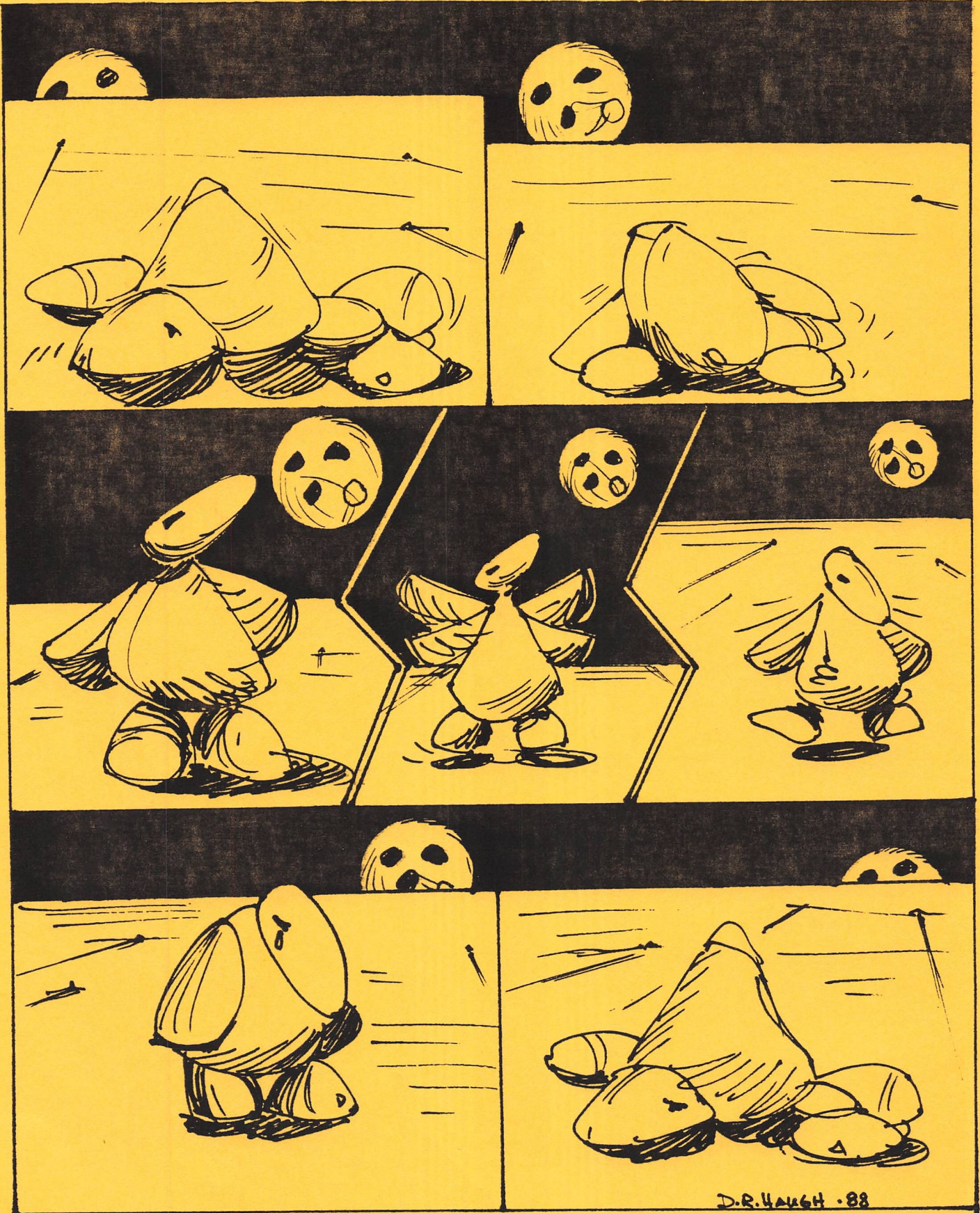
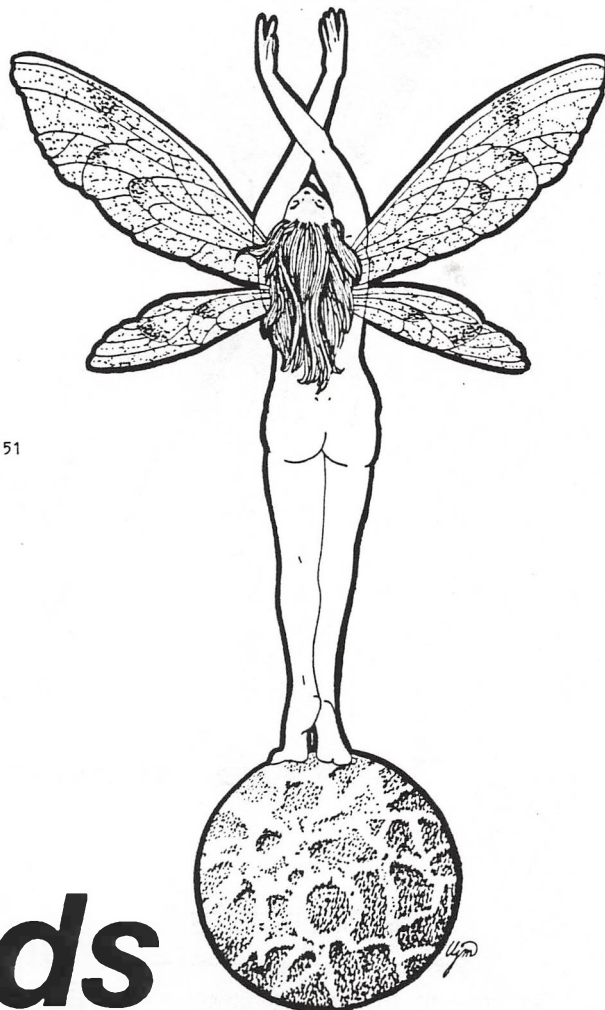


Hunter



...in this Issue:

FORREST ANSON AVERY : 2127
RICHARD BERGERON : 2075 [reprint]
SHERYL BIRKHEAD : 2075 • 2076 • 2113
JEANNE BOWMAN : 2082 • 2083 • 2084 • 2086 • 2152
BILL BOWERS : 2050 • 2051 • 2061 • 2157 • plus
RICHARD BRANDT : 2077 • 2078 • 2079 • 2154
WILLIAM BREIDING : 2089-2091 • 2092-2096 • 2097-2099 • 2154
BRIAN EARL BROWN : 2070
BUCK COULSON : 2133
IAN COVELL : 2120 • 2151
NAOMI COWAN-BARKLEY : 2138
AL CURRY : 2139
LARRY DOWNES : 2155
BRAD W. FOSTER : 2138 • 2139 • 2158
JOHN GIUNTA : 2064 • 2065 • 2067 • 2068 • 2069
MIKE GLICKSOHN : 2142(2) • 2143
DEREK GRIME : 2061 • 2084 • 2112 • 2143
TEDDY HARVIA : 2132 • 2141
DAVID R. HAUGH : 2048 • 2073 • 2089(2) • 2107 • 2165
ALAN HUNTER : Cover/Bacover • 2092 • 2102 • 2103
TERRY JEEVES : 2055 • 2062
SANDRA JORDAN : 2100 • 2101 • 2134
ROBERT LICHTMAN : 2086
ERIC LINDSAY : 2106 • 2107
DAVE LOCKE : 2135 • 2158
DICK LYNCH : 2157 (photo)
LAURIE MANN : 2122 • 2123 • 2125
LINDA MICHAELS : 2049 • 2111 • 2135 • 2157
SAM MOSKOWITZ : 2063 • 2064
JODIE OFFUTT : 2073 • 2074
MARC ORTLIEB : 2104 • 2105
PaM : 2093 • 2123
PEGGY RAE PAVLAT : 2074
BRUCE PELZ : 2059 • 2074 • 2125 • 2126 • 2131 • 2154
WILLIAM ROTSLER : 2071 • 2079 • 2080 • 2096 • 2098 • 2151
WILLIAM ROTSLER/DEREK CARTER : 2129
THOMAS D. SADLER : 2128
CHRIS SHERMAN : 2111 • 2112 • 2114 • 2115 • 2116
SKEL : 2145
CAS SKELTON : 2145 (photo)
STEVE STILES : 2104 • 2120
TARAL WAYNE : 2116
DAVID THAYER : 2132
BOB TUCKER : 2129
MICHAEL W. WAITE : 2126
ROGER WEDDALL : 2107 • 2108 • 2109-2110
TED WHITE : 2057 • 2061
WALT WILLIS : 2144
BILLY WOLFENBARGER : 2099 • 2100
ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH : 2144
JOEL D. ZAKEM : 2075 • 2076



outworlds sixty-two

OUTWORLDS • "The Eclectic Fanzine" • is Available by Editorial Whim. Contributions welcomed.

This Issue: \$7.50 • Subscriptions: 5 Issues for \$20.00 • This counts as Two on new subs
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January, 1992 • The 22nd Anniversary Issue • This is My Publication #178 • 1/20/92

BILL BOWERS □ POBox 58174 □ Cincinnati □ OH □ 45258-0174



"...the ever dreaming Bowers"*

"...publishing a fanzine is to a large extent the art of the possible vs. the impossible dream."
 ---Peter Gill • ENERGIUMEN #2

"Welcome to the largest chunk of his life that Bowers has ever devoted to any one thing. I began 'dummying-up' the Wolfenbarger 'book' the weekend before Thanksgiving ... and now, this last weekend in February, only one page, plus the 3 of this remain to be run off. And it will be mid-March, I'm afraid, before all the stacks scattered throughout the house are sorted ... and that last staple is banged home...."
 ---Bill Bowers • p. 564 • OUTWORLDS 15 [90 pages] • 1973

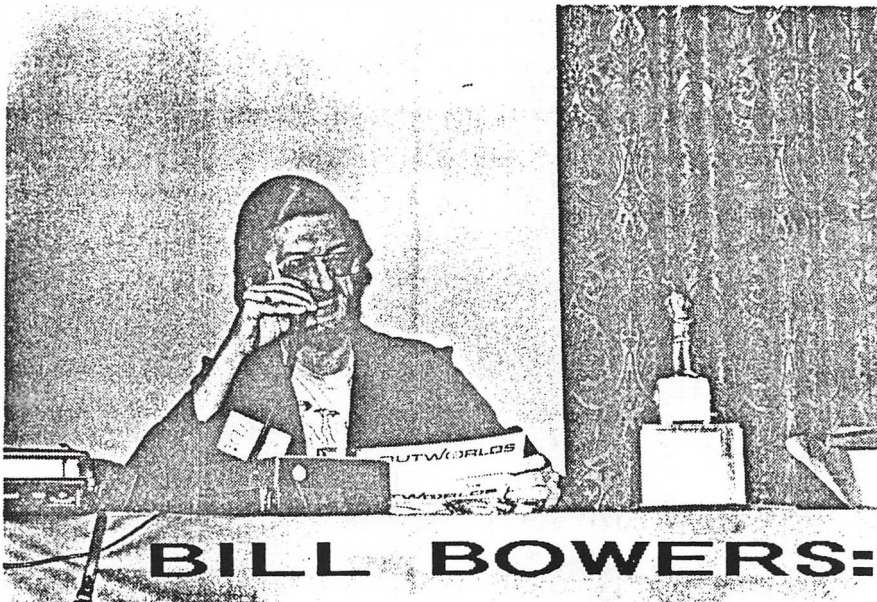
...herewith, yet another--even lengthier; the initial typing was commenced back in August-- "chunk" of My Life. In the process I seem to have "accomplished" not only the largest issue of OUTWORLDS ever, but also the largest fanzine I've had anything to do with: even the DOUBLE:BILL SYMPOSIUM was "only" 116 pages long.

In my mind, this will always be fixed as an 1991 issue; obviously it isn't. The original impetus was to "celebrate" the 30th anniversary of my first fanzine. In the process, it has become the 22nd Annish of this particular title. On both counts, I'm pleased.

"Large" fanzines can be impressive. They can also prove to be a bit overwhelming. In this, the ultimate in the "kitchen-sink" school of editing...in the niches of these 120 pages, you will find some really neat people. Search them out; respond. They deserve it!

Me? I'll be here, waiting; dreaming. Working toward the next issue! It's what I do.

--- BILL BOWERS • 1/20/92

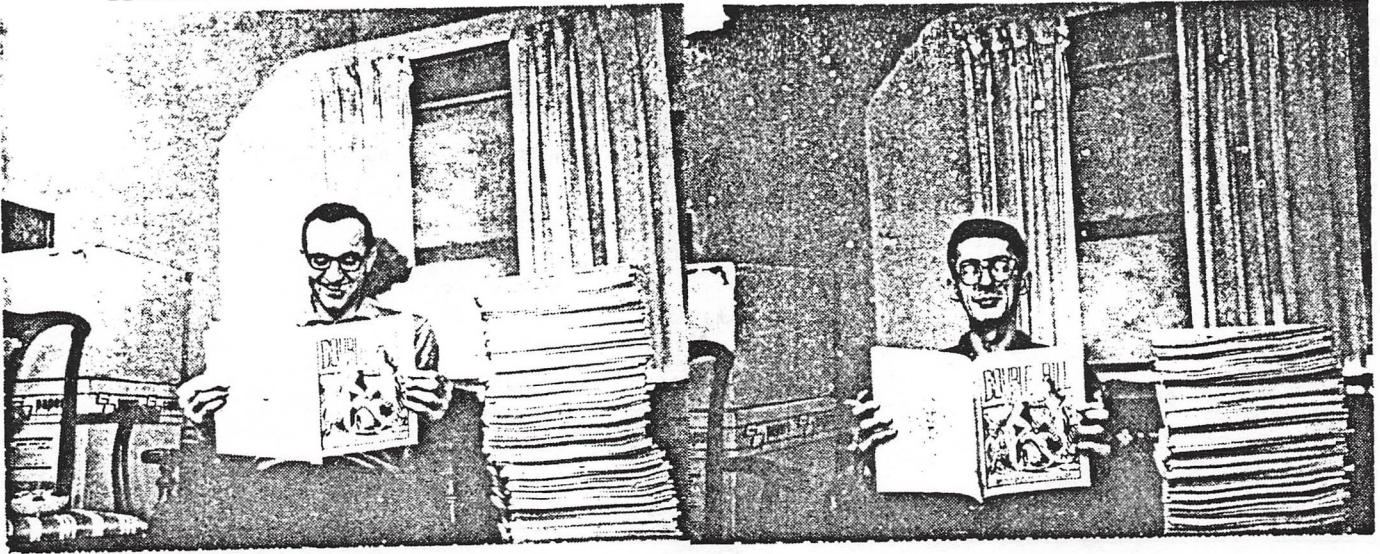


"MY PUBLICATIONS":
...at Thirty!

BILL BOWERS:

	TITLE	ISSUE	DATE	PAGES	COPIES	NOTES
1	ABANICO	1	Sept. 61	16	70	hecto
2	ABANICO	2	Nov. 61	16	150	mimeo [by Art Hayes]
3	SAP [Abanico 3]		Dec. 61	4	60	hecto; N'APA
4	ABANICO	4	62	6	60	hecto; N'APA
5	STAR*DUST	1	Apr. 62	50	250	offset [by Lynn Hickman]
6	SILVER DUSK	1	June 62	12	300	letterpress; NAPA
7	SILVER DUSK	2	Aug. 62	16	500	letterpress; NAPA
8	ABANICO	5	Sept. 62	6	60	mimeo; N'APA
9	DOUBLE-BILL	1	Oct. 62	34	125	mimeo [D:B's co-edited w/Bill Mallardi]
10	DOUBLE-BILL	2	Dec. 62	44	150	mimeo
11	DOUBLE-BILL	3	Feb. 63	34	150	mimeo
12	TIGHTBEAM	18	Mar. 63	22	300+	mimeo; for the N3F; [co-edited w/Mallardi]
13	DOUBLE-BILL	4	Apr. 63	32	175	mimeo
14	DOUBLE-BILL	5	June 63	42	175	mimeo
15	DOUBLE-BILL	6	Aug. 63	42	175	mimeo
16	DOUBLE-BILL	7	Oct. 63	100	250	mimeo
17	BAYTA	1	Dec. 63	10	60	mimeo; N'APA
18	DOUBLE-BILL	8	Jan. 64	76	250	mimeo
19	BAYTA	2	Mar. 64	8	60	mimeo; N'APA
20	DOUBLE:BILL	9	June 64	80	250	mimeo
21	DOUBLE:BILL	10	Aug. 64	48	225	mimeo
22	DOUBLE:BILL	11	Oct/Nov64	46	225	mimeo
23	DOUBLE:BILL	12	Apr/May65	44	200	mimeo
24	DOUBLE:BILL	13	Sept. 65	54	225	mimeo
25	DOUBLE:BILL	14	Apr. 66	38	200	mimeo
26	OUTWORLDS	1	Summer66	10	150	mimeo; for Shadow FAPA
27	DOUBLE:BILL	15	Sept. 66	56	250	mimeo
--	OUTWORLDS	2	Nov. 66	16	--	-- [a long story]
28	DOUBLE:BILL	16	Feb. 67	52	225	mimeo
29	DOUBLE:BILL	17	['67]	38		mimeo [by Mallardi; mailed with:]
30	DOUBLE:BILL	18	"3/4/68"	52		mimeo [mailed Oct. 68]
31	DOUBLE:BILL	19	1/69	54		mimeo
32	NEOSFScene	5	2/69	4	(30)	mimeo; clubzine [w/Mallardi]
33	NEOSFScene	6	3/69	4	(30)	mimeo
34	NEOSFScene	7	4/69	2	(30)	mimeo
35	DOUBLE:BILL	20	6/69	60		mimeo
36	DOUBLE:BILL	21	Fall 69	100		offset
37	THE D:B SYMPOSIUM		" "	116		offset
38	OUTWORLDS	I	Jan. 70	26	312	mimeo
39	OUTWORLDS	II	Mar. 70	34	315	mimeo
40	OUTWORLDS	III	May 70	30	300	mimeo
41	OUTWORLDS	IV	July 70	40	503	offset
42	OUTWORLDS	V	Sept/Oct70	46		mimeo
43	OUTWORLDS	Six	71	32		offset
44	OUTWORLDS: YEAR ONE			12		mimeo [Egoboo Poll results]
--	OUTWORLDS INDEX: YEAR ONE			4		mimeo

45	OUTWORLDS	Seven	Spring71	50					mimeo; for FAPA
--	OUTWORLDS' INWORDS			14					mimeo [w/OW Eight]
46	OUTWORLDS	Eight	June 71	40					mimeo; for FAPA
47	PROJECT 75.1		8/71	6	(60)				mimeo; for ANZAPA18
48	OUTWORLDS	8.5		6					mimeo [special "Beer Mutterings"
49	OUTWORLDS	8.75		16					[lettercol + INDEX]
50	OUTWORLDS	3.1	Jan. 72	24					mimeo; for FAPA
51	OUTWORLDS	3.2		24					mimeo
52	OUTWORLDS	3.3		24					mimeo
53	OUTWORLDS	3.4	Aug. 72	28					mimeo; for FAPA
54	OUTWORLDS	3.5	Nov. 72	40	295				mimeo
55	INWORLDS	1	1/73	4	135				mimeo
56	INWORLDS	2	2/73	8	168				mimeo
57	OUTWORLDS	15	Jan. 73	90	223				mimeo; finished 2/24/73
58	"The Lizard Speaks", by								30 page insert in OW15, + 50 copy overrun]
59	INWORLDS	3	3/73	8	119				mimeo
60	INWORLDS	4	4/73	10	182				mimeo
61	INWORLDS	5	6/73	10	175				mimeo
62	"Mae Strelkov's Friends"			2	(400)				mimeo; auction sheet; legal size
63	OUTWORLDS	16	June 73	48	299				mimeo
64	INWORLDS	6	6/73	6	188				mimeo
65	INWORLDS	7	7/73	8	155				mimeo; legal-size
66	INWORLDS	8	7/73	8	171				mimeo; legal-size
67	"...a Synopsis"		(8/73)	2					mimeo; "editorial policy"
68	OUTWORLDS	17	Aug. 73	38	341				mimeo
69	INWORLDS	9	8/73	6	398				mimeo
70	OUTWORLDS	18	Oct. 73	36	378				mimeo; legal-size; center-stapled
--	The OUTWORLDS INDEX: YEAR FOUR			2					mimeo
71	INWORLDS	10	12/73	4	(1000)				offset
72	OUTWORLDS	19	1stQTR74	44	(1500)				offset; FAPA
73	INWORLDS	11		2	(750)				offset
74	OUTWORLDS	20	2ndQTR74	36	(1500)				offset; FAPA
75	OUTWORLDS	21	3rdQTR74	32	(1500)				offset [distributed with #22]
76	OUTWORLDS	22	4thQTR74	40	(1500)				offset
82	OUTWORLDS: THE FIRST FIVE YEARS			4					offset [annotated Index]
77	OUTWORLDS	23	1stQTR75	36	(1000)				offset
78	OUTWORLDS	24	2ndQTR75	32	(1000)				offset; FAPA
79	INWORLDS	15		2	(750)				offset
80	OUTWORLDS	25	3rdQTR75	40	(800)				offset
81	OUTWORLDS	26	4thQTR75	36	(1000)				offset
83	OUTWORLDS	27	1stQTR76	44	(1000)				offset
84	FATHER WILLIAM'S								
	MISHAPventures	1	5/76	4	110				offset; for MISHAP16
85	MISHAPventures	2	6/76	4	104				offset; for MISHAP17
86	MISHAPventures	3	7/76	2*	(150)				mimeo; *w/6pg. Prelude; MISHAP18/MINNEAPA76
87	...ACTUALLY, I'M ONLY 15...		Aug. 76	4	(150)				offset; [MyPub Listing] for FAPA156 & MISHAP20
88	MISHAPventures	4	Aug. 76	2	112				offset; for MISHAP
89	MISHAPventures	5	Sept.76	2	(100)				mimeo; for MISHAP20
--	OTHER PLACES, OTHER TIMES		Sept.76	28					offset; by Randy Bathurst; w/Ro Lutz-Nagey
90	OUTWORLDS	28/29	10/13/76	68	(1100)				offset
91	MISHAPventures	6	12/2/76	2	(150)				mimeo; for MISHAP23 & AZAPA
92	MISHAPventures	7	1/6/77	3	(80)				ditto; for MISHAP24
93	MISHAPventures	8	1/24/77	2	(70)				ditto; for MISHAP25
94	AZapatite	1	2/9/77	2					mimeo; for AZAPA22
95	MISHAPventures	9	5/3/77	2					mimeo; for MISHAP28
96	XENOLITH	1	10/17/77	10	192				offset
97	XENOLITH	2	12/23/77	10	153				offset
98	XENOLITH	3	1/27/78	12	147				mimeo
99	XENOLITH	4	4/6/78	12	127				mimeo
100	XENOLITH	5	6/20/78	12	167				mimeo
101	XENOLITH	6	7/18/78	2	(150)				mimeo
102	XENOLITH	7	10/22/78	10	163				offset
103	XENOLITH: EPILOGUE		1/9/79	10	(120)				offset
104	XENOLITH: ONE		1/8/79	42	(700)				offset ["Second Series"]
105	XENOLITH: TWO		3/25/79	36	(500)				offset
106	XENOLITH: THREE		1/10/80	38	(400)				offset
107	XENOLITH: FOUR		4/24/80	12	(300)				offset [w/OW30: The Speech]
108	XENOLITH: THE INDEX		6/13/80	2					mimeo
109	XENOLITH	13	6/13/80	10					mimeo ["Third Series"]
110	XENOLITH	14	10/11/80	20					mimeo
111	XENOLITH	15	[a speech at						Confusion, 1/23/81; printed in:]
112	XENOLITH	16	2/19/81	24					mimeo
113	XENOLITH	17	3/21/81	12					mimeo
114	XENOLITH	18	9/17/81	2					mimeo [MyPub Listing]
115	BILL BOWERS' MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS		9/26/81	2					mimeo; for FLAP



...Bill Mallardi & Bill Bowers -- with the collated stack of DOUBLE:BILL #16.

...early 1967.

116	XENOLITH	19	10/7/81	16	mimeo
117	MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS	2	12/3/81	2	mimeo; for FLAP
118	MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS	3	2/7/82	8	mimeo; for FLAP
119	MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS	4	4/4/82	4	mimeo; for FLAP
120	MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS	5	6/4/82	4	mimeo; for FLAP
121	XENOLITH	TWENTY	6/21/82	16	mimeo
122	MEANINGFUL RELATIONSHIPS	6	7/30/82	2	mimeo; for FLAP
123	XENOLITH	21	10/2/82	14	mimeo
124	OUTWORLDS	30 [a speech; Confusion;	1/17/80;		printed in X:Four + OW31]
125	OUTWORLDS	31	1/24/83	24	mimeo
124	XENOLITH	22	2/2/83	4	mimeo [started 11/15/82]
126	OUTWORLDS	32	3/9/83	12	mimeo
127	XENOLITH	23	5/3/83	2	mimeo
128	OUTWORLDS	33	6/22/83	22	mimeo
129	XENOLITH	24	8/5/83	2	mimeo; for FLAP 23
130	OUTWORLDS	34	8/28/83	24	mimeo
131	XENOLITH	25	9/24/83	2	mimeo; for FLAP 24
132	OUTWORLDS	35	10/10/83	12	mimeo
133	OUTWORLDS	36	12/26/83	12	offset
134	OUTWORLDS	37	1/26/84	62	mimeo
135	OUTWORLDS	38	6/16/84	46	mimeo
136	OUTWORLDS	39	7/10/84	12	mimeo
137	OUTWORLDS	40	8/25/84	24	mimeo
138	OUTWORLDS	41	12/3/84	24	mimeo
139	OUTWORLDS	42	12/27/84	12	mimeo
140	OUTWORLDS	43	1/24/85	60	mimeo
141	OUTWORLDS	44	6/22/85	12	mimeo
142	OUTWORLDS	45	7/19/85	24	mimeo
143	OUTWORLDS	46	8/21/85	28	mimeo
144	OUTWORLDS	47	10/13/85	12	mimeo
145	OUTWORLDS	48	12/31/85	20	mimeo
146	WORLDS OF CORFLU	1	1986	2	mimeo
147	WORLDS OF CORFLU	2	1986	2	copier
148	WORLDS OF CORFLU	3	1987	2	copier
149	OUTWORLDS	49	4/2/87	28	copier
150	OUTWORLDS	50	6/25/87	40	copier; + "Live", Video, & Cassette editions
151	OUTWORLDS	51	6/25/87	18	copier
152	OUTWORLDS	52	9/25/87	24	copier
153	OUTWORLDS	53	12/7/87	30	120 copier
154	OUTWORLDS	54	1/10/88	28	copier
155	XENOLITH	26	2/4/88	4	copier; for FLAP 50
156	XENOLITH	27	2/23/88	8	copier; for FLAP 51
157	OUTWORLDS	55	3/25/88	34	130 copier
158	XENOLITH	28	5/16/88	8	copier; for FLAP 52
159	OUTWORLDS	56	6/18/88	30	130 copier
160	OUTWORLDS	57	7/22/88	28	150 copier
161	XENOLITH	29	8/4/88	8	copier; for FLAP 53

162	OUTWORLDS	58	9/18/88	40		comm. copier
163	XENOLITH	30	10/6/88	2		copier; for FLAP 54
164	OUTWORLDS	59	10/26/88	6		copier
165	XENOLITH	31	5/29/89	2		copier; for FLAP 58 [2 "versions"]
166	XENOLITH	32	9/30/90	6		copier; for FLAP 66
167	SINGULAR QUOTE-MARKS		10/22/90	2		ditto; for DITTO 3 combazine
168	XENOLITH	33	12/5/90	6		copier; for FLAP 67
169	XENOLITH	34	2/7/91	10		copier; for FLAP 68
170	XENOLITH	35	3/29/91	6	88	copier; for FLAP 69
171	OUTWORLDS	60	4/16/91	60		comm. copier
172	XENOLITH	36	5/14/91	10	71	copier; for FLAP 70
173	OUTWORLDS	27.5	5/27/91	40		comm. copier; "file" after #83
174	OUTWORLDS	61	6/25/91	46		comm. copier
175	XENOLITH	36.5	7/19/91	8	70	comm. copier; for FLAP 71
176	XENOLITH	36.75	8/27/91	2	70	copier; for FLAP 72

4,040 pages. Very, very approximately....

1/13/92 • "....numbers; we have a few..."

Way back in September, when I "pasted-up" the above, it was, indeed my intent to, at least partially Annotate the Listing. Of course, way back in September, I was also anticipating finishing-up OUTWORLDS 63, along about now!

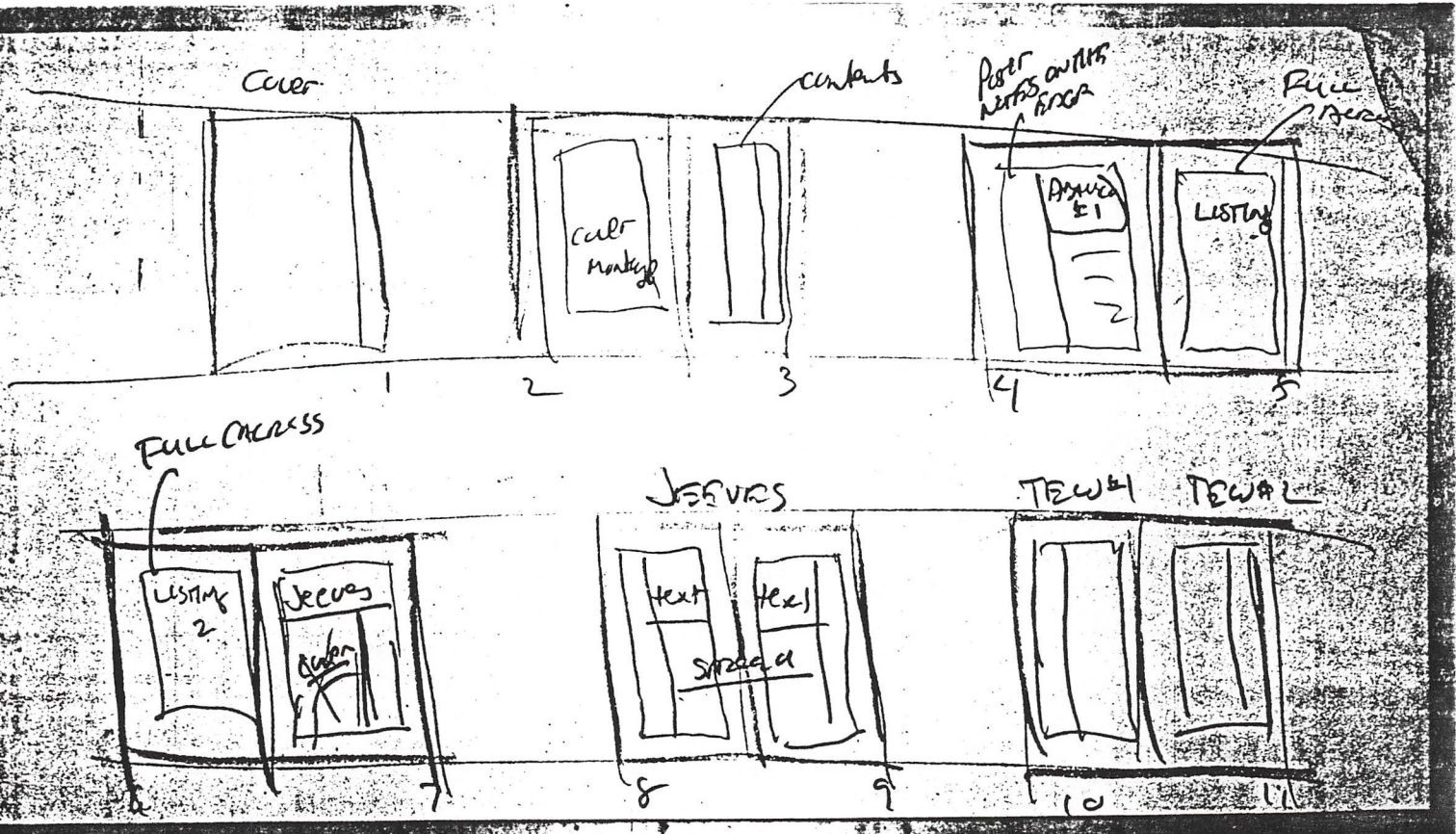
In some ways, it...my Published Canon, cries out for explanation/rationalization [WHY did I "count" that!; WHY did I forget to "number" the Bathurst coloring book...?] --if only for myself. ~~///gggzzzzz/the/day/I/publish/a/book/anniversary/issue//~~

I doubt that anyone, other than myself -- the Coulsons & Warner, followed by Jeeves, Rotsler & Tucker, were sent a majority -- has "seen" every one of thosezines. That's probably just as well!

But. All things considered, I am in retrospect Pleased. If never Satisfied....

The More That Things Remain The Same:

...way back in August, one day at work, I free-handed an initial "concept" of how this issue would lay out. For your amusement:



9/20/91 • No, Jackie; I will never learn. Ditto 4 "starts" four weeks from tonight, I have (in hand) more more material than for any issue since OW28/29 (and more is on the way), I am working (10-hour days, but I'm not complaining; just tired), fall is never my best season health-wise (and this year, so far, more so than memory says is usual), legalities remain unresolved (so what's new), and (although it won't be the one you encounter on opening the cover) this is the first page to be typed.

Again.

This issue was going to be Fancy, employing the "borders" I used in OW55. But, after having typed-up 25 legal-size sheets, top-to-bottom, I have decided that the reduction-factor I'd planned, while legible, was not one that I was terribly pleased with. So, sacrificing glitz for legibility...I am Starting Over.

Even after thirty years, fanzine publishing, Bowers-style, is not an exact science. I like to think of it as an artform, but am willing to concede that obsession might be a more appropriate descriptor.

Nevertheless, I remain as enthused...curious...intrigued "about" the publishing game as I was in 1961, and am rather pleased to share the following with you:

FUTURE TIMES

by TERRY JEEVES

WHEN COLLECTORS AND BIBLIOPHILES GATHER in their secret enclaves, they often speak in hushed tones of those rare SF magazines which appeared but briefly on the newsstands before lapsing into a well-deserved obscurity.

COSMOS in its 1953/54 digest size, saw but four issues. Its 1977 'bedsheet' version did no better. DYNAMIC SCIENCE STORIES managed only two, as did INTERNATIONAL SF and SF DIGEST—which in its UK version only saw one edition!

You can't get much lower than ONE issue ...or can you?

If the Guinness Book of Records ever establishes a category for the shortest-lived (most unsuccessful) SF magazine that never was, then FUTURE TIMES must be in with a head start. It lasted but six weeks, never saw a single issue, and all that remains in its memory is a battered 'mock-up' of what its first issues might have been like.

Before doffing our hats and shedding a silent tear, let's start with a bit of fannish history. Way back in the fifties, Eric Bentcliffe and I were publishing a fanzine called TRIODE. In addition, in my spare time, I gave several lectures to local societies, on the possibility of space travel. One of these resulted in a write-up in the local paper. In addition to paraphrasing my comments on this crazy 'rocket idea', the reporter

FUTURE TIMES



NEVER trust a machine

EL PASO (Texas)
An air liner temporarily out of control flew upside down with 48 passengers aboard over El Paso today.

The pilot righted the plane, belonging to American Air Lines, and it landed safely on the airport here.

The automatic pilot had been adjusted, said the pilot, but the plane kept climbing. As he fought to right it, the machine executed the first half of an outside loop, and, flying upside down, headed back east towards Dallas. The air liner came down to 1,000 feet before it was righted.—B.U.P.

The news item made little or no sensation. It was such a small thing—an automatic pilot suddenly going "temperamental" and causing a few minutes' danger to 48 people, who were not even British anyway. The despatch was briefly reported on the front pages of the national Press, and forgotten.

History can appear insignificant in the making.

ENIAC and ACE had been discarded several years previously, and the earlier forms of these computing

machines were now in the industrial museum in St. James's Square, London.

ENIAC—Electronic Numerical Integrator and Computer—was a crude machine, containing only 18,000 valves. It took half an hour to do work

for which the human brain would require 34 years. But it was cumbersome, and required several hours to "instruct".

ENIAC—an American machine first publicised by Lord Mountbatten, last Viceroy of India, in the latter part of the year 1946—was superceded almost before it was completed by ACE—Automatic Computing Engine—the British version.

ACE could multiply two ten-figure numbers in 2,000th of a

by
ALFRED JAMES

second and tackle simultaneous equations with 50 or 100 unknown factors. It worked at many times the speed of the American machine.

Built by the mathematics division of the National Physical Laboratory, the first ACE cost £150,000 and took three years to prepare.

By 1960 every country had its computing engine. They were used initially to deal with the accumulated mass of statistics which it had fallen to the lot of the various Civil Services to prepare.

It was found that two ACEs could do the work of 700,000 Civil Servants. So the Civil Servants

found other work—still within the Service—and in time this, too, was taken over by the computer. And so the machine's sphere of activities, and its capabilities, grew and grew.

As the twentieth century drew to a close, computing engines came to be within the reach of every family's purse. They had shrunk in size to the dimensions of a suit-case, and had astounding utility.

An up-to-date model by a reputable firm would be found capable of dealing with every query which could enter the mind of man. In what year was Jerusalem sacked by Nebuchadnezzar? Every computer before it left the factory had been primed—by other computers—with all known historical facts, and the answer—598 B.C.—would emerge in a 15,000th of a second, flashed in blue letters on the tinted background of the machine's "brain" screen.

Other forms of computing engines—specialists—was their nickname—were designed to issue radio orders to automatic pilots, or to control the minute movements of a surgeon's scalpel operating on a human brain.

Gone were the days when writers of historical fiction searched through libraries to find whether top hats or bowlers were worn in 1579. Gone were the days of historical fiction, in fact, since the need for human research or endeavour had ended.

Printing had decayed and died. Other arts were lost, too.

Music! Describe a scene, a mood, a poem, to one "specialist," and a setting or a symphony would emerge. Painting! Open the camera shutters of another engine, press a button indicating water, colour, oils, line, or other treatment, a second button to indicate dimension of canvas, and flawless culture would emerge.

Fiction had been a little more difficult. There the completed work needed to cover a wide range of mood, from first chapter to last. It was necessary to press 23 buttons to produce a full-length work of any quality.

Manual work, strangely, was the last form of industry to disappear.

To make a motor car, for example. By the 70's production had been largely mechanised: the drawing office and planning departments disappeared; office staffs, too, were superceded. Other computers took charge of the casting, forging, machining, finishing, assembling, and callosing. It became a question of feeding iron ore, sand, silica, and coal (from which rubber could be computed) into the factory at speeds sufficient for the controlling machines.

Manual feeding finally ended in 1963; auto-excavators dug the ores; auto-pilots flew them to the factory; auto-feeders disposed of them. It was unnecessary even to control the speed of output or to arrange for free weekends or bank holidays, since all relevant factors could be capably considered by a factory-parasite, as these sub-control specialists were termed.

The last hour's work was done in Britain by a 70-year-old man in 1987.

He was too old to realise that his tools were no longer needed, and finally, after there had been several complaints that he was still turning up at his factory for a 22-hour week, he was certified insane and humanely removed.

Francis Bradley was an official of the Ministry of War. Old customs die hard, and although Francis was unpaid, and had no official duties, he was still technically classed by the manpower statistics computer, as a

also mentioned that as a hobby, I was co-publisher of an amateur SF magazine.

A few days later, the telephone rang. It was a Mr. James, a printer by trade, who wanted to publish a marketable SF magazine and thought it might be a good idea to start by converting the established amateur TRIODE, into a commercial product. Eric Bentcliffe was due to come over to Sheffield at the weekend, so it was arranged for Mr. James to come around to discuss things.

He proved to be a small, rather quiet chap who knew little about SF and less about publishing. However, he did have a print shop and it just so happened he had written a science fiction story or two which might appear in the new magazine. His proposal was that the three of us should shovel money into a kitty. Eric would edit the magazine, I would do the cover and interior artwork, whilst he would print future copies of TRIODE and put them on the market. Oh yes, there was one other proviso: each issue would have to include one of his stories.

Eric and I liked the idea of having our hands on a professional magazine, but didn't want to see TRIODE lose its fannish background and connections. Our proposal was to create a completely new magazine aimed squarely at the commercial market. After a bit of haggling we settled on a title. The new rival to ASTOUNDING was to be called FUTURE TIMES. The size was to drop from the Quarto-size of the mimeoed TRIODE to that of a slim 7" x 5" paperback. Mr. James went away to produce some sample pages of one of his stories so we could see what the magazine would actually look like. In the interim, I lashed up a lino-cut for the cover illustration.

A couple of weeks later, our 'angel' returned with about thirty copies of the first two pages of his epic tale, "Never Trust a Machine". In addition, he brought along his wife. She proved to be the holder of the purse strings. It also became apparent she didn't like SF, wasn't enamoured of TRIODE and didn't go a bundle on shoving money into a new magazine. Events proceeded like a geriatric tortoise before grinding to a total halt.

Mr. and Mrs. James vanished from our lives, leaving behind them the batch of neatly stapled pages 1 and 2 of our unborn magazine. Sadly, I attached the cover rough before filing the mock-up on my memory shelves, where it has been gathering dust for some 35 years. A quick glance at the epic opening yarn shows it to have been a Gernsback-like 'lecture story'; longer on telling the background than on telling the story. It does have one prophetic note however—the prediction of desk-top computers available to everyone.

Who knows, had Mr. James prevailed over his better half, and had his business acumen proved as accurate as his forecast, FUTURE TIMES might well be up there as a regular Hugo winner—although reading the rest of his tale, I wouldn't have bet on it.

On the other hand, it does leave me with a unique property—the only copy of a magazine which never existed. You can't get much rarer than that.

TERRY JEEVES • SCARBOROUGH 1991

"DOWN MEMORY BANK LANE ... revealed that in 1958, Jeeves and TRIODE co-editor Eric Bentcliffe 'were approached by a local printer with delusions of grandeur' who wanted to turn TRIODE into a prozine."

...when, a couple of months ago, in Rob Hansen's 3rd installment of his most welcome history of British fandom—THEN—I ran across the passage that the quote above sets up, my thought was two-fold:

"Gee, that's neat...as long as I've 'known' Terry, I wasn't aware of that...."

"Gee, that's intriguing. ...I wonder. If I were to write Terry... might he be persuaded to write-up the episode for OUTWORLDS?"

Obviously, for once, I actually did something—sans procrastination! Maybe, just maybe, I am learning!

[Thanks, Terry....]

TED WHITE

It's been a long time since I've written a Letter of Comment, and an even longer time since I wrote one to you. And yet, it's funny but I feel as though I've been writing you regularly over the past however many years. It's a shame feelings aren't enough.

I think of you as a friend, Bill. Not maybe a close one—we see each other seldom and have never swapped intimately revealing letters—but one of long duration. It's been close to thirty years. Thus, my response when reading of your Troubles that Friday night in El Paso (make that Saturday morning: I picked up OW to scan before going to sleep at somewhere around 4:00 AM, and read it for the next hour) was one of strong empathy. We've all suffered elements of your ordeal, if perhaps not in one so concentrated a dose: emotional bondage to someone whose problems we can't solve, and, additionally in my case, bankruptcy. So I have some idea of what you've been going through, and I wish you the good luck to get to the other side of it relatively whole.

What got me the most when I was reading that OW was the notion that she made you give up fandom. And you did! Bill, fandom has become intrinsically part of you. No one should make such a demand of you. In that most of all she demeaned you.

(It was a bit of a jolt for me when I read the note you stuck in the corner of Avedon's letter and discovered that She has the same name, spelled the same way, as my wife, Lynda. Fortunately for me, "my" Lynda shares nothing else with yours....)

I no longer remember much about my piece on electrostencilling which appeared in a mid-seventies OW—nor any claims I may have made in it. (Was that the piece I originally wrote for Bjo's Project PASTell in the sixties, by the time you used it at least ten years old?) In any event Chris Sherman may be right, but it is equally possible that other means were used to put a photo on stencil in the early forties. Was it screened for half-tone? Some fans of that era had metal letterpress plates made of photos, screened for half-tone in approximately the same coarse screen used by newspapers, and used them to make an impression on wax stencils, either with a press or by burnishing (like a shading plate), although the latter technique was less successful. This was usually the result of knowing somebody who worked at a newspaper. (You could publish this paragraph in five or ten years and then maybe Chris's response—or that of his estate—in another fifteen or twenty...give you something to live for, eh?)

But the above was not my real reason for writing, after All This Time. My real reason was to completely and utterly blow Brian Earl Brown's mind by stating that I found his letter on prozines largely sensible and one with which I agree overall. There.

There is only one reason for the failure of "slick" and large-sized (not all of them "slick") sf magazines: they didn't make money. Now, as the quote from Campbell pointed out, there are several ways to make money on a magazine, and only one of them is newsstand sales ("reader-supported"). Advertising is another legitimate route (it seems to support LOCUS, for example). But sf magazines were, traditionally, part of large groups of publications ("pulp"), for which ads were sold en masse: that is, the advertiser was quoted only the total, combined circulation of all a publisher's magazines, and ads were sold to be placed in all titles, sf along with westerns, romances, mysteries, etc. Comics still sell advertising this way.

Once sf magazines were divorced from the pulp empires (as virtually all digest-sized sf mags were), their puny circulations were too small to attract advertisers with real budgets—and this was every bit as true of ANALOG in the sixties.

I think there was a lot of bluster and pro-company rhetoric in Campbell's quotes from ANALOG about how hard Conde Nast worked to attract Big Ads to ANALOG. They wanted "national" ads from the cigarette companies, auto companies and others who had ads in the big newsstand magazines of the times. They thought making ANALOG the same size as TIME would attract the same advertisers (or, more

important, the same, already-prepared, ads). But advertisers asked, "Why should we buy space in that, uh, science-fiction magazine?" And, by no coincidence at all, even as they asked, ANALOG's sales were dipping.

Which leads us to the real problem. Conde Nast was unrealistic in assuming that Big Money ads could be attracted to a "bedsheet" ANALOG (the true "bedsheet"-sized issues appeared in the early forties, by the way; the sixties issues were smaller), but even more unwise in thinking they could carve out a niche on the newsstands with that odd size. Conde Nast had everything going for them. They had the best national wholesaler in the country, and had the most clout, getting ANALOG onto more newsstands than any other sf magazine. But at each of those stands, digest-sized ANALOGs shared space with at least some other similarly-sized magazines, whether they were GALAXY or ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE. There was a small (and shrinking) spot reserved for digest-sized fiction magazines, a holdover of sorts from the pulp days, when whole sections were devoted to fiction magazines. Some people felt this was a "ghetto", but it was in fact a viable niche, a place where readers could dependably look for and find their magazines.

All newsstands work this way: you'll find all the auto magazines grouped together in one place, all the fashion magazines in another, etc. It helps dim-witted newsstand operators and readers alike. As long as the sf magazines clustered together on a rack, they were easy to find and regularly stocked. When ANALOG went out on its own in a different size, it lost that niche—as has every large-sized sf magazine to follow it. It then became an orphan, likely to be put anywhere, and harder to find. (Years later ASIMOV'S SF ADVENTURES was shelved with movie-horror magazines and the larger-sized b&w comics.)

There are a lot of reasons why the prozines became anachronisms—no longer the first love of sf readers—but I think their vanishing placement on the newsstands tops the list. There are so few now that the niche has all but disappeared.)

What is intriguing is that some magazines have explored alternative routes to their readers. Both Hugo Gernsback and Ray Palmer experimented with the all-subscription route, which was predictably (and it was well- and widely-predicted, each time) disastrous.

The basic problem is that all magazines have a constant turnover of readers, the vast majority lasting only around three years (according to statistics I once read somewhere). (Those of us who go on buying every issue year after year are only a tiny percentage of the total circulation of any magazine.) This means that new readers must be attracted constantly, issue after issue, to make up for those who have fallen away.

(An alternative strategy is to try and hold those readers longer than three years—which is one of the things I tried to do with AMAZING and FANTASTIC by running the "features" which I hoped would involve and hold readers—by increasing their loyalty to the magazine. But this is always a rearguard, holding action....)

How do you attract new readers?

Mainly by putting copies on display in places where they might be found. This is the basic newsstand concept, of course. And it won't occur at all when a magazine is offered solely by subscription. But there are other venues besides newsstands these days.

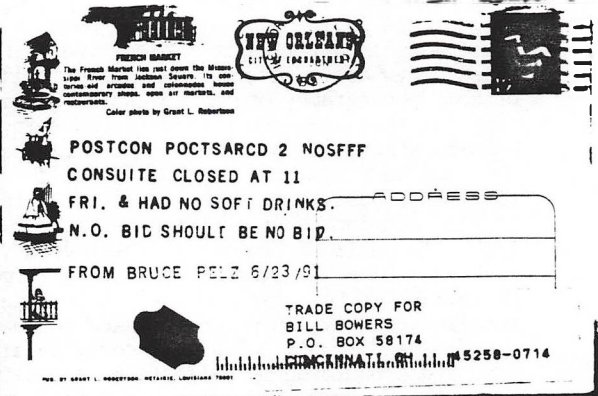
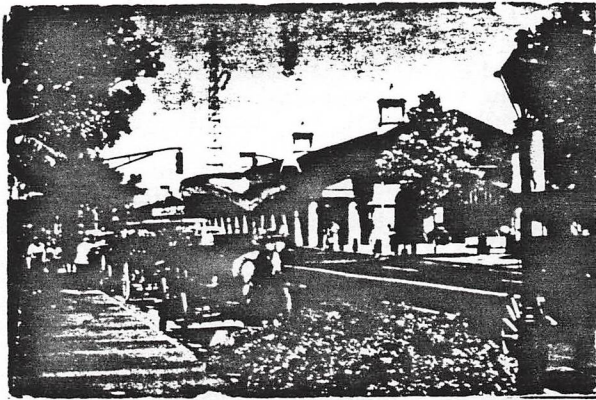
The most obvious are bookstores, and especially those specializing in sf. Comics developed the "direct sales" market—comics sold only through comics-specialty store, sans Comics Code Authority seal and priced higher, the comics themselves ranging from black&white to glossy full-color—although that term is a misnomer. "Direct sales" comics are not sold directly to the retailer by the publisher, but go through one or more alternative wholesalers (alternative to those crooks at the ARA who wholesale most magazines and books), the most likely to be Baltimore-based Diamond. But sf magazines have not really tried to exploit this route and the speciality sf store as a main venue (or, if they did, like GALILILEO, they did so incompetently and as a shot in the dark; GALILILEO, you'll recall, went under when it switched to newsstand distribution by Dell and couldn't handle the returns).

I had hopes for STARDATE making it via the bookstore route, but the publisher started bouncing checks on us before we had a real chance to find out.

In any event, I have found the three (thus far) issues of the new "slick" AMAZING at my local sf-comics bookstore, Hole In The Wall Books in Falls Church. Like the current HEAVY METAL, they cost \$3.95 a copy.

They are enormously disappointing. Given the slick paper and the possibility of color throughout, they lack any interior visual punch (the covers have been okay), each and every story getting the same unvaried layout (and each is illustrated by a full-color painting). Worse, the typography is unattractive, and although double-columned is ragged-edged on the right. It looks (and is) cheap.

It gets worse. The stories are unblurbled, lacking any hook to entice the reader. There are no letters, and the editorials reveal just how callow and inexperienced the editor is. About all AMAZING offers to its readers that they couldn't find elsewhere are Bob Silverberg's columns, and something that should



never have been put in the magazine: excerpts from upcoming books.

Each issue has had at least two (and one had three) of these things, published under the heading, "Looking Forward". Each runs three to five pages, and collectively they have taken up to as many as twelve pages (out of 96) in one issue. Each excerpt is accompanied by the full-color reproduction of the book's cover, full-sized.

So what is "Looking Forward"? It's a publisher's deal, an arrangement between TSR (AMAZING's publisher) and a variety of book publishers (Warner, Ace, Avon, Bantam, New American Library, et al) whereby AMAZING gets free material (including art, in color-separated form, cheaper yet) and the book publishers get free plugs—in essence, free three- to five-page advertisements! Some, like Baen Books, have gone further and taken an additional page to advertise the book just excerpted (or maybe TSR had to give them the full-page ad, in order to cop five pages by Larry Niven, Jerry Pournelle and Michael Flynn; I couldn't say.)

This is the kind of deal in which an editor does not participate, and which any professional editor would and should protest—to the point of resigning. AMAZING's editor bragged about what a swell idea it was, mainly because it saves him some work.

AMAZING also runs a lot of Book Reviews, and they are just almost as good as the reviews published in LOCUS, which is to say, they represent another hand-clasp with the publishers of those books, who currently support LOCUS (it would wither and die without them) and who TSR hope will support AMAZING.

Two things galls me about the current AMAZING. One is that TSR has wasted so much money on the magazine without achieving anything commensurate for their dollars. Despite the expensive package, it's a mediocre magazine. I can't imagine it being so with a genuine editor at its helm, even a George Scithers.

And that leads me to George, whose legacy is the other thing that galls me about AMAZING. George denies it, but the fact is that TSR fired him and it ought to have cast off his rewrites of history along with him, but the new "editor" refers to George as a Senior Eminance, and writes of long late-night phone calls during which George proffered much-needed advice. (The proof is in the pudding, though, and the pudding is bad. So much for George's advice.)

What I object to is that George wrote ten years of AMAZING's history out of existence: my ten years. You will search his entire run of AMAZINGS in vain for one kind (or even accurate) mention of my regime. Howard Browne—who did the impossible and by making AMAZING a machine-written product, reduced its reputation to a point below even that of the "Shaver Mystery" period—was lauded by Scithers. Browne edited AMAZING for a shorter period (by a year or two) than I. Nothing I ever did with the magazine—including the revival of "The Clubhouse"—was treated kindly by Scithers (who rejected any revival of the column—so much for his tenure as a fan!).

I note with gratitude the several mentions of my issues in OW. Now that you mention it, I suspect both "The Clubhouse" and the accessibility of the letters columns in both AMAZING and FANTASTIC helped bring fresh blood into fandom. Mine were the last prozines to which one could letterhack. I recall Darrell Schweitzer moaning in HTT a few years back about how hard it was to get "good" letters for AMAZING, but of course he never published any, so there was never any encouragement to readers to write them. People like Buzz Dixon found homes in my lettercols, and I'm sure there are many more like him out there who have no idea that prozines publish letters that don't gush over the magazine, or argue with the science in stories. Why should they?

It amazes me that AMAZING has stopped publishing letters altogether. I mean, that's free material! (I sold Sol Cohen on the concept of long lettercols with that argument, as I recall....)

Getting back to Brian's letter:

SF+ had at least two strikes against it (and I speak as one who bought and

read each and every issue—in fact, I bought two copies of each issue, so I could cut out and frame on my wall each cover...I was fifteen at the time). The first was the fact that it wasn't displayed with other sf magazines, but might be found almost anywhere on a stand (and might well be pushed behind POPULAR ELECTRONICS of some photography magazine), which was if anything even more crowded with magazines of that size then. That niche thing again. This despite the fact that Gernsback actually advertised the magazine on network TV!

But worse yet was the quality of the fiction. It was pretty bad. The stories had a musty air to them, as though they'd been exhumed from a drawer in which they'd been locked since the mid-thirties. After all, 1952 had been the year STARTLING published Farmer's "The Lovers", and in 1953 readers expected more than SF+ gave them—even when it published Farmer. (I published an article by Randall Garrettin STELLAR, back in the late fifties, called "The Bite of the Asp", if I recall correctly, in which he raked Moskowitz over the coals for the way Farmer was "edited" in SF+. I wish I could recall the details, but I don't.

I was building my collection of prozines then (circa 1951-55) in the used-book stores of DC, and reading and enjoying magazines as old and diverse as AIR WONDER STORIES and CAPTAIN FUTURE. I was at that age by no means a sophisticated reader (I read an average of three books—or the equivalent wordage in magazines—a day, every day, for the four years I was in high school), but I found the sf in SF+ disappointing, and I imagine a number of other readers also did.

Brian's comments on my prozines were interesting. I too liked the heavy covers and thick paper we used—although I had nothing to do with them, of course. Sol was shopping for a printer and found Dallas Paperbacks in Dallas, Pa. They printed paperback books, but could do digest-sized magazines with the same setup, which was just fine for us. Sol negotiated a really cheap price, which Dallas went along with because we were in a sense a "loss leader"; Dallas hoped to attract more magazines by showing how well they did ours. (And did. At one point Dallas was doing F&SF and, I think also GALAXY and IF, although my memory is uncertain—and my collection is currently inaccessible to me.)

We had a variety of typesetters over the years as Sol shopped for ever-cheaper typesetting, and no two typesetters offered precisely the same faces and fonts. So each time I'd have to sit down with a type book and pore over it, trying to find exactly what Brian has noted: type which would "reach a fine balance between the needs to squeeze a lot of text onto each page while still remaining legible and inviting." I'm glad he feels I succeeded; it was a constant struggle. (We published as much material in 128 pages as ANALOG did in 196 or so.) So I will take credit for the type used.

