

# OUTWORLDS

**DITTO  
DITTO  
DITTO  
DITTO  
DITTO**

October 23-25, 1992  
Cincinnati, Ohio

**FRIENDS DON'T LET  
FRIENDS DO FANZINES.**



MESSAGE IS  
TO YOU BY  
INTERNATIONAL  
AND FANARTIST  
INSTITUTE

THIS  
BROUGHT  
THE  
ERY

**FRIENDS DON'T LET  
FRIENDS DO FANZINES**

THIS  
BROUGHT  
THE  
LETTERHACK  
RECOVERY



MESSAGE IS  
TO YOU BY  
INTERNATIONAL  
AND FANARTIST  
INSTITUTE

*lym*

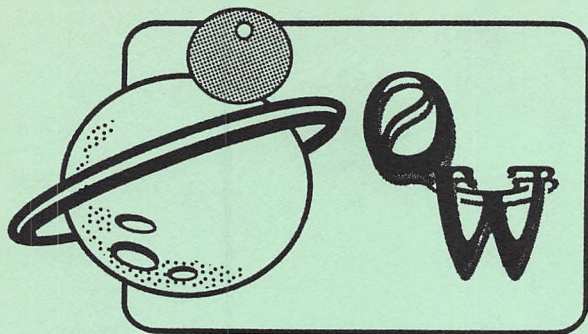
OCTOBER

**BILL**

**BOWERS**

23-25, 1992





BILL BOWERS  
Post Office Box 58174  
Cincinnati OH 45258-0174  
[513] 251-0806

[Optional / Letters Only:

4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati OH 45238-4503]

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OUTWORLDS ~ The Eclectic Fanzine of Chaotic Graphic Unity ~ Available by Editorial Whim  
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Australian Agent: ERIC LINDSAY : 7 Nicoll Ave., Ryde, NSW 2112 AUSTRALIA : [contact Eric]  
This is My Publication #188 : 1/2/93  
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Bacover : WILLIAM ROTSLER  
Inside Bacover : DEREK PARKS-CARTER  
Page 2281 : CRAIG SMITH  
Front & Bacover Logos : JOE MARAGLINO  
Colophon Logo (above) : SHERYL BIRKHEAD

"THE COVER STORY...."

...when our original choice for designing the DITTO V T-Shirt curried-out, I didn't panic; I imposed on friends.  
LINDA MICHAELS had sent me the "Friends Don't Let..." illo [LOWER LEFT] earlier this year.  
...and I'd "held back" my favorite of the several DITTO V logos PAT VIRZI had sent us.  
At MagiCon, I gave Pat Linda's original cartoon...and said: "Help!"  
Pat's unified design of illo & logo thus became both the "official" T-shirt and Program "book" Cover for DITTO V.  
ROGER & PAT SIMS...and I...wish to Thank both Pat & Linda!  
[The Multifaceted Namebadge (the adaptations were several...) was designed by ROGER SIMS & DICK SPELMAN]

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No, there will not be a Ditto "report" this issue. But I do want to express my thanks and appreciation to all those who came...and to all those who helped. Mayhaps we'll do it again, someday! [////dYdYdY dYdYdY YIV///]  
I do wish to report, however, that by an unanimous Vote [Roger Sims], DITTO 0110 was "awarded" to:  
SARAH PRINCE & BOB WEBBER  
Fatal Hubris Productions : P.O. Box 62 : Keene Valley NY 12943  
...early November 1993, in Vermont! : Be there! (I will...somehow...!)

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CONTRIBUTORS to OUTWORLDS 65

SHERYL BIRKHEAD : 23629 Woodfield Road, Gaithersburg MD 20882 : [2280]  
WM BREIDING : POBox 26617, San Francisco CA 94126 : [2287]  
BRIAN EARL BROWN : 11675 Beaconsfield, Detroit MI 48224 : [2286]  
BUCK COULSON : 2677W-500N, Hartford City IN 47348-9575 : [2287]  
GEORGE FLYNN : POBox 1069, Kendall Sq. Stn., Cambridge MA 02124 : [2284]  
TEDDY HARVIA : POBox 905, Euless TX 76039 : [2285]  
DAVE LOCKE : 6828 Alpine Ave., #4, Cincinnati OH 45236 : [2281]  
JOE MARAGLINO : 1356 Niagara Avenue, Niagara Falls NY 14305-2746 : [2279; 2318]  
ART METZGER : 4651 Glenway Ave., Cincinnati OH 45238-4503 : [2289]  
LINDA MICHAELS : 1356 Niagara Avenue, Niagara Falls NY 14305-2746 : [2279]  
DEREK PARKS-CARTER : [address withheld by request] : [2317]  
LLOYD PENNY : 412-4 Lisa St., Brampton, Ontario CANADA L6T 4B6 : [2286]  
WILLIAM ROTSLER : 17909 Lull Street, Reseda CA 91335 : [2318]  
DAVE ROWE : 8288 W Shelby State Road 44, Franklin IN 46131-9211 : [2282; 2291]  
TOMMY & JESSICA SKELTON : 25 Bowland Close, Offerton, Stockport, Cheshire SK2 5NW U.K. : [2316]  
CRAIG SMITH : 14155 91st Ct., N.E., Bothell WA 98011 : [2281 (2)]  
DALE SPEIRS : Box 6830, Calgary, Alberta CANADA T2P 2E7 : [2287]  
PAT VIRZI : 618 Westridge, Duncanville TX 75116 : [2279]  
MICHAEL W. WAITE : 105 West Ainsworth, Ypsilanti MI 48197-5336 : [2283]  
HARRY WARNER, JR. : 423 Summit Avenue, Hagerstown MD 21740 : [2285]  
WALTER WILLIS : 32 Warren Road, Donaghadee, N. IRELAND BT21 OPD : [2284]  
ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH : Caixa Postal 9613, 01065-970, S. Paulo, SP BRAZIL : [2282]

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...this issue, so inadequately, is for the memory of ROGER WEDDALL: ...a friend missed

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6/20/77 A Monday.  
pg 12 OF yellow  
PAGES IS A  
PERPETUAL  
CALENDAR

...a gentle reminder "Post-It"  
from MR. DAVE LOCKE



Attention Faneds:  
weary from years  
of tiresome letter  
writing?  
JOIN  
POST-IT<sup>TM</sup> NOTE Fandom  
you'll be glad you did!

Craig  
Smith

...and suddenly it is Christmas Day, an unexpected snowfall covers the ground (but I wasn't planning on going out, anyway), life has been unusually "interesting", and I'm doing one of the things I enjoy most in life (when I'm not bitching about it): pubbing my ish.

It is never the issue dreamed about/planned, and this time is no different. I've just printed out the "captions" for Dave Rowe's article; once they are inserted into the paste-ups created over the past two days--that will be ready to make "masters". I know what the bacover will be, the "Index" is half entered ...and I have enough material on hand for another massive issue.

But this won't be it.

I've "promised" Dave I'd have this "out" in time for the umpteenth edition of The Annual Cincinnati Floating New Year's Parties, commencing a week from ...yesterday. Nothing is certain, but....

Let's see how I do.

(The fact that I can't "afford" to do any issue at the moment is, as always, a factor to be ignored.)

...the "system" is still far from perfect, and sometimes letters get "put aside" against "answering"... and somehow just never find their way home to the LoC-folder.... It's a Sinister Plot, I tell you!

#### CRAIG SMITH

Well, I finally did it, I finished *Outworlds* 62! It took two weeks of pressing under one of my massive, ancient speakers to get it into readable form after it arrived with a 90° fold from an encounter with the tender mercies of the post awful, but it was worth the wait--an excellent issue. I didn't read it all in one sitting but have been dipping into it from time to time, including a very pleasant session spent camping by a lake up near Roslyn, WA (the exterior filming spot for "Northern Exposure"). We got rained out the next day but the time spent reading and relaxing in the woods was great (except for the drunk morons who parked near us at 10:00 p.m. and didn't stop talking at full volume until 2:00 a.m. Waitaminnit drunks, rain--maybe we didn't have such a good time.)

...I especially enjoyed the pieces by Brandt, Moskowitz and the painfully personal stuff by Breiding. Alan Hunter did his usual terrific work on the covers and the hilarious Stiles cartoon on 2120 was my favorite of this ish.

I found the remarks by Laurie Mann in her letter that "just about all the good fan artists (Merle Insinga, Peggy Ranson, Diana Stein, and Laurel Slate) are women" to be a bit curious (no, I didn't take it personally) since I'm not at all familiar with the artists mentioned with the exception of Merle Insinga and only recall her name, not her art. Must be a case of inhabiting different fandoms. I have noticed she mentions of fan art Hugos going to people after their most active periods are over, but in some cases better late than never, to coin a cliché. Taral has deserved a Hugo for years and it doesn't look as if he'll ever get one. I don't think that inactive artists should get the award more than once though, as sometimes happens. Gracefully step aside I say and let someone else take the clunky thing home. Come to think of it though, if an artist had done what they thought was their best work in a particular year and got nominated, only to find the award won by someone who hadn't done much, if anything that year it could be a tad annoying. I don't know how to get around this, unless some kind of life achievement award for neglected artists was started, but somehow I don't think that would be such a good idea (things are messy enough as it is and the majority of Hugo voters probably don't know or much care what a "fanartist" is anyhow).

I've enclosed a cartoon inspired by a remark in Robert Lichtman's letter and done before I'd seen you had a section called "Post-It Notes from a Distance" (great minds think alike, eh?)....

[8/12/92]

...the "Post-It Notes ..." shtick goes back to two "inspirations": several years ago I made the blanket (and semi-serious) statement that the "Post-It Note" was the single greatest technological advancement of the 20th Century. And: Shortly before "reviving" *OUTWORLD*s early last year, I'd seen the movie "Post-cards from the Edge".

There's no telling how many variations I'll spin off before I weary of the gimmick, but it certainly "beats" some of the previous "editorial" tag-lines I've utilized in the past!



[...after all, I have to amuse myself somehow: I've been waiting for a quarter-century now for Bruce Gillespie to relinquish the "rights" to "I Must Be Talking To My Friends..." ....]

The following LoC, although also on *OW62*, didn't make "last issue" for a more practical reason: I received it November 7th...after having mailed the "overseas" copies of *OW63* earlier the same day....

#### ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH

Dear Bill (and just how long has it been since I last wrote that?),

(2 years, 3 months, 19 days; to be too exact).

This is an earthshaking event for me (for you, it's probably a curiosity or a non-event): My first real Letter to Bill Bowers since July 9, 1990--the infamous foot-in-mouth missive.

Would you believe that I waited over a year after *OW59* before writing to inquire, never dreaming of what was going on, and then decided to send you a note, in that sarcastically kidding tone, because I thought it would be appropriate? And, even weirder, that the envelope with *OW60* arrived on that self-same July 9, 1991?

I sometimes think that, if I had waited more, I would have spared you the pain (which I think that letter brought you) and give me the embarrassment in realizing what had happened. A Humbling Divine Intervention, no doubt. Anyway, I now (at last) sincerely apologize for the tone of that letter; and YOU rubbed it in by reprinting my note, in an enhanced facsimile copy format (why?), in *OW62*.

So now you know part of the reason for my silence these 840 days.

The other part is The Same Old Litany: I rarely get enough free time in order to read a fanzine in time for a loc to be publishable, so I end up not writing. My last "real" letter to you was in Oct. 88, so I guess we can consider this a Joyous 4th Anniversary and, thus, turn the page on this matter. Deal?

As you may have noticed (since you're a contributor), I have been getting and sometimes loocing Leah's *STET*, so that it was particularly on my mind while I was reading *OW62*. This *OUTWORLDS* reminded me more of the 70's/80's incarnation, but with a deep-down (real deep-down) undercurrent of unease. Whistling in the graveyard? (WAS that a wise choice of words, in this context?)

Your Complete Bowers Bibliography has, finally, made me despair of ever getting a complete set of *OW* and *XENOLITH*. However, it did remind me (or, at least, checking our back correspondence did) that you still "owe" me *OW* #43 thru #46 which you did not send in '88 because "they are still buried, since [I] moved in late '86". Now, 8 years and several moves later, do you still have copies of earlier issues of *OW* or *XENOLITH*? It would be particularly a fluke a nature if you did, but stranger things have been known to happen....

Just to get in the spirit of it (what?!), I'll report that I have also just finished reading *OW48* (well, I DID say that I was also just behind in my reading due to lack of time...), and IT did feel more like the current *STET* than the current *OW*. Since most writing in a fanzine is usually not time-specific (besides to referring to specific previous issues), I sometimes forgot that I was reading a 1985 fanzine, and the feel enveloped me. Is that nostalgia, or just the twilltone ageing?

[10/28/92]

Considering that I sometimes, in one of my more upbeat modes, consider myself a "fluke of nature", this: There has only been the one move...and, yes, although I had to throw one box of correspondence in a dumpster "to prove my love", I still have all those boxes of kipple & Back Issues. True, they've been in

the basement since late '88, and I have no idea as to the "condition". But rest assured that your 3x5 card (along with those of Skel & Michael Waite) carries a notation of issues "owed". I won't make any specific promises of delivery dates; but, definitely, before I ever move again!

In the meantime: I have absolutely no aversion to receiving LoCs on any issue back to, and including, *ABANICO 1*. And, if I find them interesting... I'll print 'em. Egoboo is timeless; delayed, it is only all the sweeter!

I really have no idea of the perverse urge that impelled me to run the facsimile of your note. You could have had no way of "knowing", so you have no apologies to make. Mayhaps the "tone" of the current incarnation is "darker"--inevitably, it probably is--but Things Are Getting Better: other than the total insecurity of Health & Employment. Mayhaps future issues will be more upbeat.

I'm really curious to hear what you think....

LLIAND PLEAEE DON'T TAKE BAD DAYS TO DO SO!

In every conceivable way--except for that of issue number and (implied) page numbering, it is a given that *OUTWORLDS 64* was published four months before *OUTWORLDS 63*--and I don't propose to "pretend" otherwise. Except in future Listings of The Published Canon....

#### DAVE ROWE

Goodness me! A *OUTWORLDS* of readable size! Even had a few readable articles! What is Bowers coming to? If this keeps up you'll be back to early '70s when *OW* was worth reading cover to cover.

Dave Locke wrote like he'd been reading too many Skel articles--if that's possible. And Al Curry should have held back the blaney a bit. His habit of contorting inane clichés into freakish bon mots gets irritating rather quickly.

And you've got too many characters per line. On the close-spaced pages, especially those with long paragraphs, it became very difficult to follow from one line to another.

I liked *OW64*, but (sorry Bill, there is a "but"... but) a lot of that is because many of the articles were by close friends (and all the others were by acquaintances, many good acquaintances at that). A couple of decades ago Gray Boak wrote that there were some good fanzines (i.e., well-edited, well-produced) that he didn't like where there were some bad fanzines he liked simply because he knew and liked the editor. Eric Lindsay recently wrote that he missed *GRAYNALKIN*, and that I suspect is because he knew Denise. When I read *GRAYNALKIN* she was just a name at the end of the editorial and apart from Steve's article on nerds at cons there simply wasn't anything there. I dare say if I read it now (or any other time after Carolyn introduced her to me) my reaction would be greatly different.

As one of the non-Cinci Cinci-regulars, I couldn't agree more with Joel about local groups. Carolyn and I once visited the local (Indianapolis) Circle of Janus meet. It was in a church basement where a *ST:TNG* re-run was on the goggle-box, this was mainly ignored by the members, who also mainly ignored us. But right at the end of the show there was a trailer for a new episode (about 60 seconds long) and people ran across the room and juttied their faces within inches of the screen. Steve Bridges towards the end of the meeting -- when it came to "any other business" -- suddenly perked up "This is Carolyn Doyle and Dave Rowe and they are very interesting people", and in a loud hairlip voice I replied "No we're not, we're very boring."--and never bothered to return.

Two kudos to yourself, my friend. Nice layout, but of course. And you certainly know how to handle an introductory paragraph. Something which is much more difficult than most readers appreciate.

[7/10/92]



Michael W. Waite  
105 West Ainsworth  
Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197-5336

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"There's a hell of a good universe next door."

—e.e. cummings

August 14, 1992

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

Dear Bill,

It was great to meet so many of your friends via *Outworlds Sixty-Four*. What a menagerie an eclectic bunch of friends you have. It almost makes me want to resettle in Cincinnati instead of Seattle. Sandra sounds like a really neat person. How I wish my parents had been involved in fandom and taken me to conventions. Here I sit, older than Methuselah, never having attended a con. I'm just a shy guy.

Stephen Leigh writes glowingly about his loyalties to both fan and professional muses. His prose is splendid; his dilemma is understandable. I was so impressed with Stephen's letter that I spent \$4.99, of my hard-earned money, for a copy of *Alien Tongue*. (Do publishers really sell more books by pricing them at \$4.99 instead of \$5.00?) With the glut flood of fantasy and science fiction books on the market, one often has to rely on reviews to help weed-out the chaff. My best sources for "recommended reading" come from friends, and since several of my friends recommended *Alien Tongue* . . .

Every entry in *Outworlds Sixty-Four* was a joy to read. The computer graphics were delightful. The front and back covers were my favorite color (Luden's cough-drop-box-orange). Although, every thing's not coming up roses, your fonts lack conviction and leave one wanting.

According to my calculations, between 1957 and 1984, I have passed through Cincinnati 38 times. My destinations: Kentucky, North Carolina and Florida.

My childhood hero, Leonard Sly (Roy Rogers), King of the Cowboys was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. I can hear the moans from here, but he was my childhood idol.

Other childhood heros included Robert A. Heinlein, Isaac Asimov, Clifford D. Simak, Dr. Wernher von Braun and "Sammy" Reshevsky. ("Sammy" Reshevsky was one of the greatest chess players in the world.) I, too, aspired to play the grandmasters but only succeed in playing Bent Larsen in '76, in a simultaneous exhibition in Zurich, Switzerland. I was soundly beaten.

Of all my boyhood heros, only Roy is still alive. C'est la vie.

