

OUTWORLDS 63



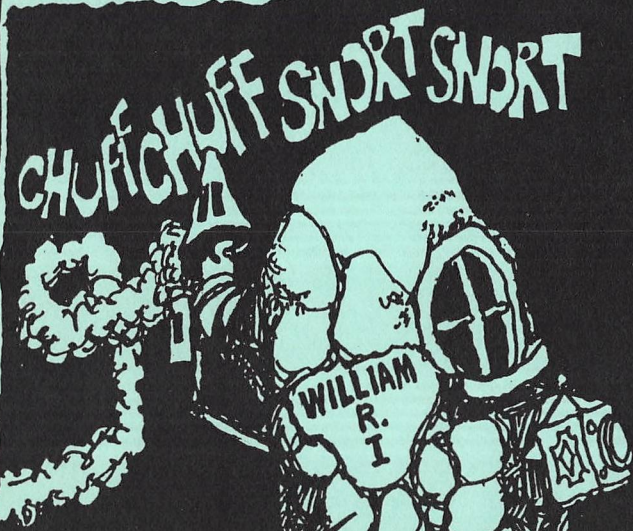
MUMPS

by
Derek
Parks-Carter

A KIND OF CHAPTER ONE

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HURTLING THROUGH THE JOLLY OLD VOID OF SPACE, AT THE LEISURELY SPEED OF A ONE HUNDRED WATT BULB, IS THE STEAM-DRIVEN INTERGALACTIC ROCK "WILLIAM R. I" TRUSTY CONVEYANCE OF MIKE & DEREK, ADVENTURERS SANS PAKEL...



I'M A LITTLE GLICKSONN
SHORT OF STOUT,
BUT HERE'S SOME WHISKY
WHICH I'LL POUR OUT.

MICHAEL- ABOUT
THIS SCRIPT...

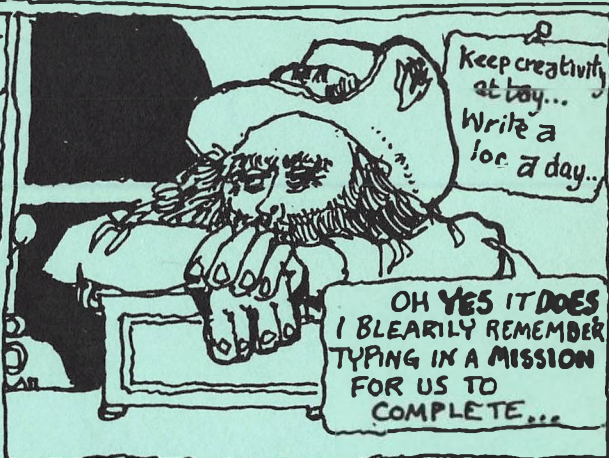
YES?



DO YOU REALIZE THAT
IT HAS NO PLOT !!

WHAT'S THAT
DO?

NUTTIN'-
IT'S JUST
SPACEY
LOOKIN'.



Keep creativity
at bay...
Write a
loc a day...

OH YES IT DOES
I BLEARILY REMEMBER
TYPING IN A MISSION
FOR US TO
COMPLETE...



THIS... "A FIVE YEAR
MISSION TO BOLDLY
DRINK WHERE NO
MAN HAS DRUNK
BEFORE"... THIS
IS OUR MISSION?

WHO IS ANN ISH
AND WHY IS SHE
SAYING THOSE
THINGS ABOUT
ME?



SOUNDS GOOD
TO ME !!

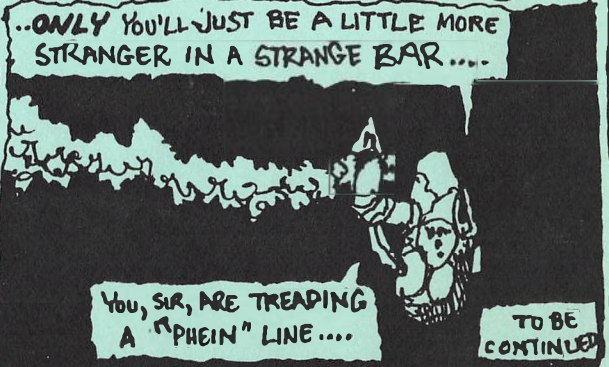
(ME TOO!)

AND ME!



BUT MIKE, IT'S ALMOST LIKE
YOU AT A CONVENTION ONLY.

"ONLY"
WHAT?



..ONLY YOU'LL JUST BE A LITTLE MORE
STRANGER IN A STRANGE BAR....

You, SIR, ARE TREADING
A "PHEIN" LINE....

TO BE
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ARTworlds

LINDA MICHAELS ~ Front and Backcovers
DEREK PARKS-CARTER ~ Inside Covers

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WILLIAM ROTSLER

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BILL BOWERS

POBox 58174
Cincinnati OH
45258-0174

[513-251-0806]

Post-It®
Notes

on the
Edge

BILL BOWERS

OUT OF SEQUENCE, OUT OF TIME--here it is the 18th October (4 days to Ditto) -- and what we have here is the first "official" 1992 issue of *OUTWORLDS*! I'll explain that to you, someday.... In the meantime, even though it took over six months to "do", and grew to twice the "length" projected, it has turned out to be an issue that I'm particularly pleased with. Let me know what you think.... [And not only because it's my list "pruning" time again....]

--- Bill

LISTmania : the 1991 Spreadsheet

Those who know me at all...know that among my other predilections ("indexing" my publications; keeping track of to whom issues are sent; Founding Member of The Editorial Policy of the Month Club; spending time talking about when an issue will be "out", that could be applied to just doing it...)--I keep Lists.

Some exist only in my memories.

Some I publish. For my memories....

This particular Series began in an 1984 issue of *OUTWORLDS* [#39], as a simple listing of the uncut movies/films I had seen from 1982 on. Subsequent "LISTmania's" [OW43; OW55; OW60] were also limited to movies/films...and I understand (& have "explained" often enough) that particular fetish. The expansion this time has not so much to do with expanding horizons, but simply an accumulation of other things to keep track of in one place.

The format, this time, will likely not be repeated: it is fun, but simply takes up too much space.

As always, this is presented without rationalization, justification, or value judgement. These are simply some of the influences on my life, and are spun-out not necessarily because they are the most important--but because they are the most easily quantifiable. *LISTmania the PEAK!*

[In a text-only version I ran in an apazine, the following 1991 "Totals" surfaced: Conventions Attended: 7 ~ Fanzines Published: 9 [184 pages total] ~ Books/Novels Read: 48 ~ Films/Movies Viewed: 35. Connoisseurs of this Series-to-date will be amused by that last total...which could be sub-titled simply The Absence of Cable!]

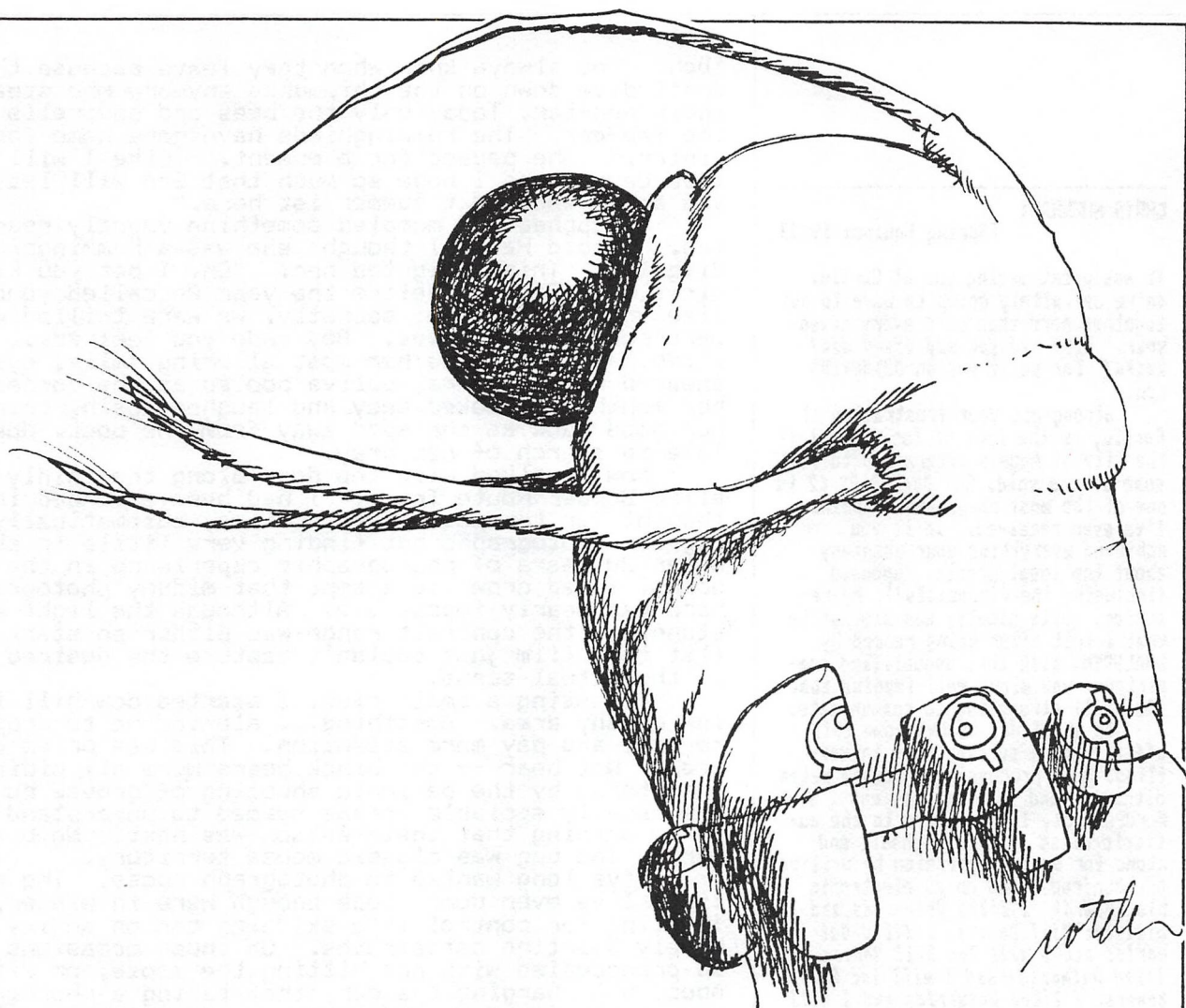
So get your reading glasses out and amuse yourself browsing through these bits of my memories...while you feel infinitely superior...!

...okay, William. You may "comment" now.

[10/10/92]

JANUARY 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
OFF (NOT PAID) SMS' NEW YEARS PARTY	1 OFF WORK (PAID) New Year's Day	2 M1- "GHOST" (CUBANUS)	3	4 U.S.O.H. WK 2 (24 + B Holiday)	5 SAT CREW HOUSE M2- "JIMMY BELUSH" (CUBANUS) CH 48 6 SUN
7	8 BOOK-1 GREAT SKY RIVER -GREGORY BENFORD	9	10	11 USDH #29 (40)	12 SAT M3- "THE FACIOUS BAKER BOYS" (CUBANUS) 13 SUN B2- DOWN TO A SUNLESS SEA -DAVID GRAHAM
14	15	16 M4: "PREDATOR 2" (CUBANUS)	17	18 USDH #30 (40)	19 SAT CPG - CAUVING 20 SUN
21 Martin Luther King, Jr. Day (Observed)	22	23	24 TO MICHIGAN W/CAVIN	25 USDH #31 (32) TOOK OFF (NOT PAID) #164-IMMACULATE CONFESSION	26 SAT ILLATE (11) (CUBANUS)
28	29 B3: PULAR CITY BLUES -KATHARINE KEAR	30	31	DECEMBER 00 S M T W T F S 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	FEBRUARY 01 S M T W T F S 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28



CHRIS SHERMAN

No Quarter

Wednesday, September 25, 1991. The Boundary Waters Canoe Area, Northeastern Minnesota.

walked to Canada this morning.

It was a glorious northern autumn morning, crisp and windy, low scudding clouds acting as a giant rheostat for the sun. The light was steeply angled, full of character, constantly shifting, constantly changing moods. Psychedelic orange moosemaple leaves seemed to dance with golden aspen and poplars on a background of wine dark sumac, stretching away for miles under a copse of virgin white pine.

The dogs were digging it. So was I.

At sunrise I had helped Helen (84 years old, going on 19) with her boat so she could go fish for trout in her cherished "spawning beds".

"The hummingbirds left today, you know," she spit out in her thick German accent. "Really?" I replied, yanking the starting rope of the small outboard engine.

[Spring Equinox 1992]

Strongfelt your frustration at Corflu, re the lack of loc, so I left the City of Angels determined to fill some of the void. So: *OUTWORLDS* 62 is one of the most phenomenal fanzines I've ever received. In it you achieved everything your phantasy about the ideal prozine espoused (including the financials!) My reaction, quite simply, was similar to what I felt after being reamed by *DHALGREN*. With this unqualified comparison, you might well imagine that I'm still struggling to communicate.

God, can you imagine if we had such tools when we were younger? The above paragraph took all of ten seconds. APA-50 would have had mailings of thousands of pages, rather than the hundreds we regularly puked out.... PC's in the 70's might have raised gutspilling to a national art-form, supplanting investment banking. Now in the 90's we would be reading about the unwinding of these excesses. Arbitragers might be doing reverse-leveraged buyouts of emotionally bankrupt fans, and the government might be raising the withholding rate on passion. The ire of duped pensioners might be focused on junk fanzines. Fan confidence, as measured by broad-based polling, might be scraping along at depths not seen since the rationing of ink and paper during the Great Depression.

Phew! Narrow escape.

I laughed and mumbled something vaguely reassuring. I told Helen I thought she was a hummingbird in disguise. This delighted her. "Oh, I bet you kill de girls. In Germany before the vaar we called young men like you wolves. But secretly, we were trilled when we were courted by wolves. Dey made you feel so... so alive." She gave me her most alluring smile, eyes smeared with mascara, saliva pooled at the corners of her mouth. I looked away and laughed again, then bid her good luck as she sped away from the dock, down the lake in search of her prey.

Breasting a small rise, I started downhill into a low marshy area. Something... alerted me to drop my reverie and pay more attention. This was prime moose area. Not bear -- the black bears were all hiding, frightened by the periodic shooting of grouse hunters. The usually sociable ursans seemed to understand this early warning that their season was next. No bears here. The bog was classic moose territory.

Today no moose were visible. Still, the feeling of being observed persisted.

Emerging from the woods, the full force of the wind racing across Rose Lake bit sharply through layers of clothing. Here at the southeast end of the lake whitecaps were two feet high. I felt glad not to be on the lake. The waves were breaking at just about the length of a canoe, by far the most dangerous condition for a *voyageur*. Swamp your canoe in this weather and life would depart quickly.

Almost immediately the feeling of being watched began anew. The dogs felt it too -- they were hanging very close by. Senses heightened, camera ready, I walked a few hundred yards farther, then stopped dead. On the path in front of me was fresh scat, steaming in the cold air. I looked closely and saw three sets of paw prints on the trail where there should have been only two. Though Tess and Terra are big dogs, one set of prints was noticeably larger than the other two.

We were being stalked.

Canis lupus is one of the few animals living in the north woods I've never seen. I've heard the gray wolves many times, most often in the winter when the blanket of the forest canopy has fallen away. This is the time when echoes of the howling wolf bear an eerie resemblance to the cry of the loon that carries so effortlessly across summer lakes. Several times I've heard the howling after I had skied miles away from any human habitation. Yet I never felt fear. Contrary to popular belief, wolves rarely attack humans. They can be quite bold, however, in attacking domesticated animals. Like sheep or cows. Or dogs.

Scat in the middle of the trail was a conspicuous statement. It was clear we had inadvertently strayed into the wolf's territory. Our best move would be to leave as quickly as possible, showing no fear. My mind raced to anticipate our tactical options. With most canine species, dominance is highly respected. As a diehard runner, I've learned the best way to avert attacks by hostile dogs is to shout commands and assume an aggressive posture toward the oncoming animal. Dogs respect that, and usually back down. I had no idea how this strategy would work with a wolf. Lacking other weapons, resolute confrontation seemed to be our only alternative.

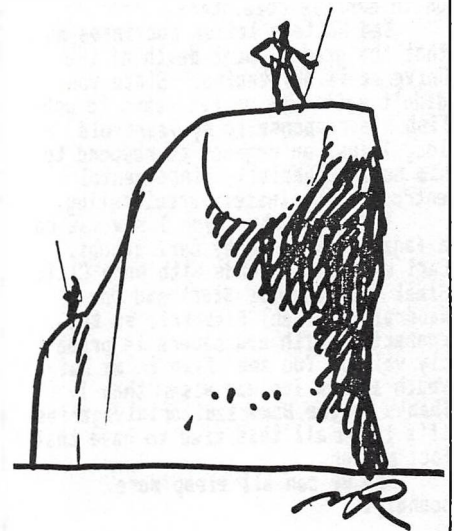
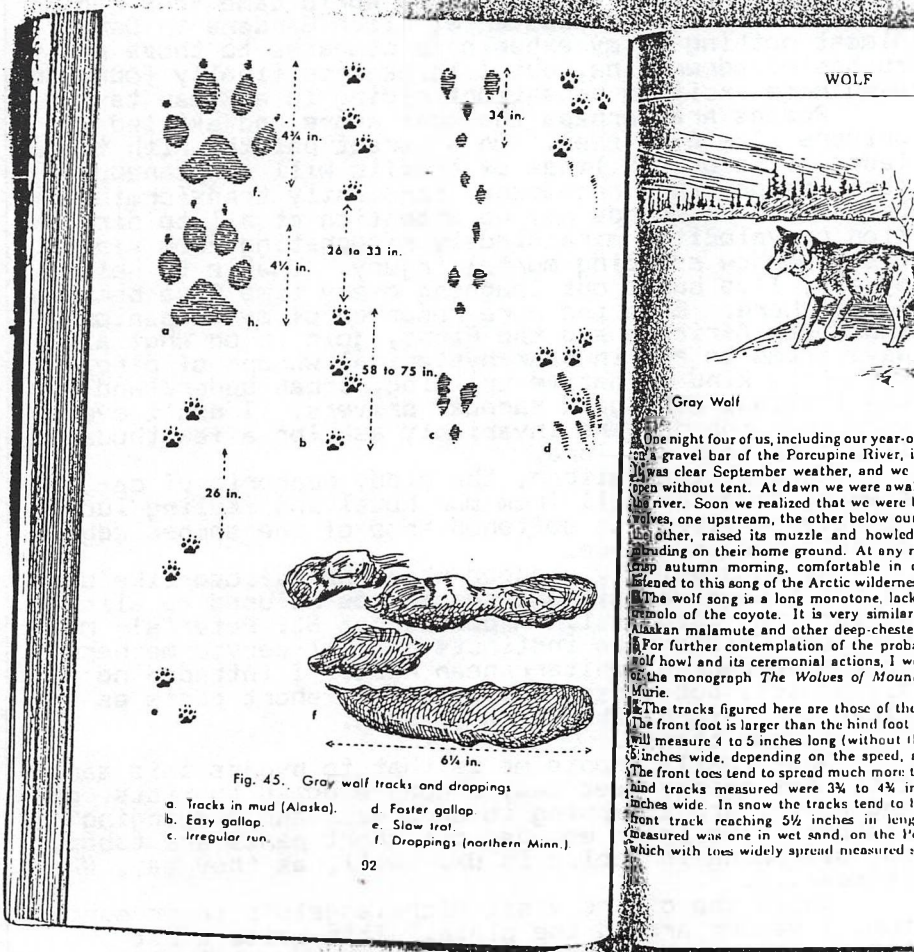
As we came into the moose bog again, Tess barked and shot into the forest before I could grab her. Completely out of character. Terra whined and frantically circled around me, unwilling to follow. I shouted "Tess! Get back here, damn it!" Tess is part wolf herself, and can be maddeningly independent, usually at critical times like these. What would happen? Would she be attacked? Would she "go wild"? In helpless frustration I tried to calm Terra so I could hear what was happening in the wood.

I really liked William's writing. It read much better in *OUTWORLDS* than *APA-50*. Encourage the boy to continue, especially his writings about early childhood and family. It's excellent stuff--the best he's ever done.

Even so, if Wm's piquant bleating laughter hadn't rung through the halls at Corflu I would be convinced that he never smiles any more. Or, judging from his tone-of-loc, Larry either.

I'm surprised by their seriousness. The strongest affecting force fandom has to offer is tolerance. Where else but *OUTWORLDS* would you find a homeboy from Appalachia now living as a chic San Franciscan, railing against the apparent materialism of an existentially nauseated third-generation Scandinavian, both being scathingly critiqued by an Intellectual from the infamous Chicago School, all appearing together as a "theme" in a labor of love from an ex-military toy engineer producing amazing lit-sure as he relentlessly follows an inner mission to achieve higher meaning?

Wm is delighted that Sheryl remembers *STARFIRE* better than *ANTITHE-SIS*. Hey, Wm: me too. You're right: *STARFIRE* was better than *ANT*. You do good shit, as evidenced by the Good Zinekeeping seal of approval Father William bestowed on you. Let it go, friend. There's enough room in fandom, let alone the rest of the world, for both of us to express ourselves without worrying about whether we are "better", "more correct", or in Larry's inimitable words, "annoying" to others. Just keep doing your own stuff, mang. Trash the worry -- it's useless and will wear you away faster than masturbating. (Aside: Great layering effect of your letter by "the editor" on p. 2091.)





So now you begin to see the influence *OH 62* has had on me. And to think: I even brushed off your wise warning about Jeanne Bowman's infectious laugh. Thanks I R infected: wordwise, anyway. It was a delight to become reacquainted with the senior *OUTWORLDS* columnist at Corflu. No way am I going to try to match Skel via pastiche, though. She wears her dignity too well for that.

Well, enough. This is supposed to be a serious loc. So let's move on to serious commentary.

Ted White's letter convinces me that the gradual heat death of the Universe is quickening. Since you didn't wait five or ten years to publish his response to my years-old loc, I feel an urgency to respond to him now. Especially since mental entropy is definitely accelerating.

Yes, Ted, the cover I saw was on a fanzine given me by Carl Jacobi. Carl was good friends with both Cliff Simak (Minneapolis Star) and Don Wandrei (St. Paul Pioneer), so the connection with newspapers is probably valid. You see! Even in my naive youth I knew Ted was wiser than I. Thanks to the Bowerseditorialvagaries it's taken all this time to have that fact proven.

Now we can all sleep more soundly.

Silence. No branches cracking, no barking or yelping.

Only the wavelike sussuration of the wind, moving calmly through the tops of the beautiful autumn trees. Oh, shift.

"Tess!" The wind swallowed the echo. No reply. Directly behind me, in a startling explosion of sound, something crashed through the brush and raced out onto the trail. Adrenaline surged as I twisted around to face the attacker, automatically lowering myself into an impact-absorbing crouch....

Tess. Alone. A decaying birch log in her mouth, tail provocatively wagging, wanting to play fetch.

Still uneasy, I turned in a slow circle -- and there, behind a large rock, I thought I caught the bright flash of incredibly green eyes, laughing at me....

I raised my camera, aiming it precisely, like a rifle. As the scene shot into focus I saw nothing but the large rock, and next to it a dwarf alder, its shiny green leaves reflecting highlights of the sun as the wind made the tree shudder.

Disappointed, I took the photograph anyway. Someday, I'll show it to a city dweller who's never been in the woods. With a straight face I'll explain that the photo is an accurate representation of a gray wolf in its natural habitat.

Then, remembering Helen, I'll wait for a reaction.

Sunday, September 1, 1991. St. Peter's Basilica, Vatican City.



When I was a kid growing up in Boulder, the greatest thrill in the world came from riding the roller coaster at Elich Gardens in Denver. Almost nothing in my experience compares to those early rushes of adrenaline, but I think I've finally found an even more exciting sensation: riding in a Roman taxi.

Romans are perhaps the most aware and skilled drivers I've ever seen. On a street painted with three lanes, five or six lines of traffic will spontaneously form, merge, then recombine, constantly transforming. Daredevils on mopeds pay no attention at all to direction or velocity, miraculously ricocheting from *via* to *via*, somehow escaping mortal injury. Unable to help myself, I've burst out laughing every time I've been in a taxi here. Even the more reserved of my companions, the South Africans and the Finns, join in on what always seems to end in near-hysterical whoops of glee. With this kind of native training, I can understand now why Italians make good racecar drivers. I don't even mind when the drivers invariably ask for a few thousand lire more than the fare.

Here at the Vatican, the giddy euphoria of careening down the hill from our hotel and feeling lucky to have survived has softened some of the somber edge of this awesome place.

My mood quickly changed when the mafioso-like soul in the expensive suit and sunglasses refused to allow me into the cathedral. A bouncer at St. Peter's! My Southern Californian instincts had ill-served me here in the 90 degree Mediterranean heat. I intended no disrespect, but these people took my short pants as a clear and unforgivable sign of such.

No admittance.

What really frosts me is that to bypass this sanction, not thirty feet away a couple dozen tourists, men and women, are stripping to underwear and exchanging clothes. The logic escapes me: short pants are taboo, but disrobing in public is OK. Well, as they say, *When in Rome....*

While the others visit Michelangelo's inner sanctum, I wander around the plaza. It's quite a bit larger and more impressive than photos or television

images suggest. I stand still for a moment where I imagine the media booths are positioned in Tom Clancy's *THE SUM OF ALL FEARS*, which by happy coincidence is the novel I chose to read during the trans-Atlantic flight. An old woman furiously working her rosary sees me, and probably suspicious of my meditative stance starts shouting "Signore! Longa pantsa! Respecto! Signore! Signore!" I smile and nod at her, which just seems to increase the fervor of her imprecations. One of the Swiss Mercenary guards dressed like a court jester glances impassively at me, decides I'm harmless, then studiously ignores me. Two young Australian women, seeing me taking photographs, ask me to take a picture of them in front of the mobile home that serves as the Vatican Post Office. A good ol' boy from Texas ambles by and tells me the drinking fountains in the plaza are "running with goddamned holy water -- can you even believe that?"

The city founded by Romulus and Remus is full of paradox. All week I've been engaged in an involuntary battle with a shepherd. In the middle of this expansive city he tends his tiny flock of sheep. He herds them along a busy street that sports fast cars with loud engines, squealing brakes and frequently blaring horns. Yet every time I've quietly run by, the sheep panic and bolt, provoking screams of outrage and waved fists. The first time it happened the idea of sheep in the middle of the city surprised me so much I didn't know how to react. With each new day, I've tried a different scheme to avoid the flock. Nothing seems to work. The shepherd seems to consider me an urban wolf, looking for an easy meal. Maybe tomorrow I'll snarl and snap my jaws at him as I lope by.

Back at the hotel, after a full day of walking through the ancient city, after another incredible dinner at an outdoor piazza with a spectacular view of the city stretched below, we sat in the bar talking about the day. I was feeling warmly reflective. The ruins of the Forum had deeply impressed me, holding as they do such monumental testament to Western civilization. The Colosseum was mind-blowing. I had assumed it was built on the smaller scale of most historical monuments I had seen. No way. Comparable to a professional sports arena in any modern city, the Colosseum is huge. As I walked around it, I passed one arched entry where underground passages lay exposed. My imagination easily conjured images of gladiators, Christians, and lions walking confidently or fearfully through these passages into the arena thronged with thousands of bloodthirsty spectators. While my inner eye played out the spectacle, I was thrilled by the irony of a tomcat stretched lazily on a fallen marble column, oblivious of the history he was unintentionally mocking.

Nearing midnight, the conversation turned to the Vatican. A number of our group had gone to the soccer (uh, football) game, and were curious to know how we found the nexus of Christian religion.

"Well, you know, they didn't let Chris inside," said Lennart, in an impish, playful tone.

"Just because he's American?" teased Hannu.

So saying, Hannu laid down the gauntlet. I looked around, and decided I wanted to stir up a little trouble, in a friendly sort of way.

"You know the thing that bothers me most about not being allowed to go inside?"

Yes, they did want to know. Secretly or openly, they all believe Americans are crazy. I decided to play provocateur. Before speaking, I looked each in the eyes. Hannu is a priest in the Finnish army. Luciano and Piero are our very Catholic hosts. Mercedes nearly entered a nunnery in Portugal before becoming our office manager in Amsterdam. Lennart is a staunchly Protestant Swede. Rafael, a pious Spanish accountant. Roberto, a shrewd Brazilian businessman. They are all people of great faith, each in their own way.

I find it amusing that we consider me a "yuppie". Tell that to my Mom. Bill (sorry: William), and when she finally recovers from hysterical paroxysms of laughter give it your best shot at convincing her. Good luck! For reference: I don't own a washing machine (though I admit to lusting after a 15 year-old Maytag I saw at a garage sale last weekend -- but it's too big for my apartment). Never saw an episode of *Twist Peaks*, because I don't have a TV. Not married, no kids.... Hmm: better stop this inventory; I'm starting to sound like a William Breiding clone.... Sometimes I do wish I felt more comfortable with the trappings of affluence. In my job, I often have to work much harder than necessary to establish credibility, because of my "presentation". I dress for comfort, not style. I lack William's fashion-sense (a hot topic in APA-50 these days!) so often don't make a great first impression, particularly when working at the executive level. But people are people, and usually things turn out right once we start creating results.

I've willingly embraced the corporate world as my preferred environment. As I recall, half a lifetime ago we and I were both enamored of Hermann Hesse. In his penultimate novel, *THE GLASS BEAD GAME*, Hesse created a world where the highest level of human achievement was mastery of "the game". To me, business is that game. Yes, I know we've been taught/conditioned in our culture to be suspicious of business and its motives. For some, this suspicion is well founded. For most, this belief is an ignorant, Pavlovian response, based on vague Orwellian populist suspicions of centralized power. It constantly astonishes me how some people can hold strong anti-business feelings, yet long for and actively support an activist, manipulative role from our government. Uncle Sam is the biggest "anti-shareholder business" in the world, and fucks up on a regular, continual basis. How long do you think a corporation that killed a half-million "employees" and wasted billions (the "Vietnam" project) would have survived if it had been forced to behave by the rules that govern all other businesses?

Um... excuse me while I put my soapbox back in the closet.

I winced at your choice of words: "In many ways I envy your globetrotting..." Very perceptive. No doubt my vast experience now qualifies me as an expert in international toilet fixtures. I rather doubt you would envy this often inevitable consequence of travel. Bidet as it may....

When I'm not traveling on business my main desire is to stay home, work in my woodshop or garden, cook, and spend entire days reading, not go flying off somewhere to "relax". I'd counsel against envy Bill: There's a lot of truth to the greener grass theory. Too much of a good thing leads to a motto Joe Wesson would be proud of: Moderation in all things, including moderation.

My "work": I head up a team responsible for "product development" for an international management consulting network. We develop tools used to solve business problems. These tools are often software or video based. My favorite projects require a deep involvement with a customer's business, "consulting" if you will. Regressing to an earlier theme, I see business as the conduit through which people create things lasting and meaningful. The best businesses are value-anchored, striving to be profitable both dollarwise and for the fulfillment and growth of everyone associated. Admittedly this often does not work. And that's precisely the need we address: helping organizations close the gap between perceived and actual values, processes, outcomes....

Once we have captured the essence of an organization's "will state" as we call it, we create print, video, and software, then conduct highly charged workshops that make APA-50 style gut-spilling seem like adolescent whimpering (gee, come to think about it...). The diversity of the human needs I encounter makes work a hell of a lot of fun because it's such a whole-brain process.

In the most serious tone I could muster, I said, "The thing that really bothers me is that I feel I got shitty customer service from the largest service organization in the world."

It's amazing the hotel is still standing after the emotional firestorm unleashed by that single insipid comment.

