed by a somewhat forced smile. Excusing herself from the group, Mabel moved toward Rick trailed by a tall, skinny man with thinning hair.

"What are you doing here?" Not a very cordial welcome for a husband. This was followed by an even colder introduction to the tall man. Professor Fritz Whaler, Counseling Psychologist, Parapsychologist, and local head of the Jungean Marching and Screaming Society.

"Would you like to join our little group, and see what we're doing? Your wife has been with us for several weeks now, and has been making excellent progress. She's really much more relaxed now than when she first came." Rick glanced at Mabel who seemed to have found a very interesting crack in the ceiling to look at.

"Sure, what do I have to do?" If it was good enough for Mabel, it was good enough for Rick.

"Well, since you're new, first you just stand in the middle of our support group, and think about all the frustrations and things that are really driving you crazy. Let all your emotions just build, and build. Then, when you think you can't hold it anymore, scream as loud as you can. Don't worry about feeling out of place, your support group will scream along with you." All this time the professor had been guiding Rick across the room to the group Mabel had just left. Rick noticed

that Mabel was staying very close.

"Professor, I'd really like to be in the support group with my husband, does that seem alright?" This from a Mabel who now seemed to have a positive glitter in her eyes that wasn't just reflected overhead lights.

"Certainly. Rick, you just stand here in the middle, while we all gather around." Mabel crowded up close to be right up against Rick. Even pushing one of the others to the side in her eagerness to be right in front. "Isn't that nice", Rick thought, "she wants to be right with me."

Rick could hear the Professor's voice behind him. "Alright everyone let's gather around close. Rick just start thinking about your frustrations and the things that have been really bothering you. Let them all build, until you can feel the pressure and the pain, when you can't stand it anymore, scream at the top of your voice. We'll join in."

Standing in a group of strangers, even with Mabel so close was difficult. At first Rick wasn't able to concentrate, but then he began to feel a growing pressure, a tightness in his lower body. A rising pain that was becoming more and more urgent with every passing moment. A pain that was beginning to transcend anything he had ever felt before. Tears began to run out of his closed eyes, and finally when the pressure had passed the stage of being unbearable, he threw back his head and screamed at the top of his voice. A scream that was echoed by Mabel, although her's seemed to be tinged with satisfaction.

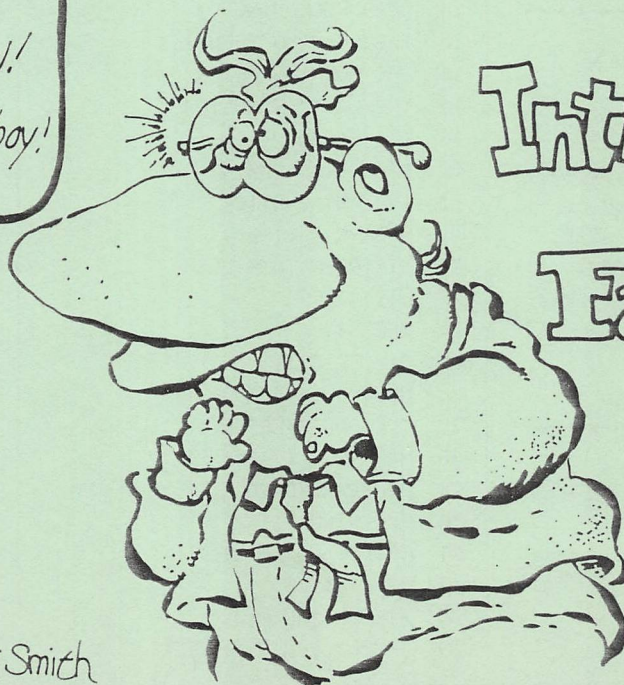
A few minutes later as he was leaving the classroom, still weak on his feet, the Professor asked how he had been able to find such emotion and feeling on his first try at scream therapy?

"Well, actually I wasn't having much luck getting with the idea, and then Mabel started squeezing my testicles."

... DAVID R. HAUGH • 25 November 1988

Rick Strunck first appeared in "The Mid-life Crisis Bookstore and Delicatessen" • OUTWORLDS 58; pg 1879

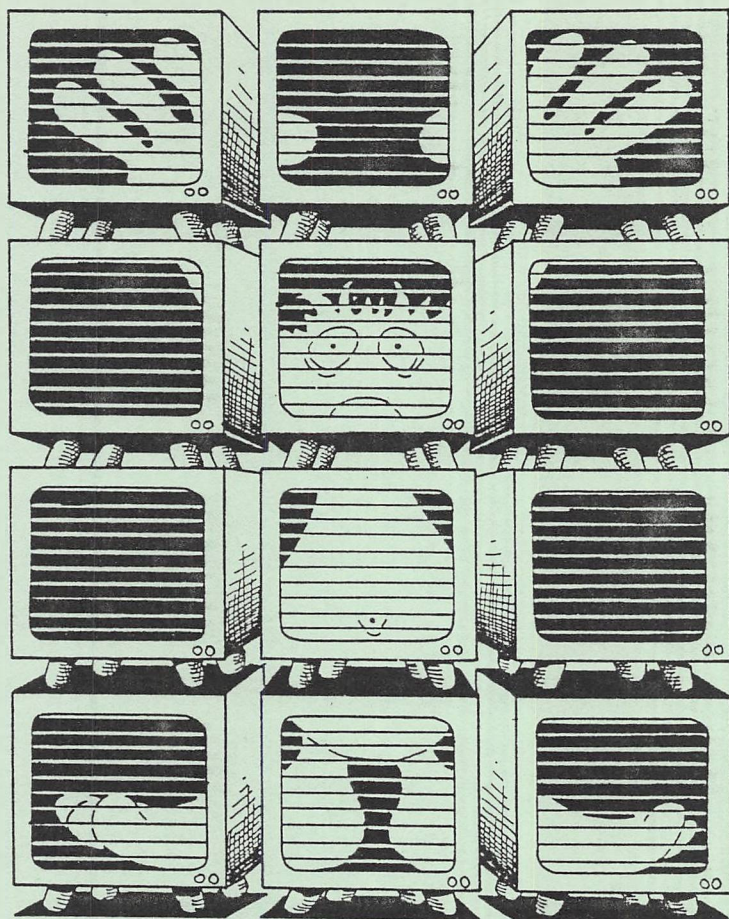
UH....
Goshboywowohwow!
NO....
Ohwowgashboywow!
NO, ~~NO~~!...
Wowiegoshwowboy!
AAARGGGH!!



Intimations
of
Fandom
1923

[Craig Smith]

Craig Smith



[Brad W Foster]

"Thought the guy trapped in the multiple TV screens might come in handy when you talk about tube-watching again!"

... BRAD W FOSTER : [10/13/88]

...AGAIN, LISTMANIA

...being, simply, a "list" of uncut movies I've watched. The last time this particular perversion surfaced was in OW55, covering 1985, 1986 & 1987. Once again, I seem to be three years behind....

1988

- 1 HEAVENS ABOVE
- 2 WISDOM
- 3 HOT TARGET
- 4 PLAY IT AGAIN, SAM []
- 5 CRIMES OF THE HEART
- 6 A FINE MESS
- 7 BLIND DATE

- 8 NO MERCY
- 9 BLACK WIDOW
- 10 MANNEQUIN
- 11 THE BEDROOM WINDOW
- 12 BAJA OKLAHOMA
- 13 DEAD OF WINTER
- 14 DEAD RECKONING
- 15 THE ROARING TWENTIES
- 16 THE MORNING AFTER
- 17 THE LAST OF SHEILA
- 18 KEY LARGO
- 19 STARSHIP REDWING
- 20 INSTANT JUSTICE
- 21 MADAME X (1966)
- 22 STRIPPED TO KILL
- 23 LIZ
- 24 THE HIT
- 25 SILVER CITY
- 26 ANGEL HEART
- 27 THE HOUSEKEEPER
- 28 MADAME X (1981)
- 29 PROGRAMMED TO KILL
- 30 THE WIND
- 31 TWIST AND SHOUT
- 32 52 PICK-UP
- 33 WITCHBOARD
- 34 SIMPLY IRRESISTABLE

- 35 THE TRACKER
- 36 FATAL ATTRACTION [3/29/88]
- 37 LIGHTYEARS
- 38 HOOSIERS
- 39 SHAKER RUN
- 40 THE DARK PAST (1948)
- 41 JUMPIN' JACK FLASH
- 42 FIRE AND ICE
- 43 FERRIS BUELLER'S DAY OFF
- 44 SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL
- 45 MAKING MR. RIGHT
- 46 REUBEN, REUBEN
- 47 NUMBER ONE WITH A BULLET
- 48 HOUSE OF 1,000 PLEASURES
- 49 PRETTY KILL
- 50 SUSPICION (1988 remake)
- 51 EXTREME PREJUDICE
- 52 LOOSE SCREWS
- 53 THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (75/UK)
- 54 THE GOOD WIFE
- 55 ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (1943)
- 56 CROCODILE DUNDEE II
- 57 PREDATOR
- 58 DIRTY DANCING []
- 59 WILD AND BEAUTIFUL ON IBIZA
- 60 CERTAIN FURY
- 61 THE 4th PROTOCOL
- 62 THE BELIEVERS
- 63 OFF THE WALL
- 64 OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE
- 65 VENDETTA
- 66 BLACKOUT
- 67 SWEET REVENGE
- 68 LAURA (1944)
- 69 L'ANNEE des MEDUSES
- 70 BURGLAR
- 71 BATTLE CIRCUS (1953)
- 72 APRIL FOOL'S DAY
- 73 THE FAR COUNTRY
- 74 MALONE
- 75 THE BARBARIANS
- 76 CALLING NORTHSIDE 777 (1948)
- 77 LIGHT OF DAY
- 78 13 WEST STREET (1962)
- 79 LAURA (French; 1980)
- 80 PANIC IN THE STREETS (1950)
- 81 UNDER COVER
- 82 FIRE WITH FIRE
- 83 HARRY AND THE HENDERSONS
- 84 ARABESQUE
- 85 SLOW BURN
- 86 SUPERMAN IV:
THE QUEST FOR PEACE
- 87 REBEL LOVE
- 88 THE LOVES OF A
FRENCH PUSSYCAT