But I can't take credit for setting the type in two columns per page, rather than one, since it was simply the accepted practice at the time. (It also suited Sol well, since that way all the issue's type—except blurbs—could be set to a single column width, and layouts were made easy by running one-column illos.) I doubt double-columning is any more expensive than single-columning, by the way. You lose a little wordage because of the space down the center of the page, but that's easily regained by using the smaller or narrower type that is so easily scanned by the eye at double-column widths. (The eye tracks the much wider single column less easily, requiring larger type....)

I have always regarded single-columning in digest-sized magazines as an affectation, even in F&SF where it was pioneered (but only for features; not for fiction). George Scithers' use of it in ASIMOV'S and AMAZING was almost a trademark—of pighedness, in my opinion. It was ugly, less readable, and squandered space, but George insisted on it, even for his lettercols. (I had a letter in Asimov's, suggesting they reduce the type of the lettercol and double-column it, and Isaac's reply was that they couldn't do that. But a short time later Scithers was fired from that magazine and what do you know, they reduced the type and double-columned it immediately.)

I have a number of thoughts on the subject of prozine art and what's needed, especially in magazines like the "slick" AMAZING, but it would take an article to do them justice. In the meantime, check out "my" STARDATE for some clues to maintaining visual interest on every page of a slick fiction magazine.

I have one other checkmark that deserves exposition:

Alexis Gilliland, in his first letter to Taral, says of Vaughn Bode, "He held an exhibition at the '69 worldcon, a whole room filled with his cartoon work, much of it in brilliant color, before vanishing from fandom."

Well, sorta.

To begin with, Bode didn't fill "a whole room" at the St. Louiscon; he filled one-third of the room he'd rented along with Mike Hinge and Jeff Jones—their art occupied the other two-thirds.

As for that "cartoon art, much of it in brilliant color", what Vaughn displayed were scores of cover samples, done to show Fred Pohl for GALAXY and IF. There were between fifty and one hundred of them, done same-size as the actual magazines, and incorporating the magazines' logos, fictitious future cover-dates and prices, and even fictitious story-titles and by-lines. They were cartoons in the same sense that all Vaughn's illustrations (and several covers) for GALAXY and IF were cartoons, and they were all fully colored.

Vaughn wanted to impress Fred with them, and hoped the massive display of them on one wall would accomplish that, but I don't believe Fred bought any of them. Vaughn had inadvertently made a powerful enemy of Judy-Lynn, then Fred's assistant (a story in itself) and she was determined he'd never make another sale to GALAXY or IF. (Later she relented when she heard AMAZING was going to run "Sunpot", and allowed Jakobsson to outbid us for it. But even then she sabotaged the strip.) (Another story. Prod me some time.)

Ultimately Vaughn brought them to me along with a very young Larry Todd, and told me to pick out several of them (my choice from more than fifty), which Larry would then paint. Larry did a beautiful job on them, as those of you who remember them as covers on AMAZING and FANTASTIC may agree. It was generous of Vaughn—to both Larry and me. It gave Larry a leg up into the professional world, and the money (not much—Sol was cheap) went entirely to him. I believe Larry still has the other cover sketches—more than fifty!—and might some day be persuaded to paint more of them (or so he once hinted to me).

Well, this letter is probably too long to be published in its entirety.... Suffice to say, Bill, OW was enjoyed and I'm glad you're "back". Stay with us. If a woman is good enough for you, she'll join fandom—she won't try to pry you away from it.

----- 7/27/91

TED WHITE

After mailing off my last letter to you I picked up a copy of the fourth "new" AMAZING.

I spoke too soon. With its fourth "slick" issue AMAZING has brought back the letters column, now generically titled "Letters". This is good, although it runs for only a brief two pages. Interestingly enough, the letters are grouped by topic, several of them distributed piecemeal among the topics. Overall, it's a decent balance of commentary—and conspicuously unlike the Scithers/Schweitzer lettercols (in which, you'll recall, most of the letters either loved the magazine or sought primer-type information on writing and selling sf, an area which seemed to obsess the editors). Under the final topic-heading, "Other Stuff", my name actually appears in a favorable context in a letter from Steve Davidson, possibly the first indication that I may be returning to favor in Lake Geneva (but as yet no pictures of me have been rehung...).

The comments on the novel-excerpts ("Looking Forward") are mixed, but the excerpts are still there, six pages split between Anne McCaffrey and Piers Anthony (whose names are at least omitted from the cover...). And, speaking of the cover, as I was paranthetically, this issue sports a cover by Freas which looks like not only a quick toss-off, but one done at about the same size as it was reproduced—easily the poorest the "slick" AMAZING has run thus far.

Interior art is mixed, but the best (by Ron Walotsky, the Lakeys and Nick Smith) is better than that in previous "slick" issues. (The worst is still by one Hannah M.G. Shapero, who apparently lives right here in Falls Church....)

This has been a News Update from PONG Central.

----- 8/11/91

9/21/91 • I do, you know, have a well-developed sense of self-preservation. But sometimes I have no shame.

I was going to "do" this. Then, I wasn't....
...but all this talk of prozines that were, that weren't, that are...has made me brave enough, silly enough to offer, with some trepidation, a Reprint:



ABRIDGED TOO FAR...

THIS IS II — OR IS IT?

The rate things were going a few years ago (before I joined the multitude of stf magazine readers) I rather imagine that some of the fans wondered if the decline would stop before only one prozine was left, or, indeed, if it would stop even then. Well, now the average has settled down to around nine British and American prozines—and, needless to say, I'm quite glad it stopped there rather than continuing, or I would not be writing this, nor would I have gained access to the World of Fandom.

But, supposing that the Great Decline had continued until there was only one prozine on the stands. And here, let us suppose some more: Suppose you had the choice of what kind of mag it would be!

So, just for fun, I'm writing my concepts of what I would have liked this (perish the thot!) single prozine to be. (I'm not saying that this will always be my concepts of same, because my opinions on the various aspects of stf are undergoing constant changes—but, for the moment....)

And now, at the beginning, we'd better get one thing straight: I'm not (and

----- 62:2061

don't claim to be) an expert on publishing economics in any way, shape, or form—I'm just doing this for fun, not to make a detailed study of how to produce a successful professional science fiction magazine; which apparently even the experts have trouble doing....

So here we go....

First: We'll assume it to be an entirely new mag (wouldn't want to hurt any of the present editor's feelings, would we?—as if any of them will ever see this), and the one thing every good mag should have is...a name! Two (outstanding?) names came under consideration with me—just-plain-SCIENCE-FICTION and SCIENTIFICTION. SCIENCE FICTION was discarded because, it seems, Doc Lowndes sort of had that name cornered. However, Hugo Gernsback's delightfully confusing (to quote somebody) SCIENTIFICTION appeals to my Fancy more (even tho I just discovered a few days ago that there had been a British fanzine of that name), anyways. After all, it was the title he had planned to use on his first stf mag....

Now what are we going to do with this title we've chosen? We're going to print it in letters approx. one inch high. You say we'll have to leave off the first

and last letters or more if we do that? So what? Anyhow, CIENTIFICTION doesn't look too bad does it? I guess we'll have to figure that one out later. The title will be printed in a different color each month (and new colors in the making?)—never black and/or white!

Now our mag (we'll call it STF for short) will be digest-sized with the number (196) of pages GALAXY currently has, but, to assure you you're getting some fiction for your money, will be printed with ANALOG's type face. STF, "The World's Greatest SF Mag" (mainly, you see, because it is the world's only stf mag) will come into your little grubby paws for a measly (measly for you, that is) 50¢, the first Wednesday of every month. Also, it will be numbered in the manner used by most fanzines and the British proz—that is, the numbering will continue regardless of volumes.

A two cover or "wrap-around" cover will be featured, and main illustrators will include, I should hope, the likes of Emsh, Hunter, Nuetzell, Schomburg, and vanDogen, tho not necessarily in that order. The feature story will be announced at the bottom of the front cover in a manner similar to ANALOG, and no other story or author will be mentioned on the outside.

Now, getting inside (you didn't think we'd make it?), we come upon a brilliant example of my genius for thinking up brand-new, original ideas—a profile with accompanying phot (not cribbed from NEW WORLDS, just "borrowed"). This naturally will be written by some very intelligent individual (any fans qualify? —I don't), because of course I will be too busy to write it (you didn't know that I will be the editor!); and even if I did, you probably couldn't read it. On the opposite page will be yet another example of my Creative Imagination—a listing of the authors like unto that which appeared in the last few issues of FANTASTIC UNIVERSE.

On page four (the cover is page one, in my book) then, will be the Coming Next Month feature of a type similar to those used by the Ziff-Davis Twins—AMAZING and FANTASTIC. This (as with their's) will contain a photo of the next month's cover. And, as we see it, this will take only half of the page—so what do we do with the other half? We will have a feature of ANALOG's "Analytical Lab" type, we will....

Next in STF we come to the contents page. This will also be on the order of ANALOG's present policy, but with occasional variations. After this, the next two pages will be devoted to the editorial, which will be, at times, continued further back in the mag. The editorial will at all times be about either the mag or stf in one of its various aspects; and at times, it will be used as a Guest Editorial, on the example of NEW WORLDS.

And now we get into the fiction content of STF. It is my intention to feature two novelettes per ish if possible, with up to four or five shorts, as Space dictates. Included in a year's array of STF will be three two-part serials, and in the months dividing them, their place will be taken by a short novel. The main interior illustrator would of course be Virgil Finlay (the best interior stf artist of all time!) with others in the order following: Larry Ivie, Dave Prosser, and Dan Adkins. (As you know, the last three mentioned are/were fan artists. I include them not because of any far-fetched sense of loyalty, but because what I have seen of their work is to a large extent superior to that of any others appearing in the prozines—



with the ever-present exception of Finlay.) An ish of STF will contain approx. the number of illos now used in ANALOG.

In the center of the mag will be a section of "slick" paper; about the same size as now is used in ANALOG, probably a couple of more pages tho. Now to show you how different STF will be from all other previous mags, we will devote this section to fandom. At various intervals it will feature displays of fannish art; at othertimes, con reports will fill the bill. Occasionally, we will have longer biographies than can be included in the profiles, and nice long articles about stf history—which we would like to have Sam Moskowitz do.

Approaching the rear of the mag, we come upon the book reviews. These will feature two reviewers—my choices being P. Schuyler Miller and Damon Knight. Each will review three or four books a month, and the whole section will consist of about six pages. Hard on its heels will come what everybody (including me) is hollaring for now; a fancol. Three pages in length and printed in micro-elite type (as will the lettercol), it will be conducted by a fairly well-known fan. It will include, as that fan wishes, fanzine reviews and fan news. Incidentally, the names for the book reviews, fancol, and lettercol will be selected by the fans thru a contest started in issue #1.

The lettercol will vary in size according to the space available each month, but will at all times contain at least five pages. It will be more on the order of AMAZING's lettercol rather than "Brass Tacks"; that is, it will be devoted to comments on the mag and stf, rather than "pure" science. And included if space permits—a "Personals" column of the type used by Ray Palmer.

So there it is: a great big beautiful stf mag exisiting solely in my mind. Don't you wish it were a reality so that you could buy it? You don't!?

EPILOGUE AND ALL THAT....

As stated before, this mag is purely my own idea, and not expected to be fully agreed with by anyone. But I would be glad if it did set any of you to thinking about what your favorite stf mag would be like. And I'd like to hear about them....

----- BILL BOWERS • ABANICO #1 • SEPTEMBER, 1961

9/22/91 • ...transcribed faithfully (except for "correcting" typos, while [probably] creating new ones) from very faded hectoed pages. (A few more years...and I won't have to "worry" about it anymore!) And, yes, I cringed a lot, while typing.

In My Defense: I wasn't all that young, but I was "inexperienced". The first prozine I ever saw was the Feb. 1960 issue of F&SF, a subscription copy—the result of a high school magazine "drive": "So, waging the hardest battle of my short life, I finally convinced my parents that it was Right that I should take \$4.50 out of my savings, and send for this thing...."

A month after receiving that, I belatedly discovered the "other" prozines. Why it took so long, I don't know. Except that newsstands were not plentiful in the Village of Norton (near Barberton), Ohio, circa 1960....

I enjoy reading books more; but I enjoy "having" magazines even more. ...and, three decades later, it is neat to be able to publish "nice long articles about stf history—which we would like to have Sam Moskowitz do." Some youthful "dreams" do come true.

SAM MOSKOWITZ

"John Giunta—Life and Death of an Illustrator" was written at the behest of the editor of a semi-pro magazine on comics, which magazine collapsed before it could be published, but instead of returning it, it was mailed to a West Coast magazine which will not answer my letters or return the manuscript and the photo of John Giunta I sent with it. John Giunta was a very active First Fandom fan, who published fan magazines, illustrated many fan magazines and became well-known as a comic book illustrator. His story is an interesting one with a rather sad ending. With it I am enclosing five unpublished illustrations by Giunta which were commissioned for the June, 1959 issue of SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION which never appeared, though it was completely set up in page proofs, which I own. Since you are photooffset and since these are line drawings, if you felt like it you could use them to illustrate the article.

The illustrations are numbered.

Nos. 1, 2, and 3 were for "The Strange Birth", by Philp Jose Farmer, a short novel which later appeared in THE MAGAZINE OF FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION for May, 1960 as "Open To Me, My Sister".

No. 4 is for "This One's on Me", by Eric Frank Russell which later appeared in the Ziff-Davis FANTASTIC for August, 1960 and had earlier appeared in Scotland's NEBULA for August, 1953.

No. 5 for: "Chance Encounter", by A. Bertram Chandler appeared in the British NEW WORLDS for March, 1959.

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JOHN GIUNTA: Life and Death of an Illustrator

by SAM MOSKOWITZ

JOHN GIUNTA'S BEST-REMEMBERED ACHIEVEMENT was the discovery of Frank Frazetta. Sometimes termed the Michaelangelo of the adventure strips, Frazetta has emerged as the supreme artist from the Golden Age of the comics, his works symbolizing the realms of heroic adventure popularized by Edgar Rice Burroughs and Robert E. Howard. Frazetta does not tire of repeating that his first job, at the age of 16, was as an assistant to John Giunta in 1944, an era when Giunta was unable to fulfill all assignments on his own.

Both were Brooklyn residents, Giunta residing at 1355 80th Street in that boro, and there is little doubt that the two of them met there to apportion the work. It was from Giunta that he received his first instruction in the commercial aspects of the comic magazine trade. This carried him to the point where he wanted to do his own strip. He pestered Giunta until he was permitted to do "Snowman", a comic sequence he had dreamed up when very young. Giunta then marketed it to Baily Comics which placed it in the initial issue [December, 1944] of TALLY HO.

For at least a short period, Giunta must have seemed a man to envy to the aspiring, teen-age Frazetta. He was well-regarded by the comic magazine editors, had enough work to farm some out to others, at times delivered prepackaged issues of a comic magazine to order for firms that wanted to enter the business without hiring a full-time staff. He had no strong character to sell, but he had some very positive ideas on what comics should be like and for a time, they worked for him.

He felt that comics should not be two-dimensional, that there should be attempts to give them depth and perspective. He hired James V. Taurasi, an active science fiction fan of the period who was working as an assistant in the office of an architectural draftsman to fill in details in his backgrounds, to have streets narrowing so as to appear to be disappearing in the distance. He insisted on placing shadows in the right places and to otherwise give an air of

reality to the drawings. He was influenced by the work of Will Eisner, creator of "The Spirit", and successfully incorporated some of the devices and excitement of that strip into his own work.

He felt that each strip should be a complete story. He visualized the comic magazine as an illustrated pulp. He liked stories to start on a right hand page, to have title and blurbs set in type when possible, to credit the continuity writer and the artist. When given a free hand he would have a painted cover, a contents page, reader's columns, advertisements fitted in at the space at the end of the stories.

Another thing he worked for was to have stories that had adult appeal as well as to the youngsters. He literally refused to draw stories whose subject matter he thought might be offensive to the youngsters who bought the magazines. Obviously, his strong concepts of the direction comics should take cost him in a number of markets.

John Giunta was born in 1920 in Brooklyn, N.Y., the son of Sicilian immigrants. There was one other child, an older brother, who would marry when John was young and have a family of his own. His father died when he was very young, and he was raised by his mother, who worked full time and owned the attached brick house at 1355 80th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. As far back as 1938, her hair was pure white and she had classic, Roman female features. She never learned to speak English, but as I can personally attest, was highly intelligent and overprotective. The basement of the home had been converted into a kitchen and work room and the ground floor was a living room, dining room and bed room. The second floor had been converted into another apartment which may have been rented to a relative.

As a youth, John was gentle, very concerned over hurting the feelings of others, good natured, generous to a fault and sensitive and easily hurt himself. His interests at first were both writing and illustrating, primarily science fiction. As time passed, illustration became his primary occupation, but he never gave up the idea of writing. In appearance he was his entire life extremely thin (though not delicate), about five foot seven in height, a hooked and somewhat twisted nose that seemed longer because of his thin face. This was no deterrence to pretty young girls that seemed attracted by his good manners and seeming shyness. He spoke with deliberate care and chose his words with considerable diplomacy. Despite all this, he was definitely naive, a quality which some misinterpreted. He seemed to have no overt enemies.



He first entered the science fiction world when he wrote James V. Taurasi, after seeing a copy of his hektographed magazine COSMIC at the home of a friend. Hektograph is a process whereby multiple copies can be reproduced on the surface of a bed of gelatine by utilizing special inks. Its advantage is that the hektograph and inks can be purchased for a few dollars, and that illustrations can be reproduced in full colors. The disadvantages are that making the copies is a painstaking effort, usually only 50 copies of a sheet of letter-size can be run in one day.

The first illustration he ever had published was for his own story "The Incredible Invention of Jack Cranstom" in the March-April, 1938 issue of COSMIC TALES. He had inked in an architectural rendering set up by Taurasi of the Empire State Building rearing above its surrounding structures in the previous January-February, 1938 number, but that was not his own work. Neither his story or the illustration deserves reprinting.

This inspired him to buy his own hektograph and his magazine AMAZING WONDER TALES, dated August, 1938, appeared with the cover and most of the interiors by Giunta. The most unusual feature was a 10-page, full-color comic strip in which the continuity, all the illustrations and the lettering were done by Giunta. It was titled "Doctor X Scientist Extraordinary" and also featured an assistant, Dr. Micro. Its major importance was to demonstrate how early Giunta displayed a strong interest in the comic magazine format.

The fear that AMAZING STORIES and THRILLING WONDER STORIES, in 1938 two prominent science fiction magazines, would descend on him for appropriating their titles, caused Giunta to drop AMAZING WONDER TALES and issue SCIENTI-TALES with the January, 1939 issue in which he experimented on drawing his illustrations on mimeograph stencils. The influence of the comic magazines on his style of drawing was undeniable and with the second March-April, 1939 issue, which he profusely illustrated, some of his drawings approached professional quality, but the most historically significant contribution to that number was the first story by Cyril Kornbluth to appear in print anywhere, "The Purchase of the Crame". This was a flip tale of a man who sells his soul to the devil written in the style of Clark Ashton Smith. How did Giunta get this story? At the time, the 15-year-old Kornbluth had visited the meetings of The Greater New York Science Fiction League held at the home of James V. Taurasi, where I first met him. In those days, it was extremely difficult for an editor of a science fiction fan magazine to get material to publish. I had organized The Unofficial Society for the Aid of Fan Magazines in Need of Material and Cyril Kornbluth, when I told him about it, sent me three stories—possibly his first three—to distribute in any manner I saw fit. In addition to "The Purchase of the Crame" I gave Giunta a story called "A Way Out for Travis", which has never been published. The third story, "The Coming of A God", about the end of mankind in an ice age, I never was able to place, though it was a very good imitation of H.P. Lovecraft, Edgar Allan Poe and G. Peyton Wertenbaker combined in one, so I printed it in my Fantasy Amateur Press Association periodical DIFFERENT for October, 1958.

The publication of SCIENTI-TALES brought John Giunta to the attention of the science fiction fan field. In short order, his covers and interiors in full color for the hektograph magazines and his stencil work for the mimeographed publications, began to appear in SPACEWAYS, FANTASY FICTION FIELD, FANTASCIENCE DIGEST, SCIENTI-SNAPS, GOLDEN ATOM and a variety of others. These magazines were among the samples he took around to the editors of the comic periodicals, trying to crack the growing market. A natural target was Centaur Publications at 220 Fifth Avenue, New York City, publishers of AMAZING-MAN COMICS and AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES. The latter was of particular interest, for in addition to featuring "Speed Centaur", a legendary super hero part man and part horse drawn by Malcolm Kildale and "The Phantom of the Fair" by Paul Gustovson (The World's Fair was in full swing in 1939), the magazine was very heavy on science fiction. In that realm, Basil Wolverton contributed in his unique style "Space Patrol"; the superbly drawn "Don Dixon and the Hidden Empire" was an unsigned imitation of FLASH Gordon; "Jon Linton", a creation of Harry Francis Campbell, also carried on his adventures with rocket ships and ray guns.

The editor, who signed his name only as "Uncle Joe", while he held out hope for Giunta as an artist was fascinated by his fan magazines, especially since some of them carried full-sequence color strips. He suggested that Giunta do a fan magazine review for the magazine.

The December, 1939 AMAZING MYSTERY FUNNIES carried "Looking Over Your Magazines", subtitled "A New Department For Boys and Girls Who Publish Their Own Magazines". "Uncle Joe then decided to start a department to list and review your fan magazines," the introductory lines to the column read. "He asked a young fellow by the name of John Giunta, himself famous as the publisher of his own mimeographed magazines, to write these reviews. I hope you'll like the idea!" It was no accident that all the magazines reviewed but one, carried at one time or another illustrations by young Giunta, including FANTASY NEWS by James V. Taurasi, NEW FANDOM by this author, and SPACEWAYS by Harry Warner. More important there were two illustrations, one of the covers of the magazines FANTASY TIMES and NEW FANDOM and the other a space scene. The column and the illustrations were the first professional published work of John Giunta.

The column did not last beyond that issue, but Giunta began to get dribs and drabs of work in the comics, including a short-lived strip to the same magazine, "The Magician of Mars", with the continuity written by James V. Taurasi.

He began getting assignments for ASTONISHING STORIES, then under the aegis of Alden H. Norton, and F. Orlin Tremaine's COMET, with my assistance. In 1940, James V. Taurasi, along with Thos. S. Gardner, John Victor Petersen and myself had formed a mutual-help society called The Cometeers to assist one another in professional careers, and Giunta had become a member. Lowndes, who gave him an assignment, reported he was unreliable on delivery.

It was 1941 and Fawcett Publications had brought out CAPTAIN MARVEL on a quarterly basis after its success in WHIZ COMICS the previous year. The quarterly had to be shifted to monthly by the end of the year and they realized they couldn't depend on freelance work any more, but had to hire a staff. It was Giunta's good fortune to wander into the Paramount Building on Seventh Avenue near Times Square with his samples, just when they were hiring. In 1941, his weekly salary of \$45.00 seemed to his depression-ridden friends, wealth beyond dreams of avarice. He was the great success story to be emulated. For at least part of the period of his employment there, he worked under Jack Binder, who had been hired away from Harry Chesler's "sweat shop" of packaged comics to assist the Marvel Group.

About a year later, when I had been inducted into the armed services, I made a final trip to New York to visit editors Leo Marguiles, Malcolm Reiss, John W. Campbell and Alden H. Norton and I also made a stop to Fawcett Publications and told the receptionist I wanted to see John Giunta. He came out and we had hardly chatted two minutes, when the receptionist told him he was wanted inside. When he returned, he was very subdued: "I've just been fired!" he told me.

"What for?" I asked.

He shook his head, stroking his Adam's apple. "Internal politics," was all he would say.

The army rejected him because of a perforated ear drum and he picked up his credentials (which included a six months series "The Television Detective" he had done for F. Orlin Tremaine) and consol-





ing himself with the remnant of his affluence, a second-hand 1938 Packard with a damaged door, began the rounds of the editorial offices. I personally accompanied him to Ray Willner at National Features at 101 Park Avenue and Lloyd Jacquet of Funnies Incorporated at 49 West Forty Fifth Street, a packager of comics. In my files there still is a continuity for "Blue Bolt, The American" I apparently tried out on Jacquet on speculation, but he was much more interested in trying to get me to tell him what stories the Superman series might have been derived from to help his clients counter the suit by D.C. Comics against Fawcett, than in promoting my script. I had the answer very specifically, but saw no reason to undercut my friend Mort Weisinger at D.C. Comics.

The war was an opportunity for Giunta. Many young artists were drafted at a time when the demand for comics was expanding. He developed his own shop with assistants like Frank Frazetta and made out. For 10 years he did work for D.C. Comics on all the strips other than "Superman" and "Batman", as well as for other companies. One of his more interesting projects was his one-shot attempt to revive TRUE CRIME COMICS (August-September, 1949) for Magazine Village Inc., 114 E. 32nd St., New York City. He solicited strips from his acquaintances, including myself, James V. Taurasi and fan Raymond Van Houten. He had his relative Aldo Giunta write the short story and secured really first-rate men to do the drawings, putting into effect his theory of complete stories not dependent upon characters, handling that would appeal to adults as well as children, with the name of the author and the artist credited on the stories. The publishers killed the magazine before the newsstand results came in.

In the early fifties Giunta began to encounter psychological problems. He left home and took up residence in a barren room a few blocks from Times Square, probably one of many. By the late fifties he was illustrating for SATELLITE SCIENCE FICTION and had secured an apartment in New York's Village at 62 West 12th Street between Fifth and Sixth Avenues. He was still doing work for D.C., Harvey Comics and Archie, but was putting special effort into scratchboard techniques and had arranged a showing at the Limelight Cafe, 91 7th Ave., for a selection of his originals. I wrote the copy for a descriptive poster which accompanied the art.

A gradual decline in his artistic abilities was evident all through the fifties and as the Comic Code went into effect and comics hit difficult times, Giunta began having trouble finding work. As early as 1961 he was showing up at the offices of QUICK FROZEN FOODS MAGAZINE of which I was Vice President, looking for loans. I would, instead, give him a commission to do some industry-related cartoons and give him an advance on the work. The quality of his work was only marginally professional.

Obviously he was having psychological and personal problems, but none of them were alcohol or drug related. By 1970 he was on welfare, getting \$50.00 a week and forced to give up his apartment. He moved into The Village Plaza Hotel, 79 Washington Place, first in Room 204 and then Room 606. He ran the elevator part time to help pay for his room.

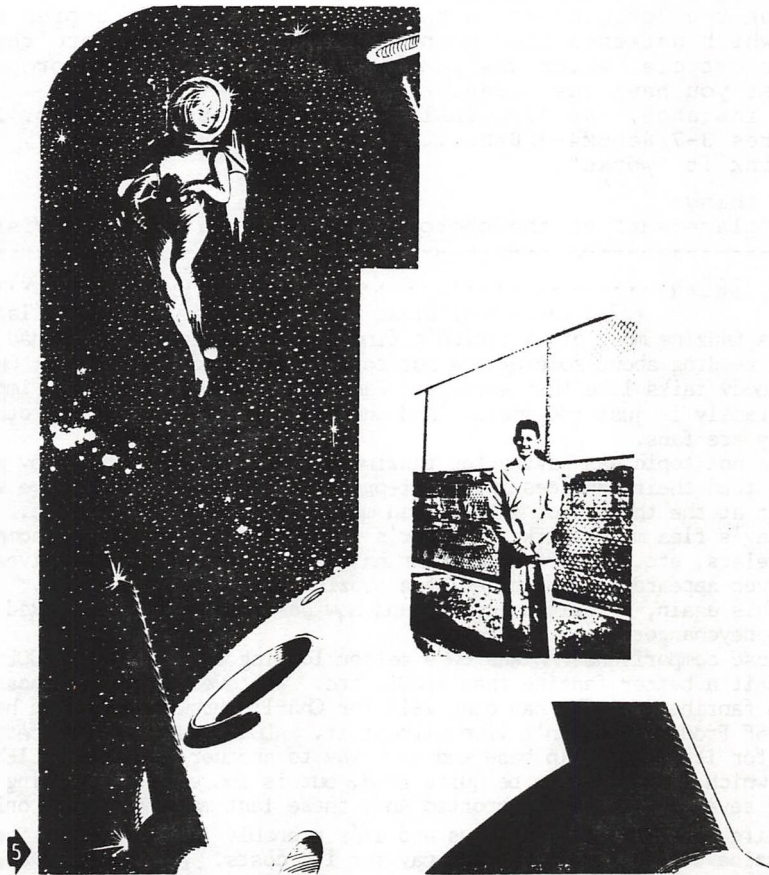
When he was desperate he would show up at my offices and I would always give him work, though his quality was no longer very good. I would tell him it was my policy to pay on assignment—which was untrue—and advance him money out of my pocket. I would insist on taking him to lunch, but he refused to eat and would order only a cup of black coffee.

Because his character of natural kindness and decency had never changed, I offered him a full-time job as an editorial trainee. He agonized over whether to accept it, even visiting a psychiatrist for advice. Finally he refused, on the basis that if he failed on the job, he would lose his welfare which now represented security to him.

I last saw him in 1970, when I advanced him \$60.00, but before he turned in the work I received a phone call from James Taurasi that he had heard from Giunta's relative Alto Giunta, that Johnny had passed away from a stroke, suffered in his hotel room, at age 50, Friday night, November 6, 1970.

The decades have not erased the pathos of his life every time something reminds me of Giunta. I have the feeling that something is missing from my knowledge of his background, physical and mental problems that would help explain his career and his death. Thomas Wolfe in writing of the United States of the thirties said in effect: "We are lost but we shall be found". I have the feeling that Giunta became lost and no one ever found him.

..... SAM MOSKOWITZ



9/25/91 • ...of all the material that SaM sent me in 1988—including that published before the Interregnum, as well as since—the SCIENCE FICTION PLUS material in OW60 is undoubtedly the most "important"...but the article you've just read is my personal favorite.

Which is why I've saved it for 'last'; that, now, is Editorial Whim!

...some Technical Data for you few remaining members of the Jerry Lapidus Fan Club:

Going into this issue, I knew I was going to have to employ some manner of reduction to get all the material into even an unreasonable number of 8½x11 pages. Yet, dreading the prospect of having to "set" margins every time I turned on the typer, I opted for the *experienced* lazy faned's Out: I knew that upon Powering Up, this typer (of Dick & Leah's) had an automatic set of margins approximately 6-¾ inches wide. With a little experimentation, I discovered that typing within those margins and then reducing the output at the 68% setting on the copier...well, the results fit rather neatly within the 4-¾s "wide" column of my proposed format. And, by typing with the 10-pitch elements, rather than the 12- or 15-pitch type wheels, the result was quite readable. ...but not quite as readable as these pages.

After further *experimentation* research... Well, somehow I ended up with the better part of a ream of 8½x14 legal-sized paper. And, by marking off 5/8" guide marks, top-&-bottom, for the dashed-line limits, and by typing the literal width of the paper...then reducing via the 78% (or "legal-to-letter" setting common on most reducing copiers) I not only came up with readable copy, but the proper vertical margins. Albeit somewhat generous lateral margins.

[I've already determined that it is unlikely—particularly as long as I persist in digressing....—that I will have this issue "out" for Ditto. But in a noble tilt at the inevitable, I'm going to be recycling some of the previously-typed material: that'll be the noticeably "narrower" pages, such as Ted's LoC, and SaM's article. You are invited to consider this as a creative use of existing resources...rather than as aesthetic chaos....]

All of that is prelude:

The copies of Guinta's artwork that SaM furnished were on what I can only describe as "flimsies"...and the blacks were faded. I have in issues past—since "my" copier can't hold solid blacks, gone back and darkened masters by hand before setting off to the copier-shop.

This time I tried a different tack:

I took the "originals" to the copy shop and made copies at the 78% setting, which darkened them up nicely. Those copies were then "pasted" into SaM's article, which was reduced again, by the same proportion, to get to what you have just seen.

[For instance, the "original" of the illustration on p. 2065, which now measures 3-7/8thsx4-3/8ths...was 6-3/8thsx7.25.]

I think it "works".

One other thing:

The "placement" of the photo of John Guinta was my decision.

BRIAN EARL BROWN

#27.5 was a real blast from the past. A 15 years late fanzine full of locs on a fanzine most of us couldn't find in our households if we had to. It was interesting reading about some of the hot topics of that day. Is Fandom One Great Big Family? Nobody talks like that anymore. Fandom has become so big, so impersonal that the concept of family is just too small. And there's a lot less liking of other fans just because they are fans.

Another hot topic was paying for fanzines, or rather the attempt by several fans at the time to turn their fanzines into semi-professional magazines. There were so many people upset at the thought of another fan making a living off of fanac. What would they make of today's flea market-like huckster's room with filksing record companies, button makers, jewelers, etc. and art shows where half the artists list themselves as professionals yet have never appeared in the pages of a prozine, let alone a fanzine. Gee, thinking about all this again, I begin to understand how Jesus felt when he picked up the whip and drove the moneychangers from the Temple.

All those comparisons.... Was OW a better looking fanzine than ALGOL, than SFR, LOCUS. Was it a better fanzine than ALGOL, etc. Whatever became of those days of 500 circulation fanzines? LOCUS has done well for Charlie Brown because it has become the VARIETY of SF Prodom, you can't live without it. ALGOL was too damn pretty, too expensive to produce for its readership base and gave way to another newszine, SCIENCE FICTION CHRONICLE, which I consider to be quite good, but is increasingly hurting from declining advertising revenues. It has supported Andy these last many years but only just.

Your life went in different ways and it's probably just as well. Even a 1000 subscriber fanzine wouldn't do more than pay for its costs. And how does one build up to a 1000 subscriber mailing list? Geis had the answer: an astonishing compulsion to talk

about his life in lurid detail, argue politics at the drop of a hat and the relentless pursuit of pros. He also had enough inheritance and willingness to life in reduced circumstances that he could make it from off his fanzine profits. SFR is really the fanzine fandom needs. It is, or was, the quintessential form of a "fanzine" and could serve to link the isolated local groups. It's sad that ill health has forced Geis into retirement. The only big genzine left from that era is Doug Frantz's THRUST/QUANTUM and that was always subsidized by his mundane career. It's odd that this should be so when you look at the pulp magazine fandom, which is quite small but supports several good fanzines—ECHOES, PULP VAULT, THE PULP COLLECTOR and GOLDEN PERILS, among others. All of these lose money to some extent but all of them are subscriber supported. Circulation is between 100-400. But in this day and age I can't really imagine anyone being about to get 1-400 SF fans to shell out hard cash for a fanzine. Hell it's hard getting people to loc fanzines, let alone pay for one.

In a way I think we can see '75-'76 as a turning point in fan history. Some fanzines were poised to make a great leap from small circulation into big at a time when fandom was ballooning from small into big. In the end, for whatever reason, fanzines did not grow with fandom. There was a loss of heart and a retreat to ensmall zines that one could afford to give away. It's as much a thought as any that fanzine fandom has shrunk in size as it has because of this lack of nerve.

I could be wrong, of course. Ted White was soon to be fired from AMAZING and FANTASTIC bringing to an end The Clubhouse and all the recruitment it was doing. That could as easily have knocked the props out from under fanzine fandom.

The list of loccers for this issue is something. Some are names I can't remember ever hearing of before or since, others—Cheryl Cline, Steve Beatty, I haven't heard of in a long, long time, while others, like Skel or Glicksohn sound pretty much the same today as they did fifteen years ago. A compliment to the maturity of their style.

David Gerrold...Roger Elwood. Gerrold never quite outran his shadowman. After all this time I still automatically pass over any of his books. While Elwood, like his anthologies, are largely forgotten. Curiously there seems little upset over the endless anthologies prepared by Martin H. Greenberg, with or without the help of Issac Asimov. One of the fears with Elwood was that he was going to ruin the field for others. No one today seems to care that every other anthology is one of Greenberg's.

Perhaps the strangest comment in this issue is Gerard Houarner's reference to your backlog of locs "the size of Jodie Offutt's boobs multiplied by a factor of ten..." I don't recall Jodie Offutt having particularly exceptional breasts so I'm at a loss as to why Gerard would use them as a unit of measure.

Don't mind me, I always get a little confused when people mention the word breasts.

A couple of really nice Alan Hunter drawings cover OW61. I particularly liked the front cover but confess those contrails he worked into the figure of the man at first looked like flaws of the xerox and not part of the art.

I'm not sure I liked your idea of quoting bits from OW27.5 in this issue next to current letters from the same people. In hindsight mine looks pretty stupid, tho perhaps the point is that at the time neither Anthony nor Koontz looked to ever be more than mid-list writers and now both men have whole shelves full of their titles at every B. Dalton's across the nation. Goes to show that life aint fair. (I keep wondering if its a blessing or a curse that my friend, Kathe Kojas book gets shelved between King and Koontz.)

David Harvia lettering is really a computerized font?!!! But it's such an awful looking one. I mean it's never looked properly kerned or anything!

Skel's column is always enjoyable. I was drawn in particular to his comments on C.J. Cherryh's CHANUR'S VENTURE. I stopped reading Cherryh somewhere around this time, in fact I think it was after reading the book preceding VENTURE in the series. As Skel describes, it was 300 pages and bugger-all happens. Except that the book ends in mid-action. It didn't even have the courtesy of most trilogies of rounding off the adventure until the next installment. This was one book cut into thirds and issued at yearly intervals. Screw that!

Curiously I know exactly what Skel and you mean about the landed gentry feeling that comes from owning one's own washer and dryer. We sort of felt that way when we bought our first washer and dryer.

[...re the new AMAZING, etc.:] I think the magazines are failing in part because they aren't pulp-like enough. The art doesn't grab you and the stories are less than thrilling.

I appreciated the quotes from Campbell that you reprinted. In '63-'64 there wasn't much advertising that would want to appear in an SF magazine. Today the story's different with many book publishers running large and expensive ads in — at least SF CHRONICLE, which would probably switch to a newsstand SF magazine. But of course this advertising has been receding during the current recession, and an advertising-supported magazine would need advertising that wasn't as fickle as is the SF fields'.

Great article by SaM on the Campbell panel at ConFederation. His reportorial approach



makes the piece much shorter than a literal transcript would have, while retaining all the good bits.

D. Gary Grady, and there's a name I haven't seen in a while, makes some good observations about the often much abused Edgar Rice Burroughs. I read most of ERB when I was a wee lad and never noticed any change of tone or voice from one story to another but it is interesting to see that it is there. There had to be more to Burroughs' success than mere luck with Tarzan and Gary shows us some of what that might be.

The revelation that Sharyn McCrumb is a self-hateing fat person makes me feel less... uncharitable? towards her. Well, no. I'm still not going to buy her books because of my dislike for her BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN.

I can sympathize with your feeling of strangeness now that your mother has moved out of the ancestral house. Both my grandparents lived across the road from us so when I was growing up their houses were as much "our" house as our hose was. But they died a few years ago and the houses sold. When I visit my folks I look at those houses being inhabited by strangers and I almost resent it. I can't help feeling they're squatters or some such. It's that hard to accept that those houses are not part of the family any more.

I wish your mother well and hope that when it's time to go, it happens quickly. Denice just got over caring for her grandfather who became an invalid in late May but refused to leave his home. She went over every morning to care for him before going to work. But he wasn't getting better and though it's a terrible thing to say, when he died earlier this month, it was a great relief. It's great when people can live into their 80s and still remain healthy enough to live by themselves. I'm amazed by them and envy their good health. But I see the people Denice works with at the nursing home and know that I don't want to end up there nor would wish that on anyone else. It's hard work when it's a job, it's harder work when it's your parent.

I'm sorry to be a little maudlin there. That's a great letter from Avedon. She's right that it's the little things that drive people crazy; the big stuff seems so much easier.

Finally, turning to X:36.5, I almost feel like I'm catching up with your fanzine production.

Skel has a lot of fun reinterpreting Jeanne Bowman's cover from last time. I have my doubts that Bob Asprin really received a letter addressed solely "Yang the Nauseating, Ann Arbor, MI". Ann Arbor isn't that small a town and Asprin couldn't be that well known in his Yang persona. But it does make a nice story. The bit from Stoll I can believe because the zipcode probably identified CIA HQ so anything else would have been redundant anyway.

I'm surprised... tho I don't know why I should be—on the other hand I'm the guy who's still going around muttering "Diane Drutowski and RO NAGY?????" so just think of me as the proverbial brick wall—to learn that you and Sandi Lopez go way back. She was in town a while back, visiting friends on her summer break. We were sitting outside because the cats were inside, and Denice passed around some Cheeze Curls. Sandi took a handful and kept talking. A few minutes later we noticed that she'd absentmindedly arranged the cheese curls into a single straight row. "Sandi!" we cried and she looked properly aghast at what she'd done. But throughout the night we'd catch her obsessively stacking her cheese curls into neat rows. No doubt about it, law school has messed up her mind.

It's nice of Larry to ask you to give a talk at next year's ConFusion, but his request that you "make it cheerful" seems a little cruel. You cheerful? That's kind of like the people who tell me to smile when I already was smiling!

----- 8/20/91

9/28/91 • All thru the Interregnum I was receiving LOCUS; occasional copies of FILE:770 even made it past the self-appointed censor. But, during the gestation period of my "rebirth" [the month of August, 1990, which I spent in exile at the Cavin's] ...well, the way I "caught-up" with Fandom was by devouring the better part of a two-year run of the CFG copies of SF CHRONICLE.

My sub to LOCUS ran out recently; eventually I'll renew it. When I can.

But: Several months ago, Andy Porter sent me a "care package" of more SFCs—and at Chicon V he gave me a couple more.

"We former Worldcon Fan Guests of Honor have to stick together," he said. I'll subscribe to that.

Thanks, Andy.

A Reference Quote, for Brian:

"It has been said that charisma is that indefinable quality possessed by women with big tits. ¶ Some of us are lesser endowed with charisma and therefore have to come up with other ways of attracting attention. ..."

— JODIE OFFUTT • We've Come A Long Way, Baby!; p. 804 • OUTWORLDS 21 • 1974

Of those on hand for this issue, only Rotsler, Coulson, and Jeeves predate Jodie Offutt's first appearance in the pages of OUTWORLDS: a LoC in the 2nd issue. March, 1970.

Her first "formal" contribution was in OUTWORLDS V [Sept./Oct., 1970] — A review of "Beneath the Planet of the Apes".

After that auspicious start ... Jodie has been for over twenty years one of my favorite people: as a friend, and as a contributor to these pages.

I'm very happy that she, also, is Back. ...and, as you'll see from the letter after the following: Jodie has, indeed, Come a Long Way! ~~WII/PIPII~~

by JODIE OFFUTT



LIFE ON THE FUNNY FARM

IN A BURST OF SPRING ENERGY I ripped some dead vines off the side of the house. The leaves had died and fallen away during the winter. Having stripped the vines from the house, I discovered that I'd also pulled down the wire for the antenna that ran from the radio through the dining room window to the eaves at the corner of the house.

Here in the Eastern Kentucky hills, our radio reception is pretty bad. Several years ago our son Jeff attached an antenna to the eaves at the corner of our three-story house. This enabled us to bring in public radio from five stations in Kentucky, Ohio and West Virginia. Without the antenna we can't even listen to the university or country music stations less than 10 miles away. Our TV reception was even worse. Till we got cable in 1988, we got one channel with a rooftop antenna. And pretty poor reception at that.

This'll be easy to fix, I thought. All we have to do is reconnect the wire to the antenna. Since the plastic covering was cracked in several places, and one of the two-strand wires broken in one spot, probably accounting for the occasional static in reception, I decided to buy new wire. After a trip to True Value and splicing the new wire onto the wire inside the house, I got the carpenter's apron and some tools. Andy moved the aluminum ladder to the side of the house and extended it almost as far as it would go. The two of us stood there looking at the antenna on the corner of the house.

It looked pretty high. It is pretty high.

Aluminum ladders, when extended fully, tend to give under weight. The higher you go, the more they give. Being on the extended part of an aluminum ladder is similar to being on the upper floor of one of those earthquake-proof high-rise buildings during a California earthquake or high wind.

My husband is uncomfortable on ladders, especially ones that sway and make hollow noises. "I can climb it," he said, "but I won't be able to do anything when I get up there except hug the ladder." Since I'm the electrical member of the family and not afraid—just wary—of heights, I climbed the ladder while Andy held it. It wasn't so bad.

My arms, however, weren't long enough to reach the antenna and attach the wire. Damn! Where is Jeff when you need him? That's the trouble with raising kids. They grow up, leave home, get educated, and aren't around to do small maintenance chores.

I descended to ground level and while we stood in the yard trying to decide how safe it would be to lean the ladder against the wooden eave, the wind blew the ladder to the ground with a loud aluminum clatter. We decided to deal with it another day, and went in the house, leaving the ladder in the yard.

Two days later I climbed the ladder again, the tool apron around my waist, while Andy held the ladder against the eave. Attaching the wire to the antenna was a walk in the park, and I started looking around. I could see over our neighbors' fence into their yard. And I could see over the trees on the hillside all the way down to the road at the foot of the hill.

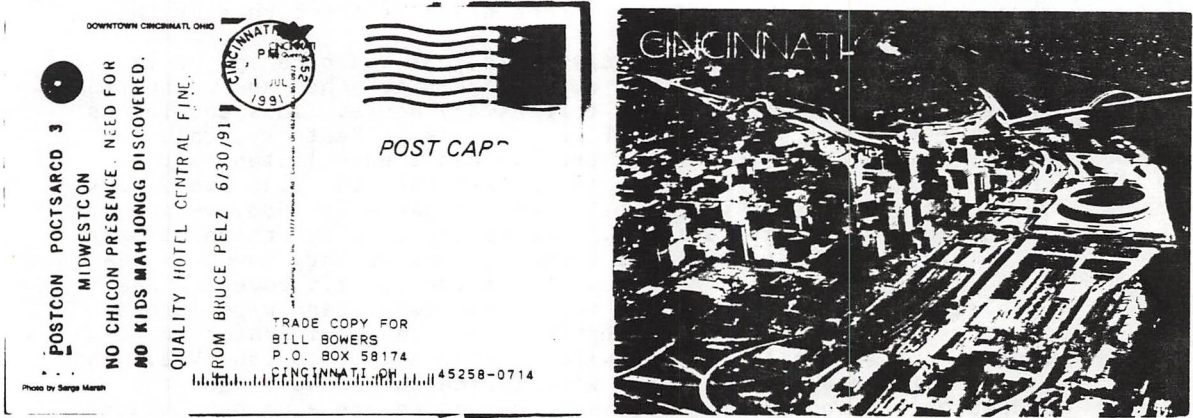
"If you're through, come on down here," Andy said impatiently. So much for my lookout point. We checked the radio before moving the ladder. Stations throughout the tri-state came in loud and clear. I stretched the vines across the back yard, dividing them into nine long strands, which I plaited into three viney pigtailed. I had to do all this by myself; Andy had been my assistant long enough. I twisted and wrapped the three braids around themselves into a big wreath suitable for seasonal decorations to hang on the front door. How trendy. How very trendy. And what happened? The damned radio button on the expensive Onkyo "tuner" went out! No radio. Boy, if it isn't one thing.... How trendy. How very trendy.

JODIE OFFUTT • 9/1/91

JODIE OFFUTT

I finished school in August and expected to teach a couple of classes of English as a part-time teacher. Would you believe they hired me full-time for one semester. I've discovered that people who work for a living get up and go to work every day. It's fun, tho. I'm teaching four Composition classes and a yoga class for the P E Dept. I know the written word means a lot to you and I'm sorry I haven't put this on paper sooner: I'm truly glad that you're back where you belong. I, along with many others, have missed you and OUTWORLDS. I'm so sorry about all your troubles and hope that they will soon be behind you and like a bad dream that you had long, long ago.

9/1/91



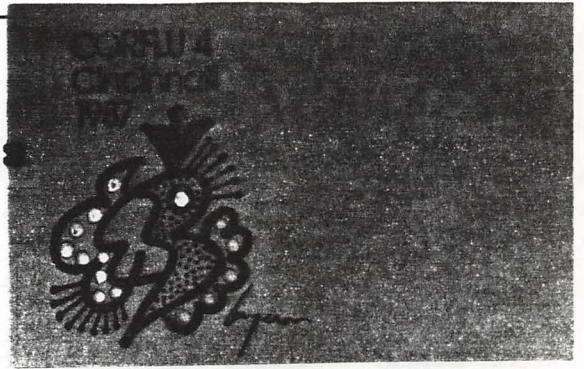
PEGGY RAE PAVLAT

[on OW27.5] Your comment that OUTWORLDS is one of the few areas of your "past" that you can still "tidy up" filled me with sadness. Thanks for the post-it note. (You wrote "It's awkward, but I hope Bob's letter brings back pleasant memories--I certainly don't want to upset.") And thank you for sending me OUTWORLDS. I've enjoyed reading it. I'm also thankful to you for not giving it to me at MidwestCon—which was the first MidwestCon I'd attended since Bob died eight years ago. Bob's letter not only sounded like my Bobby, but also had some important information. When he was talking about the Swisher/Pavlat/Evans Index, he mentioned that a cross index by editor still exists which hasn't seen print but reposes in our basement on 3 x 5 cards. Since I've never thrown out these index cards (that he had in shoe boxes), they are still available. CoFrancisco, my major project will keep me busy until the end of 1993, then we'll see about publishing the cross index. Thanks again for taking the time to put this together.

8/14/91

I've always not only craved copious "response" to my fanzines...I've demanded it; and I've usually gotten it. With the exception of a very few, those who haven't offered feedback are eventually "dropped". Including friends.... So, although it is never a high enough percentage, I've generally gotten that response. But all too often...I haven't kept up my end—and published your response in a timely manner. When I sorted through the "box" and found what would obviously be the "lead" letter in OW27.5, it was not only awkward. I was ashamed of my procrastination. This time around, I still "demand" that response. From me, also! ...speaking of things too long unpublished:

JOEL D. ZAKEM



CORFLU IV

Guest-of-Honor Speech

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO DON'T KNOW ME, my name is Joel Zakem or, if you're Larry Tucker, Jo-El Zah-Keem, and I'm standing here as proof that the guest of honor drawing was not rigged. I've probably had less involvement with fanzines than most of the people here. In 1968, along with three others who I'll spare embarrassment by not naming, I published a forgotten piece of trash entitled *ADVOCATES OF THE INFINITE*. I thought I might bring a copy over but, when I dug one out of my attic, it was even worse than I remembered. I did join ALPS about seven months back, but so far my contributions have only totaled about 10 pages.

So the question may well be, what am I doing at CORFLU, the convention for fanzine fans? Well, I do go to several cons each year. Unlike some others here, I don't keep count, but I've probably been to between 75-100. This year, I will hopefully attend my 20th straight MIDWESTCON, and this was an easy con to get to. I've known Bill Bowers since he moved to Cincinnati and consider him, for the most part, to be a friend. That was part of the reason I'm here. I knew I'd see others who have become my friends over the past 20 years, and that is a lot of the reason why I am here. There is also another reason. And ever since I was told, Friday night, that I was the recipient of this honor, I've been searching for the words to express what fanzines have meant to me.

Now, if this were a Bill Bowers speech, I could digress into something unrelated—like dinner at the House Of Hunan last night; specifically my fortune cookie. Denise Parsley Leigh and Leah Zeldes Smith suggested I talk about who I am. The fortune cookie said I was "apt to be shy and retiring in a dignified way." I think that somewhat describes me, at least I hope it does. There are a few other adjectives that I could use, but those may come later.

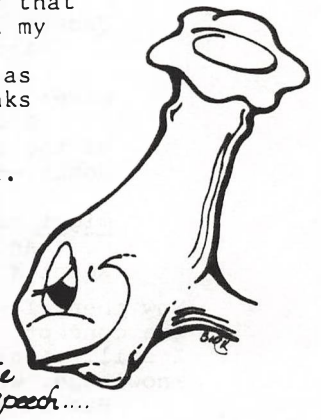
In the almost 20 years since a shy and retiring, although dignified, 15-year-old journeyed to the North Plaza, I've read a number of fanzines. Probably not as many as most of you, but a number nonetheless. I've written for a few, loosed some, but many, unfortunately, have been read without comment. I don't know why that is. A lot of it is just plain laziness. Part of it, however, is insecurity in what I write. It's my fault, and I would like to take this opportunity to apologize, en masse if you would, to all who have sent me fanzines without receiving any response. They were appreciated. When a fanzine comes in the mail, or I'm given one at a con, it gets read before anything else—before the comics (except maybe, *LOVE AND ROCKETS*), before the music mags, before the law journals, and even before the science fiction books. And even though I may be a little slow in expressing my thanks to the creators, I know that the few fanzines I receive are an important part of my life. I've never totally subscribed to the philosophy that 'fandom is a way of life', but it has been an important factor in my life, and it is something I have no intention of letting go.

So maybe it's not such a bad choice to have someone like me as guest of honor at CORFLU. It gives me an opportunity to say thanks to those people who have helped me muddle through the fringes of fanzine fandom these past 20 years and tell them, even if they didn't always hear from me, that their work has found an audience. Someone, I think it was Taral, told me last night that, because of this, I'll have to publish another zine. Maybe I will, one of these days. Stranger things have happened.

Bill, I've had fun. I'd like to thank all who've worked on this con (especially whoever it was that brought the Brador). If nothing else, this has given me a chance to apologize for all those unsent locs over the years and say, in public, thanks to all of you.

— JOEL D. ZAKEM

Given at CORFLU 4, 4/5/87



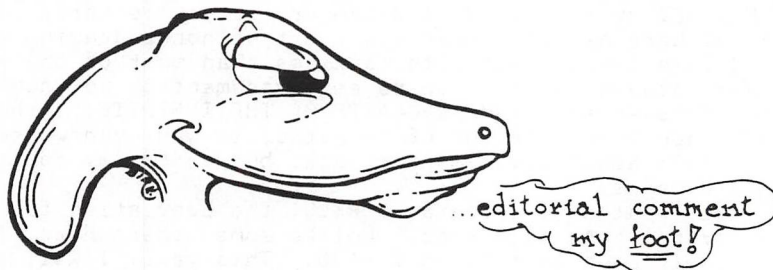
AFTERWORD: FOUR+ YEARS ON

Well, since that afternoon, I have yet to publish my ish, except for APA contributions. I have managed to stay in ALPS and, soon after getting this thing out to Bill, I need to start on IT'S MY DANCE 17. (By the way, a slightly different version of this speech-minus a few grammatical corrections-appeared in IT'S MY DANCE 7, written for the 44th mailing of ALPS, dated May, 1988.)

But for some reason, I have never attended a DITTO or another CORFLU, even though I have supported some. There is the usual excuses dealing with money and time, but I'm not sure these are the only reasons. It's not that I didn't have a great time (I may have had an even better time, however, if I didn't have to take time out to write a speech), but I still am not sure if I feel completely comfortable with fanzine fandom. While it might just be my paranoia, I also sensed some resentment that Bill did not pick another, more deserving, person out of the hat.

Still, I recently returned from my 23rd straight MIDWESTCON and I have partied with many fanzine fans at that and other conventions, and I still am having a great time. So you'll probably see me again at a CORFLU or DITTO down the road, where once again I can thank those persons who have sent me their zines. At least I hope so.

..... JOEL D. ZAKEM • 7/6/91



9/29/91 • ...and, knowing My Audience, I feel it incumbent on me to point out that Sheryl's illo on the previous page was not placed there as a "commentary" on Joel's speech. It's just that I've had that particular illo for some time, and hadn't quite figured out where to place it.

OTHER/THAN//POSSIBLY//SAYING//IT//FOR//ONE//OF//MY//SPEECHES'////

...A TALE OF TWO CORFLU GOHS:

...let us return, briefly, to those yesteryears

when I was making speeches:

January, 1984. ConFusion, the Genuine version. Even tho I wasn't the Friday Nite Speaker I was scheduled to be a Friday nite speaker. I always think about these things once I commit, but rarely put words to paper before the last possible moment. (More than one was "finished", longhand, during happy hour in the hotel bar on a succession of ConFusion Friday Nites....)

Exception: Late 1983, I was looking at a Genuine ConFusion flyer which bannered the Featured Guests:

- The Unadulterated MIKE RESNICK, Pro Guest of Honor;
- The Bona Fide MARTHA BECK, Fan Guest of Honor;
- The Veritable WILSON 'Bob' TUCKER, Friday Night Speaker;

...as well as The Indubitable, but for the moment unnamed, Toastmaster.

I know all these fine persons, I said to myself. And decided to have some fun. When I came to the podium that January Friday night, I had in my cool, calm, collected hands a copy of OUTWORLDS 37. Constructed ~~ACT~~ TOR-double-style, half of it contained:

A cover that was a brilliant send-up of the ConFusion flyer, by Jackie Causgrove;

A transcript of the speech Bob Tucker had just made;
...the wheels-within-wheels "text" of the speech I was about to make;

A pre-print of the lively and scintillating banter that is the mark of the ~~interminable~~ annual "panel" of Former ConFusion Fan Guests of Honor — as visualized in Jackie's over-active imagination;

...followed by some pre-con remarks that Martha Beck said she might make (she didn't);

and ended with a transcript of the Guest of Honor Speech that Mike Resnick was to deliver the following night.

Now then, I was actually rather pleased with myself — not only for having had the concept, but by actually getting it all together and Out...on time! And I still think of it as one of the few things that I have done that, to my knowledge, was a Genuine First.

