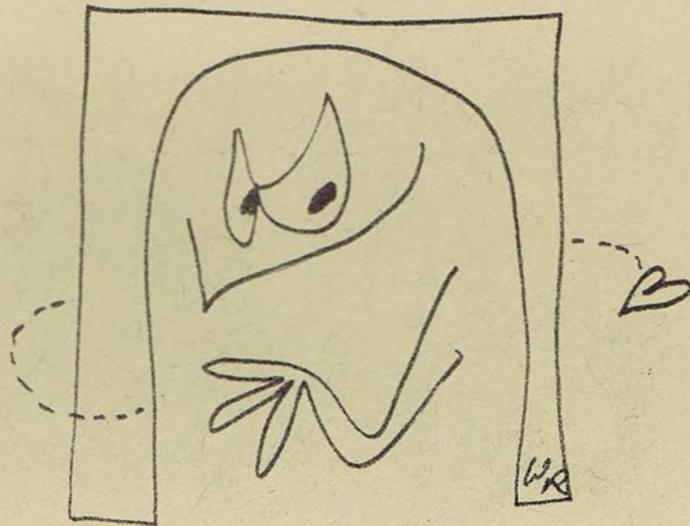


"I can now reveal my secret plan, which won the peace in Viet Nam..."



INTERFACE

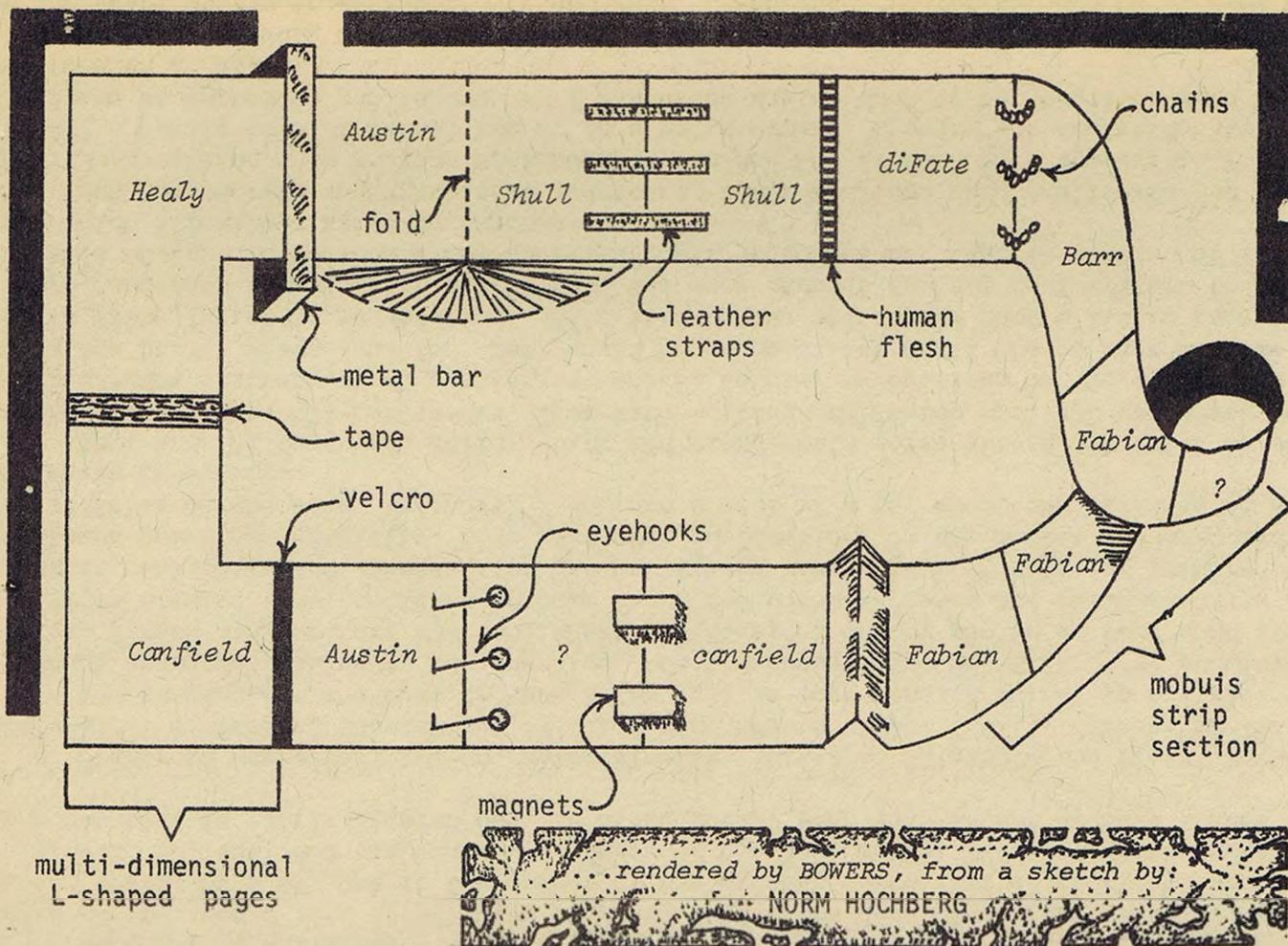


NORM HOCHBERG I've owed you a loc on OW 15 for a while but everytime I stare at it and the enormous Wolfenbarger book in it I turn into a pool of Jello. Jello, as you may know, has no hands or fingers so I couldn't do the loc. Now that #16's here to buttress me though...

89-07 209 St. Queens Village NY 11427

Frankly, Bill, I imagine that one day you'll do a zine in which it will be impossible to find the interior. Maybe there won't even be one, but we'd never know (unless you slipped and mentioned it in a letter to Mike Glicksohn).

I can visualize the cover for that issue. Naturally, the issue would come with a leather bookmark which will have the following "cover schematic" on it:



Frankly, I'm not looking forward to the day.

Cagle, honey--it's nice to set up art directors as bad guys and though some are, many aren't. One that I know personally is a downright nice (and intelligent) guy. The plain fact is, Mike Gilbert to the contrary, artists alone cannot make a good book cover. That's what art directors are for.

It's been a while since I got a *TV Guide* but (if I remember correctly) the last four digits of the second line (5697) give andy his expiration date. There are actually two numbers there: 56 & 97. One is the number of the present issue (listed on the contents page --e.g. Vol. 50, #56) and the other the number of his last issue. I forget which number is which but that is easily figured out. In other words, andy gets either 31 more issues or 59.

Number 16 was a definite up, material-wise, thanks to Ellison's and Piers' letters. Once again I am tempted to stay out of the mess. And, in a way, I will. With an explanation.

I'm staying out the mess because I (as well as most fans, I think) do not know nearly enough about publishing to say anything. Don't misunderstand me, Bill; I've submitted stories, I know many writers and publishers and consider one or two to be very good friends. I've heard stories from published authors about the double-crosses and meatheadedness inherent in publishers and agents; I've had publishers regale me with tales of authors' forgetfulness and undependability. I've read SFWA publications on the matter and devoured fanzine articles on the same. In short, I do know a hell of a lot about the business of SF publishing in America.

But, and I'm sure Ted, Harlan, Dick and Piers would agree with me on this, unless you are a real pro (a 24-hour-a-day, live-with-writing/publishing pro) you can never really know about the business of SF publishing. For me to give my opinions on the matter (no matter how nicely Piers asks for them) would be as pointless as if one of them told me how to edit films (which is my vocation). It's akin to the old canard that a little knowledge is more dangerous than none at all. I have too much respect for all four writers to try to give them advice. In reviews I may question their judgement but that is a point of literature which I feel qualified to discuss.

But to question their business judgement, their dealings with publishers and each other, is something only another professional can do. So, as much as I appreciate Piers' offer of a public vote, I cannot see it as a valid course. I enjoy the public debate since it informs me better on publishing but I can't see asking fans to be judges on such matters. Can't see it at all.

Luckily, I could see the Fabian art. Now, I've never been too gung-ho on his stuff. The full-page pieces on Bester and Asimov were, I thought, not for me. But OW 16 made me a

Fabianite.

Some of the design is beautiful, particularly page 627 with the "encircled" text, and page 607 with the back-box.

I'm unsure about some of the layouts: 600-601 seems a bit bottom heavy and 594-5 doesn't work for me because the left-hand side's text is too isolated. The jump to the right-hand side is too drastic. You've boxed the opening text too much, I think.

I really wish I didn't disagree with Mike Gilbert so often. His contention that visual artists can't articulate well is plain silly. At SUNYCON Vin DiFate gave the best speech of thanks I've ever heard, besides doing fine work on a panel about art. The unfortunate compulsion most non-art people have to thrust paint brushes into artists' hands must be annoying. Many visual artists I know are more articulate than normal human beings. They certainly need no pad as a speech aid.

FLOYD PEILL
Box 238
Morse
Sask. SOH 3CO
CANADA

You know, I like to get beautiful books. Recently, I purchased a mint copy of C.A. Smith's ODES AND SONNETS. Every now and then I open it gingerly to run my eye over the pages and feel of the paper with my finger. Similarly, I've pleurably leafed through OW 15 several times, but have so far read only the lettercol and Lowndes piece. (And I'm honest enough to admit that my main interest in OW was, and still largely is, those superb Lowndes articles). When I purchase an expensive quality book, I like to shove my nose in the binding and inhale. Did you know that each publisher seems to have a distinctive odour? However, sniffing the "binding" of OW draws a blank. In this respect, OW is like all the other zines.

BARRY GILLAM
4283 Katonah Ave.
Bronx, NY 10470

...OW 15 is a different story. The individual items that I particularly enjoyed (Cawthorn's women, Benford's column, Fabian's Bok, the lettercol) are in the minority. Oh, I liked almost all the artwork and the regular columns are of interest, but the work by Bill Wolfenbarger, J.R. Christopher and Carleton Palmer is all unappealing. What makes OW 15 for me and what makes me value it even though I do not value most of the contents, is the design, the experience of the package. First there is the peculiar feeling that the covers are coming off as they fold out. Then the reader's delight at discovering the succeeding half-page illustrations in the lettercol. And at finding the bookmark.

Of course, I still wish that these graphic marvels adorned a better text...

PAUL NOVITSKI
(Alpajpuri)
1690 E 26 Ave.
Eugene, OR 97403

This fifteenth issue is pretty goddam nice. Looks like a lot of work went into it, there are a lot of nice bits of business. There are also a lot of flaws (stay tuned for the gory details) but I imagine a lot of them are due to the fact that you assembled the issue over a period of months. After one particular period of months--after your typography class I guess those titles don't look so hot any more, but hell (archie), presstype is expensive and tempovorous... Two issues of *Carandaiith* (just thot I'd drop that in, since you consistently edit out mentions of loccer's zines) took me over a year, each, to complete, so I know the feeling. It's not very pleasant to collate and staple a fanzine you're already bored with, when visions of layout for issues-to-be are dancing in your head. Your pre- and post-class work is okay--as long as you're fairly stable at one stage of development you can produce a good issue, but when you publish just as you're undergoing a transition, your attempts seem contrived...

As I said, this issue is pretty nice, for having been born during such a transition.

I tend to page through a fanzine from front to back when it arrives, let the editor's sequence of designs hit me as he planned. But later I like to lean back and flip through it lazily. With this issue that's hard to do. The paper varies so much in weight and texture--Carleton Palmer's short frolic flops down glaringly white and heavy and with that (I think) ugly typeface. It jolts me.

(Isn't life great? You slave for months, send your precious darling out to a trusted mailing list and people write back saying, "Eh--it was okay, but..." and shrug.)

But I like the... the optical odor emanates. The covers are good, the unfolding is fun. I do think that the cold black Fabian battles with the beautiful soft Shull. I seem to enjoy Jim Shull's work more and more as time passes. This wash evokes such shape and depth... (Flippetty:) In his pen sketch he shows he's evolving the coarseness and busyness of his texturing. (Anxiously I smooth out the corners of the coverstock as it begins--already!--its inevitable decay into curled dogears. *Sigh*)

I rather wish you'd folded the covers in instead of out (shoul'da called it *Outfolds*), for protection and stability. Structurally this issue is flimsy, in a different way and to a lesser degree than TA...9 was, but still... Those covers of yours fall open and get in the way. I realize you're all hot on the idea that non-newsstand magazines don't need "covers" in the traditional sense, and I enjoy most of your excursions, but you can't forget that you're manufacturing *physical objects* which people will pick up and manipulate with their hands. Hell, Robert Silverberg may even hold it with his feet! If you're going to make a paper tool, a cardstock machine, you have to be a practical mechanic/engineer.

I like the way Steve Fabian's Bokish illustration works as a frontplate on heavy

stock to initiate the Handy Book novella. I think his coquille-board work would reproduce more effectively on a stipple-textured paper...

I approve of tables of contents on bookmarks. I dislike ToCs anyway; I rarely read them because before I've read an issue they're meaningless and afterwards they're superfluous. I like to discover articles as I leaf through the issue, so my memory of articles relates to what they had to say, their overall appearance, the way they lay, not in terms of an alphanumerical listing of title, author, artist and page number. Fanzines aren't so big that you really need a ToC to find anything--you just flip through until you see it. That's why I like individual pieces to be readily distinguishable--each with its own distinctive layout, artwork, perhaps paper & ink colors. It's easier to scan and pick out what you're looking for.

Something inside of me crumpled up and died, a little, when I saw your halfpages in the lettercolumn. I've been planning to use that idea in *Carandaiith* for a long time... to interject editorial comments and wisecrack cartoons without actually interrupting the continuity of the locs. I'm afraid I don't see very much reasoning behind your choice of illcs in INwords. Your lettercol seems to be your dumpground for nudes (always female!) and cute animals...

Ted White's letter is for me one of the most interesting items in this issue. I use *fuck* as an expletive, to express annoyance or regret or shock or awe. I usually don't feel comfortable using *fuck* and *shit* when speaking directly to close friends. It's almost as if saying the word manifests the referend, or at least materializes its conceptual essence (if you'll allow that) in the listener's mind. As Lowndes says, the substance *shit* is rah-thuh unpleasant--that's instinctive--and *fuck* connotes for me a crudeness, a lack of subtlety or sensitivity about making love. That's my socialization, of course. I think I'm pretty well adjusted to my own body, I enjoy its function and form, but the linguistic community I've grown up in has applied a vulgar aura to *fuck* so that to me it doesn't just mean copulate. It implies an absence of love, perhaps even a violence. (Also, *fuck* is used most in the phrases *fuck over* and *fuck up*, both of which have negative meanings.) *Fucking* and *balling* and *screwing* refer only to the mechanical aspects of an act which to me is largely emotional and spiritual. It's usually used (when used as a verb) as a transitive verb, *A fucked B*, whereas I prefer to think of myself as making love with someone else. But "making love" is so awkwardly euphemistic, like "making whoopee" or "making out" or what. Oh well...

...but my life is a series of such transitions...as OW undoubtedly shows... *sigh*

ERIC LINDSAY
6 Hillcrest Ave.
Faulconbridge
NSW 2776
AUSTRALIA

What can I say about it: words are so inadequate to express what I feel when I get OW 15 out of its envelope and look through it again (and again). You talk to the person you see every night on the train home from work, and he expresses an interest in duplicating and offset, so you bring OW out of its envelope and he looks at it and says that it is very good, and must have been a lot of work, and you want to stand up

and tell him about how long it must have taken, and how much planning, and effort and energy would have gone into a fanzine like that. But you stay silent, because words cannot express what you feel. The tain traveller is taking an office equipment course, and once worked for a letterpress printer--he often brings parts of mechanisms to show me--a noiseless typewriter typeface and mechanism and so on, and he knows far more than the casual user of the effects of duplicating (although this is far less than most fans would know), but the idea of the amount of work that is being done by one person just doesn't really occur. I want to shout to the world: Look at this, it is the work of an individual, a man who takes pride in what he does, it is a work of art as much as any painting.

...shameless of me, to print such things, isn't it? Believe it etc., I DO edit out a considerable amount of pats-on-the-back for yhos...but dammit, when someone who's a fellow repro/graphics freak--well-versed in all those good things that bore NON-repro/graphics freaks stiff--likes what I do, well it gives the cynical ole man a glow, and makes the whole smear worth it. ## At the risk of a seemingly banal disclaimer (but it can't be repeated often enough)...while OW is all mine in virtually every sense of the word, it would not be possible without Joan, without the Regulars...those who contribute, and those known to me only; I put the pieces of the puzzle together. I do not create them. ## But enuf of this dwelling in the past. On to #16, itself already two issues back...

ERIC MAYER
RD 1
Falls, PA 18615

What a great job by Steve Fabian! The cover is superb--it practically glows in the dark. The interior artwork is excellent and varied enough so that it all hangs together without becoming monotonous. I'm only sorry I missed the last issue. Those comments about fold-out covers, half page inserts, nooks, crannies, bowkmarks and landmarks in fanzine production are intriguing. I imagine I'll see the contraption someday and be disappointed.

Leigh Edmonds' remarks irritated me. Are the terms "commercial writer" and "artist" mutually exclusive? Names like Dickens and Balzac come to mind. Leigh seems to be suffering from the same narrow definition of art that has led to many would-be "serious" sf

authors to mimic the worst aspects of critically certified Contemporary Literature (ie. the consistently downbeat characterization Lowndes mentions at the end of his column). The AGAIN, DANGEROUS VISIONS-type stories he criticizes are merely the ultimate outcome of the thinking reflected in his letter.

The most exalted Literary Giant and the lowliest sf hack are both manipulating words through similar patterns such as plot, symbolism and characterization. They are both engaged in creation; they are both artists. The difference between them is not of kind but of degree. Depending on what criteria you use as a yardstick, some creations are more successful than others. But there is no mystical dividing line between "art" and "non-art". Questions of genre or economics are meaningless.

Aside from the artwork the issue is highlighted by the letters from Piers Anthony and Harlan Ellison. My feelings toward those letters are ambivalent. Yes, they are fascinating...and illuminating. And yes, in these days of Pentagon Papers and Watergates only a fool (or a Nixon supporter?) would desire to be shielded from the Naked Truth. But...But... I can still remember when sf books were immaculately conceived; when sf authors were shadowy dieties dwelling on some golden eminence of the Great Wide World, enjoying the splendid rewards so justly accruing to their magnificent occupation. Once upon a time, when I read a sf magazine my thoughts turned toward curious loopholes in the laws of physics rather than curious loopholes in copyright agreements. Now the BEMS have metamorphosed into publishers and the authors are more beleaguered than the characters they write about. Reading Piers Anthony's horror stories about publishing; reading Harlan Ellison's admonition that Ted White not "crawl like a dog", sure doesn't do much for the old Sense of Wonder.

Have a heart--don't send this issue to anyone under 15.

RICK STOOKER
1205 Logan St.
Alton, IL 62002

It's interesting that both Piers and Harlan repeat some of the favors Ted White had done for them before they proceed to jump on his back.

Piers raises some very complicated ethical questions. He can't be attacked for following his conscience; but I doubt if he does so consistently. His concern for Ultimate writers who haven't gotten the money he feels they deserve is admirable, but what about other, bigger publishers? Are their records so lily-white? Is he boycotting everybody? And what about other things? The whole entertainment business in this country abounds with creative people, actors, musicians, artists, etc., who have been shafted, both economically and artistically. Every major business concern in this country has a skeleton in its closet somewhere along the line. But if you want to eat, wear clothes,

and live under a roof you buy their products.