89 NO WAY OUT
 90 THE HOUSE ON 92nd STREET (45)
 91 THE FRINGE DWELLERS
 92 ONE CRAZY SUMMER
 93 23 PACES TO BAKER STREET (56)
 94 ROLLING VENGEANCE
 95 RIVER'S EDGE
 96 SPECIAL DELIVERY
 97 GOTHAM
 98 THE BEST
 99 THE BIG EASY
 100 KANDYLAND
 101 ROBOCOP
 102 CLINTON AND NADINE
 103 THE PICK-UP ARTIST
 104 WILLOW
 105 DOWN TWISTED
 106 PATRICIA
 107 THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS
 108 HIGH SIERRA
 109 GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT
 110 WISH YOU WERE HERE
 111 NEAR DARK
 112 IN A LONELY PLACE (1950)
 113 SURRENDER
 114 BARFLY
 115 THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK
 116 BUTCH CASSIDY & THE
 SUNDANCE KID [3]
 117 RAISING ARIZONIA
 118 FULL METAL JACKET
 119 MAID TO ORDER
 120 DATE WITH AN ANGEL
 121 SEPTEMBER
 122 A MAN IN LOVE
 123 SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME
 124 THE RUNNING MAN

1989

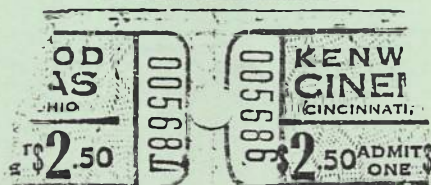
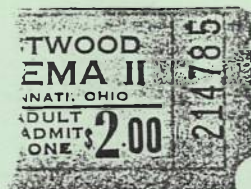
1 SABRINA (1954)
 2 OVERBOARD
 3 WALL STREET
 4 THE ALIENS ARE COMING
 5 WHAT'S UP DOC?
 6 STAKEOUT
 7 THE SECRET OF HIS SUCCESS
 8 STEEL DAWN
 9 DOWN & OUT IN BEVERLY HILLS
 10 CLOSE ENCOUNTERS ()
 11 THE MAN WITH BOGART'S FACE
 12 WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE ()
 13 THREE MEN AND A BABY
 14 NUTS
 15 IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE (54)
 16 VIBES

17 FOUL PLAY
 18 KRAMER vs KRAMER
 19 RETURN TO SNOWY RIVER
 20 GOOD MORNING, VIETNAM
 21 RAINMAN
 22 MOONSTRUCK
 23 PLATOON
 24 FLETCH LIVES
 25 FUNNY FARM
 26 ARTHUR 2: ON THE ROCKS
 27 TUCKER
 28 STAR TREK V:
 THE FINAL FRONTIER
 29 WHO FRAMED ROGER RABBITT [2]
 30 TRAVELING MAN
 31 INDIANA JONES &
 THE LAST CRUSADE
 32 BEETLEJUICE
 33 A FISH CALLED WANDA
 34 THE EGG AND I
 35 MY STEPMOTHER'S AN ALIEN
 36 GORILLA'S IN THE MIST
 37 BATMAN [2nd: 11/28]
 38 HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS
 39 GHOSTBUSTERS 2
 40 JAWS
 41 SWAMP THING []
 42 THE GREAT OUTDOORS
 43 CINDERELLA
 44 STAR TREK II:
 THE WRATH OF KHAN []
 45 PUNCHLINE
 46 THE KISS
 47 ANOTHER WOMAN
 48 SHAME
 49 COCKTAIL
 50 MISSISSIPPI BURNING
 51 A TOUCH OF MINK
 52 BIG BUSINESS
 53 ALIEN NATION
 54 PILLOW TALK
 55 UNCLE BUCK
 56 COCOON: THE RETURN
 57 THE MAN WHO FELL TO EARTH []

58 AFRICAN QUEEN
 59 DIE HARD
 60 TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT [2]
 61 DETECTIVE STORY (1951)
 62 GARGOYLES
 63 BACK TO THE FUTURE: Part 2
 64 FATAL ATTRACTION [2]
 65 CRISS CROSS (1948)
 66 FOR PETE'S SAKE...
 67 THE ACCIDENTAL TOURIST
 68 BROADCAST NEWS
 69 DIRTY ROTTEN SCOUNDRELS

1990

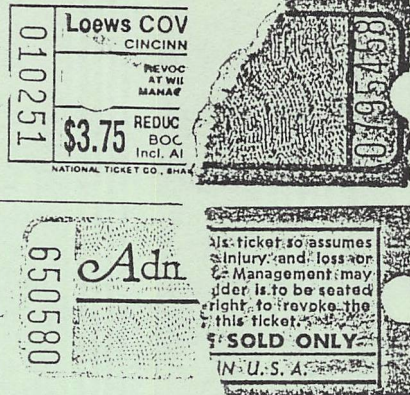
1 DIE HARD [2]
 2 TWINS
 3 WORLD GONE WILD
 4 SWITCHING CHANNELS
 5 TALK RADIO
 6 HEATHERS
 7 BILLY ROSE'S JUMBO
 8 FRESH HORSES
 9 HOUSE OF GAMES
 10 A TIME OF DESTINY
 11 THE SECRET OF MY SUCCESS [2]
 12 THE GAME IS OVER (1966)
 13 ASYLUM EROTICA
 14 SHADOW OF A DOUBT
 15 BATMAN [3]
 16 RUTHLESS PEOPLE [2]
 17 SCARFACE (1983)
 18 RAIN MAN [3]
 19 THE PRINCESS BRIDE [3]
 20 THE BIG SLEEP (1946) [2]
 21 BEYOND THE LIMIT
 22 DIRTY DANCING [2]
 23 PARENTHOOD
 24 HEAVY METAL [2]
 25 THE CHEAP DETECTIVE
 26 THE FRONT PAGE (1974)
 27 BEAT THE DEVIL [2]
 28 INDIANA JONES: LAST CRUSADE [2]
 29 NATIONAL LAMPOON'S
 CHRISTMAS VACATION
 30 LABYRINTH [2]
 31 GHOSTBUSTERS 2 [2]
 32 THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS []
 33 LOCK-UP
 34 LADY BEWARE
 35 FIVE EASY PIECES [2]
 36 NEW YORK STORIES
 37 SCROOGED
 38 BEACHES
 39 GROUND ZERO
 40 MIDNIGHT RUN



41 MARRIED TO THE MOB
 42 DISORGANIZED CRIME
 43 THE HUNT FOR RED OCTOBER
 44 RED HEAT
 45 WIZARD
 46 RED KING, WHITE KNIGHT
 47 THE IMAGE
 48 BIG
 49 LICENCE TO KILL
 50 PARENTHOOD [2]
 51 WORKING GIRL
 52 HOOSIERS [2]
 53 A VIEW TO A KILL [2]
 54 OCTOPUSSY [2]
 55 HER ALIBI
 56 TANGO & CASH
 57 ALIENS []
 58 THE LIVING DAYLIGHTS [2]
 59 JOE vs. THE VOLCANO
 60 TURNER & HOOC
 61 FIELD OF DREAMS
 62 HONEY, I SHRUNK THE KIDS [2]
 63 BATTLE CIRCUS [2]
 64 TOP GUN []

...herewith, a month & a half gap

65 SCROOGED [2]
 66 STAR TREK V: [2]
 67 DEAD CALM
 68 DRIVING MISS DAISY
 69 SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL
 70 BY DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT
 71 TOTAL RECALL
 72 ABOVE THE LAW
 73 THE BIG HEAT
 74 HOW I GOT INTO COLLEGE
 75 DICK TRACY
 76 ROBOCOP 2
 77 BIRD ON A WIRE



78 LEVIATHAN
 79 FRAMED
 80 COBRA
 81 TEQUILA SUNRISE
 82 CRIMES & MISDEMEANORS
 83 SWEET LIES
 84 GREMLINS 2: THE NEW BATCH
 85 SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES
 86 INTO THE FIRE
 87 WHEN HARRY MET SALLY
 88 THE HUNTER
 89 EL DIABLO
 90 ALL'S FAIR
 91 PHYSICAL EVIDENCE
 92 THE NAKED CITY
 93 THE PERFECT MATCH
 94 DIE HARD 2: DIE HARDER
 95 A TIGER'S TAIL
 96 BULL DURHAM
 97 BACK TO THE FUTURE: Part III
 98 PRETTY WOMAN [2]
 99 HENRY & JUNE
 100 THE HOT SPOT
 101 BLACK RAIN
 102 SEX, LIES & VIDEOTAPE
 103 PRESUMED INNOCENT
 104 HAVANA

...a Listing, of LISTmania's....