But it wasn't quite as "complete" as I'd wished, had been led to believe

was possible....

Now, sometimes, I'm not all that swift myself. I've finally, just, looked-up the definition of "indubitable" in my dictionary.

...had I done it before, I might not have been as anticipatory of Joel's speech Not Being Alone. The concept, in this case, was that it (Joel's) was to be "paired" with a transcript of the speech given earlier this year by the Corflu Ocho Guest of Honor....

Said GoH having previously served as Toastmaster at a ConFusion. ...say about 1984.

[Mo//Jackie//I/guess/I/never/will/learn//Y]

Actually, Dick Smith is an incredibly witty, articulate personable kind of guy. I'm not sure I'd be saying that, if he weren't married to one of my most valued friends...but even if not, he'd be okay. For a guy...

But it sure can be frustrating trying to get something out of him to print!

No matter, when he does commit it to paper, I'll be glad to print his speech. ...although I have this nagging suspicion of a Plot; I won't be at all surprised that, when next I go up to Box 58174, Dick's speech might well be sitting there. Just to embarrass me.

One sidebar, other than the obvious, as to why I wanted to print Dick's speech in tandem with Joel's:

Back in 1987, at "my" Corflu, the handwritten text of Joel's speech was put up for auction, to help bail out the con.

The purchaser of the "publication rights"?

You got it.

Joel wearied waiting, ran it in his apazine. I, on occasion, nagged, but got little in the way of results until...I guess it was El Paso, May, 1991:

Where I got the Promise.

...maybe, in four years, we'll see the other "half"?

RICHARD BRANDT

Curse you, Bill Bowers—before I manage to mail off a LoC on OW60, you've got 61 out already! You trying to make me look bad?

Anyway, here's the LoC I wrote already—everything still goes

You can hardly know how much your coming to Corflu, considering the circumstances, meant to me. Thank you.

Great covers by Linda Michaels, especially the back, which lends itself to a guessing game: current reading? contents of the artist's bookshelves? formative influences? If we determine which, should we all respond with a list in kind? (Russ Chauvenet has started listing the contents of his bookshelves in FAPA, shelf by shelf, and a few have taken up his example....)

Lotsa good art, in fact (and a nice job on the header for Moskowitz's article). Craig Smith's "Intimations of Fandom" was especially clever. The Alan Hunter piece on the inside front cover was uncharacteristically simplistic for him (for economy of line he has sacrificed the impact of such a piece as his heading for Wolfenbarger's story), while Haugh's sketch illustrating his article manages to be as simple as his cartoons while making a more elegant impression. You realize, of course, that a couple of Harvia and Birkhead figures seem to be looking the wrong way for what they're commenting on....

Skel's theory of frictionless furniture as the heart of the universe strikes me as pure balderdash, although he'll probably insist it's the unvarnished truth.

I look forward to Sam Moskowitz's history of SCIENCE FICTION PLUS; not only does he have the exhaustive documentation, but the limited life span of the magazine means its entire history could be covered with much more detail within a single volume. The unanswered question, of course, is why, with all of Moskowitz's confidence of success, the formula failed to produce a long-lived magazine? One expects the usual dissertation on the consistent failure of science fiction to gain a foothold among the slicks, even to this day (AMAZING and ABORIGINAL are trying to buck this trend as we speak). I wonder, as well, whether the authors Sam recruited were able to capture the old-fashioned sense of wonder while adapting their style to accomodate subsequent changes in the public's tastes. Had Sam correctly identified the element in those older stories that made them successful—or had he perhaps misjudged his readership? (Then again, Sam's manuscript may provide a more prosaic explanation for the magazine's eventual demise.)

I thought seriously of responding with my own list of movies viewed in the last few years, but (a) it would require digging out some old notebooks and (b) my list may not be tied as neatly to the beginning and end of the year as yours. Let's just say I seem to have seen 455 movies since November of 1990. That really is a feeble rationale for your compulsive moviegoing, Bill. I mean, geez, you sound like me talking about women....

----- postmarked 8/6/91

RICHARD BRANDT

Thank you, Bill Bowers, for OW61. Hey—swell party, isn't it? (Isn't throwing a party fun?) Although I guess your life won't really be complete until you've spent two days in jail in El Paso.

Gorgeous covers by Alan Hunter (nice cover stock, too)—although her pose and positioning of your back cover model make it difficult to be sure if there's something a little off with her proportions.

As for Dave Haugh's contribution—quite remarkable, especially the amazing Feiffer takeoff—but my favorite piece of all is the wry cartoon on p. 2028.

It's nice to see Lucy's speech in print (and so soon after the fact—you are either an inspiration or a chastisement to us all) (well, some of us, anyway), although the most striking thing to me is that after a mere ten years Lucy's loc-writing has already progressed beyond the "cringing with embarrassment" stage. Well, that and how much I'd like to see her in a rubber monster suit. I am happy, though, to think that Corflu Ocho might have given some additional impetus to fanzine production in its wake—hell, it even provided some of the material.

I was also quite moved by Dick's GoH speech—although, as I mentioned to him afterward, I was already on the verge of tears anyway.

Commendable idea to promote fanzines to new potential fans—although I think Amy Thomson was right that the best approach would be through a column in an actual prozine (wow just like the good old days), rather than in a fanzine whose existence is already known only to kinetic fans—still, advertising in prozines would be the next best thing (how long since we saw THE ALIEN CRITIC advertised in prozines?). Didn't Robert Lichtman say he offered to review fanzines for ABORIGINAL and never heard back from them?

Skel's description of the Brandsetter novels makes it sound like the old Petrocelli [TV] series, where every episode had the poor suspect discovered lying unconscious next to the body and holding a smoking gun in his hand, while the true prep was dashing down the back fire escape just as the police were walking in the door.

Answering BEB's question "Who has a complete run of LE ZOMBIE?", the answer is of course, "Toni Weisskopf!", as Tucker urged us all to remind Toni any time we happen across her. Bob mentioned at Ditto that Toni had his bound set of LeZ to assist in writing his biography (!), and as fate would happen, I ran across Toni the very next weekend at Armadillocon. (Well, also Pat Mueller, who reminded me about it.) The next question, of course, is how to get ahold of the set if one were to attempt reprinting it. The final question, then, is what accomodating and easily-gulled fan could be talked into mounting the effort. (Gee, I wonder who we could come up with?)

Speaking of marketing magazines, does anyone know why ANALOG and IASFM have abandoned the practice of listing the titles of stories on the cover in favor of cute catch-phrases to describe the action? Especially since the only other SF magazine that had adopted the practice was the perpetually low-circulation AMAZING. (Or had TSR pulled off an amazing turnaround in sales?)

One flaw with the fanartist arguments in "Cover Charge" is the strict delineation between cartoonist and illustrator—this tends to break down in the case of, to take a random example, Brad Foster, who in his prolific modes has generated plenty of polished, detailed fanzine covers in addition to his cartoons (which can be pretty elaborate themselves).

My favorite part of Jeanne's column, of course, is her admission at the end that she'd like to hold Corflu in 1994. I suspect you feel the same rush of gratitude as I do whenever someone proposes to take on Corflu. Someone else, anyway. (Ditto, you say? Surely you jest. Well, if anyone could guarantee it would be smaller than my Corflu....)

After reading all these commiserations on your misfortune, I hate to admit that one of my first reactions had been, "Yeah; that sounds like something I'd do." Be that as it may, Avedon's quite right about one thing...therapists are indeed convincing people that they were abused by aliens. The caveat is that most of the crusaders involved in this work have no professional training as therapists, doctors, psychiatrists, psychologists, or even decent hypnotists. (The fallacy that everything you "recall" under hypnosis is the truth is a long way from being dispelled.) Their latest passion is the "missing time" episode; any time a subject has a period of time they can't account for (like, did you ever go out to do your shopping and it just took longer than you expected?), alien abduction is the answer. Thus, if you can't remember being abducted by aliens, it proves that you were. One can imagine how therapists such as Avedon describes apply this same thinking to spouse and child abuse. (This is rather reminiscent of L. Ron Hubbard's contention that every human being alive has prenatal memories of our mothers trying to abort us.)

So remember, Bill, if there isn't any evidence against you, that's the best proof that you're guilty!

As for the "Wheel of Fanzines" at Corflu..Bill, those trick questions were supposed to be harder to answer!

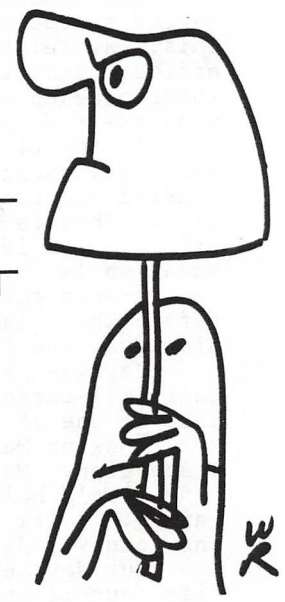
Thank You for Your Support....

----- 8/19/91

PERSONNA

POLITICALLY CORRECT
AT LAST

by RICHARD BRANDT



ELECTIONEERING HERE IN EL PASO still retains a bit of the wild and woolly flavor of the frontier days. Our most memorable campaign season must have been back in '84, when an incumbant judge managed to win a spot on the ballot despite having been dead for several months (he also took a third of the vote); an incumbant justice of the peace was accused of holding court, in the tradition of Roy Bean, in a saloon on Dyer Street; and one county judge candidate ran his campaign from the mental ward of the county hospital, after being picked up for tossing bowling balls through his neighbor's windows.

Still, the most colorful character on our political scene in recent years, in terms of sheer flamboyance, would have to be hard-boiled city councilman, Jay J. Armes.

You may have heard of Jay. As legend has it, Jay lost both hands to a childhood accident involving a stick of dynamite; folks claim it was the resulting settlement which allowed Jay not only to live comfortably, but to indulge his fantasies to an extent most of us only dream about. One has to admire him for overcoming adversity; at the same time, the extent to which he does exist in a fantasy realm gives one pause.

Jay's fantasies, it would appear, run along the James Bond line. He hasn't let his supposed handicap deter him, either; he holds a black belt in karate, and can manipulate his prosthetic hooks skillfully enough to make him a proficient marksman. You may have seen him in a guest shot on Hawaii Five-O as a double-amputee hit man, assembling a rifle from scratch and picking off his victim with a clean one.

Jay is a private dick by profession. His office, The Investigators, is located in an old two-story brick house on Montana Street, just east of downtown. A consulting jack-of-all-trades, Jay handles everything from trial preparation to missing-person cases. According to the Avon paperback documenting his astounding career (television pilot now in development), his most publicized care was retrieving Marlon Brando's son from kidnappers.

Jay also published a magazine for a while, THE INVESTIGATORS, in partnership with Jack Anderson. Jay was to write about his exploits as the world's greatest private detective, while Jack was to furnish investigative reporting from the Washington beat. This venture folded after a few issues, and Jack and Jay filed suit against each other to figure out who was to blame. Jay has ever been a contentious sort, as we shall see.

Being also a public-spirited sort, Jay decided it would be criminal to confine his law enforcement expertise to private life, so he declared his candidacy for county sheriff. Some wags claimed his only interest was in securing the roof of the courthouse as a downtown landing pad for his private helicopter; the city council had denied him a permit for its use.

Jay became a familiar sight on the campaign circuit, arriving always in a stretch limo chauffeured by an imposing ex-college-football-player in an elaborate beribboned uniform. Armes made a decent showing as a write-in candidate, but seems to have lost interest in the sheriff's job after learning that the roof of the old courthouse would not bear the weight of a helicopter. (This incident may have influenced the design of the new courthouse building, a steel-and-glass building with a pointed roof.)

After the defeat, I visited Jay to sound him out on his future political plans. This was my first visit to The Investigators' office; I had some warning of what to expect, and I can assure you, Reader, that it lives up to one's expectations.

The landscaping between the street and the house proper is broken by rows of jagged shards of rock planted firmly in concrete with the pointy edges angled outward. This, Jay tells us, is to deter any would-be assassins from driving a truck into his office. Inside, the ground-floor level is gaily festooned with tropical foliage, interspersed with stuffed birds and game animals. One has to take an old-fashioned wrought-iron cage elevator upstairs to Jay's private sanctum.

As the elevator doors open, one is greeted by Jay himself, seated on a couch and reading a magazine. No, wait, it's only a mannequin of Jay, seated cross-legged, wearing his trademark so-cool private-eye shades and cocking his head as he studies a page. This is to rattle any would-be assassins who have made it all the way to the office. The idea, obviously, is that they'll fire prematurely at the dummy on the sofa, while Jay is busy getting the drop on them.

Around the corner is a map of the world spotted with insistently blinking lights, before which is a massive semicircular desk covered with banks of switches, lights, displays, and telephones. One expects to run into M or Q here, but it's only Jay.

Jay was philosophical about his loss, and said he was keeping his options open, political-career-wise. He did allow as he might be lured into the county judge's race if one of the county commissioners, Mary Haynes, decided to run.

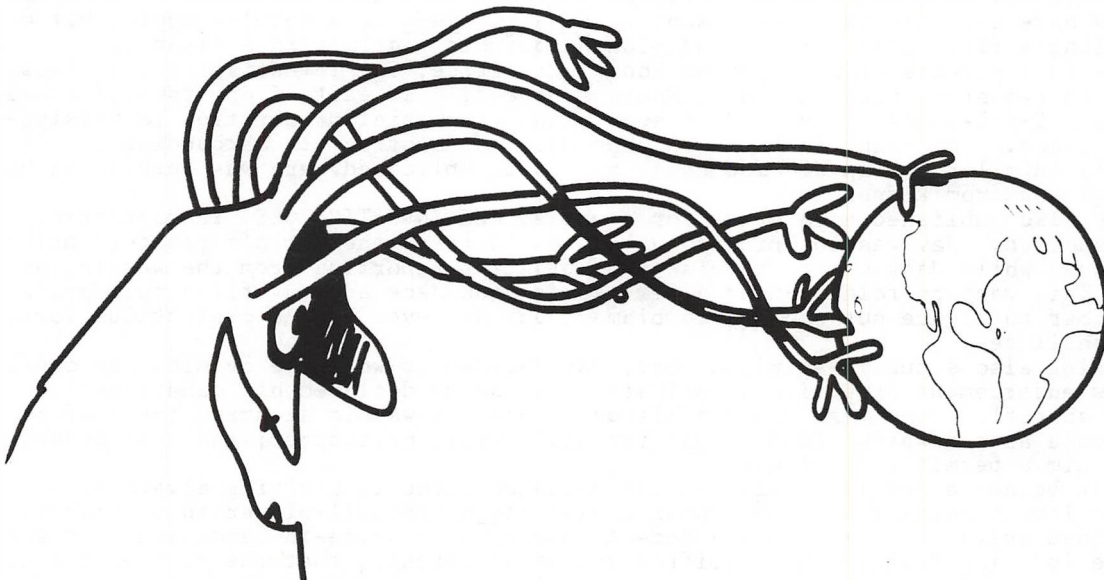
"Making Mary Haynes county judge," Jay declared, "would be like giving wings to a scorpion. Mary Haynes should stay in the kitchen."

"Let's hold on to this tape until the next election," I whispered to my photographer. I was a little sensitive about missing quotes on tape, ever since we missed the county judge telling the commissioners they were pissing out the window.

But Jay never ran for county judge. Instead, he threw his hat into the race for city councilman from his home district in the Lower Valley. This southeast side of town was once the independent city of Ysleta; it was incorporated into El Paso some years back, and has been treated as the city's impoverished stepchild ever since. The neglect of the district's streets and services provided Jay with plenty of ammunition for his campaign, but failed to propel him into office. This time.

One weekend during this race I paid a visit to Jay's palatial home. From Alameda Street, a high brick wall topped with razor wire shields the grounds from inspection by the casual passerby. Visitors must announce themselves at the electrically-controlled gate to gain admittance. Once inside, one has a choice of gaping at (a) the enormous cage where Jay houses his pet chimpanzee, (b) the landing pad for his private helicopter, a rusty rattletrap which skeptics maintain will never see the sky again, (c) a private lake replete with miniature pleasure boats, or (d) the colonnaded two-story Armes mansion, complete with a bronze statue of Jay mounted at the top of the steps. It's a setting designed to ensure that anything Jay might actually have said is of secondary importance,

Election night was marked by an altercation at one polling place between Jay's supporters and those of his opponent. Witnesses claimed Jay and his chauffeur-body-guard waded into the fray themselves. My pals at the newspaper confided this story gave them a lot of headaches, because they had to avoid calling it a "fistfight", and steer clear of phrases like, "Jay landed a good right hook."



GREED

ROTSLER

Jay seems to have subscribed to the philosophy that, in local politics at least, if you just run for office enough times, eventually people will mark your name on the ballot out of sheer name recognition. It worked in Jay's case; last election, he ran for city council and rode to office on a wave of mounting dissatisfaction with the incumbent.

One of Jay's first acts in office was to spend the council's entire postal budget for the year mailing a newsletter to his constituents. As you might imagine, council sessions have been on the rancorous side ever since. Most meetings have degenerated into shouting matches, during one of which Jay described the council's elder statesman as "some senile old codger." In turn, he characterized Jay as "a two-bit gumshoe." In a subsequent press release, Jay dismissed his fellows as "cock-roaches."

Jay recently proposed an amendment to the city charter which would allow any city councilman to assume the executive powers of the mayor, a proposal greeted with undisguised horror by his colleagues. Any day, I expect Jay to propose the city commission Disney's animatronics division to construct a set of lifelike replicas of the council members to conduct meetings before the unruly public, while the actual flesh-and-blood councilmen are housed safely in a bullet-proof enclosure. The stum-bling block will probably be Jay's insistence that he manipulate the figures from behind a curtain.

Still, Jay's illustrious rise to power makes one wonder what other perennial hopefuls might someday see their political aspirations blossom and bear fruit. My personal pick is Chuy de la O, a scruffy one-eyed gadfly who has made himself city council's own pet nuisance by his persistent championing of obscure causes. Chuy has run for mayor a couple of times now, and so endeared himself to our civic leaders that one flew him to Washington for a visit and arranged an audience with President Reagan.

How this must have rankled the ambitious Mr. Armes. I wonder if he himself made inquiries as to the chances of a White House invitation? For that matter, would our esteemed former president have welcomed a meeting with a well-armed amputee?

"I dunno," a tremulous Reagan reportedly answered aides. "The guy's not a veteran, is he?"

----- RICHARD BRANDT • SEPT. 9, 1991 -----

Richard Brandt

Puttering about in a small land called Fandom for some twenty years, Richard has been more than the editor of a fanzine known for its fast and furious trip reports (ahem). More than the host of Corflu Ocho, the annual convention for fanzine fans. More than the publisher of *Fanthology '87*. More than all this, Richard is the public relations mastermind who got a Worldcon mentioned in *The Economist*. As TAFF administrator, Richard will do more than visit the land of his forebears and press the flesh with fans he's met previously only as reams of A4 paper. He'll show you Texas-sized trufannishness in action.

Richard Brandt's nominators are: Bill Bowers, Jeanne Bowman, Chuch Harris, Lucy Huntzinger, Martin Tudor.

10/6/91 • ...actually, I do know how I get into these things: I answer the phone. On August 4th, Richard Brandt called. ...after evasive preliminaries, he got to the crux: He was standing for TAFF...and would I be willing to lend my widely/respected "name" as one of his nominators...?

Now I've known Richard for a long time, I like him, and I had no doubt at all that he'd make an outstanding TAFF delegate (and do a trip report). But, since I have learned at least one thing, I queried: "So...who else is 'running'?"

"To the best of my knowledge...nobody," Richard replied.

"Fine," I said. "What do I have to do...?"

August 12th, late (and I was to start my new/old job in the morning) and the phone rang. But I was still up, I answered, and it was the esteemed former editor of a fanzine with a vaguely familiar ring to it, as well as the current North American Administrator for TAFF.

"So, Robert," I said, "did you get my nomination for Richard...?"

No problem there, he replied. "...but we have a problem." Maybe he didn't actually say "we"...but the nomination deadline was only three days off...Richard was the only declared candidate...that wouldn't be much of a "race"...he'd happened to mention this to Jeanne...she'd shyly volunteered to stand...and since I not only knew Skel, but had published his send-up of Jeanne in a recent XENOLITH...err...would I be willing to call Skel in England...and ask him to be one of Jeanne's nominators...?

I think I muttered something about the Glen Ellen Mafia really putting me between a rock and a hard place (sorry; flashback)...but being assured that Richard was not only aware of, but supportive of the expanded "race"... I called Skel and Cas. (First overseas call I've ever made...)

On August 28th I received the latest installment of Jeanne's column. That night I called Richard.

"...listen, guy," I said, "we have this 'problem'...your opponent...this woman...will have a featured spot in the next issue of my fanzine...and you...my nominee...despite my repeated requests for a contribution since OW50...(as I recall, the excuses first were Pat's frenetic publishing schedule...and then some silly fanzine fans con you supposedly ran)...will only have LOCs in it..."
"So let's get with it," I concluded. Gently.
[And that, children, is how I get my ideas material...]

The Voting Deadline is Jan. 15th. Despite Ms. Bowman's escalation [below] and recent postcard threatening to "deepen (my) moral dilemma" [I'm willing; but I suspect we have different "dilemmas" in mind:...]. I do think this has the makings of the most "fun" TAFF race in a long, very long time.

And, yes, Jackie...I know I'm going to pay for that bracketed remark. But there's no doubt I'll be voting for My Man...Richard Brandt!
!!!if/only/because/he/knows/how/to/spell/his/name!!!
[...do you think Jeanne will forgive me by...say...Corflu...?]

1992 TAFF ~~WAR~~ North America to Europe

TAFF WINNER VISITS OAKLAND

She'll meet the public at 'Social Event of the Season'

OAKLAND - Pam Wells, top vote-getter in the 1991 Trans-Atlantic Fan Fund (TAFF) race, will be coming to Oakland in September. Wells, who will be touring North America after attending the World Science Fiction Convention in Chicago over Labor Day, shall attend a gala society party during her visit to Oakland. "It will be the social event of the season," claims Oakland playboy Alan Bostick, one of the two hosts of the event. "Everyone who is anyone will be there," adds Debbie Notkin, the noted *grande dame* of the literary world who is the other host of the soiree. "And the public is invited," she goes on. "Mark your calendar for September 14."

Bostick's and Notkin's claims may not be exaggerations. Jeanne Bowman, the woman who stunned TAFF watchers around the world when she announced her candidacy in the hotly-contested 1992 race just before the filing deadline, says that she will make her own appearance at the party. "It will be way cool," Bowman says.

TAFF Candidate Bowman will be bringing her unique brand of humor and wit to the event not just for the fun of it. To prevail in the coming contest, she must first win over the hearts and minds of the TAFF voters, and the party will be the perfect place for this. "All the northern California TAFF voters have been invited," she says. "There won't be a better opportunity for me to reach them." But she cannot win the race without support from the U.K., and for that Pam Wells may be a key player.

Wells is a leading light of the British fan scene. She has been active in fanzine publishing, and her devastating wit can be

appreciated every month in London's One Tun gatherings and at all the better British conventions. Less well known but equally striking is her accomplishment as a singer in the opera. Her voice is an astonishing tenor. Partygoers at the Oakland affair will surely be disappointed if she does not give one of her acclaimed impromptu performances of the aria "La donne e mobile" from *Rigoletto*.

It is commonplace for a TAFF winner to tour the country before or after the convention he or she is brought overseas to attend, according to Robert Lichtman, TAFF Administrator and former winner himself. "It's part of what TAFF is all about," says Lichtman. "Prominent fans are sent across the Atlantic so that the fans in the host country can get to know well-known fans who would otherwise be just names to them." Every year, TAFF alternates between sending a North American fan to Britain or Europe and sending a British or European fan to North America.

The glitterati will be gathering at Notkin's and Bostick's townhouse at 680 66th Street in trendy northern Oakland. The action begins at 8:00 PM on Saturday, September 14. Contributions or beverages to the party are welcome. For more information or directions...

1992 TAFF Ballot - North America to Europe

Jeanne Bowman

Richard Brant

I vote for _____ (Write in) _____

Hold over Funds _____

Signature _____

Richard Brant nominators are: Bill Bowers, Jeanne Bowman, Chuch Harris, Lucy Huntzinger, Martin Tudor

Jeanne Bowman nominators are: Richard Brant, Jerry Kaufman, Dave Langford, Spike Parsons, Paul Skelton

Phone Number _____

Administrators' home country _____

A candidate or their _____

Please read both sides of this sheet before voting. Send entire sheet as vote. Do not detach this portion.

Jeanne Bowman

Big. Blonde. Boisterous. Brassy. Bright. An asset at every convention. A decade in Bay Area fandom. Corflu. Ditto. Member Glen Ellen Mafia. Columnist for new improved *Outworlds*. Trip report: great column fodder. Fan writings in *Trap Door*, *Whistlestar*, *Majoon* and other internationally acclaimed journals. Bad jokes in *Maledicta*. Jackie Chan Fan. Owner, largest collection of Doggie Diner heads on earth, and they are the largest dog heads on earth. Hot dog party girl, will travel. Get me out of the house! In conclusion, my good friend Charles Willeford once offered to hire me to go to all his lectures and laugh. Real loud.

Jeanne Bowman's nominators are: Richard Brandt, Jerry Kaufman, Dave Langford, Spike Parsons, Paul Skelton.

JEANNE BOWMAN

I am here near the lovely Oakland Coliseum to meet Jesse, who has been gone for almost three weeks. Long enough for him to miss his brothers. Gosh, if I hadn't taken that summer job I could have had a vacation. I made money tho, and may continue doing the same. Backyard Bugs Goes Bigtime soon after school near you.... Kindergarten teachers are not paid enough; two weeks with 12 younguns is enough for several years by me.

Congratulations on your 'new' wheels.

I laughed aloud several times at Skel's letter. [X:36.5] It's amazing two such similar people as he & I inhabit the same planet at the same time—like some kind of transplanetary Jeckle & Hyde of Faanum. I have a more graphic response in mind, but being away from my desk it will have to wait.

Deadline again? Didn't we just have one? Have I Locced the last OW? No? Then how can it be time??

I have a proto fan on my hands—Sylvia Crawford, Famous Glen Ellen Journalist. She snatched OW from me & kept it at her house for weeks. She also showed my article (with her column) to two other friends while we were at a restaurant. I hadn't met the others & found this a ribald, if not friendly way to introduce myself. Sylvia kept looking at the OW covers and saying, "Hrm, something for everyone huh. I don't know which I like better, front or back."

Gee, I hadn't even known Mr. Campbell was a ham operator—maybe I'm the lost karmic vibration reanimating the airwaves with SciFi Continuous Wave Propagations. Don't Quote me on this, okay? I was interested in radio before I knew there was a faanish tradition to it.... Like reading mysteries? (But I do that too....what could this mean?)

Now that I am home & children dispersed about the property maybe I will get out the stamps & respond to Skel. I must remark that my dear husband concurred with the illiterate/poor spelling diagnosis. I say, what are Editors for, dammit.

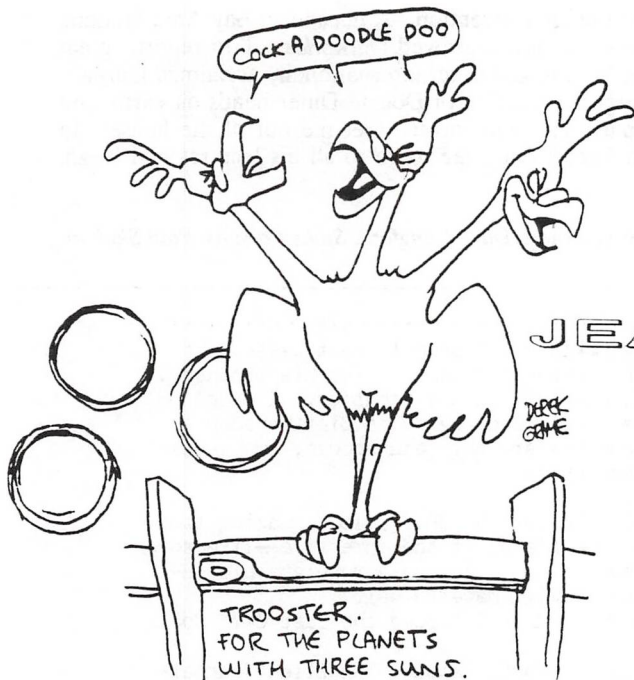
PS: I was going to redo the art but decided to send it instead. Version 1.0.

Who knows when 1.1 will happen—I've got a column to knockout & it ain't easy finding a theme for three & art sluts. I'm trying to avoid writing about the children....

••• Jeanne, HarddriveHoney, B

8/1/91





0982 ● Three?

a column by:

JEANNE BOWMAN

"However.... these White People in Their 30's would stop at nothing in their effort to be complete sluts in the name of Art."

... WILLIAM BREIDING • OUTWORLDS 61:2033

I HAVE HERE AT HAND Volume VII, No. 28 July 15, 1991 WE ARE THE WEIRD, Joe Bob Briggs, Prop.¹. If you know what this means and I think you do, I'm looking at page 6, the "Grapevine".

The first er first word is Jackie Chan. Then a bunch of stuff about The Armor of God 2: Operation Condor. This is a real movie, none of that weenie feminist anti-war propoganda like in Terminator 2. It's got the James Bond-type opening to glue you to your seat. My sixty something Father thought that paid for the whole show. I especially liked the scenes of a tourist and her pet scorpion. There is also a hotel shootout that almost scared me out of thinking about international travel.

I hardly see my husband when a new Jackie Chan opens. After we went with Dad he took the children once and thensaw it again with his black Hong Kong film buff buddy (the guy who's a grip and movie electrician) and his brother. And again with my sister and her seventy something Mexican co-worker, then with three dreadlocked Jamacian art students visiting his daughter's house and yet again with several Aluets from Anchorage he met in the cab. Don says I need to appreciate the historical value of these events. "It's like Hollywood in the silent era—Buster Keaton, Doug Fairbanks, Fatty Arbuckle, Charlie Chaplin, Lon Chaney, all these great actors who could do their own stunts, who soon became auteurs over their films. Jackie Chan and Samo Hung are like that now. Their films are fun. They've been in control since about 1983, but it is all going to end in 1997 when Communist China assumes control of Hong Kong island, just like that period ended in Hollywood when sound technology came along."

After a short mention of Hulk Hogan, Joe Bob says:

"It's nice to find a music fanzine that doesn't have any annoying pseudointellectual bullstuff going on."

Wow! He's talking about THE FLANNEL SHIRT REVIEW, by none other than William Breiding. Way to go, Bill!

o o o

¹ Joe Bob Briggs Museum of American Culture, 6211 W. Northwest Hwy., Suite C-123, Dallas TX 75225: "we will send one free copy to anyone in the world".

I AM A SLUT FOR ART.

That's why the Doggie Dinner head came here. Fifteen feet straight up of rotating fiberglass, venerated by over-thirty white people who remember when it wasn't safe to go near one after dark in Oakland (and over-sixty sailors will tell you why). The top dog is hung up on a rod next to Don's Shed on the Borderland office (which used to be the tack room). Now we have an art time share where you can privately view a mythic construct in the quiet of our barnyard.

An owner called me the other night and asked if he could bring up another canine module.

"Yes," I panted, "yes oh yes yes, now bring it now oh baby oh baby."

"Tomorrow" he growled, "I'll deliver." It was after midnight when I heard the truck grinding up the hill. The open barn door cast an eerie glow on the white of the Dogs' hat as it parted the branches of the plum tree. It's eyes seemed to focus on the other figure, the tall one with the black and white bow tie.

Okay Jeanne, you got some two by fours?? We got to build a platform the height of the truck bed and slide this puppy on to it."

No problem. We grabbed our flashlights and hauled lumber. The ranch echoed with the heavy thump of redwood on concrete as we built the life-size Lincoln-log stage.

"Plywood?? You got any plywood?"

"No, but these old doors ought to work...."

He ripped the hinges off with his hands in his passion to mount the bitch. "Okay, now we are going to walk the dog—you stay on the truck bed, Jeanne." I got into position to lift while he pulled and slammed that puppies' nose into my behind. "Whoa baby!!! Dog on it I been goosed."

We each got a grip on an ear and did the Lyndon Baines Johnson thing. Several times, and then some. We rubbed the paint off the doors, polishing the knob but good while rolling about it. Then we were done with her. She has a smug looking grin above that blue and white bow tie still.

I'm sorry. This tasteless stylistic digression is brought to you in a moment of weakness, for while being a slut to art, I am an imposter as a poser. I'm sorry. Even tho I do own a pair of black stretch knit pants, and I have cut my hair off real short (actually, I had one of my boys do it with our new barbershop buzz machine) and I have been slam dancing all my life because I don't know left from right. I have too many children to have any patience for deconstructionist logic and I always wind up frustrated by any art criticism more complicated than Young Einstein (the movie). I'm sorry. I am trying to understand critics by studying THE BURNT ORANGE HERESY by author Charles Willeford. But I haven't begun to write seriously about it and I love my Doggies. They are such caricatures, and so strange. I'm not sorry. There is a gentle downhill slope nearby that says Easter Islandbut I think we will need three.

o o o

I GOT INTO CONVERSATION with my neighbor, and fellow G.E. fanmafioso Robert Lichtman the other night and he was saying no one, that he knew of, besides Richard Brandt was running for the TransAtlantic Fan Fund. So of course I said, "Why don't you nominate me?" "Harumph harumph, gee administrators don't do that" he informed me, "and besides you've never pubbed your ish so who knows you?" "Oh yeah" I replied. Next day Robert called again and said "Well, do you really want to run for TAFF?? Bill Bowers thought it was a Good Idea, and he'll get you into trouble nominators...." Next thing I know Skel said sure, I'm on the phone with Spike a lot, Jerry Kaufman sent postcards, and Dave Langford has his name on my ballot. After Richard and I formally nominated each other we got us a contest. Robert asked if this is the "Taff B Dudes" and I said we liked "Taff B Us" or was it "Us Be Taff". Thank ghod we aren't from the Ozarks and this ain't a hog calling contest too.

.... JEANNE B • WE B DUDES RANCH, 95442-0982 USA • AUGUST 21, 1991

FLANNEL SHIRT



Eau du Flannel

Flannel Shirt Review: edited and published by Wm Breiding, PO Box 26617 San Francisco, CA 94126. Available for trade of books, magazines, VHS tapes with interesting things on them; anything weird, cool, sexy or strange. Of course it's available for records, CDs and tapes for review in future issues. Last but not least, \$US2.00 in cash or checks payable to William Breiding.

Or: if you're interested in supporting this project, send endowments of cash, top of the line word processors, workhorse photo copiers, pointy shoes or needle nose cowboy boots (size 7 1/2 men) to me at the above PO Box!

Special Thanks to: J.D. Buhl, Cheryl Cline and Lynn Kuehl, for support & encouragement. And: to Kent Johnson, one perfectionist kinda guy, who has my gratitude as the desk topper.

Anything without a by-line: was written by Wm Breiding. By-lines appear at the end of reviews. Reviewers this issue: JD Buhl, Cheryl Cline, Lynn Kuehl.

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A small start of a good thing. A compact package with humble beginnings

Flannel Shirt Review came about of my obsessive love of music; need to share it. I was tiring poseur reviews by ultra who sneered at the kind of up with and still mostly sublime Pop and Country are not ruled by trend. Phillips' "Impulsive" unimpulsive arrangements like Carcass' "Vomiter" bizarre, rotting deal. I'm not a "complete" There are things I

Hopefully, the sector, with length: to find people w/ current on metal house/club/dance riel, blues, t/ for reviews in

About the lo quarters of Kent Johnson out of tim upgrade). So old fashion way, willingness to unde is looking a bit bleak. ested in tackling future is contact me!

Meanwhile: let me know what you think.

-William Breiding

OH NO MR BILL,
I'M HAVING TOO MUCH FUN!
HOPE MR SIZE 7 1/2 NEEDLE NOSE
COWBOY BOOTS DOESN'T GET
TOO BEAT OUT A SHAPE... HEHEHE
BUT LOST ONE DAY I WANT HIM
TO DO A DOG MUSIC UNOT BARKING
JINGLE BELLS) TAPE FOR ME.
ENJOY, I AM
JENNIFER

Ponyboy Press 1991

ROBERT LICHTMAN

Well, I've beat around the bush long enough. This has to begin being a letter of comment or my fannish credit with you will become strained. I mean, you've been more than kind in sending me all of those XENOLITHs and the two OUTWORLDSes with nary a peep from me. Many's the time I committed mental crifanac in your direction, but not a word has made it to paper. Not unless you count all those post-it notes we're forever exchanging. Did I ever send you the TRAP DOOR #9 I seem to recall your saying you didn't get the first time out? Did you get #10? This is not a sly request for an LoC (though I wouldn't complain and it's not too late to make the next issue) but just wondering if your fanzine mail from Glen Ellen has been getting through. So far as comments go, I'm going to start with the most recent and see how far back I can go.

Those Alan Hunter covers were both very nice in the stfnal way. The front one, with its wonderful level of detail (all those rocket ships on that man's body) and the concept of his spilling out all these astronomical thingies. It made me wonder if Hunter meant this to represent a diety pouring the universe out of a bag? That was one interpretation that came to mind. Teddy Harvia's inside covers were okay, but there's something about his work (despite its overall competency) that's never grabbed me the way other fan artists have over the years. (Alexis Gilliland's words regarding Grant Canfield's artwork, later this issue, would apply for me to Teddy's work, at least in part.) David Haugh's wonderful interiors, though far less polished than Harvia's work, has a style that's somehow more, well, fannish. Talk about subjective! At least it's more than any of the artists will expect to see about their work. David sums it up well with his cartoon on page 2026.

Chris Sherman's reaction to his older fanzine writing reminds me of my own. Throughout the '80s and into the '90s I've been working to reassemble my earlier publications. I've done pretty well, actually, having once again all of my genzines (yes, even OUTWORLDS #1 and only, dated Fall 1959, with its Terry Carr ditto front cover and printed article from Wm. Danner) (and I was glad to help get you a free drink at Corflu!) once again and at least half of my apazines. It was embarrassing rereading some of them, especially my very early editorials in PSI-PHI and some of my early SAPS mailing comments; but on the other hand I learned that I wasn't a half-bad writer (or maybe I was) back in my teens and early 20's and could turn out some good stuff now and then. I like much of my writing in FRAP and some of the articles and

stories I ran through SAPS, OMPA and FAPA back in those days. (I wrote descriptive moody pieces about the Bay Area back when I still lived in L. A. and only came up here to party. I penned several rather sarcastic fiction pieces putting down Coventry. I wrote rather interestingly about some of my high school experiences. Etc.) Once in a while, in moments of enormous ego inflation, I think of doing an anthology of my own stuff, but I get over it quickly.

Lucy's speech was good and I'm pleased that you had the presence of mind to ask for it. Her closing statement about who has and has not dropped out of fandom is only partially correct. Allyn Cadogan lives just over Sonoma Mountain from here in Rohnert Park, although I haven't seen her in a long time. Her older sons and my older sons used to like to play videogames and watch rented movies together. I phoned her up a couple of weeks ago to try to let her know that Pam Wells will be in the area. Got one of her teenage boys who said he'd tell her that I called. But I have yet to hear back. Pam will be in Glen Ellen September 11 and 12. On the latter day I shall be driving Pam up to the wilds of Leggett (Mendocino County) to drive through the Drive Through Redwood. Jeanne was going to make further efforts to connect with Allyn about it. Haven't asked her what happened. Karl Mosgofian and Allyn still live together. Elisheva Barsabe disappeared into Oakland somewhere and I at least haven't heard from or of her for several years. However, L. Jim Kennedy (or L. Jhim Khennedy, as he likes to put it) is still active in fandom to the extent of continuing the Third Saturday Party, a Bay Area monthly party begun in 1983. (I went to the first four or more years of them missing only a couple, but have been to only a handful since then. I go see Carol Carr on the weekend instead.) Since '83 he's been publishing a monthly fanzine cum party announcement, *Desperate in the Dadabase*, which contains a continuing story written by L. Jhim and (occasionally) others. (It also has delightful collage covers.) I don't consider this "dropped out" even though it's not visible much beyond the Bay Area. This is not to cavil over Lucy's speech, though, which as I said above was good.

Your mention of FANTHOLOGY '87 and how there were some pieces in it you wouldn't have included reminded me of a stray thought I had a few weeks ago. I have every respect for anyone who undertakes to select and assemble a fanthology on his or her own. If one has one's own selection, there's nothing to prevent one from issuing a second volume of fanthology for a year already fanthologized. I don't recall that this has ever happened, but it's always a possibility in a functioning anarchy. I'd like it if some year a poll of fandom was conducted to suggest items for inclusion. The editor could then at least be guided by the results of the poll in selecting material for that year's fanthology. Since there's a strong likelihood that doing a fanthology might become a function of Corflu, perhaps the membership could be polled via the progress reports, at a minimum. Other fanzine editors could mention the existence of the polling, indicating to whom and by when to submit one's suggestions. I'd recommend allowing up to ten nominations per pollee. I'd be glad to see an increase in Corflu membership fees if it included automatic receipt of that Corflu's fanthology. Another concept: A Corflu could prepare a fanthology for any year it wishes, provided it's able to survey thoroughly that year's output. For instance, I would love to read a fanthology of 1959. I remember some great stuff that first full year I was in fandom. (Actually, just about any year between about 1945 and 1966 or thereabouts would do.)

As an apartment dweller, I can well understand Patty Peters' *truly* feeling like a homeowner when she and Gary purchased a washer and drier. It *is* cosmic, Bill. After years of schlepping baskets and bags and just plain armfuls of laundry back and forth about the length of a football field, whence the Laundry Room lies, having an in-house washer and drier is an enormous personal breakthrough. Not to complain too much, though. At least I can integrate life and fanac around occasional hikes. In years past I've had to go to the Glen Ellen laundromat downtown. If machines were available, which they usually were, one had to be there about an hour and a half, not counting travel time (less than five minutes each way) to do one's wash. I tended to save it up until there was a lot under those circumstances. Now I tend to do a load about every five days, plus bedding less frequently on top of that. It's a really kicked back life, laundrywise, compared to what one had to go through at times on The Farm. When I lived there, there was a central laundromat situated away from all the residences. Someday I shall have to write of the ultimate Cosmic Laundry Tale. (It will be titled "I Remember the Brontosaurus.")

SaM's account of the "I Remember Campbell" panel at Confederation was fascinating. This is the sort of anecdotal information about the science fiction field that deserves to be collected and published somewhere. In his capacity as Highly Skilled Professional Reporter, I hope SaM will share more of these "notes" with us in future issues of OW. I'm not trying to kid around here (well, not too much) about his HSPR talents because they are evident. This is one of his better pieces, sparkling in comparison with the often rather leaden prose in so much of his work. As I gently put it in my review of *The Immortal Storm* written on the occasion of the 1988 Hyperion large hardcover edition, "The press release that accompanied my copy asserts that the history of fandom 'is presented with a verve that carries the reference material along with the narrative drive of a fine novel.' I would say that Sam's account of early fandom, especially in his reporting of feuds and other altercations, is more like an edge of your seat thriller, through the recounting of which one is pulled, page by purple page, as though one were reading words lifted from the quivering jelly of an ancient hektograph. The book may become at times a little over-zealous in its pursuit of detail, but it is never boring to those for whom fan

history is either an acquired taste or a third-person diary encompassing portions of one's own life." His self-esteem is in good form here, too, as witness "I think I would have hired myself had the prospectus been submitted to me and if I had the interest and finances to publish a professional science fiction magazine."

Buck Coulson set me to thinking with his assertion that "fifty years from now, there may not be any active fans, as we know the term." I don't know if I'll be around then, either, but if I was I'd be 99 years old and I don't know if I'd still be up to pubbing my ish. I'd like to think I'd stay physically and mentally together if I lived that long. I guess I could. I don't smoke tobacco and never have except for perhaps a pack total when I was 13 and again when I was around 20. My heaviest drinking days were from 21 through 24; I've been a very modest alcohol consumer since then (mostly beer and not much of that). But returning to Buck's comment, I think it's likely that there *will* be "active fans, as we know the term" that far down the line assuming that fandom as it's presently evolving continues to exist. I think that fannish fanzines will largely have disappeared, though, and most fanzines will be more in the LAN'S LANTERN mode. I believe that the kind of interchange we enjoy in zines like OW and my own will continue largely in apas, which will still exist and be even more numerous than now. I think apas serve a purpose by fulfilling the need for closed-circle communication among like minds that often can't be attained through many people's local circles of friends. No doubt some of this will have become computerized. I could see an apa wherein members sent their contributions on disk to the Official Editor, who assembled each member's disk file onto omnibus disks which were "the mailing." This could even be happening now unawares to me. To sum up, what an active fan actually does will evolve with the times. The fannish type will continue to exist.

Gilliland and Taral exchange interesting. Especially Alexis' opinions of various other fan artists and cartoonists. I disagree with his commentary on Grant Canfield's work. Also that ATom's artwork appeared mainly in U.S. fanzines. Throughout its existence until its death, he was the main illustrator of *every* issue of PULP, for instance, and appeared in many other zines as well. Perhaps Alexis doesn't see very many British fanzines. I think Arthur never got a Hugo because many of the fanzines in which he appeared had relatively small circulation, as Taral also points out.

You certainly are fortunate to have Jeanne Bowman as a regular columnist, for this outing of hers regarding the "F" subject is some really good writing and funny as hell. One worrisome thing, though, is her mention of a 1994 Corflu somewhere in Northern California. (I don't know if I'm ready to be on a concom again.) This got me to thinking about what accommodations exist for such an event here in the Glen Ellen area. The only motel in Glen Ellen has, I think, 35 or maybe 40 rooms. It also has a large restaurant and lodge building and a pool, though late winter in Glen Ellen isn't pool weather and it might not have water in it. I've been in some of the rooms over the years - my brother stays there when he comes to visit - and don't recall if all of them have two beds. Still, even doubling up that would limit attendance to 70 or 80. Not far from Glen Ellen is the Sonoma Mission Inn, but its room rates are skyhigh and it's not our kind of scene. There are several motels in Sonoma, six miles from Glen Ellen. The largest of them might be 70 rooms, a Best Western two blocks from the historic Sonoma Mission and less from several dozen restaurants and other shopping. It might be rather expensive, too. Of course, over in Rohnert Park there's a Red Lion Inn, a Best Western with nearly 150 rooms, and more. And Allyn Cadogan lives there!

Congratulations on finally publishing OW #27.5. I wasn't receiving your zine in 1976, having disappeared to the woods of Tennessee, so don't expect even to appear in your WAHF column. Now when may we expect the long unpublished #9 to appear?

Ghod, looking through all these XENOLITHs in one fell swoop is like a cold bath. A non-stop blur of bad situations on so many planes. Your marriage, your job changes, your out of reach stuff, your dead car. You and Eric Mayer have certainly had a rough couple of years. (Do you get his GROGGY? The latest issue reveals that he may lose his job as a result of his work suffering due to the distractions and upsets of his marriage breaking up.) All I can say is that you seem to be doing well working through it. If fandom is sublimation for sex, you must really be getting off on this renewed publishing activity. You've been right up there with Hooper and Katz in the frequency department in our little corner of fandom.

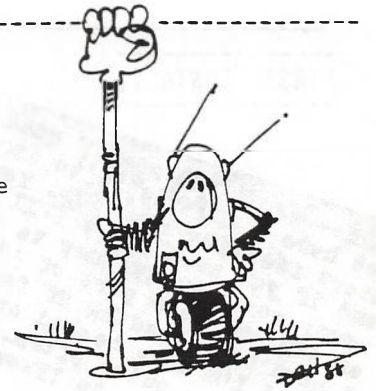
I think my favorite two items in OW #60 are in the same little section of the zine: David Haugh's story and Craig Smith's cartoon, "Intimations of Fandom 1923." But I also enjoyed the rest of the contributors and remember the issue well. I didn't make check marks in #60, and this letter is already incredibly long, so I'm not going to go much beyond that except to note the extenuating circumstances under which you were able to use one of your probably large (mine is, and I inherited a bunch more from Terry) stock of Rotsler Harry Warner Jr. LoC Cartoons. That shows good editorial skills.

Well, I certainly hope this makes up for the paucity of comment from me on OW in recent months and provides fodder for the WAHF column. In closing, thanks for your help in getting Jeanne off and running, and good luck in figuring out how to cast your ballot. To make this letter circular: Hope you'll be able to send out that TAFF ballot to OW and/or X's readers. See you at Corflu in Hawthorne.

August 29, 1991

10/11/91 • As anyone who has ever visited me will attest, I am not the tidiest of individuals. I may misplace things, but I don't throw away things of personal value. And so it was a couple of months ago when, in anticipation of a roommate moving in, I ventured into the chaos "she'd" made of my "office" on "leaving" a year previously. I'd been living in/operating out of the dining room/library in the interim, but that wouldn't do for two.....

In many ways, it was a Step Forward.
...and in the process, I (re)discovered:



WILLIAM BREIDING
Although it's March '89 now, I've just received OUTWORLDS 52! The wonders of Time Travel!(?) You had sent this issue c/o Patty & Gary and they kept forgetting to give it to me. (Not that I've seen them that much! My hermitic instincts seem to get worse as I get balder.)

Periodically I get disgusted with San Francisco and search around for a new place to live. I seem always to come to the same conclusion: Toronto is the only place I'd consider relocating. And that's just too difficult to manage—unless I were to meet someone where marriage seemed convenient for us both—and I end up back in Frisco with renewed hopes—though this time dashed to pieces when Danielle left me For Another Man.

I admit that New Orleans and NYC both seemed like good alternatives this time, but both have major problems. New Orleans—the humidity, though I could learn to live with that—and NYC—well, NYC is so blamed big. I suspect I'd be unhappy living anywhere but Manhattan. The rat-race there may be too ratty for one of my (lack of) drive. I'd quickly descend into the streets, I suspect.

Cincinnati, though a pretty town with very few level or straight streets (a plus!) is just too Conservative—no offence to you or the CFG—for me. If I ended up in the midwest it would probably be in a small river town. If I'm going for Provincial, I might as well go all the way. Vicennes, IN? Chester, IL? Corning, AR?

But as it was, I returned to San Francisco after 3 weeks in Morgantown, WVa & a couple of months slow journey to the West. I found Morgantown stifling, not only with memories but in attitude; even though PLAYBOY cites WVU as one of the big party campuses, there's a shroud that hovers over the place like a roiling Spellburgian thundercloud. But who knows? My eldest brother, Sutton, predicts I will be returning in a couple of years. Anything is possible.

Like you moving again! Which I want to congratulate you on. I know this is serious business when you're willing to pack up again (and so soon!). And Linda must be quite a gal to put up with all of those magazines, books and tapes!

Patty says that our major life-moves coincide in many ways and on many levels. Considering the important role she has played in both our lives I will not dispute her, but I hope that she is wrong—for your sake! My bride to be has recently taken off her engagement ring and set it among her earrings, bracelets, denoting a certain change in our relationship.

I've been known to swing from pole to pole. Being either overly cautious or throwing caution into the hurricane. When Peggi & I decided to marry we probably knew each other less well than Patty & I, when at Autoclave we became crosseyed and love-struck, regardless, or perhaps, because of, Larry Downes.

One doesn't consider compatibility factors when your glands and emotions have made you a complete idiot.

I don't regret anything I've done, and the light tone here covers the serious nature of things that I'm currently going through. Peggi is a wonderful woman and I probably experience more pain watching her changes, than I do in my own, which I am used to.

Slightly outdated comments, but none-the-less I've felt compelled to mention:

Terry Carr's Faanish piece brought the intended sniffle. Though I'm mostly gaffiated these days I remember those fabulously faanish days and nights of extreme activity—and when I used to pub my ish. *sniff, sniff*

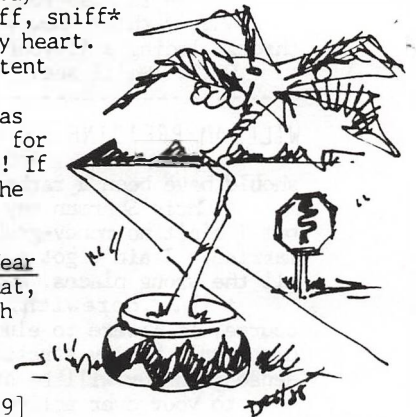
George Martin's early writing retains a special place in my heart. I remember rainy days in bed with those early stories—a discontent teenager finding solace in those mood pieces.

Well, don't you think it's time to do an anthology of Kansas City Memories? I still don't really know what Big MAC was like for you—but I sure as hell know what it was like for me and APA-50! If there were honest memory essays written about what went on at the Mule & Pioneer Grill over that long weekend I suspect that we'd find that there really are such things as alternate universes.

I'm glad that Harry Warner was finally able to view Last Year at Marienbad. Everyone should have a chance to grapple with that, much the same way everyone should have the chance to tangle with the basicly mythic Patty Peters.

(That letter was a real coup, by the way!)

I had been intending to write for some time. There are other longer stories to share—but they'll have to wait. [3/8/89]



FIRST CONTACT:

Bill...ready. Not really good at writing first letters, but here I am. I'd like to inquire if I could possibly start receiving money somehow. I'm new to fandom (only the latter part of '72 and this part of '73), Ye Old me as it were. I have been reading SF for a couple of years, but now I find I'm more hooked on fandom than SF, as seems to be the case quite often. John Carl and various others have referred me to INworlds--SO! here I am.

MAY 21 1973

sent, W & E

Bill Breiding
Rte. # 1 Box 30
Green Bank, W. Va. 24944

Bill Breiding
PO Box 2661 F
SFCA 94126

Mr. Willie Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OHIO

45258-0174

WILLIAM BREIDING

My first response when I pulled that manila envelope from the POBox was: "This can't be another OUTWORLDS already!"
Not only was it OUTWORLDS, it was 2! When I saw the second one was 27.5, I thought, "what a fuckin' geek!" Yes, the Bill Bowers that I know and love....
What's worse is how well you know me! I don't have a loc, I'm not mentioned, hell, I'm not even LAHFed, yet you sent me a copy of OW27.5. My only assumption can be that you knew I would read it. Pretty sick, eh?
I was trying to get a handle on what it was like back then. I know I wasn't a loc-hack, because I wasn't very articulate. I remember constantly trying to figure out how to stay on your mailing list. I was always worried that STARFIRE wasn't enough. The only other reason I might have gotten this (besides Whim) was that I actually paid for it. But I don't think so. I didn't, did I?
Little did I know the only way to secure a position firmly on your mailing list was to elope with Patty Peters. Pretty good move, huh?
John Carl's letter was amusingly intricate. He was, what, 15, 16 years old? It always surprised me that people like John Carl, Larry Downes, Chris Sherman, Gary Farber, Aljo Svaboda, and Bill Brunner were interested in hanging out with me in print. I was just a dumbbo compared to these guys. I didn't know anything about a proper sentence (still don't!) and was unable to think in any critical manner (still difficult), let alone mix the two, and send it off to a zine (goshwowboyohboy) like OUTWORLDS, particularly during this period.
John Carl got swallowed up by Seattle Fandom, last I heard. Jessie (Salmonson) or Jerry (Kaufman) might know where he is. He should really get a copy of this. That tall boy will blush!
You should also try like heck to track down Si Strickland. That might just have been the absolute best loc I've ever read in OW.
You're in Piss Poor shape when I can supply you with some current addresses for people! ...
What's this? Now you're moaning for a loc on OW61? Boy. Isn't it enough that I just got through locating a 15-year-old fanzine? NO? Never enough, you say?!
Well. We'll see.

7/4/91

WILLIAM BREIDING

And now, without further preamble, some pithy, nutshell excerpts from what should have been a rather long, agonizing and labored Letter of Comment on OW61:
* Chris Sherman may speak for himself and perhaps many others of the "APA-50 Generation", but I ain't no money-grubbing, Twin Peaks-watching materialist yuppie. Ain't got no kids. Ain't married. I ain't got a car. Ain't got a career. Just tooling along here, lookin' for love in all the wrong places, and finding it.
* []...herewith, there has been Editorial Discretion; a new concept. [] Of course, if I were to elucidate, it might backfire, much like Jeanne's column this ish: her column wasn't by any stretch of the imagination politically incorrect. Only fat people with no sense of humor will be offended; in which case they need to be. So. I leave my remarks about ---- to your over active imagination, Bill.
[] I predict you'll get a call from Patty, shortly after she receives this! []

* OW60: treating it like an APA
 Chris Plummer may spend 26 himself - payoffs
 other - but I still ain't no money-juggling
 * ambivalent yippie
 The less said about [redacted] the
 better. After we lunch with a full scale
 Fred. ~~Chris~~ OW60's I'd just
 as well. I avoid using through OW60's
 I completely disagree with Mike about
 of artists beside their work. Not only is
 it a graphic tradition but having some
 of my photos published with the name
 the only way to get your name and seen
 to the side of the piece. In SF+ keep doing it.
 * near owned a washing machine. Every -
 Sheryl mistaking ANTITHESIS for STARFIRE (wasn't)
 RoyTac owned a washing machine. Oh well -
 I'm sure Chris wouldnt be pleased!
 * Dave Rowe on the words of OW60: Hogwash!
 Avedon Wait a minute... you have a preacher
 Uncle named Roscoe?