Pax,  
Michael





100-443887-100

following:

WALT WILLIS

**OUTWORLDS 64** was a truly remarkable issue and ever since

Joel Zaken and Sandra Jordan both project an image of

Nanni Cowan-Barkley's explanation of how the date for

Paula Robinson's story was very readable and conveyed

It seems to me I'd heard Mike Resnick's speech before

suppose he was with you?  
Frank Johnson on Cincinnati was wonderful. And the

has gone before about fandom and love. [10/26/92]

And people still say that I'm "self-effacing",

graph! Since it is, inarguably, my fault we didn't con

Incidentally, Walt, you might (more than most) be

I'll get that fixed in time, but in the mean-

Speaking of Willis-zines: In addition to my two

by such "newcomers" as myself.

**GEORGE FLYNN**

Dave Locke: I don't care much for plastic grocery bags

Al Curry: I thought it was Mencken, not William

Frank Johnson: Yes, people do seem to have a problem

thing about the matter.... 18/20/92]



NIGHT LIGHTS, EDMONTON  
ALBERTA, CANADA

PO Box 905 Eulass TX 76039 USA

21 August 1992

Dear Bill—

I have no Cincinnati connection. I have seen it destroyed by monsters in B-grade movies (or was that Cleveland? After visiting hundreds of cities in my lifetime, one skyline starts looking like another). I lived in Columbus for 3 years as a child but saw Cincinnati only in passing on my way to other locales.

I myself prefer celebrating new beginnings over the historic tradition of stationary longevity. Status quo may spark the imagination of some, but not me. Creatures of routine run contrary to the constant changes inherent in the world of survival. The art in your latest issue seemed to lack focus, both thematic and visual.

Beast wishes,

TEDDY

BILL BOWERS

PO Box 58174

CINCINNATI OH 45258-0174

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Even at times like today, when I am driving myself into "overtime" to meet a "deadline" (imposed only by my own edict), while friends remain unseen/uncalled, while books by the hundreds are stacked unread, and I haven't seen a feature film in months—I realize that despite "all" (or, perhaps because of it), I am having a lot of fun with this Incarnation of *OUTWORLDS*.

Some really neat people—those I've known for decades are intermixed with those only "familiar" with the '90s Bowers -- fill these pages and, were I able to be more generous with spec copies, I know that there would be more. But you know me: I'm never satisfied.

I often wonder why some "drop out" and don't respond, but I've done it myself enough that I usually don't take it personally. Still, I've been waiting...hoping—for three of the "regulars" to Come Back: two were "with me" back in the '70s...and all three were integral to the '80s Run.

Sometimes, it just takes a bit of patience:

One will be represented with the cover of *OUTWORLDS* 66.

One has been ever-so-patient with my promises vs. "projects" not yet complete, but he's working on a new installment of his column.

...and one is present with the letter following:

HARRY WARNER, JR.

I'm sorry I've failed to respond to several fine issues of *OUTWORLDS*. For a year or more I've been having great difficulty coping with large fanzines. It's easy to write locs on the short ones, but *OUTWORLDS*, *FOSFAX*, *LAN'S LANTERN*, and their peers have been badly neglected. I do appreciate your keeping me on the mailing list without writing the nasty letters I've received from certain other fanzine editors whom I've also been boorish toward.

As lots of other fans have undoubtedly told you by this time, this was a fine survey of the present state of Cincinnati fandom with some needed looks back into its recent and distant past. You also provided a real service by demonstrating that there are good writers among the fans in a large city who normally confine themselves to coming to club meetings and attending cons. Fanzine fans keep lamenting the decline in the number of fanzines but nobody seems to notice that the dropoff in the quantity of fans writing for fanzines is perhaps as serious or even more so.

Dave Locke doesn't seem to realize how simple and easy it is to avoid the problem with plastic bags for groceries

that he describes in his column. All that's needed is retirement. After a fellow is retired, his ability to buy groceries is so radically lessened that the clerk at the takeout aisle will ask him if he really needs a bag for those few items he's just bought and if the retiree insists on a bag, its contents will occupy such a small space that he can wrap the bag several times around everything, tie a knot in the handle portion, put it on his lap for the trip home, and not even notice the weight. I know, believe me.

Naomi Cowan-Barkley makes one mistake by her reference to "Tristram Sandy" as the name of a book. It's actually the full name of Little Orphan Annie's dog, who was generally called Sandy to save space in the balloons of the comic strip. But I know from bitter experience about this Easter-locating problem. In one of my last years on the newspaper job, when I was writing mostly a daily column, I decided to devote one column to the fact that it almost always rains in Hagerstown on Good Friday. To dig out the weather statistics for that occasion over the past couple of decades, I needed a list of the dates on which Easter fell during the past twenty years. And I found this to be an almost insoluble problem. I couldn't find a *WORLD ALMANAC* or other annual publication which lists Easter dates for many years to come that was old enough to supply me with the information. The local library had lists of when Easter would be in future years but not in the past. I finally had to engage in the incredibly tedious task of manipulating dozens of reels of microfilmed newspapers into and out of the viewer for each of those twenty years, searching the late March and April issues for clues.

Al Curry also stirred up a bitter memory. He writes about one of those four-way correspondence gestalts and it was only about a year ago when I had the supreme honor of being invited to join one whose membership hadn't changed in thirty years, until the death of one of the participants. It was one of the hardest things I've ever done in fandom, to decline the invitation. (I'd felt the same egoboo followed by regret over my decision when asked to become a Hagerstown Rotary Club member as a representative of the media some years back.) I deprived myself of the ongoing pleasure of membership because I don't have enough time for current fannish obligations and I just can't take on any more.

Roger Sims' contributions were splendid to read. There seems to be a sudden and welcome outburst of reprints of this sort of material from fanzines past. Bob Briggs has just published for SAPS a conreport that may belong in any list of the best dozen con reports of all time, Rich Ellsberry's account of the first Nolacon, the one where Lee Hoffman's femaleness was first generally known and Room 770 started one of the most lasting fannish legends.



Your editorial seems to prove that you've been more cheerful and less beset with problems in recent months, which is all to the good. It must be nice to have local fans available to help a fellow get through the occasional bad times. Unfortunately, Hagerstown has another active fan only about once every quarter-century. Chick Derry lived here for a short time when he got a job with a local firm, but retired to the Washington area before fans began thinking of him as an expatriate. About ten years ago, a young fellow named Jerry Forrest who worked for the local Health Department got interested in fandom and published one issue of a fanzine (although he called himself Wolf Forrest in fandom for no reason I was ever told), to the best of my knowledge the only fanzine published by anyone except me to ever emerge from this city. But Jerry moved to Arizona or New Mexico or some such place and I've heard nothing of him for years. Chances are I'll not be around for the next appearance of another local fan, since it's not due until some time after the turn of the century. [8/15/92]

So, Harry...just how many Good Friday's did it rain in Hagerstown...?

It was nice getting *OUTWORLDS* after MidWestCon. I've been going to Pulpcon, which is generally a couple of weeks after MidWestCon the last couple of years and haven't felt like we could afford two cons in June/July. Pulpcon is kind of fun, in a very specialized kind of way. It's Howard's idea of a dream convention -- a 100% Huckerster's Room during the day and light programming at night. But if you're not interested in old magazines don't bother coming, that's all they have. I do miss MidWestCons. When I go to conventions around Detroit it is just to hang out with friends, there's rarely any programming that continues to interest me, just like I do at MidWestCons. I might try harder next year to make it down for the convention, if Denice's work schedule lets her get off for that weekend.

I'm sure you're glad to have a computer again to work with on *OUTWORLDS*. Even if the typeface used by the printer is um, er -- well, kind of ghastly. At least at the close setting you're using. Denise bought me a computer a couple of years ago, then a printer and finally last year a desktop publishing program called *Pagestream*, which is as good as they get. I've got all this publishing power and only the vaguest idea of how to make a page look good. It would be really interesting to see what you could do with my set-up.

Ah, well.... Fifteen years ago you moved to Cincinnati, and I just realized that I moved to Detroit 14 years ago. How time flies. And I haven't regretted my move either.

I've got a copy of TRISTRAM SANDY in my locker at work, stuck there on the off chance that I might run out of things to do, or read. The book is as Naomi says funny in a dry British manner. Maybe just a little too manner for my taste, but a hard to surpass glorification of eccentricity.

Rick McCollum was in REHOPA back when I was in that Conan oriented apa. He was, then as now, a great and prolific artist, an excellent story teller and I'm surprised that he never made it working for one of the major comic book publishers. Of course Rick was never one to draw what other people wanted him to, or what might be commercial. It's not enough to have a distinctive voice, or penline, one has to have the common touch, too. Sadly I can think of a couple of other ex-fan/artists who have never quite made it because their style is just too different.

I hadn't realized that Cincinnati made such a tradition out of its moral uprightness. I've heard of "banned in Boston" but didn't know Cincy had such a reputation for that, too. [8/25/92]

Cincinnati is not only the Mapplethorpe controversy, but also the city that made Larry Flynt (sleazebag, tho he might be) what he is today: a cripple. As it is, the only "men's magazines" one can purchase in Hamilton County are PLAYBOY and PENTHOUSE -- and most establishments hide them behind the counter. Boston, I understand, has/had its "red light district" ...but "we" don't even have (sorry, Joel!) Kentucky, any more!

But who needs home-based sleaze: I have fiddled  
for THAT!

If you know Denise's "schedule" by rote, MidwestCon is always the last full weekend in June: If the Sunday is June 30th or before, that is the weekend. The 1993 version will be June 24th-27th, so work on it: I think they're a lot more fun since we "returned" to the old Norwood Lateral Quality Inn Hotel.

As it is, you are (in retrospect) "excused" for your non-appearance at Ditto--due to your innovative counter-programming: one Sarah Bethany, born 10/25/92.

Like you, Brian, I never figured myself as being all that gung-ho on "fatherhood". I was just getting used to the concept (~~add many dddd yyyddd yy~~) when it went away in my case.

...but I wish you and Denice all the luck in the world...with your own "responsibility"....

After a read through this zine, I'm not sure how I'll  
loc it...many articles are personal memoirs, and may be for  
reading and enjoying only. Nevertheless, I'll try....

Ran into Joel Zaken at Mikecon. I now work for a legal book publisher as a text editor, so we were able to talk shop a little. Sandra Jordan was what my niece is now, a newly-minted teenager now going to cons (and the Orlando Worldcon in a couple of weeks).

Some of the folks in this zine actually met Eric Lindsay...it's great when a fan wanders into your home from great distances. We've hosted Dutch fan Larry van der Putte for an evening (in tow with Canadian fanne beau Carol Shetler), and have marvelled that someone we've spent great gobs of money to go and see is right here in our living room. Al Curry also mentions Mike Glicksohn, who has announced his semi-retirement from the letterhack game to pursue love from the heart of a woman named Susan.

I've gotta get Mike Resnick up to Toronto some time... as Diane Duane put it succinctly some time ago, Toronto has two seasons...snow repair and road removal. The shortest distance between two points? In Toronto, you can't get there from here.

I've done time at a radio station, and many staffers would tell you that "WKRP in Cincinnati" is based on actual events and people in stations all across the continent. Most stations have one or more of: dweeb, sexpot, aging hippie and Sterling Newsman on staff. At the station I was at, several were competing for the position of dweeb, and the competition was stiff.



An interesting topic Steve Leigh pursues...how has fandom changed you? Fandom has made me more sociable, more at ease with groups and audiences, more able to organize, and more aware of how much I value my friends. If we accept the social misfit stereotype of neofans, then I'd say that fandom has rounded me out, and made me much less of a misfit. Fandom has rounded me out in more ways than one, but let's leave the con suite and my weight problem out of this....

[8/14/92]

#### DALE SPEIRS

Interesting to read about exotic places such as Cincinnati (and I mean that seriously). I was reminded of an exchange I once saw on television about twenty years ago between Don Rickles and Dean Martin. It was one of those "Man of the Hour" roasts hosted by Martin. I forget who the roastee was, but Rickles was at the lectern doing his routine about the person being honoured. Martin was sitting at the head table quietly. Rickles happened to mention Cincinnati in passing, but he mispronounced the word as "Cincinatah". Dean Martin immediately came awake and challenged Rickles: "Cincinnati-ee".

"That's what I said," replied Rickles.

"No you didn't," said Martin, "You said Cincinatah. It's pronounced Cincinnati-ee."

"Okay, okay," conceded Rickles querulously. "Cincinnati-tee, Cincinnati-tee." Turning to the audience, Rickles rolled his eyes and nodded toward Martin, saying "Look who's giving me diction lessons!"

Joel Zaken had some lawyer jokes. A few more for your file:

Q. Why didn't the sharks eat the shipwrecked lawyer?

A. Professional courtesy.

Q. What's the difference between a dead snake on the road and a dead lawyer lying on the road?

A. There are skid marks in front of the snake.

[7/10/92]

...well, I'd (already) had the "benefit" of those two ... also via Joel, but some of you may have been luckier. (My personal "favorite" remains the one concerning the AMA and white lab rats....)

Still, it is constantly amazing that "humor" carries so far, across vast distances and across national borders, with so little variation.

I suppose I shouldn't be too surprised: I still remember that when I moved downstate those 15 (& now a half) years ago, the West-by-Ghosh "jokes" I'd been raised on were transposed into "Kentucky-jokes" -- word-for-word, with the exception of the "state" designation.

The "jokes" about the vast empty time-warp that separates me from Chicago, now then, are totally "different". *///add addvvv vvvv///*

#### BUCK COULSON

I liked Joel Zaken's lawyer jokes, and I think lawyers like Joe Hensley, Murray Porath, and Summer Miller would appreciate them. (Joe might even have originated them, or something like them.)

Agree with Dave on plastic bags. Without paper sacks, we wouldn't have anything to line the wastebaskets with, which means I'll have to carry the baskets themselves out to the trash burner, and then carry them back. Double the nuisance, double the work. (Yes, we still have open burning in this area. What the hell, the only difference is between air pollution and soil/water pollution, and Dave's smoking probably pollutes more air than our trash does. And I'll keep this up until he sends those letters he owes Roy Tackett and myself.)

Actually, as I understand it, WKRP is a real radio station. but it's in Crawfordsville, IN, instead of Cincinnati. An apurtenance (gee, I've never found a place to use that word before) of Wabash College. The show obtained permission to use the call letters.

You or Frank Johnson didn't happen to send an advance copy of his column to baseball commissioner Fay Vincent, did you? Today's paper announces Vincent's ruling that henceforth the Chicago Cubs and the St. Louis Cardinals are in the western division of the National League, and Cincinnati and Atlanta are to be in the east. (Do I care? Not really.)

Stephen Leigh's article was interesting, in part because it was almost solely about convention fandom. Not that conventions aren't fun, but I started out in postal fandom and it remains my main focus. Fanzines are fewer, but letters still arrive, though I lost one correspondent to computer bulletin boards. We go to a lot more cons than we used to--13 this year, if we make them all -- but the prime focus has become huckstering. Once the huckster room closes, then it's all right to mingle with friends; we're out there selling until we're required to stop. Juanita and I can't be on the same panels because one of us has to tend the huckster table. (Why anyone would want us on the same panel is a mystery anyway; we've been together since 1954, and thus know the same stories.) Cons are enjoyable business; letters and fanzines are recreation.

And a final note; Cincinnati should have two t's!

[7/7/92]

#### the abridged WILLIAM BREIDING Chronicles

7.6.92 What is it about you, anyway? Were we pals in another life? Are you secretly my father? I think about you a lot. Patty & Gary had their 4th of July party in the Ditto hotel suite (26th floor, magnificent view) this year. Usually it's a Bar-B-Q in Dublin, but I guess they felt like splurging this year. I was standing behind the wet bar in the "parlor" of the suite, smoking, and observing everyone, in a very strange mood. I suddenly began to miss you very much. It would have comforted me very much to just look across the room and see you smoking and talking with Patty or Jeanne...or even Lenny Bails!

And then there's this new *OUTWORLDS* (64, oh please, Bill!) that I just managed to pick up today, and the enclosed *flaf#4*. You do know how to pluck the heart strings. I haven't tried reading *OW64* yet, but *flaf#4* was a barrel full of Bowers, and I liked it very much, made me get all gushy, even.

Couple of things, though. Did I say something once to the effect of "the ever dreaming Bowers"? It was never more apparent than in *flaf#4*. *BILL!* Don't get serious, get realistic! An *OUTWORLDS* produced in June, August and October? Give me a fucking break! Dude, we're talking bi-monthly here. Look, I'll make a deal with you; if you get #63 & #65 out by October, I'll write you a loc on *OW62* in November!

No guff here; dream on. I just won't plan real hard on rereading and writing a loc on *OW62*, that's all! I applaud all this dreaming, it's just that I never get used to you doing it in print, and saying *IT WILL BE*; a man who learns from experience? Hmn. I sometimes wonder--  
\*pause\*

--in the interim--42 billion phone calls (I swear I conduct sixty percent of my social life over the phone!), my "temporary" roommate coming "home" (my old boss at the cleaning plant, an alchie on the wagon, who quit his job and gave up his apartment in search of a new and better way of life.... I've donated my place for an indefinite period, until he can get his shit back together) and wanting to hang out -- I've read your editorial in *OW64* while eating supper (luckily I have a strong digestive track): you do go on! [Grr! Another phone call!]... (And yet another--sheesh!) -- Arghhhhhh! I give up for tonight! I'll see you tomorrow!--



7.10.92 I lied. Sorry. It just wasn't possible, physically or emotionally, to sit down and talk with you some more, until now. Meanwhile, two things happened: 1) I read *OW64* and 2) the monitor on this MACPlus seems to be going kaput, so my days at the computer may soon be over. The screen will suddenly go blank for no reason, and then if I make a movement that jars the monitor, it will come back on without a loss on the disc. Any guesses about my problem, all you computer nerds out there? Wanna come over and fix this poor working class boy's techno-blues?

I was dubious of this Cincinnati Love-In, but by the time I came to your "editorial", which I read first, I was a believer. Beginning and ending with poetry was sublime. I really liked Lorraine's "Rescue", and of course it had strong echoes of your own life in it.

