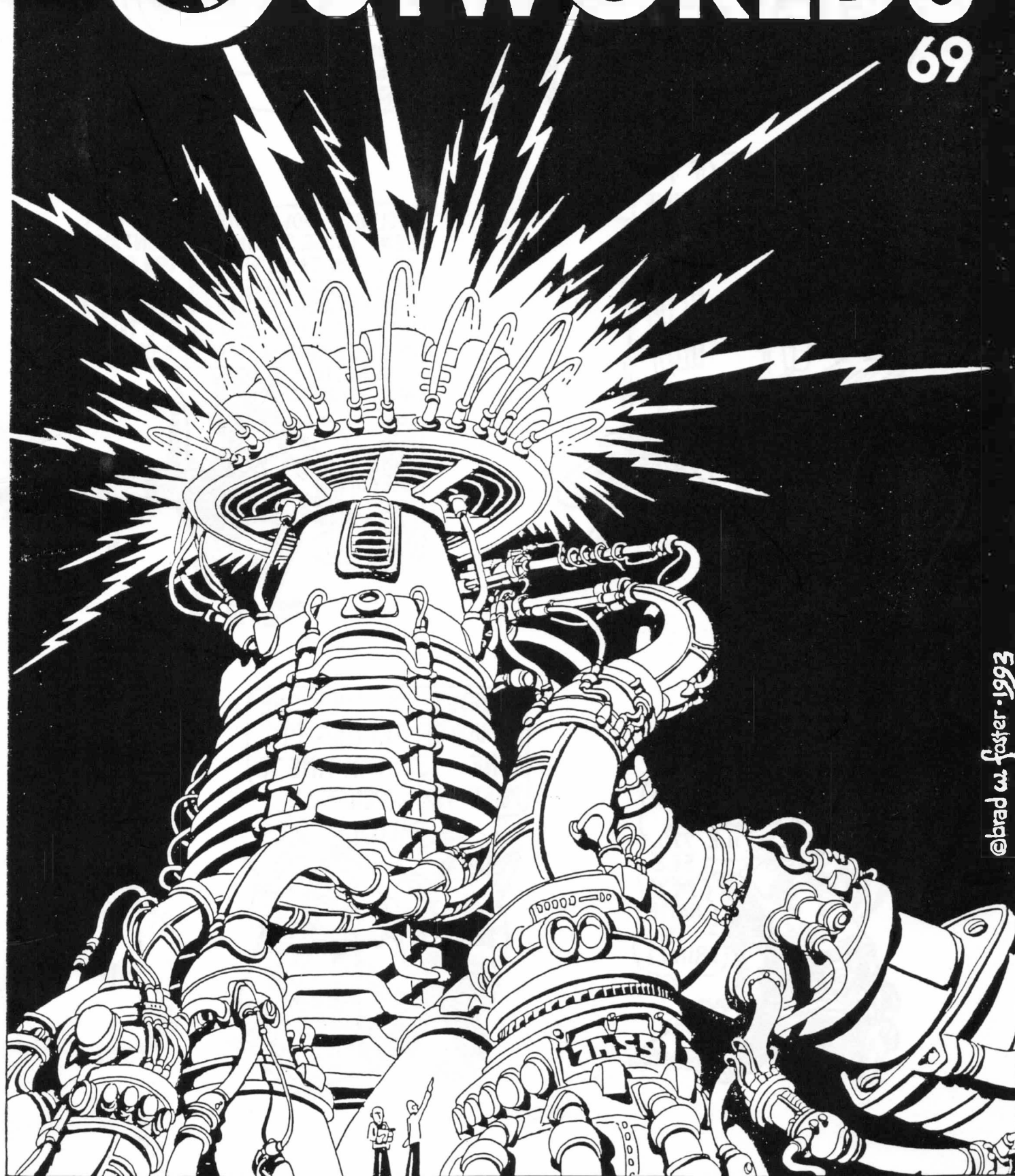


# OUTWORLDS

The 28<sup>th</sup> Annish!

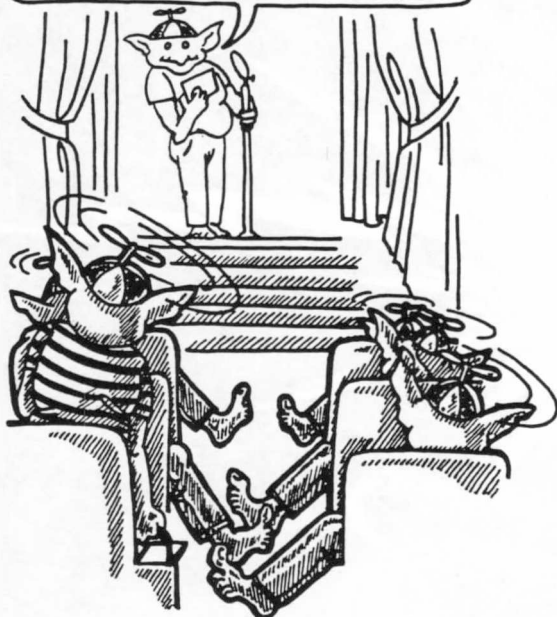
69



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# THE FAN (AND SEMI-FAN) HUGOS

...IS THE WINNER OF THE  
HUGO FOR BEST FANZINE!



DECLINED? NOW I WON'T HAVE TO  
SEND THOSE SUBLIMINAL COUNTRY  
WESTERN TAPES WHEN I TURN PRO.  
HE WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO  
LIVE WITHOUT COUNTRY WESTERN,  
WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO THINK  
OF ANYTHING ELSE. WHY, HE'D ONLY  
HAVE BEEN  
ABLE TO DO  
COVERS  
FOR  
ZANE  
GREYS  
AND  
LOUIS  
L'AMOURS.



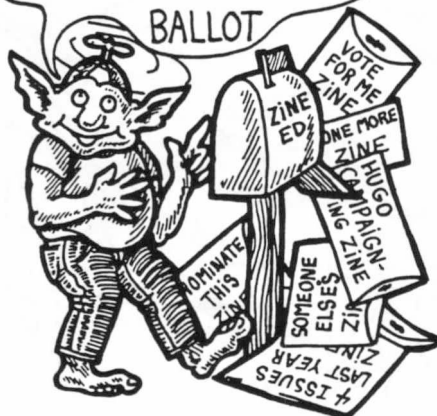
OH, IT'S JUST A  
POPULARITY CONTEST.  
DOESN'T MEAN  
A THING

GOTTA  
SUBSCRIBE TO  
SFC, LOCUS,  
FILE 770.

SEE  
**MY**  
NAME  
IN PRINT!








ABOUT NOW, EVERYONE  
SHOULD BE GETTING MY  
ZINE — JUST IN TIME TO  
MAKE THE NOMINATION  
BALLOT



Wym '93

# Outworlds 69

- 2490 ■ Post-it™ Notes from the DeskTop ■ Bill Bowers  
2493 ■ Grin & Bear It ■ Skel  
2496 ■ Are You A Secret Arctophile? ■ Susan Wood  
2498 ■ Outrage at **Outworlds** ■ Jodie Offutt  
2499 ■ Where on the Web is Bowers? An Existential Quest for Identity ■ Chris Sherman   
2503 ■ Out Into the Woods ■ Wm. Breiding   
2511 ■ The Meeting ■ Joe R. Christopher  
2512 ■ Crab Nebula ■ Eric Mayer  
2514 ■ Con Report ■ Joseph T Major   
2516 ■ A Match Made in Hollywood ■ Bruce Townley  
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2536 ■ LoCs on OW67  
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2562 ■ INotherWorlds  
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2567 ■ The River of Time: Eight Comments For an Annish ■ Joe R. Christopher  
2568 ■ Contributing to **Outworlds 69**....


## ArtWorlds

Cover: **Brad W. Foster** ■ Inside Covers: **Linda Michaels** ■ Backcover: **Derek Parks-Carter**

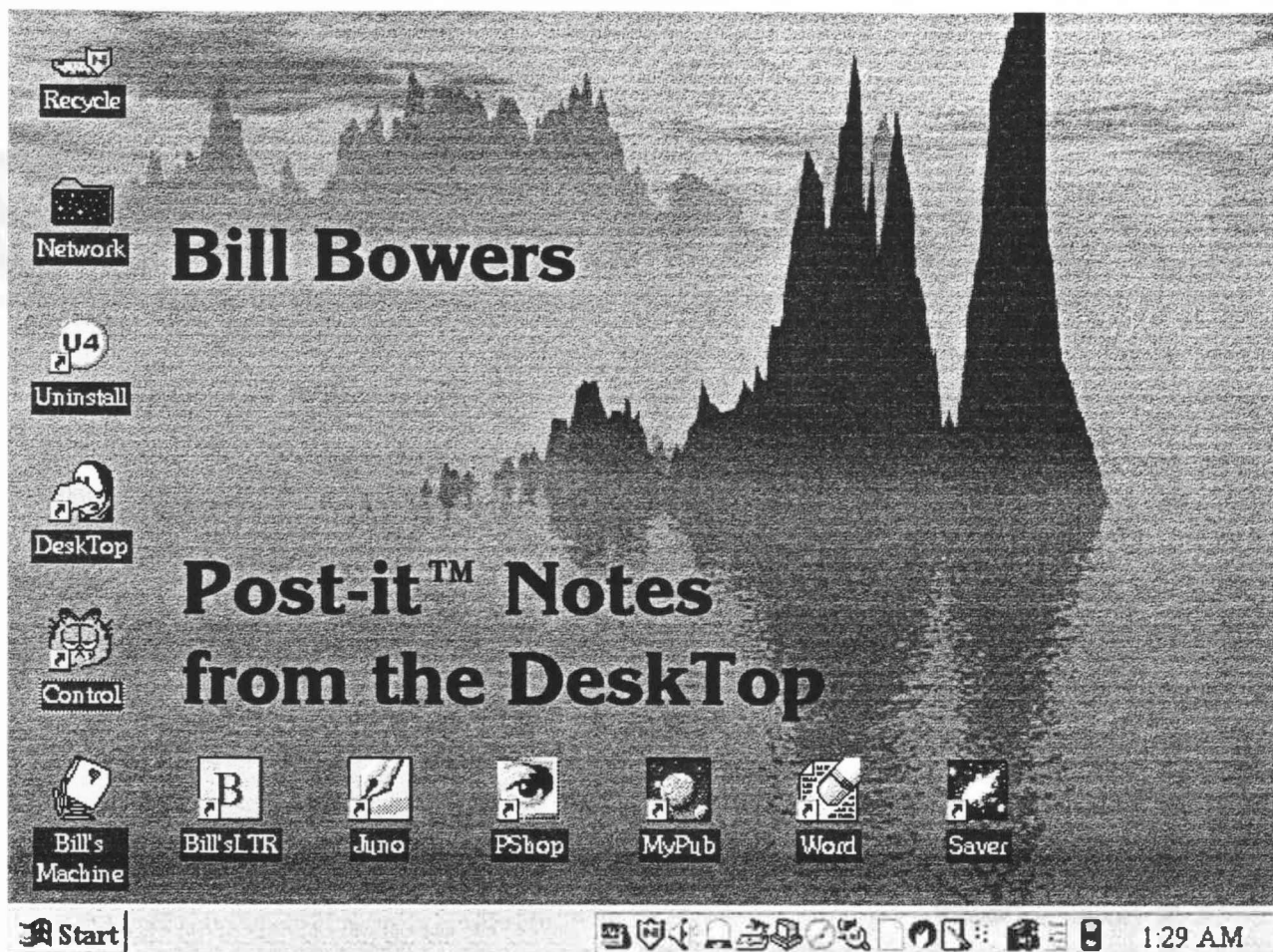
**Sheryl Birkhead**: 2498 [top]; 2549 \* **Al Curry**: 2493; 2495 \* **Brad W. Foster**: 2516  
**David R. Haugh**: 2498 [bottom]; 2499; 2553 \* **Alan Hunter**: 2513; 2535 \* **Terry Jeeves**: 2520  
**Stephen Leigh**: 2521-2534 \* **Linda Michaels**: 2514 \* **William Rotsler**: 2518; 2519; 2536; 2540; 2546  
**Michael D. Shuter**: 2557; 2562; 2567 \* **Craig Smith**: 2517 \* **Steve Stiles**: 2550

**OUTWORLDS**, the eclectic fanzine, from:

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*Outworlds* is available by Editorial Whim, or for \$5.00 Per Issue [5 Issues for \$20.00]  
It's pruning time, again: An "X" on your Mailing Label indicates the obvious; an "?" should be considered a "hint"....  
[  Indicates material received via e-mail.]

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84 Pages ■ Approximately 73,000 Words ■ 175 Copies ■ This is My Publication #199 ■ Dated: 05/05/98



*"Expert Nintendo players are well-prepared to repel the next wave of Martian invaders."*

— Clifford Stoll, *SILICON SNAKE OIL*, 1996, pg. 22

THE DESKTOP TODAY doesn't look quite the same as when that screen-shot was captured back in November. There's a lot fewer icons visible; but there's a lot more hidden beneath the pixels. Sort of like my life.

It's just a bit frightening, to me, to realize that last 'editorial' was written over seven months ago. When I asked Brad if he would consider doing a cover for this issue, it was with the expectation that, for the first time in a decade, I'd actually have an Annish out in January. And, in spite of taking time out to publish 60 pages of sheer nostalgia in December, I was chugging along – re-booting both the computer and myself from time to time – more or less On Schedule.....

Until, in mid-January, the worst possible scenario came to pass for this particular addictive personality:

I obtained web-access.  
Unlimited.  
Toll-free local dial-up.  
\*Free\*.

Now here we are, on the cusp of May.

And, as I cut-n-paste my way toward having 84 masters ready to print, I honestly don't know if my job will last out the week. It's one of the fringe benefits of temping, and you'd think I'd be used to it by now. There was a Major Scare back in December (almost to the day of the 10<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of my lay-off from the same company I now temp at) – but I survived that. As, one way or the other, I'll survive no matter what 'happens' this week.

It's just that, you know, things are/were going too well.

Some Good Things: I managed to pay off the car in January.

And, somehow, I've managed to pay off all but one of my outstanding debts.

Some Not So Good Things: Almost simultaneously with the Job Scare, I had a major health scare in December. It's under control, medically; emotionally, I'm not so sure. But I keep on keepin' on.

Some Mixed-Things: Ever since the '87 layoff, I've been carrying my own health/medical coverage. First under Cobra, then under an ever more costly "conversion" plan. Through employment marriage, and the lack of both, I managed.

But when, last year, I learned that the local HMO was being taken over by an out-of-state version-with-a-reputation, I was probably just as thrilled as at least one person who works there. Sure enough, in March, I was informed that, along with a drastic decrease in coverage, my monthly premium would be Going Up in April. ...and again, because of my birthdate/year, in July, at which point I'd be shelling out \$455.00 a month. Without a prescription card.

Coincidentally, since the first of the year, the agency though which I temp has been investigating a "group plan". That finally came to pass, and is to take effect May 1:

It includes a prescription card, co-pays half that of the other ... and many other pluses.

All for \$115.00 a month.

...a slight difference; almost enough so to, say, publish a fanzine. As well as pay off that final debt.

The kicker is, having "resigned" the old plan, I am now faced with the dilemma that, if I'm not employed through the agency May 1<sup>st</sup>, I probably can't be covered under their "group plan".



Note that word *employed*.

Who knows? It's too soon to panic.

...but I must admit to working on a strong case of paranoia.

Ah, well. A healthy dose of "woe is me" is part and parcel of a BowersEditorial. So get it out of the way, and let's go on:

You know, the electron-ification of *Outworlds*, and of myself, is rather fun, and continues apace. Not always when the system/I, crash 'n burn, but most times, in retrospect, the sense of accomplishment is tangible. Few travel a road less linear. I suspect. ...and The Upbringing says that it's probably Not Right for someone of my age to have such a childish Sense of Wonder. And to indulge it.

I remain bound and determined to go off on every tangent conceivable, but that's really nothing new; it's just exacerbated by the Toy before me.

In the immortal words of Skel: "Surf's Up!"

Way back when that *National Geographic* came out of the wrapper into my astounded hands, I determined to be the first fanned to Pub His Ish ... with a holographic cover.

That's increasingly unlikely, although I still think, on occasion rare, Why Not? True, at one point I had enough expired/canceled credit cards, that I could have clipped the little eagles and MCs, and Added A Little Something Extra to each issue, but that probably wouldn't have been quite the same.

I now have a new Goal:

Surely there must be a way to, if not embed it in cover-stock ... to at least add, as a tip-in, an snial animated gif.

...don't you think?

I amuse myself, and take my joys in small increments. Such as the thrill when I first managed to "address" #10 envelopes w/bar code. The software was always there, the printer came with an envelope "slot". It just took me a while to put the two together.


It's probably no faster than addressing an envelope by hand, but, combined with my evolving Letterhead, I've actually generated more hard-copy correspondence in recent months than has been my norm.

More recently, this past week in fact, after several "tries", I finally managed to get the OCR software that came with my scanner Up 'n Runnin'.

True, this was necessitated by the Job Crisis, and my need to get my résumé entered in, and updated. And I note, from the initial output, that, like breaking in a new spell checker, this will be an evolving process, requiring some "training" of the software.

But in the end - since I am still, After All These Decades, a two-finger typist - this might be worth mastering ... if only to input, with a bit more expediency, your priceless words.

Who knows. By next time I may actually start playing with WordArt.

A fair percentage of the "words" that follow in this particular issue showed up in the computer via e-mail. I have, for your edification, flagged such material with a little . Whether I get this specific in future issues is a matter for speculation.

Again, not an exact science to date. There's a certain amount of fussing/cleaning-up involved, but, in the end I suspect it is both faster, and more accurate than my manual entry of material.

■ Chris Sherman's "Quest" had its genesis in a "test html file" he sent back in early December, long before I had web access, to test out an "off-line" browser Dave Locke had found for me. I'm still not quite certain how Chris managed to send it, sans "attachment" via Juno, but I managed to Save It in a format "readable" by the browser, complete with purtty colors. He probably should have known better, because I kept bugging him (certainly not for egotistical reasons) to let me publish it.


In early January Chris capitulated and sent me a completely "new" version in two formats: as a straight text file, and as a html file, which I converted, and used as a "guide" for formatting what you'll see in these pages. It took some doing, particularly since the preceding and following contributions were already locked-in, and I needed to make it fit into an "even" number of pages. But when I actually got on-line a couple of weeks later, and called up the URL Chris has posted to the web, hey, I didn't do too badly at all!

■ Wm.'s memoir also came via e-mail and, since he is a fellow Juno junkie, I had absolutely no trouble converting it. He sent a follow-up hardcopy, as a formatting guide; that is always appreciated. (The photos also Came In the Mail; even though I can now receive attachments, Wm. can't "send" 'em.)

■ Eric Mayer's column isn't 'marked', but it also has an internet link. When I was trying to persuade Eric to let me publish what he'd sent me So Long Ago, he didn't recall the specifics of the piece. I *could* have sent him a photo copy of the original. Instead I typed it into Word, and sent it to him via e-mail. That way, when he consented, the piece was already in the system.

■ Joe Major gave me the printed version of his "Con Report" at Ditto. I'm still new at this game, so I didn't think of it at that moment, but after the con I e-mailed Joe and suggested that, since he obviously had the piece resident in his computer, he "send" it to me electronically.

Joe also sent his LoC on OW68 via e-mail. A couple of days later, unasked, a hardcopy showed up in my other inbox. Thankfully, since Juno had internally hemorrhaged on the Omega symbols; I never would have figured them out, otherwise.

■ Bruce Townley's piece *doesn't* have that little  attached. If I could manage to generate it as half an icon, perhaps that would be appropriate.

Back before he unfortunately lost net access [just regained!], Bruce was distributing a more-or-less weekly series of "postings"; not so much an e-zine, as a collection of musings. One of those items grabbed my interest, and I asked Bruce to "expand" on it for these pages:

From: Bruce Townley <btownley@orrick.com>

Date: Mon, 17 Nov 1997 08:11:36 -0800

Subject: Heads Up

Just a note to let you know that I sent you an expanded version of that e-mail posting that I sent around a while back, speculating on what would happen if Ed Wood and Jim Thompson had stumbled over each other at the Musso and Frank Grill in Hollywood by snail mail. Probably woulda been faster to whack you the thing by e-mail but since I wrote it on my home machine and I've only got e-mail access at work and the home machine's a Mac and the work machine's a PC, well, you get the picture.

This is definitely a mixed-media technology, we're playing with here.

■ ...and, as I'll mention later on, I received Bill Rotsler's column, via e-mail, a month before his death. \*sigh\*

■ Now then, Steve's article: I jumped at the chance to publish it, when Steve offered, and, In the Beginning, it seemed simple enough. In Real Time, it took some doing - Dave "borrowed" the illustrations-to-disk from Steve's site for me, and Steve sent me the text via e-mail (although he had to break it in half, after Juno kept bouncing it as "too big") - and my "interpretation" of how a web page translates to paper is perhaps a bit tenuous, since it was laid-out before I had direct access on my own.

[I pointed out to Steve that it apparently was Real Easy to "borrow" copyrighted material from the web. This was before I found out how easy it really is.]

I regret not managing to get this issue published before Steve's book, but this way I can recommend it, without reservation. It's a Good One.

...and, if you do have web access, check out Steve's page, if only for the illustrations: This is one of the rare occasions that I truly wish I could publish in full color.

...none of which is to disparage the remainder of the material that came in the Old Fashioned way; eventually I'll accept this new-fangled technology as the norm, and you won't know which came in which way. After all, it's the words/art on the page that counts; not how it got there....

But is sure be fun playing with New Toys!

After all the above, and after all The Ado I made about it last time, you may surprised not to find a formal "e-Worlds" in these pages. A couple of reasons: Juno "crashed" back in November and, although I eventually "found" the back-up files, I had to save them in a format that's a real pain to extract. But perhaps the more direct reason is that the fevered pace of most of my early correspondence in this medium has settled down, and a fair percentage of it these days consists of frantic "Help!" pleas to Dave, Chris, or Don....

Of course none of this precludes the possibility that it might return in full form next issue. We'll see.

It's sometimes not easy — this "access" thing — you know. Tritium was "down" about twelve hours this past weekend; not the first time, but that doesn't make it any less frustrating, although I don't panic to the degree that I did the first time it happened. Still, although the ability to receive and send attachments ought to make a difference in issues future, this is one reason I'll be keeping Juno as my Primary e-mail address.

We won't even talk about the five web-based \*free\* accounts I have.

Speaking of \*free\*: I now have five megs of Home Page space reserved, and have, indeed, established a tentative foothold on The Web. There's nothing there at the moment, except a title (and an animated gif, of course), but eventually I'll have an URL of My Very Own to pass on, for your vast amusement.

If not two.

Less than a year ago, in OW67, Frank Johnson wrote:

"In five years, you can check out the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary spectacular at <http://www.outworlds.com>. You do have that domain registered, don't you, Bill?"

...not exactly.

However. For better, or for yet another diversion, you will be thrilled to know that <http://www.outworlds.net> is, indeed, an officially registered InterNIC domain name.

I have no bloody idea of how I'll afford web hosting, what I'll Put Up There, and I know from html code as much as I do about relationships. But I have a year to figure all that out.

We have indeed met the future, but it's all still at a very tentative Getting To Know You stage...

Not to worry. No matter how irregular, the print version of this title will always be primary. There is simply no tactile "feel" to the web.

By the same token, this issue was never intended to be larger than last. And, although I hesitate to make any speculative predictions, economics are always a factor — it is likely that there will be one more Big Issue.

...then I hope to down-size, considerably. At least page-wise. And attempt more frequent publication.

Big Issues are a kick to do. They really are. But the fact remains that by dint of sheer size, the contributors to such issues are rarely afforded the egoboo they might garner in a smaller forum.

We'll see how it shakes out.

But first, there is this issue ahead of you.

Prove me wrong....

Enjoy.

—Bill Bowers; 26 April, 1998

This issue, more than ever, is for Jackie.

...even though she'll never be able to read it.

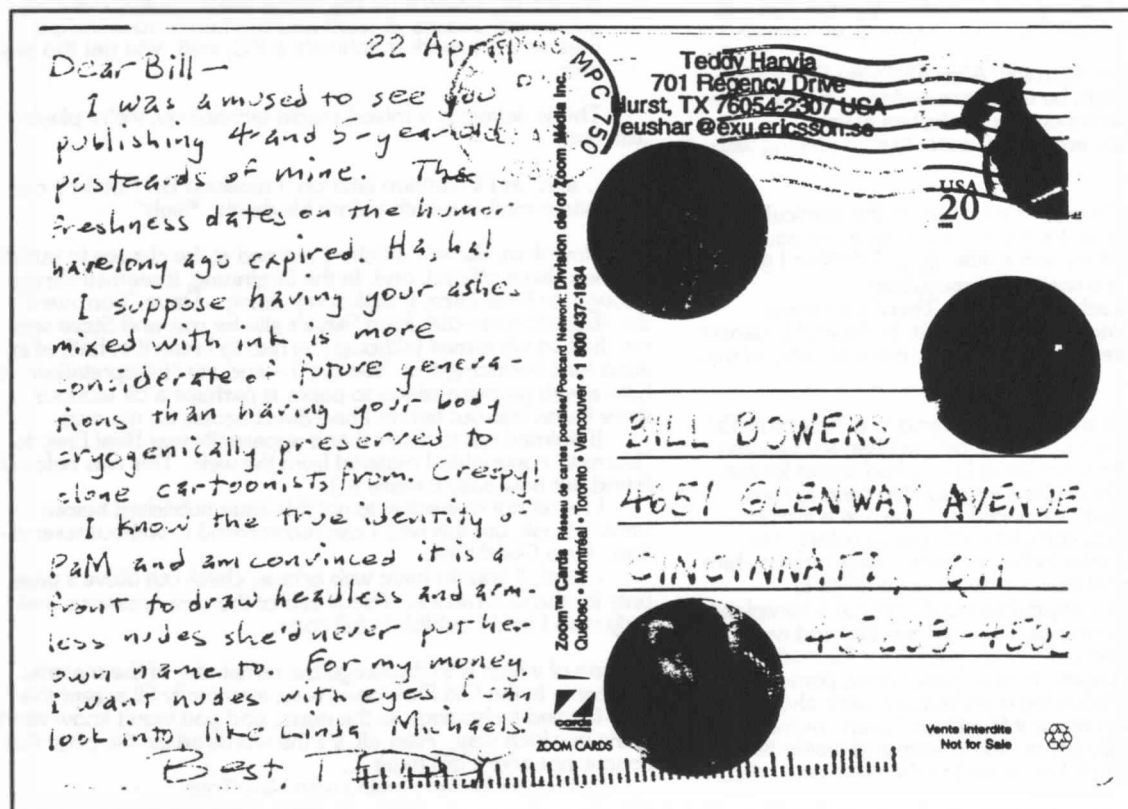
THE LAST WORD 3 May, 1998: ...and the beat goes on. When the above was entered, the job 'status' didn't look good. A week later? Instead of last Friday, May 1<sup>st</sup>, being my Last Day, the new improved scenario says that it will be this upcoming Friday, the 8<sup>th</sup>. If that proves to be the case, it will mark 3 years 11 months and 1 day 'in' — which ain't bad for an 89 day "assignment". So I suppose I don't have anything to complain about. I probably will, though....

In theory, the employment possibilities are more numerous than in '94. In actuality, I have skills I didn't have then. [Not only CAD training/experience, but I've managed to scan in & "update" my résumé, and have also learned how to fax it out...!]

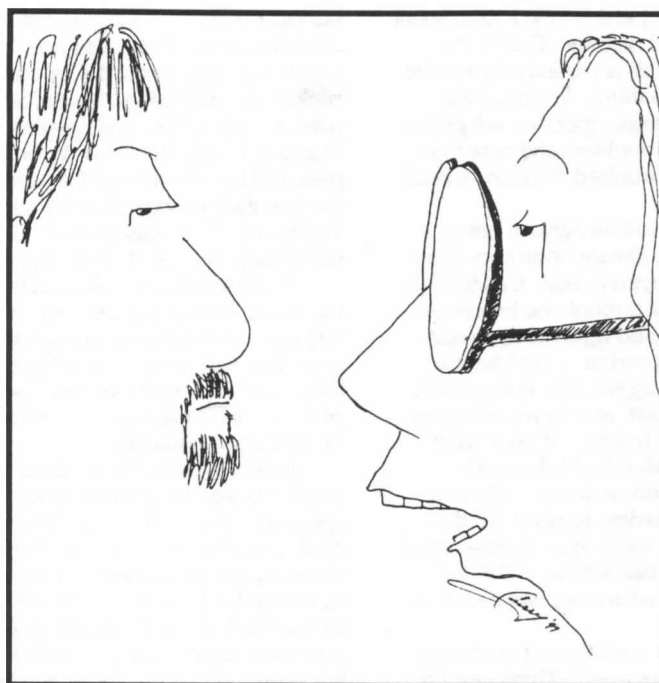
No, I'll not pretend to be thrilled, but I'll manage.

I should wait to publish this issue, but I've 'waited' too long, as it is. Besides, the unanticipated 'extra' week's income will, more-or-less, 'pay' for this issue. Bowers Economics 101.

What can you do? Respond!



...and  
just in  
from  
Teddy  
Harvia



So, I reckon that if we take out the second mortgage, sell your bicycle and stereo, and lease your den as a bed-sitting room to a family of tinkers ... I should be able to buy all the Royal Family Bears ... not Fergie, of course, but I don't care about her anyway ...

## Skel

## Grin & Bear It

WELL, TODAY HAS BEEN Sunday 15<sup>th</sup>. June 1997. Father's Day. My treat was to take Cas, who collects Teddy bears, to the 'Dolls, Dolls House & Teddy Bear Fair' ('The Northern event of 1997') at the G-Mex in Manchester. This is The Greater Manchester Exhibition Centre, and used to be one of Manchester's main railway termini before it was converted. We're talking a major exhibition centre here, where just about 1/3 of the floor space was devoted to Teddies, which comes to a sod of a lot of Teddy bears. Certainly more Teddy bears than I ever want to see again (but then a single Teddy bear is more bears than I ever want to see again, so what do I know?). Let me tell you, these shows are fraught. Well, a decent Teddy is going to set you back (excuse me while I switch off all sense of proportion) anything from about \$260/£150 on upwards. Now there are thousands of bears for sale here, but there are also ravening hordes of collectors buying the buggers. If you can only afford one bear then you don't want to put your money down and then find one you like even better two stalls down. Obviously you want to tour the entire exhibition first. The problem with this is that when you go back to your chosen bear it may already have been snapped up by somebody either more ~~decisive~~ or simply more affluent. Thus all the time you are looking at the various bears you are in a state of terminal anxiety (if you're Cas) or terminal boredom (if you're anyone else). Unscrupulous husbands have

been known to take advantage of such circumstances and their wife's understandable anxiety, preventing them lingering over some choice specimen with whispered urgings of "Come on! There's lots of Teddies you haven't seen yet, **and people are buying them like crazy!**"

On her first pass through she narrowed the untold thousands down to a shortlist of 3, and by a stroke of amazing good fortune (depending on your viewpoint) they were all still available for a second pass. During this stage the £180 one fell thankfully by the wayside, leaving Cas torn almost to desperation in her attempt to decide between the final two. A successful ploy this as I, Teddy-bear to distraction, finally snapped and said "Bugger it! Get 'em both and let's just get the fuck outa here!"

Driving home, two bears richer and almost £300 nearer penury, my mind kept making forays into the past in an attempt to pinpoint the crucial temporal nexii where some archfiend had tampered with history and shunted me aside into this weird Alternate Universe.

I don't even have to trawl too deeply. From a house that must by now provide sanctuary for about 300 bears a backward temporal step of less than seven years will reveal the Skelhome to be a totally Bear-free Zone. Six years, eight months ... and counting. We are flying back, Chicago to Manchester, from our

first US visit. Six fantastic weeks, during which time I have spent **\*ENORMOUS SUMS\*** on books and records. Cas on the other hand has spent relatively little. This is particularly frustrating for Cas, as like me, she was born to fritter. We have the gene. If frittering ever becomes an Olympic sport we will probably represent our country in the mixed doubles (and now that our kids have grown the gold for Synchronised Frittering would be a foregone conclusion).

One of the nice stewardess from American Airlines brings around the Duty-Free brochure but we already took care of everything at O'Hare. We didn't need anything else. Cas though still had the urge to splurge. She paged through the brochure frantically but without success, then started again at the beginning in quite desperation. The she stopped at ... an 'Aviator Teddy', a souvenir bear with helmet, goggles, and flying jacket. \$12. "Got off cheap" I thought with relief, and let my thoughts turn again to fantastic memories of our holiday. If only I had known then what I know now! I was lulled by Hollywood-induced expectations. Why was there no ominous and portentous background music when the stewardess handed out that fateful brochure? Why did my eye not zoom in on a close-up of her knowing and insincere smile? Cas named him "O'Hare Bear" after the very first and last place where our feet had trodden American ~~concrete~~ concrete.

O'Hare was an only-bear for quite a while, and even after this ceased to be the case I wasn't too worried.. Thing was I'd drag us into charity/goodwill stores at every available opportunity in my relentless search for books. Now most of these stores would have a large basket filled with stuffed toys and any Teddy-bears that Cas found appealing she'd pick up for a pittance "to keep O'Hare company". Before I could even think of getting my defences organised Cas was 'collecting' Teddy-bears and coming up to her first hundred. Then she joined a Teddy-bear company's customer club and almost simultaneously started subscribing to a collectors' magazine. The former introduced Cas to the concept of expensive 'special edition' bears, whilst the latter brought to her attention the even more costly concept of 'limited edition' Teddies and \*shudder\* the horrendously expensive one-off 'Artist Bear'.

Suddenly, Cas was fulfilled ~~and I was horrified!~~

By the time of our second US visit she was a fervent collector. Every place we stayed was to be permanently commemorated by a souvenir bear for her collection. She started small, in F A O Schwarz in San Francisco ... aka Hell. Hell may have no fury, but it has lots of 'furry'. Even so I thought I gave a good account of myself. When Cas took herself off to the 'Momma Bears Room' (doubtless to powder her snout), and being subject to certain bladder pressures myself I seized the arrow of outrageous fortune and in front of no less a suave sophisticate than Don Herron heard myself ask the assistant directions to the 'Poppa Bear Room'. God however is famous for giving with one hand and taking away with another. And so it was that to compensate for my abject humiliation he finally let me forget the words to the incessant jingle that Mr. Schwarz was playing throughout his store that day/week/month/year/decade/century/millennium.

Let anyone who reads this think it a 'Grand Jape' to write and remind me of these lyrics let me add a word of warning - **DON'T**. It is no coincidence that arms-limitation talks started with relatively minor stuff like deals on nuclear weapons with bit-players like the USSR. After a little practice, I'm sure the US government will be prepared to take on Mr. Schwarz and his jingles.

Anyway, all things considered I thought we got out of there quite cheaply. Cas settled on The American Bear Company's 'Muffy Vandebear-World Tour (with her own passport)' for about \$30. Just about the cheapest off-the-shelf serious Teddy in the store. Ha! Another case of "If I did but know...". The thing is Muffy is a Herd-Teddy who comes in ever increasing varieties, of which Cas now has seven (including 'Muffy Pilgrim &

her pet turkey" ... I kid you not) which can be purchased at enormously inflated prices from a specialist import company which regularly showers Cas with their catalogues. Cas is a sucker for advertising. 'Gotta Getta Gund' was the Gund company's snappy line, and needless to say Cas got one, at 'Lions & Tigers & Mostly Bears' in Aurora, which we visited in the company of Dave Rowe and Carolyn Doyle, on our way to stay with them at their home in Franklin, Indiana. "Get the damned Teddy out of the way at the beginning, and then we can relax!" was I think the way they phrased it.

Truth to tell Cas only purchased two 'Artist Bears' during the entire 4-week trip and one of these, Linda Sage's 'Oskar', sitting a mere 7" tall was only about \$65. She picked that one up from 'Animal Haus' ("Your Supermarket of Teddy Bears") in Cincinnati, to which Dave Locke had selflessly taken her whilst Al Curry and I followed on tardily behind, detouring via a couple of used-book emporia.

In fact the only really major Teddy that Cas bought on our 1993 visit was by Pauline Merlin, from 'The Bear Garden', a specialist store in Toronto. Despite not being an avid arctophile I tried to kill the time we spent there by browsing the shelves, checking out prices and trying to work out how big a dent this store was likely to put in our holiday finances, whilst Cas followed much more slowly behind, ensuring that she gave the most thorough scrutiny to each and every bear on the premises. My attention was caught by a fairly large bear (standing at 18") made of an unusual white mohair, and wearing a red and white candy-striped dress. On examining the tag I saw it was one of the most expensive bears in the shop, but what really made my heart sink and then crawl off to gibber in a corner of my wallet, was that its name was 'Bethany'. As this also happens to be the name of our youngest daughter I knew in that instant that I was **\*D\*O\*O\*M\*E\*D\***.

We'd been taken to The Bear Garden by Susan Manchester. This I suspect was her act of revenge for the fact that the previous evening I'd been unable to resist scoring her cribbage hands aloud for her faster than she could then score them herself (she being new to the game, and me being a totally insensitive plonker).

These cribbage games occurred whilst Cas and I were staying with Susan, and Mike Glicksohn in Toronto. One evening Mike's uncle Gerry came to dinner, during the course of which the topic of Cas' collection came up, as was inevitable. This is because the only way to stop Cas talking about Teddy-bears is to gag her, which sadly is not an option whilst dining. It transpired that Uncle Gerry still had a couple of his childhood Teddies and unbeknownst to us he decided there and then to return with them on the morrow and gift them to Cas, with whom he knew they would find a good and appreciative home. Needless to say Cas was thrilled to bits and immediately named one affectionately after her benefactor. This 'Uncle Gerry' was a battery-operated music-playing and bubble-blowing bear. The arm holding the 'hoop' moves down and dips it into a cup of bubble-liquid held in the other hand. It then moves the hoop up in front of the mouth from which a jet of air emerges, to create the bubble. In theory. Not yet in practice as the bubble-hoop is sadly missing. Everything else seems in order though and we remain hopeful of finding the missing part somewhere.

Not that being without a vital part necessarily prevents 'Uncle Gerry' from creating a stir. He certainly did OK at Cincinnati airport on the occasion of our finally leaving to fly home. Dave Rowe had driven us out there, whilst Bill Bowers and Roger Sims also came out to the airport to keep us company as we waited for our flight to Chicago and, eventually, Manchester. Obviously we were poor company, our 4-week dream holiday now virtually over and nothing to look forward to but 3 years paying off the loan ... so their time and consideration were particularly appreciated.

It was after we'd bade them farewell though and begun the



boarding formalities that 'Uncle Gerry' came into his own. We'd driven down with Mike and Susan from Toronto to Cincinnati, so this was after all his first flight. So many friends had gifted Cas with Teddies that we'd had to expand this one aspect of our luggage into an emergency 'Totes' bag. These are the things that come zipped-up about the size of a large purse, but which unzip and unfold into an extra carry-on bag. Cas' was absolutely jam-packed with Teddies, one of which was 'Uncle Gerry'. Now Teddy-Bears are virtually transparent to airport X-ray machines, but batteries, terminals, and electric wiring are not. This is after all what such machines are currently mainly scanning for.

The bulky grey-clad American Airlines security lady stalked towards us holding Cas' red tote bag, whilst several colleagues she'd alerted moved to provide support/backup. She could already see the headlines in the next day's newspaper. 'Fearless American Airlines Heroine Foils Major International Terrorist Bomb Threat'. She hefted the bag and asked Cas politely if she might inspect the contents. Obviously we'd nothing to hide, but even so I don't think that "No" was really an option. She yanked open the zip and I wasn't kidding about the 'jam-packed' because several Teddies immediately erupted from the bag, which she grabbed after desperately. "My wife collects Teddy-bears," I said in response to her look of utter bewilderment. When you're saving a plane from being blown out of the skies the last thing you expect is to find yourself with an armful of 'Cute & Cuddly'. "Is there anything in here that has batteries?" she asked, rallying. "OH!" I exclaimed, suddenly realising the problem. "That will be 'Uncle Gerry'. He's musical." I reached into the bag, fished him out, inverted him and peeled back the flap over his battery compartment. She looked, in a desultory fashion, but you could sense her heart was no longer in it. 'Fearless American Airlines Heroine Peers Up Musical Teddy-Bear's Bum' is not the stuff for which the New York *Times* or the Washington *Post* is going to hold the front page.

Of course all these extra bears posed a problem. Cas and I have this deal. My hobby doesn't impinge upon her consciousness, her's does not impinge upon mine. Since all of our children have left home this is no longer a difficulty as their erstwhile bedrooms have now become 'His & Her' dens (as well as occasional guest bedrooms). Unfortunately, whilst MFI's finest 4-drawer cabinets do provide lots of storage space into which you can tuck books (my interest) they provide only a limited top surface area for the display of Teddies, which meant I had to switch to my secret identity of 'D-I-Y Man' and build three layers of shelving on 2½ walls of Cas' den. Even then we had to have the first annual cull, since repeated several times, where some of the less interesting Teddies were stored in boxes in the loft so that newer additions could take their place along the walls. Cas of course cheats, pushing constantly at the boundaries of my goodwill. My books remain as out-of-sight as ever, but the freezer is covered with Teddy-bear magnets, the wall-unit in the lounge has many pot bears in its glass-fronted display cabinets, and in lieu of garden gnomes several pot and stoneware Teddies disport themselves along the base of the garden fence or from the rock-garden. I of course accept this with apparent equanimity **though one day I will snap and AXE HER INTO A BAZILLION PIECES, YOU BETCHA!** One day quite soon I think, on rereading that last sentence...).

But wait, what light through yonder window breaks?

Garden ornaments, particularly those in the shape of Teddy-bears are eminently salable and fetch good prices. Cas' garden Teddies sat outside in all weathers, undisturbed, for a couple of years. Then our new neighbours moved in, with a large but unquantifiable number of shifty offspring, and within a fortnight our garden was a Teddy-bear-Free Zone. Cas went out one day and discovered they'd all vanished. Gone (...and never called me "Mother")!

Of course being totally non-cynical people, almost naïve in fact in our trust in the good nature of fellow human beings, we view the moving in of our new neighbours and the loss of the bears as sheerest coincidence.

Which brings us almost up to date. Up to 'Cedar' at any rate. This is her latest acquisition and, by agreement necessitated by his expense, the last for some considerable time. In the world of Artist Bears, the name of Ted Menten ranks above all others. Cas has been after one of his bears for years, after seeing pictures of some of his creations in her Teddy Bear encyclopedias. He's an American, but even though she looked whilst we were over there his bears were too expensive for even the sort of specialist shops we were visiting. Then, a few months ago one of her *Hugglets* magazine revealed that 'Bears 'n' Bunnies', in Bromley, Kent had managed to get a couple of his bears. Cas telephoned them on the instant and they sent her photos of several Teddies, with their names and price, along with the name of the artist, written on the back. The nicest was 'Cedar'.

'Cedar' then is Cas' Ted Menten bear, right? Wrong!

Even for Cas \$550 - \$860 is too much! 'Cedar' was a much more reasonable \$460/£265 ... and is still a 'Menten'. This is because Ted's son, Adam Yellowbird Lightfoot Menten (he's part amerind, and presumably either his dad or mom was a Gordon Lightfoot fan) has also taken up the same trade, starting with a series of 'Spirit Bears'. His father proudly kept the first (presumably called 'Ash'), but 'Bears 'n' Bunnies' had the second & third, 'Birch' & 'Cedar', of which Cas preferred the latter. So Cas has now become the very first non-family owner, in the entire universe, of an Adam Yellowbird Lightfoot Menten Teddy Bear.

She is now resting on her laurels. Sighs of relief can be heard emanating from both me and our bank manager.

—Skel



Oh, yes.  
Very nice, Bowers.  
Very bloody nice, indeed.

12/20/97 – Editor's Note: I just received a letter from Mike Glicksohn mentioning that his uncle had died recently. I presume this was 'Uncle Gerry'....

...as soon as I started reading Skel's article, I experienced an instant flash-back. *Outworlds 19* contained two of my favorite items from the 'seventies incarnation of this fanzine...and two that drew a sizable response independent of the Pro Wars raging 'bout them. One was Jodie Offutt's "...and the Irish Hate the Irish". The other was the article that follows.

I reprint it here, not only for the obvious tie-in to Skel's piece, but simply as a reflection that, after a year in which far too many Good Fans have left us, I still miss Susan.

A lot.

## Susan Wood

# Are You A Secret Arctophile?

**ADMIT IT.** There are thousands of us, including Sir John Betjeman, Britain's poet laureate, who immortalized his constant companion, Archibald Ormsby-Gore, in verse; one of John Paul Getty's ex-wives who has one made out of mink; a blind English lady who carries a miniature one in her purse because she's lonely, and people stop to chat when they see it; the staff of the Fine Arts section of Toronto's main library; and all sorts of normal adult people who still cherish... a Teddy Bear.

My Teddy is a proper English bear, a present from my beloved Granddad when I was Very Small. After years of faithful friendship, during which he crossed the Atlantic three times, made dull weekly visits to my Canadian grandparents endurable, and put up with being hugged, cried over, sick upon and occasionally thrown, he's a very battered bear. His fur (for some reason, Teddies are usually masculine, and *never* neuter) is threadbare. His growl is gone. He's had several sets of eyes and new paws. And he's still as cuddly as ever. My dolls got packed off into a box in Mom's basement long ago, but Teddy traveled to Toronto, and then to the wilds of Saskatchewan with me, where he belongs. After all, friends belong with you, not in a musty old box!

There are exceptions, of course. Peter Bull, an English actor who has become the world's leading arctophile historian, records the following conversation with a friend who hid his Teddy, for safety, under the floorboards of his parents house:

"But isn't he lonely?" I asked

"Not a bit," replied my chum cheerfully. "He's got a lot of old love letters to look at, and plenty of hard-core pornography."

Now I admit, my Teddy only recently found his way out of hiding. You see, several years ago I met a chap named Mike Glicksohn. 'Mike' in Russian is 'Mishka', which is the name given to furry black dancing bears. Those of you who have met the Boy Wonder will agree the association seems appropriate. Sandra Miesel insists I traded a small, cuddly stuffed creature for

a real "furry precious". Be that as it may, the creatures did not co-exist.

Poor Teddy found himself not only displaced from my affections, but suspended from the light-fixture, contorted into weird-and-perverved positions, tortured.... Eventually, for his own safety, I banished him to the top of my dresser. When Puppy-the-cat arrived, looking for a scratching post, Teddy vanished into a drawer. Meanwhile, I found myself teased unmercifully, especially when a Teddy with a microphone in his nose was implicated in last year's British sex-and-politics scandals. Even the fact that my hulking, hip, 21-year-old brother had disinterred *his* Teddy didn't help; it meant that Michael could tease the entire family. I ended up thoroughly embarrassed that I, a Respectable Urban Matron and would-be Scholar, couldn't bear to part with my bear.

Then one dreary day last winter, a bad case of thesis-writer's block drove me to turn on *The Pierre Berton Show*. There, in a Toronto tv studio, sat a tweedy, middle-aged British Character actor named Peter Bull, being encouraged (Berton being free of the smirk-syndrome that spoils US talk shows) to explain, in all seriousness, why people like me cherish their Teddies. He made a lot of sense.

I even debated bringing Teddy out to see Theodore, Bull's chief bear, who goes to lunch with Archibald Ormsby-Gore (they write each other formal invitations, and Theodore takes Bull along to play with Betjeman). Being selfish, or unconvinced, however, I remained before the set and caught a mention of a book by Bull. No title, no further information.

The next day I abandoned my thesis to pore over the Books In Print catalogue in my favorite bookstore. While involving the entire staff in a twenty-minute exchange of Teddy-anecdotes, I discovered that Peter Bull is the author of *BEAR WITH ME* [London: Hutchison, 1969]; and *THE TEDDY BEAR BOOK* [New York: Random, 1970]. The former retails for £1.50. The latter for US\$10.00, Can\$12.00.

They are the same book.

Neither one was for sale in Toronto.

Since Toronto has an excellent reference library, I was able to examine the American edition (my nice English auntie is sending me the other, so I can read aloud to Teddy...). **THE TEDDY BEAR BOOK** contains a history of the creature's development from 1902, with the famous Clifford Berryman cartoon of Teddy Roosevelt not shooting a cuddly bear cub. It has photos and illustrations, information and anecdotes.

Basically, however, it exists as a tribute to Teddy Bears and the love people feel toward them; and as an attempt to show why that love exists. Why an Italian mountaineer, Walter Bonatti, survived a night of total despair, lost in a blizzard on the Matterhorn, by talking to Zissi, a small Teddy. Why an Englishman went to court to force his estranged wife to return an "eighteenth-century table, a cut-glass decanter, and his Teddy Bear." Why women like me marry men who physically resemble Teddies. Why thousands of people (not just the inevitable pathetic souls who live in a fantasy world, dressing up bears instead of poodles and treating them as their "family") responded to this advertisement in the London *Times*:

History of E. Bear Esquire. Reminiscences, Data, Photographs (returnable) urgently required by Peter Bull who is compiling a symposium on these remarkable creatures. No actual bears, thank you!

The symposium became a book; and, with publicity appearances in Britain and the United States stimulating further response, the book sparked a project to hold a massive Teddy-rally in Madison Square Gardens!

What Bull calls "the whole dotty, marvelous mystique of the Teddy Bear" is based on a simple human need. Teddies are soft, furry when new, appealing to basic human cuddle-reflexes. They are associated with childhood, a world seen, by nostalgic adults at least, as one of simplicity and security. The same description, though, applies to pink kitties, blue doggies, and tacky orange-plush Poohs, which do not evoke the same universal response of warmth and appreciation. Who ever involved an entire bookstore in a discussion about stuffed bunnies?

Other toys are just that: toys. A Teddy is a Friend.

Peter Bull, reading and listening to innumerable Teddy stories, discovered that many people besides himself felt "a kind of human fellowship" with "this cherished symbol of security." Childhood, for him, was a time when "there was always somebody to tell your joys and sorrows to, and in far more cases than I had ever realized, this someone was a Teddy Bear.... Teddy's constant availability as a listener is one of the quantities which has made him so outstanding and satisfying as a friend."

Doctors and psychiatrists now recognize that Teddies, their placid expressions encouraging trust, can help children whose worlds are not safe and secure. One psychiatrist calls them father-figures, representing "goodness, benevolence, kindness. Parents who replace this cozy unharmed toy are a menace." Bull documents their marvelous record as pacifiers and pain-relievers – as well as the traumas and bitter family quarrels which can result when some callous adult throws out a cherished bit of battered plush because a child is "too old" for a Teddy.

But surely there does come a time when a normal adult grows up, grows "too old" for a Teddy?

What on earth is that man Bull doing with a collection of the beasts?

To some extent, Bull does pander to the image a "normal adult" (a bearless child grown older) must have of him: fey, probably gay, and certainly abnormal. He presents himself as master of the arct-anecdote, as when he describes his reluctance to leave his fourteen New York bears (he has eleven in London) sitting in a tv studio overnight in preparation for a debut on *The Today Show*. Bull wasn't afraid the bears would be stolen; rather, he knew they would sulk. Finally he was forced by technical considerations to leave them behind, he says, but

"Theodore, my eldest and most precious Teddy friend, refused point blank.... And I had to take him in my pocket the next morning. The others were in a foul tem-

per when I greeted them, since they, too, hate being away from base without me."

But that's Bull the actor, playing to the gallery, anticipating and therefore disarming the reaction of those dull people who will never understand:

"Sometimes when I'm describing some of Theodore's foibles or quirks I see a look of terror come into the eyes of the listener. For it is usually incomprehensible to the person who has never possessed or even wanted a Teddy Bear that an adult can be so passionately attached to what is apparently only a stuffed toy. But then I feel the same sort of thing when people start going on about their cars, yachts, houses, or bank balances, all of which seem to me far more inanimate than Teddy.

In fact, most of us arctophiles seem quite "normal". We ceased talking to our bears around the age of four, when we realized the bears were not answering. (That, of course, is one of their gifts, along with a lack of locomotive power. The patient Teddy is always quietly at your side to absorb confidences, tears, or even blows.) We don't dress our Teddies up or lug them around the world in special baskets as does Sir John Betjeman (although my Teddy did very kindly agree to brave the horrors of a Regina winter with me; and maybe I *should* knit him a woolly pullover, his fur is almost worn off...).

We don't for a minute consider parting with our Teddies, either.

We need their benevolent, loving aura. We need their companionship. Bull says, and I agree, that "Just to look at a Teddy when one is upset is a help. It may sound silly, but that slightly absurd face brings things back into focus almost at once."

A Teddy is a Friend.

Fellow arctophiles, bring your bears out of the closet. Cuddle them. While you're at it, cuddle people like Dan "Teddy Bear" Steffan, also possessed of a benevolent aura.... In fact, he complains bitterly that girls call him their "Teddy Bear" because "they say I'm easy to talk to," confide in him, "and that's all they're interested in, damnit!" So what's wrong with being loved, trusted, needed and cuddled?

Arctophiles aren't isolated oddities. Those people buying Chad Valley and Steiff bears by the armful, not to mention volume after volume about Pooh, Rupert and Paddington, can't all be grandparents and aunts buying baby gifts. Get your bear out, and give him the honour he deserves after all those years of friendship. After all, Gordie Dickson and Poul Anderson gave Teddies a whole planet! In **EARTHMAN'S BURDEN**...

Anyone who loves Teddies (or Hokas) can be a member of the Teddy Bear Club. Robert Henderson, president of this unofficial organization, says that it "exists universally in the subconscious mind... the common bond of Teddy Bear consciousness binds together whole groups of people of otherwise diverse interests." Colonel Henderson has spent his life corresponding with, and bringing together, Teddy-people: from enthusiasts like Bull to lonely people who literally have no other friends. He concludes that, while dolls change and fad toys vanish, the Teddy is, after almost seventy years of popularity, firmly established as a cultural symbol:

He permeates the whole structure of society. This is because he is a truly international figure who is non-religious and yet universally recognized as a symbol of love. He represents friendship, and so is a powerful instrument of good will, a wonderful ambassador of peace, functioning as a leavening influence amid the trials and tribulations of life in the modern world.

Cuddly toy, childhood treasure, symbol of security and piece, friend: whatever he is, I wouldn't part with Teddy. All true arctophiles will understand.

—Susan Wood

Smile when you write  
that!



Jodie Offutt

## Outrage at Outworlds

I HAVE A LIST, A FAIRLY SHORT LIST. It isn't written anywhere. It's in my head. My list began ten or fifteen years ago and I added to it over the years until it grew to three, then four, and now five.

If I had to give my list a name it would be "People for Whom I'd Do Anything They Ask". Notice that I said ANYthing, not almost anything. The one who started my list was Bill Bowers. It began when Bill was publishing *Outworlds* on a fairly regular basis and I realized that if Bill asked me to write for *OW*, I would not refuse him. I was a regular columnist for a few issues before *OW* went on hiatus and I was happy and proud to be a part of Bill's fine fanzine.

I shouldn't have to say this, but perhaps I should: My husband is not on this list. It goes without saying that whatever Andy asks, I'd do. Our relationship is completely outside my fannish list.

Yes, my list is made up of fans. All men.

I don't know if Bill is aware of my list and that he is on it. He is now. Two others on my list know about it and that they are on it. One fellow doesn't know because, for no particular reason, I've never told him. The fifth man will probably never find out because, to tell you the truth, there's no telling what he might ask of me. He has an unusual sense of humor and well, there's just no telling.

A couple of others are candidates for my list. But remember, the whole thing is in my head and I don't feel it necessary to make any mental columns or score cards full of pluses and minuses next to names of potential list members.