* I completely disagree with Mike about the placement of names next to art. Not only is this a graphic tradition, but having some of my photos published here and there, I feel it's the only way to get your name seen: eye-tacked to the side of the piece. Do it when it works for you.

* I can't believe how many of these old geezers haven't seen a copy of SF+! Wasn't Cliff Simak's "Spacebred Generations" first published in SF+? (SaM?) If so, I owned a copy in my mid-teens (early '70s) and I remember it vividly. Of such things dreams are made.

* Skel was much better this time. In OW60 he read just like it was: a bunch of letters edited together. This piece was much more satisfying. Cohesive. In line with the comments about Chris: I've never owned a washing machine. Maybe this is why all my relationships go hay-wire? No. That can't be true: Look at YOU, Bill!

* RoyTac's comment about dead people was very annoying. It's attitudes like this that make life difficult for working artists. I hope he was just trying to be ironic in the face of his own stupidity. If not: well, his fanzines always were boring.

* Sheryl mistaking STARFIRE for ANTITHESIS must have been highly amusing to Chris. They were worlds apart in content and appearance. Mine were always better, of course.

* Dave Rowe on the words of OW60: Hogwash! The weakest points in OUTWORLDS 60 were the two columns he cites.

* Well, as usual, Avedon gets to the heart of the matter. Through-out her letter I kept nodding and saying uh-huh! Yes! And feeling stupid that I didn't slow down enough to write you this kind of very sage letter. I won't dwell any further on this, except to say: thank you, Avedon.

* Holy Chow Yun Fat! You have a preacher Uncle named Roscoe?! It's time to come out of the closet, Bill.

And there they end.

So. Where's my rejection slip for the poems, big named editor? How many years do I have to wait?!

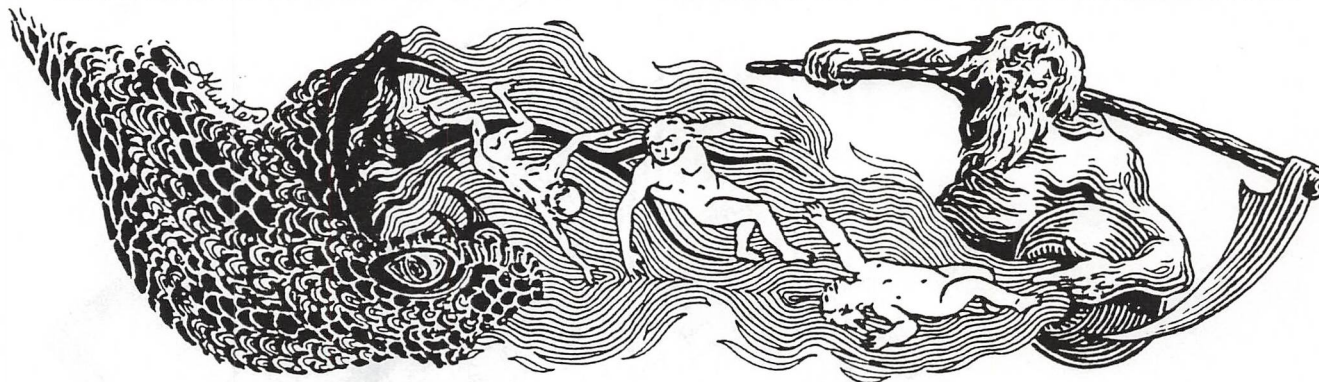
7/27/91

WILLIAM BREIDING

This is a submission. To OUTWORLDS. The first 3 poems enclosed were originally printed in a Southern California "literary" Journal, with complete freedom to reprint. I'd actually wanted to send them to you all along, but at the time that the first three were written OUTWORLDS was no where in sight, so I tried other sources. Luckily they had the good taste to accept these pieces. The editor said that they received the single most comments so far of any poetry they've published. [The 4th & titled poem is unpublished.] One man's good taste, however, is often another man's blushing chagrin. SASE enclosed for either their return or a letter of acceptance. This way I might actually get a letter from you!

7/4/91

62:2091



THE COUP D'ETATS OF CHILDHOOD

by WILLIAM BREIDING

LOSING SANTA CLAUS

I don't remember what it was that woke me. It might have been the slam of a car door in the silent, freezing air. Or the sound of the hushed, excited voices slapping back from the wooded hillside. It was surprising that I was asleep at all on Christmas Eve.

I lay in darkness and heard people moving about outside, at the back of the house. My hands, which lay outside the covers, were very cold. My heart was pumping quickly as I tried to decide what to do. Finally I flipped aside the heavy layer of covers and quilts and lowered myself to the floor.

The door to my parents' room, where I was sleeping, was closed. I opened it cautiously. Yellow light streamed up the stair case from the living room. Across the hallway, the door to my sisters' room was wide open and neither was there. The room glowed with a blue-white light. Straight ahead, I could see out the window into the woods behind the house; the lower part of the trees over-exposed from the bright lights of the back porch, the upper branches receding into darkness, becoming silhouettes against the sky.

I tip-toed across Joan and Susan's room, more because the floor was cold, than for silence, and looked out the window. Down into the gleaming snow and grey gravel. The panes of the glass were cold and extremely clear, like a swift winter river; everything presented itself, but was slightly warped.

At the back end of the driveway I saw people moving about, quiet, but jolly and excited. They were wearing red and black wool Pendleton overcoats and big black rubber boots with shiny aluminum buckles. I could hear the scrunching of the snow beneath their feet. My nose was cold against the window.

I only have a clear memory of one person. It was Jim Denham. An associate of my father's. He was turning from the back of a station wagon, straightening from the bent position of lifting. As he turned towards the porch and came into clear view, I could see that his arms were full of Christmas presents. The porch light illuminated his face, which was angular, good-natured and flushed with the cold. He was smiling broadly, perhaps at my Mom, who might have been standing on the porch holding open the screen door for him.

When Jim Denham disappeared underneath the porch roof I pulled away from the window, startled and in great wonderment. A sudden flash of a fat man in a red suit went through my head, but now he had the face of Jim Denham.

I don't know how old I was; I must have been four or five. When I was six we moved down state into town. In Morgantown I don't remember much emphasis put on Santa; I remember more the decorating of the tree and the little sets of the birth of Christ set down in wads of gauzy cotton.

It didn't shock me or depress me to find out that Santa Claus was a fable. When I look back on it, I realize that my family wasn't much into the traditional myths, and only half-heartedly participated in them.

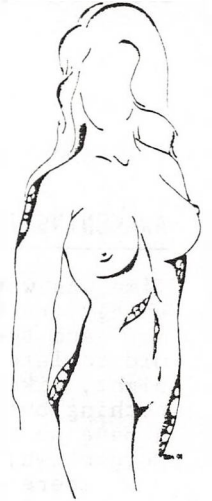
We had our own dark myths to work out on one another. It was just as well that Santa Claus turned out to be the smiling, gay countenance of Jim Denham.

My sister with long legs
and red stockings

Looming tall in the angled light
she walked comfortably on high heels
posing before the full length mirror
"Do you like it?"
She smiled down at me

I knelt and touched her thigh
where the stockings stopped
she was very white, the stockings very red
"I will bring you more," I said
and stood up.

--Wm Breiding
12.6.89



FORGETTING ABOUT GOD

I was sled riding down the steep hill of 8th Street one winter morning in my ninth or tenth year, when my mother came to me and told me to prepare for church. I asked, could I not go to the evening service? I was having so much fun sled riding!

She allowed me this freedom. I watched as the family piled into my father's Falcon station wagon and drove up the hill, trailing exhaust in the cold winter air. I lay on my sled and slid dreamily down to Grant Avenue, made a sharp left and a gentler glide until I came to a stop at the intersection of Grant and 7th. I lay on my sled (Rosebud?) in the snow covered streets, bundled and warm, for a moment, then made swimming motions, propelling myself forward. I was trying to think about God and church but it wasn't making much sense to me. I was glad to be in the crisp morning air. The memory of the stuffy church, the dark tones and hues, the sound of people shifting in boredom during the service seized my heart. I became giddy with my sense of freedom.

The remainder of the day is hazy, though I suspect I spent most of it sledding and perhaps snowballing with my neighbor.

My next actual memory is of dusk, the white snow bold in the coming darkness, the figure of my father standing beneath the tree at the front of the yard near the street. I can not recall the conversation that transpired. But he was chastising, that is certain; his hands in his pockets, his breath spouting out of his mouth in bursts as he spoke. I thought that he might hit me, for my father was a moody, bullheaded, violent man in those days. A dark, Germanic, bloody man. I told him that I would go to church. That I would sled down the hill, walk the length of Beechurst Avenue, dragging my sled behind, and attend the service.

I left our yard and my father, and sliced through the dusk. I next remember sitting in the woods and watching it get dark. After what seemed an appropriate time for a church service, I made my way back out to 8th Street and trudged up the hill to our home.

I remember the yellow light of the kitchen streaming out on to the snow from the small back porch; it was deliciously warm inside after being in the cold for so long. Mom made me hot chocolate with lots of those tiny marshmallows. She must have known that I had not gone to mass, but she said nothing.

Later, as I lay in bed, my brother Sutton sitting up under a wall lamp reading in the bed across the room, I felt some far away guilt summoned and then dismissed, replaced by a calm sense of well being.

I'm tempted to say that from that Sunday forward I never again attended a church ceremony, but it would be a lie. I was briefly an alterboy; before or after this incident I can not say. Probably I attended haphazardly, as I do recall going to services by myself (which could have only occurred after this incident), and with my family.

Eventually, though, I stopped going to church all together.

This day was a pivotal point in my life. I had decided that church was a bore, and like Santa Claus, God did not exist, and from pretty much that point on have been a strong skeptic of all religions and all gods.

This day was also important for one other reason. It was the day that I took the first step in abandoning my father. Much later, I deserted him completely.

"It is the mission of life always to look for something better than itself, and then try to trade life itself for meaning."

... CORDWAINER SMITH, from "The Dead Lady of Clown Town"

AWAKENING TO VIOLENCE

Time was warping as it does during the summer. Everything was alive and flowing with energy, releasing the shimmering waves of the eternal.

And there was the song of the crickets. It was a tower in the darkness. It was mid to late summer and had been stiflingly humid. I was awake in the middle of the night, like I was on most summer nights, with all the windows and doors wide open, in nothing but jockey shorts, covered with a thin white sheet, pulled only to my waist. I have no idea how old I am. This is the kind of time it is in my life. We are in Morgantown, so I know I must be at least six years old.

There was a vague breeze coming in the window, making my skin feel damp and sticky. I looked around the room, wide awake and wondering. The room was mostly empty. Sutton had moved out and into Wayne's room, where they are cramped together in a small space, two twin beds with an aisle between. My room was huge, with wooden floors and a doorway to the upper porch that ran the entire front length of the house. I was much younger than Sutton, who must have been in his early teens or older, already reading and writing furiously. I was too young to be a pal. I always wondered what Sutton and Wayne talked about in the darkness before sleep came and what caused Sutton to move back into the room with me, taking up his old space against the far wall, underneath the wall lamp, reading and writing.

In the darkness I could hear cars whizzing beyond the erect wall of the crickets. Dogs barking. A train whirring down by the river.

I heard a sickening thud. There was a low murmur. Then the sound of a face being slapped. My body tensed, my eyes thrown into circular convulsions around the room. I turned on my side, facing the doorway to my parents room, trying to control my breathing.

There was a groan and the creaking of the bed, silence, and then another sickening thud. My mother's voice began an incessant, non-verbal pleading.

Everything got louder. I sat up in bed, jack-knifing forward, my heart pounding furiously in my rib cage, blood soaring up and out of my ears.

Both of my parents were now uttering things to each other desperately. There was the sound of a constant physical struggle and an occasional sickening thud that made my stomach drop.

I threw my legs over the side of the bed and sat up, leaning forward, running my hands through my longish hair, trying with little success to control my breathing. I was scared shitless. But I knew there was one way to stop this. Long, long seconds passed. I could no longer hear the crickets. I was trembling and sick in my stomach and suddenly thirsty.

Another thud of flesh into flesh came through the door across the room.

"Mom! Mom! I'm thirsty! Could you get me a glass of water?"

Silence fell and momentarily I was deaf. I could hear nothing. Gradually the crickets sounded against the night once more.

"Mom!" I called.

"Just a moment, honey!" came the voice of my Mom.

I heard the bed creak and the low guttural tones of my Father's voice. The door to their room flew open and I briefly saw my Mom in a white night shift flit through the room and out the door of my room, saying, "I'll be back in a sec..." as she went down stairs.

She returned with the water and knelt next to me where I still sat up in bed. I drank the water and she caressed my sweaty forehead and smoothed my damp hair back from my face.

"It's ok, honey...go back to sleep now." I gazed into her face, her eyes were ragged, but her thin lips were smiling weakly. "It's ok, everything's ok," she kept saying over and over. I lay down and she covered me and tucked me in. She leaned forward and kissed my forehead, and for a few short seconds looked into my eyes.

"Go back to sleep now," she said gently, "everything's ok."

She stood, and then turned and swiftly walked, not back to my parents' bedroom, but back out my doorway. I heard her assent to the 3rd floor and the distant murmur of my sisters' voices. She did not return.

Eventually my hot face cooled down and the rapid beating of my heart returned to normal.

The crickets began their racket. Time warped in on itself. The breeze was now cooler and I could smell rain. Warily I fell into unconsciousness.

When I woke it was light out, but just barely. I looked out the window and the grass of the yard was very green.

|||||

I don't wear my dress clothes
much any more
I say it's because my job
no longer requires it
but that's a lie

This is the truth:
she left me
with a closet full of clothes
that I wore
only for her.

--Wm Breiding
6.90

In Texas I told her I loved her
a vast landscape surrounded
the red telephone
the blue sky pulsed with evening

Her message machine whirred and clicked
like a Japanese comic book
wild peccaries crossed the road
and boldly snuffled the bushes
while she spoke.

--Wm Breiding
7.10.90

IT WAS I....

5.3.91: 6:50am

...a Friday world looms ahead of me. The days have resumed a more San Francisco attitude this past week, being cool and overcast, with occasional bursts of sun.

...my electrical appliances are falling apart: the message machine, the coffee grinder, the stereo, and my motorcycle all need repairs. Is this some sort of symbolic breakdown reflecting my emotional life?

...I seem to have completely lost my fashion sense. I can no longer determine if some article of clothing is really cool or not. Yesterday, I hesitatingly bought a shirt. At this very moment, as I wear it, I still can not decide if it is beautiful or completely ghastly. Several years ago I would have been able to give you an instant, instinctive and unerringly correct answer about this shirt. Now my heart is plagued with doubts. I seem to have lost that straight arrow directional pointer of good taste.

...there are many things to do in this town. I was looking through the local entertainment rag, the SF WEEKLY, and there are about 5 things going on each day this week that I would like to do. Everything from seeing movies to seeing a bunch of bands, to checking out the mainstream and local theatre groups and dance companies. Yet, I know that I will do little if any of it. For lack of money, lack of company, and the embracement of loneliness.

In the dark tunnel I'm sauntering through, cigarette glowing, foot steps echoing, the one thing that continues to haunt me, now, in the past, and in the future is: the absolute intrinsic understanding of each other that Danielle and I had. It was not something by design, sought, or fought for: it just was. I miss this with all my mind, heart, soul and cock.

This is the ultimate punishment.

If I will ever be understood or understand so deeply, ever again, is something that I can only hope for, but can not foresee.

[6.21.91: It was, perhaps, sought and fought and dearly paid for, and if it was designed, it was a circle that has left me padding into the endless end.]

5.10.91:

I had a dream early this morning that Michael J. came to a party that I was attending. When the door opened for him, he carried in a frizzy blond over the threshold from the darkness outside.

Later, I was sitting at a table talking with someone. Michael J. and his dizzy blond were listening intently to me, looking at me, trying to catch my eye, to give me significant looks. But I would not turn to look at either of them. I knew what cruelty would be in that man's countenance, as his eyes said: "I have left Danielle and I have ruined both of your lives. Now I am grinning."

I woke from this dream at 6:00am, sat straight up, threw the covers off me, ran to the kitchen, and acted as though I were late for work, even though I had looked at the clock. In groggy confusion I lay back down in bed, drifting until 6:30, rose, showered, made coffee. I still feel drugged and lifeless.

My heart asks me: what does this dream mean? It is symbolic or literal? I have had some of the strongest, strangest dreams about Danielle since she left me. But never have I had a dream about Michael J. only. This is new and I do not take it lightly, even though Danielle is not here to help me interpret all the symbols.

5.13.91:

I always forget that, on the streets, the clothes make the woman or man. Although my closet has a series of dress trousers, cool shoes and sports coats, etc, my dress has dwindled down to a uniform of blue or black jeans, cowboy boots and a nice shirt, often flannel. I frequently wear a leather jacket because I'm on a motorcycle. When I'm not on the motorcycle, it's common to see me in a jean jacket I've had for about 10 years, faded and frayed, with something over it, usually a vintage zip up of some sort, or a long coat.

I'm always genuinely amazed, when altering one thing, how it causes women of different walks to notice me. Last week it was quite warm; one day I wore black jeans, my new neddle nosed cowboy boots, a white shirt, buttoned at the collar, and a brand new looking brown vintage sport coat. While walking from the PO Box, I was once again put into deep rumination about the meaning of clothing, it's replacement of sexual plumage, and how much it reflects our interior.

...and speaking of such things, a dream this morning:

I was driving around with Danielle. She was happily at the wheel, as in old times, and we were getting along famously, being as we were: friends.

I must have told her about the dream I'd had of Michael J. because we stopped at an apartment somewhere that I've placed in my dreams as being where they live. (I've actually been inside it, in my dreams.) She was very cheerful; from Danielle this was always exquisitely endearing.

She said: "I'm not sure, but I think he's there." She leaned down and looked across me out the passenger window. "Yea! There he is!" I looked up to a second story window and he was looking down at us. When he saw me he waved and disappeared. I knew he was coming down.

Danielle nodded and smiled. "Go talk to him."

I got out of the car. As I approached the wooden latched gate, it clicked and opened and there was Michael J. I am always so surprised, waking or dreaming, that Danielle left me for this man.

We are both very uncomfortable. Always, until these last two dreams, Michael J. has been a secondary figure, like a ghost hovering. Now he stood before me, nervous as myself, glancing at me through his glasses, hands in his pockets.

Although I don't remember what we talked about (a lot of stammering, hemming, hawing, and self-conscious smiles), I was surprised at the tone of his voice. It was deep and soft. In waking life I can not recall his voice.

We strolled through an empty lot of rich, thick, well-kept, violently green grass. When we reached the back, we turned around and ambled towards the front. Half way to the gate I knew that I was incapable of telling him about my dream.

"Micahel, you've got to be careful," I blurted.

He looked at me with serious curiosity.

"I had a dream about you, ok? And I'm telling you: just be careful, all right?"

I turned as if to depart, and he brought out a hand to shake, grinning at me and nodding. Our hands slid across one another, never in a true grasp.

I walked towards the gate.

If I went out and rejoined Danielle, I don't know, because the dream changed and it was night and the alley I was standing in was empty and Gene and I were in hot pursuit of something.

5.18.91:

For two days following this dream my mood was sort of giddy. I felt that somehow I had helped Danielle. Entirely devoid of ulterior motive, aiding her only because I love her. Regardless of what it meant for me. Doing something so clean and fine and pure is a rarity. I felt like Superman sitting in a clean kitchen. For her happiness, I would remind Michael J. of what he had.

On the third day I got depressed.

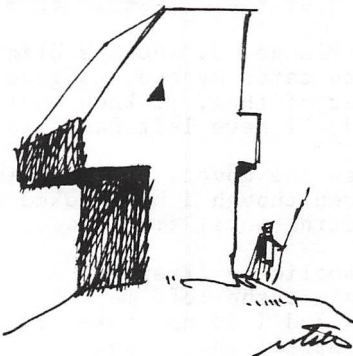
|||||
NEW WORLD: YEAR 4

I walk in time
over hills of youth
lush innocence fades
this is winter

Pages turn
blank but for a period
or hyphen
I am lost

Only I can see the crow
flying through the snow

--Wm Breiding
6.11.91
revised: 7.30.91



The "text" portion of the preceeding originally appeared as an [undated; unnumbered] issue of LETTERS FROM A COYOTE, William Breiding's APA-50 zine. ...here run under the "subtitle".

...excerpts from a Letter - BOWERS to BREIDING - dated 7/31/91:

Dear Wm.,

I certainly do "owe" you a letter! You'll just have to take comfort in the fact that you are certainly not alone in that distinction.... I certainly love getting letters, but I've never been the world's best at "responding" myself; except, of course, when replying to a woman ~~WHEN I'M IN NEED~~, or when I'm bugging for contributions to my fanzines, or whatever it is that I do.

I enjoy the hell out of taking the words/works of others, and molding them to my "format" ...but I tend to, still feel totally inarticulate when trying to respond one-on-one. Plus, I'm probably lazy.

I do, despite the deafening silence, appreciate all the words and feelings you've directed my way in the past year. It helped; you helped! It ain't nearly Over yet, but I keep telling myself that, someday, it will be.... Sometimes, I actually believe that.

By the by: I, instinctively, wanted to open this: "Dear Bill..." Patty-noLoC still refers to you as "Bill"; out of habit, I suppose I do also. I'll append to your writings whatever you sign them, but, when I see you in LaLaLand...what do I "address" you as....? I'm not being snide; whatever makes you comfortable....

...and you do denigrate your place on my mailing list (not that you should slacken off, you understand...) and your own writing needlessly. Don't do that!

(Did you mean to include your "outline" sheet; I found it fascinating....)

... Okay, I've made you wait long enough....

I'll, with Thanks!, publish the four poems.

But, there's a kicker: What I'd like to do is, with your permission, "reprint" the four segments of the last LETTERS FROM A COYOTE as a "column"/"article"/"whatever" -- and to intersperse the four poems with it....

I'm serious: I'd thought about asking you for "reprint" rights when LETTERS... came last month, but as usual, procrastinated. Still, rereading it last night, and then rereading the poems--well, I don't know if you noticed, but they seem (at least to me) to "Match-up" remarkably well....

You are wrong; you can write, and in its own way, your "voice" is as unique as, say, Billy's is to him.

I'd really like to do this for OW62....

It's up to you to give me the okay, young sir!

There. Not a "real letter", but at least some words. Take Care!

WILLIAM BREIDING

Your honesty knows no bounds and makes me laugh. The two important aspects that make you write letters: women and fanzines. I must say, a man after my own heart!

Actually, I'm quite comfortable with the way we communicate. Some people were born to write locs, others were born to publish them; actually this loc hacking I've been doing with you is highly unusual for me. I often get confused as to what I wrote to which fanzine (X or OW) and never know what's going to be where or even if you're going to use it. The funny thing is that I keep expecting you to IAHF me. So. I don't really expect to correspond with you. I'll wait until I change my sex.

As to my name. You prefer to be called Bill, as I recall. ... Well, I prefer William. I think it's a beautiful name. Or: Wm. I don't make an issue out of it. I refer to myself, in print and in person, as William. I don't stop someone and say, please, call me William. If they ask, I tell them. Some people find it impossible to change me in their heads to William. To them I am Bill. I could never be a William. My newer friends who know me as William are aghast when an older friend refers to me as Bill, and say: You could never be a Bill! You're a William. It's all a matter of context. I leave it to you, what you call me in Los Angeles, as long as it isn't You Dumb Jerk. If you can begin thinking of me as William, so much the better; if not, Bill is fine.

Of course, in all writing it must be William or Wm; with letters it can be either, with more serious pieces, such as the poems or LETTERS FROM A COYOTE it MUST be: Wm Breiding. I thank you for inquiring about these things. It's thoughtful and professional. I just had a heap of discourtesy from a local rock and roll band whom I did a photo shoot with; I worked for free, charging only for cost of film and processing. Twice my photos appeared in a local newspaper without credit; a photo was used for a poster without credit; and a photo on the back of their album was credited to Bill Breiding. I had told them exactly what I've told you. Needless to say, I won't be working with them again! So THANK YOU! I know YOU will follow through. (Oh, your occasional reference to me in the main text of your ramblings as Bill Breiding is Just Fine; not to worry, dude.)

I did, indeed, mean to include the "outline" to the loc on OW61. I thought you might find it interesting to see how I was going about it, with that particular loc. Unfortunately I let

so much time elapse, I couldn't do justice to the real loc, and really did treat it like mcs for an apa. Nonetheless, I had a ball doing it, brief as it was. I hope my more often than not hand written locs aren't too much of a bother. Sometimes I just can't bring myself to sit at the typer, and often I write your locs EARLY in the morning before work and my neighbor downstairs has made it clear he doesn't appreciate early morning and late night clacking.

Bill, you continue to amaze me. I'd be delighted to appear in OUTWORLDS! You had me in a tizzy all afternoon about this. All the while I was driving around doing deliveries, I was trying to figure out what to do about this. To appear "officially" in OW as an essay/columnist would be a nehood dream come true! Strange things do happen over the course of time, don't they?

Actually, I'm kind of beyond words here, Bill. I can't believe that you read them, liked them, and then thought, "I'd like to publish these." Wow! That's better than any loc I could have hoped for. (In a PHOC [you know, Phone Call of Comment] from Patty on LETTERS [she disagreed; she thinks fashion is political not sexual; I said, yeah, but sex is politics!], I said, "For once, I'd love to get a loc from Bowers!" She said: "If you're lucky, you'll get a post-it note on the next XENOLITH." I said: "Uh-uh. He OWES me a letter now! I submitted something to OW!" She said: "You have very interesting logic, ~~William~~ Bill!" I'll frame this letter, Bill!)

I'll be interested to see how you dress me up for the next OW!

Gads, this is really cool!

And: You are wrong. Your letter is a "real" letter.

And much appreciated. Thanks.

Hang tough, and get rolling on that bankruptcy!

8/6/91

WILLIAM BREIDING

I'd given up hope on receiving X:36.5 before leaving for the family reunion in West Virginia on Thursday. Seven days off work that I can ill afford (no, vacation not paid!), but I wouldn't miss it for the world. It will be the first time all my immediate family has been in the same town (Morgantown) in about 20 years. I'm still not sure that we'll all be in the same room at the same time, but I'm shooting for it. My Dad, in particular, seems to be freaking a bit at the prospect and has started acting weird; I wouldn't be surprised if he left town....

Skel's letter, was indeed, one of the best examples of word whipping I've seen from him is a while, and classic alternate world Skel Logic. It was damned great. Now, if you could eek something out of him this good for his next "column" for OW, Dave Rowe and I might begin to agree on a few things...!

Man, you are outrageous! The whole thing about Larry, Sandi, Ro and Diane had me gasping and then asking for stitches from some kinky nurse in a mini skirt! Certainly Mike will be able to catch a whiff of that.

I'm sorry that Chris is so deep into it that he couldn't see what you were doing (or what I thought you were doing!).

So that's who's in FLAP. I always wondered about Beaver Bay.

Steve and Denise are true pals. Damn. Completely generous.

Is there any real reason why photocopy is so expensive? It seems that it could be much cheaper than it is. I've located a guy whose usual price is 3¢, 6¢ doublesided, and I think he's the only one in the Bay Area that's that cheap; the repro isn't that great, but it's good for apa-fifty zines. Supposedly FLANNEL SHIRT REVIEW was done at this price, with the covers offset, but I KNOW he offset some of it, by the smell of some of the pages, but he kept to his original quote of \$170 for 200 copies. He lost his shirt on that one. And it wasn't flannel!

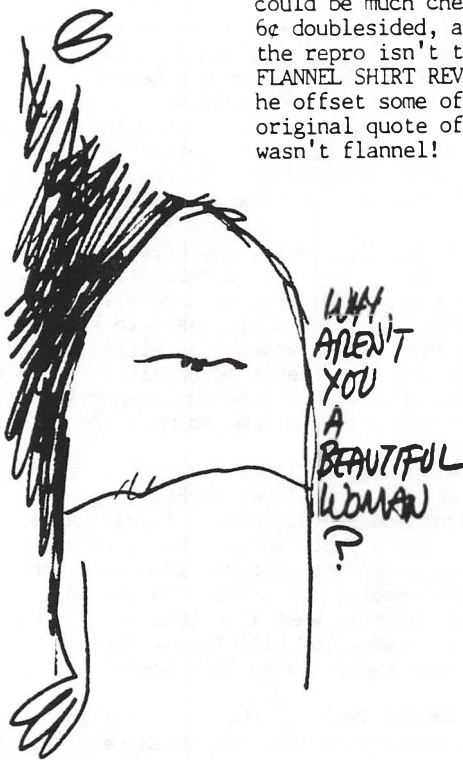
Yeah. I guess I'd actually have to become a member of a WorldCon again if you were doing publications. It's a great idea. How come nobody drafted you before?

This is intentionally brief; I want to see X:37: Searching For Neos!

8/6/91

WILLIAM BREIDING

Well. I turned 35 this month. It seems a very important date, for some reason, though I can't figure out exactly why. Today I was riding my motorcycle down Haight St., in search of cowboy boots, and I laughed at all the kids preening in the sun, seeing and being seen, and I really felt my age: I knew I was 35 years old. Mostly I've felt like a teenager; you know, young at heart, young in mind, etc. But I felt my age today. And it felt good. It was the first time I ever realized that I'd rather be 35 than 19 or even 25. I'm reasonably more complicated now. I enjoy that idea. Of course, I'm also fucked up and lonely and things look tough in the coming years, but ultimately I believe I will flourish. Yesterday at work, while stuccoing a ceiling, I suddenly realized that I'm on the brink of being able to write, that things are beginning to become unstuck inside me, and perhaps when I'm 40 or 50, I'll be cresting like I've always wanted, and have been frustrated because it



would not come out. My Dad once told me that creativity and genius come at all ages--8 or 80-- some of us spew out at 20, some at 50. It seems I'm the one that finds it at 50--or perhaps I delude myself. I want at least to write an autobiography before I kick off--one with the strength and power of the best of novels. Not that I've lived an extraordinary life, but possibly because I haven't. I was young, dumb and pretty. Now I enter mid life bald, not particularly striking, and hopefully with a handful of knowledge. It's all that I could ask for. Transforming mundanity into art through words. Honesty. Trust. Belief in self. I still struggle with it all.

I've been wanting to write you since I returned from Morgantown, but I didn't owe you a letter or anything. I guess I've become habituated to these missives.

----- 8/24/91

10/15/91 • ...as have I, Young William! Each of us has our own "age thing"--my 30's comprised (so far) by far the "best" decade of my life. While my 40's aren't quite complete yet, they...well, perhaps my 50's will be...not a reprise of the Past...but perhaps a building on where I was going--before I was derailed. (But the prospect of turning 50; god, that seems so O*L*D!) (~~Be/dule//Jackie!!!~~) Hang tough! ...as someone once said to me!

...and your handwritten missives are fine; your script is at least legible. Unlike mine. ...unlike that of others, who will end up in the IAHF's! But. One request. No More Red Ballpoint Pen-ssives! Please???? (Unless you really didn't want me to print that last one...? But you know me well enough to say so...in advance.)

I knew, when I started this issue, that I was going to have a "William Breiding" subset/section/nexus herein. Receiving his LETTERS... zine and the poems provided the germ, and the sequence of locs/letters added a frame...but it was the (thoroughly accidental) "discovery" of the '89 letter...and the postcard (you will Forgive Me, won't you, William...?) that gave substance to the concept. This ain't no literary journal, and it never will be; it's just my fanzine. ...but having the opportunity of being able to "put together" the sequence of words on the preceding ten pages... well, that's one of the prime reasons I put out my fanzines. And probably will....

Thanks, William.

(...so, what do you think of the way I "dressed you up"?)

I'm not normally very big on guys.

By far the majority of my best friends are women. I'm sure there's a ton of psychological "reasons" inherent there, but that's the way it's been and--despite the contretemps of the past few years--that's the way it is. I used to wonder/"worry" about it; but that was long ago. (The only "drawback" is that those who can't accept the concept of a man having a deep and caring yet--even if there was a previous "involvement"--platonic friendship with a woman are...other women. Strange.)

[Perhaps it is true that insecurity is not gender-specific...?]

But we were talking about The Men in My Life.

Mike. Of course.

Those, a handful (perhaps half "local") whom I am "comfortable" with...even tho it has often taken (me) many years to get there.

Eric: my portrait in a closet getting shorter, who really should come back.

...and Skel, who will.

Others who I'm just getting to know...through their support this past year.

Bill...William... (I'll try!) whom I've seen only a handful of times over the years; yet, as we discovered on his Cincinnati visit a few years ago...in person, without the Patty-catalyst, we're two rather non-talkative guys...!

...and the one person--even if we don't exchange long letters, and have only met once--who, for nearly 30 years I've thought of as my Other Half:

I'm not sure if you'll "understand" that Billy, and I certainly can't "explain" it...but when you do set out for San Francisco, let me know. I'd like to be there.

BILLY WOLFENBARGER

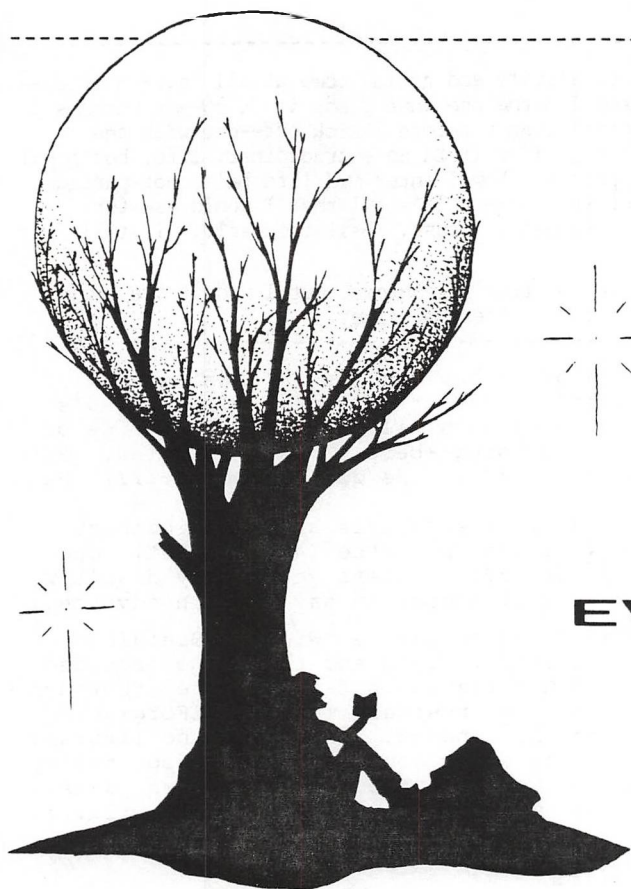
Hey. Many thanks for the latest XENOLITH, as well, of course, as the note asking me to contribute something for the annish. It's enclosed. I'm only sorry that "Evening Legends" sounds so fucking doomy. Under the circumstances, however, I really had little choice. At any rate, it's a piece that I needed to write, that I really needed to get off my chest. It helps lighten the load now just a little bit.

To one of my favorite artists, Alan Hunter: I hope you & your wife Joyce are feeling much better by now; the main thing is to "hang tough", like they say. I enjoyed the illustration Bill used by you with my piece "Please Send a Bio". It helped capture something relevant. (And I appreciate the illustration you did back in '83 for a story of mine in DARK HORIZONS, called "The Attic". Thank you.)

To one of my ole buds, Bill Breiding: One of these days, I'm going to visit you and San Francisco again. Just when, as yet, I can't say. But I do know that I sure need to get the hell out of Dodge, if only for a little while. I've been curious to check out all the "changes" SF has been going thru since I was there last... & the last time I was there seems so long ago; about 3 or 4 weeks after dirt...or the wheel...I can't recall which.

----- 24 th August, '91; Saturday

----- 62:2099



EVENING LEGENDS

ARCANE SCYTHE OF YELLOW MOON. Humid, dark blue skyway. The darkness too young as yet for stars.

Wednesday, with Billy on the front porch at North Polk, trying not to listen to the water sprinkler happening on the right hand side of the front yard. Trying not to listen to the junky music coming from the apartments across the way, beyond the semi-tall wooden fence. Billy is drinking a cup of coffee from his colorful plastic Dad cup, smoking a non-filter cigarette, trying to listen to the sounds of his own mind again.

He's bummed out because of so many things.... Shoes are off, he's sitting in a chair near a small table, trying like hell to just please listen to the sounds/rhythms of his own mind again.

Now, the sky is nearer that delicate approach to purple. Moon is deeper, yellow, a cosmological gold. Ritualistic darkness is coming; ritualistic evening.

Lonely evening in late summer, as lonely as never was; again. Loneliness never seems to stop, unless he & his love look nakedly into one another's eyes. But she is far away now. And Billy has been praying to God that they will be able to see each other again.

Billy stares into space, into time. He loads a pipe. Hold your breath. Now exhale. Moon declined on the other side of the apartments. Stars haven't as yet shown their way through, across the skyway. Over there and over here are house lights, apartment lights, street lights, and this front porch Billy light. None of any of them can shine like the realness of the stars. The moon is gone. Billy will die for love/art if he has to. Already these are legends of mind karma. Billy feels like they belong to him—he's been there/here before. The mirror of space reflects the stars. As yet, the stars haven't shown themselves in the sky, this summer evening, except through the mirror-eyes of imagination.

Billy locates one shining star.

Now the sounds here are traffic and crickets. Imagination flies cosmological wings.

Billy had found the Oneness of BEing a long time ago. He was eager to share this with loved ones. He was eager to share his peace and his love with loved ones. But his intense loneliness made him cry right now. Reclusive in many psychic ways. Billy still has some love to give. He's crying, torn apart inside.

Stories, myths, manifestos, legends are handed down, carried along. But he was blowing writing deadlines away. He hated missing these deadlines; it tore him all up inside.

Writer's block had Billy by the balls. Again. The first time very nearly killed him. This time, a few years later, the intensity of the bummers happening in his life kept threatening to do poor Billy in. But at long last he started writing poetry again. Then he began, little by little, to get into prose; again.

He looked; now the stars were everywhere.

Billy woke up crying. If he's not crying, he's waking up depressed with his sadness. Quantum zones, new epochs of timedrift/spacedrift continuums mental to slow down to stop

BILLY WOLFENBARGER



time altogether. But what stops space? The dead dry earth still had green grass growing out of it. He went inside and looked at bland walls. What to fill up the space? What are people afraid of?

NOW IS THE TICK/TOCK OF THE CLOCK eating seconds, moments, minutes. Another new era of loneliness. Time (& space) eaten alive. He didn't know just how much space/time he had remaining, for anything. But sleep will come eventually; weariness is already here. For a few minutes the sounds of the Southern Pacific a couple of blocks from North Polk kept him company, even though it was overlaid with a wandering loneliness. Billy flashed he'd been so fucking lonely in a lot of places, through different parts of space & time. Like the stars, from what he could see of them, coming out then, eventually, going in again, masked with sunlight & blue skyways. Sometimes he'd go to bed crying. He'd involuntarily deepen his dreams; next thing Billy knew he'd be silently crying himself awake. Space and time drifted through him. Quantum zones, new epochs. The dust of earth is part of our "clay". And what do you do/how do you feel when you look around at bland walls and know beforehand nothing is there?

Quiet moments within the silent house. That was what he had when he needed to hear the voice of the woman he loved.

It was going to be a long haul. (Every so often Billy had to remind himself.) First of all, there was each day/night at a time. One after another. Weeks, months.... And still the loneliness did not escape him.

Moonless now, the breezes blew. He needed a vacation; needed one badly. Needed to be lifted up with the winds and carried to the stars; needed to travel those pathless, cosmological trails. Needed...needed....

But how much did he really need?

He could make a list, one hell of a long list. What it really got down to, however, was merely a matter of BEing with the woman he loved; he knew he could take care of everything else from there. He still had some love to give. The last time he saw her, for five minutes of less, she hugged and kissed him, and gave Billy a beautiful red rose. And they looked nakedly into one another's eyes. And he knew that in their hearts they were One. But then she had to go. They were going to meet a couple of evenings later, on a Saturday, but she was prevented from leaving. At all events, that Thursday, before they saw each other, however briefly, she called him on the phone at midnight, and talked—talked about things they'd never really been able to talk about for such a very long time, because before there would always be someone around somewhere...talked like they needed to for such a long & lonely time. And she told him that this time her cancer wasn't going to be operable; she had cancer of the pancreas, the same kind Michael Landon had; the doctors said she had six months to two years. She still had some love to give. And she was the woman Billy had been searching for all his life.

..... BILLY WOLFENBARGER • AUGUST, 1991

11/9/91 • There's nothing I can say.

...as I wrote Laurie Mann, when responding to her "essay" [later on, in this issue] —it is not my intent to have OW turn into a "trauma" zine. But, given the Events in my own life that has lead to this being the 90s "series" of OUTWORLDS, rather than a continuation of the 80s run, and my willingness to let it all hang out, I can't really expect that the responses will be limited to platitudes or homilies. Nor would I wish it to be that way. Your responses cannot but indicate the "direction" of issues future, but in the end it is I —by what I chose to print, and how I respond to it—who will set the course this fanzine will stay.

Sometimes it isn't easy.

Things seem to be Getting Better for me. (You'll excuse a certain slight skepticism.) I'm not "happy" about what's "happened" to me—there's one hell of a lot of hurt, affront, and pent-up anger to work my way through yet. Still, although I ache a lot, and won't win too many volleyball games these days, I am functional, if not robustly healthy. It could be a lot worse:

My mother, at age eighty-one, has suddenly lost most of her sight. Just when, for the first time in her life she was in a position to do what she enjoys most, without worrying about kids, my father...or the house: sewing. That does not make me think kindly of fate.

Still (and the last time I made this statement I was Younger) I am, in so many respects so lucky: I am forty-eight years old and, with the (possible) exception of my father, the only person who is gone that I truly loved/cared about...remains Susan....

I am of an age...my friends are getting to an age...that this will...change.

I probably won't handle it well.

Still, it is one thing to concede the inevitably of age; but, in one's "prime"....

Billy...there's nothing I can say.

...except grab for whatever happiness you and she can...for as long as you've got.

Hang in there.

A portion of the following appeared in XENOLITH 36.5; it is to that, Billy was responding....

ALAN HUNTER

OUTWORLDS 60, postdated April 19th by surface mail, and XENOLITH 36, postdated May 16th by airmail, dropped through my mailslot together on the morning of May 21st. Oh, the vagaries and coincidences of the postal system! I must admit, considering your emotional stress and financial position, another issue of OUTWORLDS was the last thing I had expected. It is very creditable that you go to so much trouble to keep in contact with all your friends and (in my case) mere acquaintances.

In my last letter I mentioned that my wife, Joyce, was waiting for an operation to remove an ulcer from her bowel. She was taken into the hospital on 17th April and sent home three weeks later. Disastrously, the ulcer was found to be malignant and, in addition to the removal of a large section of bowel, Joyce had an hysterectomy as well. When was left of her had recovered sufficiently, she began an intensive chemotherapy course. This involved daily visits to the hospital for injections. These have now slowed to once a week, backed by tablets which can be taken at home, and the combined treatment has to continue for a full year in an attempt to destroy any remaining cancer cells. I am told that the tablets are a new idea originating in America, where it has been discovered that they greatly increase the efficiency of the injections, but there is no guarantee. We must just keep our fingers crossed. It seems, at some time or other, we all have crosses to bear although, admittedly, some are larger and heavier than others.

OUTWORLDS 60 was a welcome relief from the tensions of recent weeks—I was alternately entertained, amused, envious (of that great book/magazine collection in the two photos) and intrigued (by the SCIENCE FICTION PLUS feature). The only two zines of which I have a complete collection are FANTASY FICTION MAGAZINE and SCIENCE FICTION PLUS, both from 1953 (a bad year for short-lived publications). I immediately perused my copies of the latter, on reading the detailed prospectus.

In the prospectus it is claimed that glossy paper is more expensive and half-tone illustrations give a touch of class. Yet when issue Six changed to book paper, which was not suitable for half-tone, it was claimed that the paper was more expensive and black and white more suitable for sf illustrations. It is intriguing to see this sterling example of editorial diplomacy, where any change is claimed to be an improvement or giving in to public demand. It would be bad policy to admit that circulation is falling and changes have to be made to reduce expenses. And I must admit that the black and white illustrations, calling on such artists as Virgil Finlay and Lawrence, were a great improvement on many of the half-tones of earlier issues which looked as though they had been taken from comic books.

Even so, it would be interesting to know if anything other than the general decline of interest in sf in the 50's, which killed so many promising publications, is to blame for the death of SF+. So much research had been done on what

would make a sf magazine successful, and a few did survive—why not SF+? I suppose we shall have to wait for the book, to find out.

The artwork in OW60 was good and as varied as the written contents. I like Steven Fox—his drawings are very atmospheric and imaginative—but one suggestion does occur to me: he should put more tonal contrast between foreground and background detail. Darker shading and solid blacks in the rocks beneath the domes and in the foreground on the one drawing, and lighter shading behind the creature in the other (assuming the whole drawing has not been darkened in the printing) would increase the depth and impact. As seen here, both drawings have much the same tonal density all over.

In OW60 you make an appeal for more artwork. On the face of it, considering the continued setbacks revealed in X36, this does appear to be a little optimistic. But you display so much resilience, I have taken you at your word and enclosed a few pieces that may come in useful. Not to worry if you cannot put them to work for some time to come (if ever). Just put them in your files, and who knows—

Hoping the world may soon start to show a brighter face.

----- 6/22/91

ALAN HUNTER

Seems I now have three publications to acknowledge and thank you for: XENOLITH 36.5, OUTWORLDS 27.5 and OUTWORLDS 61. Together they comprise an incredible collection of letters with opinions and reminiscences, some dating back sixteen years, and they are arriving faster than I can inwardly digest them. Under the circumstances (and I am not referring to spare time, of which you must unfortunately have a surfeit at present, but to the lack of finance) it shows a remarkable dedication to your fellow fan that you have provided these for our instruction and entertainment.

Your remark, on the last page of 27.5, that you do not expect anyone to read everything, is certainly true of myself at the present time, but I intend to correct that. And I have found the perfect method. I keep your zines at the side of my bed and most nights, when I feel in the mood, I read one or more of the letters before I fall off to sleep. The pearls of wisdom, diamonds of nostalgia and golden nuggets of observation drift down through my subconscious during the night to lodge firmly in my treasure house of knowledge and generally improve my life. I never used to take your publications quite so seriously, but they grow on you and, believe me, are well worth the effort.

I was highly gratified to see that you had managed to put two of my drawings to such good use. May the other drawings I sent recently prove equally helpful.

Joyce is progressing favourably. She has regained some of her lost weight but she still tires quickly. The chemotherapy course, which amongst other things involves injecting about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of liquid into her arm every week, has to continue for another eight months before we shall know if it has been successful.

----- 9/9/91

11/10/91 • When I "came back" last year, XENOLITH was issued to communicate with, primarily, two "groups" of recipients: those, my friends, who I felt the most guilt about having "cut-off"...and contributors to OW, whose material I'd held unacknowledged for far too long. At that point, Alan may well have been a "mere acquaintance", but his caring letters (and his faith in my "resilience") have, inevitably, changed that "status"....

Alan...Thanks! And, inanely, I hope that Joyce's treatments will be successful.

A word about the art/artist "illustrating" Billy's piece:

Sandy was, to put it mildly, seriously injured in an auto accident a few years back. The side-effects persist: the blackouts continue, defying medical diagnosis. Through it all she has maintained a sense of determination, of resilience, that I admire...and envy.

Among other things, her drawing wrist was fractured and, although she generated Amstrad art, she was unable to draw. Then, a month ago, as we were sitting at a table at the Brew House (while Greg was making his debut as the "Eric Clapton" of Al Curry's Ragtime Pick-up Band)...Sandy started sketching.

"I want it!" I said, when she completed the pencil sketch. ...knowing immediately that I would use it with Billy's "Legends".

Not leaving well-enough alone (for, arguably, the first time in my life), I added: "...why don't you do an opposite-hand/mirror image version in ink?"

A few days later I picked up the completed art. Both views neatly inked in....

I'd wanted the pencil version, as a contrast; I should have known better.

Women never do listen to me.

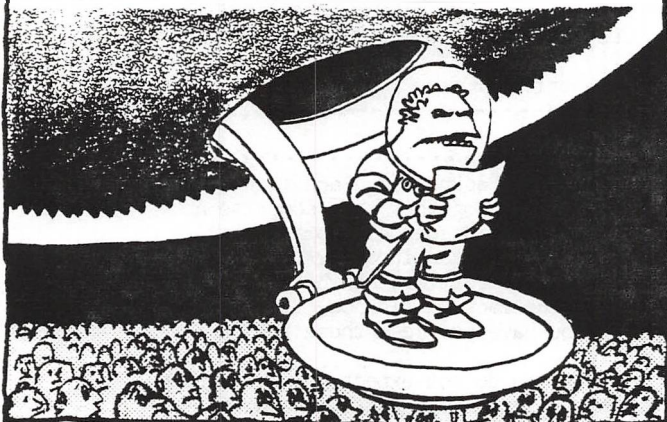
...thanks, Sandy. And now, having published your first LoC in XENOLITH, and these... there is no excuse for you not doing more of both.

...excuse me. I think I hear the phone ringing...!

I knew that Marc Ortlieb had sent me an article, Back When. But, until I cleaned-up my trashed office in July, I couldn't find it. I think it is ageless...particularly after three years in a house, complete with ~~meadow~~ a lawn to be mowed....

----- 62:2103

A SAD DAY FOR THE HOME PLANET!
 THE LONG EXPECTED SURRENDER TERMS
 WERE DICTATED IN STOCKHOLM TODAY:
 N. IRELAND WILL BE CEDED FOR OUTDOOR
 ART EXHIBITIONS, THE TRI-STATE AREA
 FOR RECREATIONAL TORTURE. SAID
 EARTH'S NEW GOVERNER: "THE DIRT
 BETWEEN YOUR TOES DIDN'T GET
 THERE JUST BY WISHING!"



ONE MAN AND HIS DOG

by

MARC ORTLIEB

THERE WAS A SCIENCE FICTION STORY, fairly typically Campbellian, about a race of warlike aliens who are scared off by the toys that humans give their children. The gist of the story, expostulated by the clever hero, was that, the aliens, being your typical carnivores, considered play as merely training for future survival and that, if all these human cubs had toy spacefleets, then Earth was clearly preparing them to lead huge real spacefleets that would obliterate the warlike species. I can't remember where or when I read the story, but recently I've been coming to the conclusion that those aliens weren't as stupid as the story made them seem. The only real difference is that, while the story, as befitted a Campbellian skiffy story, dealt with hardware, the real problem lies in my subtle cultural manipulation.

The situation with toys, though dangerous, is well documented. The effects of giving little girls dolls to prepare them for motherhood and little boys are given construction kits and chemistry sets to prepare them for world smashing have been examined and caring parents are giving little boys dolls to prepare them for motherhood and are giving little girls Rambo outfits to prepare them for little boys. What worries me are the more subtle forms of brainwashing we get via our literary heritage.

The value of the folksong as mnemonic has been known since Homer was a pup. In English folksong tradition, you get songs like "The Lyke Wake Dirge", a dolorous little ditty about what one can expect in the afterlife—a Listener's Digest version of Dante's "Inferno":

"If ever thou gavest meat and drink
 The fire will never make thee shrink
 If meat and drink thou ne'er ga'st nane
 The fire will burn thee to the bare bane."

I suspect that the song was written by minstrels, in the hope of guaranteeing themselves of good meals as they travelled through Merry Olde England. What is not considered is the insidious effect of children's rhymes. I know that there have been scholarly treatises that show that "Ring-a-ring-a-rosie" is based on the Black Plague and "The Farmer's in the Dell" is a form of pre-literate sex education, but have the psychological effects of generations of these songs been thoroughly evaluated?

The reason I mention this is that, while paying my tithe to the great god Suburbia, dressed in my sacramental gardening vestments and pushing the holy lawn mower, I started to understand how I'd been tricked. It sounded so innocuous:

"One man and his dog
 Went to mow a meadow."

Think, though, of the implications. For a start, there are the connotations of the term meadow. My dictionary defines it as a piece of grassland, especially one where grass is grown for hay, or a low level grassland near a stream. Mowing a meadow sounds so idyllic, conjuring, as it does, pictures of honest country men, singing as they work, awaiting lunch of wholesome country bread, cheese and cider brought by wholesome country wenches. It seems right and proper that a man should go and mow meadows and consequently that mowing is

a delightful occupation. Then there are the tunes, terribly catchy, and simple enough to allow any small child to sing along. As I believe L. Ron Hubbard once said, "Give me a young man at age fourteen and I'll make a golden religion out of him." You get thirty or so youngsters all merrily singing advertising jingles about blokes going to mow meadows and it has to imprint on the brain somehow—fertile ground in which the seed of the suburban gardener can take root. Combine it with equally seductive tunes like "Heigh-ho, Heigh-ho, it's off to work we go" and you've got the makings of a superbly conditioned suburban husband.

Is it any wonder then that, every now and then, as I fight off the flies and stinging bugs and wrestle the hot stinking motormower through the jungle of weeds and crabgrass that are the closest our back yard comes to a meadow, I think about that bloke who went so cheerfully to mow a meadow and curse him as a stupid git. And I'm not the only person who has been corrupted by this silly song. Catherine, my wife, obviously had it engrained in her subconsciousness as a young child because she too thinks that mowing is the sort of thing that should thoroughly satisfy the manly desires of a suburban husband.

Fortunately there are still areas of man's magic of which she is unaware. She thinks that the gyrations and manic air guitar work that I perform in front of my stereo are simply manifestations of my abysmal taste in music. What she doesn't realize is the subtle connection between my dance steps and the thunderstorms that strike from the blue on days that would otherwise seem ideal for mowing. There are secrets, passed from father to son, that transcend the propaganda of the children's song. The expectation of financial expertise engendered by such lines as "The king was in the counting house, counting out his money" can be negated by the inexplicable tendency for the calculator to allow two plus two to equal three when balancing the chequebook. (Calculators have made this magic far easier. In days past, dedicated exponents in this field of male magic had to subtract a finger from the left hand to achieve the same result.)

Mind you, as is the fate of such folklore, some of the magic has been lost in the oral transmission process. I've totally lost the counter to the expectation, created by "Little Miss Muffett", that women must be afraid of spiders, thus making men responsible for the removal of said beaties. Not even science helps here. I've quoted Ralph Buchsbaum's ANIMALS WITHOUT BACKBONES, "Most people insist they are revolted by the long legs and hairiness, but no one on record has ever objected to these same characteristics in a Russian wolfhound." I've pointed out that spiders kill nasty disease carrying insects and that they are dedicated mothers, but Cath will have no more of this than she will accept my warnings about excess carbon dioxide levels and the greenhouse effect as an excuse for allowing the weeds to grow in the lawn. Sadly that very greenhouse effect has stuffed up the weather patterns, to the point that not even my impromptu raindances to The Pogues latest album will create rain on demand. It rains during the week, encouraging the force to, through the green fuse, drive the flower and I'm confronted by sunlit jungles on the weekend.

Regardless of how much I talk about the ecologically unsound practice of attempting to maintain monocultures in suburban biomes, Cath insists that the lawn be shaved to a uniform crewcut, a meadow, that any man should be content to mow. If ever I encounter that one man and his dog, I'm going to break the bastard's scythe and kick his dog for good measure.

..... MARC ORTLIEB • 10/1/89

MARC ORTLIEB

13/10/91: Last Thursday night, I got the strangest phone call from George Turner. It appears that a post office in Cincinnati phoned him to ask him what to do about a letter I had written to you. He got the call because they found his home address in the copy of Q36 that was enclosed, and I had only my post office address. I do not understand this, but I guess it means I misaddressed the letter I sent, so a copy appears below. I will also include another copy of Q36. I have put phone number on the [return] address, just in case.

Dear Bill,

It's the school holidays (between our third and fourth terms) and I've finally found a moment to wrestle through the pile of unconsidered correspondence littering the study floor, only to find your letter, dated 7th August, to which I should have replied yonks ago. I plead pressure of work, the distractions of a two and a half year old, insanity, a backlog of unread NEW SCIENTISTS/F&SFs/ASIMOV'S/SCIENTIFIC AMERICANS and the fact that little green men from space stole my homework sir, honest, it was all done but they tore it from my hands and said that they needed it to bring peace and harmony to the whole galaxy.

If it's not too late, I'd be flattered if my article were to appear in any issue of OUTWORLDS, a fanzine that still fills me with awe. (Awe here being defined as "Awe why don't I produce zines like that?"). OUTWORLDS 61 is a delightful fanzine to ramble through. I'm not sure that I'm up to locating it properly at present (I'm typing this with one ear pricked up, waiting for the young monster to wake). It's simply the sort of fanzine that embodies everything I imagine a Corflu to be. Perhaps the Australia/U.S. leg of DUFF should be targeted at Corflus, rather than Worldcons.

Re your DUFF candidature, please do stand. I know we can whip up some support around the Old Guard here. Does Bruce Gillespie still send you zines? You'd need to visit with a hefty baggage allowance, to get a copy of the most recent METAPHYSICAL REVIEW.