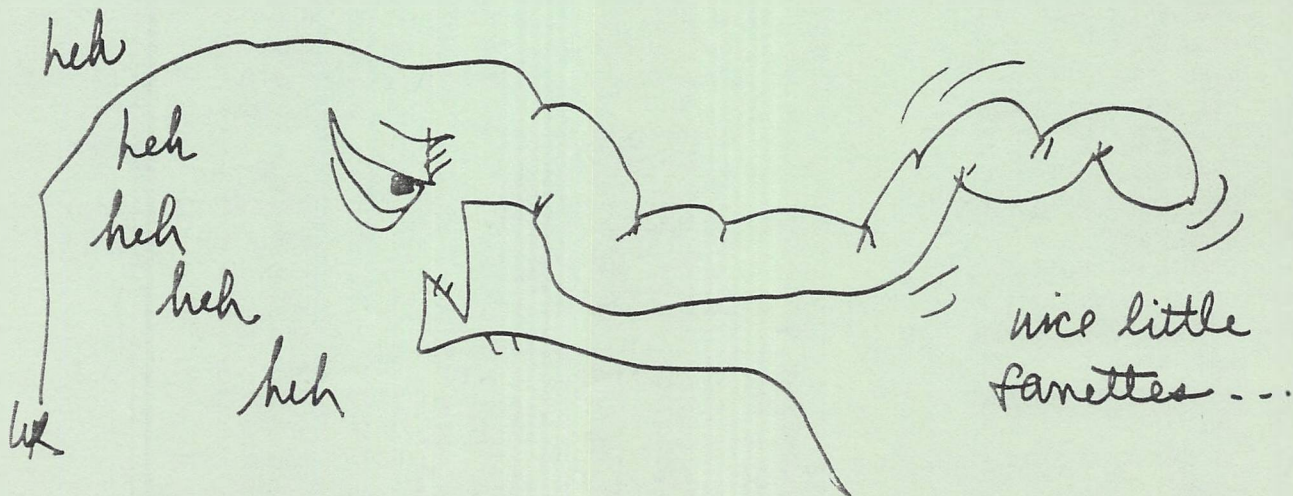
"LISTmania" [OW39 • 7/10/84]
 * 1982 : 43 movies
 * 1983 : 139
 * 1984 (first half) : 112

"LISTmania Strikes Back"
 [OW43 • 1/24/85]
 * 1984 (2nd half) : 113-215

"The Revenge of LISTmania"
 [OW55 • 3/25/88]
 * 1985 : 160
 * 1986 : 177
 * 1987 : 163

"Again, LISTmania" [OW60]
 * 1988 : 124
 * 1989 : 69
 * 1990 : 104

.....
 The Feeble Rationale: I was brought up without television, comic books, or movies. When I graduated from high school I had seen One movie (something historical, on a school field trip) — and viewed, at most, a hundred hours of television. I've tended to overcompensate...ever since! ¶ In 1983 I acquired a VCR...and cable.... ¶ The Listings for '89 & '90 were haphazard; I was not in 'control' of what was watched very often. ¶ The last movie I saw prior to being "arrested"? #93 — "The Perfect Match". And so it goes... [3/14/91]



[William Kotler]

ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH

...this is also a loc on OW's 55, 56 & 57

(the last one I received).

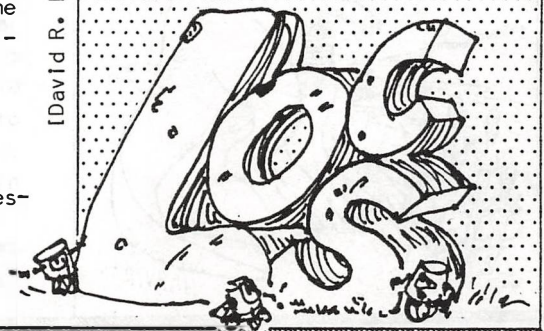
Reading those three OW's one after the other served to confirm an impression I'd had for some time, but was always dubious about its truth: The 80's Incarnation is more about people who are in sf fandom, while the 70's one was more about fandom and sf itself. Since I have started getting LAN'S LANTERN (but not actually reading it yet -- my free time doesn't go that far), it will be interesting comparing them (if there is a basis for comparison).

Your experiments with the visual aspect of your fanzines are a constant, though. Since I've always liked this part very much, I tend to be fascinated by it (also, lately, envious: I do have a computer -- only a lowly TRS-80 Mod. III -- but my output is restricted to daisy wheel, like what you are reading now). I must confess that I liked OW even better when it had lots of regular columnists, articles, lettercols with feuds (good cartoon on p. 1862), etc.

But maybe I'm letting my memory distort things: Look at OW 57 for example! It has a short article on Stapledon, a long one on the sfleague tests, and a humorous one on bugs; and the lettercol, though short on hate, is interesting independent of whether you read the issue commented on or know the people involved (some time ago, this wasn't as true). So it seems more a question of quantity: The average OW back then seemed (or seemed in retrospect; I will not try to dig up those early issues!) to have more pages, ergo more articles. If you joined two of today's OW's, maybe you'd have something approaching those early ones?

I guess not, though. The tone of today is different from yesterday's: Looser, somehow.... A thought just struck me: do you suppose, if Buck & Juanita ever get around to another issue of YANDRO, it'll be somehow different, too? I don't know, the way

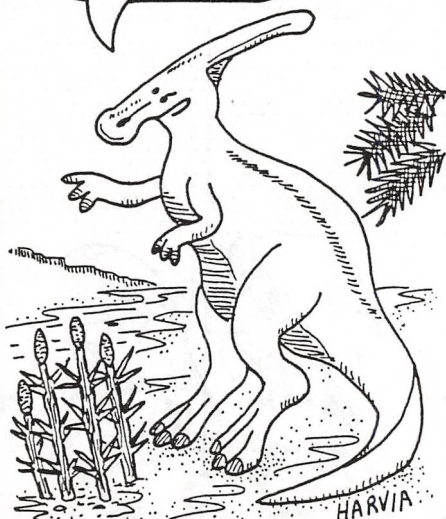
[David R. Haugh]



3/9/91 • "Anyway, thanks for still pubbing OW..." is the way Alexander closed his letter. ¶ I do try...you know! I'm Bill, and I'll be commenting/answering, or whatevering in the skinny/outside columns for the duration of this, my vision of "the lettercolumn as an interactive labyrinth". ¶ The dichotomy between the 70's OWs & the 80's "version", "noticed" here by Alexander, and by Eric Mayer in OW58 [1906] is something I'm aware of, curious about, and resigned to. Just the mere fact of compiling the "listing" of OWs (up front) made the "differences" self-evident, once again. ¶ Why do I have this "feeling" that the 90's incarnation will be as distinctive from the previous two "runs", as they were from each other?

I was up at the Causgrove/Locke abode a couple of weeks ago, when Dave casually asked: "So, did you get the latest YANDRO...?" ¶ No, I hadn't (his was an advance, "contributor's" copy), so I borrowed it. ¶ Yes, it is "somehow different": only 7 pages, and not on yellow paper...however, the "copy" I made from Dave's is....

Is that old fossil still writing letters of comment?



[Teddy Harvia]

this seems to be going, we'll be right in the middle of a Philip K. Dick story before we know it....

[10/9/88]

YANDRO #259 is the Feb. 1986 issue, I think; I'm not sure exactly when it will appear, but I hope sometime in February. It's going to be sloppy looking because I'm in charge of everything this time; Juanita is busy writing. Also because a few pages are being rushed into print because I only discovered yesterday that the company copier is being removed tomorrow, and anything I don't get now has to be paid for. RSC
Published by Robert (Buck) and Juanita Coulson, 2677W-500N, Hartford City, IN 47318-9575.
British Agent is Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. EN11 0QA, England
Price, U.S. \$1.00 per copy. Price, England, 75 pence.
No subscriptions accepted at the present time. I'm almost positive that one more issue will appear; after that, it all depends.

RUMBLINGS



This publication is in the nature of a time capsule. It's not even close to the Feb. 1986 issue, as stated; call it March, 1991, since that's when some hundred copies will be distributed with Tom Sadler's RELUCTANT FANLUS. There are three reasons for this gap. First, Twill-Tone mimeo paper became scarce, and we lost our supplier and could find no other place to get it. I got one issue out on the office copier but then my 'd of its p

BUCK COULSON

From the looks of that lettercolumn, it seems that OUTWORLDS has replaced FAPA as the place old fans go to die.

We enjoyed Tucker's battle with the income tax people of Italy and the U.S.. Juanita had a quite similar one, except that she got her original notarized statement back with a suggestion that if she had problems with her taxes, she should study Bulletin # whatever, and it took an irate letter from her agent to prod the US into accepting and forwarding the correct forms. And did not get a letter of apology. (Possibly they weren't happy with what her agent had called them....) Took something like 9 or 10 months to get the money, minus a 5% Italian tax. Well, you know the East European countries are noted for not paying for stories, and Italy has a large Communist minority.... Juanitia's agent noted that our particular office of Internal Revenue is the worst in the country, and mentioned that Gene Wolfe also has his troubles with them. Tucker is probably going through the same one. Isn't it nice to know that you have company?

I think that Alger brought a hearse full of books to more than one Midwestcon. I know that at least once I was out by the curb in company with several neofans, when a well-dressed gentleman on the sidewalk halted, said with scorn, "You mean you read that crazy Buck Rogers stuff?" and continued on his way. One of the neos muttered "Who was that jerk?" and I was able to inform him that the jerk in question was Isaac Asimov. This was in the days when the con was in Bellefontaine, OH, before Doc Barrett shooed it down to Cincy to save his local reputation. I believe it was the spectacle of Harlan Ellison auctioning off Lynn Hickman's pregnant wife on a downtown streetcorner that was the last straw for Doc. As I recall, his final word was, "I've got to live in this town!"

I've had to re-read sections of THE IMMORTAL STORM for re-search, and I do hope that the next edition will have a more legible typeface. I'd also like to see Harry Warner's second book in hard-

covers -- mine is currently in a loose-leaf binder, which does protect it but isn't ideal.

I doubt that not remembering what one has written has anything to do with writing; it's simply the normal human sloppy memory. I was deeply impressed by two movies I saw as a teen-ager; remembered the titles and plots and actors and all. So we eventually got tapes of both movies, thanks to our friends. And they weren't the movies I remembered! In one case, I obviously associated the wrong title with the plot I recalled, and now I have no idea what the actual title was. On the other, I simply didn't remember the plot correctly. (I may have particularly enjoyed scenes that were cut out for tv, but even so, my memory was at fault.) And I've listened to a lot of other people recalling past glories and getting it all wrong. We all edit

"(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.)"

