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Presenting...

Outworlds V



OUTWORLDS V

BILL & JOAN BOWERS : P.O. BOX 87 : BARBERTON : OHIO : 44203

...publish this amateur journal for various reasons -- but mainly for the Egoboo it brings us. *Outworlds* is sometimes Serious and from time to time, Pretentious; but don't count on either as being fixed Editorial Policy. However, why do anything the simple way...when the hard way is so much more fun? *Outworlds* is available for the Contribution of beautiful material...and in various other ways. [These other ways are listed in the current Flyer--to keep the crap out of the magazine proper.] We firmly support the following: TERRY JEEVES for TAFF; MONTREAL in 74; AUSTRALIA in 75 and AKRON in some other alternate Universe. All letters received are subject to publication, unless plainly marked otherwise. They are also subject to non-publication, at the option of the Editor, who plays God in this particular area. On the whole, though, he is rather Modest and Unassuming. This is the Second Series of the *Outworlds* [Year One; Part Five]. Once again, it is Edited, and...

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BILL WOLFENBARGER : Good News from Whites Place

Seven o'clock sun wakes me hopeful from the bed, sunshine over mattress over me. Beautiful day! I brew coffee, wiping thick sleepers from my lids.

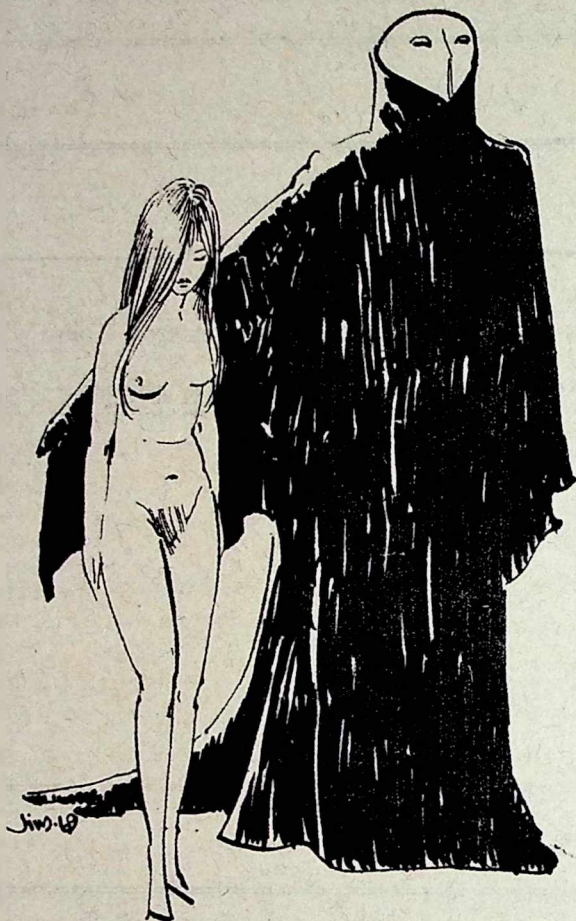
Ah Loretta home from hospital work now, nearly eight o'clock & sunlight streams thru threshold; hitchhiking to Illinois State University auditorium friday July 31, 1970 for freak presentation of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's *Assassination Raga* with poem music slides motion-picture attentive audience. Very heavy & very progressional. Scenes & sounds which stay consciously in the mind. Favorite motion-picture scene in mind of a young man with a kitchen knife at his head, eyes shut, ball-point pen sticking out his mouth. Bald aroma of the JFK assassination, among others. Music raga combined with sweet crisis.

Afterwards, a short walk to The Cage & The Red Room cafeteria-lounge for chats. A trip to the bank. A trip to the ice cream parlor for peach & chocolate. The mind of Lawrence Ferlinghetti still on my mind.

A good ride hitching home & up the white faded 38 wooden steps 3rd floor 24 Whites Place & sweet Loretta fixes lunch --- noon --- me reading Samuel Taylor Coleridge in poems . . . Loretta off to bed & deep sleep, fan blowing on her body thru the stickiness of this day Bloomington Illinois, moments in Time, moments in Illusion, a mind drama fantasy sunstruck reverie of trees taking human shape & dancing thru the radiance of their joy.

----- BILL WOLFENBARGER

----- September/October



TED PAULS : a column : Est Modus in Rebus

It seems to me to be useful in initiating this new *Outworlds* column to begin with a few general observations on my approach to SF criticism, what this column will attempt to achieve and, equally if not more important, what it will resolutely avoid doing. The title is a Latin motto meaning "There is a medium in all things", and that statement pretty fairly delineates several aspects of my approach to reviewing. Reviewers of speculative fiction, like critics in general, appear to be roughly divided into two schools, one holding that reviews should be aimed at those who have not read the book under consideration and intended to guide them in deciding whether or not to read it; the other viewing the function of the critic to be in-depth analysis for the benefit, primarily, of those who have already read the book. In general, I attempt to combine these approaches. This sometimes results, in practice, in either reviews so

oriented toward those who haven't read the book as to contain nothing worthwhile for those who have, or so oriented toward those familiar with the volume in question as to be incomprehensible to others. However, we can hope that at least a healthy percentage of the time the result will be reviews containing something of interest to both groups.

Est Modus in Rebus will endeavor to consider individual books and authors solely on their own merits. It will not become a podium for partisan involvement in transitory disputes such as Piers Anthony vs. Wilson Tucker, Perry Chapdelaine vs. the SFWA, or New Thing vs. Old Wave; particularly the latter. Damon Knight offered some remarks in the February 1967 issue of *Habakkuk* that this column will adopt as its virtual credo:

...it strikes me that s.f. fans and critics shake sown into the usual three groups, the Conservatives, the Middle-of-the-Roaders and the Radicals.

On the right, you have people who read s.f. for a specific kind of kick, as mystery and western addicts do, and who could not care less whether the stuff has any literary quality or not. The far-left attitude is just the opposite: What matters is the literary quality, and if the specific s.f. stuff gets left out, who cares?

As you will have guessed, I am a Middle-of-the-Roader. I maintain that s.f. can have both kinds of values, and I tend to believe, rightly or wrongly, that it is dangerous and degrading to leave either one out. I want more critical recognition for s.f., but not at the expense of the things that distinguish it from other kinds of fiction.

These categories, however, like most categories, are only approximate, and I reserve the right to like both Keith Laumer and J.G. Ballard...

The present writer subscribes wholeheartedly to this statement, except for the final sentence. For my part, I reserve the right to dislike both Laumer and Ballard, the former because he is a hack who writes three second-rate stories in the time he ought to be devoting to one first-rate one, the latter because he is a pretentious artiste who trades on a highly one-dimensional aspect of literary ability in which he excels and looks down on better, more fully-developed writers who don't happen to share his particular trick; an intellectual ear-wiggler.

The book review column intends to be fair, and ideally this goal should be furthered by having the author dispense with all his personal prejudices at the outset. Since this is clearly impossible, it's at least incumbent upon me to give you, the readers, some idea as to what these prejudices are so that you can add grains of salt where necessary. I have a weakness for certain types of SF and fantasy--adult fairy tales, such as the Pratt - de Camp *LAND OF UNREASON* or, to cite a more contemporary example, Avram Davidson's *THE ISLAND UNDER THE EARTH*; stories told in the style and atmosphere of a myth or saga, e.g., some of the work of LeGuin, Andre Norton, Stableford, etc.; stories featuring a feudal or pseudo-feudal setting, with a strong period atmosphere and noblesse oblige orientation -- and may overlook deficiencies in them that I would not tolerate in other types of SF/fantasy. I also have, in the area of straight science fiction, a strong liking for the planetary exploration and First Contact themes; but in those cases, rather than make allowances for defects, I tend to demand an even higher than normal standard of excellence. My prejudices in the other direction are as pronounced, but less relevant to this column for one simple reason: The types of SF/fantasy that I don't care for--heavy, ponderous fantasy of the Clark Ashton Smith-H.P. Lovecraft-George Allan England variety, material of the Conan and Thongor sort, and one-punch short stories -- I rarely bother to read or review, so you are unlikely to notice any examples of those personal prejudices.

One final note, before we move on to a couple of books. Writers who feel themselves unfairly handled in *Est Modus in Rebus* may not find this much of a consolation, but no matter how much I may criticize a title, nothing will be reviewed in this column unless the reviewer believes it has some merit. Like all reviewers, I occasionally enjoy working off my aggressions and looking clever at the expense of the latest abomination by George H. Smith or Kenneth Bulmer, but I will continue to do it elsewhere than here. I may review a poor book here, but it will be one whose author has done better or (if a newcomer) can be expected to do better. I will not waste *Outworlds* space on hopeless garbage.



As one of the few writers in our genre to achieve recognition by mainstream critics. Ray Bradbury automatically requires a certain amount of respect. His ability as a literary artist is due another full helping of respect. Yet, I have never been able to avoid the conviction that there is something fundamentally disappointing about the work of Ray Bradbury and I believe that, with the reading of his most recent collection of short stories, *I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC* [KNOPF] -- I have finally discovered what it is: Too many of his stories are empty.

Over several decades, Bradbury has effectively mastered certain techniques of 'slick' fiction, to the extent that nowadays a Bradbury short story is far more congruous in the pages of *McCall's* than, say, *Galaxy* or even *F&SF*. This in itself is not objectionable, save to critics who somehow find it distasteful for an SF writer to appear in *Playboy* and not be labelled as an SF writer. The problem is that this mastery of technique is all too frequently employed to substitute for rather than to enhance Bradbury's considerable poetic ability. The author's masterful technique can make readable everything that Ray Bradbury writes; but there's a difference between "readable" and "worth reading". This reader, at least, feels that he has been cheated when that style and technique is used to illuminate a story so devoid of content that practically no other writer in the field could get away with submitting it. Bradbury, unfortunately, writes a lot of stories like that.

I SING THE BODY ELECTRIC is therefore an anomaly, possessing both one of the highest standards of writing and one of the lowest ratios of genuinely worthwhile stories of any collection of the past few years. Of the seventeen selections in this volume, only three possess content -- depth, essence; the sensitivity of theme that would in the hands of another writer be sentimentality--worthy of their slickness of treatment ...Downwind from Gettysburg, The Haunting of the New, and the title story, *I Sing the Body Electric*. The other fourteen are minor stories dressed up by major writing, slick prose for its own sake. Pretty, but hollow.

I'd recommend this collection to any would-be writer attempting to learn brilliant technique, but I wouldn't recommend it to a reader in search of content or substance.



I have at hand an Ace Special, *AFTER THINGS FELL APART*, by Ron Goulart [ACE 00950, 75¢], which stands an excellent chance of becoming a classic example of a novel that transcends its plot, not so much because it is such a great novel -- it is good, but less than great--but because the plot is so puny and unimpressive. Essentially, it is a novel in which the Hero, an agent of an organization of the Good Guys, goes after and destroys an insidious conspiracy of the Bad Guys, or, in this case, Bad Girls. Namely, Mankill, Inc., an organization of black-clad chicks, headed by one Lady Day, that is carrying out a program of assassination of leading men in society. It sounds very much like something Ian Fleming would have written. However, what Goulart has written is not a dressed up 007 adventure, but a novel, partly satire, partly camp, which quietly but impressively constructs a portrait of social and personal relationships after, as the title quite accurately says, things fell apart.

It falls short of being the "rousing satire on tomorrow" that the blurb proclaims it to be. Satire is a very special quality of wit that involves an essential subtlety and delicacy. Designed with a heavy hand, satire becomes lampoon, and thereafter degenerates into camp. There is satire, extremely clever satire, in this novel, but less, perhaps, than the author had hoped and believed; a good many of the scenes and incidents go over the borderline dividing satire from the cruder forms of ridiculing conventions and fobibles.

The novel is set in the San Francisco Enclave some years after the collapse of the United States, and the elements making up what Joanna Russ calls "this whacky, fragmented world" are gradually paraded before the readers eyes: Street gangs that have rumbles over whose turn it is to collect tolls on the Golden Gate Bridge ... the Amateur Mafia, exactly like the real one except that no Italians are admitted...a former director of the FBI who, at the time of the dissolution of the USA, liberated a computer and much of the Bureau's files and, with several of his best agents, drove cross-country to California and opened a motel, which he runs exactly as he ran the Bureau...the Republic of Southern California, which hasn't been doing so well since the Chinese invasion...the Nixon Institute, a foundation headed by the former President, which is dedicated to keeping alive pop culture and also dabbles in the white slavery racket on the side...you get the idea.