It's nice for Harlan that he can afford to sneer at a writer receiving only \$3,500 for paperback rights. The standard advance is \$1,500. \$3,500 may not seem like very much to him; but most people, writers or not, are in lesser income tax brackets and consider \$3,500 quite a large wad.

Bill, I don't know exactly what you consider personal abuse that you'll refuse to publish, but it seems to me that Harlan must come pretty damn close in his closing comments to Ted.

Harlan's last words echo this reader's sentiments upon finishing OW 16.

SI STRICKLEN The cover to OW 16 is the most striking you've ever had. That could be the cover of any professional magazine in the country as far as artistic matters are concerned.

I also like the interior illos on pp 607, 626, and 627; the others I like less well. The pp 600 illo seems to me to be typical of the style that Steve has developed so far. I don't care too much for that particular style, but that's likely to be a matter of personal preference more than anything else.

DEPARTMENT: "...consistency is the hobgoblin of small minds." (Emerson)

Page 624 (Bowers) "As long as it [is] conducted under well understood rules; the ban or taboo on personality slams and attacks has been here since the beginning..."

Page 630 (Ellison) "One of the drawbacks to being not only a friend or acquaintance of Ted's ... is that one must put up with his big mouth ... his half-assed gossip ... his adolescent refusal to apologize when he's proven wrong."

Page 636 (Bowers) "I WILL NOT print loc's that comment on the character or parentage of any of those above ... from those who don't know them." (My underlining.)

DEPARTMENT: "Say BOO to the ego"

Except for the short excerpt quoted by Ellison, I didn't get a chance to read White's letter. So my opinion (such as exists) is based on internal evidence from the replies of Anthony and Ellison.

I read those several times. After the first time through, I thought, "Oh, th t White must be a no-good sunavabitch. Why, see how he's maligned these poor innocent..." "Hang him! Shoot him." "He befouls the face of the Earth."

Then I read them again. And again. You know, those mothers really can write convincingly. But the more you read it, the weaker the case seems. Seeing as they're professional writers, I ought to be suprised if they *couldn't* write convincingly.

Here's a question for Anthony: If you are as concerned with integrity as you say,

and you certainly seem serious, then it must surely be incumbent on you to keep up yourself with whether or not the offense you blacklist for is still current. Yet you say that you aren't current on the matter of payments. You depend on Farmer to tell you, it seems, and as far as you know, he hasn't changed his opinion. Don't you check regularly?

Of course, if you think that having once committed the offense, the blacklist is permanent, that's a different matter. But you say just the opposite.

In Ellison's letter, he nails White (with the added evidence of Lupoff) for expanding considerably the amount of extra work to be done. Five points. But...

"...DANGEROUS VISIONS is merely, at this point, a commercially recognizable trademark, that it has less to do with the actuality of what the books contain than the word "visions."

That makes it sound to me like any suggestion that the books contain unpublishable work is "hype". I don't see any evidence that Ellison claims that, however.

The thing that interests me most about both letter is the amount of personality involved. Evidently, commercial writing is much more than merely a business. I always thought that the reasons for contracts was that people have different ideas about right and wrong, and, naturally, some people are crooks. In fact, I always thought that if one signed a contract, then the ethical thing to do (if the contract was legally binding) was to grit one's teeth and fulfill the contract, even if it stopped being a good idea.

On this basis, Anthony should certainly have sued over any actual non-fulfillment of a legal contract. On the other hand, if the legal ground for paying for reprints is "shaky", then maybe that's not grounds for a blacklist. It certainly seems to me that the SFWA (and Anthony) ought to insist on contracts that give the writer interest in reprints.

And if Lupoff freely signed a contract with Ellison, where's the bitch?

That's my way of looking at it. In the event (God forbid) that I should ever get in- to editing or publishing, that probably means I'd be known as a real bastard.

HARRY WARNER, JR. There's no danger that I'll forget to say anything about the art...in
423 Summit Ave. OW 16...as I often do when writing a loc about this or that fanzine. I
Hagerstown hope there's no law against voluntary servitude, if that is the secret
MD 21740 of your success in getting such enormous quantities of fine Fabian art.
(No, I haven't any idea who would be serving whom to make it possible.)

If these are all electrostenciled, they must be the blackest, firmest imprints ever to come from the process. Even on blue paper, which has a tendency to make any illustration look

grayish, there's a stygian quality to the blacks. And do I remember people saying not long ago that Steve had only one real style? Things change awfully fast in fandom, including this particular half-truth.

Matter of fact, the whizbang way in which things develop in fandom is demonstrated even better by the Carl Brandon reprint. Less than ten years old, and already filled with names and obscure references that people arriving in fandom since the new decade arrived will have trouble figuring out.

The Lowndes review is enlightening, despite the fact that *HEAT* may never come to Hagerstown's neighborhood theaters. Steve's illustration is quite reminiscent of a famous Art Widner illustration for a very old fanzine in FAPA or somewhere, which purported to diagram the steps in a popular dance.

In the letter section, John Leavitt delivers one of the more convincing arguments I've seen for constant profanity. But I'm still unconvinced that "Eat shit!" necessarily communicates any more than an emphatic "No!" spoken with the same inflection of the voice when you want to save time to communicate "You're in error, furthermore you have no authority to tell me what to do, and finally I'll resist if you try to persuade me." There's the added convenience that the shorter reply is less likely to create a time-consuming continuation of the conversation. I also have my doubts that primitives have less complex languages than more developed races. Isn't it customary for a wild multitude of cases and tenses and so on to vanish as a people becomes more civilized, and for one word like "tree" to replace a lot of words describing specific aspects or conditions of trees?

I can't work up the enthusiasm Sheryl Birkhead has found for Skylab. I think there's some justification for complaining about this particular project on the grounds that unmanned satellites could achieve virtually everything the men will do in Skylab, at much less expense. I also disapprove of Skylab if it's meant mostly as the first step toward a space platform, because I remain unconvinced that a space platform makes sense in the whole future of space travel. As long as we're limited by existing propulsion methods, a space platform will mean just that much more stuff to be orbited up before going on to other planets, and when there's a power breakthrough, the space platform will become obsolete. The next step in space exploration should be a permanent base on the Moon, a joint US-Soviet project, manned continuously, with the capability of doing much more scientific work than any close orbital structure could achieve, thanks to a stable surface, plenty of room, fine vacuum, and all those other conveniences of the lunar surface. Meanwhile, step up the unmanned probes to the other planets and pray that the power breakthrough comes soon.

...I just can't work up any enthusiasm over the two controversies that this letter section and the superletter try to touch off. I don't understand how a trial by fanzine

would provide a meaningful verdict in the Ultimate reprint case. If the pros affected believe they retained reprint rights from those old sales, wouldn't it make better sense to get together and ask the courts for an injunction to prevent the publisher from continuing the practice? If there is no legal basis for their claim to payment for reprints, what good will it do to spill pound after pound of mimeograph ink rehashing a situation that every fan must already be aware of? I'm even less inclined to want to read any more about that Lupoff story's adventure among the publishers. All three principals have now given their versions of what happened, I've been unable to find any reason for taking an interest in the matter, and I dread to think of this kind of dispute dominating your next two or three letter sections. Arguments over an editor's or publisher's alterations in the text of a story have some relevance to the reader of science fiction, but I don't think these particular situations instruct us in anything except what we've known all along, that most of the principals have too-quick tempers.

MIKE GLICKSOHN
32 Maynard Ave. #205
Toronto,
Ontario M6K 2Z9
CANADA

It's a measure of the devotion I feel to my task of increasing the quality of your fan publication that here on the eve of an extended vacation trip out west when I should be cleaning up, and packing and accounting for the myriad details created by a month's absence (such as urging my snake to shit now so he won't dirty the cage while I'm gone) my prime concern is that I get down a few comments on the latest OW... If some of them turn out to be printable, so much the better: it'll be a nice change from all the unprintable things I've said about you lately.

As usual, a few remarks about the appearance. Steve's cover is superb, of course, and his design of the interior sections makes for one of the most attractive fanzines in quite a while. It has that nebulous graphic unity we hear so much about. The printing, though, is less than perfect and why you hang onto that prototype mimeo of yours I don't know. Still, your mimeo work is as good as anything currently coming out of America, so you needn't hang your head in shame just yet. (I couldn't help noticing that a couple of your electrostencils weren't properly cut and you were therefore forced to turn out marred pages. This must have caused you pain, I'm sure. Whenever I find that the fourth or fifth attempt at an electrostencil hasn't worked out to quite the standard I'd want, I simply cut another stencil, and keep on cutting stencils until I'm happy with the result. Eat your heart out, Bowers!)

Hmm, compare the printing on the Picasso page with the rest of the issue and you can

see why electrostencilling text never caught on. And it's a source of considerable enjoyment to me to note that your expensive Selectric has certain letters that don't cut properly!

There you go; two paragraphs of boring technical stuff. It's all yours, Andy.

It's a measure of the truly remarkable effectiveness of Terry's writing that although I didn't particularly enjoy *THE DROWNED WORLD* and haven't read it for several years, his Brandonization re-created the entire novel for me. I remembered whole themes, passages and the stylistic tricks of Ballard from this too-brief adaptation. I suppose any writer whose prose was as turgid as Ballard's could be parodied in this way (although I recognize that parody isn't the correct word here) but it's still a remarkable job, because, I guess, of being far more than merely a humorous "spoof" of the original. Any time you wish to reprint other Brandonizations, go right ahead, Bill, and don't even bother requesting my approval next time.

After more years than I care to mention in print of a sheltered and pure life, I have finally experienced my Rite of Passage and seen a stag film. Three of them, actually. In colour. With a musical accompaniment. ("Oh, Come All Ye Faithful", I think it was.) Unlike the magnum Robert Lowndes describes, these had no plot, no characters, and were distinguished in my mind primarily by the total disinterest of the participants. In fact, all three together were nowhere near as stimulating or interesting as, if I may go from the sublime to the ridiculous, a copy of *Outworlds*. Tell me, Father William, is there something amiss with me?

[Ah...temptation rises, but I refuse to respond in kind. Michael, as is well known, is a master baiter, par excellence...]

While I tend to agree with some of John Leavitt's points concerning the use of obscenity as a form of communication, I can't share his seemingly narrow viewpoint that an extended vocabulary stands in the way of communicating, nor that it is more creative to use swear words inventively than it is to use the appropriate words from a specialized vocabulary. Surely it all depends on just what you wish to communicate and with whom? As an example, John has used an extensive vocabulary revealing, at least, considerable education (even if only in the form of reading) and yet I find his last paragraph communicates little. Is it the words that are to blame, or his use of them, or my inability to grasp his meaning? Could he have made his point more simply? What, for example, does he mean by "language is simplifying continually?" Does he refer to grammar? For surely vocabulary, an integral part of language, could not be said to be simplifying. And I gather he implies that language varies in complexity directly with the degree of civilization of a culture until a point where it suddenly begins to vary inversely. But why didn't he just come out and say that?

And what and where is that point of non-differentiability in the graph? As he so succinctly puts it, fornicate on this fecal matter, anyway.

Tsk, tsk, Willum, a pair of words typed twice in David Grigg's letter. As it's obvious that your poor old eyes have given up the ghost the ghost, why not hire a proofreader a proofreader?

And, David, what happens when you publish a fanzine for fun and suddenly everyone wants to subscribe, trade or respond to it? From what I've seen of *Touchstone*, I'd give some serious consideration to that question!

I'll stand by my comment that Ted White writes some of the best letters around (for "best" read "most interesting"--and give thanks that I teach math and not English) but I'll have to qualify that with the observation that very often the things he writes get refuted completely by other participants in the affairs. Note that I carefully skate around the question of truth here: I admire Ted and Harlan immensely as fan writers and as a bystander I can enjoy this battle of titans without suffering from any of the quite brutal comments being tossed about. It saddens me, then, to see two people I admire accusing each other of deceit or stupidity. I doubt that I've ever read a rebuttal/attack written with such exquisite savageness as this piece of Harlan's. I used to think I could be pretty sarcastic when aroused, but obviously I'm strictly minor league. Overall I find myself in two minds about the exchange and the possibility of its continuance: on the one hand the material so far has been about the most provocative and interesting and well-written material to appear in fandom of late, and since I'm safe from harm I'd like to see more of this consummate verbal warfare; but, dammit, these are friends of mine and I hate to see such personal abuse going on. I'm eager to read Ted's response, too, to see how he reacts and whether your description of "moderate" applies. (Actually, my comments here are inspired by Harlan's piece; Ted's original letter was rather tame, if memory serves. I'd dig out that *Outworlds*, but after a month at the bottom of the fish tank the print gets blurred.) Mixed feelings aside, this is the stuff of which editor's dream, you're one of the few fans I know with the integrity to handle the affair, and after all the insults have been thrown and the ruffled feathers have soothed down, I hope there's better understanding on all sides. And keep to your no-personal-attacks rule for outsiders; but what about Ted? Harlan says some pretty nasty things there, and maybe Ted will respond in kind, then Harlan might say a few more things, etc., etc. That's how the unpleasantness over "fannish-sercon" developed in NERG (ha, ha, thought I'd never mention it, didn't you). I wish you better luck in controlling things than I had...

Harry's vision of a future in which Bowers-influenced concepts in graphics and design have produced an entirely new and dominant form of reading matter is as horrifying an idea as ever I've heard and most assuredly rates as one of the most dangerous visions in some time. Luckily the number of people seeing *Outworlds* being so minute (and the number remembering anything about it being even tinier) reduces this to the realm of nightmare. As for extending his history of fandom "up through the 1970's" in order to immortalize your name for posterity (chuckle, chuckle) I assume Harry is referring to the late 1970's...?...

That's "Canuck", Jackie love, and besides, I'm a Brit. It's nice to see someone with a little flair getting into this schtick: crossing mental swords with Bowers is battling an unarmed man...

Piers Anthony is very obviously a man of integrity and he is fighting what he thinks of as the good fight. Until we hear the other side, I'll refrain from commenting on his principles but there is one thing I find disconcerting about this piece. Piers states clearly that he is his own man, and stresses the importance of integrity, yet he offers to adopt the decision of the majority of *Outworlds* readers! What sort of "own man" lets a crowd--no matter how well-informed or intelligent--make up his mind for him? It's completely at odds with the rest of the article. There's a credibility gap established by that, Piers.

I've commented on the Ellison piece which is superbly, if sometimes brutally, written and it certainly is a 'major' piece and I think it's really shitty of you to point this out and make fun of the fact that his two promised major pieces for NERG (or one promised piece for two NERGs) didn't appear. Some people will stoop to any depths... (By the way, old bent-double Bill, the selection of that Ingham cartoon as header for the piece was a stroke of editorial acumen of Glicksohnian proportions. You see, you are learning...)

This is a brilliant letter which you'll undoubtedly want to use in full so please feel free to do so. You may leave in all the affectionate byplay, too, if you wish, just to add to the OW mythos.

...wordy young fella, isn't he? (Didn't he use to publish something...?)

JACKIE FRANKE Your concept of a one-artist issue turned out superbly! That one little
Box 51-A RR 2 slippage in the final pages didn't harm the effect at all; considering the
Beecher circumstances, the reader could understand your wish to include that extra
IL 60401 portion of the zine, and forgive the loss of purity for its sake. Fabian
handled the various customized illos in his usual excellent fashion, doing
an especially fabulous job with *The Gafiated World* illo, the evocative heading for *The Nazgul's Song*, and, my husband's favorite, the silhouetted figure leading off Wolfenbarger's

column. My only complaint is that there wasn't enough drawings!

As for the material, I'd rank, immediately after the lettercol, Carr's unfinished piece (but seeing that it's a parody of Ballard's novel, who can really be sure?), *The Gafiated World*, Lowndes' column (hmm, do I detect a tendency for you to publish dated material? Two items in one ish that were meant for other publications and not used...watch it Bowers, you may be setting dangerous precedents...) and, as an exception to my usual distaste in poetry, *The Nazgul's Song* as best of the issue.

[I'd LIKE to set such a precedent. There is a fair amount of good material in the hands of faneds, who've been gonna publish Real Soon Now for the past 3 or more years (I KNOW...some of it's mine!), as well as items like Terry's, which have appeared, but only in apas or other extremely limited arenas. I'm not making a dedicated effort to ferret out such items, but as I run across 'em, you'll be seeing more of the same in future issues. Suggestions welcome...]

Leavitt's letter, in defense of his abuse (Note: not "use") of profanity, reads like a classic case of rationalization. "Language is simplifying continually. As it has simplified, civilization has grown more complex" he states at the head of a paragraph and then follows that unsupported statement with a semi-contradiction; "Pre-civilization peoples... have less complex languages than civilized peoples...once they become civilized the language becomes more complex to handle the greater load..." He tries to adjust this imbalance with a weak statement that says that at a certain point the process begins to reverse, but his reasoning is terribly muddy all the way through.

Even if his hypothesis were true, which I doubt, the tendency for a language to simplify would be more apparent in the more educated classes (since they would be better able to more fully appreciate the complexity of the civilization) and less so in the lower. Yet it is the Street people, no matter what their education level, who use "verbal shorthand" (understandable by virtually anyone as opposed to the sort of jargon technologists or scientists use), the most. It's only my opinion, but I feel that most abusers of so-called "dirty words" are seeking implication of togetherness with the Masses...whoever they may be...and consciously or unconsciously, seek this method of shocking "establishment" types as being less hazardous than other means and also identifying themselves to others who feel the same way they do as one of the group. Since long hair and mis-matched clothing has become so popular, something has to be used as tribal identification.

In other words, he hasn't convinced me.

The Ellison/White tiff may blow up into a properly fannish feud with name-calling

and mud-slinging and all the rest, but I can't really see where the disagreement lies. White says that Ellison would not permit Lupoff's story to be printed elsewhere, Harlan says so, too. White says Lupoff lost "thousands of dollars" thereby, Harlan doesn't refute this, just says that Dell's offer of \$3,500 wasn't a "large sum of money" (maybe not by his standards, but what about Lupoff's?), White says that Harlan is a master of hype, and who would deny that? On the other side, Harlan claims that Lupoff's story was turned down by many people previous to being accepted by him, a point Ted doesn't mention, and that he (Harlan) had suggested editorial adjustments which may (or may not) have made it saleable. He also says that he and Lupoff have made peace...ten days before he wrote the letter, which doesn't negate White's statement that the mention of Harlan's name "raised Lupoff's hackles" at whatever time White originally wrote his letter.

In other words, these two scrappers are getting riled up more on the basis of the way things were said than what was said...a typical trait for both men from what I've seen. If they wish to lose their tempers over that, then so be it. I'll yawn from the sidelines, thank you.

Piers Anthony's letter, on the other hand, does pose a moral dilemma. He decries the use of blacklisting against himself, yet sees no alternative than to use the same weapon to correct what he sees as an injustice against a fellow writer. He wraps his action in a cloud of moral indignation and claims to humanitarian fairness, but he's still terribly hypocritical about the matter. Although, if perhaps his personal ethics include the any-means-to-a-desired-end philosophy, he doesn't see it that way. Judging from his apparent squirming under the lash of conscience though, I somehow doubt that that is entirely correct.