The next couple of hours were very interesting, to say the least. Religion is a phenomenal catalyst for igniting passion in otherwise sober people. In the end, everyone realized I was only playing devil's advocate (and they were conducting an inquisition!). We all agreed that next day they would serve as my honorary escort to the Vatican, where, like a modern day Luther I would tape to the door the cocktail napkin on which I had scribbled my protest, the cliched and overused slogan, "The Customer is always right."

Saturday, July 7, 1990. RoadAmerica Motorsports Park, Elkhart Lake, Wisconsin. At the flag station on turn eight.



This corner is great because the flag station where I'm standing is only five feet from the inside edge of the track, providing a perilously close-in view of the action. Even so, despite the noise of the cars, the rhythm of racing is making me drowsy.

The chirping sound of brakes locking uptrack draws my attention. Five cars are racing down the straight-away toward our turn. By now, I had seen the pattern often enough to understand what was happening. By the rules of racing, the first car entering the commonly accepted turn-in point "owned" the corner. A trailing car, even if only inches behind, must yield. In this instance there was no contest. The lead car, Yellow 31, was several carlengths ahead of his followers and took the racing line precisely through the corner. My eyes easily followed the car through the turn. The squeal of brakes locking again jerked my head to the right, and just as the catastrophe began, my mind kindly threw the slow-motion switch, arresting the action, compressing the events to follow into dreamlike slowness.

Formula racecars are all built to the same standard. Theoretically, every formula car is identical, able to drive the same distance in the same amount of time, plus or minus fractions of seconds. Unlike Nascar racing ala Days of Thunder, where drivers can engage a clever craftsman to improve the performance of a car, formula racecars are deliberately built to remove car performance as a variable. The skill and strategy of each driver are the all important factors in winning races.

Simple as it sounds, the two key areas where skill and strategy manifest themselves most are in acceleration and braking. Of the two, braking is the most crucial, and the most difficult. Almost paradoxically, massive braking at the right time can significantly help increase acceleration.

Readers of science fiction are quite familiar with this concept. A spacecraft can harness a slingshot effect by plunging headlong into the gravity well of a sun, slowing just enough to avoid destruction, then whipping around the star in a tight orbit, using rotational force to accelerate away much faster than it had approached.

Carefully calculated braking into a turn can do the same thing for a racecar. The skill comes in knowing how long to hold off before starting to brake, accomplishing the double-clutch downshift in a heartbeat, turning the tiny steering wheel with delicacy and grace, and then gauging how rapidly to roll your foot off the brake onto the accelerator without risking a spin. No two drivers ever do these things in quite the

same way. This is where strategy comes into play -- anticipating what the drivers ahead of and behind you will do, avoiding their mistakes, and at the same time using your own skills to gain maximum advantage. All at very high speed. Formula racing is chess on wheels.

The second car into the turn, Blue 27, had waited too long to brake. He had been focusing intently on Yellow 31 just ahead of him. Instead of braking at his own spot, Blue 27 had lost concentration and been lured into braking at the same point as the leader (who was now accelerating nicely out of the turn). Like a hunter shooting at the point where he sighted his fleeing quarry, rather than where it would be when the bullet arrived, Blue 27 was way off track. He missed his own racing line, and was now fighting to get it back. To magnify the problem, Red 5 in the car behind him was a better driver. Making what ordinarily would have been a skilled judgement call, Red 5 kept formation, also waiting a long time to brake, expecting Blue 27 to maintain the nearly unvarying carlength of distance they had held for the first eleven laps of the race.

Strategic error. Rook threatens King. Check.

Now it was too late for both cars. Red 5 realized his mistake, and carefully tried to turn away but by now Blue 27 was slightly sideways. Inch by inch the cars slid together until the nose of Red 5 was tucked snugly under the gearbox of Blue 27. Hold it guys, hold it... but Blue 27 looks in the mirror and senses disaster. Seeing Red 5 right in his face he panics and jerks his steering wheel hard left. Bingo. Red 5's left front tire (locked as it should be) lightly touches Blue 27's right rear tire (heavily braking, but still rotating, as it should not be). With three tires rotating and one suddenly stationary, Blue 27's full weight and momentum is immediately thrown onto the three rotating wheels.

Balance lost. At times like this the immutable laws of physics really suck.

Instantly Blue 27 flips into a vertical position. Still travelling over 100 mph, the airborne car twists slightly, then violently smashes upside down on the track. The abrupt friction reduces velocity, but the car is still carrying too much speed. Blue 27 flips up again, rolls slightly, then smashes down again, fragments of the car's body exploding outward like shrapnel. One more flip, and the car is off the track into the sandy infield, landing upside down, finally having given up all the energy it carried into the turn. Left front and right rear wheels have detached and are careening madly down the track, seemingly hellbent to continue on their former path.

Pawn takes King. Checkmate.

Sick fear races like vomit through my veins. The other people at the corner are moving and shouting -- a yellow caution flag is grabbed and frantically waved. Loud, abrupt instructions shouted into the walkie-talkie: "We need an ambulance and a tow truck at turn eight NOW!" Red 5 has skidded to a stop about fifty feet down the track, wrecked nose pointed toward oncoming cars. Black Zero and Green 69 enter the turn, but have seen the crash and are going through it slowly, though they sprint back to racing speed without delay, correctly trying to get away from the crash scene as quickly and safely as possible.

I want to help, to do something, but all I'm able to do is kick over a can of coke onto a racing magazine and stare dumbly at the motionless helmet hanging upside down in the totally wrecked car. The guy next to me grabs a fire extinguisher and starts to run across the track. Another guy screams "Look for cars!"

I wonder if I have just seen a human being die. I flash back to my grandmother's death, vividly recalling the last feeble tightening of her grasp around my hand. Was it her final act as a person when she squeezed my hand? Or was it a death reflex? Because her eyes were wide and unfocused and she said nothing I'll never know.

Another interesting project I've been working on lately is our internal communications network. We operate in 40 countries (including Russia and the Ukraine), and I've been putting together an integrated network that uses telephone, fax, electronic mail, and video teleconferencing. To use the buzzphrase, I'm creating a "virtual workgroup". In the process I'm doing a lot of cajoling, relationship-building, championing... in short, all the things you do when you start an APA. The key difference is "APA-LSI" (Leadership Studies International) is equipped with all the high-tech stuff that was vague fantasy in 60's & 70's SF. The irony is that APA-50 is nearly 20 years old, and here I'm starting another one. You'd think I would have learned.

Well, off to Boston tomorrow,
and who knows where from there.
Travel season is open again. So I'm
going to wrap this up and send it to
you. ...

Once again, really enjoyed see-
ing you at Corflu. Am even consider-
ing making it a \$gas\$ Regular Thing.
Maybe if we can convince Wes and Whim
to do so also.... [rec'd 3/25/92]

But what about now? Had someone just perished due
to his own stupidity and fear?

I'm watching more carefully now than I've ever
watched in my life. I'm completely out of touch with
my core. Reality, meaning, purpose... all of my life
anchors seem to have been violently wrenched loose.

Then, very slowly, very tentatively, a gloved hand
emerged from the cockpit of the demolished car. And
waved at us.

There is no word in any language that describes
the sense of relief that flooded through me at that
moment.

I ran across the track and helped roll the car
over. I stepped aside as others unstrapped the driver.
Red 5 is there, helping his opponent out of the car.
Blue 27 struggles with his helmet, and as he pulls it
off his first words are an apology to Red 5. They are
both eliminated from the race now, their last race of
the weekend. While the paramedics examined the driv-
ers, and miraculously pronounced them unhurt, I looked
at the tangled debris that had been a racecar.

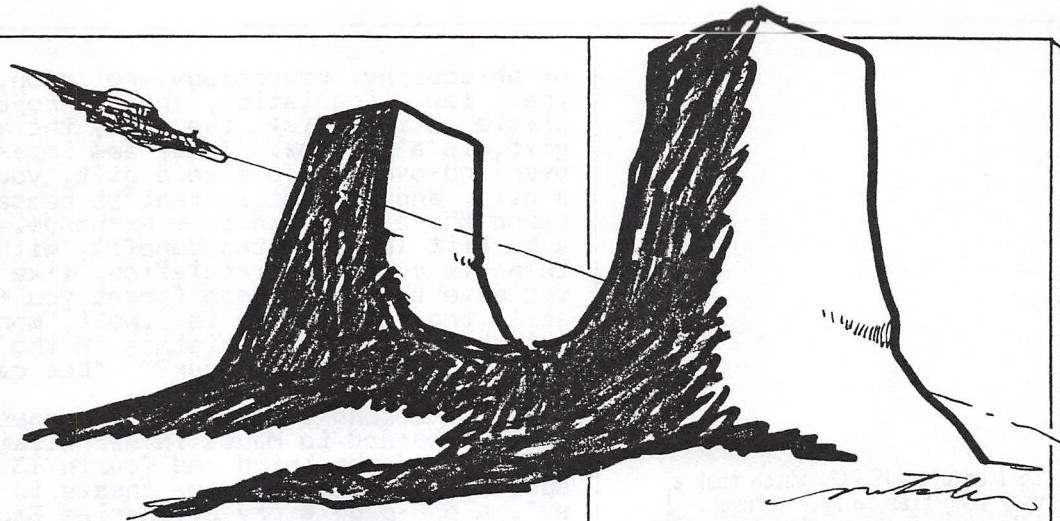
Three weeks from today, I will strap myself into
one of these machines for the first time. I will learn
to drive it. I will compete with others in a race much
like I've seen today. The idea scares the shit out of
me. Yet I feel I have just seen the most vivid living
example of the quaint fear-soothing phrase, "imagine
the worst possible thing that can happen."

Abruptly and without warning, my confidence shoots
skyward, like a hummingbird that has just plunged from
a great height and arced through the snapping jaws of a
hungry wolf, racing up toward the heavens, wisps of
luposaliva falling away earthward in a faint, ethereal
stream.

That night, I dreamed I walked for miles through
the heavily wooded ruins of an ancient city, its noble
but decaying buildings supported by sweeping columns of
disintegrating racecars.

---Chris Sherman
[rec'd 11/4/91]

FEBRUARY 1991																													
MONDAY					TUESDAY					WEDNESDAY					THURSDAY					FRIDAY					SAT/SUN				
JANUARY 91										MARCH 91																			
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					Lincoln's Birthday					Ash Wednesday					Valentine's Day										17SUN				
18					19					20					21					22USDH #35 (40)					23SAT BREW HOUSE				
Washington's Birthday (Observed) President's Day					MG: "MISERY" M7 "POSKARDS FROM THE EDGE" (DOUBLE BILL: COVERAGE)																				24SUN				
25					26					27					28					NOTES									
										M8: "EDWARD SISSOR HANDS" (COVERAGE)					BANKRUPTCY INDENTORY "LOST" 1/2 Hour														



LARRY DOWNES

Deconstruction Zone



My friend JoAnn, the smartest person I know, said, "I've never enjoyed anything so much that I understood so little." Or, she might have added, *seen* so little. The Max Palevsky Auditorium at the University of Chicago was so packed we had to press up to the emergency exit, and beg a snarling guy wearing a name badge that read -- or rather dared -- "USHER", to let us in. Eventually we managed to push our way into the vestibule. But we never got near the theater, and sat on the floor just outside the stage door with about thirty other would-be audience members, listening to an invisible voice coming through a set of speakers. The speakers were behind us, but we all sat facing the door, as if somehow we could see through it to the real speaker.

A displaced audience, listening uncomfortably to a disembodied voice. This seemed a perfectly reasonable way to hear a lecture by Jacques Derrida, the father of Deconstructionism, and, after a while, it started to feel like the *only* way. Whatever Deconstructionism is -- and it defies definition because definitions are one of the things, along with questions, that it questions -- Derrida is surely its most exciting spokesperson. (If the torrents of prose in favor and against him are any indication, Derrida is "exciting" both in the sense of stimulating and inspiring as well as that which drives to madness.) To hear Derrida, but not to see him -- to hear *what* he said and not what he *appeared* to be saying -- this was probably as good a starting point for understanding Deconstructionism as any. No wonder I was sore for two days.

Between April 19th and 26th, Derrida gave four lectures as the Frederic Ives Carpenter Visiting Professor of English, all of them about the relationships between concepts of time and gifts. Derrida is an obsessively meticulous reader, who scrutinizes -- literally -- every word in his texts. The first talk, ostensibly about Marcel Mauss's essay "The Gift", began with a one-sentence quote from Mauss and never mentioned him again. Instead, he went off on a breathless tour

-- in an earlier life I was going to label the following subset of contributions: "TRIGON: and Beyond", or something equally archaic....

Be that as it may, the bits by Larry, Carolyn and Ma have only these three things in common:

All were written by friends who I have known ~~since they were kids~~ for a long time;

...only I, on the face of the earth, have seen all three articles in their original state;

...and I not only thoroughly enjoyed "discovering" them, but also learned something from reading each of The Three.

We start off with a lecture "review", and close with a band "review"...with a 'restaurant' "review" placed in the middle. For substance....

LARRY DOWNES:

You still type things, don't you? Whenever you can afford to return the borrowed typer, you ought instead of getting one of those get yourself a cheap little computer; then people can just send you disks or, to be really smart, call up your computer and send the file directly over the phone. I still work on this trashy little IBM PC I bought (for a zillion dollars by today's standards) in 1985, which has never given me an instant of trouble and is still suitable even for long manuscripts. I almost wish it wasn't because, though I really can't afford anything new, I would sure like to have an excuse to replace it. But it keeps chugging along, apparently forever. And don't tell me you're one of those anti-technology people; this went out of style a very long time ago. And don't tell me you're not stylish; I simply know that isn't true.

So I enjoyed *OW* #62, which took a very long time to read through. I liked both Wm's and Chris's contributions--they seem to be very much like what both wrote in *Apa-50* in the Seventies, only older.

... I must say I found even more shocking Bob Tucker's report of suppressed entries in the *Worldcon* newsletter. Although there is a noble and long-standing Chicago tradition of censorship (which some may know of most recently through the attacks on paintings and sculptures at the Art Institute, one of the late Mayor Harold Washington in lingerie and another of a U.S. flag mounted on the floor, for both of which that august body's Board displayed courageous spinelessness) it has rarely been applied to the printed word, since doing so would require that someone actually read the offending text. This much attention to detail is certainly remarkable, if outrageous. If only they could have used all that energy for good, and not evil....

Can't imagine why you excised that one paragraph from my letter, but as I wrote Chris (what an odd phrase that is!) far be it from me to question the wisdom of the sage editor.

Your "Post-It Notes", as far as I can recall, is the longest piece of uninterrupted writing of your own in any *OUTWORLDS*, if not your former personalzines. And it was wonderful. Personally, I can live without all the booklists and descriptions of the early Bowers publishing catalogues if it means more of this journalizing. Yeah.

Well, I suppose that's it for now. School goes on, and I confess to a certain frustration with the prospect of a third year of it--the cost, the time, the classmates. Going back to school didn't turn out to be much fun, after all. But I'm staying here for the summer, and did get a clerkship with a federal appellate judge whose chambers are downtown for the year after graduation, so I know at least a little about my future, and that it's likely to continue to be in Chicago. And I'm happy about that.

[3/28/92]

of philosophy, psychology, religion, economics, contract law, linguistics, and anthropology, proving one simple anti-thesis: the gift, the very notion of a gift, is a paradox. ("Eet ees impossible," he says over and over.) To make a gift, you have to know it is a gift, and at that instant it ceases to be a gift, because there has been some exchange, some taking back of a benefit (or expected benefit, with interest); something is put into circulation, like currency. Forget you gave the gift, then forget you forgot it; it's still too late. Time is...well, money. (JoAnn acts out the tragedy of Christmas in the Derrida home: "Papa, ou sont les cadeaux?" "Les cadeaux? Sont impossible. Ne existe pas.")

The second lecture, "The Madness of Economic Reason", returned to Mauss in excruciating detail (2 1/2 hours), and the third and fourth (3 and 4 hours, respectively) treated a few themes in "Counterfeit Money", a one-page story by Charles Baudelaire. ("All money is counterfeit," Derrida notes.) The story begins, "After leaving the tobacconist's", and the meaning of these four words consume the entire third lecture ("The Poetics of Tobacco") and a half-hour "digression" in the fourth. (Tobacco is the "gift that dematerializes"; it "goes up in smoke.")

Why does this matter? At the start of the last lecture, after Derrida had been introduced by a placid professor from the Divinity school, a man came out of the audience and took over the microphone. He delivered a brief polemic about the University's pathetic response to a recent series of attacks and death threats against gay students, including the cancellation of a Town Meeting the Dean of Students had agreed to after students marched on the administration building. When he had finished, the protester apologized for the interruption and presented Derrida with--oh, no!--a gift, an elaborate arrangement of tropical flowers. Derrida thanked him for "sharing your thoughts," then, as if on cue, went on to talk about homosexual overtones in the Baudelaire story, the failed gift of the narrator's friend (a counterfeit coin to a beggar) and the narrator's inability to ever forgive him for giving it.

The protester and his gift, somehow, almost, explained everything--the gift, time economy, excuses and forgiveness, and why they might be important to talk about for a few days. It also had something to do with what it is that makes Derrida the most dangerous and subversive of his time. To take things apart, to look closely at the pieces, to ask obvious questions--well, who knows where this will lead? Are words the tools of humanity, or do they betray us, communicating far more than we want to say? For example: Is the administration concerned about harassment, or do they just want to appear concerned? Should we hear their official comments on the attacks the way they want us to, or should we look elsewhere--perhaps to actions--for the real meaning of the words? Maybe the flowers, which stayed on the stage throughout the last talk, uninterpreted, weren't given so much for forgiveness as they were in appreciation for the standard -- questioning, rethinking -- Derrida sets.

After the lecture, there is a reception, and we stood right next to him, drinking lemonade. Derrida is an elegant, stocky man in his sixties, with white hair and a matching raincoat. Hardly the look of a revolutionary; he looks more like a movie star. People are even asking for his autograph. "We're standing next to a living philosopher," JoAnn says. She's right. But you don't always need an autograph to know you've been inscribed.

---Larry Downes
[---originally appeared as "Hearing Derrida", in *NewCity*; May 9, 1991. Copyright 1991 NewCity Communications, Inc.; reprinted by permission.]

MARCH 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
FEBRUARY 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28	APRIL 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30			1 USDH #36 (39.5)	2 SAT
					3 SUN
4 OT-2	5 OT-2	6 OT-2	7 OT-2	8 USDH #37 (40.10) OT-2 1978 (TABAKAW/ CALISGROVE - LOCKS BOWERS) BUICK R.I.P. (170.000 MILES)	9 SAT
	M9: "ALICE" (ESQUIRE)				10 SUN
11 OT-2	12 OT-2	13 OT-2	14 OT-2	15 OT-2 USDH #38 (40.10)	16 SAT
					17 SUN
					St. Patrick's Day
18	19	20	21	22 USDH #39 (40)	23 SAT (BREW HOUSE M101 GIG SLIGHT 4 (1944) CH. 4.8
					24 SUN
					Palm Sunday
25	26	27	28	29 USDH #40 (32) OFF - NOT PAID \$170: XENDITH 35 8093 - FLAP Good Friday	30 SAT
					Passover
					31 SUN
					Easter Sunday

CAROLYN DOYLE

A Night at the Chatterbox



When you peer through the Chatterbox's store front, you can just make out the outlines on the other side -- the piano, the drummer, the saxophonist. You can hear them before you can see them.

I always marvel at how they can keep right on playing when the door opens just a couple of feet away. The Chatterbox is long and narrow, with the storefront at one of the narrow ends, and the bar less than two yards away from the postage-stamp-sized stage, stretching almost the length of the place. A row of assorted tables and chairs hugs the wall across from the bar, leaving a corridor of about 20 inches where people who can't find seats stand and talk.



A couple of months ago a regular who sometimes played there, too, took a strange mood and started arguing with Dave, the owner. This was on a night when the place wasn't too crowded, and the Frank Glover trio was playing up front.

Dave just stood on the other side of the bar and as the guy continued to persistently pontificate, Dave slowly moved toward the front, facing the guy and nodding all the time. Before he knew it, he was arguing with Dave in front of the stage, with Dave waving him toward the door (and waving his portable phone with the other hand -- it wouldn't be the first time he's called the police) and Frank Glover blowing away on his sax and not missing a beat.

If you sit down long enough, someone may come around to ask what you want, but who wants to wait that long? Either David or I stand at the bar, pushing in between all the people on stools, and order. Last time we were there it was a crowded night, and usually it's hard to get the bartender's attention. But Dave was standing behind the bar too, just listening to the music and keeping an eye on the crowd, and every time he saw some thirsty soul like me lean over the bar expectantly, he waved someone over.

Dave explained once how he had an ancient liquor license that had been grandfathered in. Under its terms, he must serve soup, a food item and milk. He keeps a box of Lipton Cup-a-Soup on the shelf (always taking care to replace it when the expiration date rolls around) and serves frozen "Patties of Jamaica" meat-filled spicy turnovers, which are heated up in the microwave. There's always half & half on hand for those people who drink Kaluha & cream. Potato chips and peanuts complete the menu.

There are brown and orange flowers on the walls -- but it's not easy to make them out under the swirls of black and red spray paint, the tin Halloween masks eyelessly smiling down, or the various stickers and signs stuck on the walls. One sports a couple of palm trees and says "Aloha. Your hosts for tonight are:" and another explains that when a band is playing, in addition to the tips bucket being passed around regularly, drinks cost 15 cents more each.

A string of triangle-shaped plastic checkered flags -- the kind that gas stations used to put up in May before the "500" to flap in the breeze -- hangs above the bar, and Christmas lights span the width of the place, below the high tin ceiling. In the back, two big old-fashioned white refrigerators sit, covered with graffiti.

When it's quiet, it looks like a slightly kitsch, slightly hip watering hole. When the juke box is playing, or a lone musician sits at the piano and plays standards, it's convivial. But when a drummer, a piano player and someone with a horn crowd onto the stage, it can sometimes be magical. Last time we went, not only was the Dick Dickinson trio there, but Frank Glover stopped by after playing somewhere else to join in on the clarinet for fun. Singer Paula Owen, resplendent in a glittery sheath and obviously coming from a better-paying, classier sort of place, got up to sing a couple of songs, while a pianist who's currently playing with the Indiana Symphony Orchestra sat in.

I sometimes wonder how long the Chatterbox will last -- how long before Dave, or someone after him, decides the place should close earlier, or expand, or start serving sandwiches. I dread the appearance of the first fern.

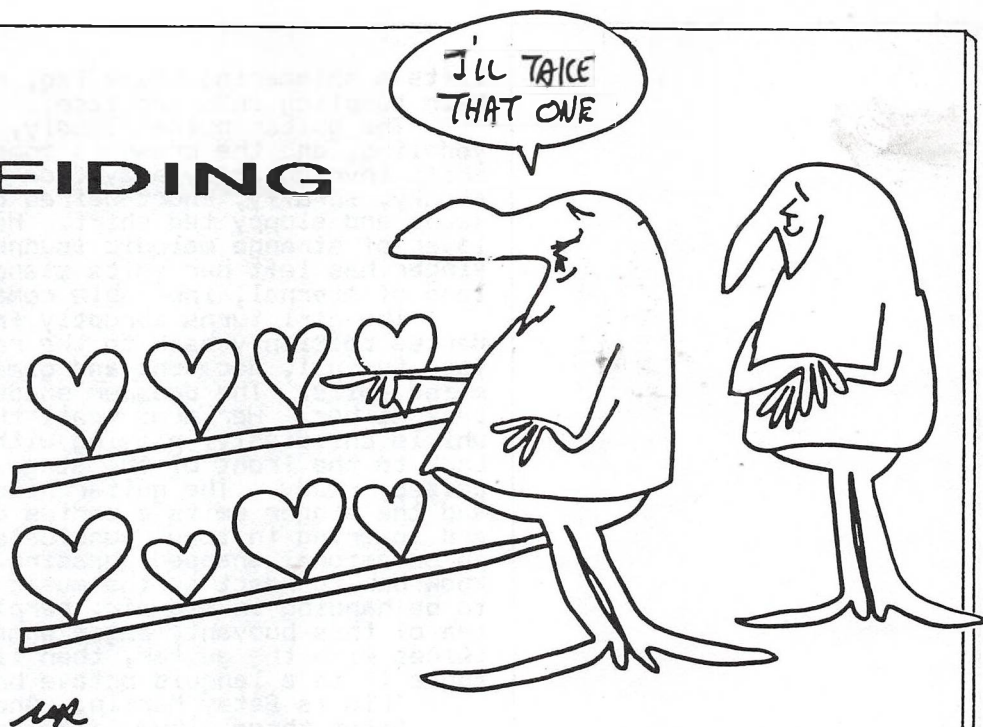
---Carolyn Doyle

Franklin, Indiana: November 1991
[PERSONAL SLANT #12; FLAP Mlg. #73; December 1991]



WM BREIDING

Rapt by Roses



a review of Caterwaul at the DNA Lounge

"Heart of my heart
Look and don't cry"
---Betsy Martin



he was a pale skinny thing, with thick, fine, jet black shoulder length hair. She was wearing the sheerest black stockings I had ever seen. They had this cool band of deep black around the thigh, and above that a block of lace. Her black velvet get-up ended just above the black band, and it had a slit up the front. When she moved back and forth or turned around, her skirt came apart to reveal the lace and upper portion of her pale thighs. At the junction of her legs was a cascade of bright red roses set against the forest of black velvet. Sewn into the hips of this thing was a burgundy colored knit stretch material that hugged her waist and torso, stopping just below her small breasts. Holding this up was a pair of suspenders. Across her bosom she wore a garment something between an abbreviated corset and an athletic bra also black and rich with lace. Her feet were encased in a pair of old fashioned black suede high heels, extremely pointed, with a strap pulled taut over the arch.

I was convinced that she was serious about the way she arranged herself in her clothing, but that she wore it with a sense of irony, making loving fun of her audience.

She moved forward, towards the crowd, her hands ruffling her thick hair, and then waving them delicately in the air, her wrists (both bound by slender bracelets, one black, the other silver) were arched, her fingers weaving. Her red painted lips met the microphone. She began a soft careening that filled every crevice of the club.

The young audience, evenly mixed between girls and boys, stare in a glazed sort of way at the stage as she

WM BREIDING:

I've been having a tough time locating OM62. It's almost a RAEBNC kind of thing. I know that's a most horrible thing to admit after all the blood and guts you put into it, and it is a wondrous thing, but it's so huge I don't know if it'll fit in.

I spent a whole week with this thing. That's more than you can say about most fanzines. I read it, and then I read it. Then I looked at it. I thought: "It's not the prettiest *OUTWORLDS*, by far, but it's probably the best." Even you would probably agree with that. Although it may not be superbly, sublimely, wonderfully gorgeous, it didn't have to be because, with the exception of some of the late issue X's, this was probably the best example you've done so far of marrying text and graphic design, so that it's probably as much of a feast as you could make it—even with tenuous connections like zipcodes, it flowed pretty seamlessly to the end, up to and including the contributor addresses and the back cover.

The reason? You, Bill.

Sometimes artists don't know what they're doing or how they do it. That's not true with you. You are so aware—to the point of manipulation—that you could have 100 contributors and *OUTWORLDS* would still be a personalzine.

[...dated: 2.22.92: 6:10 pm;
...rec'd: 6/2/92]

lifts a shimmering black leg, reaching for a note, her hair tumbling into her face.

The guitar pulses loudly, intersecting with her yodeling, and the crowd is momentarily confused. Heads shift involuntarily away from the girl towards the stocky, scruffy, short-haired guitarist, in cut off jeans and sloppy tee shirt. He peels off layer after layer of strange melodic loudness, picking up where the singer has left her voice standing, carrying it into a land of eternal, ineffable romance.

The girl turns abruptly from the microphone and dances coltishly back to the rear of the stage. Her face is full, decadent and gleaming, with a huge, amazed smile. The drummer snaps his head once and grins back at her. Her arms trail through the air and she whirls childishly, playing with her hair, wandering back to the front of the stage. She stands still, poised, ready. The guitar hits a deep, growling note and the singer emits a series of vowel sounds, rising and lowering in tone, punctuated by hard consonants and an occasional snapped phrasing. The audience doesn't know how to react as the music pulses; the crowd seems to be hanging in mid-air, perplexed, swimming in the sea of this buoyant, eager woman. The voice intertwines with the guitar, then lifts, floating slightly above it in a languid octave break.

This is Betsy Martin. And the band is Caterwaul. After three albums (*The Nature of Things*, *Pin and Web*, *Portent Hue*) with virtually no band identity (abstracted, otherworldly cover art; tiny and sometimes altered photos of the band), I was left boggled and entirely unprepared for Betsy Martin. I would say that I had an "experience" when I saw Caterwaul. Reconciling Betsy Martin's voice to her image, was exciting, challenging and sexy, but what I experienced reached beyond this into a transcendent confusion; I wandered around for days afterwards with the performance living inside of me. My senses and thought frames were altered. I had been changed. This was Art.

As Peter and I were driving home in his pick-up ("kinda like the Beverly Hillbillies go out to a club") -- he said: "She's the kind of girl you'd do anything for--you know--you'd become a junkie with her and it would be OK--you'd want to do it for her."

"That's the kind of girl I'm looking for," I said.

"Me too." Peter looked out the window.

There was a pause, and I sighed into it. As Peter turned onto 21st Street from Harrison Street he looked at me and said, "Who knows what's in store for us, William."

I repeated what he said in my head. I nodded into the darkness. "Yeah," I said.

When I got home that night and was finally able to go to sleep, I dreamed about Betsy Martin.

Danielle and I were on the dark streets south of Market, and she was giddy, eloquent and amused. Betsy Martin seemed to be everywhere in the darkness, singing, and Dani was good naturedly trying to make it so that we avoided her, crossing streets and holding hands down alley ways that don't exist.

We ended up in some dark club. Everything was as red as deep red roses, and there was Betsy Martin, a shiny black thing in the center of the red heart of the stage, yowling and tripping about girlishly.

Danielle pulled me close, her body emitting hot erotic pulses where our bodies met, Betsy Martin's voice ringing through us. We slowly receded to the rear of the club, and the singer got smaller and smaller. We hit the dark wet streets. Danielle was laughing.

"OK. That's enough," she said.

And I woke up.

---Wm Breiding
[...an earlier version was published in an unnumbered/
undated issue of *LETTERS FROM A COYOTE*; rec'd 10/1'91]

D GARY GRADY

Tales of Woe



While I was attending a convention in Raleigh last July my beeper kept going off and I kept running to pay phones. People eyed me suspiciously, as if I might be some unsavory sort, perhaps a drug dealer or a physician. Eventually I gave up and drove to a client's office in Durham (about 30 miles) to spend some time handling a minor emergency. This kept me busy until about 11 p.m..

I had intended to get to bed early, because at 8:00 the next morning I was to drive a 15-passenger van from Raleigh to the beach, and I wanted to be wide-awake enough to go the right direction on I-40. (Granted, we would have reached the coast either way, but eastward is rather quicker.)

On the way back from the office to my apartment I stopped at a convenience store to pick up something or other. When I came out and tried to start my car, it would only emit strange arcing and sparking noises. "Oh, goody!" I said.

I walked a couple of blocks in sweltering, record-breaking heat and humidity (it would outdo a Minnesotan's nightmare image of the South) in order to reach a gas station with road service.

Unfortunately, both of their trucks were out on long distance missions. No one knew how long they'd be gone, but I was invited to wait. I didn't have much of a choice.

So there I was, stranded over a mile from my apartment with the clock ticking toward midnight, and I had to be back at the con in eight hours to play bus driver.

While I waited, I telephoned the con committee chairman to report my problems. "Don't tell me your problems, Grady!" he said. "The power's out at my house!"

Eventually one of the wreckers came back. The driver was exhausted and was producing more sweat than I've ever seen generated by a human being without the help of special effects. The truck's air conditioning was broken and he'd been too busy to fix it, he explained.

He decided that my car probably had some fairly serious electrical problems and could not be quickly repaired. "Where do you want me to tow it?" he asked.