But typing time is over. Monster won't be long in waking. Hope that your life is returning to something more like what you'd want it to be. (My brother, who has recently escaped a foolish marriage is far more fun to be with now.)

----- 2/10/91

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RETIRED

I've made a concentrated effort to, for the duration of this fanzine, avoid a blow-by-blow account of the Continuing Adventures of Your Humble & Much Put-Upon Editor vs. The Legal System. I figure I can relate all the fun stuff in one fell swoop, at the End...~~assuming there is an end in sight to this minute issue....~~

But:

The Thursday before Chicon, the Trustee finally came out to check out what "she" left me. He brought with him...an "expert" appraiser. Based on an exchange between them I inadvertently overheard, I spent the following six weeks firmly convinced that, at the least, my books were going to be auctioned off...

I was not happy.

For once, I'm glad to be Wrong! [The final papers haven't come yet; RSN is the operative phrase.] I GET TO KEEP MY BOOKS! I GET TO KEEP THE COPIER! (As soon as I can, it needs a tune-up.) [As does the lawyer's grammar!] I'm considerably happier now.

Naturally I showed a copy of the letter to my supposed friends:

The reaction? Universal....

"...well, we always knew you were of no value, but it's nice to see legal confirmation!"

My friends. Yes.

October 8, 1991

William Bower
4651 Glenway Ave.
Cincinnati, Ohio 45238

RE: Bankruptcy
Case #: 1-90-03108

Dear Bill:

I talked to Hank Menninger, your Trustee, today and he stated the items which he saw were not marketable and that the items that which your wife said you owned were of no value. He has closed his file. This is a no asset case. There will be no further action by him.

You will receive your discharge shortly.

Very truly yours,

Kenneth L. Ross

KLR/jr

ERIC LINDSAY

13 June 1991: Many thanks for OUTWORLDS #60. As with many others, I am delighted to see your return to fandom. Let me also say that, despite all the mud slung at you in US courts, and whatever decisions eventually are taken on them, I don't see any of the mud sticking to you in fandom.

This is a far cry from thinking you are perfect (except maybe in the area of fanzine production and contents). I'd believe financial irresponsibility, but can't see even you taking it far enough to get chucked out of an apartment for it. I know lots of fans who could give you lessons on getting that wrong, and I don't think the worse of them (I don't lend them money...or, if I do, I don't expect it back).

Now, had you been accused of lascivious cavorting with a bevy of young women, either serially, or even in a group, that I could have brought myself to believe.

(Don't you just love it when fans you see only once a decade turn up as character witnesses for you?)

7 September 1991: I haven't been exactly swift in continuing this loc...but you can tell that, can't you?

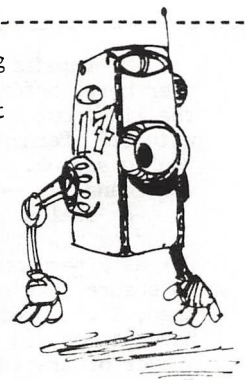
Like Skel, I've recently been grabbing books by Christopher Rowley whenever I see them (not often), but I managed to miss the good quotes. Speed reading isn't all that handy for content. Likewise, I've never thought of naming a house, and I've especially not thought of naming it "Yngvii", although the idea sounds more and more attractive. I'm just too lazy. I'm even too lazy to rewire the dragons on the front door so that their eyes glow in the dark like they should.

I thought polish was a spirit? Obviously looking at Skel's mention of Cas the wrong way. However, I think Skel has put his polished typing finger on a fundamental truth of the Universe, in pointing out that polished furniture will get a head start in the next Big Bang. Obviously the Universe is cyclic, and Cas was polishing furniture last Universe, and thus caused the Great Wall effect that astrophysicists have tried so long to explain.

I'd comment on Jeanne Bowman's column, except the only Chinatown I've even heard of was in the movie "Big Trouble in Little China", and I'm not exactly sure it was all that serious. (Yes, I notice things like that...but not very often.)

David Haugh's mention of Primal Scream therapy reminds me powerfully of work. Not that anyone is screaming, however we share part of a floor with the Humanities. They do classes on film, and a large part of the audible session of their classes consists of running films. Well, more accurately, running a small portion of a film repeatedly. That portion consists of a blood curdling scream. Our new students get something of a shock when they first hear the screams from next door. Those of us who are used to it are perhaps not as tolerant of it as we might be (especially after Humanities asked us if we could keep down the noise from our computer labs, because it was interfering with their screaming...).

You have seen films I haven't even heard of. Not fair. I used to love going to the movies, rolling the jaffas down the wooden steps, and all that sort of stuff. But that was when there was a cinema within walking distance. The nearest is now 15 kilometers away, and getting there without a car is too much trouble. I could go in the city, but the door prices seem to be over \$10 a seat, which just doesn't seem reasonable to me. Thus this year, I've seen "Dances with Wolves", and that is it.



Sad to hear that the 1978 Buick is dead—I have memories of riding round in that, a decade ago.

Well, I'd better end this, and actually make out an envelope this time, instead of putting the letter inside OW for later work.

Jean is coming up to my place later this morning (a glorious warm spring morning, sunny and cloudless due to a minor el Nino), bringing some 2 inch screws and some varnish so I can complete the bookcases I've been working on (but not very hard) all week. I finally got tired of never having room, and have decided to get rid of a ten year old collection of kipple, so every week, the garbage bin is full as I throw more and more stuff out, and try to get what is left onto shelves in a relatively tidy manner. Need I mention that, so far, it is impossible to tell that anything has been done?

ERIC LINDSAY

21 September 1991: Thanks for OUTWORLDS [] #62; mailed 7/23 [], and the letter supplement, which arrived this weekend. I'd start a loc, if it were not for the fact that Jean has headed off home, and has the zines with her.

Jean also has the laundry. Yes, indeed, this is loc #41 around laundry, and the perils of doing (or not doing) it. Jean is in the middle of renovating her place. The laundry is a shed out back, and currently contains one concrete tub, and 14 cubic meters of garbage. Since the total size of the shed is less than 5 cubic meters, this causes some problems. Jean left her washer and dryer at my place in the mountains, and so every week, we head up here to do the laundry. It was a lot easier when she had a tiny flat at Kings Cross, and we could drop off a bag before going to work, and pick it up that evening on the way home. Real Soon Now, just after she finishes building the kitchen and the darkroom, Jean will start working on the laundry, and I'll no longer have an excuse to start up a letter writing about the 160 k trip to do laundry.

Chris Sherman, writing in April, finds his sign of spring, the monarch butterflies; writing in September, I find my first sign of spring in weather warm enough to wander round outside without a pullover. Nature? What is this nature crap? I might also add that I have never in my life liked weather, any sort of weather. It is either too hot, too cold, or too wet. I think I have evolved towards a life spent within air conditioned buildings. For a while there I thought I had evolved towards a life spent sitting in a chair with my feet on the desk, however I have to remove the wheels from the chair first (I discovered the hard way).

I think Mike Glicksohn is being unfair in his comment about "as silly as SaM" exclaiming "wow, a device that heats up food without applying external heat but by stimulating the atoms within". I don't know how long you have had a microwave oven Mike, but I found it croggling. When I was a kid, I'd have given almost anything for the gear that comes with a microwave oven. Luckily, I didn't get my wish, because more mature reflection leads me to think that a microwave is the most dangerous household appliance for a kid like I was. I'd have certainly bypassed the door safety. I wouldn't have known just how long the capacitors held a lethal charge, and would probably have killed myself. I still think they are croggling. On the other hand, I've long been fascinated by all manner of unlikely gadgets, so perhaps I'm atypical.

Brian Earl Brown takes entirely the wrong attitude towards the subject of dust. Nature provided dust (aided and abetted by paper mites in some cases), however it is obvious that, when OUTSIDE, dust is merely natural. Therefore you simply need a home in which almost everything is outside, rather than inside. I suppose the winter in Detroit is why Brian didn't think of that.

"...trouble seperating fiction and fantasy..." "reality ... never entered into it" is almost certainly taken from one of those Ashleigh Brilliant Pot Shot cards. So now we know where TV gets its lines.

Today is the 11th of November. ...and the last uncut movie I saw was on September 14th, when I saw TREMORS for the second time, before returning Dave & Jackie's tape to them. The 1991 total, to date? 32. It's not that there aren't movies "out" I'd like to see, nor that seeing a matinee every couple of weeks is a budget-breaker; it's simply that a few other things have taken priority: Work; reading; Saturday afternoons at the Brew House; this.... Eventually I'll have cable re-installed, if only to assuage my NBA "fix". But in the meantime, I seem to be surviving....

ROGER WEDDALL

You're properly "back on track" now, aren't you? Two fanzine titles running ahead at full steam and luminaires such as Skel and Jeanne Bowman putting pen to paper for you. If I was going to weigh in with an OUTWORLDS loc I'd probably plunk myself down in the middle of the rather terse exchange that Alexis and Taral were having about fan art, but if I did that I'd probably come out with something inappropriately terse myself....

On the other hand, there's XENOLITH to comment on; but we've already had our private conversations about your life and what's happened and personally I'd be surprised if you weren't all talked out on that subject. I think I'd rather wait and see what becomes of X when it becomes a 'fanzine about fanzines'....

My immediate fear is that it will become an extremely boring, technical journal (as has been done over here, before) talking about the means of production, layout techniques, historical examples and the like, but I should feel safer, knowing who's at the editorial helm. What are you planning to do with it? Perhaps you'll make it into a commentary on the fanzines currently being produced and which you're seeing. Suggestion: If you do this, it might be more fun to read if you first—how you Americans say?—"develop an attitude". Anyway, the best of luck with it.

Re Skel's comment on fans with POBoxes: in 1982 when I began editing a regular newszine, and considering how often one tends to move when living in rental accommodation, I decided I'd adopt a P.O. Box as a permanent address for mail, so that when—inevitably—I/we had to move, there'd be no need to ensure that every last person I wanted to know about it would have my new mailing address. Since then, I've moved more than half a dozen times, and I'll occasionally get a letter from someone I haven't been in touch with for years—who would, if I'd not kept the same P.O.Box, had no chance whatsoever of tracking me down. The Post Office Box is not some sort of cloaking device; it's a major investment in being able to keep in touch with the people I want to be able to hear from.

11-10-91

11/13/91 • ...no sooner than you spoke, Roger, than I am "down" to one title; and it, at the moment is hardly going to set any land speed records. At least not with this! ...but I am working at it, you see...and guiltily ignoring correspondents in the process....

I've already informed the brave souls who subscribed [and many, many Thanks to those who "reassigned" their monies to the OW kitty; it wasn't expected, but it is appreciated] — but Reality finally impinged, if only for a moment...and XENOLITH: The Fanzine About Fanzines never quite made it into the mail....

The "concept" was born in a post-Corflu burst of enthusiasm—in itself, a dangerous malady. And, at the time I was not only enthused, but out of work...and Had Nothing But Time.

I really would like to see someone do a regular fanzine review zine; and not only to facilitate the entry of Fresh Blood into our wonderful world of amateur publishing...but to help us "find" each other...those of us who are already here. I publish the addresses of "my" contributors in each issue for a very specific reason: so that, if you find their work intriguing and you publish a zine, you can send them a copy of yours.... [Not that they should take that to free them from continuing to send me Their Very Best, you understand!] Present day economics, mine in particular, being what they are, I don't send out very many spec copies of OW. But I do glean the fanzines I receive in the mail and, if I discover in one a writer or artist I'm not familiar with but whose work grabs my attention—I'll send them a copy of what I do. If their address is listed. Too many zines just don't bother.

...and I probably wouldn't find a technical "journal" as boring as you would, Roger....

But, in any case, it won't be me. At least not this month!

Now then. I don't have the slightest "why" ... (and I do ask) ... but some of you persist in sending me LoCs...with great effort to make "unpublishable". ...from Wm Breiding cassettes to Teddy Harvia postcards, to the Ultimate: a 3-page Patty Peters LoC she'll show others but not me. *sigh*

But I do love it. And I never give up:

The following took a while: The "original" is 19½"x25" black board; the penmanship is in gold. It came folded in an 12"x16½" envelope 3 years ago. ...thanks, Roger! (I think!)



ROGER WEDDALL
P.O. BOX 273
FITZROY 3065

25.10.88.

Dear Bill,

here's that
promised loc on the recent OW#58

As I've come to expect
of your zine there's the
usual, pleasant mix of
'amuse' & incidental
articles + beardmumbings-

speaking of which, I really
think that [redacted] hit his mark
in the last issue. To
write about history (Fannish or
otherwise) is one thing; to read^{one}
reminisc^{ing} about one's place
in it is usually much more fun....

Like John Foyster, I good-natur-
edly curse all this talk of 'Dittos' and 'Corfus'.
As for Jeanne and her 'cordial' rebus, well

Cordially yours,


(ROGER)

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

August 7, 1991

Dear Bill;

Wow. Or should I just say *OW*. *Outworlds* is clearly back. I'll defer to others to determine if it's back with a vengeance. But *OW* is clearly resurrected and for that I'm glad. Thanks, Bill.

This loc has been a hard one to write. Now that you've regained momentum I seem to have lost mine. I do really like what you've produced. I have read the issues and have had many interesting and amusing thoughts about them. And yet meaningful comment doesn't seem to flow.

One problem is that I'm currently traveling about 3500+ miles a week (I've waved to Larry each time I've flown over or through Chicago). This makes continuity rather difficult. I did have some interesting (now forgotten) thoughts about *Outworlds 61* while sitting next to a canal in Renkum, Holland. Sheep kept coming up and nuzzling me, I suspect trying for a swig of the wonderfully fresh Heineken I was drinking, or a nibble from the incredibly out-of-context American Military Fantasy novel I was reading (*Hammerheads*, by Dale Brown). I had a terrific view of the "Netherland Highlands" (30 feet above sea level), once the site of fierce resistance by the Dutch against the Germans during WWII. And on the edge of vision, over the tops of the strange looking cows and trees in the distance, a large paper mill silently belched out huge clouds of steam.

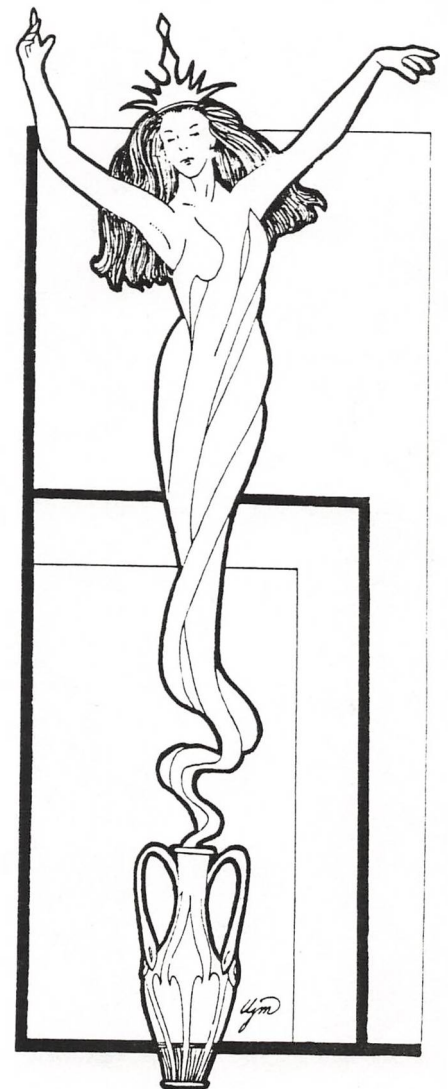
I had spent the day doing what I know best -- coercing software to cooperate with video images on an unfamiliar but technically impressive interactive videodisc system. I was working in idyllic settings: a farmhouse built in 1803, recently renovated, with a window view overlooking a classic garden landscape. Strong coffee and fresh herring "sashimi" (with lots of raw onion) had sustained me through the day.

A week earlier, another random thought (also lost) about *Outworlds* happened while standing outside the entrance to Wimbledon. We had just come from **White Hart** pub, and I was feeling pleasantly warmed from a couple of pints of ale and a healthful and low-cal lunch of bangers, mash, egg, beans and chips. The rain started again; many diehards were there, cursing the weather, cursing management, cursing bloody England for forcing the first mid-tournament Sunday match in the history of, as they say, *The Tournament*.

None of these imprecations caused the weather to turn, so we didn't get in, despite a floodgate of people leaving, handing ticket stubs to anyone in their path, providing us an unforeseen, but ultimately futile route into the inner echelon of tennis.

So we went back to the ancient television factory where we were working, and I again poked my head into modern software. People all around me were being made "redundant" -- the British equivalent of "permanent layoff" (or "resource rebalancing", as one of my unnamed Fortune 500 computer manufacturer clients calls it). I had a fascinating lesson in cultural differences as I watched the departures each day. Some people had been with "the firm" for more than 30 years, and yet departed with a neat and tidy alacrity that stunned me. Redundancy seemed, well, *expected* -- no anger, no remorse, just let's get on with the whole freaking mess.

Still later, after 36 brief hours at home in Southern California's anchoring





unreality, I traveled around Eastern Massachusetts, and in apparent contradiction to commonly accepted dogma, noticed significant signs of prosperity. This contrasted sharply with what I saw in Britain, which was in horrible shape economically. And thinking back to Renkum's sheep pasture, Holland seemed unperturbedly self-sufficient as usual.

Returning to *Outworlds*, I find another world offered up for perusal and interpretation. Unlike the real-worldly places through which I travel, this world is somewhat static in position, yet fluid through another dimension: time. Despite the extent of my travels and new experiences in the real world, I still find *Outworlds* paints a portrait of a fascinating reality. To me the engaging thing is that it is made up of a strong presence (you), and contributions from a culture that has long seemed to me to have, in general, a narrow and seemingly limited awareness (fandom), yet *OW* still offers intrigue, fascination, and provocation. Hmmmm...

You've accomplished something here with *Outworlds* that I don't fully understand. But unlike most fannish output -- fanwanking -- *OW* provides a perspective that nothing else in my experience seems to quite match. Despite having little direct comment on this issue, I feel somehow compelled to write to you. For a moment I thought it might be good to pick some nuts like some of the other loc writers, but frankly, no nuts picked on me. So to hell with it. *OW* is just plain good shit.

So -- thanks again. Please continue.

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

August 12, 1991

Dear Bill;

Thanks for *Xenolith* and your letter. No apologies needed about time lapses in communication -- I feel there's a comfortable amount of two-way exchange in your zines. And you're welcome to "owe me" regarding my "slander" in *APA-50* -- I *can't imagine* what form the "payback" would take...

Agree with you completely re: EON and ETERNITY. I don't think I've made it more than a hundred pages into the latter on any try.

Thanks also for offering to loan your ear. Regarding my break-up: Things are much better now. We've both come to the conclusion we're much happier living apart than together, and have actually made some good progress in being "just friends". This is a first for me -- in the past my relationships have ended in catastrophic crash and burn with no emotional survivors.

Actually, life is pretty good right now. With all of the travel and new experiences a lot of positive growth is happening. Hope your situation is gradually turning along the same lines.

Deja vu time: *I am* writing for you, Bill. In fact, just to prove it, I'm determined to finish *something* and send it to you later this week (promise!). I've actually written about 10,000 words or so for my proposed *Outworlds* "column"; while the language is pretty good I haven't had much luck linking various sections together thematically. Ultimately, there are two reasons for this: first, I lose interest in my own writing pretty quickly, and second, I feel a strong need to deliver very high quality to you. As I said before, while I enjoy seeing my letters in *Outworlds* and *Xenolith* I

don't really consider them to be "serious" attempts at writing. Maybe I shouldn't worry about it, but... I do. I don't know quite how to explain... by way of example, about a year ago, two writing-related events happened simultaneously. First was publication of my fifth book. That was cool. You know the feeling -- seeing something you've created finally in complete printed form. But quite honestly, I was far more excited about event number two: *Barrons* published one of my letters. I had worked hard on that letter, but truthfully expected it to vanish in the editorial maw (and they don't even have a WHAF listing). But there it was -- in cold type, as they say -- and that was COOL.

So I guess if I'm going to write something "serious" for you I want you to like it enough to *really* want to publish it, and then I also *really* want the strong feeling of COOL from seeing it appear in *Outworlds*. Make sense? So expect something later this week for consideration ~~or call me a liar.~~

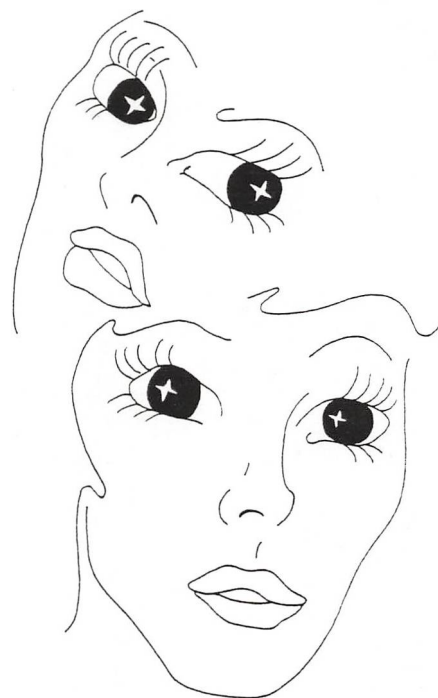
Anyway, on *Xenolith*:

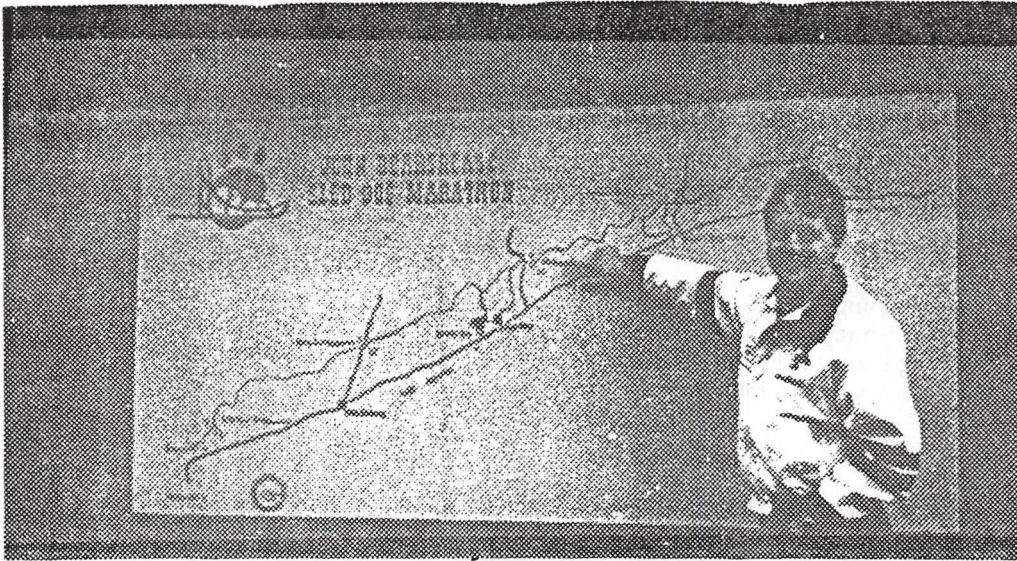
There was an excellent, light-hearted feel to this issue, and (dare I say it?), a sense of commonality and community that has been missing lately. It was *fun* to read. I liked it. And, as always, I was enchanted by the flow -- the way you juxtapose various letters, themes, visualizations, etc. Personally, I don't much care that you had no fanzine reviews. They'd be interesting, sure, but there is no sense of deficiency because they're not there. Flexibility is a strength, not a failing.

Thanks for including the ToC for FLAP. I would like to know what spurious chain of logic leads Dave Locke to surmise the average FLAP member likes apples and oranges because they live near Beaver Bay, Minnesota. While I don't dispute the claim about apples, his misguided conclusion about oranges is clearly a different matter. Why, just six months ago, while competing in the *John Beargrease* dogsled race from the Canadian border to Duluth, I stopped at the *Beaver Bay Inn* (which, as any respectable statistician would know, is actually in East Beaver Bay). While I lunched, I chatted amicably with Polly and Esther Soddenberg, the well-meaning but somewhat artificial twins who run the place (neither are members of FLAP, but both claim to have an ongoing feud with Dave about the exact numbers of lake trout that inhabit Beaver Bay during the month of February, when Lake Superior becomes ice-locked and Beaver Bay's usually teeming international trade facilities are shuttered for the winter. They say he's mistaking pique (sic) for trout -- an understandable but nonetheless unforgivable error that they attribute to Dave being a foreigner).

Anyway, to make a short story long: The Inn's apple pie was in top form as usual, probably only to be bested by its infamous blueberry pie (available only in season, and only if the bears and wolverines don't get to the berries first). However -- and this is the crux of my contention with Dave -- the only orange in sight was not a fruit but the robes of the Hari Krishnas who were running as the Scientology dogsled team. The Krishnas had argued -- successfully -- that they had all been dogs in previous lives and so were eligible to enter the race. After all, some guy from Cincinnati was running a team of French Poodles...

When queried in a recent telephone interview, Polly and Esther were outraged to think that oranges were an important dietary component of the average Beaver Bayian. Shocking! Oranges! It must be that Locke-man fabricating statistics from zip-codes again! Their rebuttal: Oranges are simply not needed in Beaver Bay. It's well known that the last reported case of scurvy in the region had been in the autumn of 1974, during the scandalous attempt by a former President to corner the lakeshore real estate market in an ill-conceived effort to promote *San Clemente North*. The Soddenberg's believe that Dave's true intention is to fabricate a craving for oranges in the area, so he can become a major citrus grower in the region





October 16, 1991

I'm also enclosing a photo to accompany my last loc on *Xenolith*. A form of documentary evidence to support my claims, you might say. I'm pointing to Finland, MN: Beaver Bay is immediately to the left, right next to Silver Bay.

– that he simply wants to put a lock on the market and cause groves to be planted. This is provoking quite a flap -- when it comes to trees, locals prefer their existing evergreen bowers.

I hate to air dirty laundry like this, Bill, but knowing how strongly you feel that truth have its day -- no matter how awkward or painful -- I feel compelled to take issue with Dave on this matter. The management of important publicly traded apas must be held fully accountable for their claims. And frankly, I expect the self-professed #1 Statistician to attempt to smooth over these outlandish assertions by claiming that the zip code of the average FLAP member has now *changed* due to the ever-so-convenient technical detail of a recently dropped or added member. Right. Next we'll hear that the average member has abandoned the idyllic lifestyle of Beaver Bay and has willingly relocated to Faith, South Dakota, 57626, which as any qualified statistician knows is about as close to the true geographical center of the United States as you can get. *And*, abandoning their cravings for apples and imaginary oranges, the average FLAP member will now be enamored of anchovy paste and kim-chee. Sheesh, some people must really think the rest of us are gullible or something.

You might remind Mike (gently, gently) that the last time I really "dashed around" in fandom was 1976 -- *a decade and a half* ago... An interesting trend I've noticed in your zines lately -- more and more people are bemoaning memory loss. Maybe we were exposed to some kind of fannish Chernobyl the middle seventies? Perhaps Larry's first case as a lawyer could be to file a class action suit on our behalf, that is if we can remember to ask him... ask him... um, what was that last thought? Oh yes, Larry. Yes, that name rings a familiar bell... he's the dashing youth studying to be a nuclear physicist, right?


Maybe you should tell Bill Breiding the truth about your financial wizardry. It's no secret to me that you are actually Donald Trump, Bill. I'll admit that your scheme of using a somewhat dorky front-man to capture all of the unwanted publicity was brilliant. I've long admired your seemingly unnecessary efforts at throwing the media even further off your trail by submitting yourself to the various lurid experiences you have had

in the past couple of years. But, as the media itself keeps reminding us, it's no longer the 80's, Donald -- uh, Bill. You can come out of the closet now. We'll all still read your zines, and loc them too, even if you abandon your clever disguise and switch to four-color glossy format for *Outworlds* and *Xenolith*.

Wm's right -- verbal sparring has always been part of the game between us. Yes, honey, it was endearing. And even though I'm certain I haven't quite mastered the subtleties you engineer into your zines, I'll get there, one of these days... (Bill? Bill? Is this a Double-Bill? ???)

I liked the personal stuff at the end, too. You really are loosening up again, seeming more relaxed in print, despite the occasional burst of vexation. Hope you had a good 48th... and I'll see what I can do about sending you some writing for *Outworlds*, preferably sooner than Real Soon Now...

Thanks once again,



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

April 13, 1991

Dear Bill;

August 23, 1991: As you can see by the date above, I really have been working on this stuff... you know, Good Intentions and all... Anyway, this is the letter I wrote to you in anticipation of sending you something sometime...

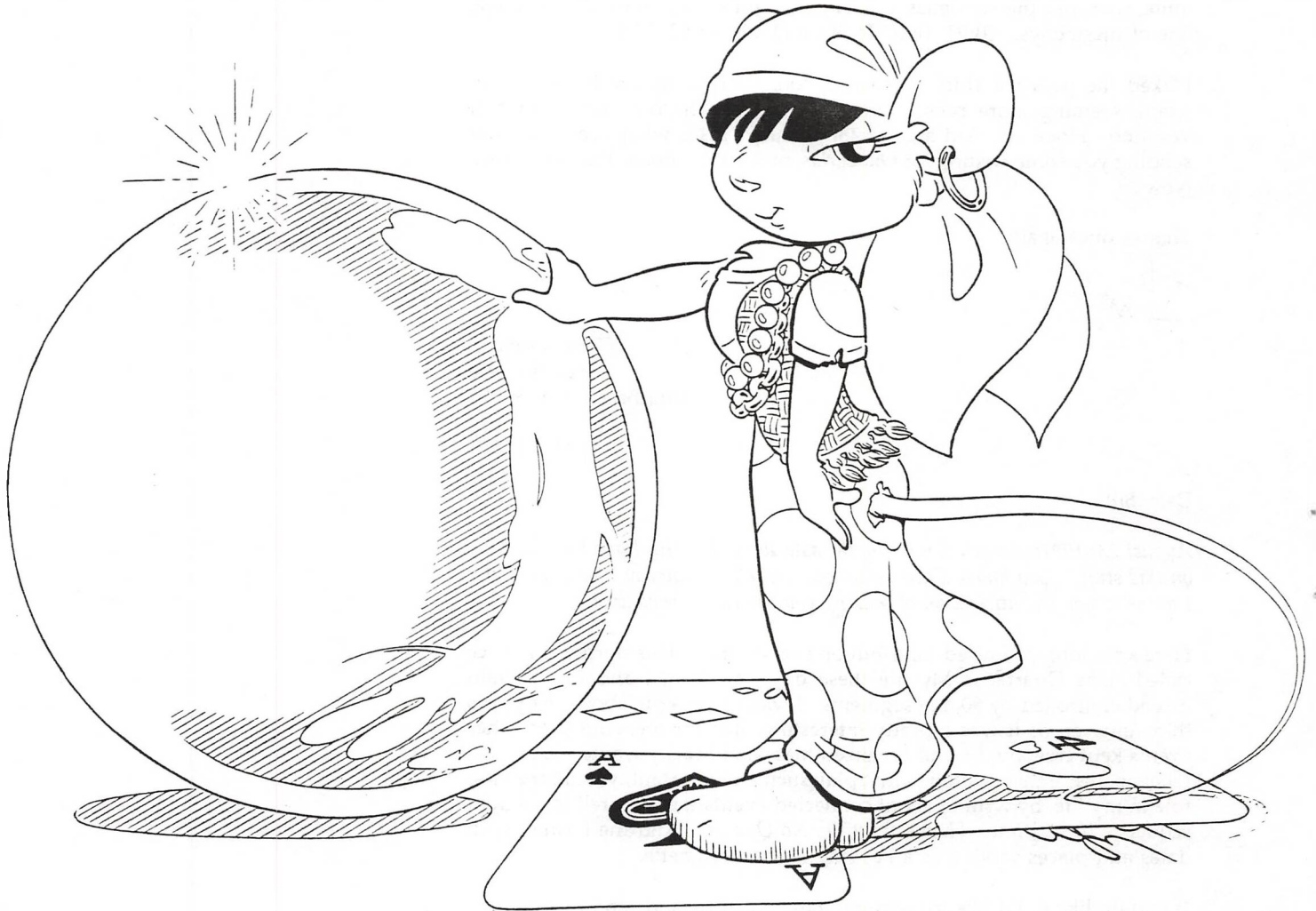
Here's my long-promised contribution to *Outworlds*. This started as a piece called "One Quarter". My life these days is planned and to a certain extent controlled by 90 day segments. I wanted to write about last year's third quarter, as it was a pretty interesting time for me. But then other events kept creeping in, and I realized that what I really wanted to do was rebel against time constraints that play such an important, yet unforgiving role in my life, by writing about connected events that occurred in random sequence in realtime. Hence the title, *No Quarter*. And the format, with dates and places serving as a heading for each vignette.

If you do like it, I'd like to continue these writings, and send them to you as a possible column in OW. Please let me know if this seems agreeable to you.

Looking forward to the next issue.



11/15/91 • ...in the original "concept" of this prime example of FanZine Building, I was going to place Chris' letters/column immediately following those/that of Wm's. But, in a sudden, random attack of maturity, I decided to pass on such gamesplaying. This time. Back When, Chris, just before I Went Away, you mentioned something about having a book out on (I believe) CD ROM. Now you have five, at least, out. I presume they're all technical, but tell me more. I never have quite grasped what it is you do, so interactively!
It may be a decade and a half since you "dashed around" fandom...but the last time I saw you, you were dashing about Stanford...and the halls of the Corflu 2 hotel. And now you seem to have raised frequent flier mileage points to an artform! In many ways I envy your globetrotting...but I must admit you make me vicariously tired just by listening.
...so you've penetrated my clever facade, eh? And here I thought I'd covered up well.
...all but the given name of the woman who drew me to Cincinnati in 1977!



NO QUARTER

a column by:
CHRIS SHERMAN

I've long wanted to be a "columnist" for Outworlds. Even though by some standards I am a professional writer (most of my writing gets published, and I get paid for it), I still long for an outlet for the stranger pieces. Much is autobiographical, written to help remember or clarify an interesting situation or encounter. This type of writing is terribly difficult to bundle in a form that others find interesting. Even masters like Bruce Chatwin or Sigurd Olson occasionally fail the reader by overindulging in triviality. Despite these unpromising precedents, this is the mode I choose for *No Quarter*.

I've learned most about writing from J. G. Ballard. While other mentors have had notable impact -- John Gardner, Peter Coffee, Roman Borgerding, etc -- I've always been attracted to Ballard because his characters are smart, and always faced with outrageously challenging situations that they confront with mixed results. Many facets of Ballard's work appeal to me -- his close, carefully constructed plots, the reserve of his language, and most of all, the strangeness of his imagination, always weaving a bewitching tale set in his preferred environment of continuous decay and decrepitude. And yet, at least to my mind, Ballard's stories consistently avoid a depressing conclusion of despair. Ballard is the Borges of the English language.

Ambiguity, superstition, and personal force of will all play major roles in Ballard's fiction. Conceptually, I find this quite appealing. So by way of apology, in the original sense of the word, these are the precepts I propose as the foundation for *No Quarter*.

J.G. Ballard was born in 1930 and for the last three decades has lived in Shepperton, England. -- From the dustjacket of *War Fever*, copyright 1990, by J. G. Ballard.

Tuesday June 25, 1991. The M-25 Motorway, London, southbound.

I had only slept three hours or so on the flight, fitfully, between stolen glimpses of *Awakenings*, somehow a very appropriate film for the trip. Chris met me at Heathrow, dapper as usual, diplomatically easing some of the tension that had grown between our organizations, tension which had ultimately prompted my visit. It was 9AM, Greenwich Mean Time. Despite the lack of sleep, I was mentally ready to begin work (though my body was shrieking: *It's one in the morning PST, asshole, and you've been awake for the better part of 28 hours. You're tripping on sleepplack again...*). I told Chris I would like to check into the hotel, splash some water on my face, and begin the task at hand.

"Right. Well, we've found a suitable place for you, on the Thames, not far from where you'll be working. There are a number of good pubs in the neighborhood."

This piqued my interest. "Where is it?" I asked.

"Shepperton. The Moat House."

Shepperton! Shock of energy. Of all the hotels in London, how did it happen to be there? On a river. A large, famous river, a river that flowed through countless stories I had read, a scene often visited by Holmes, Hornblower, Fu Manchu... and of course, there were the countless Ballard characters that live near a river, never named specifically as the Thames. Shepperton is an anomaly, clearly somewhat remote and slightly decrepit, in an upper-class sort of way, in a state of decay similar to the Shanghai Ballard described in *Empire Of the Sun*. This despite being quite near a huge city and very close to the largest airport in the world. Shepperton was not even demarked in my Michelin Road Atlas of Great Britain, yet somehow I instinctively knew precisely where it was. Ballard probably even lived on the river, as Shepperton is a small, close community.

I checked in to the Moat House. The permeating coal-smell of England was everywhere, reassuring and disturbing at the same time. I was in room 216, appropriately located on the fifth floor. On my bed was the typical hotel plea for feedback: The ubiquitous "We Appreciate Your Comments" form. As I started to toss it into the trash, I noticed a singular

thing. It was signed by the manager, one "Christopher J. Sherman". (The absurdity of this coincidence reached an extreme when the hotel delivered a fax message addressed to me to CJS the manager, and he couldn't tell from the context that it wasn't meant for him...).

Somewhere in my deep backbrain a voice broke loose and began to laugh. At long last, in the most time-honored form (i.e.: without any deliberate effort or intent on my part) I had clearly arrived in the very center of a Ballard environment. At that moment the travel alarm in my suitcase started beeping. By the time I got to it, the sound had died. I pulled the clock out and discovered that the battery was shot. The time it showed: 11:37. Not even close.

So I did what my newly discovered role seemed to call for: I washed my face and took the elevator to the lobby. I felt the feelings I had long imagined characters in a Ballard short story must feel. My unease was paradoxically enjoyable. I was delighted with the reaffirmation that somehow, usually by completely unpredictable paths, you always get what you want most from life.

When I was younger, one of my best friends was Craig Stellmacher. His father was Warren Martin, the host of a local Minneapolis TV talk show, and long rumored to be the model for Ted White in the Mary Tyler Moore television series.

I was always a little intimidated by Warren -- after all, he was a television personality, and television personalities always somehow seemed to me to have a bit more power than the ordinary man. Craig had a very different view. He'd describe his Dad as being "on the air" or "off the air", depending on his behavior in the mundane circumstances of family life. The "on or off" concept became an important basis for me. So that's going to be the style. Italics, off the air. Standard font, on the air.

Thursday, July 16, 1990. Moroso International Speedway, West Palm Beach, Florida.

The blast of exhaust from the formula racecar starting three feet in front of me is unavoidable. Thick, oily, and black, it streams into my racing helmet. Instinct and experience tenses me for the expected nausea and disgust. Flash memory: Phoenix, Arizona, age four. My grandfather and I are waiting to cross an intersection, and a public bus pulls away from us. I smell diesel exhaust for the first time, and laugh delightedly and tell Gramps I like it. He in turn laughs at my childlike reaction. Here at Moroso, I swallow my disgust and decide to inhale the fumes. *Hmmn... this isn't so bad...* My intellect pounces like a violated feminist -- a newsroom suite of facts about hydrocarbons and ozone layers and lung tissue and noise restrictions to protect the alligators sunning themselves along the track... Social awareness causes me to twinge -- this is clearly not an environmentally polite sport. Yet, drenched in the sweat of my fear of driving this machine for the first time, regaling myself with all the reasons why I *shouldn't* be doing this... I find something deep within that has nearly overwhelming appeal. Perhaps breathing and assimilating these fumes is actually a semi-religious rite, a true act of homage to the final remains of the dinosaurs I was so fascinated by as a youngster.

Like laps on the track, I'm circling between childhood and adulthood. I know there is something important here. As usual, I make a promise to myself to revisit the issue.

As usual, I don't. At least not directly.

Yet subconsciously the thought continues to mutate...

SHEPPERTON MOAT HOUSE

FELIX LANE, SHEPPERTON, MIDDLESEX, TW17 9NP
TEL: (0932) 241404 TELEX: 928170 FAX: 0932 245231

Dear Guest

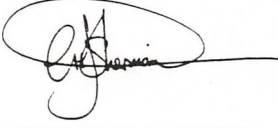
Thank you for staying at the Shepperton Moat House. I do hope that you have an enjoyable time with us.

I would be most grateful if you could afford a few moments of your time to express your opinions on this questionnaire. It is designed to assist us in achieving continual improvements in standards of comfort and service.

You may rest assured that any comments you make will be treated in confidence; if you would prefer to pass your comments on personally, you can contact me via Reception.

Thank you for your cooperation.

Yours faithfully



CHRISTOPHER H. J. SHERMAN
General Manager

September 7, 1990. Strasbourg St. Denis Station, Paris Metro.

I stepped out of the crowded car, and immediately felt a sharp, pheromonal wave of paranoia wash over me. It had been nearly twelve hours since I last ate, a limpid croissant with viciously speedy coffee in Victoria Station. My headcold had blossomed into an irksome fever. It had taken me a couple of hours to find my way out of *Gare du Nord*, the train station. I was angry and fearful of the Americanphobia seemingly displayed by the entire French culture. I couldn't even make sense of their maps -- Infuriating! As night approached on this balmy Saturday evening, I was traveling alone to a vague destination through a subway system that seemed less hospitable than the infamous Paris sewers.

The scent of killing lingered in the air.

I looked around, and realized I was in the small minority of white people in this station. Mildly alarmed, I looked again, and saw *intent* on most of the faces I was able to make eye contact with. Something was very wrong here. Internal or external? I reached a tentative hand up to my forehead, to make contact with my feverish, sweat-coated brain. No contact.

Then, as I moved forward toward my platform, my guard dropped just enough to feel the pulsation. Willing myself to relax, I heard the beating of drums, maybe 50 of them in all, ranging from tinny percussives to deep almost subsonic bass, all beating a slow, extremely primal rhythm reverberating through the high arches of the station and down the long chambers of the tubes. None of the drummers were visible -- they must have been on a different platform. But the wonderful reverb created by the interconnecting tunnels gave the drumming a force and energy I had never heard above ground.

A train entered the station on the opposite track, and as the "clack-clack clack-clack" of its wheels increased in volume, the drums mimicked and counterpointed the rhythm, picking up intensity and growing louder and more enigmatic as the train roared into the station. Now a clear, repeated "ziizzzztd" was audible in the electric wires above, and the drums altered their cadence to incorporate this new instrument, withdrawing into a supportive backbeat, letting the train itself become the solo performer in this fantastic improvised symphony.

I looked again at those faces, and this time saw smiles, not the murderous intent provoked by my hypoglycemic fever. I realized my body had reacted strongly to the beat, and perhaps those watching me had seen that too, and now I was no longer the solitary Yank who had inadvertently strayed into a bad bad neighborhood where rules were not rules at all. The doors to my train and my soul sighed open, and I stepped aboard, reluctant to leave the soothing, pulsing rhythm but feeling like I had finally *connected* in this hostile land, and that now I could find my way despite my language handicap and illness. Five minutes later, I emerged from Montmartre station, and there, not ten feet from where I stood, haloed in the final dying light of the day, stood the entrance to my hotel.

Off the air again. The plan is to continue to relate these encounters, stories, adventures, what have you. I've been struggling to create an internally consistent theme in this particular installment -- "episode" -- and don't really feel that I've succeeded. Yet I've promised Bill I would send him something and I feel grasping further will be futile. Future installments will explore this concept of theme, perhaps even solidify it or validate it.

For now my only vision is what the title promised: *No Quarter.*

----- CHRIS SHERMAN

----- 52:2119

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NOT ONLY DID SOMEONE LEAVE THE AIRLOCK OPEN, BUT
NOW I CAN'T FIND MY LEMMINGS!

11/16/91 • Fade.
Pause.
Cue.
On the Air.

The "on or off" concept. Bowerstyle.

In 1965 or 1966, while stationed at Dickie-Garbage AFB outside Kansas City, I saw a film at the base theater. Not a movie...but a film of a stage play. I'm not sure anymore if the film was the same as the catch-phrase I remember it by, but I do know that it starred Anthony Newley. And, as the lead character when, during the course of the play, he would proclaim: "Stop the World. I want to get off..."

...the next segment of the film would switch from color to black & white.

Or vice versa.

I'm shade blind, and the decades have changed the memories of details into convenient ideophones. I'm not sure if it ever made it to video--I would like to see it again--but I do know that, now and again, I would like to be able to shout: STOP THE WORLD...!

...not so much that I wish to "get off", but I'd simply like to progress a few degrees along the circumference...before the rotation commences again.

...and have the world once again become dayglo-brilliant, rather than unending gray.

Fade to respondent(s):

IAN COVELL

It isn't true that I only answer issues with my name in, but even I sometimes wonder... (Actually, I didn't understand Glicksohn's DON'T BE SAD, YOU MIGHT BE IAN COVELL. though Breiding clearly did. Is it an insult? I'm not good at recognizing insults.)

Like Breiding, I've detected more and more humour in your newest mags, and if so--if things are beginning to even out for you (or at least feel like it)--then I couldn't be more glad. Much luck.

[Your overseas mail cost on X36.5 is precisely what it would cost to send inland UK...and after the PO put up parcel rates in July, on their way to eliminating "printed paper rate" from our choices, they're about to put up latter rates despite making a Three Billion Pound (£) profit last year!]

Skel's analysis of the rebus is hilarious. (Hm, 'anal-y-sis'. I wonder what rebus she'd do for that?)

I've said that correspondence rarely reveals the physical age of fans [I've written to a 13 year old (girl) and an 80 year old (man) without realizing] so while I may have known Coulson was in his '60s, I've only just realised...congrats. I also thank him for the reproed letter from ASF--Campbell only missed doing the cover and accompanying story and the Willy Ley article, merely replacing them with an Asimov! Richard A H---? must have carried both copies around ever since...!

(Speaking of young fans, a certain Avedon Carol was allowed on our TV Channel 4's 'Comment'

slot; 5 minutes to say whatever she liked on a nationwide broadcast. Go on, ask. Okay, she said pornography could be good, and was certainly preferable to sexism at work. She might supply a transcript if anyone's interested.)

Buck's right about mundane vs fan conversation; I think the difference can be stated as--mundane is immediate, fan is time-binding. That is, the majority of people react to events, programmes, disasters, problems of today...while fans ponder what lies behind, before, and after those same things. That's why many fans feel isolated from, bored by, or disappointed in 'trivial' chitchat, which relies on current fads and fancies for its topics; we fans should adapt to either, but if others are like me, there's an inner desire to remain what you are and not wear that godawful mask (moulded by convention, coloured by politeness, rigid by design) that is 'the public face'.

I do thank you for OUTWORLDS #60, especially after learning how expensive the copies run, it explains even more clearly what happened, how normality slid into nightmare. It's said the most popular films reflect rather than anticipate real life, and the seemingly endless massacres of the '70s and '80s only mildly subsided to become the nuclear family wars of "Fatal Attraction", "Married With Children", "War of the Roses".... Sometime in the last 20 years the adult (western) male has been demonised by the legal system and the media, so it's easy to accuse a man, and difficult to defend... when gung-ho bastards still say 'It's a man's life in the army...' (ie, violence), the corollary (if you're non-violent, you're not a man) is hard to refute. Observe David R. Haugh's 'joke'--if he'd ended it with Rick thrusting a fist into Mabel and twisting his wrist to make her eyes water, how many complaints would you get? I bet you didn't get any for what you printed.

Jeanne Bowman: actually they're Chinese hopping vampires as I recall a recent season of TV films--ghosts tend to be female (chill & without feet) or male (with long tongues). They're very inventive (if repetitive, self-referential and prone to dreadful slapstick) but continually end with the heroine dead and the hero walking off with new (male) friends. Yeuch.

Sam Moskowitz's article is another in the essential history of sf, fandom, and the narrow region between. It makes you wonder if such a magazine would now be considered sf, let alone publishable! By the way, I think I just read the definitive history of US sf--Panshin's WORLD BEYOND THE HILL (borrowed [I couldn't afford it!]); if anything has attempted so wide a view, yet so personal an examination of the personalities involved.... They also answer Barnaby Rapoport's comment on 'a visionary optimism about society in pulp SF'--it had and it hadn't; pulp sf wasn't homogenous, and a very large part was about disintegration, repression and death. Often of Earth itself.

I'm still not enamoured of free verse, and Billy Wolfenbarger's prose poem is far more touching and true while the 'verse' seems strained, even redundant.

I won't even moan over the number of 'uncut' films you've seen; as the number of cuts increases on films-on-TV ("ET" was censored!), I'm told even films-in-cinema are losing whole scenes; it took "Empire of the Senses" 15 years to get an X-certificate, and most American 'action' films lose several minutes (by a curious ruling, since 'ninja weaponry' can't be sold legally, depiction of it in films is also illegal; nobody quite explains why, but UK TV has "The Teenage Mutant Hero Turtles" [with all martial arts' sequences removed] and the "Kung Fu" series is said to be unshowable). As someone who can't afford the cinema or video, who relies on TV showings, it's obvious I'm not seeing the popular parts of popular films, and there are many actors I've neevr seen at full stretch. Murphy, Goldberg, Stallone, Bronson, Eastwood, Weaver are all dubbed or clothed or generally muted.

Coulson: memories are the sculpted remains of events, the residue of dreams, moulded not by time but by perception and hope. My favourite woman can remember everything about films except their endings, most of which she rewrites mentally even as they happen--I find I have to accept precisely what the maker shows, no matter how stupid. Which is the better memory?

If Don Fitch is saying people who discuss the range and capabilities of different computer systems are emotionally constricted, I'd say that was too simplistic. They're not much different to those who discuss any other arcane subject like cars or planes or sf books.... ...and on reviewing them, I understand Sheryl Birkhead, and to an extent I agree (too many 'critics' seek depths or ambitions not attempted by the author), yet a personal opinion ('I (dis)like it') remains only a personal opinion, and I think a reviewer must attempt an explanation of why they (dis)like a book--they must have enough knowledge of the difficulties of writing to let them tolerate most minor faults, but the larger faults or successes should be explained and explored.

My loc: see, you have cable and similar stations that show films uncut; you have the choice; in my country, the promise of satellite 'unregulated' TV was enough--as with CB radio--for this government to instantly produce legal requirements for a franchise; you can be gaoled for broadcasting 'obscenity', and that can include ordinary adult films released in the cinema!

I see they've made a film ("Rocketeer") from my own fave serial, "Rocket Man".... I also see our station IITV has bought "Fatal Attraction" and promised to remove the sink and elevator scenes 'in case children are watching'--so the family can enjoy the terror and killing, right? Still think our censors are the same?

----- 7/25/91

11/17/91 • ...one of the things I like about Ian, one of the reasons I look forward to hearing from him, is that he writes Letters of Comment! No disparagement of the mini-essayists who also inhabit these pages is intended, and Ian can be as infuriating as hell--but the true LoC (read: feedback to the contributors) is a vanishing artform.

And I really have no certain knowledge of your "physical age", Ian. You first registered in my (often capricious) memory banks back in '77/'78 when, as 'Ian "Fan" Covell', you were writing letters to Pat Mueller fanzines...so I'd guess you to be in your '30s. But it doesn't really matter...in fandom/fanzines. As you & so many others have said....

I don't think we'll ever "resolve" whether the censorship "I" am subjected to is worse than that "you" suffer from. In either case it is anathema to both of our lives.

----- 62:2121

LAURIE MANN

Maybe, just maybe, I can write you a loc. If you can publish a loczine after 16 years, maybe I can start loccking again.

IN OW27.5, it was amusing to see a letter from me that is nearly half a lifetime old for me. I made some very optimistic comments about civility and respect and feuds in fandom. Since then, I've been involved in a few feuds, and I understand how hard it is to be civil to some folks who have really screwed you. Likewise, I'm sure there are a few folks who feel I've screwed them, and, in one or two cases, they are right! I'm certainly no saint.

OW61 had interesting written material but decidedly inferior cartoons. Some of the ragged art by David Haugh was a little amusing, but the simple Harvia art looked awful blown up. It might have looked better if it had been reduced. I can't say I liked the cover, either. It's ironic that when you were regularly publishing the last time, Joan Hanke-Woods was about the only good female fan artist (while I've always enjoyed Linda Michaels work, she rarely pubs in zines). Now, just about all the good fan artists (Merle Insinga, Peggy Ranson, Diana Stein, and Laurel Slate) are women.

On page 2006, Jackie Franke alludes to one of my favorite memories in fandom: Bedcon at the 1976 ConFusion. At a time when "Sleezycons" (remember those?) were held in dark, steamy, smoky rooms, Bedcon was held in a well-lit room filled with the sounds of giggling, laughing, and cracking bed frames. So, that was your bed we 19 very gabby fen broke that night? So did you wind up paying for it? Do you have that photo still, or does someone else have it?



...it wasn't "my" bed actually; it was in the con suite. It was merely guilt by association --since I happened to be in the middle...both times it "broke"! Do you recognize yourself?

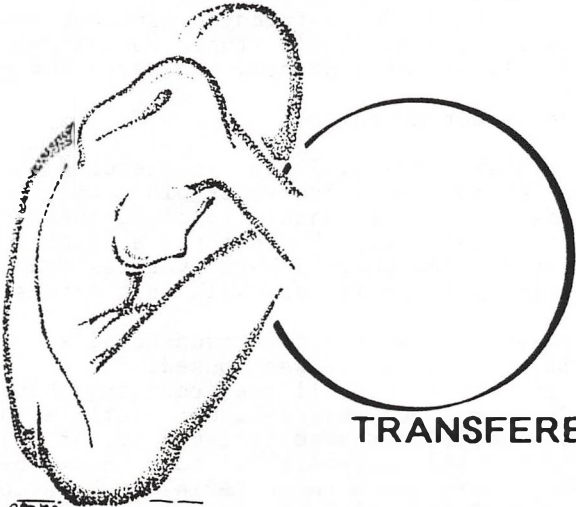
I agree with you about Corflu. I went to the one in New York City in 1990 and had a ball. I thought long and hard about going to El Paso this year, but, sadly, decided not to go. It turns out going there would have been a good thing in many ways (I was sinking into a pretty deep depression by May, and a fun con might have helped), but work was nuts at the time so I probably could not have had the time off.

Taral and Alexis' exchange on the state of fan art was quite interesting. I thought Stu Shiffman was a great fan artist for a number of years in the late '70s and early '80s, and thought he deserved several Hugos back at the time. I had more exposure to Stu's work than most in those days, being in APA:Q and being active in VOICE OF THE LOBSTER. While I'm glad he finally won last year, he really hasn't had much published over the last few years.

Fan Hugos are almost never won at the "right" time. Tim Kirk is the best example of this tendency, which goes to show you how old the tendency is. Stu Shiffman is a good example. So is Brad Foster, who did great work in the mid-80s, but won the awards after he deserved them. There's a similar problem with Teddy Harvia right now. Between '87--'89, he published amusing stuff, and an occasional piece that showed a little ambition. His quality has dropped precipitously over the last two years, yet he'll probably win this year. IMHO, Merle Insinga deserved it last year, and Peggy Ranson deserves it this year. I've thought Merle to be the best fan artist for years, but she doesn't publish very much, which is very unfortunate for those of us who love her stuff. Peggy is very good and she publishes frequently. Taral's observation of Merle that she was little known outside of NESFA was not correct. Merle's work was well-known in the DC area, where she lived before she moved to New England.

I may give the impression on the issue of art publication that I believe in "publish or perish" as far as Fan Art Hugos go. In an ideal situation, the awards would go to the people demonstrating the most talent, not just those who get published the most. As a realist, I think fan artists have to get published to get noticed. Linda Michaels is a superb fan artist, but the only people who see her stuff go to cons. I don't think she's even ever been nominated (but, who knows, maybe her appearance in a recent OW will help!). But I definitely do not think people should win awards solely because they are prolifically published.

What follows is sort of an essay. You can use it or not as you see fit. 8/9/91



LAURIE MANN

TRANSFERENCE, DENIAL, AND OTHER ILLNESSES

I'VE BEEN GOING THROUGH a most bizarre few months. I once described my current condition as being in an emotional car accident, and having to do 80% of your own doctoring. But, as the months go by, I see it's like a disease that sometimes settles into remission, but is never really cured. And, with the help of friends, family, and a good therapist, you only wind up doing about 50% of your own doctoring.

I was reminded how tenuous my recovery is by a series of bizarre interactions with my ex-lover, a man I'll call John. John and I had a fling at a Worldcon a few years back, and proceeded to emotionally use one another for months thereafter. I admit to using him as much as he used me. However, I never lied to him, and I never manipulated him. (But that's a long essay in fannish behavior for another time.) At the next Worldcon, the one where we'd planned to have a few hours together, he was in the constant company of a woman I'll call Mary. An off-hand remark by Mary clued me in that they were lovers. The only reason I don't name names here is because I've gotten to know Mary quite well since then. She later dumped John, and is very embarrassed to be romantically linked with him, with good reason!

Anyway, I alternately raged or tried to be John's pal for years after this. Then, a few months back, I had my "emotional car accident"—the awful realization that a specific, painful memory of an incident at my grandfather's house when I was four was not the "mis-memory" of a spanking, but was the memory of being raped by my grandfather. Calling myself a rape survivor 30 years after the fact was simultaneously terrifying yet empowering.