The important thing here is trust. I trust each of these men so much that I am certain none of them would ask me to do anything I wouldn't or couldn't do. I trust them not to take advantage of my trust.

I was pleased to hear that Bill would be publishing *OW* at regular intervals again, pleased that Bill was strong enough mentally and physically to consider a publishing schedule. When I

had breakfast with Joel Zakem at ConCave and he told me of an impending *Outworlds*, I was excited, but I did wonder out loud why Bill hadn't asked me to contribute.

"Oh, it'll be an all-Cincinnati fanzine," Joel told me. "All contributors are Cincinnatians."

Well, that'll be interesting. And it was. Bill gave me my copy at MidwestCon and I rushed to my room to read it.

A Steve Leigh poem, emotional and personal. A Frank Johnson piece. Frank should write more often; he's good! Some nice words by Denise. A long piece by Chris Barkley—another surprise. There's Roger. Dependable Roger. And Bill's detailed account of everything in the world.

What's this?

What the hell is this? Dave Rowe? He doesn't live in Cincinnati. He lives in Indiana; Dave's NEVER lived in Cincinnati. Dave's not from this country, let alone Cincinnati.

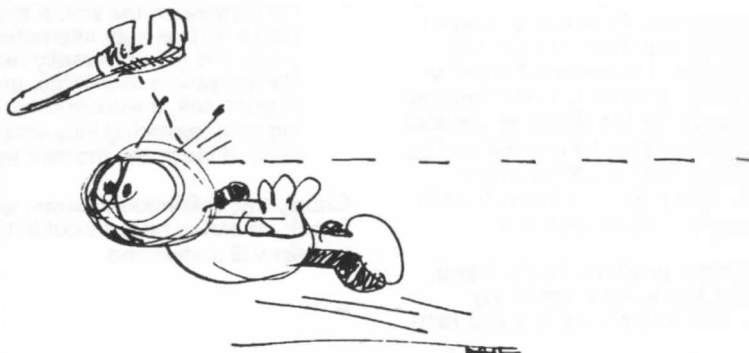
And Joel? Joel Zakem. He lives in Louisville, for crying out loud! Works in Frankfort. The closest he ever came to living in Cincinnati is an uncle who lived in Northern Kentucky.

So what's this all-Cincinnati shit? Why the hell wasn't I asked to contribute? I live as much in Cincinnati as Dave or Joel. I'm an hour and a half from Cincy, just down the Ohio on the Double A Highway, or US52 on the Ohio side of the river. Doesn't Bill think I'm good enough for his zine any more? I'm not worthy? I'd have written something nice or sweet or nostalgic or funny or clever or personal or short or long—whatever Bill wanted. I'd have spellchecked it, corrected the grammar (Andy would. I have an in-house professional editor.). I'd have sent it on a disk, or a hard copy, double-spaced, whatever Bill wanted.

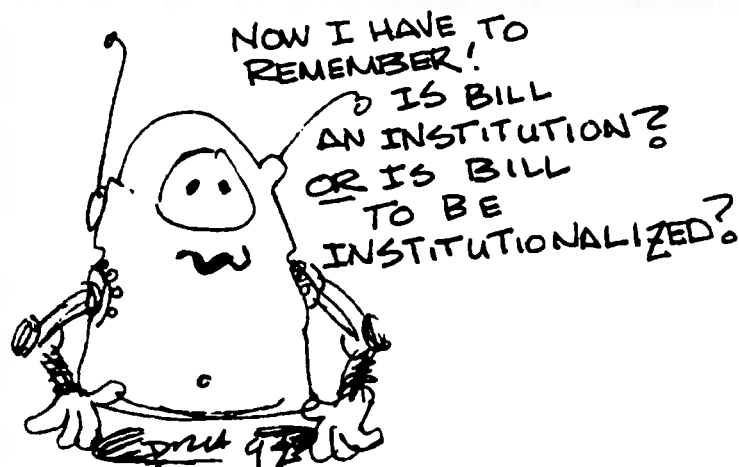
But NO! *Outworlds 67* was all Cincinnati. Yeah, right. In a pink pig's eye.

You know what? I've decided to start another list. A shit list. Bill will be at the top of that one, too.

—Jodie Offutt; October, 1997







## Chris Sherman

### WHERE ON THE WEB IS BOWERS?

## An Existential Quest for Identity

I'VE HAD THE PRIVILEGE AND HONOR of being acquainted with our humble editor for the better part of a quarter-century. I would even make bold to name him as a friend. And yet several curious disjunctures during the course of events has left me with a disquieting sense of unease regarding the innermost nature of my friend. Taken separately, none of his curious eccentricities brook more than a passing indulgent chuckle, but when viewed en masse they form a composite of an enigma, of a man shrouded in an indefinable aura of mystery and intrigue. In fact, numerous hints and oblique actions have led me to a bizarre, but nearly unavoidable conclusion: that Bowers has multiple personalities, and chameleonlike, assumes different roles and identities with a nearly undetectable fluidity.

Unwilling at first to accept this conclusion, I resolved to make discreet inquiries that might dispel my hypothesis. Knowing my subject to be an inveterate diarist and compiler of lists, I was sure I could find traces of his affairs on the World Wide Web, despite his clever posture of naive ignorance regarding the Internet. I forthwith began my investigation by searching for signs of him in the realm of his most publicized native environs: in the company of other sf fans.

Indeed, he was listed as a member in good standing of The **Cincinnati Fantasy Group**. His familiar visage appeared in Gary Mattingly's **Skug Online**, and he is favorably mentioned in Nicki and Richard Lynch's **Mimosa** and Dave Langford's **Ansible**. And apparently dashing to shreds his professed ignorance of the Internet, Bowers was also noted in sites for the **Worldcons**, **Octocon** and **Ditto**.

<http://www.cfg.org/>  
<http://www.dnai.com/~gmatting/papphoto.html>  
[http://www.smithway.org/mimosa/m12/12\\_p05.html](http://www.smithway.org/mimosa/m12/12_p05.html)  
<http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/a57x.html>  
<http://www.wsfs.org/wclist.html>  
<http://www.cfg.org/octocon/>

All well: these references squared with what we already knew of our man. Now for the more delicate work. My strategy was emulate the thought processes that our subject would engage to cloak his non-fannish activities. Knowing his passion for mysteries, I decided to use the oldest artifice employed in the genre. In homage to Poe, I began my search for the Purloined Bowers. Search for clues in the most obvious places... ha-ha! Cons! Search for Bowers and Cons!

Eureka! Right there on my virtual desktop, in plain view, the first Bowers simulacrum:

### **Nu Con Corporation**

Bill Bowers, New Business Development

We specialize in 5-axis machining of integrally bladed components. We are experts in the manufacturing of: Jet Engine Cases, Radial & Axial Compressors, Shrouded Impellers, Expanders, Diffusers, Pumps & Turbines, in a variety of materials including aluminum, stainless steel, titanium, exotics and plastics.

<http://www.rust.net/~nucon/>

Of course! To his readers Bowers represents himself as an engineer. "Shrouded Impellers" and "Diffusers" indeed! And plastics... hmmm...

### **Brooklyn Chemicals**

Witco Polymer Additives Group 700 Court Street Brooklyn, NY 11231 Telephone: 718-858-5678 Mr. Bill Bowers, Plant Manager

<http://www.chamber.com/2/88.html>

Jet engine cases, polymers... In various editorial epistles, our subject has made mention of his glorious and heroic military record. Perchance a connection?

### **Bowers, Bill**

Support Engineer United States Atlantic Command Directorate, Joint Training, Analysis and Simulation Center

<http://208.145.129.4/msn/poc/12.htm>

Real-time war game simulations! The fiendish scoundrel! For years I labored under the delusion that our subject needed patient nurturing and guidance with computers, when in fact he was a master of simulated warfare. Had I been duped? No, this was unbelievable. This went too far. I needed to find further proof of his computer skills before I could accept my findings.

### **University of Nebraska at Omaha, Center for Management of Information Technology**

Bill Bowers brings over 17 years of business, computer and consulting expertise to NBDC. Bill served as Regional Controller for First Data Resources and later taught computer application software to both corporate and private clientele. In a consulting capacity, Bill creates, installs, and tests computer programs for business; accounting, sales, and inventory systems.

<http://cmit.unomaha.edu/cmit/instructors.htm>

Reeling in disbelief, my now overwrought brain conjured visions of what I would find next. Bill Bowers, Special Agent 69?

### **United States Space Shuttle Operations**

STS-34 Atlantis, Orbiter Vehicle (OV) 104, crewmembers listen to trainer Bill Bowers explain ARRIFLEX camera equipment during briefing at JSC.

<http://www.ksc.nasa.gov/mirrors/images/images/pao/STS34/10063746.htm>

An instructor in spy-camera operation for NASA! Gradually the realization was dawning on me that we were dealing with a modern-day Leonardo.

### **Bill Bowers' Home Page at Penn State**

Eclectic - From the Greek *eklektikos* meaning selective. Selecting or made up of elements from a variety of sources, systems or styles, a mixture or a composite, assorted or diversified.

<http://www.personal.psu.edu/users/w/h/whb108/mymain.htm>

That's it! We had our man now, beyond any shadow of a doubt. I stared agog at my browser as his various occupations scrolled down the screen:

### **New Orleans Parish School Board**

Bill Bowers, District 6

<http://www.gnofn.org/~bfsenior/nops.htm>

### **Coldwell Banker Real Estate, Lawrence, KS**

Bill Bowers, Sales Agent

<http://www.htol.com/3016.htm>

### **Western States Mortgage Bank, Bellevue, WA**

Bill Bowers, Broker

<http://www.webcityusa.com/officer.htm>

The man's a veritable polymath! I was beginning to believe he could master any avocation - but no, he certainly wouldn't stoop so low as being a used car salesman...?

### **Bill Bowers' Used Antique Volkswagen Parts Home Page**

<http://www.chesco.com/~carrozza/vw.html>

Having ferreted out Bowers the professional, I turned my attention to his personal life, reasoning I would find something far outside the realm of fandom where he might lower his guard and relax undetected.

### **Bill Bowers, Owner of Beauregard's Effie**

Blue-Ribbon winner in the Puppy Bitches, 6 months and under 9 months category of the Scottish Terrier Club of Greater Atlanta.

<http://www.akc.org/clubs/stca/stcga.htm>

### **Optimist Club of Claxton, Tennessee**

Bill Bowers, Board Member

[http://oakridger.com/stories/100797/com\\_claxton.html](http://oakridger.com/stories/100797/com_claxton.html)

Now *that's* a good one!

### **Sandusky Valley Amateur Radio Club**

Bowers, Bill WA8KBX. The Premis behind the name S.V.A.R.C was to open the doors for all Hams in the area to have a place to meet and share ideas and explore amateur radio. The small group would meet once a month to go over ideas and share in one anothers DX stories. At that time the group would hang out on 160 meter phone AM. The big event for the club was the yearly field day in which the club would group together to make contact as far and wide as they could B in a giving time period and all done with emergence power and portable equipment.  
<http://ecme.nug.net/~svarc/reg.html>

Note the diabolical use of Appalachian dialect to obscure his true identity!

#### **American Legion**

Gray-haired Pennsylvanian Bill Bowers, smiling through his beard, combing the Keystone Commonwealth, has resolved Old Glory will be protected from physical desecration. And neither rain nor snow nor dark of night shall stay this patriot from swift completion of his self-appointed rounds. "I believe strongly in protecting the American flag from desecration," says Bowers, an 11-year member of American Legion Post 57 in Clarksburg and Pennsylvania's Citizens Flag Alliance chairman.  
<http://www.cfa-inc.org/ognmar.htm>

Readers of **Outworlds** are frequently treated to pages of lists. Among the lists Bowers publishes are films that he has seen – and now we know why:

#### **Bill Bowers Filmography**

Screenwriter for nearly 50 major motion pictures, including [tellingly] "The Web".  
<http://us.imdb.com/cache/person-exact/f3822>

Our man it not merely a screenwriter – to stay attuned to live audiences, he's currently starring as Liggett in **The Scarlet Pimpernel** at the Minskoff Theatre on Broadway.  
<http://snubulos.mit.edu/juggler/sp/people.htm>

The fact that he was engaged in this highly physical profession led me in a different direction, and to yet another truly astounding discovery:

#### **Snow Drifters: Bill Bowers, Vice President**

Snow Drifters is a year-round ski and activities club for single adults (with a few married alumni). It is a non-profit organization founded in 1971. We were founded as a ski club, but our activities include a wide range of outdoor activities ranging from backpacking to volleyball, theatre to dancing, spelunking to sky diving or *whatever else our members decide they want to do!*  
<http://www-acc.scu.edu/~awessel/officers.html>

Our man, an athlete! Amazing, but true. Records of Bowers' athletic prowess are numerous. For example, his stats when he played for the **Chicago White Sox** in 1949 reveal a competent slugger. He set records for both individual and relay quarter-mile high hurdles in 1969 at **Millersville University of Pennsylvania** and placed #51 in The **President's Day 10K race** little more than a year ago in Torrance, California. He is **Assistant Athletic Director** at the University of Rhode Island. Of more dubious claim is that Bowers is the **Atlanta Braves' public address announcer**.

<http://cgi.cnni.com/baseball/mlb/ml/players/Billy.Bowers.101/>  
<http://www.millersv.edu/~athletic/men/track/mtrchamps.html>  
[http://www.runningnetwork.com/Cal/r\\_02ca.htm](http://www.runningnetwork.com/Cal/r_02ca.htm)  
[http://www.uri.edu/athletics/RIRAA\\_Staff.html](http://www.uri.edu/athletics/RIRAA_Staff.html)  
<http://www1.nando.net/newsroom/ap/bbo/1997/mlb/at/feat/archive/052197/atf52447.html>

Displays of physical prowess would undoubtedly sharpen the appetite. As such, I was not surprised to find that our man is a widely known restaurateur:

#### **"Bubba" Bowers On Fresh Fish**

What do you need to know when buying fish? Bill Bowers, owner of Jake's Fish Market in New York City, explains that the closer you are to fish, the fresher they will be.  
<http://www.lifetime.com/HealthNutrition/HealthyKitchen/fish.htm>

#### **The Captain's Tavern, Miami, FL**

This 26-year-old family-friendly neighborhood seafood joint, tucked just far enough away from the chaos of U.S. 1 to make it easy to pass by mistake, is run by Bill Bowers, and Bill Bowers loves wine. He loves it so much that he wants you to love it too.  
<http://www.miaminewtimes.com/bom/bom-restaurants49.html>

To shield his love of seafood and wine, our man erects a seemingly contradictory smokescreen, apparently to obscure his activities and foil efforts to discover his true nature:

#### **Bill Bowers, Owner**

The Greater Philadelphia Regional Vegetarian Mailing List  
<http://www.waste.org/regveg/veg-pa.html>

Another absolutely brilliant subterfuge:

#### **Notes on the "Alternative Uses" Committee Meeting**

Bill Bowers, Participant The first item discussed was the charge of the committee. We agreed that our purpose was to advise the State Conservation Commission on ways to "develop and provide technical and financial assistance for nutrient management and alternative uses of animal manure including a manure marketing and distribution program."  
<http://www.dep.state.pa.us/dep/subject/advcour/nutman/altuses.htm>

For several years, we've read about our man's medical misadventures. It is now apparent he was being too modest regarding his medical experience.

#### **Journal of Investigative Dermatology, Vol. 108, No. 4, April 1997**

Bill Bowers, co-author. Truncal tumor site is associated with high risk of multiple basal cell carcinoma and is influenced by glutathione S-transferase, GSTT1 and cytochrome P450, CYP1A1 genotypes and their interaction.  
<http://www.med.unc.edu/jid/toc9704.html>

### Drug Formulary Subcommittee

Bill Bowers, Participant The Subcommittee reviewed the criteria and procedures for handling requests for the addition of drugs to the Drug List. No changes were recommended. The Subcommittee discussed the concept of a preferred Drug List and agreed to work toward this end.

<http://www.uky.edu/OtherOrgs/KyMedicaidDrug/dmrab/formsbmin1.html>

### Medtrex

Bill Bowers, Vice President, Research and Development Medtrex is the world leader in cost-effective equipment and accessories for the delivery of electrosurgical energy in hospitals, surgery centers, clinics, and physicians' offices worldwide. Medtrex products are safer, easier to use, significantly more cost-effective and way more fun!

<http://www.medtrex.com/Brochure/Email.html>

This company has two notable slogans: "Medtrex: Where Every Day is a Holiday!" and [I am **not** making this up] "Use me again and again and again!"

Here Bowers makes one of his rare, yet truly disingenuous slips. A conflict of interest of epic proportions clearly emerges when you consider our man's role in the following sequence:

### Homicide Research Working Group

Bill Bowers, Participant The annual Homicide Working Group Intensive Workshop, sponsored by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms was attended by 74 members. The conference site, at the Bavarian Inn in Shepherdstown, WVA was an excellent setting for the meeting. Overall themes of the workshop focused on the intersection between policy and research.

<http://www.icpsr.umich.edu/NACJD/HRWG/news797.html>

### Dilday Brothers Mortuary

17911 Beach Blvd., Huntington Beach, CA 92647 Phone: (714) 842-7771 Fax: (714) 841-1566 Contact Person: Bill Bowers

<http://www.cremationconsultants.com/crem8me/fdca.htm>

### Wedgwood Church of the Nazarene

"Our Church Could be Your Church". William "Bill" Bowers, Pastor.

<http://www.jimscustomhomes.com/church-1.htm>

Father William, indeed! Lest you think his spiritual efforts are confined solely to providing solace to his flock, observe our man assuming the missionary position:

### Welcome to DIDAX INC.TM

We are an Internet company building Christian community on the World Wide Web. Bill Bowers - CTO & COO.

<http://www.didax.com/staff.htm>

At this point in my investigation, it became clear to me that someone involved in such a diverse range of activities would certainly have had some legal difficulties. Once again, I was not disappointed.

### Supreme Court of The United States

Bowers v. Hardwick June 30, 1996. The US Supreme Court decision which upheld the legality of US states' sodomy laws.

<http://www.qrd.org/qrd/usa/legal/bowers-v-hardwick.txt>

In my mind's eye I can see the scene vividly: Bowers, draped in somber-hued caftan, arguing in the hallowed chambers of the highest court that his opponent had flagrantly misused his hardwick.

### New Berlin City Government: Election Charges

Following a hearing before the State Elections Board, all charges against the City, and Clerk Bill Bowers were dropped without sanction. Immediately afterward, the United Citizens Of New Berlin representatives, who were responsible for bringing the charges, were visibly upset with the crushing defeat that they had suffered. Since that time, this group has attempted a bit of revisionist history, trying to imply that they had never really intended to go after Mr. Bowers. That sounds a lot like me trying to convince my wife that I look like Mel Gibson.

<http://www.newberlin.org/Mayor.htm>

Hmm... politics? With a feeling of dread, I continued my search. By this point nothing would surprise me, but Bowers cohorting with a bunch of common thugs?

### Libertarian Party FAQ: Directory of State LP Officials

Bill Bowers, Washoe, Nevada County Chairman

<http://www.netmeg.net/faq/people/philosophy/libertarian/party/officials/state/>

And now my search ended, at the point where in retrospect, it should have begun. All major companies have website addresses using their own name. Would Bowers really be so bold?

### State Representative Bill Bowers

Thanks for visiting. This site is about Colleton, Hampton and Jasper counties and me, South Carolina State Representative Bill Bowers. Fortunately, nearly everything that I have done during my life has prepared me for service in the General Assembly. My time is devoted to teaching and representing House District 120. Occasionally I escape on a backpacking trip for fun, relaxation, and rejuvenation.

<http://www.billbowers.com>

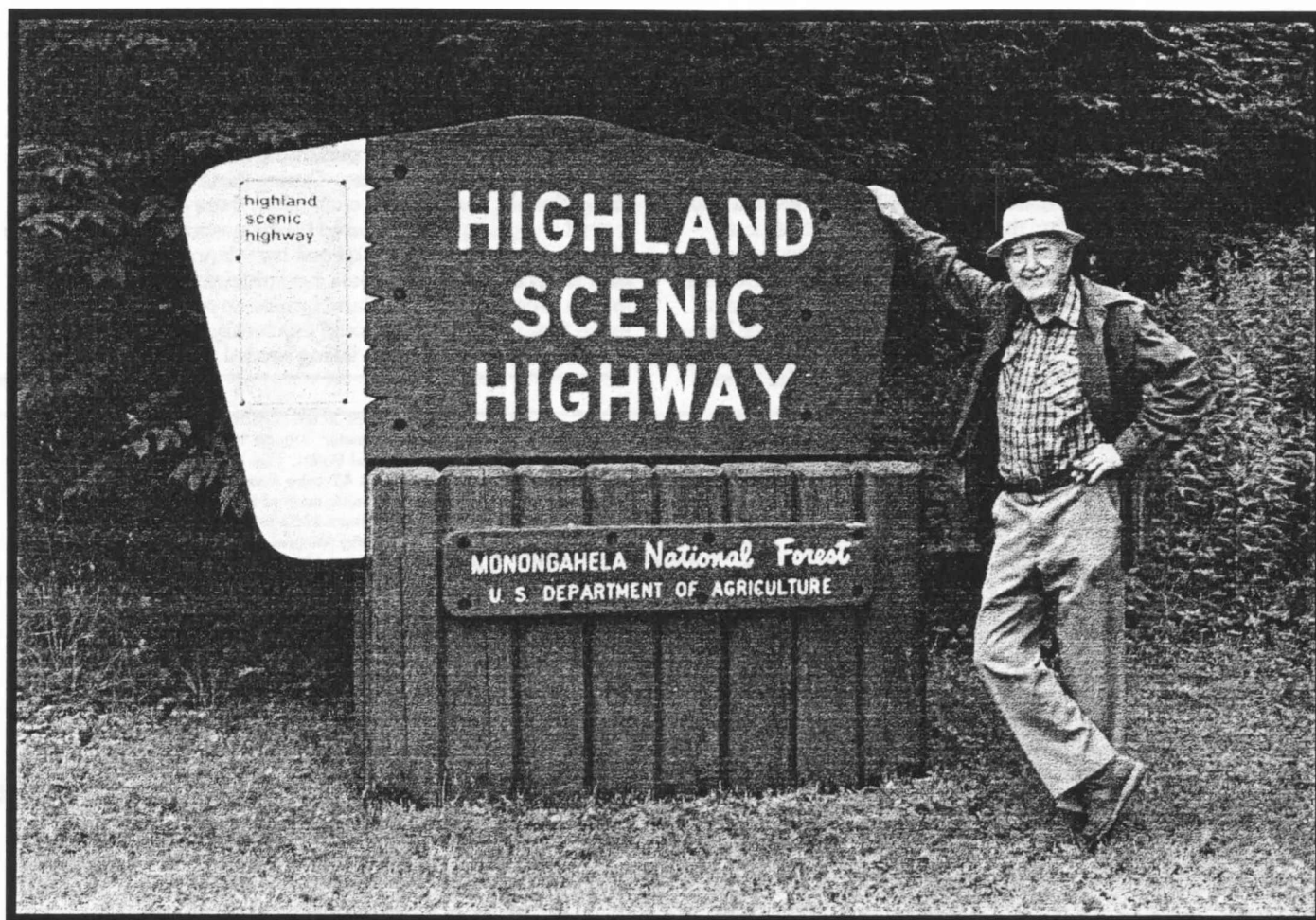
Gaahhh! Bowers as lawmaker! This is truly catastrophic news – we can be certain he has been thoroughly infected with the pernicious lust for power. Any day now our man will be catapulted onto the national stage, running for high federal office.

You read it here first: Bowers for President, campaigning on the slogan "Use me again and again and again!"

—© 1998, **Chris Sherman**

**Editor's Note:** Mr. Sherman speculates that some of my more skeptical readers may doubt the authenticity of some of his cited links. Therefore, he has posted the preceding on the web. \* The URL is: <http://www.silentway.com/bowersweb.html> \* Bill Bob sez Check It Out!





Dad, 1994

## Wm. Breiding

# Out Into the Woods

AS A KID I NEVER FULLY UNDERSTOOD THE WORLD OF MY FATHER or the work with which he was so completely engaged. In Wheeling I remember his place of work as slashes of sunlight in a dusty museum, as tones of warm russet-brown leather and wood in a carriage-house, as the close heat and greenness of mid-summer in northern West Virginia. In Morgantown I remember his job for the serenity and freedom his absence rendered. This deep incomprehension was part of a larger cloudy picture—as father and son our relations had been strained; I'd spent little time with him as a boy, and had grown up disliking him—I was the youngest of six children, well sheltered, and it was not until I was six that I discovered and became a member of the family skeletons. Dad was, as I remember it, unpredictable and often violent. I have very few actual memories, and now experience much of my early childhood as a gothic dirge emanating an overpowering pall. My parents separated in 1968, five months before my twelfth birthday. After that my father became even more of a shadow-man.

Dad's position at West Virginia University in Morgantown had an unwieldy title: State Extension Program Leader For Out-

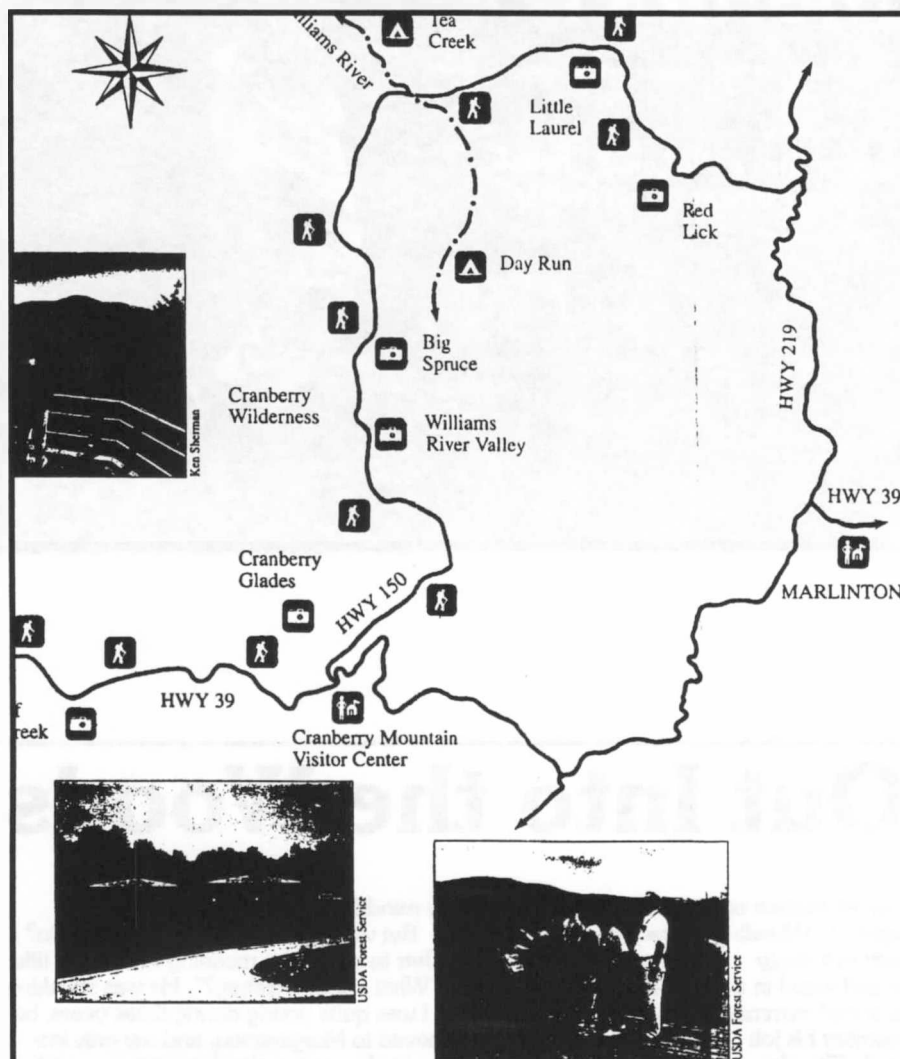
door Recreation. In my mind I've always shortened that to recreational consultant. But what did it mean, what did he do? I wrote and asked my father to clarify the meaning of his long title. His first question was, "What about Oglebay?" He was speaking of his job in Wheeling. I was quite young during those years, being only six when we moved to Morgantown, and my only impressions, aside from those above, was that he spent a considerable amount of time outside. "For 13 years I was the director of Nature Education, Oglebay Institute and naturalist, at Oglebay Park, Wheeling, West Virginia where and when you appeared on the scene," Dad continued. "The title of the position at West Virginia University was changed to Extension specialist, outdoor recreation. [My] responsibilities at WVU revolved around three general areas which entailed much writing/publishing, radio broadcasts, formal and informal teaching, indoors and outdoors. All [of this was] related to: Planning assistance in recreation development to/for, A) Communities, B) Owners and operators of commercial recreation enterprises; tourism development; outdoor/environmental education." Still at a loss in understanding what he actually did, I was forced to simplify once more. An eas-

ily understood description of my father's job might be that he was, and still is, a roving teacher-naturalist, with a specialty in ornithology, the study of birds.

In 1973, when I was sixteen, after five years of near silence, I spent some time with Dad trying to find a way to be friends. I somehow had worked up the courage to ask what had happened between he and Mom, only to be rebuffed. He had been collecting milkweed with monarch butterfly chrysalides that day, and was hanging them from the kitchen ceiling, wetted down and loosely wrapped in plastic, to observe the transformation from caterpillar to butterfly. He said, "Your mother has her story and I have mine." There was also my story, of which he knew little. In those five years I had traversed that complex time between childhood and teenhood, in San Francisco, and primarily on my own. Perhaps in response to this interaction the twenty

years to follow elapsed in a similar near silence. I spent much of that time trying to forget about my father and in the process distanced myself from the entire family.

In the summer of 1993, due to an injury from a motorcycle accident, I was bed-bound for a month. Dad resurfaced and began to call frequently, often dispensing humorous fatherly advice on rehabilitation and exercise. During these conversations it became obvious that we liked each other; there was a connection, even if it was sometimes marred by the unspoken nuances of our history. The following spring I quit my job and hit the road for a year long camping trip. I spent a considerable amount of that time in West Virginia. Dad and I made an effort to spend as much time together as we could psychically manage, testing the waters as father and son by taking several trips into the woods.



Welcome to the Highland Scenic Highway, a beautiful corridor through West Virginia's Monongahela National Forest. This National Forest Scenic Byway extends 43 miles from Richwood to U.S. Route 219, seven miles north of Marlinton. The Highway follows State Route 39/55 for 21 miles from Richwood to the Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center. It then turns onto State Route 150 for the 22 mile Parkway section. The Highway traverses the mountainous terrain of the Allegheny Highlands and Plateau, and rises from Richwood, elevation 2325 feet, to over 4,500 feet along the Parkway. While traveling the Highway, this guide will help you discover the exceptional opportunities for sightseeing and other activities within your National Forest.

#### Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center

Located at the junction of Rt. 150 and Rt. 39/55, the visitor center offers information about the national forest and other nearby attractions. An exhibit hall and audio visual programs provide interpretation of forest ecosystems and local history. Special programs and guided tours can be arranged.

Hours: Memorial Day through Labor Day —  
9:00 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily  
January through April and November —  
10 a.m. to 4 p.m., Sat. and Sun.  
May, Sept. and Oct. —  
9:00 a.m. to 5 p.m., Fri., Sat. and Sun.  
December — Closed

#### Cranberry Glades Botanical Area

The largest area of bogs in West Virginia occurs within this 750 acre National Natural Landmark. Bogs are acidic wetlands typically found in Canada and the northern United States. To protect this fragile area, a half-mile long barrier-free boardwalk has been constructed for visitor use. Guided tours are conducted at 2 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday throughout the summer months or can be specially arranged by contacting the Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center.

**LARGE PRINT COPIES ARE AVAILABLE  
CALL 304-636-1800**

"I WISH I HAD BEEN BORN 200 YEARS AGO." Dad and I were sprawled out on the hot tin roof of the dilapidated house on Range Run Road in northern West Virginia where Dad had bought a piece of land—the nesting site of a warbler uncommon to West Virginia. It wasn't the first time he'd said it that summer, but it was the first time I understood exactly what he meant. "I was born too late," he continued. "I would have been ideal for the Lewis and Clark expedition." When we arrived at Range Run, Dad had parked the car near the old house. He showed me the boundary lines of his property, pointing out a white oak tree that was standing alongside the narrow dirt road. The tree was huge, 250-300 years old. "Can you imagine what it was like when all the trees were like this? That's the forest primeval,

man." I photographed Dad hugging the big white oak. We returned to the car for his camera and binoculars. Dad slung them over his shoulders in a criss-cross fashion and grabbed the lopping shears. Without further preamble, he plunged down the steep hillside into the briars and bramble. In two months Dad would be 77. Observing him maneuvering spryly through the tangle of his woods and hearing him mumble about how all his trails had gone to pot over the four years he'd neglected to visit his 'farm,' I couldn't help giggling in admiration. At one point he stopped and looked back over his shoulder. "What?"

"It's just that I can't believe the way you're bulldogging through all of this undergrowth," I said. "Well," he replied, "this is what I love to do." I have a blurred photo of Dad from that

day. It's a portrait of motion and strength, and slightly frightening. I smile when I look at it, though, because that's exactly Dad as I have known him. A blur of motion and strength, a man out in the woods.

As we sat in the sun on the slanted roof eating fruit and crackers, I envisioned Dad on the Lewis and Clark expedition, with floppy hat, machete and notebook. "Look around you." Dad moved his hand, the one that held a section of orange, in a horizontal arc to indicate the hollow we'd just blustered through for the last three hours, and the hillsides that reared sharply before us. "Imagine that all of this was original growth—unspoiled land: the forest primeval. Sometimes I get homesick for it."

**SEVERAL DAYS LATER** Dad and I went for a stroll in the woods just outside of Morgantown. It had been raining off and on all day and the temperature stood somewhere over eighty degrees. We walked down an abandoned over-grown dirt road. Grass and various sedges grew high, slapping against my legs, wetting my pants and hiking shoes. The clouds were breaking, and spokes of sun reached down to the beads of water nestling in the jewel weed and coltsfoot, causing a pure white light to refract and glimmer in the deep green canopy of summer. The coolness of the rain and the heat of the atmosphere collided. Steam rose and drifted among the trees. Walking before me, Dad was dressed in khaki short pants, short sleeved shirt, Converse all-stars, floppy hat, and the omni-present binoculars.

He talked about his life-long passion for birds and the wonder he still felt at 'getting' one. To 'get a bird' is to locate it either by sight or sound, or preferably both. Usually the event is celebrated by jotting down the date, time, and place it occurred. Once out of the field it is added to a permanent list. At that particular moment Dad heard a scarlet tanager and stood peering into the high brush in front of us. He put the back of his right hand to his mouth. He started a series of chirping, mewling sounds, achieved by the vibration of air sucked between his lips and hand. Lowering his hand he emitted a series of short, sharp hisses, mixed with a vague 'p' sound: *pshh, pshh, pshh*. Dad says this is known as 'squeaking and pishing.' He repeated both calls several times. From behind us there was a flutter of wings. A high chirping and then full song. We turned. Twittering in the lower branches of the trees were a number a black-capped chickadees and chirping sparrows. Surrounded by the wet woods, quietly watching and listening to my Dad, I was plunged

into memory. As a naturalist at Oglebay Park in Wheeling my father often led 'nature walks', little hikes through the woods where he would identify the flora and fauna. As a little boy I would sometimes tag along. After pointing out various plants and trees to the group and entertaining them with his witty monologue of natural lore he might ask me a question he was sure that I could answer. I would preen and tell all I knew. Dad would then announce that he was going to call in some birds for the group to observe. He would listen, scan the trees, stand in a particular direction, do the bird call. Invariably we would be surrounded by the flutter of wings. It was like magic. At almost 38 years old, standing near my father in the misty woods, it still felt like magic. Turning back to the high brush of the meadow he continued his bird call. The tanager was singing but would not come in. Dad scanned the brush hopefully, hissing a few more times. Finally, giving up hope, he said, "That bird must be feeling shy today."

"It sure is beautiful up here," I said. Dad replied that all his life the only place he really wanted to be was in the woods. "I go out looking for birds," he said, "and then I'm surrounded by all of this." He was wavering in front of a high stand of blossoming jewel weed. His face was flushed. "I get out into the woods, and it's just something else." He sighed, becoming uncharacteristically inarticulate. We stood in silence for long moments, seeing, hearing, smelling, feeling our surroundings. I could not fathom the wilderness to the depths that my father does, never experience the deep fascination he has for all living, growing, wild things. I was often homesick for the wilderness, but felt cut off from it. To truly experience it I needed a guide, someone to show me around, to make me feel at home. I didn't have the naturalist's sensibility of my father, regardless of my yearning for it. I was not my father's son. I wouldn't take the time, couldn't seem to hold on to the inclination to memorize the names of plants or birds, to know them intimately. As I stood with my father out in the woods I was at a far distance. From the earth, myself, my father, those that I love, the whole social fabric. I fought at the barricade. What I needed to do was stand and surrender. Dad seem to waken from his reverie. He moved past me, back towards the car. I followed languidly. "I'm going down to Cranberry Glades next week. I was thinking of a three day jaunt," Dad said. "Want to come along?" Absolutely, I said to myself, yes, yes, yes. Aloud, I answered, "I'd like that."

Route 149 goes southwest and ends at the junction of 149 and Missouri Route 125. From both, you will have lovely panoramic views of farms, hills, and forest.—John Lowmiller/Lambert

### 34 HIGHLAND SCENIC BYWAY Monongahela National Forest West Virginia

**General description:** A 43-mile route through the green, rolling Allegheny Mountains, past flowing rivers.

**Special attractions:** Fishing, hiking, Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center, camping, colorful autumn foliage.

**Location:** Southeast West Virginia on the Monongahela National Forest. The byway begins east of Richwood and follows West Virginia Route 39/55 to the Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center. From there it follows West Virginia Route 150 northeast to U.S. Highway 219.

**Byway route numbers:** West Virginia Routes 39/55 and 150.

**Travel season:** West Virginia Route 39/55 is open year-round. West Virginia Route 150 is open from about mid-March through mid-December and then closed by winter snows.

**Camping:** Three national forest campgrounds within five miles of the byway, with drinking water, toilets, picnic tables, fire grates, and fishing available. Numerous additional national forest campgrounds in the area.

**Services:** All services in Richwood and in nearby Marlinton.

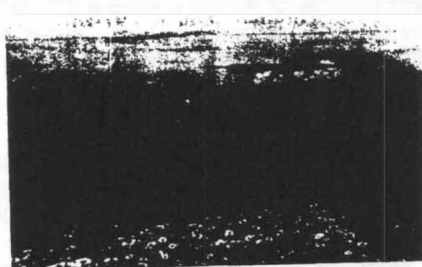
**Nearby attractions:** Cass Scenic Railroad and historic lumber town, Paul S. Buck Birthplace, Green Bank National Radio Astronomy Observatory, Civil War battlefields, rafting, cross-country and alpine skiing, spelunking, music and crafts festivals.

**For more information:** Monongahela National Forest, 200 Sycamore St., Elkins, WV 26241, (304) 636-1800; District Ranger: Gwiley Ranger District, Marlinton Road, Richwood, WV 26261, (304) 846-2695; Marlinton Ranger District, Cemetery Road, Marlinton, WV 24954, (304) 799-4334.

**Description:** The Highland Scenic Highway travels from Richwood east through wildflowers and forests and then turns north and parallels the Cranberry Wilderness border. The two-lane road is paved. Traffic on the byway is generally light, and the route has frequent viewpoints and recreational opportunities.

Summers have high temperatures average 65 to 75 degrees. Winter temperatures may drop below zero, but daytime temperatures are generally between 10 and 25 degrees. The average annual precipitation of 50 to 65 inches is relatively evenly distributed throughout the year, with snowfall averaging 120 to 140 inches a year.

Beginning at Richwood, drive east on West Virginia Route 39/55. A side road just outside of town, West Virginia and Forest Road 76, leads five miles to Woodbine Picnic Area. Nearby, Big Rock Campground has five sites. Another six miles on Forest Road 76 brings you to Cranberry Campground.



Big Spruce Viewpoint overlooks lush wildflowers and extensive forest along the Highland Scenic Highway. Ken Halenbott photo.

with 30 sites. These three recreation areas are located along the Cranberry River, one of West Virginia's best trout streams.

Trout fishing along the scenic byway is some of the best in the state. Available year-round are brook, brown, rainbow, and golden trout. There is also good fishing for walleye, bass, and muskellunge. Summit Lake, the North Fork Cherry River, Williams River, and nearby Cranberry River are stocked with trout, while several smaller streams support native brook trout populations.

Throughout its length, the byway passes through predominantly hardwood forests consisting of yellow poplars, red and white oaks, sugar and red maple, beeches, white and black birches, black cherries, white aspens, basswoods, and others. Eastern hemlock is a common conifer, and red spruce occurs at high elevations, sometimes in pure stands. Wildlife in the area includes black bear, whitetail deer, raccoons, opossums, showshoe hares, red and gray foxes, squirrels, wild turkeys, ruffed grouse, and several species of hawks and owls as well as many songbirds.

The byway begins at the national forest boundary near the Gwiley Ranger Station, which has visitor information available. North Bend Picnic Area is a picnic stop. Just beyond it, a side trip on West Virginia 39/55 leads north to miles to Summit Lake Campground, which has 33 sites. The 42-acre lake provides opportunities for boating and fishing, including a barrier-free fish pier and a boat ramp. An easy 1.5-mile footpath offers attractive views of the lake, and numerous other trails are nearby for more strenuous hiking through the national forest.

Back on the byway, Falls of Hills Creek Scenic Area is 16 miles east of Richwood. It features three waterfalls—25-, 45-, and 63-feet high—in the mile of rich northern hardwood forests. Footpaths and stairways lead to other scenic points for each of the falls.

ONCE YOU TRAVEL SOUTH past the grimy, claustrophobic ooze of Elkins, West Virginia you enter the highland mountain country. If you are familiar with the ragged gray peaks of the West you might snigger at the highest elevation in West Virginia—4,862 feet on windy Spruce Knob. You might mock the gentle hilly stands of trees and pasture they call the Appalachian mountains. The terrain is green, graceful, welcoming. Not until you get up among these hills and experience the environment they create will you understand how tricky mother nature can be. On our three day trip to Pocahontas County in south eastern West Virginia Dad and I experienced rain, fog, high winds and donned overcoats at mid-day in late June.

West Virginia is an oddly shaped state, with some unusual qualities. I quote Earl L. Core and P. D. Strausbaugh, from their book, *THE FLORA OF WEST VIRGINIA*. "West Virginia has one of the most irregular outlines of any State, with various 'panhandles' and lobes extending its territory into latitudes and longitudes remarkably remote from each other, in view of the relatively small area of the State. Northwards it reaches the latitude of Staten Island; to the south it extends 60 miles below the latitude of Richmond. Its easternmost tip 50 miles east of the longitude of Buffalo and its westernmost point is 40 miles further west than Cleveland." Altitudes range from 240 feet above sea level at the historic Harper's Ferry to 4,862 feet above sea level at the aforementioned Spruce Knob. Many of the highest points are in the south. It can be colder at White Sulphur Springs near the Virginia border than at Morgantown, near the Pennsylvania border (approximately 180 miles to the north). West Virginia is in a temperate zone and real extremes of weather are uncommon. In 1961 Core and Strausbaugh reported a winter low of 25 degrees (a mere seven degrees below frost level) and a summer high of 72 degrees in Morgantown. Over the intervening years I would hazard to guess that those temperatures may have become further polarized, however. West Virginia and much of the southern Appalachians are jungle-like. In the woods you find yourself under a high, lush, leafy canopy with a criss-cross of vines. In many areas the undergrowth can be thick. Often it can be wet, or damp, and in the summer, very humid.

The muskeg or bog known as the Cranberry Glades Botanical Area is a relatively small section of 750 acres situated on the southern most section of the Cranberry Wilderness, a 36,000 acre preserve within the larger Monongahela National Forest. The historic marker for Cranberry Glades refers to the land as 'a piece of misplaced arctic tundra'. Though we spent several hours at different points throughout the trip exploring the glades, I found that Dad's true objective was not Cranberry Glades, but a road called the Highland Scenic Highway. More specifically Dad was interested in the section known as the Parkway, or Route 150, that winds for 22.5 miles, between Route 39 and Route 219. The Parkway travels up and down a series of Allegheny ridge-tops affording spectacular views of a smooth glide of mountain tops as far as the eye can see. The road wends its way through the western edge of the 900,000 acre Monongahela National Forest, which spreads itself contiguously over seven counties in the state. Scenic drives such as the Blue Ridge Parkway, Natchez Trace and this even more remote Highland Scenic Parkway are scarcely traveled. They wander through the country-side, affording openings into a deeper wilderness, a glimpse of old America. We can stare off into the mysterious woods and lush valleys and feel a palpable connection with our ancestors. Dad's primary reason for roving the Parkway over the previous four years had been to locate four species of the brown-backed thrush. On each trip he had heard various combinations of the hermit, Swainson's and wood thrushes, and the veery, but never all four of them on any one trip. With the tenacity and patience of a good birder Dad was returning for his fifth year to continue the search.

Immediately to the south of Elkins is a mixed pastoral and agrarian valley. We passed through this, eventually climbing into the thick, tangled mountainsides of the Allegheny Highlands.

Near the top of a ridge a big white, rectangular sign announced the Parkway :

## Route 150 1/4 Mile No Trucks Except By Special Permit

Though we had been driving for a couple of hours Dad was anxious to get up onto the Scenic Highway. He turned on to it, explaining we would only go 'a little ways to look around' and then turn back to register at the motel on the other side of the mountain. The Highland Scenic Highway has a posted speed of forty-five miles per hour. Dad started out at about thirty-five and then slowed down closer to fifteen. This was my first intoxicating taste of how my father travels the Parkway. At fifteen miles an hour, Dad was able to concentrate on everything but the road. He constantly looked at the surrounding landscape and the sky, naming birds as he heard or saw them. Unable to identify a bird song he would stop the car to listen, intent upon making an identification.

As we drove up an incline I spotted a huge bird hovering high in the sky, way up. I called it out to Dad, whose automatic response was, "Probably a turkey vulture," as he squinted up through the windshield. "No," he said as he saw it, "I don't think so, and it's too big for a hawk, we'd better stop and have a look through the glasses."

Dad exclaimed several times as he peered through the binoculars, "Do you have it? Can you find it? Does it have white on its wing?" He knew full well the bird had white markings on its wing. His style of teaching is to ask what you are observing. "It sure does," I said. "What we have then," he said, "is an immature bald eagle." Now it was my turn to exclaim. I had never seen a bald eagle before. Even at such a height it was impressive. A turkey vulture began gliding through the same area, though much lower than the eagle. Dad pointed out the difference between the two birds before they both soared slowly out of sight behind the crest of a ridge-top. Dad wagged his head back and forth. "Boy, isn't that something else?" As we got back into the car he grinned. "I think we probably got the bird of the trip," he said, "and we've only just begun." We left the ridge-tops and drove down into the valley. On the way, Dad taught me how to tell someone where a bird was located in the sky using the military time-system. "For instance," he said, "I would have known exactly where the eagle had been if you had said, 'Dad, bird at 11:00 o'clock,' *comprenez-vous?*"

We registered at the Marlinton Motor Inn, stowed our gear, and gaggled down an absolutely horrible supper at the slick-but-rumpled motel restaurant. As the sun sat low on the horizon Dad was anxious to get up onto Route 150 again. "I think I'd like to go back up to the Parkway this evening," Dad said. "How's that sound?" It sounded just great to me, and I said as much. We were halfway back up the mountain when I mentioned the sign. "It's interesting that there's no trucks allowed on Highway 150," I said. Dad looked over at me with a sparkle in his eye. "Uh-huh. There's a story behind that. Why do you think that is?" I thought for a moment and then replied, "I assume they just don't want eighteen wheelers using the scenic road for a short cut: noise pollution, air pollution, that sort a thing." Dad said, "That's just the beginning of the story."

WHEN THE HIGHLAND SCENIC BYWAY was first being constructed in the late sixties and early seventies, Dad, whose job took him to many of the natural 'resource' areas of the state, poked his nose into this road building operation. What he saw, and the conclusions drawn from what he saw, was disconcerting. Route 150 forks off of Highway 39 near where the Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center now stands. When Dad got a chance to check the construction, the road was all the way out to the Williams River, about half completed. Traversing the incomplete road he saw small spurs of tarmac at various points that could potentially lead



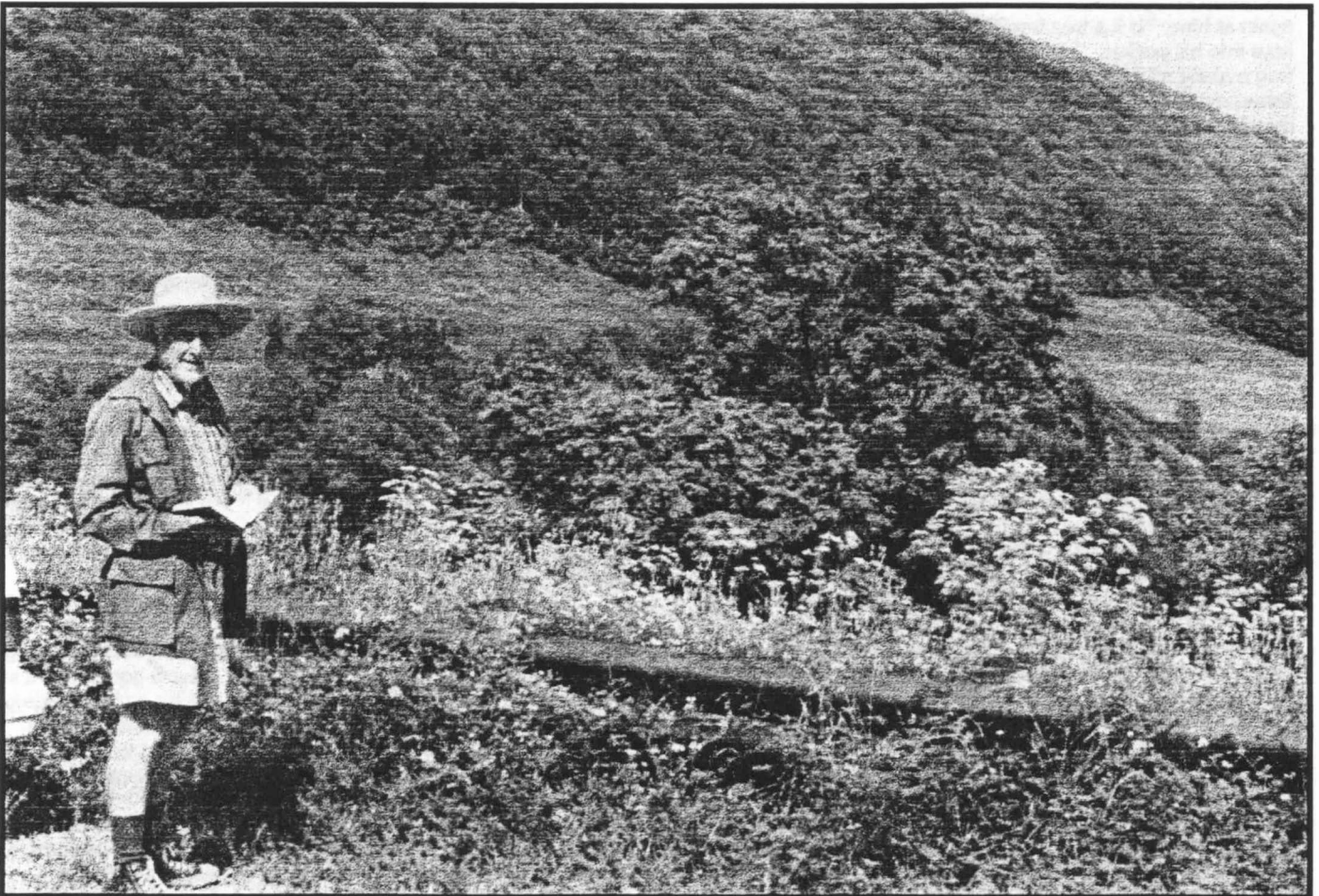
off into the wilderness. He conjectured that the spurs were set up for strategic access to timber, coal and other minerals. In his darkest prognosis he even suspected that these spurs intimated the possible damming of some of the watershed within the area of the highway, including the Cranberry, Cherry and Williams Rivers.

Dad's alarm bells were ringing loud and clear. He set out to publicly ring those bells the best way he knew how: publish an article. He sent a piece pertaining to his suspicions to *Wonderful West Virginia*, which they rejected. He then sent it on to the *Gazette* in Charleston, West Virginia, the state capital's daily newspaper. Skip Johnson, a journalist at the paper took Dad's piece and turned it into an opinion-feature, that included Dad's picture and heavy quotes, some of which follow.

"It will be interesting to see when these spurs will be extended and where they will lead to. . .the scenic highway is an inroad to open areas of natural resources. If it is used for anything other than a scenic highway, then we have been misled

and should begin to take an interest to see that it is used for the purpose that it was proclaimed and not as a mask for an ulterior motive." In this article he went on to urge concerned West Virginians to organize a prohibition to commercial trucks and large machinery on the Parkway. He wanted to blow the smoke screen away from what he thought was the real intention of the road. "What kind of scenic highway will it be? It just may be an excellent place to get a panoramic view of timber cutting, strip-mining and acid filled streams and probably stone quarries."

The article's publication, rejected by the official state magazine, then picked up by a daily newspaper, was strong meat for a man whose employment was dependent upon the State. A recent letter from Dad: "...the article caused no little commotion for the U. S. Forest Service and would-be spoilers of the area. The article put me on the wanted list of the USFS and developers—but—I beat them—at the risk of job security. I feel like I saved the area from desolation and not what you saw when we where there."



AS WE DROVE UP ALONG THE PARKWAY I realized that an excursion into the woods with Dad is to exercise vigorously many of the thoughts of Thoreau. Birding, by it's very nature, is attuned to Thoreau's dictum to 'travel extensively in a small area'. It is not unusual for my Dad to spend several hours in a small area of woods 'getting' birds. In the process he explores the entire area. I've talked with those who find this type of wilderness exploration irritating. Instead of moving through the wild places, you are remaining stationary and allowing the wilderness to move through you. My own tendency is to be in a state of movement which disallows any close observance. Dad's approach was something I wanted to learn by example. I wanted to travel at a slower pace. I wanted to see more, feel more. I wanted to be present

and accounted for on our beautiful planet, not off on some distant, self-made landscape. Dad's approach to wilderness travel was a direct confrontation.

We stopped at a scenic look-out. Dad heard a tanager singing and then sighted it in a tree. At this juncture he taught me how to see birds. Such a lesson was not easy. He spent ten minutes explaining how to pinpoint a bird by ear. It seemed an arduous task. All I could see was a bunch of trees and branches. It became easier with practice, as I was able to successfully apply direction to my hearing, location of a particular tree, a cluster of branches, and then the bird itself. Eventually he left me to bungle around on my own while he went off to inspect the flora fringing the look-out. Finally I located the scarlet tanagers. From

here I went on to locate several indigo buntings as they sang hymns to the disappearing sun. It was exciting. I hoped fervently that I would be able to continue—and desire to continue—with such patience, when Dad wasn't around.