The majority of *OW64* was self-serving and gratuitous, but hey, it was so well done. I'm sorry to say that Dave's piece was the only thing that failed. Most times, he has a firm grasp on how to say nothing entertainingly (three masters of this: Skel, Ed Cagle [yo! Ed!!] and Rich Coad [not that he writes anymore!!]) (There are a couple of RatFans over in England who do it well, too, like Pickersgill and Nicholas...wait...Nicholas always thought he was saying something!!); but sadly, even though I nodded while reading the Plastic Bag Story, I didn't grin, and the writing was just so, er, workman-like. Can't win 'em all. I suppose I shouldn't be saying anything at all. Dave may well shred me next time! Uh, hi, uh, Dave!

The highlights were Al and Stephen's pieces. But then you know I go for these journal-type things. Al's piece was particularly resonate for me, with stuff about Christmas and moving, and the piece about Marilyn was particularly fine. Also loved the Vacation bit. I'd say Al hit it on the head for me. Stephen's piece I liked for the fact that everyone had to read between the lines to figure out what he meant. Boy, he wasn't kidding. Midwestern Fandom really has gotten discreet!

The secondary thought on both Al and Stephen was: these guys sure do love their wives.

Who is the bizarre Sims guy? His two pieces have to be the strangest, yet readable prose, since the last time Gary Mattingly put out a *SKUG*. Very strange, man.

Mike Resnick toppled over into great entertainment, as well. What started as a blah speech, turned into great reading. I bet it had a great delivery, too. Sorry I missed it, but then who wants to go to a LosCon? (By the way, Mike, the word you were looking for to describe Long Beach is *inebriated*.)

As you know: graphic simplicity=easy reading, and it worked well here, solid and conservative, just like Cincinnati.

But now that you have the easy stuff out of the way, I look forward to some wild graphic times.

Alright, already! Will that do for a loc? Yes? Whew. Now. Let's get down to the personal stuff.

As I started to say, back there on page one, the reason I delayed in getting *OW* was that I was in an accident on my motorcycle. I'm ok; I was only slightly bruised, but my bike was mangled, and it's been sitting in the shop for weeks waiting for Todd to make the time to repair it and order parts, straighten the forks, etc. This left me to hoof it and use public transportation; although San Francisco is an entirely walkable city, timing and laziness, combined with the 4th Of July Holiday (the building my PO Box is located in was closed the 3rd) created a down time for me for over a week.

A more interesting thing: my last girlfriend, Tracy, called me about 2 weeks ago, after complete silence for a year and a half and asked me out on a date (!), and it was very good (Hey, we just "talked", okay?). She called again, and we have another date tomorrow, for breakfast, and a walk through the De Young Museum to see the Paul Strand photo exhibit. (!!) I never stopped wanting to be with her. We just made some bad mistakes with each other, and hope springs

eternal; I want the most and the best, but I'll be satisfied with just being pals; she's a woman important to my life. I could tell you stories....

[And I need to put corflou all over Danielle's memory, instead of these damned slash thoughts, cover her up and write over, through and beyond her...!] (But, boy, does she make it difficult!) (Such pathos...it's breaking me heart!)

Your lead in to Sleigh's piece...it should be obvious, particularly with your admission in *OW62*, to Stephen, and everyone else...that you prefer women; I'm sure Stephen has taken this into account, and by casual reckoning, I'd say he probably leans in the same direction! [rec'd 7/14/92]

§ § §

8.6.92 My mail box is weird. For two weeks straight I diligently check it twice a week. Nothing but junk mail. This was particularly frustrating, because the Movie Essay *COYOTE* had been out long enough to gather response. And there has been zilch coming in; even worse than usual. I got pissed off and decided to stop checking the Box, and came to the conclusion that I should stop wasting my money and publish *COYOTE* strictly for Apa-50, and just a very few others. And then today, after a week of Abstinence, I checked the box and it was CRAMMED with fanzines, letters, junk mail...but no locs on *COYOTE*! It was a brief respite, and a pleasant one, with letters from Eric Mayer, Sutton, Mom, Dad, Simon Agree, and your note with the enclosed *flaf*#5. I enjoyed your note tremendously; like I said, never feel obligated past a post-it note! These *flaf*'s are like little letter substitutes, and must appreciated between the major expositions of *OW*, wheeee! what are we up to now? dreaming of #67 already! As per your request, I won't respond to the "presentation" until it appears in a more sanctified format.

Jeanne Bowman called tonight while I was working on my apa-fiftyzine (to invite me out "on a date with a wild blond...uh, not me") and during the course of the call she mentioned that Don was writing a TAFF trip report. Of course, lights went on, sprockets were spronged and thunder clapped in my brain. I said, "Don is a GREAT writer...Bill ought to publish it in *OW*!" Jeanne said, "Ghod yes! That would be great! What a tail spin!" It would be a real hoot to see Don in *OUTWOLDS*. Don is sort of a benign non-fan. How he ever got involved with Jeanne I'll never know!

Bill. This is where you wave the smoke away from your face, smile, and take your cue....

As to the "date with the wild blond" I had to turn her down. I have a date with Tracy tomorrow...we've been on so many since I last wrote...I'd have to say that we are an "item" again, and that I love it!

One of the things that set me free, that sprung me almost entirely, was that I got a bomb thrown at me over the phone a couple of weeks ago. A mutual friend of mine and Danielle's called to tell me...are you ready?...that she and Michael J----- had gotten married...and, are you ready?...that Danielle was three months pregnant! And Danielle is 38yo!

That looped me for about two days (yeah, Bill, progress! after five fucking years) and then I gave her the bird and said, "I still love you, I will always love you, but it's time to love again; the new world is really here, finally!"

it's the bottom of the page and i'm getting tired.

Continued on next....

[rec'd 8/11/92]

§ § §

9.21.92 I see by the (above) date that you have about a month and a half to get out the next two issues of *OUTWOLDS*; I feel safe in the knowledge that we can let old fanzines lie and that I won't have to spend precious time (recently, *THE BEST OF THE WEST*, ed., Tony Hillerman, essays by Jean Rhys and Bretel Ehrlich, *THE SUN DESTROYERS* by Ross Rocklyn, and more...) with *OW62*, a big plow if there ever was one.



Life goes on here. Thanks very much for the letter from your attorney and the note attached. I thought that was a pretty cool letter for an attorney and showed a fair amount of aplomb on his part. I hope by now that things have settled down somewhat and you are actually divorced, and you can start trying to really put this ugly thing to rest...not that you won't be gleefully and maliciously writing about it for years to come, but at least you won't be living with it in your face!

Things with Tracy are a general flip-flop. For the second time since we've reunited she's called off the "lover" aspect of our relationship, and this time I feel that it will be long-lived, and that we will become friends for the duration, that, or it will finally bore through her thick skull that I'm around for serious, and try trusting me again. Either way it goes, I feel secure in my own being. I've come to a point of loving her, but not being devastated; it feels like friendship, which has always been a primary goal (well, not always...sometimes it was on the back burner, when the romance and hormones were colliding), and I made a transition somewhere in the last months that has enabled me to safeguard my heart and accept things as they happen, without trying to predetermine the outcome.

Meanwhile, I'm bored, listless and busy as hell at work...and got a 50¢ an hour raise; I could use another 50¢ as well, to really begin trying to save money, but I really believe the owner when he says that was the best he could do for now. It was a gesture, more than anything, that allowed him to say he understood the kind of work I was doing. Not that I appreciate it, the guy's a jerk, and I need to switch jobs pretty badly, but with the current waning job market...blah, blah, blah.

Likely to go on a road trip soon, hopefully mid-October. A sorely needed vacation, and an even more sorely needed travel binge. I haven't done any goalless wandering and sight seeing for about 5 years now...I think that's a record for me. No wonder I'm going nuts! [rec'd 9/26/92]

10.2.92 Halfway toward drunk on a Friday evening. Tracy just left. Our first--date?--since she informed me two weeks ago that she had started seeing someone else. I don't know how it went. I got totally Blue during the course of dinner (she cooked) as she mentioned going out and doing things with "George" that I always wanted to do with her, but that she would never allow. Sometimes I wonder if I'm a masochist. If we make it through this period, we'll probably be good pals later on down the road.

Doing an assessment: like you, most of my closer friends--the ones that I value and treasure the most--are women. I don't really have any close male friends. I talked with Patty last night about it (speaking of close women friends) and she surmised that because I'm "emotional" I attract women. Sometimes I get lonely for that Guy type friendship, but what shall be shall be. I'm just rambling on here. Sorry. Good thing it's on the computer. I can clean up the drunken typos later!

If I believed in karma and past lives I'd wonder if I were being punished by women in this life. Why do they do these things to me? All I want to do is love Tracy, but no, that's simultaneously too simple, complex and real. In the exact reverse of your "general" male-female relationship, it's because I require intimacy that Tracy can not handle being with me, allow herself to be the girl of my dreams. Intimacy demands exposure, exposure means opening yourself up, and Tracy doesn't like what she sees when she has to go inside of her self, and I only love her more, the deeper I get. But she can't handle it. So she goes for "George", a safe bet by a long shot. A man who probably requires nothing--or too much, too late. And here I am, dangling--to hang uncertainly--wondering who, what, why and where it all goes-- "there she goes, racing through my brain--there she goes, calling out my name" --"I love you," she said, when we were hugging, a hug that she asked for, and I'm thinking, then why can't you just love me without all of these head trips, all of this punishment--of me and yourself?

Sorry, sorry, sorry, to be laying all of this on you, but I'm kinda drunk, and I got your letter yesterday, and you've been rambling through my brain. Mr. Bill Bowers. Such strange alliances we make in life. Who woulda ever thunk that the two Bills would be carrying on a kinda sorta correspondence almost 20 years later from initial contact? Not me.

10.5.92 I've decided to send this letter on. You can handle it!

The Traveling Vacation will be the third week of October, in the Northern California area. Not being one of those obsessive goofball sci-fi con fans, I'll stay away from Ditto, though I'd dearly love to see you! (And I'm dying to meet Linda Michaels--she's piqued my interest through OUT-WORLDS and ASTRONANCER, will she be there? What about Chris Sherman?)

Thanks for the letter.

[rec'd 10/10/92]

BILL BOWERS

1.1.93 Ma.:

The primary "benefits" of word-processing: indecision and hindsight.

I finished "entering" your letters four days ago. In the interim I've typed-in the remainder of this segment--all but the "Post-It" column, compiled (& "rough-printed") the Index & contents page, collaged the Cover, ran off/cleaned-up the masters for Dave Rowe's article (taking it to the copy shop yesterday)...and in general farted around, as I pondered on what to say to you...after sharing another slice of your life with the others in our little oddworld...

The primary "disadvantage" of word-processing: One as decisive as I...can fart-around indefinitely...with panache.

I internally debated including the "Tracy" material.

Not because I'm overly concerned as to whether it is politically correct fanzine material...but because, in light of letters received from you since the above, well.... The last thing I wish to do intentionally...is hurt you.

...I suppose it boils down to whereas I used to be able to write with honesty and candor of loves (& loves "lost"), I have become so "cautious" of late...that I'm "living" that portion of my life vicariously...thru yours.

Fair? Probably not...but then: You can handle it!