Piers asks the readership of OW to make a decision for him...and I won't. It is entirely possible to see his point, writers make their living, or a portion thereof, from their wordage, and if they're not paid for every appearance of their work, they hurt financially. But he neglected to mention whether there exists a legal right to the monies he claims are owed by Ultimate. (I personally have no idea if they are or aren't...he never says. If they are, why isn't the publisher being sued?) It is reprehensible indeed for a publisher to print material that belongs to someone else by copyright, and it's also illegal as hell. Most publishers avoid out-and-outright theft, so there must exist some hazy, gray area here that can only be properly explained by those versed in jurisprudence. Stated as Piers has, the facts would seem to prove that Ultimate has infringed on every copyright and publication law imaginable. Why the company is bankrupt from fighting off class-action suits I can't imagine!

But this is beside the point. I haven't got enough information to decide for myself whether Piers is justified in his actions, much less to advise another. Perhaps Ultimate is

publishing legally, but "morally" owes some recompense to the writers. In that case Piers is merely using a time-honored method to force "management" to accept "labor's" views. Boycott, strike, whatever you call it, it's a cessation of work by a group in order to force the users of that work-product to see matters differently. But wouldn't it be more effective if public notice were brought to bear upon such action? A strike doesn't work too well if no one but the strikers know what they're doing, does it?

...that's what Piers' letter was about: letting it be known...

GEORGE FLYNN

27 Sowamsett Ave.
Warren, RI 02885

Hardly had I penetrated the maze of OW 15's covers, after taking a couple of months to get around to it, when #16 showed up. Well, #15 was a remarkable--er, construction? artifact?--whatever, but it's a bit late to comment on it at length. I'm afraid I must mention that Bill Wolfenbarger's writing leaves me almost completely cold. Sorry to say that, since his work's obviously a labor of love, with a great deal of himself in it, but that's the way it is. About those covers, I refer to your distinguished contributor's remark on things "that make magazine pages hard to turn and keep turned." (Does andy pull off fanzine covers and throw them away? If Harlan cuts them up, who knows what other abominations may lurk out there!) OK, on to #16.

The cover is absolutely magnificent, practically worth a Hugo nomination by itself. Then we have the piece of juvenility on page 597 (who's responsible for the text, your or Steve?); Picasso an "extreme modernst" indeed!

On Doc Lowndes' query for stories on benevolently suppressed inventions, the closest thing that I can think of is Asimov's *The Dead Past* (the one about the machine sent into the past). It doesn't quite fit, though, since they weren't "preparing the way for it" -- there simply was no way to prepare for it. But it certainly isn't cops-and-robbers.

I disagree fairly thoroughly with John Leavitt. The "verbal shorthand" he talks about is all right in spoken language, but how do you convey inflections in writing? Communication, to me, largely consists of drawing distinctions, and that's what a large vocabulary is for. As for "ilk", it's simply an archaic word (and most people who do use it get the meaning wrong). Is language simplifying continually? Certainly Latin and Greek has a more complex formal grammar--i.e., more inflected words--than English (though modern German or Russian isn't far behind). In English, however, the complexity has just been shifted from individual words to the structure of the sentence: in Latin you can arrange the words

of a sentence in practically any order you like, but in English this produces gibberish. Even this change is probably a historical accident; I very much doubt that such a process applies to all languages. I think the occult is nonsense and telepathy wishful thinking, but let's not get into that argument. Reverting to the original point, the verbal shorthand only works if you already know most of the message. Maybe you can read all that into "Eat shit!" if you know the speaker and have a pretty good idea of how he feels, but how can one convey new ideas that way?

Expanding on David Grigg's argument, whether ~~you~~ one wants to win a Hugo isn't the point. (Ha!) The Hugo is voted on by the whole of fandom, and ought to go to a zine that's at least trying to communicate with the whole of fandom. If that's not what a given faned wants to do, fine, but then he shouldn't complain if the Hugo goes elsewhere. I am *not* talking about you: I nominated OW this year.

Sandra's right about the flaws in NASA's public relations. Let me tell you a horrible example. A couple of months ago I went to a talk by Dave Scott of Apollo 15; there was a pretty good audience. He showed a beautiful collection of slides, telling jokes that were at least bearable. Then came the question period, and the inevitable question about the relative priorities of space and mundane needs. He replied--and this is close to verbatim -- "Well, I don't know much about such things. I think we just have to trust the wisdom of our leaders to make such decisions." So help me, that's what he said--to a college audience, in the middle of the Watergate disclosures. Can you conceive of the effect on an undecided listener? How's that for public relations?

Piers Anthony says he "Can not deal with a publisher that cheats other writers." You mean there's another kind? I'm not altogether joking: there is a basic conflict of interest between publisher and author, and just about any publisher will betray an author in one way or another. Not always in monetary terms, of course--there are laws--but there are also such things as incompetent editing, sloppy proofreading, inappropriate packaging, etc., all of which can really harm an author's reputation. (Yes, I know whereof I speak.) As for the substance of Piers' complaint, I can't judge without the evidence, of course. I would only say that I hate to see anything that makes the publication of (putatively) good SF any harder than it already is.

ALEXIS A. GILLILAND
2126 Penna. Ave. NW
Washington DC 20037

In OW 16, Ass. Ed. Fabian has put together a serene and handsome fanzine for you. If he lacks your innovative brilliance, he also avoids the cul-de-formats you sometimes wind up in. So one is free to concentrate on the contents, which verge on the old *Psychotic* in an intel-

lectual sort of way.

You are aware, of course, that without the billingsgate which you are blue penciling, the arguments will damp out very quickly?

Thus, Piers Anthony has always been one of my favorite fans, although I have never met him. He has the panache and gall of Cyrano de Bergerac, and like Cyrano, I expect he exasperates his friends something awful. But he is a pleasure to read. A calm reading of his piece will lead to the realization that he has a principled dispute with Ted White's publisher. What should White say to him? Why, indeed, should Ted White respond at all, since he seems to be an innocent bystander?

In a calm and reasoned discussion, Ted White will very likely come to this conclusion in no more than two or three issues, and presto! no more argument.

Now Harlan Ellison's article is something else. Fire is there, and passion; the writing glows with emotional power.

He was, in my opinion, perfectly justified in holding Lupoff to their contract. Having worked to get a story of the length and quality he wants, why *should* he turn the story back to Lupoff for Lupoff's (see L's letter p. 610) offer of a hastily written replacement?

Lupoff had no business showing an already sold story to his agent, and the business of trying to get it back for a little more work and a little more money is unprofessional. Still, having done what he did, it figures that he would be piqued at the outcome.

Enter Ted White, sniping. His facts are reasonably correct, considering they are not documented. What is "wrong" is his interpretation of the facts which is somewhat uncharitable, towards Harlan, at any rate, and the cheap shot at A,DV.

So for this Harlan blazes away for nine pages? Better he should spend the time getting *Star Trek* into *Masterpiece Theater*. Clearly he is annoyed and upset that Ted scored debaters points when he, Harlan, was in the right.

But nine pages...tsk.

NESHA KOVALICK
1006 15th St.
Boulder
CO 80302

I suppose that discussions of Art are better ignored, but... 'art' is commonly used as a more restrictive term than it ought to be. It is used with the sense of 'Great Art' and not just as 'creation', almost synonymous with 'craft'. Any writing is literature, any painting is art, but some is great literature/art, some is just fun, and some stinks. Anyway, Charles Dickens was a commercial writer. He could certainly write, and his books are certainly Great Literature, but the fact that he wrote them as magazine serials shows and accounts for some of

the worst flaws. Mighty few writers write without some consciousness of writing for a certain audience, I'll warrant.

One trouble with obscenity is that while it is concise to say "Eat shit!" and it is expressive to say "Fuck off, bastard!", it doesn't generally get you anywhere. Most people still freeze right there. They either physically leave or simply will not really discuss anything further. If you're dealing with someone that this is going to happen with, it is really more effective and concise to say what you think the long way and get more positive results. Of course, my language has gotten a lot more foul lately: I got a bicycle last month. People are really out to get bikers. I tend to pedal along and mutter evilly under my breath.

And I think John Leavitt is wrong about language, too. Latin is a pretty simple and well ordered language. It is, really, because once you know the rules, you have it. And the Romans were definitely civilized, for all their faults. English on the other hand, is complex and contentious. It doesn't seem complicated, because we know it without thinking about it. But try to write down the rules. They are incredible--English has many, many tenses and very involved rules, all having multiple exceptions. Contemporary "civilization" is a moot point anyway. So there is a relatively simple 'dead' language with a complex civilization and a complex one with a contemporary one. Too, the primitive African tribes have just about the most complex languages known.

The cover of 16 was neat--good repro, fine picture--but the color was wrong somehow. It disturbed me instead of just being striking. A good issue for art.

DON MARKSTEIN

2425 Nashville Ave.
New Orleans
LA 70115

It's as pretty a package as everyone says it is, and even has a lot of content to go with it. Compare with *Maybe*, which stresses content over form to the point where there's no form at all, and the content is unreadable (I never read *Maybe*--I value my eyes too much--but I do go so far as to egoscan it, which is [very] occasionally rewarding).

John Leavitt has some interesting thots on language in general and obscenity in particular, but my own gnosis of the subject, which is based on some genuine study and some "feel" for the English language, indicates that languages both simplify and grow complex as time goes on. Grammatically, they tend to drop various declensions and genders that seem useless to new generations (query--inasmuch as English is one of the few languages to drop singular and plural in adjectives, how long will it be before it drops them in verbs and, finally, nouns?). However, as regards vocabulary, they constantly grow. Even some so-called "dead" languages do this--it is possible to say "telegraph" in Latin. It isn't a matter of their growing simpler for a period of time and then growing complex--both are simultaneous

processes.

(Note--I had an interesting discussion with Faruk von Turk, a friend of mine, on the subject of dead languages, not too long ago. We eventually reached the point where we were defining a "dead" language to be one that isn't spoken or read by any living person--meaning that if one were to name a dead language, the mere act of naming it would be to bring it to life. As an example of a dead language, then, I suggested something like "Dravidian with a Cornish accent". I don't believe that's read by any living person, nor any dead one.)

Anyway, on to obscenity. The reason I occasionally let fly with a "shit" or "fuck" in mixed or other company is that they're very expressive words. English has kind of a dearth of expressive words that aren't obscene. In Yiddish, you can call a guy a nebbach, a shnook or a shmuck, and only one of those is obscene. In English, to get the same effect, you have to call him a dork or an asshole, both of which are obscene. It's a shame we don't have the art of insult mastered like them Semites. In the meantime, when I'm looking for a really good expletive, I won't hesitate to choose an obscene one if it's what I need.

Most writers aren't Special People. Tell Jackie Franke that for me. At least fans shouldn't consider them such, since fans as a general rule are quite at home with the written word. I would say that about 35-50% of all fans write professional-quality stuff, and some of the rest are younger people who will learn to. It would be interesting to find out how many fans are professional writers of one sort or another, even if they don't sell to sf magazines. Like me--newspapers, trade papers and like that. Nothing special about a person being able to use words to communicate with people he's never met. I'd guess offhand that somewhere between a quarter and a third of the hack novelists--those tireless work-horses who can be told the title and basic situation of a TV series or movie and thereupon turn out a novelization of it--are fans. Or at least, fannish.

Your answer to John Carl was just right. Got the sentiment across in very few words. This "sercon" versus "faanish" debate you see once in awhile reminds me of the old "New Wave" versus "Old Wave" idiocy that was running through fandom not that long ago. I don't judge writings by labels either, tho I'll go so far as to say that there are certain characteristics to writing that will tend to reduce its value for me. However, these characteristics are not summed up in any of the popular labels mentioned above. The labels I tend to use are "good" and "bad", and they're pretty subjective. I don't foist them on others.

David Grigg's letter reminds me of some discussion I saw in the latest *Granfalloon*. Sorry, Linda, to be putting it in this LoC instead of one to you, but it isn't all that much of a comment anyway.

This whole business of genzine fandom girding itself for a famine in the wake of a retreat to the apas is kind of amusing to a long-time apan like myself. Some of the comments I've seen indicate that this is regarded by some as a trend that will forever change the face of fandom, indicating a split into myraid (name of an apa, come to think of it) sub-groups that can never draw themselves back together again.

Bullshit. The last time something like this happened was about 1965 or so, and fandom didn't undergo permanent change because of it. Fandom is always changing permanently, but that isn't one of the salient changes. The pendulum will swing back again in a few years, and a new crop of genzines will arise.

When I first became an apan, about five years ago, the apas were in a state of decline. One, in particular--the one that I first joined, feel the strongest affection for and am now OE of--damn near died of it. It hit a low mailing of 46 pages (and it a jiant quarterly that had mailed as many as 416 pages at once) with eleven members. There was talk of folding it on the spot. SAPS, which I regarded as having something of the permanence and stability (read: impenetrability) of FAPA, was in such a low state that I joined it in 1969 or '70 without even the briefest waitlist stint. Even with FAPA, that bastion of immutability, I've advanced to #7 on the waitlist in only two years (if I'd gotten on when I first thought of it, I'd be a member now).

Yeah, everybody in the apas was bemoaning the fact that genzine fandom was on the rise and the apas were sinking fast. The difference was that most of those doing the bemoaning knew that this was just part of a cycle that would turn the other way in a few years. And lo, it is true. Genzine fans are gradually discovering the joys of publishing for a select audience that will give them quick and voluble response. But it's just part of a cycle that turns in a few years, and in a few years there'll be a rebirth of the genzines and the apas will be dying like flies with only the strongest surviving to pass the torch on to the next generation of apans, around 1978-80.

(In the time it took to write that paragraph, I thought offhand of no less than a dozen apas that have begun and ended in the past ten years. Want to hear their names? I didn't think so. Given time and reference material, I'll think of a dozen more.)

There are about three dozen apas extant in fandom right now. There'll be more in a year. Two years ago, there were less than two dozen. Two years from now, there'll probably be less than there are now. The pendulum swings, and having swung, swings back. Nothing to get excited over. It's been happening for years. In the meantime, those who think they might be interested in sampling apas are advised to write Matthew B. Tepper, 535 Ocean Ave. #2B, Santa Monica, CA 90402 for a copy of his *South of the Moon*, recently revived as a newszine for apas.

This letter has been sort of like the ideal apazine--nothing but comments on comments. I didn't get one single remark out of the articles, etc.--just from the lettercol. I guess I'm just a born apan.

RICHARD E. GEIS OW 16 is remarkable for the range of styles exhibited by Steve Fabian. Perhaps with many others, I had had the impression that he was a "Johnny one-note" sf illustrator... but the cover and interiors of this issue show me otherwise. A revelation.

The nitty-gritty of sf writing and publishing--the raw inside stuff that doesn't often get to the fans--or other writers--is fascinating and touchy for a publisher, as I know. I felt after finishing reading Ellison's letter that you should have pointed out that he had done exactly what he complained of from White; he indulged in an orgy of personalities by divining Ted White's motivations. He called him a liar, jealous, bitter... My, my. Harlan couldn't know Ted's reason's for writing that squib in a previous issue. And it did seem that Harlan indulged in a lot of overkill...to the extent that one asks why.

GERARD GIANNATTASIO I realized at once that OW 16 was not your typical OW. The typical OW, I knew from reading other fanzines, danced, sang, polished your shoes, and put out the cat. From reading the locs, I felt like the man who arrives at a strange town to find it in ruins. After pulling the rubble of the town hall off the mayor, he is told: "You just missed Big Joe."

LOREN MacGREGOR Received OW 16 today, and after I finished slashing my wrists, I managed to travel beyond the cover. ...artwork like Steve Fabian's cover is enough to make me quit doodling on my scratchpads.

...all the comments about the covers and layout of OW 15 started me to speculation, and I broke down into a fit of giggles. I started out imagining 15 as constructed something like an origami bird, went from that to envisioning one of those Chinese wood puzzles, of the type that can be worked only by deducing the one lock-piece that frees the puzzle. So, rather than continue to read the lettercolumn and possibly end up with some even more outre, I decided to stop and make a few idle comments.

Steve Fabian's cartoons throughout reminded me somehow of the old pro mag, *Science*

Fiction Digest, which had many of similar style. Ah, sweet nostalgia, I muttered to myself gleefully, as I pondered through the pages. Cover is fantastic, and I hate Steve's guts. Inside front is not only fantastic, funny, but is one of the best-designed cartoons I've seen. Neat. Might I ask where the Picasso story came from? I've read it someplace before, but the source eludes me.

I can't evaluate all his art. Pg. 607, somehow, reminds me of John Buscema, but strictly because of a similar character he once used. Not an accusation, just a remark. Very good, an otherworldly (Outworldly?) Gunga Din! I realize that he's playing a musical instrument but my mind keeps nibbling back at me, saying that it's actually a water jug from which he's drinking.

Well, good layout throughout, and having just glanced at Steve's editorial, I salute his good taste and marvelous sense of balance. This issue, though not spectacular in layout, is workable and readable. And more I may not ask.

Now, on to other things.

I never went in for voluntary poverty, because the poverty that I enjoyed as a child was all too real. But, truth to tell, I never felt it. My parents never bothered to tell me I was poor, so I never knew it until later years. By that time, our situation had changed and we were no longer broke. But, because my early years were spent by a railroad track, and because I was born the grandson of a steamer captain and the son of a man who had traveled around the world 3 times before he was 21, well...

I used to hop on a freight car on weekends, ride to nearby towns and cities. The tracks went along the water, the long beaches of Washington State. All the trainmen knew me; at twelve, I wasn't considered dangerous, so they let me ride. If I'd had the money of the middle class, I couldn't have done better. Having paid for the train in recent years, I've found that the enginemen are usually more interesting than the passengers in the cars.

I enjoyed Wolfenbarger's article, with reservations. I don't even know specifically what those reservations were, but for some reason I kept holding back. Maybe it's the winos that I come in contact with every day, that make the whole thing too close to me. As an example, I occasionally dabble in theatre, as I doodle on paper. One of our local theatres is in the skid row area, and caters to The Elite 2 nights a week, and the winos on Sundays. The drunks make the better audience, as far as theatre goes, because you have to get, and keep their attention, or your audience wanders out to urinate in the bleachers. Or they're up on stage asking you wadinhell yer tryna do, anyway. On the other hand, if you get them involved in the show, they'll shout and whistle and encourage: "Yeah! Tha's showin' the basserd!"

The cartoon on 604 is wonderful, but I won't tell you what thoughts it generated. I

showed it to one of the Lovely Pregnant Ladies around here (there are several. It's an epidemic, of sorts.), who has been a good friend for some time, and she and I laughed for several minutes. The review was good as well. Having seen *THE MAN IN THE WHITE SUIT*, I would encourage everyone to view it if they can.

Maybe I'll write a story along the guidelines Lowndes sets.

NOW...!

Leigh, why do you object to writers talking about their art? If they were to say "My...ta-dah!...ART!" I would understand. But anything, from carpentry to boxing--"the manly art of self-defense", remember--to writing, is an art. It may require certain skills, it may encompass craftsmanship. Nevertheless, it is art.

It takes art to be understood in any media; layout and commercial design is as much an "art" as a Picasso painting, and oftentimes may require as much skill in production. Entertainment is an art; communication is an art.

