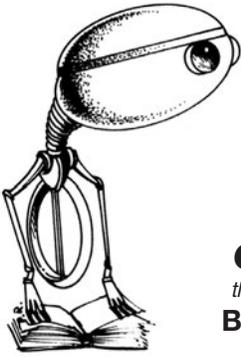


OUTWORLD



WORLD'S





OUTWORLD 71 WORLDS

Outworlds the eclectic fanzine from BILL BOWERS

posthumously edited by
Jeanne Bowman, Rich Coad, Alan Rosenthal,
and Pat Virzi

design, layout & production by
Pat Virzi

ArtWorlds

Outworlds 71 Front Cover Graphic by
Ditmar (Dick Janssen)

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by Derek Carter

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Outworlds2020@gmail.com | InWorlds20@gmail.com

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In order of appearance: *Mae Strelkov, Carolyn Doyle, Karen Johnson, Murray Moore, Lloyd Penney, Dave Rowe, Curt Phillips, Lenny Bailes, Dale Speirs, Ned Brooks, E.B. Frohvet, Dave Locke, Michael W. Waite, Chris Sherman, Bruce R. Gillespie, Larry Downes, Alan Hunter, Dave Rowe, Dick Janssen, Richard Brandt, Susan A. Manchester, Brad W. Foster, Brian Earl Brown, Mike Glicksohn, Syd Bounds, George Flynn, rich brown, Gregory Benford, Arnie Katz, Lee Hoffman, Roger Waddington, Jerry Kaufman, Skel, David R. Haugh, Wm. Breiding, Merlin Haas, Marty Cantor, Ahrvid Engholm, Gary Deindorfer, Joe Christopher, Sandra Bond, Al Curry, Art Metzger, Milt Stevens, John Hertz, Irwin Hirsh, Patty Peters, Buck Coulson, Linda Krawecke, Joseph T Major, Sherry Thompson, Robert Lichtman, Lloyd Penney, Bob Smith, Murray Moore, more Murray Moore, Mae Strelkov, and Harry Warner, Jr.*

I Also Heard From: *Harry Andruschak, John D. Berry, Sheryl Birkhead, Jeanne Bowman, G. Sutton Breiding, Kevin L. Cook, Dick Geis, Ed Gorman, Terry Jeeves, Randy Mohr, Jodie Offutt, Al Sirois, Craig Smith, Toni Weisskopf, Paul Williams, and Billy Wolfenbarger*

Plus sidebar email excerpts from *Richard E. Geis, Joe R. Christopher, D Gary Grady, Bill Bowers, Wm. M. Breiding, and Alexander Yudenitsch*

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Susan A. Manchester: Advertisement

LoCs & Comments on this issue: Wm. Breiding will be publishing the Final Locs on *Outworlds 71 / Afterworlds* in a final issue of *InWorlds*. It will be produced as a print-on-demand zine and will go to all LoCcers/WAHFs. For completists who don't LoC, it will available for purchase from Amazon for \$5 (US). There is no timeline for publication date, but Wm. says he'll likely wrap it up in a fairly timely manner after *OW71* has been published ("maybe six months?").

Please send your LoCs and comments to both InWorlds20@gmail.com and Outworlds2020@gmail.com.

Unemployed in November

hot chocolate and a bum near me
in the muffin shop on Bloor

zero degrees and I wonder how
he will feel when it is minus ten

he watches me
I wonder who he was

the hot chocolate is just hot

Turner and Porter funeral directors across the street

people come in looking cold
not nearly cold enough to die

non-English speakers around me

the bum talks to himself
in a voice that comes from somewhere else

“And I Love Her” on the radio is out of place
for the bum and me

he could wonder what I write if he wonders
at all

Ukrainians in their crisp words
in a country not their own

no one is native here

their chatter continues

wonderful words there are no translations for

I believe I might have worked at something
by now

my hot chocolate is gone

—*Susan A. Manchester*



Post-it Notes™ from an Unrepentant Fanzine Editor

Bill Bowers

HELLO.

My name is Bill.
...and I'm a fanzine fan.

August 26, 1998

LATE "LAST" NIGHT, having taken the masters for *OW70* to the copy center, and anticipating picking up the finished product this afternoon, I dreamed the basic layout for the next issue: this one. I really do things like that.

It's just as well that I *can* still dream; reality is no respecter of Hope & Sweat.

As I stood at the counter this afternoon, checking the initial printed copy, I almost cried... not bad enough to demand a reprint but still, after having had the last two issues printed at the same chain store (albeit, a different branch), a total, crushing disappointment. I do take it personally.

I'll likely 'reprint' a couple of the photos/halftones – the ATom illo (in Tucker's column) literally shows the creases in the paper, almost like parchment. I imagine that some of you, along about now, are going to dig out your (readily locatable) copies of *OW70*, wondering what the fuss I'm talking about. You haven't seen the Masters I provided; if I think about, I'll lug them to my next con... and show you.

In the meantime, after a nap and several hours reflection, I'm beginning to accept the inevitable: Despite investing \$4.70 per copy in less-than-crisp printing, that issue is *done*.

Move on, Bill.

MOVING ON has been helped, immeasurably by the fact that the Mail, which came Very Late today – I'd given up on it, actually – included a package containing a neat little book [**SCIENCE FICTIONISMS**, compiled by William Rotsler] I'd previously been unaware of, a note of encouragement, and a rather generous cash donation toward the postage costs on *OW70*.

That didn't Make Everything Well, of course, but it's the totally unanticipated gestures such as that, that make me want to Do Better, next time.

August 31, 1998

RECEIVED THE FIRST Response today, from a copy mailed 8/28 – Book Rate!

Date: Mon, 31 Aug 1998 13:28:50 -0700
Subject: Bill Bowers is a fannish god I just got *Outworlds 70*.

Wow. It's a brick. And pretty too.