It had been cool up on the ridge-tops. Returning to the valley, a welcome wash of warmth and humidity engulfed us. The smell of meadow grass was strong and inviting. Dad pulled the car into the motel parking lot and picked a spot under a maple tree, just across from our room. I rolled the window up and got out of the car. As I stood beneath the tree, I looked out across the road into the meadow with its barn and white farm house, remembering when my family had lived just to the north, near the village of Green Bank. Just then a loud piercing chirp sounded twice. As Dad got out of the car there was another chirp. It was extremely loud, issuing from the tree right in front of us. Dad smiled when I looked at him in question. The chirping came at frequent intervals now. He continued to gaze over at me, smiling broadly, shaking his head in amusement. "What the heck is that?" I asked finally. "It's really something, isn't it?" He raised an eyebrow at me. I looked back at the tree and then again at him. "Is it a tree frog?" He nodded, putting the car keys into his pocket. "Mm-uh," he replied, "it's a little gray tree frog making all that racket." As we moved from the car, Dad fished out the room key and we entered into the darkness of the motel room.

The following day brought us back and forth over Highway 150 a half dozen times in either direction. Early morning in the valley was warm and sunny, heavy with dew. Meadow larks, red-winged blackbirds, house wrens and robins all singing in chorus. Up on the Parkway, the ridge-tops were creating their own weather; overcast and chilly with a stiff wind blowing.

On our first trip of the day we went all the way over to Cranberry Glades, as Dad wanted to see the muskeg at early morning. While in the parking lot preparing for our boardwalk hike, a young man sporting a beard exited and began rooting through his car. Eventually, I saw that he was eating. He eyed us, and then sauntered over friendly-like, peering at Dad, who was ignoring him, and asked, "Aren't you George Breiding?" At this point Dad stopped what he was doing and gave the guy a look. He furrowed his brow in thought, and then said, "Josh, correct?" Josh smiled and stuck out his hand, "It's really good to run into you again." They shook hands and Dad introduced me as his youngest son. They chatted for awhile comparing travel notes. Dad asked Josh about the possibility of seeing a bald eagle at that time of the year in this part of the country. "It's definitely possible that their migration habits would lead over this territory," Josh said, "though June is a little late, but maybe not too late, to be seeing them. It likely was an immature bald eagle."

Josh spoke of his increasing activity with the folks organizing the 'Save Greenbrier River' campaign. As he spoke, I got the distinct impression that he was not only a fairly militant conservation activist, but an adept naturalist. His politics were tempered by actually being out in the woods, knowing what he was looking at, and understanding what it all meant in the larger scope of things. Josh had been about to depart, but decided instead to join us on the boardwalk. The half-mile wood plank walkway plunges immediately into a dense alder swamp. It reminded me of the swamp forests of Louisiana, though the glade area is entirely different in make-up, being the southern most example of the arctic muskeg. After a short meander, the boardwalk runs right out onto the bog itself. Here, you get a good gander at the make up of Cranberry Glades. Maurice Brooks, in his book, **THE APPALACHIANS**, mentions apologetically that the muskegs of West Virginia are referred to locally as 'glades', although the strict definition does not apply. When I looked up the word in my quite limited Webster's New Collegiate Dictionary, I got a very simple and completely applicable definition: 'an open space surrounded by woods'. Exactly the nature of Cranberry Glades, on a large scale. Where the boardwalk turns

at a right angle and eventually runs back through the swamp-woods, we stopped and looked out over the bog. At it's furthest point, the mountain forest meets the glade. Josh said he'd seen several black bears there at dawn, feeding and playing on the edge of the muskeg. I hadn't even realized that there were any bear left in West Virginia. It was exhilarating just knowing that they had been there a few hours before. As we departed the glade area, heading once again for the Parkway, Dad explained that he'd met Josh on a nature walk when Josh was just beginning his birding career. He was happy to see how far Josh had come—particularly in his activity with the Greenbrier River. The following day we returned to the glades on our way to Gaudineer Knob. I spotted a mink on the muskeg before it flitted under the boardwalk. I had a good long look at it and was able to point it out to Dad, who thought that it was a weasel. After it disappeared he congratulated me on a good 'sighting.' I looked up the two mammals when we returned to Morgantown. I am still convinced that it was a mink.

Two other passings along the Parkway remain memorable. On one, we were puttering down the long slope into the narrow Williams River cove when I saw a brilliant blossoming tree. "Dad," I asked, "what's that tree in blossom up there?" He replied, "Let's take a better look." We eased onto the side road leading to Tea Creek Campground and came to a stop near the tree. Dad said, "Ahh, it's a smooth sumac." He became silent, his head tilted to one side in an attitude of listening. He turned off the car. I was about to say something when he held up an index finger and shook his head. Then I heard it, the beautiful piper of the deep woods. A wood thrush was singing somewhere near us. Dad got out of the car and quietly closed the door. I followed his example. We waited, enjoying the warm sun, the view of the river and the barn swallows swooping beneath bridge. But the bird had stopped singing. It was the only time Dad or I would hear the wood thrush on that trip.

On a second passing we topped a ridge and entered into a stretch of boreal red spruce. Dad said, "What was that?" I had been gazing out at the ridge-tops and coves that comprised the Cranberry Wilderness area. I said I hadn't seen anything. "Well, you weren't looking. There was something—I think it was a bird—lying in the middle of the road." He stopped at a convenient tarmac spur and turned around. On the re-approach I saw it, a small bird with dull red plumage. Dad pulled to the side of the road, and we got out.

"I'll be," he said, "it's a red crossbill. Poor thing." He showed it to me. The bird lay in the palm of his hand. "See how the bill is crossed? They use that for cracking and extracting the seed from pine cones," he said. "The color is gorgeous. It's beautiful," I remarked. We stood looking at it for awhile, talking, then Dad walked over the berm and placed the crossbill in the grass at the side of the road. Had this been thirty years ago, I knew Dad would have wrapped the bird in plastic and iced it until he returned home. When I opened the freezer I would have seen that frozen crossbill in there awaiting a time when Dad could thaw it, skin it, stuff it full of cotton and make a museum study. We drove the remainder of the Parkway over to the Cranberry Mountain Visitor Center to rest for awhile, view the displays, and eat our lunch. Near the Center entrance a flock of birds flew in, landing on a tall red spruce, fussing and chirping. They flew off again, circling the tree, then returned to their perch. "That looks like a flock of crossbills," Dad said, "Let's go back to the car and get the glasses." The binoculars confirmed Dad's guess. Watching them through the glasses we counted fourteen in the flock.

That evening we headed deep into the valley to visit Tom, a friend of Dad's. He had a luscious setting for his house, set back in the shadow of the ridge-tops that we had been exploring all day. We sat on Tom's elevated front porch, drinking beer and yakking, staring off over the vegetable garden and out into the valley. Tom and his wife had hung up feeders for humming-

birds, and perhaps a dozen ruby throats dive-bombed in and out of the porch area, narrowly grazing us on their way to the sugar water. Dad had met Tom while Tom was going to forestry school and Dad was working for the university. Tom now worked for WestVaCo, a large timber company. Tom was a friendly, easy-going fellow and had an obvious, innate love of the deep woods. Rather than going into the Forest Service or working for the Park system he ended up as a lumber counter. A lumber counter goes into the woods and does a lot of figuring with trees and board feet and then advises the Company of the profitability of lumbering a particular area.

It is indicative of Dad's Leopold-esque outlook that he is able to cultivate both Josh, a conservation activist, and Tom, who works for the timber industry. Aldo Leopold, in his definitive book of conservation essays, *A SAND COUNTY ALMANAC*, showed himself to be a romantic poet and a deeply emotional lover of the natural world. He was also a clear, critical thinker and realist. The human use of natural resources is inevitable. We are here, they are there and our use is a matter of survival.

The upshot of Leopold's book was an urging to be wise, and above all, to stay in touch with nature itself in order to understand deep ecology and the ethics of our use of natural resources. Dad, who followed in the next generation, is Leopold's spiritual descendant. A nature lover, a romantic loner, yet a social, democratic thinker. For all his working life, Dad preached outdoor recreation as healthy for the psyche, and supported the wise use of natural resources. And like Leopold he didn't flinch when it came to challenging the government in what was considered a tidy bit of radical activism to assure the safety and preservation of the Highland Scenic Highway and environs.

After an hour or two, as dusk turned towards darkness, we headed back to the motel room. Dad showed me an early draft of an article about Gaudineer Knob. His article was eventually published in *Bird Watcher's Digest*. I fell asleep long before Dad. He explained that he had always suffered from, as he put it, 'a different biological clock', and what I called insomnia. John Wayne was stalking across the tube in dim flickers as I wandered off into dreams.

## A Quest for the Wood Thrush

George H. Breiding

As a chronic birdwatcher-listener, I have been fascinated by the songs of four of the brown-backed thrushes: the Hermit Thrush, Swainson's Thrush, Wood Thrush, and the Veery. They often can be heard in chorus during the nesting season on Gaudineer Knob on Shaver's Mountain near the Randolph-Pocahontas county line in West Virginia. *MANY PUBLICATIONS NO LONGER UPPER CASE*

For more than 15 years I have made an annual pilgrimage to hear the ethereal music of the four avian songsters, but all of them are not always present. Sometimes the Wood Thrush is absent. I began to speculate: Are there other places in West Virginia where I could hear, simultaneously or nearly so, these four tenors of the bird world? *BIRD'S NAME S, LIKE BIRD WATCHER'S DIGEST*

In 1990 I began to spend time in Pocahontas County on the Highland Scenic Highway, designated West Virginia Rt. 150, between Rt. 39/55 and U.S. Rt. 219. The U. S. Forest Service also refers to the road as a parkway or hyway.

The 22.5-mile parkway is a natural roller coaster that provides a ride at elevations ranging from approximately 2,900 feet to 4,200 feet above sea level with stretches cutting through boreal forest islands of red spruce and deciduous forest represented primarily by northern hardwoods (beech-birch-maple).

The combination of those forest types is where the four thrushes are most likely to converge. In 1990 I observed the Hermit and Swainson's thrushes and the Veery but not the Wood Thrush. The challenge: find "woody." In 1991 the hunt ended with an empty bag, no Wood Thrush. I could hardly wait until June 1992 when the search would be intensified. Again, areas that looked like suitable habitat divulged no Wood Thrush. There was only one thing to do: continue the pursuit in 1993.

On a cool sunny morning in June, 1993, I felt optimistic as I started on the highway from Rt. 219. About two miles towards Rt. 39, I stopped to survey the situation on foot. As I returned to the car and turned on the ignition, I heard a Wood Thrush. I sat there like a grinning cheshire cat. The melodic, resonating "ee-o-lay, ee-o-lay" wafted all around me, but two more days of exploration along the highway and on side roads was futile.

Then came 1994. A day passed, no Wood Thrush. One of my sons, William, accompanied me, and as we approached the Williams River Bridge that leads to the Tea Creek campground, he said, "Dad, what is that tree in blossom up there?" I replied, "Let's take a closer look." It was an advantageous stop. As I eased the car onto the berm, the flute-like notes of the Wood Thrush greeted us. The tree was a smooth sumac. So much for the 1994 sojourn—one woody found at one place.

The quest in 1995 hit pay dirt. In the cool of the evening from dusk to dark, Wood Thrushes sang in opposition to each other at different places in the hardwood and mixed spruce-hardwoods. Mission accomplished.

Over the years even when the Wood Thrush was not located, the number of three other species fluctuated. The Swainson's and the Veery vacillated but remained relatively constant with the Hermit hitting highs and lows. The oscillation possibly due to inter-specific strife where the birds compete for nesting territory or their numbers may vary, or perhaps there are changes in habitat, or other reasons. The dynamics in operation may be observable and the reasons assumed but always definitely determined. The repertoire of any one of those species is pleasing to the ear, and to hear each symphonic rendition within a short distance of the old has its own reward.

The Scenic Highway is an excellent place to go birding and to botanize. The mountainous terrain, climatic conditions, and diversity of cover types provide variety of plants, birds, and other wildlife including butterflies such as the pipevine swallowtail.

Representative species of summer birds found along the highway are North Raven; Black-capped Chickadee; Great Horned Owl; Common Yellowthroat; Mourning; Chestnut-sided; Magnolia, and other warblers; Indigo Bunting; Rufous-sided Towhee; Red-eyed and Solitary vireos; Winter Wren; American Robin; Scar Tanager; Rose-breasted Grosbeak; Purple Finch; Dark-eyed Junco; Red Crossbill and sporadically the Olive-sided Flycatcher. In addition, on a clear day the scene is impressive but carry raingear as you may need it.

A book, *National Forest Scenic Byways*, includes a chapter, "Highland Scenic Byway," that describes the area with a map; places to hike, fish, hunt, and can attractions in the vicinity; and where to get information. The publisher is Falcon Press, P.O. Box 279, Billings, MT 59103; 1-800-583-BOOK. A free catalog available. The publication is usually for sale at the Cranberry Mountain visitor center east of Richwood at the junction of Rt. 39/55/150, the southern end of "the scenic highway, parkway/byway."

540 Elmina Street  
Morgantown, WV 265

*The Redstart 4/96*

**GAUDINEER KNOB IS COMMONLY MISHEARD as God Near Knob.** That's what I thought it was up until only a few years ago. I should have known better. Dad has been visiting there for over fifty years. At one time I had practically lived in its shadow. The top of Gaudineer is as gracious a spot as you'll find anywhere in the Appalachians. The rough dirt road climbs steeply through a thick young forest of red spruce to a small parking area. Atop the Knob, the spruce are fifty or sixty feet tall, their first limbs at about fifteen or twenty feet. Underneath these splendid trees is a soft, deep carpet of russet needles, moss covered boulders, and the occasional fern. When sunny, the light slashes in at angles, piercing through the trees creating bright warm funnels surrounded by dusky, moist chasms. While sitting in the picnic area, I realized that the fantastic and gorgeous little forest spots mythologized in fantasy novels and fairy tales really do exist. I was eating my lunch in one.

Deep in the snowy winter of 1973, when I was sixteen, my friend Don and I parked our pick-up truck at the side of Route 250 where the road to Gaudineer Knob veers off. We hiked up to the top of the Knob in our rubber snow boots. Don wanted to go to Gaudineer because he had read that, in some year or another, while the surrounding land lay deep under snow, zero sound decibels had been recorded from up on the fire tower. After resting from the two mile long uphill trek through the snow, Don stood ceremoniously before the steps of the fire tower and rubbed his hands together. Then, purposefully, he took the first step up. He looked around to find me but I was so close on his heels that I ran into him when he stopped. With a mischievous grin, he bound all the way up the snowy steps to the top. I followed. Gasping for breath and laughing, we calmed down and saw, for the first time, the astounding view of mile after mile of mountain tops. From our perch above the 4,445 foot Gaudineer Knob, we saw the dark and untrampled second and third growth woodlands of the Appalachians. All of this covered under a deep, deep blanket of soft, silent snow. As our racing pulses slowed and the magnitude of the vista sunk into our hearts, we began to experience the silence Don had read about. Aside from a slight sighing of the wind through the trees below, all we could hear was our own breathing. No car or airplane passed while we were there. No resident bird sang. A near utter silence surrounded. We stood in awe for long, long moments, our heads lifted to the sky. Don walked around the perimeter of the fire tower and then he came to stand by my side. He joined me, once again, in looking out over the endless ridges-tops.

"My God," Don said, "this is so beautiful."

"God-Near-Knob," I replied, looking over at his handsome, red cheeked face.

**IN LATE JUNE, HOWEVER** Gaudineer Knob is a-buzz with bird song. Two paths lead through the tall spruce and end at an inelastically hacked up look-out, carved from the woods at the edge of the ridge. From here you can get an idea of the view I had from the fire tower, which was torn down at some point in the eighties.

A mile or so below the parking lot is an area referred to as "Virgin Spruce". At the split in the road, one leading to the Knob, the other to the Virgin Spruce area, there used to be a sign indicating where each of the roads led. On numerous occasions the sign had been torn down, and the Forest Service decided to leave the roads unmarked. Unless you are already aware of Virgin Spruce, there is little way of knowing about it. It has few visitors. I was on its trails three times that year and saw no one.

In the Virgin Spruce area, among the towering three hundred year old trees, some forty inches in diameter at breast

height, I heard the songs of the Swainson's and hermit thrushes for the first time in my life. Veeries had been common throughout the trip. Dad and I also heard them here, but there was no sign of the wood thrush. We sat on a bench midway along the trail, listening, drinking in deeply the smell of the wet, old forest. Dad began talking about how different it had been atop Gaudineer Knob when he started visiting it in the 1940s. The spruce we had picnicked among had been a veritable thicket, the trees growing so close together as to be almost impenetrable. If you tried to get through, it had to be done on your hands and knees. Today, fifty years later, we walked through a stately forest. However, as Dad pointed out, the babies atop Gaudineer seemed spindly compared to the untimbered giants we sat among in the Virgin Spruce area. "There has been a lot of changes up here in fifty years," Dad said. "There'll be many more changes in the next fifty. I've come here regularly to watch it all happen, and to write about it." He turned to look me in the eye.

"Will you come here for the next fifty years and observe the changes and write about it for me?"

I didn't know what to say. I didn't know if I was observant or knowledgeable enough to do as he asked. When I didn't reply, Dad smiled in that way that he has that suggests fondness and release from responsibility. He stood and I looked up at him, feeling as if I had let him down. He tilted his head towards the continuing trail. "Let's go." He turned and walked away. I stood up and looked about, wondering where my home was.

West Virginia had a deep, primal, ancestral pull on my guts. Most of my family lived in West Virginia. But was it my home? I didn't think so. I had lived in San Francisco for over two decades, but somehow I'd never felt at home there. I was alone and homeless and unhappy, even standing in those pure, unaltered woods. My heart was pounding quickly and I thought I was going to cry as my Dad walked away down the trail.

Through all the unconnected years and misery we had both experienced, he was asking me to be his son, to follow in his footsteps, to carry on with his work. I didn't know that I could do it. At least I could try. I would come here and watch the forest change. I might not write about it like him. Instead, it might manifest a poem or a journal fragment. But I would come here throughout the rest of my life, and I would write about it. I rushed down the trail towards my disappearing father. He heard me approaching and stopped, looking at a fallen tree.

When I arrived, he pointed to the tree. "That's a wind fall. A natural occurrence, possibly a fire hazard. But the Forest Service is leaving all of this alone so we can know, even if it's just in this little bit of woods, what an unmanaged primeval forest is really like."

"Dad," I said, "Okay. I'll come back and visit and write about Gaudineer." He looked at me and there was a great sadness in his eyes but he was smiling. At first he didn't say anything, and then, "Ah, listen to that—it's the veery."

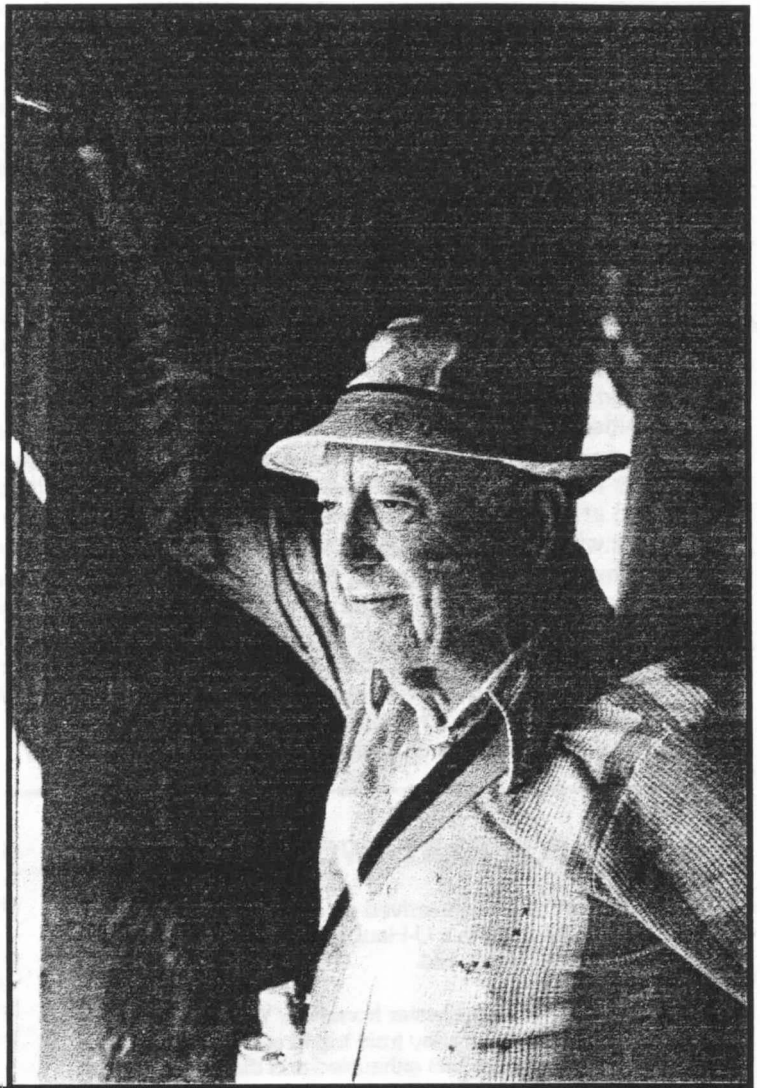
We left Gaudineer Knob a while later and spent the remainder of the day tooling slowly back to Morgantown. Dad dropped me off at my Mom's house, where I was staying. Mom was sitting on the porch swing. She looked up curiously from the book she was reading as I approached. "How was it?" She asked.

"Good," I replied, "Really good."

I spent the rest of the afternoon and evening sitting on the front porch reading and talking to Mom, and my sister, Susan. Through the next couple of days I would write four different beginnings for this essay, but I was, at that time, too uneasy and too unsure of myself to complete any of them.

**—Wm. Breiding**

Dad, at  
Range Run, 1994



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## Joe R. Christopher

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## The Meeting

English has no singular generic pronoun, except for *one*, similar to French *on*, and most u.s. [sic] speakers avoid using it because it sounds stiff or formal.

—Julia Penelope

I CAME INTO THE LOBBY and looked around for the person I was to meet.

One looked up from where one was sitting and waved one's hand. One got up and came toward me, even as I advanced toward one.

One stopped and said, "Hello. At last we meet."

I could not restrain myself. I flung my arms around one and kissed one on the mouth. I had been wanting to meet one for almost a year. The I drew back; I had gone too far; I would be misunderstood. But one responded to the kiss eagerly, hugging me also and returning it.

At last we both stopped and drew back, surprised and perhaps a little ashamed of our fervor. "At last we meet," repeated one, huskily.

—Joe R. Christopher



"I've decided to nix the **Starfire** idea" wrote William Breiding, when he returned my manuscript. A year and a half ago, he asked me not to mention his plan to revive his early seventies fanzine so I may be breaching a confidence by revealing that the plan has come to nothing – yet (but, still, maybe real soon now...). When he asked me to write for the reincarnation I had no inspiration – but way back when I was new to Fandom, William used, on **Starfire**'s cover, my drawing of Cthullu, so how could I refuse?

William recalled that I had written for **Starfire** about the changes going on in my life back then. He suggested I might try that again. I couldn't remember what I'd written (that I could remember the Cthullu cover must demonstrate something – probably something I'd rather not think about) but it seemed a reasonable idea.

When William returned the manuscript I thought of **Outworlds**. First, because Bill often favors the kind of personal writing William does and, second, because Bill often asked me to write for him at a time when I wasn't able to. And Bill once printed a Brandonization called "The Excoriator" and put my name on the cover beside Bob Tucker's, so how could I keep refusing?

Besides, the idea of a column – a place for writing with no set theme or format – has always appealed to me.

But names for columns have always eluded me. There was my untitled column for The Dallas **Post** which the publisher finally named "Changes". Hardly faanish. Then there was "The Raised Eyebrow" – a decidedly wimpy stab (or prick) at fanzine reviewing for Donn Brazier's **Title**. Hardly appropriate.

Back when I was drawing Cthullu for William I wrote "A Dedicated Follower of Fandom" for Mike Gorra's **Ban-shee**. The intervening years put the lie to that title. By the time I began to taper off on my fan writing I was calling my column for Marty Cantor's **Holier Than Thou** (and **No Award**) "Notes From the Outside" – another exaggeration.

Which leaves me with ... "Crab Nebula" – something else I wrote for **Title**. My happiest memories of Fandom revolve around Donn's monthly fanzine – another midwestern fanzine. And, most importantly, the title is ridiculous.

Of course, if my wife Mary ever revives her fanzine, **Crab Apple**, which dates back even further than **Starfire** (not to mention Cthullu), I might be forced to think again.

At any rate, here is a snapshot from two years ago:

## WAITING FOR PART TWO (May 1992)

THE SECOND PART OF MY LIFE arrived on a Monday, after dark. It pulled into my driveway in a U-Haul, all at once, complete with sideboard and twelve year old.

"Hi, Mary."

I'd arrived back in Rochester from New York City less than 36 hours earlier. The Saturday train trip in and out of the city I hadn't visited in 12 years had exhausted and disoriented me. I got home at 3 am, threw the cassette containing the interview with author Nicole St. John on my dresser – my still slightly messy living-by-myself dresser – and fell into my rumped bed to toss and turn away what little was left of the next to last night of the first part of my life.

Monday and Mary (and her 12 year-old son David) arrived quickly. We kissed in the dining room. I had known her for about 10 years but we had never kissed, except for her peck on my ear, at Chambanacan, half a year before, the only other time we'd met. It was strange, this relationship arriving complete. Where was the suspense? The longing? The timid forays? The painful slow and exhilarating discovery? I was swinging comfortably at the safe domestic end of love's bungee cord without ever having leaped.

FROM A TRAIN you see the backs of things – the untended backyards, loading docks, dumpsters and peeling fences the world isn't meant to see. As I sat on the Lakeshore Limited Saturday morning, contemplating the swift passage of this hidden world, I couldn't stop myself from thinking about that portion of my life that was ending – it had also begun with a trip to New York – and how much of that life had been kept hidden.

**Writing!** magazine had paid for my train ticket to New York City so I could interview author Nicole St. John. The writing was something else new in my life. I was getting some real paying assignments after years of furtively and guiltily typing fanzine articles in the basement when the family was asleep. I had boarded the train at 7:30 a.m., picked my way through cars full of sprawled sleeping bodies, finding a seat in a car that turned out

to be filled with passengers who spoke only French. Eight maddening hours of eavesdropping on conversations I couldn't understand, only heightened my mood of introspection.

It had been 16 years since I'd come to New York City with my ex-wife Kathy. Then it had seemed the beginning of an adventure. I knew now that law school had been a mistake. Kathy had been a mistake. My entire life, up to age 42 had, largely, been a mistake.

But what facade had the world seen? A reasonably happy couple? A typical, if somewhat financially strapped, middle-class family? Had anyone guessed what lay behind it? Unhappiness and frustration. Too many credit cards and too much alcohol. On my own part sixteen years of sacrificing who I was for some idea of love that was never more than an abstract longing in my own mind.

And now I was returning, for a few hours, to the city where we'd lived, and the day after my return there was another life arriving – another woman.

I hadn't planned it. During the year I lived alone – actually, physically alone, for I had been alone for many years under the same roof as Kathy – I had not looked for anyone.

"You seeing anyone?" I was asked. Friends didn't understand that it was a relief, to come home every evening to peace and solitude. I wrote when I wanted, ran when I wanted, jogging easily along the path beside the canal, my body sweating efficiently, my mind turned off. No one made fun of my running. No one commented on my skinny chest if I wanted to take off my t-shirt and feel the air and the sun against my skin. (I needed so much to feel after all those years.) No one belittled my writing. Sometimes I baked bread. I felt whole.

Except when I awoke at 2 a.m. and the empty bed seemed to stretch to the end of the world. Strangely, at that hour of the morning, when everything was quiet, while all the world's threats slept, I felt most alone, most vulnerable, least able to face life without a partner.

And yet, that first time it had been a mistake.

The train reached Penn Station at 3:30. "Why don't we meet for tea at the Helmsly Palace," Nicole suggested, when I

## Eric Mayer

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# Crab Nebula



called her from the Amtrak station. I wasn't dressed for it. I'd worn my running shoes. My cassette recorder was in the big purple fanny pack I'd strapped around my waist. I had, at least, worn a tie. Maybe the gaudily uniformed guards mistook me for a well heeled but eccentric author.

The tea room was enormous and gilded. I set my recorder on the table and we talked while baroque harpsichord music fretted in the background with the air of a small nervous dog. Waiters brought us Earl Grey tea and cucumber sandwiches. Nicole, matronly yet worldly, spoke of traveling to Turkey to research a book. "It's a good way to write off traveling expenses," she explained.

As always, when I talk to successful writers, I felt some envy. Before I met Kathy writing had seemed possible. Growing up, I'd never thought of myself as doing anything else. But there seemed to be no money in it, not even in regular writing jobs, like newspaper work, and the law had offered a more immediate living.

So we'd moved to New York City where I'd attended law school and the city seemed now just as it had then – unreal. Too big, too expensive, unlivable and ultimately unattainable.

And as for the writing ... "Why don't you stop kidding yourself and grow up," Kathy had said.

The bill for the tea was \$76. It had been an outing Kathy would've loved, I thought. Fortunately, *Writing!* had promised to pay.

I caught the 7 p.m. train back. The noisy, dirty, thrilling city had barely touched me. It still represented a world of money and achievement that remained beyond me.

On the way back, after it grew too dark to see out the windows, I sat for awhile with a man who was in the carpet business. "I always take the train," he told me. "There's nothing like the smell of coffee coming from the dining car in the morning."

I ventured up to the lounge car for a sandwich. It cost a fortune. When I tried to bite into it I realized why – it must've been on the historic preservation list.

I seldom travel, and never by train. It seemed strange to be

able to go about my business – reading, eating stale sandwiches, strolling to the restroom – all the time being carried at high speed toward my destination. For the past several months, since Mary arranged to come to Rochester, I had in the same manner been living an outwardly normal life while racing toward a new beginning.

Sixteen years before, Kathy and I found an apartment in Brooklyn. Manhattan had been too expensive. The first night I stumbled into the camped and unfamiliar bathroom – not much larger than the restroom on the train. Inadvertently I knocked a glass vase off the back of the commode. It shattered on the tiles and Kathy began to scream, "You always ruin everything."

And that was the first night.

The train arrived in Rochester at 2:30 a.m. A half hour later I was back in my house which I would soon be sharing again. Buying the house had been yet another thing – the final thing – that was to have set everything right.

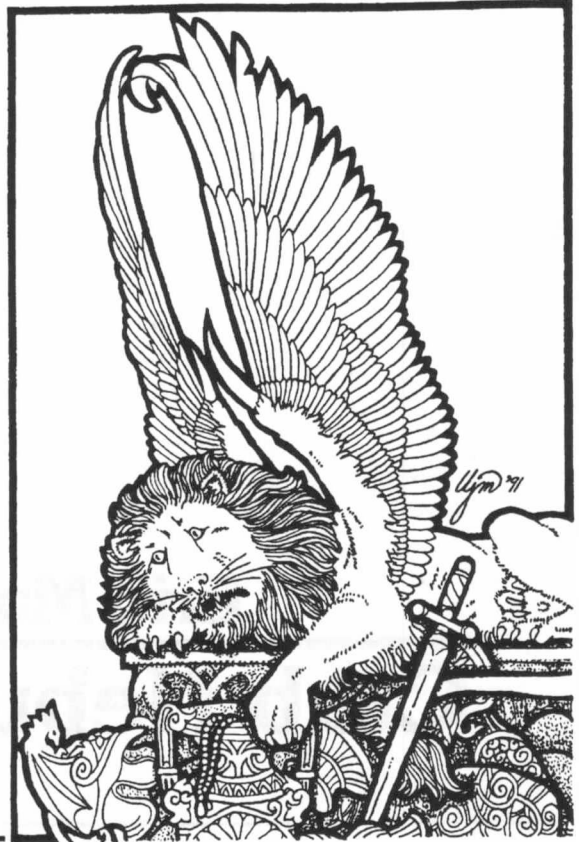
My returning to New York City, so soon before Mary's arrival had seemed, beforehand, portentous. But all I had glimpsed of the city were some crowds, a couple taxis, a few tall buildings. I had no more insight into the city, or my past or future, than I had had when I first left it. As a literary device it had looked promising but I'd come up empty again. Whatever I might have learned from the past I had already learned. It had nothing left to inform my future.

During the 16 hours on the train I had contemplated the second part of my life, to no useful end. Years before I no doubt would have drawn conclusions. My imagination was better. I could even imagine love where there had never been any. Now I was sorry to have missed my five mile run.

**MARY ARRIVED LATE.** We kissed briefly. I had known her as a friend for ten years. She writes. She has been hurt too. This time, I think, I am out of illusions. I have lost the ability to confuse words with life.

—Eric Mayer; October 13, 1993

**Joseph T Major**



## Con Report

**AND I SAW THE SEVEN GOFERS** which stood before Roscoe; and to them were given seven trumpets. And another gofer came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all smofs upon the golden altar which was before the throne. And the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the smofs, ascended up before Roscoe out of the gofer's hand. And the gofer took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the con suite: and there were voices, and thunderings, and lightnings, and an earthquake.

And the seven gofers which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound. The first gofer sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the con suite: and the third part of munchies was burnt up, and all green veggies was burnt up. And the second gofer sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the green room: and the third part of the green room became blood; And the third part of the program speakers which were in the green room, and had life, died; and the third part of the panels were destroyed. And the third gofer sounded, and there fell a great star from con ops, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the con suite, and upon the fountains of bheers; And the name of the star is called Swill: and the third part of the bheers became swill; and many fen died

of the bheers, because they were made bitter. And the fourth gofer sounded, and the third part of the hucksters was smitten, and the third part of he huckster room, and the third part of the tables; so as the third part of them was darkened, and the sales shone not for a third part of it, and the art show likewise. And I beheld, and heard an gofer flying through the midst of the con, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of tru-fandom by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three gofers, which are yet to sound!

And the fifth gofer sounded, and I saw a star fall from con ops unto the con hotel: and to him was given the key of the bottomless pit. And he opened the bottomless pit; and there arose a smoke out of the pit, as the smoke of a great furnace; and the sun and the air were darkened by reason of the smoke of the pit. And there came out of the smoke security guards upon the con: and unto them was given power, as the scorpions of the earth have power. And it was commanded them that they should not hurt the grass of the earth, neither any green thing, neither any tree; but only those fen which have not the seal of Roscoe in their foreheads. And to them it was given that they should not unbadge them, but that they should be tormented five parties: and their torment was as the torment of a mundane, when he striketh a fan. And in those days shall fen seek death, and shall not find it; and shall desire to die, and death shall flee from them. And the shapes of the security were like unto horses prepared

unto batte; and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of fen. And they had hair as the hair of femmefans, and their teeth were as the teeth of con-comms. And they had breastplates, as it were breastplates of iron; and the sound of their wings was as the sound of chariots of many horses running to battle. And they had tails like unto scorpions, and there were stings in their tails: and their power was to hurt fen five parties. And they had a committee member over them, which is the gofer of the bottomless pit, whose name in the Hebrew tongue is Abaddon, but in the Greek tongue hath his name Apollyon.

One woe is past; and, behold, there come two woes more hereafter.

And the sixth gofer sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before Roscoe, Saying to the sixth gofer which had the trumpet, Loose the four gofers which are bound in the great gofer hole the Euphrates Room. And the four gofers were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to unbadge the third part of fen. And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand thousand: and I heard the number of them. And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of con-comms; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. By these three was the third part of fen unbadged, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths. For their power is in their mouth, and in their tails: for their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them they do hur. And the rest of the fen which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the works of their ishs, that they should not worship devils, and idols of Trek, and Lucas, and B5, and Who, and Xena, and of anime: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk: Neither repented they of their flames, nor of their feuds, nor of their fornication, nor of their email.

And I saw another mighty gofer come down from con ops, clothed with a cloud: and a rainbow was upon his head, and his face was as it were the sun, and his feet as pillars of fire: And he had in his hand a little fanzine open: and he set his right foot upon the green room, and his left foot on the con suite, And cried with a loud voice, as when a concomm roareth: and when he had cried, seven thunders uttered their voices. And when the seven thunders had uttered their voices, I was about to write: and I heard a voice from con ops saying unto me, DNQ those things which the seven thunders uttered, and write them not. And the gofer which I saw stand upon the green room and upon the con suite lifted up his hand to con ops, And swore by him that fanneth for ever and ever, who created the con suite, and the things that therein are, and the dealers room, and the things that therein are, and the green room, and the things which are therein, that there should be time no longer: But in the days of the voice of the seenth gofer, when he shall begin to sound, the mystery of Roscoe should be finished, as he hath declared to his servants the fanzine editors. And the voice which I heard from con ops spake unto me again, and said, Go and take the little fanzine which is open in the hand of the gofer which standeth upon the green room and upon the con suite. And I went unto the gofer, and said unto him, Give me the fanzine. And he said unto me, Take it, and loc it; and it shall make thy belly bitter, but it shall be in thy mouth sweet as honey. And I took the little fanzine out of the gofer's hand, and locced it; and it was in my mouth sweet as honey: and as soon as I had locced it, my belly was bitter. And he said unto me, Thou must pub thy ish again before many peoples, and nations, and tongues, and kings.

And there was given me a reed like unto a rod: and the gofer stood, saying, Rise, and measure the slan shack of Roscoe, and the altar, and them that worship therein. But the patio which is without the slan shack leave out, and measure it not; for

it is given unto the Mundanes: and the Worldcon site shall they tread under foot forty and two months. And I will give power unto my two GoFs, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the Roscoe of the trufandom. And if any fan will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any fan will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut con ops, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will. And when they shall have finished their panels, the security guard that ascendet out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them. And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great con site. And they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves. And they that dwell upon the con hotel shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two GoFs tormented them that dwelt on the con hotel. And after three days and an half the spirit of life from Roscoe entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from con ops saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to con ops in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them. And the same hour was there a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the con hotel fell, and in the earthquake were slain of fen seven thousand: and the remnant were affrighted, and gae glory to Roscoe.

The second woe is past; and, behold, the third woe cometh quickly.

And the seventh gofer sounded; and there were great voices in con ops, saying, The chairmanships of this con are become the chairmanships of our Roscoe, and of his Tucker; and he shall reign for ever and ever. And the four and twenty First Fans, which sat before Roscoe on their seats, fell upon their faces, and worshipped Roscoe, Saying, We give thee thanks, O LORD Roscoe Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come; because thou hast taken to thee thy great power, and hast reigned. And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead, that they should be judged, and that thou shouldest give reward unto thy servants the GoFs, and to the smofs, and them that fear thy name, small and great; and shouldest destroy them which destroy the con suite. And the slan shack of Roscoe was opened in con ops, and there was seen in his slan shack the Fancyclopedia of his testament: and there were lightnings, and voices, and thunderings, and an earthquake, and great hail.

And I looked, and, lo, a Beaver stood on the mount Fanac, and with him an hundred forty and four thousand, having his Father's name dittoed in their foreheads. And I heard a voice from con ops, as the voice of many bheers, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of filkers filking with their harps: And they filked as it were a new filk before the throne, and before the four beasts, and the First Fans: and no fan could learn that filk but the hundred and forty and four thousand, which were redeemed from trufandom. And in their mouth was found no guile: for they are without fault before the throne of Roscoe. And I saw another gofer fly in the midst of con ops, having the everlasting con report to preach unto them that dwell on trufandom, and to every nation, and kindred, and tongue, and people, Saying with a loud voice, Fear Roscoe, and give glory to him; for the hour of his judgment is come: and worship him that made con ops, and the con suite, and the green room, and the fountains of bhers. And there followed another gofer, saying, Mundania is fallen, is fallen, that great city, because she made all nations drink of the bheer of the wrath of her fornication.

The grace of Tucker be with you all. Amen.

--- Joseph T Major





ploitation accomplishment, **Sinister Urge**. It's a piece that successfully, if not intentionally, makes the end result of porno movie making look positively anti-sexy. The flick also manages to exploit a prime exploitation genre. Say what you will, the man, in his own bent way, was a genius (or, at the very least, ingenious). **Sinister Urge** was one of Wood's last directorial hurrahs, as he eventually became *even more* of a Hollywood outsider. **Sinister Urge**'s cautionary preachings (if you are involved with the smut movie racket you will end up DEAD DEAD DEAD) weirdly prefigured Wood's inexorable slide into porno, both of the cinematic (**Necromania**, **Orgy of the Dead** and **Take It Out In Trade** [which also featured Wood as an actress, in full drag]) and the novelistic (conjure with such titles as: **SLIDE-DOWN SIREN**, **DEVIL GIRLS** and **TV LUST** if you dare). Wood's mere association with a movie shoot had an inevitable effect on what wound up in the can; who else but Wood would have worked a plot point like a woman's weakness for angora sweaters as evidence that she was a killer ape in a former life, like he did when he scripted **The Bride of the Beast**. This trait is something he very certainly had in common with his hero, Orson Welles (that and getting hosed by virtually every business-type he encountered in Hollywood). '63 also saw the publication of Wood's first (of many) cheapie "Adult" novels, one with a title that only Ed Wood would have probably dared stick above his own name, **BLACK LACE DRAG**. I've read the somewhat biographical **DEATH OF A TRANSVESTITE** (even though Eddie liked frilly women's things it's unlikely he ever held a position of trust as lofty as that of mob hitmen, like this novel's protagonist, Glen Marker [also the name of the character Eddie played in his first flick, **Glen or Glenda**]) and can recommend it, without the slightest tinge of sarcasm. It is formatted very inventively, utilizing numerous sub-sections, each simulating an LAPD official form or a testimony transcript or other "actual" document. Another plus of Wood's writing style was that he really jammed those words down on paper, hooking into a primitive yet compelling, weirdly lyrical stream-of-consciousness that really sucks you into the story, goofy though it is.

Glancing through Rudolph Grey's **NIGHTMARE OF ECSTASY**, that loosely bound together cluster of interviews, posing as a biography (delicious to dip into all the same – listen up faneds, here's an 87 dollar line item for mimeographing in the budget for Wood's **Sinister Urge**) that inspired Burton to film his own personal vision, **Ed Wood**, I don't really see what address Eddie called home in the greater LA area in '63. But I've got a feeling that he probably spent no little time polishing a barstool with the seat of his pants (and/or dress) at Musso & Frank's, perhaps even in the company of *noirmeister* Jim Thompson. It seems to me that if they were in the same room together they **MUST** have talked. Some kind of oddball gravitational effect at work. Again, my mind's eye projects the speculative found footage of a husky dame in an powder pink angora outfit (What's that on her upper lip that looks like a moustache? Why can't they light this joint better?) sidling up to the seat occupied by the big, silent slab-faced guy whose Oklahoma drawl wasn't so quiet after he knocked back some double shots. That's right, what if Ed Wood,

Jr. and Jim Thompson, both pretty blotto, had bumped into each other and ended up in what must have been one of Hollywood's more outré story conferences?

What indeed? Given their pulpy backgrounds (Wood's predilection for carnival plot twists, Thompson's history of off-the-wall true detective yarns, some of which he even wrote with his mom), what if the two had encountered each other and become friends? It's just too bad that one of Thompson's primary Hollywood connections, Stanley Kubrick, had already parted his company some years before. Well, if former video store clerk/movie nerd Quentin Tarantino can cross over from outsider-dom to power lunches why couldn't these perennial fringe types, Wood and Thompson, have done the same in their own lifetimes? The short answer is, well, they both combined hell-bent self-destructive impulses with a sucking vacuum where their business sense shoulda been.

Still, it's fun to speculate what we'd see on the nation's multiplex marquees if these two hadn't stumbled back into the shadows again. My friend, Chris Filios, fearlessly predicted the title: **The Crossdresser Inside Me**. Some proposed flicks I came up with were: **Glen or Grifters**, **Plan 1280 From Outer Space** and a fact-based dual bio-pic, **The Alcoholics**. Anyhow, I find the very image of Eddie and Jim getting loaded together in the dim, woody confines of Musso & Frank's every bit as satisfying as an idea I had in Junior High for *another* speculative SF opus. *That* one involved the Nazis building a time machine and going back to the glades of Virginia's Shenandoah River valley and somehow co-opting Robert E. Lee (think it was the offer of Stuka dive bombers that finally sold General Lee on his fiendish wanna-be Axis partners; Lee would agree with the value of a blitz offense). As I say, it's fun to think about. Don't know if I'd actually wanna be there, though. Think I'm allergic to angora.

—Bruce Townley



This is, by far, the most difficult part of this issue — to write, to layout, to do....

Saturday, October 18, 1997: I returned from a trip to the Post Office where I'd mailed off the initial copies of **OW68**. As is usually the case, having "completed" an issue, I was in a state of euphoria.

I returned to an e-mail message informing me of Bill Rotsler's death.

I'd exchanged several e-mails with Bill the previous few months; he wasn't cheerful, but he seemed to me increasingly upbeat. That makes it hurt all the more.

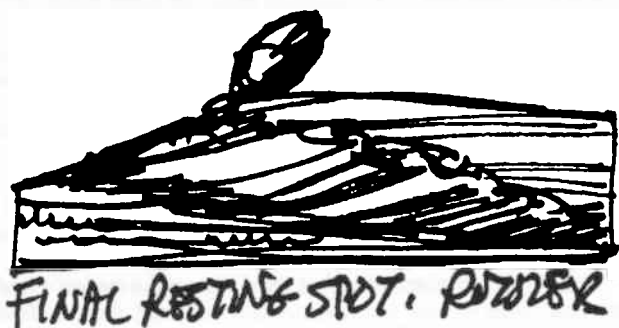
The following was received in an e-mail, Thursday the 11th of September. It may not be the last thing Bill wrote, but then it might well be....

The only "editing" I've done is to place the first "section" received ["Bill Who?"] at the end in the following sequence.

Ironically, the "Subject" line of that e-mail contained one word: **"Immortality"**

Somehow I suspect Bill Rotsler has achieved that. There will never be another.

## William Rotsler



## The Bent Lance

### ONE DAY IN THE VALLEY

This happened on a porn video set at a home in the San Fernando Valley between set-ups on a lesbian video by Zane Entertainment, just before my recent operation.

"Now my butt hurts," frowned a naked young woman named Charlie, as she dried her hair in the living room as I walked in.

I said, "All statements like that must be explained."

"Well, it didn't hurt, then someone said I was bleeding."

"You dang lesbians have got to stop using sandpaper dildos."

"Bleeding — never had that happen before," she muttered. "Never heard of it happening."

The 21-year-old director, wearing a cap that said ASS-HOLE, the youngest director in the business, wandered through twirling a very limber anal dildo at crotch level. "Weinercopter!" someone cried. "Cockacopter!" an actress added.

"Who am I working with tomorrow?" Tommy asked. He does double duty — publicity and occasional cockery.

A redheaded actress said, "Well, let's see what you've got, big guy." Tommy is very tall, very thin, very tattooed. He opened his fly and rummaged about. A couple of the lounging crew made disparaging remarks.

"Hey, I need help here," Tommy complained.

The redhead, sitting across the room, pulled down the bottom of her bikini and made a big show of pink, grinning wickedly. It did seem to help. Tommy launched himself at the squealing woman — half his size — and loomed over her, feigning sex.

After a moment he stood there, masturbating into his pants

as she twisted a nipple. The director walked back in playing vigorously with his pink dildo. "I think he's fallen in love," I said.

I struck up a conversation with a pretty woman whose nom de porno was Jackie Lick. Someone complimented her on doing a really good anal scene earlier. She laughed. "We were in the bathroom doing rock, paper, scissors to decide which of us was going to take it up the ass."

"Are porn actors better in bed than regular guys?" I asked Jackie.

She shrugged. "Some are. The more you work with a guy generally the better and better it gets. The sex is like a relationship — but better. The top guys are better. But just a handful. Alex Sanders is a mechanic, just wonderful. Not so much socially, but very good at sex."

"I've noticed that women seemed to want to have sex with Rocco Siffredi," I said and she nodded. She done 40 videos in seven months at that point, but not with the Italian Stallion.

"Sex [in these videos] is not a romance, but I love the people, love the fun. Look at me. I've been done an hour, I'm still hanging around."

"What are the things that turn you on about men, sex with men?" I asked.

"That they make me laugh. I like good girth and substance."

"Of a cock?"

She nodded. "Doesn't have to be long, but I like 'em substantial. Men should know what the fuck they are doing with it."

The redhead called over to add, "Without you having to tell them!"

Jackie continued, "I like intensity. Paying attention. Communication is the key." Then she quoted the late comedian Sam Kinnison: "Women are like a combination lock and they change the combination every time."

When you're right, you're right.

### —and some fillers—

Tact is putting one candle on a birthday cake when the proper number might pauper you.

Women are never pleased with photographs of themselves.

They are in constant hope that somehow a photographer will capture them in such a way that they never looked better but everyone says, "That's you." As a result they are constantly disap-

pointed, for cameras only capture the outside and only a fragment of a second of it at that.

Men are easily pleased. As long as their stomachs don't stick out too far and they don't have their arms around the wrong woman, they're happy.

If you stoop, do try to conquer.

**Agrihonorphobia:** Fear of your agricultural award being called The Cowplot.

**Fellatophobia:** Fear of thinking "giving head" means the guillotine.

**Nilhilophobia:** Fear of having a useless occupation, such as parliamentarian for the World Wrestling Federation, grammarian at the Shouting Match Finals, social director at orgies.

**Osculatophobia:** Fear of thinking oral sex means kissing.

Anxiety is worry within a time frame.

Worry is diluted fear.

Always look at the copyright date – you may have read it before and not remembered until you have invested some time in it.

There are laws and there are rules. You can break the law and a lot of people won't care, but if you break the rules, almost everyone cares.

An argument for religious faith: Pain is invisible, but real.

## AMAZING PHOTOS REVEAL GHOSTS DO NOT EXIST!

Suggested tabloid headline

Wisdom may be approaching when you know what things are valuable as well as what they cost, what things are important and what is not. The most valuable things are intangible.

Some newly discovered Phobias:

**Anonophoboa:** Fear that everything intelligent you say will get quoted – and attributed to someone else.

**Bakeoffphobia:** Fear of your baking award being called The Crumby.

**Phobiaphobia:** Fear of phobias (even lists of phobias).

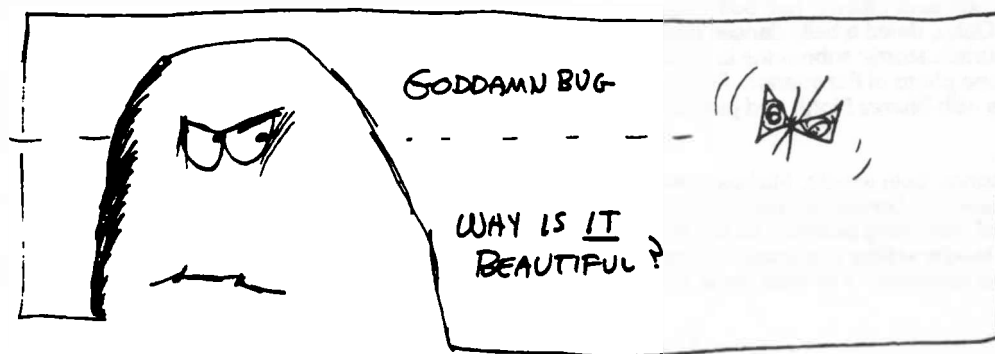
**Skyjackphobia:** Fear of seeing FBI men running out onto the airfield as you are taxing for takeoff, firing at the tires.

**Whophobia:** Fear that everyone will remember when you're bad and never remember when you are good.

Every director starts out to make a **Citizen Kane** and ends up with **Scuzoids from Space**.

The past dies hard in every one of us. It fragments and hides and fades, but in the end it doesn't die until we do, even if we try. Maybe especially when we try.

An epigram states the obvious, but in a way that it all seems different.



## BILL WHO?

I've walked up the Arch of Triumph and down the Eiffel Tower. I've been shot off in catapult planes, stood in front of charging Ben-Hur chariots, and cartooned with **MAD Magazine's** Sergio Aragones. I filmed the first man to hang-glide into the Grand Canyon, which made global headlines, but was prohibited being mentioned here.

I've photographed auto races, rodeos, and bullfights. I've photographed nudes six inches from a hundred-foot drop at the Grand Canyon, in the forecourt of the Chinese Theater, on the roof of Griffith Observatory, atop the L.A. City Hall, in Carlsbad Caverns, in Gulf of Mexico and Gulf of California. I shot nudes of a young woman in my walnut orchard who shortly after became part of a world famous singing group.

I've almost killed the executive officer of an atomic submarine climbing the conning tower – more properly called a sail – when a strap on a camera case gave way, and I caught it with my hip against a hatch as it plummeted.

I've seen over 8,000 women naked – the most at one time was fifteen at the same time – and photographed hundreds, made movies and bookshelves. I've won Hugo awards and lost women. I've been arrested, praised and cursed. I've been a

soldier, a rancher, an editor, a friend, a sucker, a lover. I've been in car wrecks, earthquakes, and back stage in strip clubs. I've been on television, horses, an island, one small continent and two big ones, and atop the Temple of the Magicians at Uxmal.

I've been to art school, had sculpture in many exhibits, traveling shows, and one-man shows. I did a 27-foot fountain group for the Beverly Hilton. I've been in the Coliseum, the Louvre, the White House, the Pentagon, Versailles, and Rodin's home. I've been in movie studios, Norman Lindsay's Australian studio, Rudolph Valentino's aerie, Robert Heinlein's home, and trouble. I've photographed Jacques Cousteau and made Stan Freberg laugh.

I shoot for French television (with Bill Warren as the on-camera talent) and I know the secret of the Venus Butterfly. I don't swim very well and dance like they're firing pistols at my feet.

My work has been in **Playboy**, **Surfer**, **Reader's Digest**, **Analog**, some "Best of the Year" collections, and a collection of the "world's best photographs." Something Weird Video has some of the 27 movies I've made, one of which is considered by some a "cult" film. I've shaken hands with Buzz Aldrin. Jacques Cousteau and Superman, movie stars and a lot of famous writers – science fiction writers, anyway – are my friends.

I've caressed Henry Moore sculpture and world famous bodies. The most frightened I've been was crossing a fast-running jungle stream in Mexico, up to my chin, holding a camera over my head, and not being able to swim. I've been in love and I've been loved; I've been in like and I sure as hell have been in lust.

I love chilled, tree-ripened mangos, starry nights, western art, Frank McCarthy, root beer, Sir Laurence Alma-Tadema, rain, silent movie epics, Mobius, ancient cities, Louis L'Amour, the perfect little hands of babies, apricots, good typography, Len Wein, Paul Turner, Harlan Ellison, Piet Hein's super-ellipse and chocolate.

I've had psychic experiences in Venice near a gondola, on a mountain in Big Sur, and elsewhere. I've climbed the Washington monument and been dropped by cable from helicopters to destroyers in the middle of the Pacific. I've been in castles, jail, palaces, and both secret rooms in Harlan's house. I've been in the cable anchorage of the Oakland Bay Bridge, Forry Ackerman's museum-home, caves, secret command centers, movies, Mexican whore houses, ancient ruins, and love.

If I turned my head I could have seen Hedy Lamarr sitting on her toilet. I've led deputy sheriffs after escaped criminals and proposed marriage twice – once atop a double Ferris wheel – accepted both times, married once. I'm a long-time member of the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America, for whom I make the Nebula awards. I'm a founding member and past president of CAPS, the Comic Art Professional Society. I was the first critic inducted into the Hall of Fame of the XRCO.

I've trudged up the Statue of Liberty, had both engines go out of a small plane over Oahu, dated a belly dancer, designed and built the set of a futuristic atomic submarine in 1958 when they had released only one photo of the interior. I've made pornographic Easter Eggs with Sheree North and published – so far – 55 books.

I've looked at volcanoes, train wrecks, Micheangelo's David, Aussie gold mines, the U.S. Senate, admiral's secret Pacific Ocean briefings, had week-long parties, had sex at Marineland and Disney World, taught writing that science fiction stuff, and been a mile from the epicenter. I've seen some of you naked.