There are some marvelous "pieces of business" (as comedy writers call them) in *AFTER THINGS FELL APART*. For example, this exchange:

"I'm a little woozy." Doc Stoner tugged at the brim of her sombrero and yanked it off. She fell sideways and banged against the bar. "This is interesting."

"You didn't unfasten your hat. It's still tied under your chin."

A husband and wife arguing:

"What you'd really like to see, you'd like to see me devoured by some wild beast."

"No, I wouldn't have to see it. I could only hear it in the far off distance or even read about it the next day in the newspaper and I'd be happy."

And here a sheriff is calmly debating with a group of teenagers whether they should be permitted to set fire to one of his deputies:

"No immolations, no conflagrations," pointed out the sheriff. "Everybody agreed on that. Now if it was just up to me, kids, I'd say okey dokey, light him up for a couple of minutes. So long as you snuffed him out before he got seriously burned. See, but I got the city fathers to think about and a lot of other prominent people in the area."

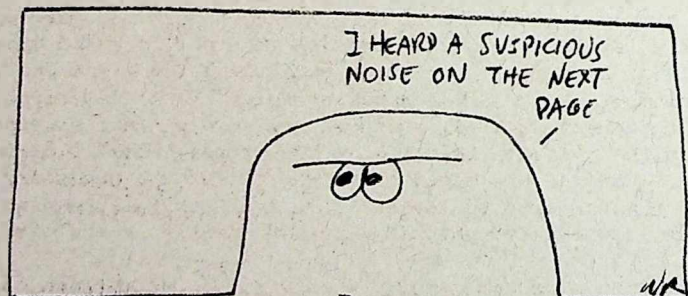
"Frick the prominent people," said a silver haired girl. "We thought you meant we couldn't set ourselves on fire."

"I knocked him down," said the blonde boy. "I don't see why I don't get to do what I want with him."

AFTER THINGS FELL APART is well-written throughout. As one who finds Goulart's short stories frequently pointless and dull, I was very favorably impressed by his ability to maintain interest and pacing over 190 pages. Characterization is one of the novel's weaker areas. Only one character, the crude-talking and extremely horny Joel La Penna, the hero's fellow agent, emerges as a memorable individual, and that is largely a matter of single-dimension exaggeration. Even some of the minor characters are more vividly drawn than the hero, James Haley, and the other major character, Penny Deacon. However, while the characters are not particularly strong individually, Goulart does do an extremely fine job of handling the relationship between Haley and Penny.

Most of all, though, it is funny -- a wild, zany look at a possible future; as Joanna Russ puts it in her comments on the back cover, AFTER THINGS FELL APART is "a little like a wienie stand in Hell". By all means add this Ace Special to your library.

----- TED PAULS





 ALEXIS A. GILLILAND : The Pornography of Science Fiction

It seems to me that pornographers are missing a good bet in failing to use the resources of science fiction. Not merely as background or incidental color; but as the main thrust of the story. Pornographers have been doing men and women for years, and have, indeed, conjured up some novel fantasies back in the days of ancient Greece. Centaurs, fauns, harpies and dryads to name a few.

However, both real and fanciful creatures have been topologically identical, in that they permit only linear connection, and hence can be arranged in only linear orgies. What is needed is a species that will permit ... nay, encourage ... a non-linear or branched chain orgy.

Consider, please, the Plurans, so called for their plural possible connections. Plurans (does Plooran look better? Yes.)...Ploorans are a race of hermaphroditic marsupials with erectile tails and prehensile probosci. For good measure the pouch, a natural location for erogenous zones, may be everted, like a pocket turned inside out. We have ourselves a race with four female connections and four male connections per unit...counting the evertable pouch in both configurations. Despite the lack of sexual differentiation the possibilities for a branched chain (or even a three-dimensional latticework) orgy are quite exciting.

This is by no means simple to describe, either. Pornographers may very well find themselves using carefully labeled tinkertoy models in order to avoid gross geometrical impossibilities. As, for instance: "...Tharg, its tail hotly erect and turgidly quivering, thrust home into the warm, moist, plushy pouch of the beautiful Gosk!" Which is splendid, except that neither Tharg nor Gosk can move without disrupting a hexagonal packed lattice of their fellow beings. So the writer, whose plot imperatives require the connection, studies his model so he can effect the necessary displacements which will culminate in star-crossed lovers Tharg and Gosk tailpouching. As probosci, penii, erectile tails and everted pouches wave indignantly in the air.

Clearly, the Ploorans must approach an orgy with careful calculation, and the initial jockeying for position is undoubtedly great fun. Since all positions are not equal,



either socially or sexually, our pornographer is going to have to make subtle and elusive value judgments as to what constitutes a Plooran perversion. The insertion of a probosci up an anus has got to be disgusting, even by Plooran standards...and once there, to blow one's nose ... gak! utterly unspeakable. Other distinctions, however, are likely to be somewhat arbitrary.

Basically what is being done is the structuring of a hierarchy of sexual behavior so that our pornographer can put his erotic connections in proper order. Is nose-mouthing likely to be stimulating? What about nose-mouthing while holding tails? The problem is to titillate the reader without boring or confusing him, a considerable feat of writing in the circumstances.

Should our pornographer find himself in difficulty (a not unlikely situation) he can always introduce a few humans. A captured space explorer ... none of your Aldrin or Armstrong types, but the beautiful stowaway...is good. She can scream as alien hands remove her brass bra, and cower as strange things grope for her non-existent pouch.

"For goodness sakes!" exclaimed Captain Kirque, pushing through the underbrush, "Whats got into her?"

"Don't say a word," cautioned Lieutenant A'Hura, "I'm getting the hussy...I mean the ceremony...on videotape."

"Commendable. Scientific and commendable, Lieutenant." He spoke softly into his command phone. "Miss Blandish! Are you taking notes?"

There are great possibilities for cataloging social, societal and sexual behavior, and while it may not be exactly human behavior, this is probably true of most pornography.

----- ALEXIS A. GILLILAND

Thoughts While Typing... : which is by way of being a series of snippets
from the diary-journal-working auto-biography of : GREG BENFORD

Joan and I left June 13 for a two week vacation in Washington and Canada. The ostensible reason for my going up to Seattle was a physics conference in Issaquah--a town outside Seattle. The conference was in a Catholic nun's school (college) now standing vacant; all the nuns go to jest-plain-folks colleges now. It was an excellent place. Tennis courts and a gym and pool and gaming rooms. The usual physics meeting is spent in hotels that reek of cigar smoke from the last used car salesman con that was held there. Issaquah is out in the boondocks and surrounded by evergreen trees.

We spent the weekend with the Busbies in Seattle, quite a fun thing to do. Saw the Alan Nourse's. He is a quite interesting person. I'm always surprised that he eats and drinks and smokes to excess, just like the rest of us, though he's an M.D. I suppose I expect doctors to be less hypocritical and more saintly. Anyway, after the weekend I spent five days talking about the mystical aspects of relativistic electron beams and Joan slept, read and ate. It was a good, informative conference, with doses of egoboo for me. Buz and Elinor Busby thought the scientists they saw while they were dropping us off seemed quite square. I had to stop a moment and readjust my thinking; I'm not used to thinking of the people I work with as social animals at all, so their essential squareness hadn't occurred to me. But they are, yes. Earnest, nose-to-the-grindstone, and often ambitious. At this conference I did a good bit of kibitzing -- that is, asking questions of the speaker, making comments to the audience, etc. (things were structured to encourage this) -- and noted for the first time the sociology of it. Kibitzing is done by about 5% of the audience and most of it is indirect self-advertising. It shows you're familiar with a broad range of physics and can hold your own in an argument (which sometimes arise). I can see how to do it -- with preparation it's not hard -- and know it's just another social game, but I don't have contempt for it. Kibitzing is just another competitive sport and I've always enjoyed those, so...

We left Issaquah and took a train from Seattle to Vancouver, B.C. It's a hip town, very much like San Francisco in temperament and climate. Here and throughout our vacation we walked. It was a repeat of last summer, when we seemingly walked all the way across the British Isles. It's the only way to really see a city. I was surprised at the high prices in Vancouver; maybe our travels in Japan and Europe have accustomed us to cheap vacations. In fact, the one week we spent in Canada (and later in the US) was twice as expensive as our average week last year in England. And we don't eat in cheap places or necessarily skimp on anything. North America is just a costly place to holiday, I guess.

Vancouver was somewhat British but mostly American. I could get Guinness stout and we found a very Englishy Indian restaurant, but most styles, films, books and even accents were American. We crossed by ferry to Vancouver Island and took a train into Victoria, which (although just across the Strait from Seattle) is more British -- but that may be because of the tourist trade. Victoria was low-key compared to Vancouver but we needed the rest. We walked through a good portion of it and Joan bought some excellent Scottish sweaters. There's a fabulous Victorian hotel in Victoria, the Empress, that reeks with atmosphere. We didn't stay there, since a double was \$25, but we had drinks in The Library (a bar) and watched the ancient people who could afford to stay in the hotel creep through the cushy foyer. Very English, etc.

Of late I've been studying projectors of the decline in environment and standard of living in the USA. Nothing too specific--you can't guess that well--but the general malaise that will arise from shortening resources and lengthening demands. Maybe in 5 to 10 years it will be time for prudent people to split, leave the country. Canada may be a refuge then, but not, I think, very long. It's on the same continent as the USA and we will dirty the water around us. But this trip has made me look anew at Canada as a possibility within 3 to 5 years, because the B.C. area is lovely. Think I could leave the USA, and make it stick. These are desperate times.

* * *

As time goes on I have more respect for the person who is well-informed in all directions, can make estimates and comparisons easily, knows a hawk from a handsaw, etc. Until the last few years I thought the only worthy intelligence was of the deepest variety. Thus I studied physics and became a theoretician. But now I respect a broad grasp of Man and his Functions. In the Science in SF series I've learned a lot and felt how good it is to really understand a lot of real, honest-to-God occurrences.



I wonder if every writer whilst partway through a novel thinks it's crap? I do. I remarked to Chip Delany recently that when all was said and done I didn't count on anything I wrote being really good, that I would never know the truth of the matter anyway. History is no better judge than, say, 24 people in the SFWA. And many good works have been forgotten. So I write for myself, try to communicate and gratefully accept any extras in money or applause that come my way, without for a moment believing a word of it. Or so I say now. Maybe next year I will fiercely defend every word I've written as Immortal Truth.

Such thoughts are occasioned by receipt of my first novel from Good Old Ace Books. Still haven't gotten the \$500 that Good Old Ace Books owes me, but we true artists disregard these things. I had thought getting my first book would be a Big Thrill but for some reason I couldn't Get It Up for the occasion. Five minutes after it arrived (by tramp steamer, taking two weeks from New York) I found myself browsing through a magazine that came in the same post. Part of this outre reaction was the terrible cover, crammed pages, dropped chapter headings, typos and copyreader's changes. It will be a cold and desperate day before Don Wollheim prints another book of mine. If this were an ordinary first novel I suppose I would mind just as much, but the novellette upon which it is based has done rather well for itself and I would have thought a better package appropriate; it might have even made Ace more money. (All the short-listing for the Nebula and Hugo has been nice, but I have yet to make a cent more from Deeper Than the Darkness than the 2¢ a word Ed Ferman paid me. So much for the impact of awards on pocketbooks.)

* * *

I read an interesting scientific paper lately, called New Correlation Between a Human Subject and a Quantum Mechanical Random Number Generator. (This is my light, bedtime reading, of course.) The point of it is that for the first time somebody (at Boeing in Seattle) has done a careful study of telepathy, or more accurately, precognition. The statistics involved are formidable and as far as I can tell correct. As the abstract concludes, "It is tentatively concluded that there exists a weak but significant correlation between the statistical processes operative in these experiments and the experimenter who initiates the process." The experiment comprised lights that went on at random, and people who tried to either predict which would light up or make one of them light up more than the others. It's impressive work, and the best evidence I've seen thus far for psi. An unusual scientific paper...the author, Helmut Schmidt, keeps everything terribly objective, but allows footnotes like "In this experiment the subject himself believed that he caused the red lamp to light by force of will."



Ursula LeGuin had a pretty good story in the November 1969 *Playboy* about clones, and as a twin I was interested. She'd mentioned it in an earlier letter.