Good work, Bill. I promise I'll send a LoC, just as soon as I finish reading it. That might be by Christmas or so...

Victor Gonzalez



March 15, 1999

...A MONDAY, on the mundane "calendar"; an epiphany in the Bowers Universe.

This past Saturday I sent an e-mail to an Australian fan. One who only has e-mail access at his place of employment; therefore I really didn't "expect" to hear back from him until today, at the earliest. Last evening – Sunday, 'twas, the 14th – I logged-on around 8:30, and in popped his response...

Dated: "Mon, 15 Mar 1999 09:57:26 +1000"

– still Far Into My Future, at that moment.

It is now a little after ten in the morning, Monday morning, here in the Real World. And I have it figured out. But I still marvel at this ability to peer into the "future".

Yes, I Know about the International Date Line.

After all, I left the Philippine Islands on Labor Day morning (Baycon morning...) 1968, and, after a Forever Flight via Japan and Alaska, landed in the Bay Area at roughly the very same time, on the same Labor Day morning.

But it's one thing to experience that Great Leap Forward when one is crammed into a stretched DC-8 along with several hundred others – I *lived* that Lost Day – and quite another to press an icon, and then be Spoken To, from the Future.

No great lesson here:

Just the Ole Sennsuwonda kicking in, one more time.

March 25, 1999
Hang My Head in Shame
Dept.

I'VE BEEN BUSY chiding the 'authors' [Roger says It's Cavin's Fault; who's to know?] of the MWC50 flyer, pointing out that Midwestcon 50, this June, is *not* the 50th Anniversary Midwestcon. Perhaps I should have held my caustic commentary.

Belatedly, but right on time in the way my brain functions, I've just come to realize that despite the "The 28th Annish!" emblazoned on the cover of **OW69**, it was, in reality the (belated) **27th** Annish. Since both MWC and **OW** were 'founded' in Zero-digit years, you'd think that if I could decipher one, the other would follow...

I hasten to point out that this was not Brad's 'fault'; he simply

(foolishly?) took me at my word when he created that cover.

I *am* a bit surprised that none of my more observant readers charged with keeping me "accurate" [attn.: Mr. Breiding; Mr. Lichtman; Mr.-mathematician-Glicksohn] caught me on this one. Or on the fact that, in the very same issue, the page numbers on the first five pages of Steve Leigh's article were slightly "off". By a hundred.

Ah, well. Actually I confess to being a bit relieved. It gives me another year to prepare for a Gala 30th Anniversary Issue **Outworlds**...

Tentatively slated to be 30 pages long.

Yeah, Right.

March 17, 2001
(from Xenolith 45)

IT WAS MY INTENT to regale you with a blow-by-yet-another-blow Account of my Adventures in MedicineLand since February, 2000, but time and space constraints will spare you. This is made a bit more awkward in that many of you, particularly those on-line, have heard the story in excruciating Detail, whereas others, if noticing at all, may have

assumed that I'd simply Went Away, again.

It probably would have been preferable, had that been true!

IN MARCH OF last year, I went back to Seattle, for Corflu. It was a hassle, but well worth it: I enjoyed myself totally. ...and came back on a Fannish High. Then, as near as I can trace it back, around the beginning of May I started feeling poorly, and I kept feeling progressively more so – but without Medical Insurance was reluctant to 'check it out' – and, by the time of Midwestcon (at the end of June), well, I only made it up to the con for an hour Friday evening, and managed to last, perhaps 3 hours Saturday, before bailing out. And yet I had absolutely no idea of just what was 'wrong', why I was in total misery.

**alert* New Pain Story; no waiting!*

On Thursday evening [the 29th] following MWC I thought I might have to call Dave Locke [Warning: esoteric Local allusion] and have him bring me his copy of Stephen King's **INSOMNIA** to read. In the hospital.

I'd had a pre-scheduled appointment with my pulmonary Doctor

from Outworlds 70, page 2707

...this, then, is the Very Last Entry – the last Master to be printed out. It's been a long time coming – and it didn't get any easier today.

Truly the Learning Process is never-ending. While I'm quite pleased (not satisfied, pleased) with the output of my little HP DeskJet 600 for text & line drawings, I've been less tolerant of it when it comes to generating photographic files. I know they are scanned in crystal-clear: I can see it on the screen. But on the paper... ?

I thought I had found a Solution: I saved out all the pages containing photos and screened illos onto a ZipDisk, and headed up to Kinkos to print them out on a laser printer. Silly me. I didn't even stop to think that their system might not support the type fonts I am using thish. I found a fairly close match for the body text, but nothing even close to the Buckingham header font. Plus it insisted on re-formatting some pages. So I compromised: The covers, the inside bacover, and the two photo-pages [2597; 2653] are being printed from laser-printed originals; the rest I brought home and are mastered here – on Very Expensive paper. We have to be flexible.

[I'll be curious to see what shakes out in clarity, comparing the photo on pg. 2652 vs. the three on 2653; all were provided pre-scanned by Michael, so the quality was the same.]

This little "exercise" cost me \$25.02. As a result the "b**OW**kmark" is no longer cardstock...

Apart from that, I'm suffering the usual Last Minute Anxieties. I think it's a Good Issue, but will you agree? I'm pleased with the general Look, but I know I'll see jarring anomalies as soon as I thumb through the first stapled copy. I've worked like hell to eliminate typos; I really have.

It's a monster. Not only in total pages. The "folder" containing the 25 Publisher files making up this issue weighs in at 54 MB. I don't foresee doing anything of this size again; but I've proved (to myself, at least) that I could see a Project through to completion.

...so all that remains is to print out this page, go through the stack of masters one last time,

and take the pile, hand in hand with my Hopes & Dreams on up to the copy center. I won't see the results until tomorrow afternoon.

...truly The Longest Day!