I've been shotgunned in the stomach by my father (accidentally, I think), been in a bar fight in Mexico, sold photos of a nurse/girl friend be the centerfold in *Playboy*, looked at Mona Lisa and David in the original, been Down Under, Out West, and Back East. I found out I was a diabetic the hard way – after I came out of a coma. I've bluffed my way out of muggings and into film-making jobs.

I love sliding down the poles in fire stations, settling down with a bowl of chocolate frozen yogurt, pushing over 120 in a sports car, laughing with friends, polished carved wood, really well thought out typography, and full firm breasts.

I've seen my name on a gravestone and on the door of my own industrial film company. I've been to Big Fancy parties, but the best ones, and the wildest ones, were those I gave.

I've written in the Star Trek, Marvel, manga and Tarzan universes. I've written comics and animated shows. I've published novels, poems, epigrams, photographs, drawings and fanzines. I've made over 6,000 pieces of iron sculpture, a couple of dozen in worked bronze, over 7,000 computer art pieces in color on the most primitive program possible, and hundreds of thousands of drawings.

I've been a fast gun and a slow burn. I've been shot at, laughed at, and laughed with. I've had a Corvette, a lot of laughs and been house-hunting with Marilyn Monroe.

I've made love to beautiful women and have friends I honor. I've dumped and I've been dumped. I've been in love and in pain. I've taken acid and liberties. I've told the truth at the wrong time and lied at the right.

I've found that no one – since my father and Uncle Sam – can make me do anything – but I can be talked into all sorts of things. I've seen death and death has had a glimpse of me. And I'm a grandfather.

–William Rotsler; 11 September 1997



The Improbable & Virtuous  
**Bill Bowers**

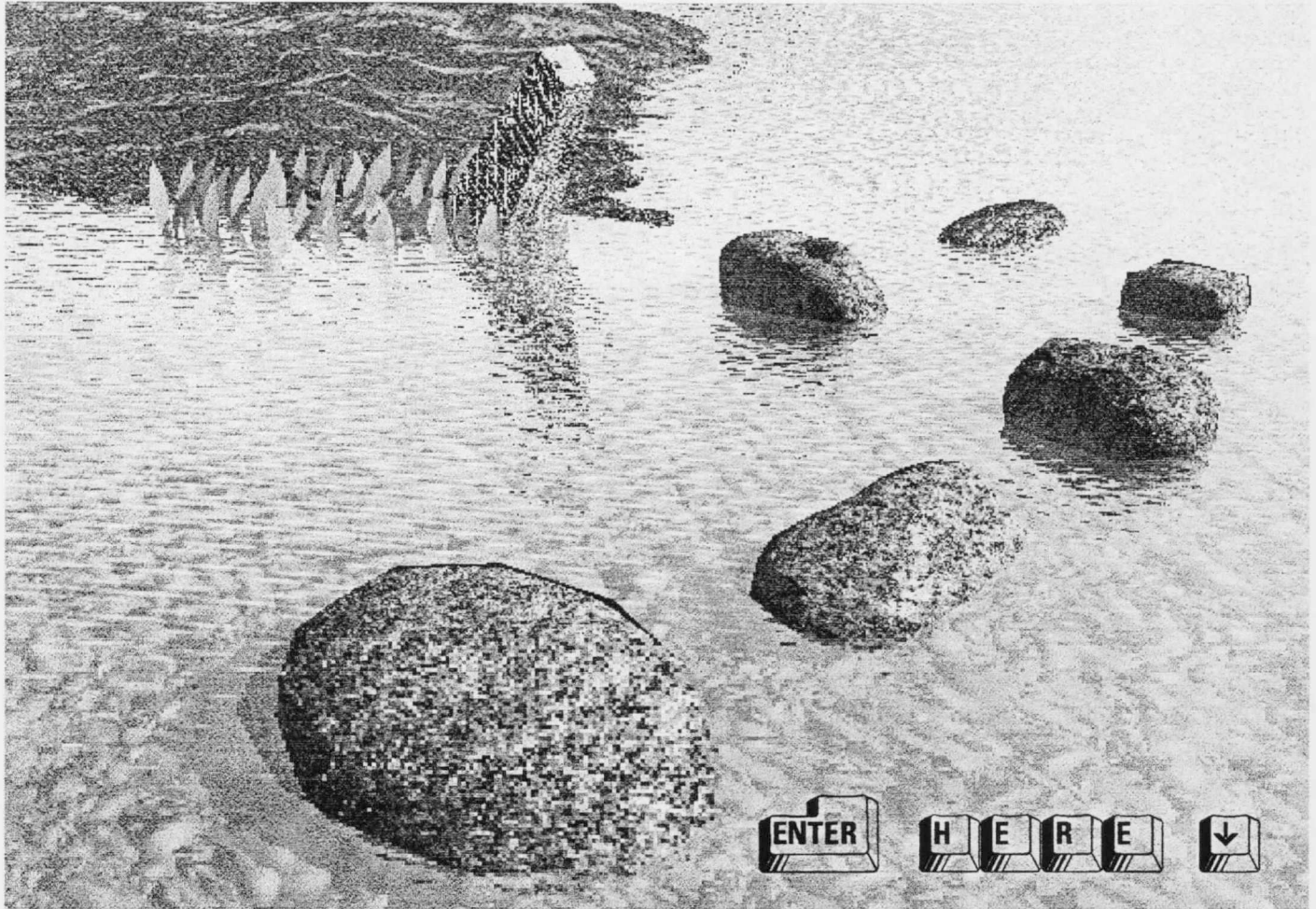
**Bill Bowers**  
a fan among fen

...memories of Rotsler

# Stephen Leigh

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## Building Your World...



**WORLD BUILDING IS THE BANE AND THE JOY** of science fiction and fantasy.

No matter how strange and twisted the characters of mainstream fiction might be, they still move and act in a world that's instantly recognizable to us, because it's the same world that surrounds us. We understand instinctively the way they interact with that world and each other, because they're the same interactions we have ourselves. Beyond the history invented for them by the author, they are just like us, and we instantly understand why they act and react as they do.

Not in science fiction and fantasy (except perhaps in the rare cases when the story is set in the here and now). In that genre, the author must not only invent characters, he or she must also give them an entire new world to move within, a new history, new cultural reflexes. All of that must work together to make a cohesive and reasonable background, no matter how alien it might be.

The characters you finally set loose in that world must be imbued with quirks and ticks and reflexes which, given that culture, history, and world, make sense for both the characters and the readers. And the characters must still be understandable as people, as someone with whom you can share pain and triumph, laughter and tears.



And at the same time, you have to do this wonderful balancing act without it being too obvious that you are indeed juggling, without the reader seeing the duct tape, string and glue that holds the entire stage setting together.

It ain't easy.

Because I've just finished that task... okay, honestly I finished it well over two years ago, when I first started putting **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** together. Let's try that again:

Because for **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** I have in my possession all that duct tape, string and glue I talked about above in the shape of notes, essays, research and drawings, I thought I might put together a tour of how a world is built, if you're interested. I make no claim that this is how ALL worlds should be built. It isn't. It isn't even how I build each new world I create, for each world has demanded a different process. It's only how one author built one particular world.

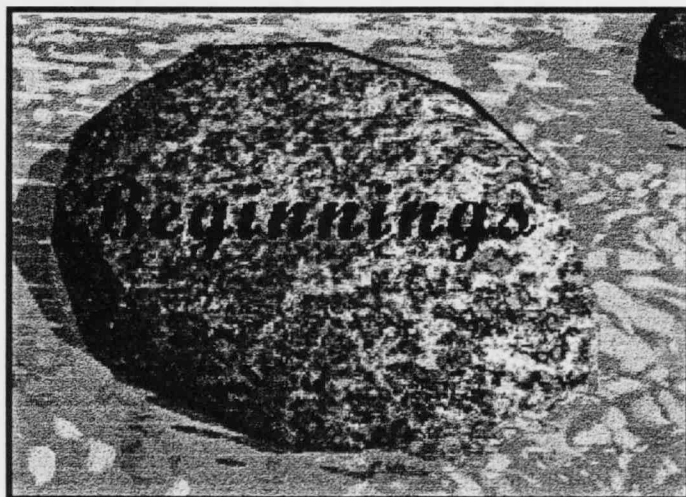
**WARNING:** If you go further, you will encounter serious plot spoilers for **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** (publication date March 1998, from Avon EOS). If that's something you'd rather avoid until after you've read the book (you ARE going to buy the book and read it, aren't you?),

**THEN TURN BACK NOW...**

**B A C K T O H O M E**

**TO MOVE ON, CLICK ON THE "BEGINNINGS" STONE BELOW**

## Beginnings



**EVERY TALE HAS ITS GENESIS.** For **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**, ground zero was a book entitled **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A DRUID PRINCE** by Anne Ross and Don Robins. The true story of the discovery of a bog body in England in 1984 and the subsequent archeological investigation it set off, this book intrigued me. The image of a human explorer uncovering an alien bog body on another world first started to emerge.

Somewhere around the same time, I'd gotten into a conversation regarding sex and sexuality, and how, well, *alien* males and females sometimes are, and I wondered somewhere in that conversation what a third sex might be like... It was something I'd touched on (very briefly and very peripherally) in an earlier novel, **CRYSTAL MEMORY**. But the speculation remained with me even after the conversation was long forgotten, and the epiphany came that the alien bog body haunting that scene in my mind should be this mythical third sex.

From two disparate sources, then, came a first scene, and

the hint of what it all meant: an alien bog body, neither male nor female, which held a secret to the survival of the humans who found it.

That image, that scene, was the foundation of **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**. At the moment, of course, I didn't have the title, didn't know what that secret might be, didn't know anything about the aliens or the humans who found it. All I had was the starting point.

I wrote the scene – it still exists (greatly changed) as the scene where the bog body is first found. But a scene is not a story. I had a glimpse of a world, but to continue I had to know a hell of a lot more about it. To fully see a new world, there's a mantra I try to follow:

### There Has To Be A Reason

What's that mean? Look, I know that science fiction and fantasy are built on the idea that the reader will bring to the story a 'willing suspension of disbelief.' But even though the reader will accept, for instance, an alternative history novel set in 1997 where Germany won the Second World War in 1943, everything else that follows from that acceptance must be logical and consistent. You can't just transplant the real 1997 and have no changes in technology, in politics, in economy, in cultural behavior, in the way people speak and interact.

It means **There Has To Be A Reason** to get to that first scene I'd just finished writing: the characters had to have a history which led them there. **There Has To Be A Reason** for the humans to even be digging in the peat bog. **There Has To Be A Reason** that the story of the aliens resonated with the plight of the humans (whatever that plight might be, which also has to have a reason). **There Has To Be A Reason** evolution would come up with the scheme to use three sexes rather than the more usual two.

I had lots of questions to answer, but I knew that answering them would allow me to tell the story I wanted to tell.

To me, the biggest question was: why three sexes? Obviously, there had to be a reason. But what...?

## Reasons...



### Sex.

THERE, THAT GOT YOUR ATTENTION, DIDN'T IT? (It often gets mine, anyway...) In our world, the usual reproductive strategy (among the 'higher animals' anyway) is two-sexed. Mammal, reptile, amphibian, fish, insect – the details of how reproduction is accomplished vary greatly, but almost always involves a male depositing genetic material to fertilize the female egg. We have terrestrial examples of one-sexed reproduction, and technology now offers cloning, which is perhaps a variant on three-sexed reproduction: male and female to create a being, and then machines to reproduce it *ad infinitum*.

But having three distinct sexes is not a strategy that (to my knowledge, anyway) terrestrial evolution has seen fit to take. If that's so, then using the mandate "There Has To Be A Reason" tells us that there's no need for three sexes on Earth, or we would have them.

But for this world I was creating, three sexes were needed. Why? I mused on that myself for a long time. I did a lot of what I call 'mining' – I scanned all the science periodicals and read anything concerned with sex, sexuality, reproduction, or evolution. Anything interesting I tore out (hey, I bought the magazines, okay?) and stuck in a folder called "Sparks" – actually, whenever I read something that seems to resonate with a potential story idea, I tear it out or copy it, and toss it in that folder. It's my fodder, my compost pile. Periodically, I go through it and throw away stuff that no longer has the same impact, and occasionally, I'll find myself needing an article or reference in there for a story.) I picked up a few books on the subject that looked interesting and read them. One – **EXTINCTION** by David M. Raup – was especially filled with sparks.

I also had wonderful conversations on the subject with Denise, and with Becca Levin and Guy Allen, two good friends. Becca was especially helpful, as she's a veterinarian, and happily corrected me whenever my strictly amateur biology background betrayed me.

I eventually came up with three possible reasons for a third sex to arise:

### THE BIOLOGICAL CONDOM:

If the whole intent of reproduction is the imperative "pass on your genes!" then let's look at mimicry in the animal kingdom. Suppose a third sex could make itself attractive to both the males and females of a species. They could first entice the male to mate. Then this 'false female,' having held and destroyed the male semen, could mate with the females, impregnating her with its own sperm. Perhaps this hermaphroditic creature could even change form or coloration, appearing female for the males, and male for the females.

### THE BIOLOGICAL ADDITIVE:

Take a male with 'low survival' sperm (maybe just a low sperm count, or perhaps sperm with low motility). Or perhaps a female with a particularly convoluted or perhaps even sperm-hostile environment. Or perhaps the male holds only a portion of the necessary DNA/RNA. Whatever (as my daughter Megan might say...) Then a third sex might arise who adds vital ingredients to the male semen, and passes along the 're-energized' sperm to the female.

### THE BIOLOGICAL FILTER:

Mutation is a natural and expected part of reproduction. Without it, none of the wonderful variety of life on the world would have existed. But most mutations result in either non-viable, sterile, or damaged offspring. Too much or too rapid mutation will kill a species, not help it. Given an environment where mutation is the norm rather than the exception, a third species could be useful as a 'filter,' taking in the male sperm, culling the damaged sperm and passing along to the female only the 'healthy' ones. Of course, that takes care of only the male side of the equation and does nothing about mutated eggs, but if you use the usual mammalian model, with the testes hanging outside the body, well, the male genital equipment is the most exposed to environmental hazards.

Yes, I'm certain there are other and possibly better 'excuses' for three sexes – and if you have one, you're perfectly free to go and write your own story about it. But the last one, especially, resonated with that first scene. Part of world-building is logic, but part of it is inspiration. This is going to sound corny and artsy-fartsy, but it's the truth... I suddenly saw the first large section of the book: a doctor performing an autopsy on the bog body, and I knew that she shared some of the characteristics of that body. I knew that reproduction was the problem for these humans as well, and because THERE HAS TO BE A REASON, that:

- a) these humans were stranded where they were (or otherwise they just leave, and there's no story...)
- b) for some reason yet to be explained, they also were out of touch with Earth (or they call for help...)
- c) heavy and fast mutation was part of the problem for the humans (because the plot elements need to work together, and genetic stability seemed to be the best reason for a third sex to arise in the aliens...)
- d) they were lower tech than our current level (or they could probably fix the fertility problem) – and yes, there had to be a reason for that, too
- e) the alien race was extinct (or our valiant colonists could just get the answer to their dilemma from them...)

You can see how all sorts of Neat Stuff comes cascading out of that simple little phrase... Of course, all this had to do with the human population, but I'll deal with that a little further along.

In addition, one of the 'spark' passages I'd collected had mentioned that one source of mutation-causing androgens was in water – and every peat bog was after all once a lake...

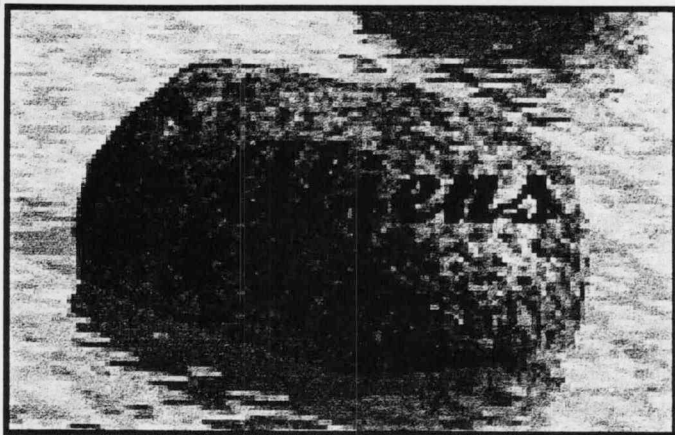
Synchronicity like that can't be ignored.

I also knew that the alien 'midmales' (as I dubbed them), were mostly Filter, along with a touch of Additive, because rapid mutation and low fertility were the problems faced by our stranded colony.

So now I had a sense of the biology of the aliens – and at that point, I had enough of an overview of the plot that I could even begin writing. I started on the autopsy scene, and I started thinking more about these aliens. After all, physiology is all well and good, but what really interests me is culture. And that's what I wanted to know more about now.

Who were these people, and what were they like?

## Making An Alien....



I DON'T BELIEVE SCIENCE FICTION is about the future. Science fiction authors, with very few exceptions, are truly lousy prognosticators. Science fiction novels are really about the here-and-now.

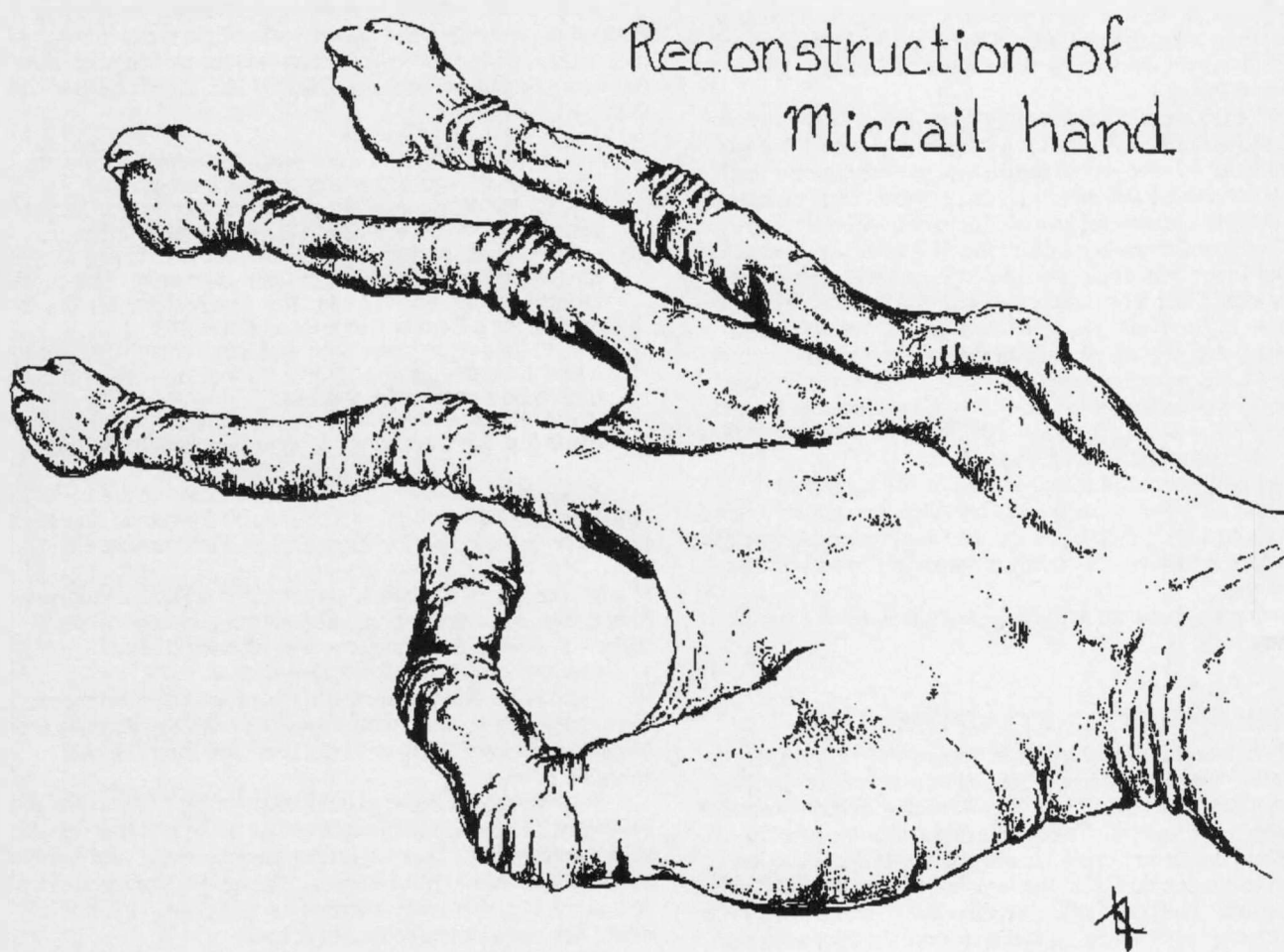
We're just using the framework of the genre to make a point, and oh yeah, tell a hopefully entertaining tale at the same time.

I believe that if a truly alien race happened by this planet, the odds of them looking or acting *anything* like us are about the same as those of the sun going nova tomorrow.

But that doesn't matter, because in science fiction, the aliens are really funhouse mirrors that reflect back distorted images of us.

Let's face it: if you want your reader to easily sympathize with and identify with an alien, then the alien's probably going to need to be humanoid... You think it's a *coincidence* that **ET** had enormous sad eyes like a Keene painting? You can probably think of a dozen similar cinematic examples. (In fact, in movies you quite often get the reverse example: when you want the audience to instantly *hate* your alien, you make it reptilian, with gallons of thick, gelatinous ooze slathering over nasty teeth [the **Alien** series springs to mind...].) Truth is, we have certain in-built visceral reactions to appearance. The less something looks like us (or like something we find cute and cuddly, like cats and dogs and teddy bears), the less we instinctively trust it.

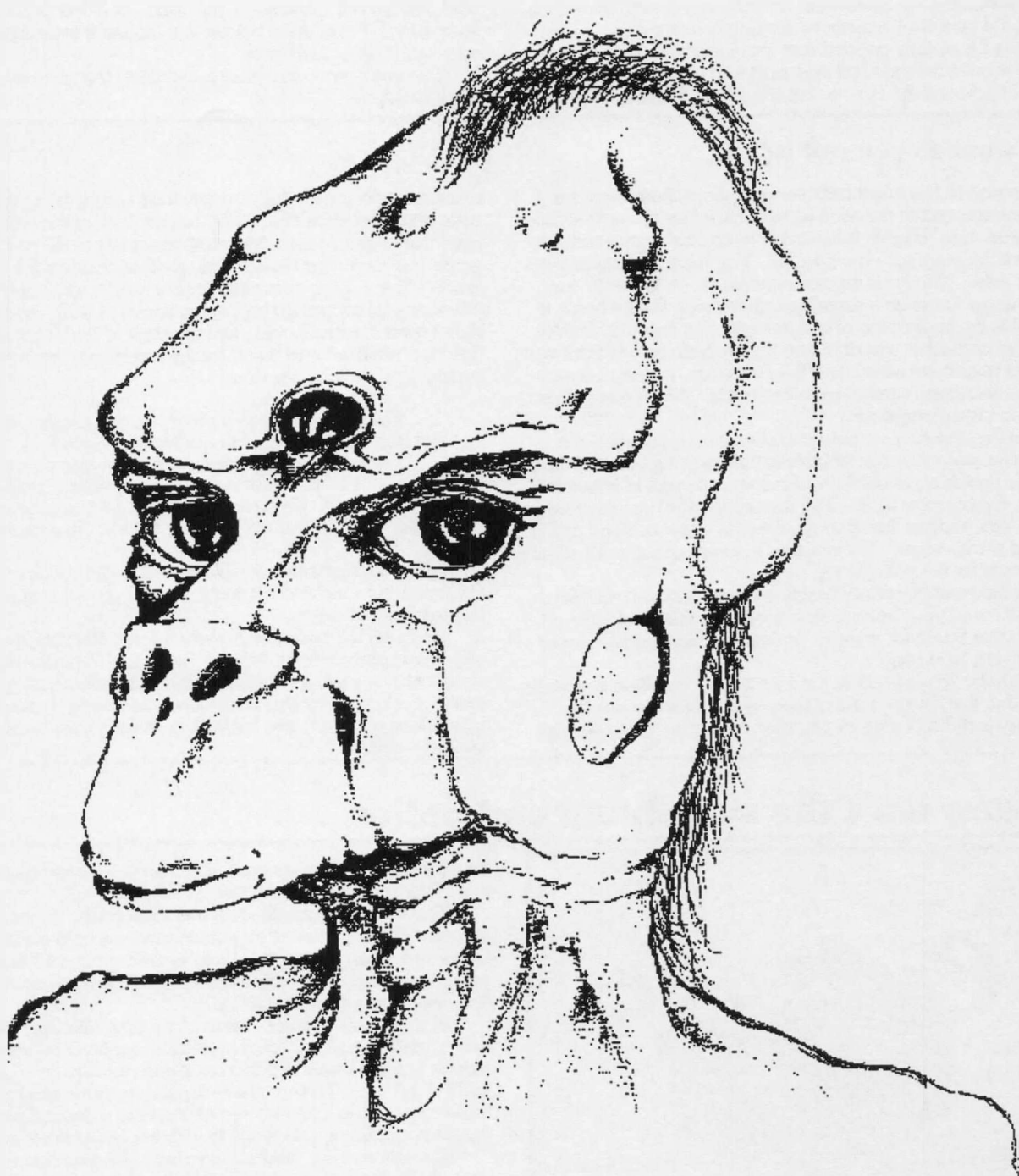
So... what does it look like, huh?



In **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A DRUID PRINCE**, there are reconstructions of what the bog body might have looked like. Knowing that's what Anais, one of the protagonists of **DWE** would have done, I pulled out the sketchbooks from under the desk, blew the dust off the toolbox with my art supplies, and started a pencil a sketch by "Anais" of the alien's hand, based on

the description in the scene I'd already written. The scan (opposite) loses a lot of the shading detail of the final sketch, but gives the general idea of what it looks like.

I liked the sketch well enough that I thought I'd have "Anais" do a drawing of the face. Here it is...



4



Again, the sketch loses shading from the pencil original, but gives you a sense of what I had in mind.

In the 'chicken-and-egg' scenario of the aliens in *DWE*, the sketch comes before I actually did much fleshing out of what my aliens were like. I'd wanted them to have a third light-sensitive organ in the middle of the forehead – this came from reading (somewhere) a speculation that the pineal gland was once a 'sightless eye' that could warn of predators above through the increase or decrease in light levels: unlikely, in my estimation, but I thought it'd be a cool 'accessory' for an alien one day.

Since I'd already decided that the world was going to be a bit further out from their sun than ours and would be rather colder, I thickened the skin, giving it a ridged, leathery appear-

ance. Still the overall impression is – very deliberately – humanoid. I also tried, with my limited artistic skills, to temper the 'hardness' of the face (which would translate as 'masculine') with 'feminine' touches such as the larger eyes. The creature Anais was reconstructing, after all, was one of the 'midmales', the middle sex, and I wanted it to look somewhat androgynous.

Do you need to have a sketch of the alien in the world you're building? No. Absolutely not. Having a word-sketch will work just as well. Pulling out the sketch pad and pencils was not something I'd ever done before, but I found it interesting, and might try it again next time.

So now I knew what they looked like, but there were still other problems.

## Hey, what do you *call* it?

The intention to have flashback sections throughout the book from the viewpoint of the alien gave me another immediate difficulty: pronouns. English is limited in its choice of pronouns. You have the male set – he, him, his. You have the female set – she, her, hers. You have the sex-neutral set – it, its. 'It' was far too neuter to use as a sexed-based pronoun for the book; it would give the impression of sexlessness. The currently fashionable 's/he' or 'heshe' was right out: they're both ugly in print and you can't read them aloud, and they were also entirely inaccurate – the midmales weren't male or female. Which meant that I needed to invent pronouns...

Coming up with new names and terms is generally not a problem for science fiction or fantasy writers; it's a basic job skill. But while I could have used any random collection of letters (oh, let's say, for instance: lir, liw, lijs), the reader was going to really struggle with phrases like 'Bob gave liw his business card' or 'Lir stretched out lijs arms.' The reader's eyes are going to trip over those words for the entire book.

Irritated readers are not happy readers. Irritated readers do not recommend your book to their friends. Irritated readers do not nominate books for awards. Irritated readers do not go out and buy your next book.

I played with alternatives for a long time, and then suddenly realized that the reason none of them worked for me was because they just didn't scan as you read the page. I tried several

different options over the next few days before I realized that what mattered wasn't the *word*, but the *look* of the word – how it appeared to the reader. My latest candidate in the pronoun game was "ked" and I fortuitously realized that just the first two letters – "ke" – looked an awful lot like "he," and would have the advantage of sounding roughly the same, as well. And since I didn't want the strictly male identification of "he," I could use "ker" for "him/her" and "kers" for the possessive "his/hers." The structure would look like this:

Male: He ordered a meal. In due course, the waiter put it in front of him. He ate his dill pickle first.

Female: She ordered a meal. In due course, the waiter put it in front of her. She ate her dill pickle first.

Midmale: Ke ordered a meal. In due course, the waiter put it in front of ker. Ke ate ker dill pickle first.

I was pleased with this – it scanned well, was close enough to English in sound and appearance, and gave a nice ambiguity in sexual identification.

And with the pronoun in place, I could start writing the alien-viewpoint sections. Almost, anyway... Because appearance is only a shell, a facade as false and unconvincing as a bad movie studio set. To give consistency and three-dimensionality to an alien, you must also know their history, their background, and their culture...

## Culture isn't the symphony and ballet...



WE HAVE A WONDERFUL VARIETY OF CUSTOMS, social mores, rituals, rites, belief systems, political systems, and so on that it's truly difficult to invent something that hasn't been done before in some way, shape or form.

Generally, too, the science fiction/fantasy author is going to deliberately shape his or her alien culture to meet the plot demands. And applying "there has to be a reason" to what we al-

ready have of the three-sexed aliens starts to shape the way they lived their lives.

There isn't, obviously, only *one* reason why things are the way there are. Someone else could have set up a consistent and reasonable alien society that looks entirely different from the one I eventually designed while using the same starting point. That's fine. But here was my thinking...

Since the aliens were extinct at the time of human colonization, it made sense to keep their technology level rather low – maybe to tribal levels. I didn't want their ruins to be everywhere, and I didn't want the humans picking up technological help from those ruins. So the aliens were confined to a defined portion of the main continent, also fitting in with the low-tech vision.

The intent of the third sex is to keep the mutation under control. To do that, the 'midmales' must be structured to copulate with as much of the population as possible. What flows from that is: *a*) while you could still have male/female monogamy (if so desired), social mores are such that there's no stigma attached to having sex with the midmales; *b*) the midmales are mobile, moving around and generally forming no permanent lasting relationships (which has the added advantage of spreading the genetic material around).

That second point made me think of the mendicant religious



orders of medieval times. Good – then the midmales belonged to a semi-religious order, based somewhere in the area, and they traveled around to the various tribal settlements via a system of roads, perhaps stopping at established wayhouses on their travels.

And I knew where I wanted this midmale religious order to be based. In **THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A DRUID PRINCE**, there's an evocative passage about the Roman general Suetonius's invasion of England, and the druids screaming curses and spells at the Roman troops from their sacred island of Anglesey. In tribute to that, I placed the headquarters of the alien midmales on an island (AnglSaiye) just off the coast. (And yes, the anal retentive in me wanted to see what it looked like, so I've since put together a Bryce2 image of AnglSaiye – which you can see on my website in the section "[Stuff That Never Made It Into The Books](#)".)

Bits and pieces of their culture came from the little bit of writing I already had. Since I wanted the finding of the bog body to be something of great import, especially with the realization that this was one of the rare midmales, then there must have been no remains to unearth in the time the colonists had been there – okay, so they routinely cremated their dead, which would leave nothing but charred bits of bone, and the bog body would

then be the first intact specimen ever recovered.

I wanted the aliens to have a written language, but rather than having them write on books or scrolls, I wanted them to carve mysterious symbols on stelae. There was no particular 'reason' for this, but standing stones echoed the source material for some of what I'd already put together, so it felt right.

I'm not going to belabor this... The hope is that you get the overall sense of how building an alien culture works. Each question you answer will in turn lead you to another question, and over time you not only have accumulated a big pile of paper (or several K of hard disk space) of notes, but you also have an excellent idea of how your aliens should act and behave. For the book, I had originally put together an appendix on the Miccail (as the aliens came to be called... more on that later), 'written' by some un-named human scholar a few years after the events of the book. In the end, the decision was made not to include the various appendices I'd created, but if you're interested, on the website, there's a link here to the appendix on the Miccail.

Having the aliens is only half the battle in any 'first contact' book. There's a second and equally important component to consider: the humans who interact with the aliens. Just as you put together an alien and an alien culture, you also have to consider the human element...

## Ahh, the humanity...



**DID I MENTION THE PRESENCE** of moderate anal retentiveness in me?

I thought so. So what comes next won't really surprise you.

For various reasons, not the least of which was that *it felt right*, I wanted the human colonists to be cut off from Earth and technology, so their interactions with the world and its inhabitants would be 'pure.' Again, flowing from the "There Has To Be A Reason" mantra, I could begin to see the society I wanted to create...

## Technically Speaking...

Most, if not all, readers of science fiction are aware that interstellar travel without the aid of some mythical "Faster Than Light" (FTL) drive is a problem. The nearest star system to Earth, the Centauri system, consists of three stars, the largest of which (Alpha) is 4.34 light years from us – and since it's a multiple star system, the likelihood that it contains habitable planets is small. Good candidates for Earth-like planets are much further away: a ship with a less-than-light-speed engine is going to take years, decades, or centuries just to get to those star systems. Since in **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**, I wanted isolation for the humans, this wasn't a problem – there are a few ways around the limitations. "Generation ships" are one solution, where the crew

simply sets up home in a giant ship with the realization that it might be the original crew's grandchildren who arrive at the eventual destination. Not what I wanted though... Instead, I opted to have the crew in rotating cryogenic sleep for much of the journey (work a year, sleep four years, work a year...) all of them to be awakened only when the ship finds a habitable planet.

So however long the ship is en route, that's also the *minimum* number of years before a rescue ship can arrive (assuming no breakthrough in interstellar drive technology back home in the meantime).

I *did* want them to know that Earth was out of contact, so (insert mantra here) while there was no way to physically move faster than light, they *did* have the technology to communicate in real time over interstellar distances. I also needed an 'excuse' for them not being in touch with Earth all the time they were traveling, so this FTL communicator can't work while the ship's drive is operating. Only when the drive was shut down and the ship was in orbit could the FTL communicator be fired up.

It's one thing not to be able to get back in contact with Earth. But I didn't want the human group heading back home to see what happened. Therefore, not only did they have to be cut off from Earth, they also had to be cut off from the ship in which they arrived. No problem: I invented a shuttle accident that rendered it hopelessly crippled, and which left a group of nine colonists on the planet. (Why nine? I really don't know. It felt right...)

Cut off from Earth, stranded, the technology level might initially be high, but as things broke they couldn't be repaired, and the level of technology fairly quickly become a mix of 'high' and 'low'. This was fine with me; the contrast could be interesting.

## Let's Talk...

Language fascinates me. In many ways, the language of a culture *defines* that culture. I played with that concept in **ALIEN TONGUE**, inventing an alien race that, for biological and cultural reasons, had no word in their vocabulary for 'lie' – a deliberate statement of untruth. Of course, we humans managed to quickly correct that oversight...

I wanted the same kind of interplay of language in this one, especially since I already had some interesting linguistic contor-

tions with the aliens and their third sex. So (since there has to be a reason for such things, right?), I knew that the human expedition was international in scope. That way, I could use a smattering of words and phrases from several languages, which would (hopefully) enrich the 'strangeness' of their culture. I started assembling some of the glossary I wanted to use: from Nahuatl (the Aztec Native American language), I borrowed Mictlan ("The Land of the Dead", which seemed appropriate for this world where the ruins of a sentient civilization would be found). Also from Nahuatl, I took "Miccail" (The Dead) as the human's name for the alien race (they would, of course, have their own name for themselves...). I called their wrecked spaceship the *Ibn Battuta*, after an Arabian geographer of that name. From Denise's Syrian background, I stole the word "khudda" (excrement) so the characters could cuss in a foreign language...

I bought several foreign language phrase books (Japanese, Russian, French, Spanish, Italian, Serbo-Croatian) just to have on hand.

## Sex...

Anyone who thinks sex and reproduction aren't important hasn't read history or looked at the societies we've built.

Lack of contact with Earth meant several things:

- If our inadvertent colonists were going to pin their hopes on a rescue mission, it would not be *them* that were rescued, but their children's children's children.
- Rescue might *never* come. In that case, the choice is either to build a new human home here, or to let this isolated line die.
- For that matter, maybe Earth had managed to wipe itself out completely via war, cometary impact, environmental disaster, whatever. In that case, as above, the colonists might very well be the last remnant of humankind. If they want humans to continue to exist, the survival of the species is up to them.

Talk about your reproductive imperatives... Following the (obvious) logic, having children would be Job Number 1. This type of thing has been done before (*everything* has been done before), but usually badly. I didn't want the standard patriarchal "let's protect the womenfolk and keep them barefoot, pregnant, and safe" male-dominated society here. Following our mantra, here was my thinking:

- For plot conflict purposes, I made the nine colonists five females and four males
- Forget standard western-style marriage. You need the gene pool to be as diverse as possible, and you want as much 'mix' as you can get. You don't *want* monogamy.
- Because of the above, you can forget patriarchal lineage – if a woman having sex with any of the available males, the father's identity is questionable at best. The only parent you'll know for certain is the mother.
- Given *that*, and knowing that humans do prefer to gather in groups, then the best bet is to have large extended and blood-related Families.
- Who runs these Families? Historically, it's been the eldest members whose word tends to be law in such groupings. Fine, that sounded good to me... In fact, let's have the society be governed by the male and female Elders of each Family.
- Language again: I came up with the following as family 'titles': "Geema" (the eldest female in the Family), "Geeda" (the eldest male in the Family), "mam" (a person's mother), "mi" (any female in your Family who is older than you), "da" (any male in your Family who is older than you) and "sib" (anyone in your Family of your generation), "nephew" (anyone male who is younger than you) and "niece" (a younger female). Since you wouldn't

know who the father is, there's no need for that word in the language.

- I wanted one of the original colonists (Gabriela Rusack) to be a lesbian, who (because she lost her partner in the wreck of the *Ibn Battuta*) would refuse to be part of this reproductive circus. Eventually, she would become outcast from this society. Even though long dead at the time of the book's events, Gabriela's plight would resonate with that of the main character.
- Gabriela would become outcast because this society couldn't afford to kill *anyone*. The only 'capital' punishment in this society (and the worst one) would be "shunning" – refusing to associate with the offending person.
- As with our aliens the Miccail, the humans too would be afflicted with rampant mutations, both minor and major. In addition, fertility (perhaps as a consequence of the cryogenic sleep?) was lower than it should have been, and due to lack of technology and medical supplies, the rate of infant mortality was high. Mictlan was not going to be a kind world.

## Oh my God...

Religion has been the engine driving historical events as much as any other cause, and it's difficult to imagine a human society without some sort of religion. Personally, I'm utterly fascinated by religion (though I'm agnostic myself). For **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**, I put together another appendix for religion, which again was dropped from the eventual book. Here's what I wrote there – it explains the thinking I had:

The religious backgrounds of the crew of the *Ibn Battuta* were as varied as their nationalities: Hindus, Christians, Jews, Muslims, Pantheists, Atheists. The entire alphabet soup of religion, Agnostic to Zen Buddhist, could be found aboard the ship.

However, as the *Ibn Battuta* left Earth's solar system entirely and continued on into true interstellar space, and as the voyage continued through unending decades, the immense separation from the Earthly origins of those religions sapped them of much of their vitality, and finally snapped the ties of the Earth-based historical biases of the religions. Among the ship members of the *Ibn Battuta*, a new belief system slowly rose, one that stated that a new world must certainly have new gods and new rites. Borrowing from Shintoism, from Gnostic Christianity, as well as from nature-based religions such as druidism, Wicca and various African mythologies, this belief system (eventually to be called Njia—"the Way" in the African language Kiswahili) stressed a tolerant and harmonious relationship with nature, a ritualized cleanliness and purity, and a sexuality that was decidedly out of the mainstream of Judeo-Christian ethics.

Like the religions from which it had evolved, Njia assumed a pantheon of gods. As the religion evolved, the belief structures became less fluid, evolving into a code of behavior obeyed by most of the *Ibn Battuta*'s crew. Once landfall on Mictlan was made, a Miccailian influence, based on the carvings of their stelae, crept into the religion, along with a plethora of additional minor deities called kami, each of whom inhabited a specific Mictlanian location, linking the forces of nature with divine influence.

In the decades following the tragic loss of the *Ibn Battuta*, Njia also became more homophobic, particularly regarding lesbianism (unlike western Earth society, which was far less tolerant of male homosexuality than of female – lesbianism was often used as standard titillation in male pornography). This intolerance reflected the fragile nature of the survivor's society and the importance of reproduction to the survivors of the *Ibn Battuta* disas-

ter. It must also—to some degree—be laid at the Matriarch Gabriela Rusack's feet, due to her known lesbianism and her steadfast refusal to allow herself to become part of the breeding pool. On the other hand, the patriarchalism and static hierarchy of most Earth religions was entirely lost: Njian beliefs stated that anyone—with sufficient ceremonial purification—could serve as priest. Everyone was encouraged to share the priestly duties, and males and female enjoyed equal status in reality as well as law.

By the end of the first century, Njia had become the de facto official religion of Mictlan. This is not to imply that other religions were entirely abandoned. The Martinez-Santos family had Christian adherents; the Allen-Levin family had Jewish; the Allen-Shimmura had Buddhist/Shinto. There were a few people who professed to believe other Earth-based or Mictlan-influenced religions, and others who believed in nothing at all (Gabriela

Rusack, almost certainly tongue-in-cheek, insisted that she firmly believed in the classical Greek pantheon).

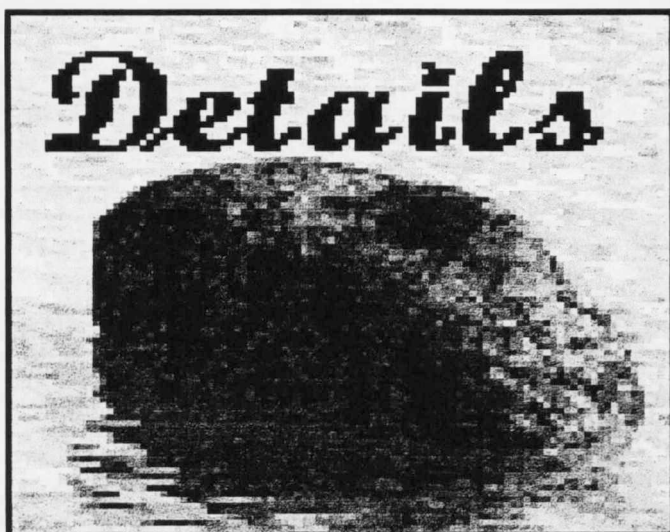
However, the vast majority of the society from the beginning were believers in Njia, and practiced those rites and customs. In many ways, the human society of Mictlan functioned as a loose theocracy.

By the time I'd gone through all the above, I had a pretty good idea of the human society. But all of this, all of it, was just background material: the history behind the story. Frankly, I think it might make a decent novel on its own, but it wasn't the novel I wanted to do. All this was just the past events, the foundation of the story.

I wanted the novel to take place several generations *after* the wreck of the ship. In fact, the initial working title for the novel was "Unto The Seventh Generation." I still needed to erect the actual framework of the novel...



## The Devil Is In The Details...



SO JUST HOW MANY PEOPLE WOULD THERE BE a century or so after nine colonists were stranded?

Oh, I know I could have just made up the answer, but I wanted it to be semi-realistic. Raup's **EXTINCTION** talked at length about populations too small to sustain themselves and how the vagaries of statistical "random walks" inevitably hit the zero line. Easy enough to figure out, I thought. As a long-time role-playing gamer, I was tempted to pull out the dice and start rolling, but even *better*, I thought, would be to set up a little HyperTalk program.

What were the parameters of that program? Well, I had Gabriela Rusack, one of the book's characters, outline those for the ship's computer at one point. Here's a portion of that scene. "Ghost", by the way, is an artificial intelligence, an agent of the crippled ship's computer...

"Gab, be reasonable-" he started, and I cut him off again. Funny how it's always the other person who's being unreasonable.

"No, you don't understand, Jean. There are nine of us here. Nine. Back on Earth, a species with only nine representatives would be considered as close to extinction as it is possible to get."

"But not extinct," Jean insisted. "In desperate trouble, yes, but not extinct. Not yet. No one would have given up in that kind of situation."

"Maybe not. But we'd take the remaining members of the species and slap them into zoos and try to breed them in captivity, though—because we'd know that there was no way they'd survive out in the wild. Without help, they'd be dead." Ghost hadn't said anything, though I knew he was recording it all. I wheeled around on him. "Ghost, set up this program. We'll ignore the males—it's the females that count. Start with a breeding stock of three women."

"Four," Jean corrected me.

"Three," I repeated, more firmly, and he just shook his head. "Figure that half of any offspring will be male, half will be female—any problem with that, Jean? Fine. Figure two of each three children will reach puberty." I held up a hand to stop Jean's protest. "Actually, I think that's being optimistic. We don't have medical facilities or a trained internist, don't have antibiotics nor do we know if there are plants here that have healing properties for us. Between accident and disease, I think two out of three is being damned kind to us. We're going to see high infant mortality in the first year. My gut feeling is that it's going to be more a fifty/fifty proposition, but let's go with two of three."

Jean just shrugged, so I continued. "All right. We already know that the fertility rate's gone to hell. Figure each female past puberty will produce between 0 and 5 offspring—and before you bitch about that, Jean, remember that we're going to lose mothers and children in

childbirth because surgery's going to be high risk, and we're going to have miscarriages that leave some sterile, and we're going to have infertile females, and we don't have the technology to fix any of that. We may have someone who's just the perfect breeding machine, but I doubt it. I think my parameters are pretty close to what we're going to see. You got all that, Ghost? Run random projections based on those figures a few hundred times and see how many generations you get."

"I already have," Ghost said.

"Well?"

I'd have sworn he hesitated. Maybe it was just a glitch in the communications gear. "In all projections I ran, the line died out. The longest sequence was 40 generations; the lowest 2. The average was 7.480 generations."

Jean's mouth was open in soundless protest. "But," he said, and the word hung there for a while between us. "You stacked the figures, and you're assuming that nothing changes. Maybe we'll eventually find herbal medicines, maybe with Ghost's help we can set up some of the lost technology. Maybe we'll be more resistant to disease than you think, and the infertility problem—especially if it's due to the LongSleep—may disappear after the first generation or two. Hell, maybe we'll be found, Gabriela. Maybe we'll hear from Earth."

"You notice how often you're using the word 'maybe,' Jean?"

"We have to have hope. Things can change."

I just shook my head at him. "If you expect humankind to flourish here, Jean, then things had *better* change. They'd better. Otherwise, I don't see that there's any hope at all." I swept my hands to take in the stelae of the Miccail, set here on the Rock ages ago. "There were hundreds of thousands of Miccail, Jean, just a few millennia past. They lived everywhere around here, in a land that they knew and understood, a world that gave life to them, and they're all gone, every last one of them. Two thousand years ago, something happened to them, something that sent them into such a steep decline that when a thousand more years had passed, there weren't any Miccail left at all. Not one, out of those hundreds of thousands."

I stooped down and picked up my knife. I started cleaning dirt from the grooves in the stone once more, trying to bring back what time and weather had tried to obliterate. "There are nine of us, Jean. Aliens, all. Intruders. Tell me again about hope."

He didn't answer.

By the way, that's about what my Macintosh gave back to me, too. I ran the program about a hundred times or so and had a few long runs, but most often the population died (i.e., there were no more females left of child-bearing age) before eight generations.

So a fertility-enhancing mutation was not only nice, but *essential*. Hey, the plot's thickening!

## This is my family...

How many times, in casual conversation with friends and family, do you find yourself talking about someone else: Grandma Eva, Uncle Bob, your niece Sara, your cousin Danny or Jo Ann at work? All the time, right? Our colonists were going to be grouped

into extended Families, and since the HyperTalk program had given such an impetus to the plot, I thought I'd also let the computer help me make up the Families.

Surely that wouldn't take too long, right?

When the program was written (a few hours later), with a click of a button I could find out how many children a woman had, along with the sex and life span of her children. I started with the original colonists and worked my way slowly through the succeeding generations, assembling a family tree for each of the women. Within the parameters of the program, the results were entirely random.

And at the end (*far* too many additional hours later), gee, I had several family trees that reached six and seven generations into each family line. I knew the sex, birth and death years of each human who'd ever lived on Mictlan up to the actual start of the novel. Again, I could have left it at that, but I didn't....

I didn't have *names* for these people. I could have simply made up names as I went along, but surely assigning a name to everyone wouldn't be too hard to do...

Wrong.

The task took me several days, going through each family line, finding names that weren't just standard, white bread American—remember, this was a racially and nationally diverse crew. I discovered that while it was relatively (hmm, there's a pun in there somewhere) easy to come up with unusual male names by looking through history books and various other sources around the house, it was damned difficult to find equal numbers of female ones—there is a dearth of women in our history books. Without Denise's stash of *Ms* magazines, I would have had to do some serious digging.

Listen up, folks. Building an entire genealogy for your world is not an exercise I would recommend to any other writer. By the time I was seven generations in, even with an assumed low fertility and high infant mortality, I was looking at a total of some 500+ people. In 20/20 hindsight, I don't know that I'd repeat the experience, given the investment in time. However, when it was done, I *knew* my characters (and all their relations). I think the book is richer because I could connect characters with ancestors and see the familial connections between them.

Interestingly, too, the exercise continued to drive the plot, because when I looked at the number of people alive year to year, the resulting graph show a climb, a slight dip followed by a steep climb, then a leveling and a steady *decline* over the last 10-15 years. Obviously, a reproductive crisis was upon the Families. I could also see the Family to which my main character must belong: one of the six surviving Families had but a single female of child-bearing age living a century later. If that woman died without issue, so inevitably would the family line. She would be my main character, then: Anais.

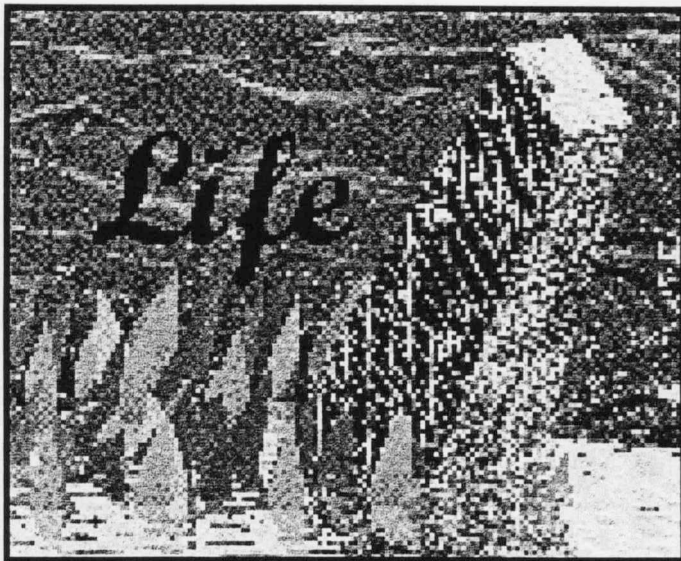
The lineage also gave me a sense of history. As an accident of randomness, several people 'died' in Year 23. Okay, then there was a large scale incident that year. There was also a sequence where many of the children weren't living much past age eight or nine—*aha*, a fatal childhood disease, the "Bloody Cough," had arisen. The lineage helped to flesh out the **colonial history** (yes, another appendix, and you can view it on the website from a link here). I fit events to match what I was seeing.

Oh, and yes, I'd originally thought to have all the family trees appear in the book as yet another appendix. Only a truncated form survived. If you're morbidly curious, you can **view the original** on my website from a link on this page.



I had the aliens and the humans, for the most part. But people (of any ilk) aren't all there are in a world...

## Life is what you make it....



**LOOK OUT THE WINDOW—WHAT DO YOU SEE?** The oak tree in the middle of the yard, and a squirrel or two cavorting above while finches peck at the millet seed feeder you put on the lowest branch. The grass needs to be mowed, and a mole has taken up residence near the back bushes.

It's no different if you're in the midst of urban sprawl. You're going to see life: pigeons patrolling the sidewalks for scraps of discarded bagels, ornamental trees set in a row along the street, a spray of color from a window box of flowers, weeds defiantly waving green arms from their hold in a pavement crack.

You see life. A thousand different forms of it.

And you want your fictional world to reflect that same infinite variety. You want the reader to have a sense of the richness around your characters, and you want those characters to interact with it as you interact with the world around you.

But on an alien world, there aren't going to be oak trees, squirrels or pigeons. No, you need to create a whole new set of flora and fauna. A daunting task... No, I did *not* create all the creatures and plants used in **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** first. I'm not *that* obsessive that I needed to have the entire world in place before I could write it. Truthfully, I was writing all along, from the time I saw the first scene in my head, through the

creation of the aliens and through the working out of the human society and their lineage.

I continued to write. But whenever it seemed appropriate during the story, I would invent an animal or plant—and then immediately jot it down in another file for reference, so that future descriptions of it would be consistent and so that I could (and would) use it again.

Nor do you need to have a full description of the plant or animal in your book. In fact, it's better if you don't. After all, how would you react to finding this passage in mainstream fiction:

"Denise, look at the small rodents with gray fur, long furry tails, and agile front paws over there, eating those oval-shaped, hard-shelled brown nuts with the woody cap."

Tough to read, isn't it? What you'd expect to read is the following:

"Denise, look at the squirrels over there, eating acorns."

Remember that. When you're writing, you have to watch the full-blown descriptions, whether in dialogue or exposition. It sounds false. I prefer to have the *name* of the creature give a good sense of what it is, what it does or how it works. Names are important. You can call your alien bird a "qror" but reading the word "qror" doesn't help me visualize it. But calling it a "sawtooth" (as in "Look at that sawtooth over there") gives the reader an instant visual cue.

The other thing you must remember is the old mantra: **There Has To Be A Reason**. The plant or animal needs to make sense for the climate and topography. Nothing exists in a vacuum — those creatures you create also need to eat, need to reproduce, are solitary or herd animals, or mature in different forms through their life-cycles. You want to give a sense of the web of life of which everything — from the sentient alien race to the humans to the plants and animals — are all a part.

Yes, of *course* my compendium of plants and animals was also going to be an appendix, and yes, it's been excised from the book. So once again, here's what I'd put together. Bear in mind that these extended entries are *not* in the text of **DWE** — in the book, I mentioned "amberdrop trees" and gave a short description and that's about all.

The most important component in writing is not what you put in, but what you leave out.