And then there was John, who looked a little like my grandfather.

When I realized this, I stopped feeling so angry at John. Yes, true, he'd been a slime but it was clear much of the anger I had felt towards him was really repressed rage from a four-year-old child who was raped by a large old man. So I was better able to look at John as a stupid mistake and get on with things. But, we're fans, we have common interests, and we sometimes talked. When he called me to check on something, I abruptly told him about my memory, and he seemed solicitous. I said maybe we could finally be friends, and he agreed. I sent him a copy of a perzine I'd written which dealt in fairly gory detail what I'd remembered and how I think it had effected my life. A few weeks later, he sent me a note about it. While the note wasn't that specific, it did make comments about the prevalence of incest. And the note appeared on a postcard!

I was furious. While I've been pretty open about this incident in fandom, I don't feel comfortable talking about it in my home town. I figured anyone who was that callous, to discuss incest, even generally, on a post card, was still truly a slime. So much for "friendship".

About a month later he called me to find out what had been nominated for the Hugos. (I have net access; he doesn't.) I nearly hung up on him, but I controlled my temper and told him what he wanted to know. I kind of regret that now—I was letting him use me yet again. But I wanted to try to be "fair".

The spring and early summer were extraordinarily busy, and I became very stressed out, depressed, and asthmatic. My mood swings became monumental. Despite the loving support I'd received from my husband over the last few years, I'd think long and hard about moving to Seattle or Portland by myself. Ten minutes later, I'd find myself wondering if maybe I should have another baby! It was a maddening, frustrating time. Luckily for me, Jim and many friends have been extraordinarily helpful. When I didn't hear from John during that period, I experienced something like a sigh of relief—I'm finally done with him.

One day at work, I heard a familiar voice on the phone answering machine. "I'm so hostile about what Joe Phan said in Fanzine. Did you see it?"

Hostile?! He's hostile?? I wrote him the most vitriolic letter I'd written to him in over a year, along the lines of "You asshole, you'll never ever change! Why should I care if someone else makes you hostile. Do you have any idea how hostile you make me feel?" I assumed Joe Phan probably criticized him or made some remark against him, and he wanted sympathy from me. A few hours later, having already mailed the letter, I calmed down enough to check Fanzine, to see what the fuss was about. It turned out that Joe Phan had said something really stupid about a friend of mine.

My feelings were decidedly mixed, so I called him and carefully tried to find out why he bothered to call me. And even when he said it was because of Phan's stupid remark about my friend, it didn't make me feel any better. I suddenly exploded at him, and asked why he hadn't called me in two months.

"You could have called me," he sputtered, not ready for my anger.

"WHY BOTHER?" I screamed and hung up the phone.

I was not ready for being that angry with him, either. Again, I was experiencing a strong type of transference—that most of what I was feeling was a four-year-old's rage against her abuser. A little later, I left a quiet message on his machine, along the lines of "I know I'll never be able to deal with you as a rational person." That has a double meaning—while he appears very rational, he really isn't. And while I have my rages and overly-emotional tendencies, I tend to deal with things very openly, and with most things very rationally. But not him.

This essay, believe it or not, is really a round-about response to Avedon Carol's comments about a person leaving her lover after having been told she was abused.

If I'd had a decent therapist a few years ago, someone I told all the troubling things about my life to, and if the therapist had told me "You were probably an abuse victim as a child," I probably would have found a new therapist. I would not have believed it. At that time, I had not had the flashback. And even after having the flashback, it took me another eight months to actually admit it was that of a rape. There are a whole series of behaviors that are associated with abuse-survivors—E. Sue Blum's SECRET SURVIVORS goes into a lot of detail on the characteristics of people who experienced early sexual abuse and memory repression. I have many of them, and probably always will.

A person may need to say "You may be an abuse survivor." The therapist Avedon described, IMHO, went too far. It is one thing to suggest the possibility, because these events are often thoroughly repressed. But it is wrong to say "It definitely happened" without corroborative evidence, like specific memories or physical evidence.

Sometimes, your therapist will tell you things that are wrong. Therapists need to be disagreed with, they need to be challenged. My therapist tends to say things like "You had your childhood robbed," which I don't believe. My childhood wasn't completely miserable, and I had so thoroughly repressed the abuse that my childhood wasn't scary. But I do believe that the rapes have a profound influence on how I relate to men in intimate relationships. I believe the rapes have forced me into feeling very uncomfortable about being intimate (and more emotionally than physically) with Jim, and that they contributed very strongly to my obsession about John.

Denial is a major component of abusers. John is an emotional abuser, though not a physical one. He's like an emotional vampire, and since I'm an emotional type, he feasted. But John has always been in complete denial about how he treated me, how he treated Mary, and how he treated other women (both in and out of fandom). I never understood how a person

could be in such denial about his own behavior. I've been thinking that a lot lately, about people heavily into denial. Something like twenty percent of all women are raped as children, and something like half of us will be raped at some point in our lives. How can men continue to act like nothing has happened? Maybe that's the difference between men and women: Men deny that they behave in a certain way, and women deny that abuse happens to them.

I don't want to psychoanalyze John here, but there's another interesting aspect of the story. We often got into discussions about our fucked-up families. In comparing our families, it was "easy" to tag my sister as the person with the most obvious problems. She was in and out of hospitals during most of her 20s (at this time, she is doing much better and is living in a group home—and, no, I haven't yet asked her about what I remember about our grandfather, but she, too, shares many characteristics of a sexual abuse survivor). John was once very puzzled that his sister, whom he also described as "strange", accused their father of sexually molesting her. A little later she recanted and John was relieved. Still, given the way that John denies things so well, so thoroughly, one wonders who he learned denial from. Could it have been from an abusive father?

I completely agree with Avedon on the issue that people can't bandy about accusations of rape or abuse. You should never lie about it.

..... LAURIE MANN • 8/9/91

A POST-CHICON PS:

At Chicon, who was one of the first fans I saw?
John.

The fear that I would do something stupid (like publicly chewing him out or giving him the slap across the face he so richly deserves) evaporated. When I saw him, my pulse didn't race, and I only felt mild amusement. We walked around each other as if we'd never met.

A little later, I saw Mary walk by with a friend of hers. I was about to say hi when John raced across the room to join them. Why, he was still chasing her! I nearly laughed out loud. How could a man so publicly moon after an ex-lover like that? Particularly after being so contemptuous towards people who once felt similarly toward him? His blindness about his own behavior, and his emotional hypocrisis will never, ever change.

Other than finding John very amusing, he no longer moves me in either negative or positive ways. Chicon gave me a sense of closure of something that had been hanging over my head for at least three years (if not longer). Things with Jim are much better now, and I'm so lucky that Jim waited my weird behavior out. If I were a religious person, I'd thank God every day for Jim. Life is going fine these days. I'm even writing again!

..... LAURIE MANN • 9/11/91

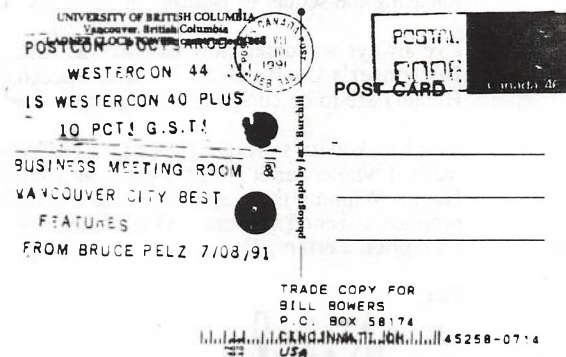
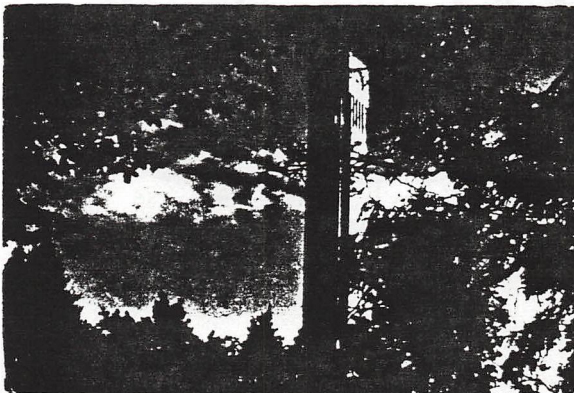
11/24/91 • I admit it; I was "unsure" of where in the sequence of pages... at what point in the parade of contributors comprising this issue I should "position" Laurie's essay. I still am. Given the diversity of personalities/subject matter herein it is patently impossible, but I am attempting to orchestrate a sense of "flow" from entry to entry --sometimes the "connection" (subject matter; geographic proximity; whatever) is very tenuous indeed--with limited success, even in my own mind. Now if I had another Avedon LoC in hand! But I don't. So, having procrastinated and given that three of the Last Four are inextricably "linked"...by Editorial Whim, you go "here" Laurie. (It isn't your fault, in any way!)

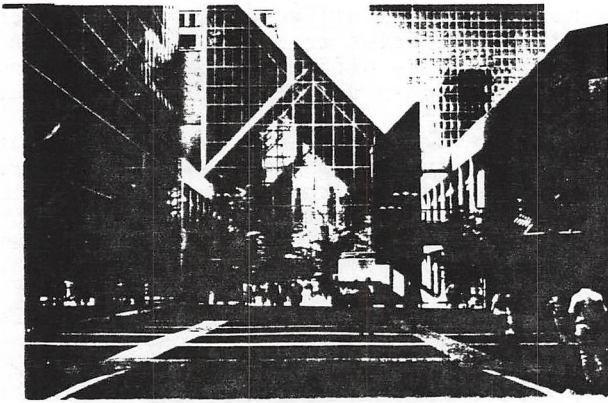
I am even more unsure of "how" I should respond. Or even that I "should".

I dither, as I always do, when confronted with awkwardness, the seeming impossibility of cross-gender "communication". I no more believe that a male can be a "feminist" than I do that a woman can truly understand what the equivalent of "rape" is to the male psyche. But when we give up on attempting to "understand" our respective hurts, all will be lost....

Even so, I am at a loss to comprehend what "John" did to earn your wrath.

...he said, speaking as one who has been "jilted" at regionals, relaxacons and, yes, a Worldcon. Or two. Yes, it takes a while (& I don't do it easily), but we do get past it.





POSTCON POCTSARCD 51
RIVERCON 16 WHAT STRANGE
TOASTMASTERING, A BULL
FOLLOWED BY AN ELEPHANT



BEP 8/04/91

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Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197

"Nothing makes a person more productive than the last minute." --Unknown

October 21, 1991

Bill Bowers
Box 58174
Cincinnati, Ohio 45258-0174

Dear Bill,

Many thanks for **Outworlds 61**, it is much appreciated. Sorry for the lack of correspondence. (I anticipate **OW 62** will be out before my loc to **OW 61** reaches Cincinnati.) Letters, especially yours, seem to get lost/overlooked in my computer. The Bill Bowers letters are stored under several different file names: BILLB.DOC, BOWERS.DOC, OW60.DOC, etc. I definitely need a better system for naming files. I can only use 8 letters in a file name (the extension [.DOC] doesn't count). Perhaps I should title them sequentially -- OW60, OW61, OW62, OW63 etc.? Problem! What happens when you hit OW100,000? Yes, I could drop the comma, but what happens when you hit OW1,000,000? Oh well, Microsoft Word will probably be sophisticated enough, by then, to allow 9 letters in a file name. Ain't technology great!!! This letter, by the way, is named BOWEROCT.DOC (has a nice ring to it).

Last week, I voted for the '92 TAFF representative. It was difficult to choose between Jeanne Bowman and Richard Brandt. Can't they both go? Oh well, who said life is fair. I almost wrote in Bill Bowers' name but I figure you nominated Richard Brandt and, since Richard didn't nominate you, I figured you didn't want to go.

I disagree with the Jeanne Bowman, Debbie Notkin assessment of **Bimbos of the Death Sun (OW 61)**, I thoroughly enjoyed it. Perhaps it hits too close to home for some people, which is the nature of satire. But what the hell do I know? I've never been to a con. Although, I've read enough con reports and am familiar with enough of the parodied "celebrities" to understand the humor of the story. [Mystery Scene magazine said Simon and Schuster will be releasing the sequel to **Bimbos** in February, 1992!!!]

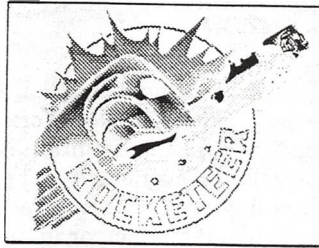
I've always wondered how **Corflu** was born, now I know. Thanks for printing Lucy Huntzinger's **Corflu Ocho Tostada Speech (OW 61)**. The 3 H's (Harvia, Haugh and Hunter) are to be congratulated for their fine art work in **Outworlds 61**.

Sam Moskowitz's article (**OW 61**), **i remember campbell!**, was one I had not previously read. I wholeheartedly agree that **The John W. Campbell Letters** should have won the '86 Hugo. Winning the Hugo would have given the book the acclaim and profitability needed to produce a second volume. As it stands now, I doubt if we will ever see the **The John W. Campbell Letters, II**.

Pax,

Michael

Forrest Anson Avery
137 Halstead Smith Rd.
Rome, GA 30165
September 11, 1991



Bill Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati OH 45258-0174

Dear Bill,

Thanks for OUTWORLDS 61. (Nice thing about word processing is that even when your fingers get unbelievably tangled up and totally botch a simple title like OW a half dozen times the "end user" never has to see any correction marks. I used to buy white-out in five gallon buckets and apply it with a paint roller. Now I am a typeist (sp)!

I like the party metaphor. Though I'm not a party animal by any stretch of the imagination. Even at cons where I am a little more outgoing I generally tend to just find a place to relax and watch other conversations/interactions. If I get involved in a conversation that's fine but it's not necessary for my enjoyment. --- My wife is totally the opposite however! She'll strike up a conversation with anyone anywhere. In fact when she sends me to the store or on another errand she'll quiz me about it when I get back. In ten years of marriage I still don't really understand what kind of conversation I was supposed to have had when I paid the gas bill! But she wants to know what they said. About what? Oh well. --- And I've been a professional salesman for most of the last 15 years and she "couldn't sell ice to Eskimos" (which is her quote and is probably self-explanatory).

Courier typeface -- wasn't that outlawed by a Geneva Convention? My how things change in a dozen years or so. I remember being excited about getting a new IBM Selectric typeball for my collection not that long ago. Now the hundred fonts that I have on the Macintosh make the two dozen I have on this PC seem very minimalist. (this is New Century Schoolbook) (Architect) (Bitstream Charter) (Black Chancery) (Caligula) (Courier -- how'd that get in here?) (Diegol) (Futura) (Helvetica -- I used to love Helvetica, but I was younger then) (Modern) (Nimbus Mono) (Nimbus Roman) (Nimbus Sans) (Roman) (Script) (Σψμβολ) (Times) (Times-Roman) (ΥΡΩ Σψμβολ URW Symbol). If you were counting there are a few others like Univers, Line Printer, etc. which are not available to me in this particular program (Microsoft Word Demo) using the SuperPrint Laserjet III printer driver.

A bunch of us MacAholics were talking at work one day about Desktop Publishing and typefaces and Courier was mentioned. The discussion got very heated and the Boss was very adamant in his opinion. It was decided that with all the typefaces that we had available that anyone should be shot for using Courier. Anyway, lunch time came and the Boss was looking for one of the other guys (who was at lunch). "Where's so-and-so?", he asked. "We caught him using Courier and shot him", I replied. (Cue the LaughTrack).

So now we know (as Paul Harvey would say) the rest of the story ... you found fandom thru a prozine column. NOW IT CAN BE TOLD ... so did I. In fact it was the June 1967 issue of *IF* in a Lin Carter column. I understand that column attracted a lot of other neos. --- Incidentally that specific reference comes from some quick reference work not memory. Your comments sent me into the racks looking for some old prozines. I don't really have many *FANTASTIC UNIVERSE* copies here and couldn't find the column you mentioned in the ones that I have. I did find Mari Wolf's columns in *IMAGINATION* and Carter and Geis' columns in *IF* and I spent some pleasant time reading over those. Seems to me that

Robert Silverberg had a column at one time -- maybe in *IMAGINATION*. My other
prozines are in different boxes stored elsewhere so my reference materials are limited.

Thanks for not abbreviating Mike Glicksohn's use of "in my humble opinion". IMHO bugs
me because I was looking in the other direction when it started to be used in fandom. And
I did not understand what it meant when I first saw it. I've even seen it used in non fan
writings recently.

Thanks to SaM for his "i remember campbell" contribution. Campbell was of course the
most influential editor in the field. I met him at LunaCon in New York just a little while
before his death. He was an absolute fountain of ideas -- no, fountain is the wrong image.
Imagine a locker room shower with a dozen nozzles all turned on and pointed toward one
spot. That was Campbell a flood of ideas all coming from a dozen directions at once. I still
pity the poor fan who was stupid enough to make a factual error in an argument with
Campbell and even more stupidly try to continue his erroneous argument. The reflections
here are close to "revisionist" history in their nature. While Campbell was alive and for a
good period after his death we only read about how great he was. Now as time goes on we
get a wider variety of opinions fleshing out the man in some ways and detracting from his
"greatness" in others.

Bill, I wish that your zines were more frequent. I understand that your financial problems
will make that difficult. As I suggested a while ago, I think that you ought to seriously
consider making your zines a serious profit making venture. One of the fanzines that I
ran across the other day while reboxing some things around here was a mimeo copy of
LOCUS #151, December 1, 1973. It was published twice a week then --- all eight pages of
it. There are some older ones around here in other boxes and of course the latest ones are
on the shelf in the bedroom where some "current" reading matter gets stacked. But it
started quite simple. Twiltone mimeo. Atom logo illo. But Charles Brown took it seriously
-- he had library rates -- he had overseas agents.

I think you could do it. I think it would be good. Can you grok it?

Fannishly yours,

Forrest Anson Avery
Forrest Anson Avery

TOM SADLER

It was definitely a pleasure to meet and talk with you at Chicon V,
and I wish now I had met you sooner or knew who you were earlier on. But that's
the way things seem to work out for me despite all my good intentions and de-
sires. Still, maybe we can manage to become better acquainted.

In honesty, I haven't read all the way through both issues of *OUTWORLDS*, but
have been doing it in bits and pieces and savoring what I've read. It seems to
make the magazine last longer as well as the enjoyment gained from the issues.

As I think I mentioned at Chicon, I had heard something of your problems and
your gaffiation (Forced, as I understand it and not voluntary on your part.).
Reading your comments in *OW60* provided me with much more background and from what
I've been able to discern, it sounds as if you are much better off now than you
were. Certainly, no human should have to suffer what you did and your ex-
certainly sounds as if she had some severe problems.

That you have survived those bad times is indeed a tribute to your endurance
and durability. Having good, close fannish friends doesn't seem to have hurt
either. I haven't been in fandom nearly as long as you and so I haven't had the
good fortune of acquiring as many friends as you have, but I have made a few
friends and it's nice to know they can be counted on for support in rough times.
One day I hope to achieve the sort of status and high regard you seem to enjoy.
Right now, that seems a very distant goal and one I often wonder if I'll ever
attain. But I'm trying to be patient and work at it.

Getting to meet you was definitely a step in the right direction because you
seem like just the sort of person I can get along with very well. (At least I'd
like to think so.) While I haven't been through the bad time you have, I have
seen some rough times myself and have frequently had my self-esteem severely
tested and often wondered if I really was a worthwhile person.

----- 9/12/91

...there are many frustrations in fanzine publishing, but there are a greater number of Joys.
Few are more satisfying than the infusion of *New Blood!* Laurie, I've "known" for years, but
she hadn't been sent my zines for a long time. Michael "discovered" me just as I Came Back,
and his constant infusion of stamps has been overwhelming. Forrest responded to Avedon's
review (*WHICH I HAVEN'T SEEN*) in *SFC*. ...and Sheryl introduced me to Tom at Chicon.

...you will (all) discover what Oldtimers know too well: I'm rarely "responsive" outside
these pages. But I do appreciate your input, hope you'll like what I "do"...and will stay!

2128:62 -----

BEARD MUMBLINGS

a column by:
BOB TUCKER

THERE ARE SEVERAL TANGLED WISPS or strings of beard that I want to comb out in this issue and the first is a special string that I like to call "The Post Office Can't Be All Bad".

The post office has taken its lumps during the past several years for truly rotten service, but when they will accept your telephone number as part of your zip code they can't be all bad. This may be a historic first for both Ken Cheslin and myself. During the final week in July I received a fanzine from Cheslin who edits and publishes in jolly olde England. He was mightily confused about my zip code. Following the usual Bloomington, IL he wrote the following: 6174 (309) 662-7247 and it was delivered to my mailbox without an apparent hitch. Bear in mind that he omitted one digit from my zip code and got the telephone number wrong, it was still delivered to me. I was croggled.

At first blush I was tempted to say that I was bemused but then I remembered the dictionary definition of "bemused" so we'll just say that Cheslin was bemused when he wrote that final line. His fanzine was dated July 1991 so it wasn't unduly delayed while various postal servants deciphered the strange code, and I suspect it provided some amusement to some of them. In reality it wouldn't have been too difficult to deliver. The 617 of the zip code denotes north central Illinois, as does the (309) of the telephone code. But then think of Buz Busby who recently reported that a first class letter was returned to him because one digit in the street address was wrong. Perhaps the post office workers are "bemused".

Ken Cheslin publishes a good fanzine titled A CHILD'S GARDEN OF OLAF which is bound back-to-back with OUT HOUSE. The two fanzines are bound in the old Ace Double fashion with one of them being upside down. OLAF carries the meat of the issue while OUT HOUSE carries the letter column. (Ken Cheslin: 10 Coney Green, Stourbridge, West Midlands DY8 1LA, England.) There is no phone number.

TYPEWRITER NEEP-NEEP ALERT:

The December 1990 issue of the SMITHSONIAN magazine had a splendid article on the ancient and glorious history of typewriters. Some of you older fans may remember the typewriter. It was the keyboard instrument that sat on your desk where the word processor sits now. It didn't crash more often than every fifteen or twenty years, and it worked best if you changed the ribbon every year. It cost a fraction of what your word processor cost.

The magazine article carried pictures of old machines going back to 1856 which surprised me, as I had thought the typewriter was invented about 1890 just in time for Mark Twain to use one. Some of the machines being discussed and pictured weren't all that ancient. I've worked with some of them and if they are now museum pieces, then I am too. I've used an Underwood #5, which is pictured, and an early Royal having glass windows in the side, which was not pictured. That last brought to mind a puzzling question: of what use is a typewriter with glass windows in the sides? Does a typist, any typist, actually lean over and watch the machinery working in there while she/he types? A stupid design.



The article stated that manual typewriters are very much in demand in several foreign countries, those countries where electricity is in short supply or does not exist. American hucksters scour the States buying up old manuals by the dozens and the hundreds, and resell them overseas. It also stated that Olympia still manufactures manuals in Mexico. I am encouraged. I may have to buy my next Olympia down there and learn the Spanish keyboard. Every now and then I repair this one but it may not last another twenty years. A pity. When electricity dies all over the USA you people will have to revert to the quill pen, but I will type and Bill Bowers will publish on a hand-cranked mimeo the meanwhile taking desperate measures to ward off Twonk's Disease.

IT IS A PROUD AND LONELY THING to discuss a science fiction novel in a fanzine but this is one of those rare instances where the unexpected happens. I am reading FALLEN ANGELS by Niven, Pournelle and Flynn. I have an autographed copy by Larry Niven and he writes "Look! No Tucker!" on the frontispiece. I may be one of the few fans in all fandom who is not mentioned in the book.

Ah, fame.

The novel is great good fun if you read it as faaan fiction. Except for its length it could have been published in a fanzine that specialized in faaan fiction. Some few reviewers and critics have panned it but they failed to realize it was faaan fiction. The fun part of the story lies in recognizing all the fans and pros who appear in the story, even though they are thinly disguised; the difficult part lies in not recognizing some of the fans and pros because they all seem to be California people, not known to those of us in the remainder of the country. Even those scenes set in Minneapolis, Chicago, and St. Louis appear to be populated by California fans. Forry Ackerman's home in Los Angeles is moved to Minneapolis, largely populated by California fans.

A major portion of the action in the first half of the book takes place at a worldcon in Minneapolis (and you can guess the in-jokes about Minicon 1973) where only 54 people are present. As the action moves thru several rooms of the Ackerman mansion the reader gets the easy impression that far more than 54 people are present. There seems to be about a hundred fans present at this underground minicon, attending movies, costume workshops, lectures and so forth. Science fiction and conventions are illegal in this world of the future and so the con is held in Forry's mansion but not a hotel--yet, later in the story another convention is held in a motel with no explanation of the contradiction.

The fun comes in trying to identify the characters. I arrived at the following conclusions:

MIKE GLIDER [Mike Glycer] publishes FILE 880.
CHARLIE UMBER [Charles Brown] publishes HOCUS POCUS.
BRUCE HYDE [Bruce Pelz] is a Smof Three.
TREMONT J. FIELDING, aka 3MJ is Forry Ackerman.
GREGORY LUTENIST may be Gregory Benford or Isaac Asimov.
STEVE MEWS is Steven Barnes.
A heavy-drinking pro in a bush jacket may be Jerry Pournelle.
HARRY BEAN may be Harry Warner, Jr.

But who, pray tell, are Lee Arterea, Edward Two Bats, Fang, Dick Wolfson, Harry and Jenny Trout, Hawkeye, and Thor? California fans all, I suspect.

AN AMUSING THING HAPPENED TO ME at the Worldcon in Chicago, but nothing that has not happened at other conventions in other cities. I arrived there with no work schedule, although I knew I was to be on the program. Last June, Dick Lynch and I agreed on a few panel appearances to discuss fandom in the old days. Well and good. No one from the worldcon committee sent me a work schedule so I arrived at the hotel about 5:30 on Thursday and a burly fellow met me at the front door, seized my suitcase, and cried "Come with me!" He led me down two or three flights to the fan programming room and set me down on a panel where four or five other fans were talking. I looked to Fred Pohl, next to me, and asked what was happening. "You were supposed to be here at five o'clock," Fred said. "We are discussing First Fandom in the 1930s."

"Eureka," I probably replied. "Let us carry on."

When I dropped around later to pick up my badge and my work schedule I discovered they had me down for eight program items, none of which I had prepared for because I hadn't received a schedule. That was just like a hundred other conventions I've attended, and everything was normal and on course. I breezed along through the next four or five days in a somewhat normal fashion, coming to grief only on a panel devoted to a show called "The Phantom of the Opera" (the play and the movie). My only claim to fame on that panel was that I had previously worked three days backstage on the play, but the others on the panel and the audience did not want to hear about the stage tricks, the illusions, the special effects that we pulled off. They wanted only to discuss the handsome actors, the beautiful actresses, and the Marvelous Costumes. The moderator cut me off early, after my telling about the fake rowboat, so thereafter I held my peace and sipped my "root beer" while panelists and audience gushed about actors, actresses and Marvelous Costumes. I should not have been placed on that panel. I was odd man out.

Something happened in that room, during that panel, that left me with a lasting impression. A woman wearing a full-length dress had one of those toy stuffed dragons on her shoulder. She spent the entire hour listening to the speakers and stroking the dragon. I wondered if she was masterbating.

205 4 147

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

The Magnificent Mile is the name given to Michigan Avenue with its many famous buildings. Seen here is the illuminated Singer Building, Tribune Tower and the John Hancock Building in the background. Photo: Michael Bess.

Deanna Pritz



POSTCON POCTSRCD 5 CHFCO N 5
BUTTON TALK/ JUST SAY NOLA CON
NORTH / IT'S CHICAGO, WHAT
DID YOU EXPECT... SEP 9/2/91

PHOTO BY MICHAEL BESS FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES



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A FINAL NOTE OR TWO ABOUT THE WORLDCON:

I have not yet heard an attendance figure. Some said it was 3500, others said 5000 plus, and still others said 6000 plus. It was too large, as worldcons these days are, and the ten or fifteen track programming was too much, as worldcons these days are.

I was prepared for the Hugo ceremonies. Even though I had not been sent a work schedule in advance, I knew Marta Randall (the Toastmistress) well enough to know she would have prepared something for me well in advance. Nine years ago at that other Chicago worldcon (1982) when I walked on stage to present the fan writer award, as I approached the microphone she grabbed the cheek of my ass and cried "Smooth!" It stopped the show for a few minutes. I knew there would be a sequel this year, and there was. She let me reach the microphone and announce the winner, and then we joined each other with our arms around the other's waist. After a moment of pregnant silence we grabbed each other by that same cheek and cried "Smooth!" In the audience, one person in ten knew what we were doing and why.

And finally, at last, the story of the Monday daily newspaper, the so-called "suppressed edition".

The worldcon daily newspaper was called Son of the Daily Planet. It appeared once on some days and twice on other days. On Monday, September 2, it appeared twice but there was supposed to be only one edition. The first and supposedly only edition was printed on orange paper. It was quickly "suppressed" and a new edition published on green paper. I was sitting in the Green Room talking to a Security person when the two editions were called to my attention, and the Security person said that the first edition was suppressed because of two paragraphs contained therein. I turned to look at the table behind me and found thick stacks of both editions available for the taking. I took one of each.

These are the two paragraphs in the "suppressed" edition, followed by two innocuous paragraphs in the official edition. Both are on page two.

First edition (suppressed):

PROGRAM CHANGE: 17:00 Phineas Taylor B (room).

Penis Size and Literary Style: The Connection.

John Norman, Jessica Salmonson, Joanna Russ, Jerry Pournelle.

Second edition (official):

Entire 17:00 entry deleted.

First edition (suppressed):

Masquerade Note

The lighting at the ceremony was being handled by union workers, not by fans.

Any problems were thus the the unavoidable byproduct of professionals at work.

Second edition (official):

Masquerade Note

The lighting at the ceremony was being handled by both union workers and fans who are union members. The Masquerade Committee would like to congratulate the entire lighting crew, the union and fan, for a job well done.

The word is that Chicago will be bidding again for the year 2000, along with St. Louis and Kansas City. Imagine that.

----- BOB TUCKER

...back in the dawn of time...a couple of months ago when I was planning on converting XENO-LITH into a "fanzine about fanzines"...I read the Niven/Pournell/Flynn FALLEN ANGELS and Sharyn McCrumb's BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN. As research. Back-to-back.

I survived. Although the urge to disparage rides rampant...both are readable. And fun in a trivial sort of way.

I've thought this over, and I really don't think that the fact that neither Larry Niven nor Jerry Pournelle ranks near the top of what I consider the paragon of "my" fandom unduly colors my judgement--but I found BIMBOS to be a much more telling, and accurate, depiction of...at least...convention fandom. Besides...it's a lot more fun than FALLEN ANGELS.

I bought BIMBOS from Bill Cavin at Marcon. At a discount. After receiving a letter from Cavin, Toni Weisskopf sent a box of FALLEN ANGELS's for the MidwestCon freebie table. ...in both cases, the price was right.

And//by//extension//it//must//be//ALL//Cavin's//Fault!

...where, oh where is Bob Leman, when we really need him?

The following LoC came microscopically-reduced to fit on an 8x11 sheet; Skel would be proud. Magnanimously risking my eyesight to spare yours, I will retype the letter. But I must say I am uncertain how to "credit" the author, in that the return address bore one name...but the letter was signed by quite another....

Arbitrarily presuming that one draws, and the other writes, I have bylined the letter with what I believe to be the Proper Name.

If not, I'm sure I'll hear about it....

Teddy Harvia
PO Box 905
Euless, TX 76039



Bill Bowers
PO Box 58174
Cincinnati, OH
45258-0174

DAVID THAYER

I haven't received a fanzine with so many comment hooks in it in years, and at opposite ends of the spectrum.

I love Alan Hunter's discrete all-nude covers. Are the rockets some kind of erotic sendoff? And the alien creature with its paws all over the beautiful woman--a nice touch.

Here we go again, Bowers. "DNP" clearly appears in the center of my last postcard and yet you still printed it. Am I merely being too sensitive or taking things out of context? Ha, ha, ha!

If you expect to meet me in person at Chicon, prepare yourself for a disappointment. Several fans have expressed surprise that I neither look nor act like my cartoons. Thank God.

In your comments on the Fanthology, what is the meaning of the ellipse after my name? Teddy Harvia, who what? Explain yourself! Was it really an ellipse or did you have a mental lapse?

Tell Skel not to be a total stranger. Contrary to what he thinks, US fans do not hide behind PO boxes. Unlike UK fans who live in the same cottage they were born in, their fathers were born in, their grandfathers, ad infinitum back to the time of Cynewulf, we are a very mobile society and move every few years in pursuit of employment, love, and happiness. We keep PO boxes to maintain continuity. Next time he is in the States, tell him to call me and I will give him explicit directions on where he can go ... to get to my door. If he wants inside though, he'd better come up with a more original line than, "Hi, I'm Eric Bentcliffe."

Your comment about being disillusioned at Corflu Ocho intrigued me. Isn't life itself an illusion? I calculate that I have created over 3 million characters with the single lettering guide I use for my cartoons. Thirteen years after I penned the first letter with it, it is much the worse for wear. I tried finding a replacement, but none fit my pen. As a last resort, I spent 40 hours creating a computer font substitute. I can now commit cartoon captions to paper in a fraction of the time and edit and change them with simple keystrokes, freeing my time for more creative tasks. For you to criticize my choice of tools simple because you understand and appreciate the tedious old-fashioned one is a little presumptuous. Rethink your position, Bowers, or fandom may find itself with a murder drama rivaling the one in BIMBOS OF THE DEATH SUN when I stab you to death with my technical pen, in print if not in person. I have yet to confront your source over revealing my deep, dark secret.

What is with Mike Glicksohn objecting to crediting an artist's work on the same page it appears? I sometimes find an art credits list because it allows me to skip quickly to the relevant pages and not have to scan the entire fanzine for my art and the art of my friends. But some editors hide the list inside the fanzine, forcing me to scan the entire fanzine just to find that. If you do succumb to

Glicksohn's urgings, place the list at the very front of your fanzine and not to show favoritism, why not do the same for the writers? Who needs to know the name of the writers on the page their text appears anyway?

Some of my favorite memories are of cartoons, two of Alexis Gilliland's included, one of a Viking drinking out of a ram's horn while thinking about the poor ram with a goblet prosthesis and the other of two Roman soldiers talking about being home for Christmas in some year B.C. My memories are not invalid because I am a science fiction fan or a cartoonist myself. I appreciate both fine art and literature. Gilliland's fan art had to compete in my mind with millions of other images, both pictures and words, for attention. The success of cartoonists in the fan artist Hugo balloting comes perhaps because cartoons are neither wholly art nor writing, but a little of both, and appeal to a larger audience, the infamous lowest common denominator.

What does Taral have against sword amazons in chain mail bikinis? I don't seek them out at conventions, but I don't look away when they pass either. They are among the fringe benefits of fanac. And I don't think I'm a fringe fan because of it.

I am fascinated by d. gary grady's report that Disney is working on a film version of Edgar Rice Burrough's Barsoom novels. I have just been rereading them, thinking how marvelous they could look on the screen. If special effects can create Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles, they can create Tharks. Will the movie makers be willing to trust the story to carry the movie rather than the visuals? And I will accept a little muting of the original racist and sexist themes.

I don't want to question your editorial authority or accuracy, and I certainly don't want to minimize David Haugh's contributions (who displays great fannish sensibilities with his fanzine diary cartoon and expansive talent with his rocket and castle), but don't I recognize the roadrunner on page 2006 as mine (surely you too recognize my style by now) despite the claim that all interior art is by Mr. Haugh? Just because your name is beside the art, just because you have it in your hands, just because it is not signed does not make it copyright-free public domain stuff. I do not mind my creatures created for one purpose serving another as long as the culprit editors ask permission first and give credit where credit is due.

Contrary to appearances, I did not attend the Harry Warner, Jr. School of Letter Writing. My admittance test scores were high enough but they didn't believe my letter of reference from Jules Verne.
----- 7/9/91

11/25/91 • I've been waiting, patiently, for someone, *anyone*, to point out to Young Mr.

Glicksohn the absurdity of his objecting to "crediting" artists on the page their work appears...but not to giving writers that courtesy at the beginning of their articles. Neither does he seem to "mind" the bylining of LoCs...his included!

Perhaps the "scenery" is, err, different at Texas cons, but my "experience" with "sword amazons in chain mail bikinis" is that those who could carry it off don't bother...and those --by and large--who do so parade are epic in their failure.

...after thirtysomething years, and more than four thousand pages, some details of the Canon become sketchy...even in the Creator's Mind! For years I Proclaimed to one and all that, since YANDRO was the first fanzine I received...it was all Buck Coulson's Fault.

I've known for quite sometime that that statement is not totally "accurate"; some time ago I rediscovered the "listing" of the first fanzines I'd received: The list "ended" with #46--strangely, ABANICO #1--and I knew I'd published that list sometime in the past decade. Now I haven't located my run of DOUBLE:BILL since moving here three years ago--I'm not too worried; they're probably in a box in the basement--but virtually everything else I've ever published is respresented by a copy in the binders above me on this (former) computer hutch. So I started thumbing. My first thought was that this seemed like something I would have done in XENOLITH, but I hadn't, so I perused apazines. To no avail. Finally, well, here it is: it was published in mid-1983, in OUTWORLDS 33, on (an obviously mis-numbered) page 2025. The memory bank is totally blank on how I acquired the three issues of SCIENCE-FICTION TIMES I have listed as received in 1960. But the package of SANTA 11/MACABRE VIII/ESCAPE 1 that I received 5/18/61 were via a prozine ad.

...and on June 8th, 1961, a month after I graduated from high school, I received a copy of THE FANATSY COLLECTOR. ...and YANDRO #98.

A week later, the mail brought YANDRO's #99 & 100, and August 30th of that year, I published my first fanzine.

Buck...you may not have been "responsible", but you & Juanita definitely influenced...!

ABANICO #2 carried 6 LoCs in response to that first effort; from Howard DeVore, Seth Johnson, Art Hayes, Randy Scott, Don Fitch (hi! Don!), and Buck Coulson. ...whose first line, so long ago, read: "Fans will put out fanzines, it seems."

Yes...we will!

BUCK COULSON

Now for the ethical problem; should I loc a zine composed of letters 15 years old? Well, I'll start with OUTWORLDS 61 and see what room I have left.

First, though, the news. Miranda Juanita Coulson was born to Bruce and Emily Coulson on July 8, so Juanita and I are grandparents. Kid came a week early; must get that from her mother. Coulsons don't arrive early for anything.... (Individuals greeting me as "Grandpaw" will receive the back of me hand.)

Chris doesn't say how old he was when he read THE PROGRAMMED MAN; tastes can mature, or at least change, very rapidly in the teen years. I was hooked on dog stories and airplanes and cowboys in my

early days. I still have about 15 volumes of the Pony Rider Boys series that now I'm afraid to open, because I know they're not nearly as good as I remember them. But they do trigger pleasant memories when I look at the covers.

Well, I guess I came into fandom via the "Sargeant Saturn" column in TWS. One of them way back there, anyway. I ordered 3 fanzines; one by Dick somebody in Ohio, one by some kid named Bob Silverberg, and FANTASY-TIMES. It was the latter that mentioned the Worldcon in Chicago, so I went. Then Dave Jenrette under his alias of Dave Hammond put a note in a parcel of old stfmags I'd bought, saying there was a fan club in Indianapolis; contact Lee Tremper. So I did, finally got up the nerve and the gas money to drive the hundred miles to a meeting, and met Juanita there. (No, it was not love at first sight. It took a year before we decided to get married, and another 6 months before we actually did. But finding women--yes, plural, fandom wasn't that barren of females in the 1950s--who shared my interests did incline me toward marriage.) Actually, AMAZING might consider a fan column; it needs a big boost in readership in order to keep up that slick format, and every little bit helps.

You don't believe in medieval superstition in the same society as technological innovation? Tell you what, Bill; go get a copy of SCIENCE and one of WEEKLY WORLD NEWS, and read them both, cover to cover. ("...now they want my picture in NATIONAL ENQUIRER, alongside 'sex-changed dwarf nun takes a UFO cruise'..." From Moonwulf's filksong "Silver Bullet Blues".) Of course, in today's US, neither technological innovation nor medieval superstition is emphasized, but they both certainly exist.

Juanita and I have never owned a washer-dryer.

I disagree with BEB on single-column versus two-column in digest magazines. The things are smaller than hardcover books; two columns would be distracting as all hell. For that matter, I don't experience all that much trouble reading the single column format in OW, with lines that are considerably longer. Neither does the page thickness bother me, though I'm amused that F&SF, with fewer pages, is much thicker than either ANALOG or ASIMOV'S. It could be that the impression of small, thin magazines discourage readers--but the two Davis publications still lead the field in circulation, so they're doing something right. When AMAZING pulls in front of them, I'll grant an argument for the larger size.

Sam's article was fascinating. I was particularly taken by the Catherine de Camp quote about Dona sitting at Campbell's feet "in adoring, puppydog style". There's possibly the reason they married, and definitely the reason she left him for George O. Smith. Adoration wears off fast when you're married to the object of it. Humans need partners who can overlook flaws, not people who don't believe one has any.

Shame, Roy. I have an autographed copy of THE IMMORTAL STORM, plus both of Harry Warner's fan histories. But then, history is my favorite reading material. (No, that's not a typo; I greatly enjoy science fiction, but if I'd gone to college I might be a historian today.)

A PRINCESS OF MARS might well make a marvelous movie, since the field requires less plot and more spectacle than printed fiction.

Bruce informs me that there's already a game which theorizes that the British Empire in the 1890s reached Mars. Science is confined to whatever was known at that time, so there are "ether ships" and so on. Sounds very much like a Burroughs idea.

Err...when did ANALOG not feature "uninformative views of faces"? Hubert Rogers did them all the time on the covers, as did most of the other artists of the 1940s and 1950s.

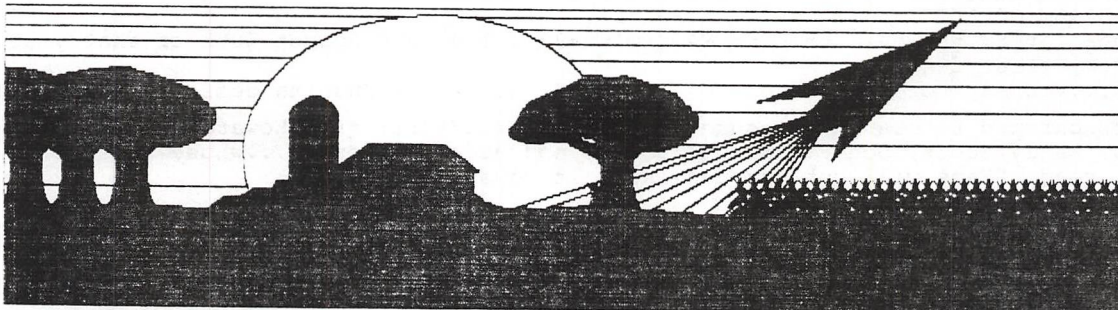
I never saw a Filipino western, but I did once view a Filipino version of "Genghis Khan". The hero wasn't nearly as silly-looking (and acting) as John Wayne, and I think the movie was also plotted a bit better than Wayne's version. The characters certainly looked more authentic.

Numerical constants? For me it would be Route 3, I suppose. During the time we lived on Route 3, we changed residences twice and towns once, but kept the Route number. From 1955 or 1956 in Wabash to 1984 in Hartford City.

Ah yes, fanzines as a sublimation of sex. Well, I believe YANDRO still has the record of most issues of a general-type fanzine (excluding newsletters), and it was published by a husband-and-wife team. (Of course, we did only have one child....)

P.S. Juanita commented that the Filipino Genghis Kahn acted more authentic than the John Wayne version. Like the climactic battle in which the hero finally gets the villain's head under water and keeps it there until he drowns. You wouldn't catch John Wayne drowning an opponent....

7/11/91



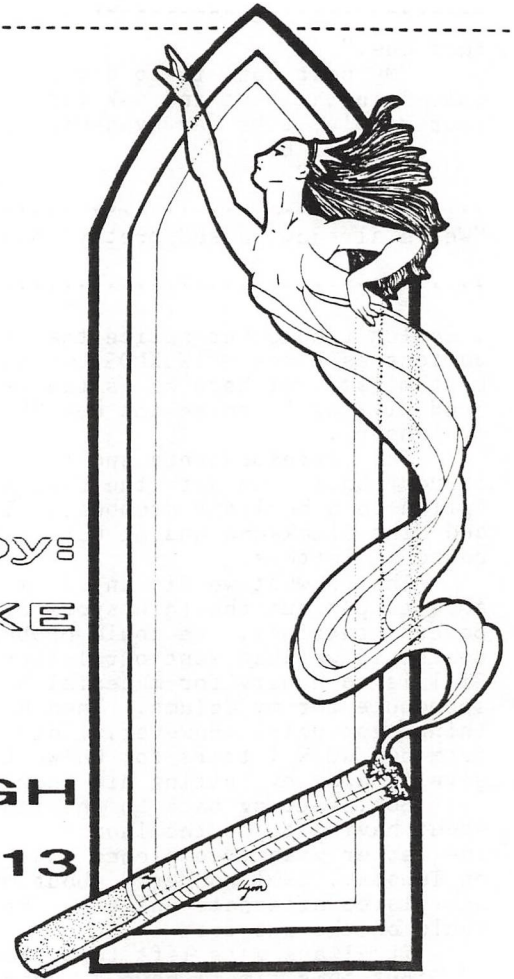
11/26/91 • I haven't known Mr. Locke quite as long as I've known Mr. Coulson, though it was close: Dave's first convention, in 1962, was also my first. But we didn't meet until sometime in the mid-70s in, of all places, Beecher, IL. But Dave has been a welcome, *and sometimes willing*, contributor to my fanzines for a long time. A while back I sent an ad to Dave in Louisville, and he & Jackie ended up in Cinsanity. He's still making me pay!

2134:62

[Sandra Jordan]

a column by:
DAVE LOCKE

CLOSE ENOUGH
FOR FANWRITING #13



Ringgggggggg. Ringgggggggggg. Ringgggggggggg. Ringgggggggggg.

"984-1441. No one is available right now. If you'll leave your name and number, we'll get back to you."

Beep.

Click.

...tick ...tick ...tick ...

Ringggggg.

"Hello?"

"Hi, Bill, it's Dave. Got your message. What's up?"

"Dave, it's time for you to do your column. Time to ride the trail again."

"You were right in not leaving that on my answering machine."

"I never leave a message on your answering machine. That's not what we're talking about."

"It should be. I mean, hardly any adult hangs up on an answering machine these days, or at most it's situational. That you do it all the time serves to identify you. Choice-Care's health plan benefits would allow you, for a nominal amount, to ask a trained professional why you are having this little outburst at science and technology."

"You know, if I wanted this kind of abuse I could have stayed married. Instead, I ease my masochistic needs by being a faneditor. Leisure life's a bitch. And you know all this. You did a lot of fanediting. So now we can run down the list of all your excuses, and I'll play the game of overcoming objections, and doubling and tripling them back to you, and finally you'll get cranky and condescend to 'think about it', and then I'll have to follow-up and wheedle and cajole. This is much too tiresome a process."

"You're right. Screw it. Bill ... I'll think about it."

"Okay, thanks. See or talk to you next week. Oh, by the way?"

"Yes?"

"I'm developing the minimalist theory of telephone communication. The silence identifies me. The equipment exists, yet by not using it I make myself heard. It's like with the written word, where a picture is worth a thousand of them, and one of my ellipses worth maybe half-again that. What is said is what isn't said, less says more, and I can get you to call me without saying anything to either you or your answering machine. Zen Crifanac, or maybe Voodoo fanergonomics."

"It's good to keep your mind occupied that way. Be sure and let me know if you tumble to a way of doing a genzine without publishing, other than coediting, of course. I know

that one."

"My next goal is to devise a way to have you call and tell me that you've readied your column installment and ask for a deadline on the next one. I'd want to trigger this behaviour simply, like say by having your phone fall off that shelf where you keep it."

"Later, Bill."

"Later."

.....
"We've already passed pretty soon, we're catching up on later, and I see never dead ahead."
COPS & ROBBERS, Donald E. Westlake
.....

I couldn't help but notice that Skel is excerpting from correspondence to fulfill his obligations as a new OUTWORLDS columnist. I had thought his fanwriter's cornucopia to be bottomless, but here he is field-stripping and reassembling his words in a new field. Suddenly, as I browse the new OUTWORLDS, here is Skel expressing concern about the state of my laundry.

The correspondence and the laundry come from 1988, and both problems still exist. The laundry builds up with the same unrelenting tempo, but the pace of the correspondence has fallen to a hesitant drumbeat. It's a Wide-Open-4-Way (W04W) correspondence between Skel and Mike Glicksohn and Al Curry and myself, and in the last half year we've had just one round of letters.

That's what we did in six months, which isn't too bad when you consider that we were able to pad out the thin spots by reading W04W reprints of Skel's contributions via Bill Bowers' fanzines. We could probably increase our activity, actually, as well as lower our costs, if we just sent our letters to Bill in the first place and let him print them for us. Bill is so hungry for material he even suggested that I start excerpting from this correspondence for my column. Then he asked me about a due date for the column, and after that things got ugly. However, I did suggest to him that regularly all four of us might extract from our W04W letters for OUTWORLDS articles, and he might have bought it. So don't anybody give it away by letting him know that we're not actually editing anything out.

But, getting back to the laundry, the thrust of Skel's wordage was that I'd written about having to do the laundry that very weekend or show up for work naked on Monday. As the letter wasn't completed that weekend, and I later mentioned actually doing the laundry on Tuesday, Skel wondered about my Monday work attire and my being a man of my word and he postulated alternate universe theories and in general wrung the cornucopia as dry as he could on the subject.

It always gets left to me to defend myself. Yes Lord, it does.

But this time I have a surprise witness for the defense, Paul Allen Curry, and those scurrilous aspersions shall be struck down. Yes. Al, you see, is not only a quarter of the W04W, we also work together for the same company. I pawed through the old letters and came up with this Curry response to Skel's original speculations, which Al has graciously allowed me to use:

"Yes, Dave came in naked the day after Thanksgiving, but no one noticed. He simply shoved a feather duster up his bung hole and told everyone it was his turkey costume.

"Obviously, that was a lie about the feather duster. Still, everyone was asking why he went around all day wearing a tightly-lashed trenchcoat and a pair of cordovan loafers sans socks."

My own response at that time was:

"You can rely on my word, Skel. I did go into work naked. Al wondered why I didn't take off my trenchcoat all day, and why I wasn't wearing socks. Also, I didn't flash anyone worth knowing."

Okay. Mike, I think it's your turn to write.

.....
"It was a mixed blessing. When he contracted Alzheimer's, he no longer had to drink to forget."
NO BRAIN, NO HEADACHE, Odell Wilstach
.....

Rats. A squirrel is defined as being a type of rodent. A chipmunk is described as being a type of squirrel. We're talking rodents. Small, gnawing mammals. A beaver is another. So is a mouse.

For some reason, I've always liked chipmunks and squirrels. Beavers and mice I'm not too wild about, but chipmunks and squirrels have provided countless hours of amusement and diversion. As a kid I used to train them, but after the first few dozen it gets really easy because you become The Giver Of The Forest. Females, when their young were able to walk without falling down, would bring the brood around to learn all the motions necessary to receive such delights as peanuts in the shell.

I've got lots of stories. The female chipmunk who carried peanuts in an unusual way which was passed on from her descendents to their descendents. The flying squirrel who swam through birdseed in a lucite birdfeeder. There'd be rodents in my pockets and at guest positions at the kitchen table. Sending Harry Warner photographs and a how-to article because he knew someone who had published a statement that chipmunks could not be tamed. Protecting these animals from untethered dogs that would bound from the cars of untethered tourists.

I think it was that last memory which rose to my subconscious, or at least my navel,

the other day when I was in the park. I often go to the park on my lunch hour. I read, I walk, I eat, I train and feed a small portion of the large squirrel population of Eden Park. I move around within the park's boundary, day to day setting up a different location for today's road show. The squirrels come running. When too many come running it means I've been back to that spot too often. So far they haven't chased the car or contacted anyone in Hollywood ("They're too close to rats, and even if they're cuter we still did that with WILLARD").

Cats in the park are always a problem, but for a town with a leash law on dogs it's a bit surprising to find that dogs are, too. There's a pooper-scooper law also, but I've never seen one of those rigs anywhere in or near Cincinnati and have trouble working up a willing suspension of disbelief toward their existence here in this part of the continuum. In the populated areas you can at least see the dogshit before you step into it. In the park, dogshit is a trap set by four-footed guerrillas.

Without leashes, the dogs freely roam the park while their owners eat or walk or jog. There are a lot of them, which is perhaps why there are few cats. The squirrels stay up in the trees.

But the other day I encountered a squirrel that didn't move too well and a dog that did. Everything happened very quickly, which was good because I only had an hour.

I was parked near the bend of a wooded one-way road. The squirrels would come no closer than the middle of the road to get the peanuts I'd toss to them. Except for one, no doubt on temporary leave from another area of the park, who would come right up to the door and take the extended peanut. Squirrels train each other for you ("hey, I can do that. Look at Skip, he took that big unshelled peanut right out of that guy's hand!").

Apparently, though, the friendlier one had banged up its haunch, and it wasn't moving all that well. [Banged up its haunch: this is an old Indian expression from the Abanakee tribe, which loosely translated means damage to the hindquarter.] It hobbled and zimped. Just a temporary situation no doubt, but when the jogger and his dog came around the bend in front of my car, trouble erupted.

The squirrel was a foot away from the outstretched peanut, looked to the left, froze for an instant, and then turned tail and ran (literally). The dog was running ahead of its owner when they came around the bend, and took off as though goosed. Dirt from the ground next to the road flew backwards, and the dog's owner lifted a hand to protect his face. I pulled my arm back in the car and saw the dog accelertaing to pass my car front to back in pursuit of the hobbling and zimping, but now running, squirrel.

Now, I thought about this before I did. I really did. I mean, in those couple of seconds I ran through the subjects of interference, assistance, degree of intervention, and the potential hazards of interfering with a pet's enthusiasms and inclinations in the presence of its owner. This might have been a rather brief time for the evaluation of these facets, especially as they had to share time and space for consideration along with such things as my displeasure with dogs in general and with them in the park in particular.

I decided, during this cornucopia of time as the dog gained momentum, that the squirrels belonged in the park. Their habitat is the woods and, by design, you're supposed to see them in the park. The dogs were there illegally, and wouldn't be a problem were the leash law obeyed and/or enforced. I didn't confuse the dog with the owner, but in this situation there was nothing I could do to help the squirrel unless I dealt with the dog. I mean, talking with the owner about leashes and collars and things like that might be more productive before interfering with his animal than after. But, before, we'd be talking about it while watching the dog eat the squirrel. After, receptivity dims.

As the dog came up to run past me, I opened the door. I opened the door a little harder than I normally do.

The squirrel was saved, the dog was nursing its nose, and the owner was standing next to my door glaring at me.

I looked over at the dog and then back to him again. "Damn, must have knocked his collar off, too," I said. I smiled broadly as he stared at me. He turned and jogged on, the dog loping along behind.

A few days later, on a weekend, someone in the park was shot and carted to the hospital, his attacker getting away. I had missed the news item, so had to inquire around work about it. I tried to find out if the victim had a beard, and if the assailant had a dog with splints on its nose. No one knew, though Al Curry said he didn't think so. I was relieved from not having to fight a case of guilt.

Now I realize that saving a rodent and hurting a dog in the process isn't the greatest thing to be involved in, but I can't think of a course of action which wouldn't have been worse. Often we can, which is why hindsight gets so much bad press.

Just to be fair, the next time a situation doesn't require going after the dog I'll open the door on the owner. But, then, we couldn't talk about collars and leashes and such-like afterwards. Even less than before, obviously.

Well, it's just a small matter, actually. No need to ponder about it.

A small, furry matter, with bushy tail.

..... DAVE LOCKE

12/3/91 • Little Known Facts of Cincinnati Fandom; Part 23:

...at the Brew House, week in/week out, the song that Al Curry is most often requested to sing...is "Dogshit Blues". This haunting little ballad was "inspired" by dogs in Mt. Adams. Amazing Fact: Mt. Adams is adjacent to Eden Park. ...coincidence, no doubt.

----- 62:2137



NAOMI COWAN-BARKLEY

Well, after much gentle ~~threatening~~ reminding (again and again and again and...) I thought I might jot off a few words. 1st I thought of commiserating at length with you. (After all I know the "lady" ((term used loosely)) ((very loosely))). I thought of telling you what a wonderful, kind and gentle person you are (which is quite true and I really could tell stories). But then I thought "Nah, why not toss off a few ideas about the necessity of chaos in the cosmos?" "Good idea!" I mentally replied.

But before I say anything about that, I just wanted to say that I enjoy reading your 'zines. The articles and short stories are always interesting and well-chosen. I like the illos bunches, but I like reading the letters best. It's neat to find out what other people are thinking and how they may be coping with the ever prevelant chaos in their loves.