– Bill [8/25/98 5:37 PM]

that Thursday afternoon. Within 20 minutes of my arrival he had me being wheelchaired from the medical office tower a Vast Distance to the Emergency Room at Christ Hospital. Got there about 3 p.m.; left there around 9:30 p.m.

To 'breviate the hours: After blood tests, and X-rays, it was determined that the reason I was unable to give them a urine "sample" was that I had at least 3 bladder stones. Two were floating nicely; one wasn't. It had lodged in the Outtake Valve. One catheter inserted, and instantly (per the nurse) out came over two liters... [Which explains why, although I hadn't been eating, I had "gained" weight, when on the scales in the doctor's office.]

Such a relief!

There was some talk of keeping me overnight, but eventually they sent me home w/catheter still in, and a "leg bag". I had an appointment with an urologist the following Monday morning, to see what my options were. I was really hoping it didn't involve surgery. Amusing, my delusions, eh wot?

The Office Call was \$90. I didn't know what the Emergency Room tab would be. (It ended up being close to a grand.) Add in pre-op tests. And the surgery... I had no idea of what all this would cost, sans medical insurance – but I knew it Would Not Be Good.

I was miserable: it was a drag, that catheter; the leg edema flared anew... and I was petrified about financial repercussions.

But when the Darkness is deepest: With some new knowledge, and having nothing to lose, in early July I had Art drive me over to the Cincinnati VA Hospital. I showed the woman in the mini Eligibility Office my USAF Discharge form, and 'proof' of (not!) Income. Literally in less than five minutes... having keyed a few things into her computer, but with no phone calls, meetings, whatever – she told me I was, indeed, Eligible for medical coverage/care (everything but

Dental) under VA Guidelines. As long as I go to a VA facility, there is No Charge. With one exception: I pay \$2 for each month's allotment of each of my meds. There's a few of those, but they mail refills, and it beats what many have to pay!

I told Art, coming out that day: "I now believe in miracles!"

I made it to The Last Rivercon, even tho I had to be wheelchaired about (due to the edema), and in early August the VA surgeon blasted the offending stones to smithereens... An overnight stay, and I was good to go. As it were.



JUST WHEN THE DARKNESS seems to be lifting...

Toward the end of August, and into September, I kept getting weaker and weaker – but I wasn't 'sick', as such. I shouldn't have, but the tickets were paid for by an auction of donated fanzines – and I *wanted* to see my friends – so I went to the Dallas Ditto... When the return flight arrove Monday night at Dayton, Bill Cavin picked me up, and drove me home. Whereupon I collapsed in the living room recliner, where I slept, and from which I barely budged the following day... I simply had no strength.

Finally, Wednesday morning – September 27 – I came to my senses, and had Art drive me to the VA Emergency Room.

I next saw this house on Monday. *November 27th.*

THEY CALLED IT "pulmonary edema". There were mucho tests, and they scared me constantly with "possible causes", but On Friday 10/13 I was transferred from the Hospital, to a nursing home/rehab facility... less than two miles from here.

Thank God for RNs. One literally saved my life, by standing up to a proto-Doctor! Apart from that, I Have Tales to Tell – and will so tell – of those two months, but that will come in time.

A wing and a prayer, but temporary Medicaid paid the Rehab megabill, and tho I was still weak, I was ever so glad to Get Home.

I survived December. And, although it still ain't Easy, I make do – I have a Support System here that is incredible.

In February I finally managed an email UpDate:

Date: Sat, 17 Feb 2001 18:49:57 -0500
Subject: MyLife As a Hanging...
whatever!

As I sit here, well over a month into the new Millennium, faced with this wondrous technology-driven communication medium unimaginable (at least to me) not all that long ago, I occasionally just pause and gaze at my currently favorite "wallpaper", downloaded Dec. 31, 2000 from the Astronomy Picture of the Day site –

<http://antwrp.gsfc.nasa.gov/apod/ap001231.html>

(...a site which, in and by itself validates the existence of the Web)

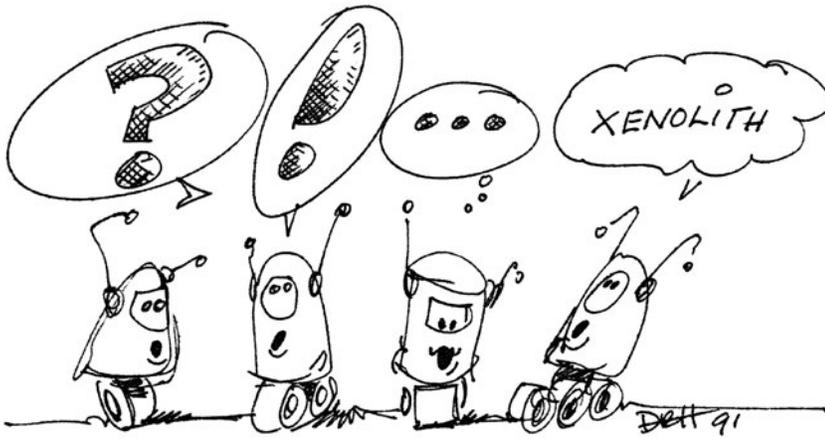
captioned by them as "The Millennium that Defined Earth"

...but which, on closer examination turns out to be a bit older than one might suspect, i.e.:

#Credit: Apollo 8 Crew, NASA
#Earthrise – Apollo 8

...I can't help but reflect on how incredibly lucky I was to witness man's first steps on that dusty foreground... on *my* bloody birthday, back in 1969.

THE JOYS OF MYLIFE, have been incredible, in terms of experiences (an all-encompassing term,



that) – but particularly in the form of those people (many of whom, but not all, will see these words) that I’ve known, admired, loved (& ‘lost’). Most of those acquaintanceships were made, in one way or another, through science fiction fandom.