While I might agree that sometimes the artist in question may get carried away -- Harlan Ellison admits to the overhype at times--sometimes it's necessary. Any artist, in any medium, has to sell himself. In a time when that medium is overcrowded with a few hundred, a few thousand others, the necessity is even more present. Michelangelo was a hype artist who succeeded in selling himself well, thereby giving himself the opportunity to work on projects that made him a profit as well as allowing him to display his talents to their best effect. Leonardo DaVinci? Currently, one of the world's best hypeartists is Salvador Dali. He's selling himself to sell his art.

If all the artists in the world were to begin hyping (I use the word repeatedly advisedly, for emphasis) their craft rather than their art, the word craft would acquire a new meaning, and the emphasis would shift again. Oh, well, you just punched a button, and I am a creature of Pavlov reasoning.

Besides, I like to consider myself an artist. Tis a shame and a pity I haven't sold anything yet, but it's still art, and still in my files.

John Leavitt raises points that I believe were covered recently in *Awry*, the home-grown product of Dave Locke's fertile mind. But, for the record: If you tell me "You're full of shit," and I respond, "Fuck off," we have achieved absolutely no communication whatsoever. In some circumstances--some, maybe--the statement/response may be valid. If I had read your letter and replied, "You asshole! Your goddamn mind is fucked," you would undoubtedly be aware that I disagreed with you. Period.

Of course you have to alter your language to fit your audience! If you were an engi-

neer and began to relate things in jargon, I wouldn't understand you. You, on the other hand, would be able to read *Analog* without too much trouble. If I were to write the rest of this letter so: Noc notes p̄ much condi. reveal lit. et res. give c/o poor tx @ r. tech. hands... you would probably be able to decipher most of the letter, but some would leave you confused. But language is a tool; dead languages are not necessarily complex. Rather, they are more difficult because they are not being learned in the context of their creation. If you were a Roman legionaire, you would probably find it reasonably easy to learn Latin.

Before anyone jumps down my neck, I know that's a simplification.

Mike Gilbert brings up an interesting point on thinking processes, but I'm trying to be brief, so a sentence or two will take care of the thesis I could write: I think primarily in language structures, mostly in paragraph/story form, secondarily in film images, in the style of a film treatment rather than a finished movie, and thirdly in visual/caption form. Usually by the time things have reached this stage, I've either finalized them or submitted them to a good friend who tries to draw out my images on paper. Fortunately his mind works fairly closely with mine, and the result is reasonably rewarding to me.

At first I read Piers' letter/article/editorial and decided, "This man is an arrogant SOB" (which every good respiratory therapist knows means short of breath) but I got over it. He is arrogant, but there seems to be kernels of truth in this piece, after all. Knowing at least one of the writer's for Ted's magazines, I can vouch for the fact that he is not mean, vicious and despicable, deliberately violating a blacklist for selfish, personal gains. Well, maybe a little...

Harlan, too, makes his points telling, quickly, and well. I accused Harlan earlier in this letter of hype--making it clear, I hope, that I had no objections to this. I've never met Harlan, though I've been a nebulous face at one or two of his lectures. I am constantly amazed at the large number of so-called fans who tell me that they are going to meet Harlan and really put him down, I mean, dig a hole and shove him in with their wit and repartee.

Faugh.

What I've seen, what I've heard of Harlan puts me off a bit, but I respect him. What I've heard of Ted White gives me respect for his abilities, if not what he occasionally does with them. I hope he takes this particular issue(s?) well, and responds--after some thought.

The back drawing, by the way, reminds me of Jay Kinney. I can't really tell you why, off hand.

STERLING E. LANIER Although I've written S.F. and Fantasy (at a slow rate) for over a dozen years, I had never read a fan magazine until this year. I knew people called "Fans" existed, as did people called "Eskimos", say, and they published documents of some sort for private circulation. As an ex-editor (I put *DUNE* in H.C. when no one else would put it in any cover) (Book, that is. Campbell stuck his neck out, God Bless him.) I sometimes thought of trying to reach this mysterious audience, but always found myself too busy. At one point, in a northern city, I attended a meeting of a local science fiction society. The folk were genial and friendly, but spoke in arcane tongues, and at no point during the evening was a work of science fiction mentioned, which increased my bafflement.

This year, I have finally met a number of other s.f. writers, and even a few fans (at Apollo 17) and started taking *Locus*, to keep myself informed of what's going on. It's certainly a new world, and seems more comprehensible than it once did.

One reason I left graduate work in Archaeology years ago, was the savage and murderous vendettas which seemed to take up most of the spare time of faculty and curators at the university I was attending. It seemed impossible to stay out of them. If Professor X liked you, you were a permanent member of Professor Y's death list, and often never found it out until a field trip went unfunded or a grant failed to materialize.

I know none of the participants in the current argument(?), save Piers, whom I like and consider honest. But it seems to me, reading between the lines, that one of the major problems involving all these extraordinarily talented and sensitive people is that of limited communication, or communication failure. I get the feeling, possibly based on lack of knowledge, that Messers Ellison and White haven't talked to each other in years, but rather at each other. Perhaps your obviously well-thought-out magazine, and others of which I know little or nothing, can serve as a forum in the future, for discussion of a more measured kind.

PHILIP M. COHEN I recently returned from a longish mome period (the dregs of my army 726 Golf Course Rd. hitch) to find *two* *Outworlds*es waiting for me! I'm not much of a Aliquippa, PA 15001 commenter, but I can't let these go by in silence; they're too beautiful. They go into the select class of things I wash my hands before reading. That consists largely of art books. Which these are, sorta.

"I don't know much about art, but..." I have yet to see a Fabian that was less than good, and OW 16 contains some of his best; I like Shull more and more; Eisenstein does marvelous work; I admire the cartoons by Canfield(566), Palmer(532), Steffan(529) & Jonh(629).

The Bok parody was good, the Ballard parody superb. The offcut piece was great fun to read, and full of handy hints. Also enjoyable were Benford on Fans and Lowndes on HEAT.

And now to the nitty-gritty, the letters. I like the White-Lowndes naughty word debate; they both make a lot of sense, tho Ted makes more. I wish the same could be said for a couple of the other participants.

John Leavitt claims that the use of a few words to cover many circumstances shows greater "creativity and intelligence" than use of "tailor-made" words. What it shows is (a) the ability to alter the connotations of words by use of intonation and other suprasegmental phenomena, an ability any intelligent five-year-old has in great measure, and (b) a desire to convey general ideas rather than specifics, probably coupled with an inability to do otherwise. As for "limiting one's audience", if the speakers of fuckshit dialect don't understand me, I won't lose any sleep over it. If the need came to communicate with them, I'm sure I could do so.

Leavitt's arguments are too silly to arouse my wrath, but not Eric Bentcliffe's. If I may scratch a few of the worst irritations:

Use of profanity implies neither illiteracy nor limited vocabulary nor indiscriminate use of words. Joyce is among the most spectacular example to come to mind, but a hundred more could be produced.

The so-called "ugliness" of fuck, shit, etc. arises, if anywhere, from their meanings, not their sounds. I wouldn't call them beautiful--that seems to require lots of liquids and open syllables for most people, tho I'm partial to "Estes Kefauver" and "eclectic" myself--but they're not particularly ugly either. Is "shit" really worse than "ship"? "Cunt" more than "quaint"? "Cuck/suck/fuck" than "duck"? Naah.

The four-letter words have not "always been slang words and not correct usage." Where did he get that idea? Before about 1800 every one of them, and numerous synonyms that are now non-obscene only because they're obsolete, were standard usage, to be found in dictionaries and literature with no stigma attached. (Which caused Victorian editors of Chaucer, Shakespeare et al. no end of trouble. A reading of DR. BOWDLER'S LEGACY, by Noel Perrin, is an enjoyable way to get a sane perspective on verbal taboos.)

"...to use them as a term of description...when you are not trying to describe a function in crude or vague terms is incorrect." A tortured sentence and, I think, incorrect. The core meaning of "fuck" is "copulate", and if it can justifiably convey any meaning, that's the one. The encrusted cuss-word connotations arise from social attitudes toward fucking, and will grow upon any commonly used word for the act. They should drop off as attitudes change, and in fact seem to be doing so to some extent. Fossilized remnants will long persist, of course, like the atheist's "goddammit".

Calling the four-letter words "euphemisms" is a ridiculous attempt at word-twisting. At least it's so blatant as to be innocuous.

The other big matter in the lettercolumn is the bombardment of Ted White. Both the Anthony and the Ellison are interesting and full of good arguments, but they're not entirely pleasant to read. Anthony's letter is rather self-righteous, and goes off at a 90° angle to the White letter it purports to reply to. And the Ellison letter is filled with shrill vituperation; even more than Anthony's, it deserved to be slept on for a day or two. (What made you reopen OW 16? The Devil made you do it, clearly.) Ted White seems to have wronged Ellison, and I hope he apologized politely. But I know I couldn't respond nicely to a letter like that. I strongly doubt Ellison could, either.

DAVID STEVER

1610 Worcester Rd.
Apt. 433A
Framingham
MA 01701

ON PIERS' LETTER: I think of blacklisting when I think of some artist, be he author or actor, being shit upon by some organization, in some unfair situation. In what you and others are doing to Sol Cohen, I think that you should call it a boycott. The blacklist has always been a private, seemingly backstabbing way of going about things, wherein people move about behind black curtains, doing dark deeds. The boycott,

on the other hand, has all the connotations of goodness and light, and righteous causes, starting from the fight against Captain Boycott himself, and going right down to the supporters of Cesare Chavez.

On the actual item being boycotted, I believe that it should continue, if they can prove that Ultimate did at some time in the past, contend that it would pay for reprints. The Final Word, however, will not be until both Farmer and Cohen (I wouldn't want to force White into this, as an editor is not his publisher's alter-ego) have their sides laid out in *Outworlds*, or some other open forum.

ON HARLAN'S LETTER: I agree (what else can I do?), Harlan is on solid ground. Just letting the item in question lay there, I would like to put in a word on Harlan himself. People say that he offends them, that they don't like him or his mouth. But, to those people, and to those who snicker at the way he'll hold an audience, like he did at L.A.Con, by yelling, I submit his letter in *Outworlds* 16 as how Harlan helps people; if it hadn't been for Ted's LoC, none of Harlan's works in the name of Dick Lupoff would have ever come to light. This man has gone far, far beyond the simple legal obligations that his contract with Lupoff demands, until he has become a one man band, beating the drum until someone will come up with more scratch than they had planned to part with. The man's greatness can be pointed

out in the second paragraph on p636. He has separated his personal responses from his editorial responsibilities, to the extent of buying from Lupoff himself, and from Tom Disch, as well. If faced with the prospect of buying a story from David Gerrold, could I separate my dislike of him as a person long enough to buy a good story from him? I doubt it. Harlan can.

One last comment, which might, or might not have been noticed by others. On Steve Fabian's Back-inside cover, the cartoon next to the artist, has a woman saying "Goodness, Harlan is back." This, I believe is a very good example of ESP, wouldn't you say?

[] Not to mention editorial 'positioning'...despite the fact that it was drawn and printed before Harlan's letter arrived...[]

DENIS QUANE

As you may remember, my sub to *Outworlds* 15 got in too late, and Box CC, East Texas Sta. I had to be satisfied with waiting for #16. So every time I read Commerce, TX 75428 reviews of #15 such as "the colophon is so beautiful and well-hidden it took me five minutes searching to find it. One of these days Bill is going to publish a fanzine with such a convoluted layout that nobody will be able to figure out how to open it." (*Yandro* 220) Reading that sort of thing in fanzine after fanzine, all I could do was eat my heart out, and look forward in eager anticipation to #16.

Well OW 16 came, and the cover is beautiful, the interior artwork well done, the layout & reproduction impeccable--but after the build up in expectation, after being spoiled by the visual experience of *Energumen* 15, it was impossible not to feel left down. And then to the text--well Steve Fabian said it for me "The 'inside SF' thought provoking stuff that I like to read in fanzines is missing." Fan fiction, mood pieces, poetry--these are not why I'm reading fanzines.

And then the letter column. One after another your readers remind me of what I missed. "Four different styles on the front cover." "suprising, delightful, innovative" "I had quite a time finding my way into the zine." And the second hand accounts of the columns in the past issue--Poul Anderson, andy offutt--provided quite a contrast to the text material in #16. Is it suprising that I approached the end of the letter column feeling low.

A couple of days later I received a large package which made a few things obvious. The first two years of *Outworlds*, had I known them earlier, would have prepared me for one thing--that whatever one issue of *Outworlds* is like, the next one will be different. If one issue experiemnts in layout, the next will be straightforward. An issue which is all columns will be followed by a separately published lettercolumn, or by one completely Bowers-written. After the experimentation of OW 15, the experienced *Outworlds* reader might have been pre-

pared for a hectographed issue without any artwork, and been pleasantly suprisd at the number & quality of the graphics that were in fact provided.

While on the subject of the first two years of OW--that was (money) well spent. You mentioned in your postcard that I was taking OW sight-unseen, but it wasn't really so. True, when I sent the check I hadn't seen a single issue of OW, but I had seen three issues of *INworlds*, and knew the high standards you maintain. I had read enough of *Outworlds* in other fanzines to know its reputation, so I didn't expect to be disappointed. And of course, I wasn't--the reputation you have obtained is well deserved.

It's a bit late in the day to LoC OW I - 8.75 but a few comments may still be in order. To some extent, the first two years, together with OW 16, make me regret all that came in between that I missed. Every issue of the first two years is considerably different from #16--and from each other--but it is obviously the same fanzine. The most noticable change is that, somewhere in your third year you gave up justifying margins. It must have been early that year, the signs are already evident toward the end of 1971 in the letter column supplements.

After reading Fabian's column in #'s 7 & 8, it is a disappointment that he declined to provide an editorial for #16. He doesn't write as well as he draws, but he *does* write well, and has things to say about the place of the artist in the SF world.

As with *Outworlds* 16, this letter saves the best for last. Of course I didn't *finish* the issue feeling low. You must have felt safe putting in the Fabian remark I quoted above --you knew that Piers Anthony's letter would be in the issue.

With that, and with Harlan Ellison's letter as an added bonus, there is more "inside SF" stuff than I had dreamed possible. I appreciate good artwork and find attempted perfection in layout & reproduction admirable, but my remarks in the last letter re *Locus* [IW #7; page 50] should make it obvious what I came into the world of fanzines looking for.

With regard to the dispute of Anthony, Ellison & Co. with Ted White, there isn't much to say until he has his chance to answer. There is one comment on Anthony's letter, however. While OW may be as good a place as any to air the dispute--I can't see making the readers of a fanzine, particularly one with limited circulation, the ultimate judges (no pun intended) in a dispute on proper professional conduct between writers, editors & publishers. If White can convince Anthony that his charges are mistaken, outdated, that's one thing--but that two hundred fans should decide the fate of *Amazing*--that's ridiculous. Most SF readers will never know that some writers have grievances against Ultimate in any case--they probably don't notice that some writers never appear in *Amazing*.

If there is a proper forum it is SFWA--but apparently the internal politics of that organization complicate matters, and anyway since the *SFWA Bulletin* is a closed forum, we fans would miss out on the pyrotechnics.

In any event, I will be looking forward to a continuation of the dispute--or will you maintain the unpredictable reputation of OW by ignoring it for an issue or two?

KEN OZANNE

First things first, and first is the cover. Stephen Fabian has excelled 'The Cottonwoods' himself. It's the best thing of his I have seen. Simple, straightforward, symbolic and superb. (I see it as thoroughly optimistic in tone, didn't realize it could also be pessimistic until I had been staring at Faulconbridge, NSW it for awhile.) Simple? Straightforward? Yes, if only because my four year old so has seen it, liked it and understood the simpler symbolism. If I were you I would continue to use this as a cover from here on out. No doubt you will prefer to continue variety.

And all Ted White did was to write you a LoC. He could not be blamed for confusing the perusal of this issue with a building falling in on him.

I can't and won't go along with Piers Anthony's blacklisting of Ultimate magazines. (Which is not an empty statement, because I do have a manuscript which I will submit to *Fantastic* sometime soon. The fact that it will probably be bounced has nothing to do with the moral issue involved.) As I see it, if the situation is as drawn, then the writers concerned have an obvious recourse to the courts. In this country, the Australian Society of Authors would certainly pursue the matter on their behalf. OK. If a man has an obvious step he can make in his own self defence and refuses to make it, then I'm not interested in taking other steps for him. Of course, if there were good reasons for not suing, the situation might be different. But, if there are, they need to be stated.

[] I think there are good reasons for not suing. First, if Ultimate's finances are even remotely as strained as Ted described in #17, it would--win or lose --kill two of the few remaining sf markets. And secondly, I don't know what the cost of Justice is Down Under, but up here the American Bar Association is matched in sheer greed only by the American Medical Association. It would strain the resources of any individual author involved, I'm sure, and maybe even that of the SFWA. If they would win, and Ultimate went bankrupt, sure it would be a moral victory...but slightly hollow, if they couldn't recover even court costs. American Justice isn't the exclusive domain of the rich... not so's you'd notice it. # In truth the whole situation is still too cloudy and complex to begin crying for instant lawsuits, from any side... []

It may be that my firm decision will have to be made before I have seen anything more than Anthony's letter. I'm not a disinterested party, to the extent that my manuscript would not be suitable for serialization anywhere outside *Fantastic* and also in that I enjoy the mags and would like to see more Anthony et al. therein. Provided Piers is willing to accept my vote under those circumstances, I vote for resumption.

We also heard from...about OW's 15 & 16: Bruce Arthurs / Bill Breiding / John Carl / Tony Cvetko / Irwin Gaines / Mike Gilbert / Mike Gorra / Chris Hulse / Kevin Kirkpatrick / Stuart David Schiff / Wally Stoelting / Laurine White / Martin Williams / Gene Wolfe / Bill Wolfenbarger. Many thanks, one & all!

NOW...! Now you see why, when I wrote to Piers, I had to say: "There's noway in hell that I can tabulate the responses to your query into a neat and logical chart with so many votes for continued boycott...or so many for resumption of submissions..." In short, Piers is going to have to make his decision from the foregoing pages--I've published every active response received that gave even a possible vote. [None had seen OW 17 before writing...]

Hopefully, Piers' response, plus wrap-up response (insofar as possible) from other interested parties will be in #19.

Several people pointed out that a lot of this is properly SFWA business. I quite agree. But apparently the SFWA has not been responsive to members needs (by all means read Ted White's column in the August *Alien Critic*), or the discussion wouldn't have arisen here in the first place. It seems to be under New & Active Management now, tho, so perhaps some concrete action will be taken. We'll see.

You haven't seen any response from Sol Cohen yet...because I haven't sent him the issues concerned yet... They [#s 16, 17 & 18] will be forwarded at one fell swoop. He is, of course, more than welcome to respond, and any such response will be presented as fairly as I've attempted to present the 'other' side.

I was somewhat suprised that Leavitt's letter drew almost as much flak as did the Anthony/Ellison epics; I suspect John will likewise be suprised!