## A Brief Compendium of Selected Flora and Fauna





Amberdrop	Amberdrops are deciduous trees with purplish, thick leaves. They have multiple trunks, and a grove of them is more a single organism than a collection of individual trees. Amberdrops prefer moist soil along streams or swamps. There are several sub-species, only two of which become good-sized trees. The leaves vary from species to species, but all are characterized by the ability to seep a thick, yellowish substance. Insects are attracted to the sweet-smelling substance, and become trapped and quickly covered, so that they do not decay. By late summer, a single amberdrop tree may have 'collected' several thousand insects and the occasional small bird or lizard. In fall, the leaves shrivel—forming upright cups—but do not drop from the tree, and the sap become thin and runny. The entombed insects fall into the funnel formed by the coiled leaves and are there absorbed by the tree.
Bell Root	A medicinal plant with analgesic properties. Bell root is found in dry, rocky soil, and is characterized by spiked, hard leaves and a shallow root system with knobby protrusions.
Bluefern	A common lowland plant fond of swampy or moist soil. The bluefern has thin, feathered leaves with a distinct azure cast.
Bumblewort	A furry, placental mammal about the size of a terrier. Slow, thick-bodied, the bumblewort looks clumsy as waddles through the brush searching for the succulent roots which are its primary food source. The bumblewort has sharp claws and teeth, used for digging and tearing, and can defend itself quite well against its enemies, despite the clumsy appearance. Bumbleworts are generally brown with black stripes, though one sub-species is tiger-striped.
Coney	A small, agile mammal inhabiting brushy fields and forests. Cones have the third sightless eye, and are quick to startle with changes in lighting, making swift, bounding leaps away to cover. The coney's muscular back legs are nearly twice the length of their front paws, and they are generally bipedal, reverting to four-legged locomotion only in flight. Unlike their earth namesake, the coney is not particularly rabbit-like except for the hopping flight mechanism. They have no outer ears at all, only ear holes, and more resemble a meercat than a rabbit.
Curltongue	A small, beakless bird, several species of which are brightly colored. Curltongues feed on flowering plants and amberdrop sap, sipping the nectar with their namesake long and agile tongues.
Faux-wheat	A wheat-like grain, which when milled produces a slightly sweet, coarse flour suitable for bread-making. Faux-wheat has a reddish cast, and bread made from the flour is dark.
Globe-Tree	Not a true tree at all, but more a giant fern, sometimes reaching heights of twenty-five meters. The leaves are variegated, profuse, and large, growing from ground to peak. The name comes the spiky extensions that sprout from the middle of the ferns, at the end of which grows a round fruit the size of a basketball. The inedible seedball ripens through spring and summer, until in fall it cracks explosively, the sound audible from some distance, scattering seeds up to a quarter-kilometer away. There have been reported injuries from people being hit by a globe-tree seed, though no deaths.
Goathen	A large, flightless bird-like mammal with downy feathers. Goathens can grow to the size of the earth ostrich. The head is cluttered with several knobby extrusions, and the goathens demeanor can be decidedly belligerent at times, especially in the wild. The goathen has been domesticated in the last several decades, and is kept both for its meat and for the thin milk it provides.
Groundslug	A large, unshelled land mollusk, dark brown with bright green irregular spots. The groundslug can range up to a meter long. The slimy covering of the groundslug is caustic, and can cause chemical burns to unprotected skin, and evidently acts as a deterrent to animals that would prey on the slow, otherwise defenseless creature.
Honeydipper	Flying insects about 7-8 centimeters in length, with thick, brightly-colored bodies. Honeydippers are not hive insects, but solitary. They feed on the nectar of flowering plants, but do not process it as food. Rather, they take the nectar and deposit it around their burrow, using it as bait to lure unwary insects into range, which are then killed by specialized forearm pincers which both hold the victim and at the same time inject a fast-acting neurotoxin. Honeydipper poison is toxic to humans, though rarely life-threatening.
Ice-Borer	The bane of wintering animals. Ice-borers inhabit lakes and pools in rivers and streams. Hibernating in the muddy lake-bottoms in the warmer months, they awake in late fall when ice begins to form. Ice-borers are able to detect infrared radiation via a specialized organ in the middle of their heads. When they detect heat on the ice above (usually a jauncerf or some other animal looking for water, though careless humans are not immune), the ice-borers, usually working as a quartet consisting of two mated pairs, will rapidly use the hard, ridged spines that line its spine to open the ice around the prey animals — the spines are substantially warmer than the rest of the ice-borer, and that heat aids the ice-borer in opening the hole. Once the prey animal falls into the icy water, the ice-borers attack, gripping the animal in their strong jaws and dragging them underneath the ice to drown and be eaten. During its mating season in early winter, the ice-borers call to their potential mates in long, melancholy grunts.
Jauncerf	A deer-like animal hunted for food by the human colonists of Mictlan. The jauncerf has a yellowish coat in the summer, which darkens to nearly orange in winter. Like many Mictlanian animals, it has a third, sightless eye high on the forehead that registers changes in illumination, and a doubled tongue.
Land Barnacle	A shelled creature infesting trees and rocks in moist environments. The shell is much the same shape and size of the earth sea-barnacle, though the shell is smooth and brightly colored, different species sporting different colors and patterns. The land barnacle, however, is not a mollusk, but a shelled reptilian creature, feeding on fungi growing on the surface it inhabits.
Nik-Nik	The nik-nik is a fleet four-legged mammal with a light, woolly coat, large ears, and heavy, cloven hoofs. Nearly blind, the nik-nik relies on echo-locating clicking calls to navigate through the forests it inhabits—hence its name. The adult nik-nik has a series of horny spikes along the spine and down the legs which the nik-nik can raise in danger.
Pear-nut	A small, bushy fruit tree with tiny, spiky leaves. The pear-nut fruit is about the size of an orange, bright green when ripe, and hard-shelled with a granular interior that when scraped yields a whitish paste. The taste, according to the original colonists, is somewhat similar to the earth pear, though pear-nut paste is generally balled and left to harden and served in that fashion, sometimes garnished with spices.
Proto-wolf	A carnivorous pack animal, though not overly wolf-like despite its name, looking more like the front of a jackal grafted only the rear of small horse. The proto-wolf has spiky gray-to-brown fur, a thick, smashed-snouted nose, lean body and short-clawed paws. The back legs are longer and more muscular than the front, lending the animal a sloped, crouched appearance even at rest. The packs communicate with high-pitched squeals which are audible over long distances at night. Packs out hunting are afraid of nothing, and will attack animals far larger than themselves. Circling the chosen prey, the proto-wolves dart in whenever an opportunity presents itself to nip at legs or

	flanks, slowly wearing down the opponent until it falls exhausted, at which point it is doomed. The pack attacks in concert, ripping and tearing at the prey.
Puffwort	A small relative of the globe-tree, the puffwort is a prolific bush with greenish to purplish fan-shaped leaves. Like the globe-tree, the puffwort grows a central spike from which dangled a seedball that ripens in the fall. Unlike the globe-tree, the ripe seedball remains intact until contact by some animal, bird or large insect causes it to rip open, usually enveloping the poor victim in a cloud of whitish, sticky spores, which adhere for a time to the hapless victim before dropping off, thus spreading the seeds over a large area.
Redwing	A large flying insect, with bright red, translucent wings over a handspan wide, now rather rare. The founders of the human colony on Mictlan told of huge swarms of redwings filling the sky, so many that the sun was dimmed and bloody through their wings. Not much is known of the redwing due to their current scarcity.
River Grouper	A large fish inhabiting the rivers around the colony. The adult river grouper is on to two meters long, thick-bodied, and slow. The river grouper's usual feeding tactic is to sit on the muddy bottom of the river with its mouth open and its long tongue extended—the end of the river grouper's tongue has a knobbed shape that resembles a small fish. By wriggling this 'lure' the river grouper attracts schools of small, minnow-like fish. The river grouper will then trash from its resting place and feed. River Groupers can be easily snared with seines, though they are muscular and can put up a tremendous fight before being subdued. The meat of the river grouper is white and succulent.
Sawtooth	A large carnivorous sea-bird with a gray breast and white wings with pale orange stripes. The head is large, sitting atop a long neck, and it has exceedingly keen sight. Adults can reach the size of a condor, and can present a threat even to humans. The sawtooth is not actually toothed, but the large beak is lined with tooth-like, razor-sharp ridges, hence the name. The sawtooth rarely ventures more than a few kilometers inland, and prefer offshore islands where the winds are reliable. An adult sawtooth is too heavy to fly on windless days, and is itself vulnerable in that state.
Skimmer	Skimmers are brightly-colored birds who prefer swampy or boggy land. They scoop up insects, water plants, and fish with their wide beaks as they fly over shallow pools, their white-plumed breasts seeming to almost touch the water. Skimmers leave distinctive clover-leaf tracks in the mud.
Spindle-leg	A colony insect, with eight long legs and a thick carapace. The spindle-leg is a burrowing insect, creating colonies that may range over several meters with several entrances and exits. Usually found in dry soil, though the red-backed species prefers the muddy ground near the river. Spindle-legs will bite when threatened, though they are non-poisonous.
Stamose	A burrowing mammal, with clawed front feet, dark fur, and a distinctive, fleshy nose. The stamose is blind and deaf, having no organs of sight or hearing at all. They do possess a keen sense of smell, and can evidently feel vibrations through their body. They feed on worms and grubs, as well as the roots of succulent plants. In the faux-wheat fields, they are a destructive pest.
Stink-flower	Aptly-named, the stink-flower is a smallish tree, no more than six meters high, with a thick, ridged trunk and large flowers that bloom year-round. The stink-flower produces a strong odor that attracts insects and small birds from long distances, but in the interior of the cup-shaped flower is a pool of tarry material that traps the victim. Oddly, unlike its cousin the amberdrop, the stink-flower does not consume the insects or birds that it traps. The stink-flower lives in a symbiotic relationship with a crustacean-like creatures that lurk in the long splits in the trunk. The crustaceans exude

	a chemical that allows them to walk in the tarry vessels of the flowers without becoming stuck. They eat the prey caught there, then return to their homes in the trunk. The stink-flower gets sustenance from the droppings (quite malodorous themselves) of the crustaceans, which fall into the earth around the trunk of the tree. While the stink-flower is not a pleasant neighbor, the tar (odorless itself) has uses for creating water-tight and flexible seals.
Sweetmelon	A sprawling ground vine with large, thick-veined leaves. The sweetmelon produces brilliant white blossoms in the early summer, and large varicolored melons in the fall, the meat of which is sweet and juicy. Sweetmelons must be picked before they become too ripe, however, for the juice ferments inside the melon quickly. Wildlife eating too-ripe or rotting sweetmelons have been found intoxicated and sick.
Tartberry	A prickly vine with bright yellow leaves and a red fruit. Growing on sandy hillsides, the tartberry forms thick, nearly impenetrable brambles. The fruit is marginally edible, thought extremely sour even when fully ripe.
Thorn-vine	A vine whose main trunks, when injured, drip a thin, viscous oily sap that dries quickly to seal the cut. The thorn is nearly leafless, the entire surface chlorophyll-filled. The thorn-vine produces long, dagger-like namesake thorns, which make a formidable hedge. The sap has found several uses, including medical ones.
Toothworms	More accurately, "toothed worms." These are earth-boring carnivorous worms about 25-50 centimeters in length, whose mouths are ridged with tiny, spiny teeth. Blind, a toothworm turned up in a shovelful of dirt will bite at anything radiating heat. The bite is painful, as the toothworm injects a small amount of poison into its victim. The bite could be potentially fatal to infant, though not to adults.
Tree-leaper	Lemur-like, tree-dwelling marsupials inhabiting the western portions of the northern continent of Mictlan. Tree-leapers live in communal groups and are extremely territorial and will defend their nesting trees against much larger intruders, such as humans. A lone tree-leaper is no match for a human, but the swarming attack of a tribe of them can be dangerous.
Verrechat	A small, cat-like marsupial with transparent or lightly tinted skin and muscles. Sometimes domesticated.
White-bean	A semi-domesticated bush which yields pale-colored bean in bunches of six to ten. The bean is sweet, with meaty kernels.
Whitewood	A tall tree with heart-shaped leaves with three to five lobes, light purple above and hairy underneath. The outer layer of cream-colored bark peels away to reveal wood that is nearly white. The hard, coarse-grained wood is used for furniture, boxes, and woodenware. The fruits of the whitewood are a string of three or four "buttonballs"
Wizard	Literally, "winged lizard." Tree-dwelling lizards with scaly feather and a large flap of loose skin running the length of their bodies. A large, mutated forefinger nearly half the body length of the wizard is attached to this flap—when extended, this wing allows the wizard to fly short distances. This is true flight, not merely gliding. There are several species of wizard, each with characteristic patterns with the adults varying in size from 10 centimeters to over a meter. The Blue Wizard is particularly gregarious and forms large colonies which may number up to several hundred members.

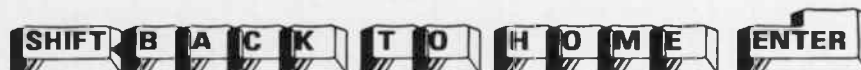
## A view from the shore...

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**THIS ENDS THE JOURNEY.** I hope you've enjoyed the glimpse into my thought processes while creating the world for **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**. As I said at the outset, this is not being put forth as the only or the 'right' way to create a world – I can guarantee that I will take a different path with the next world, because it will demand it, as will yours. Instead, this is an example of a way, a guide.

Go, and do better.



---

Stephen Leigh  [www.sff.net/people/sleigh](http://www.sff.net/people/sleigh)

Well, I've managed to procrastinate enough so that DWE is Out. I queried Steve about the \$3.99 cover price:

Jen Brehl (my editor) approached me about that (the price) Way Back When – Avon wanted to put out one book a month at a special low price to attract extra readership, and I agreed to go with it. But... to make the low price economically feasible for them, the book also had to fit within a page limit. DWE was long, and I had several appendices with it (which later became your article and the WorldBuilding section of my website). We had to jettison the appendices – all but the essential glossary – and Jennifer had their design people try all sorts of typefaces and different strategies to cram the novel into the allotted space. You'll notice (and you would, being a graphics nut) that this is \*not\* the usual typeface for a paperback novel – it's a narrower font that allows more words per line, \*plus\* they added a few extra lines to every page, \*plus\* they ran the 'chapters' together without the usual run of white space. All of which means that if the binder makes even a little mistake (like trimming too close to the top), then it shows up more than it would in a 'normal' paperback. Normally, a book this long would have another 50 -75 pages.

\*whew\* long explanation...

# Mirror

I was a pond  
long ago,  
a pool of water  
or a lover's eyes.

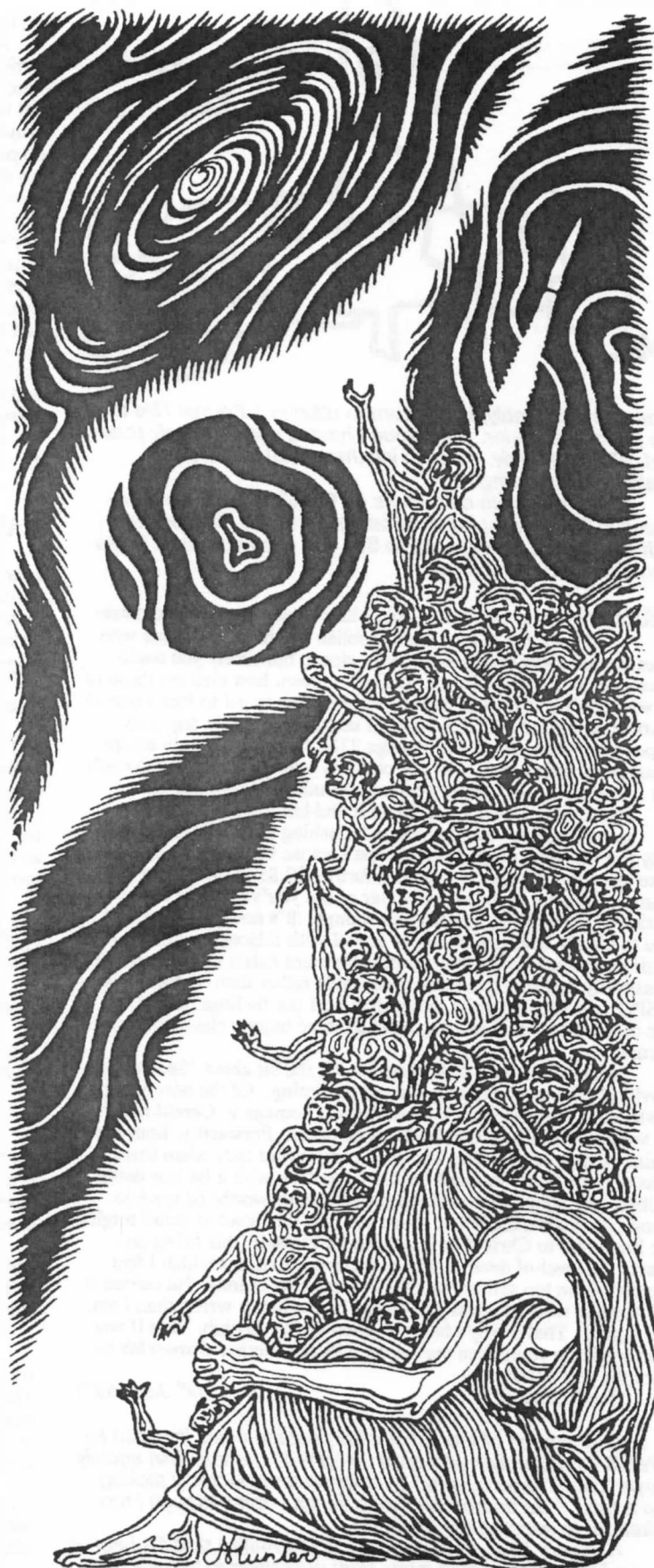
Later,  
made by man,  
I was a shield,  
polished, polished,  
glinting in the sun  
so the enemy  
could watch himself  
die.

I am bad luck if broken.  
Shatter me and  
you will shatter.  
Crack me and you scar.

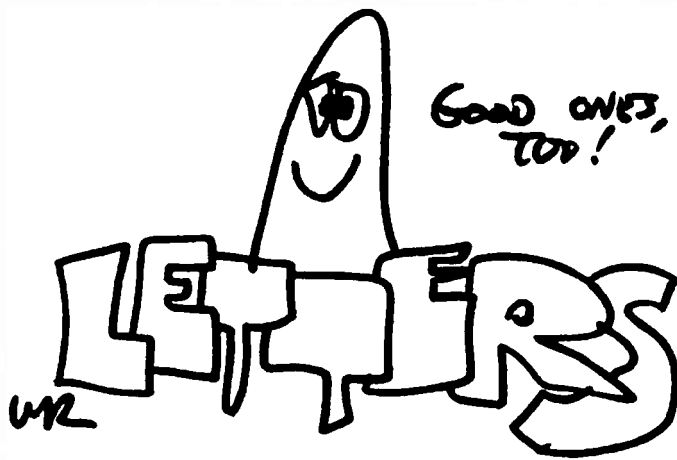
But set me face to face  
with myself  
and I'll show you Infinity.

I can show you anything  
I'm a master of disguise  
without illusion.

—Art Metzger







...one day, probably, I will return to utilizing a Formal Title to run the letters under. But, since I have a goodly supply (one that, all too recently, seemed inexhaustible) of Rotsler "Lettercol" Headings....

We start off with comments on **OW67** (with a few references to **66**). I must admit to being extremely disappointed with the volume of response to **67**. But I do appreciate those who did manage the time!

**SKEL** No letter column? Look, I know you're bound and determined not to ever again publish anything by anyone who lives further away than your laundry closet, but surely you could have stretched a point for a LoC-Col? I mean, how else are those of us who don't live in your laundry closet going to get to feel a part of *Outworlds* again? Not that some of us could entertain any such hopes after you pointed out on page 2382 that you can only accept material on either disk (3½") or possibly e-mail. Paper just doesn't cut it any more, eh? Well, we Techno-Luddites know our place.

So, here's a paper LoC. Read it and bin it – see if I care!

In response to your shameless faunching after a financial subsidy (on the same page) I can at least enclose \$1.20 of 'no expiry date' grocery coupons as well as a further \$9.85 of unfranked US stamps. You've never said whether or not you've bought a glue-stick and are utilising these damn stamps. It's not that we expect you to bloody well LoC them, or grovel with fulsome gratitude, but until you acknowledge their usefulness there exists in our minds the possibility that you're tossing them aside rather than 'defraud' the USPO, and keeping quiet rather than hurt our feelings, and if this is the case we could be sending them to some bugger else with fewer scruples!

As to the contents of *Outworlds 67*, the bit about 'Sponse was obviously the most moving, even in reprinting. Of the new material I was most impressed with Dave Rowe's homage to Gerald Kersh, as well as with Chris Barkley's cri de coeur. Personally, from the point of view of someone who read comics (but only when there was nothing better to read) I could have done with a lot less detail (albeit only about what seemed sixteen pages-worth) of specific comic plots from the latter. I can see how this level of detail might be important to Chris if he's writing for himself (this being precisely the level of detail in my own current writings which I feel renders them too self-serving for general circulation). He carries it off though, which I guess just means he's a better writer than I am. So it goes. That's why I haven't given up my day job. And if you don't give up yours then maybe we will see another *Outworlds* before the year is out.

Here's hoping!

[4<sup>th</sup> July 1997]

...a large portion of the substantial postage costs incurred by **OW68** (in particular) was born by "gifted" stamps. (An equally large "chunk" was covered by a friend unexpectedly picking up a tab.) I do appreciate these things – even though I too often fail to express my gratitude.

And you, Skel, of all people, should realize that it's been a Long Time since I shied away from publishing extremely personal material. Even if by others than myself.

## BILLY RAY WOLFENBARGER

Wow! What a pleasant surprise

you are with *Outworlds 67* & featured bacover photo i.d.!

A varied contents issue from Cincinnati & elsewhere. Irene Perrin's poem was perfect for the front cover. Frank Johnson's piece rambles, & he does it at the right lengths. Nice tribute to you Bill from Denise Parsley Leigh – (remember that fantasy issue of *Graymalkin* you were gathering material for?) – & from there we are plunged into the world of Gerald Kersh, thanks to Dave Rowe; this showed me a lot of aspects to Kersh's life & works I hadn't known before; I've always enjoyed every single Kersh story I've ever read. Nice beer piece from Joel D. Zakem. I found Art Metzger's "Sacrifices" fascinating. What a busy trip to Canada Roger Sims made! I love reading C. M. Barkley's sf memoir – always interested in how people got turned on to the stuff. Most likely these memoir writings will be a much-discussed topic in the lettercol. And then it's Bill Bowers talking to us again. You've been thru a hell of a lot the last 4 years, Bill. (I have too, in my own right, but that's another...) Losing height, like the incredible shrinking fan. And thru all the trauma & heartache you're still the lovable Bill Bowers, & one of my friends for nearly 35 years.

Beautiful poem from Stephen Leigh, each line naked with reality. [18<sup>th</sup> July, 1997]

## DAVE ROWE

Thanks for the All Cincinnati *Outworlds*

**67**. The trouble with giving your writers carte blanche is that you either wind up with a potpourri or a mish-mash. Thankfully **OW67** was definitely the former in spite of a little too much navel-contemplation, added to which "Hal Shapiro Takes Me to Canada" hereby gets nominated for The-Best-Article-Roger-Sims-Has-Ever-Written-Award.

Even tho' it was three years ago please accept heart-felt condolences again over 'Sponse.

As Daniel Pinkwater has pointed out: with modern pet foods and veterinary care pets can live far beyond the years they would survive in the wild and this leaves "the owner" with the gut-wrenching decision of when the pet will die. Something which can rarely be truly perceived by people who don't "keep" pets and don't realise the pet is to all extents and purposes a family member, and as the pet is a family member it makes the decision even more horrendous.

The simple stoic fact is that if someone is going to "keep" a pet, they are almost certainly eventually going to have to "play God" and decide when to relieve the pet from misery, suffering and pain.

To put it bluntly it is literally having to kill a friend and the decision often has to be made quickly.

It is a hellish time and a hellish choice and every would-be "pet-owner" should ask themselves "Can I do that?" before taking on that cute little kitten or puppy.

Once again; condolences and understanding for having to "let go" of a dear friend and her friendship.

On the lighter-side, if you're going to allow the blasphemy of mention comic-book heroes in a "science fiction fanzine" then you're to have to put up with the blasphemy of LoC-writers recalling the comics of their childhood.

Chris Barkley notes that in '66 Marvel Comics had "subtlety and sophistication" where as DC Comics was "action and conflict" and as "Batman was big on tv that year ... he hogged most of the *Justice League of America* covers."

Well! What a difference a couple or so years make!

In the early sixties Marvel Comics were gaudy and kitsch with the broad-lined semi-cartoon styles of Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko. The story lines were one long punch-up normally "continued in the next issue" or continued in a sister-comic which was such a neat little catch-penny to make sure gullible little johnny squandered even more of his pocket-money on the company's comics.

Whereas DC were (in the main) self-contained, more realistically drawn with finer inking, and characters that tended to use their brains as much as brawn and not some ultra-futuristic piece of clap-trap that Mr. Reed put together in less than half-an-hour flat.

Even Bob Kane's *Batman* (with probably the most cartoonish of all the major comic-book heroes artwork) and his cornucopic



utility-belt still as often as not used his brains (or as much brains as any comic-book hero ever had in those days).

... And there is another difference. Batman already appeared in two comics, Superman in four, added to which they were both in *World's Finest*, so with that sort of over-exposure they were both arbitrarily ostracized from all the early *Justice League* covers.

Chris is also one of many to admit that as a youngster he came to SF via the comics.

On a totally personal basis it has to be admitted that there was a gap. Comics were put aside and replaced with books, mainly Leslie Charteris and few H.G. Wells, but modern SF would not have been touched even with a barge-pole if it wasn't for a certain childhood friend, David Chuter, who denounced the TV and comic book versions of SF and almost evangelized about the virtues of written SF. Without him there would have been no introduction to SF, no meeting with fandom, no marrying Carolyn and moving to the States and Bill Bowers would still be totally foreign and a total stranger.

David Chuter has got a lot to answer for! [97.VII.13]

## JOE R. CHRISTOPHER

The two issues of *OW* and your letter were waiting for me when I got back from the Chicago area last week – a research trip to the Wade Center at Wheaton College, visits to my brother and sister-in-law in Evanston, attendance at a Dorothy L. Sayers conference, and some sightseeing. (I've been to Chicago a number of times in the past, beginning with a bus trip with a friend to a Worldcon there between my junior and senior years in high school; but there are always further things to see in a large city – and old things to see again.)

I have read through your autobiographical accounts, in order to catch up with your life, but haven't touched the other items yet. The job, unprotected as it technically is, sounds good. My son, a couple of years ago, went to a state technological college here in Texas for two years and got certification in CAD; he's working for an architect in Dallas – not a high salary, alas! But he enjoys the work. (He started out working for another firm, but it lost a major contract, and "the last hired...") There's not much anyone else can say about your frightening health problems. I hope you've got some health insurance through your job, but I know that hourly employees don't usually get a full package, if anything. [16 July 1997]

...unfortunately I have to pay for my health coverage, as an individual. The quarterly outlay is substantial. The fact that the insurance does not include a prescription card further escalates the outlay. I make more per hour, now, but as nearly as I can figure, given that health outlay plus the lack of other "benefits" – I make less per hour than I did ... when I was laid-off by the same company that now retains me as a contractor ... laid off ten years ago last month.

I'd guess, Joe, that you are somewhere in my age "group". Given that, this: You mention attending a Chicago Worldcon while you were in high school.

I was nineteen, but my Very First Convention was the 1962 Chicago Worldcon...

...we wouldn't have that in common, by chance...?

## ROBERT LICHTMAN

I was so astonished by an Actual Letter from you that it's taken me all this time to recover and get it up to respond. Well, that sounds nice, but actually it's been a combination of Summer Heat and making time to finish reading *Outworlds No. 67* that's delayed me.

I've dutifully, just now, gone into my mailing list and "corrected" your address to Glenway Drive instead of the post office box. While I was at it, I added your e-mail address; I already had your phone number, but have been adding e-mail addresses where I notice them to my list towards my eventual onlineness. Not that I'm planning that anytime soon – it's really all up to my computer. If it continues to function without problems as it has for just a month short of ten years now, I will keep it indefinitely. Like an old car, it's paid for and it still gets me around in adequate style. I thought back in '95 that I was on the verge of getting another com-

puter (and said as much in my editorial in *TD* back then), but the strong urge passed. One advantage of holding off has been that I've more closely followed computer marketing, in terms of what you can get at any given time for a given amount of money, and as a result I have a much better idea now of what I want and how much I will probably have to pay for it. It gets fancier as time passes since computers depreciate like cars used to. I'll spare you the details....

Meanwhile, I appreciate those of my correspondents and *Trap Door* letter writers who still manage to send an Actual Letter instead of moaning about how they can no longer be in touch with me because they've lost the ability (or whatever) to write a letter.

"Write me an e-mail," I tell them, "and then instead of sending it print out a copy and send that to me." Somehow this is impossible for some people. Several formerly frequent correspondents have gone this route, alas. In terms of *Trap Door*, I'm considering a tentative agreement with Geri Sullivan who's offered to take in e-LoCs and forward them to me through a third party who doesn't want to receive them directly. "The only disadvantage," Geri pointed out with a chuckle, or was it a cackle (?), "is that I get to read them first." I shrugged.

On to *Outworlds No. 67*, an excellent "revival" issue. By far my favorite piece in the entire issue is "How SF Ruined My Life" by C. M. Barkley, whose writing I don't recall previously having run across but who steals the show. His autobiographical article is not only well-written but nicely paced. I noted parallels with my own sfnal eo-development in that the first stfish manifestations in his life were media- rather than print-based. Go back fifteen years and I was listening to "Space Patrol" on the radio, etc. We agree about the music of the '60s, though; it was truly awesome, though I'm not sure about 1,001 times more awesome than Nirvana or the Smashing Pumpkins. (After all, C.M. was in his teens, at best, during the '60s while I was going through my 20s. Of course it would blow him away more.) By the time I discovered, well along, that C.M. is black, I was so caught up in his life that I almost didn't notice. Such is life.

In Frank Johnson's enjoyable article, I learn that you are or at

# Outworlds 67

have "opened" *OUTWORLDs* 64 – about under a different name. Somehow it only seems appropriate to have her lead-off this incarnation...

For Bill on His Big 2-0

the  
3rd  
Five Yearly  
All Cincinnati  
(more-or-less)  
Issue

Where you came from,  
I don't know.  
Does it matter?  
Where you're going  
I cannot know.  
Can I?

You're here.  
Now.  
That matters.  
That I know.

— Irene Perrin

least were somewhat obsessive about various "significant" odometer readings. I tend this way a little myself, although I watch those 10,000-mile turnovers with increasing foreboding. (I'm almost to 154,000 miles now.) I won't have an all-digits-the-same event until 222,222; and I hope I have another car well below that milestone arrives. In the meantime, I occasionally catch a palindromic number (had one tonight: 153635.1).

Joel Zakem's article gave me momentary pause with his mention of "Covington's Brew Works". As I've mentioned before, I visited Covington a number of times during the '70s. My ex-wife's grandmother and an enormous herd of various uncles, aunts, cousins and what-have-you also lived there or in the vicinity (she's half-hillbilly). I remember the dusty taverns in the area near 6<sup>th</sup> Street and the tracks advertising the likes of Heilemann and other brews obscure to me. So it only makes sense that a home-grown brewery would pop up there, I suppose.

Art Metzger's story was, well, disconcerting, also very good. I imagine he could see this to *F&SF* or possibly even someplace better-paying. It definitely deserves a wider audience than the 175 copies you've made of it.

From reading *Xenolith* I feel like I've already read and perhaps commented on the bulk of your writings bringing up the rear, and they generated no checkmarks except one meant to remind me to note, "Good title".

Nice picture of you on the bacover. [September 26, 1997]

...well, my predilection for noting "significant" numerological milestones with *The Current Vehicle* has suffered a fatal blow: the odometer stopped functioning a couple of months ago, for whatever reason. Since the more "important" speedometer still works, I haven't gone to the expense of having it replaced. (Actually I "miss" the separate, but equally "frozen" trip-meter, more...)

By far the Most Significant Number associated with the current vehicle, an '89 Buick, is that this Very Week I made the final loan payment. Now I wait with baited anticipation for the inevitable onslaught of repairs that will wipe out any increase in disposable income generated by the lack of car payments....

## KEVIN L. COOK

It was certainly a welcome sight to receive *Outworlds* #67 in the mail and to learn the reasons for your four-year absence. I had asked some people what had happened to you, and the phrase I heard over and over again was "health and medical problems." Obviously, that phrase did not do justice to what you've been through. The end result, though, is that I applaud your courage in managing to work your way through all the adversity you have faced and to resume publishing.

And despite your concerns with the layout of this issue, I have to say that I really enjoyed reading it, and had no problems following the text. In addition, I feel that "How SF Ruined My Life: A Memoir" by C.M. Barkley was the most memorable piece of writing to appear in *Outworlds* since I started following it around issue 50. I look forward to more of the same in the future, and I hope that you can resume publishing on a "regular" basis, but without the back-ache from bending over too much doing the layout! Your own health has to come first and foremost. [July 17, 1997]

...while sitting in front of a computer eight hours a day at work ... and then coming home to spend far too much time in front of this one ... presents its own set of aches & pains, I've had relatively little back "problems" over the past year. There are other nagging "problems", but they pale in comparison to what others suffer through, with considerably more fortitude than I seem able to achieve....

...and, yes, I too would like to see/run more fannish "memoirs". Coincidentally, I recently did receive one I enjoyed very much - but I'm afraid you'll have to wait 'til next issue to "see" it; this has already ballooned beyond expectation.

## TEDDY HARVIA

In the past 18 months we've had to euthanize two of our cats. Both were suffering. One had bone cancer, the other diabetes. The vet did not make it easier by urging us to allow her to take extraordinary measures to keep them alive.

Perhaps Joel Zakem's true feelings about his DUFF loss are expressed in the inadvertent typo "lost by 23 votes after two wounds". He did sound wounded.

Gerald Kersh sounds like one of those writers whose life story one must suspend disbelief to take. I wonder if his fiction measures up. [15 July 1997]

## A. LANGLEY SEARLES

It's a long time since *Outworlds* dropped into my mailbox, but I kept sending you *Fantasy Commentator* because I was sure someone who'd published as much fan material as you wouldn't gafiate - willingly, anyway. Faith was rewarded when two issues arrived yesterday. What a delight!

Everything in #66 was well written, and by a close margin my favorite piece was "My Life in Prison". I was in one once: in the Spring of my senior high school year, when my class in civics or sociology or something toured the state prison in Concord, N.H. I can't recall much to compare with the facets of inmate life Jodie Offutt describes, but there sure as hell weren't any computers around (this being 1938). I was impressed most by the bakery (nice aroma of hot bread) and by the little factory operated by the inmates which made state car license plates (despite continuous opposition by one outside faction or another over the decades, plates in New Hampshire are, I think, still prison-made).

The letters were good, too, and Harry Warner certainly made a memorable point anent loccing fanzines. If you plan to do it eventually, do it promptly, or it may never get done at all. And it's true that the bigger the fanzine, the easier it is to procrastinate.

I was sorry to learn in both #66 and #67 of all the medical problems you've been going through. It sounds awfully trite to express sympathy and hope that all the bad stuff's now behind you - though I do sincerely feel that way - so I'll add one bit of advice which is prompted by your experience with the side-effects of prednisone: Take as little medication as you can, and get off what you take as soon as you can. And anent ulcers: it's now known that a lot of ulcers are caused primarily not by stress, but by bacteria. A course of the proper antibiotic may do far more good than sticking to Zantac. I stress this last because there's a lot of resistance in the medical community to that treatment, even though the evidence supporting it is unequivocal and has been around for several years.

My favorite item in #67 was your account of 'Sponse. In fact, it was *our* favorite, because my wife's an ailurophile, too. We both found it very moving, particularly since we'd lost our own local feline Monty to pancreatic cancer last February. He'd arrived as a hopeful stray ten years ago, and quickly became, as cats are so clever at doing, master of the menage. He was one of the friendliest cats I've ever seen; we even had kids in the neighborhood come to the door asking if he could come out and play! He was also one of the most talkative, and had the widest vocabulary of sounds I'd ever encountered.

Losing our cat was the beginning of a series of bad happenings - illness in my wife's family, two deaths of people close to us, and then, climactically, the passing of Sam Moskowitz, who I'd known for nearly sixty years. That really hit hard. It's only recently that I've begun to feel normal again.

Hang in there, Bill!

[July 9, 1997]

## JOSEPH T MAJOR

Two follow-ups on my LoC to *Outworlds* 66. We found out which ancestor is the common ancestor of Elizabeth Garrett and myself, and we are third cousins once removed - she is my father's third cousin. And I married Lisa Thomas last November 22 [1996].

Roger Sims got off more lightly with the knife at the Canadian border than my cousin Marcia did at the Mexican border. For proof of citizenship she took her birth certificate. This was in late 1990. Marcia's father Dick was a traveling engineer, and so Marcia had been born overseas. In Iraq. After she got out of the border cross-

ing office she decided to get a passport.

One of the books I read about **THE LORD OF THE RINGS** analyzed it in terms of Jungian psychology. Animas and myths are a more appropriate language in which to discuss that book than sexual symbols. (JWCjr pointed out that Freud was working in a sexually repressed subculture of a sexually repressed nation in a sexually repressed era. No wonder.) This author had been introduced to **LotR** in Vietnam, when a friend gave him a book and said "Read this." Since "this" was **THE TWO TOWERS**, the author was about as bewildered as C.M. Barkley's teacher the ex-linebacker must have been, but evidently he at least could learn better.

Assembling all the books of an author's series can be a problem. When you get in late on a series, for example, it can be a formidable obstacle. Which is why I have never yet got up to doing the Patrick O'Brian "Aubrey/Maturin" series. (Which does not imply what most pairings of that form imply.) This is twenty books, only available in hardback or trade paperback. Even a Barnes & Noble discounted set in like \$120. And the library does not have most of them. And the dedicated reader will also get the three guides to the background of the series. How long before there is an Official Convention?

And thank you for keeping track of me, over two moves. My last letter to **OW** was from Taylor Boulevard. I saw a movie at the video store with the ominous title of **Joe's Apartment**. Which place was overrun with dancing, singing, performing cockroaches. Aside from the gerunds that describes that place. [July 14, 1997]

**BUCK COULSON** Surprise; I certainly never expected another **Outworlds**. For that matter, I hadn't thought of Frank Johnson in years, though I remember him. Do I think OJ did it? Hell, yes, but it's probably prejudice because he's successful. I think Mike Tyson did it, too, but then I saw that on tv. The OJ case made *everybody* look bad, and everybody except OJ look stupid.

No, my attention wasn't grabbed by the column inches given over to the **Pink Flamingo**; I didn't even know it was being released. Or care.

And I just read an item in our paper that some businesses are back to communicating by mail because the mail gets there quicker. Presumably due to Internet overload.

US beer is a really dumb drink. Tastes lousy, sends you to the bathroom before you can feel any effect, and costs far too much for the amount of alcohol in it. A decent drink is rye whiskey, or, at a pinch, rum. Drunk straight, not muddled up with water or cherries or orange peel or other crap. English beer is an improvement, though still not a world-beater; Australian beer I've never tried, but I'm skeptical. Beer-drinkers are wimps.

I guess my introduction to fandom was the Chicago Worldcon in 1952, though I'd received a few — a very few — fanzines before then, ordered from a fanzine review column in **Imagination**. So, since I have nothing scheduled for Labor Day this year, I suppose ConClave will mark my 45<sup>th</sup> year of insanity, not quite 2/3 of my life. I empathize with Barkley; I never had a coma, but I've been taking insulin for diabetes for a long time; over 30 years, at a guess. (But I don't apologize to anyone I've offended; I've been told that in my old age I've "mellowed shamefully", but not that much.) Possibly the first fanzine I received was edited by Robert Silverberg; **Space-ship**. Definitely one of the first three; one of the others was **Fantasy-Times** and the third was from some kid in Ohio who didn't last long. And I could never find much to say to girls until I got into fandom and found girls who wanted to talk about interesting

subjects. Can't say I ever had an urge to write, but I did it; first for fanzines and then for books. Sold a few, though possibly because I was mostly collaborating with Gene DeWeese, who's now making his living at it.

You need to swap for a new body, Bill. Admittedly, I fractured 2 or 3 ribs once, presumably while coughing, but I don't know for sure because I don't know when I did it. The fractures were discovered by X-ray years after they'd healed, when I was in the hospital for something else.

No Ditto for us; we go to cons to make money, these days. And we need it. The rest of our income is Social Security. Can't make anything at Ditto or MidWestCon or any of the other Old Fart cons. I don't want to hang around with Old Farts, anyway; they've already heard all my stories. We do make 10 or 12 cons a year, though I made only half of Marcon this year; got hauled off to a hospital on Saturday evening. Infection, they said. And later, \$4000, they said. Medicare took care of most of it, and I haven't received a bill, just "statements". Our doctor said we'd be getting them for months, before a bill arrived.

And this weekend is Inconjunction and I'll finish this letter afterwards; we've already had the mail stopped. [7/3/97]

7/7/97 — Incon was a profitable con, though my arthritis kept me away from some of the parties; I got to the con suite and stayed there in the evenings. Pain was more bothersome than usual all weekend. I'm using a cane now; handy to whop people with, but necessary to walking, when the pain is bad. Juanita mentioned renting a wheelchair for Rivercon. Sounds interesting; then I can run over people....

**WM. BREIDING** I have finished up the back log of fanzines needing to be loosed today, all but **OW67**. After emailing Ulrika her LoC I became curious as to why I was having a block in writing you a LoC, after squeezing out a half dozen others in the last few months. So I sat down with **OW67** and started rereading. I decided that the reasons were many and over lapping. The material in **OW** is good and very personable (with Art's fiction being the only questionable piece—sorry), but the comment hooks were almost non-existent. Frank Johnson's piece was extremely readable and chatty, perfect material for a \*regular\* (italics) column, and I think you ought to be twisting his arm for one more often than every five years. Dave Rowe's piece on Kersh was fascinating, and the kind of thing that I've come to expect to pop up in **OW** with regularity, no matter if it's come from SaM (RIP!), Doc Lowndes or Dave Rowe, and part of what

6-30-97

IOWA

Innemann Church in Loess Hills, near Moorhead, Iowa. PM

I have to say you really did take me by surprise! Hey - it's not your fault that we haven't been "communicating". It's me, as well. Life is a continue series of dips, and they just keep getting lower. I'm a real mess right now. I just received **OW67** a few minutes ago and so haven't read it, but I was VERY pleased to see that it's a real gemzine. I am very much looking forward to reading it. Expect a LOC, no matter how late. What do I think of June? I signed up! write me at [wbreiding@juno.com](mailto:wbreiding@juno.com)



POST CARD

Mr. Bill Bowers!  
4651 Glenway Ave.  
Cincinnati, Ohio  
45238-4503

7/5/97

More later, William



makes OW such a joy. The curious matter was that I was familiar with Gerald Kersh's name and face and I have no reason why I should be. It is vaguely possible I, at one time, owned NIGHTSHADE & DAMNATIONS, but I don't think so. Without a doubt Roger Sims is one of your best secret weapons. His piece in the last CinAnnish struck me as being as entertaining as it was surreal. Roger's foray into Canada with Hal Shapiro was done in the best of faanish scenarios, and despite its brevity, is perhaps the best piece in the issue. I was startled that you could squeeze C. M. Barkley's over 10,000 words into eight pages. I always find fannish origins great reading and this was uniquely presented and certainly out of my scope of things, never having been anything but a casual dabbler into comics as a kid. (Though I did help collate the first issue of the first edition of R. Crumb's ZAP! Comics when I was 13 or 14—boy do I wish I had one or two of those now! I think we got a quarter for every issue we collated—by hand!). Now I know who Solomon Grundy is.

You see, Bill. That's all I've got to say. Compound this with the fact that I felt that my prose needed to be top-notch with you, and I end up with a serious LoC-block. Combine with difficulties in life and an unusual reticence (unlike Barkley) to write you endless reams about it. And maybe there's a sense of a new structured formality in my writing, as well.

I will admit that upon opening the envelopes for both the recent X & OW that I chortled with joy, exclaiming to myself, "Yes, Bowers finally has a computer—and about time!" For as Frank Johnson points out, there is always a sense of clean simplicity in your graphics, no matter how complex the lay-out gets. And I suspect the reason for that is because you never forget that you are mounting words to be read, as well as a magazine to be enjoyed. (Speaking of such things, do you follow the *New Yorker* at all? If so, have you noticed their recent subtle changes in graphics, implementing a small change over a period of issues, letting it rest and then implementing another?)

Following this in the post are some words written by hand the last time I tried to write you a loc. [Fri, 19 Sep 1997 14:40:08]

## WM. BREIDING

There is a wonderful cool breeze blowing across Iowa and I am catching it at this bend in the Des Moines River they call Ely Ford. It is rather brisk for a high summer breeze — more like a blow; perhaps coming up behind it is a razzle-dazzle storm. The humidity has been effectively killed. I can sit here without pouring sweat and continuously yawning. And try to write you a LoC on *Outworlds* 67.

I may have to disappoint. Leafing I find few comment hooks. But that's always a problem, isn't it?

It's easier to talk about this Iowa landscape I find myself in, how the wind moves the leaves on the trees and how they quaver as the sun falls upon them. Small birds flit in the crazy cross-drafts; if I were my Father's son (he is an ornithologist) I would know the names of these birds, but I do not, though across the river in the cornfields I can hear the call of the red-winged blackbird, *Konk-a-reel*, and a disturbed crow crawling. Off the river a ways down a small creek there are bizarre spiders with enormous wet, spiked sacs of eggs four times larger than themselves attached to their backs. In this wind they hang on to the center of their webs for dear life. Two webs from yesterday are gone, blown away — the misfortune of nature's calculations. The delicate azure sky, a deeper blue right above, grows increasingly lighter to the east until at the horizon it is almost white. Puffy clouds dot the north. Nearer they are like a thick, high wash that you can see through, and to the west the sun shines down upon my back.

It is a slow Tuesday here at Lacey-Keosauqua State Park, but even weekends it is under-used (relative to California's over-used state and national Park systems). Sunday a mere two other groups were here to picnic at Ely Ford, known also as Mormon Crossing, as the Saints marched through on their way west, fleeing the massacre at Nauvoo, IL. Many people drive down here, circle the loop and drive out again, as there appears to be nothing here of particular interest. Which is fine with me. I am greedy for this spot of archetypal mid-America, want it all to myself, over and over again. [8-5-97]

Keosauqua-Lacey

Sunday  
7-27-97

There is an awesome silence in my life and it makes me nervous. It runs through my hot exterior and periphery into the cold deep space that is my core, that vast dark region of loneliness.

Sept. 5<sup>th</sup>, 1997


And Summer is over, just like that. Sept. 1<sup>st</sup> the "heat index" reported 115, Sept. 2<sup>nd</sup> was still uncomfortable. And then Sept. 3<sup>rd</sup> dawned gray and overcast, culminating late in the day with a dense, intense, but brief downpour. Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> dawned at 56° and the day was cloud scattered and cool by the standards of Summer. Today we have clear skies of light blue, cool air and buttery autumn sun; the morning temps coming in at a brisk 46°.

## ...and I Also Heard From:

**Harry Andruschak**  
**Pamela Boal**

**George Flynn:** Thanks for *Outworlds* 67, another interesting (and idiosyncratic) issue. Ghod, I've been getting zines from you (off and on) since 1970; scary thought. Sorry to hear of your troubles (and I'm afraid an "as usual" wouldn't be out of place in that sentence).

**Gay Haldeman:** It's great to hear from you and get another strange and wonderful fanzine from you. I cried over your loss of My Responsibility. Our Petie looked just like your photo of 'Sponse and lived to be 19. We lost her in 1983 and still miss her. If we didn't travel so much and live in two places, I'd get a kitten in a minute.

**Bruce Townley**  wanted to say that I particularly enjoyed reading the article about Gerald Kersh, a much underappreciated author. If you ever get the chance to see the wonderful film version of his *NIGHT AND THE CITY*, starring Richard Widmark in a role he seemed born to play (small time hat-wearing hustler scuffling to become a BIG TIME hat-wearing hustler by means of, get this, pro wrestling), it's quite a cinematic treat with an ending that's actually a good deal more down beat than the book's (well, it <was> a British and not a more saccharine Hollywood production).

# ListMania-ania '97

## BOOKS READ [48]

THE ABORTION: An Historical Romance 1966 \* ['71] \*  
 Richard Brautigan  
 THE TRANQUILLITY ALTERNATIVE \* ['96] \* Allen Steele  
 ALLEY KAT BLUES \* ['95] \* Karen Kijewski  
 SO THE WIND WON'T BLOW IT ALL AWAY \* ['82] \*  
 Richard Brautigan  
 GUILTY AS CHARGED \* [a] \* ['96] \* Edited by Scott Turov  
 HONKY TONK KAT \* ['96] \* Karen Kijewski  
 PORTRAITS OF HIS CHILDREN \* [c] \* ['87] \*  
 George R. R. Martin  
 "M" IS FOR MALICE \* ['96] \* Sue Grafton  
 WOMEN ON THE CASE \* [a] \* ['96] \*  
 Edited by Sara Paretsky  
 THE MACHINE IN WARD ELEVEN \* [c] \* ['63] \*  
 Charles Willeford  
 THE BOOKMAN'S WAKE \* ['95] \* John Dunning  
 CARNIVAL OF CRIME: The Best Mystery Stories of  
 Fredric Brown \* [c] \* ['85] \*  
 Edited by Francis M. Nevins & Martin H. Greenberg  
 NONE SO BLIND \* [c] \* ['96] \* Joe Haldeman  
 THE MOVING TARGET [Harper] \* ['49] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE DROWNING POOL \* ['50] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE WAY SOME PEOPLE DIE \* ['51] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE IVORY GRIN [Marked For Murder] \* ['52] \*  
 Ross Macdonald  
 FIND A VICTIM \* ['54] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE NAME IS ARCHER \* [c] \* ['55] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE BARBAROUS COAST \* ['56] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE DOOMSTERS \* ['58] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE GALTON CASE \* ['59] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE WYCHERLY WOMAN \* ['61] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE ZEBRA-STRIPED HEARSE \* ['62] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE CHILL \* ['64] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE FAR SIDE OF THE DOLLAR \* ['65] \* Ross Macdonald  
 BLACK MONEY \* ['65] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE INSTANT ENEMY \* ['68] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE GOODBYE LOOK \* ['69] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE UNDERGROUND MAN \* ['71] \* Ross Macdonald  
 SLEEPING BEAUTY \* ['73] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE BLUE HAMMER \* ['76] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE DARK TUNNEL \* ['44] \* Kenneth Miller [Ross Macdonald]  
 TROUBLE FOLLOWS ME \* ['46] \* Kenneth Miller  
 [Ross Macdonald]  
 BLUE CITY \* ['47] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE THREE ROADS \* ['48] \* Ross Macdonald  
 MEET ME AT THE MORGUE \* ['53] \* Ross Macdonald  
 THE FERGUSON AFFAIR \* ['60] \* Ross Macdonald  
 SELF-PORTRAIT \* [nf] \* ['81] \* Ross Macdonald  
 ROSS MACDONALD \* [bio] \* ['84] \* Matthew J. Bruccoli  
 FOREVER PEACE \* ['97] \* Joe Haldeman  
 FINITY'S END \* ['97] \* C. J. Cherryh  
 SMALL VICES \* ['97] \* Robert B. Parker  
 LUCKY YOU \* ['97] \* Carl Hiaasen  
 CONTRACT NULL & VOID \* ['96] \* Joe Gores  
 COLD CASE \* ['97] \* Linda Barnes  
 BORDERSNAKES \* ['96] \* James Crumley  
 MURDER WEARS A HALO \* ['44/'97] \* Howard Browne

## FILMS VIEWED [28]

OTHELLO ['52] [1:30]\*\*  
 GOODFELLAS ['90] [2:25] (2)  
 REGARDING HENRY ['91] [1:48]  
 THE BLACK ROSE ['50] [1:56]\*\*  
 FROM THE TERRACE ['60] [2:24]\*\*  
 BORDELLO OF BLOOD  
 THE FRIGHTENERS  
 STAR WARS [Special Edition] ( ) theater  
 FARGO ['96] [1:38]  
 DRAGONHEART ['96]  
 THE LAST WAVE ['77] [1:43]  
 ILLEGAL IN BLUE ['95] [1:31]  
 COP ['88] [1:50]  
 "Blood on the Moon"; James Ellroy  
 SPACE JAM [Northwestern Airlines]  
 THE SILENCERS ['96] [1:41]  
 CHAMELEON ['95] [1:47]  
 TOY STORY [1:20]  
 THE ROOKIE ['90] [2:01]  
 SOME CAME RUNNING ['58] Ch48  
 MISSION IMPOSSIBLE ['96] [1:50]  
 MOTHER NIGHT ['96] [1:53]  
 TARZEN OF THE APES [1918] \*\*  
 THE FIFTH ELEMENT ['97] theater  
 SCREAMERS ['96] [1:48]  
 CONTACT ['97] theater  
 DEAD AGAIN ['91] [1:47]  
 GOLD COAST ['97] [1:49]  
 BREAKDOWN ['97?]

[\*\*\*\* indicates films broadcast on AMC; "(....)" indicates that I've seen a film — or attended a specific convention — more than once. Sometimes I even know how many times...]

## CONVENTIONS ATTENDED [3]

#192	CORFLU WAVE [14]	(10)
#193	MIDWESTCON 48	(27)
#194	DITTO 10 / OCTOCON 34	(5/20)

## FANZINES PUBLISHED [5]

#194	XENOLITH 39	03/01/97	10pg	75 copies
				[FLAP 103]
#195	OUTWORLDS 67	06/22/97	26pg	175 copies
#196	XENOLITH 40	07/30/97	08pg	60 copies
				[FLAP 105]
#197	OUTWORLDS 68	10/17/97	68pg	175 copies
#180	OUTWORLDS 29.5	12/16/97	60pg	125 copies

...for those of you unfamiliar with this particular Bowers-preversion — it first manifested itself [in printed form] in OW39, back in 1984 — when I started "listing" the uncut movies I'd viewed. This was shortly after the acquisition of cable [which I've been without now, again, for more than eight years], and those first few years racked up impressive numbers, as I over-compensated for a childhood in which TV and movies were totally forbidden.

In the early '90s I started reading again, and started including Cons Attended & Fanzines Published.

The last several editions appeared in an apazine; I'm sure you'll be thrilled to see it return to these pages.

I can't help but note that the "gifting" of the computer, in June, has had an impressive impact on the totals for 1997: 32 of the 48 books were read by July 1st, and 22 of the 28 films were viewed by that date. So be it.





In 2048, after much plotting and planning I finally loved Derek and Michael is a CON. Derek was grumpy all the time and Michael was oblivious...  
— Jim Bausch

...herewith, the response to **Outworlds 68**:

**WALT WILLIS** WELCOME BACK. I missed you. There was something about your sometimes messy, but always appealing, fanzine which I loved and which nothing else seemed to be able to replace. I'm delighted to see it again, so little changed.

One of the nice things about your fanzine was its sheer unexpectedness, and this occurs again, with your letters from Ethel Lind-say and Sam Moskowitz. It was nice to hear from Ethel again, even from beyond the grave, and the same applies to Sam. In his case there is an added poignancy, because he describes one of the first Conventions I attended, at the Kings Court Hotel, in London. It makes me feel terribly old, and it's no help to be reminded that I am terribly old.

I will treasure Richard Brandt's reply to Jeanne Bowman's introduction of Don Herron as "the man I slept with to win TAFF". His reply "Well, if you really think it will help" seems to me to be perfect in every respect.

Rotsler's "**The Bent Lance**" was a publishing coup to make all other faneds jealous.

Lloyd Penny was really interesting with his statistics about the comparative figures of gun-related killings between Canada and the US, 65 as against the US figure of 11000. I wonder what the answer of the NRA would be to that?

I appreciated Eric Mayer's remark in response to the claim that Elvis died at 58, to the effect that he hopes to live more than a measly 16 years after he dies.