I truly don’t believe that those elements of MyLife – the experiences, the (new) people to be encountered – are over – and I realize that far too often over the past ten or so years my “writings” have concentrated on My Trials & Troubleations. But there seems to be a bit of housekeeping to be taken care of, before I forge on:

In one of the Major Regrets of MyLife, I’m going to have to decline the retro-TAFF Trip that was so generously, and so unexpectedly!, offered to me last fall.

The decision, itself, was made in my own mind the Wednesday following Christmas, when the Life Squad had to be called. It took me a while to do other than feel sorry myself, but on January 16th I finally sent my Official Email of Declination to Vijay Bowen and Sue Mason, but selfishly asked that they wait to make it known fandom-wide, until I got around to... this. It is Time, even in a Procrastinating Bowers Universe.

Perhaps it is an instance of self-fulfilling prophecy, but in my email of Acceptance to the TAFF Cabal, back in September I had the foresight to include:

Date: Wed, 20 Sept 2000 14:36:23 -0400
Subject: Re: TAFF trip

[...] As honestly as I can project, the chances of my being able to go are, at best, 50/50.

If you guys are willing to proceed on that basis, I’d be honored beyond measure to “accept” your unexpected & much appreciated offer.

If “health” permits – i.e., I’m not on oxygen or fully incapacitated to a wheelchair, I will make the trip.

WELL...

IN MANY WAYS I emerged, on Nov. 27th, from my two month sabbatical, in much better “shape” than when I was ERed on the 27th of September, post-Ditto. But I came out basically tethered to a 50 foot “enhanced air” hose. Well, that doesn’t quite hold true: given the layout of the house, and the fact that the concentrator is upstairs, and the computer is not, I spend a fair amount of time untethered. Usually without ill-effect, as long as I’m sedentary (I do *that* real well). On the day referenced above, I’d gotten up, came down... and spent several hours here, before my thriceweekly aide showed up. I don’t know if it was the fact that I “rushed” (a term of relative percepts) upstairs, but I collapsed on the john, sharp pains down the center of my chest, and feeling very flushed. Scared the bloody hell out of me, but not so much so that I didn’t insist on getting ‘dressed’, gingerly coming back down to the recliner, and hooking myself up... before I let her call 911.

Literally less than a minute after she hung up, I heard the siren. [The fire station is all of half a mile down the Avenue; one of the reasons I’m reluctant to move...] These five big strapping guys filled my already crowded living room, took my blood pressure/temp/etc. – and said it was “oxygen deprivation”. And that I should get my act together...

Still, it took me a couple of weeks of hinting around to various & trufen, before I did send the formal acknowledgment of reality: I function fairly well at home, but when I’m Out & About (mainly, so far, only for my Day Job – treks to my consortium of Docs over at the VA Hospital), I need a cane or, if extended traversing of halls is involved, a wheelchair. And an oxygen canister. It ain’t easy, but it is doable. Here.

I could, in all probability, get to the UK: The TAFFolks foolishly promised all necessary support. But in what shape, well, that is a total crapshoot. Apart from the fact that once I passed the 12-mile limit I’d be without medical coverage, AFAIK, the final decision became a totally selfish one: At this stage of my life, it’s just not Worth It to travel afar – no matter how much I might want to see you – just to feel miserable... and make others miserable around me.

...had this come up a couple of years ago. *sigh*

So be it: My sincerest thanks, and eternal gratitude to those who came up with this madcap scheme ... and to all of you who bought into it.

Even after all that internal struggle, I was hoping to make it to the Boston Corflu. I even had my sister check the airlines: a direct flight was less than I’d anticipated, and Delta does provide inflight oxygen for a \$75 “per leg” surcharge. With a Doctor’s ‘note’. I even got my Primary Doc to agree to this madcap proposal... if I could get the pulmonary Doc to sign-off on it. But by the time of my appointment with him two weeks later, I’d come to my senses... and ‘wrote’ Bob Webber...

SO THAT'S THE Official Version.

IN TERMS OF a General UpDate:

Up 'n' Down. Good Days. Bad Weeks. Anything else would only be repetitious.

I am continually astounded by the 'support system' I have here: My transport motor pool, those who bring me supplies, and those who drop by some home cookin'. Back when the Marriage From Hell was disintegrating, my Mother suggested that I move Back Home. Ten years ago I told her: For better, or for worse <g>, Cincinnati is now *my* Home. On days like this, I might faunch for a slightly warmer climate, but that Statement is even truer today than it was back then...

Another Major Decision has been made: I knew that, eventually, I'd have to move to a one-floor living environment. Well, that eventuality has been accelerated by the utility bills recently, and a couple of other things. It won't be anything like next week, or even next month, but it has to be done. This is going to be a Major Pain: I've lived in this rented house since November 1988, longer than any other residence. And even though the ex cleaned out the furniture & much stuff, thanks to Divine Intervention – okay; the landlady – she didn't get the books. Or the fanzines. Lots of downsizing to be done... Lots.

Which means, yes, yet another email 'auction' [...].

BTW, I HAVEN'T totally Given Up on conventions. Yet. The plan is to 'take a room' at Midwestcon, for the first time in 15 or more years. I have this innovative scheme, you see: although it isn't exactly portable, one guy did get the concentrator upstairs. So all I have to do is get some strapping young healthy guy in the CFG (hmm... this may require some recruitment) to lug it down, and schlep it, and me, cross state lines, down to the new MWC hotel. There I can simply hang out, and Hold Court. At least that's the theory.

And if that works... well, the 2001 Ditto, at the Tucker Hotel, is only a 3–4 hour drive, and surely someone from here will have room for me, and My Stuff.

OTHER THAN THAT, it's probably going to be an increasing reversion to my Natural Element: paper (and now, online) fanac. And in many ways, that'll be okay: Despite learning how to fake it on more than 200 occasions, since the 1962 Worldcon, I'm *still* much more at ease behind the security of a keyboard, than at even the most enjoyable convention.