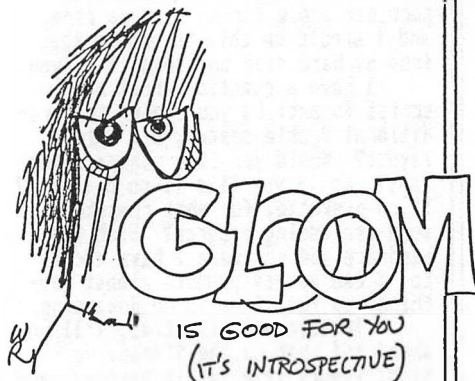
"Well," I said thoughtfully, "is there a river near here?"

He persuaded me that putting it at my apartment was a better idea, in case the defect was covered under warranty. (You see how I still retain my affection for fantasy.)

Anyway, a bit at 1 a.m. I was finally asleep in my place with my poor car parked out back.

And five hours later I was up again, phoning an old friend (I hope he's still a friend), to explain the situation and beg a ride to the airport, which was the only place I could find a rental car agency open so early. (I would have taken a cab, but cabs here are notoriously unreliable.) With remarkable cheerfulness he agreed to come to my rescue.

Hence I was able to rent a car at the airport and drive it to where I'd left the 15-passenger van. I showed up driving said van exactly as scheduled, with



...by way of Introducing Gary Grady:

"I want to compliment you on the single best statement in the December mailing: 'If a woman declines a date with me and wanders off retching, I don't assume she found me unattractive. On the contrary, I assume she is uncontrollably awed at having been asked.' Bravo, sir, bravo! I am proud to be associated with you! Mark my words, you will go far as a fan or a pro, whatever your choice."

---BOB TUCKER, to D GARY GRADY
"I Couldn't Square 'Tuit"; Feb. 1988

D GARY GRADY:

Sorry not to respond to your letter immediately; once again I've been facing a rush project that devours my time like I eat a calzone. On top of that I have just had minor surgery to remove a possible melanoma from my right temple, and people have been looking at the wound and asking if I had my head liposuctioned. (How this could interfere with my answering a letter is admittedly rather vague and misty, but ever since the first grade I've been prone to grab any excuse that wanders within range and wave it vigorously. This policy has served me well and it would seem ungrateful to discard it.)

Anyway, to answer your question, I would be honored indeed to become an *OUTWORLDS* columnist. Looks like those cartons of cigarettes I've been shipping to Locke have finally paid off.

I like your suggestion of using a combination of my two "excuse" bits from FLAP, especially since that requires so little work on my part. It so happens I have already edited the two bits together into a somewhat smoother whole for my *Slanapa* zine, and I should be able to exhume that from my hard disk and send it to you.

I have a question about manuscript format: Do you prefer the traditional double-spaced, big margin layout? Would you like camera-ready copy? Would you like it on diskette? If on diskette, for what computer/word processing program? With the hardware and software I have access to, I can easily produce almost anything, so feel free to be demanding.

To save a little time, I'll go ahead and hunt up the *Slanapa* version, rework it a little perhaps, and send it to you in a day or two in whatever format strikes me as reasonable. If I guess wrong, I don't in the least mind sending another copy later, since it's only a matter of pushing a few buttons. (If I actually had to do any work it would be a different matter entirely, mind you...)

A thought just crossed my newly-liposuctioned brain: Ned Brooks keeps hounding me to revive my old fanzine *WAREHOUSE*. Maybe I could stage a hostile merger with *OUTWORLDS* so you could do the work and I could share the credit. We could combine the zine titles: *OUTHOUSE*, say....

Stop looking so disgusted; I'm just kidding, I swear. [4/3/92]

no one aware (until I told them my story that night at dinner) that I'd encountered the slightest problem.

Incidentally, the etiology of the car trouble turned out to be an unexpected and catastrophic failure in my battery. I wound up spending more on the rental car than on repairs to my own.



Now, were life subject to the rules of better-quality series fiction, it would feel an obligation to invent something not car-related to hit me with next time. But no....

Labor Day morning I courageously set out from my apartment to hunt down and slay a biscuit for my breakfast. Three blocks away a very attractive young lady rammed the front end of her car into mine.

If I were more optimistic, I might have suspected her of having read Ogden Nash's (or was it Richard Armour's?) poem about the fellow who planned to discover the name of a cute girl by running over her and reading it in the paper (he wasn't going to do it hard, just one wheel). I don't think she did it as a way of introducing herself, though.

I was going straight and had a green light. She was coming from the opposite direction and, like most women of late, simply didn't notice that I was there. She turned directly into me, her car smashing into the port bow of mine. Since neither of us saw the accident coming in time to brake, our relative speed was probably between 40 and 50 miles per hour.

Both vehicles were damaged beyond practical repair, and in my case at least it hurt like hell. Had either of us not been wearing a seat belt and shoulder harness there would likely have been serious injury or death.

Moral Number One: Wear your restraint system (and wear it correctly; many people don't), even if you're going just a few blocks.

The police arrived in force with admirable dispatch, and in the course of their investigation it transpired that the young lady was a firefighter for the city of Durham. This caused the forces of law and order no end of amusement, and they chortled away about how everybody knows firemen can't drive and so forth. One of them told me I was lucky she hadn't been driving a fire truck, or I'd be way the hell over there now, har, har, har.

I'm afraid I'm guilty of having joined in the fun to some extent, picking up the other car's hood ornament from the street and handing it to her with the recommendation she keep it as a souvenir. The cops loved this, one of them suggesting she have it made into a necklace. She took all this well, I'm glad to say. We were a happy group, standing around the remains of two dead cars and having a grand time while onlookers gawked with astonishment.

I conjured the same wrecker company as last time and they actually gave me a regular-customer discount. Seriously.

Aside from discomfort in the abdomen where the seat belt grabbed me and some general muscle soreness elsewhere, I felt reasonably well and did not go to the doctor until the next day. This was a dumb move, as will become evident shortly.

When I did see my internist, he took one look at my black-and-blue abdomen and sucked in his breath in sympathy pain. "Wow, you did take a hit!" he said, as if I didn't know. He scolded me for not immediately going to the emergency room in case I might have had an internal hemorrhage or organ damage.

A few days later I noticed something strange: a hard lump about the size of a small annoyance dog had appeared inside my abdomen below and to the left of my

navel. Since I couldn't recall having swallowed a chihuahua recently, I went back to the doctor. He poked and prodded and looked worried. He kept saying he'd never seen anything like that. "Let me discuss this with one of my colleagues," he said, and went away.

After a time he returned, growling, "Ah, that idiot doesn't know anything!" (This is, I swear to you, very nearly an exact quote.) His diagnosis, by elimination of the other possibilities (massive hernia or tumor), was that I had the biggest damned hematoma he'd ever come across.

Now, everybody knows that a *subdural* hematoma is a standard affliction of patients in soap operas, but I confess I had no clear notion of what it really was or what other popular brands of hematoma there might be. I sort of thought it was one of those "woman things" we men don't normally have to worry about. However, once motivated I can do research, and here's the scoop on hematomas:

A hematoma is a sort of three-dimensional sub-surface scab formed following internal bleeding. It's not unusual for injuries to create them in the thigh muscles of football players, where they sometimes become calcified and have to be removed surgically.

A subdural hematoma, if you're curious, is one formed beneath the brain's outer coating, the *dura mater*. Always a danger after a serious head injury, it can cause pressure in the brain and create severe mental impairment or even death, hence its popularity on television. An epidural hematoma, as referred to in Steve Martin's conversation with the little girl bystander in *The Man with Two Brains*, is a less serious one outside the *dura mater* but still within the skull. I, of course, had neither. I mean neither a subdural nor an epidural hematoma; I do have a *dura mater* and a skull.

Evidently I had been hemorrhaging internally immediately after the accident. Fortunately I have union platelets that quickly took care of the problem without outside assistance and without complaint. The next day my blood pressure and pulse were normal, meaning the signs that would have given evidence of blood loss after the accident were gone by the time I saw my physician the first time. Had my injuries have been much worse, however, I might have died in my sleep before ever getting medical attention. Not a bad way to go, perhaps, but rather sooner than I'd have liked.

Moral Number Two: If you're in an accident any worse than a trivial fender-bender, get to a physician or an emergency room as soon as possible. Feeling more-or-less OK doesn't mean you are. (It also helps later on if you find it necessary to sue.)

Incidentally, my research was able to turn up one other case of a large abdominal-wall hematoma resulting from a traffic accident. I would have gone to the physician who had successfully treated that case (it's always nice when they say they have seen whatever it is you've got), but unfortunately the other patient was a dog, and I doubt the vet in question would have seen me even had I oinked in my most pathetic and plaintive manner.

Anyway, my hematoma is gradually disappearing as it should. (The process could take as long as a year, I'm told.) It's worth noting that if I had not heeded the rule of always keeping one's seat belt as low as possible (or had worn just a shoulder belt as some cars with passive restraints permit), I could have sustained damage to one of the internal organs that live in the upper part of the abdomen, a potentially very serious matter.

Meanwhile, several ambulance-chasing lawyers, who dig through police reports for this sort of thing, sent me letters begging to represent me. ("Mr. Grady, please tell the Court what you're sitting on." "I'm sitting on a gold mine, Your Honor!")

Well, here at last is my column. I think I'll try the running column title "Tales of Woe"--I've got a lot of material of that sort lying about.

Since Priority Mail is the same price for up to 2 pounds, I said what the hell and did a whole selection of different styles of printout, all suitable for cut-and-paste layout purposes I hope. I even included a traditional double-space manuscript, in case you prefer that. One of the styles, by the way, is an attempt to duplicate that used for Chris Sherman's column. Another is narrow enough to run two columns. Use what you like and toss the rest....

Still no word, by the bye, on whether the mole I had removed was a case of melanoma, but from what my doctor told me, I gather bad news on this front normally merits a frantic phone call, whereas good news will come eventually by letter. Perhaps if it's really excellent news they'll send it on duckback or by glacier. Anyway, I'm hoping the slow response implies good news. On the other hand, bad news gives me material for my column.... [4/8/92]

Gary sent me five different printouts of his column.

Pat sent me my fancied-up resume in five or six typefaces.

Chris is attempting to become the "new" David Thayer of the postcard 'set'; Larry is chiding me for not being computerized enough.

...and Ma is now sending me MAC-droppings.

All right, you guys!

[~~ADD YOUR NAME HERE BACK IN 4/8/92~~]

...in the meantime, despite the fact that both Gary and Chris provided me with "camera-ready" copy--at the last moment I decided to retype both of the columns: to preserve the "look" of the issue throughout. I may not be completely satisfied with that "look" -- but at least it is consistent. (Not normally my strongpoint, that.)

Besides.

It seemed like a good idea, at the time.

Evidently grateful that I did not choose to deal through these weasels, the other party's insurance company was almost generous. Not only did they provide me with a nice, roomy rental car of my choice (with air bag, by ghu!), they paid several hundred dollars for mine than its blue-book retail value and reimbursed me many times my out-of-pocket medical expenses. Further, they never even asked me to sign any sort of release. (Rest assured that the things I did sign specifically asserted that I in no wise waived my right to seek additional damages at a later date.)

Anyway, I now own a 1992 Honda Accord LX, which has an air bag. (Note the securely closed barn door.) On the whole I'm not unhappy with the adventure.

One thing I like about my new car is that the dashboard idiot light for the air bag says "SRS" for Supplemental Restraint System. My rental car's idiot light was more direct but took me by surprise. When I first got in and turned on the ignition, the light came on saying "AIR BAG".

"Gas hog!!" I bellowed back at it.

One final curiosity:

The day after the accident, I was eating breakfast at my usual spot, Biscuit King, and I related my story to Carol, the stunning brunette who is one of the main reasons I frequent the place. "So the woman who hit you is in the fire department?" she asked. "What's her name? I know some people in the fire department." I fished out the accident form and read the name to her. "Aack!" she said. "That's my ex-husband's ex-wife!"

Now, as it happens, Carol is my own ex-wife's first cousin, meaning that the woman who hit me is my ex-wife's first cousin's ex-husband's ex-wife!

Moral Number Three: Eventually the entire population of North America will be related by blood, marriage, or divorce.

---D Gary Grady

...from NO THEORY! FACTS!! #23; August 1991; FLAP #71;
...and NO THEORY! FACTS!! #24; December 1991; FLAP #73

APRIL 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
1	2	3	4	5 USOH #4 (40) (LAST DAY)	6 SAT M11: STEEL MAGNOLIAS M12: MAJOR LEAGUE (TAPES) 7 SUN
8	9	10	11	12 OUT - WK #1	13 SAT 14 SUN B4: EON - GREG GEAR
15	16	17 #171 OUTWORLDS GO (60 Pgs)	18	19 OUT - WK #2	20 SAT 21 SUN
22 M13: "CLASS ACTION" (COVERAGE)	23	24 M14: "FATAL ATTRACTION" (C) (TAPES)	25	26 OUT - WK #3 #165 - M w/CANN	27 SAT 28 SUN MAY 26 (10)
29	30				

MARCH 91
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MAY 91
S M T W T F S
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Good Morning

Come enjoy our
FREE CONTINENTAL BREAKFAST

Including orange juice
With our world famous
Freshly baked
Coffee

Served Monday-Saturday
Sunday 6:00 AM

Cockatoo the Grand

Admit 1; No. 3

Corflu 9 Banquet
March 1, 1992

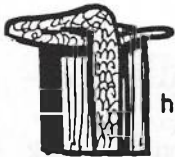
Cockatoo Inn
The Grand Hotel



I live in person at Corflu Bill Bowers' first words to me were, "Where's you column, Jeanne?" So:

Oh Nine Eight Two Corflu

**JEANNE
BOWMAN**



When he gave me a copy of his perzine, *Flaf Two*, a perk to being a timely columnist and the first of many I received. I wonder if I can get away with calling this a column and a loc too (of the zines I got, and still haven't finished reading), having thought of the idea as we returned through the Altamont pass at 2 am Monday, admiring the lights below.

Let's see, what's on top of the pile ... Spike's I-94. I got Don up early so we could be ready for 6:00 am and Mike "we never stop, except for gas, and maybe if you're really hungry" Keene. We drove into the sunrise over the Livermore Valley and earthquake swarm epicenter on highway 580. Don wondered "What if we get to England and it's just like this, only with castles?"

From the rolling hills we sped through the fruiting plains--almond orchards in full bloom, Mike's window all the way down. We talk of spitting into the aqueduct and of the bee hives in the trees. Bees pulling pollen from the live white clouds in the fog. The land away from irrigation is so barren there is no food for the insects and the hives are crowded with what look like old gas cans, liquid crisco tins and the like -- artificial food. The California aqueduct snakes along side the road and Mike curses the pools of Los Angeles, wondering if the State will talk the federal government into giving up control of the project--thereby ensuring real environmental degradation of the Great Valley, unlike the current soil salination and selenium build up. On I-5 we can drive 65 and do. A stop at Denny's for one of those 10 minute meals. A slow down to enjoy the stockyard fragrance which may have been the only time the windows stayed closed during the entire trip. The Grapevine smelled of overheated brake shoes on the way up. Sagebrush and chaparral with cactus fascinated me at the summit. Not nearly so much as the sandstone beds in blocks and layers, wind eaten and pitted into small caves as we descended into the San Fernando Valley. Hey, this is what it looks like where I went to high school in Australia, guys, what a heavy nostalgia-kick.

The Corflu flyer I had was not one with a map. By noon we were in the San Fernando Valley and traffic. After doing a driveby tour of the freeway construction in the neighborhood of the Cockatoo Inn (I had mentioned to Bruce Pelz I had a little trouble with the name, and the Nude Dancing Bar up the block and super big Billiard Hall across the street somehow were no surprise), we looked into the lobby of the hotel and there were Patty Peters and Gary Mattingly, with Lenny Bailes. Mike and Don came to book in Los Angeles, so off they went. I borrowed a comb from Patty, checked in, waved at Bill and went to my room to take a nap.

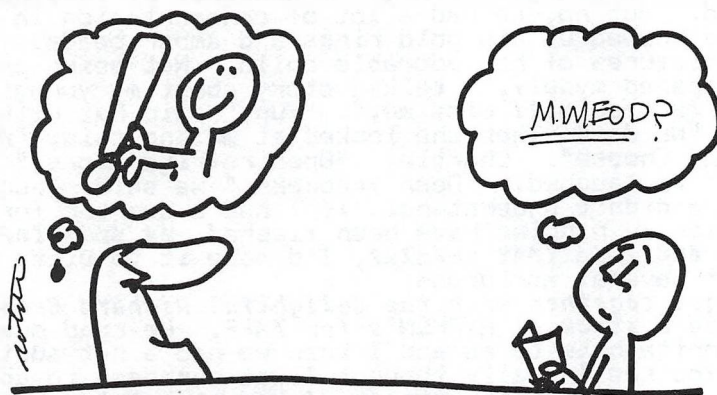


YOUNG FAN WATCHING AN OLD FAN READING HIS FANZINE

Andy Hooper passed around the "Queen of all Dairyland" Corflu bid brochure in the consuite as I said my formal hellos. Bill introduced Leah and Dick Smith, and Pat Mueller ... Bill asked for an update on my backyard bug class. I had had the first in the latest series of Jeanne gets paid to have fun just before the con. One of the little 2nd grade darlings brought a bucket and a gallon pickle jar of amphibians in amplexus. All I knew for sure about the toads was the male was on top. Look, the eggs are coming out of the female! The regular classroom teacher was still in the room so we went outside. No, no don't pull the toads apart! Hold this single one (imagine how well it held still). At least I could tell them which were the males and females in the newt jar. See, smooth sticky skin, long broad tail and swollen vent -- that is the male.

All that talk about slime and I was really hungry. Misters Bowers, Breiding, Gaier, Mattingly and Wesson joined Mesdames Patty Peters, Pat (nee Mueller, never mind) and myself for a dinner ensemble debauching the Wendy's across the street. That was fun. Pat and I wondered if we could get the childrens toys without the meals. Mr. Breiding refused to sit next to Mr. Wesson. They kept teasing each other. Wm Breiding was being shy. NOT. Something was going on here.

It was as we returned to Don Fitch's gloriously accoutered and stocked consuite that Joe Wesson quietly attempted to remark upon my contagious amusement. Who is this guy, I wonder??? Why is he telling me I am having an effect on his reputation for keeping a very straight face??? What's so funny about that??? I don't know, but I start to crack before he finishes his sentence. How come he's braking up??? How come we can't stand up straight for laughing? How come I can't straighten my face without the both of us laughing?? Why do I mention my reputation??? It didn't sober us up at all....



A FAN WATCHING A MUNDANE READING HIS FANZINE

Friday night Barnaby Rappoport's LET'S FANAC was making the rounds.... It says on the back cover "I went to a remarkable school", which Joe Wesson proved to the disbelieving Milt Stevens and Gil Gaier by pulling out a phenomenally reduced laminated copy of his PhD diploma with a reverse side "Nazi Code" -- *We worked to get a Phd at our school. We love our school. We loved to work for our school. We love to work.* "Call me Herr Doctor Professor Mister Wesson," he says. Gil Gaier shook his head and seemed to be convinced; "It's a frightening thought," he mumbled.

Barnaby's zine has an article about "freedom from psychology," on dream journals. I don't know if I've ever forgiven Jerry Kaufman for saying[‡] at the Norwescan in Seattle in 1984 (or was it the Portland in '84 Westercon or was it the Seattle 1983 Westercon) that peoples' dreams are always boring when told to someone else. Boring! Dream time was what I felt I had begun to inhabit as I stayed that night with the degenerates in the smoking room/beer emporium. Bill Bowers had some kind of revelation about an Auto Flu. He spoke of Gary Mattingly, Leah Smith and Doctor Professor Mister Joe Wesson having Cy Chauvin (who wasn't even around) run an Auto-flu in Chicago (or was it Detroit?). Wm. Breiding would dissolve into superbly timed shy and retiring giggles while Patty Peters laughed. A lot of rum disappeared into Coke cans and I knew I was either in a dream or a reunion at Contact High. This convention was like one big high school reunion. (I should have run for DUFF.)

[‡] Sarcastic commentary on Bid Sniffing Alert.

JEANNE BOWMAN:

January 27 pm

Yeow Bill -

"It" arrived this afternoon. Postmarked the 23rd. Not too shabby for book rate. Letters from San Francisco have ben known to take longer.

I've not read it all yet -- started scanning from the back forward & have learned that I ought to have a copier (or maybe that is your Editorial Function -- I needn't make copies while you pub my missives).... Actually, I forget a lot of what I have written (and would if I did make copies. Silverberg is not just being modest when he counts publications.). I had forgotten about what was in my column ... You've now printed my first installment of a trip report-- written before the race was over. A neat editorial trick. Especially as I was thinking what a good idea it would be to do one before I left home. Following Langford's Good Example & having fun throughout the deal. Wow.

And you've got all that Bill Breiding. I am anticipating. Way to go!! And more Chris Sherman. I am impressed by the company you put me in.

Don says 'it' looks like the kind of fanzine he remembers (from the 70's).

January 28 am

God, it's all your fault. I have a sick headache this morning, because I read parts of 'it' last night, with my neck cricked at a funny angle. Pulled/stretched/wrecked the muscles at the base of my skull. It didn't help that Don, having a severe head cold decided that he would hold an Oliver Stone film fest. First we watched "The Doors".[‡] Not the sort of cheery nostalgic vision that this issue of *OUTWORLD* dispels. What a context!

1 . 28 . noon

Don thinks it's a quintessential fanzine. "It raises the dark side ... and the light. Plus it has all those details that Bowers can pull off, that are only boring in lesser hands." We are discussing it, savoring the read between tissues & aches (maybe I will take an aspirin--major concesion to discomfort.)

1 . 28 . 2:00

I didn't. I watched "Talk Radio". What a context.

So, you watched "Tremors" twice & that's you only comment??

[‡] Then I went to bed & read the one with no number on 'it's' cover....

The Corflu auction was the program item Friday night, and I wanted to see how it was done. Bruce Pelz did the auctioneering and I knew it needed help for TAFF (not for lack of staff and organization you understand). I had asked Robert to get some TAFF stuff to auction to me some time ago. I know he has been busy, publishing his last TAFF newsletter, putting out a timely issue of *TRAPDOOR*, organizing the TAFF materials by cover color, alphabetizing by city of publication and placing it in chronological order. I had been promising Bill that I would be good and not pull him into any petty Glen Ellen Fan politicking, but when Robert went to Cantor's Deli and missed the Corflu auction I bent Bill's ear. I was a little ired. Maybe that's why Andrew Hooper remarked that I was "smoldering" back in the smoking lounge....

Oh, here is the membership list. All laid out in black and white like Joe was later. Saturday morning Pat Mueller and I were waking up with hot fluids in the consuite near Tom (where's that roster) Digby. He thought it was remarkable that someone had asked to see his nipples the night before. I wondered if they were tattooed. But no, he had a lot of ornamentation in both and showed us his gold rings and amber beads. Pat showed pictures of her adorable child. Not being properly prepared myself, I talked story about my young'un telling me "You will miss me." "Yup," said Pat with a giggle, "we do." Then she looked at me and said, "Macaroni and Cheese". Chortle. "Open refrigerators," I stated. We laughed. "Open freezers," we said, laughing. Tom didn't understand. If I had a quarter for every time my nipples have been flashed, by some insistent and impatient toddler, I'd make it to Ditto and the next several worldcons.

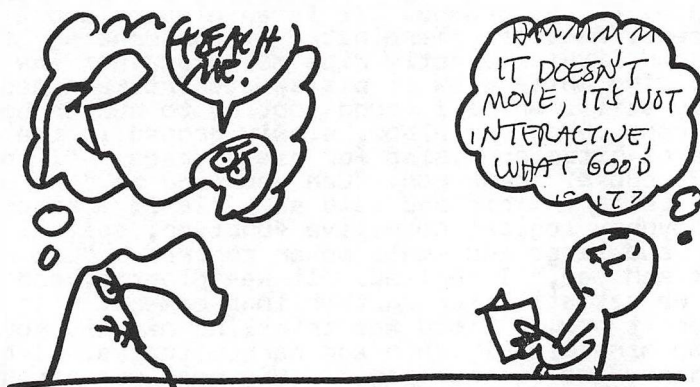
I got together with the delightful Richard Brandt -- who had a stack of HYPHEN's for TAFF. He read one of his favorite bits to me and I knew we had a hot auction item. You see I really thought I was supposed to come up with something interesting. I had to get to a copy store. This mission acquired Gary Mattingly and Nigel Rowe and we went to the Office Club up the street under the freeway and around the corner. This was True Smoffing as I had my card and later took Marty Cantor up to xerox some of the 7th INNING Corflu oneshot. (My regency room mate asked for a fanzine -- I gave her the Corflu 7th INNING, which she read from the back. She didn't ask for another.) Marty sweetly offered congratulations and good advice on Fan Fund stuff.

I looked over Jerry Kaufman's COAST TO COAST DUFF report after lunch with Doctor Wesson. I was thinking to write my original column here about Australia and accents and traveling and high school. How women adopt verbal camouflage and get it into their hard wiring so that speech transforms according to the listener. Like when I was talking to Nigel Rowe and Gil Gaier and would like say, "you know?" to Gil and "too right" to Nigel, "but". Professor Wesson had remarked that a Southern accent is not just a drawl, but elided and dropped fricatives as well as word choice. I expect cadence, intonation and glottal stops contribute. It put a spanner in my works to think more on it.

I took a nap.

Lenny Bailes' INK GUN BLUES came to hand as I returned to Corflu. Just in time to watch Andy Hooper sweat through the end of his bid. He got it. Then it was auction, which was very shortly halted owing to it being dinner supper time. I'd been encouraging Our Editor to get up a dinner party. Five minutes after the close of program, we were seated in the hotel restaurant. Chris Sherman got going on his electronic apa ideas. (I hope he gets together with Lenny Bailes as INK GUN BLUES is in the same vein.) He was radiantly optimistic and enthusiastic about his plans and work. Chris and Andy Hooper and Gil Gaier went on about travelling in England. We speculated on touring by the tubes ala Alice in Wonderland. Just pop up anywhere. I guess I could have said I had definite plans.





AN OLD FAN WATCHING A MEDIA FAN READ HIS FANZINE

Arnie and Joyce Katz are generating new fans and brought Woody Bernardi (wearer of the rainbow propeller beanie) and Laurie Yates to LA. I had some far fetched idea about auctioning off dances in the bar in honor of Sadie Hawkins day and Laurie had graciously agreed to be a victim. Lenny Bailes put in a ten dollar bid before the event. We had an hour to demolish before programming resumed.

Laurie gave me a copy of CATACREISIS. I misread the title and thought she had put it out during the con. Her sweetie had gone into (and out of) the hospital that day. He advised her to stay and have fun.

I was well fed and up for something different. I wanted to go to the beach. I felt the resurgence of youthful past. Yes, I was not a sand layabout, but a real water baby in Oz. I was about to look for Chris Sherman (and his car) and said so to Andy Hooper who made a crack about my virtue being at stake on the sands. Thinking I had misheard him, "Say what?" I inquired. He furthered his point by suggesting there "weren't many men who would throw you out of bed for eating toast and getting cookie crumbs in it." No, but my husband does. Everytime. I was expounding on that when Laurie joined us.

I was ready to run for the hills. And there, across the street was the slag heap, a rubble pile of former freeway. "I want to go climb that." I asked Andy and Laurie if they would join me. They did. As we walked out the breezeway Joe Wesson appeared, and accepted my challenge invite. Joe shot across the boulevard and waited for the rest of us. It began to occur to me that this was maybe not a great idea as we passed the pro shooters in the parking lot of the Billiard parlor--too late--we were there. I followed Joe up the jumbled asphalt blebs and concrete slabs mixed and tossed together with no regard for his bald tennis shoes and my flip flops. But we were out of doors, night was calling and the view promised to be fantastic.

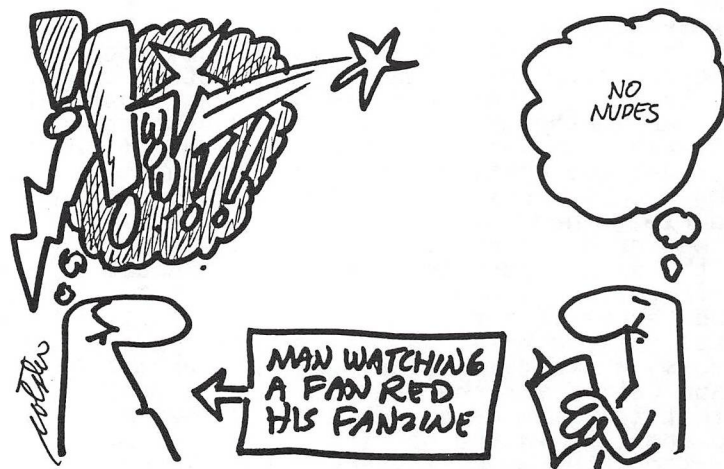
Imagine, an enormous terminal moraine alongside the glacial valley of automotive progress. No swath of city lights here. Eerie illumination from the airline headlights as they close overhead and down to some distant extension of the foreground wound. Grand scale earth movement--I can just discern two layers of depth beyond the oversize scree wall we stand on. There is no hint of human habitation in the view before us. Is that an underpass or the play of moving shadow in the dozed earth? I turn to look behind me. The corrugated walls of the building below us are unroofed. Inside are the carcasses of automobiles stacked 15 feet deep and arrayed like a glittering box of chocolates. I call Joe's attention. He begins to turn and sways ever so slightly...the ground seems to take his strength, he

.....
 * * *
 Spring '92
 ... I'm supposed to tear out the bathtub today, and clean up the mess where the rains have soaked the back hallway and make the rubberstamps for my bug class and get the kids to school on time and read the literary Brit Guide Books and six back issues of INTERZONE and clean my desk, room kitchen and wash the windows.
 [postmarked 3/23/92]
 * * *

begins to wilt. His gravity has failed and bonelessly he crumples to the ground. It is an elegant and timeless moment. Awesome. Terminated by the echoing "tump" of his head like an exactly ripe melon against the road rip rap. The white glow of his sweatshirt remained eternally still, while I found footing to hunker beside him. He rose up on one elbow, slowly groped in the dark overlaps of bituminous slag for his glasses. "I lost a lens." He spoke. Thank god. "Can you find it?" he asked. Even better. I did and said so. "Is it scratched?" Oh boyoboyoboy logical cognitive function, spatial orientation and large and small motor control. "Let me clean it and see," I replied. It was plastic, and clear. We sat still for another long moment. "I'm ready for it now." Blood was trickling off his forehead, two miraculously thin and narrow tracks. I gave him my hanky and did not panic. His nose was strangely dark, abraded. "I'd really like a beer" he said. I knew he was okay. Bashed and bruised but okay. We told Laurie and Andy it was okay. We were okay clambering down the slope. We got back to civilization and that beer.

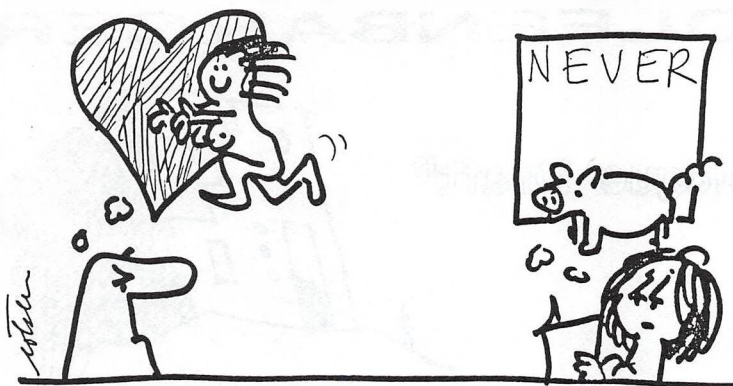
It was okay.