... Ian Covell; OW58 : 1908

...and I mentioned that, while I do have the "predicted" ASF--I'd never seen the "letter" either... Now, thanks to BUCK COULSON:

For the Analytical Lab:
1. "Dreadful Sanctuary"--- characters and three separately
it. These instruments effec-
2. "Burning Bright"--- control the diathetical evolute
illustrations are as excellent as the attractive temperature phase
story itself. Thence it transfers
3. "Police Operation"--- the anhydrous R.F. nan-
Plenty of Action. Cartier pines into the kryptonastic boll-
tops. oms that are tankered by the
4. "Decision Illogical"--- anhydrous nangling pines (R.F.).
idea but didn't suit me just right. regurgitative purwell can be
Your recent timely article on the end to the supramitive wenel
Endochronic Properties of R.F. The bitumogenous spran-
limated Thiotimoline reminds me. They are maintaindelous inher-
an article I once saw on the om. They prevent the frommager
tions of the Turboencabulator. departing from the operating
seems this machine operates in the peak. The inverse reactive
following manner: is produced by the medial in-
The main unit consists of a tion of magneto reluctance and
fabulated amulite base upon the relative directands. The power
is a securely bolted stator. The been passed through the spiral
winding is of the lotus-o-delta. commutators by means of the
Adjoining the main winding during shaft and into the gremlin
are seven nonreversible tremie which take the large quasi-
which are connected to the stresses from the roffit bars.
eters, by a high tension power here the power may be trans-
spring. The power is trans- ferred to unilateral phase detractors,
rough a spurving bearing to trunions, bariquescent recip-
mbifacient lunar waneshafte ing arms, or any other semi-
enting side fumbling, quite and type power units.
ely. The pentametric fan I have stated this was read in
osed in a sturdy malleable magazine and I claim no original-
hmic casing which prevents of the Turboencabulator. How-
lation of the six hydrocoptic in the light of further scien-
vanes. The forty-one discoveries and personal experi-
ily spaced grouting brushes I believe it entirely feasible
plied steadily with a high re-resublimated thiotimoline
ie mixture of phenylhydro would be secured which would have
ine and five percent remu ability of from --2.437756854-
viiodohexamine. The feeding 7004 seconds to --four and one
rolled automatically by two days depending on the concen-
odulated metapolar-refra tion, solution, weather conditions,

et cetera. There is room for further experimentation in this field.--Dale Bainard, 10721 S. Maplewood, Chicago 43, Illinois.

Hm-m-m---he must be off on another time track. 'Fraid it's not THIS November '49.

Dear Mr. Campbell:

I just finished reading my copy of the November issue and I felt compelled to write in and congratulate you. I have no doubts that this issue will rate tops for the year 1949.

The Rogers cover was even better than the best work he did before the war. Ditto with all the other art work; and the whole mag for that matter. I particularly liked the Schneeman pix for the cover story.

Speaking of that cover story, "We Hail": it was good. I guess that you really showed everyone that Don A. Stuart can still turn out an A-#1 yarn. I rate it the best in a stiff race. It was good enough not to need a photo-finish however.

For second place, I nominate Anson MacDonald's stanza. "Gulf" was not as good as "Beyond This Horizon" but it was darn good, even for R. A. Mac H. I hope that you hang on to him now that you've got him back again. Let's get on with the history.

Third place goes to van Vogt's "Final Command," which was, to my mind, the best short that he has

FOUNDING SCIENCE-PHYSICS 1948 TACKS

111

NOV. 1948 ASTOUNDING

our memories to what we'd like to have happened, some of us more than others. Awhile back I got a letter from a man who had been a fanzine editor as a teenager, though never a particularly well-known one. But that wasn't the way he remembered it; in his memory, he'd been one of the leading lights of fandom in his day. At least, I don't glorify my past exploits in my memory -- though I've done it in conversation a time or two.... [10/5/88]

ALAN HUNTER

...thank you for the safe arrival of OUTWORLDS 57 and the excellent presentation of my two drawings. These unusual, well handled oddities of layout make OUTWORLDS a unique publication. I was equally impressed with the speed of preparation--the issue

...it is still the 9th of March, 1991, and I suppose there won't be a better time to memorialize another slice of my "history" becoming that: history....

I worked ten hours overtime this week--the first overtime since October, and was just starting to feel good about things like getting to Corflu...and getting this issue "out"... I should have known.

The infamous Tabakow-Locke/Causgrove-Bowers 1978 Buick is officially Beyond Repair. *sigh*

I came out of work at 6 last night, and "fed" it its weekly dose of oil, while my co-workers vanished after a 10-hour day. Then it wouldn't start.... The AAA tow truck finally got there about eight, and by the time it was towed and I took a cab to the POBox to get my check it was nine when I got home.

This morning I got the News -- a thrown rod & the timing belt. The mechanic, who I trust, said a new engine would be cheaper; I said forget it.

When I bought it from Jackie & Dave, in November of 1982, it had (as I recall) 60,000 miles. Earlier this week it was just shy of 170,000. I got my money's worth....

I've arranged a ride to work and the bus stop is literally in front of the house, so I'll make do, albeit with inconveniences.

...so much for avoiding explaining the FIWOL bumper sticker!

R.I.P.; a lot of memories!

done since "Vault of the Beast." I still like "Slan" as his absolute best, by the way.

Lester del Rey comes in with a very close fourth. "Over the Top" is even better than his "The Stars Look Down" and that other one about the doctor in the Atomics Works. Del Rey almost nosed van Vogt out but I liked that twist at the end of the A. E. van Vogt story.

How a yarn as enjoyable as "Finished" by an author of de Camp's stature managed to be only fifth choice proves that the competition was keen. Incidentally, how about an article by de Camp?

Theodore Sturgeon is another of my favorites. I genuinely regret that I have to condemn his "What Dead Men Tell" to last place. But even this yarn was way above average. Why don't you have him write another "It"?

Both of the articles rate highly. But then I suspect that most of your readers share my weakness for articles by R. S. Richardson and Willy Ley. Now we all know that the galaxy is full of planets and that magneticity will be running the world in fifty years.

Not content with such a superlative issue you added the icing on the cake with your announcement in the "Times to Come" department that January would see the first installment of Dr. Edward E. Smith's latest epic. A new series, eh? Him-m-m, you intrigue me no end. I wonder what the good doctor has

dreamed up this time. I ward in anticipation. Vixen despite all of his detractors towers head and shoulders above most of his fellows.

I would also like to put two cents worth concerning the matter of size. I favor you back to the Annual size. A. Fiction has improved steadily you re-enlarged it.

There is another point eleven years ago you sold your cover paintings for dollars each to the first winner. How about a repeat on this? I would be tickled pink to see I am afraid that ninety per cent of your readers will feel the same.

Before I close, I would offer you my congratulations on the splendid job you are doing on ASI's sister magazine. You more than restored it to its standing. I'm happy, also, that you've gone back to *Unknown* instead of *Outworlds*.—Richard A. H. University Club, 546 Delaware Avenue, Buffalo 2, New York

*Think of all the vitamins
in those bugs could...*

Dear Mr. Campbell:
Re: Biosynthesis of Vitamin

Mr. M. Diner in the *Journal of Brass Tacks* referred to the British investigation of

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE

reached me on July 28th, yet it contained a letter I had written on July 7th. Allowing for the postal delays in each direction, that was quite remarkable, and certainly the quickest response I have ever encountered from any publication.

When faced with such exemplary behaviour, I must make abject apologies for my delay in acknowledging OW. Most of the blame must fall on our postal service, which decided to go on strike for three weeks, creating a backlog of seven million undelivered letters.

The Science Fiction League Tests pre-date slightly my earliest introduction to the science fiction magazines. Nevertheless, I found Robert Lowndes' presentation and comments most interesting. It also made me feel, even at age 65, that I am not the oldest s-f fan around. Keep up the good work. [10/4/88]

...I do have fun arraying the art which you and others grace me with. And it is nice to hear from the artists reassurance that I haven't alienated them with some of my more "creative" uses of their work. ¶ Thish makes a major dent in my horde; more...?

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NEXT ISSUE ON SALE NOVEMBER 15, 1949

AST-1M

11 October



David R. Haugh
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Woodburn, OR 97071



Outworlds
c/o Bill Bowers
1874 Sunset Ave #56
Cincinnati, OH 45238

Dear Bill:

Received "Outworlds 58" a couple of days ago...thank you very much. The only trouble is now I'm going to have to say something better than "I liked it.". Bob Lowndes managed to raise my guilt level on the quality of my response. So, "I liked it because...", the art work fit the words... particularly both of Steve Fox's drawings. The 1930ish style robot on the contents page caught the feel of a style of illustration that you don't see much anymore. I also liked his illo for "Beard Mumblings", although the small lizardish creature on the right near the moons (?) didn't quite fit. And, as always, Bill Rostler said a lot with an economy of line. I also got a chuckle out of the window sticker by Craig Smith. As for my own work, I wasn't satisfied with it, and I hope I've enclosed some better material for you with this letter.

Words, lots of words. Well, "I liked them because...". First, let me thank you for keeping the words big enough that I could read them without getting a new prescription for my bifocals. Second, I felt proud to have my words included with Moskowitz, Tucker, Lowndes and Billy Wolfenbarger. As a matter of fact I got so hyped, that I've started another piece that I'll try to send along in a couple of weeks or so. The working title is the "Jungean Marching and Screaming Society", based on a real life incident. Yes sir, proof that life is really stranger than fiction.

And as always there were the letters. While I don't have a comment on each and every one, I assure you that I did read each and every one.



DON FITCH

It's nice to get an OUTWORLD (58) of manageable size — I seem to recall them as being Monstrous & Daunting.

Sam displays a (to me) unexpected talent for humor in the Asimov Introduction, while utilizing his well-known glass-lined-well memory.

Haugh's story about the dead rabbit is Delightful — are you sure it wasn't written by Chas. Burbee? ...No, of course it wasn't; Burb would've concentrated entirely on the final page — the Story itself.

Bob Tucker? Of the Tucker Hotel Empire? Why isn't he drawing plans for Fannish Clubhouses, now that so many fanclubs can afford their own building?

I'm pleased to see that Billy Wolfenbarger's still writing good poems.

And now I realize why I'm dissatisfied with this loc--my comments fit precisely into Lowndes' first category -- "I liked it." -- and I really don't feel comfortable & satisfied unless I've contributed more than just a warm feeling. Oh, well...perhaps next time.

The LetterColumn: It's neat to encounter something like this letter from Charles D. Hornig -- thoroughly fannish writing from a fan who was active before I was born, and who has been (substantially) gafia since before I started reading sf. And, to judge from his letter, that gafiation has been fandom's loss.