Given my track record, I'm reluctant to give even projected Dates, but on the horizon – in and around packing and discarding – several things loom:

- An Issue of *Xenolith*, recounting in probably too much detail the travails of the past year.
- ...and then, well I've in hand material for at least three hefty issues of *Outworlds*, and seem to keep soliciting more. It is nearly Time.
- Special Projects, such as the Doc Lowndes collection and, eventually, a reprint of **THE DOUBLE: BILL SYMPOSIUM**. (And those are only the ones I'm willing to 'fess up to.)
- Stuff like (futilely) catching up on correspondence, email and snail, so that I can Play in the Mailing Lists, without constantly feeling guilty...
- Stuff.

AND THAT'S ABOUT IT.

I'm not planning on going anywhere, anytime soon.

...and that includes not leaving you all in peace!

WELL, THERE IS one more thing, which a few locals know about, but which I haven't vented on so far, fandom-wide:

Several years ago I was told I had cataracts. But, and these are the doctor's exact words, burned indelibly into my mind... they were "not ripe enough to harvest".

I think the harvest was missed, and the crop plowed under without my knowledge: When I was in rehab, on one of my expeditions to the VA, I had them 'look' at my eyes. The primary Doc could see the cataracts with just penlight. We went out into the hall, and I toed the line.

You are all, I'm sure, familiar with the standard eye chart. Well, with glasses on, and my left eye covered, I could decipher down to line 8. With glasses on, and right eye covered... well, I *know* that the bloody big *E* is up top, but... it wasn't even an identifiable blur to me.

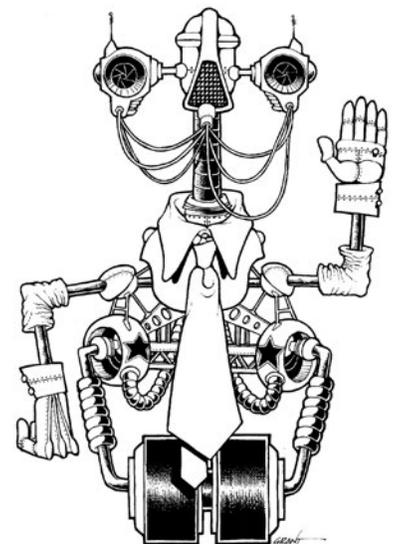
On Dec. 5th, she put in a "consult" (VAese for referral) for me to the Eye Clinic. When I called them the end of December I was told they were all the way up to October's consults.

I've said, more than once, that I'd rather suffer any loss of function, rather than lose my sight. And, although I've tested that statement to the max over the past decade, it still remains as true as the first time I uttered it. I know that it's supposedly a simple procedure these days (they keep telling me!), and I know the VA will fix it, without financial cost to me, eventually.

In the meantime, I wait – apprehensive, but semi-patiently – and stare blearily at this screen.

Here's lookin' at you.

Bill



9/12/1998 • Fannish Links

Let's see; it goes something like this:

I "sent" Ted White an "invitation" to contribute to OW70. Which he did later, but only after having mentioned to rich brown that I was publishing the mother of all issues, and might be interested in publishing the mother of all fan articles.

Sometime later, in the "pages" of Timebinders [in response to a post by Andy Hooper; another esteemed OW70 contributor] rich brown said, in effect, that now he has seen two web-written articles worthy of inclusion in a paper fanzine. A post or three later, Patrick Nielsen Hayden casually mentioned that the article rich mentioned (originally written for rec.arts.sf.fandom) was, in fact, posted on the P&TNH web page.

I read it, enjoyed it, and presumed (as I "said" to Patrick, when I "wrote") that it had long ago been snapped up by some enterprising faned.

It hadn't been; but it has been now.

1975

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

I DON'T KNOW exactly where I first heard of "science fiction fandom," but I became gradually aware of its existence throughout the 1970s. I read Tolkien in 1970, at eleven, and quickly discovered (from Lin Carter's book, and other sources) that somewhere, out there, there were entire magazines for Tolkien nuts like myself. Not long afterward my godparents gifted me with subscriptions to *The Tolkien Journal* and a much more hermetic and puzzling publication, *Locus*.

Which was mimeographed in those days, and ran fanzine reviews. Intermittently over the next couple of years I sent coins taped to index cards – the "sticky quarters" of fannish lore – to various fanzine editors, mostly searching out material about Tolkien and comics but often winding up with something richer and odder, like an issue of *Energumen*. Clearly this stuff had heady byways I

didn't entirely grasp. Just as clearly, it had something to do with this stuff about "Worldcons" in Isaac Asimov's story intros in **THE HUGO WINNERS**, and something else to do with a lot of the hip in-jokes scattered throughout Harlan Ellison's work.

I was never a **Star Trek** fan. But I read David Gerrold's **THE WORLD OF STAR TREK**, riveted not by backstage gossip about Shatner or Nichols, but by tales of exotic beasts like "the LASFS" and "Bjo Trimble."



But it was all knowledge in fragments. Like being a hippie or a rock-and-roll pro, it sounded great, but I didn't personally know anyone with a map. In 1971, I actually managed to find a Phoenix chapter of the Tolkien Society, and attended one of their meetings, where, being twelve, I was mostly ignored by all, save for a large fellow named Bill Patterson who talked to me almost as if I were human. I went away with a copy of the second issue of *Twibbet*, a local fanzine. (Edward Gorey: "The Twibbit, on occasion, knows / Some difficulty with his toes.") When I showed up for the next meeting, I found they'd changed the location and had not bothered to tell me. Well, I was twelve.

In 1972, when I entered high school, I hooked up with a crowd of older kids who were involved in the local SCA, and for a brief moment I thought maybe these people had the map. But more of them proved to be interested in hitting one another with sticks than in anything I much enjoyed. Another blind alley. But I felt I'd got closer this time.

Life went on. I read tons of science fiction, but got involved in other things.