I currently have two teenagers living with me, which, I believe makes me pretty much of an expert in chaos theory. You see, I think that when an infant is born the brain fills the cranial cavity but does not necessarily expand at the same rate as the baby grows. Now the brain, although significantly smaller than the space it needs to fill, nevertheless expands to fill the void. (As we all know, Mother Nature not only does not like being made fun of, she takes the presence of vacuums pretty seriously, too.)

As the brain expands, holes of "bubbles" in the time-space continuum begin to form. At first, no serious effects can be discerned, but a small child's inability to sleep lengthwise in a parents' bed is a sure sign that there is a disturbance in its electro-magnetic interface with the Universe. (Bedsprings and antinegative ionic field effect, of course.) Insistence on playing with electrical outlets are another sure sign that the child (whose normal attention span can be measured in nanoseconds) is suffering from this warped effect, otherwise known as The Swiss Cheese Theory. (Naturally, if you find worm holes in your swiss cheese, we are talking Grand Unified Chaos, which is a different, if related, can of worms in the field of experimental physics.)

As these micro-bubbles begin to increase in size and number, they begin to randomly bump into, or "collide" with, each other, forming strings. Eventually, these strings give rise to one superstring and the term "Bubblehead". (The phrase "airhead" is used synonymously, but is, of course, technically incorrect. There is actually neither air nor anything else in the bubbles.) The superstring coils its way through teenage consciousness giving rise to the adolescent Homo sapiens inconsistency principle. (Which states that even as we effect that which we created and now observe, we cannot know like for sure what we will observe next.) Adolescence is an optimum time for a strong principal.

There are, amazingly enough, eddies of regularity in teenage chaos. Eddies, Toms, Mikes, etc., show up with great regularity at dinnertime, in fact.

It is uncertain to what degree the brain recovers its density in adulthood, when the slings and arrows of misfortune and outrage (not to mention having to earn a living) generally cause a good deal of mental burping. It would seem that most people's brain eventually fits their head. However, swollen ego phenomena combined with total mental collapse has frequently been observed in politicians and football players. Apparently, a rapidly collapsing brain produces a mantle of superheated bubbles. A superdense brain core becomes enveloped in hot gas, which is expressed as campaign promises and pre- and post-game interviews. Why ask "Why"?

Well, that's all I have to say about that. Maybe next time you could start sort of a fan-authored chain novel. Whoever wants to could submit a first chapter. You could chose the one you like best. Then, after reading the first chapter, the rest of us could write a second chapter and submit it, and again, you choose. And so forth. Sound like fun?

P.S.: Now you can tell (Mr.) Cavin -- he is the ONLY ONE!!

MIDWESTCON 42 • 6/28/91

12/4/91 • ...actually, Naomi -- what your suggestion sounds like...is either that you've discovered a clever new Amway-type pyramid scheme or, more likely, simply that all this living with teenagers has de-densified your brain! [So, where's your chapter!!!]

...lots of friends have done lots of wonderful things in the past eighteen months. Last year, even though "my" lawyer said I wouldn't "need" character witnesses at The Trial--Naomi took a day off work-without-pay...and she & Chris showed up to lend much-needed support. It is one of the acts of kindness I'll always remember...and have kept me "together" so far...

12/5/91 • I not only remember when Dylan "went electric"...I was there, at the Brew House, a couple of months ago when Al Curry "went electric". During a break, he told me what he'd paid for the guitar & amp. "Did that include lessons?" I asked, "...or are they extra?"

Al pretended to be less than amused. ...he pretended really well!

Ah, well. Al does have a better voice than Dylan. Or John Prine, for that matter.

The 3 Laws to Knowing Curry:

You should never...ever...believe anything he has to say about me.

Al can be rude, crude & disgusting--sometimes I suspect he works at it...but he is also one of the most honest persons I know.

!!!and/he/can/y/carry/on/with/his!!!

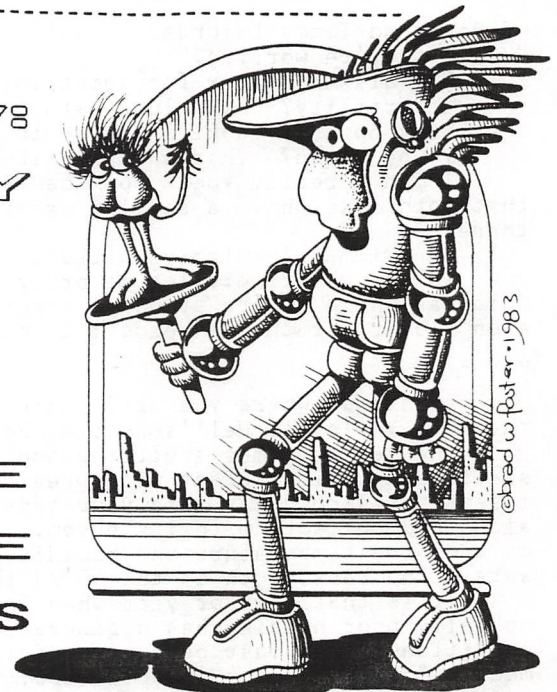
In the late 70's, I spent a lot of Saturday nights as Al "held forth" at Hap's Irish Pub. Now I spend a lot of Saturday afternoon's as Al holds forth at the Brew House. Age?

2138:62

(Brad W Foster)

a column by:
AL CURRY

**BLUE-FLAME
PURE-SHINE
CHRONICLES**



Herein dwell thoughts and memories. They skitter like dust monkeys across the attic floor between my ears.

* * *

What?! How?! Where?!

Last time I woke, I was in TIME AND AGAIN, scribbling for the Great White Locke. Now I'm in...OUTWORLDS?!? For Bowers?!? Christ.... I'll never live this one down.

Wait a minute, though. Nobody actually reads this rag, do they? I mean ... Father William walks around with his neck between Damocles and the sword...then dumps it out on the page like chit'lin's in the charnel house. I mean, if you're not careful, you might have to read about....

...oh...hi, Bill! I didn't see you editing over there in the corner. Shit, I hope you don't misunderstand my comments about your misfortunes over the past few....

... No! Bill! Don't come any closer ... IT MIGHT RUB OFF!!

* * *

Bowers has this theory, see. He figures that if he gets obnoxious enough, I'll crank out some really snotty cartoons that he can use. It's actually a form of publishing masochism ...analogous to trying to pick up a date in a biker bar because you like the taste of oiled leather.

This entire, moldy resurrection can be blamed on a tableside chat one Saturday afternoon at the Brew House. I was taking a break from our weekly jam session. Playing guitar from 3 to 6 has a way of fraying and curling one's edges...not to mention the charming effect of beer as it gently nudges your internal organs toward critical mass. On my way back to the band, I stopped off to gab with Bowers and Greg and Sandy Jordan. Somewhere in the course of friendly banter, snide remarks, references by Bowers to long-promised cartoons undelivered, I heard myself make a joking remark about reviving this column.

Obviously, Bowers took me seriously; just as obviously, I'd been drinking. Open mouth, insert typewriter. The rattling you hear on the rails? Don't worry, Al. That's nothing more than the screeching wheels of the locomotive of your own private Karma Express.

* * *

September 3rd was my forty-second birthday. My problem? My problem is that I've searched everywhere (my briefcase, my desk drawers, my pants pockets), and I can't find anything that even resembles a decent-sized give-a-damn. Is anyone else like that? Where the hell did I put my midlife crisis? My over-the-hill angst? Shouldn't it have hit the mailbox by now? I picture a mold-green, cellophane-windowed envelope with a photo of Ed McMahon and a blurb that says I may have already won a colostomy bag and an impotency prosthesis.

It's not that I really want all this...but it only seems fair that I should, at least, have the option.

I see all these guys in my age group as they jog through the park near our apartment. They're wearing \$200 shoes. Sweat bands stretch across the massive expanse of foreheads that are growing in direct proportion to hairlines that are shrinking at the same rate as the Amazon rainforest. I watch as they swill diet drinks as preached in the holy sermons

of Reverend Tommy Lasorda. I smile as they flex pecs and suck stomachs. I say to myself...
"Yep...they're worried."

Why all this work for something that can only be (at best) a temporary condition?

Immortality? Good luck, stud!

Your boss is looking for youth and dynamic thinking? Your boss is a maladroitt!

Young women? That's a bit like breaking your back to climb a tree to pick green apples

I can't really speak for the female side of this discussion. It seems likely, however,
that both sexes have a similar experience...with certain differences in the manifestation
thereof.

Am I immune? Highly unlikely. Probably just left it in my other jacket pocket.

In the meantime...let me order another burger with double onions. Draw me a draft
Guinness while you're standing around doing nothing. And by the way...if your grandchildren
aren't over for the weekend, I'll drive you home and show you where the horse bit me.

* * *

How was summer where you are? Here in Cincinnati it was damned brutal. I like to think of
the Ohio Valley as Hell's Waiting Room.

The season comes snuffling and sulking into town and squats on your chest like a huge,
sweating, pissing infant with breath like soured milk. It hugs you close and belches
miasmas of warm decay into your face. The shape of our river valley draws pressure inver-
sions and pulls them to its bosom...which is where the rest of us live, as well. For days
on end, the temperature and humidity twine upward in delirious ascension. They are double
sets of numbers (both in the 90's) that bob gently together in the soup which is our weather

It is that time of year when I dwell behind panes of glass and drawn curtains. My
normally poor hearing has degenerated even more due to the constant, sullen roar of an air
conditioner that must be running full-tilt-boogie wherever I find myself at any given mo-
ment. I swill oceans of cold beer, iced coffee, herb teas...nearly anything that is cold
and wet.

Yet now, as I write this, it is September. As I leave for work every morning, the
taste of fall is in the air. It touches softly like a shy lover. There are faint and fam-
iliar odors. Sunlight becomes something entirely different...sharpening the edges of tree
limbs and buildings in the middle distance...casting shadows where none would have existed
as recently as a month ago. Life is being breathed back into my world. I can once again
remember the pleasure of cool air whispering through an open window...a hint of woodsmoke
on the wind. I like making soup on such days. Potato...cabbage-tomato...Irish stew.

Soon, winter will arrive. The time when white blankets the city and silences the
streets. The time when giants walk the earth in their shrouds of snow. Poets will burn the
edges of their souls to create truths.

I love that time...when the mundane creatures of our societies are stripped of pretense
by the cold reminder of their fragile shells...the time when stillness becomes a shout.

* * *

Dave Locke and I work for ChoiceCare, a large HMO in the greater Cincinnati area...this fact
will, no doubt, prove to be of inestimable value in your personal growth. ChoiceCare, as is
probably true with a lot of companies, has fallen prey to that most devious of all con games
...the Human Resources Department. Have you run up against these folks?

In the Pre-Relevancy days...the Anteyuppie Age... the years before sensitive-New-Age-
guys and prior to the RegaBush Hegemony, such aggregations were known as the Personnel
Department. In that Golden Age, their natural tendencies (which, in other venues, lead them
into the fields of driveway repair and unnecessary roofing jobs) were held in check by daily
infusions of soft-rock-infected intercoms and the fact that everyone laughed at them when
they mentioned where it was they worked.

Each example of the Personnel Department of yore was much like its counterparts.

Thelma Spreadbottom, who had been with the company since the Eisenhower Administration
(the first one), ruled the roost. She typed 642 words per minute on a manual; knew the
names and ages of all the employees and their children; and, with no apparent effort, she
calculated hours/salaries on a full-keyboard, lever-action model of the NCR NUTBUSTER 6000,
while holding all the figures in her head.

Prunella Thicklenses was Thelma's assistant...although her duties were never very
clearly explained to anyone. It is known that most of her day was spent bent over file
drawers. Any free time remaining was served in the capacity of gopher...a small, fur-bear-
ing mammal that can be trained to make coffee, pick up dry cleaning, and lie flattened
against the pavement of country backroads.

The Lord Of The Manor...Master Of All HE Surveyed...was one Nerdley Smythe-Deadender,
whose function seemed to be the use of body heat for warming a small office (the lone win-
dow of which looked out on a back alley), and to serve as puppet-king for the true powers of
the organization (the Executoria Verite, if you will). He was allowed to attend Board
Meetings, but it was generally required that his personal opinions and tongue be checked at
the door.

Due to the frustrations of the Personnel Director's position (here, read administrative
impotence), it was sometimes necessary to add a fourth member to the department's staff.

Bambi Lickmynippy's job description appeared to have been cosmetic maintenance and be-
ing a test dummy for upper-body flotation devices. In reality, her main function was to
serve Mr. Smythe-Deadender as a Testes Release Technician...the proxy blowhole, as it were.

Normal biological functions being what they are, the position (no pun unturned) held by young Ms Lickmynippy had an exceptionally (albeit, understandably) high turn-over rate until October 17, 1927. It was on that date that Imogene Gullet made the simultaneous discoveries of oral sex and knee pads. Serving as ideal birth control for the pharmacologically challenged women of the day, it also proved to be a boon to the lip rouge industry, due to the natural erosion of their product by the procedure...but I digress.

Thus the Personnel Department of a bygone era was, above all else harmless. They were, basically, little more than uninvolved counters of beans. They kept records; but, other than the occasional mention of a birthday in the office newsletter, they did little with said records.

These days, in an attempt to justify their salaries (and, indeed, the very existence of their office space), they have recreated the department with a sleeker, more 90's image. They have renamed themselves: THE HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT ... analagous to the garbage collector becoming the Sanitation Engineer.

Today the crocodile tears of managerial/staff interpersonal relevancy have blurred the picture, giving them new raisons d'etre. We're now seeing the age of the HUMAN RESOURCES PROFESSIONAL, who would seem to serve as every worker's on-the-job Maiden Auntie, serving up her corporate chicken soup because it's good for us... "Here, Dearie. Let Auntie kiss it and make it better."

Thus it is that they selected twenty-five of us (although I'm at a loss to say how I got on their list) to be interviewed by the Missionaries of Relevancy. I went into a small room, in which Harold Banalface sat with his questions and note pad. For one half hour we discussed the meaning of life as it related to ChoiceCare. A synopsis of what I told the man might be: MORE MONEY!!

I don't want company picnics, honorarium dinners, a kind executive to come along and pat my shoulder while handing over my gold-sealed-thermal-embossed-hand-scripted-framed AttaBoy. I seek my fulfillments elsewhere. I HAVE A LIFE, DAMNIT! It has absolutely nothing to do with the place where I punch a clock.

In final analysis, my suggestion is that they fire the entire HUMAN RESOURCES DEPARTMENT...a big money-saving proposition in its own right. Re-hire Thelma and Prunella; then take all that money they saved, and go out and buy an idea...get a glimpse at the neighborhood where reality lives, at least...and give me a proper raise, for chrissake.

* * *

A Funny Thing Happened On My Way To The Column

I tripped across one of those odd occurrences that cause a pause in my stream of consciousness...although those of you who know me may choose to debate my use of that word. To be honest, I heard the story from my wife, Lyn. Still, that hardly invalidates the image.

It seems that Citizen A (Lyn didn't catch the names in the news reports) was driving down the street. Citizen B stepped out and winged a paving stone through A's windshield. A turned around, went back, and ran down B.

Doesn't this sound exactly like something you have wanted to do a thousand times in your life? We are so surrounded by the stupid, rude, inconsiderate and totally unjustifiable behaviour of subhumans so much of the time that we have managed to layer our righteous indignation with a thick callous. There's the rude salesclerk you tolerate when you would far rather rattle his teeth...the insolent restaurant server you condone, when you would receive far more satisfaction by baring your privates and pissing on her shoes. The list is endless. My own favorite is the boombox or car radio thug. Haven't you ever wanted to walk up and pierce his left nostril with a tire iron?

We don't do that, however. We are civilized people who look upon use of violence as a loss, rather than a winning proposition. Citizen A has been charged...probably with assault with intent to smear. His friend, Citizen B has also been charged...with assault while under the influence of stupidity, if there's any justice in this world.

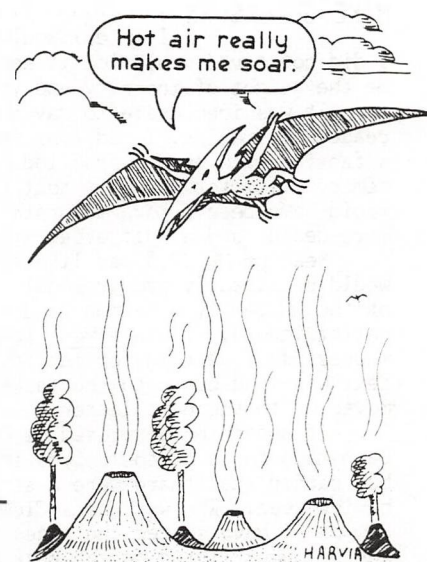
I don't argue with the correctness of charging them both with the appropriate crimes... but I must admit the entire episode filled me with a strong desire to take Citizen A out for a shot and a beer.

* * *

Looks as if it's time to close this bit of silliness. Take care of yourselves until we get together again. Knowing Bowers, that could be after the millenium.

----- AL CURRY
12/7/91 • ChoiceCare not only employs Al, Dave, and Greg Jordan; it is also the recipient of a monthly check--to the tune of \$275.61--from me, to maintain my medical coverage. Knowing these three fine individuals, and their tales of my Medical Dollars "at work" --and after reading Al's column--I asked Al just who in ChoiceCare's Human Resources Dept. I should address the "complimentary" copy of this issue to... [I did this safely on the phone!]

----- [Teddy Harvia]



MIKE GLICKSOHN

I said I would read all of OW 27.5 and I have. I said I would respond to it and I am. But I did not say I would loc it and I won't because loccing a fanzine of fifteen and sixteen year old locs would be the height of insanity and you've always pointed out that I'm not famous for my height.

It was inaccurate to say that I'd be shocked by the appearance of this issue because, like all your readers I imagine, I had long forgotten that this issue was still pending. No reader remembers the details of a fanzine with even a fraction of the clarity that the editor does and there was no room in my few working memory cells for the fact that there was still a hole in your consecutively numbered fanzine pages. "Surprised" would have been a more accurate description since anyone would be surprised at the appearance of a fanzine a mere decade and a half after it was due!

Reading OW 27.5 was like sifting through a time capsule. I'd imagine that the degree of interest it held would be directly proportional to the degree of importance OUTWORLDS had for the reader. Since being a part of the OW family was then (and is now) very important to me I found this trip down memory lane most fascinating indeed. I was almost tempted to dig out the relevant issues to refresh my memory but that way too lies madness so I settled for letting the context of the remarks tell me what was being discussed and when the context was inadequate to the task--as in comments like "The illo on page 987 was a doozie"--I let it lie and moved on to the next letter.

If one thing surprised me more than any other it wasn't that it was a third of my life ago that Piers and Dean made fools of themselves in your pages nor was it seeing how many names were those of long-gafiated fans but rather that there were a sizable number of names that I did not have the faintest recollection of ever having seen. Who was James Clark, Peter Mandler or Alexander Doniphan Wallace, just to pick three at random? How can I have shared the pages of a favorite fanzine with them and never heard of them before? (In fact, of the 59 names listed on the back page only a small handful could be considered to be still involved in fanzine fandom at all. I guess it's a pretty ephemeral hobby after all.)

Both pieces of artwork used in this issue were superbly appropriate for where they were positioned and while there were a few typos scattered throughout the issue by and large it was well produced. I can't even begin to imagine the amount of time it must have taken to prepare all this material but then I suppose that living in a city that doesn't have a professional baseball team this year gives you more free time than I have. Anyway, all that work was appreciated in at least this house and I congratulate you for finally removing this annoying burr from underneath the saddle of your memory. Do try and produce 29.5 before the end of the year or I'll have forgotten it too when you finally hand it to me.

----- 7/14/91

12/11/91 • ...actually the preparation of 27.5, while time-consuming and tedious, was one of the more rewarding aspects of my life this past year; not only did it get one monkey off my back...it also served as a "link" back to happier and, yes, simpler, times...

Obviously Mike, given the date a couple of lines "up", it's not "likely" that you'll see 29.5 "before the end of the year"...this year...even if it is the next project on the list...immediately following the--inevitable--"completion" of this issue....

...it is likely, though, that'll it'll be "ready" considerably sooner than projected, say, a week ago. Last Friday--the 6th--with a generous 6½-hour "notice"...I was "laid-off", once again. [...what can I say, this time, I haven't had to say before?]

...if I weren't so damn stupid stubborn...I might be tempted to "give up"....

MIKE GLICKSOHN

A glance through OW #61 shows it to be yet another graphically superior, attractively designed fanzine with fine layouts and a visual unity granted by the use of a single artist throughout the issue. I shall now allow myself the exquisite pleasure, almost infinitely prolonged, of reading through the issue and commenting as I go. Unless something far-fetched like working on a worldcon bid gets in the way, that is, and that's something I promised myself I'd never do again eighteen years ago so we're safe as far as that's concerned.

I liked your juxtapositioning of fifteen/sixteen year old comments with current letters. I do believe this qualifies as "editing" instead of the "publishing" far too many so-called faneds do. Let's hope this is a trend that catches on. Like asking people for the right to publish their speeches. (I'm glad you asked Lucy as otherwise I might never have read this piece and would have known even less about Lucy than I now do. It's a good thing, though, that I get at most about an eighth of the fanzines published or I might have taken umbrage at her comment about a "rabid need to see my name in every fanzine".)

I still believe you're wrong about your trial and my role in it. Of course I remember wearing a white shirt to piss off Larry and I remember the final non-verdict--but I also remember discrediting all the witnesses who claimed you existed and I'd hardly do that if I were trying to defend the claim, now would I? Somewhere there must remain a copy of this fannish moment that can verify which of us has totally lost track of reality.

Skel's little snippets of (a completely alien to me) life are always so delightful (even in reruns) that I'm willing to forgive his occasional lapses in taste and judgement. Cherryh's Chanur books were about the best evocation of alien cultures I can recall reading and it surprises me that Paul could so completely miss their power and strengths. Guess he was spending too much time trying to read the labels on his underwear in the washer and got out of the habit of reading challenging fiction.

My guess is that the cosmic significance of washing machines is tied to our innately greater familiarity with literacy than with numeracy. When you sign a paper and (to pick a number at random) find yourself owing a bank one hundred and fifty thousand dollars your mind really can't grasp the reality of such a number. You may know it's big, I mean really big, I mean bigger than the number of pages in a typical issue of LAN'S LANTREN, that's how big I mean, but it's an academic sort of knowledge, an intellectual understanding of its bigness. But when you buy a washing machine and owe six hundred dollars, that's something you can really come to grips with. That's a dollar for almost every page in WARHOON 28 and that's something you can see right there in your hand. Add in the fact that there is little in this life that is more demeaning than washing

your brown-stained underwear with a bunch of total strangers staring at you and it's no wonder that owning laundry machines is a watershed event in most of our lives. I know for a fact that when "she" finally moved out I bought a used washer and dryer even before I bought a bed and that'll tell you a lot about my priorities!

As a highly skilled professional reporter SaM ought to know you can't let something "drop into a miasma", at least not if you mean have it vanish without a trace which appears to be his drift. And come to think of it, where was the highly skilled professional editor on this one? Trusting to his oh-so-literal spellchecker, perhaps?

The piece on Campbell was interesting, although the opening was so jam-packed with facts (at least some of them apparently irrelevant such as the obscure reference to "not far from Scotland Road"...but what number on Scotland Road? and what was the zipcode?) as to read like a badly executed assignment in a highschool writing class. Once SaM got to comments about the man himself, though, the article picked up and made for entertaining reading. And the ending was great, even if it had nothing to do with Campbell himself.

If fandom survives another fifty years (which I think is likely) then I think Buck will be proven wrong about fan feuds and their staying power in the minds of fans. It's been fifty years or so since Laney took on the LASFS in "Ah Sweet Idiocy" (or rather it's been fifty years since some of the incidents he wrote about) and there are still a lot of fans who "remember" or are aware of that part of our history. We're over half way to fifty years since the Boondoggle and I very much doubt that the next twenty three years will completely eradicate it from the collective fannish memory. Like any cultural group, there will always be a few people who'll keep the more sordid parts of the past alive in their memories.

As a teenager I read and enjoyed a large amount of ERB's output but I don't think I'm ever likely to re-read any of those books (although I still have them all, of course, even if just in 25¢ and 35¢ used paperbacks). In the first place I don't have the time, and in the second I don't want to take what little shine remains on ERB's reputation and lose it. (Even as a lad I knew there was something pretty preposterous about a protagonist raising his arm on a hill top and just by coincidence hitting an invisible airship that was floating by at the time but I kept on reading anyway. I don't think I could do that anymore.)

Interesting exchange of viewpoints on fan art by two very dissimilar fanartists whose work I've long admired. It seems somewhat more poignant to me knowing that Taral has more or less gafiated now and given up contributing artwork to fandom, a state of affairs he acknowledges is at least partly due to the lack of any significant recognition from fandom as opposed to other areas where he has been active. Personally I think it's a damn shame that Taral never won a Hugo despite his talent and his devotion to fandom but now it appears to be too late to rectify that oversight.

Someone should tell Jeanne Bowman to try and catch a tape or two of "Northern Exposure". It's what "Twir Peaks" used to be and lost, albeit far more humorously presented. Its quirky cleverness should appeal to most fans.

Amusing as Jeannie's contribution to the McCrumb Mythos might be I wasn't sure what the point was. If you believe that cruelty is not a valid basis for humor then it won't make any difference how large she is, you'll find the book she wrote objectionable. If you believe cruelty is one of the fundamental bases of all humor (as I do) then you'll find the book very funny (as I did). Whether or not the author is fat and is therefore somehow "allowed" to make fat jokes doesn't seem to me to come into it, although that may not have been what Jeanne was getting at.

I was intrigued that you'd kept the note on 2040. In your place I'd have dumped all that sort of stuff. Hell, in my place I dumped it all and I had far weaker motives than you did.

Oops...the problems of linear loccing. Now I understand how the note came to see print. Still, even though I know you've been under severe financial constraints of late isn't two years a long time between openings of your wallet?



2037:
THE SELF-PITCHING
BASEBALL

MIKE GLICKSOHN

Dear Bill,

I seem to be starting a lot of letters that way lately. I can't imagine how you manage to keep publishing so frequently under your current financial stresses but I can understand that it's at least partly therapeutic for you. I've got three more days of "work" next week (tomorrow is a holiday and Tuesday is a "marking day" even though I finished grading my final exams this morning) after which I'll be out of work for three weeks but I doubt it will cause the same feelings in me as your latest encounter with unemployment has created in you. I can only hope that your period of idleness will be short and that a decent job will soon be forthcoming. (I actually am out of work for three weeks, by the way, rather than having three weeks vacation because I don't get paid for that time. But with a secure job and a big paycheck waiting at the end of those three weeks I don't ask for or expect any sympathy from anyone.)

Anyway, thanks for X36.5 even if I have little to say about the contents thereof save that they were read and either enjoyed or appreciated. It was fun watching Skel twist things around to make a pun on "mazel tov" (and would probably have made even more sense if I'd taken the time to unearth the relevant issue to help make sense of his convoluted word-whipping) but then it's fun reading just about all of Skel's writing. That boy should publish his own fanzine one day....

Reading about Jeanne's busy and trauma-filled life is almost enough to make me feel guilty about my own lethargic existence but I assuage those feelings of near-guilt with a belief that my contributions to maintaining the economy of Scotland and validating the efforts of the ad agencies who work for those who sponsor baseball broadcasts is a vital if minuscule part of the on-going success of western civilization. From each according to his ability, as Groucho used to say. Or it might have been Zeppo. It was one of those Marx boys, I'm sure.

There are a few really good reasons for preferring Canada to the US as a place to live (and as many for the other view, I'm sure) but one of the main ones is socialised medicine. You're paying three to four hundred dollars a month for medical coverage and I'm paying nothing at all because my medical coverage (some \$25 a month) is covered by my employer. (We won't get into relative rents, if you don't mind.) Our taxes

may be higher but I think I'd rather pay more in taxes than face the constant threat of going broke paying for medical assistance.

Hope your birthday was a good one and that a new job has already gotten you back into the workforce.
Excuse me while I go contribute to the sustaining of life as we know it in the west...

----- 8/4/91

...actually, living in a city without a professional football team this year (and lacking ~~net~~ cable access to professional basketball...) has contributed measurably to my fannish output. But then, anyone who enjoys (as opposed to playing) watching baseball probably also subscribes to the molasses "school" of fanzine publishing...as opposed to we devotees of team sports having more "action" on the playing field...than on the salary-arbitration page.

...out of work again and faced with another ChoiceCare payment the first of January, and yet knowing that the same amount of money would get me to LA & Corflu ~~even if not suffice to get this issue 'out'~~--the temptation to "drop out" is overwhelming. But, having spent the past few days learning to breath all over again--asthma attacks are induced by stress--I'll still put that payment first in the budget. I may be stupid...but I'm not silly! *Shaddap!*

July 9, 1990

Bill Bowers / 4651 Glenway Avenue / Cincinnati, OH 45238

Dear Bill,

I've heard tell of married bliss, but this is rather excessive! The reason for this outburst is that, just after renewing my OW sub for 15 issues (back in Oct. 9, 1988), I received your "gala COA issue", also known as OW 59, which told us all about you and Lynda. And, after that, nothing! Is OW still alive (are you?)? If not, why not? And, if yes, why am I not getting it? Hope to hear from you, and sorry that I cannot enclose a SASE. Best to you,

AKY
Alexander Yudenitsch
Caixa Postal 9613
01051-S. Paulo, SP
Brazil

WALT WILLIS

Thank you for OUTWORLDS #61. From the whole glorious brantub, two imazes stand out for me. One was of Cas and Skel watching "repeats" on their new washing machine. You are right in noting the social significance of this memory--I wouldn't be surprised if your next letter section is full of similar sentimental reminiscences of old machinery. Our own first washing machine belonged to a predomestic era, before these machines were allowed in the house. We kept ours in the "yard" at the back, an enclosed and paved area between the house and the garden which I don't know the American term for.

This was because when you switched it on, it walked. It was probably the first washing machine ever made by GEC. It consisted of a galvanised iron drum on three metal legs, like a martian straight out of War of the Worlds, sent to clean up our planet. When you switched it on, it vibrated and crept on its three legs in unexpected directions, a most alarming sight. I don't remember what happened to it eventually. I don't imagine anyone would have bought it from us and it was obviously built to last forever. Maybe it just escaped.

Another thing in this OW that impressed me was Sam Moskowitz's article on John W. Campbell, from which I see that the great John W. died in 1971 of an aneurism of the abdominal aorta. The interest of this for me is that this kind of aneurism is exactly what happened to me last May and I wouldn't be writing this letter today if my wife hadn't gotten me to the hospital in time for them to splice in a new artery made of teflon. First, I felt a bit like James White did when he first heard that H. G. Wells had been a diabetic, like himself. Second, I felt almost guilty that I survived through the availability of a surgical aid developed from space flight, which John W. Campbell would have been more entitled to benefit from than me. I'm left with a feeling of obligation to the science fiction community, which this letter is part of a small attempt to discharge.

----- 9/11/11

...your letter has done a lot to restore luster to a word tarnished by its association with our immediately-previous el President! Seriously, Walt, let me be among the first to tell you that the feeling of "obligation" you feel...is more than returned by we, at least, of the science fiction fan community. (...he said, with two copies of WARHOON 28 up here...!)

You were at my first convention--Chicago in 1962...but I didn't meet you there. The fact that you'll be in Orlando isn't the only reason I coughed up \$70 during this last fling with employment...for an attending membership; but it was one of three or four factors.

I know you'll be surrounded, but, perhaps, after a mere 30 years....?

I didn't have to wait that long to meet Skel.... But I may well have to wait that long for his next column. Some feeble excuse about the dining room ceiling & the word processor....

I don't publish trip reports. So, naturally, Skel sent me the first 40+ pages of his trip report...and told me to excerpt at will. He wanted to be in this issue; so he will be!

2144:62

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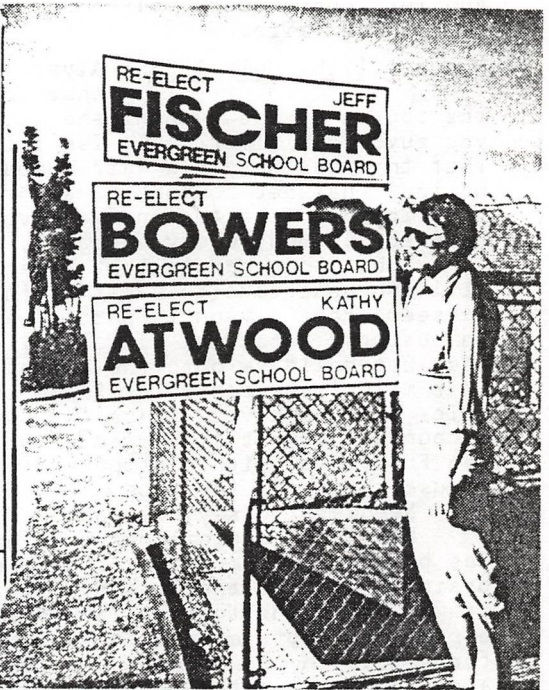
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Thrilling action. Lots of laughs."
- Roger Ebert, CHICAGO SUN-TIMES



ALYSON WONDERLAND - an explanation

There is a body of opinion that insists it is better to travel hopefully than to arrive. Far better, it seems to me, is to travel hopefully and then arrive. The joy obtained from an event can be heightened by pleasurable anticipation, especially when the anticipated event is guaranteed to leave no scope for disappointment, no remote possibility that the reality will fall short of the expectation.

Cas and I are not going to wait until later next year to enjoy our Trip-of-a-Lifetime. We are already well along in pleasurable anticipation, in planning, in speculating, in looking up at one another and saying anew, with awed realisation, "It's really going to happen", or just beaming fatuously at each other, giving vent to a delight that cannot be contained, but which cannot be adequately expressed. And the trip itself is still well over a year away.

I have a very poor memory. So much of my life has already slipped through my mental fingers. If I wish to be sure of remembering an event, it is better for me to write it down while I still can. Oh, big things are no problem. The major elements of the trip itself are sure never to be forgotten, and of course there will be so much photographic evidence that I'm tempted to buy shares in Kodak before the boom we generate, thus enabling me to sell them at peak and maybe even make enough profit to cover the processing costs. But even then there will be many small details which won't sit in the forefront of our recollections, tiny pearls which even so must be strung on the necklace of memory whilst the fingers are yet nimble, lest they be left to eventually roll away into inaccessible crevices.

I am at heart a greedy and selfish person, and so I shall make no apologies for the possibly tedious detail into which this account will almost certainly descend. I am writing it for myself. I will not give up a single memory to the requirements of pacing or editing. Also, this is not a trip report. It is a memory book. It is an 'Experience Journal', and the experience starts now. I shall take much pleasure in the planning and anticipation, and shall record it likewise. This is particularly important to me for, unlike the trip itself, there will be no photographs to prompt memories of the coming fifteen months of pleasurable preparation, of steadily mounting excitement. I shan't though be writing just for myself. I want to try and share this excitement and pleasure we are already experiencing with our fannish friends, those about whom we care and who in turn care enough about us to take joy in our joy, to be happy for our happiness.

A further explanation - in retrospect

As I write this, some eight months after our return it has already become apparent that this journal is a larger and more ambitious project than I'd anticipated. Vaster and more slow.

... But enough! Look around. See how insubstantial your surroundings have become. The mists of time are roiling close about us. Stay close and follow me now back through the temporal mists to those heady days of July, 1989, when a hideously over-written intro was definitely the last thing on my mind....

Wednesday 5th. July 1989 • Received the fateful postcard from Alyson [Abramowitz], harbinger of a whole new worldview, though we weren't to know it at the time. After a quick check with International Directory Enquiries I made a hasty call to Geneva, trying to sound like I was the sort of guy who was always ringing up Swiss hotels,

and left our number (061-456 5129) for Alyson to call us back. Believe me, *savoire* was never more *faire*.

Monday 17th. July 1989 • Alyson is a small bundle of dynamism, with more than her fair share of the normal female power to cloud mens' wallets. During the course of the evening she said "Look, this isn't fair. I've been over here to visit you guys four times now. Isn't it time you folks came over to visit me?" I pointed out that this was hardly a fair comparison. She drops by on the way to or from business destinations that her company pays for her to travel to-and-from. It's free for her, but for us the airlines take the unadventurous stance that we should pay to travel with them. A blinkered, fuddy-duddy approach, I know, but there it is.

"Oh, I can handle that aspect of things" she replied. "If I take care of the tickets, will you undertake to visit me in San Francisco?" We gazed at her in utter gobsmackment. It seems that Alyson is part of a 'Frequent Flyer' program. She travels all over the world on business, stacking up 'air miles', but doesn't have the opportunity to cash them in. She tags her holidays onto the end of her business trips, so the only way she can use up the 'air miles' she generates is on the occasional convention. And now they've changed the rules and you have 3 years to "Use 'em or Lose 'em", ...and she has over 70,000 miles in her account. So what it boiled down to was this: If she gave us these free air tickets to visit San Francisco, with a stopover journey break at a US city of our choice, would we condescend to use them? Is the Pope a catholic?

Needless to say, we snatched her hand off.

Unable to contain our excitement we immediately called Mike Glicksohn in Toronto. First Cas babbled incoherently at him, and then I babbled similarly. Being the only one with his brain in gear at the time Mike quickly ascertained the reason for the call. The fact is, if we were going to visit anybody on the way to Alyson's, it would be Mike, and as Alyson expressed no preference as to dates we checked with him as to when would be the best time for a trip to the Toronto environs. He said the beginning of July would be ideal as being a teacher with extended summer holidays he would be available as a full-time host and tourist guide. Plus, the visit could follow a trip to Midwestcon in Cincinnati at the end of June, where we'd meet lots of the other folks we know in the US. After we've finished speaking I hang up the phone, look across at Cas, and say "It's going to happen. It's really going to happen." I'm having trouble comprehending it even as I say it.

Alyson complains that nobody ever calls her long-distance. We feel mean about this, especially as Alyson is providing the tickets. Logic would point out that we couldn't have called her long-distance, as she's in the same room, but logic is currently sidelined with a knee injury. Cas promises we'll call her long-distance just as soon as she gets a long distance away. Alyson seems mollified by this. Cas immediately rushes off to dig out all her USA state maps and the Rand McNally atlas, and is lost to us the rest of the evening.

Wednesday 19th. July 1989 • Call home from work to bid farewell to Alyson. Call Registrar's Office and explain at great length about our need to get copy of Wedding Certificate. Now turn of woman on other end of phone. With a degree of charm and tact reminiscent of Attila the Hun she explains that she can't give me any information at all until after her union's current industrial action is terminated. With typical bureaucratic indifference she neglects to say when this will be. In response to my causal enquiry she then lets slip that this will in fact be Friday. I refrain from calling her a 'Scab', and hang up.

On the evening's TV news we see that an airplane has crashed in the USA. Over a hundred passengers are dead. I prise Cas' fingernails out of the ceiling and tell her it's just a statistical anomaly. She points out that these people are just as dead. I have no answer. As luck (bad) would have it, this is but the first in a series of high-profile airplane incidents that reduce Cas to a bundle of nerves. In desperation I point out that she won't be travelling for nearly a year yet. "I'm practising," she says. "If I'm going to have hysterics, I want to have them right."

Saturday 22nd. July 1989 • Limp downtown to do various shopping-type things. Also to take a preliminary look at suitcases. We have none to our name, need two, and because of the extended nature of our holiday have little chance of being able to borrow any. Alyson recommends we get cases with wheels. Having once carried Mike Glicksohn's case from train to bus station, and then watched him, on a subsequent visit, wheel his new case over the same route with consummate ease, I could only concur. The Coop was having a sale. We look at lots of suitcases with wheels. We look at lots of price-tags. I come home and gibber.

Sunday 23rd. July 1989 • ... Still brain-shocked at the ease with which we could flush our hard-earned cash down British Telecom's drains, we decided to call Dave Locke and let him know we'd be visiting, just in case Mike hadn't yet passed the information on, and to get him to register us for Midwestcon. We got Jackie, who said Mike had already mentioned it to them, and that the first thing they'd done was register us on spec. I explained our tentative plans, based on flying into Chicago, of going first to Jon and Joni Stopa's, and from there (possibly with them) to Midwestcon, from where we hoped to travel up to Toronto for a week's visit with Mike, a visit to Eric and Kathy Mayer in Rochester, then back to continue our journey to San Francisco.

Having mentioned that we were going first to Jon and Joni's, it seemed politic to tell them this. So we rang Joni. We got Jon, who said he'd already heard. Apparently jungle drums work even better in the midwest, where's there's no jungle to get in the fucking way.

Monday 24th. July 1989 • Decided it was time to get the photos taken to send off with my passport application. There's a booth in the Manchester branch of Boots. Passports are serious things, so I put on my Official Scowl. After the first photo I remember that my eyelids seem more closed over my false eye and decide to squint my other eye to compensate. This proves to be a mistake. In the first picture in the sequence I look like Marty Feldman's ugly brother. In all the others I simply look like everyone else's ugly brother...except that the squint also makes me look sinister. Face it, if I were in charge, I wouldn't let someone who looks like me into my country. Let's hope that US Immigration Authorities take a more relaxed attitude.

Just to be on the safe side I'd made sure all the photos were as different as possible, in order to make it easier to pick the two best. Subsequent checking of the regulations however revealed that you're supposed to send two "identical" photos with your passport application, so another session in the booth seems inevitable. I'll get it right yet.

18th. August 1989 • My birthday today. I'm 42. The answer to life, the Universe, and Everything. An auspicious age to be during the course of the coming year, all things considered. Things are auguring well...generally.

One thing that isn't auguring well is our savings, or lack of same. Oh, we appreciated there'd be lots of money to lay out in the early months, but even so it's discouraging to see how far ahead it's going to be before we can start putting any money away. There's the £166 for the cases for starters, plus the £5 for the copy of the Wedding Certificate, almost £35 for passports and photographs (not to mention a fiver to the doctor for signing various bits of them in his official capacity as a 'professional person'. Then there's the fact that Cas has for some time been getting by on a single pair of spectacles. All sources of travel guidance recommend at least one spare pair, so there went another £70. Then there was an urgent course of dental treatment for her which is going to come in at almost £100. On top of that we thought maybe we'd better have a decent 35mm compact camera to record our memories of the trip, which rolled things up another £40.

Apart from the dental bill there's nothing there that wasn't foreseen, but the cumulative effect tends toward discouragement. I'll be a lot happier when there's money in the bank.

24th. September 1989 • ... Marty [Cantor] also expressed keen disinterest in publishing excerpts from this journal. Oh, he didn't reject it, but said he'd not be able to make room for it in the first 94 issues of NO AWARD, and that he'd quite understand if I didn't want to wait so long for it to see print. I can take a hint, me. I suspect a bit of re-writing is called for.

??th. September 1989 • I called Alyson again to see if there was any developments from her end (pause whilst all proctologists reading this roll about the floor holding their sides), and she said that there was some good news...and some bad news. Now that may be OK in jokes, but when it happens for real there's this sense of a pit opening up before your very feet. The good news was that yes indeed, we could fly from Manchester via Chicago on American Airlines. The bad news was that we had to take the flight between the beginning of October and the end of April. Our original plans for June were hence a definite non-starter. Midwestcon, for which we were already registered, courtesy of Dave and Jackie, was out. Gone...and never called me 'Mother'. "How're we going to explain this to Dave & Jackie?" I asked Cas. "They've shelled out money for us, and now it's...wasted."

We were distraught. Another problem was the lack of a con in the midwest, where we would be doing much travelling. We had been counting on Midwestcon to draw fans like bees to pollen, like bears to honey, like flies to...whatever flies are drawn to. We had hoped to take advantage of these fannish migrations to hitch rides both to and from the convention, thus cutting down on our travel expenses. No con, no rides. But, as we thought about it, we began to see the positive side. We'd have another four months to save our pennies, which was a definite plus. Also, we wouldn't be travelling around the midwest during the height of summer, when both the heat and the humidity are at their worst. Finally, Cas' guidebook indicated that October was one of the best months for visiting San Francisco. As bitter pills went, this one was turning out to be mostly sugar.

We rang Dave again, this time actually getting to speak to him. "No problem," he said. "Octocon is in Cincinnati in October, and Bill Cavin runs that as well as Midwestcon. I'll simply get him to switch the memberships."

A subsequent letter from Dave revealed that this had been done. Not only did we now have memberships in Octocon courtesy of Dave and Jackie, but our room would be taken care of similarly. Our friendship cup, already brimming, was running over. ...

4th. November 1989 • Having got all that straightened out, I attempted to call Alyson to get her to raise the voucher for an October 1990 trip. Guess which day I picked to try and place a call to the San Francisco area? You got it! It was about 4:30am my time, about 8:30pm the evening before for Alyson. I couldn't get through. Half the time my attempts just petered out into an unsuccessful hum, and the rest of the time I got a recorded announcement in a diamond-hard US accent that "All lines are busy in the area you are calling". I began to suspect that Ma Bell wasn't quite as efficient as she was cracked up to be. After all, why should lines be inordinately busy at 8:30 in the evening? Or 8:35? Or 8:40? Or 8:45? Or every five minutes from 8:30 'til 10:00? I finally gave up and went to work, stopping off for a morning newspaper on the way. It was only then that I found out about the earthquake. I tried again when I got to work, with the same result, so I called Cas and asked her to check the TV news summaries. Unbeknownst to me she also

kept trying to reach Alyson. Tempus fugited, and then suddenly she got through, and was able to verify that Alyson was OK. It was only afterwards that she checked the clock, deducted 8 hours, and realised that she'd dragged Alyson out of bed at 4:30 in the morning. Fucking bong-brain!

Of course she didn't do more than verify that Alyson was OK (even earthquakes wouldn't mess with Alyson), and simply said that I'd be calling with details of our proposed itinerary the following day. Needless to say, when I tried the following day, I still couldn't get through, though by now the recorded message had changed to "Due to an Earthquake in the area you are trying to reach, you call cannot be connected at this time. Please try later." It was that final rider that I thought really put the earthquake firmly in its place. Like there's a natural disaster going on, right? Lots of people are dead. Communities have been destroyed. Buildings have come crashing to the ground. Fires are raging out of control. Bridges are destroyed, roads and communications devastated. You should maybe like call back in five minutes. Right! ...

Awaken, Fair Trip (aka Thursday 26th. July 1990) · I'm at work. It's 0745 hours and the night bell rings. I reach over to the phone and make the necessary passes (*8# - a truly arcane and powerful symbolism) that directs the incoming call to my telephone. "Commercial Systems - Paul Skelton speaking," I intone, my mind still wrestling with 15-across.

"Yippety-Shit!!!!" comes the response, and immediately I know it's Cas. People in the various departments of the unit companies for which we provide a Management Information Service do not tend to initiate conversations in quite this manner. "Is that Heckmondwyke Accounts Department?" I enquired with feigned innocence. "We've got it!" she said, ignoring my puerile attempt at humour. "The voucher's arrived. Thunderskels are Go." I didn't actually throw the crossword into the wastebasket, though I might as well have done so for the amount of concentration I was able to bring to bear on it for the rest of the day.

So little time and so much to do.

We had, sensibly (or so we thought), decided to make no firm arrangements committing ourselves to *huge* financial outlays until after we received the vouchers from Alyson, just in case anything went wrong. Time enough for all that when we actually held the vouchers in our trembling hands and finally knew, with that certainty that passeth all understanding, that it was really all going to happen and that nothing short of war would stop it. I still hadn't definitely booked the six-weeks holiday at work, we hadn't bought the Air Passes for the internal US flights we'd need, we hadn't bought our suitcases, we hadn't applied for our international credit cards, or taken out any insurance, and we hadn't applied for the loan that was going to finance our end of the whole shebang. But there was still plenty of time for all this, and with the vouchers in our possession what could possibly go wrong?

Saturday 28th. July 1990 · ... "Have you already made reservations?" she asked us. We had to demur, on account of it never occurring to us that we could do so without actually having the vouchers to book the tickets. It had though occurred to the other 50 million inhabitants of these sceptred isles who apparently were all also in receipt of American Airways vouchers for flights to the USA, for when we said we wanted to fly out on October 3rd. she informed us that the first available seats out of Manchester were October 13th. Now obviously we could have rearranged our entire trip, but as we were scheduled to attend DITTO (5th. thru 7th. October), flying out on the 13th. would have resulted in us adopting an even lower profile there than is our usual wont.

"Would you," she asked, "consider flying from Glasgow?"

In desperation we said we'd consider even flying from Cleethorpes. What could she do for us? Fortunately there were seats available from Glasgow on October 3rd. so we could still make our original schedule. "I assume," I said, "that the flight up to Glasgow is covered by the vouchers." She looked at me like you might briefly look at a mentally sub-normal woodlouse, before she phrased her eloquent answer.

"No."

"OK," I replied, how much will it cost me to fly from Manchester to Glasgow?" "With us, £69, but I'm sure British Airways can do it cheaper." And indeed they could...provided you were prepared to fly on the back of a mutated locust at 1530 hours on a Wednesday afternoon (after having had both legs and your brain amputated) and take your own sandwiches. Otherwise though the price was still £69. Amazingly we didn't quite fit into this lower price category and so were faced with an on-cost of £140. I wouldn't want to appear critical of British Airways' pricing policy but the simple fact remains that we could fly the length or breadth of the USA for less than the price of a flight from Manchester to Glasgow, and at that I'm talking about the cheapo economy flight that is only applicable to the one Manchester-Glasgow passenger in 30 billion who is prepared to fly after he's dead and during unsocial hours. I can buy a ticket for a direct flight from any US city to any other US city (possibly thousands of miles away) for about £48 with no travel restrictions, yet a trip of less than one tenth of that potential distance in this country, without other than incredibly restrictive conditions, will cost me nearly 50% more. America may or may not be the land of the free, but at least as far as air travel is concerned, it is the land of the relatively cheap.

??th. August 1990 · ... It had been our intention to leave the approved loan on the shelf until shortly before we were due to commence the trip, making essential purchases like currency, travellers' cheques, and internal US airpasses as late as possible so that we wouldn't have to start making repayments prior to setting out. However, no sooner

had it been approved than Saddam Hussein invaded Kuwait and oil prices started to go up through the stratosphere. "I knew it," said Cas. "Our first holiday in years and that bugger's going to put the kibosh on it." "Yes," I replied. "What sin have you committed," I asked, "that God hates us so much he's prepared to push the entire world to the brink of war rather than let us have a bleeding holiday?" ...

⌋...on 'renter's' insurance:⌋ After adding a couple of other omissions we decided to cover ourselves to the tune of £18,000. "What about your fanzines?" Cas added in triumph, thinking she'd spotted something I'd missed. "No way," I said, "could I possibly value them, nor justify that value to the insurance company. There are no out-and-out classics, just 20 years of my life in fanzine fandom, plus a few older items picked up along the way. How much would you accept for your 1956 'Busby Babes' Manchester United vs Burnley programme? £100?" "You must be joking. That programme gets buried with me." "OK, OK, but you'd have a better chance at justifying that at £100 than I'd have at getting a reasonable price for what I imagine the assessor would doubtless describe as 'a few mimeographed pages stapled together.'" ...

9th. September 1990 · ... Another thing I've been doing is giving some thought to my wardrobe. It's a great big wooden thing that stands in the corner of my bedroom...no seriously, I need some new gear for this US visit. Not too much though, 'cos I hate shopping for clothes. I picked up a pair of cheap trainers (£6.99) that'll be ideal for tramping around various US cities. I've tried to buy a pair of jeans to go with them but my first two attempts have ended in failure. The first pair of 34" waist jeans were OK, except the waist was 36". Cas contacted her catalogue to complain and they said "Fine, we'll send you another pair of 34", and a pair of 32", so that either way you should end up with what you want. If you got a freak pair the 34" will fit. If they're all 2" oversized, then the 32" will do." The 34" fitted a treat. Unfortunately they'd been made without a button or button-hole at the front to fasten them. We have reasonable hopes that I can be fitted at only the third attempt. If not I will smash every window in the head office of Great Universal Stores and hope to get away with a plea of insanity or at least one of justified windowcide. ...

12th. September 1990 · Got a letter from Mike Glicksohn today. He wrote "I assume that you are both all excited already even though departure time is still a month away. I know I would be in your shoes." I guess it takes all sorts. Well, I can take a hint. Fortunately I've got an old pair of somewhat ripe trainers that I was getting ready to throw out and which I can take along for Mike to wear and be all excited in. That's the great thing about fandom, it prepares you for the oddest behaviour, even unto such a bizarre form of hero-worship.

Wednesday : 03/10/90 · Great Day in the Morning! Early in the morning. Very early in the morning. Christ, I've gone blind! No, it's just very dark. So this is what the world ~~looks~~ feels like in the early hours. Startling discovery, that at 4 in the morning the world has a braille edition. My hand fumbles toward the light switch and reality clicks visibly into place around me. Why are we getting up so early when everything is packed and ready already? Cas' abhorrence of leaving things until the last minute has a lot to answer for. Time is built into our schedule for every possible contingency. The first twenty attempts to put my socks on might end in time consuming failure. What if I can't find my mouth when I try to brush my teeth? I may fall down the stairs and need time to recover from major surgery. These are the easily foreseeable probabilities which most people foolishly omit from their planning considerations, and a fudge factor for each and every one of them is built into Cas' planned schedule. Besides, we have to get up early in case my brother Mark, who is giving us a lift to the airport, is late. I think everyone should, at least once in their lives, try to come to grips with a statement like that last at four o'clock in the morning. You know there's something wrong with it, and if your brain wasn't already packed you feel sure you could pin down that wrongness. But there isn't time. We have to pack the food. ...

Needless to say Mark is not late. In fact, possibly for the first and only time in his life, he is actually early. We Skeltons are a reliable breed. The word is the deed, and all that stuff. Mark takes one look at our assembled luggage and blanches visibly. He's only come in his car. If we've time he'll pop back and get one of my dad's delivery vans. The sarcastic bugger escapes a loving knee in the groin simply because Cas is already heading for the car with the heaviest piece of luggage - her handbag. We dutifully grab some of the bulkier items and head after her. After several journeys we are then left only with the problem of fitting everything into the car. As I stare at the mountain of luggage and the relatively small trunk capacity I am again reminded of the typical SF writer's failure of the imagination. When the problems of hyperspace, of folding space through extra dimensions, are eventually solved we will not initially use this knowledge for gadding about from star to star, but for increasing our luggage space as we gad from home to airport. Alas I regretfully faced the fact that state-of-the-art car technology seems to have balked at even such an elementary stfnal concept as hyperspace and Cas' glare brought home the fact that even the fourth dimension of Time was not infinitely elastic, so we'd better cope with the other three as they were.

... I'm sure I sensed a distinct feeling of relief when he [Mark] dropped us off at Manchester Airport and all the luggage was finally unloaded.

Now we were on our own, and promptly made our first mistake. We grabbed a free luggage trolley and headed for the counter, where we checked all the luggage apart from our flight

bags...to Glasgow. Well, that's where we were going. It never even occurred to us, travelling neos that we were, that we could have checked the sodding stuff through to our eventual destination. Next time though we'll be much more knowledgeable. Next time I'll not only check the luggage through to our US destination, I'll check it on back to Manchester too, so that we never even have to deal with it during our entire trip. How's that for smarts?

... Glasgow Airport was being totally rebuilt, or so it seemed when we disembarked and were funnelled down aisles of grey-painted chipboard and freshly poured concrete. We claimed our luggage and headed towards a temporary terminal to check in for our transatlantic flight. The terminal was open but the check-in was closed. The sensible Scottish American Airlines personnel, not being married to Cas, were still abed, or partaking of a leisurely breakfast. They certainly weren't at Glasgow Airport, nor would they be for about another hour. Sensible folk. We twiddled our thumbs and waited.

... After a while they called us from the International Lounge to the Departure Lounge. I don't think there's an airport anywhere in the universe with more lounges than Glasgow. If there is, I don't want to travel through it. At Glasgow airport you could be 'lounged' into extinction. Come to think of it, the term 'Lounge Lizard' takes on a whole new connotation once you've passed through Glasgow airport. In fact I suspect that somewhere entire species of dinosaurs are still waiting to make their evolutionary connections in obscure airport lounges at Glasgow.

... Certainly we had a marvelous flight, and the good stuff started immediately. No sooner had we completed the takeoff than they came round with the free drinks trolley. I ordered a whisky and ginger, and they gave me a glass of ice, a can of dry ginger, and two miniatures of high-proof Dewars whisky...and left me to my own devices. How very civilised. Cas, who does not and cannot drink alcohol, settled for a can of soft drink. She was still seething against the Coca-Cola company, who had lavished untold sums on Atlanta's (then recently successful) Olympic bid, but who had refused to give a cent towards Manchester's bid, so she ordered a Diet Sprite in an attempt to bring the company to its knees. Later, mortified, she read the small print on the can and discovered that Sprite is made by the Coca-Cola company. I eased my shoes off, stretched back with my excellent drink, and informed her that she was an unprincipled turncoat. She ignored me, putting on her headphones to explore the radio channels, and warped off into another universe. This is the woman who was terrified of flying?