I very much appreciate your kind words about *Left Hand*. Both kind and just. I have got some peculiar reactions to that book, and was about resolved to keep away from *S*X* (literary) for a while, when *Playboy* accepted a story of mine, under the impression that I was a man, and so I had to break the ghastly news to them, and they reeled but recovered, under the condition that I let them pretend I am a man because if I am a woman the readers of *Playboy* will be frightened and angry. Oh baby. Well, please do watch for the November issue--the centerfold, of course.

The story itself--*Nine Lives*--was pretty good. Perhaps Hefner felt he was being terribly broad-minded by letting a lowly woman into his magazine. *Nine Lives* ran with only Ursula's first two initials and in the lead-in section, *Playbill*, there appears:

Our third story, *Nine Lives*, marks the *Playboy* debut of science-fictioneer U. K. LeGuin, who cryptically tells us: "It is commonly suspected that the writings of U. K. LeGuin are not actually written by U.K. LeGuin but by another person of the same name."

There are days when I think Women's Lib has a far better case than even they suspect. U.K., indeed.

----- GREG BENFORD

JODIE OFFUTT : review : Son of *Planet of the Apes*

Planet of the Apes was a good movie. I will even go so far as to say (Horrors!) that I liked it better than *2001*. The acting was fine, the costuming and makeup were superb, and the messages were there for those who noticed, or cared to.

A sequel to any movie is, after all, a sequel. Not too many have been successful. *Beneath the Planet of the Apes* had one thing going for it: The first movie. The screenplay was by Paul Delin from a story by Delin and Mort Abrahams, based on Pierre Boulle's characters in the 1963 novel.

There is no way to avoid comparing the two movies. *BENEATH* invites comparison by using the same scenes, sets, actors and all the rest. Unfortunately, Delin and Abrahams couldn't come up with enough plot to sustain a sequel. They let Boulle's characters down...not to mention the rest of us.

The acting in *BENEATH* is just as good as in the first one. James Franciscus does a fine job as Brent, the astronaut sent in search of Taylor (Charlton Heston). Whether Franciscus has the ability to handle the more sophisticated, tender and truly acting scenes as well as Heston did in *POTA* doesn't matter. There aren't any.

The rest of the cast is the same: Maurice Evans as the Minister of Science; Kim Hunter as Zira, wiggling her cute little nose with chimpish charm; Cornelius, now married to Zira, is his old jumpy self, a bit nervous--I think he overdid it a little--and Linda Harrison as Nova, the girl who latched onto Heston in the first movie and switches to Franciscus in this one. Nova spends most of the movie showing off her beautiful body and long legs and trying to decide: To talk or not to talk. Franciscus doesn't have a bad bod, either, once he gets out of his space suit.

The movie opens with the last couple of scenes from *POTA*. Now there's an old sequel trick: Padding. (Back when we used to go up to the Christian church basement on Friday nights for the *Jungle Jim* serials we used the first scene to decide who was really going to sit next to whom now that the lights are out.) Then we switch to Brent, beside his crashed space ship, wondering where the hell he is. Along comes Nova, sans Taylor (but wearing his dogtags), and the two of them make their way to Ape City. It goes on from there.

And it's the same old six and seven. Franciscus goes through the double takes and peeping through the bushes at the apes and gorillas just as Heston did. There are a couple of funny scenes and some good lines. For instance: Zira, as she patches up a wound in his arm (an ingenious way to disguise his vaccination), tells Franciscus that she is, among other things, a trained vet. He merely rolls his beautiful blue eyes and shakes his head

The superiority of the makeup and costuming is very much in evidence in a 2 or 3-minute scene between Evans and the Head Gorilla which takes place in a steam room. (The H.G. was imaginatively named *Ursus*. Mister Bear Gorilla!)

But there is no scene that comes close to Heston's shaking those bars and shouting, "It's a maaaaad house!" nor the one in which he yelled, "Get your lousy hands off me, you damned APE!" (Everybody in the theater cheered.) Both scenes were in the parent

movie. There was no way to equal them; it was the first time for the audience. In BENEATH...well, we'd been there before.

The padding becomes obvious and boring during the first part of the film. There is a hunt-and-chase through the woods with a Tarzanian flavor, a run-away horse and buggy right out of a Western, and some science fiction gimmickry, very elementary and unsatisfying, I thought.

As I said, there's just not a lot of plot.

When we finally get to the BENEATH part the sets are really fine and well-done, but the story (such as it is) takes a turn for the worse. It has a strong religious tone which, frankly, put me off. (It's a personal thing -- I don't care for religious stories.)

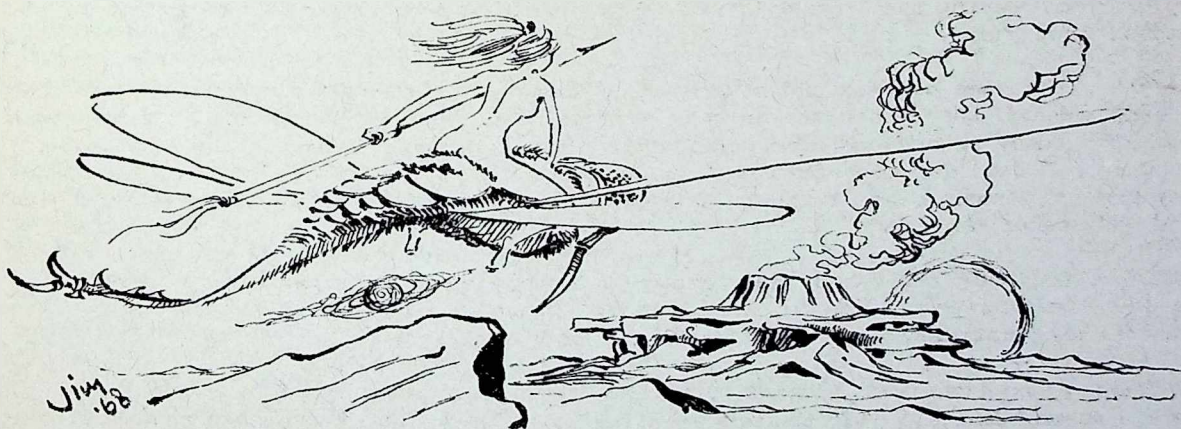
What we have is another culture with a Star Trek/Mr. Spock feel about it. Once again, though, the makeup is very good. This bunch prays a lot and says things like "Holy Fallout" and "Sign of the Divine Bomb" and so on. When Franciscus at last finds Heston, he tells him there's a bomb on the premises. "And they pray to the damned thing!" he says with more eye-rolling and head-shaking. (He does it well.)

Well, we finally get to the Big Finish, by way of a lot of fighting and destruction, including one particular fight scene that is disgustingly too long and drawn out. (More padding.) Mercifully for Mr. Boulle's creations, the movie ends. With a bang, not a whimper.

Aside from its lack of plot, the movie's worst fault is its message-delivering. Make that MESSAGES. It was really heavy-handed. I mean, when a group of young chimps turns out to protest the gorillas going off to war, you'd think they'd come up with something a little more original and different than signs that say "Make Peace, Not War." They rub your nose in it. Over and over.

If you've seen *Planet of the Apes*, you'll want to see this one, too. But if somebody calls you and invites you to a party the night you plan to see it, go to the party. Catch the movie next time around. There's no hurry.

----- JODIE OFFUTT





 JERRY KAUFMAN : Birth of the Giant Baby

Some people take their fanzines seriously. They try different grades of paper, different typefaces, different methods of repro. They read and reread contributions, edit and reedit letters, return badly offset art to the printer for just one more try. More than this, they set themselves goals to reach, invent reasons for publishing, or adopt a philosophy to fulfill. Once in a great while the goals are worth reaching, the reasons are logically or emotionally valid, the philosophy is consistent and satisfying. Once in a great while a person comes along with a fanzine that can reach goals, fulfill a philosophy. Ray Fisher was the man and *Odd* was the fanzine.

I sound very serious, even solemn. I don't intend to be hushed with awe or grave with worship. *Odd* was never solemn, hushed or grave.

Odd was a fanzine that tried to be "life-oriented", as Ray put it. It grew into a celebration of breath, song, movement and beauty, and a firm opposition to oppression, hatred, and sluggishness. By the last issue, *Odd* was a smooth flow of paper moving in a spiritual analogy to the blood in the bodies of all who wrote for it, drew for it or read it; to extend the analogy, *Odd* took something old and tired from everyone involved in it, and gave everyone something new and lively.

Odd was a unit. All the parts worked together as the parts of the body work together. The head is never likely to be confused with the heart or the hands, but all three belong together, and my head is likely to be mismatched with your hands and Bill Bowers' heart. The parts in the last issue of *Odd* were as different as hands, heart and head, but they were all from the same body. The issues before were approaching this unity, but it took time and a lot of work before Ray finally created the "visual and conceptual experience" that was his goal.

About a year and a half ago I read the last *Odd* [#20]. A year ago I wrote a history of *Odd* from #17, in which Ray vaguely defined his philosophy, to #20, in which he realized his hopes. A month ago that history finally reached Bill Bowers, who asked me to retouch it for *Outworlds*.

Outworlds is an appropriate place for a history of this sort, because Bowers seems to think of a magazine in the same way that Ray did: As an entity through time and space. A magazine isn't just the one issue in your hands, but also the issues gone before and the issues yet to come. (The issues yet to come may be difficult to talk about, but their roots are in the issue you hold.) A consistent editorial policy and a

steady editorial touch give a magazine this continuity; hopefully, the well-chosen contents of one issue will invite good material for the next issue. Of course, art and prose don't just pour in, especially to a magazine with high standards and a small audience, and the editor will have to hunt for material. Even then the material gathered has been written in the light of past issues and the editor's policy.

There are other ways in which to create a magazine with continuous existence in time as well as space. Bowers, for instance, numbers his pages from the first issue. Ray Fisher did much more. Each issue of *Odd* had a heavy-duty wrap-around cover, with both front and back cover drawings by the same artist. Inside, on pages four and five, were the index, the colophon and the art credits, tied into one coherent bundle by a complex drawing that snaked around the margins of both pages. There was always clear reproduction (three offset, one perfect mimeo). There were several continuing columns and departments: Ray's editorial, The Voice of the Turtle; the letter column, Down the Rabbit Hole; Richard Gordon's England/Britain (Ob)Scene and Observed; and several columns that appeared occasionally, like Arnie Katz' excellent fanzine criticism in Bludgeon, and Joe Haldeman's Tales from the Jolly Green Jungle.

#17 is a fortunate starting place for an examination. In The Voice of the Turtle Ray sets forth his editorial policy. *Odd* is to be "a visual and conceptual experience." The material to be printed must be "life-oriented" and "concerned with life and living." Put in words, Ray's approach is pretty vague. But expressed in ink and paper as a fanzine, Ray's ideas develop and become more precise with each issue.

There was a heavy visual appeal to all the *Odds*, but in #17 the bad and indifferent art outweighed the good. Six pages of Margaret Dominick and only half of it with any appeal, five pages of horrible illustrations for a boring article on Man and the Mammoth in America, and some dreadful spot illos in the lettercolumn and with the Ted White article were the destroyers.

The material differed widely. At one end of the spectrum was Ronald Willis' dull, scholarly article on man and mammoths. In the middle was Ted White's lucid and lively discussion of paranoia in science fiction. Ray Nelson's confessions were the best thing in the issue, engaging, surprising and wrestling with the problems of an eccentric and full life. The columns were both good, Gordon just beginning to explore the possibilities of his position and Katz being comfortable as an expert critic. Bill Bowers had a piece of exploratory fiction, and Joyce Fisher (and others) had several pieces of poetry of varying quality, all well-laid-out.

Odd #18 had some similar visual paraphernalia. Bob Jennings contributed an art portfolio of haunted, shifting shapes. Joyce's poetry was accompanied by full page illustrations by a St. Louis artist of professional standing. A series of poems called, collectively, Bestiary, was accompanied by a series of drawings that were meant to be as simple and evocative as the poems they faced. Unfortunately the poems were banal and silly, and the drawings picked up the spirit of the poems.

Two things stood out, though. Bill Bowers had a two-page drawing that hit me hard because of his use of black space with tiny lines seemingly scratched into it, to give every object in the drawing a strong eerie glow. The other thing was a comic strip by Jack Gaughan, quite funny, and right at home in *Odd* (since at its best, a comic strip is the ultimate in "visual and conceptual experience" in print). Totally visual, Jack's Us Dragons took on St. George and Tareyton cigarettes simultaneously, using the title as a pun. The Bowers marked the trend towards unconventionality in *Odd*, and the Gaughan strip was the first of many comic strips in *Odd*.