Then one day, a skiffy-reading high school crony Mark Sordahl and I spotted a notice in the public announcements section of the *New Times*, Phoenix's "alternative" newspaper. "The Phoenix Cosmic Circle meets every Friday to discuss fantasy and science fiction. Call [---] for directions."

I called. Mark drove. The Phoenix Cosmic Circle was a low-key party in central Phoenix, largely attended by shaggy guys of college age or slightly older. "Discuss fantasy and science fiction?" These people barely looked up from their *Diplomacy* boards. Another blind alley, I nearly thought.

Then the door banged open, Tim Kyger walked in and emitted a storm of *Firesign Theater* jokes, I responded with several more, Tim opened his backpack and began handing me fanzines and convention flyers, and by the time the meeting was over I had agreed to (1) come to the meeting of the other, more organized Phoenix club, OSFFA, the following Sunday ("They're very sercon," Tim confided; "they have dues and publish book reviews"); (2) go to DesertCon in Tucson in four weeks' time; (3) join the staff of LepreCon 1, Phoenix's first-ever SF convention, to be held two months hence, and (4) take over, from Tim, the editorship of the Phoenix Cosmic Circle's official club fanzine *Twibbet*. For which the editorial matter on hand consisted of, er um.

That was Tim in those days: a tireless promoter of a higher-energy sort of fan activity than sleepy Phoenix fandom had previously seen. "A fannish used-car salesman," someone had called him. He was. Good at it, too.

And that evening was twenty years ago as I type these words: January 24, 1975.

In the following days and weeks I did in fact attend OSFFA, and many other meetings of both Phoenix clubs. I did indeed go to DesertCon, where I set eyes on awesome SF gods like Poul Anderson and George Pal, and – at a raucous house party in University of Arizona student housing – interviewed Leigh Brackett and Edmond Hamilton. I did indeed publish *Twibbet 7*, including the Hamilton-and-Brackett interview and a scruffy hodgepodge of other reviews and dreadful jokes. And I did indeed attend deliberations of the LepreCon "concom," august discussions among experienced old hands (some of whom had

"Is *that* Patrick Nielsen Hayden?" Amanda Baker whispered to Maureen Speller. "I thought he'd be taller than that. He's taller than that in e-mail."

Parakeet 2

[edited by Claire Brialey
& Mark Plummer]

been attending cons outside of Arizona for as many as three years) of deep political matters such as "Westercons" and "blocs" and "bids." And I served as general dogsbody at the con itself. Feeling terribly important, and immensely pleased to have finally found the map.

And another thing happened, and another, and another.

And twenty years went by.

And at 5:30 this evening, I dialed the phone on my desk at Tor Books, and caught Tim Kyger at his job in Washington, DC, where he works as a staffer for the Senate Subcommittee on Space Science.

"Teresa says I should send you flowers at your office," I explained, "with a note reading 'In memory of that unforgettable evening twenty years ago.' And sign it 'Patrick' – just to see how your co-workers reacted."

"I like it," Tim said.

"I just wanted to call and say, thanks for being a disruptive, pushy, fannish used-car salesman."

"Hey, any time."

Then we went on to talk as longtime fans do. Which means we gossiped about you.

Patrick Nielsen Hayden

January 24, 1995

First Contact, Part Two

...not exactly the same as Patrick's "story". Recently Sherry showed up in Timebinders, never having seen a fanzine... except *Mimosa* on the web. But by dint of her personality, we have proceeded to assimilate her – although there was Much Discussion "about her" and whether (due to an unfortunate choice of words by another poster) she had been "Denied" access to fanzines over the past twenty years.

In the grand tradition of Timebinders Threads, I'm not sure if that question was ever totally "answered", but her presence here does lend credence to the observation that, despite the long-vanished "standard" entry points – the prozine lettercols & review columns – trufans will, somehow, find fanzine fandom.

I have "warned" Sherry that, in revealing herself to have been a filker, she might get some flak from some recipients of this ~~list~~ fanzine. But that she should simply ignore we boring Olde Pharts...

Fandom 101

Sherry Thompson

THIS IS AN ATTEMPT to recall the events which brought me into fandom, some time back in the early 1980s. Unlike all the postings and articles others have written, you'll find very few hard details here. Sorry 'bout that. I guess my mind doesn't work in quite that way. Just as an example, I don't remember the exact year I found out that there was such a thing as SF conventions, and I can only name one person who was at the first convention I ever attended – probably because that person was the GoH.

Back then, whenever it was, I had been reading SF and fantasy for quite a few years, but I knew only two or three other people who read anything in the field. Didn't know from cons, didn't know from fans, didn't know from fanzines. Then, one day, I bought a copy of a magazine called *Science Fiction Chronicle*. It had a cool cover illo and lists of lots of SF books in it. It had a

Writer's Marketplace (alas, a feature which no longer exists in its original form). And it had a list – way in the back – of upcoming conventions.

Conventions. What a concept. The only conventions I'd ever heard of were the ones for librarians and the ones the Shriners had each year – these not being as different from each other as you might suspect, at least not when it comes to evening activities.

So I registered for the convention called "DarkoverCon" which was being held only 11 miles northeast of the town where I live. And on the first day of the convention, the day after Thanksgiving, I turned up at the hotel. I was ready and prepared. After all, hadn't I attended a decade's worth of Delaware Library Association Annual Conferences?

People in business suits were streaming out of the hotel lobby as I came in dressed in my dress-for-success dress. I felt like I was

going the wrong way – were we being evacuated? But it was only the power lunch folks, trying to get across Market Street to their offices before the Thanksgiving Day parade started, and they <gasp> found themselves blocked from getting in to work.

A Thanksgiving Parade the day after Thanksgiving: another new and amazing concept. But in a tiny city like Wilmington, if you have the annual parade the same day that New York has the Macy's parade, no one is going to come watch, not even the mothers of the kids in the marching bands.