...
The flight was well ahead of schedule, but twenty minutes from O'Hare the pilot announced we were going into a holding pattern. "No problem, but Chicago has rainstorms & 40mph winds. There may be some turbulence." I looked across at Cas but by now she'd overcome most of her fear of flying. When we'd taken off from Manchester (and Glasgow) she'd refused to sit by the window, but sometime during the trip she'd claimed the window seat and in fact I was never to get near a window again on any of our subsequent flights. She smiled the calm smile of a jet-set habitue, and looked again out of the window. Suddenly there was lightning...below us. This phased her. Hell, it phased me, and I wasn't right by the window. Lightning is a fearsome and awesome release of titanic energies, but it's alright as long as it's safely way up there above you in the heavens. When it's directly below you, and furthermore something you're about to descend through, the awareness of its destructive potential is somewhat more immediate.

Cas though was equal to the challenge. She drew the blind down over the window. "That takes care of that!" And it did. In no time at all we'd descended through and past the storm, and Cas pulled up the blind once more to reveal us coming in over Lake Michigan. Suddenly we were over the shore, and a sense of scale returned. Cas' fear of heights and flying was now transmogrified...into an obsessive desire to count the swimming pools in the back yards of the houses we flew in over, an obsession that was to carry over to every flight we'd take during the remainder of the trip. I didn't complain. As she counted the pools I flexed my uncrushed fingers and counted my blessings.

Looking out of an airplane window as you come in to land is surely one of the most magnificent experiences you can have, and one which was denied the vast majority of individuals born on this planet so far. It's incredible to see the constant adjustment in the frame of reference as you descend ever closer to the surface until, whilst still some way up in the air, you're no longer looking down detachedly upon a scene, but suddenly you're part of it as it starts to rush past below and to the sides. I think it's the "to the sides" that causes the switch. One minute, no matter how far to the horizon you look, it's still all 'down', but suddenly it's 'sideways', and the world you've drifted above for so long has you by the balls again.

Touchdown. Any moment now...a consummation devoutly to be wish'd.

----- SKEL
...distilled from 24 pages of ALYSON WONDERLAND (A Journal of both Anticipation and Experience) from SKEL&CAS!

12/15/91 • ...I could have printed "more"; I could, easily, "go on". But...even when I knew this issue to be Out of Control...I thot that p. 2150 would endit. (Ah, well...)

...I know it was traumatic for Skel & Cas at the time, but I will always be grateful to the Fate governing my life...that their initial scheduled "arrival" was delayed 'til October.

You see, even had I known they were coming to the 1990 MidWestCon...I would not have been "permitted" to meet them. ...and my life would have been considerably the less for it.



1/9/92 • ...as much as I'd enjoy hearing from Harry, it should be noted that he is in no way even remotely responsible for the unseemly lapse since the last Data Entry... down there, at the bottom of the previous page. Nobody's "fault"; just me putting off...

Please insert here the usual liturgy of ~~excuses~~ reasons; really, just variations.

In the meantime, having "locked-in" the hotel yesterday, a DITTO V flyer has to be out in time for the mailing at Roger & Pat's CFG Meeting. The 18th.

In the meantime, I am scheduled to "deliver" one of my always extraneous "speech's"--at Hardwired ConFusion--the evening of the 24th. ...said speech not yet remotely thought about...mainly because it is predicated under the stricture of being "cheerful"...something more optimistically "agreed to" in June than seems easily accomplished in January. When, as the more things don't change, they remain the same....

But I'm a veteran and tenured Fan, and the speech will be finished and delivered.... As will this fanzine.

I know there are other ways of doing things; but I know no other way....

Arguably known as one of fandom's more "together" faned's, I should be able to conjur a neat & tidy "wrap" to this issue.

Next time.

The following few pages are comprised of things that have come in since the issue was "closed".

...and I wanted to share them with you.

IAN COVELL

I've been sending out a standard letter to fanzines, apologizing for failing to respond in any substantial degree during 1991 (and maybe next year). I can't do that with you and OUTWORLDS. Even in my bleakest hours, I knew that none of my problems had reached the depths, ferocity and unfairness of yours... problems which have scarred you, yet nonetheless your sheer verve, exuberance and ... whatever else it is, enabled you to produce OUTWORLDS 61 which gripped me as all the others have done. I have read it from cover to cover 3.4 times (the .4 was earlier tonight when I sat down to start this letter and looked up forty minutes later to realize I was on page 16.). It arrived four months ago (!) ... and at least once in each of those eighteen weeks I've locked it mentally, but now I come to start it, my words seem dull, vague and meagre.

Interesting you should quote Buzz Dizon [2006]; he and I were in personal touch for 'many years' but something broke the cord about five years ago, and I've been writing letters to silence (at his end) ever since. He got into writing TV cartoons, moved home at least once, but apart from that.... I miss him; he was nice.

I don't think I get enough fanzines (and I answer less, unhappily!) to really know if fanzine fandom is on the skids, but I told someone that the impetus for fanzines has now changed; they were born to promote sf as a literature and a way of life--now it IS our way of life, there seems to be a question on why 'zines exist. As for new fans, too much modern sf is reduced to the level of TV/film sf (for sales purposes) and new readers are scarcely made aware of the potentialities of our fiction: other media do it better because prose is badly imitating that other media. Ergo, the number of new fans is (I would say, without evidence) probably on the decline; media fandom is increasing, as always, I'm sure, but new, hardcore all-sf-is-for-me fans are probably few.

[2010-2] Dear Mike Glicksohn: I have read TUF VOYAGING, also FEVRE DREAM, SANDKINGS, SONGS OF STARS AND SHADOWS, and DYING OF THE LIGHT -- I really do think that's quite enough for a lifetime. As for TUF: irony, parody, and slapstick can always be made unfunny by cruelty (witness Asimov's Azazel stories), and I think Martin is bleak and ungenerous. Still, I think the same about Gene Wolfe, Robert Sheckley, Dick, etc.; Martin isn't my sole dislike...

[2012] SKEL: very good on Hansen, excellent on Cherryh--an author whose popularity I don't quite understand. I praised her first novel, and have since admired a few others, including RUSALKA, yet she seems unable to do two things: 1, end a series; 2, portray a vibrant heterosexual relationship.

[2018] The history of sf mags is endlessly interesting. There's absolutely no way I can get any of

the old ones, afford any of the new ones, or beg copies of the studies and histories by Moskowitz et al. But my gods, when I find an article like "I Remember Campbell" I devour it with relish. A friend was kind enough to lend the Panshin's WORLD BEYOND THE HILL, and I think that pair have absorbed every memoir, remark, and syllable ever uttered about the magazines. In their book, Campbell comes to life, a complex and infuriating man out to be successful. SaM's work is part of their basis, as I've said, and this is a splendid example of summation and appreciation. Keep Write On!

[2023] It was astonishing, yet good, to find a reasonable judgement on the works of Edgar Rice B. My fiancee isn't a die-hard fan, but I've been plying her with drinks...I mean, with good sf and fantasy, and have even found works that she now adores. Among the adored is the first TARZAN book, which she rereads every few months. I determined to get her all the Mars and Venus books and let her read them in order (tho' in three years, I've only found 5 and 1 respectively!). Burroughs could be slapdash and even bad, but at times his energy and humour could create a memorable work. [Everyone knows the real drawback of the MARS series for film is the total nudity on the planet--look how the ERB estate reacted to Bo Derek! If Disney does do it, expect a lot of high-cut gowns with low hems, and John Carter in a track suit!]

[2026] Fascinating, again. An instance where one issue can be opened to reveal an entire convoluted history of endeavour, combat, victory, and argument. (Does everyone know Vaughn Bodé was going to collaborate on a series of books with Dean Koontz?)

... After four months, this remains meagre recompense for hours of interest and enjoyment. May all your problems die as the year turns, and as Spring prepares to burst forth from the depths of Winter, may all (and only) good things and better people attend you and sustain you and love you. I reach across the world, hold your hand, and hug you.

11/25/91

JEANNE BOWMAN

You tell Richard Brandt, if he is one of those 15 contributors for OW, I'm waiting to get "our" or the TAFF joint fanzine happening. Look out when my reproductive urge is activated! Or hyperactivated as is the case today.... I'm glorying in pubbing my ish (or promoting my ego...or is it different?) [10/13/91]

This is a slightly wonky late night vignette. Nick is having asthma & we use the 'nebulizer' which alternately clears it up & hyper energizes. So we watch TV or read stories. I'm sick of "Back to the Future". I got "Mr. Mom" from the library. We turned it on and it was at the male stripper dance scene. Must be popular because it stops rewinding at that point every time. We watched it several times, so I've found I don't really need the counter, even tho I have learned to use it. Also use it for a dance scene, but this Nick-favorite is in "The Hidden" (I have to be sure not to confuse it with "The Thing", but I mean the one with Kyle McLaughlin). We watch the exotic dancer several times when we see the movie. We even have the clock working on the VCR now. Pretty impressive, the things I learn. Now, I wonder, will all tapes develop a stop spot in favourite places?

Am I close to deadline on a column yet? This is Nick's second asthma episode since just before Thanksgiving--and \$600 plus medical expenses (but I now own real medical equipment now!!). It's exhausting. The silver lining is getting the house clean--even going so far as to contemplate new furniture. Do they make linoleum couches?? We've banished the cats to the back of the house & hauled off the stuffed animals (do you know anyone who wants a white buffalo?). Now I gotta figger out how to vacuum the dust off the book shelves. It's war against the dust bunnies. [12/18/91]

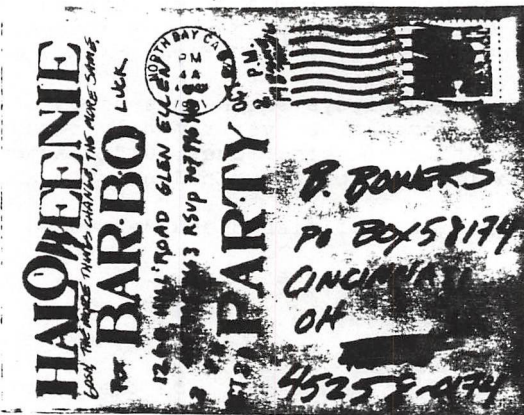
Boxing Day, 1991

Look Bill--

New toy!!

My very own computer printer, wahoo. Now you'll find it really is my righting style, not my hand writing. A double edged sword I'm sure. Mightier than the pun.

So, what is this about you having been a Mensa groupie?? When, where, how long who with. Why, was it fun?? Did I tell you that before I became a fan I had decided to become a Mensan? But got sidetracked into fandom instead. I was looking for people with my kind of Humor. I never did take the mensa test--I don't test well (it makes me sick) but I did hunt up my IQ and SAT cores and found I wasn't as smart as I thought I was. Except for the English portion of the Stanford/Binet



which had a number over 160 which only goes to show you, considering the rest averaged it all out to 133 or 135. Ha, who needs them Genius types anyway, I thought.

Do you want to know if those pictures are current? Hell, no. If my IQ matched my body weight I'd be giving Harbaby carpal tunnel syndrome (yes, I am exaggerating, altho it is true I now have a matronly figure. Or as one friend put it, "I couldn't possibly wear that dress, my bones would poke out all over."). Those photographs gracing Dangerous Taff Publications were made by my good friend Ellen Klages-- Usually I am very meticulous about art credits, but I might have blown it on these fine journals. Lets see, ah, the space cadet full frontal face portrait was taken here in the kitchen long about March of 1987. Yes, and that charming outdoor scene (the fence has since been replaced by a proper clothes line) was made that same spring. I was just enjoying being pregnant with Mr. Nick. Ellen was attempting to break into the gift card market with a series called "White Trash". You may have received the family stationary I use from that same shoot, featuring my Husband and the lovely Brigid down by one of the out buildings. There was one picture in the set that a card company offered to purchase--Jesse, on the front porch, in a sort of white T-shirt, shorts, mismatched socks and a truly goofy look on his face. He had done something strange with his shirt too--maybe I'll make a copy for you if I ever finish organizing my stuff. I know I have a box of Photo goodies. Somewhere.

Yes I am having fun with Taff, especially getting to know Richard--He is neat. Good stuff, as long as I'm not expecting much. Well, now Bill, you may not have an unsullied reputation as a Reference, according to some (Spike) you are somehow held in a look-down-the-noseish sort of esteem on account of the Martha Beck thing. Well, Frankly, I think Pam Wells hit it right on when she said the point was to include all sorts of (I'm going to leave in that joyous typo-- spell checker be damned. It didn't know what "Sox" was anyway. How can you trust a machine that doesn't do housework???) Fans. I may never be a great smof ... and I'll try not to let Them spoil my fun.

You want Me to come to Cincinnati for Ditto???? Do I have to? Until we stop doing our part to enrich the bankers of the Western world, I think I will be staying near to We B Debt Ranch. Although the radio said today the average American Credit Card debt is \$2400, I wish to remain above average. I don't care what the Joneses are doing. Harumph. I haven't even paid to go to the big con in San Francisco.

Well, it must be time to check back with the pharmacy and see if the pediatricians office has gotten its act together and okayed the prescription renewal for Nick, before I drive on back down to Mom's, see my children again and do some more heavy hanging out.

...and do some more heavy hanging out. Hope your Mother is recovering well....

letter postmarked 12/30/91. "clipping" rec'd today, 1/11/92

...no, Jeanne, you don't have to come to Cincinnati. Not, that is, unless you want to know the Whole Truth of my Mensa Groupiedom. Baring the unlikely event that I dig up the long ago XENOLITH in which I Told All...your only "source" would be Naomi. And since she not only has her hands full with Teenagers & Others plus Chris...and seeing that she has already [p. 2138] penned her letter for the 90's...it's unlikely you'll get anything out of her. Except in person. I hope.

[Actually you're better off in sf fandom. Admitting the remote possibility that the local group might be atypical, I found Mensans to be, by and large, even more emotionally & socially fucked-up than sf fans. And racist, to boot. But then, I'm only 97.5% "smart"!]

After all, I know all the social graces:

Since, had he lived, yesterday would have been my Father's 82nd birthday...and would have been my parents 50th Anniversary, I called my Mother. I didn't send a card, but I felt I should at least see how she was doing. As, last year, she had forgotten....

Is there any acceptable etiquette here? Am I the only one with numerical fixation?

[After the hospital stay ("Well," the admitting nurse asked my sister, "when was the last time you mother was admitted to a hospital?" "...when her youngest son was born; fortyone years ago."), and several weeks thereafter, on oxygen at my sister's, she is back in her apartment. She is permanently blind in one eye, can make out enough to get around with the other...and has had to sell the car she bought last summer. Other than that, she worries more about my health and job status, than about herself. Mothers are like that....]

...and fandom is like that, also:

Martha Beck has been a friend for thirty years; she has been more supportive of me and my fannish publications than many a self-proclaimed Fanzine Fan. Despite that, and much to the chagrin of friends on "both sides", I was decidedly downwardly? Neutral during the "Martha Beck Thing".... As anyone with any first-hand knowledge of fanzines, fandom, and the many

...the two chets... o's Calc... not...
great opportunity to produce... definitive history of Glen Ellen...
slip by just for the want of a warm room.

MORE GOOD NEWS FOR LITERARY FANS: Don Herron noted Glen Ellen author and entertaining San Francisco mystery tour guide, has just announced the publication of his newest book, *The Dashiell Hammett Tour Book*. The publisher, City Lights Books in San Francisco, will be holding an autograph party for Don from 4-6 p.m. on Jan. 26 at their bookstore on Columbus Avenue in North Beach. All Don's Sonoma Valley friends and fans are invited to attend. City Lights provides the wine and cheese, you provide the cash for the book and Don offers up a smile, signature and special Glen Ellen greeting to his local fans.

Meanwhile, we can hear Don describing his book on Monday, Jan. 6 on KNBR Radio on the "Frank and Mike Show." KNBR's at 68 on the AM dial and Don's scheduled to appear around 8:50 a.m. Don't get the two mixed up.

Most of today's column was brought to you courtesy of J.B., a constant source of inspiration and a frequent source of news. Thanks, J.B. and now, **WON'T THE REST OF YOU PLEASE CALL OR WRITE WITH GOOD NEWS OF YOUR FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS IN GLEN ELLEN.** My particulars (that is, phone and address) are above. I'll be watching and waiting for a message from you.

*TOE BAD
100% OF THE
THE GOOD
PART OF SYLVIA'S COLUMN ABOUT
WE B DUDES AGAIN!!*

Taff Wars would know. It wasn't a popular stance.

Still, ever since I "gave-up" my Taff-co-win ("for", the rumor went, Jackie Franke...), I've grown used to having my motives for my various fan-fund (in)actions questioned. Those who need to "know"...know. Those who don't, and who are curious, are welcome to ask. Me...but All of That is the reason I so wanted this Taff "race" -- between two really neat fans -- to be F*U*N, pure and simple. From this end, at least, it has been.

In fact, my only major "regret/dismay" in not getting this issue out "on time", is the fact that you won't be reading Richard's and Jeannie's material until after it is decided. Sorry, guys.

RICHARD BRANDT

Thanks for your letter of, um, quite some time ago (even if that remark about never lusting after my body...really hurts). Don't fret if you weren't able to come up with anything remotely quoteworthy about me. None of my nominators were. So much for my memorable presence, eh? [rec'd 11/9/91]

Having great fun plowing through OW 27.5--what a thrill to see such memorable names, folks who passed through fandom but once and passed on--or are still around in older, sadder and wiser versions! Great "cover" by Rotsler, too--I presume he had no idea what its eventual use would be, but that it was instead a Happy Coincidence? (What an idea for a greeting card--"Happy Coincidence"! I doubt you should feel awkward about publishing locs at this late date either. This ish is studded with fanhistorical nuggets, the letter from Bob Pavlat being just a more prominent example.

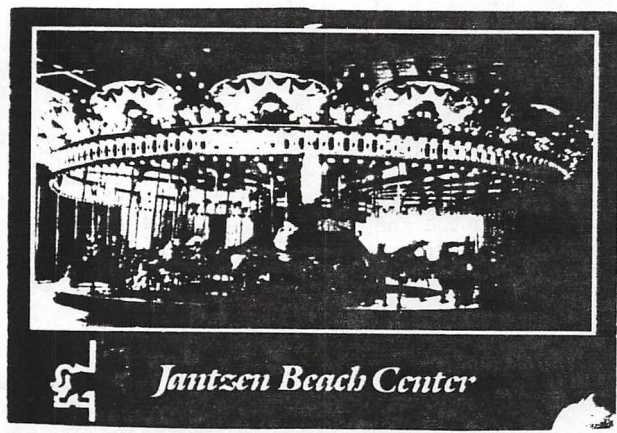
Amusing to be reminded of the to-do over SF EXPO. Want to imagine an alternate reality where SF EXPO was held, turned out to be a fabulous success, and changed the face of fandom forever? (Sort of like most of Texas fandom, I guess, if the name Larry Lankford means anything to you.)

And I guess Leah has finally managed to to put on a fanzine fans' con that makes its room block. (It's a swell feeling.)

(And I wonder if Piers Anthony's leary musings as to how any genre writers could be raking in the big bucks ever come back to haunt him? Or once he made the transition did he just never look back?)

Y'know, I finished DHALGREN--but I never got more than halfway through MACROSCOPE. Go figure.

rec'd 11/16/91



WILLIAM BREIDING

Will wonders never cease? An unprompted letter from the editor of OUTWORLDS?! Gads. I guess there is something to this getting old stuff after all!

You should check out the NEBULA AWARD WINNERS volume when it comes out. Sutton will have a poem in it. Pretty cool, huh? Sutton gets published in the Awards volume and I get published in OUTWORLDS. All in the same year. What next?

I know Jeanne's gonna pull hard on my ears when she hears that you "dashed" (hah!) off a letter to me, just like that, and she had to wait a few extra minutes. I know it's going to take Don Herron to pull her off of me, and when he does, she's gonna start slappin' that bald spot up there. Anyway, I voted for her in Taff, even if she's not bound to win. The last time I voted for anything was when you were running. So much for popularity contests. My favorite part in voting for Taff is the line that says, "If we don't know you, give us some names of people who do, and by ghod we might take you seriously." I drop all kinds of names on that line. Do you think they'd bother Harry Warner for a verification?

The trip to West Virginia: only you'd be kind enough to enquire. I'll only sketch it: it was horrible. Every single Breiding living in that town is a major pain in the ass. I'd been hoping for a temporary truce between siblings and parents, but no such luck. I returned to Frisco very upset, and now I'm just letting time drift over the whole thing and quell searing pain. Yech. It was that bad. [10/11/91]

OW62 sounds like a real killer. 15 contributor's! Hard to believe. Are we heading into the 70's direction? Is newsprint next? Any Hugos in the offing? I'll be looking for it around New Year's Eve. (Ha! I know your schedule!) [10/12/91]

12-24-91: 6:25 am • My kitchen table is a mess. This is the space that I use most readily for writing, reading and dreaming. When it's a mess I can never find anything and I get incredibly frustrated. I have to be at work in 20 minutes, although it's Christmas Eve. On top of that, the "P" on my 2154:62

typewriter is broken. Otherwise, I would be typing this, so you wouldn't have to suffer my weird connecting hand-printing. I assume when you have a free hour you'll decipher the scrawl. I'll have to get the typer fixed soon because visions of a new COYOTE are swirling through my head, and I know I'll feel suicidal if I'm incapable of sitting down to bash it out!

The best thing I ever did was rejoin APA-50. Not because it's such a great apa (it's not--it rates about "50-50"), but because it got me writing again. I'd been suffering from about a 10 year block! Since I was 25! How tragic! The best years of my life (I'm 35) spent not writing!

12-25-91: 6:50 am • Well, I'd meant to come home last night and continue this letter. But I went out for a for a couple of pints with the boss after work, talked with my best pal for 2 hours (moved to KC!) on the phone, and watched a Japanese animated feature ("NAVSICAA") and promptly fell asleep by 10:30! Such a romantic Christmas eve!

Now it's early Christmas morning, still dark out; I'm drinking a very strong cup of coffee and regretting all the cigarettes I smoked last night, and have a load of laundry in downstairs. Yes, my Christmas day looks as though it will be every bit as romantic as my Christmas eve.

I'm going out shooting today. I haven't been on a photo shoot for ages. I got sick and tired of shooting this city. But it's been long enough that I'm going to give it a go again. Particularly in one of the fancier neighborhoods (Pacific Heights--same as the Michael Keaton movie) where I've run across a dilapidated Victorian that won't be around much longer (--either torn down or refurbished) and it's very cool. The Christmas shoot.

Your interest in my photos is a bit intriguing. ... I know I'm a very good photographer, but few others recognize or acknowledge it. I have a theory on why this is, based on my subject matter and my world-view-through-the-lens. Enlighten me as to your interest here!

Unfortunately, all my "current" work is OLD. I pretty much stopped shooting after Danielle left me. (Hell, I pretty much stopped living! So--it's a good sign that I'm going out on a shoot today.) There is a TON of great stuff in my archives--very timeless--from incredibly sexy shots of girl friends, to incredibly sexy shots of placid inanimate objects--but a major hindrance would be costs. I can't afford processing any more--even if I had a dark room! Film is cheap--it's the processing that's expensive (science married to art = expensive self expression!). I have stuff--lots!--I haven't even seen, other than as contact sheets. Anyway, enough of that.

I've already started preparing my boss for my time off for Corflu. I'm in one of those situations where I'm nearly indispensable--there's no one to replace me, without a real hassle--so I told my boss yesterday I'd need a few days off at the end of February...god knows what would happen I suddenly got very ill....! I'm sorry I'm going on at such length, but I'd been thinking about writing you for some months, and when I got your letter with the LS:1 and Flapzine I sorrta got undamed and rather chatty!

(Speaking of such things: I hope you do remember that I'm rather shy in-person and can be extremely quiet at conventions...)

Again, I'm flattered, intrigued, and somewhat boggled by your continued interest in my writing. I'm not used to it. Mostly my stuff is ignored or only briefly acknowledged, and I pretty much do it for myself, hoping on occasion that it will hit somebody right.

... Whether I'll continue providing stuff that holds your interest will only be determined by future COYOTES. Consider anything I send to you--zinewise--as a sort of submission to OUTWORLDS, much like you've been doing with Tucker. If this turns into a habit, I do have a name I'd like to attach to the writings presented in OUTWORLDS: "Versions of the Truth". But we'll see how things go, and if you find enough to cobble together for future issues.

When I was writing this letter in my head, things came out much different. It's a problem I have with getting words to paper. I tend to get sappy and emotional and often I censor myself. So let me put it this way: your letter and continued interest and support in my creative endeavors was/is very much appreciated, and a very nice Christmas present!

I've thought about the problem of numbering and/or dating the COYOTES...at some length; and have been unable to come to a conclusion. Right now I keep track of them by what mailing of APA-50 they are in. Both numbering and dating seem inappropriate to the content and context of what I'm doing. But I do agree with you. I'm leaning more towards dating than numbering. We'll see how it appears when the next one comes to life.

later, that same day:

They say that walking is supposed to be healing, but I just get depressed. I just came back from a four hour walk (took some photos, ya) and now feel vaguely depressed. Hmm. We wish you a Merry Christmas....

More coffee, another nail in my heart.

I wonder sometimes about your sanity, Bill. A 100 page magazine? Unemployed? Bankrupt? Owe rent? Divorce? Allergic to cats?

Whoie, baby! You are a restless soul!

----- 12/25/91
1/12/92 • Sanity is a cover-story, invented by those unable to deal with fanzine publishing.

LARRY DOWNES

Oops, suddenly I see there's a whole stack of stuff from you--OUTWORLDS #60, 61, and XENOLITH #36, 36.5 and 36.75 (kind of like your age--keeps approaching 40 but never quite gets there, right?). I am sorry you didn't reach me when in Chicago, which I presume was for Windycon or something. I may have been around--aside from some silly trips out west for summer job interviews, I haven't gone anywhere. But I have developed quite a phobia about answering the phone, and on the least excuse (for example, that I don't want to interrupt the song I'm listening to--we're talking least here) I let the machine do it. Then I'm so embarrassed that I don't pick it up even if I hear a message from someone I want to talk to, because I can't bear to be accused of screening my calls. Of course, by now most people know that this is what I do, and just assume I'm screening my calls even when I'm not.

----- 62:2155

All goes well on the school front, but like all second years I'm beginning to wonder why it is we need to be in for three years. By the time I'm a third year I'll be cynical and unmotivated, and irritate all the faculty and underclassmen who have to suffer through classes with me, I'm quite certain. Money is getting a little tight, though, and I have been trying to sell the condo, which anyway doesn't fit very well with my new lifestyle (a student's apartment this place ain't). I had thought this would be a painful decision to make, but it wasn't, and now I just wish the real estate market would come back long enough to get me the hell out of here.

The problem with these damn fanzine things of yours is that I read them when they arrive, and so a year later when I finally get around to writing you I can't remember anything I would have said in a letter of comment. Wonder what would happen if I start reading them with a Uniblazer highlight in hand, like the case-books? One problem may be that you don't leave enough margins for me to scrawl smart-alecky remarks in.

But just that you are back to publishing OUTWORLDS speaks volumes, independent of any "text". Re-reading my own letter in XENOLITH #36, for once I can't say that between writing it and now that I have changed my mind/changed my life. I have yet to break the teacher/student barrier, or for that matter the student/student barrier. But I don't really care anymore. I decided to go to UChicago even though there were schools I liked better because I had a life here already, and that turned out to be the right thing to do. And, you know, it's cool. I'm a grown-up.

And unfortunately, the public interest firm where I spent last summer didn't do much for me. The attorneys were all very insecure and eccentric, and the organization seemed to have lost the sense of purpose and the fire with which it pursued its agenda in the Good Old Days. I have been thinking a lot about career as a result, but even I find that too boring to talk about. I'm applying now for a one-year judicial clerkship after school, if only to put off having to make any decisions.

Chris doesn't get the malice/cuteness of juxtaposing his letters with mine? Jesus, he really is an insensitive bastard after all. I certainly see it, and you can be assured that you are collecting bad karma points every time you do it. I won't hold it against you, of course, but there are higher authorities (aren't there?). Lack of astuteness, Chris, has little to do with being thirtysomething. Anyway, I think we fall in better with Generation X, who are very astute, at least about any subject ever treated on The Brady Bunch.


So my letters annoy Bill, and Chris's letters annoy me. As it will no doubt annoy Bill further to have me paraphrase him, plus ca change, plus la meme chose.

Have done some writing this year, and shamelessly enclose clips. NewCity is a free weekly arts paper, and they don't edit at all, which I like very much. Wish the Stan Lee piece could have been longer, though. Bill, my son, I hope everything keeps looking up for you, this year, next year, whenever.

12/30/91

CHICAGO'S NEWS & ARTS WEEKLY • FREE • NOVEMBER 21 - NOVEMBER 27, 1991

NEWCITY



Why Stan Lee is super-hero to a generation

Comiczar

HOW THE HERNANDEZ BROTHERS BROUGHT THE BARRIO INTO COMICS
COFFEE BOYCOTT • STILL 'BREATHLESS' • GAY METAL SOCIETY

EDITORIAL

Why Stan Lee is super-hero to a generation

There are two kinds of people in America: people who think Stan Lee influenced the baby-boom generation even more than Dr. Spock did, and people like you, who don't even know who he is. The first group concerns mostly men, aged 15 to 40, who were generally measurable as kids. And we're happy to tell you who Stan Lee is: he's the guy who created and drew some of the most popular 15 comic-book heroes, including Spider-Man, The Silver Surfer, The Hulk, Iron Man, Thor, and others. He's the guy who created the most popular comic-book characters of all time.

Stan Lee was born in Astoria, Oregon, in 1914. He moved to Manhattan with his family when he was 10. He worked for his uncle, a publisher, and then for a newspaper. He started writing for comic books in 1939. He became the editor of the comic book division of Timely Publications in 1941. He created the character of Spider-Man in 1962. He became the editor of the comic book division of Marvel Comics in 1966. He became the editor of the comic book division of DC Comics in 1977. He became the editor of the comic book division of DC Comics in 1988.

Stan Lee is a man of many talents. He is a writer, a publisher, an editor, a producer, a director, and an actor. He has written and produced many books, plays, and movies. He has directed and acted in many movies. He has been nominated for an Academy Award for Best Director for his work on the movie "The Sandlot".

Stan Lee is a man who has made a difference in the world. He has inspired millions of people. He has shown us that we can be heroes. He has shown us that we can be super-heroes. He has shown us that we can be the best of us.

COVER STORY

Why Stan Lee is super-hero to a generation

By Larry Downes

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1/12/92 • ...and thus, a week shy of four months since the "date" leading into Terry's article--that, a month after I actually "started"--and after a hundred-plus pages of graphic mishmash and evolving formats...this issue is officially "closed".

Not that it is "finished", by any means: An "afterward" to the Listing [2054] needs to be concocted, and the Contents Page followed by the "Intro" are only thoughts. After going back & cleaning up, the actual masters have to be generated. Then, and only then, I can start on an open-ended "editorial". But, at long last, it all looks attainable!

I'VE ALSO HEARD FROM: SHERYL BIRKHEAD • PAULA-ANN ANTHONY • ALLAN BEATTY • MARK MANNING • KEVIN COOK • GARY FERGUSON • DARRELL SCHWEITZER • as well as other "communications" from many of those included herein. Direct/reverse "response" is not my strength...but your response to what I do...is what keeps me doing it! Thanks. All!

Bill



BILL BOWERS

POST-IT NOTES® from a distance...

BowersDate 1/15/92 • ...just another day:

Midway through my sixth week of unemployment; this time.

...and, finally feeling better after a couple of weeks of not...I've been Going At this issue with renewed vigor, determined to get it out in time to take to ConFuSion.

Things, also, Got Better: In today's mail, the final bankruptcy "discharge", promised in October...arrived. Not, in all seriousness, a mark of pride; just a sense of relief.

One to go:

Tomorrow I'll send a copy to my divorce lawyer. Maybe, in another year....

...this afternoon: Preparing to make the reduced "masters" for this issue. But neither of the two copier cartridges I had refilled last month would function. Shit.

Just another day....

LINDA MICHAELS

Well, thank you very much for only publishing the favorable comments. (I needed it today. I got my Disclave control sheet and check and learned I wasn't paid for a piece they claim was sold—it had a min. bid of \$40—and when I called the artshow director I was told she was out of town for the summer. I did leave a message on the treasurer's answering machine, but he'll probably never call & I won't see the money.)

Oh, the cats on the books. It was sold under one of my more creative titles: "Academia Nuts". They were just books on my shelf. Not hearing from you after sending it, I sent it out to a con requesting work. They didn't use it in their program book & instead asked to keep it for a cover of their computer APA — go figure.

... I can forget.

Wish you could. That note—boggles my mind why you put that in. And you expressed more anger than ever before. Maybe it's the healing process, but it certainly isn't attractive as a permanent reminder. (OK, so I haven't saved your fanzines. But you & all those zineheads do.) I hope it works for you. At least you threw it on Avedon's page, she'll probably understand better than most, better than me. It did have shock effect.

Anyway, here's one Linda who'll always love you, no matter what garbage you print.

----- postmarked 7/2/91

The last BowersDate editorially affixed to OUTWORLDS 61 was 6/24/91. At that time I rather optimistically "projected" that this issue would be published in time for Ditto 4. Said convention occurred, and was attended, three months ago, as I type this entry.

Some of you, via apazines or through personal contact, have been kept Up-to-Date on the Events...but most of you receiving this will not have had heard from me, directly, in the past (almost) seven months. Not a long time, fanwise; and, yes, the various contre-temps have, by and large, settled down to a dull roar. A relief in many ways, but still, quite possibly, merely the "eye" of the storm.

OUTWORLDS is, conceptually, a "genzine". It is also, for the nounce, my (God, does the term "perzine" grate on my senses!) "personalzine". I don't presume that everyone on the mailing list is quite as fascinated with the lint in my navel as I might be. However I do presume that if you're not, you are capable of scanning/skipping along through the verbiage of my deathless prose.

Here, primarily as "notes" to my own future self, a Chronology: Late June, 1991, thru mid-January, 1992.

I shant promise brevity.

...previously, on BowersLaw... [But no...both OW60 & OW61 will be kept "in print" for the foreseeable future; if you want the gory Details....]

When last we left Our Intrepid Faned was into my third week of a "new" job. It was one of the more fun jobs I've had ~~despite the "subject matter"~~ -- drawing the engineering blueprints, from a handcrafted model replet with sweeping curves, for an injection-molded child's booster seat. I was working for an independent product designer...in the neatest set of offices I've ever encountered. I enjoyed it, and he liked my "work", but in that he was "affording" me on the basis of advance royalties from client companies (and was midway through a lawsuit with an ex-partner), well, July 19th was my Last Day.

Six weeks "on", after the previous nine "out". ...better than nothing.

...after two years of having been "forbidden" the local convention, I was able to attend MidwestCon, the last (full) weekend in June. My second convention, back in 1963, was a MidwestCon, and although it is not a good "first" convention for those shy, it has always been one of my favorites. Even before I moved to Cincinnati.

This year, and I admit to being one of the instigators...we returned to the Norwood Quality Inn, of 70's fame. The hillside is gone, and we never did find Jodie's contact lens...but there were Good People there, and it seemed to go well...not raining until Sunday afternoon!

We'll be back at the same hotel come this June. Think about coming, okay?

When last we left Our Humble Reporter...he was getting a lot of reading done by taking the bus crosstown to that job.

Sunday afternoon, at MidwestCon, Steve and Denise Parsley Leigh "gave" me their 1983 ~~Datsun~~ Nissan Sentra: "Pay us when you can...~~we/know/it/won't/be/soon!~~".

True, it had 123,000 miles on it, and the initial outlay for insurance, title/plates, and necessary repairs was over \$500. -- but the (re)found freedom of mobility was welcome! Other than a tune-up, oil changes, and replacing the battery, it has so far served me well, and enabled me to make two trips upstate to visit my mother.

The doors did freeze-up once in early December, forcing me to take a cab to work. It froze up again this week. But this time I was able to pop the hatch, and crawl in. I seem to have gained weight, since I stopped taking the bus....

Friendship. Once again. Thanks, Steve & Denise...!

When I first "wrote that up", back in X:36.5, I closed, saying: "I do notice though, that I'm not getting nearly as much reading done, sans bus." Of course, I was employed then....

The almost four months without a car was one of the more valuable and, in retrospect, "enjoyable" set-backs of my life. In addition to the on-bus reading, I got a lot more exercise...and I had to learn to plan and time-out my expeditions.

...and you meet an interesting cross-section of humanity at busstops and on buses.

But I'm just as happy that it wasn't a winter experience!

...previously, on this page: "...well, July 19th was my Last Day."

Birthday's...well, mine...is one of those things I have a definite love/hate relationship with. I continually bring it up but, when friends make a public fuss...I get uptight and "withdraw". If it weren't for the fact that, even after all these years, I'm still pleased that July 20th is also Lunar Landing Day...I'd probably forget the whole thing.

I don't remember the details of my 1989 birthday; but it wasn't pleasant.

For 1990, "she" took the kids and was gone the entire day...forbidding them to so much as give me a card.

In 1991, freshly unemployed, determined to console/enjoy myself, Greg, Sandy and I journeyed over to the Brew House to listen to Al Curry & the Curryettes. Later we adjourned to the Jordan's apartment for a home-cooked supper, and watched a tape of TOTAL RECALL.

...not the most "exciting" of 48th birthdays I'm sure -- two days earlier had been Sandy's 30th...; I'm not sure which figure is more frightening! -- but certainly the most enjoyable birthday I have had in years.

...for Being There on that day, for Being There all along: Greg...Sandy...: Thanks!

Not a Sidebar; just a sidethought:

I know better than to Make Plans. I know that that will never stop me.

I recall with great fondness, Lynn Hickman's 50th Birthday Party, way back in 1976.

If you weren't fortunate enough to be there, there's no "explaining", but for years after whispered legends of Wild Turkey & piano benches...and a six-foot tall Lynn Parks strolling the streets of Wauseon, Ohio--barefoot--abounded in Select Midwestern Fandom.

I also recall thinking, at the time, how incredibly o*l*d it must feel...to turn fifty
In 1993, July 20th will fall on a Tuesday.

But...perhaps...if I can talk Rusty into it: The weekend before, or after--a Spacecon?
If you insist, we'll supply the Wild Turkey. But you'll have to bring your own piano bench.

Shoes optional.

We now return you to our scheduled Chronology...In Progress:

In late July I spent a couple of weeks doing that which I'd put off far too long.

After I regained "possession" of the house...late August, 1990, I by no means utilized the whole--instead, carving out niches for my existence.

The kitchen. The bathroom. I moved my mattress into the back bedroom...the one that was "my" room when we moved in, but which was given over to the oldest stepson when he decided to ~~catch a free ride~~ "come home" the following summer.

An alcove carved out of the living room for my borrowed recliner and my borrowed TV.

But most of my time here...and most of my time was here...I spent in the dining room/slash/library. The room pictured in OW60.

The thousand dollar dining room we'd financed "in case" my mother came to visit was gone. From the back yard Tanya and I rescued the old dining room table that had been left outside after a picnic (another story) several months earlier.

At that table, in that room, I ate. I read. I "entertained" my visitors. At that table, and with my borrowed typewriter (on a typing stand, surprisingly "mine", next to it) I prepared several XENOLITHs, two and a fractional OUTWORLDS...and I dreamed my dreams...

I made forays into the basement: the washer & dryer are there, and on occasion I might go searching through a box to Find Something.

I knew that eventually I would had to "deal" with the remainder, but it was simpler by far just to ignore the wreckage of my "office"...and to literally shut off the detrius the littered the other bedrooms: the kids'; "ours"'.... It was a matter of survival: there was already quite enough visual reminders around here of what might have been, of what had actually gone down.

I procrastinate, irregardless, and eventually I would have dealt with it. But a bit of impetus didn't hurt.

Mid-July, and I received a call from my sister. She knows my financial situation; I still owe her the money "we" borrowed to catch-up on the rent in early '90.

A guy who'd lived up the street from the family home--I didn't know him: he was my kid brother's age, but primarily, now, a hunting buddy of my brother-in-law's--had been in Florida the past few years. His wife, after twenty years, decided to divorce him. He had arranged a transfer to Cincinnati. ...and needed a place to stay, until settled here.

...well, why not?

I had the "space". Or at least I could make it....

...so I moved all "her" shit out of the master bedroom, into the kid's...and shut that off. And this issue is being generated in my reclaimed "office". ...still on the typer borrowed from Dick & Leah at Ditto 3. But the typer now sits canted (just a bit too wide) on the computer hutch that once housed the Kaypro and the Amstrad.

I have a strong need for "privacy".

Greg is quiet; in many ways he "lost" more than I did. Not only a twenty-year marriage --but access to his own kids. He goes to work early; comes home, watches TV and goes to bed early. He is considerate. And he has gone Up Home all but three of the weekends he's been here...and two of those his parents were down, and he spent 90% of the time out with them.

He pays half the rent.

All in all, literally the perfect roommate.

He'll be moving out next month. That will hurt, financially.

Still. I've always had a strong need for privacy. Now, more than ever....

Another roommate? I don't know. I want to "keep" the house. So bad I can taste it. ...but I can't do that without a steady income. That, right now, seems to be fantasyland.

So I keep the POBox.

Early August was, in many ways, was my most "down" period, since the actual "happenings" of 1990. But, just when things seemed the darkest: Monday afternoon, August 12th, and the beginning of my 4th week "out" (The Sequel). I received a call from the agency, asking if I could "report" at 7am the following morning. To the same place that had laid me off back in April.

I didn't quibble.

...and later that same night, I received a long distance call; from the "original" editor of Outworlds.

[But that is Another Story, already recollected: see here p. 2081.]

It is now late on the 17th, and has been so for some time.

By the time this plops into wherever it is that you receive your mail, most of you will know what I found out last evening.

JEANNE BOWMAN won the TAFF Race!

I was surprised. Richard was surprised. ...she was surprised!

There will probably be quibbles--there always are, where fans are involved--but from my vantage point, out here on the 50 yard line, this was the best fan fund "race" that I can remember.

I'm really sorry that Richard lost. Even though I'd never tell him directly, I like him a lot. He has been a valued part of "my" fandom, and a friend for many years.

...but I'm also glad that Jeanne "won".

She "ran", and she ran hard; she livened things up; I think that was good.

Besides (and ~~apart from sheer lust~~), I think she is a delight...and will inevitably produce the most uniquely-written trip report yet. Mark my word.

...I just wonder if England will survive the onslaught?

I called Jeanne last night. To congratulate her.

...and to inform her that, as great an honor as this might be, it does not in any way relieve her of her primary fannish Responsibility: that of an OUTWORLDS Columnist.

She agreed.

"Remember," I said, "I made you...and I can break you!"

[...that sounds vaguely repetitive...and will, to a grand total of perhaps five others on the current mailing list: Where is Lynn Parks, when I really need her?]

So Jeanne will be delivering the next installment of "0982" to me, in person, at Corflu ...she will; or Don will be going to England alone!

1/18/92 • ...mid-August: There was a large package at the POBox. I brought it home, opened it...and out tumbled a copy of WARHOON 28. With an enclosed note...

...recalling "who" ran Stellar Books, I approached Joe Siclari at Chicon...and asked him to "thank" Anonymous for me. The next day, as I was passing his table, he said that he had conveyed the mes-

sage. So...whoever it was, was in Chicago. I would presume it is someone who will also be receiving this--and that narrows the possibilities; but I won't "pry". I do appreciate...!

...of course, this now means I have two copies of WARHOON 28. After all, I am The Compleat Fan, albeit temporarily insolvent. In due course, one copy will be passed on....

I don't care what they say about Fandom. And, over the years, I've probably said most

During the past eighteen months, the support & caring that I have received from my friends--most of them, at least at one stage, fannishly "based"--has been unstinting. But that--no matter what "she" said about "those ~~women~~ people"--was not unanticipated, no matter how "ashamed" I felt initially. Unlike myself, my friends can sometimes be a "pain" --but they are always special!

What has been a constant source of amazement, and gratitude, has been the outpouring I have received from those I knew only casually, some I knew not at all, and a few I had known Long Ago:

On Sunday, August 25th, Laurie Mann called.

She asked if I was going to Chicago. I said yes, I had been "talked-into-it", but that I hadn't been able to find anyone to sell me a cut-rate membership...and would be in essence "crashing" it...roaming the halls and open parties. She then said that a friend of hers was not going to be able to go. ...and that a "consortium" of Boston-area fans had decided to purchase that membership...and have it transferred to my name. Dumbfounded, I offered to recompense them...whenever I could, but she wouldn't hear of it.

Other than Laurie, I don't know who was in that consortium, although I suspect I might recognize most of the names. Again...and I hesitate to be repetitious (but these are all individuals, you know): something back from fandom I will never forget.

~~Unless, of course, Boston does decide to contest the Niagara Falls in '98 Worldcon!!!~~

Chicon III was my first convention, and Chicon V was the 16th Worldcon I've attended. I was more than casually acquainted with the "powers" behind St. Louiscon and Big Mac. I was on at least half of the 55 committees formed before Tricon came off; but Mallardi & I dropped off because of the DOUBLE:BILL Hugo nomination. There was Iguanacon 2. ...and there was the wonderful tilting against the establishment that marked the Detroit in '82 bid.

Unlike marriage (where I never said "never again", ~~although I should have~~), I swore that I wouldn't commit myself, other than supportively, to another Worldcon bid. They are too much work, too expensive, and put too great a strain on valued relationships.

I lied; but they took "unfair" advantage of me.... No regrets. So far.

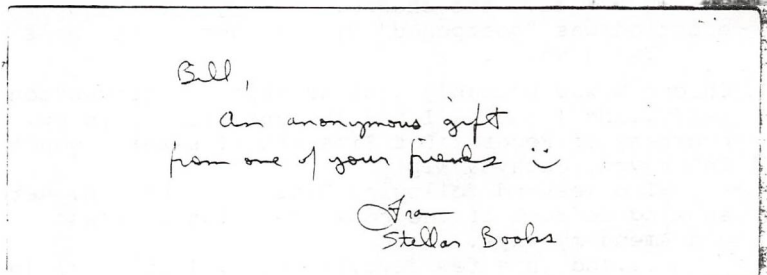
OUTWORLDS is not, and will not be...the bid's "house organ". But we are serious. And I for one will be pushing hard for a down-sized, more focused & on-track Worldcon.

When we win... I will be responsible for all publications. That possibility--a Bowers produced Worldcon Program Book--will either intrigue you. Or frighten the hell out of you!

I also, for the record (and my new-found "unattached" status) have "official" sanction to "womanize"...rather than attending late-nite committee meetings at cons. (~~WZ/Ruby!!!~~)

The affordable Worldcon" is out motto.

We would welcome your Support.



1/19/92 • I've already recounted [p. 2106] my pre-Chicon "visit" from the Bankruptcy Trustee ...and reproduced the eventual "communication" from my lawyer. As I mentioned a few pages back, more than 18 months after filing...it is finally over. One down....

Early in October, I received a letter from my Probation Officer, directing me to report for a meeting October 9th. I received it because it was addressed to 4651 Glenway; but the name preceding that was of a "Mr. Jeffrey Baker". Having "reported" to his answering machine the previous six months, this time I persisted until I got him on the phone. For two reasons: to make sure that the meeting wasn't for me (it wasn't), and if not, to make sure the other fellow didn't get in trouble for failing to report when he didn't know. While I had him on the phone, I asked one Mr. Morrow some questions: Yes, I was "square" with The System and, barring any major screw-up on my part in the ensuing two weeks, I'd be off probation on schedule.

I was to receive no formal letter/certificate/merit badge (I would have thought I might have gotten something) to acknowledge my new status, but thus it was that very late October 17th, 1991..probably just about the point-in-time that Roger, Pat and I were going over the bridge into West-By-God on our way to Ditto...that I became an "uncriminal".

My criminal/slash/divorce lawyer says that, anytime after a year from that date, I can apply to have the conviction "expunged" from my record. To do so, I need merely cough up yet another \$200.+ -- and appear before the judge who convicted me.

In a lot of ways, I say Why Bother?; but I'll probably do it....

I have a few things to say to that judge, given the opportunity.

[If I have the chance. Said judge was up for re-election in November, but the local election was "postponed" by a higher court. He's a Republican; he'll make it. Here.]

Two down....

Chicon V was probably just as shitty a convention as you might envision, but I enjoyed myself...and I'm glad I had the opportunity to go. Ditto 4 (and even the drive to and fro, courtesy of Roger & Pat Sims--tho I swear I won't drive that far again!) was most enjoyable. Thank you, Cathy & Kip!

The weekend following Ditto was Octocon, here, and again I ended up crashing in the smoking bedroom of the consuite. But at least I didn't have to get up early Saturday to go and Amend my ways....

...and in a few days, somehow, I shall be journeying off to the far north: not so much to go to ConFuSion (it persists in being in "that" hotel), but to ~~make a speech~~ see Eric "who really should come back" Lindsay. And other friends, too long unseen. Too long!

Life is better than last year. (Mostly.)

In a rare display of fannish unanimity, after Ted White withdrew the heavily-touted Falls Church bid, Cincinnati was ~~stuck with~~ awarded the honor of hosting the 1990 edition of Ditto. By the time you read this, you should have received the initial "flyer". We'll have something more substantial out in April/May, but in the meantime, please do think about it.

Our only aim is enjoyment: yours...and ours!

[Who knows; by then, even I might be able to "book" a room! In any event, it is my intent to utilize the opportunity to dump a lot of old fanzines; some of mine included....]

1/20/92 • In OW61, I spent the better part of a page [3037] recounting my June journey home --to visit my mother and to see the just-sold family homestead one last time.

After having devoted close to a year and a half clearing out a residence we had moved into in 1954, she had just moved into her own apartment in a retirement complex. My thoughts were that, at age 81, she would at last be able to relax and simply do the things she most enjoyed: talking with friends, and sewing.... I'm biased, but she earned that privilege.

Sunday night, June 29th. I had returned home, courtesy my "new" car, after a very enjoyable MidwestCon with my friends. I had a job. Life was, for me, going well.

My mother called. She had been trying to reach me all weekend. ...midway through the previous week she'd woken up one morning--and the entire world had gone "cloudy" for her.

I've gone into this briefly [p. 2102; 2153], but in essence what happened was that she had had a series of mini-strokes behind her eyes. She had suffered from glaucoma for years and one eye was pretty bad--but at least she had been able to see, read, sew...and drive.

Afterwards...she could make out enough to be mobile, but that was about it.

Treatments followed. She maintained. ...and, just before I went up for Thanksgiving, she had eye surgery to relieve the pressure, and ensure she didn't lose what vision she had remaining. It was strange to see my mother with an eyepatch, but she seemed in good spirits while "complaining" about all the pills & eyedrops required. Mostly, the "horse pills".

Sunday morning, December 8th, my sister called. She'd tried previously, but I had been at a CFG meeting the night before, and.... My mother had just keep getting progressively weaker after I left, and after spending one night at my sister's house, they ended up having to take her to the hospital on the 5th. What happened was that her system could not handle whatever the "horse pill" was; her potassium level went down to nothing.

In the hospital, she developed pneumonia.

They finally built her back up enough to release her, but when I went up for Christmas she was confined to my sister's house--trailing oxygen tubes wherever she went. By the 4th of this month, she was able to return to her own apartment. She's back with her friends. Apparently the social services Up There are better than normal: They are sending in a meal a day, an occasional "cleaning lady", and the visiting nurse. She sounds good on the phone.

...a week ago she called to say she'd sold the car she'd bought last summer, taking a thousand dollar "loss" on it. Life goes on.

Those last three words weren't meant to be quite as flippant as they will come out. 1991 was not one without loss: Mike Glicksohn's father died in the spring; Dave Rowe's in the fall. Dana and Eric's son. In November, Doll Gilliland and Pat Sims' mother. On Christmas day, Jackie's mother/Sandy's grandmother. Others. Willis' illness. Alan Hunter's wife, Leah's mother, Billy's friend...all very sick. More that I'm not aware of, I'm sure.

We just do the best we can. The best way we know how.

I took a "break" after rolling the previous page out of the typer, and went back to finish up the "Intro", on p. 2050. The following three pages are already "done". To Be Done: The contents page, this...and then, the better part of a day at the copy shop reducing masters. I know already that no matter how careful I am with the masters, no matter how tediously I "clean" them up, I will not be satisfied with the final print-out. I hate the economics that dictate white paper, that necessitate the fact that this issue will be printed and sent out in incremental fractions of the total mailing list.

But I also know that It Is Time to Get It Out, and to get on with my life. So I will. It's not that I've run out of things to say. You should be so lucky.

I'd wanted to get further, than I did on p. 2108, into the reasons behind the stillbirth of the "fanzine about fanzines" incarnation of XENOLITH. Let us just say that post-Corflu bursts of enthusiasm are a Dangerous Thing. (At the moment, I don't even remotely know how, but I hope to experience yet another burst at/after LA...)

Even so, I'd wanted to--in these pages--make some acknowledgement of the fanzines I've received. I'm really glad to see Leah pubbing her ish, and I've appreciated them all; none of them are quite as fascinating as my own, of course, but Thank You for Sending....

I'd heard rumors that Dick & Nicki Lynch were thinking of "standing" for DUFF; the latest MIMOSA makes it so. Given that, and after my earlier "hints" I might as well note that, if I can come up with the requisite nominators, I too, would love the opportunity to go Down Under in 1993.

I would also note (ghod, am I getting blatant [sorry, Avedon] in my declining years!) although I would have refused the Fanzine Hugo several of the times this fanzine was up in the 70's--I have mellowed. Given all the fanzine fans joining this year because of Willis, I suspect this'll be my only "chance". ...in that #OUTWORLDS does not have a large enough circulation to make it a Major Fanzine#. I don't expect, but a nomination would be nice.

...as would enough convention committees noticing I'm "active" again, that they might consider "inviting" me as a GoH. Few Things Are Better Than A Free Convention. A few....

This has been the subtle portion of the sermon.

It's fantasizing; yes, I know.

Please allow me this. I can only read so many hours a day (and 1991 was the first in a decade that I read more books than movies I saw ~~awkward, sorry~~). I can only type so many pages of a fanzine, before sending it out.

The legalities are, slowly, working out. It's the economics of recurring unemployment that have me totally scared. I know my friends won't let me starve. I also know I will not spend the rest of my years sponging off my friends. It's not that I'm not willing/able to work: there is simply nothing Out There right now for me, in Bush's America.

I want more to my life than simple survival.

I also want to, somehow, break out of my carefully-constructed shell. I was faithful, at least in deed, during my marriage; no matter how Bad it got. I now spend, largely by design, my Social Time with those who are proven "safe": males; couples; women with whom the nature of our relationship was "worked-out" long ago....

I will not withdraw from the world because of One Bad Experience. I need companionship. Yet I value my privacy, my newfound unaccountability. I cynically wonder what I could bring to a serious relationship at this point. I also, realistically, know that if the opportunity eventually presents itself...I'll go with it.

That's the other thing I do. ...besides fanzines.

Once again, I wish to apologize to those who have waited so long to see their work in print. To those who have waited patiently to see this issue. Those who Know Me, know enough to take my Announced Schedule as being flexible. They also know that, in the end, I'll do it!

This may be, may not be--I'm much too close--the "best" OW ever. You already know it has been the biggest. My "goal" is to downsize, and get back to the 5 or 6 issues a year schedule of the 80's. (Ghod, do I miss the instant feedback of XENOLITH...!)

This is a Fanzine, Dave Locke: Not a "new" Editorial Policy.

I want what I've always wanted: To "create" something that nobody else could, even if given the same material. To produce something that I can have fun with, something that can give me pleasure simply in the "doing". ...something that will intrigue/inspire/infuriate you enough, so that you'll send me the "best" of what you "do" (~~WIXHIXI XIXIXIS~~).

...so that I can do it again!

Visions of OUTWORLDS 63 already fill my mind. There is material in hand. I can't wait....

Thirty years.

One hell of a lot of names attached to a lot of people have made possible that "list" commencing on p. 2051. Some exploded "in", then faded "out". Too many are "gone", more are "forgotten"...the stubborn few hang on! New ones "arrive" every issue. ...to each & every one who has given so freely of their time & talent: my most humble Thanks! -- BILL BOWERS • 1/20/92

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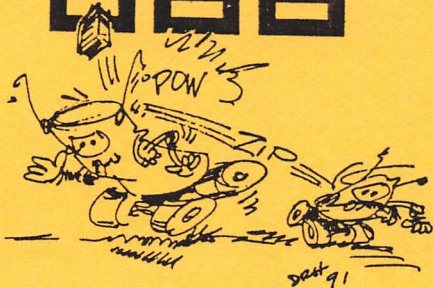
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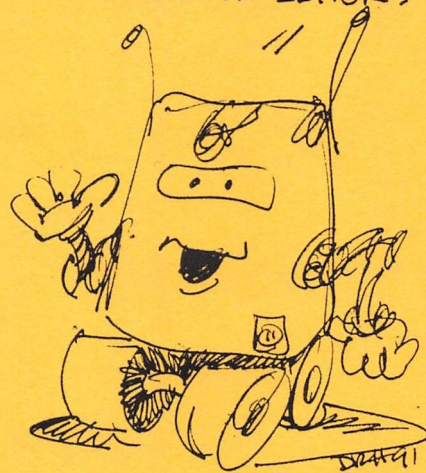
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IN!