I'm interested in seeing further commentary on the 'language' questions raised, but in essence the 'naughty word' debate is over. It's becoming repetitious I fear... Bill

A LOOK AT

THUNDERBEAN

BY *dan STEFFAN*

THE PLANET THUNDERBEAN IS LOCATED IN AN UNCHARTED PART OF SPACE. IT IS APPROXIMATELY 88% COVERED BY WATER. THE OTHER 12% IS ONE CONTINENT CALLED THUNDERBEAN. AND THIS ONE TINY COUNTRY IS THE HOME OF THE THUNDERBEANS, THE WILLEY-CHINKS AND THE ROOBS.

THUNDERBEAN
COMMANDER & CHIEF

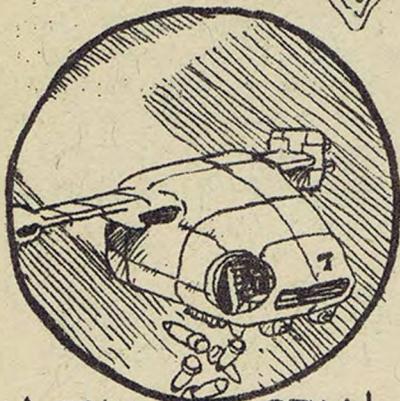
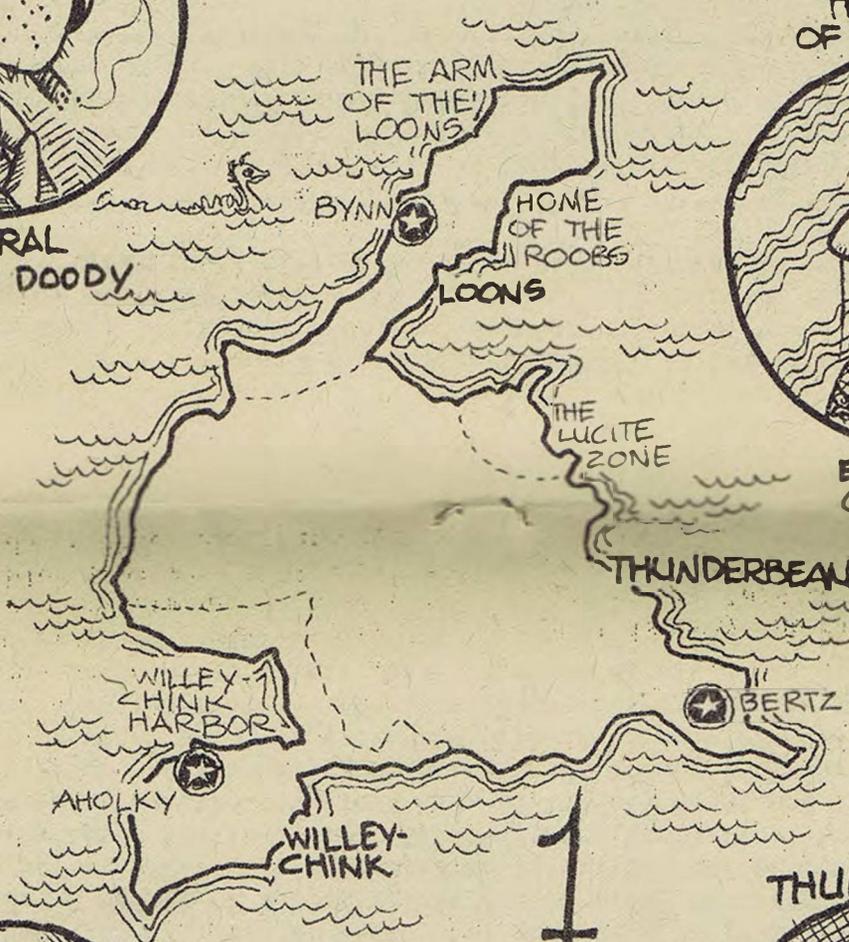


GENERAL
RAMSEY DOODY

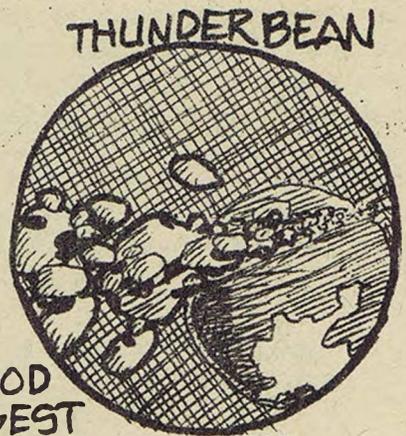
THE RULER
OF WILLEY-CHINK



EMPEROR
CHONG LO
PHAT BUNS



A THUNDERBEAN
AIR-JET BUBBLE
BOMBER

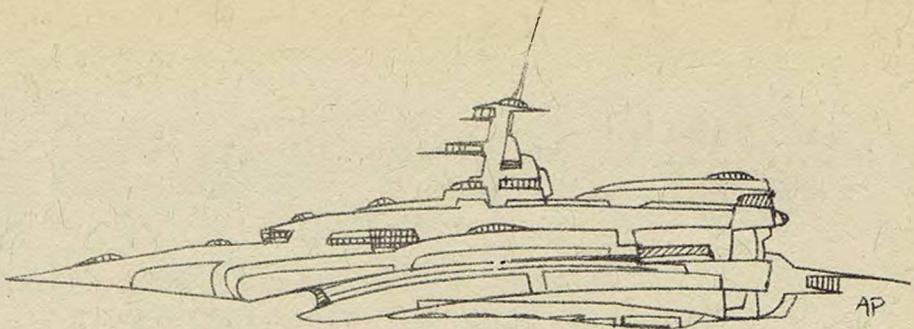


THE
MOOM

AROUND THIS WATERY PLANET FLYS AN ASTEROID BELT... THE LARGEST ASTEROID IS CALLED THE MOOM... IT IS BELIEVED THAT OCCUPATION OF THE ASTEROID WOULD OFFER THE HOLDER CONTROL OF THE PLANET... MAYBE!

WHO WILL GET THERE FIRST?
ONLY TIME WILL TELL!

dan STEFFAN
1973



TOM COLLINS

'DRAGGED INTO THE FUTURE ...'

THE DAY HE DIED, Lyndon Johnson sent a telegram describing the Apollo moon expeditions as one of the wonders of the world. For the first time since the dawn of man, the moon goddess had been violated by mere mortals, and men like ourselves had impressed their footprints on the shoreless seas of another world.

The small-minded and skeptical have argued that too often the launches coincided with wars, scandal and turmoil here on earth, but the space program really is not a continuation of the old Roman policy of appeasing the masses with bread and circuses. That has not been the tone. Rather, these are our cathedrals, our highest expression of the transcendent and of the soaring spirit of man. Skylab is the greatest of these.

It always happens that the slightest sign of trouble sends the timid scurrying back to their hovels in terror, and the cry goes up "Cut the budget! Cut the budget!" but the truth is the amount of money spent on the space program is only one or two cents on each tax dollar. No other investment of the American people has yielded so much good will and so many material blessings for so little cost. It might almost be said we spend more on dog food than we do on space exploration.

And to what end? Astronaut Jack Schmitt of Apollo 17, argues that we never know what the result of any exploration, of any scientific research will be. It is by discovering the unknown that mankind advances. On earth, he says, there is a limit to how much can be learned of our past. The ancient cataclysms which created our present continents and seas, those massive activities which laid the rock strata and forced the mountains up are hidden wonders, disguised by erosion and by millions of years of careful coverup by wind and tide and the actions of living things--including man.

But on the moon, the most recent history lying open on the surface like a book, ends where ours begins. Perhaps by interpreting the history of the moon and combining it with the history of the earth we will gain information about the world beneath us and the minerals and fuel deposits so vitally needed.

Even without waiting for the future, NASA has provided important new discoveries for recycling materials and obtaining energy from the sun; developed a technology which makes tires last longer and roads more permanent; lengthened the life of man by providing new medical techniques, surgical procedures which allow valves to be put inside the brain to regulate fluids where disease formerly meant certain but lingering and painful death.

Surely there are problems here on earth, but Isabella's Spain was a much less pleasant place, and the lot of mankind was directly benefited by the voyages she sponsored. Probably there were people then, too, who criticized and said, "I've made all the progress I want. We don't need to spend all that money on new discoveries," just as today some people say, "I have my washing machine and my TV; that's sufficient progress."

Astronaut Eugene Cernan responds to these people by saying "Thank God people didn't say that 50 or 60 or 100 years ago!" Maybe if rockets were powered by milk and flown from a giant dairy barn people would accept the space program more readily. But not one dollar has been spent on the moon--all that money wasn't spent on moon rocks and it wasn't spent on dogfood either. It went to create jobs and provide knowledge and products and goods and services right here in America.

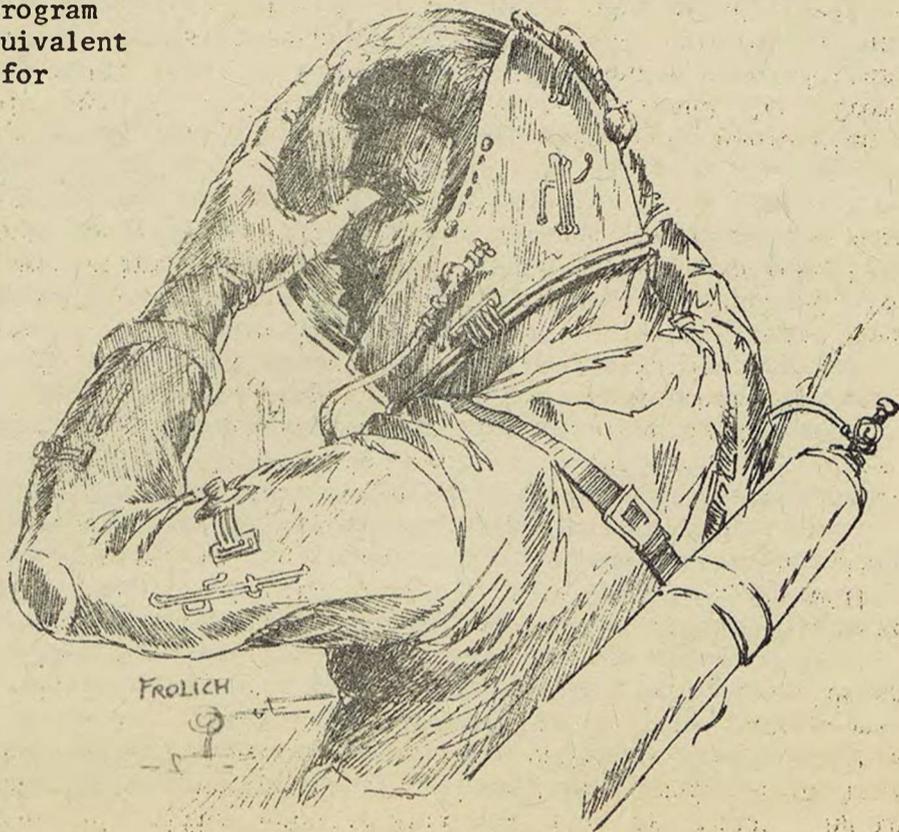
It was incidental that we gained the good will of the world, and that the slumbering sense of wonder in our souls was touched so that people occasionally could say, looking up at the vast and mysterious universe, that we have changed it forever and are no longer prisoners on this blue-green island but challengers of a new frontier, carrying like the pioneers of old our manifest destiny to the stars.

"You can't be Lewis and Clark," said astronaut Ron Evans. "You can't go up some riv-

er and see what is at the end--that's already been done." The astronauts of the past were mountain men who pushed into the West and entered a territory as new and strange as the surface of the moon. Like the test pilots of the past, these new mountain men, America's princes, are paving the way for permanent colonies in space to relieve the pressure of population, laying the groundwork for the space shuttle, for industry in the vacuum and weightless plains of the sky. They are piloting the test vehicles which will, in time, become interplanetary 747s which take even us ordinary men beyond the troubled earth.

All progress is made through strife and difficulty, and as a result most of mankind's progress has been a byproduct of war. Each of civilization's advances was made on a pile of corpses--until now. In the space program we have finally found the moral equivalent of war which William James called for so long ago. The space program has made us grow beyond ourselves, to seek cooperative ventures with the Russians, and shown us that anything is possible if we but want it badly enough.

"The necessary has never been man's highest priority," says Eric Hoffer, "The passionate pursuit of the nonessential and the extravagant is one of the chief traits of life . . . Man is the only creature who strives to surpass himself, and yearns for the impossible." It is good to "waste" money on such moral and aesthetic ventures. The Great Wall of China was built at the cost of thousands of lives,



and the pyramids of Egypt were built by the ruthless exploitation of slaves. The Taj Mahal in its beauty emerged from a dung heap of human misery and squalor. Alone of such enduring monuments, the space program has not drained the society which spawned it, but returned benefits in profusion. The weather satellites we now take for granted, the nightly pictures of the cloud cover, are not only miracles beyond the imagining of our grandfathers, but have saved countless thousands of lives. Satellites now show us events on the other side of the worlds as they happen, and draw us closer together. They bring medicine to the wilderness and navigate our ships at sea. These are the incidental benefits those who complained about the cost in the 1960s would hardly give up now--and yet the complaints go on.

These backward few are being dragged into the future against their will, and well-compensated for their reluctant progress. It is not an easy road, this travel to the stars. The Skylab damage could have been a terrible loss, since there is no other space station to replace it with.

Here are the materials and supplies for three crews to live and experiment and begin mining the benefits of which previous trips were but the prelude. Here is the next step toward the space shuttle and the exploration of the solar system which will make morning and evening "stars" familiar neighbors with benefits no man can now calculate. The Russian Soyuz failed, but this did not, because American knowhow sent repairmen out to fix up this remarkable mansion in the sky.

We have now reached the point where we can do real work out there, can correct our mistakes and go ahead with our proper purposes of research and learning for the advancement and benefit of all mankind.

The above piece...under the title: "U.S. space program returns 'benefits in profusion'"...first appeared in the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette, for Monday, June 25, 1973.

The present title is the creation of the current Editor.

When Tom sent the clipping in, I responded that something of this nature really shouldn't have to be run in a science fiction fanzine...but that comments I've read and/or received over the past several years made me seriously wonder if it might not be necessary after all!

A cynical-romanticist...that's me!

UNDERSTANDINGS

I THINK IT WAS 1937 when, talking with Don Wollheim one day, we got around to discussing *The Challenge From Beyond*. That was a round-robin story published in the third anniversary issue of *Fantasy Magazine*--the fan magazine of its time--and I believe that the date was 1935. Five science fiction authors and five weird story authors contributed. There were two stories with the same title, one science fiction, one weird. I cannot recall now who the five science fiction authors were, but the weird authors were C. L. Moore, A. Merritt, Robert E. Howard, Frank Belknap Long, and H. P. Lovecraft. Lovecraft did the third section, which is almost as long as all the other combined, but my copy does not indicate which of the others did which outer sections on either side of him. Don's comment was, "Did you notice how much better written the weird version was?"

I had, of course. While at that time I remembered the weird version (not a great story, but good reading), the science fiction version was close to instantly forgettable. And it was Don's opinion that, on the whole, good weird tales are better written than good science fiction. In fact, aside from H. G. Wells, Olaf Stapledon, and other English authors in hard covers, one hardly looks to science fiction for good English writing at all. Lovecraft himself considered most of the stories in *Weird Tales* poorly written, but at least he found some well written. He found none at all in the science fiction magazines. (This, remember was relating to the 20's and up to the late 30's.)

I did not know enough about writing in itself, or pulp magazine writing in particular, to have any idea why that was. But it seemed to be the case and it took me many years to comprehend why.

The pulp magazines, designed primarily for men, were dedicated to a fast pace and wedded to the action story formula. Scott Meredith outlined the formula for his authors shortly after he took over the old Meredith agency and changed his own name to suit. The protagonist, always presented sympathetically, is in trouble. He tries to get out and only gets in deeper. Finally, when it appears as if he is just about to sink for the last time, and the antagonist is ready to triumph, the hero makes it *through his own efforts*. Scott wrote a brief essay on the formula because his agency received so many stories from people who seemed to have the ability to write for the pulp magazines but did not know the

formula. The story would go along fine, then at the end the lead would be saved by a coincidence (villain struck by lightning--as late as the early 50's, when Jim Blish was working for SM, they were getting stories with that solution) or the marines or cavalry would show up providentially. Now it's all right for the villain to be struck by lightning if we know that there's a good chance of it, and the lead's only hope is to maneuver the villain into a position where he will be hit. And it's OK for the marines or cavalry to show up if part of the hero's problem was how to get a message to them--and he then holds the fort himself until they arrive. That, in essence, was the formula for the man action story. There was little room for atmosphere or character study; things had to move, move, move to the smashing but credible conclusion.

But a good weird story is essentially a story of atmosphere and its effects upon a specific person who is more than just a name.

The object of the action-formula story is to tell a story simply, in the sense that it makes no demands on the reader, aside from following a plot--which may be rather complicated in a long story. Stereotype is simpler to follow than intricate character; and both most publishers and most editors of pulp magazines catered to that section of the public which was little more than literate in the sense of being able to read an ad and sign their names. What was being sold was color, excitement, happenings and the black hats could always be told from the white hats, or the funny hats--the comic sidekick. Scott claimed that nearly all the great master works of fiction could be reduced to the action plot formula. That is an exaggeration, but it is true that many of them can be so reduced--by simply throwing out everything about them that makes them great or memorable stories. Judy Merrill once claimed that *Beowulf* is essentially a pulp story. And, of course, once you start reducing, the great sagas, epics, do come out rather simplistic.

Now it is true that there were many very good stories in the old pulps and that they actually did follow the essence of the action-formula. What made them memorable beyond a single reading or so was the author's individual twists or variations upon the formula, or his skill in getting a lot of atmosphere or character feeling into the small space that the market allowed him.

Some of the finest weird tales have virtually no plot at all, in the action-formula sense. I can, for example, re-read *The Willows*, by Algernon Blackwood at least every other year. It has an overpowering effect, yet hardly anything really happens; and we are not sure as to how or why. If you reduce it to the actual events and cut out the atmosphere and the protagonist's feelings about it, is there a story at all? Hardly more than an in-



mass is celebrated on a naked female body and followed by a sex orgy. But the first story I ever read about the subject was *The Black Mass*, by Capt. (now Col.) S. P. Meek, in the November 1931 issue of Clayton's *Strange Tales*. It was a nice weird yarn, and I reprinted it in *Startling Mystery Stories*--but in 1931 I, having been brought up as a Protestant, and having had no communication whatever with Catholics or Catholic literature *hadn't the*

faintest idea of what a "Mass" was. (I assumed that it was a mass of some malignant sort of substance.) In 1942, when I first read *The Devil's Bride*, we had a suggestion of the full erotic Black Mass, although it was broken up before there could be an orgy. (Never got around to reading about that until I came upon Huysmans' *La Bas* in the late 30's.) But even then, I could not feel the horror that a devout Catholic would feel at the very subject matter--the blasphemy and profanation. Those words were used, of course, but only a believer can appreciate them. And while, since I have been an Anglo-Catholic, I can now have some appreciation of the matter, it isn't quite the same thing as having been brought up a Catholic.

Nonetheless, imagination helps and makes it possible for me to enjoy a good story dealing with blasphemies and profanations relating to devout religious beliefs--just as it does to read a good story about anything else outside of my experience.