...just one of the "benefits" of Friendship, my friend.

~~~~~  
I Also Heard From:

SHERYL BIRKHEAD (<) JEANNE BOWMAN: "You wanna a loc on a Sincity only OUTWORLDS? It's pretty cool, but I don't know if I can talk to you if you don't write it'd make me a living legend...this year...." (<) GAY HALDEMAN (<) DAVE HAUGH (<) MICHELLE LYONS (<) and (<) ERIC MAYER.

There are a few "joint" 64/63 LoCs in the "In Folder"; they'll be along next time....

...but there is one letter that is not date-stamped, since it didn't come in an envelope...but was handed to me: ~~~~~

ART METZGER

Letters of comment--even when I was active in fandom, a very long time ago, I don't think I could have written more than one or two. It wasn't that I didn't read the fanzines I received, or appreciate them. In fact one of the reasons that I got into publishing myself was so that I would have something to respond with, something to trade, without feeling the need to read the fanzines I did enjoy with the ever-present nagging thought that I should be keeping my eyes open for something to comment on. That took some of the enjoyment out for me--I'm not a great critic, and I start to feel lost trying to go beyond the point of simply saying I liked something (or didn't like something). I read fanzines for enjoyment, and tried to do fanzines of my own so I would have something to give back.

But an all-Cincinnati issue of OUTWORLDS--how can I not comment on it. Reading through it made me nostalgic. It



There are a lot of people in this all-Cincinnati issue of *OUTWORLDS* that I don't know. But there are also a number of people I was friends with, people I was close to, people I knew in and out of fandom, some of whom, at various times, even took me into their homes. There are people in here that I miss a lot, and it makes me sad to think that we've grown so far apart.

Paula Robinson and Rick McCollum I also know from their being regular customers in various places I worked than from any fanish connections, though Rick did illustrate something of mine a long time ago in Reed Andrus's fanzine, **HARBINGER**.

And I was working at yet another bookstore when Paula sold her first story to *ANALOG*, and I remember how happy she was when she came with the news.

The other people I miss are Steve and Denise Parsley Leigh. I met them at a CFB meeting, got to know them a lot more quickly and easily than I do most people. I owe both of them a lot. They got me through some bad times, sometimes just by being there for me, once by letting me stay with them for awhile while I straightened some things out in my life. I'm not quite sure why we grew apart. All I know is that the time we were close is a time I'll always treasure, and that I think about both of them a lot and really do miss them.

It's working out great for me. I've got the computer set up, I've changed the address on stories as I send them out, I've made friends (more or less) with your cat (especially when I'm eating), and I don't feel like I'm in the way, which is something I was really afraid of, since I really hoped that my days of depending on someone else for a place to live were over. But I hope the situation is going to be mutually beneficial, and not just something to make things easier on me.

What more can I say, but "Thanks". [10/21/92]

1.2.93 ...when Tanya first "suggested"...I was probably even less "enthusiastic" than you: After The Storm I had grown used to the peace and solitude ~~and not having to~~ ~~hockey tarts in the driveway~~ of living alone. Unrepentant con-goer that I am, I'm still by inclination more a "hermit" than not. In my own way, I deal with Life, but I do so by phasing-out while recharging the batteries....

My only "complaint" was that I was unprepared for hearing a voice directly behind me, as I introspectively typed-away. (I was conditioned to anything but quiet.) At first I was going to buy you a bell to announce your arrival, but instead I've simply rotated the computer hutch 90°....

Please don't spray-paint my cat brown...

[I used to have a brown cat; that's a different tale.]

What I didn't Get Back: Yes...I do have a "list"....  
Oh. I did get my little daisy-wheel printer back, and  
once Don Carter extracted a foreign chunk of "metal" and  
replaced the broken-off knob...: Prelim results next page.  
So endeth the marriage from hell.

...so, until the 23rd (1945) Annish: Take Care --Bill



-----  
Our Frank  
-----

He was the last regular link with the original London Circle. He was the keeper of the visitors' book. He was a methuselahic Peter Pan, a pint-sized Mister Micawber. Practically everyone who had passed through The Globe's and The One Tun's portals on each month's first Thursday night had known him and his radiantly pert smile, yet to quote Arthur C. Clarke he was also "the most invisible person I ever met!" and Ted (E.C.) Tubb recalled "he was a very lonely person who was unable to allow people into his private world. In other words a typical fan of his time--as are many of his generation." The number who knew him 'at home' could be counted on the fingers of two hands.

To visit him there was like stepping into a living time-capsule.

Time had ended in the fifties.

The furniture was sturdy and comfortable, no modern trends or fashions had intruded. There was no telephone and notably no TV (definitely no VCR or even a stereo system). The wallpaper pattern--complete with frieze-border--could have come from any time between 1930 to the late fifties. There were however a few clues that told you that you had not slipped into the past. The transistor radio, for one. The latest World Wildlife Fund magazine for another. The current edition of the Radio Times and the satirical Private Eye, and amongst his books that filled all of one wall could be found more than one volume encased in a recent dust-jacket. There tightly packed like bands of a predominantly brown spectrum were biographies of press barons (from his days on Fleet Street), war memoirs (recalling Britain's finest hour and his days of glory in the Home Guard), theatre (which he loved--"Have you read George Bernard Shaw's "Back To Methuselah"? That is true science fiction." And a plaster frieze of GBS winks down from the wall opposite, "A present from an old friend in fandom, gone now unfortunately."). Then there were biographies of royalty and politicians (mainly left-wing, "Nevertheless, the backbone of history is biography."), sport, American philosophy, American essayists, editorial cartoons (especially Low) and a book of Hokusai paintings, not some Johnny-come-lately slick paper card-bound job but a hardback edition with tipped-in prints released before World War II.

His fiction collection was filled with Hugo, Kersh, Kipling and Trollope, but that was in the library. Stepping into that room was another revelation. As you entered, there on the left hand wall were three 8x10 pictures, one above the other: Winston Churchill sporting his V-for-Victory sign; Neil Armstrong grinning under his post-lunar moustache; and a photograph of H.G. Wells just a few months before he died (and that was a photograph, not a print. Some fellow worker at the News Chronicle had saved it from the developing room floor to present to Frank).

But what caught your eye was to the right; myriads of early science fiction, Verne and Wells resplendent in gaudy Edwardian bindings and his fantasy collection, first editions of WORLD OF TOMORROW, DEVIL TREE OF ELDORADO, URANIA, ISLANDIA and A VOYAGE TO ARCTURUS.



# Frank

## by Dave Rowe

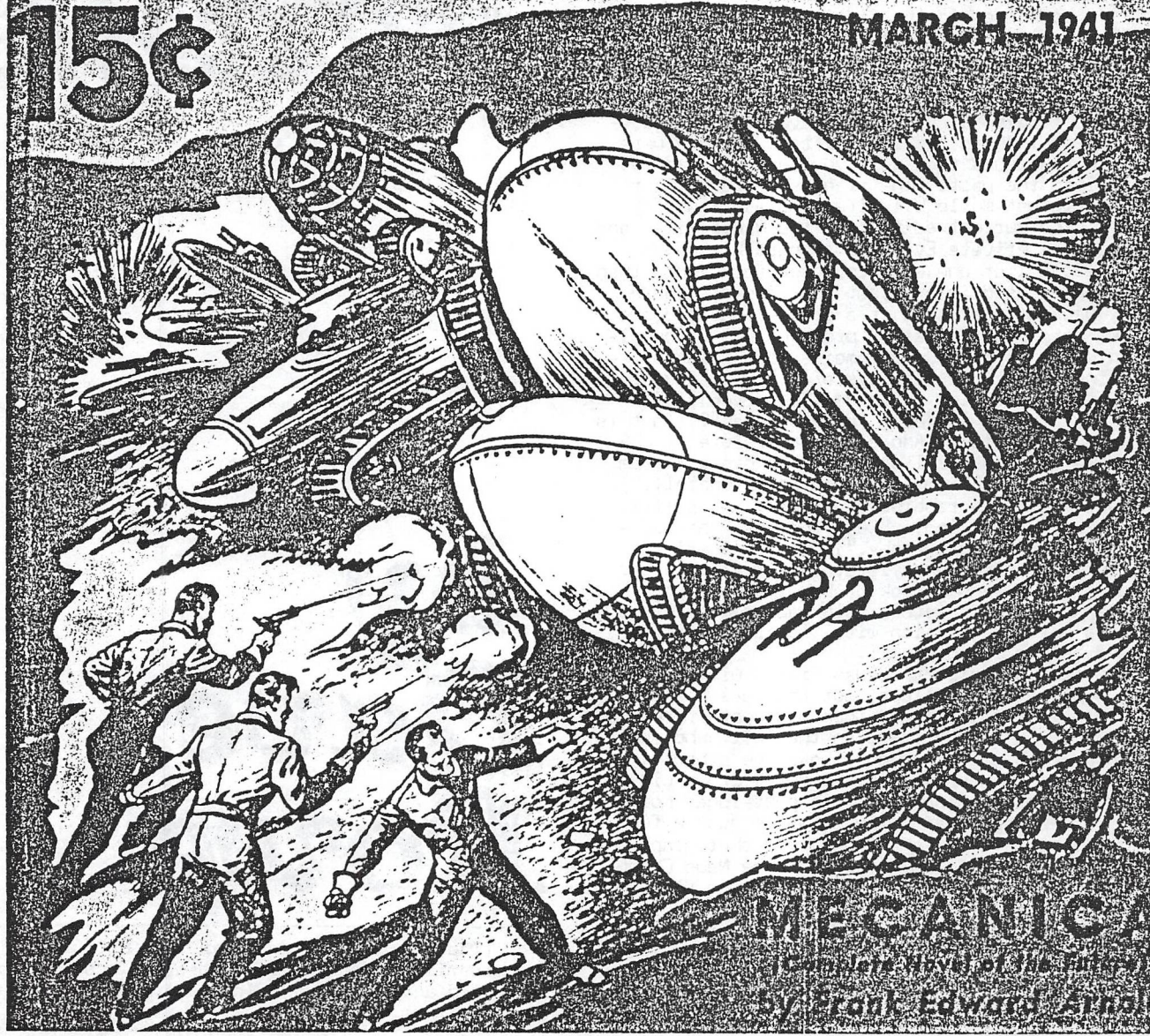
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[The opinions expressed in this article are not (necessarily) those of the subject unless otherwise indicated and they aren't (necessarily) those of the writer either.]  
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# COSMIC STORIES

15¢

MARCH 1941



MECHANICA  
Complete Novel of the Future  
by Frank Edward Arno



edge of the classics had unexpected meeting of the London Circle a chance to see "in the spring a young man's fancy to thoughts of love" had Frank naming the author (Alfred, Lord Tennyson) and the title ("Locksley Hall") but also sent him a word-perfect recitation, complete with gestures, from that long poem. At the time, basking in the amazement and appreciation of his audience, he pointed out that it was a piece of true utopian writing... "Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled. In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world."

When an impromptu chorus of Gilbert and Sullivan was started in jest he dropped his conversation and immediately joined in the singing.

Whenever he had a point to make he would puff up his chest, smile, raise his eyebrows and point upwards. Although it must be added that the portent of his contributions to conversations often seemed directly inverse to the quantity of beer he consumed, and at the end of a circle meeting he would leave with his eyes even brighter and rounder than usual, a broad smile on his face and a perceivable stagger to his step.

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1914 - 1939  
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From Gotha Blitzes to the City of Machines,  
via Joe Lyons'.

Frank Arnold was born Francis Joseph Eric Edward Arnold in East Ham, a borough of London, just as 1914 was starting and although he managed to survive "Zeppelin and Gotha blitzes" he fared less well by his own actions. At the age of two he was the proverbial baby playing with the not-so-proverbial matches and set his cot ablaze. He lost his right thumb and index finger and his middle finger was stunted at the joint.

School was under the strict tutorage of a religious order, the net result of which was he promptly turned atheist. "These two extremes of human outlook being the dominant influence" of his life for at least the next twenty years if not for a whole lifetime.

With the promise of eternal life hereafter gone like a burst bubble Frank found hope in the promise of a utopia on earth forged from science and socialism. His newfound 'faith' was further enhanced by the discovery of Amazing Stories at the age of 14.

Despite his crippled hand he found apprenticeship with a suburban architect. "Proving a failure after some three years of study" he left with little more to show than a growing regard for the works of Frank Lloyd Wright.

He then found himself "drift(ing) through various offices" at the very worst time... the Depression.

It ended the nation's first Labour (Socialist) government, replacing it first with a coalition, then a Tory cabinet, while the post-Great-War phrase "a home fit for heroes" turned to dust in the mouth. The unemployment was staggering and the only 'helping hand' held out was the hated 'Means Test'. [1]

1 -----  
The 'Means Test' was a process by which the 'beneficiaries' had to sell themselves into abject poverty. Usually hard-earned furniture and other property that had been saved for over many years had to be sold off before one could claim a derogatory subsistence payment. This left an indelible memory on many of the nation's 'working class'.

In the thirties, as Frank left his teenage years, he eventually "drifted" into a lowly position in the news industry with a national newsreel company. Today the cinema newsreels are anachronisms, bloated with fluff and tinged with bias, yet during the Depression the local flicks offered a cheap escape from the real world and the newsreel was the ordinary man's only window on the world, [2] but Frank was not satisfied with the job.

"The newsreel might have provided adequate training in the trade if I had been free to read the papers fully and carefully for a couple of hours every morning. I should then have learnt something about their individual character and atmosphere, and learnt to discriminate between individual stories that were suitable for one or another, as well as for the reel itself. I should have acquired some degree of expertness, and perhaps have become of some value to the company. But of course the bosses were far too stupid to understand such a thing. Any attempt at careful reading, which would have taken a little more time, would have been abused as laziness and I should have been piled with more and more useless chores. I just had to learn what I could from the hasty skimmings of the Dawn Patrol."

If work was a drudgery at least the social side of Frank's life was 'looking up'.

In 1937 a very small group of SF fans scattered about the country had come together to form the Science Fiction Association "to forward the aims and objects of science fiction in this country". The founding members of its motley London Branch included Arthur C. Clarke, Ted (John) Carnell, Wally (Walter) Gillings and Frank, who was executive secretary for a time.

"Its members, full of ardour and excitability, made drastic demands and counter-demands upon each other. Nobody, unfortunately, had any clue as to what the 'aims and objects of science fiction' were."

One of the exchanges of "drastic demands" between the Londoners on the 'provincials' (from Liverpool and Eastleigh) was recalled by Sam Youd: "I seem to remember (Frank) observing with scorn that we were so uncommercial we couldn't sell eggs ... to our grandmother, which struck me as true but irrelevant ... Thereafter our contacts were minor, but pleasant."

While the warclouds gathered and Neville Chamberlain declared "Peace in our time", the London Branch met where they could.

"There were no luxurious haunts or club-rooms for the members of the Association. [3] The Londoners met in the Lyons tea-shops of Holborn, wandering from one to another talking science-fiction until it was time to go home. Then ... Arthur Clarke and Bill (William F.) Temple set up home in a large bachelor flat along Gray's Inn Road and kept open house for their friends every Friday."

One tale of the Gray's Inn Road Days was Arthur's legendary radio; the volume control was broken, so he put it in a small cupboard at the end of his couch and increased or decreased the decibels

2 -----

It is noticeable that BBC TV called its short news round-up 'Television Newsreel' up until the early sixties and the BBC World Service retained the title 'Radio Newsreel' for its original version until September 1988 when it dropped the redundant word 'Radio'.

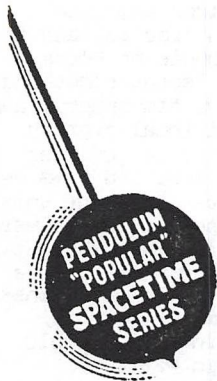
3 -----

Although Syd(ney) Bounds and Ted Tubb remember there were regular meetings in Druid's Hall with its replica of Stonehenge.



by operating the cupboard's door with his foot.

Ted Carnell meantime was editing his legendary fanzine New Worlds (to which Frank contributed) and Wally Gillings began Britain's first SF prozine, Tales of Wonder, a quarterly that in the summer of '39 included Frank's short story "City of Machines". Seeing his name in print at last must have brought that broad smile to Frank's face, but smiles were short-lived in the summer of 1939.



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1939 - 1945  
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Open House, Home Guard, Home Front  
and 3,500,000 Homes Destroyed

With the outbreak of the Second World War the entire London Branch 'went into uniform', with the exception of Frank whose crippled right hand made him ineligible for enlistment. So he declared his "book-filled flat off Baker Street" open house and any fan on leave or with a pass that allowed him enough time to reach London made it a welcome stop-over, "(it) became, in its way, a minor echo of Gray's Inn Road."