Faned are little different from ordinary people in their enthusiasm for Toys, and old fanzines often contain a considerable amount of verbiage concerning the editor's typer and duplicating equipment (be it Hekto, Ditto or Mimeo), new or recalcitrant. One would expect a similar concentration in modern fnz of Word Processors (this is a brother WP500, and cuts stencils well), Computers, & Programs -- if nothing else, a convenient topic when the writer wants to fill space and can't think of anything important to say. There may be a significant difference, though -- the old Toys were comparatively simple mechanical apparatuses; communication about them could be completed in a rather brief time & with a small specialized vocabulary. These new Toys seem to be almost infinite in number and complexity, and have generated a vocabulary so complex that it cannot be picked up by the outsider from context. Indeed, the Computer Universe often leads to such full-time participation that it precludes the building-up of that body of communal background knowledge which is probably an essential part of (our) Fandom. (I rather suspect that Computerism is most attractive to the sort of people who, in our fandom, were SerCon, concerned mostly with Ideas and Technology rather than with human elements, & who decided that sex and science fiction don't mix.)

As a Neo, Chas Baden might well have found a Worldcon such as LACon II so overwhelming that he didn't get much out of it. He might find LosCon (over the Thanksgiving weekend) a bit underwhelming. (I do, mostly because it generally lacks any substantial number of fanzine fans or out-of-area fans.)

Looks as though I'll have to buy some back issues--so many fascinating things are being talked about in this lettercol. At a Con in ...Kansas City, was it?, I found myself in the midst of a sort of Psychic Explosion (or Fusion or Fission Reaction) involving members of APA 50 -- a scene I didn't in the least understand then (or now), but something like that in connection with the most brilliant fans of an Era needs to be understood.

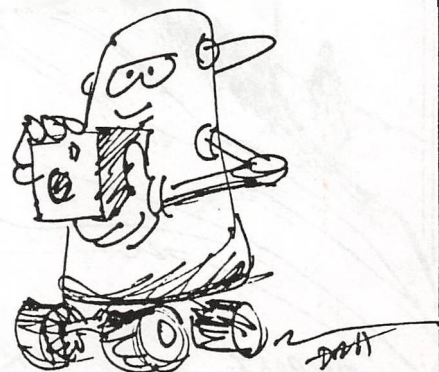
I'm not sure I agree with Milton Stevens that "publishing somebody's love letters after they are dead amounts to academic ghoulishness". Sometimes, yes, but if the smarmy/entirely interpersonal emotional portions are deleted....sometimes young people (and even older ones) in love communicate deep feelings and attitudes with a directness, honesty, and intensity which can help greatly in illuminating their more formal professional writings.

Jodie Offutt's Computer Virus piece has been copied and posted at LASFS, where many people have chortled over it -- including such nowadays-typical members as the one who said, "Offutt ... Who's he?" *Sigh*

...well, Don, there's nothing wrong in "contributing" "just a warm feeling" -- that is as much the currency of fanzine fandom as anything else! And you've certainly contributed more than that, in any event....

When I replaced the 1969 Selectric in 1984, I bought a Sears Electronic Communicator III which unlike the "I" (of which this loaner from Leah & Dick is an example), and the "II" (Dave & Jackie have one of those) -- which were renamed Swintec's -- turned out to be a Brother... So I acquired several Brother printwheels and, when it came time to get a daisy wheel printer for the discounted Kaypro One, I naturally went out and found a Brother printer. I still have most of the printwheels and should it come to pass that I don't get back my Toys, maybe I'll investigate one of the Brother WPs. It's unlikely I'll be able to swing a "real" system anytime soon, and while the fringes are nice, all I really need is something that will sort into columns of varying widths -- and spellcheck!

....hope you received & enjoyed the back issues!



[10/8/88]

Chris Sherman
P.O. Box 990
Solana Beach, CA 92075

July 1, 1989?

Dear Bill;

As a good friend of mine likes to say, "I must have a huge dick, considering the number of times I've stepped on it..."

I'm in a moderate space/time warp this morning, realizing I started this letter nearly a year ago and have yet to finish it or send it to you. Today it will be done. No promises of continuity, however. Text in italic is being written July 1. Non-italic was written at various times during the previous year. The letter has also been written on three different computers. Currently, I'm sitting out in my back yard hoping to catch a glimpse of the Exxon Valdez as it is towed into San Diego for repair. I'm working on my new laptop computer, which is a delight. Fonts, etc., provided by WordPerfect 5.0, and an HP LaserJet printer. These machines keep getting better. I'm convinced I'll become a faned again when I can do a complete fanzine on the computer and simply fax copies to everyone when it's ready to go. Until then, though...

The problem with your strategy of waiting to send contributor copies of OW after the primary mailing is that we now have less time to respond before the next issue is published. Also, I got this strange sense of "duja vey" (I hadn't been there before) when I got a card from Sheryl commenting on my OW55 loc two weeks before actually seeing it in print. This of course convinced me that the Post Office had a case of confused identity again, and mistakenly thinking it was the IRS decided to withhold a portion of my mail. On the other hand, it is nice to get a personal note from you with the ish.

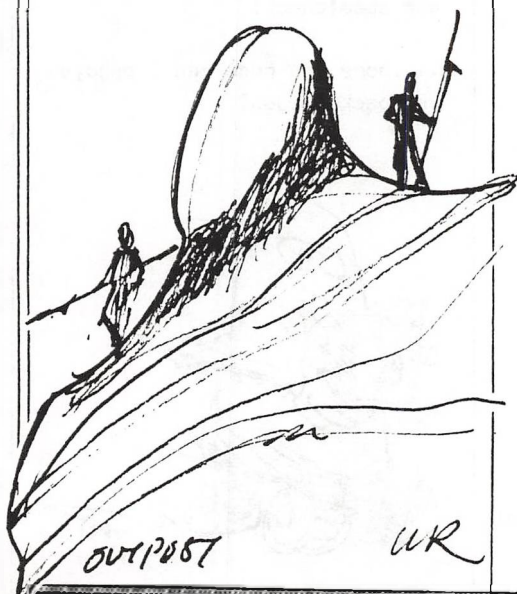
I like the layout of this issue a lot, particularly the bas relief effect you created on the edges of each page.

I'm having a hard time loccing this issue. I greatly enjoyed reading it, and have kept it as a "coffee table" item for a few weeks. There it sits, alongside The Atlantic, The New York Review of Books, The Christian Science Monitor, Harpers, Digital Audio, Keyboard, The Videodisc Monitor, and True Buthole Surfer Stories. Even with this diverse representation, people gravitate to OW. It's a mind-sink.

Skel's loc struck a resonant chord, for entirely obscure reasons. I brew my own beer too. Our techniques are undoubtedly similar (though I'd like to see a brief description of how he does it and the "level" of brewing he undertakes), but reading about his anticipated weekend activities really made me realize how entirely different individuals can be -- even two who plan "identical" activities for a weekend like loccing Outworlds and bottling homebrew.

My weekend began on Friday evening, meeting my friend Randy (who had let himself into my house), changing quickly into bathing suit, and driving to the beach, stopping by the liquor store to pick up two six packs of Coors (in cans -- bottles prohibited on beach), and some beef jerky. Walking down the steps we see that the water temperature is 70°, but the kelp harvesters have been at work and the water is full of shit, the beaches littered with rotting sea grass and swarming with sand flies. We have a few beers, and race into the water anyway.

It feels great. The waves are perfect, carrying our bodysurfing forms 30 yards or more before dying out in a jacuzzi-like cascade of bubbles. As the sun drops closer to the horizon, I'm reminded of Harry Warner's



comments about planetary bodies and the scene in Kim Stanley Robinson's Icehenge where a guy bodysurfs through liquid methane. At times like this there is a connecting thread through everything, it seems.

At sunset we wait in vain for the green flash, then race home for a quick hot shower then a trip to the market to buy a sirloin steak and a trip to Julie's. We eat dinner and party well into the night (a bottle of Stag's Leap 1984 Cabernet Sauvignon warming our souls as we eat and listen to the newest compact discs we have acquired this week) (God... if I didn't know better, if I wasn't intimately familiar with the extremes of decadence this describes, I'd swear this would read as quintessential yuppie-like behavior...).

Larry's comment that I sound detached is accurate in more than one way. The whole early APA-50 scene, culminating with the '76 worldcon in Kansas City, was an amazing firestorm of emotion and "coming of age", or perhaps it was "coming of arrgh". I gafiated fairly soon after that period, attending an occasional con and locking a fanzine or so. I still feel somewhat distanced from fandom.

I'm going to wrap this up, and send it, otherwise I may procrastinate it into oblivion. Thanks again for sending me OW. It's been a while -- what's happening?

LARRY DOWNES

Dear William,

No longer Father William, as I have just had the pleasure of turning 30 and am now as old as you are. I must say I spared myself nothing in sympathy -- the weekend before I went to the

Napa Valley with my Aunt and cousins, the weekend of had a wonderful surprise party (with representatives from all factors of my life except fandom) and the weekend after took myself skiing in Aspen. Really, I'm only half as pretentious as I sound, which is still twice as much as I'd like. Oh, the perils of being conscious.

As you can see from the enclosed, I've switched jobs again and reported it elsewhere besides OUTWORLDS. Starting a new company is great fun, lots of work. I'm retiring at 40.

Then I'll really celebrate.

[3/16/89]

This, the "official" Update Service of the (Lost) APA-50 Generation, is pleased to Report that Wm. Breiding has (for the moment) rejoined APA-50; that Chris' letter above was sent recently (with a response to XENOLITH); that Leah Smith has pubbed her ish, is still my friend and I'll be there for her when she needs it.... and that Mr. Downes not only surfaced at Ditto III, but has "moved on" to yet another "career".

...continuing Updates are welcome;

...and Your Humble Focal Point will attempt a bit more timeliness.



Agency Stone & Adler, Inc., was named Director of the Year by the Chicago Assn. of Direct Marketers. Mr. Adler now works as a direct-marketing consultant. *Craig's Chicago Business, January 2, 1989* Corp. purchased Ameri-... offices and \$923 million in assets. The company's coverage area includes insurance Corp. assisted in the purchase.

Andersen manager goes to new firm

Larry Downes, a senior manager specializing in artificial intelligence and worldwide software product development at Arthur Andersen & Co., has joined Information Consulting Group as senior principal.