Stupid, I felt so brain empty and stupid. I made jokes about the stunning view, the knock out scenery, my abrasive personality, the fact that Joe really needed to wash his face. I made some token effort not to play Nurse Nancy, but kept suggesting ice. He got my attention, stuck ~~what was left~~ of his face in mine and demanded to know if I were thinking I was in any way responsible for his actions? huh? if so, stop.... We did agree that our inner children were not allowed to play together. I hadn't panicked, overreacted, barfed or had my hair turn white but I was about to lose my restraint in telling blood and gut stories so I went along to the auction.



Talk about being bowled over, look at this copy of IDEA number 4 with hand colored covers. Geri Sullivan gave it to me with a SCIENCE FICTION FIVE YEARLY. Two rough and tumble mimeoed fanzines. The real thing. If I pause to read them now, you know this column will never get done. I love reading Jeff Schalles' indelible travelogues. And Geri is everything I've been reading about. What a woman. We sat together at the auction. It was going well. The crowd was lively. I admired Geri's silver slippers. They had a good ripple sole. "Wow" I said, "you could keep a real grip and stand tall on the slag pile with those." We were giggling when Joe appeared in the doorway, causing Geri to laugh so hard she fell out of her seat.

The rest of the night was like an OUTWORLDS live. Notable fans came and went through the smoking booze den. Patty laughed. Someone asked her about something I didn't exactly hear and her reply was "the house and the dogs," and my mouth said "Where's Gary?" Wim and Sherm and Wess had some schtick going. Patty refused to



MAN WATCHING A WOMAN READING HIS FIRST FANZINE

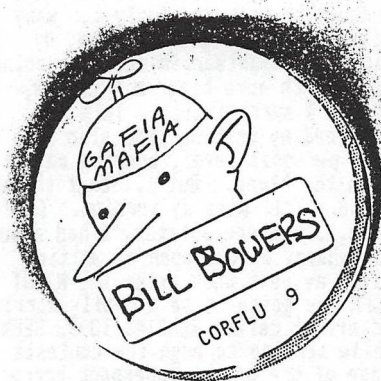
give her nickname. I didn't mention Charles Willeford always called me "Slim".... Every now and then a wave of blushes washed the room. (Sunday morning Patty assured me that everything I was thinking is true. "But knowing your imagination, Jeanne, what you are thinking is worse.") It was an euphoric apa 50, autoclave, Contact High reunion. I never saw Patty laugh so much. "I'm having about a dozen trains of thought at once," she said, "and I can't stay on any one track."

I give up. Let someone else do you more con report--let them talk about Linda Bushyager's fine quest of honor speech or the moving pyramid of fans honoring Don Fitch. You tell about meeting Don Herron at last, or have Joe tell how it was to look like he'd been in a bar brawl. I've got my passport now and concrete plans to make before I even finish reading these zines.

And I need a nap.

---Jeanne Bowman

We B Dudes Ranch - March 6 '92 - 95442-0982 Corflu



MAY 1991						
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN	
APRIL 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JUNE 31 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	1	2	3 OUT-WK # 4	4 SAT	
				#166-CORFLU	OCHO (6)	5 SUN
6	7	8	9	10 OUT-WK # 5	11 SAT	
BS! THE HEMINGWAY HQA -JOE HARDMAN (ON PLANE BACK FLAP -PAGE 1)					12 SUN	
					Mother's Day	
13	14	15	16	17 OUT-WK # 6	18 SAT	
	#172 XENOLITH 36 10 PGS / FLAP MIS "BILL DUDMAN"				BREW HOUSE	
					19 SUN	
					BCI ETERNITY -GREG BEAR	
20	21	22	23	24 OUT-WK # 7	25 SAT	
BT VOYAGE OF THE STAR WOLF -DAVID GERARD			MIG-FX-2 (CONTRACT)		26 SUN	
Victory Day (Canada)					OF: ORBITAL DECAY -ALLEN STEELE	
27	28	29	30	31 OUT-WK # 8		
#173 OUTWOLDS 27.5 (40 PGS)				BAI CLARKE COUNTY, SPACE -ALLEN STEELE		
Memorial Day (Observed)						

BILLY

BILLY WOLFENBARGER:

...I hope you enjoy reading "Prologue Draft", which is the beginning of my second novel, *THE NIGHT CAFE*. I haven't even finished the outline yet, & I discovered this piece had to be written; ultimately, more than likely, to give the outline a sharper focus. [11/20/91]

Wow. Where to begin...?.. You did a beautiful job (w/artwork by Sandra Jordan) in the annish with "Evening Legends". *OUTWORLDS 62* is a heavy issue in a lot of ways.

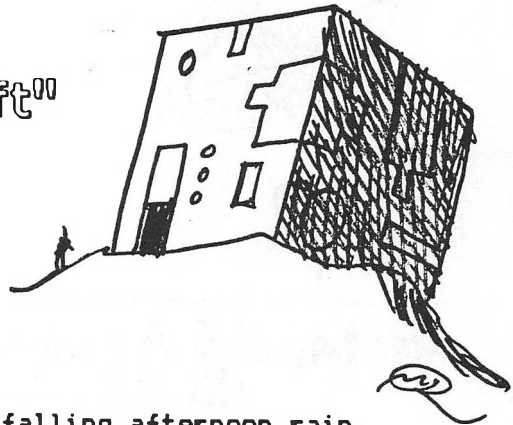
With a wish to keep you & my other readers up to date, a mind boggling event happened to me a few weeks ago, & in a very strong way (one of the very strongest indeed!)-- in re "Prologue Draft" in *OUTWORLDS 63* -- which was going to be the prologue for my 2nd novel, *THE NIGHT CAFE*.... I caught the first episode of CBS' *Nightmare Cafe*, done by Wes Craven, on Friday night(s), & I felt I had to drop *THE NIGHT CAFE* project because there were simply too many similarities between the two. My version of a nightmarish cafe was going to be much more bizarre & creepy, broody & surrealistic. This has saddened my writing life also on a more personal level, bumming me out with the blues. But ... that the way it go. I'll miss my version. And then, a few weeks later, I had a double whammy effect upon my writing life: my next book after *THE NIGHT CAFE* was going to be a really horrific effort called *REMAINS TO BE SEEN*. While looking through the contents page of one of the paperback horror anthologies, I spotted "my" title for my 3rd novel, as a short story by someone named David Morrell. (I might have to send Rambo after this guy.) My 4th novel was going to be a mystery/suspense effort called *LONELY AS THE DEAD*, but something in the back of my brain cells tells me this title has been used somewhere/somewhen before.... So to make a long explanation much shorter, the "Prologue Draft" will be all there's gonna be to *THE NIGHT CAFE*. Can't have readers trying to find a novel which exists solely within the author's twisted mind.

...dear bill, have I written this letter to you before ???

Meanwhile, I try to let each day happen as it will. [3/26/92]

WOLFENBARGER

"Prologue Draft"



It was a warm grey falling afternoon rain. Darkening rapidly.

Gresham walked in the middle of the sidewalk, watching the approaching cars' lights reflecting up from the blurry street. There came a point ahead, a space where distance blurred, dripped, disappeared.

He should be going for a cup of coffee somewhere. He could think or not-think, the choice would be his. Dry and warm in some laid-back cafe. Sometimes a place like that can find you before you can find it.

His black felt cap was like a sponge growing heavier on top of his head.

All the street lights could do was showcase areas; they couldn't unveil them all. There was still a point ahead, a darkened space where distance blurred, dripped, disappeared. That's where Gresham was heading.

He stopped at the end of the block. Shake some of the cold and wet out of him. A small pond in the street ahead, darkening like black water was slowly spreading. Rainfall bubbled in a musical cauldron. Gresham turned right on the sidewalk, walked several soggy paces before he crossed the street.

On the opposite corner, the abandoned arcade building where white paint had summer-blistered too many summers; now it wept, hunkering there in some half light like a dream-shivering orphan. In his broody mind Gresham saw drowned human corpses inside, lolling surrealistically in chairs or draped haphazardly across wooden horses.

Gresham hurried on. Coffee would be good somewhere, help sharpen his sense of reality.

The abandoned junk shop. Gresham saw the glittering eyes of the jack-in-the-box set back from the window. No chance for it to literally jump out at him after Mr. Clownface sprang out of the mellow colored metal box. No way the rusty train set could run him over, smashing him flatter than a dime. Over there, far back on what looked like empty space but must have been a table, a four-foot white plastic Christmas tree lay on its side. No angel or star for Jesus here. And there, much closer, a cap pistol with a roll of caps whitened, pale like ash.

Hurry on. A place that was open, to think or not-think.

Lost and lonely in his tragedies, Gresham found himself on a street with a yellow neon sign not all that far ahead, while thin lettering read *The Night Cafe*. At last a place to be dry, and warm for a little while, and drinking hot coffee with sugar and a touch or two of cream in it, all stirred up.

And the persistent echoing, outside, of the falling rain.

---Billy Wolfenbarger
Eugene, Oregon; November 1991

MUSE WRATH, NOVEMBER

Sodden leaves upstreet on the sidewalk
 the castaways discarded
 lonely implorations of wind cold & gray
 in my face the eyes of my soul
 the lonelyache soul
 & I walk the winter streets
 musing with surrealistic futures
 at present the full ripe moon
 my imagination flies up, up
 space mind filling with stars
 as I tread the early winter earth.

These leaf-sodden streets are dangerous,
 anything can happen, the dark side breathes here,
 like a couple weeks ago 2 blocks away
 a transient was literally stoned to death
 by fellow transients, just across the street from the RR tracks
 crushed & crushed again
 the naked horror.

The trains travel thru town
 they rumble in my dreams
 the open boxcars portals
 I dig the artwork on the cars,
 the traveling paraphernalia of colors
 sooner or later
 civilization slips away.

---Billy Wolfenbarger
 Eugene, Oregon
 21st November, 1991

I wrote to Billy saying, basically,
 that while I could "see" the similar-
 ities...I didn't think that he should
 give up on his novel simply because
 of a tv series that will likely be
 cancelled. (It will be, I watched
 it!!!!)

I also "told" him that, in my
 expert opinion, he was worrying
 overmuch about the originality of
 "titles". One is about as likely to
 come up with an assembly of words
 that haven't been so-ordered at least
 once before ... as one is to find an
 issue of this fanzine in which I
 don't repeat/recant/reiterate some
 Major Crisis.

I think that Billy should write
 what he wants to write, and then
 title the result with what he feels
 fits ... and simply Go With It.
 ...easy for me to say, eh not?

JUNE 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
MAY 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31	JULY 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31				1 SAT Brew House
					2 SUN
3 M17: THE SUN AND LOUISE (SILVANO - OUT)	4	5	6 B10 - THE CUCKOOS EYE - CLIFF STOLL	7 OUT - WK #9	8 SAT B11 - A MARK FOR THE GENERAL - LEO GOLDSTEIN CFG: Bob & CARLA
10 START. JUM 4.5 Hours	11	12	13	14 JUM #1 (36.5) B12 - WHAT LIGHT HAVE BEEN - (VOL 1): ADEQUATE EMPIRE - BENJAMIN / GREGORY	15 SAT
				Flag Day	16 SUN Father's Day
17	18	19	20 (4 Hours)	21 JUM #2 (36)	22 SAT
					23 SUN
24 B13 - HARD FIGHT - GREG BEAL	25 B174 OUTWORLD 61 (46 PGS) B142 HEAVY TIME - C.J. CHEERIN	26 B15: CASCADE POINT - TIMOTHY ZAHN	27	28 JUM #3 (40) B16 - GOD SAVE THE MARK WESTAICE #107 MIDWEST CO 42 (CJ)	29 SAT
					30 SUN



BOB TUCKER

Beard Mumblings



year ago I told you that my very best Christmas book was *SPYCATCHER* by Peter Yates, a non-fiction tale of derring-do and idiotic stupidities inside MI-5 and MI-6 in jolly old London. This year my favorite book is *THE OLD TESTAMENT PSEUDEPIGRAPHIA*, but no. I can't pronounce it. And it wasn't a Christmas gift. I met Buck Coulson at the Thanksgiving-weekend Champanacon and bought it from him for \$15. The *PSEUDEPIGRAPHIA* is a fantastic read and a fantastic bargain. Marty Helgesen will know at once what it is and may choose to correct my interpretation.

I regard it as "midrash", that is, Jewish and Christian fiction in which the protagonists are biblical characters and the authors also assume the names of biblical characters, the better to conceal their identities and gain wider attention for their work. It is both fantasy and science fiction, as well as pure adventure and hacker-slasher fiction. Wholesale murder in the grand old testament tradition.

In one book, Samson storms into a town and slays several hundred of the citizens because one of them (he says) "plowed my heifer." The priest or scribe who wrote that book certainly was no supporter of the feminist movement, and I suspect the feminist movement would ride him out of town on a rail if they could first read his book and then locate him. On the side, this was the first time I've ever heard that "plowed my heifer" meant that some man had sex with another man's wife. Circumlocutions are a wonderful thing, Meyer.

In yet another book called "The Testament of Adam" and supposedly written by that gentleman, it is revealed that the *real* reason Cain slew Abel was lust. Cain lusted after his sister Lebuda but Abel stood between them, so to get her body and his way with her, he first had to kill Abel. Which he did, and he did. Adam must have been out of town at the time. In this same book, the fig is named as the tempting fruit, not the apple. And Adam knows beforehand that upon his death he too will become a god.

In the "Apocalypse of Elijah" (written by him, of course) the fine art of resurrection becomes a commonplace, yet there is no Jesus figure about to accomplish it. A villain (the anti-Christ) must be driven out of town and banished or killed, if that is possible. First a woman named Tabitha follows him, but only scolding him. She had been killed in some other biblical book but now she has been resurrected to scold the villain. He finally tires of her nagging and kills her, but is most surprised to find that she is resurrected and continues to scold him. Next a couple of characters named Elijah and Enoch appear and began scolding him. Elijah and Enoch have never died; they were transferred to heaven while still alive several thousand years ago, but now they are back to nag the anti-Christ. So he kills them too. Their bodies lay in the marketplace for maybe three days and then they are resurrected to scold some more. He kills them again. They are resurrected again. Finally, sixty martyrs take after him with fire and sword, but he kills them all.

They are not resurrected. A pity.

The *really* fascinating reading to be found in the book is the meticulous, exhaustive detective work done on each story to show its origin, date, language, number and variety of writers/editors who each tinkered with the plot, place of composition, and probable actual historic events alluded to in the manuscript. The question of *who* wrote the stories defies an answer for the tales range in age from 1000 to 2100 years, and the scribes never identified themselves. (From another source, I've read a report that states the practice of writing these stories under well-known biblical names was an offense punishable by death, but I'm not yet ready to believe that because I haven't been able to corroborate it from any *other* source.) In research and in translations the scholar is able to point out whether the tales are written by Jews or Christians; whether they were written in Greece, Egypt, Palestine or Syria; and quite often he can name the original language(s) of a given text. Sometimes a scholar can date a work by internal evidence of a slippery kind: allusions to historical events and personages, especially personages who are still alive at the time of writing and could have a head lopped off, if specifically named.

All that captures my admiration. I'm a detective fan. The ability to read one or several languages is a splendid thing, and the added ability to translate those languages into English is enviable. The ability to bring everything together: age, writer, language, history, and later tinkering is remarkable.

Consider the above-mentioned "Apocalypse of Elijah" as an example. O.S. Wintermute, the translator, believes the following happened and offers detailed documentation to underscore his beliefs. First, the translator gives a summary of the five chapters of Elijah's book, and points out probable origins of each chapter together with its probable author. The whole is a composite story, the work of at least two Jews and at least two Christian writer/editors. None of these four men worked with or even knew each other, and none were too skilled in editing. (And that, in turn, reminds me of the inept editing found in Genesis where two--and possibly three--different accounts were boiled down into one.) The patchwork shows everywhere.



The opening verses of chapter one were written by an orthodox Jew who probably lived long before the birth of Christ. They had nothing whatsoever to do with Elijah's story; they were simply appropriated by someone else and tacked onto the manuscript. The second writer, quite likely a Hellenized Jew living in Egypt, added his touches to the story. The third writer, also an inept editor, reworked the story to his liking by Christianizing it but keeping the earlier Jewish touches. There is evidence that yet a second Christian writer/editor seized the whole thing and reworked it once again to his liking. The final writer/editor was a most incompetent editor. All the seams show, allowing Wintermute the translator to pick apart the four pieces. (And, as noted above, I've seen Genesis picked apart in the same manner because incompetent Christian editors tried to fit two--maybe three--Jewish stories into one.) The patchwork still shows.

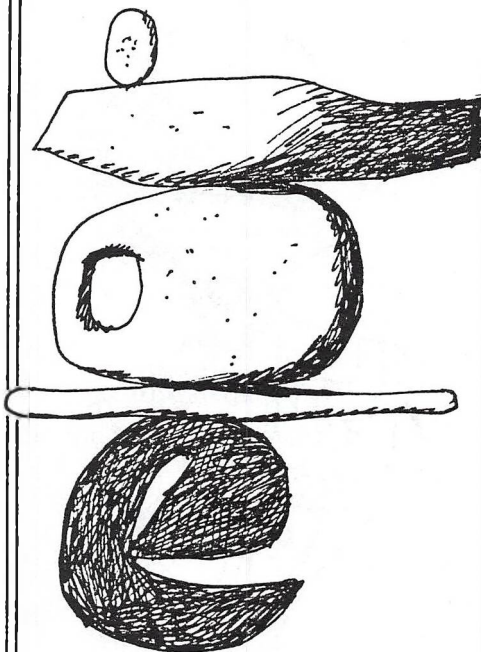
In all, one Jewish writer before Christ, and one Jewish writer plus two Christian writer/editors after Christ produced the document translated by Wintermute. Within reason, Wintermute was able to date and place the lives of the three writers after Christ. The Jew lived and wrote prior to AD 117. The pair of Christians lived and wrote (and poorly edited) at sometime between AD 150 and 275. The final Christian and his version of the document suggests a date near AD 275. All three writers after Christ lived and wrote in Alexandria, Egypt.

All this is meticulously explained with reasons and sources cited, so that any other scholar may quarrel with the translator if he so wishes. (And these scholars and translators are a quarrelsome lot!) And that is why I am so fascinated with my book! The detective work is brilliant beyond imagination and it is by far better than any mystery novel I've read.

Several words about the footnotes: "copious" is the proper term. Sometimes the footnotes dominate the page; sometimes there are only ten to fifteen lines of text at the top of the page and then fifty or sixty lines of footnotes at the bottom. The translator is covering himself but in so doing he contributes to my education. Sometimes those footnotes tell me which version the translator is using on a particular verse: the Greek manuscript, the Sahadic manuscript, or the Akhmimic manuscript. Sometimes they point to parallels or imagery found in the Christian New Testament, showing that the writers were familiar with one or more books there. And sometimes they help my education along by saying that such-and-such a reference in the main text refers to the Emperor Joe who died in 18 BC or to the Empress Josie who ruled from AD 807 to 812 along with her son the emperor-in-waiting. Sometimes they mention an emperor I've never heard of, but place him in a city that I knew only as a small town in archaeology. (I had never before heard of Tabitha who was killed and then resurrected in some other book and place, to fight anew here.)

I think I am most impressed by the scholar's knowledge of his craft. After studying and translating a document, he can tell the reader that it was originally written in Aramaic but later translated into Greek; that it was originally written in Palestine about 150 BC but later translated (poorly) into one or more Coptic dialects about AD 175 in Egypt; and that the final version (of which a copy still exists in London) was then translated into Latin (poorly) in France about AD 900. That is superb craftsmanship.

My book is only volume one, and contains about 1050 pages. I should have begun it at the very onset of winter. I have a friend who tells me she can obtain volume two from her book club for about \$25, and that should be my next major purchase. I have to thank Buck Coulson and Moshe Feder for calling my attention to the PSEUDEPIGRAPHIA. Buck had hinted at its deductive delights...Moshe mentioned some of the fantastic stories.



rotel's

Why, I've even begun to discover on my own, without reference to footnotes, how to identify undated Jewish writings from Christian writings solely by words and phrases used in the text.

TSK. I've committed the primitive sin: I neglected to give the publishing information on that book for the thousands of you who may want to besiege Buck Coulson for a copy.

THE OLD TESTAMENT PSEUDEPIGRAPHIA, Volume One, edited by James M. Charlesworth. Doubleday, Garden City, NY. 1983. 1050 pages but original price unknown. Probably about \$30. Volume Two is now available, but date and price are unknown.

[alg ct to Dave Nixon]: I thank you, sir, for that splendid boat ride on the Mississippi last Labor Day weekend. I appreciated that because, in addition to all my other interests, I am also a paddle-wheel-boat-fan. Once before at a worldcon I enjoyed a paddle wheel boatride. In 1949, just prior to the Cincinnati worldcon, I booked passage for a week on a paddle-wheeler down the river from Cincy and it was a magnificent week prior to the con itself. In some ways the con was a let-down because the boat ride was *more* enjoyable. You are responsible for my second boatride at a worldcon. Do you feel it to be a proud and lonely thing?

It was following that boatride that I sat on the bank and watched Mars rise above what I thought for a moment was the Western bank of the river. I missed the announcement that fireworks had been cancelled, and so Lee Hoffman, Nancy Tucker, and I sat there for about two hours waiting in vain for the first roman candle. When Mars came up, I was astounded. I've watched the planets rise and set for many a year, man and boy, but this was the first time I'd ever seen Mars rise in the west. I thought the Forteanos would be interested in this. Later, Lee Hoffman brought me back down to earth. She pointed out that we were seated in a pocket of the Mississippi, on a western bank looking back toward the city and the east, and Mars was rising in its rightful place. I suppose I lost my sense of wonder right there.

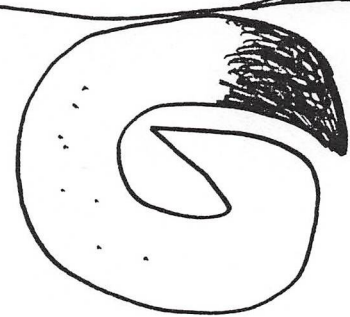
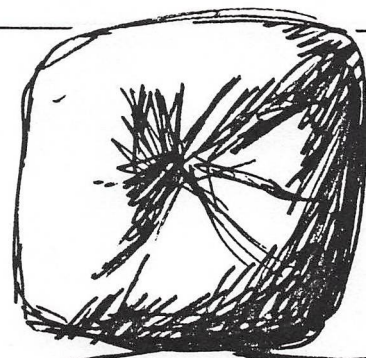
It's all your fault.

...from "i couldnt square tuit", April 1989; FLAP Nlg. #57

Because all knowledge may be found in fanzines I can offer the following to make you hip and aware, make you one of the intelligent elite who knew what was happening when the Chicago Loop was suddenly flooded with waters from Lake Michigan and/or one branch of the Chicago river. You may amaze your friends at the next meeting of your bridge club or political awareness circle by quoting this information. Of course, I knew it only because I had read a book many years ago called FORTY FEET BELOW by Bruce Moffat. It was the story of those forgotten tunnels below the Loop. (Pub date and publisher now long forgotten.)

The downtown business district, called the Loop because those infamous elevated trains actually circle a large part of it, was and is the high-rise office and merchandise section. Almost a century ago numerous tunnels were built beneath it and a narrow-gauge electric railway was installed to service the buildings; electric trains hauled in coal and merchandise and incoming mail to the basements of the skyscrapers, and then ashes, slag, merchandise and outgoing mail was hauled away. It helped to keep the streets free of trucks and wagons. The railroad fell upon hard times when the buildings abandoned coal-fired boilers and furnaces and when the stores turned to trucks. The railroad went bankrupt and the tunnels fell into disuse except for electricians stringing wire, TV cables, and telephone trunk lines. Almost everyone forgot they were still there.

The flood occurred because some bureaucrat signed on a contractor to install pilings in a branch of the Chicago river, without first checking to see what was below the river at that point. The men installing the pilings punched them through a wall into a tunnel, and the riverwaters followed. Everybody pretended to be



WRB3

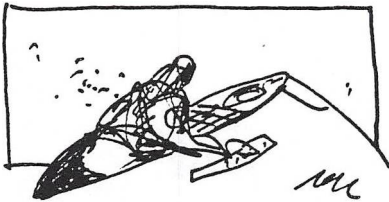
surprised. The very next day after the flooding I was watching a Chicago TV news show and had the great good fortune to see and hear a newscaster interview a Real Bureaucrat involved in the crisis. She gave the newsman a long story about the labors to solve the crisis, and then told him not to worry, her department would "de-water" those nasty tunnels. She used the term twice. It revived my sense of wonder. You or I would drain our basements but she would "de-water" them.

The last I heard, a California publisher has reprinted the tunnel book, and another bureaucrat in Washington has decided that you and I, solid American taxpayers that we are, will be allowed to pay for the damages and clean-up. There are about fifty miles of tunnels beneath the Loop; it will take a bit of money. My share may well de-water my pocketbook.

[alg ct to Carolyn Doyle]: I can't really say that I "met" Amelia Earhart, not in the formal sense, but she did give me a dime tip after I gassed her plane, checked the oil, cleaned the windshield, and playfully oiled her tail-dragger just before she took off from the local airport. Oiling the tail-drag was a rib-tickling joke at the time but it is pointless today; tail-drags are obsolete and have been replaced by the nose wheel. The surest way to tell an old-time pilot from a fresh-faced kid is to watch the old-timer get the tail of his plane off the runway fast.

5/29/92 ...from "i couldnt square tuit", June 1992; FLAP Nlg. #76

I'VE BEEN OUT THERE AGAIN FLYING AROUND THE COSMOS, TINKERBELL.



But in this instance I was flying around Kansas. Another visit to Wichita in October enabled me to fly again in one of those small Beechcraft. I know that olde pharthes shouldn't be allowed up in crates like that on a night like this, but the ancient World War I movies come easily to mind. Suddenly there I was, 2000 feet above the Kansas prairies and the Santa Fe tracks, diving down a full throttle to strafe a freight train. Well, almost.

My pilot told me that sometimes he and a friend swoop down to strafe freight trains, but that is a risky business in that the train crew can report you if they can read the license number on the tail of the plane, and that gives a suspension. I was content to swoop down slowly to a safe altitude and follow the train for a short while. My pilot did one thing that scared the bejesus out of me. He asked me if I wanted to see and feel what it felt like to glide in for a dead-stick landing like the astronauts did, when they brought the shuttle in for a landing at that California airbase. Being somewhat stupid, I said sure. He lowered the landing gear and cut the motor to almost nothing, then dropped the nose to plummet like a gliding brick to the ground below. I endured that for a few short moments and hollered for help. My ears were aching beyond belief and I suspected I was about to have a nosebleed. The pilot pulled out and thereafter kept the wheel. I had all I wanted that day of flying around Kansas. My ears hurt for maybe an hour.

But at the very beginning I was allowed to do one thing I've never done before: the pilot let me take the wheel and climb away from the airport when we were maybe 500-600 feet off the runway. I took the plane up to 4000 and had a fine time in Kansas. (The one thing I am never allowed to do is talk to the tower. That is forbidden to passengers and unauthorized neo-substitute pilots.)

...from "I COULDNT SQUARE TUIT", December, 1988; FLAP Nlg. #55

I MAY HAVE TOLD YOU that I live very near an airport, and that I have a radio that receives the pilot-and-tower communications. About the first of July I was sitting outside on my patio reading a fanzine when the radio suddenly spoke to me. Out of the clear blue it said "Hi, Dad!" I probably dropped the fanzine and turned about to stare at the radio. The voice was familiar, of course, and a few moments later I heard my son the pilot call in for permission to land. He had flown up from Atlanta to spend the 4th with us, and knew I would be listening. He and his buddy own a small plane and now he flies all over the countryside.

The next best message I've ever heard on the tower frequency went approximately as follows:

Female tower controller to departing pilot: "Sir, I apologize for that guy staring at you with the binoculars. That was my husband. I guarantee it will never happen again."

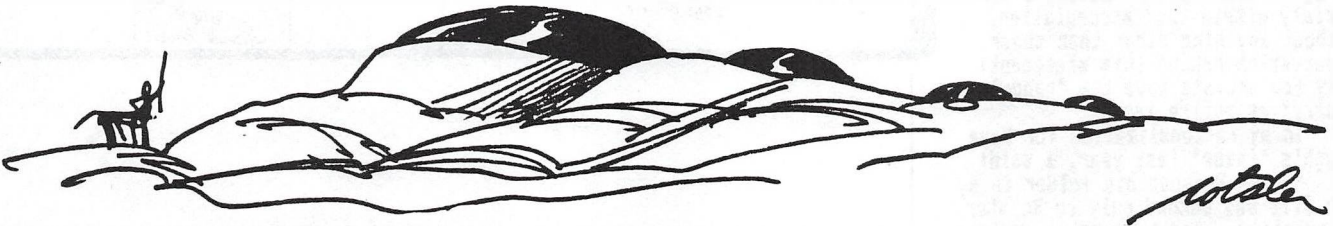
Departing pilot: "Thank you, maam. May I change frequency now?"

Tower: "Frequency change approved. Goodday, Frank sir."

I'd dearly love to know the background for that exchange. Our local tower has two female controllers, one of who is the chief of staff and one who is a journeyman. I think it was the chief.

...from "I Couldn't Square Tuit, of course."; 7/28/88; FLAP #19. #53

---Bob Tucker



JULY 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN																																																																																																		
1 Dominion Day (Canada)	2	3	4 OFF NOT PAID B17- BUYING TIME JOE HOLDENMAN Independence Day	5 JUN #4 (40) 318- HEAT WILLIAM GOLDMAN	6 SAT M18: ROCKETS! (coudele) M19: "HARLOWE" (CFTS) 7 SUN WORKSHEET TO READER 7/4																																																																																																		
8	9	10 B19- FALLEN ANGELS -KURT/Annelle/ FLYNN	11	12 JUN #5 (40+15)	13 SAT OT-7 14 SUN OT-8 320-BINDS OF THE DEATH SUD SHARON MARRUM																																																																																																		
15	16	17	18	19 JUN #6 (36) LAST DAY (41 HOURS #175 XENOLITH 36.5 8 PGS (FLAP	20 SAT BREW HOUSE 120: "HITLER'S CALL" CJ TAP 21 SUN -M. INTRE																																																																																																		
22	23	24 M21: "CITIZEN" KAWEN () (CH AF)	25 B22- TINSEL -WILLIAM GOLDMAN	26 OUT- W6 #10	27 SAT BREW HOUSE 28 SUN																																																																																																		
29	30 B23- AFTER THE FLOOD "EPHRA FUDEN" P.C. JFASILO	31 M22: V.I. WARSHAWSKI (coudele)	<div> <p>JUNE 91</p> <table> <tr><td>S</td><td>M</td><td>T</td><td>W</td><td>T</td><td>F</td><td>S</td></tr> <tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1</td><td></td></tr> <tr><td>2</td><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td></tr> <tr><td>9</td><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td><td>14</td><td>15</td></tr> <tr><td>16</td><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td><td>21</td><td>22</td></tr> <tr><td>23</td><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td><td>28</td><td>29</td></tr> <tr><td>30</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr> </table> </div> <div> <p>AUGUST 91</p> <table> <tr><td>S</td><td>M</td><td>T</td><td>W</td><td>T</td><td>F</td><td>S</td></tr> <tr><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td>1</td><td>2</td></tr> <tr><td>3</td><td>4</td><td>5</td><td>6</td><td>7</td><td>8</td><td>9</td></tr> <tr><td>10</td><td>11</td><td>12</td><td>13</td><td>14</td><td>15</td><td>16</td></tr> <tr><td>17</td><td>18</td><td>19</td><td>20</td><td>21</td><td>22</td><td>23</td></tr> <tr><td>24</td><td>25</td><td>26</td><td>27</td><td>28</td><td>29</td><td>30</td></tr> <tr><td>31</td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td><td></td></tr> </table> </div>			S	M	T	W	T	F	S						1		2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30							S	M	T	W	T	F	S						1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31						
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The Story Behind the "Featured" Artist

To the best of my remembrance, I've only ever twice published a "Sole Artist" issue--*OUTWORLDS* 3.2 featuring a Grant Canfield folio, and *OUTWORLDS* 16, entirely illustrated by Steve Fabian (with one minor kicker). Other issues over the years have been "dominated" by a particular artist.