Meantime Frank kept in correspondence with such circle members as Sam Youd who had been 'flung further afield', while Michael Rosenblum in Leeds kept the whole of British Fandom in touch with each other by somehow regularly garnering enough paper to continue his fanzine The Futurian War Digest. This despite the stringent paper rationing which scuttled Wally Gillings' Tales of Wonder.

Unable to join the regular armed forces Frank joined the Home Guard. "I know there's a lot of talk ridiculing the Home Guard but we were well trained crack troops," he would say with a lot of pride bolstered in his chest.

The popular view was much different, people referred to the Home Guard as 'Dad's Army' because it was made up of those who were too old (or too infirm) to see proper service and a few in 'restricted occupations'. Some of the latter referred to their compatriots as 'a bunch of old age pensioners playing boy scouts' and it was not unknown for a 'trooper' to turn up for duty with an umbrella or a walking stick![4]

Oddly enough, George Orwell who served with the Home Guard also had good things to say of them and saw them as the possible makings of a revolutionary army. Although Orwell has become known as one of communism's greatest critics he was himself a left-winger who in his own words wrote "directly or indirectly against totalitarianism and for democratic Socialism as I understand it", but Frank never thought much of George Orwell or his writings: "I knew his work well enough from contributions to the New Statesman and the like. I could never take him seriously--just an opinionated bore, like a lot of hacks of that time."

More to Frank's liking were the writings of Michael Foot, especially GUILTY MEN which named and verbally tore in to those who had left Britain ill-prepared for that inevitable war.

Rationing became the way of life. The weekly rations per person were--believe it or not--Bacon or Ham 4ozs, Butter 4ozs, Cooking Fat 2ozs, Marg. 2ozs, Sugar 12ozs, Tea 2ozs, plus One Shilling and Ten Pence worth of Meat (about 40 cents worth!).

Then 'The Phony War' suddenly gave way to shocking reality in the spring of 1940. Europe was suddenly 'crushed under the Nazi jack-boot', Britain 'stood alone' (except for the whole Empire and a few other allies), Churchill became prime minister of a coalition government and Hitler met his first major failure with the Battle of Britain. His retaliation was the Blitz. As St. Paul's dome stood defiant amongst the fire and smoke, city dwellers spent their nights in the black-out under stairs, tables or bomb shelters listening to wailing sirens and earth shattering explosions amid the whistles of approaching bombs. When the whistles got louder one could only pray none of them had 'your number on it'.

One wag said the three forces that held Britain together were Churchill (for his radio speeches), J.B. Priestly (with his Sunday evening radio talks), and David Low's editorial cartoons. Frank was a fan of all three but to him (and most others) there was a fourth: the radio show 'ITMA' ('It's That Man Again'). A bagatelle-like comedy, it starred Tommy Handley and made him the best-loved war-time comic. The show's script-writer was the now near forgotten Ted Kavanagh, whom Frank readily compared to the best humorists of his day, such as Fougasse and Nat Gubbins, as well as Low.[5]

During the early days of the war Frank transferred to the morning daily News Chronicle, "a newspaper which believed in the equality of man." His entire job (which was night shift) was to sit in a little booth by a phone, take the incoming calls from reporters, hurriedly jot down their stories and immediately rush them to the copy editor. He had to be fast, he had to be accurate. It was an extremely taxing employment and he was to keep up this high-paced ferment for nigh-on three decades!

The 'Chronicle' also proved to be a lesson in the two-faceness of real-life politics: often a left wing star reporter would pass through the copy room "nose in the air, not deeming to even acknowledge the existence of us plebeians. So much for that newspaper's stance."

Frank, however, had some success with his own writings and sold a few of his short stories to SF magazines in the States.

Miraculously "when peace broke out in 1945 they (the SFA) were all still alive and physically undamaged."

4 -----  
The Home Guard's main function was to supplement the police and army's lesser duties, mainly sentry work and in the case of an invasion engage and harass the enemy until 'the regulars' arrived, in which case they would have been little better than cannon fodder.

5 -----  
It's hard to overestimate the love the British public had for 'ITMA'. (In format Fred Allen's 'Allen's Alley' was the nearest U.S. comedy to it, but '...Alley seems as slow as a snail compared to the rapid-fire gags of Kavanagh's machine-gun wit.') 'ITMA's' audience numbered 11 million; popular legend had it that the only time the BBC held back its like-clockwork on-the-hour six-o'clock news broadcast was one day in 1949 to confirm the death of Tommy Handley. Thousands turned out to his funeral where some normally restrained Britons tore flowers from the wreaths as final mementos.

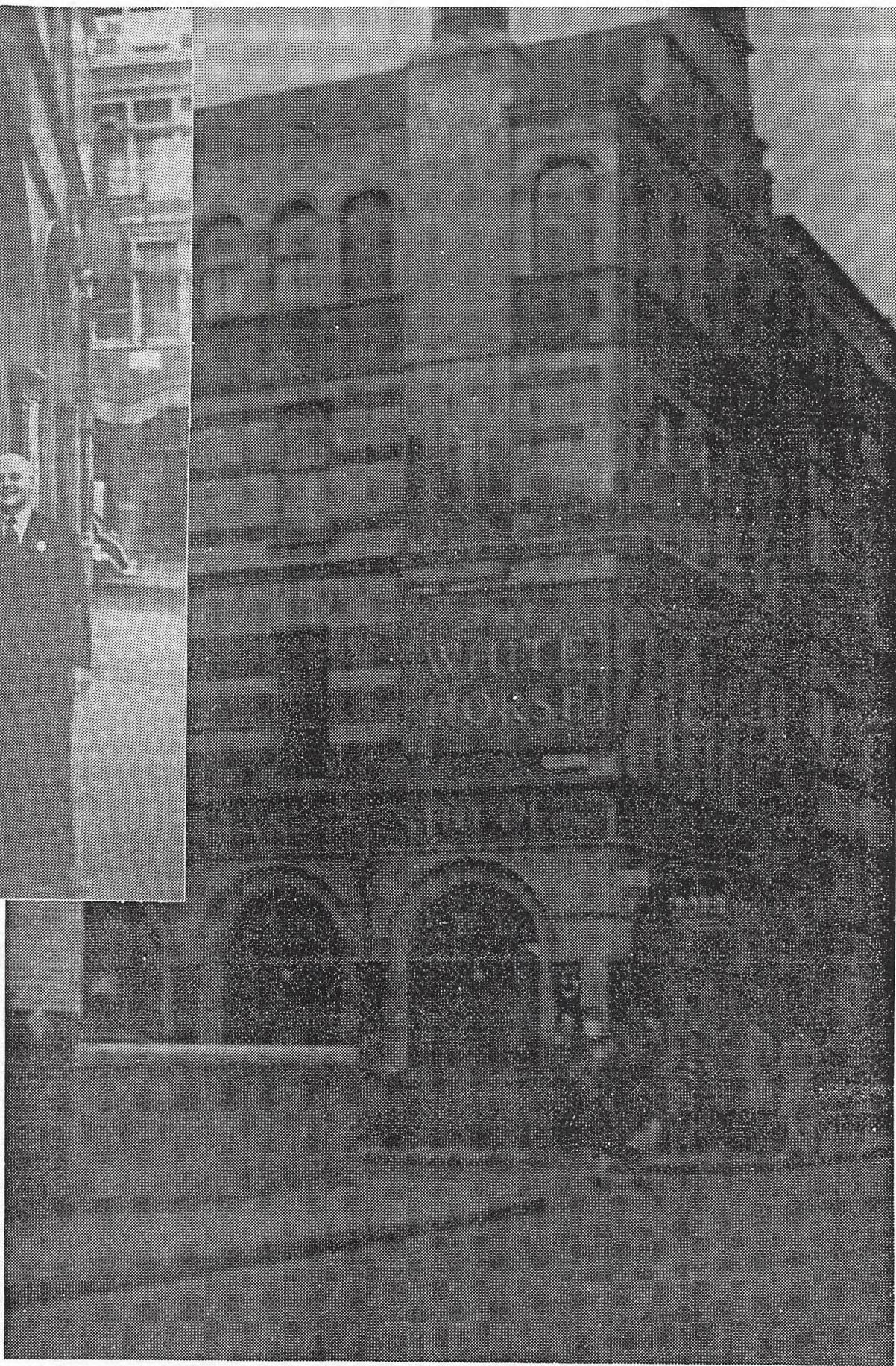




Lew Mordecai

[Landlord of  
White Horse  
& Globe]

The White Horse  
['47]







...wartime '44 - at the News Chronicle  
 Frank is the only real worker  
 (in shirt sleeves - far right)



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 1945 - 1948  
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With Armageddon Behind Us & 4ozs of Bacon  
 a Week Each; The Birth of New Worlds.

St. Paul's dome now stood over a metropolitan landscape pot-marked by bomb-sites and demolished buildings. Walls of wood, mainly built from salvaged doors, stood surrounding topless basements.

Even before Japan was defeated Churchill had been ousted.[6]

The move away from the Tories was tremendous, two London boroughs even sent to the House of Parliament a couple of Communist M.P.s--not Trotskyists in Labour clothing but actually elected on the 'Communist ticket'. Journalist Michael Foot (of 'Guilty Men' fame) also gained a Labour seat.

Although no one was mouthing 'a home fit for heroes' again, there was a sense of a New World to build but Britain's prize for 'winning the war' was the continuation of power cuts, rationing would last well into the next decade and a war debt that would not be paid off until the next century! And from amongst the bomb-sites and blitzed factories Clement Attlee was supposed to build a demi-utopia of peace and prosperity.

6 -----

Many people outside of Britain were amazed that the country chose his rival Clement Attlee (whom Churchill described as "a modest man, with much to be modest about") but Churchill was a great war time leader and head of a coalition government. As head of the Conservatives he had to answer for what they had done for the ordinary and poor people during the Depression. What they had done was the Means Test and little more.



"With Armageddon and the release of atomic energy so recently behind us, we look ahead anxiously to see what lies in store."

What seemed to be in store for 32-year-old Frank was largely a continuation of "a sedentary affair of reading and writing ... with an enormous and scattered circle of friends ... (including) a transient writers' circle ... which met for a while at a club in the depths of Soho." There Frank became acquainted with Stephen D. Frances, the freelance publisher of Pendulum (paperback) Press and whose writings under the nom de plume Hank Janson made him famous as 'the British Mickey Spillane'. He has been conservatively depicted as "not a very nice character", but Frank always had nothing but good to say of him, they got along so well that Stephen Frances gave Frank the editorship of his 'Popular Spacetime Series', which started with a collection of Frank's own short stories and was followed by "Other Eyes Watching" by Polton Cross (a pseudonym of John Russell Fearn).

Frank recalled "Very soon after, (Frances) having read a few more copies of Astounding and Galaxy ... was on fire with enthusiasm for the new STF magazine which he intended to publish -- and for which he had only the paper and printers; no authors, no stories, nothing...."

"Then, out of the blue, (he) proposed that I edit his new science fiction magazine. Hastily demurring, for I had no qualifications, I suddenly recollected that my friend John (Ted) Carnell had left the Army only two days before and possessed most valuable property, in the form of some typescript stories for an abandoned magazine to be called New Worlds. And so, one grey afternoon in January 1946, we met at Charing Cross and hurried down the slushy Strand to the Pendulum offices in Lincoln's Inn, where ... over noggins ... amid much argument, excitement, misunderstanding and enthusiasm, the new science fiction magazine was born." [7]

New Worlds was to be Britain's premier and longest-running SF magazine. [8]

Not that its first issue would have led anyone to predict that. It sold only one-fifth of its print-run. Ted Carnell put it down to lack of publicity and a bad 'house artist' cover, so when the second issue became a sell out #1 was re-issued with a new cover and soon all 12,000 remaining copies were bought up.

1946 also saw the London Branch's 'big reunion' at The Shamrock in Fetter Lane, where it became self-apparent that there was "no desire at all to revive the Science Fiction Association ... with secretary, treasurer, subscriptions and the rest of it."

7 -----

While acknowledging Frank's account of this meeting, Rob Hansen's Then recounts this as a chance meeting in Fleet Street with Frank immediately taking Ted Carnell to meet Stephen Frances, but Frank wrote about the incident twice (in 1954 and 1971) each time stating the meeting with Frances was pre-arranged. Apart from it being unlikely in those formal days that one would suddenly present a fellow to your publisher's as your choice to be his editor without any prior appointment or warning, it should be noted that Frank's 1954 account of this event was edited by Ted Carnell.

8 -----

Ted Carnell also became editor of a singularly short fantasy series for Pendulum, starting and finishing with his own anthology JINN & JITTERS.

The new informal Circle grew so big that they had to move their weekly meetings "across the road to the greater spaces of The White Horse, which had a dining room not used in the evening." 'Newcomers' there included the likes of A. Bertram Chandler and Ted Tubb but the most notable was probably the new landlord Lew Mordecai ("an ex-sea man but totally unlike one imagines an ex-mariner to be" as Vinç Clarke was to say, "being scholarly and balding.")

"Lew soon made himself a leading member in the Circle, not only as the official host but as 'one of the boys'."

"For Ted Carnell, with a real live magazine on his hands and only his spare time in which to work on it, every meeting was an editorial conference. It was a grand sight to see him expounding art and literature over tankards to the bright-eyed hopefuls; and it is heartening to realise how many of them subsequently made good as authors or artists. And all the while the room was vibrating with talk, argument and discussion about SF."

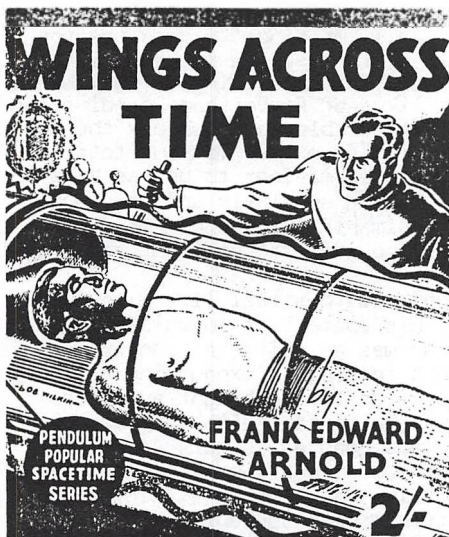
Frank's theatrical bent suddenly became more time consuming and even sent him off to the provinces as a stage manager. Sam Youd remembers him returning to The White Horse "with a pretty girl who I gathered for a time was engaged to him."

Outside of the Circle the world was becoming steadily less rosy. As 1947 started with one of the harshest and longest winters on record there were two million unemployed, many of the factories that had stayed on-line during the worst of the blitz were now closed and boarded up. All essentials were still rationed and each and every day at least one part of Britain experienced a power cut. Even Christmas had brought little joy, there was a 100% tax on toys.



Standing  
Ted (John) Carnell  
Seated (immediately behind)  
Walt Willis





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1949 - 1957  
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From Winston Smith and the Success of Friends to  
Harry Purvis and Utter Bilge.

From its inception in the pulps of the twenties right through to the late seventies reading science fiction was generally considered even worse than reading cowboy stories though not quite as bad as perusing pornography. So it is not surprising that the first post-war classic of SF writing was never published under that label, especially when it came from such an unexpected source. George Orwell's 1984 hit the die-hard socialists extremely hard and extremely accurately. One of their number pointed to it as "a million votes for the Tories" and Frank agreed. "(George Orwell) was just another of those left-wing turn-coats who weren't doing so well out of Attlee's socialist government and snarled their resentment."

Attlee had been unable to do the impossible but he had overseen two major changes that were to shape Britain for decades after; the country's conversion to a welfare state and the start of the dismantlement of the British Empire. None of which could be undone, even when Churchill's blistering attacks on 'Queuephoria' brought him back into Number Ten Downing Street.

Meantime, Frank had returned to Fleet Street and could be found at The White Horse still rampantly atheistic and talking enthusiastically about working on his major opus -- a history of fantasy.

New faces were always turning up at the weekly meets but some of Frank's longtime friends were disappearing, mainly due to their own success.

In '49 William F. Temple wrote a highly successful though now all-but-forgotten SF-love story entitled "The Four-sided Triangle" and eventually moved to nearby Kent ('the Garden of England').

In '51 Arthur C. Clarke came out with a popular non-technical book on space-travel THE EXPLORATION OF SPACE which was to keep in print for years afterwards and allowed him to start globe trotting. In the same year Circle member John Beynon Harris, writing as John Wyndham, authored THE DAY OF THE TRIFFIDS. To quote Frank "(it) wrung astonished praise from experienced reviewers, some of which were ready to hail the advent of a second H.G. Wells."

"Commerce as a whole was sinking into the ice age of Austerity, and Pendulum Publications was feeling the pinch."

Pendulum Publications were a little expensive, being a small house publication. Two Shillings bought 118 pages where as a Penguin Paperback supplied up to double the page length and established authors for two-thirds the price.

"Before the firm closed down in 1947 a third issue of New Worlds appeared and confirmed the magazine's success.

"The irony of the situation was appreciated, but not enjoyed, by the promoters. They talked it over, week after week, at the bar of The White Horse until at last, in humour rather than hope, someone suggested that the group form its own company and publish the magazine themselves. The idea was all the more startling because none of those present had thought about going into business on their own; and whilst all of them were respectably settled in life, none of them were plutocrats. Nevertheless, a handful pooled their resources and in 1948 Nova Publication emerged as the proprietors of New Worlds."



Joan, Ann, & Bill  
(William F.) Temple

[late '40s / early 50s]

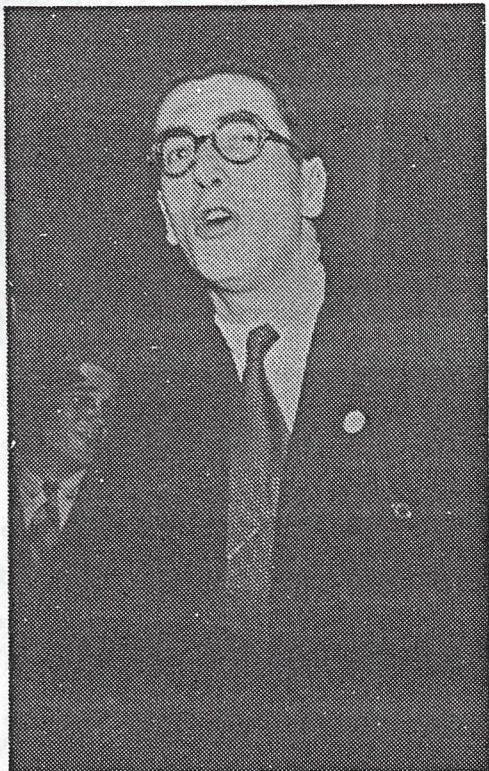