Arnie Katz provided the one piece of fannishness with Bludgeon and argued with Ray over the "visual and conceptual experience" idea. He said it wasn't compatible with the reality of *Odd*; *Odd* was falling short of the ideal. Arnie then reviewed *Light-house* to demonstrate his own idea of a well-edited fanzine. Richard Gordon recorded his impressions of America, American Authority and American Music. Youth culture (i.e., rock and anti-authoritarianism) proved to be the general limits of his column, and this one was both well written and well within the limits.

Odd #19 held signs of change and growth. The poor artists were gone from the letter-column. A comic strip by Vaughan Bode held an important position, and tested the limits of graphic possibility. It attempted to communicate through actions, while all the language in it was of Bode's own invention. Ted White talked about "the visual and conceptual experience" of s.f. packaging. Joe Haldeman wrote home about Viet Nam. The endpapers were memorials to dead fans, and a page in the center was a memorial to Martin Luther King and Robert Kennedy. Harry Warner talked about Wagner and Bob Tucker about Christ. The diversity of topic and outlook was, if not as great as life itself, as inclusive as life and death.

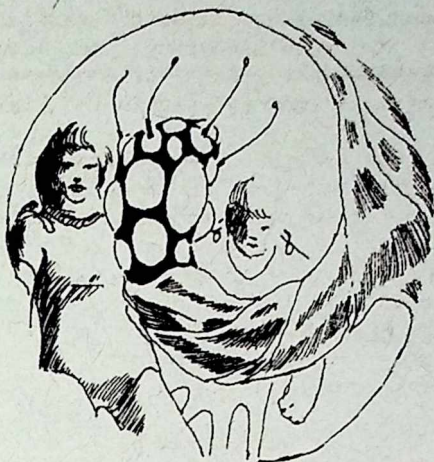
The last and best *Odd* was #20. It was an *Odd* of which over a third was devoted to comic strips. The two cartoonists of issues past, Jack Gaughan and Vaughan Bode, met in battle in these pages, in a hilarious series of give-and-take mock destructions. Mike Gilbert had several strips about an alien up against the monoliths. Sometimes confused, they too had their funny moments. Johnny Chambers had *We Dinosaurs*, springboarding from *Us Dragons* of #18. Pam Janisch's cat's-eye-view illos somehow were distinctly suited to *Odd*, expressing the *Odd* flavor perfectly. There was even a Bob Jennings portfolio.

Arnie Katz' Bludgeon wasn't in this issue, and, surprisingly, the magazine was better without it. The quality of the column isn't in question; Katz is a fine reviewer/critic. Fannishness just didn't seem at home in *Odd*. It's too parochial. The letter-column was shorter than usual, but this seemed to better balance the rest of the issue. The rest of the material, without going into detail, was all quite fitting. Only Michael Moorcock's article on the New Wave was out of place, dusty and boring.

Around the dead spot of Michael Moorcock's article was the organism of *Odd* #20. It was a totality. Ray achieved a "visual and conceptual experience" in it. In a large part, the "visual" was the medium of the comic strip, but stepping back one can see that the magazine as a whole is "visual". And the "conceptual" was the "life-orientation" Ray aimed for. *Odd* lived and breathed, and was something more than the separate issues Ray produced. Ray meant that it have this life of its own. He meant that it should be a child to him, and a person to others. *Odd* didn't achieve adulthood, really. In a culture, fandom, that has such difficulty in creating life at all, that Ray created a whole child that lived, laughed and sang on its own, is a minor miracle. And it may mean that we can learn from this, and go on to invent maturity.

----- JERRY KAUFMAN





WAYNE CONNELLY : The Eye of the Beholder

The socket stared back, eyeless. Partially submerged in the dunnish water, the silver-green corpse floated quietly in front of his surrogate snout. Putrescence was in a highly advanced stage; he could smell the wonderous stink of the decaying fish.

A gentle contraction rippled through the lower back muscles; he glided forward. The surface scum rolled before him in small oceanic swells, causing the water-fleas to frolic and the dead fish to bob.

C H O M P

The crocodilian jaws clamped shut on the fishy morsel. But as they did, Cliff left Charlie's mind. It was his favorite pastime--he never felt happier than when he was a part of the old croc. Even so, he never stayed while Charlie was eating. Not that he wouldn't have shared the enjoyment of the rotting fish; it was just that he believed in respecting the reptile's privacy.

The Dudely Zoo had many 'regulars' among its visitors. There was the old man with the droopy moustache who liked to watch the spider monkeys, the skinny kid who usually hung around the lion pens at feeding time, and the lady with the funny hats who fed bread crumbs to the peacocks and cockatoos. However, of all the odd characters who were known as 'regulars', by far the most regular was Cliff. When he was not at his job as a shipping clerk for a company that made small glass aquariums, he could always be found at the Zoo--and always near the crocodile pond.

The figure of the dumpy, balding young man was familiar to all the keepers and attendants. Sometimes they would even give him a nod of recognition, though usually they keep their distance from the "quæser fish" as the Head Keeper called him.

They were not far wrong, of course, in thinking that there was something strange about Cliff. There was. He was a telepath.

The gift had not proven to be of much practical value. He had only discovered one mind that he was attuned to, and that belonged to Charlie--a refugee from the Jurassic. Still, he had grown inordinately fond of the old crocodile. Charlie was more than just a pet. When Cliff was in the croc's mind, he was a crocodile. He had all the feelings and sensations of the great reptile, a master in his watery universe, swimming lazily in the foul smelling water, snapping up carrion, sunning himself on his concrete beach. The only thing that was lacking was actual control. But the motor areas of the old croc's brain were beyond his reach.

It was a beautiful day, late spring and the middle of the week. On such days, without the crowds of summer and weekends, the Dudely Zoo really belonged to the animals -- and, of course, the 'regulars'.

Today, however, Cliff was not the only one leaning over the barricade of Charlie's pool. Mr. Pasqualini, who sold buttered popcorn and peanuts, was passing the time: Business was slow for him on such days. The lady with the old-fashioned feathery hats had also stopped by for a minute. And on the far side a couple of snaggy-toothed youths were horsing around, throwing peanuts at Charlie.

The old croc was not interested in tidbits, though. Not being anxious to go home to his cracked-plaster, one-room apartment, Cliff had returned to Charlie's mind, so he knew that the reptile was feeling hungry and once again was on the prowl for a tasty, well-aged fish.

"Ouch..."

With snorkeling nostrils squeezed tight, the crocodile suddenly crash-dived to the bottom. Cliff had felt the sharp sting near the base of Charlie's tail. At the moment it was also his. The only explanation he could think of was a wasp, though one had never penetrated the croc's thick hide before.

Crawling along the concrete and mud basin, Cliff soon forgot the pain as the reptilian mind focused on a fish. It had been cached beneath a sunken log several days earlier, and it was nice and ripe now. Eager to chomp another course, the crocodile surfaced.

"Ow..."

Cliff experienced the stinging sensation for a second time. He immediately quit Charlie's mind and began to glance around the pond area. The hat-lady was chatting to Mr. Pasqualini, neither paying much attention to the crocodile pool. The youths, though, were still throwing peanuts. They were laughing, apparently enjoying the sight of Charlie as he thrashed his tail and circled around in his pond.

The old croc was on the look-out for his tormentor. He had been in the Zoo for a good many years, and in the truest sense of the word was 'cagey'. He had no illusions about wasps.

Cliff bolted suddenly, almost knocking down Mr. Pasqualini's popcorn cart. He seemed to cover the dozen or more yards to the nearer of the youths in one feral movement. Both boys were bigger, stronger, and a lot meaner-looking than Cliff; but then, Cliff was no longer in control...

Grabbing the boy's arm, he pulled it from under a jacket. It contained a pellet gun. The other youth closed in. A boot shot towards Cliff, but with unreal reflexes he snatched the heel, lifted the foot high over his head and dumped his assailant.

The first youth joined the struggle. Cliff caught his arm before it connected, and in almost the same motion started the boy in a low arc, just clearing the barricade and plunking him with a loud splash in the middle of Charlie's pool.

Regaining control then, almost as suddenly as he had lost it, Cliff moved to the barrier. The prankster was yelping and splashing frantically, Charlie rakishly snapping at his heels. Cliff reached over the barricade and offered a hand to the terrorized boy.

Using the armhold as leverage, the youth was able to yank his legs clear and brace them against the side. About a foot above the water, though, his hind quarters still dangled invitingly.

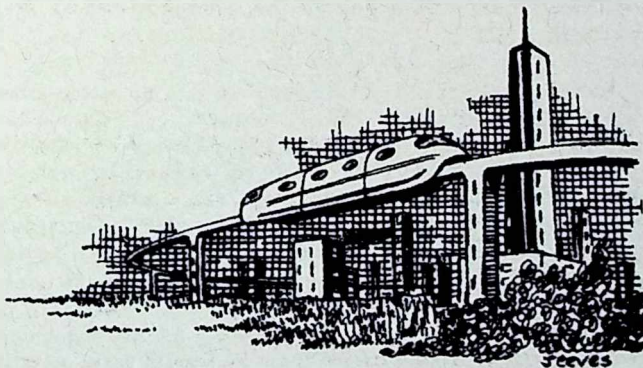
S N A P

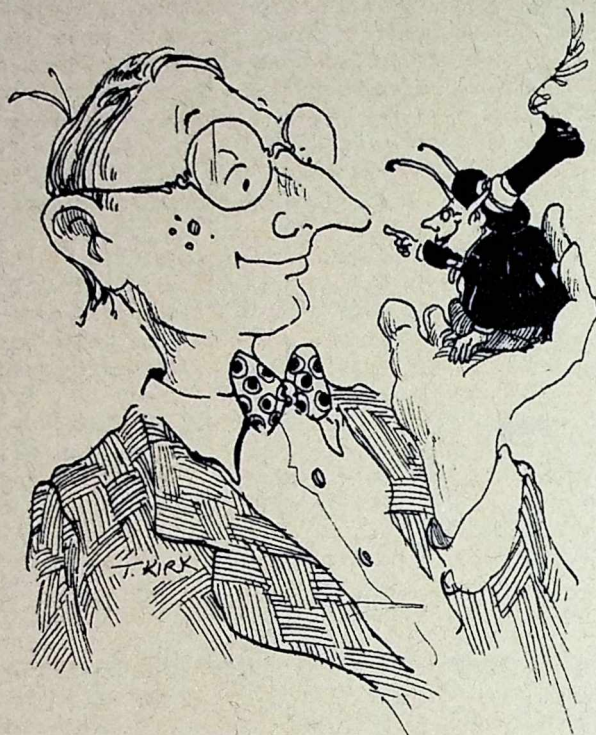
A gleam came to Charlie's beady eyes and a few crimson drops colored his muzzle.

Roaring more in fright than pain, the injured youth almost catapulted Cliff into the pool as he hoisted himself over the barricade. Then heedless of torn levis and exposed behind, he and his partner raced on up the hill, past the monkey-house and right on out of the Zoo.

Cliff remained by the pond unconsciously rubbing his vestigial tail and watching the retreat, while floating contentedly in the center of his pool, his visage cracked in a crocodilian grin, Charlie observed through the eyes of his human--it was his favorite pastime.

----- WAYNE CONNELLY





 THE OUTWORLDS MAIL

SHORT SUBJECTS & WRAPPING UP:

----- Barry N. Malzberg

Phyllis Eisenstein's letter in *Outworlds* IV is a completely sensible correction-and-putdown of the undersigned and I accede to her background gracefully. The point remains that Guin's novella has deep holes in it; if it had been labelled and published as a "story of a multiple-personality world" would it have made any more sense and would it have been any more rigorous than it was? I doubt it and suggest that this free-wheeling extrapolation which characterized so many of the early 50's *Galaxy* contents was at once the most awesome and infuriating aspect of the magazine.

Mr. Schulzinger also has interesting things to say although I caution him that the discrimination between psycho- and sociopathy is a very subtle distinction which our best criminologists and clinical psychologists are still not capable of making; I suggest, very tentatively, that most of the people in American mental institutions would be similarly institutionalized in any society at any time and that psychotic or psychopathic (or even neurotic) behavior is something of an absolute and not really relative to the culture. This is, if you will peak beneath the surface, a wildly optimistic statement for a 1970-type American to make and maybe I'd better retract it fast.