Mr. Downes said he joined more than 10 former Andersen staffers in the 20-person International Consulting Group (ICG) Chicago office.

"I saw this as an absolutely unmissable opportunity to get into a new organization on the ground floor," Mr. Downes said.

ICG, funded by Britain's Saatchi & Saatchi plc, has offices in Chicago, New York and Washington, D.C. More than half of the 50 professionals at the 2-month-old firm have come from Andersen, Mr. Downes said.

Mr. Downes, 29, was an 8-year Andersen veteran.

Nine months from now, ICG's Chicago office will move from 20 N. Clark St. to 225 W. Washington St. The new offices are planned for 250 people.

Mr. Downes said ICG isn't raiding Andersen for talent. "No, not in any objective way could we be considered raiding because we are not contacting people. We have made it known in the press we're interested in talking to anyone," he said.

Mr. Downes added, however, "Headquarters (at Andersen) certainly has a lot of very talented people and we are looking for very talented people. I still have tremendous respect for the people I worked with."

—Dan Sheridan

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LAWRENCE C. DOWNES

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LEAH A. ZELDES

Wilson Tucker

Oct. 11, 1988

2516/H East Washington St.
Bloomington, IL 61704
(309) 662-7247

Oh Mighty Editor:

Yes indeed, I do remember Sheryl Birkhead. Most vividly!

I remember the visual aid she concocted to help get me to Australia in 1975. It was a table lamp with a very special lampshade. She had carefully and patiently removed about a dozen labels from different liquor bottles and pasted them on a lampshade, so that when the lamp was lit one could read all about the bourbon, scotch, rum, wine, liquers, and whatnot that was available in the stores. It was a labor of love, and she may have drank all the booze.

Martha Beck bought the lamp and the shade at an auction, and gave it to me. When one of my sons split off from home to set up housekeeping for himself I donated that lamp and the shade to his living room. It is still there, and I gaze at it fondly whenever I visit him.

My second vivid memory of Sheryl is in the airplane going to (or perhaps coming back from) the Australian convention of 1975. I was seated ~~immediately~~ behind her and, in sheer joy and gratitude I stood up, leaned down, tilted her head back, and kissed her on the forehead. She seemed surprised. So did the stewardess who was watching me.

Nobody threw me off the aircraft.

Best,

Bob

*Smile my left hind
foot, I'll kill him...*

[Sheryl Birkhead]

SHERYL BIRKHEAD

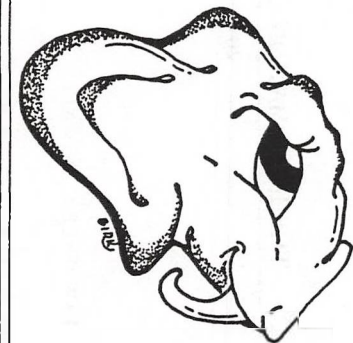
It would be interesting to see how Asimov would deal with a fGoH position now -- nice Hunter illo. It is possibly me, but the "Good Dr." hasn't seemed to be so visible/audible. Then too, if you don't run (or at least walk) in the same circles (squares, etc) you wouldn't hear/see much anyway.

David Haugh is a fan of many talents -- illos and text. If you are lucky there may be many more tales lurking in the depths. If rooting is what's required, I'd imagine comments on thish may do the trick. I hope he also sends you an expanded reading/eating list (or both if you are lucky).

Oh, more from Tucker -- maybe a silly question, but need I say more? His natterings are always a pleasure to read.

Seeing the "title" at the top of page 1886 -- trivia (and absolutely useless) did you hear that Tinker Bell is also the name of the elephant (some zoo--don't remember where) that did a headstand on the vet trying to work on a cut on her (elephant's) head? Last I heard the vet was still alive but somewhat severely squashed.

Doc Lowndes.... I'm not and never have been a critic. In many instances I feel criticism (literary, that is) is terrific fiction and can destroy enjoyment of reading. Hence, even in zines I com-



ment/appreciate rather than critique what I'm reading. Several faneds have mentioned that and implied they would actually appreciate more "critical" comments. Doc's analysis of what is actually meant is interesting (sort of akin to - "But did you like it?" "Oh, it was interesting." - when the questioner wants informational feedback -- essentially a useless response -- but safe.)

Fans have all sorts of other interests -- C.S.F. Baden likes rails -- the last time I heard from Frank Denton, I was trying to get some information on old radio shows and he was a wealth of handy dandy little facts -- and I know he goes for Westerns and.... Ah, just an eclectic bunch.

I still have yet to meet Rich -- an unbelievable set of circumstances apparently interveaned. I agree with him that I really do like Taral's creations and I am glad he made it onto the ballot this year.

Maybe such round-about proddings (to Rich) at his publishing career will get him back to pubbing -- slight non-subtle hint.

There were/are two cons left this year that tempted me -- one is being held as I type (so obviously it didn't tempt that much) and one is Tropicon with the fantastically huge carrot of Walt Willis. I mean, even if I could just sit and listen to what he has to say.... I'd like to meet the man someday -- but barring that, I really hope there is a great deal of coverage of the convention and that everything is passed along to the rest of us.

I took the fact that I would have failed the SF test miserably in stride. I like to think I know a little (obviously VERY little) about sf, but it is painfully apparent that I know nothing about it earlier than when I began reading it. I suppose that's not so bad, but I had hoped to be able to answer at least ONE question correctly.

I really love the Foster cover. The U.S.P.O. has just released a set of four carousel animals on stamps and while they are not directly reminiscent of them, they do seem to fit with the cover. I could list every piece in this and say I liked it, but that seems a bit ridiculous. OW is always a visual pleasure and welcome in the mailbox any time. I wanted to be sure to mention the Craig Smith piece on 1907 -- eat your heart out Garfield!

[10/8/88]

RICHARD BRANDT

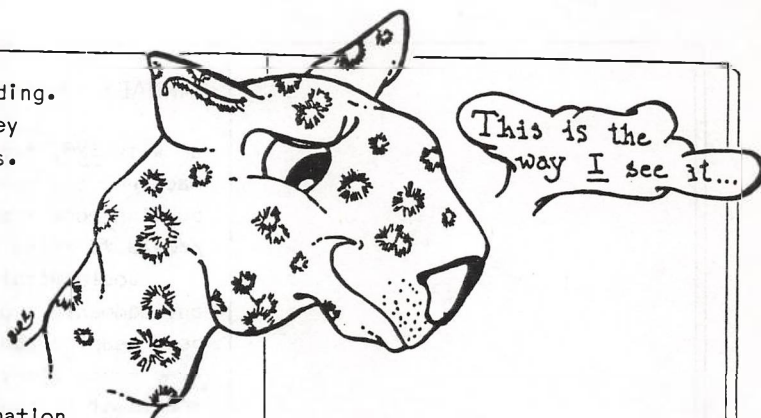
I am impressed, I must say: Variants on "Curse you, Bill Bowers" from writers on two continents.

Great work by Brad Foster and Steve Fox in OW 58, and another great cartoon idea from Kip Williams.

Speaking of overseas agents, Bill, that relic Bob Tucker and his musings on SPY CATCHER bring to mind a similar story told on 60 MINUTES last night. It seems all of our foreign trade dealings have been conducted by negotiators who were angling for a job representing the countries we were haggling with. This certainly explains a lot about our current world trade position. "I used to wonder why he just left the Japanese walk all over him," said an official of one of our former negotiators. Not anymore, she doesn't; now he's a foreign agent for Japanese business.

So, Bill, what kind of article did you have in mind, anyway? I'm afraid my mammoth dissertation on the epistolary work of Bill Bowers may be more months in the making....

[postmarked 10/19/88]



I HAVE
NO CAPTION
AND I DON'T
WANT
A CAPTION!

NOW
SHOVE
OFF



[William Rotzler]

BARNABY RAPOPORT

I can only marvel at your frequency. Here I am with SMG, typing a couple of pages and sticking them in a xerox machine, and there you are, with a thick, well-designed genzine, pubbing more frequently than I do. *I guess the trick is to get other people to write the articles.*

Jodie Offutt's "This Bug's for You", in issue 57, didn't prompt any comments from me then but, by some sinister synchronicity, I've been hearing about computer viruses ever since. First, there was the Time cover story. Now, as I write, the papers are giving front page treatment to the Arpanet virus epidemic. Once again, today's science fiction is tomorrow's fact.

As for 58, I'm glad you reprinted the stuff from Bob Tucker's FLAPzine, and I'm all in favor of more. I'm sure that APAs are a lot of fun to participate in, but for the rest of us they are the black holes of fan publishing, keeping many of the best writers out of circulation and swallowing up whole reams of first class material.

I've been enjoying David Haugh's manic robots, so it was nice to see that he's an entertaining writer as well. I have to cackle every time I think about the story of the dead rabbit.

I agree with Ian Covell on the difference between old and modern SF. However I think the crucial change isn't in our attitude towards the universe or interpersonal relationships, but in our attitude towards SF itself. Writers and readers had different expectations then, I think. There's a story in THE EARLY ASIMOV where Asimov gives an Earth-like climate to one of Jupiter's moons. He mentions that he knew better at the time, but that this was the way SF was written. I think that the "sense of wonder" is an expanded sense of possibility. The physical limits put on the reader by reality blur and dissolve in the warmth of the user-friendly universe of pulp SF. The sense of wonder requires an accessible universe. Whether we're hopping from galaxy to galaxy, or cruising through the interstices of an atom, the physical constraints and hazards that we know are there melt away, or are just present enough to create drama and suspense.

Pulp SF also had a visionary optimism about society. As today's space operas have become scientifically and technologically realistic, they've also become socially pessimistic, the casual utopianism of the pulps giving way to a paranoid ideology of militarism and Social Darwinism, and I wonder if one is the cause and the other the effect of a shrinkage in this sense of what's possible.

Speaking of "The Princess of Detroit" -- which started this whole discussion -- I want to mention how much I've always liked that title. I saw it mentioned years ago and it's been running through my mind ever since. It was nice to finally read a description, though it was very disappointing to learn that it was about a starship and not the city.