...notably, David Haugh, in *OW* 61. It's a fun gimmick. And I'll probably do more. But, since I'm never organized enough to "assign" specifics (except for occasional covers), such projects are dependent not only on my having a sufficient quantity of work by a specific artist in my "files"--but by having a wide variety within that accumulation. Without anything other than sheer observation behind this statement: very few artists have the "range" to "carry" an entire issue.

In my rationalization for Dave Haugh's "issue" last year, I said: "Why? Because his folder in my art file was second only to Rotsler in quantity. And because it contained a 'range' wide enough for me to 'fit' to as yet unreceived text..."

Even then I knew that I'd do a "Rotsler Issue". But one of the factors that prompted this "immediacy" was seeing Bill again at Corflu. In the meantime, Bill has had major health problems this summer. I hope he's feeling better -- and that this issue will give him a smile or two. It is simply an inadequate down-repayment on all the pleasure his work has given me, in my own zines and in countless others, as long as I've been in fandom.

[...and maybe it'll prompt him to replenish my depleted Rotsler art folder. Even if it is still the thickest one in the files!]

Thanks, Bill!

...in doing an issue such as this, it is inevitable that I "slight" all the other artists who have so generously sent me their work. I appreciate your patience. I tend to "hold" work until it "fits" -- and I never ever have enough on hand to feel "secure" [yes, that's a hint!]-but the next couple of issues will feature some really neat work. With a variety of bylines.

AUGUST 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
<p>JULY 31</p> <p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31</p>	<p>SEPTEMBER 01</p> <p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30</p>		1	2 OUT: CLK #11	3 SAT BREW HOUSE
				M28: THE SPANISH MAIN (1945) (CH 48)	M24: "ILANGRY MEW" (1957) (CH 48)
					4 SUN
5	6	7	8	9 OUT: CLK #12	10 SAT B25: RED GENESIS - S.C. SYKES
	M25: THE TAST OF NEW YORK (1937) (CH 48)	M26: "TRSMOBS" (TAPE)	M27: "ONCE UPON A HONEYMOON" (4444) B24: ALIEN TONGUE - STEPHEN LEIGH	M28: "MR. LUCKY" (1943) CH 48	11 SUN
12	13 OT-1	14 OT-1	15 OT-1	16 USOH #1/42 OT-1 (32+4)	17 SAT CPG PICNIC: SIMS
M29: STAGE DOOR (1937) (CH 48) (OUT) B26: CONTROL - WILLIAM GOLDMAN	STAGE: U.S. DRILL HEAD				18 SUN
19 OT-2	20 OT-2	21 OT-2	22 OT-2	23 USOH #2/43 OT-2 (40+10)	24 SAT BREW HOUSE
B27: GULLIVER HOUSE - JOHN LEGGETT		B28: "A" IS FOR ALBI - SUE GRAFTON	M30: "DARK OBSESSION" (ESQUINS)		25 SUN 131: "OFFENSE" (covered)
26 OT-2	27 OT-2	28 OT-2	29 OT-2	30 USOH #3/44 OT-2 (40+10)	31 SAT
M31: "THE BIG EASY" (2) (TAPE)	#176 XENOMITH 36.75 2 PGS (FLAT)			#168 CHLOU V (covered) #16	

SEPTEMBER 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
<p>AUGUST 31</p> <p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31</p>	<p>OCTOBER 01</p> <p>1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31</p>				1 SUN
2 OFF-PAID (CHLOU V)	3 OT-2	4 OT-1.9	5 OT-2	6 USOH #4/45 OT-2 (32-Strong 8-Holiday 7.9 -OT)	7 SAT BREW HOUSE
Labor Day					8 SUN
9 OT-2	10 OT-2	11 OT-2	12 OT-2	13 OT-2 USOH #5/46 (40+10)	14 SAT M - "TRSMOBS" (TAPE)
		B29: "B" IS FOR BLUEBERRY - SUE GRAFTON			15 SUN
16 OT-2	17 OT-2	18 OT-2	19 OT-2	20 OT-2 USOH #6/47 (40+10)	21 SAT BREW HOUSE
					22 SUN
		Yom Kippur			
23 OT-2	24 OT-2	25 OT-2	26 OT-2	27 OT-2 USOH #7/48 (40+10) NISSIAN: 125,000	28 SAT BREW HOUSE
30 OT-2					29 SUN



WALT WILLIS

Thank you for *OUTWORLDS* 62. That somehow seems inadequate for such a monumental melange of good reading, but it's the best I can do, short of a letter of comment as long and as heterogeneous as the fanzine itself. But all I have is a note on the backcover of a few page numbers.

One of them is 2096, to remind me to say what an acquisition Wm Breiding is to any fanzine, and to mention that I was moved by his memories of Danielle.

2133 is to remind me how unimpressed I was by David Thayer's reference to the Harry Warner School of Letter Writing and its refusal to believe his letter of reference from Jules Verne. Jules died in 1905 and one can understand how doubtful the School might be about accepting his word about fanactivity. Why this predates even the First Staple War. David would have been better to supply a reference from Bob Tucker. Or maybe even Robert Bloch.

2142 is to remind me how flattering it is to find Mike Glicksohn using the number of pages in *WARHOON* 28 as a standard of comparison with the price of a washing machine. I look forward to the day this becomes a new economic standard unit, quoted on the stock exchange along with the Dow Jones Average. "The price of the International Standard Warhoon 28 rose on the New York market today to \$26.75" 2144 is my own letter and your comments on it. I am awed by your coming to Magicon at least partly to meet me. And much impressed by the excerpt from Skel's report. I've received my own copy of the complete work, but haven't started it because I wanted to finish *OW* 62 first.

I am conscious how inadequate this response is to something as vast and comprehensive as *OW* 62, and can only plead that I am affected by what I once called annishnesia, the debilitating effect of an annish on the average reader. The compensation is that the anniversary issue in question eventually becomes a legend, thus illustrating the Principle of the Conservation of Ego-bo, and I hope this happens to *OW* 62 while you're still around to enjoy it....

[3/30/92]

ED MESKYS

Just finished reading the monumental *OW* 62. I have a high school girl who comes and reads for me two hours a week, and it took us four sessions, and that was with some skipping. Sam is always interesting on history. Enjoyed the way you ran together articles, letters, and personal comments. Reminds me just a bit of "Inchmerry Fan Diary" in the old *APPURHETA* (spelling?).

I was appalled to hear of all your problems and am glad that they are slowly working themselves out. In 1975 I went through similar problems...loss of job and a pretty nasty split up, but we do have joint custody of Stanley who is now 17 and he spends 4 nights a week with her, 3 with me. I did care for him, with virtually no help, for about 1.5 years from the age of eight months, which was a harrowing experience. I did retain my house which I now own with no mortgage, and I am lucky in that I can collect SSDI whenever I am not working. Anyhow, while I was unhappy at the time, my problems were nothing compared with yours, and things did eventually straighten out. I did wait 14 years before trying again and Sandy & I have now been together for 3 years. Funny thing is that I met both my ex and Sandy at the same time in the Fall of 68 when both entered the college where I was teaching.

I pubbed my first zine, *POLNOD*, in 1959 and started *NIEKAS* in 1962. For 8 years there was no ish from Jan 1969 to Feb 1977, and then another 3 years went by between issues. Since then I have varied from annual to quarterly, and seem to be in an annual phase right now.

[7/28/92]

ACCESS:

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK	2222
SHERYL BIRKHEAD	2212; 2213
RICHARD BRANDT	2214
WM BREIDING	2227-2232
BRIAN EARL BROWN	2218
T. G. COCKCROFT	2224
KEVIN COOK	2210
BUCK COULSON	2223
MIKE GLICKSOHN	2206
TEDDY HARVIA	2212
ALAN HUNTER	2221
TERRY JEEVES	2220
JERRY KAUFMAN	2210
ROBERT LICHTMAN	2225
ERIC LINDSAY	2212
LAURIE MANN	2210
MARK MANNING	2215
JOE MARAGLINO	2216-2217
ERIC MAYER	2233
ED MESKYS	2205
LINDA MICHAELS	2221
SAM MOSKOWITZ	2224
PaM	2232
BRUCE PELZ	2208; 2223
WILLIAM ROTSLER ...	2205; 2207; 2211; 2214; 2215; 2219; 2221; 2222; 2224; 2226; 2227; 2228; 2231
CHRIS SHERMAN	2206; 2210; 2215; 2220; 2225; 2226; 2227; 2232; 2235
CAS SKELTON	2234
MICHAEL W. WAITE	2220
WALTER WILLIS	2205

10/11/92: ...and so it was that I went to Orlando/Magicon. And (again) did not "meet" Walt.

My "fault". He was totally accessible, and he was on/at all but one of the limited number of "program items" I attended. [I found the idea of "honoring" the Fan GoH at 11 a.m., on a Sunday morning, questionable... But I admit that I'm not privy to the rational behind that scheduling.]

-- I had to "explain" it again, earlier this year, to a friend (and I have to constantly explain it to myself!) that even after thirty years ...despite all the "practice"... I still don't go into conventions easily. I inevitably put off finishing up the fanzine, packing, whatever, until the absolute last moment, and I leave home wired...and full of hopes/expectations/what if's. Once I actually arrive, there is a "phasing in" period (of indeterminate length) in which I try to find my accommodations, attempt to repair the physical ravages of travel...and wonder "What the fuck am I doing here?" ...even as I anticipate finding the friends I specifically came to see.

I'm not an extrovert (even tho once I know you, I won't shut up!) and I don't "meet" people easily. Most of those I care about came into my life because they "introduced" themselves...through the intervention of mutual friends...or because I've developed the art of simply hanging out in a party or wherever, until the person I want to meet notices me.

Why do I keep putting myself through it?

More often than not, in the aftermath, I can say I am glad I went to that convention. Whether I have a good con or not has very little to do with the con itself: some of my fondest memories are of the most disaster-struck cons.

I keep going because, at Magicon I was able to spend some time (never enough!) with a few of those who mean the most to me, because I was able to renew contact with some I haven't seen for years ...and because I managed to come out of my shell long enough to make initial contact with a couple of really neat people who were previously only "names" on contents pages.

I'm glad I went to Florida.

...and, yet! Walt...I'm really sorry that I didn't work up the nerve to approach you...but I'm glad I did get to see you...and to hear you.

I hope you enjoyed yourself.

Postcards from the FRINGE

Dear Bill;

Thanks for five. No worry: My "giving up" on you is about as likely as Dan Quayle becoming President. Um... well, I mean it's about as likely as Ross Perot becoming President. Um... what I really mean is that my giving up on you is about as likely as William Belding becoming President. Well. Anyway. So much for metaphors. Suffice to say I'm not

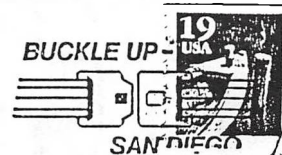
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Epistles
of
CHRIS
SHERMAN

Chris Sherman



Bill Bowers
P.O. Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174

AUG 13 1992



MIKE GLICKSOHN

I'd guess that the largest ever issue of *OUTWORLDS* will generate the longest loc I've ever written so it's just as well I've got this computer now. This way I can write a few lines or even several paragraphs at a time, "save" it in an appropriately named file, and retrieve that file when time and inclination allow me to return to the daunting task of reading and responding to 120 pages of micro-reduced type. It's a visually impressive monster, I'll say that for it, and it remains to see how much of it is filled with comment hooks for me. So far I've read the first six pages without finding much to comment on but I suspect that will change....

Good to see Ted back as a letterhack, and what a letter! It was an article, of course, and a very interesting one at that, even though it was hardly new information. Whatever Ted's been doing these last few years it doesn't seem to have detracted from his ability to write a powerful and coherent letter.

I must congratulate your courage in exposing your younger and somewhat overly exuberant self to the eyes of an audience familiar with your current and much more introspective self. It speaks well of your self-confidence that you were comfortable with doing so. And it was a delightful editorial stroke to follow it up with the Sam article (even if I wasn't all that impressed with Giunta's artwork).

If you hadn't explained the varying page widths as being the physical results of various technological limitations in the production process I would have thought they were all aspects of your editorial creativity. Sometimes it pays to keep quiet!

Brian may not know that Geis isn't completely retired; in the last couple of weeks I've received two small eight page personalzines from him. But it isn't the same as the heyday of *SFR* which is what Brian was talking about. (On the other hand, whereas 15 years ago I refused to subscribe to fanzines, preferring to obtain them through letters, I'm quite happy to buy the occasional fanzine today if it will save me trying to loc something I find it difficult to write a written response to.)

I disagree with Brian's suggestion that the failure 15 years ago of fanzines to make a great leap forward in circulation represents a lack of nerve. I think it more reflects a difference in philosophy. A 250 circulation magazine can be a great deal of fun; a magazine with a circulation of 1000, mostly paid subscribers, is a job and as such doesn't provide the sort of rewards that a fanzine does. I could never fault any faned, no matter how good he or she was, for deciding that getting into big time production wasn't what they were interested in doing. What I might be happy spending 20 hours a week doing as a hobby might not attract me as a 50 hour a week job.

Haph! Andy Porter has never offered me any care packages of *SFC* on the basis of our both being former Worldcon Fan Guests of Honour. And he once editorialised against my running for *DUFF* on the basis of the fact that if I weren't buying a house I'd be able to afford the trip on my own. Perhaps a former Worldcon Fan Guest of Honour has to declare bankruptcy before Andy's compassion kicks in....

Not quite trusting your comment that Jodie predated me as an *OUTWORLDS* contributor I just checked on OW #2 and OW #3 (some of us, Brian, have no trouble doing such things) and verified that you were indeed correct. But you know what really blew my mind when I looked at the issues? #2 was mailed to me for eight cents! Talk about your cents of wonder!

Joel sent me a copy of his speech a few years ago and I thought then that it was a remarkably polished performance for someone who only had a few hours warning and claims not to be at ease with public performances of that sort. It's overdue for greater exposure and I'm delighted to see it finally appear in a place where some real fanzine fans can appreciate it.

Who is this Richard Brandt chap and why do I see his letters in every fanzine I open nowadays? Did the Secret Fanzine Police advertise my job without even telling me about it? (The embarrassing thing, of course, is just how damn good he is. I'm going to be forced to upgrade my own work or quit. Hmm... just a minute...now that I think about it....)

Richard's column was a delight to read even if that's all I have to say about it. He has a grace and fluidity of style that's much to be admired.

Reading through Jeanne's column in my usual bemused fashion I ran across her mention of Charles Willeford and was immediately struck by a blinding revelation. I now believe that her stuff actually makes sense if only you can recognize the references she makes. Up until now, I've missed almost every one of them and been left without your obvious admiration for her writing talents. Evidently what I've been lacking all along is a Bowman/Glicksohn dictionary. Perhaps you'd care to provide one for future installments of her column? At least in time for her TAFF report?

I hope Robert's suggestion of a fan poll for an annual CORFLU-published fanthology becomes reality because that's exactly the sort of stimulus I'd need to finally get around to keeping a record of the written fanac I'm really impressed by. It took me twenty-four years to start making a list of the incoming fanzines and I'd hate to have to wait another quarter of a century before starting a list of superior fan articles (especially since by then there may not be any fan articles of any quality whatsoever).

At one point you seem to intimate that discovering the postcard from the very very young Breiding was merely happenstance but I'm still not sure whether or not that was the case. I hope it is because I'd hate to think that you've actually kept all the correspondence you've received over the last thirty years. The potential for embarrassment (not to mention blackmail) would be enormous were that the situation.

And speaking of young Mr. Breiding you were certainly correct in stating that he can indeed write. The three short essays reprinted from his apazine were both beautifully written and amazingly powerful, to the point of being, twice at least, almost painful to read. Lacking both the ability to write so emotionally and the memories to write about (either because similar events did not happen to me or because my memory is such that it fails to retain such vivid impressions of times of powerful stress or emotion) I can only sit and appreciate and admire William's marvelous prose. I don't know if his poetry is any good or not and his letters have an enthusiastic if self-effacing energy which I enjoyed but those articles were impressive indeed and certainly cried out for reprinting for a much wider audience.

In similar fashion, it would be impossible not to be moved by Wolfenbarger's grief. Loss and loneliness are something we all know far too much about and your advice to Billy was the only thing anyone could say. Odd as it may seem, Billy has two very positive things going for him, even in these trying circumstances. He can articulate his sense of grief and pain and loss, thereby bringing it from within and exposing it to the world. And no matter how short the time he has with the woman he loves at least he found her and knew that he'd found her. Not everyone is lucky enough to know either of those feelings. And still his pain is very difficult to read about and one's heart must go out to him.

(I wondered how you managed to get a mirror image copy of the artwork you used in the heading for the Wolfenbarger article -- that used to be simple in the low-tech days of electrostencils but I'm not sure if it can be done at all by today's "superior" technology -- so I'm glad you explained it to me. Why didn't Sandy sign the second version though?)

After the William and Billy Show the comic relief from Marc was decidedly appreciated! Despite not knowing either of the nursery rhymes about which he built the article I certainly empathized with it since (a) I really dislike mowing the lawn, and (b) I'm scared of spiders. (Seeing a spider while I'm mowing the lawn can set back my recovery by several weeks!) I am undergoing therapy, though: it mostly consists of having good friends like Joe Haldeman jump out at me as a group of us are wandering through a nature trail in a state park, grab me in a version of the "Alien" face-hugger and cry, "God, that's the biggest spider I've ever seen!" (I immediately cancelled my plans to cover over my lawn with copies of Joe's new book just to deny him the royalties.)



...and, on a Friday morning in less than two weeks, as I madly pack the car to transport stuff (hopefully including this issue!) only across town to Ditto ...I'll be totally wired, and continually asking myself "Why?!"

...and in late January, as I prepare to set out on the five hour drive to Confusion...I'll not only be querying myself once again...but also bemoaning the fact that once again I haven't "finished" this year's "speech" before reaching the hotel lobby!

But, no matter what, I suspect I'll keep going to as many cons as I can manage in a given year. It's what I "do".

(Other than Tardy Fanzines!)

...and all of that has very little to do with the encircled words on this particular two-page spread!

Young Sherman need have no concern as to the quality of his contributions to the issue. His letters were brilliant examples of how to write a loc without actually commenting on the issue itself, his response to Dave Locke's mention of Beaver Bay was nothing short of brilliant (despite his use of "Polly-Esther"), definitely of Digbyesque or Skeltonian inventiveness, and his actual column was fascinating reading (although I was expecting that he'd at least try to look Ballard up, being on his veritable doorstep). More of the same in future issues of *OW* could only enhance that fanzine's already impressive reputation. (In my own meager defense, though, I will point out that I did acknowledge that it had been "over a decade" since Chris and his young turk pals had terrorised fandom and fifteen years certainly qualifies as "over a decade". So I rest my battered case even if it isn't as well-travelled as whatever up-style luggage young Sherman is currently globetrotting with.)

No, Ian, it wasn't an insult. Merely an indication that there is always someone whose problems make your own seem less serious. For me, it's Biff. And somewhere out there are people who see me in the same light.

I used to think that I'd been at that bed-con back in 1976 but there's no apparent photographic evidence to support that tenuous belief so perhaps this is yet another example of an artificial fannish memory created by familiarity with a well-known incident in fannish history. As a matter of fact I find that I'm not sure who 4 of the 17 people visible in the picture are. Perhaps you should have included one of those numbered silhouette line drawings and a list of names (especially since a great majority of the fans in the photo are now out of fandom.)

Like you, I don't know what to say about Laurie's article. But I do wish I'd read it before she and I were on a panel together at BOSKONE as I would have wanted to talk to her about it afterwards (I know her, she knows me, but that's about the extent of it). As someone lucky enough to have escaped being the victim of both violence and abuse for practically his whole life (I've twice been jumped in parking lots and knocked about a bit but the extent of my "injuries" were a few scrapes and bruises and a few trickles of blood) I cannot begin to comprehend what effect an incident such as Laurie describes must have on one's entire life. Nor can I begin to comprehend what sort of person would provoke such an incident but that's something else entirely.) Obviously the best news is that she has managed to come through the experience with the ability to enjoy her life still (or again) intact. (To be fair, though, Laurie should have explained her anger to "John" over the postcard incident rather than telling him what he wanted to know about the Hugos. Perhaps he was still capable of learning how to behave like a human being. Hell, some people keep giving me an extra shot at it.)

Are we ever going to be told what these bizarre postcards from Bruce Pelz are all about?

POSTCON POSTSARCD 8

BOSKONE 29 WRITES 30

TO SPRINGFIELD S.F.

CONS BEP 2/16/92



POSTCARD



SPRINGFIELD ARMORY NATIONAL HISTORIC SITE
MAIN ARSENAL

The massive Main Arsenal was completed in 1850. Nearly 200 feet long, it expressed the strength and solidity of the National Armory. Today, under National Park Service administration, it houses the Springfield Armory Museum.

SA-CD3

Photo by Stanislaus Skarzynski

© Eastern National Park & Monument Association

Trade Copy for
BILL BOWERS
P.O. BOX 58174
CINCINNATI, OH
45258-0714 USA



2/21/92

...WHAT bizarre postcards from
Bruce Pelz?

Tucker is right that occasionally the Postal Service does unexpectedly well (as you and I have reason to remember, Bill) but I can't help but wonder whether the service he received on that KenCh fanzine wasn't due more to his own local notoriety than to any degree of excellence on the part of some obscure postal employee.

Like Bob, I wondered why *FALLEN ANGELS* failed to use well-known fans from the actual locales featured in the book (primarily since some of the action took place in Canada and I've known Niven and Pournelle for an average of 20 years each and was hoping for some egoboo) but I've yet to read any comment from any of the authors as to why they wrote it as they did. (And I agree with you fully: *BIMBOS* was a much more enjoyable book even though I recognized enough of myself to wince if not get wounded.)

Despite the rather heavyweight opposition arrayed against me I'll stick to my guns on the matter of typing in the name of an artist next to their artwork. I still think it's an ugly design element that detracts from the artwork itself. I have absolutely nothing against an artist signing each and every piece of work they draw and wish that they would because artists incorporate their signature into the work itself. This adds to the visual impact of the artwork whereas a typed name running sideways alongside the drawing draws the eye away from the work which is precisely what the artist does not want to happen! And it's ludicrous to compare my complaint with the idea of crediting the writer of an article at the start of his contribution. In the hands of all but the most inept fanzine editor the writer's name is used as one of the design elements in the title of the article. It is not then retyped on each page in such a way as to impede the writer's attempt to communicate. When artists sign each piece of their work (as almost all do) they get precisely the same "credit" that writers do; each piece is credited to its creator once. I'm not trying to deny artists their justly deserved egoboo; I'd just like to see them get it in an aesthetically pleasing fashion!

Whenever I read a column by Dave Locke I'm reminded once again of just how good a writer he can be. I think to myself that his ability to shape words into amusing and insightful sentences will likely be unsurpassed in the fanzine I happen to be reading at the time. And then I read a column by Al Curry. That two such splendid writers should end up working at the same place and writing for the same fanzine seems a coincidence that should completely violate the laws of probability and yet here they both are with columns that would be the highlights of any fanzine currently being published. That these two men are counted among my friends remains one of the delights of my life.

That's an amazing letter from Naomi. There are previously hidden (to me) depths to that gal that explain a lot.

Thanks for not mentioning the fact that I was one of the few of those who could be expected to be in this issue who couldn't/didn't come up with an original contribution. Who knows, someday I might actually write something other than a letter again. In the meantime, I was somewhat pleasantly surprised to observe that at least small bits of the letters you published verged on the interesting or amusing side.

Nice editorial touch to link the members of the WO4W together like that, even if few people will be aware you did it.

This was my first opportunity to read any of the Skelreport and not unexpectedly it merely whetted my appetite for the completed project. It seems to me that this excerpt contained some of the sharpest humorous writing I've seen from Paul in some time and if he can maintain that sort of level throughout the whole magnum opus it will undoubtedly rival Willis and Langford as a landmark in fanwriting. That's assuming he ever manages to complete it all, of course; I hear he's somewhat bogged down of late. (Aren't we all?)

I suppose it says something about me (and about the way I interact with fandom) that I couldn't remember why you'd be held in low esteem over The Beck Affair (nor by whom). Evidently there must be fans out there who hold me in even lower esteem for being on Martha's side but equally evidently I don't know who they are and their lack of approbation has no obvious impact on my relationship with fandom. Interesting, don't you think?

You know, it used to hurt me that people I cared about and who cared about me would still throw my fanzines out after they'd read them. These were very precious to me so how could they not be important to those who loved me? Well, it just doesn't work that way, does it? It's bizarre to know that some of my best friends don't have copies of the things I'm proudest of having created while Bruce Pelz, who is a fine chap but at most a casual acquaintance, does. (Yes, yes, I know: nowadays nobody has copies of the fanzines I no longer create. Still... some day... who knows?)

It is still painful, as one who loves you in his way, to read about your coming to grips with what has happened to you. I can only hope that as 1992 passes by you'll find it easier and easier to cope and to rebuild. Heaven knows my own situation was trivially easy compared to yours and yet this house is still filled with memories of a relationship long gone and it is a rare day that I don't think about who I was and who she was in those long years we shared this place. If you could find someone to replace her in your thoughts it would aid the healing process enormously but I know how easy it is to say that and how hard it would be to actually do it. (In my case, "impossible" is perhaps the operative word.) Still, you know you have a great many people on your side, even if there's little any of us can do directly. Good luck, old friend: you're overdue for some much-deserved happiness in your life.

"By the way, for the uninitiated, *ZOMBIES ...* features Jay Omega, the mild-mannered electrical engineer whose exploits have turned McCrumb into the Salman Rushdie of science fiction."

---T.R. Fletcher;
pg. 221 *Mystery Scene* #34

Really?

Nevertheless, I did enjoy *BIMBOS*, and am looking forward to reading the "sequel". But only after it reaches paperback or the 2nd-hand stores.

I'm still totally fiscally irresponsible, but I'm not likely to pay \$20 for fan fiction -- no matter how good.

By the way, if any of you are into mysteries, I highly recommend *Mystery Scene*. It's a hefty magazine, full of reviews/interviews/articles...and a lettercol that reminds me of the fanish lettercols of Long Ago!

Ed Gorman has just turned over the editorial reins to his brother, Ed, those of you who've been around for awhile will recall...used to publish *tgasp!* fanzines ... before becoming a prominent author/editor/anthologizer.

So far, it's been a lot of fun.
[US subst 7 issues/\$35. *Mystery Enterprises*, POBox 669, Cedar Rapids IA 52406-0669]

...I do so hope Mike, that -- by now, you've noticed the 'inside' covers to this issue?
\$snicker\$

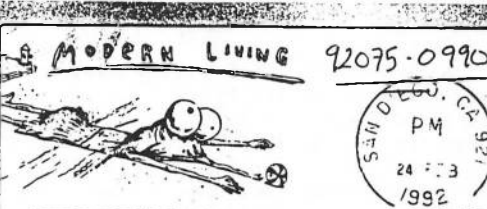
And, tho substantial still...your LoC doesn't now total quite that many words. But I've managed to retain at least 3 or 4 of the '87'.

...once I called you to find out which ones you meant.

I get a signature from Ms Parks once a year on a Christmas card but it's actually written by Derek. Just seeing a piece of his artwork in this issue was a veritable blast from the past. (But I hope you didn't "waste" an issue on him; he'd only have thrown it away unread.)

It's now February 23rd and while I could have said a lot more I'm sure we're both glad that I didn't. It's an impressive accomplishment, *OUTWORLDS* 62, and one I'm proud to have played a very small part in. [started 2/9/92]

PS: This loc contains 3805 words at least 87 of which are guaranteed to be amusing, interesting or entertaining! !!



Excerpts from a hallucinated loc on OW 62...

...and Larry and Wm seem to have misplaced their senses of humor and/or subtlety. Or maybe it's a simple case of innuendo and out the other?

... can't abide that. In response to your comment: Yeah, my books are all computer/software related. They're interesting if you're into the stuff, eminently forgettable if not. Negotiating with publishers is like... now negotiating The Multimedia Book with Bantam -- which has a chance of breaking out of the 5,000 to 20,000 copy range of the others. I'll let you know...

... fucking software! I wish I could create artwork out of my frequent flier miles. As artwork, my air-miles would float tranquilly, drifting like a well-crafted Calder mobile hanging from my bedroom ceiling, playfully inviting riposte in the dark of the pre-dawn as I stare upward, knowing in a few sleepless hours I'll be strapped in a metal tube, rocketing to yet another city, out there somewhere on the increasingly distant horizon of reality. I used to dream about being a space traveller. Now I am one, and... "Sigh..." Go speed racer. Go.

Bill Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH
45258-0174



2/24/92

JERRY KAUFMAN

I feel a bit overwhelmed by it all, especially the way you manage to embed most of the articles/essays in reams of personal letters to you, or notes from you. In a way, it rather muffles the impact of some of the pieces, while enhancing the impact of others. What stays with me the most are the tones of Bill Breiding's letters and his pieces, and the anger of Laurie Mann, and the mysterious decline of John Guinta. Yes, there's a lot of pain, longing, loss and wistfulness in *OUTWORLDS*. I'm beginning to think that the title is more apt now than ever.

I should mention that the Alan Hunter covers are very impressive, and I am very glad he's done art for you and Mark Manning. The clarity and crispness of drawing, and the interesting ideas like the overlapping designs on the front cover have been refreshing.

Speaking of Laurie, and on a subject she brings up before her article (thanks to your placement of material), I have to observe that she and I see wildly different fanzines. Of the four artists she cites as "just about all the good fan artists", I've never heard of one, Laurel Slate; barely heard of two, Ransom and Stein; and only know of Insinga because Andi Shechter has some of her work in NESFA publications. And Laurie evidently hasn't seen "Beyond the Enchanted Duplicator" or "A Fan's Christmas in Ireland" or the 1990 issue of *MAINSTREAM* (which is our fault, not hers) (unless she did see it, but didn't remember it). How about *PULP*, which has featured several covers by Stu in the last two years? Obviously fandom has gotten diverse enough that blanket statements like Laurie's are a bit dangerous.

I wish this thing had a table of contents. I keep flipping through it looking for the things that jazzed me when I was carrying it around town last week: I remember thinking that Wm Breiding is still a pretty good-looking guy, even with less hair. And that Patty Peters never struck me as a myth-figure the way she does you and the other APA-50 guys, just a solidly dependable woman who's always fun to talk to and dance with. And that I would have enjoyed being nearby when Dave Locke opened that car door. And that I wanted the Skel diary to go on for another six pages, which would have done for the rest of his and Cas' trip. And running material by both Richard Brandt and Jeanne Bowman was a coup and surely would not have affected the outcome of the TAFF

race had you published in time; no one could have made a rational choice because both of them are fun in their own way. (My irrational choice was made on the basis of which one I'd nominated.)

Anyway: we hope to have the next **MAINSTREAM** out soon (or "soon" as you would put it), and I'll be sure to put Laurie Mann on the mailing list so she can see some new Stu Shiffman, Jeanne Gomoll, Craig Smith and Taral, among others. I hope you enjoy it as much as I did **OUTWORLDS**, or even more.

[3/10/92]

LAURIE MANN

Thanks for the zine, and for reprinting the Bedcon photo. I still look much the same.

Thanks for reporting the TAFF results and for giving William Breiding the extra space to ruminate about his childhood.

I'm feeling better. You may detect this sense in **PAPER LIFE**. I'm not as enraged by life's curveballs as I was earlier. I apologize for any awkwardness my last essay may have caused you. One point of the essay was that rage-transference has been a lifelong problem for me. I had a very legitimate to be angry at "John", but the level of my rage (and the amount of time it took me to let go) was not appropriate. Understanding it as "transference" is quite important. Because when you have a problem with different kinds of transference, it's hard to understand your behavior.