----- Mark Schulzinger

I see that la belle Eisenstein gives me consensual validation with regards to schizophrenia, although she cites the literature more than I would. Andy Offutt felt that our letters appeared at an opportune time, inasmuch as he is batting a similar idea around. It might be appropriate to let some of those who have never read it know where Beyond Bedlam can be found. I suspect that it's long out of print, wherever it is, but I wouldn't swear on it. -----

At least two places, fairly recently: Wyman Guin's own 1967 collection LIVING WAY OUT [AVON]...and in a Silverbob anthology this year: GREAT SHORT NOVELS OF SCIENCE FICTION [BALLANTINE].

Of possible interest to Mr. Malzberg & Others...in his blurb preceeding the story, Silverberg refers to it as a "bizarre and wholly convincing portrait of a world of universal schizophrenia". Which is more-or-less what Mike Deckinger said in Outworlds II, in starting this whole go-around...

Personally, I'm not quite sure what I have learned from it all...other than a tendency for spelling out s-c-h-i-z-o-p-h-r-e-n-i-a, in my dreams... Now, if someone will tell me the reason for the split-opinions...

From time to time in these pages, you have-found/will-find examples of my particular brand of fiction. For several reasons, despite the fact that I haven't attempted or succeeded in selling them. Primarily because I have definite ideas as to how they should be presented [Read: Laid-out]. They're very personal...and I am under no delusions as to their technical construction. I honestly do not feel the urge to defend or explain. If you should happen to enjoy one, I'm flattered and happy. If you don't...I'm sorry, and please try the next one. It just may be a little bit different...

[Be Thankful, for Small Favors: At least no one has thus far referred to my work as 'fanfic'--which is a term (apparently recent) fully as juvenile, revolting and idiotic as Ackerman's lovely 'sci-fi'...]

----- Sandra Miesel

Waterfall for a Blue Man is far more successful as a mood than a 'story'. Those Fabian illos are a superb component of the work--I almost expected to find grains of sand on my fingertips after turning the pages. Your writing reminds me of slow, heavy footsteps sounding down vast, velvet hung corridors: A feeling of gentle somberness. What I'm trying to say is that you already have found your own unique voice. This is a precious accomplishment and one which I'm hopeful will see you through to professional success. -----

----- David M. Massaro

I personally found it hard to accept the premise of your short story in the last issue--though I marvelled at the Fabian artwork that went with it. I believe it will be so expensive to transport scientific personnel to Mars that they will be even more blase than our own astronauts--and so the lot will be too well adjusted to the status quo for any one individual to crack up. They will all be like David Bowman of the film, 2001.

At least your fictional character did not go overboard like the commander of the Mars expedition in George Pal's film, Conquest of Space, who went 'psycho' because he couldn't find any reference to his expedition in the Bible's Book of Revelations. I'm grateful for that. Along with many other science-fiction enthusiasts, I never forgave Pal for that. I suspect the Bowmans of our technological future simply will not crack up. Perhaps they will be inculcated with the type of philosophy to be found in a book like H.G. Wells' THINGS TO COME. -----

----- William Schaub

The more I paged thru *Ow IV* the more I was impressed by the excellence of the layout, which exceeds even the quality of the artwork. I especially liked the full page Gilbert. The main item was justly billed as a collaboration and the synthesis of the words and art is complete enough that I can think of the two only in conjunction; certainly the whole is here greater than the sum of the parts. The blue of page 101 is quite an effective device amid the unremitting reddishness (or grayness) of the surrounding material. One problem is the typos, which, while rare in most of the magazine are disturbingly frequent in the story. For me they considerably hindered the development of mood, since they totally halt me at least momentarily. As for a value judgment of the story, I thought it quite good, and the best of your fiction that I've seen. -----

----- Mike Gilbert

Tossing the ball back to Sandra, it must be a local event for the print making renaissance hasn't reached here. In fact maybe Sandra's area is the last stronghold of the printing people. I just can't get as excited over a print as I do an original drawing.

I don't know where Connie does silk-screening cheap. But my fine girl---I would rather draw that print--and even a friend of mine who silk-screens for a living would rather draw...must have something to do with the climate.

Vincent Di Fate merits comments -- the cover was the nicest piece of work I've seen under his name. He avoided his use of heavy lines that characterizes his *Analog* work that I dislike--a very impressive and successful drawing. And it was a very interesting letter.

Nice assortment of Fabian -- I would like to know what type of paper he uses and if he uses a lithographic pencil.

The *Ow* package is frightening--and it will fill a void created by the stagnating big fanzines. -----

Someday...I'm going to go through the letters I've received from Steve Fabian over the past two years--including the exchanges on 'Waterfall'--and excerpt a 'Steve Fabian Column'. It may prove as fascinating to you as it has to me. ...in any event, I had previously asked a similar question: Most of his work thus far in *Ow* (the 'textured' look) has been done on something called COQUILLE BOARD, with an Eagle Prismacolor 935 pencil and pen and ink for fine lines. His Page, this time--for the curious--was done on scratch-board -- a medium I'm urging Steve to experiment with to a greater extent. After all, at one time it was my medium...

THE MEDIUM MESSAGES:

----- Al Snider [On #3]

Outworlds is making some rather prominent waves in the area of layout. Consider, if you will, the trouble you have to go through typing the letter section. You don't start at the top of the page, but at the bottom. This means you have to figure out how long the letter is going to be, and then type it out. This can be difficult in some cases, and where different spacing has been used (such as in the case of 12 and 10 pitch typewriters), will necessitate typing the letter on your typewriter first just to discover where it will have to be placed on the page.

This indicates something in you that I already admire, a deep love for your fanzine. Sometimes I have it too and if I don't succeed as well as you in my execution of my feelings, chalk it up to a lack of dexterity. I don't think there are more than a dozen people in all of fandom who not only love their fanzine as much as you do,

but manage to turn that love into real ink on real pages. Loving the image of fanzines to come is a favorite occupation of mine, but they please only the dreamer, and are hard to communicate to others.

Yeah, tender loving care.

Other innovations? Content, for one thing. You have a letterzine that really is not a letterzine. Look to your table of contents, and you soon see that there, too, is an innovation. You aren't concerned with covers, which is also an interesting facet of your fanzine.

All in all, you're doing some good things. Keep doing them. It doesn't matter if you do or you don't create a speck of beauty in a graying world, because your heart is in the right place. And in the 20th Century, that means a lot more than it seems.

Covers...on an item distributed 99.9% by mail...are entirely what you make them. They're nice, but not really necessary on a fanzine, as such. It all depends on what your plans/ambitions/desires are. D:B 21 had the price on the cover...because we were going to hawk it at St. Louiscon; OW IV was intended to be taken to several cons (which didn't work out) which led to the particular design employed there. I have fun with my 'covers', just as I have fun with the rest of the magazine ... it all depends on what you've got to work with, and how hard you're willing to work with what you've got.

...not a Sermon, for anyone--just an explanation.

Alex Krislov

It's a funny thing, but I've always found the lettercol of a fanzine to be more interesting than the other material, despite the fact that the letters would be awfully dull without that other material that makes up the subject matter of the LoCs. Your lettercol in *Outworlds* this month is far better than last month's because you didn't split up the letters; when you do that, you destroy any continuity that might have existed. Your editing was good but not good enough to avoid causing some confusion. Still, Ow's mail seems better than most zines, if only because any fighting is friendly rather than bitter.

Harry Warner wonders if the problems that Apollo 13 experienced could aid the space program. I doubt it. Apollo 13 just became another seven day wonder, like the moon landing, and was soon forgotten. Both the news media and the people I've talked to were more interested in the anniversary of the first Atomic Bomb than they were in the moon landing's birthday. People seem to feel that the bomb has some influence on their lives. The moon landing, apparently, was only a casual amusement. I think the average man will only feel interested in the space program when he realizes some of its war potential. Fear seems to be a lasting emotion, but wonder isn't. -----

Robert Coulson

I disagree with Lapidus that "to be popular a fanzine must simply follow the *Psychotic* formula of controversy and attack", the objectionable word being 'must'. Primarily I object because *Amra* sells as many copies as *SF Review* and *Beabohema* combined, and it would be even more in the lead except that Geis has taken out ads for *SF Review* in all sorts of publications. Eventually Geis will have the largest-selling fanzine in the world, but it will be because of his advertising, not his controversy. Hell, if I started sending out review copies, and placing paid ads, and trading more, I could put *Yandro* up to a 500 circulation by the end of the year and to God knows what by the end of next year (except we'd probably fold before the end of next year) and it isn't a fanzine noted for controversy; in fact it isn't noted for anything except regularity, according to one well-known fan. Controversy is one way of getting popularity, but it isn't the only way and it doesn't always work. (What's the circulation of *Napalm*, Jerry?)

I rather agree with Ed Reed that the world can't afford nations any more. We're going to keep right on having them, however; in fact, the present trend is for more nationalism, not less. (The independence movements in Scotland and Wales are growing, not to mention Watts and Harlem. A free and independent Texas is not without the bounds of possibility.) So whether we like nations or not, we're going to have to work with them.

Sandra Miesel is weird. What true fan would find a cat caricature more congenial for a bedroom wall than a Nazgul? The one piece of art that I didn't buy that I've always regretted is one that Dave Prosser did. It was a very realistic depiction of a skull and skeleton, with the intestines and other intimate parts of the body dangling down and lots of blood over everything. I wanted it for the dining room.

I don't completely agree with your ideas on fanzine production, but if I did I'd have a fanzine just like yours and if everybody agreed wouldn't fandom be dull? -----

----- Terry Jeeves

SUPERB, TERRIFIC, GOSH WOW and like that. In case you have the slightest doubt, I refer to Ow IV. Unlike such superb zines as Reamy's *Trumpet* ... which is so utterly slick that it must be (and is) judged by professional standards, Ow is basically one of the good old dupered fanzines ... which is why this issue is head and shoulders above others in the line. Wrap around cover, superb artwork (Fabian is a genius) and the best layout I have ever seen in a fanzine. Ok, if that isn't enough, what else have you got to offer ... well, I liked the page numbering position (though not the idea of continuous pages within a volume). Your own story was very good indeed ... I find it impossible to decide how much of this was due to your excellent writing, and how much of it was due to the perfect marriage of artwork and storyline. THIS ISSUE shows what can be done when an editor really let's himself go on producing a work of art, both literary and visual. No expense account to hang up to say...too much space without printing on it ... too much artwork and too little story material ... to heck with how much of what...it was a beautiful issue. The final D:B was good, but this is head and shoulders above it for layout and production...only one sour note...that execrable cartoon on page 120...it ruined the rest of the magazine.

I was pleased to see another faned come out with what I have long maintained...a fanzine exists first of all to please that great dictator ... its editor. Others may carp, cavil, praise and suggest...but it is the editor who makes the magazine what he wants it to be...he is limited by two factors...his pocketbook, and the contributors he can coerce to produce material HE wants to use.

Justified margins ... we tried this some fifteen years ago in the first issue of *Triode*...and got a similar response...no one approved of it. Anyone would think THEY had been given the task. Personally, I like it, but found it was taking far more time and work than I felt prepared to give...but I still like to meet it in a fanzine. ---

AND, AT LENGTH....

----- Mae Strelkov [On 2&3]

Joan, dear Joan, I've my fingers crossed for your happiness in your new marriage, I'm finding my liking for you both, growing. You're coming real in your zine for me, which is a real achievement. So many fanzines I've seen are facades that only hide the personalities of their producers. (*Cry* is an exception I highly laud, too.) People pick the facade they like best and play the role they most fancy, through their zines. But your sincerity and earnestness and enthusiasm shows through--more and more --I'm finding. Bill Mallardi had that sincere quality too I admired. When he does pub again, I do hope to see a copy of his new zine, as well. Having followed your "growing-up stages" in *Double:Bill*, I regard you as special favorites.

I like you, Joan, also, for your sturdy helping of Bill in his dream of publishing a beautiful zine. I think you are getting along swiftly towards such a goal. There was a real elegance about No. 3, I found. And all the more was it impressive, after the charmingly uninhibited insouciance of No. 2...borgle, indeed, and blag and fug and crot! Gee whizz, who invented all that? Were you reading my files of "basic old sounds"? Want me to tell you what those terms used to mean in a pre-Aryan vocabulary? One day I just might, and you'd pinken!