In response to Jeanne Bowman's plea for masculine reaction to the movie **Bridges of Madison County**, I thought it was terrific. My only slight reservation was that I thought that maybe the male lead, whose name I have momentarily and unaccountably forgotten, was a little too old for the part. Apart from that I have nothing but admiration for the treatment of the book, which I admired.

It was something of a shock to come across a reference to **Warhoon 28** in the letter from Wm Breiding. Unfortunately he doesn't say how he liked it, but I suppose it's something that people are still reading it.

I confess to being fascinated by the story which unfolds between Jeanne Bowman and her difficult student. I thought she came out of it very well. Obviously, she's very good at her job.

[11<sup>th</sup> December 1997]

...I haven't seen the movie, but I do know that the "lead" was Clint Eastwood. Since he produced & directed it, I suppose it's only natural that he "cast" himself. Actually, I've found some of Robert Redford's more recent turns as a "romantic lead" more difficult to "accept" than Eastwood's ... but perhaps women have a different view.

I think you're just going to have to accept the fact that **Warhoon 28** would probably make virtually everyone's Top Ten List of Best FanPubs ever – and is mandatory reading for every new fan....

Just out of curiosity: does anyone know if Bergeron is still around?

**MICHAEL W. WAITE** *Outworlds Sixty Eight!!!* Yes indeed, your "catch-up" issue is as "typical" an offering as *Outworlds* gets. I didn't realize I had written so much in '93. It was great to read how others responded to Dave Rowe's "**Frank**" article (*Outworlds 65*). Dave's article, "**To Kill Kersh – Twice**" (*Outworlds 67*), was also a gem. How about asking him to write an article on Bill Rotsler and/or Sam Moskowitz?

Thanks for printing Sam Moskowitz's article, "**Fenton Ash: A Son of the Stars**". I corresponded with Sam several times and found him to be a generous person, always willing to share his encyclopedic knowledge of fandom. He is missed. [Anyone interested in reading Fenton Ash's **A SON OF THE STARS** can obtain a copy – serialized in the first 16 issues of *The Fantasy Collector* reissue – from Camille "Caz" Cazedessus II, P.O. Box 2340, Pagosa Springs, CO 81147-2340. All 16 issues: \$30 post paid.]

I have e-mail but seldom use it. I prefer indulging myself in the more precise, and time consuming, art of letter writing. E-mail encourages sloppy thinking and, more often than not, is full of spelling errors and poor sentence structure. I suspect this has a lot to do with the spontaneous nature of the beast. I have received e-mail that a cryptographer would find difficult to decipher.

After saying that, your "**e-Worlds**" column is a breath of fresh air, carefully presented, and a joy to read. This, undoubtedly, is due to the "gifted" correspondents who communicate with you. (Do you "touch-up" the messages before you print them for mass consumption?) I may have to rethink my stance on e-mail as a viable means of intelligent communication. Rotsler's cartoon had me laughing out loud (a rare event for me) – "I hear the scratching of a quill pen, metaphorically speaking." How apropos, the man was a national treasure.

I first learned of Bill Rotsler's death when I downloaded Dave Langford's *Ansible* (#124). I knew he was sick with cancer but I thought he would beat it. Sadly, I was wrong. Mike Glycer (*File 770:122*) also reported Bill's death in two informative and heart-felt obituaries.

Did you see Harlan Ellison's editorial on *Sci-Fi Buzz* (November 97)? Harlan said he sent letters to several fanzine editors requesting financial help for Bill Rotsler. Harlan indicated to them that Bill was having a difficult time paying his rent. None of the faneds responded to his request. (I wonder who Harlan tried to contact?) I find it hard to believe that faneds wouldn't respond to such a request.

I never met Bill Rotsler but his cartoons have been brightening up my life for years. I keep hoping to hear Bill counter with Mark Twain's famous utterance, "The report of my death was an exaggeration."  
[Friday, November 28, 1997]

I wasn't one of those contacted (and in his e-mails to me, Rotsler didn't mention any pressing financial crises) – but I, too, am curious to just who Harlan "wrote" to. As one who was "bailed-out" by fannish friends not that long ago, I can't believe such a request would be ignored.

If it was that critical, I'm surprised Harlan didn't contact something like SCIFI, the mother-organization of LACons. Or LASFS. I feel certain that either would have responded positively....

**JOE R. CHRISTOPHER** I received *Outworlds 68* today. I should have been good and not looked at it, but I've sampled here and there. I read all of Sam's "**Fenton Ash**". Wouldn't it be nice if Advent: Publishers or someone would collect his many stray essays and notes?

It was nice to see Buck Coulson's letter and catch up (a bit) on his family. I remember with fondness writing for *Yandro* all those years ago.

But these days I write mainly for C. S. Lewis and Tolkien and Dorothy L. Sayers zines – fairly standard lit crit. I'm program chair for the next Mythcon—officially titled the Lewis Centenary Celebration!—that will take place in Wheaton, Illinois, on 15 (evening) through 20 (breakfast) July 1998. So I'm off on one side of fandom, but when I occasionally get things in *Outworlds*, I feel like I'm in the general group again. (Well, I also write for Ed Meskys' *Niekas*; let's make it two ties to general fandom. Would that I had more time for such things – as it is, you had to make do with a Shakespearean review. Maybe, in a year or so, I'll have more time. I keep thinking that I'll get the rest of the things written that I want to write about Anthony Boucher... Or maybe some more discussions of off-color limericks...) [Wed. 22 Oct 1997]

**BUCK COULSON** Well, the *Bible* is an anthology, or at least a collection. Written by different people at different times, which is what an anthology is.

Lloyd Penney is right; fandom can bind people for long periods. Lessee; I met Juanita in 1952, at a fan-club meeting, we were married in 1954 and are still together. I met Gene DeWeese the same year, and may have met Bev DeWeese that year or maybe in 1953. They're still married – they married after we did but I'm not sure when – and we'll be seeing them after Windycon and staying overnight at their house. Lots of other old friends; some have died, some have dropped away, most are still around, but those are the oldest. Oh yes, met Beverly Boles in 1952; she's not in fandom anymore, but we see her now and then at Windycon; saw her last year, in fact, and have corresponded this year.

"*This Land is My Land*" is hardly *British* musical heritage, though I'm sure it was sung there. And it's certainly the father or stepfather of filksongs. I was around when filk began, and the original influence – even to the name – was folk music. These days we're getting more sophisticated performances, but everyone knows at least some of the "old songs".

We may still have a Kaypro around here, though it's not in use anymore.

Interesting article by SaM.

Trouble with gun control in the US is that it won't work, any more than Prohibition did. Tough of course then the liquor was being run in from Canada, among other places; guns will have to be run in from South America, presumably. But they'll be run in, no doubt of that. Same as liquor, same as drugs. The US has never had what Canadians would call a law-abiding society. Probably less law-abiding these days than it was, and will be even less so if we get any sort of gun control; one more law to break.

Okay, George Flynn is right; *SF Chronicle* is a fanzine, whether it pays or not. But it obviously has delusions of professionalism.

Short comments for such a long fanzine, but it will help keep pages down in your next issue. [11/5/97]

**MERLIN HAAS** Received *Outworlds* 68 last week.

Lots of good material. One thing about going 24 years between copies of *OW*, I missed all the delayed issues (reading the dates of the letters made me wonder if I had gotten hold of a special issue of *Science Fiction Five Yearly*...)

On the other hand, the letters read well despite their age and the comments on Dave Rowe's Frank Arnold article make me really want to read it, so I will be sending for that back issue tomorrow. (With luck it won't be sold out.) Reprinting the post cards as illos is a nice touch. The e-mail section could have been edited a bit tighter, but I did enjoy Jeanne Bowman's commentary on her "student from hell" in her college class. Rather disturbing to know that an obnoxious clown like him is going to be teaching Special Ed.

I especially enjoyed Rotsler's memoir of his work in the low-budget "nudie cutie" movies. Sad that this may have been one of the last things that he wrote that will see print. You have to wonder how many thousand (tens of thousands?) cartoons he sent out to zine editors over the years. Back in the early '70s when I was in my first go-round with sf fandom it was common knowledge that an editor would just write and request some drawings and an envelope "jammed full of wonderful cartoons" would soon come in the mail.

Won't be another like him.

Is Derek Parks-Carter the same Derek Carter that used to do illos for *Capt. George's Whiz-Bang*, a nostalgia zine from Toronto around 1970? Great front cover, works well with the green paper. Took me a couple of readings before I got the gag on the back cover, but that's what I'm doing now—hacking out a LOC.

Hope all your health/personal problems are behind you (the opening to this letter was meant to be humorous, I hope it came across that way) and we'll see *OW* on a regular basis. Pretty obvious from the lettercol that you've got a lot of people looking forward to each issue. [Wed, 29 Oct 1997 19:06:14]

**SYDNEY J. BOUNDS** Thanks for *OW*68. I like the cover and illustrations.

The main interest is the response to Dave's article on Frank Arnold. It was especially nice to see replies from the old-timers like Sam Youd and Alan Hunter. I never expected to see another letter from Ethel, so maybe procrastination isn't entirely a bad thing.

I had a meeting with Vince Clarke and Ted Tub and Ken Slater back in October, at the vintage bookfair, at Victoria, London.

The article that really interested me this time was Sam Moskowitz on Fenton Ash. A fascinating piece of research on somebody I'd never heard of.

The "Banks of the O-hi-o" was amusing.

Rotsler's article points up the difference between fanzines now, and fanmags then. It would never have been published in my young days, not in England anyway.

"A Turn of the Crank" was amusing.

"A Walk Down Palmer Street" was quite well done, and it was nice to see an illustration by Alan again.

I enjoyed Jeanne's job application and her student from Hell.

[5 Dec 97]

...while others have (and will, no matter whence we head) made their mark on fanzine fandom, no one will ever "replace" either SaM or Bill Rotsler – and I – in these pages – will feel their "loss" for a long time to come. Yes, it's "selfish", but no one found the most obscure eddies of prodrom & fandom with the dedication of SaM, and no one depicted the foibles & joys of those venues with the proficiency (and prolificacy) of Bill Rotsler.

In all honesty, I'm not sure I would have felt "comfortable" publishing that installment of Bill's column in an earlier incarnation of this very fanzine. (Although I did present a folio of his photographic nudes in *Outworlds* Six.) I'm so hopelessly square, in some areas....

**LARRY DOWNES** ...and thanks for sending me *Outworlds* 68 by MAIL. I never get

mail anymore; I don't think I've seen a stamp for years. It's so expensive! When's that first digital edition, with full color animation and hyperlinked everything, scheduled? The wacky part of this whole wacky thing is that design, production, and distribution will be an order of magnitude cheaper when you do, even while quality, speed, accuracy increase by the same amount. (Not that you're inaccurate NOW.)

I've started reading, but this is no LoC. Just wanted to say I liked the envelope. [Thu, 23 Oct 1997 22:02:55]

Gosh, my email address is not confidential! Use at will. I love to get email.

Funny, I just got your message as I was finishing reading *OW*. It's really a great issue. Has it really been 1993 since I last wrote you a letter of comment? Does that mean it's been that long since you've published? Oh, wait, that can't be right. I was writing about 64-66, and this is 68. I must have written NOTHING about 67. Bad me.

This isn't the letter either, of course. But I really enjoyed watching you evolve into email, over the course of a few weeks, from a zygote to an advanced life form. That's the amazing thing about these new technologies, dammit. And reading about Chris's first steps in parenthood which, I gather, takes a lot longer to get any good at. And the peripatetic Wm. Well, you know me — as Wm. says, it's very me to say that nothing's changed. Nothing has. I'm still skimming intently in either of their correspondence for ref-



My new home! (for now!) — Wm. Breiding

erences to 1976. (Christ — we missed the 20th anniversary.)

I really loved Derek's front cover in particular. He has such an amazing talent; I've always envied him the ease with which he just creates on demand. Or even without demand. He's just always creating.

Strange reading, in an aside from one of Wm.'s messages, that Gil Gaier had died — it isn't even clear when from the reference. I had a very bad run of encounters with death in early 1995 (three in one horrific 48-hour period) the effects of which, as this very paragraph remind me, I still haven't adjusted to in any way approaching completeness.

But anyway this is not my letter of comment. That would require me boring you in an unsuccessful faux self-deprecatory tone about what I've been up to since the end of 1993. I can't bear it. Or at least not tonight.

[Mon, 27 Oct 1997 21:34:37]

## WM. BREIDING

No matter how lame, I didn't want it going on record that I was ignoring such a stunning re-emergence back into fan publishing as you have accomplished — nor did I want to go on record as being one of those who contributed to your disillusionment by not LoCing **OW**, and see you gaffate again. Not even.

I have always maintained that I'm a rotten LoC-hack. I rarely think of anything intelligent to say in response to fanzines. My forte seems to be idle chit-chat and bawling emotionalism, which you have a high tolerance for, apparently. That was a sickeningly thick dose of me you had in **OW68** and it probably had most of your mailing list wondering, who is this nut case? I am the "ever young" Mr. Breiding. And though I may sound like a teen here in my middle age as I muddle along, I wouldn't have it any other way but this continued searching for wonder and beauty, no matter how much heartache and uncertainty. For the likes of me it is otherwise better to be dead.

These beasts that you create that you call "fanzines" are terribly textural and complex, the interweaving of lives — not just mine and yours and Jeanne's and Chris', but those of your other correspondents, as well as your "columnists" like SaM and Rotsler, now both gone, rest their shining souls, but also such well known gaffates as D.S. Black and Billy Wolfenbarger, that it hardly matters that Joe Christopher's piece meant nothing to me, or that Rotsler's piece seemed like a selfish, egotistical prelude to "**Boogie Nights**" — because it is all part of a mix, a sense that larger things are afoot than mere magazine publishing. You are, in many senses publishing "a life". A totem that proves that you were here and your life meant something — and it does —

Your were born to do this, Bill, and I hope you never stop. I

may have problems responding at times — and this letter is certainly more an explanation for, than an actual LoC — but I hope to see the mutation of **OW** well past the turn of the century as you build higher and stronger, better and different monuments with each new issue.

See, what did I tell you — nothing but idle chit-chat and bawling emotionalism.

At the risk of seeming egocentric, I must make further comment on my own letters, because one point has been bothering me — my contradictory statements of the loss of my library. Strictly speaking, both versions were true. I had, and lost, a number of book collections, and the one my brother disposed of had the majority of my "semi-pro" editions of hardbacks from the fifties, like Gnome Press, etc. The collection lost when Gil Gaier passed on had other, more personally valuable things, such as my fanzine collection and later first editions from the 70s. Now, I don't care about such things, and collect only to read. (Otherwise I would have purchased the box full of Ace Doubles I saw at a garage sale

the other day. I could have bought and resold those babies, but I purchased only the ones I had an interest in reading. Drool, dealer, drool!)

Ha!

[12/11/97]

...your non-LoCs are fine with me, Wm. As I've "told" you, your response [in evidence later on this] alone — to **OW29.5** — made the publication of it worthwhile. To me.

Ha! Yourself....

## MAE STRELKOV

It's nice to have fresh news of you and learn you're out of the doldrums, hopefully. I did glean bits of news from fanzines sent me from afar, how you were feeling at Cons, and so on. Rather saddening reports, they were. But now you've turned over a new leaf, being again wisely wifeless. Marriage is tricky at best, though Vadim and I (married in 1936 and with 7 children) managed to make a go of it, and behold smugly nice children and grandchildren all over the place. Remember that chat I had with you in 1974? You mentioned it, then, plus including a picture of me looking serious (at my studies, it was), and I was begging you to use your many talents creatively — make definite plans for your life ahead. Such a fine lad you were in the days of **Double: Bill**, I was sentimental. And **Outworlds** started off like Columbus setting sail for the Americas.

Poor Rotsler's "bent lance", no longer spectacular! I learn from Britain's **Attitude 12** (their final issue), he's "finished his course". Sadly....

All the old friends in the letter column from 1993 I welcomed in my thinking. "Time-binding" is, of course, an illusion, but being suddenly haunted by the past is a queer feeling, I find. Usually, the Past ceases to exist for me right after I've "spent" it. Forgotten, canceled in my thoughts. I'm still "with the Future", though I'm 80 now.

We have no infrastructure in these wilds for having a computer. (No telephone line, though we do use a cellular phone on which come calls from Canada quite frequently — our two who live there and their families call.) I had thought I'd like being on the Web were it possible, but it does seem dullish from the samples of e-mail you give. I've seen other fanzines also evaluating their experiences with e-mail — the quantity of gadgets you need to make the Web work for one, is daunting. My purse wouldn't permit it anyway, not in these wilds where we still live in a Colonial way. No "Computer generation" is visible in this remote corner of the land. However, I did read all the details you've given us with sympathy and interest, and got thus to visualize realistically your fine friends, so loyal and helpful, bless them all.

Re the mention of Wm. Breiding's "Lost Empires of the Soul" pubbed by Gary Mattingly. It inspired me to do an article on certain Chinese echoes I sent Gary. But same had so many Chinese characters included, he's wondering how it could be put on the Net, last I heard. I was glad to be inspired, anyway, and write it up for keeps in my files. [January 10, 1998]

...I'm certainly not nearly as conversant as Gary is, with these things, but it seems to me that, with a scanner, it's possible to put just about anything into a fanzine, or a web page. Besides, there's probably a Chinese "font" out there. Somewhere. If you can find it! (There's a "Fannish Dingbats" font; anything is possible...)

That's the basic "problem" with the Web: Just about anything conceivable – and a lot best left unconceived – is Out There. Finding it is an art form I have yet to master....

It is good to hear from you, Mae. One of my "proudest" moments in fandom was having a small role in bringing you "Up" back in '73 – and having had the pleasure of meeting you in person....

It'd be great if that could happen again, but I'm becoming increasingly resigned to the fact that I'll never meet – in the flesh – so many of my far-flung friends, even once. So be it. At least we have this medium, episodic as it may be....

**SALLY A. SYRJALA** The question of why publish a zine brings up the one of why compose a loc. It could be answered in the words of Garek, "At the time, it seemed the logical thing to do." But why was it logical?

Admittedly getting neat stuff in the mailbox is always an incentive. Enough plain mundane material appears that an offsetting of blandness is needed. Neat stuff such as zines and fannish correspondence helps to add color & spice to the mix. You could term it the flavoring that goes into a recipe to taste difference & to produce a uniqueness that would otherwise be missing..

Some of us see the challenge presented by the void a blank piece of paper represents and feel the need to fill it. This is akin to the artistic need to create so that some elemental concept can be communicated to others. Sometimes this can be an extremely basic message such as I exist, therefore I am. Maybe seeing thoughts transformed from the nebulous realm of the mind to the concrete reality of print transfers with it a sense of immortality – that something tangible will continue to be when the body has ceased to function.

It could also be seen as an attempt at socialization. Possibly locs are fandom's form of cocktail party conversation. They are the blending babble of the guests the host/editor has invited to form the group that helps to construct the print gathering that has been called to take place. Just as party hosts declare the success of their efforts on who attended, many zines boast of those who have penned comments to appear in their pages. These names can be seen not so much a BNF's but as stars whose presence increases ticket sales/zine distribution and response.

Then there is the simple pleasure of having the pen slide across the page. One of my more favored pursuits is forming words & doing my part to keep the language alive & kicking.

Locs are a means for all of the preceding to take place. In such a context they become the action plan that bridges the gap that makes these goals achievable.

It would be interesting to see if others agree or disagree or have other rationalizations to offer on why they respond to zines received.

Again, many thanks for sending me OW. Its contents were appreciated. [January 1, 1988]

**E. B. FROHVET** If you will forgive my saying so, the combination of your use of several-year-old letters, the formatting, and your somewhat unusual system of page numbering left me with much the same sensation as a theatergoer arriving in the middle of the third act. I look forward to getting to know you and your fanzine via future issues.

I'm not sure what you mean by wanting to "do" [sic] another Corflu. As in, merely attend/participate? (As distinct from throwing one.) The information I have is that a Florida group has the inside track for 1999, and a Seattle-area group in waiting in line for 2000. I have, in greater or lesser degrees of seriousness, toyed with the idea of trying to bid for a Corflu for my area; but at present the

minuses outweigh the pluses. I don't know much about Ditto – any information you could provide about Ditto would be appreciated.

There's a particular sadness in seeing the article by William Rotsler because, as you doubtless know by now, he died recently. I was likewise a beneficiary of those "envelopes stuffed to the brim", with far less claim to his largess than *Outworlds*. But he gave away those little drawings by the bushel, and never asked faned's for more than a copy of the zine. Certainly I never knew his hobby was nude photography. I anticipate some potentially interesting consequences when someone has to decide what to do with his files.... (By the way, only a very confident faned would illustrate an article by William Rotsler, with art from *someone else* – even if the art is appropriate to the subject.) [November 20, 1997]

...well, despite some speculation, I'd guess you aren't an old-time fan trying to "pass". I've attended ten Corflu – one of which [Corflu IV] I "threw". I had fun with it, broke almost exactly "even" financially [which is "good", since I didn't have a club behind me] – and it seems to be fondly remembered by most who attended. Interestingly, it was the only Corflu at which the succeeding one had to be voted on; every other time, these things are/were "worked-out" ahead of time. Strangely, the group that "won" Corflu 5 was Seattle-based. By that logic, it'd probably be my "turn" after Florida.

...but then, it'd be a lot less "work" for me simply to go to Seattle in 2000!

**UpDate:** By now, Corflu UK has come and gone – and, yes, I'm sorry I missed it. (I sent in a supporting membership, to the Chicago address, last October, but the check was never cashed.) Apparently the 1999 Corflu will be in Panama City, Florida, but I have no further details at the moment; as soon as I do, I'll pass the info on....

**MURRAY MOORE** Many a year has passed since I have seen Derek (now Parks-) Carter art in a fanzine. Your Wantlist of addresses for lost-but-not-forgotten fanfriends includes Terry Austin, George Barr, Jim Cawthorn, Stephen Fabian, Steven Fox, Mike Gilbert, C. Lee Healy, Tim Kirk, Jim McLeod, Jim Shull, artists all. Fanzine fandom still has fine cartoonists and artists, but the quantity is lacking. (Don't forget Grant Canfield.)

In the late 1960s, and the 1970s, when all of the above were contributing to fanzines, perhaps fanzines were a major, albeit unremunerative, outlet for these artists. Real World opportunities for artists subsequently burgeoned in the 1980s and the 1990s.

Comic book companies come (and go); animated movies, plus animated series for the old, and the new, networks, and the specialty cable channels, are everywhere; role-playing games, a small industry of its own, need atmospheric art for box covers, posters, and game manual covers; CD-ROM games are complexly animated stories created with computers, but still needing human input. Where Are All the New FanArtists, can be a sidebar to the ongoing Greying of Fandom discussion.

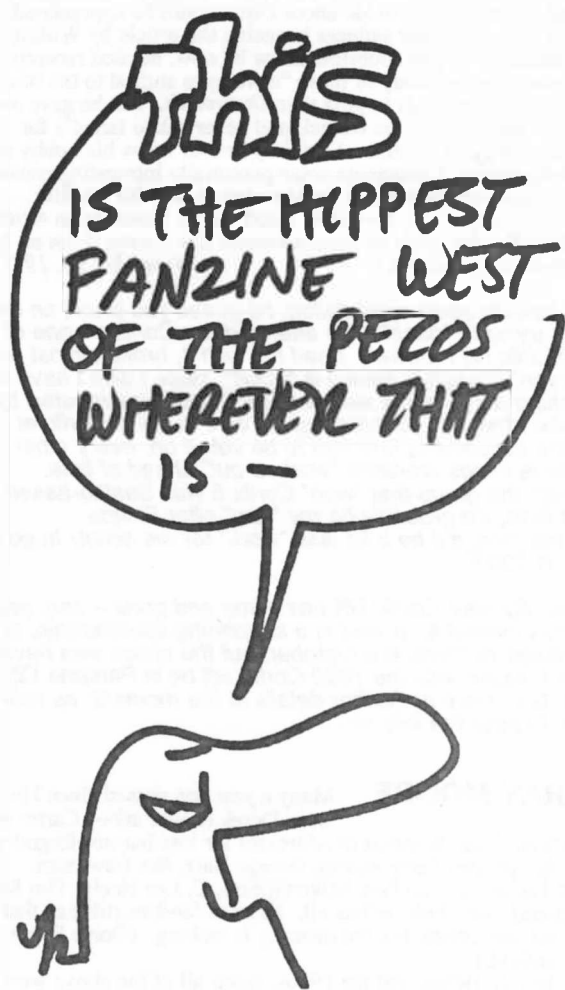
Bill, when I look at OW68, and I cast my mind backward to OW68's predecessors, I wonder that you are not making now, (and, you may correct me, here) and you never have made, a living as a magazine designer.

From my perspective as a some time producer of apazines, and even fewer genzines, a producer of mediocre appearance fanzines while copying from my betters, I conclude, You, Sir, have a talent for layout and design. You might protest that you struggle. If so, the strain does not show in the result. Ah, but to follow the train of thought I choo-chooed into the preceding paragraphs, if you were professionally employed, fanzine fandom would lose you. I will have none of that scenario. End of discussion.

I collect definitions of fandom, and definitions of fans, for the purpose of assembling, in a multitude of fannish voices, the elephant which is our fandom. I have added to my accumulation, Pamela Boal's "Fandom may be a footnote but it is a footnote of worth. Any activity that brings people together and is a spiritual home for people of imagination has value.", and Skel's succinct "what counts is that your ish gets pubbed. The ones that don't ain't worth shit."

Dave Rowe's much-located "Frank" article, plus the content of this OW, remind me of the value of a good genzine. OW68's material runs the gamut from scholarly (Moskowitz on obscure, long-dead writer Fenton Ash) to soft core pornography (Rotsler in auto-





biographical mode). D.S. Black is a name I don't know, but his or her "A Turn of the Crank" is written by One Who Has Been There. Oh oh. Bowers' style is contagious. I am Capitalizing at Random. And *Random*, the fanzine, was published by another name on your Wantlist: Mike Gorra. Why should Gorra prefer to write book reviews for The New York *Times Book Review* instead of pubbing his ish (see Skel quote, above)? What's the matter with him? (Gorra, not Skel.)

Hey, Michael Waite: I too have a Gestetner 300T.

"e-Worlds" is a fanzine unto itself. I need to be convinced, by the way, that E-mail is leading to a revival of letter writing. In our milieu, fans already were letter writers: E-mail simply is continuation of said activity by another means. I am not against E-mail fostering (Add Tom Foster to the Where Are They Now fanartist list) correspondence; au contraire.

E-mail is more convenient than Real Mail. Delivery of E-mail is faster. The sender skips printing the letter, putting the letter in an envelope, addressing the envelope, affixing a stamp to the envelope, conveying the envelope to a mail box.

Then there's Mike Glicksohn. During the January First Thursday fan social gathering in Toronto, Mike allowed as how there is no one in the world with whom he wants to be in constant contact. More remarkably, Mike allowed that some day he might own a computer and be on-line. The babble of amazed fans reacting to this casually dropped statement was tremendous.

I'm an Old Phart on the subject of fanzines. Real Mail and E-mail: Real Fanzines (paper), and E-Zines. I want to know that the fanned paid his dues, literally (paper, printing, postage, envelopes) and figuratively (mindless labour of collating, addressing, stamp licking, et cetera).

Valentine's Day is looming as I type these words: Which has more weight, roses or an E-mail valentine? I rest my case.

Keep on pubbing, Bill. You know it's right.

[February 1, 1998]

...your words are most flattering, Kind Sir. [...and indisputably True.] Yes, it would be fun to be able to make a decent living doing something I really enjoyed doing. Oh, say, like publishing fanzines.

But, despite being a Slow Learner in most Life Decisions, I long ago realized two things:

I'm a complete dilettante. As much as I might pretend otherwise, I always spend more time "fussing" than "doing".

...and, right or wrong, wise or not, even though I will accept chiding and "suggestions", this particular aspect – fanzine publishing – of my life is important enough to me that I'm incapable of having anyone telling me what I can, or cannot, publish.

Been there. Had that done to me.

...now this is perhaps the only area in which I'm so stubbornly foolish, but....

**ROBERT LICHTMAN** Looking at the date of publication of *Outworlds 68* and your editorial box in the middle of Rotsler's wonderful column, I'm struck by how you published on the last full day that Bill was alive. Since you're on-line, presumably you knew that this particular aspect of this issue was instantly out of date, but too late to do anything about it.

Even though she lives only a little over a mile from me, I learned more about the recent doings of Jeanne Bowman from *Outworlds 68* than from other sources of local news. And now I understand why I never heard back from her from messages left in recent months. I don't have any checkmarks to speak of by her actual column of stuff from '93 – just little "hey! cool!" ones by her mentions of THE FUTURIANS and THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS, her assessments of which are perceptive and pithy. Particularly, re Knight, "a little sketchy in places." One really would like to know more about the inner machinations of the Futurians. Pohl's holding back on details from the time he was married to Judy Merrill is, yes, also annoying. But I had heard nothing of the student from hell she was suffering in her collection of e-mails from July through October of this year. I knew about Jamie leaving for Eureka and about the (gak!) fire – the latter gave me the creeps the same way it did you, Bill. I have so much paper around here. From her mention of her a couple of pages later, I wonder if the "girlfriend telling me at length about some annoying things I've done lately" was Gail, to whose "naturally flaming red hair" I can attest, though not recently. I like Jeanne's job seeker cover letter – wonder if she did actually use it? Finally, I liked her gentle revelation of Redd Boggs' erotic side, including all that poetry. When it was discovered, I wondered if a special posthumous Gafia Poetry Leaflet might be in order.

All the Billy Wolfenbarger scattered throughout the issue was welcome and enjoyed, though nothing roused any more response than that. This is one of those scrambled *Outworlds*, with letters trickling through the cracks between the other features. I've always liked this particular format, and have always admired the way you pull it off successfully. A couple minor notes on your editorial: it's "averse to hardcopy input", not "adverse". And I could definitely relate to your discussion of *Outworlds*' circulation. Assuming you do your printing at one of those large office supply places like I do (Office Depot in Santa Rosa has done the last three issues, and well), the price break you fall in starts with 100 copies and runs up to 499 before the next break. There's no way I would want to have to deal with that many copies, even if I could think of enough additional people to send it to, which would double my current mailing list.

I have a copy of one of the books about "Canada's unsung [fannish] heroes" that Michael Waite mentions: *YEARS OF LIGHT: A CELEBRATION OF LESLIE A. CROUTCH*. It's a 200-page trade paperback; besides covering Croutch in detail, it has some general Canadian fan history, reprinted articles from *Light*, Croutch's long-lived fanzine, and various only marginally related odds and ends. Despite this unevenness, it's well worth having as another fannish reference. Although it was published in 1982, I was able to obtain a copy through the mail from its publisher in March '95. Anyone interested should write Hounslow Press at 2181 Queen St. East, Suite 301, Toronto, Ontario M4E 1E5, that being the address on their invoice.

That's a really good Terry Jeeves illo heading up Joe R. Christopher's interesting and amusing short article.

There are apparently two Bob Smiths in fandom at the present



time. The one you have in this issue lives in the U.K., but the old-time Bob Smith of Australia has recently resurfaced. You may remember him as a *Cry* letterhack. In this Bob's article, I was amused when I checked out Littlestone-on-Sea and the Butt of Lewis in my Haynes road atlas of Great Britain to determine just how they related to California to the New York Island. Well, they do!

I never heard of Fenton Ash or any of his permutations, but despite that Sam got my attention with this piece. I recently acquired copies of *EXPLORERS OF THE INFINITE* and *SEEKERS OF TOMORROW*, and this article reads very much like a lost chapter from one of them.

Coming back to Bill Rotsler's article, it put in print for me some of the stuff I've heard Bill carry on about on numerous occasions over the years. One little detail I don't think I'd heard before and which fascinated me: that his cameraman on one of the soft-core films went on to "shoot *Easy Rider*" right after.

Regarding Buck Coulson's wondering if there were still any libraries that collected fanzines, there most definitely is. At the University of California, Riverside, there's a science fiction wing called the Eaton Collection. It's my understanding that it's the largest gathering of science fiction books and periodicals of any university library, and it includes a strong fanzine element. It's initial core was the Terry Carr collection, some 65 shelf feet of fanzines, that was sold to the Eaton in 1987. A couple years later, shortly before his death, Rick Sneary donated his collection. And finally Harry Warner, Jr. is leaving his massive collection to the Eaton. Greg Benford tells me that he's put some parts of his own collection in the Eaton pot, and he assures me that this collection is there for the long run.

I've always thought it wasn't your imagination that convention-distributed fanzines get less response, percentage-wise, than mailed fanzines. For this reason I've never distributed *Trap Door* at a convention, and after the first few issues took to mailing even the local copies rather than pass them out at the Third Saturday parties that were happening monthly back then.

Since my computer is in my bedroom and there's really no other place to relocate it without major upheaval and much heavy lifting, it's impractical for me to leave it on all the time. But I wonder about the switching off and on shortens the life theory, since I've had this computer over ten years, have probably turned it on 4½ nights out of seven, on average, and it just keeps on ticking. Once I turn it on in the evening, I keep it on even if I go away from it for an extended period, but that's my only concession to this notion. [November 28, 1977]

*I, too, like the "scrambled Outworlds, with letters trickling through the cracks between the other features". This isn't one of them ... but there will, undoubtedly be more. There's a lot of factors that determine the "shape" of an issue going in – material on hand, time/money to invest, among others – that sometimes an issue conceived in one "format", ends up going in an entirely different "direction". I can honestly admire fanzines and faneds with a clarity of vision and execution from issue to issue, but I doubt if I'll ever achieve that degree of consistency.*

*Besides, I believe that – no matter how much I may fuss & putz in the process – a fanzine should be "fun" – for the editor as well as for the readers.*

*[...and, in yet another one of those little quirks of fandom & life, today – 1/17 – as I finished typing your letter, I went to get the mail and, lo, there was a letter from "the other" Bob Smith (Aussie-style), requesting a copy of OW68. Which I'll send off Monday....]*

*...which I did. Sea mail. January 19<sup>th</sup>.*

*Not all that much later I received a response from Bob. Dated February 3<sup>rd</sup> [...it must have been one helluva boat!]*

*...and, since my modest "delay" in publication affords a chance to cut 'n paste, it seems only appropriate to insert Bob's LoC here:*

## BOB SMITH

Your editorial explains a lot, and it appears I did know you back in our crazy fannish past. Just to be different, this is being produced on a Clarion 486 Notebook, using WordPerfect 5.1, and my big Tandy DMP 440 printer. The new tower, monitor, speakers and colour printer are sitting alongside me, rumbling and grumbling 'cause I ain't using them,

but right now – electronically – I feel like the simple life. Guess its the kind of reaction I had after reading all of "*e-Worlds*" ... [My wife, Lyn, after reading pages 2431 thru 2449, reached for the cooking sherry and had to lie down...] [I for one will, from now on, consider Eric Lindsay's computerese *light reading* after stumbling out of your page 2449...]

I wish I could remember what early issues of OW were like, because its fairly obvious you have jumped feet first into the electronic pool with No. 68, and will a normal human ever see you again is the question. With all these electronic marvels at your fingertips your eclecticism can truly go mad.

Actually, Lyn said that "*e-Worlds*" reminded her strongly of those science fiction "letter" type stories where – at the end – something awful happens to the main character; and I said it reminded me of the conversations between computer and human in Greg Bear's *QUEEN OF ANGELS*. Either way, "*e-Worlds*" makes for a good contemporary sf yarn. [Also, perhaps, a warning...]

It took me a while to realise that most of the letters I was reading in No. 68 were a few years old, and in fact time does seem to have run amuck in your fanzine. The reminiscing sparked by your Frank Arnold piece was most readable. A few more BNF's have passed on since Ethel and SaM, of course, and its part of that "Way of Life" we like to incorporate into our FIAWOL, isn't it?

I found Joe R. Christopher's article descriptive but a trifle dry, and wonder if he really *enjoyed* what he was watching?

This other Bob Smith has a ironic sense of humour, in both letter and article; and since I didn't gaffate until the late seventies I can't understand how he remains unknown to me. It's frightening.

Arthur (1/2r) Cruttenden: Ever read Peter Hopkirk's *QUEST FOR KIM: IN SEARCH OF KIPLING'S GREAT GAME* (Pub. John Murray, 1996)? *Fascinating* reading.

Joseph T Major: I am a trifle irritated at this "Dad's Army" attitude towards the Home Guard; and my memory is a bit more positive than that. I was too young for the HG, but did my share of fire-watching and putting out incendiaries. And I'm sure you are aware that the fires of republicanism in this country (Australia) are at the barbecue stage now! Arthur C. Clarke, of course, over the past few days (1/2 Feb, 1998) has gotten himself lotsa unpleasant publicity.

SaM's article on Fenton Ash was interesting. My knowledge – like most other sf enthusiasts, I imagine – is confined to the *SCIENCE FICTION ENCYCLOPEDIA* (includes a picture of the 1987 *THE DEVIL TREE OF EL DORADO* cover); and two small illustrations in the Clute encyclopedia.

With all due respect to the late Bill Rotsler, "*The Bent Lance*" read like the dreams, fantasies and wet dreams of millions of schoolboys; and although I may have read hints of this in my previous incarnation it appears to have been tactfully left out of Rotsler biographies. I found this all rather sad....

[Hmm. The thought comes to mind, after reading about W. H. McGuffey and a description of his Readers, that OW No. 68 is a prime example of a fannish McGuffey Reader....]

The Haugh cartoon was aptly placed above that moving piece "*A Turn of the Crank*"; one's personal memories could read so much between the lines of what used to be....

Not sure its all that inspiring commenting on LoC's that are around five years old; and I imagine Buck Coulson is eyeing rather ruefully his last lines about reaching 65 back then....

Billy Wolfenbarger's piece was sensitive and thoughtful, and most of us have places like that somewhere....

Joseph T Major: S'funny, when you people keep mentioning the "Troubles" and then talk about "twenty-three years ago"; as an ex-Englishman in his late sixties the *Troubles* (do you throw in a quaint Irish accent as well?) have been around a lot longer than that! When I was very young an uncle who had been in the Black and Tan would recite pretty ugly yarns to us kids, until our Dad rapped him over the knuckles about it. My Ghod! When we got called up for military service the one place in the whole damn universe we *didn't* want to get posted to was Northern Ireland....

Good idea to publish "*The William Breiding Chronicles*" as a fitting tribute to a Good and True Fan/Friend who stayed with you through your problems. I admire that. I get sick and tired of hearing it and saying it, but Fandom is *unique* .... And, Jeanne Bowman's letters to you kinda leave one breathless. Great Stuff to hoist you by the old bootstraps, eh?

"*e-Worlds*": Fascinating stuff. The Education of Wm. Bow-ers, and could be turned into a handy textbook. Its the Future, no doubt about it, and we should have Seen It Coming all those years ago. I note certain people taking a good guess as to where it is going, but ... I am not comfortable with Chris Sherman's "This has al-

ways been our natural medium; it just took a while for us to find it." ... However, it all made thought-provoking, educational, revealing and interesting reading; and, I may have gotten a few tips for my own Windows '95, but ... at this precise moment in computer time Lyn and I find no great enthusiasm for hooking ourselves up to the rest of the world. [I'll say one thing for the young expert who installed our new tower, etc.: be absolutely sure you *need* the Net and/or the Web, and – as pensioners – be sure you can *afford* it, is what he said.] Lyn and I often talk about this, surrounded by wall-to-wall books and music and the computer humming quietly to itself in some corner of the house. Its not – to us – the Be All and End All, and in actual fact is sliding lower down the priority scale all the time. There are *lotsa* other things to do. You appear to have adapted to the new medium fairly quickly, but the experts tell us children are very fast....

Yes ... stumbling out of page 2449 requires much thought on the state of conversation, good writing and what would an old-fashioned linguist make of it all. Of the handful of fanzines I have read since my second Appearance *Outworlds* 68 is the most ... umm, unusual.

And now, in order to right the balance that OW has undone, I will seek a quiet spot in the house, play the Vaughan Williams' *Fantasia on a Theme by Thomas Tallis* and dip into my favourite passages of the Lawrence Durrell and Henry Miller Private Correspondence.... [February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1998]

*... the truly frightening thing is that all that computer-domination of the last issue was "done" before I obtained web-access a couple of months ago. I freely acknowledge that I am extremely lucky to not only have \*free\* (albeit advertising-supported) e-mail and web-access – but to also have toll-free dial-ups for both. Otherwise, given my addictive personality, I would be in Deep Financial Trouble!*

*When I typed "McGuffey" above, my word-processing spell-checker questioned the spelling, so I "looked-it up" in the American Heritage Dictionary I have loaded-in, and found this:*

**Mc-Guf-fey** (mə-gūf'ē), William Holmes. 1800-1873.

American educator who compiled the *McGuffey Eclectic Readers* (1836 1857), schoolbooks that combined reading lessons with moralistic teachings.

*I have this vague feeling that somewhere, in one of the unpacked boxes in the basement, I have a copy of one of those "readers". I've occasionally wondered whence I first ran across the term "eclectic" ... looked it up ... and said, hey, that's a great descriptor for the kind of fanzine I want to do... Perhaps it was this reference; perhaps not.*

*Incidentally, Bob signed-off his LoC:*

Bob Smith II

*...I'm not sure if this is only an identifier tailored for these multi-Smithed Pages – but in any event, Bob, I'm glad you're Back. Stick around for a while...!*

## MARTY CANTOR

I received *Outworlds* 68 a few days ago, and, on Thursday, I sat down to begin reading it. I read to the end of Bill Rotsler's article and then put it down to pick up my wife at her place, thence to LASFS. At LASFS, Mike Glyer told me that Bill Rotsler had died.

I am simultaneously both shocked and not shocked. Last summer I had gone to Bill's house to pick up some artwork for *No Award #2* and I had found him weak but recovering from his surgery – he spent most of the time I was with him resting on his couch. I saw Bill only a few times after my visit to him, both times when he was at the LASFS. The last time was in mid-October and he was looking, to put it baldly, emaciated. It is my understanding that the therapy he was undergoing had killed his appetite, ruined the taste of food, and made swallowing difficult. To ease his life he had moved in with Paul Turner who was helping care for him. Paul found him dead the other morning. As of this writing, I do not know the cause of death.

All of us who knew Bill or were familiar with his work will miss him but at least he was not unaware of our respect for him and his work, witness his numerous Hugo awards. And Bill loved fandom in return as all faneds who received envelopes full of his drawings will attest. Living a relatively few miles from Bill I often ran into him at LASFS meetings and I found him always receptive to requests for artwork (which he often drew whilst carrying on conver-

sations with other fans). Bill was a treasure and he will be missed.

I am sorry that at this time I just do not seem to be able to write anything about Bill more than the above, and it seems inadequate. I guess that I just have to digest the news – in the meantime, I will make an attempt to LoC OW68.

And I will start by saying that it is good to see a zine by you after all of these years. Gaffiation (on my part) led to the unfortunate side-effect of me losing contact with all too many people whom I like – and with zines I liked to read. It is good to be back in the swim of things; and, now that I finally have a computer, zineac is much more fun than it was before. Anyway, it looks like you have made a fine transition from typer to computer and are learning the fine points of being creative with the new tool. In my case, aside from a few apazines, *No Award #2* was my first "outing" on the computer – I still have a lot to learn. But I am staying with mimeography – with a difference. Gestetner has reinvented mimeograph technology and LASFS has one of the new machines. On this new machine I can produce a fanzine as fast as the copy shops can – and as neat and simple. And for less money. In fact, this new technology can do things that cannot be done on photo-offset. As an example, I repro'd the "uncopyable" maroon Sim City name and population chart.

Richard Brandt, in writing about his visit to Los Angeles, brought back the memory that I visited with him one evening when he was here. It was not one of those earth-shaking events, but it did bring back a memory of one of those nice things about fandom, about being able to provide a little companionship to a friend a long way from home (and all he had to do was call and say he was in town). At one time, Robbie and I put up any Aussie-fans traveling through the area and I think that fan's being willing to extend the hand of friendship to other fans is one of the things which make fandom a nice place to be.

Buck Coulson's writing about how fans should be restricted to only one Hugo award brings to mind a suggestion made when *Loccus* was winning all those Best Fanzine Hugos. The suggestion was that the problem could be solved by making Charlie Brown's Hugo statuettes out of plutonium of a size just *below* critical mass. Buck writes about the elusiveness of English fans but mentions meeting A. Bertram Chandler. Well, Bert did spend a good deal of his life in Australia, but he was born in England.

Here I am reading your e-mail interactive stuff and I am getting incipient annoyance. Damn! The only reason I got this computer was to be able to easily produce fanzines. (Well, almost the only reason – I have used one of my programmes, Excel, to list all of my science fiction books.) To this end, I installed Windows 95 and MS Office Professional 97; for, despite my opinion that the designers of computer programmes have little idea of what their programmes actually do, those who designed this office suite have managed to put in a few interesting things. For some reason, I also installed First Aid, and it proceeded to crash MS Prof. 97, part by part. Feh! I have a basic system which does all that I need for fanzine production (this includes a printer and a flatbed scanner) and here I am reading about all of this other extraneous nonsense (read that as problems) which I might get when all I want to do is produce fanzines (and a LoC or many). Knowing me, getting on line will be more of both a time and money sink than I can afford. Well, being currently unemployed, I have "plenty of time" for on-line stuff; however, were I on-line, I would be spending no time at all looking for a job (and probably not much time producing fanzines) and I just cannot afford not to have an income coming in for very much longer. So my computer is not connected to anything other than its peripherals and a cord connecting it to its electrical juice. I only wish that life (and computers) were simple enough so that one could buy a computer for the simple uses for which I intend it and have it just sit there and allow me to use it for these purposes for the next decade or so without all the problems which these mis-designed products seem to have. I would say a pox on all of them if they were not so much fun to use and if they did not make zine production so damnably easy.

As an aside about zine production, I notice that I am producing a more traditional type of zine compared to your type of zine (and I will let you define what it is that you do). For the nonce I am producing a zine in discrete segments, and this type of format allows me to type up things as I feel like it. In fact, this allows me to drop working on an editorial if I fall out of the mood and input a contribution from somebody else. Saving each item separately, when I feel that I have put everything into the computer I then move each item into Binder, sort them into the order I want when everything is in Binder, push the appropriate buttons which allow sequential pagination, and then print. Well, that is the theory, but I did not get

pagination in *No Award 2* as I had my bottom margin too low so the pagination did not take. I think that I know how to correct that problem.

I notice that you didn't use Word Art for headers in *OW68*; is this because you do not like Word Art, do not know that you have it, or does your version of Word 7.0 not have it? (...) There is no end to the effects that you can achieve with Word Art but I guess that you, of all people, do not have to be instructed in producing interesting effects.

You have a comment to Jeanne Bowman, "(ah, for fannish strikeouts!)". Well, I have gotten used to using strikethrough in Word, even though it is really not the same as fannish strikeouts. Every time I use it, though, I wish that I had opted for installing Framework, a programme which allows you opt for either fannish strikeouts or fannish quasi-quotes (and allows you to change your options at will depending on your needs). Yeah, fans worked on developing that programme, but you would have to ask Elaine Pelz about who they were – she was working for Ashton-Tate when they developed that programme.

Wm. Breiding writing about doing reviews for cigarette money – I remember writing reviews for no money, writing for *Delap's* (does anybody remember *Delap's* review magazine?). I do not even remember *Delap's* first name (was it Richard?), but I do remember that he was living at Harlan Ellison's place and I would go over there every once in a while to deliver my latest review and to look through the selection of books which he wanted reviewed. I got to keep the books I reviewed. I eventually burned out as I am not really a book reviewer. But it was more or less fun to do this for a while.

At the end of your zine you ask if anybody knows how to convert that standard strikethrough to the fannish one – and also about quasi-quotes. If anybody does know how to do this I would also like to have the information, provided, of course, that it is not overly complicated for this neophyte. But it will not do to try to send it to me via e-mail as, unless I find a "wonderful" job (and that can be translated as one which will provide me with so much money that I can put a lot of it aside to fund this activity well into my retirement [with said retirement tentatively slated to start in 2½ years]).

[October 24, 1997]

...actually, I do have Word Art – and I've nothing intrinsically "against" it; I simply haven't gotten around to playing with it, so far. I also have a CD-Rom, still shrink-wrapped, that purports to transform any font into 3D, complete with textures & patterns. In addition, I have software – unloaded – offering something over 7500 type fonts [although this is suspect, since I imagine that there is a lot of duplication, and I've found out that they often "count" bold & italic variations a separate "fonts"].

And, in light of your "colorful" correspondence, I will mention that my printer will take a color cartridge, but I have yet to buy one.

And, I also have Excel – but what "indexing" I've done in the past six months has been done "by hand", so to speak.

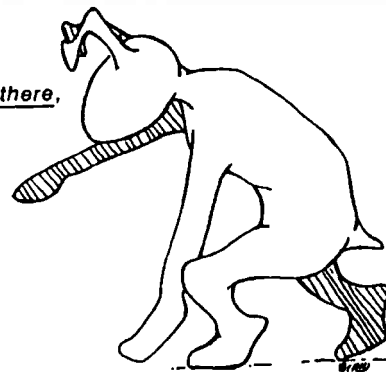
A lot of this is, yes, because, there are simply too many toys/too little time. [Every time I visit Dave Locke, there are, inevitably, more "toys" – and, while I also wished for a computer "only" to easily produce fanzines – it does seem that, given a new program, I simply must play for a while....]

But there are other factors:

God knows that I should ever be the one to point out "excess" in anyone else's fanzine design, and it is further evident that I am no John D. Berry in terms of typographic knowledge/execution, but I can't help but note that, with the advent of computers and desktop publishing, fanzine "design" has, if not gone to shit ... at least become incredibly "busy" (as one art instructor was wont to say). I know me, and, unless either I or the computer totally "crashes", I know that, in time, I will out-fancy anyone around. This is not conceit; it is inevitable. But, for the moment, I am "trying", with limited success, to achieve a "look" for an entire issue ... rather than a "look" Wow! See What I Can Do! feel to each individual contribution.

I'm not saying that I'll ever Get There but, and given my "history" some may find this amusing, my current ideal for fanzine publishing rests in the "zines of [to invoke a name mentioned previously] Redd Boggs I possess. Were I ever to produce anything half as elegant on a computer, I'd be well-pleased with myself.

...there it is, right there.  
a TYPO!



And the reason I haven't bought a color-cartridge for the printer is not cost – it's only a buck or so more than the black, for mine – but simply because, with the exception of limited correspondence and stuff for my own files, everything I generate is for publication in a black & white medium. [But this is likely to change in the not too distant future ... thanks to "inspiration" from Tom Sadler.]

You know, it's weird, but in the Long Ago, I use to type out entire issues twice ... in order to justify/flush-right the text. Now, when I can accomplish this once tedious task with the simple click of an icon, I rarely utilize the option. I simply don't "like" the way the program does its job.

I do, Marty, envy your access to the LASFS Gestetner – and I'm also enjoying your "discovery" process ... just as I, with occasional set-backs and more than occasional side-trips, continue to "enjoy" my own Journey into this strange land.

And this, from my long-suffering Technical Consultant – Chris Sherman:

>Got my first 'paper' LoC on OW68 today. From Marty Cantor, who >mentions a program called Framework, apparently from Ashton-Tate – that will do strikeouts, fannish, and quasi quotes... Ever >hear of it?

Sure. Ashton-Tate went bankrupt in the early 90s, and was absorbed by Borland, which went into Chapter 11 in 1995. Good luck finding a version of Framework that runs on anything that has a hard disk... Sorry, snotty reply. I don't know if it's still around or not. The key issue here isn't software, it's the kind of printer you're using. Virtually any software could overstrike with a slash on a dot matrix or daisy-wheel printer. Laser printers use mathematically defined font maps to print, and unless you alter the "glyphs" in a specific font definition file there's no way I know of to get fannish slashes from a laser printer.

Actually, I'd probably Break Down and utilize the mundane strikeover – except that when I import Word files into my desktop publishing program – the strikeouts are stripped out....

...it doesn't look good for the Good Guys, does it?

## PAMELA J BOAL

A suggested title for one of your writers: From pen nib to e-mail via Brother (or whatever typewriter) and Amstrad. I remember when that new-fangled Biro came on the market and were banned in schools because they caused messy blobs. Now it's impossible to get typewriters repaired and I can't even give away my Amstrad.

Your e-mail addiction follows the pattern of so many of my friends. So far you seem to have escaped one of the most common experiences of e-mail users. The urgent virus warning message. This hoax message is usually passed on in good faith by a friend who is also new to e-mail; if you are as dumb as me you pass it on as far-wide & as fast as you can. Then all your knowledgeable friends tell you that no way can an e-mail message infect your hard drive with a virus. Though I think loading a programme from the Web can? I tend now to use e-mail only as I would the phone.

[Postmarked 4 Dec 1997]

...I've been extremely lucky to have friends, local & far away geographically, who are not only much more "experienced" than I, but who are willing to share what they've learned – the

hard way – with an incredible amount of patience on their part. Not that I still don't Go where No Fan Logically Should Go, and suffer the consequences....

And thanks for the two issues of **The Floating Fan**; they proved a nice introduction to you, and I hope that you continue....

## SHERYL BIRKHEAD

Whew -- #68 is full (to the brim) with small print and your birth on the "net" (or whatever – I read the interchange about web/not – so call it what you will). I presume that (essentially) none of the e-mail is exchanged in "real time" – i.e., there's arrives at your box ... you get a chance to read it ... yours arrives at *their* mailbox and it's off and running again (yes? no?).

You do realize that you now have at hand enough toys to replace a whole printing store from **OW**'s first incarnation. Ah yes, the toys.

Nice cover (but that goes without saying, knowing the artist). A quick glance at the list of artists shows you certainly haven't lost your touch (or at least not your friends).

You sure have some, ahem, tenacious – friends – Jeanne and Bill just won't take No for an answer. (Ghood for them.)

[? & Nov 6, 1997]

...there are ways of exchanging messages in "real time", but it involves such things as having compatible software, knowing that you'll both be on-line at the same time ... so that it's essentially out of my ken. For the moment. More than once, though, I've received an Incoming from someone I was Sending to, in the same dial-up – and sometimes exchanges can be fast 'n furious, depending on circumstances, i.e., time spent in front of the keyboard.

The frenetic pace has slowed down a bit, as is only logical – but it's still a neat "tool".

Actually, with the exception of the front covers for 68 and this issue, and the work of Michael Shuter [along with a Care Package from Terry Jeeves], the art I'm running all pre-dates the sabbatical. Perhaps the artists are a bit more "skeptical" of my staying-power than the writers – I hope that's the only reason – but I'll bring 'em 'round eventually. I hope! [Now that I have the "toys" to do Neat Stuff with art, I naturally want to exercise that option.]



*An Idea Ahead Of Its Time*

## AVEDON CAROL

Subject: Children of the Aether

Well, nice to get another **OW** in the mail, complete with cool cover by Derek.

I don't know whether to be glad you're finally online (yay! Bowers is just an e-mail away! Bowers can come play in rec.arts.sf.fandom!) or horrified that you're online now (oh no! Bowers will sucked into the internet and never be seen on paper again!), but welcome, anyway.

I warn you, though, it has terrible, terrible consequences. One of them is that you find your typing and copy-editing skills seem to become less and less reliable. Even Lucy Huntzinger makes typos on the internet. It's scary.