Your tossed-off suggestion of an IMCOMPLEAT TUCKER, Volume Two, got an enthusiastic response here. I can already see the cover: a take-off on the poster for the movie Tucker, with Bob in place of Jeff Bridges.

I had to smile when I read Richard Brandt's letter. You see, that was my copy of Lan's Lantern 25 that the professor borrowed to show his SF class. Since he brings up fandom and fanzines, I thought that this year I'd loan him some that he could pass around the class. In fact, when I handed them over, I pointed out that LL had several pages of fanzine reviews, so that anyone who was interested could get some themselves. Since Outworlds 55 was another of the fanzines I

gave him, this brought things full circle for me.

You just had to run my letter in 57 next to Skel's, right where he would see it! If only it had been stashed in the back somewhere, Skel, mugged by Bacchus if not Morph, might have missed it altogether. But Doc Lowndes' column on feedback put me in a philosophical frame of mind, and Sam Moskowitz's hilarious account of Isaac Asimov's letterhacking career assured me that I'm in good company. And that piss-take on Kzinti names is an idea that's been waiting for a long time.

[11/11/88]

IAN COVELL

This is yet another issue that I'm certain will be of interest to anyone interested in the history of either fandom or science fiction. The Sam Moskowitz article that opens the magazine is an exemplary way to construct a spoof — it can be read as an alternate-history view of a minor author, if so wished, but just as a detailed and informative look at the early Asimov, it's great. It's one thing to know that most authors were fans, but it's another to know precisely what they did, and who to. (If you think about it, about fifty years from now, the savage feuds that have split fandom over the last decade [and a half?] will be perfectly explained as minor disagreements on the place, function and future of fandom and sf; it's just a pity so many of us — myself included — find it hard to take the million-year view of all such arguments... ['In a million years, everything we do will have been forgotten...'].)

Amusing to find out that Bob Tucker urged Jerry Sohl to start writing. Damned if I know whether to thank him or curse him (POINT ULTIMATE, I would suggest, hints that Damon K wouldn't thank him). As for his reading of SPYCATCHER, I'm not sure how much news gets there from here, but last week it was announced that — after several years of court cases, and a two million pounds sterling bill for legal fees (paid from our taxes) — it has been decided that UK newspapers can now print extracts from that book. Whether that means the book will be published is still open to question — though this government has announced new changes in our Official Secrets Act to ensure no similar book will ever be written, probably from next year on. [Their changes include making it a gaol offence to publish secrets even if they've been published publically abroad; the defence that has worked best so far — 'public interest' — is also going to be eliminated from consideration, it won't matter if the security services have acted illegally or lied to parliament or whatever...] Tucker might be further amused by our services (oh, and the US edition of SPYCATCHER is abridged, by the way; only the Australian edition is in full) and their response to a researcher who asked for some info on 1946. "Can't let you," said the office, "National Security." The researcher asked them if they knew who was in charge of the department he wanted info on, MI5? "No," said the office. "Kim Philby," said the researcher... Kim Philby, the biggest, deepest Russian mole, who has long since passed on every bit of information he ever heard about work in the services. Doesn't matter, you see — secrets are secrets, even when they're not secrets. It's become quite clear that such trials as Spy-catcher, such responses as these, are not to ensure the Russians don't know the facts... they're to ensure the British people don't....

Clearly, it's a matter of perception; and undoubtedly I may have missed some intentions of the author; but I've tried to think, and checked out my anthologies, and I'd just like to ask Mike Glicksohn (or anyone, really), which George R R Martin stories aren't sombre?



3/17/91 • In retrospect, I'm not at all sure that your "censors" are any worse than ours, although the thrust of the "cuts" may well be different. I'm certainly not an expert because its been many years since I permitted myself to watch the over-the-air "version" of a film I'd seen in a theater. ...or expected to. I'd rather watch an incredibly "bad"-but-uncut movie — and have (see my interminable 'lists'!) — and will again, whenever I can afford to get cable "back"....

...despite my valiant effort on the next page, I have to concede that David has "won" this round: with the exception of my name/address, he wrote/drew in red ballpoint pen on a solid red background! ¶ I understand very well not wanting to have something you consider "dashed-off" show up in print; it's happened to me. My little "game" with David, started innocently enough, was never intended to embarrass him. I hope he doesn't feel that I ever have.



Every one of his major characters is a loser in life and love, isolate, broken, tortured, cruelly mistaken or bereft. It didn't really surprise me that he altered Zelazny's THE LAST DEFENDER OF CAMELOT (in Twilight Zone) by killing the heroine (which Zelazny didn't do) and giving Merlin a young male companion in adventure (which Z didn't do). Nothing I've ever read by Martin, from FEVRE DREAM to his first novels, has ever left me feeling happy to be alive. (And to the extent I've seen it, and the possible depth of involvement he has, I have the same feeling about Beauty and the Beast....)

Brian Earl Brown asks what was removed from GHOSTBUSTERS — well, the opening scene in the test laboratory, the word 'piss' or 'shit' (I forget which, anyway, the climax of the complainant's sentence) has gone; the suggestively sexy scenes in the bedroom (Weavever spinning above the bed) have gone; the entire scene inside the hall has gone ... and so on. However, this has turned out not to be the height of idiocy of our censors. AIRPLANE! was repeated last week; it lost, get this, every single scene inside the ..er.. cockpit between the lecherous captain and the young boy. I mean, that adds up to about ten minutes. They also removed every piece of the fight between girl guides in the café (making nonsense of later bits). And so on. I estimate almost fifteen minutes has now been slashed from that film... Though, weirdly enough, they left in Lloyd Bridges getting high on glue, an old woman sniffing coke, a woman in bed with a horse, and the young girl's "I like my coffee black... like my men", all of which I'd suggest have more powerful connotations than what they removed... However....

(1909) I can almost make out some words on the David Thayer postcard, but on reflection I felt it wasn't ethical to work out what he said — I don't recall ever writing a letter (to a fanzine) that I didn't want reproduced, but I suppose I might have. What always gets me is not being able to work out why they don't want it printed — but then if I knew what they'd said, I'd understand....? [10/17/88]

MIKE GLICKSOHN

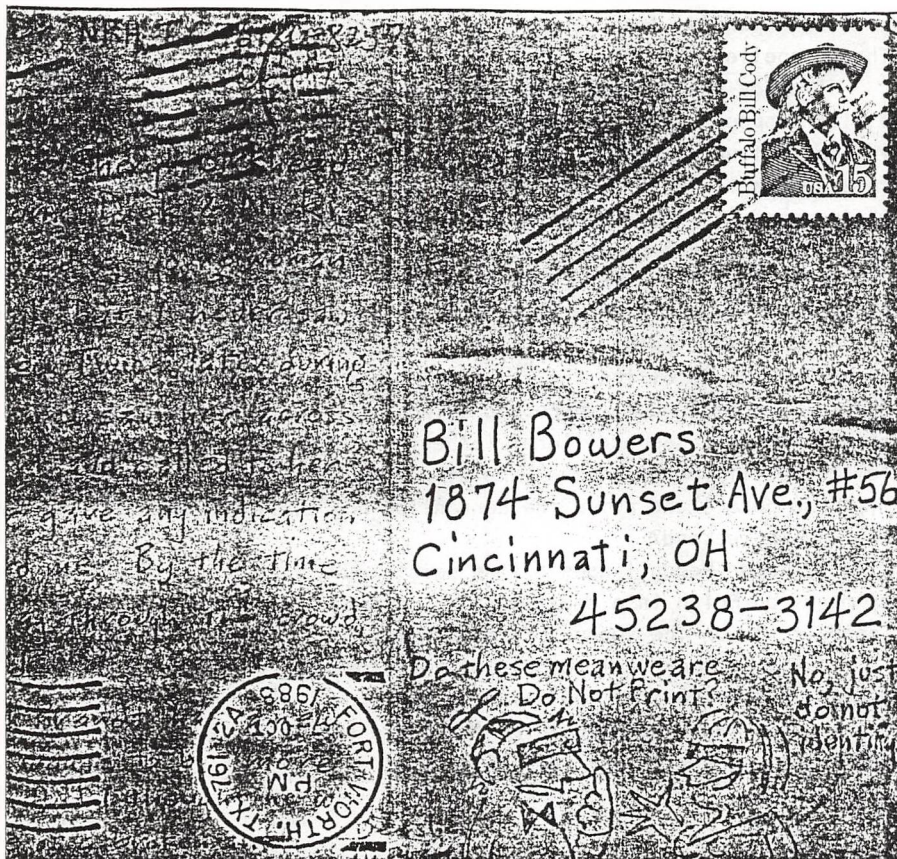
If one didn't know better the frequency of Foster covers on OW would tend to make one think you had Brad chained to a drafting table in your apartment. Of course, the cognoscenti are aware of the fact that there isn't room in your apartment to chain anyone to anything so it just me that Brad Foster is one good prolific artist. (And we're glad he is!)

Interesting piece of alternate history by SaM. Not discounting Asimov's contributions to the field it is interesting to note that he has remained consistently obnoxious in his long and memorable career in the world of science fiction. What surprises me is that his overdone sexist schtick is still tolerated (and even applauded) in current fandom when one would have thought that his own intelligence and the changing awareness of fandom would have forced him to modify his Dirty Old Man reputation. Still, no-one was ever able to prove that pros were slans, were they?

Weird piece by David Haugh: hard to tell if it's fact or fiction. I suspect that it must be fiction because I suspect that anyone with a mess of mint condition Edsels could sell them for enough to buy all but about five of the 50 states. The rabbit story had a marginally detectable ring of truth to it, though, so the whole piece is an enigma. I think I'll sip some more scotch and read the next article instead of worrying about it.