Dragons go home! on the back cover set me to chortling. Great and grand and a howl! Dragon droppings are unsightly in the highroad, ho, ho, and ho! Marvelous! What humor the artists show there! I took it personally, because dragons are fun to research in Paleolithic thought. I hope to tame a dragon yet for a pet, somehow, if I find one, finally. (Evoke one by mumbling the right "borgle-blag-terms".)

But, oh, and above all, I fell under the spell of the Janus poem and illustration, of issue 3. Such a perfection...flawless, indeed. S-F...Steve Fabian! Yes, anyone who could draw that Janus illustration is a seer, that's what, too! His beautiful lady on Mars is fine, but pin-up stuff most anyone with technique, could do. (I could not. I know it's damn hard.) But the design of the Janus art is what entranced me, somehow. I then turned to the inside back cover, and fell for his haunting pic of spacemen struggling uphill, with a shadow-woman watching them in the haze...(Goddess of the Planet?). Lovely. Haunting as can be, as I've said.

And you, "William the Editor" ... your editorials please me continuously, still. You have a neat way of phrasing things. (I confess I like your straight talk better than your purple prose, as yet. Forgive me?) "I realize that you may not need me... But I certainly need you." Such a neat phrase, to conclude an editorial. Telling! I liked too, "Why can't we remember the heights ... in proportion to the depths we continually, instinctively seek?" Yes...that is the tragedy of humanity...we grub. The Man with the Muckrake, of Bunyan, long ago, too. But you realize this, our flaw, and cry out against it. Good for you! Never flag... Never lag, as you insist on your views. True, the depths have their values also, and I'm all for them, but there are "depths" and DEPTHS! The latter signifies profundity of vision, thinking, and belief. An "allness" that makes all dimensions dimensionless for you, at last.

And then I liked again, your clamor against Utopias. The way you ended, "I..have this strange feeling that something better than the present status quo is possible... even desirable." Of course so! And your feeling against "violence to curb violence." True, again. May the years pass, well, for you two, may I have the joy of watching the growth of you both, as you mature to a spot never reached by most grownups who turn oldsters and infantile, never having tasted such maturity.

Why do most grownups seem so stunted? Fear! A sense of obligation--to become the color of their surroundings -- drab and grey -- just to keep up with the Joneses, and preserve our age-old backward-peering attitudes, as we march futurewards, our backs turned to it, only, as yet. -----

----- Ivor Latto

Each succeeding issue of *Outworlds* seems to improve in layout, reproduction and general visual quality: I can imagine that by number VII, say, it will be so beautiful when it comes out of its brown envelope, that I won't dare read it ... just kneel quietly in front of it, hands clasped, eyes closed, swaying slightly and sniffing the delicate richness of the art paper cover. Perhaps ARTWORLDS might well be a better title. Whatever the name, I think this is considerably preferable to *Double:Bill*, which always slightly unnerved me with its sheer ambition. There are several hangovers from D:B of course, including the tendency to super-wham-bang the artwork; I don't think that a fanzine requires very much art, one or two relatively good items are far better than acres of illos of greatly varying quality. I know myself that at least half of the sketches I do are junk, but most fanzine editors are so lacking in

artwork in their files that they will print anything...which does neither the fanzine or the artist any good. Still, with *Outworlds* rapidly becoming one of the leading art-conscious fanzines, you will no doubt be able to exercise a strong veto on sub-standard work.

I can't think of another fanzine offhand where the artwork is discussed so fully in the lettercolumn, which is a Good Thing. So, if I might, I'll gingerly join in:

I'm not a fan of Stephen Fabian's work, what I've seen of it ... it's too heavy for my taste, and it has distinct stylistic overtones of the 'thirties...not one of my favorite periods artistically. I thought that easily the best illustrations in number IV were Mike Gilbert's items on pages 92, 93 and 115. The one on page 93 especially was really fine, conveying with both style and economy a feeling of barbaric menace, bestiality, witchcraft...marvellous. I don't think that anything in the issue compared with this one drawing for sheer technical competence and quality of imagination. But I also liked the front cover illo, and the way it was presented (but lady centaurs wearing bras?) and, just to be contrary, Fabian's portrait of Abraham Merritt which seemed unusually sensitive being taken from a photograph ... which I presume it was?

Apart from the artwork, *Outworlds* seems to be moving into the hands of its letter-writers, with an occasional article, and a conscience-mongering piece by the ed (and, if you can't monger your conscience in your own magazine, where can you monger it?). That's the impression I get from the last two issues, anyway. And if so, that's fine with me. *Outworlds'* mail column seems to be replete with sensible, decent, intelligent, interesting people (Dale Carnegie, chapter thirteen. Seriously though...); which is something not to be sneezed at. You said in your apologia that a magazine was its readership as much as its editor; in this nutty sub-genre, it reassures one considerably in thinking that one is in the company of...well-balanced human beings. One of my private fears when I became involved with amateur sf-oriented publications was of answering a knock on the door and finding an apparently normal gent standing there, saying "Hello there! I'm the fane of *Festering Fanzine*. You remember you wrote me about my special 'sf in sexual technique' issue. I thought I'd call in and see you. I came by saucer. I'm the Bride of Venus, you know. Woowoowoowoo!"

No, it never actually happened, but hope springs eternal.

Anyway, *Outworlds* is a very enjoyable, non-loony, non-political fanzine. I've no doubt that it will soon be the finest illustrated magazine in the world...this or any other ... with artists like Mike Gilbert, Jim Cawthorn, Alicia Austin on your books, not to mention the incomparable (genuflect) Rotsler, and, of course coughcough mumble mumble as well, who needs printed matter. Now, if you could only find an sf-type calligraphist, even the typescript could go. -----

----- Vincent Di Fate

I would like to make a few remarks in response to Mike Gilbert's evaluation of my work in *Analog*. I don't ever recall saying that I was the greatest man on scratchboard, nor have I seen words to that effect printed in any fanzine, anywhere. If anyone has ever said that of me, I am honored indeed, but I earnestly doubt their objectivity. Mike flatters me inadvertently by even comparing me to John Schoenherr, who will forever remain a giant in the field.

Regarding the anatomical ineptitudes of my illustrations, Mike is going to have to point them out to me since I never even knew that they existed; in college, I was the first student to pull a 4.0 in Anatomy in thirty-five years. My eye-sight is unchanged since then, and there is simply no accounting for these errors. A comparison between my work and Schoenherr's would be of little value, largely because he is rather more stylized than I. Like a frog and a kangaroo, we both hop, but are different animals.

I have never represented my drawings as being anything other than pen and ink on scratchboard. Should the media dictate the manner in which a thing should be done? During the high Renaissance, men painted on canvas in a glaze technique to permit available light to pass through their paintings and give them life-like luminosity. Was Rembrandt a fool for ignoring this quality in canvas and painting his works *empasto*? I think not. I draw on scratchboard specifically because it permits me to make editorial corrections without having to remake my illustrations. I do use a scratchboard technique on occasion, but only when it allows a pictorial clarity which otherwise could not be achieved through conventional pen and ink. The fact that I do not render from dark to light clearly indicates the deliberateness of my intentions toward this media.

I am now at a disadvantage in that I am about ten months ahead of the work now being published in that magazine. My style has changed considerably since, but it is still pen and ink, and as long as John Campbell continues to purchase as much of my work as he has, I shall make no attempt to work in scratchboard. Also, for Mike's edification, Kelly Freas, four time Hugo winner [he just garnered another one] and fellow artist at *Analog*, also does his pen and ink on scratchboard.

I do not detest the media, you understand, I simply haven't done it professionally yet.

The greatest virtue of Schoenherr's work is not his technique, but his engaging skill at composition. He is a sensitive and highly expressive artist, who should receive greater recognition than he has. Technique is hardly the essence of great picture-making; it is an effect, not the cause itself. Schoenherr's paintings particularly, contain unparalleled dramatic power.

I suspect that Mike intended his criticism as a constructive thing. It is noted as such and in answer I can only say that I do not consider my work to be anywhere near the limit of my potential. For what purpose he has chosen me, of all people, to attack in this manner, I do not know. I am relatively young; I have endured sufficient hardships to have earned the right to breathe the air of this earth. I have had extensive training in my profession, make an adequate living at it, and owe apologies to no man. I have no desire to die before I am born. I intend to grow spiritually and intellectually; I intend my work to grow with me.

If that does not suffice, then I Propose that Mike and I fight a duel to the death. How 'bout hand-grenades at ten paces? -----

...while that may prove a smashing finale, I hardly think it necessary at this stage. Actually, it's probably all my fault--I listed your cover as forthcoming in the 3rd 'flyer', and Mike expressed his opinions, based on that. (I'd sworn that I wouldn't list 'coming attractions', but went ahead and did it that once. Never again! ...but wait till you see next issue...!)

I had debated with myself the advisability of printing Mike's comments --I do consider some things rather carefully--but in the end convinced myself that Mike was expressing a personal opinion, based on the examples of your work he'd seen--i.e., in *Analog*. I'd hoped that it would draw out some background info from you, without alienating you. And it has...I hope. I am fascinated by what goes into the making of an artist...not just his training and experience...being a fake-artist myself, at times...but why he does what he does, when he does what he does.

...in your case, Vincent, you have revealed yourself more within these letters, than most people would consider it wise to do. And I thank you...

Now then...as to any 'battle' between you and Mike...I would definitely suggest that it be artistic in nature ... and that *Outworlds* is a likely battleground... (Frankly, my own greed for artwork surprises even me...!)

So, shake hands...and come out drawing, or scratching, or whatever...

Every fanzine needs its Devil's Advocate -- but it helps when he's one who is literate, and one who has known you for a while.

Hi, Earl!

----- Earl Evers

Outworlds #4 didn't turn me on very much. Fanzine illustrations are simply too limited as an artistic medium for amateurs to use successfully -- the very simplicity of black-and-white drawings shows up every little hint of clumsiness or botched perspective.

For instance, having the background of your cover and the shadows on the objects the same flat color takes all the life out of the scene. The body-lines of the centaur creature are the major feature of the entire drawing, and they just don't come through because you can't tell where the shadowed portion of the creature's body ends and the background begins. The light angle is also wrong -- objects in the background cast shadows right to left, while the foreground figure casts its shadow straight down. And this isn't an isolated case -- most of the illos have similar flaws.

You've got to realize that minor flaws in a drawing spoil the whole effect on the viewer, while similar flaws in a piece of writing will be overlooked. A reader's reaction to a piece of writing is very complex, while a viewer's reaction to a piece of art is very simple -- either it hits him or it doesn't.

Much of your art in *Ow* #4 is 'experimental' fan art, intended to expand the limited scope of one-color drawings printed on a flat page, but since these experiments are invariably unsuccessful, (or else they would have been discovered and used by one of the thousands of pro magazine illustrators ninety years ago) they're usually worse than less pretentious line-drawings like Kirk and Carter do.

So *Ow*'s primary appeal, that of an artzine, is lost on me. What's left? Well, not much. You don't show enough respect for your written material or its contributors to print a table of contents for written material, only one for the art, but I guess it doesn't matter because there wasn't that much written material anyway.

I didn't finish your short-story -- somehow the writing and narrative flow just didn't grip me. I didn't get involved in the story and start wondering what was going to happen next, so I stopped reading. That's the only way to tell 'good' from 'bad' fiction--either the reader gets involved in the story, or he doesn't. I didn't notice any obvious flaws in your writing, just that the story struck me as bland and dull and not worth reading.

The lettercol is the best part of the issue, in fact the only part worth looking at for more than a brief glance. I have an idea *LOC*'s are going to be responses to the letters in #4 -- there isn't much else in the issue worth commenting on. Meaning you may end up with nothing more than a letterzine underneath all the fancy artwork and printed format. From your column, in which you explain your attitudes towards fan pubbing, I can see why. You're a publisher, not an editor, and a good fanzine requires both.

A "serious" fanzine like *Outworlds* requires good layouts and artwork and reproduction, but all fanzines require good-editing, meaning you have to make an effort to get good material and you have to refrain from printing so much dull material; it makes the zine as a whole appear uninteresting. (Even if it means not printing your own *F&SF* rejects.)

As to what you should do to make *Ow* into a decent fanzine, I can't tell you specifically. It depends on what sort of material you want to print. I don't think using an elaborately printed artzine as a letterzine is a good idea---letterzines should be much more frequent than *Ow* will be, and for the best effect, should print a good volume of letters, even some stuff that's rather fuggheaded and carelessly written. Why? To provide lots of different viewpoints. *Kipple* was an excellent letterzine, and look how different it was in appearance than *Ow*.