On the other hand, it's that time of year again and here's something cool you probably missed last year that I recommend to everyone who hasn't seen it – the Xmas '96 edition of *Ansible*:

Date: Friday 20 December 1996 Description: *Ansible* 113 1/2, Xmas 96 – frivolous Xmas extra, whose tiny news content is outweighed by verse from Tom Holt and a one-page graphic novel from Ron Tiner. <http://www.dcs.gla.ac.uk/SF-Archives/Ansible/a113x.html>

Anyway, it's good to see you're still imbued with esprit de fanac. Happy Solstice. [Mon, 8 Dec 97 00:37 GMT0]

## ALAN HUNTER

*Outworlds* 68 arrived just before Christmas, like an unexpected Christmas present. There was no fanfare of trumpets but there should have been. It is great to see it back again, apparently as strong as ever and even updated to embrace the world of e-mail. I hope this means your own life is now back on the rails and chugging along satisfactorily.

I noted the printing of my letter and your response to it. For someone claiming they are not good with words, I thought you were most caring and considerate and your reply brought me much consolation.

Since the death of my wife, my son Chris has been living with me, so I have not been alone. He has never married which means that this is now a bachelor household. We divide the chores between us and manage to keep the house in a reasonable condition although not up to the same standard as when Joyce was alive. We both still miss her very much and without Chris' company I do not know how I could have coped.

The two items that interested me most in **OW**68 were the articles by Sam Moskowitz and William Rotsler. I love reading about early science fiction writers and Fenton Ash was no exception even though I have never read anything by him, or indeed ever heard his name before. This seems strange because he has written so much and apparently been very popular in his time.

"*The Bent Lance*" gave me an insight into how the other half of the world conducts its affairs. To me, that other half resembles an alien world with an entirely different culture. My belief is that a kiss is a commitment and anything beyond that is a bond for life. I married the only girl that I kissed and we stayed together for life, which was 45 years. But I can envy Bill Rotsler's way of life in much the same way that I can envy anyone with a firm belief in God. I am a convinced atheist although I do realise that trust in a higher power can help anyone through difficult periods in their life.

Now that *Outworlds* has reappeared, the long gap between the issues has vanished as though it never existed and everything is back to normal. I hope sincerely this applies to your life also.

[24<sup>th</sup> Jan 1998]

## LLOYD PENNY

Canada Post has pulled its last trick, and finally, the two-week-long mail strike is over. Issue 68 of *Outworlds* has been waiting patiently, and now I can get to it, and write a decent loc.

That cover is a good laugh, mostly because it's truer than anyone ever suspected. Michael Glicksohn, current inhabitant of the Glades of Gafia, quoth he, has been the co-chairman of the Toronto in 2003 Worldcon bid for the past year. "Glicksohn gafiated? Yeah, right," said many fans all at once.

That laugh is tempered by the thought that we have lost a true fannish giant, Bill Rotsler. Rotsler was Yvonne's favorite fan artist, and I think that after reading that when Bill arrived home from chemotherapy to find his home ransacked and trashed, that must have caused his downward spiral. It sounded like he was doing well at first.... Fandom's RIP for this year is legion.

Bravo to Michael Waite for his research into Canadian fan-



dom. I have the Columbo book on Les Croutch, and I have been looking for the book on Nils Frome. Canfandom is full of unsung heroes and their stories, and only now are Canfanhistorians, like Garth Spencer, harvesting its ripe tales. By the way, Michael, did you ever produce that fanzine you promised Bill in 1993?

On p. 2397 is a LoC of mine from nearly five years ago. I can update things to show how good my math is, that Yvonne and I will celebrate our 15<sup>th</sup> anniversary this coming May. Have my opinions of fandom and the community and bonds that form changed over time? Nope, those opinions have only been strengthened. I've had some recent proof of that; details at the end of the loc.

Linda Michaels' LoC made me think ... what will the local fans say or write about you when you're gone? Will fandom still exist then? We should get to know our neighbours, and Yvonne and I have done just that. We've enjoyed varied fannish careers, with stints in media, masquerade, con, and now, fanzine fandoms. We've tried to get an insight as to why other fandoms are as popular as they are, and as a result, we learn more about fandom every day. We have our connections with the local Trek fans, and work with the local Dr. Who fans, animé fans and filkers on their cons. Some of them have followed our lead, and looked around in other fandoms to see what's happening there, and what turns their cranks.

More on Bill Rotsler's sex movie career ... I've read a few snippets here and there, but this is the largest article I've read about that. Many guys probably have thought about a career like this one as an adolescent fantasy, but few ever thought it would come to pass. Unfortunately, there won't be any more installments of "The Bent Lance"....

My LoC on 66 ... I did go to the Winnipeg Worldcon, but I didn't go to England in '95. Or L.A. in '96. Or San Antonio in '97. We do plan to go to Baltimore, but such are Famous Last Words. The key word is "plan". (...) Actually, I am now employed, and have had a slightly easier time of keeping employment. While it may look like I flit from job to job, that flitting doesn't happen as often as it once did.

"Again, the William Breiding Chronicles..." I spy a name I haven't seen in a zine in ages, Joe Maraglino. I saw him at the last Contradiction in Niagara Falls this October, but did not chat with him. I wish *Astromancer Quarterly* might reappear, with its customized colour papers and inks, but it served as an advertising tool for Joe's Niagara Falls in '98 Worldcon bid. I wrote a short-lived column for AQ, but it stopped when Joe decided to rewrite and add his own copy to my column. I don't mind an edit for length, but don't put my name to something I didn't write. I have moved from coast to coast on this continent, but have always tried to ensure that there was a job wherever I went, plus a place to live. The idea of being jobless and homeless for six months puts a shiver down my back.

"Epistles of Jeanne Bowman..." yes, I know I'm in fandom when I even read the Birthday Dirge, sung to the tune of the Volga Boat Song ... "Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday, now you've aged another year, now you know that death is near, Happy Birthday, Happy Birthday, UUUGNNHH!" How could Fred Pohl have been married to Judy Merrill and only devoted half a page to that in *THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS*? Simple, but Judy is freshly gone from this earth, and I had my own confrontations with her, and I shall not speak ill of the dead, because I sure could in this case.

E-mail ... I am at nothing@nada.zip, which means I'm not on-line ... seven years of job hunting has left me in the electronic dust from that information superhighway. However, my belated education may come soon, courtesy of Yvonne, who has some training from work, and may soon have access from home via her office's server. When that gets going, perhaps an electronic message may come your way. I would prefer to write a letter, though. Something more physical and personal about it.

More Glicksohn fun on the back ... I still want to see a Glicksohn comic book, full of fannish line-takes on this Fan of Good Standing.

On the personal front, it has been a fabulous fannish fall. In September, Yvonne and I were FanGoHs at Con\*cept '97 in Montréal, and we had a fabulous time. They treated us like king and queen there. During the Hallowe'en weekend, the Canadian National Convention, or CanVention, was held in Toronto. The Aurora Awards are handed out at CanVention each year, and both Yvonne and I were nominated in different categories. We both won, and we are still coming down from it. A couple of interesting events were in November ... Robert Sawyer launched his newest novel, *ILLEGAL ALIEN*, and we were there, because I've been Tuckerized in it. Robert even read some of the passages at the launch.

Also, we attended John Millard's 80<sup>th</sup> birthday party, sponsored by the Merrill Collection library, and the Friends of the Merrill. A surprise attendee was Ned McKeown, and we got a chance to chat. Add to this our so-far successful Worldcon bid, and the launch of Canada's own SF channel, *Space: The Imagination Station*, and it's been a time to remember. [December 8, 1997]

...I certainly wouldn't be averse [thanks, Robert!] to the opportunity to publish some Canadian FanHistorical material in these pages.... Yes, consider that a hint!

**JOSEPH T MAJOR** "This Issue Contains Approximately 65,000 Words of non-scanned Material." I see. I bought a scanner, it was \$129 with a \$30 rebate and have learned to live with its quirks. Of course, the people who do not have e-mail or even computer disks also do not have clean typewriters. This mo-ns a l-t af quesh-ble w-ids in t6e ~output file.

*Fosfax* these days has been running at over 100,000 words per issue. That is one of the other results of computers — it is easier to, for example, get a word count.

Roger & Pat, Mike & Carol — Cincinnati fandom is getting devastated. You remember how desolate we all were at Ditto when Steve announced that Rivercon 25 would be Rivercon Ω. And Kubla Khan 25 in Nashville was Kubla Khan Ω. In five years there may not be any cons closer than Indianapolis and Columbus.

"Ethel Lindsay will never see her LoC, and neither will SaM see his letter, nor the publication, at last, of his most-delayed article." And then Rotsler ... \*sigh\*

Dale Speirs forgot to mention the greatest triumph of proportional representation, the Weimar system. Which had a term of instability in the late twenties, where minor parties like the Deutschevolkspartei (DVP, not to be confused with the Deutschenationalvolks partei, DNVP) got a disproportionate ratio of power, and then broke down when the Kommunistpart ei Deutschland (KPD) and the Nationalsozialiste Deutsche Arbeiterpartei (NSDAP, usually known by a more sinister abbreviation) between them held a majority of seats — and would not enter a coalition at all. This led to rule by decree, which opened the door for an even more arbitrary rule when Hitler came to power.

The Federal Republic of Germany is still (sort of) attached to proportional representation. Elections for the Bundestag involve casting two votes; one for a candidate and one for a party. As a result, the (European) liberal Freiesdemokratische partei (FDP) has been in almost every German government, though most of its seats come from people voting for a candidate e from one of the bigger parties and FDP as their "party" vote. Now that there are two other parties in the Bundestag (Grüne and the ex-Communists, PDS) this may change.

Given that American singers, particularly of the filk-SCA persuasion, have been singing about various European events as if they were their own, I can understand the transatlantic reversion chronicled by Bob Smith. One slight divergence about the illo by Fred Karno on page 2399; the rightmost singer should be singing "From Wittlestone-on-Sea to the Butt of Wewis/This land was made for you and me." Heh-heh-heh-heh. Scwewey wabbit.

Vinē Clarke comments on the landlady of the late Frank Arnold having to search Christmas cards to find someone to take custody of the body. I can match that. Having got back to work after New Year's this previous January (1997), I got a call from a lawyer. He asked me if I knew a certain Frances Hubbard. Yes, she was a cousin of mine; I had known her when we lived in Frankfurt. Well, the lawyer went, she had died recently and a family newsletter I send out had been the only thing with an address on it that he could think would be even remotely relevant. The lady had had no children and was divorced. Fortunately I knew her first cousin and he could take charge.

(I saw somewhere a comment on changing prices which is worth repeating. Computers do not have a "c" key.)

"FENTON ASH: A Son of the Stars": I would think the Public Records Office would have birth and death certificates for Frank A. Atkins, so determining his proper birth and death dates would be theoretically possible, provided you found the right Frank A. Atkins. The later birthdate (1860 instead of 1840) sounds more plausible because otherwise you have a man in his fifties who suddenly starts writing. Never mind the life expectancy matter, that is just an average. (A more useful figure in that context would be the life expectancy for those who survived infancy — a lot of babies



back then did not see their first birthday.) For a man in his fifties to make such a big change in life seems a little unusual.

"**The Bent Lance**": "The odds are that there *will* be future installments of '**The Bent Lance**.'" \*sob\*

I have the Something Weird Video catalog, I think, or if not I can get it. I had better look for some of those Rotsler films. That should be a draw for FOSFA meetings — "We will be seeing some of the productions of the great fanartist Bill Rotsler."

There are *two* books out about the Mitchell brothers, the big-name porn producers. One of them killed the other, you see. Though I will admit that true-crime books with pictures of Marilyn Chambers nude do have a special interest.

Prediction by me: Well, yes PaM Parks-Carter did indeed do "Mumps 5" and it looks like a "6" is coming.

The last movie I have seen was **The Love Letters of a Portuguese Nun**, on video, and the tape was subtitled in Finnish. Far out! Mainstream movies leave me cold. See one explosion, seen them all.

Uninstaller: With a recommendation like that I really ought to consider getting it. Having installed a program that corrupted some Windows files, ending up with a five-hour call to the technical support line and having to reformat my hard drive, I can feel the pain.

Breiding e-mail: "Waitlist for APA-50" — now there is an ancient fannish reference. Well, I suppose there is an "APA-75" of sorts, on the Internet, every day.

Wordperfect has the same ~~strikeout~~ problem. There is a "compose" feature but composing every character in a long ~~strikeout~~ can be ~~in~~ inconvenient. In Wordstar we could and did define the ~~strikeout~~ character as the backslash. WP will also "dø" quasi-quotes, but again it is a pain.

Great Mumps from Derek. Will "PaM" ride the waves again?  
[Wed, 29 Oct 1997 17:08:48 -0500 (EST)]

## ROGER WADDINGTON

Long time no see; well,  
never see anyway unless

you visit these shores but at least there's a visible presence with every copy of *Outworlds*. Started reading 68 with feelings of guilt — i.e., what had I done to be dropped from the mailing list? — but as I progressed, realised that it wasn't all one way, that your problems had been overwhelming as mine. Though the light at the end of my particular tunnel is a long time coming. I lost my job at the beginning of 1993; and with hopes raised and dashed several times since, that's how I'm starting 1998, as one of the leisured classes.

Dismayingly, there's plenty of mentions of earlier OW issues that I'd like to have caught up with, perhaps most of all the one containing Sam Moskowitz's article on John Giunta. (No. 62? In that dim and distant past, am I sure I didn't see it?) If you feel out of place for having a greater interest in written rather than media sf, imagine how I feel as being one of the few fans of sf magazines. Although with their circulation figures still proving reasonably healthy, there must be others out there as well, sharing them with me. Anyway, my discovery came relatively late, in the mid-Sixties; but it was the whole package that goshwowed me, the artists as well as the authors, all blended together into one glorious experience. I was there to see artists such as Gray Morrow and Dan Adkins go into comics, Ed Emshwiller into the art world; but what happened to the rest?

I tend to have a fellow feeling for those still using an Amstrad; I'm still using an Atari as my computer of record, even though it was recently described as 'now obsolete' in a survey of what model to buy for Xmas; in the music-making section. (With its MIDI music program, it used to be the rock musicians favourite.) Mind you, that was back in 1990 when I bought it; and even then, when the state-of-the-art was 4mb capacity, mine was only 512k. Though its great virtue than (and now) was that it had a mouse-driven, point-and-click environment long before the arrival of Windows, when most of the rest were still having to laboriously type in commands via MS-DOS. And I'd be very reluctant to give it up now, and join the rest of the world with their PCs; another of its virtues was that it could run equally well off a dedicated monitor or a portable tv, and the latter is what I'm using. As it is, it can be pressed into service as an emergency back-up when our main tv has to go in for repair; something you can't do with a PC's monitor, can you? Well, unless you buy a special 'card', for just about what I paid for the Atari in the first place.

Ted White as the Father of Us All? He has some gratitude from this magazine fan for keeping *Amazing* and *Fantastic* going, but in no way paternal; my route into fandom came via the late Lin

Carter's coverage in *Worlds of If*, starting in 1966. At least, for the American side; there was one particular article where he gave contact addresses for the sword-and-sorcery zine *Amra* plus Buck Coulson's *Yandro* and, as they say, the rest is history. Or would be, if I could be just as certain about my discovery of British fandom. It might yet have to be under hypnosis; thinking hard, perhaps it was finding an address for the British Science Fiction Association in one of the pile of *New Worlds* and *Science Fantasy* found in a secondhand shop, and going on from there. (Much the same way that I discovered my very first *Worlds of If*; I must owe a great debt to whoever tired of them in the first place.) I'd be happy enough to be just a footnote in any British fan history; the only trouble is, I can't remember anything I contributed or actually did to even merit that.

I suspect that Jeanne Bowman may be right (when isn't she?) when she talks about the fear of e-mail taking all available time; and "**e-Worlds**" might well be the first witness called. In spite of the marvellous possibilities it gives, I'm determined to measure out my day, not let just one aspect rule as would happen if the computer took over totally. For these long days without work, I let it have a couple of hours in the morning; but there's still also reading time and most important of all, fresh air time. Not that surfing the Net wouldn't be a great temptation; but thankfully, even though my kindergarten computer has the capacity, a phone line and a modem are still beyond my finances. (At the moment.) Mind you, after reading the \*correspondence\* with Chris Sherman, the problems with Juno, the uninstallers and the rest, I'm very grateful that my system's the most basic. But then, I only use it as a glorified typewriter, with the one great advantage that you can erase your mistakes without wasting a single sheet of paper; and yes, for playing games.  
[8<sup>th</sup> January, 1998]

...even though I have, for a number of years, subscribed to only one of the prozines — I'll always consider myself a "sf magazine fan". The one I still get...?

I remember, as were it yesterday, that December day in 1959 when [courtesy of a high school magazine 'drive'] the February 1960 F&SF showed up in the mail. A month or so later, I "discovered" several of the other prozines at a newsstand. And I proceeded to buy virtually every prozine published through the Sixties. But F&SF remained "special" to me: I went back and purchased all the preceding issues [I recall the 2<sup>nd</sup> issue being the most difficult to acquire] and have kept subscribing, two years at a time — despite unemployment, health crises, and marriages. I very rarely read anything but the "features" any more but, to the best of my knowledge — other than an issue lent out in the late Seventies that was never returned — I have a complete run. My current subscription runs until August, 1999. I sincerely hope that both I and the magazine make it that far!

Lin Carter, eh?

In later years I wasn't the biggest fan of him as a person, but he has a lot more to "answer for" than your entry into fanzine fandom. Despite the fact that, much later, I learned of a Robert Lichtman-published predecessor, it was sometime in the late Fifties/early Sixties that, while reading a Lin Carter novel [title thankfully long forgotten], I first encountered the term "*Outworlds*". ...and knew instantly that, one day, I would publish a magazine under that title.

Page Two....

## MIKE GLICKSOHN

...to save my ass and face I will publicly declare that this LoC will be written in the (non-approved) fashion of reading-the-fanzine-for-the-very-first-time-and-loccking-as-you-go technique which more or less guarantees that I'll put my foot in my mouth a couple of times and feebly try to extract it when I read something explanatory later in the issue. So it goes. Faneds who insist on producing such incredibly large issues packed with uncountable number of words should think themselves lucky to get even a postcard from notorious gafiates, even if they used to be and still think of themselves as best friends of said faneds.

Loved the cover! I'd guess one percent of current fanzine fans would understand it. And perhaps fifty percent of people on the *Outworlds* mailing list. I wish (a) my beard was still that dark, and (b) my waist was still that small. (Oh well. At least I still have the bag and the scotch bottle. Which is maybe not so well.)

Despite having been married to a poet for the last four and a

half years, I still don't "dig" most poetry. (Joe Haldeman's science fiction poems and The Wife's few "accessible" poems to the contrary.) But the Inside Front Cover was very well designed.)

I'm told that there is currently an e-mail address at my office at school and as soon as I get some instruction in how to use it I could send and receive e-mail. As soon as that happens, I'll write you a letter and tell you what my e-mail address is. (As long as you promise not to use it, of course.)

Of course, the entire issue is a delight to look at as one would certainly expect when the legendary design skills of Bowers are combined with the power of desktop publishing. And if the printing seems a tad small to certain old and tired eyes I'm certain that's their problem, not yours. (On the other hand, if I further strain my shoulder carrying that heavy magnifying glass for the next couple of hundred hours I just may sue so perhaps it is your problem!)

As a confirmed energumen of cremation I am definitely intrigued by this idea of utilising one's ashes to perpetuate one's legend. Obviously mine would have to be used in a filter for an especially fine batch of single malt scotch.

Surely what makes for a "typical" issue of *Outworlds* is its lack of typicality? So, of course, every issue is "typical".

It's no use blaming Dave's legendary powers of persuasion for your current worshipping at the e-mail altar. Dave could try persuading me to get on-line from now until the next issue of *Xenium* appears and he'd get nowhere slow. Evidently you *wanted* to be seduced by the dark side of the communications superhighway and so you were. It may well end up with Harry Warner and me being the only two fans without e-mail addresses but even after Harry succumbs you'll still have to call me or write me with anything personal you don't want the other ten people in my office reading. And that's just the way I prefer it! [Wednesday November 19, 1997]

Now it's Monday November 24<sup>th</sup>. My uncle died last Thursday night and that kept me from this missive for three days. It's a shame you never met him but the only time he met fannish friends of mine was at my last wedding and at the last three MIKECONs and you weren't able to be there. So it goes.

On the other hand, my current situation (i.e., in the midst of a mail strike) may well be the only time I'll feel some slight tinge of regret at not being on-line. But since I write and receive a tiny fraction of the letters I was once involved with not even the strike is a serious inconvenience to me. All the bad news I am forced to receive reaches me via the telephone anyway so the odd interruption in mail delivery doesn't have any real impact on me nowadays.

Poignant e-mail from Rotsler. Undoubtedly there are hundreds of his cartoons awaiting publication in fanzines yet to be created but in the foreseeable future there will be no more Rotsler artwork appearing in fanzines and it's been half a century since any fanzine fan could even conceive of such a thing. And sadly the death of fannish mainstays will be something we'll contend with more rather than less in the next few years.

So, am I one of The Blessed who receive everything you do? I've always thought so. And I still do. It makes me feel a lot proud, a little bewildered and a great deal happy. So, am I one of those who disappointed you last issue? Probably. It makes me feel a little guilty which battles the feelings of pride being Blessed induced. I'll let you know which wins. (Gee, my psyche is an *Outworlds* battlefield! And I thought we were just friends!)

Sign us up for SPACECON 1999. Say, wasn't that a terrible sci-fi show a few years ago?

There are actually two very good reasons for "forcing" out a loc. The first, as Alexander says, is to acknowledge the time and effort and expense that the editor has devoted to sending you a copy of his/her publication and let him/her know you appreciated what they did even if you can't come up with something they want to print. The second reason is to get good enough to write locs people *will* want to print. (You are getting these words for the first reason only.)

Evidently I was in the minority in thinking the Rowe article on Frank Arnold was longer than it deserved to be but that's okay. A major part of the joy of being a fanzine fan is that you can disagree with people on all sorts of issues and still like and admire them and be friends. I wonder if that means I stood alone in thinking ten pages of Chris Barkley's fannish life in *File 770* was overkill?

It is a sad story indeed that merely by leaving England to marry C.D. it appears that Dave Rowe has been stricken from the memory of certain fannish fans like Mark Manning. I suppose I still remember him because of the colonial connection between Britain and Canada but evidently whichever fannish forces in Britain decide to

make Dave an "un"-fan still haven't forgotten or forgiven The Seattle Tea Party. (Of, course, poor old Mark's memory of *that* has probably been erased as well.)

It's easy to understand that generations of fans could be unfamiliar with the artwork of the esteemed and humble Derek Parks-Carter but very sad to contemplate what they've missed. Goodness gracious, the same people probably are unaware of FHF! (Of course, with two thirds of the membership no longer eligible to belong I guess that's understandable.)

To my old buddy "1/2r": the main reason we play baseball and you play cricket is that it's one hell of a lot harder to hit a round ball with a round piece of wood than with a flat piece of wood and Britons no longer have the energy to attempt something that difficult. Additionally, having pissed away an empire and having little to do of any importance in the modern world, Brits have plenty of time to spend five days leisurely enjoying a quiet game of cricket while busy North Americans have to settle for the much more difficult but faster and more enjoyable three hour baseball game. I'm glad you asked and am happy to explain this to you. And mine's still a Guinness.

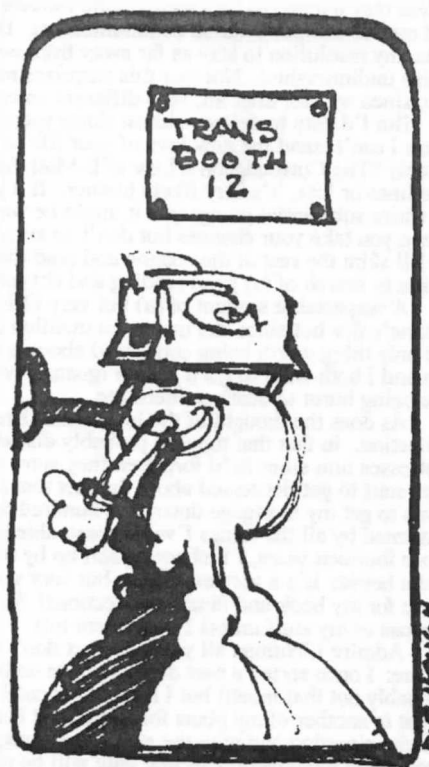
I never shared SaM's passion for the minutia of obscure backwaters of science fiction's past but I was interested by his piece in this issue, perhaps because I realized there would be few if any more to read and perhaps because the "mystery" remains unsolved. SaM could be overly pedantic at times and I'm glad I was never involved in one of his many feuds but our interactions, though few, were always cordial and I'll always appreciate the way he helped me out from the audience during one of my last stints as a Guest of Honor. Yet another of our legendary (and quite literally irreplaceable) "giants" now gone and deeply to be missed.

I read with intense interest Richard Brandt's over-four-year-old itinerary for a business trip hoping to extract some Hidden Meaning from it all but whatever you saw in it that made you want to publish it I missed when I read it. I guess a lustrum of gaffiation has dulled my fannish sensibilities. (Pretty well ruined my sense of sarcasm too.)

As an almost total Luddite I may be off-base here but I'd guess that someone with Internet access and the knowledge of where to look for things would be able to tell you when Easter was in the sixteenth century. Perhaps he or she (or several of them) are off hunting treasure even as I type.

Once again, your comments about further installments of Bill Rotsler's column are especially poignant. (One could hope that he sent you something before he died but I somehow doubt that.) But at least we had the chance to read this one piece which I

found as strange and bizarre (and delightful) as any science fictional world I've ever read about. I don't know what aspect of the article amazes me the most: that it all actually happened or that it happened to somebody I actually knew. Reading about Bill's life might make you envious and dissatisfied with your own until you realize that to lead Bill Rotsler's life you had to be like Bill Rotsler. And if anybody in the long history of science fiction and fandom can truly be described as "unique" that person is Rotsler. (He may also be the only person I've known personally I'd feel comfortable describing as a genius.) So I don't



envy Bill. I just admire who he was and what he could do and am grateful for having been able to share a small part of his life. Even if it was the part where all the naked women were cartoons.

It was interesting to get a little caught up with the life of our peripatetic buddy Larry D. One can only wonder what has happened to him in the four years since he wrote that letter. Perhaps he's a neurosurgeon by now?

That whippersnapper Waite surely produces creative looking locs. I wonder if he ever got that fanzine of his published? And I wonder if he sent me a copy and I've already forgotten that he did so? Sadly, that's a strong possibility. (On the other hand, while I wouldn't necessarily encourage anyone to pub his ish, I would recommend marriage about as strongly as you'd counsel against it so who should one listen to? The Only Right Answer: nobody, just listen to your heart.)

A random query: Who is the "better" friend, one who accepts that you want to be left alone and waits until you're ready to reactivate yourself or one who ignores your hints and keeps pushing you into making yourself more available? No answer from me but I *do* seem to be able to ignore people (when I want to) with more success than many I know.

Naturally I find it totally incomprehensible that *anyone* would sell off someone else's books that had been left with them for storage. That it happened to young Master Breiding would indicate that his brother knows (a) nothing about books, (b) nothing about book collectors and (c) nothing whatsoever about his brother William! (I've never had to store anything I valued with anyone and I don't imagine I'll ever have to but if I had to, and if that person sold off my stuff, I seriously doubt I'd ever be able to have anything to do with them again. Which only goes to show you how fucked up I must be.)

The Breiding communications were certainly an inspirational demonstration of friendship but they may not actually prove that he cares about you more than I do. Then again, they might.

And just because I *do* still love you, I'm going to try and read the "e-Worlds" section, although I'll try to figure out quickly where the actual messages are and what can be skipped as electronic packaging. Perhaps this will help me decide if my possibly prejudiced belief that e-mail encourages people to write a lot of useless blather is correct or not. Of course, it may only show that a very good editor can turn even a lot of useless blather into something worth reading which will leave my dilemma unresolved. So it goes.

Okay, so much for Best Intentions. Five pages into this section I'm forced to conclude that this sort of material is probably fascinating and fun to those exchanging it but of no interest to anyone else unless they happen to be a technophile interested in some of the ins and outs of computer-based communication. Despite your best efforts, my resolution to stay as far away from e-mail as possible remains undiminished. Not that this surprises me, or should surprise you, since we are, after all, *very* different sorts of people.

But I'd hate to destroy almost thirty years of friendship just because I can't stand the new love of your life so here's a milder look, namely "The Curmudgeon's Law of E-Mail For Luddites: If it's five lines or less, it's very likely blather. If it jumps off the page as an entire substantial paragraph, it might be worth reading. In between you take your chances but don't be surprised if it's blather." So I'll skim the rest of the section and read the substantial comments in search of (a) good reading and (b) comment hooks.

A respectable amount of (a) but very little (b). Very bad about Jeanne's fire but since she makes no mention of books being lost the only thing worth being concerned about is the poor iguana. Susan and I both want to get a pair of iguanas eventually so the idea of one being burnt to death saddens me.

As does the thought of the loss of Bill Breiding's entire fanzine collection. In fact that thought probably distresses me more than it distresses him since he'd forgotten they were stored with Gil. (If I ever start to get depressed about the fact that it's taken me fourteen years to get my mortgage down to a hundred thousand dollars or saddened by all the things I've not been able to afford to do during those fourteen years, I'll cheer myself up by recalling that this isn't just a house: it's a very expensive but very worthwhile storage place for my book and fanzine collections! So *nobody* is going to dispose of my stuff unless I want them to!)

Admire Lichtman all you want but don't waste your admiration on me: I once sorted a part of my fanzine collection (maybe half but probably not that much) but I have *never* catalogued a single issue. (That is another of my plans for retirement but with our current financial situation and with the rumoured changes about to be forced upon us by the government that date will be pushed back several years from what it used to be, so who knows.)

Of course, I loved Derek's back cover and hope to see more (and even more recently created chapters on issues of *Outworlds* well into the millennium.

It is now November 26<sup>th</sup> and there is no end to the mail strike in sight. I'll print this up and eventually it will go out and one hopes it will reach you and find you in (reasonably) good health and (exceptionally) good spirits. And undoubtedly working on a new issue in those brief pauses of several seconds each between frenetic bouts of endless e-mail. Sigh. To each his own. At least it's nice to know a few others have similar feelings of antipathy towards it all and even nicer to know that despite being on opposite sides of this particular fence alongside the information superhighway we can all still love each other and accept each other's points of view. Right, Bill?

Bill?

Bill?

You still there....?

[rec'd: 12/15/97]

*...the remaining third of FHF wishes to note that – despite his having twice acquired the credentials for membership – he is actually quite content in his solitary status and, sincerely, has absolutely no desire to see either of the others re-qualify ... for any reason!*

## SKEL

I guess my life is very much like the asterisks in the margins of my copy of *Outworlds 68* – after even a short while any significance will have been lost. Why for instance did I put such a mark against the line in your response to Viné where you wrote "And despite 'scare' warnings my copy is still readable, thirty-seven years later"? Apparently my intentions of just a few months ago are less 'readable', even to me, than your hectographed first issue. Perhaps I might have meant to point out that having one's first issue "still readable" might not necessarily be a good thing (and here I speak as one who knows). Perhaps I meant to remark upon those 'thirty-seven years' and upon your staying power despite some incredibly adverse circumstances. Alas, apparently asterisks in the margins of history have no meaning.

"So why," you may say, "wait so long to LoC?" Ah, now therein hangs a tale. Whilst you march boldly forth to claim the electronic future me and my little old Amstrad 9512 are washed up on the shore of obsolete technology. Particularly with those 3" disk drives, when said drives pop their clogs...as mine did. It took me a couple of weeks to take the machine back 14 miles to the place that had supplied it (as they told me to do over the phone when I contacted them) only to be informed by their engineer (who they hadn't bothered to consult when I called for advice) that he didn't need to even look at it because Amstrad 3" drive machines cannot be fixed. My only option apparently was to pay about £240 to have it converted to a 3½" drive machine (which price would include having 10 disks of data copied onto the new size disks).

This wasn't an option. There was no way I'd spend that much salvaging a CPM machine. It looked like I was finally going to have to bite the financial bullet and upgrade to a real PC. The main downside to this though is that all my stuff only exists in Locoscript documents on 3" disks – articles, letters, addresses, everything. I have been fairly scrupulous in taking backups, but only of disks to disks. At a stroke I had lost all my data. Some would be reconstructable. I could build a new address file from hard copies of letters and fanzines, although some 'contacts' would be lost. Articles in progress though were now as if they'd never been.

Even so Cas and I were actually looking forward to joining the mainstream PC culture. I'm no techie, and the old Amstrad, which had been the best we could afford at the time, had certainly not short-changed us. So I figured we'd probably go the same route again. I wouldn't be all the time tweaking and upgrading so it seemed sensible to go again for the best we could afford and then use it until, like the Amstrad, it crumbled out from underneath us.

"The best we could afford" however was a bit of a vague concept. We do currently have in the bank more money than we've had in years, despite the fact we can't save for toffee. Cas and I were born to fritter. We could fritter for England. What's more the 'fritter' gene appears to be dominant because our kids have all inherited it. As to 'Famous Families' you can forget the von Trapps in "Sound of Music". If Frittering ever becomes an Olympic sport then the Skeltons will ensure that the 'Formation Frittering' golds will be England's for the foreseeable future.

So how come we finally have money in the bank? Ah, it's a long story which basically involves Cas being incapable of work

through having a nervous breakdown several years ago. This entitled Cas to 'Invalidity Benefit' for many years. Then recently the Powers-That-Be decided to clamp down on State Benefits. Cas was called in for an examination and found to be 20% short of qualifying for benefit under some newly established guidelines. Her benefit was stopped. We couldn't believe it. As Cas is incapable of going out on her own we appealed. Amazingly we won the appeal. The process though had taken so long that the state now owed us well over £2,000 pounds in unpaid benefit. Those monies are now in our bank account.

However we can't use this money for a PC because we'd already committed ourselves to visiting our friends in the USA and Canada next year. Now normally we afford this by taking out a bank loan and repaying it over the following three years. We were going to follow the same practice this time too, except that a couple months ago the company for which I work was the subject of a takeover-bid which looks like it's going through. My job, which under the old regime was pretty secure, can now only be described as 'iffy'. Depending on the new owners real policies (as distinct from their stated ones), it could be equally secure, or it could be straight out of the window. Who can say? As of now, nobody! Consequently this is not the time for me to be borrowing money against long-term future job prospects. The money in the bank guarantees the holiday!

The takeover however requires agreement from various regulatory bodies. The new group will for instance have 90% of the US bearings market, which fact may fail to arouse you and I into paroxysms of excitement (\*yawn\* being I think the predictable response), but which will certainly cause some US regulatory bodies to have serious conniptions. This means that the takeover will not happen until say March 1998, from which point I would anticipate a minimum of 18 months guaranteed employment even if they decided I was no longer required. What the takeover will do though is immediately terminate my company savings schemes, which I started almost 12 months ago. If the takeover is approved at the end of February 1998 this will entitle me to cash in about £660 plus interest, which monies I can then use to buy company shares at a guaranteed price of £1.19, then sell them to the company taking us over at their offer price of £2.60. Allowing for the fact that £100 of that money is in a secondary scheme only allowin me to buy shares at £1.56 this still means that come next March I can anticipate my £40/month investment being returned to me some 14 months later at slightly over £1400, which will equate to an annual interest rate of over 263%. Pity it couldn't have gone on a bit longer really.

Now obviously if your job security is a bit on the dodgy side you don't want to rush out and spend \*enormous sums\* on a new toy, but on the other hand if my job security is a bit on the dodgy side I could do with gaining some familiarity with PCs, to improve my prospects if things do go pear-shaped on the job front. All things considered therefore now would appear to be the time to rush out and buy an almost-state-of-the-art PC ... except that I need it now and the money won't be there until March. Not a problem though as the bank said "Oh, please let us lend you some more money." So we said "OK". It was a done deal, except that I **HATE** borrowing money. I do it, but I don't like it. The result was I started sleeping badly and having panic attacks, waking in the middle of the night and having difficulty breathing. Mostly it's the job uncertainty, but my dislike for making purchases on credit was overlying that and all in all it was getting on top of me. So we decided to wait while we actually had the cash. This though left us incommunicado, unless I was going to start hacking out LoCs with a biro. So we did a bit more investigating and discovered that there was indeed someone in that same village 14 miles away who was still fixing 3" Amstrad disk drives. So, several weeks, several sleepless nights, much driving hither and yon, and almost £60 later I am back in business. Except of course that I have totally lost the plot when it comes to all the LoCs I owe.

So unless something totally weird happens we will be on-line in the not-too-distant future. So you should be careful when advising people like Jeanne that I am "thoroughly unenamoured with the process". The thing is you don't know the details about the process with which I am "thoroughly unenamoured". A regular letter takes about five days between the US and the UK, right? E-mail via our Beth however is another matter. She rings up and says "Oh, by the way, you've got some e-mail from Dave. It's old e-mail...we haven't logged on for a few weeks." "Not to worry," I say. "Just print it off and bring it round the next time you visit." So two weeks later I receive Dave's e-mail, about 5 weeks after he sent it. As a 'process', surely even you will admit this is something difficult

## ...yet another typical **Outworlds** reader



**Chris Sherman**  
...and Skylar, too

to become enamoured with. In fact I'm prone to stating "If this is how e-mail usually works I can't believe how it ever caught on!"

Odd that you should have written to Rotsler "I think it would be great to communicate with you via this medium..." You're going to need a different sort of medium now. God what another pisser! I never had any real personal contact with him but like everyone else my time in fandom was greatly enriched by the quality and also the sheer quantity of his incomparable contribution. One point Bill's death again remind me of though is that so very many of us die much earlier than would be expected. When it comes to your musings on your last requests and particularly your "I'm going to have to give this some more thought", then it would be well to do the thinking soon and get something written down. I am again reminded of Brian Robinson who wanted cremating but ended up buried because he'd never gotten around to making any form of will. He also told us that when he died he had someone in mind to benefit from any estate he had. He didn't tell us who this person was but I'm pretty sure it wasn't the two ancient aunts in Liverpool who I suspect he hadn't seen since he was knee-high to a gnats testicle, and who ended up sharing his estate, in the absence of any will, as his only surviving relatives.

Besides Bill, there is one other advantage to taking the time to sort out your arrangements now. Sod's Law will then guarantee that you'll live to such a ripe old age that anyone mentioned in your testament will either have pre-deceased you or by that time have become a deadly enemy who you wouldn't want to have the stuff anyway. Also, by then your preferred method of disposing of Personal Residual Waste Biological Tissue will have either been rendered technologically redundant/impossible, or have been banned as an archaic health hazard.

And again, would your ashes make a good toner? As your body appears to be fading away more with every issue of **Outworlds** that comes out maybe your ashes would only be good for grey tones. This would be no way to remember the publisher of a zine as well



presented as OW invariably is. I sympathise with Pamela Boal in general. My eyesight is not what it was, and increasingly with smaller and fainter fonts I am having to resort to a large magnifying glass. I suspect I shall soon have to start thinking of spectacles. However I don't agree with her specifically on the font and spacing you use for the letters, at least in this issue. I can lean back in my reclining swivel chair (but not too far back because it's knackered and after a certain point it begins to tip over), place your fine fanzine flat on my knee, and read the letters with perfect ease and clarity (can you read with 'clarity'?).

I suspect many of us feel much as Alexander Yudenitsch does about forcing comments to "fulfill an obligation". Of course you can take the easy way out, as I increasingly do and simply cop out, hoping that things will be better with the following issue (and indeed hoping that you will stay on its mailing list). It is certainly possible to 'quite enjoy' something without having your specific comment buttons pushed, though obviously this is not a lot of use to the fanned in question. The problem gets really bad though when this happens three issues on the trot. Then the guilt's really get a grip. My own non-trivial response to Alexander's question is that you shouldn't feel you have to force a response to every issue of every fanzine. But certainly, if it's your third strike you should ask yourself "Look, there are still lots of really interesting fanzines out there. Do I really want to keep getting this one?" If the answer is "Yes", then you do have to 'force' something because otherwise you aren't holding up your end of the fannish contract. If you still don't have any specific comments then simply reciprocate. He's shared some part of his life and interests with you - share some of your with him in return (yes ladies, I know, I know). ~~And he has had to~~ (not to mention flaunting how your 'primitive' system has excellent strike-out capability). If you can't react, act!

Which come to think of it is precisely what the British electorate did on a couple of occasions mentioned in two other LoCs. My mother's recent comment on the toppling of Churchill after the war was simply that "We'd seen what a Conservative government did to the Working Man when he came back from fighting the First World War, and we weren't having that again". Of course this does not mean that Sam Youd wasn't correct that this was the result of "diligent left-wingers suborning the troops". My mum was 'troops' after all, and I am certainly not going to ask her "Is that what you really felt deep-down, or were you simply suborned by diligent left-wingers?"

It certainly used to be a truism that a Conservative government was 'good for the country, but bad for the people', which was precisely the principle on which Margaret Thatcher kept getting elected, which is certainly what Joseph T Major implies. I tend to agree, although we shouldn't discount the alternative suggested by his comment "...instead of promising one thing and doing another". It could be argued therefore that as electorate conditioned to the belief that 'any politician is a liar' voted for her on the mistaken assumption that if all politicians are liars then life under the Conservatives for the Working Man would simply have to be Paradise unalloyed.

...and speaking of 'Paradise unalloyed', just when is the next issue of *Outworlds* coming out? [11<sup>th</sup>. December 1997]

...and my Sense of Wonder "fix" today is invoked by the spell-checker buying "iffy", without a whimper; I am amazed. [In fact, that may well be one of the more "subtle" hazards of 'upgrading' - having to "re-train" your spell-checker to accept perfectly valid words, such as "fafia", "bheer" ... and "Skel".

I was lucky. I had a chance to "upgrade" before the previous machinery went belly-up. And, even more fortunate, Don (of the many talents) Carter - was able to transfer the data [primarily "Lists"; what else?] on my 5 1/4" Kaypro/Word-Star floppies to straight-text files on a 3 1/2" IBM-formatted disk. True, I have to go in and do considerable "cleaning-up" - but it sure beats re-typing a couple of thousand movies-watched....

Had the "timing" been different - her note came some time after yours - I might have suggested you contact Pamela Boal about acquiring her Amstrad... Perhaps there should be some sort of Fannish Exchange of Obsolete Electronics - obsolete to everyone except those who are still dependent on it.... As far as I know, my Amstrad still functions; although I speculated at one time of making it the Keeper of My Mailing List, it's unlikely I'll ever plug it in again. And yet I can't bring myself to "throw it out".

As the recipient of Plug-In Care Packages - first the Kaypro 10, and now "this" PC, I know, believe me, the thrill of getting something New & Wonderful to me ... even though it may have been replaced in the affections of the previous owner(s).

...and, believe me young sir, I do identify with you on the job security/insecurity rollercoaster. Been there/had that done to me. More than once. It ain't fun, but we do manage to go on, don't we?

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## ...I also Heard From:

**Harry Andruschak**  
**Ned Brooks**

**Kevin Cook** I was pleased to see Sam Moskowitz's "Fenton Ash: A Son of the Stars" published complete in one place. You might want to mention to your readers that A. Langley Searles is planning on publishing an issue of his *Fantasy Commentator* as a tribute to Sam some time later this year.


...I'd be glad to recommend *Fantasy Commentator* - "a journal devoted to articles, reviews, checklists and verse in the areas of science-fiction and fantasy" - to anyone interested in the more "serious" aspects of sf, in any event. And not only because it was "born" the same year I was. Issues are \$5. / 8 for \$35. [Langley's address is included in this issue's "List of Contributors"]

**Frank Denton**  
**Dave Haugh**  
**Terry Jeeves**

**Charles Platt**  I enjoyed *Outworlds* very much. It was the first true fanzine I had seen in maybe 15 years! (*Ansible* doesn't really count as a "true fanzine.") You write interestingly, and it has that gentle fannish spirit that I was never able to project -- I was always very abrasive and angry about everything, during my brief time as a fanzine reader/producer. I used to envy people who had that relaxed, engaging style (though I never admitted I envied them of course....).

[Sun, 7 Dec 1997 23:28:29 -0500 (EST)]

...as well as this one, which should have been in the previous "section", but....

**David Langford**  I did indeed receive *Outworlds* 66 and 67, for which many thanks. Huge sympathies with all the health horrors and becoming the Incredible Shrinking Fan: no doubt it'll be my turn in just a few more years. For personal reasons, i.e. having written the Kersh entry for *ST JAMES GUIDE TO FANTASY WRITERS* (in the retitled *TWENTIETH CENTURY* [Insert Genre Here] *WRITERS* series) without being able to insert all that juicy personal material, I especially liked Dave Rowe's Kersh article.

When I read "free e-mail service", I had a sudden sinking feeling. The trouble about free services is that the vast majority of stuff that emanates from them is "spam", junk advertising e-mail irritatingly posted to thousands or millions of addresses. So I went and looked in the e-mail folder to which my software diverts the tide of crap from such providers as, er, um, well, juno.com, and there I found your message.... Some people, I know, have their mail software automatically delete everything from 99%-junk-mail domains: if some of your mail goes unanswered, this could be why!

[Wed, 20 Aug 97 14:47 BST-1]

...and, while I know me well enough to know that I'll never be totally happy with anything less than 100% response - I must admit that, all things considered, the response to OW68 was a major step in the Right Direction! Many thanks to all who responded, and I look forward to your thoughts on *this* issue....

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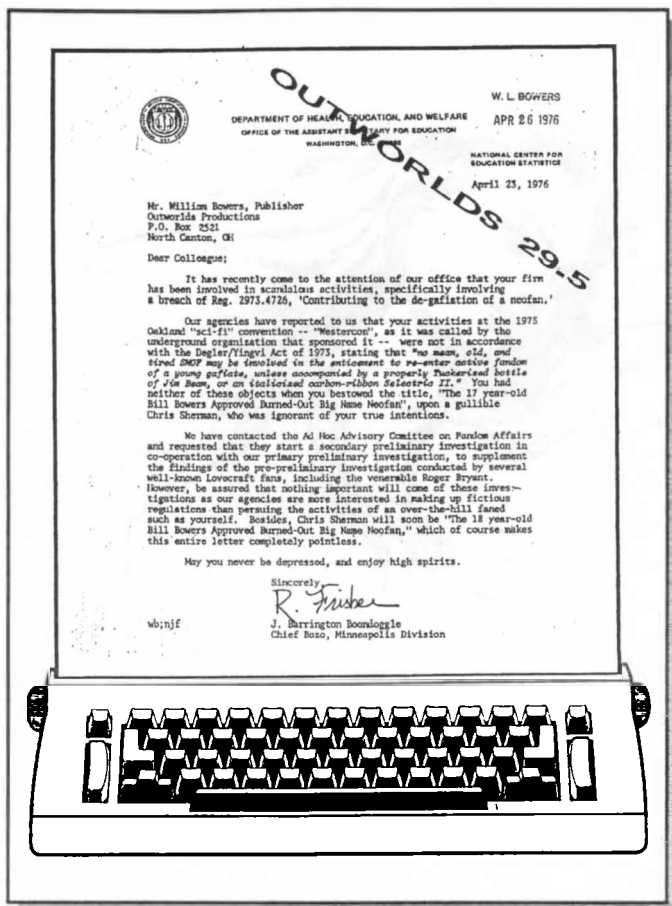
## a distant lamp

G. Sutton Breiding

Day comes when you kill yourself  
you won't know it's going to happen  
you won't know it's happening  
it'll be on a Sunday or Monday  
you'll step into it  
as if stepping into the long  
rectangle of light on the floor  
falling through the livingroom  
window  
a special light  
icy and ethereal  
yet warm  
color and fragrance of  
gilded pears  
as if sliding into an old  
winter coat, a steaming bath  
a sudden poem on the edge of sleep  
never to be written only sung in the  
mind  
music of white birch harps  
in winter wind  
and that will be it the truth  
and it's the same thing  
same light, thirst, ice, pears,  
poem  
like being engulfed by a warm  
mouth  
and the sudden taste of cinnamon filling  
the veins  
there's no end to the rapture  
of the brain-rending  
then it ends  
no one's there including you  
day comes  
it just happens  
Sunday or Monday  
winter  
suddenly it's so quiet all around  
and you're there, asleep  
on the floor  
curled up in the light  
somehow then you can hear it  
at last  
the impossible  
the murmur of rivers on the  
moon



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In the Mists of Yesteryear – say the mid-1970s – **Outworlds** was a Big-Time, Big-Deal Fanzine. Sorta fancy, offset, some bookstore distribution, and a circulation of over a thousand. Pros, pro-wars, and art. The last few issues didn't manage to include a lettercolumn.

In 1976, my own "direction" changed. I more or less chucked it all, quit a job with fifteen years seniority, and moved to Cincinnati in mid-1977.

Throughout the past two decades, those un-published boxes of LoCs nagged at me. Probably nobody else; but I'd always planned to publish them.

In 1991, shortly after my Return to the Ranks of the Living, I managed something called **Outworlds 27.5** – 40 pages of LoCs, primarily on **OW 25 & 26**.

Enthused, as only I can be, I commenced in February 1992 – **Outworlds 29.5**. By late March that year, I was 46 pages into it when I paused ... to have the masters-at-hand printed at a half-price "sale" at Kinko's. Then they sat, until shortly after Thanksgiving, 1997, I said, It Is Time.

The result: 60 pages of comments on **OW 27 & 28/29** – along with lengthy "results" on an Egoboo Poll – remember those? – covering issues **19 thru 26**

It was "fun", it was tedious. And it was incredibly nostalgic....

**LYNN PARKS-CARTER** 

Subject: *Ho Ho Ho...or, Bah, Scumbag...*

Mr. Downes will probably hunt you down like an animal now that I told him a letter or two dating back 20 years showed up in your latest zine. Hee hee....I got an email from him today after I left him a strange voice mail last night.

So, now someone knows what I look like...from a twenty year old photo! God, Bill, we are getting aged.

And that 'neofan' comment about my dear husband's con report by Tom Hayden's failed relative Patrick. (He can't even spell his last name correctly!) Oh well, some people take it much too seriously, don't they?? Is neofan related to Neo Nazi? Were are we

going with this?

According to one Jon Singer, a term "drobe" coined by my beloved "neofan" and one Mr. Jim Young referring to the costumed fans at a convention in, I think Boston, has shown up in general usage on NPR in Seattle. Mr. Singer informed them of the origin of the word, and relates that they were not even remotely impressed by the natterings of gaffiated neofhen. (A new diet!!! Keeps you off conventions, but damages your sense of humor.) The point is, we can't get no respect....

Very interesting Bill, and thank God you couldn't find all your LoC's. (yes, even though that acronym now means Letter of Credit to me, I vaguely remember some of the terms.) I have some terrible memories of some stuff that was written in a back seat with Larry Downes that should never see the light of day. Needless to say, there are reputations to spare, even in our advanced age. Do not dig too deeply dear sir, some things are left better to the moths and the dumpster.

Wishing you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!!

Love,

Lynn the Footcramp Goddess and Mr. Neofan to you!!!

[Date: Tue, 23 Dec 1997 18:56:36 -0800]

**LARRY DOWNES** 

Subject: *Outworlds 29.5*

Did indeed manage to track me down, like the hunter that it is.

What an amazing thing.

I have no recollection of writing the letter you printed twenty-plus years after it was written, written before my friendship with you and Mike had really developed, before I'd even met Chris Sherman or Bill Breiding or, if memory serves, before I'd even met Barb Nagey or knew Ro beyond a hello. Long before Lynn Parks-Carter, in an act of charity that will never be forgotten, let me share her Rogers Park apartment with her for next to nothing so I could transfer to Northwestern, which had no housing available (this soon after Jon Singer had moved out and just as the romance with Derek Carter was beginning). Written, not to put too fine a point on it, when Leah and I were still in high school together, snookering the administration into letting us form an "amateur publisher's club" to get cheap access to offset printing in the school district print shop where, before long, I was take a work-study job anyway.

Who knew? Not even you, Father William.

The amazing thing to me is the voice. It is a voice I don't recognize, a voice it's hard to believe I ever had, let alone as a sixteen year-old working on a cheap electric typewriter and living in a lunatic house. Frankly, I wish I had that much self-confidence now.

I'm leaving Chicago at the end of the week for a three-month road-trip, which includes a month at Harvard Law School co-teaching a course on technology law with the guy who's just been tapped as the special master in the Microsoft case, a former professor of mine (who is, however, younger than I am) and a month of travel in Thailand and Southeast Asia. But one week is reserved for a writing course at Esalen Institute in Big Sur. I think I will take this letter with me. I'd like to know what happened to the guy who wrote it.

Thanks, Bill.

PS: Am I going to read this letter in 20 years? What will I think?

[Date: Mon, 29 Dec 1997 16:04:07 -0600]

**LEAH ZELDES SMITH** 

Subject: *LoC*

Well, it's 8:30 New Year's morning. The last party guests (the Denises, of course) left at 5, and naturally we were there to see them to the door – our traditional role.

Slept a fitful pair of hours before being wakened by my various pains – a tooth for which the dentist has foretold root canal, and more to the point, my incredible self-knotting gut, for which lifelong experience augured a lengthy visit to the Reading Room. Therefore I grabbed the nearest printed matter to hand....

Now I'm sitting here with (newstyle) stylus in hand. "Graffiti-ing" on my PalmPilot, a magic little box that will enable me – at the press of a button – to e-mail this to you when we get home (a gift from Dick, who works for its manufacturer).

It's a little weird to egoscan comments on dimly remembered poetry I wrote more than two decades ago. How different we all are now. I've hardly written a line of verse since I got over the maudlin fits of adolescence (a few scribbles when my mother died, none worth saving).

Some of the comments here would have gratified me greatly had I seen them 20 years ago. I guess they still do.

I can scarcely recall the poem. I can't even remember all of the first five lines that Ira Thornhill liked, just the first two:

"My friends all live far away. / Most in body, some in mind."

Nowadays I would add: "Many in years."

Some of the "friends" I wrote of proved not to be. So many others have slipped away, lost in the morass. I wish I could say I had made lots of new ones, but it's more difficult than ever. I have fewer friends now, I think, than I did then.

My old friends are glad to see me, I hope, in our brief, largely chance, superficial meetings. But I'd have to say that I have done poorly at keeping friendships alive. It seems typical that nearly the first comment here is one from a friend complaining of my failure to write.

Despite what I might wish, I fear the awkward, solitary-making tendencies of my youth have outlasted the more social ones. Some people are able to sit back and let others flock around them. I have never had that charisma. It seems likely I never will. And it becomes harder to be one of a flock.

Ah, well. Thanks for the memories, old friend.

[Date: Sat, 03 Jan 1998 04:56:36 -0600]

## WM. BREIDING

Subject: *What am I going to do with you?*

Bill!

90% of the contributors to **OW29.5**. . . are lost in the mists of fandom past. You fool! However, I can't believe how fascinating it is, just leafing through it. But it's going to have to wait. I have *Idea*, *Squib* and *Widening Gyre* to read and LoC before I get to this silly little thing called **OW29.5**! What a flash, though. Talking about bringing me right back to my days of crifanac – I was even getting published in **OW**. Hard to believe.

The back cover of **OW29.5** made me want to clarify my feelings about Rotsler. In my LoC to **OW68** it may have sounded like I didn't like Rotsler. Not so. It was critical, but should not be construed as my disliking him. Rotsler had a huge impact on my fannish psyche and I liked him very much; we were not friends and had conversations only at conventions among groups of other people. But his mere presence in fanzines and at cons subtly influenced me. I was deeply affected by the news of his passing; it troubled my soul. But it still doesn't mean he wasn't the proto-type of Jack Horner in "Boogie Nights"!

Oh, and **OW 29.5** was also good in a historical context. The date on my letter gave me a time-line for when I was publishing *Starfire*. You know me and dates.

All for now. [Date: Sat, 20 Dec 1997 14:21:31 -0700]

Subject: *What am I going to do with me?*

I lied.