I went to the registration desk and found out that I couldn't check in yet, so I checked my suitcase & wandered around rather forlornly until I heard the sound of marching band music. For lack of anything better to do, I walked over the block to Market Street and settled in to watch the parade. After a few minutes, an odd thing began to happen. Once in a while

someone would dart from the far side of Market Street to my side, suitcase in hand. Odd. Very odd.

Never doubt my powers of observation. In no less than a half hour (OK, maybe three quarters of an hour), I'd begun to guess the identity of these parade crashers. They were people heading toward my hotel (the Radisson) and to DarkoverCon. It took me a while to make the connection, because they were none of them "dressed for a convention" and they seemed to be enjoying themselves.

Having seen my umpteenth marching band and political candidate, it seemed like a good time to go see if my theory were correct. Were these strange folks my fellow conference attendees? I walked back to the hotel.

There was a line at the desk, and a couple of people in t-shirts and sweatshirts were hastily stapling pieces of paper together at a table down the hall. Something was certainly up. I got into the hotel line, did the registration thing and dumped my suitcase in the room. Then, grabbing my clipboard and pen, I scooted downstairs. OK, OK, so I waited impatiently and with much puzzlement for the blessed elevator to re-materialize.

By now, the lobby and its environs were well on their way into metamorphosis. People were everywhere. Nobody was dressed-for-success, and the only person with a clipboard was sitting behind a table, looking harried and being besieged by a line of folks in hats, t-shirts & armor – some of whom seemed to be speaking in foreign languages. I approached them with some trepidation. The closest ones at the back of the line came to my assistance (kindly overlooking the dress and the clipboard). Yes, this was the registration line for DarkoverCon. More people were coming to help, but they weren't there yet, so it didn't matter for the moment that I was pre-registered. So, hi! Might as well hang out with us!

I did. As I said earlier, my powers of observation are quite considerable when I put my mind to it. It didn't take me long (pretty much by the time that I reached the front of the line) to realize that the people around me were friendly and funny and warm and very, very well-informed when it came to SF. In fact, I went from briefly gabbling like an idiot thanks to finding "people like me," to briefly being completely tongue-tied with awe at how much everyone knew

about every author, book, legend, scientific discovery... you name it.

I got to the front of the line, and told them who I was. The people at the desk (there were three of them now) still looked a bit harried but they were several orders more pleasant than the people who do registration at Del. Library Assoc. Conferences. Meetings wouldn't begin until 6:00, and I felt at loose ends. Could I help? Sure, one woman said. You can write up people's names on their badges for them. I dragged over a chair. Ten minutes later, I found out (from a Nordic barbarian, I think) what a "badge name" was. I was crushed and disappointed – my own stupid badge now had "Cheryl Thompson" written neatly across it in imperishable magic marker. Had I but known, I could have "been" my D&D non-player character Zeerik, all weekend! Oh, well, next time.

II. I abandoned the registration people in time to grab a bite to eat and to run up to my room before the first scheduled meetings. There were only two tracks of meetings (plus the video room, and the yet-undiscovered hucksters' hall and art show), and



I was agonizing over which meetings to go to. Everything sounded good. Even meetings with topics I didn't understand sounded good.

But before I went to my first meeting, I had to do something about my clothes. I'd brought a black leotard and black sweatpants for exercising in the evening. I switched to them, being as close as I had to what everyone else seemed to be wearing, and I scooted back downstairs.



The con seemed to have grown geometrically, yet again. The meeting rooms were supposed to be on a sort of second floor mezzanine, which could only be reached by taking the elevator to the lobby and then running up a curved flight of “floating stairs”. I learned to hate those stairs in the next two and a half days. They were wooden slabs in a tight spiral, made to look as if they were floating in mid-air. Stairs and I don't get along – I broke bones in my right foot, trying (unsuccessfully) to fall down a flight of stairs. Going up flights I'm usually fine but, when you went up this flight, the steps at eye-level appeared insubstantial & floating as if they were in zero G. To complicate matters, people kept

coming down the stairs when I was going up, and every damned one of them seemed to be wearing a long gown or a cape or both. I was convinced I was going to die on those stairs. On the other hand... those clothes were really cool. And my arms and shoulders were cold from just wearing the short-sleeved leotard. What I wouldn't give for a cape...

III. I went to meetings, and talked to people, all in a wonderful trance of delight and awe. The thing that kept hitting home was how much everyone knew, and how interesting everyone was to talk to. Everyone was enthusiastic. I just couldn't get over that.

I also couldn't get over the concert by Clam Chowder. I didn't know it at the time, but they were not only singing folk music but some filk. I retrieved my tiny tape recorder from my handbag and taped some of the songs. Little did I know that would be the first of what are now several hundred tapes of filk.

At some point in the course of the evening, there was a glitch in the schedule. Someone hadn't arrived from the airport. ...whatever. I had time to kill. I wandered around the hallways, and discovered the Hucksters' Hall. I was in heaven. Books, jewelry, clothes, some tapes (we hadn't really become a video culture yet, but there were audio tapes of something called 'filk'), books, tarot cards, armor and weapons. I wanted all of it. Oh, and did I say books?