So I think you should try to print general material of the sort *Warhoon* or *Odd* use. Long articles, either serious or humorous. Material that provokes thought and controversy--you don't have to be a shit-disturber to do that, there's a difference between discussion and argument, not to mention material that causes name-calling or feuding. But I can't tell you what sort of provocative material to use--I don't know if you're interested in SF and Fantasy or other literature enough to use critical articles and reviews. Maybe you'd be better off printing material on art, or music, or politics, or philosophy and lifestyles. Or maybe a sampling of all these, or maybe something else entirely. I just don't know where your head is at these days. -----

...where it's always been, midway between my shoulders...but slightly withdrawn (turtle-like) due to the assaulting noise-level of the world that surrounds me. Politicians throwing words, soldiers and fuzz throwing metal, kids throwing rocks and fire-bombs...they're all out of the same mold...but so am I... Everybody is talking; ain't nobody listening to the other side. I'm a pessimistic romantic--opinionated and unsure of myself. It's fun...

It's not that I have no respect for my contributors...simply that I do have considerable respect for my readers. Anyone that requires a formal TOC for a 20 to 40 page fanzine, should be reading the *Reader's Digest*. As long as the person responsible is clearly identified with his particular piece, I believe that he will get the egoboo or blast that he deserves. This isn't always quite so easy, when identifying the artwork, but I have an idea for that contingency also, when the occasion arises. It's sorta like covers on fanzines, nice and accepted through sheer inertia...but really necessary?

My material requirements are, in reality, ever so simple: I take considerable pride in what I do with the material I receive, pride in the way the 'whole' magazine looks, feels, is ... as well as in the regularity with which it appears. I like material -- both written and not -- whose creators obviously have a similar amount of pride in what they have done. I work at what I do, not because I have to, but because this is the way in which I can create something just a little different from all the others ... and in doing so, leave my small mark on a world -- be it only a fannish one. I do not ask that you approach whatever you do with my peculiar dogged seriousness; but simply that you try to do your best, because it's gonna have your name attached to it.

I am not a regulated number; I am but a semi-free man. That name I was given, and the deeds and accomplishments I attach to it during my life, are my reason for being on this polluted ball. To be completely corny about the whole thing ... it's my legacy to those I care about. That's my hangup.

It's probably not yours...

----- *Mike O'Brien*

Your editorial, cleverly postponed till the end, states what I'd suspected for some time -- you're planning on specializing in the unpredictable. Certainly you succeeded this time. Can this be the *Ow* of old? Yes it damn well can, because you know as well as I do that there never was an *Ow* of old, and apparently there never will be as long as Bowers is his own man. It seems as if the only *Ow* trademarks which will remain the same are superb graphics and layout, and justified margins. My inherently lazy nature, which has conquered many areas in fanzine publishing (with the exception of getting the issue out, as you may have noticed), has not yet come up with a way around dummyming to get justified margins. If I don't bother to justify the margins, I don't have to type a dummy in order to get just the layout I want: I've come up with a perfectly workable method (worked twice so far, on *Poma* #1 & #2) which gives me a complete mpdel of the final zine without my having to do more than stencil two pages

of editorial to get a sample of the final product. It could even handle the case of a mid-page illo, although I avoid those as tending to confuse the reader. It's somewhat statistical, though, so it fails utterly when confronted with the bugbear of justification. A series in the local newspaper, devoted to how they put out *their* product, shows that they've given up and have finally half-computerized their linotypes automatically to justify margins. Apparently there's just no way to justify other than using something which first sets up a model of the line (either a dummy copy, junk on a varityper, or space in a computer memory), and then dumps it out on the final copy. Every single line on every single page. *Yikhi!* But the final copy is worth it.

Waterfall for a Blue Man didn't quite make it, in my estimation. I decided that, and then I was stumped. Why didn't it make it? It took me some time to realize that I was not judging it by the same standards I'd judge a prozine story by. It took such a prominent place in such a good-looking magazine that I was looking for a Hugo winner at least. As it was, it's the best fan-fiction I can remember reading in quite some time, and shows promise of pro quality to come. However, the intejections, multiplicity of typefaces, and general "New-Wave" qualities (I hate that meaningless term, but there are times when I feel I must use it) do not blend as well with the subject matter as they did in *You'll Be a Better Universe, For All of This...* The Fabian artwork was superb, and perhaps what was needed in the story, to balance this, was a more complete description of the alien artifacts. The whole would then have presented an extremely vivid picture, to mind and eye simultaneously. My love of concrete imagery is speaking here. As it was, you did too good a job on Barton. I found myself agreeing with Gonzalez that his monologues were somewhat lengthy. Such ideas, if they are to be carried by a story, should appear in some other form than direct exposition. You have a whole Universe you've created, man, so use it! You get to play god every time you write a story, and you have a whole Universe in which to display your ideas anew. You knew that when you wrote *You'll Be a Better Universe...*, why didn't you do it here? A contrasting alien culture would have shown the plight of Earth much more starkly than the maanderings of one old man. I do not complain that the man maundered --for he did so very well. I complain that he did so at too great a length. Only the balance of this story suffered, not the content. In my (humble) estimation, this story could have been one of my favorites in or out of the prozines, if the alien culture had only had a stronger role. Only for that reason do I criticize at such length.

In Harry Warner's letter, I think he's more than half serious about the corporation-draft idea, and I also have more than half a feeling that he's right. Hmm. Let's go a bit farther: Suppose it were more than national, accidental policy, suppose it were law, preferably constitutional law, that all activities in the country had to fall to certain specified low levels in times of war, and the resources that would otherwise have gone to these activities were to go instead to the war effort. In other words WW II rationing on everything--absolutely everything. Build in also that these would have to take effect after so many man-days of "police action" on the part of our forces had been taken, whether or not Congress had ever formally declared war. In other words, war would totally polarize the country toward the war effort, with no appeal or half-measures possible. The founding fathers, assuming a small country beset by its more powerful neighbors, probably thought this implicit in the minds of their countrymen, with no further lawmaking necessary in this direction. They did not foresee the day when this country would be the home of a multiplicity of cultures, all fading one into the other with no perceptible boundaries, but all surrounding centers of culture wildly different from one another, pulling the total population until it is barely able to function. At its present stage of polarization, some would think the country unable to stand such a straitjacketing as I have prescribed, but I think we might yet be able to handle it. It would take a bunch of ultra-right-wingers to get it in these days, though, and it looks as if the only right-wingers who are showing any real measure of popularity these days are bigots. If my system (which shows

about as much chance of installation as a philosopher king) were ever to be put into practice, however, it would certainly show Harry's results in spades. Few wars would be fought, and those which were would be over darn quick. So, however, might be human life on Earth, and the atrocities committed in the name of a quick (but just) peace would doubtless be appalling. TANSTAAFL, folks. Back to Socrates.

The "essential humanity" of a man in large measure is due to his culture--he who would write about aliens should first study human cultures both past and present--we have had some dillies. Consider a people which sets up a line of homosexuals, madmen, cripples, all mixed in with normal men such as saints, criminals, gluttons, introverts ... and then proceeds to worship them as near-gods simply because each was the son of his father. Until quite recently, that was Western Civilization itself, with all its panoply of monarchies. In the Dark Ages, a corrupt Church ruled over men's minds and bodies more completely, with more material wealth, than any government can even hope to do or acquire today. An enslavement of the soul is almost unimaginable today. And as for the Eastern cultures...! No, there are aliens, more alien than are portrayed in any of our science fiction novels, walking the earth today, and they do so in human form.

All of which is more or less addressed to Ed Reed and Larry Propp, with reference to radicalism in America. Radicalism, as far as I've seen it at the University of Michigan, is the political tip of a cultural iceberg, and like all icebergs, this one is blind. The only man I know of who ever really had a chance to fully understand two cultures at once was Dr. Paul M Linebarger (Cordwainer Smith), who spent his early childhood in mainland, pre-Communist China, then went to live in the States while he was still at an age to adapt. Certainly, Larry, radicalization is a gut process--culture's not really a head thing. It's the foundations of the psyche. When straights become freaks, or moderates become radicals, they're changing cultures somewhat, at least. I am not, most definitely not saying that you step over a thin red line when you change cultures this way--in fact, I claim that there is no line. Very few people can change cultures completely once they're out of childhood, just as very few people can learn a language completely once past childhood, and for much the same reason. There's just too much to learn--and to unlearn. Some few have done it, and they form the center of the youth-oriented culture today. They are really a tiny group, but they are surrounded, like the core of an onion, with layer after layer of partially converted and culture-changed people, ranging from the crazies to the McCarthyites.

And that's where the country's at today. It's one country trying to hold several cultures, with all the shadings in between. Ordinarily, these "pastel-cultured" people should be able to hold things together, but the centers of the cultures are drifting apart, and taking the population of the country with them in any one of several different directions. This I think, is the "polarization" we hear so much about. Why is it so severe? Because it isn't political at all, in essence, for politics only serves to iron out differences within a culture, where the people share certain basic assumptions about "how things are done", i.e., they share "customs", as Alexi Panshin uses the word. No, this polarization is indeed cultural, and while the whole bunch of cultural centers could probably be described as Western, they're drifting farther all the time. It has nothing to do with logic, or very little, and this is the tragic thing about it. There's great difficulty communicating because the differences lie close to the very foundations of the mind itself. I can't be any more explicit; only Chip Delany could really talk about it. Where will it end up? I don't know, and I doubt anyone else does either. We've never dealt with these masses of people before: Witness Woodstock, the largest assemblage of people ever gathered. Only members of several cultures could make the necessary interpretations, and it seems, uncomfortably enough, as though multiple cultural membership leads to unsound minds--I've seen more messed-up people at Michigan than I ever thought existed, and a large part of their hangups seem to be cultural. -----

----- Harry Warner, Jr.

The Steve Fabian folio is beautiful for its own sake, of course. But it's also a welcome addition to a mounting assemblage of evidence that a Merritt renaissance could be forming. I've noticed small evidences of it here and there, and a few major significant things like these drawings and a letter from someone who reports that he has almost completed a major Merritt bibliography project that should be a blockbuster in reactivating interest in the author. About the only thing I've done to help is to buy some of his novels in secondhand condition simply because I'm attracted by different jackets from the older editions I've long owned. I've been re-reading some of the novels. They wear somewhat better than most fantasy fiction of their era and I can imagine some major mainstream critic someday stumbling upon them, deciding that they're neglected masterpieces, and getting the whole literary world excited by trumpeting this discovery. Steve seems to capture perfectly the basic atmosphere of the Merritt stories, which are filled with subtle tones and vagueness in spite of the gaudy language the author sometimes unleashed, and somehow contains a lot of repose and contemplation and surprisingly little violent action. I'm sure Merritt would have liked these, and I wish Virgil Finlay could see them--he might admire them as a fresh approach to stories by an artist who is still partly under his influence.

I don't dispute Larry Propp's decision to become a radical. But I wonder if even a correct decision should be motivated by a single event which isn't necessarily typical or symbolical of the whole. Isn't there just as great a probability that something he observes within the radical movement will disenchant him with the whole movement and cause just as sudden a conversion to silent majority status? A curious thing about Jerry Lapidus' description of *Fantasy News*' decision not to publish political stuff: My first claim to fame as a neofan was the sensation created when I announced in the first issue of my first fanzine that I would publish nothing related to either politics or religion. It wasn't quite as stupid a policy as it might seem. I was 15 at the time, had never paid much attention to social problems, and simply felt incompetent to handle any controversies that such material might create, and this was also the era when fanzines threatened to become devoted solely to politics and religion--both the mundane variety and the fannish subdivisions thereof. So quite a few readers thought I was doing fandom a service and after a few years I felt some ability to discuss those matters without making a complete fool of myself and the policy was forgotten.

I'm with you all the way on the desirability of a dictatorship form of fanzine editing. As I've tried to explain to so many people who would not listen, fanzines are still almost the only publications in the nation whose editors really have a free press in the sense of possessing the right to edit and publish free from almost all coercion. Even the underground press must adhere pretty rigidly to the interests and philosophies of the majority of its readers. This has something to do with the love-hate relationship I feel toward the extremely large, expensive and beautiful fanzine: From my selfish standpoint they're wonderful to read and save and re-read, but from the general concept of the free fanzine press, they are in constant peril of catering to whatever circle of readers they've formed, to prevent the losses from growing too enormous. I shudder to think of the sum you must have invested in this fourth *Outworlds*. I find in it no evidence that you are following the wishes of anyone other than yourself, but I'd hate to think of you deciding that future issues must be equally as expensive to publish and must contain just as many full-page Fabian illustrations if you suddenly feel impelled to feature something else. -----

----- Jerry Lapidus

"Can a struggling young faned from a small Midwestern town find happiness and fame by publishing a small and modest fanzine?"