Last night I stayed up until the wee hours reading **OW29.5**. (Don't tell Geri!) Many profoundly inconsequential thoughts have drifted through my head. I spent a long time enjoying the poll results. Being a slow reader, and the type face small, I've only managed to get half way through Mike Glicksohn's letter (fannishly slashed over) in the issue, but I thought it only fair that I reflect on these thoughts and commit them to this stfnal medium of email before they evaporate entirely.

Okay, that was the first one – that in 1975/76 none but the most adept would have ever imagined that Bill Breiding would own a computer that corrected his still execrable spelling (at age forty-one – as Phil Paine said when he found out I had a computer: "technology saved your ass!"), and that Bill Breiding would find himself writing Bill Bowers a LoC and sending it to him, not by physically having it carried to him, but by jacking into a phone line and transmitting it into the screaming void, and a few minutes later, if Bowers is on the ball, he can jack in on the other side and receive it, down load it to his computer and spit out for the next **OW**, if he so chooses, no muss, no fuss, no retyping – except maybe to edit? – no nothing! Today this all seems very mundane and everyday, but back in mid 1970s, it was still (what Harry Warner refers to in his fannish history books as) "being touched by science fiction." If you'd told me all of this back then, I would have said "not in a million years." But here I am – only 21 years later doing things that a protagonist in a John Brunner novel might have been doing then – and not thinking twice about it.

Another profoundly inconsequential thought that ran through my mind was, why am I finding so much more to respond to in this 20 year old fanzine than I did the latest **OW (68)**? It wasn't that the letters in **OW68** were less interesting than the letters in **OW29.5**. At first, I did a typically Wm. Breiding thing and blamed myself. There is a pet theory among those whom I have been involved that true appreciation on my part does not come until after I can no longer have someone, not while I have them. The big problem for me is that I can't deny this theory, because it smacks so incredibly close to the truth. If you bring this theory of inadequacy in my personal relationships to the realm of fanzines could it be that I can't appreciate **OW** to it's fullest until 20 years after the fact? I certainly hope this isn't the case, but it has crossed my mind while reading, and so completely enjoying **OW29.5**. If this *\*is\** the case, then perhaps in another 20 years, when I'm in my sixties (hopefully you'll be alive, you old geezer, you!), there will be time machines – which seems as unlikely *\*now\** as email might have back in the '70s – that I will be able to hop into, travel back in time, and pre-empt my younger self from being in these relationships by having my current old-geezer self be involved instead. Since I will be in my sixties I will be able to fully appreciate these young women that I no longer "have."! And think of the locs I could write **OW**. I could kick Ted White's butt!

Other thoughts of profound inconsequence: As you may or may not know, one of the things that I've been harping upon of late in locs (which everyone is refusing to print) is that 1973 was the last major influx of teenage neofans. Unfortunately, almost everyone from that era has either faded away, become a Well Known Gafiate or retired to *Outworlds*, the nineties version of FAPA, where the old and tired breathe their last before expiring altogether. (That may be hitting a little too close to home these days – sorry!) If one of these fans from 1973 were still publishing their ish – HI, LEAH!!! – I might have a place to build upon my platform that fandom is, indeed, dead. **OW29.5** is a sure sign of that. Look at the vigor, newness and enthusiasm that is reflected in these letters. It was, improbably, an exciting time to be in fandom, and little did we know, likely the last goshwowboyohboy era in which we could be involved. I mean who is arguing over Delany novels now, and taking it seriously, as if it were life and death? All the those teenagers and twenty-something fans infused the boring old farts like you with a sense of fire and purpose. But it appears to have been the last spurt. Everyone one got old or middle-aged and these tempests in a mimeo-machine hold little interest or meaning anymore. Fandom is dying off – as we have known it – sure, we have the lollygaggers and the nostalgia freaks and the truly dedicated faneds still, but everything is entirely sedated and backward looking. There is no present-tense enthusiasm, and nothing at all forward-looking, because science fiction has become too diffuse and culture has evolved so that neos like myself who became fannish remain just readers and publish zines of general interest that never touch us in fandom unless we reach out to become involved with them, and thus the tables are turned, and *\*we\** are the neos! As I've said in a LoC elsewhere that probably won't get printed, by 2050 fandom will be nothing but an arcane, dead subculture that the occasional researcher may find fascinating. I'm not complaining. I'm happy to have been here and a part of the days of dying. (Time to go read Jack Vance!)

The current '90s **OW** is an excellent example of this. There is no doubt that you still publish one of the best, if not *\*the\** best, fanzine around. But **OW**, like most other fanzines I receive (which I admit is not many), are publishing in two primary areas: non-fannish essay and fannish memoir. This isn't your fault, of course. Just the way it is. You can't dictate a person's interest, nor what they will write about, and I am a prime example of this. Science fiction just isn't elemental to our lives anymore. Where are the raging feuds between Kim Stanley Robinson and Orson Scott Card and Harry Turtledove? Ha! I don't think so! Why isn't it a scandal that Robert Jordan's billions of words are so popular, and where are the people arguing about it? Even cyberpunk came and went and was assimilated without much discussion. And if they had, would you be inclined to publish it? I thought not.

As I said, all profoundly inconsequential. And now, going from the profoundly inconsequential, to the sublimely so:

All of the opinions are in, so we can deduce that Robin Michelle Clifton's "*On the Origin of the Fanzine Species*" was a spoof. This became clearest in Darroll Pardoe's letter wherein he asserts that Times New Roman was not invented until about sixty years following "*Quarter Revolt Quarterly*". If this is actually so, then the discussion ends here. The next question we have to address is whether R.M. Clifton was, in fact, a hoax herself, which

Roy Tackett seems to be asserting, in his usual crotchety manner. And was it Neal Wilgus who was perpetuating this whole thing, and did he take Bob Tucker in or was Mr Wilson Tucker colluding, sly rascal that he is known to be? I suppose I could research it by tracking copies of the 1970s era *Small Press Review*, which actually did and still does exist, under Len Fulton's guiding hand. And finally, at the risk of embarrassing you, Bill, when you published Clifton's piece what was your take on it? Were you being erudite, or simply thick headed? Stop blushing and fess up!

Hilariously, though Delany was one of my favorite contemporary authors, I \*still\* haven't read **DHALGREN**, though I did go on to read, finally, **FALL OF THE TOWERS!** (Which, at best, could be considered 'juvenilia'.)

Before signing off (I assure you that I will read the remaining 30 or so pages of **OW29.5**, but I can't guarantee you'll get a response) I have one further question/deal to voice.

[Date: Sun, 21 Dec 1997 12:10:47 -0700]

Subject: *One More Time...*

Okay, so I lied again.

I finished **OW29.5** just a few minutes ago. In regards to Mike O'Brien's letter (which I'm sure you were typing with a smirk!): It is cold and very rainy day here in Tucson, and there is much snow on the surrounding mountains. I'm sure the holiday ski-bums are rejoicing. Fine with me. I plan to crank the heat (if it's cold) and stay in bed all day on Christmas, drink coffee, and read fanzines and John Varley short stories.

You must be one of the very last of the Old Time Fanzine Editors, the kind Harry Warner mentions in his fan history books. You know, the ones that take their publishing seriously, send out polls, do indexes and generally wrap things up to the \*nth\* degree; kinda like the structure in **DHALGREN** – either you believe in it or you don't. (Okay, it's time to fess up, again: you never read **DHALGREN** either, did you?)

*Outworlds* is turning into a Vonnegut novel, and you are Seriously Fucking With Our Heads. More than a few times I had the sense of becoming unhinged in time while reading **OW29.5**, and your editorial natter didn't help much to screw me back down to the reality of the '90s, as a matter of fact it sent me further spiraling.

I don't know that there is much point in further commenting on this somewhat belated issue, but I do have to say that the transfer over to your PC on page 47 \*was\* startling, and the affect, was, well, yes, it sure does look a lot prettier than the rest of the issue. . . and I see absolutely nothing wrong with justified rights; are they too formal or "cold" for you, is that it? Don D'Ammassa went on to try his hand at fiction, and his horror novel was a piece of terrible hack work that I was unable to finish: I don't hold it against him, but I would like to see how he would review his own novel. Dave Vereschagin's riffing on BNFism: it's all so perfectly clear now, the way he conducted himself, when he took the entirety of West Coast Fandom by storm! I know there were some who looked at fandom this way, similar to rising on a corporate ladder, or becoming a rock star, but certainly the majority of fans became BNFs simply as a by-product of their interest; their interest lead to activity, their activity lead to being Well Known, which eventually lead to becoming a BNF. I know you had Ambitions, Bill, but wasn't being a BNF more of a by-product of doing something you loved in an area that fascinated you? In my experience, from my era, the BNFs I met (or "viewed" as the case may have been) were generally genuinely nice people. I doubt that anyone who was this predatory about BNHood ever really made it there. And speaking of "predatory": Patrick Neilsen-Hayden's quote, "Fandom is also a haven for people who prey. . ." Well, he ought to know. The only boo-boo you made here was with Jackie's letter. It should have been the very last one, for certainly this is really where your heart is.

I admit, I'm slightly worried about you. I've sent a number of messages with no response. I'm hoping that you didn't fly off the handle after being let go at work – we don't need you to be going postal on us – and assure myself that you are still employed and probably just working on the new **OW** or have taken the week off to spend Christmas with your Mom, or some such.

In any case, when you get back to it, write me a note.

[Date: Mon, 22 Dec 1997 12:02:34 -0700]

Bill,

Great to hear from you. I gave up worrying, getting some sort of emanation that everything was okay with you. Happy to hear that was the right emanation, and it wasn't being confused with the one where you were feeling great for finally blowing your boss away. .

There were many more things I could have gone on about in **OW29.5**. Such as Chris' "cover" (even before I got down to his name, it was ear marked a Chris Sherman prank), Larry's letter (what a hoot – Larry goes on the road twenty years later! Early mid-life crisis?), Sutton's superbly arrogant one line paragraphs, the "Jessica" in the poll (which, by the way, considering the times and the way she went on about her Varleyian "change", I think it was taken by her and most of your readership in the way it was intended – I certainly chuckled when I saw it in 1997), the interesting fact that Billy Ray was the only contributor to be in both the worst and the best in two different categories (oh Billy, come back to us!), Robert Runte's sublime locs (by the way – I was cleaning up my e-address book today, and while in there popped off Frank Denton a note (encase you hadn't) asking him to send you Randy Reichardt's postal address, and also Robert Runte's and Dave Verschagin's, if he was still in touch), Bob Hamlin's sub/loc ravings, the fact that I can't remember why you didn't go pro – did Ro flake out? – and I'm glad you didn't (though it sure would be a different world by now if you had!), and again, the weirdness I felt for being able to more fully to respond to this ancient, heady brew than the current **OW**.

[In response to my query for Sutton's address – and as to whether I should send him a copy....]

As to your question. . . should you send it to him? Well, he would probably now have the same response as he did then. Ironically, he found most fans and fanzine fandom to be utterly "mundane", too chatty and light, though he adored Ed Cagle. So I leave that decision to you. Though his own letter would probably make the blood rush to his face.

Bill. You have an 11,000 word piece plus my 7,000 word piece for **OW69**? You are fucking nuts. Is the 11,000 worder Rot-sler's last piece? No. I know! It's a new column by that right wing (...), Poul Anderson... called "**Beer Language Mutterings At Midnight**".

Use your Five Days Of Unpaid Time Off well. . .

[Date: Wed, 24 Dec 1997 00:01:19 -0700]

**SUTTON BREIDING** That's a mighty strange artifact you just sent me – thank you – I should have been relegated to the WAHF listing, or better, left unacknowledged. At the time, I had no idea Johnny Rotten was referring to me in his song "**Pretty Vacant**" – Time is not kind. Nor anything else. [postmarked 12/30/97]

*I disagree. Personally, time is a lot kinder than the present, sometimes. In any event, it was not done to embarrass anyone except, possibly myself.*

*The e-LoCs seemed to hang together. But I did receive a few other – most via postcard – responses:*

**GEORGE FLYNN** **OW 29.5** received, as you continue to give a new meaning to "timebinding". (Has it occurred to you that some people will respond to your prominently displayed 1976 address?) Oh well, at least my locs don't seem too embarrassing. [12/23/97]

**ARTHUR D. HLAVATY** Many thanks for the new/old *Outworlds*. I don't know about others, but I can look at my 20-year-old locs without wanting to throw up. This may be one of the advantages of not maturing.

**MIKE GLICKSOHN** I know of nobody else who would *start* compiling a collection of sixteen year old letters let alone take five years to finish the job but that's a part of what makes you so special to so many of us. (I've read the first few pages, frequently shaking my head in bewilderment at some of the references and occasionally pondering "Who the hell was that?" and I expect to read through to the end of the issue eventually. But I will **N\*Q\*T** be loccing 29.5, and that's a promise!) [12/31/97]

**ROBERT LICHTMAN** A pleasant surprise to receive an envelope from you with *Outworlds* Nos. 27.5 and 29.5, both meant to be published at a time in fandom when I wasn't present. Many unfamiliar names here, but then some poignantly familiar ones: LoCs in both issues from Seth Goldberg, for instance. And a letter from "Bill" Breiding. Was he

"new" then? I haven't read either of these issues for content yet, except to sift through and enjoy *your* bits. I'm incredibly behind in fanzine reading, but am keeping them on the current pile rather than filing them away.

[January 6, 1998]

## SKEL

Received *Outworlds* 29.5 a couple of days ago and I have to say you come across as being overly defensive when you say about your statement that it would be out "something" ("sometime" surely) "in the Spring", and then you went on to add "Ah, well. Probably the only time in history I've 'promised' an issue, and not delivered on time." Who says you didn't deliver on time? After all, you never said *which* Spring. For Spring '98 you're actually months early.

I've read bits of *Outworlds* 29.5, and will doubtless eventually read it all (because I'm precisely the *sad* kind of person who's unable to put ancient letters of little interest written by people whose names I'd long forgotten straight on the shelf where it belongs).

Saturday 7<sup>th</sup>, February 1998]

I have read the entire issue now and can only paraphrase my original comments. The words 'anal' and 'retentive' come to mind. I cannot believe that even the people whose egoboo this was supposed to be will give a shit after this lapse of time. Or perhaps not. After all my own name appeared but once yet it leapt out at me as if in large neon letters. Perhaps egoboo does not have a 'sell-by' date. Either way though I can't help but think that *Outworlds* 29.5 is a guilt-driven thing and that the world would be a better place (i.e. have more issues of the current *Outworlds* in it) if your conscience were easier salved. One thing I did notice about the letters were that they were all triumphs of content over style. None of them 'sang'. Was that down to your editing or is it that only sercon folk tended to respond to that incarnation of *Outworlds*?

[Saturday 14<sup>th</sup>, February 1998]

## DARRELL SCHWEITZER

Wow, what a Flash From the Past, as we used to

say when we are young and foolish. I suppose I could disavow my letter herein by pointing out that since it was written virtually every cell in my body has been replaced by natural processes, and therefore I am not the same person I was in 1976. My comment that *DHALGREN* marked a transition for Delany is obviously prophetic. What he was in the process of doing in 1976 was losing his old audience entirely. There was a fannish parlour game at the time of "How far did you get?" regarding *DHALGREN*. I was really exceptional in having finished it. The usual breaking points were about pp 60, 200, or 400. Robert Whitaker, as I recall, got to only a very few pages before the end and then quit. 21 years later I must admire, not the book, but the willingness of its author and editor (Frederik Pohl - "Fred's Folly", they called it at Bantam, before the sales reports started coming in) to take risks. I doubt the book would have been publishable in today's corporate-dominated publishing scene. Delany wrote what he had to, not what the market expected, and nowadays he is reprinted by university presses & regarded as this writer of dense, difficult, & profound work, rather like James Joyce. He may be more admired than read, but in terms of genre SF his career died and went to Heaven. If the SF fans can't follow, he doesn't need them.

[12/24/97]

...I just went and took down my copy of *DHALGREN*, looking in vain for a bookmark indicative of how far I actually "got". I know that, for years, I referred to it as my "Laundromat book". But the complex I moved into in the mid-eighties had laundry facilities, and when I moved into this house almost ten years ago, I bought (and paid for twice; but that's another convoluted tale) a washer & dryer....

Still, who knows. Given my strange reading patterns, the not far-fetched notion that some day I may be forced to return to Laundromats, and now that I've been reminded about it....

...and, yes, I did manage to find a few of those Lost Fans I was "looking" for:

## RANDY REICHARDT

On 22 Jan 98 at 20:43, Bill Bowers wrote:

> It is good to hear from you. And I'm pretty sure I got your  
> address from Frank Denton; I hope he didn't do wrong by giving it  
> to me...?

No problem, Bill. I was just surprised to get the 'zine because my address in unlisted, but also because I've been out of fandom for so many years.

> I'd mailed a copy to Robert a week or so before yours -- but the  
> address I was given was one in Alberta.  
> Is that his "home" address? How's Canadian Post about  
> forwarding...? (I hesitate to ask...)

That is still Robert's home address, but he is living in Toronto while on sabbatical from his U Lethbridge job. He was also married recently and his wife is expecting a child soon. I suspect he'll be back in Lethbridge in May or June.

> And particular thanks for Stu's address; he was always one of my  
> favorite artists. Is he teaching in Boston?

Stu is a professor at the Harvard School of Business Administration. His father was also an economist, so I guess it runs in the family.

> You didn't say anything in specific about the "issue"; it has  
> drawn some rather interesting response -- and it was, I feel,  
> "worth" doing.

And it was interesting to read. I scanned some of it, read other bits here and there. Robert's second letter fascinated me in that it was a typical example of how much energy he would pour into responding to an issue of a well-made fanzine, while concurrently trying to finish his PhD (which only took him ten years!). Otherwise it was hard for me to relate to a lot of what was said, as I don't have most of my fanzine collection (some of which went to Robert), and the rest is soon to be donated to the University here (or at least a substantial chunk of it, anyway). My fannish days are long behind me, but seeing so many of those names brought back memories.

I recall attending MidWestCon(?) in Cincinnati in 1977, and met Jodie's daughter Missy, who I thought was adorable. It scares me to think that Missy would now be 32 or 33 years old. If you see either of them, also pass along a hello for me.

> I'll say Hi to Jackie, when I go up next weekend.

I'd appreciate that very much. Please tell her I'm thinking about her, given what you told me of her condition. I recall her as being very kind to me in the mid-70s, when I was an overeager neo-fan just getting into sf fandom. She made the experience worthwhile in those days for me.

## ...I ALSO HEARD FROM:

### Terry Jeeves Tara

The "hassle", and expense, of finishing-up *Outworlds* 29.5 was Worth It ... for two reasons:

The "reaction" of (although the others were appreciated) one Wm. Breiding....

...and, apart from the simple fact that there are probably one or three mis-filed, for the first time in more than 25 years I can state, with some small measure of pride, that all the LoCs in-house are either printed or LAHF'ed. This is one monkey off my back!

I've sent the two lettercolumn "issues" to as many of the contributors as I have been able to locate. A few are no longer reachable by this Postal System; I continue to "look" for others....

The print runs are limited, but I should have a few extras. If you are intrigued by a hundred pages of letters, by and about people & topics which once passed this way, either issue is available for \$3.00. \$5.00 for both. Overseas: Long Term readers — On "request".

While they last.

Remember: *It is Never Too Late* to comment on an issue of *Outworlds*. All the way back to Issue One. ...either one.





## INotherWorlds

...not necessarily a "review" column; simply a listing of "stuff" I find intriguing ... and would like you to be aware of.

[Where addresses aren't given, they'll probably be noted in the Listing of this issue's Contributors.]

**REDD BOGGS: Selected Works [Volume One]** Edited and Published by Dave Rike, POBox 11, Crockett CA 94525.  
Available by trade of for US\$5.00 + postage.

This is a 54-page, primarily facsimile, collection of a wide variety of Redd's work, ranging from the very early '50s thru 1982. Dave gave this to me at last year's Corflu; I hope that copies are still available – for anyone unfamiliar with the Boggs "style" – written & graphic. And I sincerely hope that there will be future volumes.

**The Least Horrible of ROY TACKETT** The Bushell Press, 4740 N. Mesa #108, El Paso, TX 79912. US\$10.00

"Thirty years of Writings" – plus "a never-before-published interview" – by/with the 1997 Worldcon Fan GoH – and one of fandom's original curmudgeon's.... That "interview" is a "Chat" with Dave Locke which, in a different lifetime – had I not taken a "break" – might well have appeared in these pages. Copies are still available from Richard Brandt – the Man Behind the Press – who answered my query:

Checks should be payable to Me. (Well, "Richard Brandt," actually.) Sure I'm willing to eat the postage (which is \$1.35 a copy, should you happen to mention that....)

I do recommend your increasing your familiarity with the mind of Mr. Tackett; and it would be a nice gesture to include the postage when writing to Mr. Brandt.

**Fanthology '93** Edited by Robert Lichtman, for Corflu Wave ['97] Availability? [Try contacting Alyson Abramowitz, 999 Perriera Drive, Santa Clara, CA 95051]

Somewhere, in the basement – long buried in a box several-times

transported from abode to abode, there resides a copy of something titled *Science Fiction Digest*. This was acquired some thirty years ago, at a point at which it was still possible to acquire some fanzines of a previous era (in this case the early '50s) at a "reasonable" cost. As I recall, it is/was a digest-sized offset fanzine, center-stapled, with the flip side [ACE Double-style; and *how long* before we'll have to annotate *that* reference?] being another Atlanta (?) based fanzine. Ever since seeing that, I've always thought the "idea" of an annual, if not more frequent, *Reader's Digest*-without-the-condensation of Fanzine material something that could be interesting. Even in these days, or maybe even all the more so in these days – there are simply too many fannish "options" to realistically expect to be able to access all the Good Stuff fans (still) do.

I'm not quite sure if it came out in 1965, or not, but I still fondly recall (and have, somewhere) Terry Carr & Mike Domina's *Fanthology '64*; after all, it reprinted two items (one by Harry Warner, Jr.; the other...?) from *Double:Bill*.

I think I have copies of the '75 [Bruce Arthurs] and '76 [Victoria Wayne] versions – but am less certain of the '81 edition, edited by Patrick & Teresa Nielsen-Hayden.

The current "run" started with *Fanthology '86*, edited by Mike Glycer and published by Dennis Virzi. I admit I don't recall what prompted this – was it Nasfic? – and an examination of my copy doesn't give a clue, but it is highlighted by a lengthy Dozois-style "over-view" of the-year-in-fandom, by Mike, a feature that most (all?) successive volumes have regrettably skipped.

Beginning with "his" Corflu [El Paso; 1991], Richard Brandt's *Fanthology '87* has "tied" the series into an annual Corflu-project. Which is a Good Thing.

I don't have F'90, edited by Mark Loney, but, hopefully I'll be able to land a copy of that.

Each volume, obviously reflects the prejudices – and the accessibility of material – of the respective editor, but overall, it's one of fandom's more visible forms of time-binding, and as such, should be encouraged.

Much of the preceding information comes from a response by Robert Lichtman to my inquiry as to the availability of last year's edition. Since he edited it.... He doesn't have copies of that, but he *does* have copies of *Fanthology '92*, which he also Edited, available for \$5.00 postpaid. Go, Thou, and...

[I'd like to thank Joyce & Arnie for sending me a copy of "their" edition. And I should note that Richard's edition is now on-line, at his web-site.]

...so: was there a *Fanthology* published this year?

I'll gladly list the availability, if any, of previous editions of the *Fanthology* series, as well as published TAFF & DUFF "reports", and other fannish "projects". If such information is provided; I'm certainly not aware of a lot of things, until they are out-of-print, and I'm certain I'm not alone....

HAVING ONLY HAD WEB-ACCESS FOR A WEEK, as I write this, [obviously some time back, \*sigh\*] I must admit that I've spent an unconscionable amount of time, to the detriment of the Goal of Getting Thish Out – not so much browsing as simply finding, and "bookmarking" an endless series of URLs to fannish, skiffy, and mystery-related sites. I'm sure this will show up, to the chagrin of those like myself until ever so recently, in some form in future issues. But not just yet.

I've largely \*ignored\* -- because it wasn't relevant to me/my fandom, the "discussion" over the past several years, as to whether on-line material should be "eligible" for fannish "awards". My insight may change, but my perception is that, if is not in-print, i.e., in hard copy, it is not "generally available". But then, since I specify this particular fanzine as being available for "Editorial Whim" (and cash) – and *not* "The Usual" [despite that being cited by some reviewers] – some would say that OW is not "generally available" either. And I probably wouldn't argue with them....

Still, having "discovered" a new Source, along with back-mailings of FLAP, of potential material to reprint/recycle, you will undoubtedly see the results – only just begun with this issue – from time to time.

This is all "prelude" to:

You know, they're right. There is an awful lot of bad writing on-line. So far, in my limited experience, not that much more, but certainly not that much less, than ink/toner/whatever-on-paper. But there is also some things that the electronic medium seems to offer, while not intrinsically better-or-worse than other media, that makes wading through all the so-called humor worthwhile. And, knowing me, I do know that eventually I *will* do an e-zine, of one sort or another. I'm not saying that the following will serve as a "model" – probably not; but it will definitely be cited as an "influence".

I RECALL, VAGUELY, a mention in *Ansible*, but it wasn't until Wm. Breiding e-mailed me: "You really *should* be getting this!" – that I "found" *Jerome Journal*. It is, simply (and yet, not so simply) an e-mail collection of diary/journal entries, produced in spurts, followed by gaps, recounting Charles Platt's decision to relocate from New York City to the "wilds" of Arizona. And How He Got There. And Who He Found There. With Digressions Along the Way. It is personal writing personified, egotistical-yet-observant.

Charles "sent" me a couple of sample installments; I immediately requested all the "back issues". It started last July; the latest "chapter" is dated 19 April, "On Location in Vancouver".

I anticipate the next installment; whenever it shows up in my InBox.

Not everyone on-line is going to be interested; that's the way it goes. But if you think you might, nicely request a sample installment or two from Charles: **Charles Platt <cp@panix.com>**

[And to those of you not on-line, I apologize for the "tease". I do enjoy it enough so that I requested permission to serialize an edited version of the 60,000 – probably more – words-to-date in these pages. Charles declined, for reasons I *do* understand; but the offer was legitimate. And it stands, should he ever change his mind.]

[And Breiding is "concerned" about my running an 11,000 word piece (Steve's) in the same issue as an 7,000 word entry (his)....!]

I "PROMISE" NOT – having more than once been accused of being overly-esoteric in other areas of my life – to make this "column" (or this fanzine) totally inaccessible to those not on-line, but as an unrepentant creature of enthusiasms – and this certainly *is* a new one – I will share with you Neat Sites/Stuff that I have found.

I will strive for moderation.

Yes.

THE PERPETUALLY FLOATING **Larry Downes** has co-authored a book:

**Unleashing the Killer App : Digital Strategies for Market Dominance**  
by Larry Downes, Chunka Mui, Nicholas Negroponte  
List: \$24.95 Hardcover, 224 pages  
Published by Harvard Business School Press  
Publication date: May 1998 ISBN: 087584801X

Reviews and Commentary for *Unleashing the Killer App : Digital Strategies for Market Dominance*

#### Book Description :

When digital technologies, products, and services converge in radical, creative new ways, a killer app can emerge—transforming industries, redefining markets, and annihilating the competition. Tempted by the promise of such profound power, companies ranging from the largest multinationals to individual entrepreneurs are remaking themselves into organizations that nurture, rather than merely respond to, killer apps. How do they do it? Strategists Larry Downes and Chunka Mui argue that managers must abandon many of their most cherished planning and control processes. Control and consistency are replaced with chaos and creativity, and old strategies are replaced with digital strategies. *Unleashing the Killer App* demonstrates how managers are rewriting the rules of business to face this digital ultimatum, upending management science as we know it. This is not your father's business book.

The authors create an innovative framework for applying the timeless theories of Gordon Moore, Robert Metcalfe, and Nobel prize winner Ronald Coase to accelerate and multiply transactions—while reducing transaction costs—in cyberspace. Drawing on their experience and research with leading global businesses, Downes and Mui identify the twelve fundamental design principles for building killer apps. Classic illustrations from history, along with stories from today's most interesting start-ups, underscore the lessons in memorable ways. By revealing the numerous examples of winning and losing strategies that are already in place, *Unleashing the Killer App* provides even technology-phobic executives with the tools they need to lead their enterprises into the digital future.

To unleash killer apps is impossible without the absolute commitment of everyone in the organization, from the development lab to the board room. Customers, suppliers—even competitors—must be part of the process. Digital strategy is more than a vision statement. It is an attitude that thoroughly permeates winning businesses. Done right, it becomes the operating model for the business itself. *Unleashing the Killer App* provides the tools, the techniques, and the proof that's needed to incubate, develop—and release—the killer app that lies within your organization.

From the Inside Flap : "When confronted with market disruption and technology revolution, your biggest challenge is letting go of comfortable old behaviors before they kill you. Downes and Mui get you to move quickly by analyzing the inherent threats embedded in the digital age's "killer apps," and then showing you how to turn those apps into new types of competitive advantage." —Geoffrey A. Moore, Chairman, The Chasm Group, and Author of *Crossing the Chasm* and *Inside the Tornado* "Unleashing the Killer App reinvents strategy for the digital age. It's a major contribution to our understanding of the age of the Internet and a must-read for anyone interested in succeeding in the interactive future." —Don Peppers, Coauthor, *The One To One Future* and *Enterprise One To One* "Downes and Mui go behind the scenes to tell their readers how yesterday's little-known players unleashed killer apps to become today's industry giants. Entrepreneurs who want to make a serious contribution to the digital economy must read *Unleashing the Killer App*." —Kim Polese, President and CEO, Marimba, Inc. "Anybody who still thinks the dawn of the Virtual Age is a pipe-dream had better read this book....Unleashing the Killer App is a scary book for those who've bet the farm on their idea of The Firm." —John Perry Barlow, Co-Founder, Electronic Frontier Foundation "Killer App is the Killer Navigator for digital voyages." —Alan Kay, Disney Fellow and Vice President of R&D, Walt Disney Imagineering "Very thought-provoking and interesting. It will certainly stimulate a great deal of discussion and is quite accessible to a wide readership. Downes and Mui present a very compelling and novel set of arguments, quite relevant to today's business decision makers." —David P. Reed, former Vice President and Chief Scientist, Lotus Development Corporation "Larry and Chunka will push their readers' thinking off the beaten path." —Andrew Lippman, Associate Director, Media Laboratory, Massachusetts Institute of Technology "This book really should be read by everyone in business who is concerned about how their businesses will emigrate to cyberspace." —Joe Pine, Founder, Strategic Horizons LLP, and Author, *Mass Customization* "Unleashing the Killer App provides three vital things: a cogent analysis of what is happening to value (not just technology) in the business arena, a framework for thinking about principle-centered action during these volatile times, and a link to executive action....The linkage among Coase, Moore, and Metcalfe is elegant and relevant." —John Sviokla, Associate Professor, Harvard Business School

About the Author : Larry Downes is a consultant and speaker, and writer. He is an adjunct professor of law at Northwestern University and a visiting fellow of the Diamond Exchange, an executive learning forum that brings together senior executives with leading strategy, technology, and learning experts. Chunka Mui is a partner with Diamond Technology Partners, director of the Diamond Exchange, and executive editor of the business journal *Context*.

[The preceding was "borrowed" from Amazon.com.]  
...or, check it out at: <http://www.killer-apps.com>  
[I suspect the book is a bit over my head, but....]

THE PERPETUALLY CHIDING, but kindly so, **Chris Sherman**, has a new on-line "fanzine":

<http://websearch.miningco.com>

[Actually, the MiningCo site has a number of "distracting" pages...]

AS BEFORE, the local club, the **Cincinnati Fantasy Group**, has a constantly improving home page, ably maintained by Scott Street: <http://www.cfg.org> [Check it out ... and come to MidWestCon!]

I'M ADMITTEDLY PROGRAM-HAPPY at the moment, with the subtle \*encouragement\* of Dave Locke, and I hesitate to inflict this particular perversion on you, but I can't resist urging that any of you with a PCbase check out a gem called IrfanView32.

It's an extremely versatile graphics "viewer" that can handle any file I've so far encountered, save said files in differing formats, create wallpaper, slide shows, and so on.

Best of all, it's freeware:

<http://stud1.tuwien.ac.at/~e9227474/>

AND, just so I have company in my misery, this:

Ad-backed ISP Offers Free Net Access

[March 30, 1998] A Cincinnati, OH-based ISP launched a free-to-the-user ad-backed access service in six major markets.

Tritium Network is now operational in Cincinnati, Chicago, Boston, Washington, D.C., New York and San Francisco.

The dial-up service is based on AdPath technology, a push application that shows ads at the bottom of screens, according to an Adweek report. Ads change about every 30 seconds.

Users are required to provide demographic data and fill out monthly questionnaires about buying habits. In turn, Tritium will target ads based on the answers, in an app residing on the desktop. Tritium said it will also provide free e-mail as well as chat and news groups service by this summer.

[I should note that, as with Juno, there is presently no "MAC option". However, unlike Juno, Tritium does promise such support in the future.]

...in the meantime, if you are in one of those six cities, check it out. \*Free\* is \*Good\*.

<http://www.tritium.net/>

WE NOW RESUME more accessible topics:

I've noted before that my interests, written and filmed, lie these days more in the "direction" of mysteries – the hard-boiled / noir aspects, primarily – more-so than skiffy. Two entries, related to that:

**Mystery Scene** Editorial Director: Ed Gorman [from: Mystery Enterprises, POBox 669, Cedar Rapids IA 52406-0669; available on newsstands for \$5.95; subscriptions: \$35. For 6 issues, in the U.S.]

Some of you may recall that name – Ed's – from '60s fandom; others will be familiar with it as a byline on some fine mystery novels. This isn't a fanzine; neither is it as coldly structured as a prozine. There is news (usually dated), reviews, interviews, articles... the mix. A couple of years ago it had a lively lettercol, that reminded me of long-ago fanzines, but that seems to have gone away. Nevertheless, if you're more than superficially interested in mysteries, try at least an issue....

"**Grave Matters**" POBox 32192, Cincinnati OH 45232-0192; 513-242-7527; FAX: 513-242-5115; e-mail: [<books@gravematters.com>](mailto:<books@gravematters.com>); Homepage: [www.gravematters.com](http://www.gravematters.com)

Starting late, and then becoming pre-occupied with "older" mysteries, I had a lot of catching-up to do. And most of the books weren't on library shelves.

I've spent entirely too much money with these folks over the last five years. But I've not had a single "problem".

A monthly catalog is issued; ask for it.

A GOOD CAUSE:

It becomes much, much too easy, in the throes of grasping for the future, to forget Whence We Came....

**The Science Fiction Oral History Association** was founded in 1977 by Lloyd Biggle, Jr., Fred Pohl, and others — and is dedicated to "the recording and archiving of the history of our science fiction community." They do Good Work.

Dues are \$5.00, to:

SFOHA c/o Jean Barnard, 1810 Charlton, Ann Arbor MI 48103

THE MENTION OF **WARHOON 28** earlier prompted me to inquire if it was still available. It is. The one thing *every* fan should have!

>I do have copies. US & Canada it is \$30 including postage. Overseas is >the same for sea mail which I don't recommend. \$35 for better shipping.

Joe Siclari: 4599 NW 5 Ave., Boca Raton FL 33431-4601

[<jsiclari@icanect.net>](mailto:<jsiclari@icanect.net>)

THIS ONE, NOW, is totally out of left field:

I don't do that much "traveling" these days, but when I do....

My sister, who has been a travel agent for a long time, last year opened her own Travel Agency, with a friend. If you have an agent, fine, but if you don't...

**Destination Reflections**

Esther Burkett

1-888-866-5959 [toll-free]

Mention my name – since she won't be seeing this....

SINCE THIS "COLUMN" will probably cover a Multitude of Sins, here-with something rare — a List:

Attention: RON CLARKE \* VINÇ CLARKE \* IAN COVELL \* JOHN FOYSTER \* BRUCE GILLESPIE \* KIM HUETT \* ALAN HUNTER \* TERRY JEEVES \* ERIC LINDSAY/JEAN WEBER \* MARC ORTLEIB \* JOHN D. OWEN \* MAE STRELKOV \* ROGER WADDINGTON \* WALT WILLIS \* ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH

In the Long Ago and Far Away, on my way to the Madison Corflu – in 1993 – I dropped off copies of *Outworlds 66* with Dick & Leah Smith. To be mailed with the next issue of *Stet*. We're still waiting on that, but at MidWestCon last June ['97] I cornered Dick. He said he knew where those envelopes were stashed – and offered to mail them, along with copies of *OW67*, which I provided him with. At Ditto, in October, he told me they had been mailed a week or so before.

This: I have received comments/acknowledgments from several of you on *OW68*, which was mailed a week after Ditto. But, to date, I haven't heard from any of you in regarding issues 66 & 67.

Did any of you get these issues?

If not, write, and I'll replace them, as long as stock remains.

...and this, just in, from a Bill Gates fan:

From: **Chris Sherman** <[csherman@mindspring.com](mailto:csherman@mindspring.com)>

Date: Thu, 23 Apr 1998 08:41:17 -0700

Subject: My "15 minutes of fame" on home.microsoft.com

I've been assimilated by the Evil Empire.

Go to: <http://home.microsoft.com>

Select "Personalize", then in the "computers and internet" section check "The Mining Company." Click update. This takes you back to [home.microsoft.com](http://home.microsoft.com). Scroll down to Computers and Internet, and there, under the Mining Co. section, is a link to my feature about using browser history.

Now if only they could do something about that green-tinged picture...

Chris

**TypeFonts**, this time around:

"Headings": Katrina

"Features": Souvienne 9pt .9 line spacing

"LoCs"/Miscellaneous: Times New Roman 9pt .8 line-spacing

"Editorial Interjections"/"Quotes": Arial 8pt & 9pt.

"Decorations": 

# BackWorlds

...a final, catch-all, place for fancy-striking notions & mentions:

The Search for Those I'm trying to regain contact with, as evidenced by "lists" in **OW68** and **OW29.5**, is on-going – and not as \*simple\* as a web search. But progress is being made: Several of you have kindly provided addresses, and in particular I'd like to thank Ned Brooks and Frank Denton.

IN AN E-MAIL, Frank asked: "Is Brendan DuBois the New Hampshire mystery writer? A couple of novels and scads of short stories."

In a postcard, George Flynn also mentioned the fact that Brendan had a couple of books published. Shortly thereafter, on a January visit to HalfPrice Books, I found:

DEAD SAND [Pocket Books; 1994]; and:  
BLACK TIDE [Pocket Books; 1995]

I enjoyed both, very much, am sorry there aren't apparently any more "Lewis Cole" mysteries, but I will keep an eye out for more of his work. No, I haven't "found" Brendan yet – hopefully I will eventually, if only to tell him how much I've enjoyed discovering his work.

MY READING 'HABITS' have always been as idiosyncratic as any other aspect of My Life; so why should it change in this age of Electrons? A mention by Frank & George sent me off in one direction. My enjoyment of the *Jerome Journal* sent me off in another....

I recalled Charles Platt as a faned – probably not what he wants to be Remembered By – but I realized that I couldn't recall having read any of his fiction. So, when on that self-same trip to HalfPrice, I ran across:

THE SILICON MAN [Bantam Spectra; March 1991]

...I couldn't resist. I'm glad I found it.

IMMEDIATELY THEREAFTER, by a flight of logic understood only to me, I read a book that had been on the Pile for several months:

SILICON SNAKE OIL, by Clifford Stoll [Anchor Books; April 1996 (orig. pub in 1995)]

...extremely \*interesting\*. Particularly given the direction of my life in the past year.

I read THE CUCKOO'S EGG, back shortly after it was published. But, at the time, it was primarily a "mystery" novel to me. I should probably go back and read it from my new perspective, say what?

THIS IS BEING 'ENTERED' at the tail-end of Easter weekend. Yesterday, I watched my *third* film of the year [Altman's *Kansas City*]: this astounding number will intrigue long-time followers of ListMania's Past. The screen I'm facing now, in its own perverse way capable of a multitude of wondrous visual effects, has certainly kept me away from the 25 inch in the living room.

This is, probably, \*good\*.

By the same token, I have, to date, read 27 books this year. That is over half as many as I managed in all of 1997. This, now, I know is \*good\*!

...never fear: no matter what electronic wonders are gifted into My World, I will never desert the tangible universe of paper.

...HE SAID, BEFORE ADMITTING:

I swore, with heartfelt sincerity, that I wouldn't do any publishing on-line that wouldn't also, in some way, be accessible to my non-wired friends.

Nevertheless, on February 22<sup>nd</sup>, I issued forth – to a mailing list of 26, a 'letter-substitute'.

I called it: *e-Worlds.02*.

...and I never got around sending out a hard-copy edition. Most of those contents are covered in other pages in this issue, but, here, for those with completest fetishes, some excerpts:

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## e-Worlds.02

...not an e-zine; simply a Letter Substitute, directed at those whom I not-so-long-ago Replied to at the drop of an electron...

...as well as to \_Outworlds\_ Contributors, ever so patient.

OW69 was 90% "complete", over a month ago; that's exactly where it is today. Then the worst thing that could happen to an addictive personality – me – did:

Web access.

In early January, the local paper's weekly Geek Page mentioned that there was a new ISP in town. And that it was "Free" – unlimited access, no less.

As with Juno, ad-supported – an inch-high sequencing banner ad across the bottom of the screen; but I could deal with that. There were obstacles, of course: you could sign-up – but you had to have web access to download the software. This one isn't, Dave Locke's Fault, but he kindly signed me up, and downloaded the software – which I transported home (six disks worth) – and the rest is history. And a bigger time sink than e-mail. [But you already know this, don't you...?]

I now have a gazillion "bookmarks", newsletters coming in from all over, continually crash, but reboot and go on.

And I mean to respond, to stay in touch – but....

Anyway, that's where I've been.

Otherwise, life goes on: The job got real shaky in December, but I'm still employed. Healthwise, without being overly melodramatic, or even being esoteric, things are happening that I'm having to deal with – and am – but which have potential consequences. I cope, and I appreciate your concern(s) and caring – but this is something I have to work out myself.

Not so ironically, just this month the HMO I pay vast amounts of money to, is raising the hell out of my monthly premium – by my birth-month of July, I'll be shelling out close to \$500/month, with no prescription benefits. At the same time, the coverage itself is being down-sized: Outpatient tests/services is going from 0% to a 30% co-pay, among other "changes".

No, I'm not thrilled by either the health, nor the "cost" of dealing with it – but I will manage both: There are so many others who have it rougher than I, and I am fully aware of that fact.

And that's part of where I'm coming from.

[And, Steve – if I'd had all this back in December, just think how much simpler it would have been!]

The "new" OW will be ... is ... a Good One. And I will get it to you as soon as I possibly can.

My Thanks to Dave Locke and Chris Sherman, for their continual "support", as I bumble my way into cyberspace.

And, to all of you, I appreciate your patience – one more time – with me.... This is just to let you know that, yes, I'm still here; you can't escape that easily.

...but first I have to crank out a FLAPzine, before Carolyn gets irked!

---

...which is all by way of sharing with you (was there ever any doubt?) some of the response it generated:

From: wbreiding@juno.com (Wm. M. Breiding)

Date: Mon, 23 Feb 1998 20:33:45 -0700

Subject: Re: e-Worlds.02

Good to hear you sounding perky and interested in life, and... making excuses, as usual!

~Wm.

From: "Larry Downes (Chiang Mai)" <ldownes@best.com>  
Date: Sun, 22 Feb 1998 11:03:39 +0700  
Subject: Re: e-Worlds.02

Thanks for the letter substitute, which I am reading at an Internet cafe in Chiang Mai, Northern Thailand. This is the miracle of technology in action; I'm in the middle of nowhere, but there are (cheap) Internet access terminals everywhere. I'm headed for Burma in a few days—if I find email access in Pagan, I think I'll actually start to believe my own hype.

From: D Gary Grady <dgary@mindspring.com>  
Date: Mon, 23 Feb 1998 10:52:42 -0500  
Subject: Re: e-Worlds.02

Good to hear from you!

> Otherwise, life goes on: The job got real shaky in December, but  
> I'm still employed. Healthwise, without being overly melodramatic, or even being esoteric, things are happening that I'm having  
> to deal with — and am — but which have potential consequences. I  
> cope, and I appreciate your concern(s) and caring — but this is  
> something I have to work out myself.

Grrrr. So now I have to worry about you non-specifically?

Recently I spoke with a woman who was concerned that she might have breast cancer. She said she was thinking of keeping it a secret from her friends and family, possibly even her lover, so as not to worry them. Before I could stop myself I said (and I wish I were making this up, but I'm not), "Well, if \*I\* had something like that, I'd milk it!"

Jesus Helgesen Christ, and I thought measly \$235 / month sucked.

From: Eric Mayer <egmayer@servtech.com>  
Date: Tue, 24 Feb 1998 22:05:13 -0500 (EST)  
Subject: Re: e-Worlds.02

Well, there's goes your life along with all the rest of us... Actually I have found the internet vastly amusing and useful, contrary to what I had supposed. Although I am gradually learning that it is the whole world out there and that you have to limit yourself. i.e. I mainly read about baseball in the Sporting News which I subscribed to years ago. Sure, there are a zillion other places I could ALSO read, but if I were to go to WorldWide News downtown I wouldn't pick up every baseball magazine on the racks - obviously I'd have no time. Yet, in the past, I was kind of trying to do that with the internet, trying to look at every source, everytime... Also I've learned to stop and take my time and read stuff I find that's interesting, rather than wildly surfing from site to site.

The bad part of contracting is the lack of insurance. Your situation is worse than ours. We basically have no coverage, given our huge deductible, but we pay less for no coverage than you do. I guess that is considered a bargain in health care in this country! We chose our current insurance because it was the only one in the price range with prescription help. A year, or less after, the company just canceled it! Of course, the insured have no recourse. Mary actually got the CEO on the line and bitched to him. He admitted, it was just a matter of money. He was very irritated, and it didn't do us any good, but it was a kind of moral victory.

I don't know if I mentioned it, but, in good news, a story we wrote last spring was purchased by Ellery Queen and we sold another to Mike Ashley, this one a murder mystery involving William the Conqueror. We're currently working on another Shakespearean piece, so we do have some positive things going on if we could just have a little peace.

From: eric@maths.uts.edu.au (Eric Lindsay)  
Date: Tue, 24 Feb 1998 07:57:49 +1100  
Subject: Re: e-Worlds.02

Thanks for the e-letter substitute. Good to hear what you are up to, bad that you have been sucked into the web.

I've asked for voluntary retirement from the University. I don't think they will give it to me (you need to be surplus, and I've been covering two people's jobs for the past year), but if they do they get to pay me for close to a half year.

I've been attending a cardiac rehabilitation clinic in Westmead Hospital four days a week, doing supervised exercises. For the first time this week they took me off the portable ECG while I was exercising. I generally do 7 minutes on a stationary bicycle on gear 8 (the highest), 7 minutes on a 7 kph 16 degree slope treadmill, 5 minutes on a rowing machine at 2.5 seconds per stroke, and up to 10 minutes on a stepping machine at 10.1 floors per minute. In real life, I'm walking an hour a day whenever it isn't too hot, and climbing the stairs at work. I can do the first 8 floors two steps at a time, but the last four floors are a lot slower, and I sure don't look a picture of health by the time I get to my room.

Jean and I are both running multiple multiple parties combined with garage sales. Jean's house goes on the market this weekend, and we both still have far too many books and bits of paper floating around. I need to find homes for my fanzines and apas, as well as for about 7000 books. Still also looking for a good home for Tinka, my mother's cat. I'm throwing out about a metre pile of surplus paper each week, and it doesn't really look like the quantity I have is decreasing.

Back to work full time in two weeks (I've been going in part time for the past 6 weeks). I hope to put Gegenschein 81 on my web site soon, but it isn't complete yet.

From: "PAUL A SKELTON" <skel@lineone.net>  
Date: Wed, 25 Feb 1998 19:28:45 -0000  
Subject: Late OUTWORLDS

Bloody Hell, Bill!

It never occurred to me that :

- 1 - There was another OUTWORLDS 'due'
- 2 - It was 'late'

Neither of these concepts has any validity in connection with your fanzine. Not to mention that you only just sent me an issue. True it was related to almost prehistoric times (full of LoCs by folk saying how sorry King Harold wouldn't be writing for you anymore, what with the arrow in his eye and all that).

Who wants to be doing a fanzine these days anyway.  
Surf's Up!

...not directly in response, but relevant:

From: "PAUL A SKELTON" <skel@lineone.net>  
Date: Tue, 17 Mar 1998 06:12:50 -0000  
Subject: Stuff2

Thots on the Internet/OUTWORLDS conflict...

- (a) No point in doing something for pleasure when you really want to be doing something else.
- (b) Then again, OUTWORLDS will be more use to you (in generating response) once it's 'out there'.
- (c) And the Internet isn't going to go away (though after getting my first month's on-line phone bill I seriously wished it would).

Byeeee

...well, I've dallied enough so that, on 13 April, Larry Downes "wrote":

>I just got back from 7 weeks in Thailand/Cambodia/Burma;  
>awful jet lag but well worth it. What a place.

...but his e-LoC Up There [top, left] from Thailand, along with the fact that, from Australia, Eric was able to make hotel reservations here in Cincinnati via e-mail for Ditto/Octocon — are just two of the more obvious reasons [totally apart from web sites, neat programs, and animated gifs] — that make this "medium" so fascinating. That ... and the instant UpDates from Jean after Eric's heart attack and, now, those from Rob (and others) on the condition of Vinç Clarke. There is, I think, Something of Value in here....



CO 3 123



**Joe R. Christopher**

## **The River of Time:**

### **Eight Comments For an Annish**

#### **I. The Standard Adventure**

Down the river of time I am boating,  
O'er rapids and placids I'm floating;  
The whole course of the river  
Will much pleasure deliver—  
"Look at all who have sunk!" I am gloating.

#### **II. The Highway of Time**

Down the highway of time we are driving.  
Not speeding for all of our striving—  
But later or soon  
Our autos break down—  
No help from the millions surviving.

#### **III. Time Travel á la Frank Tipler**

An infinite cylinder, rotating,  
Allows travel to the past unabating,  
Paradoxes galore,  
Which true fen adore,  
And cross-generational dating.

#### **IV. Time Travel á la Albert Einstein**

While speeding as quickly a light,  
The spaceship is circling its site;  
With time down to zero,  
The spaceman's a hero—  
He's reaching the future in flight.

#### **V. Time Travel á la Kip Thorne**

This cosmos, an apple, has wormholes—  
Too quickly collapsed, as we term holes,  
But if we could brace one,  
The through it displace one,  
Who knows when he'd reach through the squirmholes.

#### **VI. A Stream of Thought**

"What is time?" the philosopher muses.  
"Is it fixed? Is it not? — that confuses;  
Does cause and effect  
Control every aspect?  
Can I change any thing with my ruses?"

#### **VII. The Valuable Minute**

In the river of time I am fishing,  
I'm casting, the reel is now swishing—  
I'll catch me a minute,  
With pleasure within it,  
Not bony and tasteless I'm wishing.

#### **VIII. The Time Traveler**

The river of time is a-flowing—  
How fast it is going, no knowing—  
But 'gainst that strong current,  
Against that great torrent,  
Why, I in my rowboat am rowing.

—Joe R. Christopher; 1993

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 WALTER WILLIS \* 9 Alexandra Road, Donaghadee, N. Ireland BT21 0QD U.K. \* 2542  
 BILLY WOLFENBARGER \* 181 North Polk Street, Eugene OR 97402 \* 2536  
 SUSAN WOOD \* 2496

AFTER TREATING A NUMBER OF PATIENTS, I FEEL THAT IF YOU CHANGED THE SHAPE OF THE AWARD YOU WOULD REALIZE A SIGNIFICANT DECREASE IN THE NUMBER OF FANS SUFFERING FROM HUGO ENVY



THAT'S IT—I'M CHANGING MY NAME TO **NO AWARD**



THE QUICK RECAP: FARMER SMITH OF MANTECA STUNNED THE WORLD WITH PROOF THAT HE HAS TAUGHT HIS PET, WILBUR, HOW TO FLY.

EFFORTS ARE STILL UNDERWAY TO RESTART CHRONOMETERS IN THE PACIFIC TIME ZONE, ALL OF WHICH STOPPED AT 8:15 PM TODAY.

THE VATICAN, AFTER MONTHS OF RESEARCH, HAS DECLARED THAT ALL REFERENCES TO HELL AS A HOT FIERY PLACE ARE TO BE DELETED.

AND THIS JUST IN: ANDREW I. PORTER HAS WON...



WELL, I LOST AGAIN. GUESS I CAN GO TO THE BATHROOM NOW



THANK YOU FOR NOTIFYING ME OF MY NOMINATION, DAVID

SWELL. YET ANOTHER REASON FOR FANS TO HATE ME

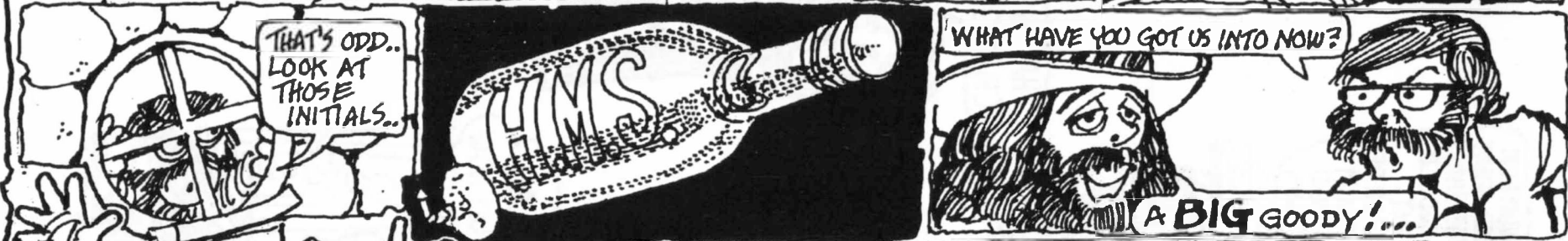
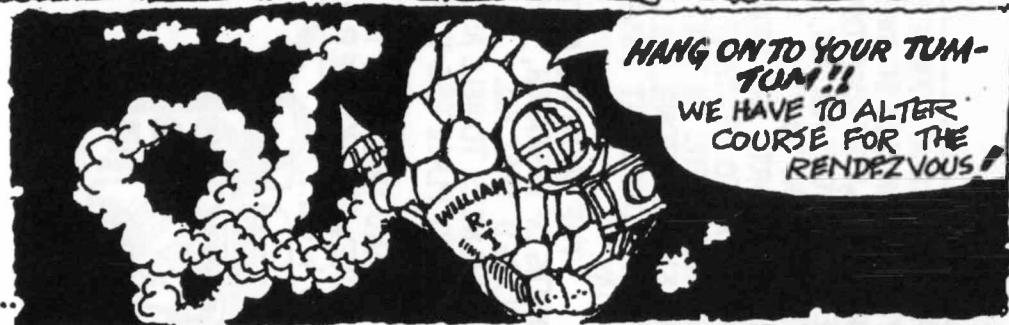


# MUMPS

by  
Derek  
Parks-Carter

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1993

**CHAPTER SIX** ~ A SELF-INDULGENT SAGA CONTINUES AS DEREK & MICHAEL HURTLE AT STAGGERING SPEEDS THROUGH THE UNCHARTED VOIDS OF ETERNAL SPACE SEARCHING FOR ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCES OF WHICH WE POOR EARTHBOUND MORTALS CAN MERELY DREAM..



... AND SOME TIMES 'TIS BETTER TO DREAM...  
... ONWARDS →