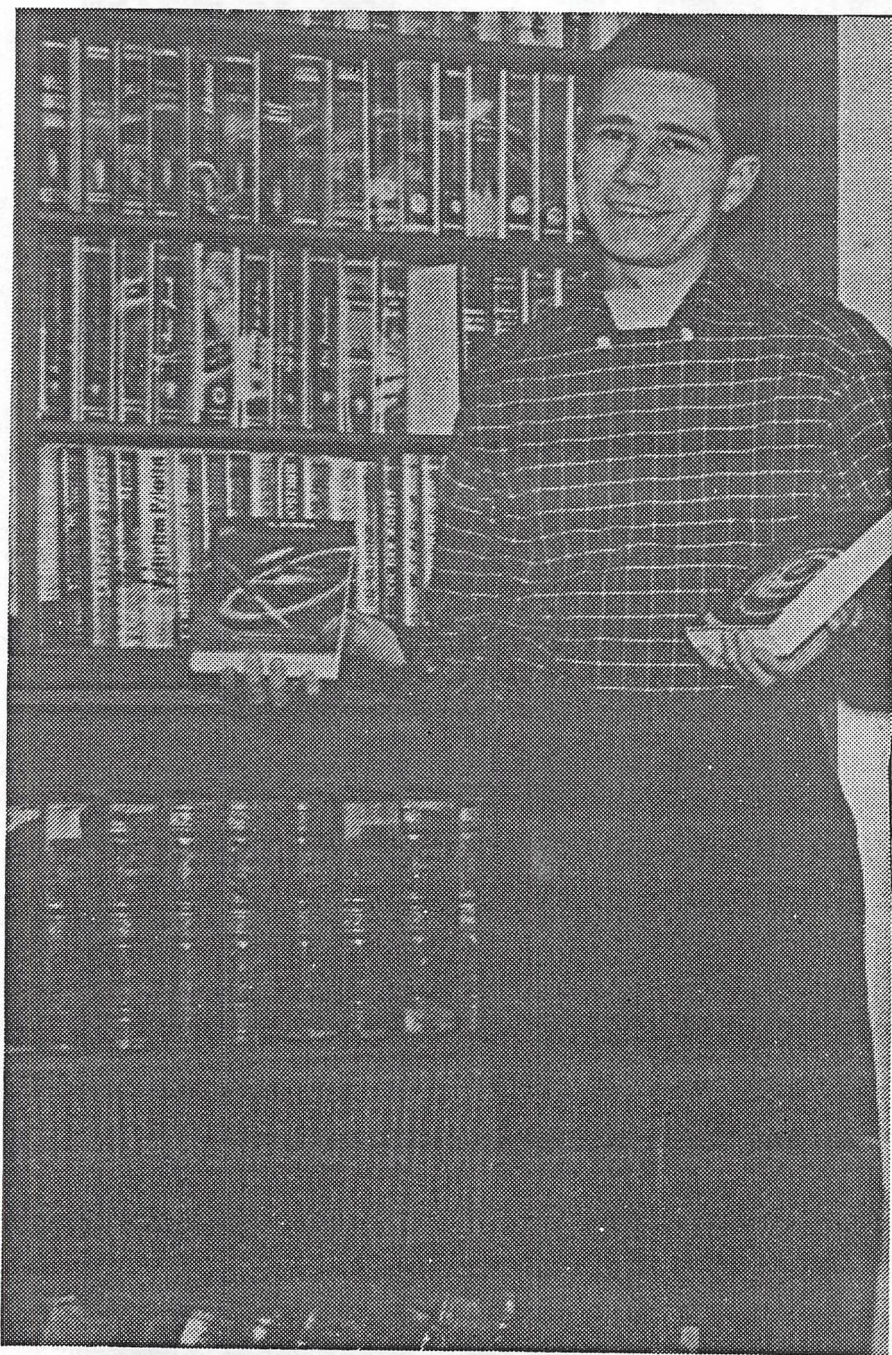
Left to Right: John Beynon Harris (John Wyndham), Ted Carnell (John Carnell),  
Frank Arnold (from the nose up),  
Arthur C. Clarke and future co-author Bob Silverberg (Robert Silverberg).

Bert Campbell (editor of Authentic Science Fiction)  
and Jimmy Rattigan (Nebula cover artist)

Ted Tubb (E. C. Tubb)







Mike Wilson [early '50s]

Les Flood [1952]



Stephen D. Frances "on the strength of his Hank Janson royalties moved himself to Spain. Returning on just one occasion, when he was accused of pornography. However, he proved he'd sold the rights to the name Hank Janson long before the offending piece was written, so he won the case and happily returned to Espana."

Sam Youd, now better known to SF readers as John Christopher, penned a provocative best seller *THE DEATH OF GRASS* but it wasn't until the film rights payment arrived that his accountant told him to either move to a tax-haven or watch nearly all his earnings flitter into the government's coffers. He chose the former and moved to the Channel Islands.

But while authors were meeting individual success "New Worlds had difficult passages in its first seven years"; fortunately in 1953 it was "taken on by an established company and published on a regular basis with Carnell as full time editor."

As Brian Aldiss was to write later, "(Ted Carnell) knew nothing about literature; but he did know what he liked ... Carnell being Carnell, the magazines appeared with scrupulous regularity" which was one of the reasons New Worlds survived the fifties while Nebula fell by the way-side.

It was also during '53 that the London Circle moved a few blocks north to Hatton Gardens in London's 'diamond district'. The cause for this exodus was Lew Mordecai's transfer to become landlord of The Globe (a pub which coincidentally his father had once managed). Rather than lose their favorite host "the whole company packed its traps and trooped round the corner to join him...."

"But Ted Carnell's editorial conferences were no more. He was now working on New Worlds full time, and gradually his attendances diminished. Eventually they ceased altogether and he faded away into a legend of The Globe, a hero-figure of olden days."



With such literary success abounding, Ted Tubb (who had just begun to sell his own stories) tried to get Frank to "dive in the pool ... at that time anything labelled SF would have sold though the money was terrible. Still it was money and fame of a kind and it seemed to me the most natural thing in the world for Frank, who'd had experience, to join the boom. But, it seemed, Frank was too busy pursuing his research for his intended Magnum Opus. At least that's what he told people and who could doubt him? I didn't, and for years used to ask him about his progress etc. I really meant it because, to me, Frank gave the impression of a man dedicated to an ideal; one who had learned his trade and was simply assembling his material. To me, as an aspiring hack trying to learn as I earned, such an attitude was almost Olympian and it was a long time before I realised that I was doing Frank no favour by my genuine interest."

The mid-fifties saw rationing come to an end. With sugar now freely available the average consumption per person per week rose to seven pounds! The British have a very sweet tooth, when they have any teeth left at all that is.

But come '56 there was a political souring.

Churchill's replacement, Anthony Eden, took an imperial stance during the short Suez crisis and split Britain far worse than the Vietnam war ever did the United States. Eden in turn resigned due to ill health and was replaced by Harold ('Winds of Change') Macmillan, who, despite looking like an infirm bloodhound, was a much more perceptive and 'liberal' prime minister.

A year later TALES OF THE WHITE HART appeared in Ballantine Paperbacks much to the delight of The Globe's Thursday night regulars, being a collection of Arthur Clarke's short stories cobbled together in a Bradburyque manner by recalling the raconteurs of the London Circle. Real author's names and pseudonym's were used and the odd fan's name appeared slightly altered, but the chief scheherazde was one Harry Purvis. A couple of decades later Frank was heard to say that he thought Purvis was based on himself but that was after downing several pints and it should be noted that Arthur said "I based the background (and some of the incidental characters) on The White Horse." Purvis is not an incidental character.

It was also at that time that the Astronomer Royal's declaration that space travel was "utter bilge" was totally disproven when the western world stood slack-jawed as Khrushchev's moribund Russia put Sputnik into orbit around the earth.[9]

The dreams of space flight that Frank and his companions had held for years were beginning to come true, far faster than anticipated.

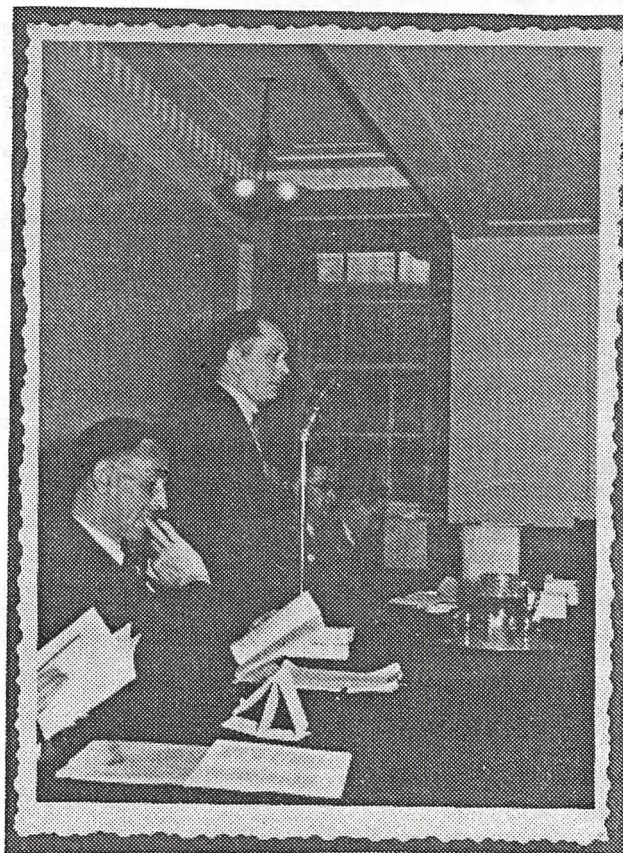
9 -----

With the obvious exceptions of "A small step for man..." and "Houston, we have a problem", the most renowned astronautical quote (in Britain) is Sir Richard Woolley's January '56 remark calling space travel "utter bilge". When Sputnik went up in October '57 practically every newspaper repeated it. Since then it has echoed down the corridors of science and no doubt when the ex-Astronomer Royal dies every obituary will quote it yet again, which is a bitter unfairness as he said it after a long and tiring air trip when he suddenly found himself in the midst of some overzealous reporters. To add injury to insult the remark was supposed to be 'off-the-record'.



left to right

Forrest J Ackerman  
Ken Chapman  
Lyell Crane  
[ '51 ]



Fred Brown (British fan; not U.S. author)  
& Frank Arnold  
[ '52 - '57 ]



## THE LONDON CIRCLE

Received of:-

Name Mr F. Arnold

Address Manors Hotel

18 Endsleigh St. W.C.2

MEMBERSHIP FEE OF 5/-  
FOR THE YEAR

1959

Alexandro Hall  
Secretary

-----  
1958 - 1969  
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Visitations & Changes; Miss Spain at The Globe  
and Mister Armstrong on the Moon

In the late fifties the British Empire started its real (and rapid) evolution into a Commonwealth.[10] Meantime, with its attendance thinning, the Circle decided meeting once a month was far more appealing than once a week, so the First Thursday meets were instigated.

One of Frank's favorite tales of that time was Nancy Spain's visit to The Globe. The Circle had from time to time attracted such luminaries as Professor A.M. Low and C.S. Lewis, but Nancy Spain was the best known female journalist in Britain and her status was added to by her numerous TV and radio appearances.[11]

10 -----  
A process described by top journalist James Cameron as usually taking the rebel leader out of prison and shipping him to Buckingham Palace to have tea with the Queen, then shipping him back and placing him in charge of the country in question. Mr. Cameron failed to add that the leader then usually became a despot and/or was replaced by one in a bloody coup.

11 -----  
Britain only had two TV channels and two popular radio stations so once you got on any of those your fame was practically assured. Stay on them and you became as much a part of every household as Yorkshire pudding and the Flit spray.

She arrived at the Globe with Anthony Hern, the literary editor of the 'Daily Express' (she was also his leading book reviewer), and proceeded to blend in with the Circle having a happy and informal time till closing time. "It was obvious that she had a genuine liking for SF," said Frank, "though you would never have thought so from her article in the 'Express' on the following Saturday ... All bug-eyed-monsters and 'look at the weirdies' stuff."

Despite this lambasting, Frank always spoke of her visit with a smile on his face, for although he took his politics and science fiction seriously, Frank was always ready for a tall tale or a good laugh. Ted Tubb has one such tale about Frank... "(He) took great fun when he came to parties I held to play a game called Cardinal Puff. At least he called it that. It's a game designed to get people tipsy ... a man sits, rises, bows, taps the table, announces 'I drink to Cardinal Puff.' Drinks, sits, taps etc.; repeats the procedure by drinking twice to Cardinal Puff. More taps, bows etc. The thing is that if a mistake is made the drinker has to go back to the beginning and start all over. This made certain by the ritual having a couple of variants which, the first time around, are missed out or forgotten. So everyone gets a little merry in short order.

"Anyway, Frank liked to play it, he became the centre of attention and turned red and beamed and liked it as we all do...."

"Frank was (also) a cricket buff and used to come beaming into the Globe after having spent the day at Lords or The Oval. How he got the time off work I didn't know."

It was around this time, at the age of 40, that Frank met a young Italian lady, Magda Palmeri, whom he courted on her regular British vacations for nearly twenty years.

Macmillan's Conservatives continued in power, handsomely winning the '59 election with 'Super-Mac's' incantation "You've Never Had It So Good."

Also in 1959 the Circle became a more formalised organisation (mainly under the the influence of Sandy Hall) but that unlikely ideal came tumbling down in October the sme year.

In the early sixties St. Paul's still looked down on cleared bomb-sites but these were soon built on (or filled in until flat to make rudimentary car parks) and the cathedral's dominance of the skyline was challenged by the latest technological and architectural wonder: the Post Office Tower. London escaped the fate of New York because no one could build skyscrapers on a foundation undermined by London clay.

Then the winds of change varied direction and started to blow across Britain. The 'News Chronicle' was swallowed up by the 'Daily Mail' and Frank transferred from night to day work at the Reuters Desk for the 'Evening News'. The Labour party leader Hugh Gaitskell died suddenly. A soft-spoken intellectual, he was recorded at that time as the only leader of the opposition in this century who never became Prime Minister. His place was taken by the witty and acid tongued Harold Wilson ("At last," Michael Foot whispered, "We've got someone who can

Opposite Page:  
[early '50s]

rear row; standing -- left to right

Fred Brown; Walt Willis; Jim (James) White (w/glasses; arms folded);  
Pamela Bulmer; Ted Carnell (w/pipe); Mike Roseblum (w/glasses; head turned)

Frank Arnold is seated, looking downward, approximately two-thirds "up" the page,  
between the woman w/hat, and man w/glasses & tie at front table









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lie." ). Not long after, Macmillan had to stand down, due to ill health.[12] Wilson's rankling against "thirteen years of Tory mis-rule" won him the '63 election by just three seats then substantially increased his majority the following year.

Along with the political changes there were the sociological revolutions, all of which seemed to belong to the young. Britain was finding its own fashions (Carnaby Street) and its own sound (the Mersey Beat and the pop pirate stations). As Lionel Bart said, asking not to be quoted out of context, "The Beatles could never have 'happened' under a conservative government."

In '63 Arthur Clarke visited The Globe after his undersea treasure hunt in the waters of Ceylon's Great Reef and proudly laid on the bar some of the booty; rupees minted in 1702 A.D. during the reign of the last great Mogul Emperor of All India, Aurangzeb.

Frank looked at the treasure, then at the bar top; he made a further inspection of the rupees and then of the bar top, where he carefully placed Aurangzeb's ancient coins and started to play shove ha'penny with them. At which the rest of the Circle joined in.

Ted Carnell stepped down as editor of New Worlds (to edit NEW WRITINGS IN SF for Corgi Paperbacks and further his literary agency) giving the position to young-blood Michael Moorcock, who in turn started the New Wave.

Sadly '65 saw "an end of an era". Lew Mordecai left the landlordship of The Globe (his position of Mine Host being taken by Eddy O'Reilly). "He confided to a few old cronies The Globe was a bit too big for him and his family" but before leaving there had to be the passing of the torch and it befell Frank to take charge of the Visitor's book.

The later sixties were a time of opulence and now unbelievable optimism. New Worlds survived because of a grant from the Arts Council and Wilson solved the country-wide dock strike (which was crippling the island-nation's economy) by creating an agreement under which any dock company going bust would have its workers immediately re-employed by the surviving companies. A schoolchild could easily see the catch in that thinking but government, workers and employers swallowed it hook, line and sinker (As the newspaper placards unadvisedly read "Docks - Wilson Steps In").

Macmillan's resignation was not due to the Profumo/Keller sex scandal, although some readers of the Private Eye satirical weekly would have you believe the magazine's coverage of the events brought down the government.

Frank was hosting informal gatherings at his digs,[13] the back of which overlooked an elevated section of the busy A40 highway. In fact it was so busy that during the working week Frank would sleep in the front room to escape the noise. One Saturday the fans were gathered in that room when the sound of approaching fire engines came ringing through the air, everybody moved to the back room to see if they could find where the vehicles were but the noise ceased and not one fire-fighter was to be seen so the fans stood around surveying the A40 and talking for about an hour. Upon returning to the front room they suddenly discovered the reason for the fire alarm. The house opposite was now a burnt out shell.

Meantime Sam Youd was cementing a notion to get his publisher to do an anthology of pre-war science-fiction. "All my magazines had been flogged for beer money before I went into the Army in '41, and I asked Ted Carnell if he knew where I might be able to find some. He gave me Franks address ... and observed that I would find him there surrounded by a mountain of decaying flora (the magazines in question). This proved to be correct, and I was touched to see a photograph of H.M. the Queen presiding over it all from his mantelpiece. I didn't borrow any magazines, a cursory run-through revealing the defects in style which had escaped my notice in my teens. And the incredible over-writing--understandable when one remembers they were paid by the word and at about 1/2¢ too, but depressing. To think how we despised such as Black Mask, where at the same time Chandler was perfecting his art."

With reference to the portrait of Queen Elizabeth II, Frank once admitted "The more I think about it, the more I realise what a good idea the monarchy is."

The monarch's main and only real power being to dissolve parliament and call a special election. For instance, if 'Watergate' had happened in the U.K. Her Royal Majesty could have pulled the plug on 'Tricky Dick' and let the people decide if they still wanted the crook in charge.[14]

But the new monarchs of the high frontiers were the moon astronauts. The last year of the sixties saw Neil Armstrong's carefully rehearsed first steps on another world and even the BBC's prestigious in-depth political program 'Panorama' had Brian Aldiss and a group of other British SF authors answering the non sequitur "What are SF writers going to write about now?"