[2/7/92]

KEVIN COOK

I don't know what to say about **OUTWORLDS** #62. I've been reading it in bits and pieces over the past week and I finally completed it, cover to cover, tonight. Absolutely fascinating! There is such a tremendous number of things to comment on at length that I really cannot do them justice in a few short words, but I couldn't put down this issue without acknowledging it in some way.

You put a great deal of work into producing an issue this large, and you really did work things so that one column and/or letter did seem to flow into the next at frequent times. Probably the most important news in the issue was that things have gradually been improving for you personally in most ways.

My one regret is that I do not have the time at present to comment on everything in **OUTWORLDS** #62 that intrigued me, but let me say right now thank you for some fascinating reading, and I look forward to **OUTWORLDS** #63 as well.

[2/22/92]



OCTOBER 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
	1 OT-2	2 OT-2	3 OT-2	4 USDH #8/49 OT-2 (40+10)	5 SAT BOSW HOUSE 6 SUN
7 OT-2	8 OT-2	9 OT-2	10 OT-2	11 USDH #9/50 OT-2 (40+10)	12 SAT CFG: CAUW'S 13 SUN
14 OT-2 Columbus Day (Observed) Thanksgiving Day (Canada)	15 OT-2	16 OT-2	17 OT-2 PROBATION/OVER	18 USDH #10/51 (32+5) TOOK OFF 1 (NOT PAID) #169 W/ROGUE PAT	19 SAT 4 (3) 20 SUN 8:30 LAWA DISSENT - ALLEN STERCE
21 TOOK OFF/ (NOT PAID)	22 OT-2	23 OT-2	24 OT-2	25 USDH #11/52 OT-2 (32+5) #170	26 SAT 28 (14) 27 SUN
28 OT-2	29 OT-2 B31: 'C' IS FOR CORPSE - SUR GRAFTON	30 OT-2	31 OT-2 Halloween	SEPTEMBER 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	NOVEMBER 91 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30

ERIC LINDSAY

I've had the giant *OW62* in my IN tray for far too long without doing anything about it. Then Jean had it in her IN tray. Then it returned to me. I'm still not capable of doing a decent LoC to you on it.

(Have to earn my keep, and keep up my image of being a slightly younger, slightly less dissipated, slightly shorter [hey, who typed that!] version of you alive.)

Fanzines like this are intimidating. I carried it round the US from con to con, reading bits here and there on flights. Indeed, I read it all, in little chunks of spare time. Not easy while on a trip. But responding. Now that takes a lot more effort, and probably talent too. (Humm, surely I have enough excuses there by now?)

I'm glad you reprinted the Terry Jeeves "Future Times" piece. It is interesting to think that, in these days of (relatively) cheap desk top publishing, it is probably cheaper to set up a dummy of a prozine than ever before. There are several US magazines, and one Australian one, totally devoted to desktop publishing. The Australian one has moved, over the past few years, from notes about fonts, and using various programs, to covering how to do full colour separations, bleeding of colours, and all manner of stuff that I still consider very fancy upmarket stuff. That they can continue means they are still getting a market of round 10,000 people reading this sort of thing. Makes you wonder how many can actually use all the hints and tips.

Ted White seems remarkably straightforward about the problems of magazines gaining (and keeping) an audience against competition for newsstand spaces. As for your "own" STF, someday someone will use DTP to dummy up such a magazine ... just see if I'm not right.

I wish I could make money from a fanzine, but as Brian Earl Brown indicates, it isn't really possible. The truly annoying thing however is that it isn't the cost of producing it that causes problems--it is purely the cost of distribution, of postage. My production costs run perhaps 35 cents, or less, per copy. But then it costs me over \$1 to mail, and for 400 copies, I notice it. Over a year, that is airfares for an overseas trip.

I solved Jodie Offutt's antenna problem by never listening to the radio. Saves a lot of effort. [7/6/92]

Continued 1st August: I can't get time off from work in October, so that blows my plans for another USA trip in the near future. I probably would not have had sufficient money saved up to have made it in any case.

OW64 arrived -- so I'm still an *OW* behind in even trying to loc things.

A Note to My (slightly) younger, (slightly ~~except at Rubicon~~) less dissipated, [considerably] shorter Version:

Eric...it was Certainly a Wonderful Thing to see you in four cities (in four states) in less than six weeks...after not having seen you for ten years. And despite your rather far-fetched descriptions of the aging process in some of your apazines over that span...you looked exactly the same as your Younger Self! (Of 16 124 perhaps, my falling eyesight?)

...and I'll never forget your kindness, when you were the "guest" in our strange land...of putting me up/putting up with me at both Rubicon and Corflu. As well as your making certain I found my way to the room, Friday night, at Rubicon!

Friendship, I know, is also a Certainly Wonderful Thing...and although we are all disappointed that you couldn't make it Back Up this fall...I just know, that eventually, you will. Just as I know that, equally eventually...I'll finally make it Down There. I look forward with anticipation to both eventualities.

In the meantime, an Elderly Word of Advice:

Beware of lawyers...bearing gifts of tequila!

To clarify a presumption by several, I didn't "reprint" Terry's "Future Times" piece. Not really.

It was written, at my request, for *OUTWORLDS*. But Terry reserved the right to run it also in *ERG*. It was my fault--my tardiness--that the "reprint" came out before the First Appearance....

In any event, I was really pleased to have the opportunity to share it with the portion of my mailing list that don't receive *ERG*.

"Don't mess with Texas" was developed by the Texas Department of Highways for an anti-litter campaign.

PO Box 905 Euless TX 76039 PM

Dear Bill-- 10 February 1992

I appreciate all the work that Alan Hunter obviously put into his semi-abstracts, but Nike's realistic illustrations better. Bill Rotler's "GRESO" cartoon was hair-raising. And his "PERSONA" and "BEAUTIFUL WOMAN" ones, with only a few lines, capture the essence of fandom. Tara continues to draw the kind of creatures that, in the commercial world, would capture hearts -- or is it spades? Isn't David R Haugh's "POW" cartoon on your inside back cover a reprint from issue 5 of his *Odd* fanzine? I don't understand what Steve Stiles' alien invader is talking about, making his cartoon all the more funny and scary. Brad Foster, imitating the 30's SF illustrating style in his own inimitable way, was utterly atavistic. And finally a technical question on the illustration by Linda Michaels on your table of contents page. Does the little asteroid have sufficient atmosphere to warrant wings on the fairy inhabitant?

W/1992

Best wishes,

TEDDY HARVIA



BILL BOWERS
PO BOX 58174
CINCINNATI OH
45258-0174

2/2/92

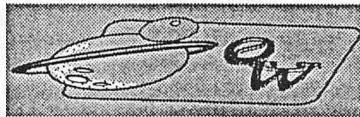
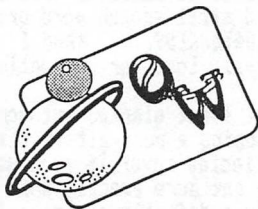
SHERYL BIRKHEAD

I read through *OW62* TWICE the same day--it was a "bit" difficult to follow so I wanted to "tag" anything I had to say.

Amazingly enough -- except for a note to BEB (I think) that it's David Thayer/Teddy Harvia (but I'm sure he knew that), I have a comment on Laurie Mann's comments on the Fan Artist award (whew!). I cheerfully (well...) admit that the way I feel about the fan artist Hugo is TOTALLY subjective. To me, the Hugo for the best artist is the professional artist Hugo and the fan artist includes aspects of both fan and artist. Harvia, for instance--I feel he

should have won in '88, '89, '90 +/- '91; since he won in '91 it reflects the "delay" (from my point of view). In part of '90 and throughout '91 he isn't nearly as all-pervasive as the time before that. He surely deserved to win in '91 (but to my way of thinking there was a lot closer competition last year than before that). He is a good cartoonist; has a great eye; does nifty computer art (lately, that is, newer for him); is seen widely; he is NOT (nor do I think he'd claim to be) the best artist doing fan work. As artists go -- quite a few come to mind (the best, recently, being Peggy Ranson), but the exposure isn't as great. Perhaps the "better" artists simply turn out fewer pieces? Maybe the word I am looking for is service. Most assuredly the fan-artist needs components of both terms (to me at least)--being a fan and having at least some artistic talent. On '91 (Hugo of '92) I think the scene isn't nearly as clear. Personally, I still feel Harvia is the front runner (name and style recognition; and the Hugo "delay") but at least several other artists are hanging in there. I'm tempted to name names -- but I'd rather let people fill in their own choices--I have mine and I'll see how I did when the nominations and voting results come out. I won't be surprised if Harvia wins. I won't be surprised if Harvia doesn't win. I will be disappointed if someone who is NOT represented in fanzines (hopefully heavily--my bias) wins.

I hadn't realized just how much I missed Jodie's humor until she appeared again in *OW* (or *OW* appeared again, take your pick). I tried to help (once -- perhaps I DO learn) repair the rafters in the barn -- all (ha) I had to do was climb up and hold some ropes (etc.) for the people doing the real work. Uh, I did--but had my eyes closed and didn't budge the whole time. Getting down was worse than getting up--much worse. No thank you.



and continuing right along- doing what I said I wouldn't do... Now, if I can just get everything else to work even marginally correct.

It is especially difficult to comment on this since it is a melange of a "regular" issue (if there is such a thing) and a continuation of what's been happening to you- and yes, before you make a retort- you made a valiant effort not to do so and it shows--luckily enough sneaks through to let us all know things are going better. So many of the contributors are familiar to those of us who knew the old incarnation of *OW* and I suspicion that the names will mostly be new to newer readers (hmm- wonder how I can raise these lines...ah, getting sidetracked again-sorry).

I'm really glad you have Hunter covers- he is really a fine artist- pity that not more of his work is seen here. From what I know of how long it takes him to complete a piece, I can readily understand why his output is the size it is. I'm just sorry it isn't at least triple the number of pieces coming out....

Personally (bias showing again), I like to see the pictures you manage to sprinkle around. That is one reason I'm glad that the "sequel" to *All Our Yesterdays* will have so many photos. It is fun to root through some of them and realize that some fen haven't changed a bit and discover how many of the BIG NAMES you really don't know by sight at all- Dick (Lynch) has been tolerant in letting me watch while he laboriously goes through package after package organizing the photos.

I think I could keep going, but I want to get some kind of a reply in the mail to you ASAP- and this wins out over a postcard- although I have played with them and found a method for getting them to go through the printer! I have found that the heat process of the printer seems to do nasties to the new hologram envelope (a re-issue of the first one- in blue-just "issued")- but it remains to be seen if that makes it unable to hold a cancellation- you'll find out.



Want to print a few things more and then write to the software people- as even-

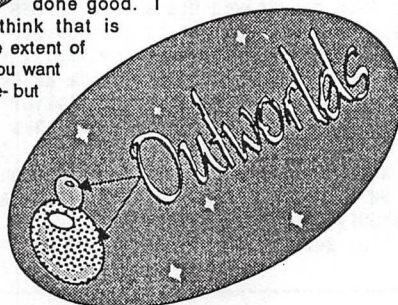
thanks for *OW*- you done good. I

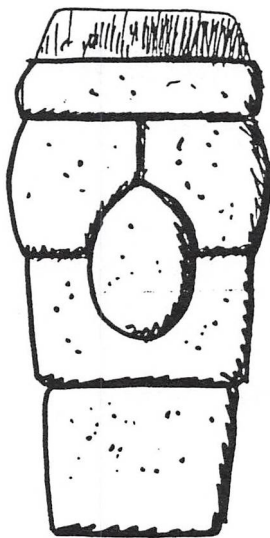
think that is

about the extent of

the damage I can do for now. Let me know if you want any more doodlings- I may have one to put in here- but just let me know. Thanks again.

Sheryl





DEVICE - ROBOTIX

RICHARD BRANDT

Well, it's time I finally confronted head-on the writer's block provoked by staring the mammoth bulk of *OUTWORLDS 62* in the face for a couple of months now, before I approach the point cited by the Westlake hero that Mr. Locke quotes.

The big news down here in Texas is the new state lottery. The first night they had a big kickoff party at the Civic Center, giving away free tickets to whoever showed up; and since I park at the Civic Center, I decided to drop in for a look. The line snaked several times around the City Hall parking lot, though, so there was no way I was going to stand in line for hours for a chance to win ten grand. (Hey, wait a minute...) Besides, I looked back as I was walking up the Civic Center steps, and Jay Arnes was coming up right behind me, I shit you not.

This is, after all, supposed to be a loc on *OW62*, which I did manage to read, in bits and pieces, when I still had snatches of free time at the office --but I suppose I should never read a 'zine without a typer or a wp handy if I intend to fire off a loc on it while it's still fresh in my mind. Perhaps we shall recreate the experience, here with *OW62* at hand. I seem to have bits and pieces of the loc I meant to send you by now come flooding back as I flip through the pages...in fact, as I think on it, they must be passages from an abortive first draft I started when I thought I could steal enough word processor time at the office to loc an entire issue of *OUTWORLDS*.... (And I wonder what was stranger, commenting on fifteen-year-old locs, or commenting on locs commenting on fifteen-year-old locs...)

For example, Alan Hunter's cover left me cold at first glance, but sort of grows on me, as I see how he lures the eye into seeing a portrait in this juxtaposition of geometrical figures. Dave Haugh's inside cover is even more intriguing, though: I stare and stare at it, and I'm not sure exactly what it means, but I know it must mean something, and there's a definite air of melancholy pervading the whole thing.

Terry Jeeves' story is one to set the heart of any collector racing -- particularly a completist. Ted White is always interesting on the subject of his *ANAZING* years--I'm always amazed at how he was able to create bricks without straw--and his thoughts on its current incarnation deserve listening to. Actually saw *AN2* on the shelves at the local Dalton's--spine outward, stacked with the rest of TSR's gaming publications. Didn't actually make it stick out from the pack. If TSR has any clout with the chains, perhaps they should insist *ANAZING* be displayed with the rest of the magazines at the store entrance. Or maybe TSR decided to target the gaming crowd with its newsstand sale, to attract a new readership; although this focuses on a rather narrow audience, and passes by the prozine's traditional readership.

The Giunta story tells us enough about his character to be tantalizing, but (through no fault of Sam's) we don't know enough of his background to understand the cause of his psychological problems. This would be asking for too much; authors with a lot more biographical information about their subjects fail to convince that they've explained away their quirks. In addition to recording this minor figure for posterity, though, Sam illuminates a lot of lesser-known background about the industry.

Okay bit by your other TAFF columnist, too--who would surely be delighted to know that "Jackie Chan is one of the most appealing actors of international cinema", or so writes the guy whose movie reviews the local paper's TV guide uses. Let's see more tales of macronegalic canine lust, says I!

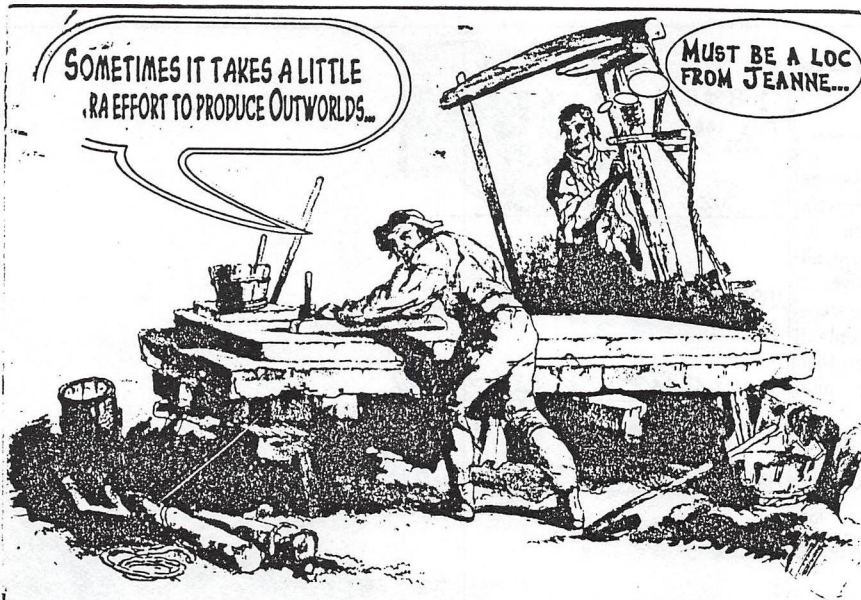
Tucker need look no further if he ever needs to replace that Olympia -- I have a manual Olympia myself, a castoff from a former Associated Press correspondent when she departed El Paso. At one time I had an old manual from the Philippines complete with h's and upside-down punctuation and everything, so I could even have saved him a trip across the border for a Spanish-language machine, but it's too late to ask now.... I also have an electric typewriter now, an Adler Satellite (you're familiar with them, I'm sure), but it needs a new ribbon. The Olympia will tide me over if the power ever fails, and besides, with it I can use those teletype ribbons I also inherited....

Good to see Skel's write-up of his and Cas's trip preparations. Never tire of reading trip reports, not me. Maybe another of your columnists will have a trip report for you sometime soon, ho ho.

We were driving around the other day, and out of the blue, Michelle says, "We should do a Corflu again."

"You mean Ditto," I corrected her. But remember, you didn't hear it from me.

[6/14/92]



MARK MANNING

Thanks for *OUTWORLDS* 62, which was almost too titanic an achievement to LoC! Of course, that's pretty much what I think when I sit down to LoC any issue of *OW*, so, I dunno, maybe you were destined by genetics to be a monument architect or something. Why you don't design sculptures carved from the side of granite mountains is beyond me. But, since I can't get too many granite mountains into my house without strain, perhaps this path you've chosen in life is all for the best.

It's 1:30 in the afternoon as I type this. Getsu-shin will get home soonish, so I just stepped out onto the porch to unlatch the screen for her. Smoke smell filled the air, so I went back to the other side of the house to see where the smoke was coming from. Someone's back yard down the hill from us, it looks like. Too cold to barbecue--wonder what they're doing down there?

Last night I asked a similar question for two hours. We were attending a Punjabi concert to celebrate the festival of Vaisakhi, see, and virtually nothing was translated into English. Can you imagine what it's like to watch two stand-up comedians, in costumes representing who-knows-what butt of Sikh humor, tell incomprehensible jokes that the audience hated so much everyone was booing and whistling? Sikhs aren't supposed to drink, but most of the pop songs saw a dozen or so drunken Sikh men dance in front of the stage, hands in the air, jerking, capering--stumbling too. Imagine a cross between Hasids at a wedding and Charlie Chaplin's assembly-line dance sequence from *Modern Times*, except that most of these guys were drunk. I'd write a full-blown fan-article on the event, but it seems silly to write about something I had so little insight into.

Getz could probably write insightfully about Seattle Vaisakhi Night 1992, but she won't. She used to live with Sikhs in Singapore, OK?, and so all during last night's event, she'd toss the train of her sari higher over her shoulder, lean over in my direction, and whisper things like, "See how they're reacting to that singer? Shows that he's really low in the pecking order here." And then I'd notice how the clapping sounded somehow different from what the other singers had gotten.

Or maybe some beturbanned fellow in a front row would jump up, as if to jump into a barfight I couldn't see, only to be pulled back down by his teenage sons. Getz'd whisper "Did you see how 40 men just got up and left behind us? They must be in a rival temple faction of some kind from that man who stood up down front, so their leader just got thrown out by security and his faction had to support him." I'd spin around just in time to see rent-a-cops leading someone out the back door, three dozen angry men following ten paces behind. Weird.

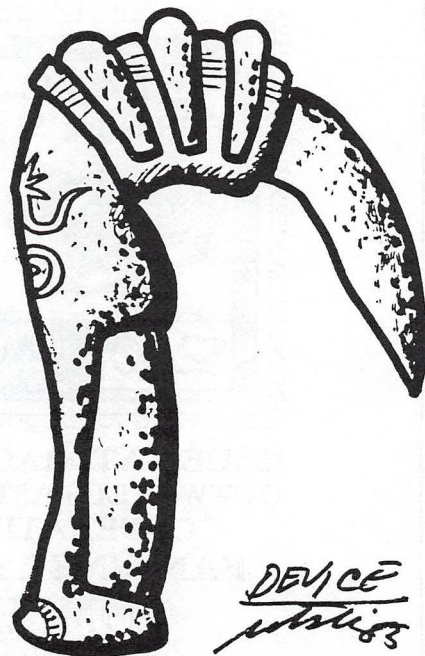
Not as weird, in some ways, as how the people who write or draw for *OUTWORLDS* aren't feted by the World or fawned upon by the mass media. You've got some great artists and writers! I kept noticing new wonders with every page. The Hunter pieces! The Linda Michaels and Derek Grime work! Wowie zowie.

Why have I somehow not noticed great writing before now from the likes of William Breiding, Laurie Mann, or Jeanne Bowman? Was I asleep? Were they not writing for fanzines? What?

And writing from Skel! And writing from Bob Tucker! You're a pretty rich guy, you know, Bill, for be so damn broke allatime. Makes me feel rich just reading your zine. Hope you can pub ish again soon.

Yours, glad this morning that Sikhs in the US aren't usually allowed to carry swords....

[4/5/92]



MY RESPONSIBILITY: UNOFFICIAL BID CARD FOR NIAGARA FALLS IN '88.
COVER DESIGN BY PHAN:OW PHAN. COPYRIGHT 1992. USA. PRINTED
BY THE NIAGARA CARD COMPANY. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

POSTAL CARD/CARTE POSTALE

18¢
POSTAGE
DUE



Dear Bill,

Just finished reading OW 62 which I had to borrow from Linda Michaels because I didn't get a copy. Obviously, I can't express individual opinions on the entire contents of OW 62 on a single postcard and I don't have a second one so I'll just say that I really enjoyed it once I finally got hold of it, since I didn't get a copy myself immensely. Artwork, layout and general content all were up to the OutWorlds Standards whatever that might be. Not STET, of course, but quite nice nonetheless...

Best Wishes

Joe
Joe

TO: *Bill Bowers*

ADDRESS: *P.O. Box 58174*

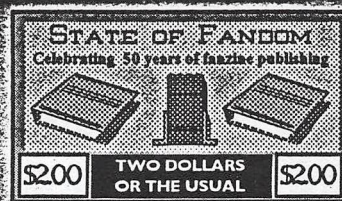
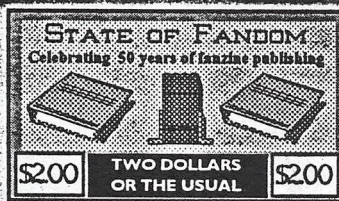
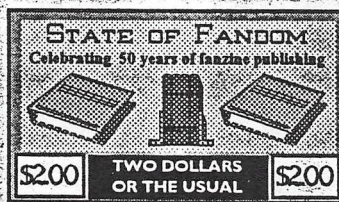
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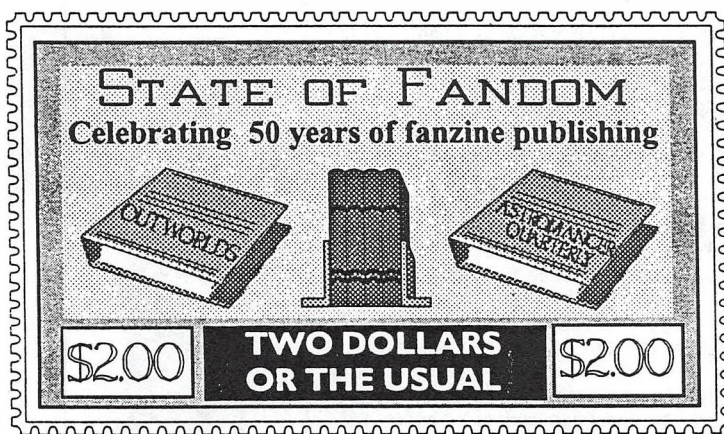
PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

...the
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JOE
MARAGLINO

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JUNE 1, 1992: FIRST DAY OF ISSUE



ISSUED AT NIAGARA FALLS, NEW YORK
OUTWORLDS-ASTROMANCER QUARTERLY
COOPERATIVE INTERNATIONAL
FANZINE TRADE AGREEMENT
COMMEMORATIVE



TO:
BILL BOWERS
4651 GLENWAY AVE.
CINCINNATI OHIO
45238

NOVEMBER 1991					
MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
OCTOBER 31 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		DECEMBER 31 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31		1 USOH #12/53 OT-2 (40+10)	2 SAT BREW HOUSE 3 SUN
4 OT-2	5 OT-2 USO Election Day	6 OT-2 11	7 OT-1	8 USOH #13/54 OT-1 (40+8)	9 SAT B32: THE DARK BEYOND THE STARS -FRANK H. ROSSINI 10 SUN
11 OT-1 Veterans' Day	12 OT-1	13 OT-1	14 OT-1	15 USOH #14/55 OT-1 (40+5)	16 SAT BREW HOUSE 17 SUN
18 OT-1 B33: "D" IS FOR DEADEND -SUE GRAPIN	19 OT-1	20 OT-1	21 OT-1	22 USOH #15/56 OT-1 (40+5)	23 SAT B34: SMOOTH SAYER -MIKE RESNICK 24 SUN
25	26 B35: INDEMNITY ONLY -SARA PARLISKY	27	28 OFF -PAID (HOMES) Thanksgiving Day	29 USOH #16/57 24+8 HOURS OFF -NOT PAID	30 SAT

BRIAN EARL BROWN

February 12, 1992

I was hoping to be excused from locating *ON62* if only because by the time I'd finished reading it I was both exhausted and numbed by the effort. It was too much, man, much too much. I'll have to approach it like I would an airmailing -- one page at a time, and hope for the best.

I was tempted to make this one of those letter-challenges to publish -- although I concede that gold ink on black paper is a tough challenge to surpass. But I have this desktop publishing program which Denise gave me on our last anniversary. It says that the maximum user-definable 'page' is 1024 feet by 1024 feet, which is not only large enough for designing billboard displays, but could design wrappers from large metropolitan skyscrapers. Fortunately I don't have a sheet of paper quite that large. But.... Pagestream's printing module has a 'tiling' feature that allows one to print larger documents on a smaller printer by breaking it up into sections with a small amount of overlap for alignment. It would be easy enough to set up a page several feet in size and send you it as a pile of separate pages -- but I won't. I don't want to wait around a whole evening waiting for those sheets to be slowly printed out. I think I'd rather keep this short, sweet, and printed out as a standard text file.

Ted White was right, his letter blew my mind. But perhaps it shouldn't be that much of a surprise since what I know of the publishing biz came from reading Ted's editorials about it in *AMAZING* and *FANTASTIC*. However much we may have disagreed about other things I never denied that he knew what he was talking about there. It is a pity that when *AMAZING* finally has a budget, it's in the hands of an editor who is widely regarded as a nice guy but with a weak Science Fiction background. \$sight\$

(Strange to discover that the use of \$sight\$ appears to reflect the early computer field and how the early modems and teletypes couldn't handle emphasized text. It also produced \$grin\$, \$chuckle\$ and \$:-)\$, all of which I've long thought we could live without.)

I would back off from one assertion I made about the new *AMAZING*. I suggested that it should try to be more pulp like, thinking of the successful run *AMAZING* had under Ray Palmer and his successors, as well as look-alikes, like *IMAGINATION*, which was one of the few magazines launched during the 50s that survived most of the decade. I may have let rhetoric carry me away there. I still think TSR has nothing to lose and much to gain from running their Buck Rogers novels in *AMAZING*. Since the stories are already paid for their appearance in *AMAZING* would be--effectively--free, thus reducing their manuscript budget (and at some point TSR is going to need to lower *AMAZING*'s budget be-

Shortly after *ConFusion*, I received an envelope containing a sizable donation of postage stamps from Brian, with the note that he was begging off commenting on *ON62*.

I wrote back, stating in essence that, while I did (and do!) truly appreciate the substantial financial outlay--that alone would not "excuse" him from writing a LoC.

Indeed. I have no shame!

...but Brian's letter's are, to me, one of the many enjoyable aspects of this incarnation ...and I wasn't about to "give up" without a gentle nudge....

cause there is no way their current distribution can generate enough sales for as expensive a package as they're putting out). Second, such serialization would make an appeal to their gaming fans who already have been buying their Buck Rogers books and comics. Thirdly, and most importantly, it would put something besides short stories in their magazine. While there have been good short stories, SF has long been dominated by the novels and novellas in the field even at a time when the markets were not oriented towards novels. The 8-10 shorts per issue makes *AMAZING* come across as a flyweight magazine; a novel serialization would give it more substance.

But that said, it would be a mistake to wholeheartedly wish for a return to the kind of machine-written adventure SF published in *AMAZING* by Ray Palmer and his successors. That whole period of time was undistinguished, more so under Howard Browne's reign in the 50s than Palmer's. There needs to be some striving after greatness, some aspiration on the writer's part. When I say that the stories in *AMAZING* need to be more pulp-like, I mean they need to have more of a plot orientation. People should have goals towards which they aspire to, and overcome adversity doing so. Modern short fiction too often seems, well, static.

Sam's article on John Giunta was nice but sad. You kind of wonder what happened to him, what wore him down. Whatever it was, it's tempting to look at these five last pieces of his and read into them something of the alienation that must have happened. The second drawing seems too familiar with the vast and empty stretches it depicts while in the third drawing the two characters are seemingly working together but the man is actually looking off into space, possibly the sign of poor craftsmanship or is it more an unconscious expression of being divorced from the moment. This is reading a lot of psychoanalysis into a couple paintings, I know. Always a rash thing to do. Sometimes, tho, it just seems like it fits to well to be wrong.

I'm flipping by a lot of pages now, thinking, a la "What's My Line?", why don't we turn all the cards (pages) over and call it a washout. I liked Richard Brandt's column a lot, but not Wm. Breiding's or Chris Sherman's. Of course I never felt close to them and their personal problems are not too involving now. Richard on the other hand was writing about colorful characters, which retains a greater level of interest.

It was wise of you to drop the fanzine-fanzine idea since it would take a lot of energy and enthusiasm and a lot of money to do it right. For a while I had thought about doing another issue of *NoFap* but don't think I will now. It's a lot of work, costs money and I really don't have the enthusiasm. That's why *NoFap* has dwindled away in the first place.

March 6, 1992

Here it is nearly a month later.... *AMAZING*, which had appeared in bookstores--in among TSR's other gaming books from its fourth issue on, appears to have been dropped after the 9th. I'm not surprised because stores were getting too many non-returnable copies. Maybe as a quarterly something like this can work but as a monthly and with so few people knowing what *AMAZING* is or where it's available it was just a burden on the market. I think the non news stand distribution idea can work but it's going to take a good product, which I don't think *AMAZING* is, and it'll have to be done slowly so as to find its niche without smothering its market.

Jeanne Bowman's liking for B-movies reminds me of a movie mentioned during a feature on the annual market for B-movies. Besides "Toxic Avenger III" and further "Basket Cases" was something called "Sgt. Kabuki, NYPD". and ran a clip mimicking the scene from "Batman" only with a man in full Kabuki dress as our hero. I don't know anything else about the movie but that bit worked for "Batman" and it works for "Sgt. Kabuki, NYPD", too.

Page 2122: ...looking at that picture I keep thinking I ought to know most of these people. But don't. Well I recognize you. And Ross Pavlac, but only because I haven't seen Ross since around when this picture was taken so in my mind he still looks as he did. And Seth Breidbart, located straight down from you hasn't changed much. But I keep thinking Candice Massey would be in that picture, but where? Is she the woman level with your head and about two heads to the right? Or is she the woman to the right of Ross? And is that Larry Carmody standing to the left edge of the picture? It's all so long ago.

It's a little scary to realize that it has been that long ago. You mention being in fandom for thirty years and that doesn't seem unreasonable. But when you mention that you're only 48 that's a bit of a shock because I'm 42 and always thought you were a lot more than 6 years older than I was. Then I think back. My first fanzine was in 1974 -- that's 18 years ago and all this time I've sort of figured I've been active in fandom for a little over a decade whereas it's now closer to two decades. And 18 years ago I was just 24 and you would be around 30 which is a bigger gap in age than 42 and 48 are. Just thinking about all this makes me feel old. And is it any wonder that the adults of our childhood are beginning to die? We are old Father William....
Damn it!