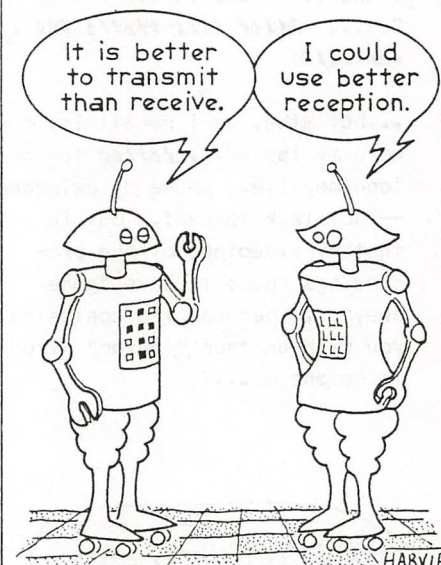
One has, of course, always known that Tucker was One with

[David R. Haugh]



[David Thayer]

[Teddy Harvia]



Antiquity (as the only fan to have slept with him on three continents I can confirm this) but it's nice to have authenticated proof. Do encourage him to continue his irregular column on a more regular basis. There cannot be enough good Tucker fanzine writing in my opinion.

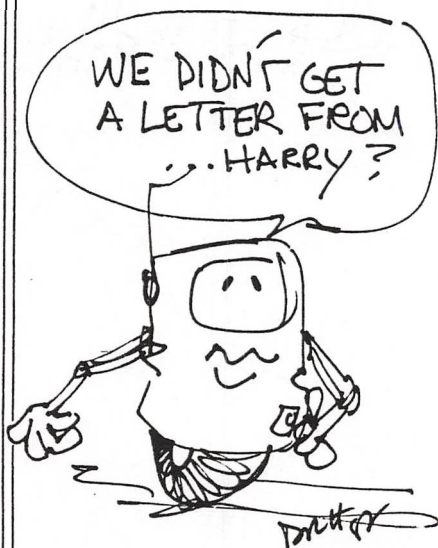
I've always suspected that I'm less response-oriented than many fanzine contributors (but I thought Doc's analysis was pretty thorough despite that). Certainly the non-lettercolumn in my own infrequent fanzine (refrain from the snarky comments, Bill: you haven't received my bill for the DITTO weekend yet) reflects that but my own response to reactions to material I contribute to fanzines is another indication of the situation. I write to and for fanzines because I like being a part of fanzine fandom. Usually I can tell if I've done an average, excellent or mediocre job. I don't need someone else to confirm this for me and I don't mind if my locs don't get published or get published without provoking responses. I'll continue to loc subsequent issues because that's what I enjoy doing. While I understand the need for regular fanzine contributors to receive feedback on their work I've always thought that letter writers who wrote only to see their words in print were poseurs, not fans. So feel free to WAHF this five hour period of my life if you like....

Gee...you transferred your worldcon membership to Steve and I transferred my worldcon room reservation to him, thereby enabling him to attend and write it all off as a tax loss and probably negotiate lucrative contracts with agents and have breakfast at Brennan's on some New York publishing house. But do you think he'll dedicate his next book to us? Ha!! (How soon they forget, eh?)

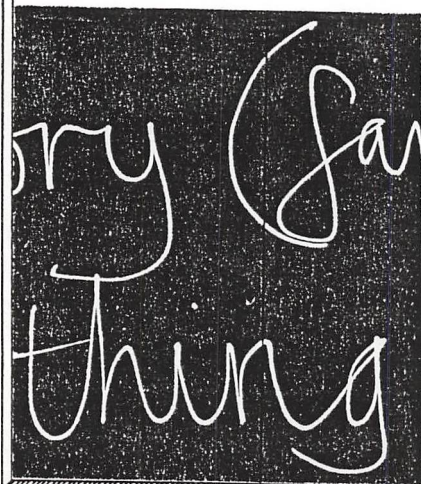
I have no trouble rationalizing my failure to attend any convention nowadays. It all boils down to "having other commitments that make the spending of available cash resources on something as ephemer-

...well, Michael, even though your loc was written in the aftermath of DITTO 1 -- I will always be pleased that you found it in the budget to attend something as "ephemeral" as DITTO 3 last October! (I know, I know...it was to see Skel & Cas... ~~Killer Bill, Thelma & Louise~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~)

...but Mike, as I recall it, you were my lawyer...~~drafted~~ to defend me; i.e., prove my existence -- not lack thereof. But in that my videotape of the proceedings seems to have "gone away" ... perhaps I'm confusing you with another "lawyer" hired to defend me...?



[David R. Haugh]



[Roger Weddall]

eral as expensive long distance sf convention difficult to justify." That's spelled D*E*B*T. Catch me in another nineteen years...

I enjoy reading the exchanges between eoten like Hornig and SaM. I also suspect that future fan historians will think that this preservation of fannish history was one of the most worthwhile aspects of this series of OW and they wouldn't be wrong (just not broad enough in their appreciation. That's a compliment, son.).

To this day I believe that the evidence I presented in your trial was more imaginative than that offered by the other side who had your physical presence to bolster their case and I remain convinced that I proved you don't exist. It's interesting to note that the judge who washed his hands of the entire matter has since vanished from the general ken of fandom, thereby casting very strong suspicion on the actual verdict. As additional (albeit belated) evidence I offer the following: if you exist and were attending DITTO and were staying at my house before and after the convention how is it I never saw you the whole damn weekend?

If Roger Weddall uses a fine point and BEB uses a medium I'll put my money on Brian in a small writing contest. He obviously has the inside track on the seance of penmanship.

Well, it took vast amounts of self-control to restrain from commenting on the rest of the lettercolumn (and I swear it had nothing to do with the fact that the third ALCS game starts in ten minutes) but that's all I have to say this time. [10/9/88]

ALAN HUNTER

This was an excellent issue -- from the hysterical history of Isaac Asimov, to the fantastically funny fiction of David Haugh (I haven't laughed so much for a long time!). The other items, including the letters, were as varied and interesting as life itself. I also liked the art on the front cover by Brad Foster (always an interesting artist) and the two by Steve Fox. Regarding the remaining art, including the inside and rear cover, I am less enthusiastic about, but they are an improvement on blank paper; together with the facsimiles of the more decorative letters, they do serve admirably to relieve the monotony of endless type.

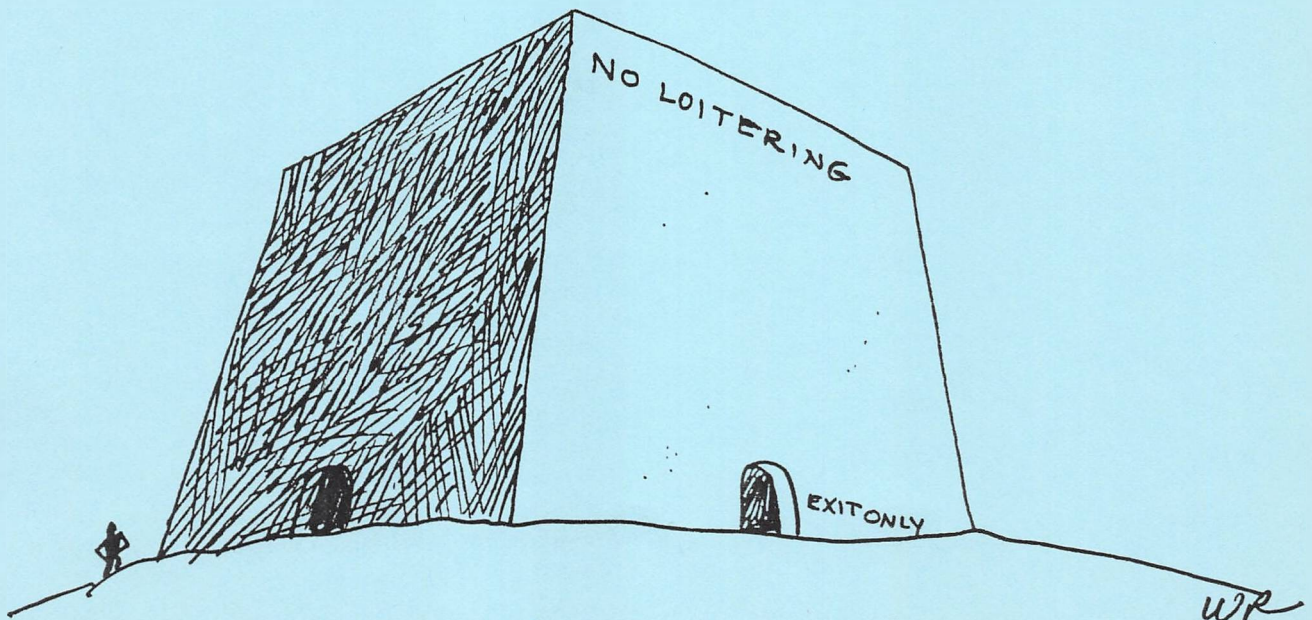
Yes, an excellent issue! [undated]

3/17/91 • ...well, I'm not sure I didn't get a loc on OW58 from Harry -- but if I did, it was misplaced in the "move" or (less likely; he's not a woman), "destroyed" by someone else who used to live here. *sigh* ¶ I did receive LoC from BRIAN EARL BROWN [2½" wide x 21" long; 17 pitch faded blue dot matrix] which I won't be reproducing, as well as one from ROGER WEDDALL which, albeit the Current *winner* in the "stump-Bill-contest" [25"x19½" black 'board; gold penmanship, both sides (a reduced sample to the immediate left...)] will be run, some-when! ¶ I Also Heard From: SKEL, who convinced me ("This entire epistolary episode is strictly DN-bleeding-Q...") this time • GAY HALDEMAN • and HARRY ANDRUSCHAK. That's it, insofar as the file folder I've hung onto during the Duration. ¶¶¶ I also have a bevy of (mostly) postcards (mostly congratulatory) in response to the weighty OW59.... Since this would present Awkward Memories [I meant what I wrote therein; you responded generously in kind...] you will Excuse Me in that, while I shall retain the Hard Copy, I won't be reproducing them here. ¶ Given the ill-defined parameters of my life, or the wrapping of this -- it could be the final page. I'm back; thank you...!

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.....
 ...to forestall the inevitable: BACK ISSUES -- I have some of most of the 1980s version, and a few of the 70s incarnation. But since "my" stuff went in the basement when we moved in, and I refuse to sort until I'm certain I can stay here... If you really are interested, send a s.a.s.e.; when I know...so will you. (I will be "organized" by Ditto. I will... I will... I will... I hope I will be...!)



[William Rotsler]