Yet when the rest of the world was watching the live coverage of some white blobs on a white background that was supposed to be Astronaut Armstrong stepping on to the lunar surface, Frank was snugly tucked in bed with his radio on. The moon landing was a dream fulfilled and he always had the most unstinting "rational belief that the progress of science is a good thing for humanity" but in the whole of his life Frank never owned an automobile, a telephone or a television.

13 -----  
Apartment.

14 -----  
Political science professors in the U.S.A. have been known to pontificate about how parliament would circumnavigate such a degree but they ignore the solid fact that it has already happened. In Australia on November 11th 1975 to be exact. When Whitlam's Labour government was running out of money fast and the Queen's representative (the Governor-General) 'did the right thing' much to the anger of Whitlam's supporters whose cries of 'pommie bastards' could not save them from a resounding defeat.





standing: Brian Burgess; Jim (James) White; Chuck Harris

seated: Jimmy Rattigan; Ron Buckmaster

leaning in: Frank Arnold

-----  
1970 - 1978  
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#### New Job, New Home and Life In The Old Dog Yet.

St. Paul's was now hemmed in by faceless office blocks built on what were once those bomb-sites. Political power wavered between Labour's Harold Wilson (an economist who made a [temporary] law banning wage rises) and the Tory's Edward Heath (who criticized "the unacceptable face of capitalism"); he also warned against the encroaching economic crisis, to which everybody's reply was "Crisis! What Crisis?" 'Flower Power' had blossomed into the free and easy style of the early seventies and even LBJ would soon be seen with long(ish) hair.

Frank had left the high-pressure world of journalism and found himself a position as a civil servant. His work was as one of the lowest men on the totem pole in Labourite Judith Hart's Foreign Office. "I didn't actually meet the lady, but I saw her once at the end of one of 'the corridors of power' surrounded by her 'mandarins'. They all had the highest regard for her."

At The Globe he was still greeting newcomers and easing them into the Circle, an attitude that had otherwise fallen by the wayside, and as always the visitors book was either tucked under his arm or waiting on the bar-room counter.

"The Charmed Circle of The Globe has been pretty much a home, family and career to me for most of my adult life," he wrote.

Arthur Clarke was still showing up twice a year (March and October) to find the growing numbers distinctly younger and definitely more long-haired. Frank, now a portly man in his fifties, commented more than once "One place you will never hear about the so called 'generation gap' ... is The Globe Tavern."

At work Frank found himself up for promotion. To get that he would need Security Clearance which demanded references 'from professionals only'.

Ethel Lindsay, one of the BNFs of fandom at that time, was also a Matron (or rather a 'Number Six' as bureaucratic officialese had designated the vocation).[15] So in standing as reference for Frank, she was visited by the man from Security Clearance. "Very smooth and with superb tailoring." The innocuous questions were asked: How did Ethel know Frank, where and for how long, but Ethel got the distinct feeling she was not giving the gentleman what he wanted.

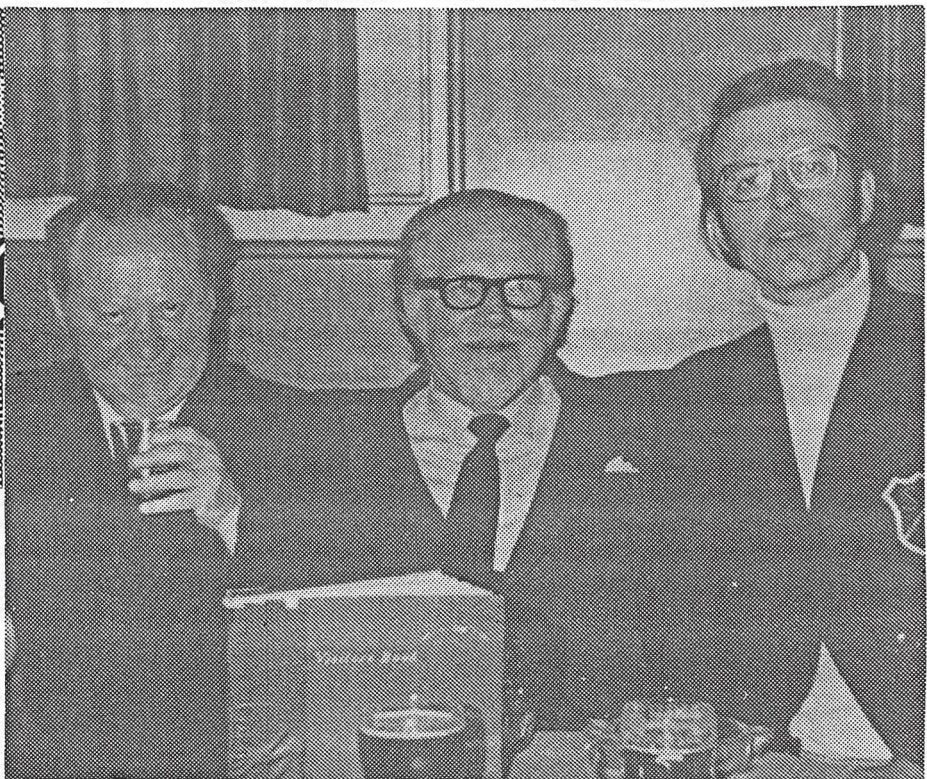
15 -----  
Ethel Lindsay's *Scottishe* (pronounced Scot-is-she) was one of the best known fanzines and her *Haverings* did more for fanzine fandom than any other in insular Britain by regularly detailing practically every fanzine available in the English speaking world.





Frank Arnold;  
Wally Gillings; & Gerry Webb

at The Globe,  
with the Visitors' Book



Then the Foreign Office official asked "At these meetings, isn't there a lot of young boys?"

This is a paranoia with the Foreign Office, which is mainly built from the products of Britain's 'Public Schools', which are famous as breeding grounds for buggery and sodomites whose unacceptable adult activities have given the KGB open in-roads into Britain's highest levels of intelligence.

Ethel quickly dispersed any fears that Frank might be a 'consenting adult' and he got his clearance.

As she was to comment years later, "I always felt Frank was pretty innocent and that such a thought would never have crossed his mind ... I naturally did not tell Frank about the line of questioning!"

That was not Frank's only 'move'. After living for years at the same address his landlord "decided he wanted the house for himself, so if he wishes to live all alone that's perfectly all right by me."

That was what Frank said. Close friends knew better. The house was divided three ways between the landlord, Frank, and a single mother with her pre-school daughter called Popsie. Frank loved children and was devoted to Popsie. The landlord suddenly made the capricious decision that he wanted to share the house with only two other people. Obviously the mother and daughter could not be parted so it was a case of either them or Frank leaving. Frank, always the gentleman, left.

Frank quickly 'lucked out'. In the London borough of Lewisham he found an apartment (the upper half of a two story home) with Mr. & Mrs. Jones (his landlady and her husband) living downstairs. They were kind and attentive and he pretty much became part of the family.

The lack of direct tube[16] connections meant that he now had to leave The Globe earlier to get home before the last train but it was at least still easy for him to get to his old haunts in east London at weekends by bus.

Frank, always the historian, realized that 1973 would see the 20th anniversary of The Globe meetings.

The word was spread, letters went winging their way to Sri Lanka, the Channel Islands and Kent. The result was a packed London meeting with fans spilling out on to the sidewalk during a remarkably warm autumn night. Inside in the middle of the throng just by the bar corner the original SFA members could be seen greeting each other for the first time in years: Arthur Clarke, Wally Gillings, Lew Mordecai, William Temple, Sam Youd, etc., most of who had known each other since their twenties and were now fast approaching retirement age. It was the last time they would all be together and how they could hear each other above the cumulative din was little short of a miracle.

However, next year (1974) The Globe along with the entire block it was on was to be torn down.

A new meeting place had to be found. It had to be a pub--no one thought so much as once about anything else. So a pub crawl which trekked across half of London was 'organized' by Bernie Peek. Although it proved useless, apart from the downing of many good pints, it did include the amazing sight of Frank (who was less than a year from his 60th birthday) keeping pace with fans in their 20's and some still in their late teens. Keeping pace, that is, both in the brisk walking and the number of pints.[17]

On the economic front, inflation had already started with the introduction of decimalized currency, then OPEC (finally) had an oil embargo that held and the western world suddenly woke up to realize the power now held by the Arabs (and Japan). Foods and goods increased in price, the cost of tube and

It was in fact John Brunner who found the Circle's next location; The One Tun, another L-shaped pub with wood paneled walls and a large portrait of the Queen -- which was soon replaced by a Hogarthian print of a rake placing his hand up a girls skirt (the replacement was due to a change of landlords).



bus tickets went up by leaps and bounds and there was a general undercurrent of feeling that the golden horde had had its last hurrah.

And as suddenly as it had started Frank's romance with Magda ended. "I thought we were going to get married," he once reflected, "but I thought wrong there" and added nothing further.[18]

The Foreign Office made Frank 'redundant' and with typical F.O. efficiency replaced him with three younger men, a point which upset Frank greatly.

He did, however, seek employment through an agency for the elderly aptly entitled '60 & Over'. When they discovered he could type, despite his bad hand, they promptly put him to work for themselves (just two days a week) until a firm of solicitors [19] in Grosvenor Square gave him permanent part-time employment in their post-room switchboard. This proved permanent for only ten months and was terminated by the company forsaking London.

Subconsciously the Circle was fractionalizing. Few, if any, called it the Circle anymore. In one corner were the new 'media-fen' brought in by articles in Science Fiction Monthly, in another were the protege of an SF course presented by the North Eastern Polytechnic, in another the new bloods from the Oxford Colleges, and then there were the 'older regulars' (few of whom were older than thirty--with the arrival of the media fen and Ethel Lindsay returning to Scotland what few remained of the fifties and sixties fen had dropped out). Although nearly all intermingled throughout the evening they noticeably returned to their own gathering area. Arthur Clarke wandering about a sparse meeting one night suddenly found himself outside of every circle. Partly with resignation he shrugged his shoulders, downed a couple of lonely rounds with his brother, Fred, and left, never to return to another meet. Frank never realized what had caused it.

Frank's position as titular organizer at The Tun was also becoming obscured. On one occasion when he was busily flitting about the pub getting everyone's input on an upcoming special meet, the landlady sought out Andrew Stephenson and asked for the date and details, finishing with "...the landlord said I should ask you." Andrew, who was innocent of any planned usurping, looked over to Frank who was mercifully out of earshot and blushed.

Frank was engaged in a conversation about psychology and espousing that one of these days he would write a book disproving Freud.

Another of his projects in the late seventies was a book detailing his belief that the Roman town of Colchester was in fact the seat of Camelot. The Romans had named it Camulodunum when the castle's foundations had been "built in the reign of Nero and the lifetime of St. Paul." Frank always looked forward to taking an annual train trip to Colchester, to look over the site and sample the local publican's beverages.

If it had been possible he would dearly have loved to had a 'Chair of History' at a stately home of learning or a position on the board of the TIMES Literary Supplement with enough salary to afford the latest exhibition, entertainment, books and sport. Not to mention "entree to the (Visitors' Gallery)" at the Houses of Parliament, whenever, but with retirement only a couple of years away the reality was he was already selling off some of his books and owing to finances the trips to Colchester were now every other year or worse.

Meantime Prime Minister Callaghan's feeble attempts to keep the unions in line had failed. Unemployment was over the million mark and many young people of twenty and under had never seen a working day in their lives.

Magda Palmeri & Frank Arnold

[early '60s]



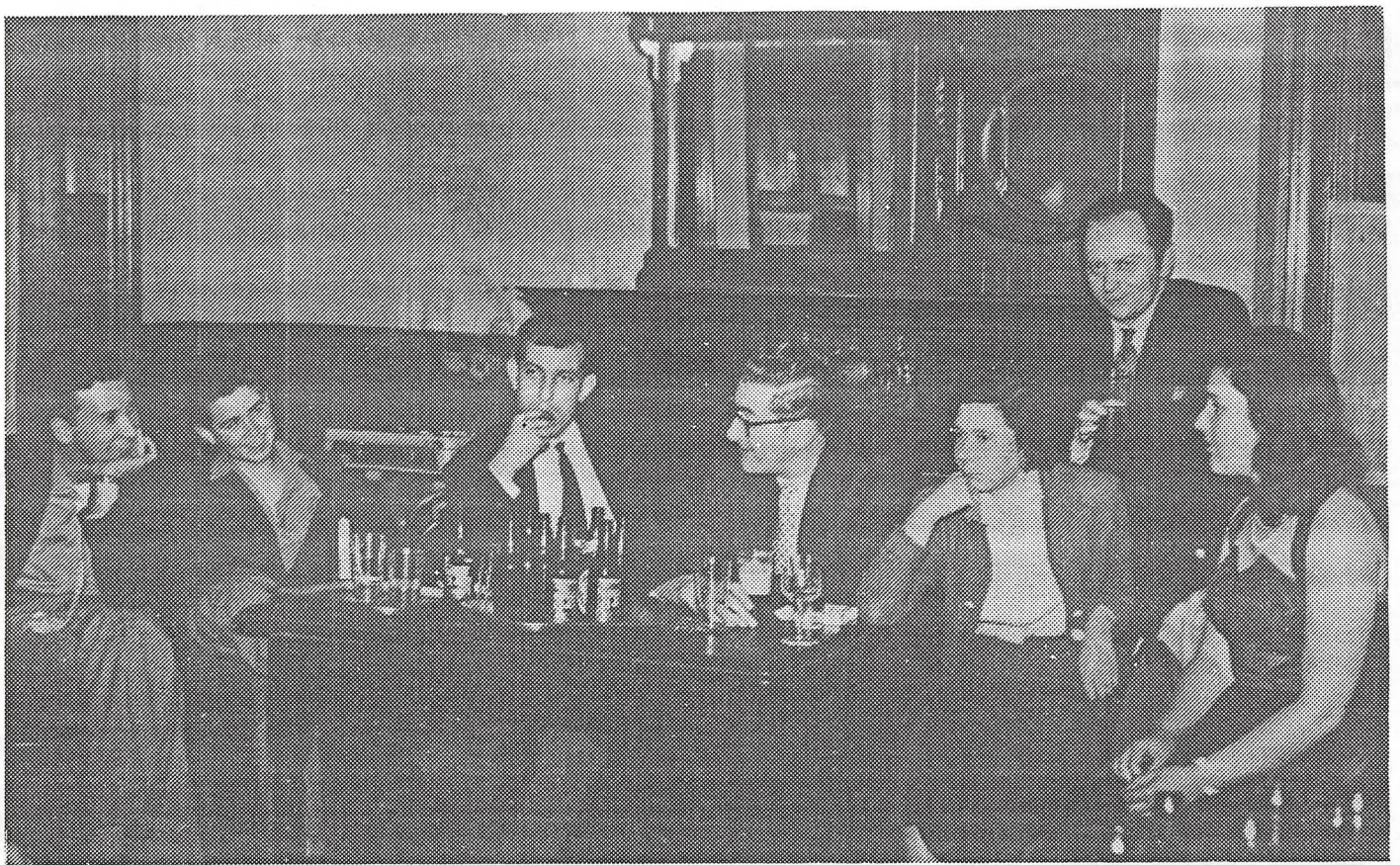
18 -----

Magda eventually married and moved to South Africa.

19 -----

Lawyers.









Above [1957]

standing: Duggie Webster & Frank Arnold (w/glass)  
 seated: Mrs. Eric Frank Russell; Sam Moskowitz; (unknown); Eric Frank Russell

-----  
Opposite : Top (left to right) [late '50s]

(unknown); (unknown); Pete Taylor; Ted (E.C.) Tubb (head turned); Bobby (Roberta) Wild;  
 Frank Arnold (standing); Sandy (Alexandra) Hall

Opposite : Bottom

left/foreground: George Locke  
 rear table/right: Pete Taylor; Ted (E. C.) Tubb; Bobby (Roberta) Wild  
 foreground (holding fanzines): Rolf Gammel & Jürgen Kramer  
 (from Horzheim, Nr. Stuttgart, W. Germany)



Frank Arnold;  
(unknown);  
& Ron Bennett

['60s]



1978 - 1979

### Frank Is Missing!

Every year on the last Thursday before Christmas Eve the Circle holds a special meet; "the Xmas Beano" Frank called it. So on the night of Thursday December 21st 1978, Frank made his final yuletide salutations to the fen at The Tun, tucked the Visitors' Book under his arm, turned up the collar to his overcoat and toddled off toward Chancery Lane.

On Thursday January 4th 1979 (the day after Frank's 65th birthday) each fan entering The Tun was met with the incredulous news that Frank had gone missing!

The police had found the Visitors' Book and spoken to the staff at The Tun but were no wiser as to Frank's whereabouts.

Had he collapsed somewhere? Had he been mugged or murdered? Things like that don't happen to people you know, do they !?!

It was then that a lot of the Circle realized they didn't even know where Frank lived.

Contacting Frank's local police station revealed the horrifying information that tens of thousands of people go missing every year so the police can not afford to undertake a full investigation unless the missing person is under 18 or there are other

unusual circumstances, such as evidence of foul play. The station didn't even have Frank's disappearance on their 'blotter'.

Martin Easterbrook[20] spent many hours on the phone hoping for some lead or trying to drum up some action. He eventually contacted New Scotland Yard, only to be informed "This is not a police station."

It was Ted Tubb who lived nearest to Lewisham and at the end of January he finally heard of the disappearance and promptly visited Frank's landlords, Mr. & Mrs. Jones (phoning was an impossibility as they did not have a phone). Much to his surprise, there was Frank!

Or rather a shade of Frank. Far from the portly jovial character that the Circle had known here was a thin, emaciated man with large eyes giving him the appearance of a skinned baby monkey. But at the sight of an old friend those eyes regained their sparkle and a broad smile spread across his disheveled face.

"As I remember it," Ted recalled, "He said he'd simply fallen asleep in the train, gone to the end of the line and had been found or woken later. Just one of those things. I suggested he could have hit the bottle too hard--jokingly--Frank wasn't noted for doing that, but learned nothing and recognised that he didn't want to talk about it. So we left it at that."

What had happened was Frank had been found in a phone booth in Croydon on January 4th (Croydon is just south of London on the same train line he would have taken home). He was suffering from amnesia and had developed an abscess on his tongue, his coat was in such a dirty state that the Carlshilton Hospital disposed of it and the League of Friends donated a second-hand one. He was kept in the hospital for three weeks.

20

Martin Easterbrook was (and is) one of the most under-sung of fen. Attending nearly every London meet and national con (and organizing a few besides), he kept the Circle informed of what was going on with a free monthly one-sheet fnz Small Mammal that he distributed at each Tun meeting. The fellow was so well liked that one fan was heard to say in mock disgust "Isn't there anyone who hates Martin?"



Frank theorized it had probably been a nervous breakdown and blamed it on "all those years under pressure at the 'News Chronicle', I think it just finally caught up with me ... but when the hospital removed that abscess from my tongue it seemed to have the effect of snapping me out of it."