My dictionary (WEBSTER'S NEW UNIVERSAL, 2nd Edition), gives for the adjective "weird": "connected with fate or destiny; able to influence fate (2) suggestive of ghosts, evil spirits, or other supernatural things; mysterious; eerie (3) queer; unusual; startlingly odd; as, he wore a *weird* costume."

Farnsworth Wright ran many (to my taste, too many) stories which were little more than queer or unusual, and many of his authors were pulpeteers, dedicated to the plot formula, though sometimes skilled in disguising it. He tended to feature some of the poorer examples of pulp writing and plotting, and nearly always selected stories for the covers that were fast moving and sensational. He rejected a number of Lovecraft's tales the first time he saw them, accepting some of them later. But he was worried about being "too literary" and losing what popular fiction reading audience he had. His efforts to compete with the "sex-terror" magazines in the mid-30's were generally pitiful. Only the "Dr. Satan" stories, by Paul Ernst stood out. Crude though they were, they did contain many weird ideas and effects, even if all the characters were cardboard. When I started to re-run them in *Startling Mystery Stories*, I did so with the thought that I would not complete the series unless I continued to get requests for them. To my surprise, they went over very well, and I would have run all of them had the magazines survived.

The weird tale and the terror tale do have some things in common, as both are based on fear. But in the terror tale, the menace is "natural" in the sense that it is man-made and usually the result of excessive greed, lust for power, distorted idealism, sadism, desire for revenge, etc., on the antagonist's part. It can qualify as weird in the "bizarre"

teresting incident, good for three paragraphs of filler.

It's fun to be scared, or to read of horrors, as Fritz Leiber says, when you know you're safe. And I do not believe that the materialist temperament is responsible for the decline of the weird tale's popularity in recent decades. I myself was scared the first time I heard the basic story of DRACULA told after lights out at a Boy Scout camp. The following winter I got a copy from the library and couldn't finish it--out of sheer terror. Actually, so long as I was scared by weird tales I could not enjoy the art of them at all.

Well, that didn't last long. But my imagination remained, and even though I was convinced that there were no such things as werewolves, vampires, malignant spirits, curses that lasted centuries, spells, etc., it was fun to read a story which told what things might be like if it were so. I wonder now if it is necessary for one to have, at least at one time, believed that such things *might* be in order to obtain the full pleasure of reading about them in fiction at times.

There's a case for that when you consider the matter of the Black Mass, which appears now and then in weird stories. It's a winner, theoretically, because it combines weirdness, horror, and eroticism--when the

followed by a sex orgy. But the first story I ever read about the subject was *The Black Mass*, by Capt. (now Col.) S. P. Meek, in the November 1931 issue of Clayton's *Strange Tales*. It was a nice weird yarn, and I reprinted it in *Startling Mystery Stories*--but in 1931 I, having been brought up as a Protestant, and having had no communication whatever with Catholics or Catholic literature *hadn't the*

or "unusual" sense; and since *Weird Tales* subtitled itself "a magazine of the bizarre and the unusual", the editor had a justification for running a lot of terror tales. Some of them, such as *The Chain*, by H. Warner Munn, were very well done; most of them were forgettable.

While some of the WT readers who became weird story writers did seem a bit affected in their attempts to imitate Lovecraft, on the whole that was a good thing, I think. They were writing stories of atmosphere, rather than event. They were building up a sense of horror in the slow unfolding of phenomena and existences which cannot be explained scientifically, since they were rooted in data that science either excludes or has heard nothing about. They were more often stories of confirmation, rather than revelation--as most of HPL's were. Lovecraft explained that the difference between the story of revelation and confirmation (even though both may conclude with a horrifying sentence or paragraph in italics) is that in the former, the reader is not supposed to suspect the frightful truth. In the latter, the reader is introduced to it gradually as the story proceeds. The denouement is not something new; the shock is supposed to be the confirmation that these things are true--it really happened and there is no comfortable, mundane explanation, such as wicked men creating the illusion of the frightening abnormalities described.

There have been and certainly still can be good weird tales (just as there can be good mysteries) where the ending is a revelation. They are harder to do effectively, for the good one remains good to you when you are re-reading it and know what it is all about.

So I think one reason why the good weird tales were better written than the best stories in science fiction magazines during the 30's is that the good weird tale eschews the action-plot formula and concentrates upon what has always been the requirement for memorable literary fiction: atmosphere and character study. The "classic" weird tales of the 19th and early 20th centuries were written by people who considered themselves authors, rather than commercial writers. Not that they didn't hope to sell their fiction--of course they did. But they were concerned with the best literary expression they could achieve, rather than conforming to the formulas of the cheaper magazines--either "slick" or "pulp".

And yet, I do not believe for a moment that they were concerned with "art" in the grim, nervous way that the "art-for-art's-sake" writer so often is. (HPL made innovations in the weird tale. He wrote as well as he could and was usually dissatisfied. He asked for candid criticism, and was frequently crushed when he got it--since it confirmed his own suspicion that the story in question was worthless, although that was *not* usually what the friendly critics meant at all. But he didn't stay "crushed" forever; he'd try again.)

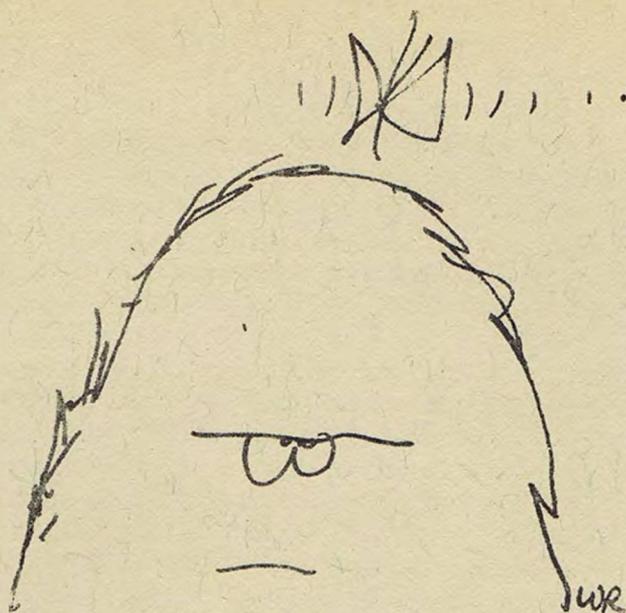
I've heard comment to the effect that the "traditional" weird tale is dead, but I don't believe it--partly, because there isn't any such thing, or at least hasn't been in my

time. The "tradition" is something invented by academics, like the standard "symphony", supposed to be based upon the actual practice of Hayden. (If you can follow the outline of the model -- I can't -- I have been assured that in listening to the Hayden symphonies you'll get lost constantly; because Hayden does not follow the model!) No, the weird tale will continue so long as an editor is willing to publish it; and as long as there is some market --even a low-paying one, as *Weird Tales* was--there will be authors (or commercial writer on holiday) who are willing to take the time to forget about the action formula and build up atmosphere and character slowly in such a way as to seduce the reader into suspending disbelief in the proceedings.



DAVE LOCKE

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT



EVERYONE AROUND ME is writing something. This statement isn't to be taken literally. The only things around me right now are this typewriter and a glass of corn, but I'll let the statement stand. Whenever I'm around people, they keep telling me that they're writing something.

Usually fiction. What they're writing, not what they're saying.

And, of course, most of these people are fans. Some of these fans are even people. I suppose the urge to write and sell science fiction has been a great pressure upon fans for decades, not unlike constipation. But now we're in the big original-anthology boom, and more fans are setting their typewriters for double-space and they're writing science fiction.

Even non-fans tell me they're writing science fiction. I bought a sf book at the supermarket the other day, along with a lot of club soda, and at the checkout stand the Chinese girl saw it and told me that she was writing a story like that. She was a Chinese checker.

More recently I attended something called a Fanquet, which is a generally yearly dinner function here in L.A. to honor a fan who has just sold his first science fiction story. Sometimes, like this time, they honor more than one fan. These honorees are tradition bound to give an after-dinner speech, and someone was perhaps pulling my leg when they

asserted that these speeches are usually to the tune of "now that I am a professional author...". Luckily, that didn't happen at this one. There was only a fifty percent chance that it would, since Tina Hensel was one of the two honorees and I didn't know the other one.

Dave Hulan is writing a novel. It isn't science fiction, but he is trying to break into professional writing. Phoebe and I had him over for dinner a while back, and he asked me why I wasn't writing something, too.

I told him I was writing an article about an army physical examination I'd had, for *Yandro*.

No, no, he said. Why wasn't I writing something for professional publication? Well, for one thing, I hadn't thought about it. Wouldn't I like to be a professional author, he asked. No. Why not? It doesn't pay very well. But you're writing anyway, so why not write for professional publication? I write for the fun of it, and the results of my efforts wouldn't bring 2¢ on the open market. If I could figure out an angle to write what I like and sell it, too--great. Otherwise, forget it.

Now I've had other fans ask me. Why don't you try writing science fiction? I get together in a gathering of fans, and try to tell them how my last car just blew up or how I had my pocket picked during a visit to a nudist colony, and all they want to talk about are the stories they're working on. And what are you working on, Dave? I'm working on this glass of corn. We don't want to hear about it.

I began to feel Left Out. My first strategy was to tell them that since Everybody was writing a story I was resisting the Herd Instinct and had made up my mind to be individualistic and *not* write a science fiction story. I then started to tell them how this girl from our apartment building had been raped after hitching a ride from a unicyclist, but they all wandered away to refill their drinks and to continue the conversation about their latest stories.

I refused to be "left out" at these fan parties. I decided to trick my way into these conversations. Someone would be talking about the fifty-word outline for a novel they were going to work on, and I would interrupt with: "That's very interesting, but I'm almost finished with the story I'm writing." I would then inspect my fingernails while everyone swivelled around to look at me.

Sooner or later someone would break the silence with: "You're working on a story?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a story?"

"I'm doing my federal income tax. You know, speaking of that, is anyone aware of the fact that you can claim champagne as a legitimate business expense if you use it to launch a commercial fishing vessel?" I would then look up from my fingernails, to see what kind of a reaction I was getting. Unfortunately, no one was around me. They were all in another corner of the room, talking about their stories.

I was getting desperate. Femmefans would get off my lap when they discovered that I wasn't writing a science fiction story. People wouldn't let me light their cigarettes unless I could light them with a burning rejection slip. I could stand around and listen to fans talking about their stories, but I couldn't say anything without changing the subject--and as soon as I did that they would all zero in on me, using the tips of their noses as gun-sights.

And then during one party I had a fantastic brainstorm. I was sitting darkly in a corner someplace, nursing a scotch and soda and picking the lint off my shirt, when I heard a neofan's voice rise from a nearby conversation. He had announced that he was writing his first science fiction story, and the crowd gathered him in and his voice disappeared from hearing. He had become one with the crowd.

It dawned on me.

I rose from my chair, slogged my way through the lint, and muscled in on the crowd of talkers. I said: "Hi, guess what?"

Nobody stopped talking.

I cleared my throat. "Listen, I have an announcement to make."

The person to the immediate right of me stopped talking, and instantly I turned to him. He had stopped talking because he was trying to extract a piece of sausage from between his teeth, but I took advantage of the situation and immediately addressed myself to him.

"Did I tell you about the science fiction novel which I started writing last week?"

He had his entire hand in his mouth, so he just glared at me. But I pressed on.

"It's my first science fiction story, but it's coming out pretty well so far. I'm into the fourth chapter."

Everyone stopped talking and looked at me, rapt with attention. The fellow I had originally been talking to removed his hand from his mouth, and stuck it in his pocket to dry, devoting his full concentration to what I was saying.

"Tell us about it," someone said, twisting my arm.

"Well, like I said, it's a science fiction story."

"A novel."

"Yes. I'm into the fourth chapter."

"Tell us about it."

I shuffled from one foot to the other, trying to dredge into the deepest recesses of my mind. A science fiction story. If I were to write a science fiction story, what would I write a science fiction story about? Someone coughed. The concentration was draining out of their faces. I had to come up with something.

"It starts out with the first instellar space flight, just as the one man on board comes out of suspended animation prior to planetfall. He's been on a s-t-l flight, and he's hundreds of years beyond his own time stream." I paused to sip my drink.

"What does he find on the planet?"

"Well, I was going to tell you that. He is greeted by people from Earth."

Someone groaned. "They invented f-t-l while he was in suspended animation. That's been done before. *Early Bird*, by Russell, for one example.

"Yes. But this fellow is greeted by the same people who said farewell to him before he started the flight."

"Oh?"

"Yes. They invented time travel on a mass-transport basis just shortly after he began his trip, so a few of his close friends zipped into the future--to the time when his trip was to be completed--using a matter transporter to get to the planet for his landing."

"That's very interesting," someone said. "But it sounds like a gimmicky short story. How are you going to make it into a novel?"

"Well, the story has hardly started yet. The protagonist joins his friends and takes a transtrip back to Earth, then timetravls back to the day of the launch. They catch the original him before he gets on board and talk him out of making the trip in the first place."

"Why did they do that?"

"You'll have to read the story. The personalities are very involved, and I'm just giving you the plot line."

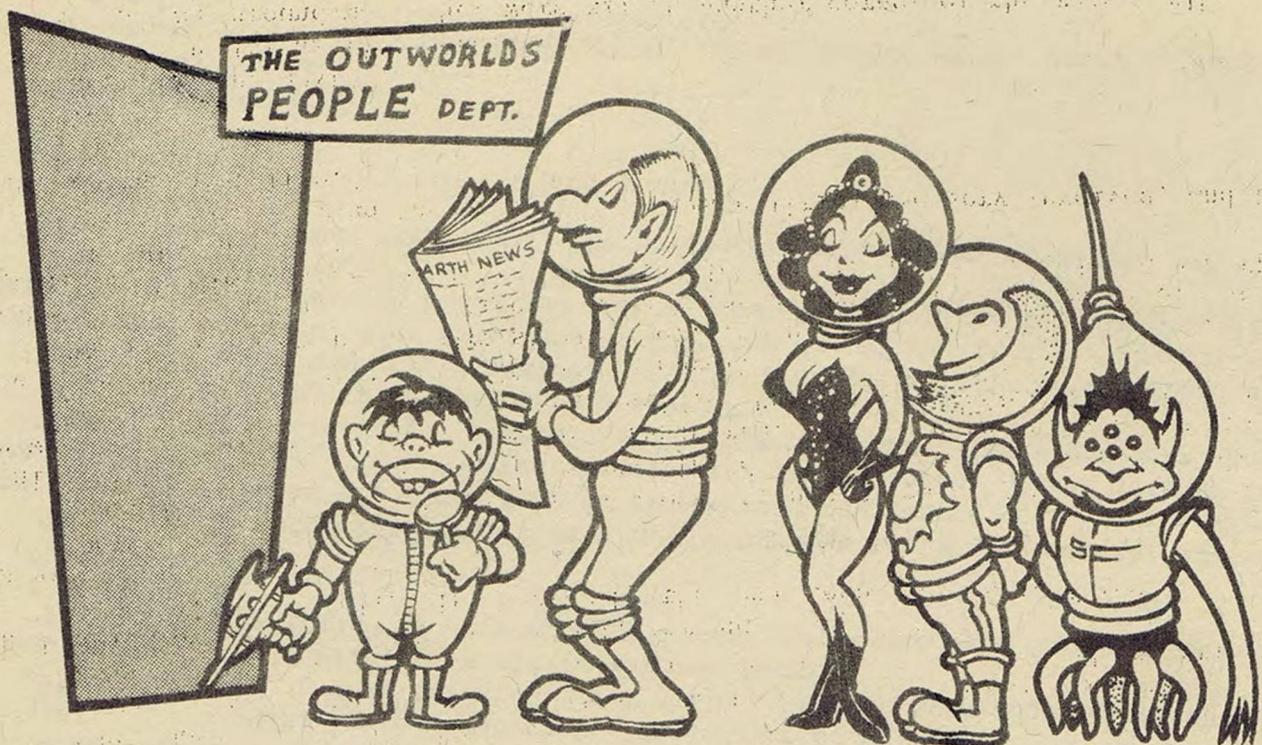
"Oh?"

"Yes."

"What happens next?"

"That's as far as I've gone."

No one was around me. They were all in another corner of the room, talking about their stories.



INTERFACE

PART TWO

PIERS ANTHONY Random comment on OW #17 (why does that always sound so painful?).

[] Joan referred to it as "Owww..." for a while, which made me grit MY teeth! (It's almost as bad as "sci-fi", which has still got to be the most horrible sound in existence...) Actually, while it is permissible to refer to the mag as "OW" in print, it is pronounced *Outworlds*. ...always! []

I skimmed through *The Making of a Fanzine* and find it a worthwhile discussion: I shall unearth it from the files at such time as my children achieve the fannish stage and want to publish.

Lowndes indulges in nostalgia. 1926 was before my time, but I was struck by the similarity to my own musing about those magazines I grew up on. Publication dates and tables of contents and illustrations are dull trivia--except to addicts, and then they are the very warp and woof of life (warf and woop?). I no longer read any SF magazines, but the memories remain...

Poul Anderson's mutterings on Watergate are biased crap; his commentary on sex is intelligent. (Guess where my sympathies lie?) One factor in the latter I thought he would discuss is the impact of the descending age of menarche. When large numbers of girls mature at age twelve, the situation is different than when they mature at seventeen. For one thing, a lot of high potential sexual equipment is put into the uh, hands of children. Naturally there will be experimentation at an earlier age--not because of any change in values, but because of the change in capacities. Can be a minor social embarrassment, too--we had an 11 year old neighbor girl playing with our children in our three-foot-deep pool, and her halter came off. I made as if not to notice--but it was there to notice. About like your illo on page 659. The standing girl, not the hunched one. So let me conclude with peanut butter: it is cheap and wholesome, etc. My problem is I don't like it. I like peanuts, and of course when chewed they become peanut butter in my mouth--but peanut butter from the jar --ugh! I really don't understand why. Does Poul have the answer?

Something not in the issue, but of possible interest: I have subscribed to literature on an attempted utopia-town, and find it fascinating. Group in Santa Barbara, Calif. have a project called Pahana, in which they will build a town of 2,500 in the wilderness of northern California or Oregon, closed to cars, utilizing solar heat, complete waste recycling, etc. Their publications are like fanzines, with enthusiastic reader feedback. They want to set up small industries there, nonpolluting, with many progressive concepts of neighbor interaction. They do have some marvelous ideas, such as doing the cooking on gas

given off by the toilet-waste processing, and an underground supply route. We're tempted to go there--but we aren't going to throw away our present reasonably comfortable situation on such a gamble. I am already doing a number of the things they contemplate, such as composting house and yard wastes and growing a garden and using a bicycle for local travels. In fact, we have a tandom adapted for three, that I use to take my children to school. We've put over 700 miles on it so far, so it isn't just a novelty. Still, the notion of a group putting into practice the concepts of a science fiction utopia--I think that's significant.