[3/6/92]



MICHAEL W. WAITE

Now! *OUTWORLDS* 62 is an impressive work of art. Are you shooting for another Hugo or National Treasure status? Yes, I know, the thought of accolades is not what drives you. You publish *OUTWORLDS* for the love of it, and that's the way it should be. Although, accolades are nice too.

Terry Jeeves' *Future Times* was a joy to read. I was assigned to R.A.F. Station Bentwaters/Woodbridge (Suffolk, England) from 1957-60. I didn't have the pleasure of knowing Terry, but I did meet several Brits who made a very positive impression on my life. I wish I had been aware of fandom during those early years. C'est la vie.

"John Giunta: Life and Death of an Illustrator" was everything we have come to expect in an article by Sam Moskowitz. You pulled off a major coup when you got that article.

NEWS FLASH!!! From the person who gave you BOMBOS OF THE DEATH STAR, comes ZOMBIES FROM THE GENE POOL. More adventures of Dr. James Owens Mega (Jay Omega), professor of engineering, amateur detective, author and sf convention goer. ZOMBIES FROM THE GENE POOL is now available in hardback (\$18.). What can I say, I thoroughly enjoyed both books and hilariously recommend them. Be aware that I also like the feel of paper cuts, the sound of chalk sketching across the blackboard and moves like: *Naked Lunch*, *Wild at Heart*, and *Blue Velvet*.

[3/31/92]

The Floors of Perception¹ by Larry Downes

Part one in a series of pseudonymous writings by well-known *Outworlds* contributors...

Odi et amo. Recently, I read about a scientist who keeps 100,000 gallons of cleaning fluid more than a mile deep in a South Dakota ore mine. His purpose is to capture solitons, the obscure, highly ethereal particles he hopes will surrender clues about our sun, and by inference about life in general. So far, despite heroic efforts, no solitons, and consequently, limited solocistic insights. Omnia praeclara rara. Nonetheless:

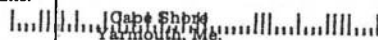
Sine dubio, *Outworlds* is a gigantic vat of fannish cleaning fluid. But despair not, Father William: Tu ne cede malis.

¹ With apologies to Aldous Huxley...



Bill Bowers

PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174



4/10/92

TERRY JEEVES

I loved Hunter's art on the front and rear, but must be getting stuck in a rut, as I also miss the appearance of a title on the front page. I found the Ted White piece on prozines and their problems to be totally enthralling. It was one of the most interesting items I've read in more moons than I care to remember. Almost as good, was Sam Moskowitz's article on John Giunta. I never cared overmuch for his artwork, but Sam really brought the bloke to life. Full marks for running both items.

Sadly, the balance swung the other way with the self-conscious 'poetry' by Breiding. To be fair, I find VERY LITTLE fan poetry worth even a first reading, so it isn't just Breiding's stuff which turns me off -- but that bit about 'my sister' was a real no-no. Billy Wolfenbarger's *Evening Legends* was too pretentious, almost as if he were trying to out-word Ray Bradbury. Sherman's piece was less wordy, jumped around a lot, but didn't tell us much. Tucker on the other hand, used less space to be more entertaining.

I found the layout and contents list rather tricky to handle. Articles interleaved with LoCs and either starting anywhere on a page makes it difficult to find out who is saying what and where they are saying it. The fact that your own comments are not clearly distinguished from other material doesn't help I'm afraid. For my own part, in *ERG* I try to shift to Italics for my own comments in the lettercol--it isn't perfect, but by also using the made up symbols & and < for beginnings and ends, it seems to work OK.

All in all, an excellent issue and one which denotes a fantastic amount of sheer hard work and dedication -- much of which must be expended in keeping track of your serial system of page numbering instead of starting afresh in each issue.

[undated]

LINDA MICHAELS

...this is a loc. the very first AUTHORIZED one coming from me. And you'll never be able to finish publishing your latest tome, so you'll never get around to publishing this, my 2f regarding the Fan Artist Hugo. My belief is that only those artists whose work is essentially a visual loc or in some way tailored to fanzines, such as column headings and article illustrations, should be eligible. Most work that falls into these categories is B & W, cartoonish and incorporates the written word, but not all. Article illustrations serve to elucidate some point or the over all mood of a piece. They can be done in any style and need not be humorous. What makes them fan art is that they appear with the article and that their meaning would be lessened or lost if they were printed in another column or another zine. Sometimes it is editorial whim that instills meaning to the illos, and here placement on the page, rather than the artist's intention, turns a B & W into fan art. For those middling artists (those who are not SF/F pro artists and who do not produce visual locs) there's plenty of awards to vie for at con art shows, but the fan artists are lucky if they can get a "best humorous" ribbon at a con. So let them have an award of their own. The middling artists have the Best Artist Hugo as a goal should they turn pro (and should Whelan retire), and while we may be illustrating SOMETHING, our B & W's can be plopped down on just about any page in any zine. The Best Artist Hugo would never go to someone who works almost exclusively in B & W when there's so many ways and places to reproduce color.

So, let the B & W artists whose work is intrinsic to fanzines fight over the award. Seems like an equitable distribution of prizes to me. You?

By my evaluation, I should never be considered for the Fan Artist Hugo, nor should...hey, wait a sec. Almost all the artists I consider fan artists are male, whereas all us middling artists are female. I've got it. It's a sex thing. In my estimation, Poyser never did fan art. Guess Joan of Oracle, some of whose work has related to the text of the page, is an exception to yet another rule.

Now, do I have THIS right: I'm supposed to vote Leah for Best Fan Writer and *OW* for Best Fanzine? You forgot to tell me who to vote for Best Fan Artist. Or am I being a meddling middling? [1/28/92]

I always knew Sam Moskowitz was generous -- he's donated to every fund and to 4E's museum. Just always thought it was self-serving. The John Giunta stuff was the best of the batch -- Sam didn't just misplace his ego, he set it aside in a corner and--whou headrush! he has a heart!

What do you mean, saved the Best Moskowitz for LAST? That's all? I liked that stuff almost as much as your bleeding.

The reprint from *ABANICO* 1--so cute, makes me squirm. How I wish I knew you then; how I'm glad I know you now. ["Monday after Confusion '92"]

ALAN HUNTER

Just when I imagined that your resources, personal and financial, would be at low tide, making the appearance of another *OUTWORLDS* slightly remote, out pops No. 62--the largest, heaviest, most profound and most varied issue I can ever remember. How do you do it?

Obviously, with the unfortunately frequent spells of unemployment, you have the time but I would have thought the other requirements for publication, such as inclination and finance, would be absent. It says a lot for your resilience and sense of obligation that you have taken all the time and concentration required. And it may be a safety valve, an alternative to screaming and tearing out your hair.

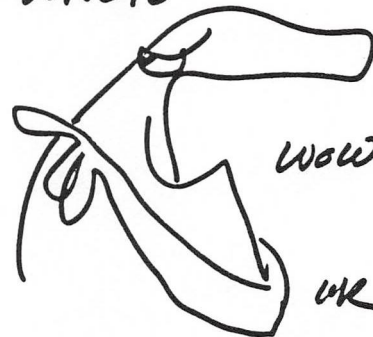
Whatever the reason, this is a magnificent issue, the product of much care and patience. I was also pleased with the excellent display of my drawings on the front and back covers and the encouraging remarks by some of your correspondents on my drawings in previous issues.

So your 'bankruptcy' has finally been laid to rest. It is good to know that your life is gradually dropping back into place, a little at a time. I hope the process continues without a hitch.

The news is also better from my end. Despite a 'relapse' in Feb when Joyce had to miss her chemotherapy treatment for three weeks because she was beginning to react unfavourably to the weekly injections, she is now back on the course and a recent scan has shown no sign of any return of the cancer in her bowel. She has now only two more months to complete before the one year post op treatment is finished. Our sincere thanks to all those who have wished her well.

A few months back, purely by chance, I regained contact with a correspondent from whom I had not heard in many years. He had some sf pulps from the 30's for sale and I bought several from him -- and have been wallowing in nostalgia ever since. They just don't make them like that any more. Which, I suppose, is true of all of us! [3/19/92]

LOOKIT - SHE
WROTE!



HARRY ANDRUSCHAK

Last Saturday, *OUTWORLDS* 62 arrived in my PO Box. At first I thought it was another *LAN'S LANTERN*. But not so. When I came home, I checked my fanzine box, and found a copy of *OUTWORLDS* #61, so I know I sent you a LOC on that issue, even if you did not publish any of it, or even WAHF me.

Anyway, here it is a somewhat rainy Monday. Not to worry, I have had a nice breakfast, made a pot of Chinese Green Tea, and am now sitting in my nightdress at this typer, with *OUTWORLDS* #62 beside it.

30 years of publishing, and all in a neat table. I long ago lost track of how many fanzines I have produced, and where, and how many pages. I sort of admire your compulsive neatness in this sort of thing. Of course, much of my output was apazines during my career as an active alcoholic, and frankly I would not be unhappy to see them all vanish. I will have 8 years of sobriety on 17 March, 1992.

I am glad you re-printed Terry Jeeves' article. I first read it in *ERG*, of course, but *ERG* really has a very small circulation compared to *OUTWORLDS*. Also, much of *ERG* goes to the UK fans, and I assume much of *OUTWORLDS* goes to USA fans.

As for your 1961 reprint, about the one thing I would like to see in a science fiction magazine is some SCIENCE fiction. And I don't mean fantasy dressed up. That is one of the things I always hated about John W. Campbell and *ASTOUNDING*. Dressing up magic spells as "psi" and "parapsychology" never pleased me. I have always regarded Campbell as a vastly over-rated editor, and would be quite happy to see the John W. Campbell award eliminated from the Hugo ballot.

Going on to Brian Earl Brown's LOC makes me wonder. How do those large circulation fanzines keep track of subscribers? When I was doing my own genzine *INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS* I had a constant problem with the paperwork, keeping track of who I sent copies to, or received LOCs and trade-zines from, and why. Oddly enough, as soon as I finished publishing *INTERMEDIATE VECTOR BOSONS*, the physicists at CERN actually found the three particles, exactly at the energy level that theory said they would be at.

If I were to publish another genzine today, and again want to name it after a particle not-yet-found but probably out there, it would be *THE MGS BOSON*. Or maybe *TOP QUARK*. Or even *TAU NEUTRINO*. Not to mention whatever force causes parity violation in *KAONS*.

But I digress. Nowadays I just publish my 100 copy ditto-zine, and mail it out to whoever sends me a zine. Not the best system in the world, but all that I can afford at the moment, and only needing some 3x5 index cards to keep track of it all. But 1000 subscribers?

Unlike William Breiding, I became an atheist slowly, over a period of time, and mostly because of Isaac Asimov and his science column in *F&SF*. I had swallowed most of the Christian superstitions whole as a kid, and at age 15 was going thru confirmation process at the Lutheran Church.

Why Lutheran? Like most families, our family just chose the nearest protestant church. So I read Isaac, and the church lessons, and never got the two to mix. Then I came across infant damnation. The *BIBLE* is quite clear...no baptism in the name of Jesus, no salvation. Period, and that includes Jews, Muslims, and children. I balked at that, and once I started questioning that, I started questioning everything, and came to the conclusion that Isaac was correct. There is no God, no soul, no supernatural powers.

Your books are of no value?!?!? Congratulations on keeping them, then. And I suppose "value" is all in the eye of the dealers anyway. I guess that lawyer Hank Menninger seems to have the idea that sci-fi is trash, and of no value. Good for him.

[2/17/1992]

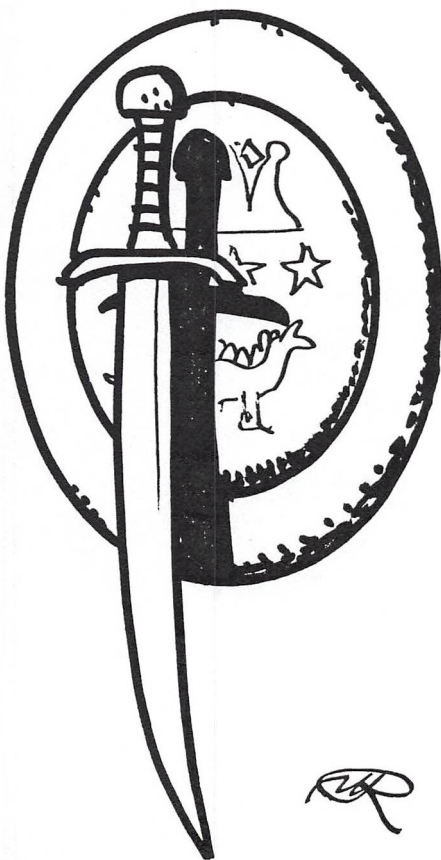
Just a note on Monday morning to say that it was nice to see you again at Corflu (9). Right now I am relaxing in my night-dress with a pot of steaming hot Chinese Green Tea, getting ready to LOC the fanzines I received at the con.

But I also bought a copy of *OUTWORLDS* #19 for \$2 at the auction. Strange to read of all the "important problems" of 1974. And especially about *AMAZING* magazine and all that. So here it is, 1992, and what is the result? *AMAZING* is dead, *SFWA* is now *SFFWA*, Piers Anthony is a big name pro getting big name advances....

And on page 753 is a mention of *THE LAST DANGEROUS VISIONS*. O wow....

And going through the letter column makes me wonder...whatever became of Bruce D. Arthurs and Paula Lieberman??

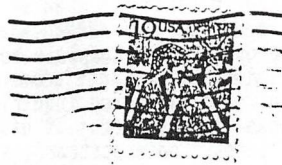
As for page 729, the Irish still hate the Irish. That hasn't changed a bit. And Jodie Offutt tries to pretend that religion has little to do with the hate, as do so many people still try to pretend. Even as a female is refused permission to leave the Republic and get an abortion after being raped. But people still try to believe that the heavy hand of the Roman Catholic Church has nothing whatsoever to do with the refusal of the Irish Protestants to join the Republic.



One thing did come true. Poul Anderson's remarks on page 723 about more fantasy being published most certainly came true. Which is why SFWA is being renamed SFFWA. Congratulations to Poul Anderson on that prediction.

And so as we go into 1992, we must still concentrate on the important things of life. Like, well, when IS TLDV coming out? [3/2/92]

E119
SAN FRANCISCO
The world famous view of the city from
Twin Peaks on a crystal clear day.
Photo: Ken Glaser Jr. © 1989
Printed in Korea



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S.L.A. 83 MOSCONE IS
INCONVENIENT TO ALL
HOTELS BEP 6/10/92

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JUN 13 1992

BUCK COULSON

Terry Jeeves account was interesting. Indeed you can't get much rarer than non-existence. I own some fanzines that shouldn't have existed, but that's not quite the same thing.... Moskowitz also interesting. I remember Giunta illustrations in several sf magazines, but since I never bought a comic book, that part was all new to me. Strange that an artist on his way up should have problems enough to destroy him; one wonders exactly what happened.

Hey, Brian, a professional artist is one who gets money for his work; there's no requirement that he has to sell it to the magazines. Juanita and I have several paintings by Jim Cunningham, who was a science fiction gallery artist. And one who did abstracts, at that. The last time I saw him before he died, I looked at this painting that was done on blocks of color, and asked what it was (being a bit embarrassed, because usually I could tell exactly what his abstracts were about). He said it was the inside of a jet engine. Right; once he told me, I saw; couldn't have been anything else. He started out selling small paintings to science fiction club members for \$30 or \$40 for rent money; just before he dies he was getting well over a thousand dollars for each one. So if you sell stuff in an art show, you're a professional.

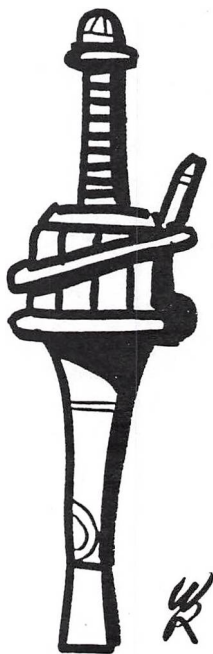
I think that fanzines didn't grow with fandom because the "growth" was in convention-goers and media fans. There was also at the time a big jump in cost between the 300-copy mimeographed fanzine and the 1000-plus-copy printed fanzine; desktop publishing was still in the future. Juanita and I looked into expanding, and decided we couldn't afford it. The lack of fanzine review columns in the promags helped, I expect, since it cut out a source of new fans. Fans could put copies of their fanzines on the freebie tables at conventions--it was done at the early cons -- but a lot of fanzines were already running at maximum production and didn't really want any new readers. (And putting out a 100 freebies might bring in 2 or 3 newcomers, which was also expensive.)

Sharon McCrumb obviously made no separation between fanzine fans and media fans -- but then, they're both at conventions. Someone recently told me that the conventions she most likely went to had a strong media slant. With that in mind, her book isn't that far from the truth. I've met a few of the characters in it.

I heard the story about Aspirin's letter from his then wife, who should know.

A fair number of fanzines publish contributors' addresses, and anyone who wants a specific contributor can always write to the fanzine editor who published that person's work. I know, you don't always get an answer, but asking doesn't cost that much.

Ian Covell has a good idea about the time-binding of fans. Mundanes do it too, however; it's just that the subjects are different. One of the favorite



topics around here is genealogy; who's related to whom. This is a rural area, with lots of small towns; Juanita and I have lived here since 1965, and we're still newcomers. Not so much because of length of residence, but because we didn't join any of the local organizations except the Humane Society, so nobody knows us except a few of my former co-workers, the librarians, bank tellers and postal clerks. I neither know nor care who'd related to whom; but genealogy is about as time-binding as you can get.

Laurie Mann should realize that writing in fanzines isn't always "safe" from outsiders. When we lived in Wabash, a couple of the postal clerks would read a copy of YANDRO whenever we sent out a mailing. They did send it off; people didn't complain about missing copies, but they read it. Some years later, my new boss commented that "I knew all about you before you were hired." I looked inquiring, and he said, "I have a brother-in-law in the Wabash post office." It didn't bother me, but if Laurie gets upset over the word "incest" on a postcard, she needs a warning. For that matter, old fanzines can show up anywhere; they get sold at conventions, donated to libraries, Seth Johnson used to ship bundles of them to possible new fans.

Yes, Tucker, I remember typewriters.... I might even be able to lay my hands on a dozen or so, around here.... I don't recall the specific mentions of the names he lists from FALLEN ANGELS, but "Hawkeye" is a widely used nickname for Dr. Bob Passovoy, and "Dick Wolfson" could be Dick Lupoff. I haven't seen Lupoff in years, but he published a well-known fanzine.

I don't think Juanita would join in the thanks to the lighting crew and the masquerade....

My letter; the "Dick somebody" I got one of my first fanzines from was Dick Ryan. Anybody remember him but me? He published 6 or 7 issues of his fanzine, and I got the last 2 or 3.

Even without hearing him, I'm sure that Al Curry has a better voice than Dylan. Daffy Duck has a better voice than Dylan....

For Jeanne Bowman; the nice thing about asthma remedies now are that they work--at least, they do on me--and are relatively mild. I started out smoking "asthma inhalers" made of dried jimson weed (active ingredients stramonium and belladonna), and once received an injection of 1/4 grain morphine mixed with 1 cc adrenaline. Those worked, for that matter, but they probably didn't do my heart any good, and may have contributed to the much-later heart attack. (And there was no way to take a shot of adrenaline and go back to work; you were out for the rest of the day.)

There! Took me 3 days to read the damned fanzine; admittedly, Eric Lindsay and Carolyn Doyle were here one afternoon and I didn't get much reading done....

[2/5/92]

TOM COCKCROFT

Thank you for the copy of *OUTWORLDS* No 60 that you sent me in April last year. It arrived July 11. I'd have acknowledged it sooner, but have had health problems for some time, and these tend to slow me up badly. Langley had arranged for you to send me a number of earlier issues, but I didn't know that I'd receive any more, so this was a pleasant surprise!

It was a particularly good idea to reprint [8]"Understandings", Doc Lowndes; *OUTWORLDS* 57; 1988[8] the tests presented so long ago in the Science Fiction League department of *WONDER STORIES*. This magazine was the first s-f magazine that I ever read or owned a copy of--that was in 1937. In those days a lot of magazines were available here second-hand at reasonable prices. That particular issue was November '35--you'll be familiar with the cover picture showing the inverted battleship floating in midair. It's surprising that I didn't give up after reading "Dreaa's End"! That story was written by an Australian (Australia is a large island, comparatively close to N.Z.), who may still be alive; I must ask Graham Stone, who may have met him. I had been reading H.G. Wells for some time before I read that magazine. When I first got a copy of *THRILLING WONDER STORIES*, I was outraged at its copying (as I saw it) of the other magazine! I did not think to consider the dates and numbering -- I was rather simple that early in life.

[2/19/92]

SAM MOSKOWITZ

For some reason I was thinking of *OUTWORLDS* yesterday, and today a mammoth issue arrives at the door. The trouble is that I've recently had a cataract operation and don't seem to be able to read effectively with one eye, though with the use of a magnifying glass I've skip-read through the issue. Nevertheless, what I read was well up to standard and worth the effort.

I thought the John Giunta illustrations reproduced very good with my article. They were on very thin paper used as proof sheets.

[2/3/92]

Rhyme and Pun-ishment!
by Jeanne Bowman

Part three in a series of pseudonymous writings by well-known Outworlds contributors...

Now any half-wit geologist might try to stratify opinions but Saddleback Simplot was a true ranger. This man resonated with the frequency of a stalactite growing from the roof of the batcave. Simpy was a bytestream cowhand, punching realestate gekkos to stay alive, but his true passion was coding land-octaves into the pastures of his database. One day he miscalculated and short-fused the Glen Ellen mafia. Shot-up the damn salamander from Wolfy's 1st grade science project! Then tried to cover it up, emulike, by pulling a doggie diner head over his fax/modem. CAN U IMAGINE!

So the poor fool is now de-serving time in the Federal Pun, at San Lichtman Peenal Insertution, stamping licentious plates by day and alorhyming by night. We're not Simpy at the end of this story tho. My backfur is starch-erect: no forgetting Saddleback's spelunking. Latenite I can still catch traces of his digitized voice, huge waves trampolining on the sonic ether, an echoed message of Arnold the Grate: I'll B back. Dudes.

¹ With apologies to Fyodor Dostoevsky...

to: Bill Bowers

PO Box 58174

Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174



5/5/92

ROBERT LICHTMAN

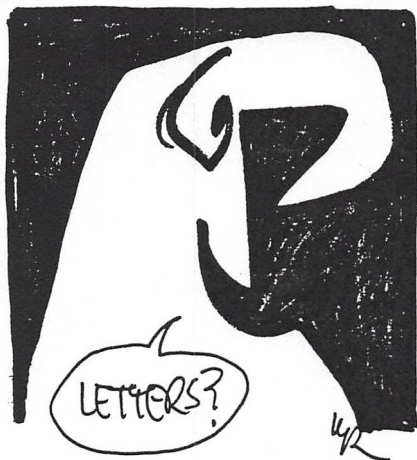
OW No. 62 kept me busy for weeks. I saved it for my Morning Reading, which I do while eating breakfast before heading off to work. This isn't going to be a full-fledged letter of comment, just a romp through the checkmarks I made here and there--or at least those I can still remember what I meant to say. Lack of comment on most of the specific items in the issue in no way diminishes my general enjoyment of all of it, and my particular enjoyment of some of it.

It was interesting to poke through the list of your publications to date. I seem to be ahead of you in total number of issues published, but you have me beat in total pagecount, since you did so many more Huge Genzines than I did. I couldn't list my earlier fanzines anymore, because I don't have all of them; but I know from the first issue of KING BISCUIT TIME, which was the final publication I did for FAPA during my first membership, which I published in August 1969, that it was the 84th fanzine of my first wave of fanactivity (and I think the final zine of that lot). Since coming back I've published eleven issues of TRAP DOOR, 21 zines for FAPA (18 more issues of KING BISCUIT TIME and two one-shot titles, 35 zines for SAPS, 45 for Lilapa (many of them just one page) and one for SFPA. Ghod, that's 197 fanzines altogether! Ghod, no wonder I feel so Old & Tired sometime!

My largest fanzine ever was a 102-page zine for Apex back in 1962, so you've got me beat with this 120-pager. I doubt I'll ever try to beat your record, but of course you never know.

David Haugh's artwork is always enjoyable, but his inside front cover this time is exceptionally wonderful. This is one I wish I'd been sent!

Your 9/20/91 note on page 2055 brought a smile to my face with your remark that "even after thirty years, fanzine publishing, Bowers-style, is not an exact science. I like to think of it as an artform, but am willing to concede that obsession might be a more appropriate description." With the way you enjoy playing with format, I doubt you'll ever turn your fanpubbing into a science; it will always remain an artform. I've gone a middle route myself. All my "free-standing" apazines (which is everything except Lilapa) share in common a half-letter size format and a Rotsler front cover, usually followed by three pages of text in 9-point Times Roman. Only a few of them have had



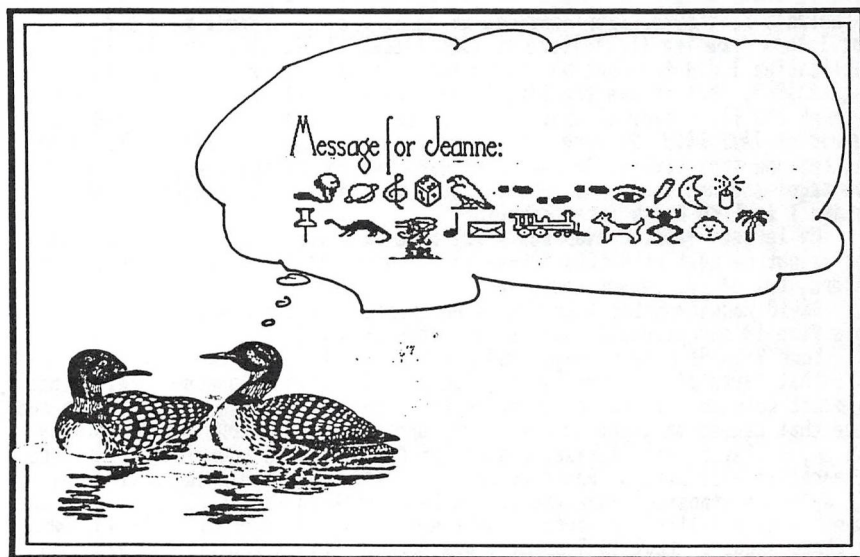
more pages, and only one of them was remotely unusual -- it was a six-"page" legal sized fanzine of one sheet folded to half-letter size with the extra length in a 3" gatefold on the right hand side.

TRAP DOOR has a very standardized layout, since almost all pieces have full-width cartoon headings which can fit anywhere. Only a few pages each issue have to be specially thought out. TRAP DOOR represents the culmination of the layout I was working out back when I was doing FRAP. I didn't remember this when I did the first issue, and it shows. (Terry Carr pointed it out with some surprise in his letter of comment.) But subsequent to that I got to acquire a file of FRAP and PSI-PHI (and of course OUTWORLDS No. 1) and it Came Back to me. So what was I working out? A layout style in which artwork was illustrative, not merely decorative, of a high standard of execution, and minimized in order to fit in more words. TRAP DOOR has "filler" art only at the tail end of pieces that don't quite make it to the bottom of their final page. These illos are selected so they fit the layout (i.e., the art faces the right way) and then centered in the space available. If necessary, they are reduced or enlarged to fit the space perfectly. Each issue accumulates in a folder as the different pieces come in, are typeset, sent out for illustration, then pasted-up awaiting final positioning. If something has a heading that needs to face a particular way in order to work in the layout, then the artwork is simply placed in the folder along with the typeset pages until the final "playing order" is worked out, which is usually quite late in the game. I spend much of the year scaring up enough material to fill an issue. (Some stuff just shows up, but I have to ask for most of it.) The last things to be done are the lettercol and, of course, my editorial. It's a leisurely-paced process, quite the opposite of my apazines which tend to be done in bursts of activity.

Though I didn't have any checkmarks by it, I wanted to remark how much I enjoyed Ted White's letter of comment; and particularly the long heart of it about prozines in response to Brain Earl Brown. Ted is the only fan I know who has edited a prozine and then come back to fandom and written about it with such clarity and eloquence. This is a LoC which deserves a place in the 1992 fanthology.

SaM's article on Giunta, with accompanying illos, was another of those wonderfully detailed accounts of science fiction's past that he does so well. There's a level and particular quality of detail in SaM's presentations that is quite absent in everyone else's writing about the field. He really is one of our foremost scholars and in a way quite unlike the academics. I recently sent away for his book, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS, published by Niekas Publications (RFD 2, Box 63, Center Harbor, NH 03226-9706) at \$5.95 postpaid, and am about halfway through it. This is SaM on his science fiction career, as the subtitle has it, and is based on a postal interview. It's quite revealing autobiographically and in all a necessary addition to one's fanhistory shelf. I strongly recommend it and might review it at greater length when I finish reading it.

Skel's July 19, 1989 entry about all the airplane crashes in the United States just before he and Cas took off on their trip here reminded me that the same sort of thing began happening to me before my TAFF trip. And not only plane crashes, but British Rail and London Underground accidents and bombings. There are always reports of such incidents in a steady, ongoing way, but it really did seem that there was a bunching of them right before my trip. Nothing like that to get you in the mood for a 12-hour plane trip. [rec'd 8/6/1992]





Holiday Inn & Holidome

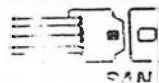
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BUCKLE UP



Citizen Pain', by William Breiding

Part two in a series of pseudonymous writings by well-known Outworlds contributors...

I sit alone in the dark, drenched by the light of the film, and the insistent flickering of the projector mocks my angst. Silently I shout: I'm no Pee-wee Herman pudpulling laundry-lusting outcast. The sight of a mogul whimpering for a longlost Flexible Flyer makes me want to hang in a coffee bar and swap poetry for some dwarf psychic's flannel shirt. Christ! Oliver Stone never had it like this. OK, so I'll call my next apazine JFK: *Just Fucking Kidding*.

A silent trickle of razorlike smegma blurs my awareness. Burnt cigarette smoke chars my ideology. A vague whisper of the past surges through my yearnings, erecting a daunting scaffold of confusion. Thinking of... of... whatshername, I laugh, knowing the audience is crying, fading to black, dying. Oh man. It doesn't get any better than this. Rosebud?

¹ With apologies to Orson Welles...

Bill Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174



4/30/92

The WILLIAM BREIDING Chronicles :

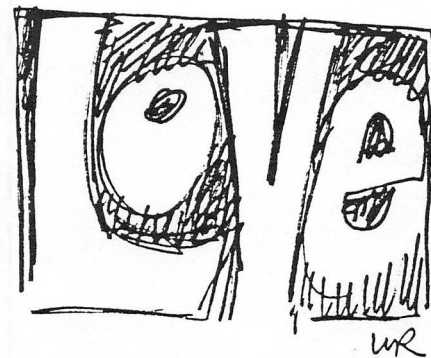
2/12/92: It's 5:59pm, and for a change I'm not writing to you at some ungodly hour in the morning. The sky is some unnameable hue of blue; not my favorite color blue, which is that color the sky gets right before it turns black. It's some strange color between aqua and pearlescent. It must be because of all the storms that have been bashing through the coastal regions of California. It's actually clear right now with a few wispy Shaveresque clouds floating by; before long this dusk will descend.

Although we need the rain (6 years into a drought), selfishly, I hope it holds off for the evening, because I want to go see a band called Black Watch at a club called The Bottom Of The Hill (cause that's where it is). This band is from LA, and believe it or not, I got a postcard from them while they were on tour...from Kansas City! I sent them the Christmas COYOTE (wasn't that a fun one?) and was boggled to receive a LETTER from the singer/songwriter. So, I'm hoping to muster beyond my shyness tonight and try to get up the nerve to introduce myself, if given the chance.