Not that the effect was totally immediate. On being returned home he spent three days not really knowing where he was. Then on the fourth day he greeted his landlady with "Good Morning, Mrs. Jones, I am looking forward to Xmas" and got quite a surprise when Mr. & Mrs. Jones explained what had happened, and that Xmas had been a month ago!

For a while he was still dogged by some small pieces of amnesia, like not recognizing some friends. He worried that it might interfere with his writing the history of SF, something that he promised himself he would get on with just as soon as he had regained his health.

It was slow in coming. Seven months later, despite there being no marked improvement, he ventured to Brighton for a day to visit the Worldcon. Old friends from five different decades had to hold back their surprise at his present appearance.

Frank was always a soft touch for a charity or a raffle and at the con one of the L-5 Society zealots coerced him into putting up his cash for a raffle ticket. As a result Frank suddenly found himself the winner of a free trans-Atlantic trip to Cape Canaveral. A trip that under all other circumstances would have been no more than a wonderful day dream. However, this was little better as the state of his health precluded any such journey, although in consolation the monetary equivalent came in very handy and just when he needed it most.

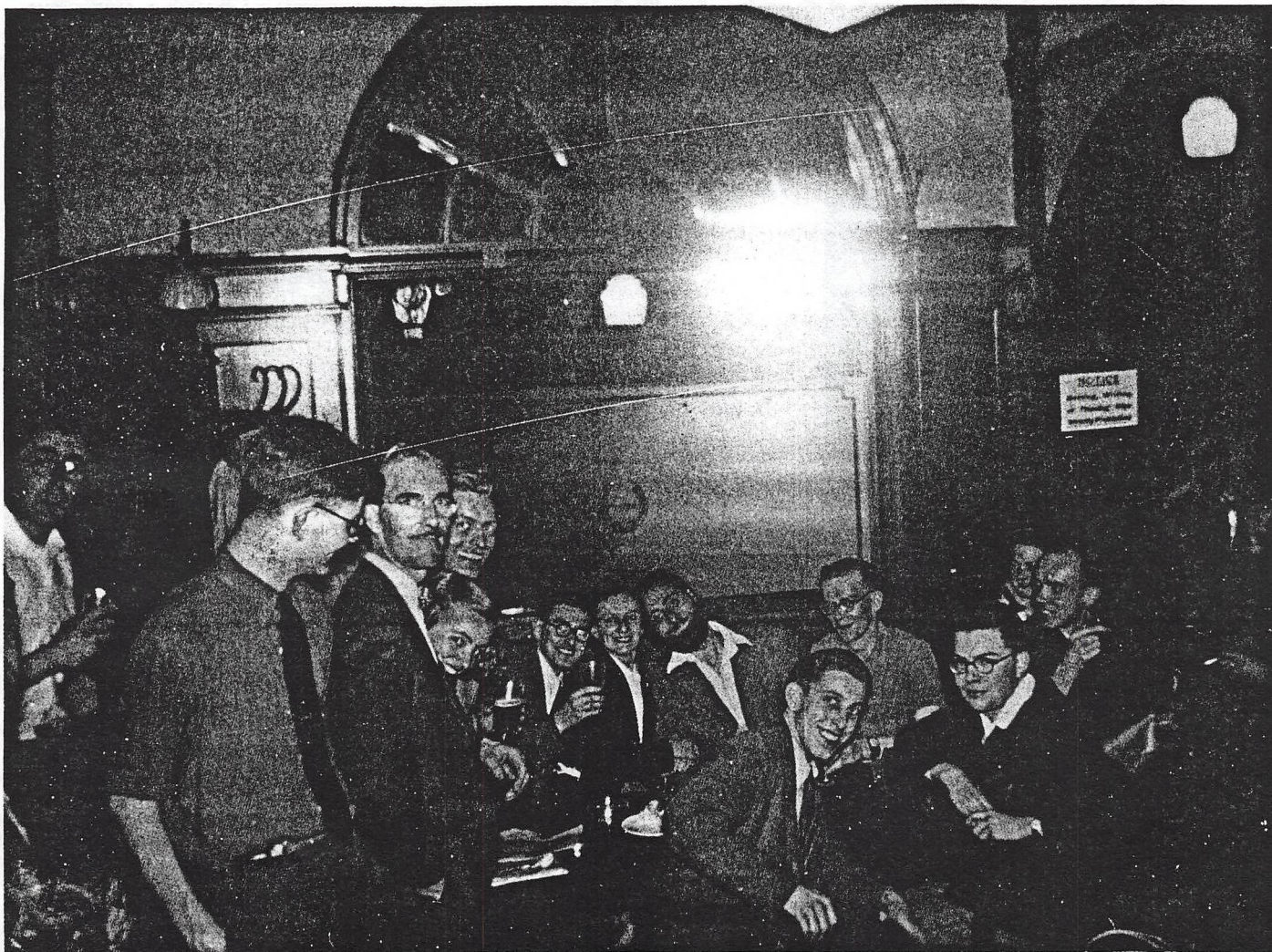
Jim (James) White (w/glass); Brian Burgess; Ted Carnell (looking toward camera);

Ron & Daphne Buckmaster (up & down);

(rear - heads together): Jim & Dorothy Rattigan; Bert Campbell;

(remaining rear): S&Y (Sandy) Sanderson; Madeleine Willis; Vinç Clarke;

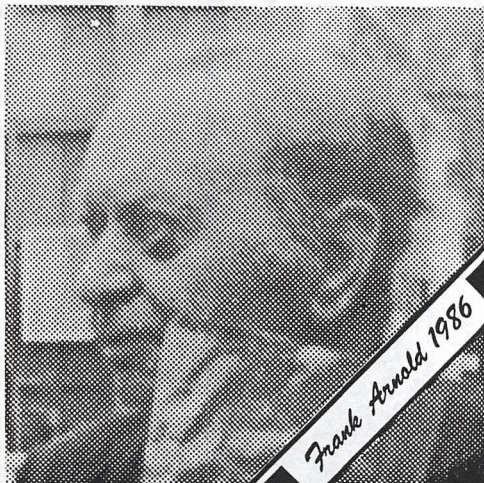
(foreground, right) : Pete Taylor; Phillip Duerr







['57?] from right to left  
Frank Arnold & Sam Moskowitz look speechless as a young autograph hound accosts Forrest J Ackerman.  
(the young autograph hound is Michael Moorcock)



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1979 - 1987  
-----

A Figure Seated at the Side of the Pub.

St. Paul's dome was now dwarfed by towering skyscrapers; architectural science had triumphed over lowly London clay.

The Labour Party's grass-roots had become blighted with Trotskyites, as the Tories moved further to the right with Mrs. Thatcher. The election of '79 gave the British their first real choice in ages and egged on by five of six of the country's major dailies they gave Mrs. T. an overwhelming victory despite her promises to put up unemployment ("temporarily" of course).[21]

Rather like Britain, Frank's health was fluctuating and when Vinŕ Clarke returned to the Circle after two decades of absence he was surprised to find this thin version of Frank still there "a little distant and still working on his history (of Fantasy) ... Frank wasn't really known to the buzy youngsters of present-day fandom; he was a figure

seated at the side at the pub gatherings, sometimes chatting to a newcomer, and always left early, about 8:30."

As Frank's health slowly returned he set about finding new book sources and interesting 'watering holes' such as The Bouncing Banker, "a glorious pub in the vaults under the left-hand tower (of Canon Street Station) -- you've never seen anything like it." He increased his social activities by attending the BSFA's monthly London pub meetings and kept up his interest in the World Wildlife Fund while renewing his fascination with the Crystal Palace, a pinnacle of Victorian architecture (devastated by fire in 1936) that one public minded group was hoping to rebuild. He even got out to The Oval to watch England play in a Test Match and was further rewarded by the sight of the Queen who had come to watch half a day's play.

Most Saturdays he would take the bus to one east London location or another to do the weekly shopping and sometimes he would journey to his birthplace, East Ham, always having lunch at the same cafe in Manor Park.

21 -----

Despite what the U.S. media might say, it is fair to underline that Mrs. Thatcher only managed to hang on to her near dictatorial power by virtue of the 'first past the post' electoral system, which denies proportional representation. (When there is a close finish one party can find itself with the most votes but watching its rival take power simply because it got more seats, which is precisely what has happened twice, once in the sixties and once in the seventies.) This system also has always denied the third party its fair share of representation. In fact, in the next two elections far more people voted against the Tories than voted for them. The first also sealed Michael Foot's fate as this century's second leader of the opposition never to have become Prime Minister.



Frank entertained some fanciful thoughts of getting a flat in East Ham but with the Joneses being as good as family to him it is doubtful that he ever gave the idea any serious consideration.

He also renewed his subscription to *Private Eye*, a satirical weekly and scandal rag that suffered from inconsistent writing, repeating the same joke ad nauseam and generally digging its claws into its victims and keeping its talons entrenched even when all humor had been bled from the carcass. It was said that if one hoped to get on the *Private Eye* hate list one should be at least semi-successful, however to guarantee it you needed to be at least semi-successful and Jewish. For all that, very few people claimed *Private Eye* was anti-Semitic. Frank stayed critical but was always quick to point out an exceptionally witty or biting piece of humor.

Frank himself could have a biting wit; As 1984 closed with Thatcher steadily dismantling nationalization and turning Britain into a 'little America', Frank wrote "History has had the last laugh on Orwell. Instead of Big Brother we got Big Sister."

By then Frank had regained most of his weight, but despite bordering on rotund his skin still seemed to be too big a fit.

His lower eyelids especially hung away like piscina fonts on a church wall, gathering water that eventually overflowed letting an incongruous tear trickle down his beaming face.

Then in January '87 there was the first major rancor in the forty-one-year history of the London Circle....

"There has been some restlessness among the natives recently, chiefly because the place gets so crowded and people say they can't breathe in the flog. So much so that a dissident departed in dudgeon one evening and set up a new meeting-ground at a big pub in Waterloo (The Wellington). But I'm one of the many who prefer the Tun, where landlords, Tim and Daphne Stewart, have always been hospitable and whom I think of as old friends. The Dissidents have said they would be glad to have me among their number, but I'm not one for deserting old friends and am not going to Waterloo unless they change the evening. Meantime, it's still the Tun for us."

Oddly enough the breaking point had come when a couple of homosexuals started kissing (times have changed) and the landlord voiced objections. Those that remained were almost entirely media-fen who had little or nothing in common with Frank who, apart from having no TV, had not been to the cinema since the sixties.

Always one to quietly question authority, especially when it is Conservative, Frank was one of the first 'men-in-the-street' to obtain a copy of the (then) banned revelatory *SPYCATCHER* by Peter Wright (& Paul Greengrass), but his reaction was to exclaim "What a load of codswallop it all is. A tale of phantoms and hobgoblins, of jabberwocks and bandersnatches! ... All of them, the M15 shower, were supposed to be catching the spies who were looking for atomic secrets--which didn't exist, as scanning (David) Wilson's *RUTHERFORD* will reveal ... for all the use they really are I think M15 could well be abolished."

His criticisms of *SPYCATCHER*'s precursor Chapman Pincher were even more scathing: "If (his) book on the same topic[22] is available, don't bother with it. Pincher is an old-fashioned sensationalist of the worst kind, who sees the Red Menace in every pink-elephant that dances across his nose in the small hours."

In May '87 after returning from his very first visit to the renowned Chelsea Flower Show his "dithery-dodderly convalescence" suddenly took "a bad turn for the worse."

"My insides suddenly felt as if they weighed a ton, my limbs felt like straws and I was in an all round state of collapse. I might have improved things a bit earlier if I had taken the good advice of kind Mrs. Jones and called in the Doctor. But I kept thinking--obstinate git--that if only I rested a little longer it would pass off by the weekend."

Frank was in fact "laid low" for nearly three months, during which he was totally house bound.

"Then one evening Mrs. Jones called in and noticed my feet had swollen... She insisted on calling in the Doctor, who gave me a good going over and said it was nothing worse than kidney trouble, for which he prescribed some kidney tablets.

"I had complained about strains on the heart and lungs, which had really distressed me, but he gave me a thorough cardiac examination and said both organs were in first-class condition."

When he "crawled back" to the Tun in September he received "a most heart warming welcome ... same thing happened (in October) when I went back to East Ham for the first time since Spring and was happily welcomed by my old friends at the cafe in Manor Park."

Meanwhile he was getting back to reading; apart from *SPYCATCHER* and *RUTHERFORD* there was Nigel Hamilton's *MONTY: THE FIELD MARSHALL* ("quite fascinating") and Ted Morgan's recent volume *F.D.R.* (but that was being saved as "a Christmas treat").

"I'm pleased to report that the Doctor's prescription is working, and I'm feeling chipper and chirpy again," he reported in September '87.

Then on a Saturday evening in mid-November Frank returned home after his usual Saturday sortie into east London, and before he could even remove his coat he was felled when his 'first-class' heart suffered a massive coronary.

He died intestate with no know relatives.

"His presence, with the ubiquitous book, was a part of the Tun that everyone took as part of the scenery," said Malcolm Davies, a regular at the One Tun meets himself. "I think it came as a bit of a shock to find out that he wasn't."

It was left to Vinç Clarke to help Mrs. Jones sort through Frank's papers and tidy up all the loose ends. Said Vinç: "It looked as though he never threw away anything written; I found some letters from wartime, for instance, from Sam Youd."

Much to Vinç's growing astonishment it became increasingly evident that among all those papers there was not one page of Frank's much lauded *History of Fantasy*.

But if one were to think badly of Frank for his phantom major opus and his bravado, one should also compliment him for knowing his own limitations, for having the honesty to know when to let others take charge and also for knowing who should take charge.

If Frank has a place in the history of SF it is just as a footnote but it would recall that when he stepped aside and suggested Ted Carnell should edit *New Worlds* that set in motion the series of events that would make that magazine the mainstay of British SF during the fifties and sixties, without which there would have been no New Wave which re-directed the path of many top SF writers and left a lasting influence on the genre.

And Frank would have puffed up his chest with pride, beamed and said: "Not to mince words, a splendid footnote, at that!"



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PERSONAL NOTE:  
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Procrastination and unfulfilled schemes are the unseen debris of everybody's life. Back in '73/'74 when I was helping Bob and Mary Smith edit Blunt they came up with the brilliant idea of creating a special issue about Frank. We could reprint a couple of his articles and one of his short stories and get some friends from over the ages to write different pieces about him. It probably was not going to be the greatest fanzine of all time but if we could get him to sit down in front of a tape recorder and talk about the early days of SF, the London Circle, his time in the Home Front and on Fleet Street, then the transcript would make really interesting reading.

BLUNT proved to be too expensive and too time consuming. The idea was dropped.

Twelve years later I thought the idea of getting a permanent record of Frank's tales was well worth pursuing. But on returning to Britain, the one day we met again was eaten up by book hunting and meeting other friends. Needless to say there was not a tape recorder in sight.

So his tales of midnight military maneuvers through Epping Forest and the sweat-house atmosphere of Fleet Street are gone forever and instead this has been my patch-work portrait of Frank, a good drinking companion, a fine teller of tales and a dear friend.

---Dave Rowe 1990-III-38



Dave Rowe and Frank Arnold, London, 1986

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Thanks:  
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Practically every quote about Frank came from correspondence written by his friends specifically to help me tell his story. For that and other help my sincere thanks go to Jill Armstrong-Bridges, Mike Ashley, Syd Bounds (Sydney J. Bounds), Arthur C. Clarke, Arthur (1/2r) Cruttenden, Malcolm Davies, Carolyn Doyle, Ethel Lindsay, Ted Tubb (E.C. Tubb) and Sam Youd (John Christopher).

And I wish to give an extra special thank you to Vinç Clarke and Irene Jones, without whom most of this story would never have been written. They just kept coming up with more and more information, time and time again. To you all... THANKS.

---Dave Rowe 1991-VIII-11  
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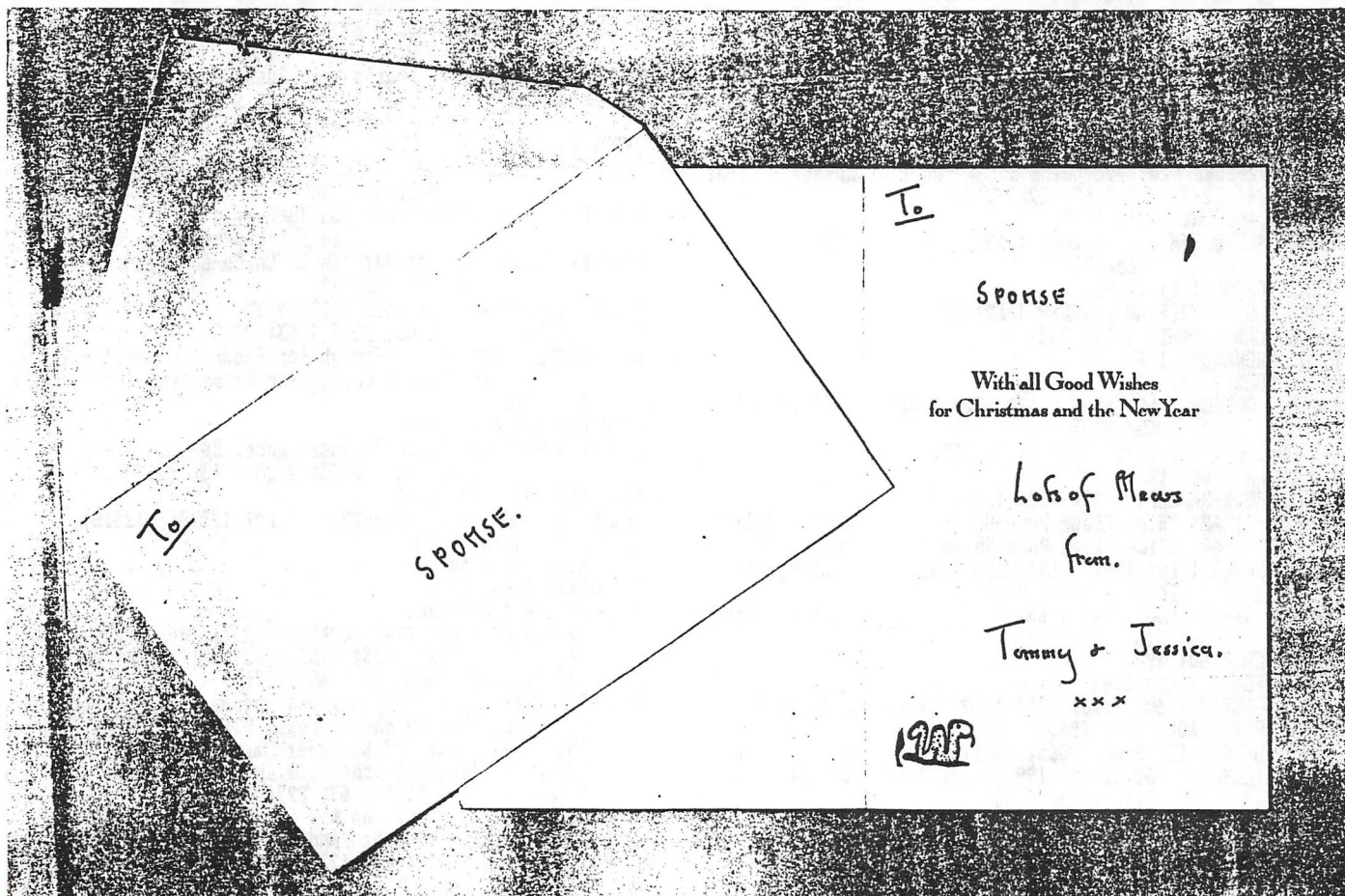


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...and now, Your Homework Assignment:

Back in the '70s I ran several "Egoboo Polls", partially, I suppose to 'second-guess' myself...but mainly to give my Contributors another chance at some well-deserved Egoboo. The 6 Issues/378 pages indexed above contain some neat material, and I have my favorites--but.... You herewith "have" 50 pages to Build Your Own *OUTWORLD*s, out of those 380. List it out in your LoC, send me thumbnails, Xerox-your-ish.... Humor me, amuse me...test my ability to correlate. This is your chance!





# MUMPS

by  
Derek  
Parks-Carter

## WELCOME TO HARD TIMES AND CHAPTER THREE

© copyright 1981;  
1992

THE "WILLIAM R. I" HAS BROUGHT OUR TWO  
EXCUSES FOR HEROES TO AN UNAMED PLANET IN  
A GALAXY NOT FAR FROM HERE. IN THE  
SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE (OR OUTRIGHT  
STUPIDITY) THEY ARE EXPLORING THE  
SURFACE OF THEIR LATEST LANDFALL...

SUDDENLY (AND WHY NOT!)...

# ROAR!

RUN! RUN! OR  
ELSE WE ARE DUNED!

SEND AN  
S.O.S.!!

AN S.O.S.?

YEAH...  
SAVE  
OUR  
SCOTCH...  
PLEASE

MIKE! STOP!  
LISTEN!

WHAT? NO  
"LOOK"?

LISTEN... THAT MONSTER  
IS SINGING !!

SO? ATTILA THE HUN  
WAS SAID TO LOVE  
HIS MUM - DIDN'T  
STOP HIM FROM

RAVAGING  
EUROPE.

LOOK, YOU REPOSITORY  
OF USELESS AND  
UNWANTED TRIVIA  
IF IT'S SINGING I  
DOUBT IT WILL  
ATTACK US !!

ER - WHY NOT? - A?

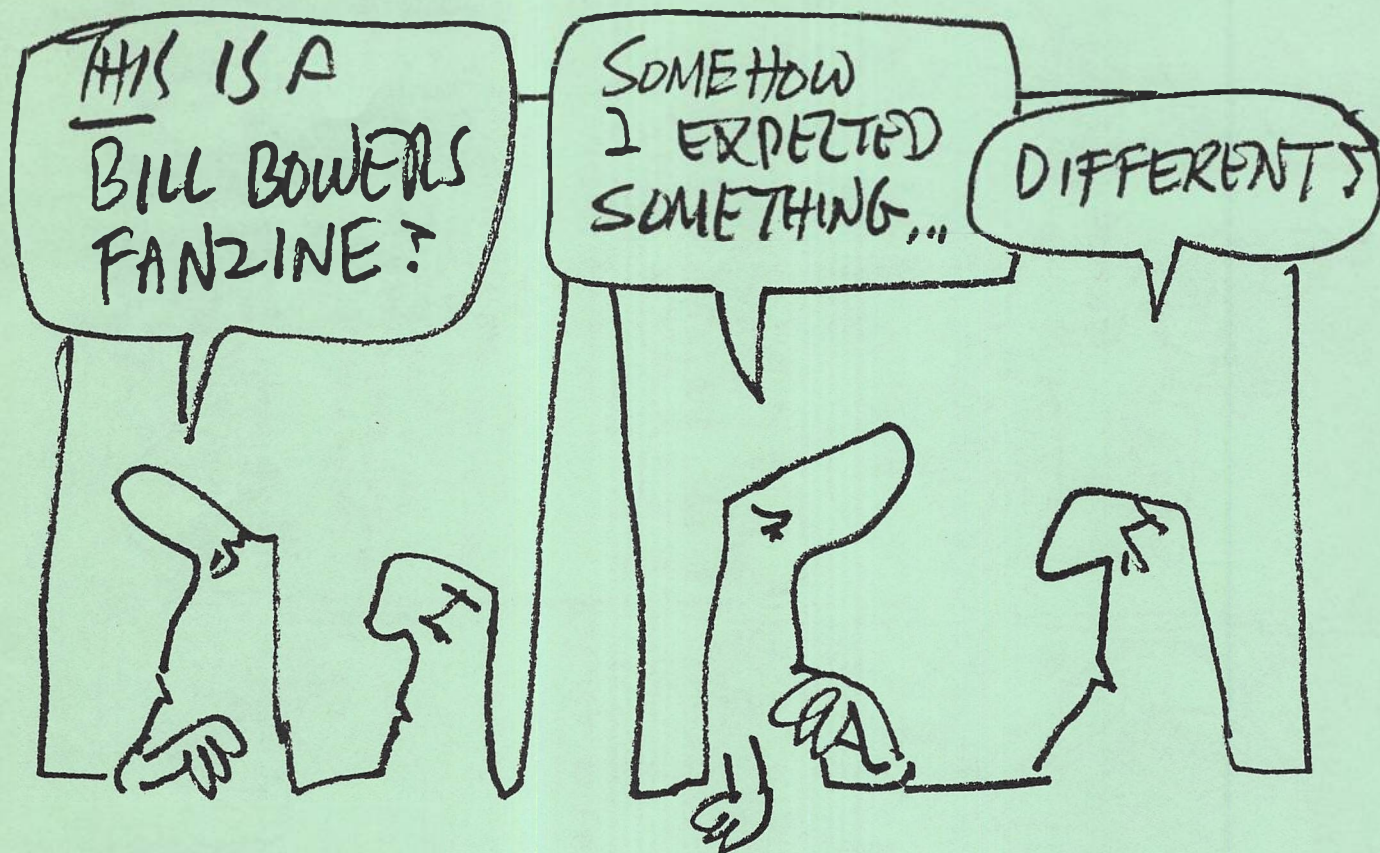
HAVE SOME  
MADEIRA  
'M'DEAR'  
!!

BECAUSE IT'S  
A  
FILK  
WORM.

I WONDER  
IF IT  
KNOWS ANY  
SCOTCH  
BALLADS...  
OR BARS...

TO BE  
CONTINUED





UTWORLD 65