Now to the Ultimate matter: many true and many false statements are made in #17, and some significant points have been omitted entirely. If I try to clarify the record at this stage, I run the risk of getting embroiled in some ugly crossfire and jeopardizing what little objectivity I have. So I refrain, with two observations:

[1] It would be relevant to have comment by three more "insiders"--Damon Knight, President of SFWA at the time of the SFWA boycott of Ultimate; Robert Moore Williams, to whom the Ziff-Davis letters of intent were addressed with regard to their reprint policy; and Harlan Ellison, chief spokesman for the writers of the 1966 Milford Conference (which I attended; Phil and Ted did not), at the session where Sol Cohen discussed reprint policy. To facilitate things in the event that such people do not choose to participate, I'm enclosing certain documents you may wish to print.

[2] I will make a statement summarizing the situation in as non-inflammatory a manner as I can manage at the time of my decision on my personal boycott of Ultimate--which decision will be predicated on the majority opinion of the informed readers of *Outworlds*. I am already querying my collaborators about their preferences in the event the vote falls within that dubious middle range. (Remember, I said in that case I would submit collaborative material when the collaborators so desired.)

Meanwhile, it's a good discussion of a matter long overdue for open clarification, and I hope that whatever grief comes of it, at least the facts will be known to all.

[] The 'documents' Piers forwarded are Xerox-copies of 3 letters to Robert Moore Williams, all dated in April or 1968--from: B.G. Davis, William L. Hamling, and Raymond A. Palmer. While Mr. Davis points out he left Ziff-Davis in 1957, and was not party to the sale of the titles to Ultimate, all three agreed that while generally world magazines rights were generally purchased, it was with the understanding "that any right any writer wished would be returned to him upon request" and that "this was company policy, it applied to all writers..." In any event, Mr. Williams has legitimate grounds for complaint if any of his work is reprinted. Other writers depend on their own action at the time of sale, methinks. []

ROBERT MOORE WILLIAMS Wasn't it Hercules who fought the snake with a hundred heads? Every time he knocked off one head, the snake grew two more heads to replace the one it had lost. Somehow this reminds me of Ted White. If you knock down one lie, he puts two back to replace it.

Yes, I secured the Davis, Palmer and Hamling letters. Yes, these letters clearly indicated that up to the time when Bernie Davis left that publishing company, Ziff-Davis bought only first NAS. If Sol Cohen bought these magazines under the impression he was buying the rights to reprint these stories, Sol Cohen goofed. If he reprints any of the stories I sold Ziff-Davis this is just the same as taking money out of my pocket and Ted White's claim that Cohen has diabetes and is interested in Jewish charities does not lessen the offense. I was a free-lance writer for about 37 years before I retired. Every time I sold a story, I was pretty sure that in one way or another I was making a contribution to the Jews. I do not intend to increase my contributions to help Sol Cohen.

When Sol Cohen reprinted *The Metal Martyr*, I jumped him about it. He said he would have sent me a check if he had known my address--ignoring the fact that my address was on my letter of complaint. However, the British Broadcasting Corporation picked up the story for TV in England, paying me more than \$400.00 for it. Incidentally, I wonder how many other American writers have been picked up for TV in England? After I had screamed about reprinting *The Metal Martyr*, Cohen did not make the same mistake again. However, he did reprint another of my short stories under one of my pen names. I assumed neither he nor Ted White knew it was my story or my pen name, so I did not holler, but I did laugh at the goof on White's part.

The Davis, Palmer, Hamling letters in copies eventually reached that happy group that I call "The assholes that talk from the inside out," meaning by this the big wheels that run the SFWA. There was a lot of talk about action and about a lawyer but I had enough experience to sense that we were all being sold down the Big Word river again. Yep, that was the way it worked out. A total waste of time, the SFWA. Years ago I resigned from it and have since paid no more attention to it than I have to Ted White. Did I start the boycott of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*? Did little me do that? If I did, hurrah for me! There is another boycott I would like to start--of Ted White in all the fan mags. Now you can believe Ted White or you can believe me. I assure you it does not matter a damn to me what you believe.

All of writing is water under the bridge so far as I am concerned. I have retired, and I'm devoting my life to what I call "the processes of spiritual growth"--and a good UFO story is just as much a part of these processes as anything else--and I have no intention

of wading back into the literary cess pool called New York. To do would only be to foul up my own mind. In fact, I have read very little SF in recent years. Too much of it produced by the so-called big shots in the field in my opinion is depression born and is depression breeding in its readers. I don't want any of that sort of crap in my mind. Ted White is an excellent example of verbal organizations I do not want to find in my head. He is not interesting or amusing, he does not awaken any sense of wonder in me, and he does not point the way to any future I want to be a part of.

[] Yes, I am aware of the anti-Semitism in the second paragraph. I point this out because I DON'T want to receive a couple of hundred letters saying that the item in question is anti-Semitic. I DO NOT agree with, or encourage such prejudices; I am aware they do exist...but see no future in getting into that controversy... []

BARRY N. MALZBERG I read Ted White's response to Ellison with much interest. He states therein something which I did not know when I wrote that letter which you published--that is, that Cohen is no longer paying for reprints as a means of milking a marginal profitability out of the reprint magazines.

My letter had been written under the assumption he had been. That he is means that he is in violation of his own agreement and I withdraw my response to Piers' letter.

Furthermore, I'll no longer offer work there.

This all seems to be moot as of this writing I would be surprised if Ultimate lasts six more months.

PS: White says in his piece somewhere that there never was an "official" SFWA boycott, merely an "informal approval of boycotting" or somesuch. Not true. There was an organizationally-sanctioned boycott against the magazines through most of 1966/7. It never held. Quite a few known professionals as well as Scott Meredith Literary Agency ignored it.

PHILIP JOSE FARMER Re Malzberg's letter in OW #17.

He states "flatly" that Ultimate is meeting all its obligations as detailed under the SFWA-Ultimate agreement. And he asks Piers to recall that this calls for the author of reprinted material to write a letter to the publisher calling attention to this and asking for payment.

I'll state "flatly" that Malzberg flatly wrote an untruth about Ultimate paying all its financial obligations. If he doesn't believe me, he can ask Bob Bloch and Jerry Pournelle. Moreover, Ultimate isn't paying for all its newly published material. Ultimate has owed Norman Spinrad for a book review for over a year and apparently has no intention

of paying for it. Moreover, the SFWA meeting at the Torcon, at which White was present, established that Ultimate has reneged and is reneging on the agreement. I was present, and I heard Jerry Pournelle tell White that he had a massive file of evidence of Ultimate's failure to pay. Then was the time for White to protest, to deny. But he did not. He knew that it would be useless. He did plead Cohen's poverty and bad heart and ignorance of science-fictional matters in general. And, at the end of the discussion, he agreed to ask Cohen if he would make a contract with the SFWA to pay for reprints. This would be done at the rate of one hundred dollars a month until all those who had not yet been paid were paid. I do not know whether or not Cohen has agreed to sign this contract.

So, this question of whether or not Ultimate has been living up to the agreement is settled once and for all.

But the question of why Malzberg made his flatly untrue statement is not settled. If he was ignorant of the facts, then he should have investigated and made sure of them before he defended Cohen. And if he wasn't ignorant of the facts, then why did he make the statement?

Another point. It is not true, as Malzberg says, that the agreement called for a letter from the author of the reprinted story (or article) asking Cohen for payment. That stipulation was made by Cohen and had nothing to do with the agreement. In fact, the agreement calls for Ultimate to make a search for the author of every reprinted story so that he could be paid for it. But in no case has Ultimate done this, none that I know of anyway. And I do know of many cases, including my own, in which Ultimate has not said one mumbling word to the authors. I also know that it took me almost a year to get paid for a story and that if I had not stubbornly persisted in asking, I would not have been paid.

Here's your answer, Piers. Ultimate has consistently broken the agreement. Until Ultimate signs the contract with SFWA, it should be boycotted by SFWA members.

I was, as I said, present at the SFWA meeting. I wanted that meeting to be conducted impersonally and strictly business-like. Pournelle did so, but a number of the attendees made some disparaging and sarcastic remarks about Cohen which I thought out of line. I am not, however, referring to the Harrison-White hassle, since I thought White's outburst and name-calling at the beginning of the meeting was also uncalled for. But then he and Harrison have had a feud going for a long time, and their relations are hateshot. I did think White was ludicrous when he said Harrison had a dirty mouth, since this was the proverbial case of the pot and the kettle. But I thought White was conducting himself quite properly when he declined Harrison's invitation to step outside into the hall. Fisticuffs have no place

in business meetings.

It was no surprise when White tacitly admitted that Ultimate had not paid for a number of reprints. It was a surprise, a shocking one, when I heard about Ultimate's policy in dealing with the slush pile. Its Mss. are shipped from one office to another, fourth class, uninsured. This has resulted in a number of Mss. being lost. When asked about this, White said, "Well, after all, it's only the slush pile."

Well, I can remember when my Mss. were in that pile. So could most of the others present. I can remember when I wrote my first s-f story, *The Lovers*, and the labor I put into it. If I'd had to wait for one or two years to get a reply from White on it (as many have waited) and then found that it had been lost, I might have given up writing. Or at least have been so discouraged that I would not have written another story for years.

Another revelation (to me, anyway) was that Ultimate doesn't pay its readers. These are volunteers who read in their off-hours, when they feel they have time for it. This explains the delays in reporting on the slush pile and a number of writers who have sold elsewhere but are not "big name" writers.

All in all, the meeting proceeded in a business-like manner. White said he'd take the SFWA terms to Cohen, and then he was asked to leave, since he was not a member and was there only as a courtesy on the part of SFWA.

Some other points.

White speaks of my three-year Crusade. Yet I made it clear in my letter that I had been relatively indifferent to the Ultimate affair after resigning from the SFWA. I only got embroiled again when the White-Anthony correspondence was presented to me in OW. Result: I became convinced that the matter should be pursued to the end. Also, I was convinced that Pournelle was not going to let the matter slide. So I rejoined SFWA.

White says that the blacklist is selective. Why don't I take a moral stand against Popular Library? It reprints material without paying. True. But Popular Library doesn't have any agreement with the SFWA. Ultimate does. And, as I've pointed out in articles in various fanzines, the SFWA has to show that it can handle Ultimate before it goes on to other business. If it is impotent in dealing with a pygmy like Cohen, what can it do against the giants?

White has accused the SFWA (in many fanzines) of taking a malignant attitude against Cohen. Yet at the Torcon meeting we voted one hundred percent to give Ultimate another chance, even though few of us believed that Ultimate would honor a contract if it were made. Contrary to what White claims, we don't want to put Ultimate out of business and see *Amazing* and *Fantastic* go down the drain. We'd like to see it thriving. We'd also like to see it honor its word, and it certainly has not done that.

White says: "...when an author sells reprint rights...he has no moral or legal justification for bitching about it late." True. I said so myself in a letter printed in a Geiszine. But the situation changes when the publisher agrees to pay for reprints. Cohen so agreed. And he has paid for some, some under duress and some to encourage new stories. But he's made no search for the authors (as agreed), and he's not paid all (as agreed) and with many authors he's ignored requests for repayment (which requests, though made, were not obligatory according to the agreement).

You don't have to take my word for it. Ask Pournelle. He has the records.

There is still the case of Robert Moore Williams. He sold first serial rights only to Ziff-Davis and can prove it. But Cohen reprinted them without permission or without offering to pay Williams. White ignores this point, as he ignored several others I made in my letter in OW #17. The reason? He can't deny them.

[] I've held this 'open', pending any comments by Harlan or Damon Knight, whom I queried per Piers' request. Such hasn't been forthcoming, so let us proceed... In the meantime, after a request from Mike Glycer, and an order from Jodie Offutt's lower case half, I belatedly dispatched copies of the relevant material to Jerry Pournelle...the current SFWA President... []

JERRY POURNELLE Regarding Ultimate Publications:

The reason SFWA has taken no action against certain other offenders is not that we have anything personal against Mr. Cohen or Mr. White, but merely that the Ultimate file is the thickest in our Grievance Committee packet. SFWA has in fact very nearly cleared the files with certain major exceptions: and those are under negotiation now. SFWA does not solicit grievances, and will not act on rumors or verbal complaints. The Grievance Committee considers only written complaints from members accompanied by sufficient information to allow us to establish what the grievance really and specifically is. Thus, it is not valid to protest that we have done nothing about certain rumored abuses as an answer to our actions in this case.

I want also to emphasize that SFWA bears neither Mr. Cohen nor Mr. White any malice, and I, at least, appreciate Mr. White's efforts in making *Amazing* and *Fantastic* something other than reprint magazines. He has done a great deal of work for very little pay. I do not think it possible that he could have done much more for what he is getting.

The fact remains that SFWA has in hand numerous grievances against Ultimate. The re-

print payment matter is only one of many complaints that include lost mss., late payments for original material, grossly late reporting on mss. submitted. Mr. Anderson, the immediate past president of SFWA, was preparing to act on these when he discovered an even more serious problem regarding registration of copyrights, and he did not care to do anything in public until he was certain that the rights of the authors were protected.

This whole matter was discussed at great length at the SFWA annual meeting in Toronto during TORCON II; and unanimous agreement of all members present was obtained for a SFWA policy in this matter. As part of that policy included time for negotiations, it is not appropriate to discuss it here.

I want to emphasize, though, that SFWA does appreciate the efforts of Mr. Cohen and Mr. White, and that we hope this matter can be amicably settled to the satisfaction of all concerned. I want also to emphasize that if it cannot, SFWA will take actions as vigorous as we are able.

Finally, regarding "all rights" purchases, there are now two court decisions that appear to indicate that authors cannot sell nor publishers buy "all rights" to an original story (as opposed to a work written on assignment for flat fee); and it may be that the legal situation of our members is stronger than had originally been supposed.

[] That wraps it as far as material on the "Ultimate Matter" on hand goes. Hopefully #19 will serve to bring you Piers Anthony's decision on his course of action. ...and Sol Cohen's side, should he care to respond.

You know, the longer this goes on, the more I find myself stuck in the middle! I firmly believe in the right of fair and prompt compensation for writers and artists who do their thing for publications offering such compensation. And I don't buy the notion that should your choice be to be a "Writer" or an "Artist" (and you're willing to put in the long and hard apprenticeship that is seemingly required of most) that you should be forced to accept a life of poverty because, after all, what you do is for the "State of the Art". But as a budding publisher, he said modestly, and given what is a fair knowledge of the economics of publishing, as well as the circulation of the Ultimate magazines, I can assure you with a reasonable degree objectivity, that Sol Cohen wouldn't get rich off them, if he didn't pay nobody nothing. It's a touchy situation. ...as we've discovered!

To risk, cautiously, another subject: I've heard, from time to time, some stories of the ways in which Ultimate handles manuscripts. I flatter myself that should I submit something, my name is familiar enough that I wouldn't have to worry. But... Any comments on this matter, Ted? []

[] One more letter...which simply must be squeezed in this time! The subject's slightly different from those preceding in this particular section...but then it definitely ties in. And hopefully it will provide something on which to express an opinion for those of you who've had it with four-letter words and vast publishing power plays. (...it is the kind of letter over which Mike Glicksohn will label "Major", and express envy and gnash his teeth at my having obtained it. And rightly so.) []

GEORGE BARR I wish often that I had the time to do the kind of illos I sent to fanzines in the early sixties. I feel extremely guilty everytime I get a zine in the mail, knowing that the only reason anyone would send one to me is in hope of getting something in return. And I don't blame them. I could write letters of comment, but that's not what people want. They would say, and justifiably, that if I have time to write, the time could be better used drawing a picture. Perhaps they're right, but when you spend all day at the drawing table making a living, the last thing you want to do to relax--and fandom is for relaxation and recreation--is sit back down at the drawing table.

But I'm writing now for a number of reasons. First, to let you know that I do greatly appreciate the issues you've sent. I read them, and I enjoy them. Most of the discussions contained in *Outworlds* concern things which touch me lightly, or not at all. And while I have opinions--as does everyone, I guess--I don't have the qualification to make them of much interest to anyone else.

Second: I suspect that the reason I got this issue and the last is because of the donation of one of my paintings to the Mae Strelkov auction. But my getting issues on that basis is unjustified, as I was not the one to make the donation. I didn't even know it had been made until the Glicksohns mentioned it to me at the recent Westercon in San Francisco. I was surprised, because I hadn't known that DAW would part with any of its artwork for any reason. Whatever credit is due for the donation of the picture, it is due to Don Wollheim, not me. Personally, while I'm glad it's going to a good cause, I'd very much like to have gotten my hands on it. Several people, (who I hope are involved in the auction now), had made very generous bids in the event the painting ever found its way back into my hands.

Third: I'd like to correct an apparently common misconception. I DO NOT WORK EXCLUSIVELY IN COLORED BALL POINT PENS! A number of years ago I began experimenting with them and curious to see what the possibilities were, I turned out a few... called them tour-de-forces? in that medium. The cover of *Trumpet* #10 is the only one that has ever seen print.

They were fun to do, mainly because I felt I was, in effect, going where no man had gone before. But they were incredibly time-consuming, taking far more in the way of hours and sheer physical effort than I could ever realistically charge for. They were demonstrations of little more than perseverance, and seemingly appreciated for little else. People would look at them, say "hmmmm," and walk away... until someone would say: "Did you know that was done with BALL-POINT PENS?!!" Then they would return to marvel, and their praise was heady for a while. Then I gradually, (I'm a little slow sometimes), began to realize that all people were getting out of the pictures was a jolt to their "sense of wonder" based entirely on THE MEDIUM. The content of the works was going completely unnoticed. It seemed that, judging from the lack of interest before "awareness" as compared to the freaking out after "enlightenment," that the pictures, for all of the time and effort I put into them, had nothing more to offer than a technical virtuosity with an unusual tool. And it may well be true. But I came to the realization that I was working in a medium which anyone in the world--given the time an incentive to work at it--could use just as well as I did. If all my work had to offer was the novelty of its technique, I was in trouble.

Besides, it invariably gave me the world's worst case of writer's cramp.

So I stopped using it. It has been over four years since I last used the medium--since I failed to interest the Lindy Pen Company into an advertising scheme. They remained unconvinced that I was not the ONLY PERSON IN THE WORLD WHO USED, OR EVER COULD USE, THEIR PRODUCT FOR SERIOUS ILLUSTRATION. They decided to stick to selling their pens to secretaries and school kids. I gave up.

In the process of experimenting with the pens, I discovered that with a sufficiently soft touch, I could get a very fine, soft shading, along the lines of silverpoint, which was permanent, and could be as pale as 4H pencil shading, or as black as India ink. I liked it. So I still use it. I can control the detail much more easily than I ever could with watercolor or acrylic, and see the entire picture, in all its detail, before I ever add the color.

So I do what is basically a color-separation sort of thing, by drawing the picture, with all its shading values and detail, in black BIC, (go to Hell, Mr. Lindy!) pen, then add the color to it with a combination of watercolor and acrylic. The colors on top of the ink do not affect its sharpness at all, but tone down its...blackness? So in reproduction, I don't have to worry about any loss of detail because of bad color matching. The black is there, underlying everything, and whatever a faulty job of printing might do to the colors and their relationship to each other, the detail remains. So it's cheating. But when I'm working for reproduction, I figure that whatever will assure me of the best reproduction is valid.

This is the technique I used on the cover for GREEN PHOENIX, not the full-color ball-point pen. It is what I've used on every DAW cover I've done, and also THE FOREST OF FOREVER for ACE. I hope whoever gets that painting is buying it because they like it as a picture. If they think they are getting a rare example of an exclusive technique, they're going to be disappointed.