Tilt. Tilt. Tilt.

Sorry, Bill, but it just ain't that way. This is the image you've been trying to present, more or less, with *Outworlds*, and this may well be what you would like to publish. What you DO publish, however, is a beautiful, multi-color, superbly offset magazine, featuring top-quality work from many of the best artists in fandom. This costs MONEY, and considerable amounts--I've put out a very irregular offset genzine, and I know how much it costs to get such top-quality reproduction. The magazine you publish is an entity in and of itself -- you can't try to hide behind the magazine it really isn't.

The success of *Outworlds* has gotten me to thinking about a few things I've had at the back of my mind for a while, and I'd like to try to sort them out. Recently, I've seen at least three separate articles discussing the great quantity of superb fanartists currently working today; each has gone on to question the reasons for such prominence (and I think all concluded that better reproduction has been at least a major factor). What's received a good deal less comment, it seems, is the simultaneous decline of the big-time fan writer. Just as interest in fan art has increased, it seems as if interest in much fan writing has decreased. I see support for this idea in many areas. Is it any surprise that the two new fanzines which have garnered the most praise and comment (*Energumen* and *Outworlds*) have featured outstanding artwork and reproduction, rather than outstanding written material? Did everybody notice that no one at all has been satisfied with the fan writer nominations for the past couple of years? It isn't that there is less writing being done -- rather, it's simply that more people are doing the writing. With the single exception of Harry Warner and his many fan history columns, no individuals are dominating the writing, as was the case in the past. Rather than depending for quality material on two or three giants -- Willis, Shaw, White, etc.--even the top fanzines are developing their own stables of writers, and to a very large extent, these stables do not overlap from magazine to magazine. Thus while good writing is appearing, there is little uniformity in style or content, even in those magazines acknowledged as the "best". Coming along with the increase in good artists--whose material does appear in many different fanzines--the result seems to have been an increased interest in the artwork, at the expense of the writing. Do you agree? [1]

Before I leave this subject, though -- is it only out of choice that aside from much superb artwork, *Outworlds IV* contains only your editorial, your fiction, and a lettercolumn? Or is it the fact that you just aren't getting the written material to match the art? [2]

Specific art comments ... Really superb Gilbert scratchboard on 93...the Fabian work along with your story is interesting primarily because it goes all the way with that diffuse style he seems to use only rarely. I think many fans who've criticized Steve for his so-called photographic (purely illustrative) art would be both surprised and impressed by this particular selection... Beautiful combination of illos on 116 - 117; both also happen to be superb examples from ConR and Alicia. Perhaps the only poor illo in the issue is the McLeod on 122, which is inferior for both *Outworlds* and for Jim. -----

[1] To a large degree. Several years ago, most everyone retreated into the apa's; today, it sometimes seems, everyone is writing reviews. Reviews are fine and necessary...but not to the exclusion of everything else.

[2] About 50/50, in that case. I did have some other material on hand, but not nearly enough to publish a 'balanced' issue. Ow IV was, literally, intended to showcase the art to a (hopefully) overwhelming degree; that was what dictated the method of reproduction. This issue has another aim; we will see if it will be as successful in it's way ... as I consider the last one to have been successful--in it's way.

I'm sure you people will let me know, if it does or doesn't... BILL

NORMAN RABEK : Preparedness

School

*Teaches right, wrong, math, science, more
Student sits like a trained seal
Awaiting his cue to bark back in repetition.
Unreasoning super thinkers*

Suddenly

They are borne out of the warm plastic womb of school

Suddenly

Cold reality hits

Confused

They bark out meaningless bits of information

Like a recorder

Voice drowned in the storm

Life rages on

Struggling

Face becomes filled with the mud of reality

Gagging

False happiness painted on a plastic mask

They drown

Unmourned

Replaced by more standardized robots

Obsolete and wrong for life

Drawn like plastic--distorted minds and ideas

With painted smiles

Light

Please come

The darkness is killing me

Suffocating my thoughts and life

My soul is hungry

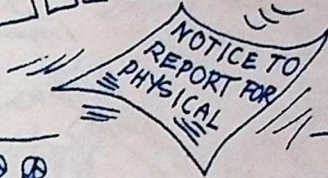


NIXON GETS TOUGH OR

WE ARMY GETS PHYSICAL

OR: DROP YOUR
DRAWERS, you
Lousy hippy
degenerates...

state of youth
in trouble by
the artist who never
SIGNS HIS NAME: M GILBERT



Here we will find the terror filled story of an impassioned young artist and the horror he faced - the hands of the quacks - the mental test (ha ha ha) - the reunions - the after math: there is nothing heartwarming here as you learn where all the flowers went...

6:30

THE FEDERAL
BUILDING:



AND: AFTER AN
HOUR RIDE TO
GRIMY BUFFALO
WE HAVE DISCOVERED
MANY FRIENDS FROM
HIGH SCHOOL.



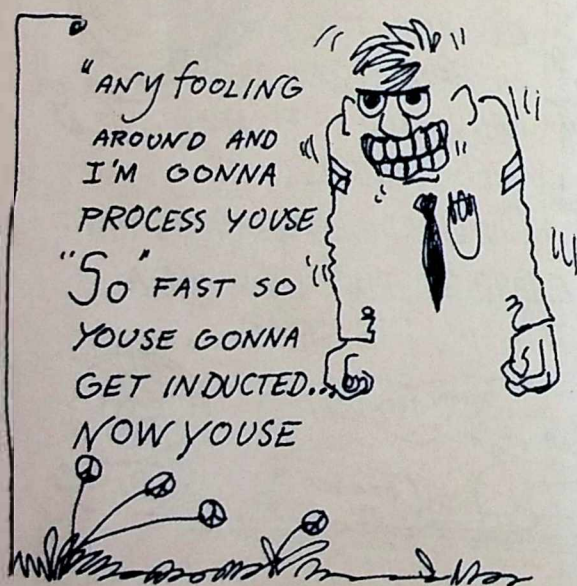
OUTWARDS APPEARANCES HAVE
CHANGED BUT NOW WE ALL
THINK THE SAME



Lo! THE BUFFALO FEDERAL BUILDING... WE ARE SEATED
IN ROOM 210 WHEN IN BOUNCES BRUCE THE DESK
JOCKY SOLDIER AND FRIENDS...



We are talked to...



GETS THE QUESTIONARE
AND I'LL TELL YOU JUST
HOW TO FILL IT OUT...

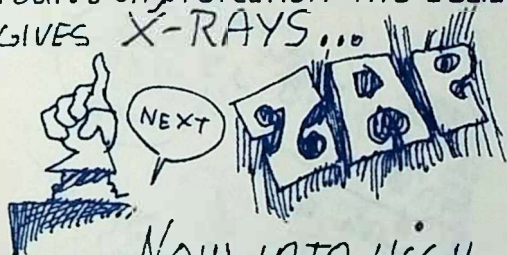


ONE HOUR LATER...THE MEDICAL
QUESTIONS.....



"ALL WE CARE ABOUT IS IF YOU'RE
ADDICTED TO HEROIN OR OPIUM..."

NEXT, behind three feet of
radiation protection the doctor
GIVES X-RAYS...



NOW, INTO HIGH
GEAR MOVES THE CRACK
STAFF TO SEE IF THESE BOYS
ARE FIT TO SERVE... NO UNFIT
MAN SHOULD SERVE IF HE
ISN'T FIT....

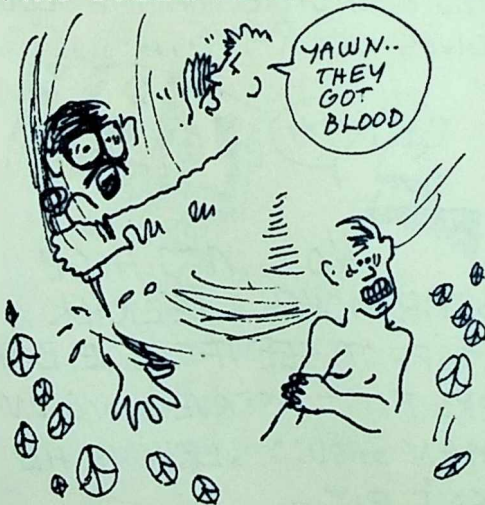
NOW THE PHYSICAL...



THE WEIGHT TEST (ALAN SLUMPS AND GETS A SIX WEEK REPRIEVE) AND THE WONDERFUL URINE TEST.. AND DOUG HAS A PROBLEM...



THE BLOOD TEST...



The Eye Test

"CAN YOU SEE ANYTHING, KID?"

"YEP!"

"PASSED"



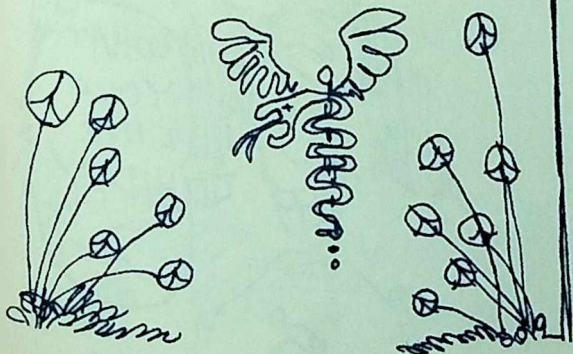
THE EAR TEST,

ALL PRESSED
A BUTTON...
ALL PASS

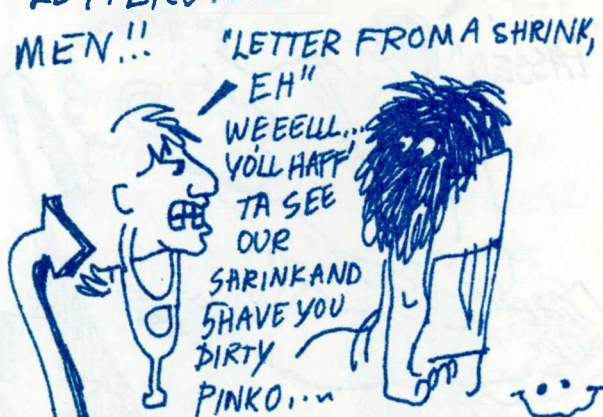
TEST
ROOM



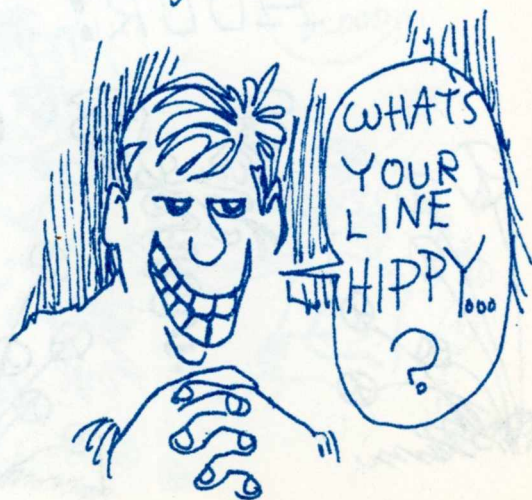
THE GOOD OLD BEND OVER
AND ETC... TEST - NON
ILLUSTRATABLE - CRACK
MEDICINE IN ITS FINEST
HOUR!



NOW: THE INTERVIEW WITH
THE DOCTOR... PRESENT
LETTERS AND "DUCK WADDLE
MEN!!



THEN MY CONFRONTATION



"BROKE YOUR BACK?
CAN YOU WALK?"



Then on to the loyalty
and mental tests for which
they ask you if you are a
commie or a member of
some obscure cult sup-
porting the return of the
JAPANESE EMPEROR...



FOGGED X-RAY PLATE -
OUT AT 10:00 WITH TWO
OTHER RECALLES BUT...
BUSES COME AT 3:00, SO.



Good Fortune for the
ANCHOR BAR & Grill...

ALL WAS STILL NOT OVER A WILD TALK
WITH A STAFF "WHO"... AND JUNE
"SCARE" LETTERS FROM SERVICE...
"NOW THAT YOU'RE 1A" ????
SCARE TATICS...