Things have been going drastically well for me. Nothing to show outwardly for it; haven't gotten a raise, work is still the shits, no girlfriend, my dream life is still awkwardly intense (only I'm remembering less when I wake up, except for the feel of things), still need more friends, still lonely, still getting mugged in this rotten neighborhood (that makes 5 times now in the last 2 years); but I made a commitment to myself on New Year's Day, a sort of revolution, that '92 would be a better year for me, than the last few have; I committed myself to smiling more this year, hence, keeping my spirits higher. To my amazement, this is actually working. Oh, I have my times of Utter Blue, and still other times when my mood swings so drastically in a downward spiral that I can't even give you a name for it, but the major thing is that it doesn't last, or, I don't allow it to hang on for more than an evening. And I come up grinnin' the next morning. This does wonders for "everyday living"; you know, the day in day out grind.

But there is always something missing. I'm not sure what it is. Certainly a woman, and a good working relationship, but there's probably more. I've never been satisfied, content. I've been a malcontent from an early age. Restless. It's probably why I've traveled so much. My sister Joan says that I'm the direct spiritual inheritor of our Mother, who is very restless, always moving around, never feeling happy where she is (she's 70, in good health, will be here on the 15th for an extended trip that will keep her from "home" god knows how many months...) constantly uncertain about her relationships... is any of this starting to sound familiar to you Bill?

The frustrating thing right now is that I feel a woman floating around out on the parameters of my consciousness, the "right" one, like she's real close to me, but just out of reach, and if I could just do the right thing, go to the right place, or just smile at the right girl on the street, that we would meet. It's an odd feeling, and I'm constantly surprised that I haven't made any major mistakes trying to make this "happen". On other days, it's like a glorious glow on the whole world, and I say to myself "she" is out there, and it's gonna happen REAL soon!



WR



But it keeps not happening.
Can't figure it, Bill.
Am I ripe, or what?
Pretty soon I'll be so ripe I'm going to fall off.

Things finally got perking on the new *COYOTE*. I had a sort of block, and actually still do, about some events that have just recently happened, but I did finally get together enough for another 12 page zine. I don't know whether it's any good; I'll let you be the judge. As I think I mentioned in a previous letter, I thought the Michael Turner pieces were minor, and they gathered so much more reaction than the Childhood pieces, which I felt more "important." Patty's theory on this was that since they were disguised as a roman à clef (go look it up!) that it was easier for people to ~~find~~ relate to them.

Oh, by the way, I got *OUTWORLDS* 62.
(snicker...)

3/9/92: Just home from work after checking the POBox--A letter from Jeanne written before *CORFLU*, but sent after...hmm..wonder what that means?

Enclosed, correspondence per your request re: tape to Ms Bowman. If she doesn't watch out, I might make her another one. My tapes have been known to become habit forming ... at least to certain people.

I'm a way out of practice at doing this convention thing; it took about twice the amount of time of the con for me to recuperate! And Corflu #9 wasn't even a very high strung convention -- the best of it happening in the smoking suite on Saturday night when Patty Anne Peters got a case of the cosmic oh-my-gods! and had the whole room rolling on the floor.

Thanks for dragging me to Corflu. It was great seeing you and Chris and Joe again (and hanging out so much with Patty & Gary!). I probably would not have gone and finally committed myself if not for your prodding.

... I'm being forced to move against my will. I love my little apartment and I've been here over 2 years, but in the last year I've been mugged 5 (FIVE!) times. I'm getting rather tired of it. It's not the money--I rarely have much on me--but it's only a matter of time before I get stabbed or shot. And I'd like to see a few more issues of *OUTWORLDS* before that happens! So I have to move. I'm angry about it. I live a 1/2 block from one of The City's worst "projects" with crack and the usual drive-by-shootings.

This may be none of my business, but as a friend-in-the-forming over the last few years, I have to stick my nose in where it may not be wanted, as friends sometimes are wont to do.

Maybe you should make a serious effort to find a new roommate. It's probably something you should do considering your employment schedules of recent. I know it's a fucked prospect, but it seems like there must be someone among the Cincinnati people you know that would be trustworthy and compatible, or at least not a headache to have around.

Hell, I wish I were there -- I'd move!

More nose-sticking-in-where-it-shouldn't-be, and you're welcome to get mad at me

be sensible, Bill.

...cease publishing *OUTWORLDS* and start a new series *XENOLITH* at an affordable cost; limit you convention going --- Alright --- Alright!

I'm not your mother, I know.

But I do worry.

But I'll shut up now.

A loc for *OW*62 is still in the brew tank.
Expect it.

3/29/92: Corflu 9 was, for me, an excellent convention. I mean, let's face it, the midwest and former midwest fans were the most interesting people there, so they stuck together. Los Angeles fans are, for the most part, boring. There were a couple of cool ones there, one hung out with us, one was running the con suite, and another was registering us. Because LA fans are, for the most, boring, their conventions are for the most part, boring.

It was terrific seeing you; I was sometimes worried about your health, but you do seem to carry on, in more ways than one.

I was optimistic, and high on seeing you when I said I'd try to Make It to your Ditto. Seems really doubtful, now, but as I said at the con, I'll try to keep my options open. Work situation (yeah, I know, at least I'm working!) is really fucked and getting worse and I'm starting to panic. Being forced to move is a major bummer (yeah, I know, at least I don't have as many books and fanzines as you!), and will be expensive, and no doubt hair raising (what little is left).

A very pleasant letter from Chris today, along with yours. We may become fabulously faanish friends again, just like when we were neos. Yes, *OUTWORLDS*, the place to plug in!

3.4.92:

Dear Ms Bowman, BNF:

As I sat stoking my chin on the bed in the smoking suite, listening to the sound of your voice invoking images of Doggie Music, I came to the hurried conclusion, while Chris Sherman looked at me, that your request was entirely impossible. I did achieve, however, an entirely weird and shitkicking tape in the process of trying to figure out what was appropriate to the scene of the crime.

Lacking visuals of the area, lacking knowledge of your inner depths, likes and dislikes, I used my imagination. Indeed, reality may be a cover for those who can't handle fanzine production in a Bowers kind world, but in mine, reality is a poor excuse for those who can't handle tape making!

Cheese those sounds.

Let me know,

William

P.S.: At Corfle Mr. Bowers requested a copy of the list of songs to this tape. This piece of correspondence is being cc'd to Billy Boy as well.

Say no more.

Wm

A DATE/TIME 3.3.92:
NOISE REDUCTION XON DOFF

B DATE/TIME 3.4.92:
NOISE REDUCTION XON DOFF

Ennio Morricone: Beastiality	Jean Michel Jarre:
The Silencers:	ZooBookologie
A Letter From St. Paul	The Unknowns: Dream Sequence
Ry Cooder: All Shook Up	Green Pajamas: A Murder Of Crows
Catman!	Ennio Morricone: Contamination
On The Front Porch	Tom Waits: Jockey Full Of Bourbon
The Jazz Butcher:	The Blue Nile: Taps To Riches
Buffalo Shame	The Rainmakers: Big Fat Blonde
Stan Ridgway: Salesman	Raging Slab: Get Off My Jollies
John Andrew Parks!	The Swimming Pool Q's:
Planet Texas	Hip-Hype

TDK

D90 Hey! What's Your Hurry?

Travis: Sleep With The Angels	Thin White Rope:
The Embarrassment:	Beautiful Day
Webb Wilder:	Spartan
XTC:	(excerpt) Human Alchemy

TDK

D90 Oh! Oh! Doggies!

Andy Priebe: Whole Lotta Love	Foster & Lloyd: Side Of The Road
Slim Whitman: Cattle Call	The Cocteau Twins: Fitz Politic
The Spongetones:	Am I Dancing Or What?
Ry Cooder:	Nice Bike

4.5.92:

YEAH!

BOWERS GOT A JOB!!!!!!

CONGRATS AND GOOD LUCK!

Now, will I ever write you a loc?
Only the creative urge will know for sure!

Keep the faith, baby!

I wish you all the best of luck on moving, if you do, and I hope to fucking god you get a job soon. All of your West Coast pals are with you, heart mind and soul.

(Yeah, I really AM trying to write a LOC to OW62, but it's difficult!)

4/18/92: Enclosed, the revision of "Rapt by Roses". I can't say that I'm entirely satisfied with this version, but I don't think it reads quite as awkwardly as the COYOTE version. There was no way that I could radically alter this piece without changing its original feel. So I didn't. I just tried to clean it up. And give it some subtlety.

Two reasons why I didn't completely rewrite it; 1) you liked it in the original version, so I figured you understood what I was trying to do with it. And 2): I'm lazy. Rewriting it would have meant, primarily, working each sentence until it shined. The fifth paragraph on page two would need some major expanding in order to make it a real review instead of a report of an experience. My laziness is a boon and a pain; a boon because it propels me to write as well as I can in the first draft, a pain because nothing comes out right the first time and I am loathe to work it.

Life around here has been the pits. Work has become a dreadful nuisance, and I'm constantly in a bad mood. I think the business is about to collapse, and I should probably start looking for another job before it goes under, but I keep hoping things will get better.

Outworlds 63 / 2231

WM Breiding
PO Box 26617
SF CA 94126 2.8.92:

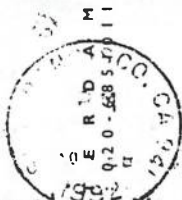
BM:

Who are you? I was intrigued by your body studies in Out Worlds 63, And the way Bowers used them.

Since Bowers spoiled my cuts for me, you know all kinds of things about me, but I don't know you at all. Tell me something.

How in the world does the mail get to you addressed like that? yers truly,

William



- ☐ Forwarding Order Expired
- ☐ Insufficient Address
- ☐ Moved, Left No Address
- ☐ Uncollected ☐ Refused
- ☒ Attempted, Not Known
- ☐ No Such Street
- ☐ No Such Number

Route No. 102
City: Amsterdam
Date: 2-8-92



Mr. Breiding: 4-1-92
Mr. Powers kindly forwarded your postcard for my examination. As you may have surmised, mail does NOT reach me with the simplified address here in Red Cloud and I do not request any copy of my material which is printed this way I am free to ignore what anyone has to say and can do as I wish. I am enclosing some of the body studies you mention. Mr. Bowers can reach me, as can several other "fans", but I prefer my privacy. I do thank you for being interested enough in my work to try to contact me. Without saying to be cryptic, believe me when I say you know more about me than you think- but I prefer to leave things quietly in the dark. If you would like to contact me, however, you may do so through Mr. Bowers.

5/19/92: How about that Eric Mayer!? He must have a smooth line and a good technique! I'm jealous. \$sob\$ \$sniff\$

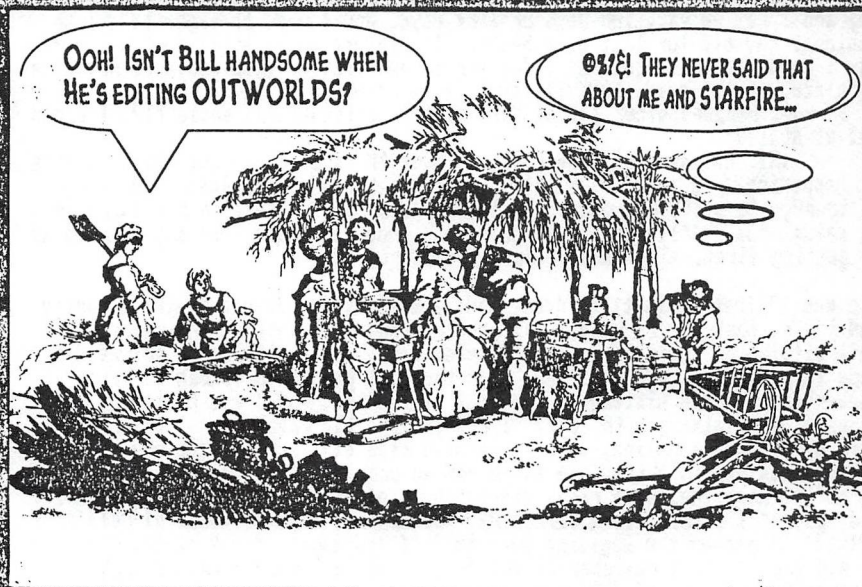
Now let's see if we can fit up Billy Ray, and then we can start thinking about each other!

Whee Doggie!

Got a postcard from Patty & Gary from Munich. They're doing a real fuckin' tour of Germany and surrounding countries. Again, I am jealous. Will my day ever come, Father William?

\$sigh\$

All for now. Was just in that write Bill kinda mood.



ERIC MAYER

Just got *DN62*. Haven't had time to read it all yet. I skipped to the back to read your personal news and found enough there to comment on for pages. As you know I've been through most of what you have -- albeit its been a longer process. The bankruptcy first, then the divorce and the job...well, that's still up in the air. By April I'll either have lived the whole Bowers experience in slo-mo or--I hope--escaped the unemployment part. (Heh, I was unemployed for two years when I got out of college. Maybe that's enough.) On March 4 I will be moving back (just like you again!!!!) to my old house (279 Collingwood Drive). Everything'll be cleaned out, including the kids. They're being moved up to Connecticut. My wife's boyfriend got a job with a pharmaceutical company--big bucks--big \$200,000 house. Just what she always wanted. Yeah, she's still my wife for a few more weeks. Papers finally got filed, now it's only a question of whether they'll be handled by a judge who'll get to them in a week or one who'll take a month. That house is full of bad memories (and two cats in the basement) but I figure I might need the space someday. But is going to be tough, seeing those empty rooms. I never committed my experiences to print. I consciously avoided that. Just the opposite of your approach. I'm not sure why. I think I just wanted to expunge the whole business, relegate it to the past, not allow myself to remember it. (fat chance) I tried to just get on with my life and it worked pretty well really. Like you I was increasingly isolated over the years and it was wonderful to finally be free, meet old friends, make new friends. I was struck by your words, "I need companionship. Yet I value my privacy, my newfound unaccountability." Indeed...I always thought of myself as a "loner" maybe because I value my privacy. And it's been a blast this past year being able to get up in the morning and do whatever I want -- even stupid things like driving out to the midwest in my 1983 Toyota clunker or taking off for entire weekends of orienteering. But, still, that freedom doesn't make up for living by oneself. Like you, I'm not soured. A friend who went through a typically horrible breakup is getting married a week after his divorce becomes final. His attitude is--No matter how bad this turns out how can it possibly be any worse? But, I too wonder what I could bring to a relationship -- thanks to the DIVORCE my credit's shot, I'm in debt, a large portion of my salary goes out in child support. Doesn't it just infuriate you that this person who's out of your life has left your life so trashed you can hardly imagine inviting anyone else is? Guess I'll have to find a fan. No one else would be crazy enough. (Loc to be continued as I read on...)

[rec'd 2/25/92]

Well, I quite enjoyed *DN62*. It's taken me the better part of a week to read it. You've published a whole years worth in one issue. But how can I comment? Just LISTING every contribution sounds daunting, let alone commenting. Of course I liked the beginning of Skel's trip report. Alas -- I wrote two pages of an account of my little trip to Toronto to meet Skel and Cas and gave up. Maybe someday I'll finish it. Maybe.... Mind you, if I HAD to I would produce something, but I suspect it would be unsatisfactory. Skel cautions that he is writing an "experience journal" to cover every last detail. Now, that's fine if that's what you want to do, but such a lengthy writing project would be beyond me. It does illustrate a problem with trip reports. If you don't detail everything, if you condense and stick to the highlights, you chance offending someone who isn't highlighted. Same if you exaggerate or rearrange -- prime writing strategies. How about some good characterization? Well, what if the well-characterized characters don't like what you observed? Then too, how about parts of the trip that, for whatever reason, the writer might consider not for public consumption? How can you write honestly about something while trying to keep people's sensitivities and privacy in mind? I've always tried to write honestly about things. If I feel I should censor or keep private some aspect of an experience--for example my divorce--I simply don't write about it at all. So I've strayed into the abstract. At any rate I enjoyed Skel's pages. Taking on a trip of that magnitude...he's a better fan than I!

Time for an aside...this loc will look like *DN*...My life right now is full of loose ends, as it has been since my marriage began to unravel two years ago or more. Again and again it has all seemed close to being OVER. But the nearer the END comes, the slower I seem to approach it. At the moment my divorce papers have been filed and within 2 or 3 weeks the divorce should be final. The house here in Fairport has been sold and I am to move out and back to the Collingwood house next Thursday. Or so I thought. Heh, a lot can happen in a week. I was interrupted in my loccing by a call from my soon (God willing) to be ex wife, raving and ranting that the buyers were backing out, the plumbing wasn't right...my fault of course. So again I am in limbo. If the deal falls through my soon to be ex will likely continue to squat in the Collingwood

"How about that Eric Mayer?"

Now, more than ever--and I admit it hasn't always been so--I make a conscious decision of whether I should print some of the communications sent to me--ones that are intensely personal...and yet aren't marked DNB or DNP. While I am quite comfortable with teasing, chiding (or goading), I don't like being embarrassed, in print (or otherwise)...and I try my best to avoid doing that to others, in these pages.

Even then, there are some "intense personal" ramblings that...I'm more comfortable with? That I can relate to more than others?...that I'm more likely to print than others.

I'm quite comfortable excerpting the letters/notes of Wm Breiding at will; ...several reasons for that, not the least of which is that his reaction has convinced me that it's Okay. But even with him, I don't print every detail, making arbitrary decisions as to whether he really wanted to share "this" with the *DNW* World.

I've "known" Eric Mayer for years! I published him in these pages in the 70s, and have followed his writings--in *Groggy* and other zines -- with interest and enjoyment ever since.

But I never "knew" Eric.

We didn't exchange long personal letters; and we've never met.

...then! One of the first things several mutual friends told me on the Advent of My Return was..."You should really write to Eric Mayer..." I really don't recall who wrote "first"--I suspect it was him--but indeed, the parallels in our lives over the past few years are frighteningly...err...equally cheerful.

True, he didn't get tossed in jail. But then, to my knowledge, my *DNW* whatever never had an affair while we were together.

...and, while I truly regret the "loss" of my step-children, I can only begin to fathom the pain the separation from his has caused Eric....

Still, we've both suffered enough shit to last a lifetime.

I still haven't "met" Eric.

...but I do feel that out of all this, I've gained a friend.

Against the day we do meet, I can--with a slight touch of envy--do no more than wish Eric...and Mary...the best of everything!

property. What the hell -- my life has been on hold for years! The horrible thing is, unless I abdicate my responsibility to the kids by quitting my job, and screw myself by walking away from what few material possessions I have left in actuality or (in the case of the house) prospectively, I am still, to an extent, at the mercy of this crazy person's whims. I only share this with you Bill because I wonder, did you ever feel like just crying and asking, how did I ever get involved with this monster--isn't there some way I can get this thing out of my life? (Yet, there are times when I feel genuinely sorry for her because she has severe problems. When she is actually laying the disasters on me I feel she is being vicious but, upon reflection, I have to conclude that she is really ill and out of control -- small comfort.)

March 1

Well, the aforementioned disaster passed. A plumber identified the noxious (supposedly) odor as a little dampness due to a malfunctioning dehumidifier in the basement. So the deal is still on. (Gee it wasn't my fault after all. What a relief. Next thing you know it'll be discovered that Iraq's nuclear program isn't my fault either....)

The surprise is -- I'm divorced. "Guess you'll go out and celebrate" was the typical response at work. My reply was -- celebrate what? The official recognition of twenty wasted years?

So in two days I'll be moving....

It'll be strange moving back in that place.

But this isn't much of a loc. Heh, Ted White agreeing with Brian Brown! How about that! You know what: I got into Fandom after reading *The Club House* column in *ANAZING*.

Guess you can tell I'm kind of overwhelmed. If I can't decide what to comment on in *DN* I can just start babbling about myself. The zine was really an experience!

[rec'd 3/5/92]

Bill, Oh Bill, I beg of you
don't retry the Marriage Scene.
Because the next woman who leaves you
might take your washing machine.
Then when we come to see you
in October of '93
the visit will be useless....
for doing our laundry.
So please look after your appliances
(though there be the Earth to pay),
and in the meantime, this happy fan sez,
"HAVE A VERY HAPPY BIRTHDAY!"

Love & Hugs

Pas.

See you next year.

Dear Bill:

May 1, 1992

Thanks for your letter and FLAF.

I thought about you several times today partly because I mailed off another "fun" postcard ("ha:hehheh") and also partly because I have some doubts whether the Cockatoo is still a viable business. The riots in Los Angeles are squarely in the neighborhoods where we feted a couple of months ago. Can you imagine how weird Corflu would have been if the riots had happened on that weekend? I know Joe would have unhesitatingly gone out for barbecue, but I really wonder how the rest of us would have fared. Kinda spooky. My apartment has become a house of refuge for several friends from LA this weekend. We hope the insanity doesn't migrate south, though we've already had some weirdness here in San Diego today. "Sigh".

Now I have a chance to envy you. Ten hour days! I'd give my left *** for such luxury! Anyway, always glad when things start looking up for you. I have no expectation for another *Monster Outworlds*, but I'm certainly starting to get impatient... *No Quarter* has twisted slightly in the interim...

Ironically enough, my next trip to Ohio may be courtesy of one of your attorneys. I may have to testify in a trial in Columbus. If so, we will definitely get together and drink a beer to our wondrous legal system! Where am I? Home this week, but then off to New Orleans and Europe again... See ya, *Chris*

10/15/92 : I Also Heard From GAY HALDEMAN, DAVID HAUGH and SARAH PRINCE.

As much as I've appreciated and enjoyed the entries in these pages, and even though I "knew" what to expect, I guess I'm still somewhat disappointed in the percentage of the mailing list responding to *OW62*. I knew it was B&I&G & Intimidating...I typed it...but I still feel some fine material was overlooked. Nevertheless, while not the "best" ever, I'm Pleased with it! This issue (again) is twice as long--as planned. But there aren't as many words! Besides, the Tasteful Use of White Space should make things a bit more accessible. (...said amount of White Space is perhaps a bit more generous than planned: in the rush to get it Out for Ditto...I got tongue-tied.)

You may well not be that lucky, next time.

...and by then, I may actually be divorced: The final "final" hearing is on the Monday morning...following Ditto Sunday! Wonderful.

In the meantime, I work, I read...and I dream my dreams. Don't we all? My humble thanks to All of you whose work enriches these pages....

Bill Bowers
P.O. Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH 45258-0174

The Story Behind the Inside Covers

"MUMPS" was conceived, and the first four Chapters were drawn more than a decade ago. The first Chapter ran in a 1984 issue of *FILE 770*.

...but due to "creative differences" [Derek had drawn them in the vertical format you see here...but Mike wanted them redrawn in a horizontal format], and other factors, only that one episode appeared. The remaining three, plus several that were "scripted", remained in Derek's files...until now.

Even if it's been at least ten years since I've seen them, and the gaps in communication in the interim haven't always been "short" (sorry), Derek...and the Mrs...are two friends whose friendship I cherish.

I am, indeed [and not just to see the look on young Mr. Glicksohn's face when he opens this issue], Very Pleased to be able not only to "re-print" the first episode of *Mumps* in its original format, but to introduce the Never-Before-Seen Second Chapter.

There will be more.
(...to be Continued)

DECEMBER 1991

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SAT/SUN
NOVEMBER 31 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30	JANUARY 02 S M T W T F S 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31				1 SUN
2 #177 FLAF-ONE 2pgs - RAP B36: STARFARERS - WOLAN N. MCINTYRE	3	4 MISSED 1.5 Hrs (CAR DOORS FROZEN)	5	6 USDT #17/SB (38.5) LAST DAY	7 SAT REG: MARGARIT/K 8 SUN 8:37: TRANSITION - WOLAN N. MCINTYRE
9	10 B38: KILLING ORDERS - SARA PARETSKY #33: "TERMINAL 2" (GOLD CIRCLE)	11	12	13 OUT #13	14 SAT BREW HOUSE 15 SUN B43: A PROCESSION OF THE DAMNED - WILSON TUCKER
16	17 B39: EARTH - DAVID BRIN	18 B40: POP. 1280 - JIM THOMPSON	19 B41 "E" IS FOREVER - SUE GARTON	20 OUT WK #14 B42: BRIGHT LIGHTS, BIG CITY - JAY MCINTYRE	21 SAT BREW HOUSE B44: "MIDWINTER" 22 SUN CH. 48 "THE B45: ODESSA FILE" (74) TRAP
23 (HOME)	24	25	26 B44: THE GOOD OLD STUFF - JOHN D. MACLEOD B45: THE LINCOLN HUNTS - WILSON TUCKER	27 OUT WK #15 B46: BITTER MEDICINE - SARA PARETSKY	28 SAT B47: THE EXCITING - JOHN D. MACLEOD 29 SUN CHICAGO
30	31 B48: BARON'S PLANE - JOHN BOYD CHICAGO	Christmas Day			

LEAH & DICK
SMITH
for
DUFF!

WOMEN ARE NOT A NEW "HOBBY"
FOR YOU . . .

CONTRIBUTORS to OUTWORLDS 63

OMC 063 2k : GRADY 063 14k : LDC54 063 24k : SIDEBAR4063 12k
 BILLY 063 4k : JEANNE 063 20k : MISC 063 2k : TUCKER 063 20k
 BILLYPHS063 2k : LARRY 063 8k : PAGES 063 4k : WM 063 8k
 CD 063 6k : LISTWAHFO63 4k : POSTIT 063 2k : WMLTRS 063 14k
 CHRIS 063 26k : LDC51 063 28k : SIDEBAR1063 34k
 CONTRIB 063 4k : LDC52 063 16k : SIDEBAR2063 8k
 D COM 4k : LDC53 063 24k : SIDEBAR3063 14k

C: 390k Used: 25/304k Not used: 38/86k

Totals Words Input: 40,458

HARRY ANDRUSCHAK : POBox 5300, Torrance CA 90510-5309
 SHERYL BIRKHEAD : 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20882
 JEANNE BOWMAN : POBox 982, Glen Ellen CA 95442-0982
 RICHARD BRANDT : 4740 N. Mesa #111, El Paso TX 79912
 WM BREIDING : POBox 26617, San Francisco CA 94126
 BRIAN EARL BROWN : 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224
 T. G. COCKCROFT : 84 Pharazyn St., Melling, Lower Hutt, NEW ZEALAND
 KEVIN COOK : 949 Palmer Road, Apt. 4-0, Bronxville NY 10708
 BUCK COULSON : 2677W-500N, Hartford City IN 47348-9575
 LARRY DOWNES : 1125 West Belden #3, Chicago IL 60614
 CAROLYN DOYLE : 8288 W Shelby State Road 44, Franklin IN 46131-9211 [COA]
 MIKE GLICKSOHN : 508 Windermere Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M6S 2L6 CANADA
 D GARY GRADY : 817 North Buchanan Blvd., Apt. D, Durham NC 27701
 TEDDY HARVIA : POBox 905, Euless TX 76039
 ALAN HUNTER : 1186 Christchurch Road, Boscombe East, Bournemouth BH7 6DY U.K.
 TERRY JEEVES : 56 Red Scar Drive, Scarborough YO12 5RD ENGLAND U.K.
 JERRY KAUFMAN : 8618 Linden Avenue N., Seattle WA 98103
 ROBERT LICHTMAN : POBox 30, Glen Ellen CA 95442
 ERIC LINDSAY : 7 Nicoll Ave., Ryde, NSW 2112 AUSTRALIA
 LAURIE MANN : 12 Shady Lane Ave., Northboro MA 01532-1729
 MARK MANNING : 1709 South Holgate, Seattle WA 98144
 JOE MARAGLINO : 1356 Niagara Avenue, Niagara Falls NY 14305-2746
 ERIC MAYER : Box 17143, Rochester NY 14617 (coa)
 ED MESKYS : RR #2 Box 63, Center Harbor NH 03226-9708
 LINDA MICHAELS : 1356 Niagara Avenue, Niagara Falls NY 14305-2746
 SAM MOSKOWITZ : 361 Roseville Avenue, Newark NJ 07107
 PaM : Red Cloud NE 68970
 DEREK PARKS-CARTER : [address withheld by request]
 BRUCE PELZ : 15931 Kalisher St., Granada Hills CA 91344
 WILLIAM ROTSLER : 17909 Lull Street, Reseda CA 91335
 CHRIS SHERMAN : POBox 990, Solana Beach CA 92075-0990
 CAS SKELTON : 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW U.K.
 BOB TUCKER : 2516/H East Washington St., Bloomington IL 61704-4444
 MICHAEL W. WAITE : 105 West Ainsworth, Ypsilanti MI 48197
 WALTER WILLIS : 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. IRELAND BT21 OPD
 BILLY WOLFENBARGER : 181 North Polk Street, Eugene OR 97402

MUMPS

by
Derek
Parks-Carter

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1992

GOSH!! IT'S CHAPTER TWO

WELL HERE WE ARE AGAIN WITH THE REMARKABLE
STEAM-DRIVEN INTERGALACTIC ROCK "WILLIAM
R. I" WITH MIKE & DEREK ABOARD, ALL SET
FOR A THRILLING ADVENTURE OUT HERE IN
DEEPEST SPACE, OR AT LEAST AN APPROXIMATION!
OF A THRILLING ADVENTURE.....

CHUFF CHUFF SMART SMART CHUFF CHUFF

TICKY TICKY
CHING?... WE'VE
NEVER GONE
Ticky Ticky Ticky
Ching BEFORE

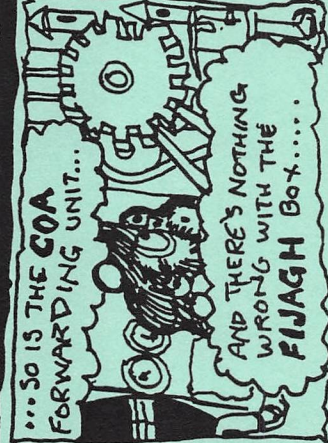
Ticky Ticky Ching Ticky Ticky Ching



I'D BETTER CHECK
THAT EVERYTHING ON
THIS NEOLITHIC
NUCLEAR JUNK HEAP
IS WORKING O.K...



...UMMM... THE FIAMOL SUPPORT
SYSTEM IS FUNCTIONING
PERFECTLY...



...SO IS THE COA
FORWARDING UNIT...



..HELLO - THE LOC REGULATOR
HAS BEEN DISENGAGED....



GOITY
M'LUID!!

Michael!
IS THAT YOU
MAKING THAT
Ticky Ticky
Ticky Ching
NOISE?



I SUPPOSE YOU ARE WRITING A LETTER
OF COMMENT ABOUT ABSOLUTELY NOTHING
BUT SOME TRIVIAL NONSENSICAL GARBAGE OF
GREAT IMPORT ONLY TO A FANZINE "EDITOR".

AGAIN!
PLEND
GUILTY



BUT MICHAEL WE
HAVEN'T RECEIVED
ONE OF THOSE
TWILTONE TOILET
ROLLS IN ALL
OUR MONTHS
OF TRAVELLING
SO HOW CAN
YOU WRITE A
LETTER OF
COMMENT ON
NOTHING?



RELEVANCE, LOGIC AND
SENSE HAVE NO PART
IN A CRUD-ER-FANER
THINKING AND
ANYWAY...

YES!

I LIKE TO KEEP MY
HAND IN...

TO BE
CONTINUED



ARK-DRY
on
ARDI
rice
AN RUM

10/1/78 16 mimes for FLAP
2/2/78 2 mimes for FLAP
2/2/78 8 mimes for FLAP
2/2/78 4 mimes for FLAP

VENOLITH

OUTWORLDS Seven mimes
OUTWORLDS Eight mimes
OUTWORLDS Nine mimes
OUTWORLDS Ten mimes
OUTWORLDS Eleven mimes
OUTWORLDS Twelve mimes
OUTWORLDS Thirteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Fourteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Fifteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Sixteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Seventeen mimes
OUTWORLDS Eighteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Nineteen mimes
OUTWORLDS Twenty mimes