[] Linda & Ron Bushyager were High Bidders, so I'm sure a) it's in good hands, and b) they knew what they were bidding on, having seen it at Midwestcon. # At the same con (and before the Westercon) several people made comments to us, in your name, as to what you "would do", George, when you "found out." (You haven't done what you were "supposed" to do...) # I plead guilty to having actively help build the "ball-point pen Mythos"--I still remember the examples you showed when we stopped by in Salt Lake City, on the way to the Pacificon (egads! over nine years ago!). And while I think I can relate to the way you feel about viewers going ape over the technique rather than the work (being a Rapidograph stipple/texture/pattern freak in my own limited output) -- I can assure you that such a reaction is given as totally & honestly as any reaction to a work you admire...but "how can I put it in words?" # They WERE tour-de-forces...and Mr. Lindy is a fool! []

Thank you for printing Stricklen's APRO POE. I haven't laughed so hard in ages.

I found the discussions in this issue [#17] especially interesting because they centered so much on the subject of ethics... and I guess there's not a more subjective subject in the world. I can't off-hand think of a single disagreement I've had in fandom that has not eventually boiled down to a difference in a personal ethic. I have always worried a good deal less about legalities than moralities. I can forgive an awful lot that hurts me personally, if I know that the intention was honest. That occasionally makes me a sitting duck, because I try very hard to believe in people.

I find it, by turns, amusing, upsetting, even horrifying, to see how often the feuds that rage in fandom are based on two people's apparant inability to see that they exhibit exactly the same sort of flaws, dishonesties, and inconsistencies that they condemn so loudly in others. And it so often seems to stem from their--again, apparant--unwillingness to give anyone else the benefit of a doubt. Anything which looks wrong on the service is immediately interpreted as having the basest of motivations. So many very general things are taken so personally, that I find myself wondering what kind of guilt-loads these people are living with to make them react so strongly.

Just as much as the authors who complain that they are not receiving compensation for re-prints which they admit the publisher has a legal right to do, quite a number of artists could be singing the same tune about the endlessly reprinted artwork. Are artists more sensible than authors, or more cowardly for not demanding their "rights?" Almost every time one of the Cohen magazines has reprinted a story, it has been accompanied by an illustration. Those magazines have covers. Nothing has been said, or evidently even thought, about the artists getting something out of the continued use of their work. Art is bought outright. Most everyone in the business acknowledges that--aside from a few big names among the authors--what sells a book is its cover. Let's face it, a pretty hefty percentage of what is originally paid to put a book into print goes to pay for making it attractive enough to pick up off the stand. That money wouldn't be paid for purely esthetic reasons. It's hard-headed commercialism. Good artwork sells books. But if the arguments being used now were applied all the way down the line, there isn't a publisher I know of who couldn't be accused of ripping off the artists.

I'm not suggesting a crusade in behalf of the artists. I think if they felt the need, it would have been started long ago. But the "ethic" being preached--which to a certain extent I'm in agreement with--seems awfully limited, shortsighted, and ingrown. I wonder if an author has ever considered that perhaps a percentage of what HE made off his book, ought to have gone to the person who made it attractive enough to sell... or should that come solely from the *publisher's* share?

Dick Lupoff's comments were most enjoyable. It's nice to know that I'm not the only person who has passed up the opportunity to stab someone in the back. A number of years ago, I was encouraged by a friend to join the advertising staff of a large department store where he had just been employed himself. I needed the job badly and he knew it. In my interview, the department head told me that he liked what I had to show him, and that it looked like I'd probably be a lot better than a young man they'd just hired. So if I'd wait a few days until they had a chance to see what the other man was capable of, there was more than a good chance I could have his job. The "young man" was, of course, the friend who had suggested that I apply. That took one hell of a lot of soul searching. My father seemed contemptuous of the idea that I would even hesitate. "It's a dog-eat-dog world," he said. "Would Bob hesitate if it was YOUR job at stake?" I suppose that was a legitimate question, but to me it didn't seem really important what Bob might have done. I've never felt that one's morality or lack of it could be conditional upon someone else's. Being cheated by someone does not give me the moral right to cheat him--much less does the theoretical likelihood that he would cheat me if given the chance. I admire Lupoff for his decision--if only because it makes me feel a bit less the fool for mine.

At the risk of sounding like I'm preaching, I think it would be wise if a few people applied to their professional work the rule you set up in your treatise on fanzines: "treat all of your contributors as you would wish to be treated if your positions were reversed." Does that sound suspiciously like "DO UNTO OTHERS.....?" I've tried to apply that sort of philosophy in my dealings in fandom and professional art. A number of times jobs have come my way that I knew someone else would be better for. I could have done them, I guess, but others could do them better. At least one publisher has told me that I was cutting my own throat--that I ought to be stomping on my competition rather than boosting it. But it pays off. Quite a number of things have come my way by the same method: being recommended for the job by a fellow illustrator who could very well have done the job himself.

I speak out occasionally because I feel that someone has to, and if my professional reputation has suffered because of it, I can regret it only on a financial basis. I feel, very self-righteously, I suppose, no one has had any trouble from me who didn't deserve it... well, I guess there's a certain amount of status in who hates you and why, as well as in who likes you.

And there are certainly some who seem to be doing their best to achieve one hell of a lot of status.

...apologies to those in the file, but the remaining LOCs will be 'held' for #19... BILL





BILL BOWERS

FROM WILLIAM'S PEN

It's been a strange period since TORCON II...simultaneously very Up and very Down. Weird, and I can't really explain it.

The con itself was fantastic; for me, the best I've been to. And I a small-con-type person at that. But it didn't seem like there was that many people there, except for the banquet and the 'ball' ... and when you were attempting to locate one specific person!

Probably the primary reason I was much more at ease, and thus able to enjoy myself more, was that this was the first Worldcon I'd been to since St. Louis ('69), where I was still being introduced as "the guy who helps Mallardi with D:B." This time I was there as Mean Ole Bill Bowers, who does that *Outworlds* thing...and thus accepted (or not) on my own. Made things considerably simpler.

It goes without saying that, as usual, I didn't get to meet (or re-meet) nearly everyone I'd hoped to, but I did make a number of new and valued acquaintances: Paul (Paj) Novitski...the only person I've ever recognized without a) ever having seen a photo of, b) sneaking a glance at a name tag, or c) being introduced to; Derek Carter...a delightfully, madly insane cartoonist [after seeing Derek and his wife together the first time, Joan said she now knows why he's smiling all the time!]; Sheryl Birkhead, a very shy and very warm human being (who has probably done more for Mae Strelkov's Fund than anyone except Joan--but Sheryl would never admit it); the Aussies, all, but in particular Eric Lindsay, fellow graphics/repro freak, and a Mastermind when confronting the System (be it Australian, or American airlines); and many others...some met only once, and all much too briefly...

There definitely should be some sort of award or recognition (although that will always be given by those who were there) for my Professor-ial columnist, Susan Glicksohn, and her "All Our Yesterdays" fanhistory room. It was well worth the effort, Susan, and even if future cons continue the idea (as I hope they will), yours was the first...and the best.

Without a doubt, the high point of the con was the awarding of the Fanzine Hugo to *Energumen*...and event that couldn't be detracted from even by the blithering idiots who hissed & booed when the *Locus*-nomination was read. It was the Impossible Dream (numerical-ly) and richly deserved (ok, you can stop twisting my arm now, Mike), and without getting into the politics of the thing, refreshing and pleasant proof to an old cynic like myself that nice things do still happen on occasion. (And in this, the year of the Topless Hugo, I can assure you that any rumors to the effect that the results were "fixed" are totally baseless; and the Glicksohn's have the bases to prove it, eh Susan & Mike?)

And Aussiecon won for 75, which is neat (and I'll be there...somehow!), despite the choice of a pair of relative unknowns for Fan Guests of Honor...

Generally, after a con, it is rush-rush back to the work-a-day world; but this time after departing the hotel Monday, we spent 3+ days at 32 Maynard, the abode of Larson E., and his Bearer. Strange tales could be told of that period ("they're nocturnal, you know?", Jerry; and of zombies appearing at the door when Joan was there alone), but this is after

all, an intellectual sercon family fanzine, and we don't print that kind of stuff. Much.

Bruce Gillespie was also in residence that last two days we were there, and as Big Name Faneds are wont to do, we discussed the Ultimate Fanzine...agreeing that at least one of us would probably achieve it. The withdrawal obviously not yet complete, Michael would naturally attempt to interject some observation on how the reproduction is the medium, or somesuch nonsense, but Bruce and I told him to clam up...since quitters don't count. (It seems as if he's weakening though; according to my calculations--from what he said--*Xenium* #2.2 [nice numbering system; where'd you pick it up, Mike?] should round out at about 90 pages, with fold-out covers on stiff board, and contain a book-length autobiographical rendering entitled, OH, HOW FERTILE MY HAUSTERS! ...and soon after that, I suspect, he'll be changing the title of his zine to something like...well...*Michael E. Glicksohn. Amateurs!*)

Michael, me boy, the opportunity to restore my sprained ankle and wind-down in such pleasant surroundings after the con, combined with your unstinting hospitality, was a time of enjoyment I'm not likely to forget ... and Joan & I thank you very much.

This issue's late (I guess) appearance doesn't have me too upset, tho I've still the hankering to get on to the offset version. The health bit (with complications) is the major factor when combined with the resumption of school; it's a pain, but I'm stubborn and will see it through. But on the pleasant side, post-TORCON Akron-area fandom (particularly the Wadsworth sub-area--Mecca, as it's known to members of the Pretentious Fanzine Publishers Assoc.) became a social center; remarkably so, in fact, for being out here in the boonies and all. Eric Lindsay and Paul Anderson stopped by for too brief a visits, on their way across the States. ...and I get these phone calls from Andy Porter, Big Time Publisher, who keeps me informed as to what is going on in the Eastern Establishment, and tells me how he takes *Outworlds* to bed...and dreams about *Algol*. (Two separate conversations...but you know how we biased reporters do these things; unfortunately they were conducted over the downstairs phone...which is not hooked into the recording system.) ...and remind me to tell you some time of How I Came To Sell My Soul... Yes, folks, while briefly manning Andy's table at TORCON, I sold two young, innocent, unspsecting neofans...help me!...subs to *Algol*! I am thoroughly ashamed and apologize; I just don't know what came over me...

...and then, immediately following the con, Dan "Teddy Bear" Steffan was exiled to the wilds of Northeastern Ohio. And in spite of the fact that Glicksohn had obviously gotten to him (Dan shows very little respect for his fannish Elders), it was a very nice thing to have My Very Own Captive Fan Artist around. I've never had one of those before (I've asked for one for Christmas, but don't hold out too much hope), and it was a pleasure; you'll be seeing the results over the next several issues. It would be a pleasure having Dan around,

even if he wasn't a talented young artist; he's one of fandom's good people, and one we're pleased to have as a friend.

Dan has since departed for even wilder climes--in Southern Illinois--unrelenting in his quest to bring Coke canning plants to even the smallest town in America...and we miss him.

Enough of this trivia. A number of people probably won't like the physical make-up of this issue. In fact, Dan has already told me what I could do with that 'flap'. (Shame on you, Dan.) And after getting my first '9' rating from Buck Coulson, I was tempted to chuck the whole thing and go to a nice conservative format... But I didn't.

This issue is this way because, as mentioned last time, I got a 'steal' on a quantity of legal-length paper, because I didn't want it to occupy a spatial area larger than 8.5x11 and this is the way it worked out...and because the money I 'saved' on the paper bought me a saddle stapler...another one of those Things I've Always Wanted.

And that's the why of this issue; ...not because I'm breaking down the graphic conventions of fanzine production. (Of course, if you really want to attribute such trail-blazing to my humble self, I'm more than willing to listen. I may even print your comments ...and put a neat little box around them.)

In all fairness, so as not to leave you hanging, I must point out that there will not be a Harlan Ellison reply to Ted White printed here. One exists (Ted has it; I've seen it), but the decision not to print was Harlan's alone. This is going to disappoint some, but I'm just as happy things worked out this way. In a 'discussion' of the type in question there would probably never be a successful resolution; the only way it could ever come to an end would be for one party to simply stop, and in effect let the other have the last public word. This, in effect, is what Harlan has done, and I've got to admire him for it.

I may have bent my proclaimed no-personal-attacks policy in this instance (it seemed valid at the time), but I don't really enjoy such exchanges. I do enjoy the hell out of Harlan writing about Harlan Ellison and the things he cares about, and I can't ever recall having read a Ted White piece that I found uninteresting...irritating, maybe, but not dull! I would enjoy nothing more than having both in these pages more often...but perhaps on or about something other than each other...?

A strange issue, this; hope you enjoyed... BILL



JDB

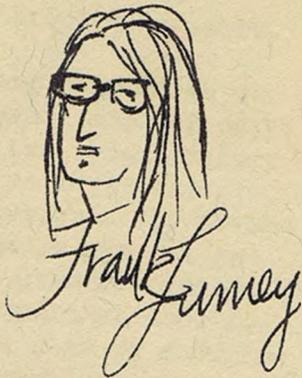


Tom Foster

*



Jeff Schalles



Frank Lumey

dan
steffan's



*

Dan Steffan



GRANT
CANFIELD



DAN STEFFAN



Randy Bathurst

**TORCON
PEOPLE'S
FACES**
(2 WEEKS AFTER)



*

Ken Fletcher



*

* = a pretty good likeness

Published by: BILL & JOAN BOWERS : POBox 148 : Wadsworth : Ohio : 44281 : (216) 336-3179

Outworlds #18 - October, 1973; Series IV, No. 4. Published at least quarterly, and Available for: Printed Letters of Comment, and Contributions of Material. -- \$1.00 per copy; 5 issue subscription for \$4.00 (U.S. funds). ASSOCIATE EDITOR: STEPHEN E. FABIAN # Print Run for #17 was 341 # OUTWORLDS Production #70

CONTENTS:

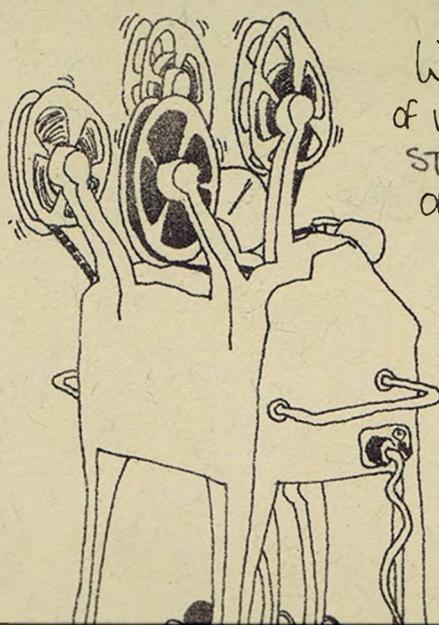
INTERFACE [lettercolumn]	678
Dragged Into the Future, TOM COLLINS .	696
Understandings, ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES .	698
Crime and Punishment, DAVE LOCKE	701
INTERFACE: Part Two	703
From William's Pen..., BILL BOWERS ...	710

DAN STEFFAN DEPARTMENT:

"A LOOK AT THUNDERBEAN" [centerspread]	695
"TORCON PEOPLE'S FACES" [above]	712

ARTworlds:

GREGG DAVIDSON [lower, or front cover]	677
STEPHEN E. FABIAN	703
TOM FOSTER	709; 710
DANY FROLICH	697
MIKE GILBERT	700
NORM HOCHBERG / BILL BOWERS [lower] ..	678
JONH INGHAM	[lower] 712



WHAT KIND
OF LIFE IS IT TO
STICK LITTLE BITS
OF CELLOID
TOGETHER?



Published by: BILL & JOAN BOWERS : POBox 148 : Wadsworth : Ohio : 44281 : (216) 336-3179

Outworlds #18 - October, 1973; Series IV, No. 4. Published at least quarterly, and Available for: Printed Letters of Comment, and Contributions of Material. -- \$1.00 per copy; 5 issue subscription for \$4.00 (U.S. funds). ASSOCIATE EDITOR: STEPHEN E. FABIAN # Print Run for #17 was 341 # OUTWORLDS Production #70

CONTENTS:

INTERFACE [lettercolumn]	678
Dragged Into the Future, TOM COLLINS .	696
Understandings, ROBERT A. W. LOWNDES .	698
Crime and Punishment, DAVE LOCKE	701
INTERFACE: Part Two	703
From William's Pen..., BILL BOWERS ...	710

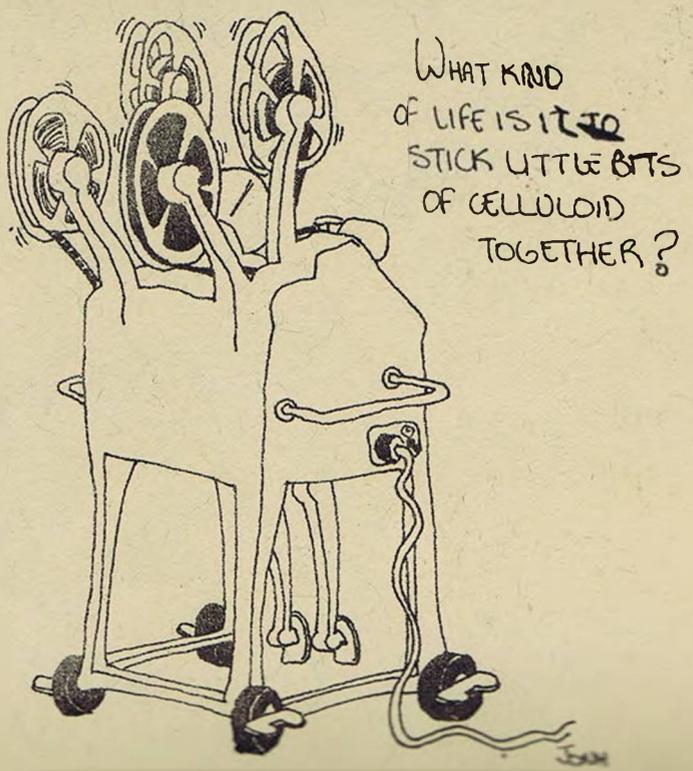
DAN STEFFAN DEPARTMENT:

"A LOOK AT THUNDERBEAN" [centerspread]	695
"TORCON PEOPLE'S FACES" [above]	712

ARTworlds:

GREGG DAVIDSON [lower, or front cover]	677
STEPHEN E. FABIAN	703
TOM FOSTER	709; 710
DANY FROLICH	697
MIKE GILBERT	700
NORM HOCHBERG / BILL BOWERS [lower] ..	678
JONH INGHAM	[lower] 712
JIM McLEOD	699
CARLETON PALMER [upper, or back cover]	677
ANDREW PORTER	696
WILLIAM ROTSLER	[upper] 678; 701

[Copyright (C) 1973, by WILLIAM L. BOWERS]



A LOT OF PEOPLE ARE GOING TO MAKE A BIG "FLAP" ABOUT THIS, BUT... It is provided expressly for those who bind their sets of Outworlds (namely, the Editor) If you don't, or have no intention of binding, you are at liberty to fold in, tear or trim off...or do whatever you might please with this flap... Innovate. Carefully!