But I needed exactly one thing, and I needed it right now. The hall was about to close and I had to find me a cape, or I'd freeze. I bought a rust-colored plush-velvet one with a hood, and put it on with great relief and delight. Warmth, and I “fit in” a little better. Well, the hall was closing. Back

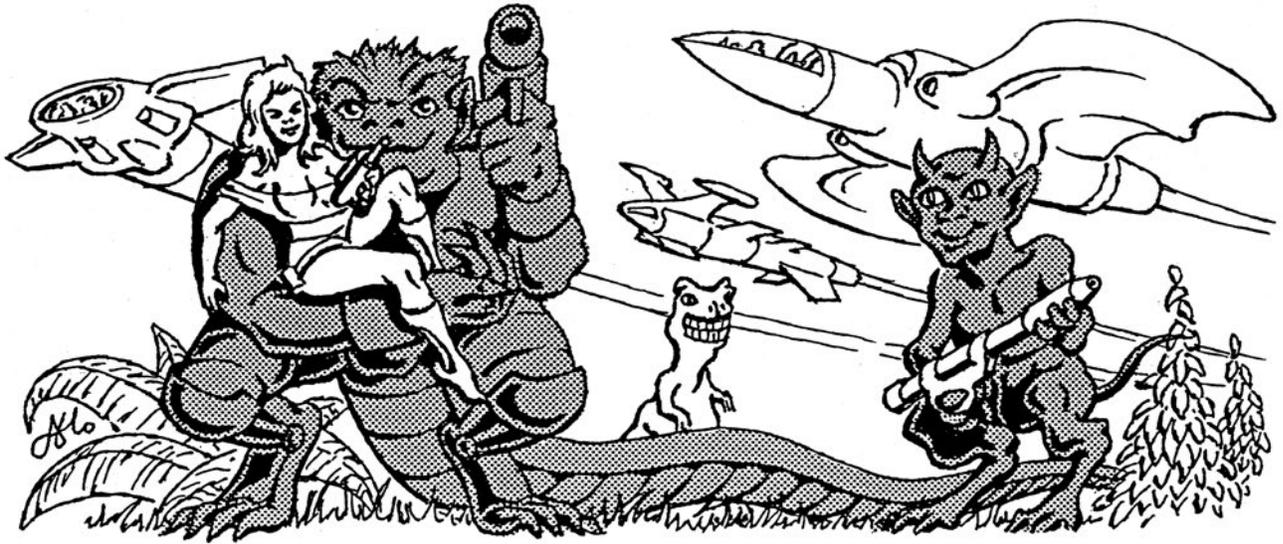
to the meetings. The rest of the merchandise would have to wait until morning.

IV. With the meetings over for the evening, I decided that I really should try to find the exercise room. After all, I was dressed for it. (Well, the cape would have to come off before I started, of course.) I followed the signs, until I could smell pool water, and hear singing. One was on one side of the hall, the other was on the other.

I love music. I investigated the singing first, and found that its source was something called a Bardic Circle. Some kind person on the edge of the little circle explained in a whisper that everyone took turns singing or telling stories. Oops! Not me.

I followed the pool smell, and found my way into the jacuzzi room. A couple dozen fen were either in the water, or in lawn chairs close to the pool side. The exercise room was beyond them, and it was dark. I didn't care. I plunked myself down in a chair and hung out. Some of the faces I recognized, and others were new, but everyone seemed to have the same characteristics. They were really friendly and really knowledgeable. I just sat and listened, and said a little when I didn't feel like I was making too much of a fool of myself. Honestly, it seemed like even the teenagers knew more than I did. That was really just too much. I went and got me a drink to fortify myself from the shock, bringing it back with me, lest I miss anything. Later on, I found out there was beer in the room.

A little while later, the members of Clam Chowder came in & joined us. People got set up to “sing madrigals”. As it turned out, this was shape-note singing, or four-square harmony. I can't read music. I went over to the soprano



section, and pretended I could read music. We sang for a while.

Someone suggested that we sing *The Hallelujah Chorus*. We didn't have the music to the *Hallelujah Chorus*. Undaunted, we started singing it from memory, and got ourselves trapped inside. I'll bet you didn't know that could happen. Neither did I. But there we were, a couple of sheets to the wind, in the middle of the night and trying our best to sing our respective parts from memory – with a lot of us having no memory at all. After a few thousand “hallelujahs” in a row, someone shouted over the din that we were lost. That broke the spell. We stopped singing, and went back to talking. Some of the Clam Chowder members packed up for the night, but I seem to remember a couple of the other ones getting into the pool.

I don't remember going to bed.

“Madrigal singing” was always a part of the late-night fannish activity at DarkoverCon. It wasn't filking. That was in a separate room. And I've never seen this phenomenon at any of the other few conventions I've attended. Interesting thing is that, for all its name, I don't think we ever actually sang one madrigal.)

V. Saturday morning, more than a little comatose, I went off in search of large amounts of caffeine. I found it at the restaurant's breakfast buffet. It was crowded with people, still trying to wake up – at 10:30 or 11, I think. I sat with a bunch of other people, and we yawned our way through breakfast.

Some of the more enterprising amongst the group shanghai'd the rest of us into agreeing to meet in the lobby at dinner time, and driving to the Royal Exchange to eat.

I went to meetings all day long, ducking into the hucksters' hall when there was a lull, and discovering the art show. I decided that next year, I'd have my own pictures in the art show (and I did too). In the hucksters' hall, I got myself into ten kinds of financial trouble, with books. I also fell in love with a dagger, decorated to look like an antique Egyptian weapon. I bought it and the sheath, and then realized I needed a belt on which to attach the sheath. I bought a tooled leather belt with a dragon design on it. That meant I needed a belt buckle. I bought one with an engraved gryphon on it. While I was at it, I

bought a holographic pin, with a design that was reminiscent of the swirl of matter around a black hole. The fact that I was now in what I would have considered a Halloween costume only 24 hours earlier didn't even register. I was finally dressed properly. Back to the meetings.

In the course of the afternoon, I actually met Marion Zimmer Bradley. She walked. She talked. She was a real live breathing person. She signed a couple of my books. She was the GoH, and she talked to us all, and answered questions after her speech and I was utterly charmed with the whole idea. Later in the day, I went to a panel at which she was a member, and watched several other authors discuss wonderful and exciting things with her. I don't remember what. It didn't matter. This was so different from the library association meetings!

I hooked up with the breakfast group, and we drove to the Royal Exchange, a very nice Branmar restaurant which, alas, is no more. One of the coolest things about it was that all the walls were covered with books. It was like eating in a library. We ate, drank, generally stuffed ourselves, laughed

ourselves silly, and poked sly fun at all the stuffed shirts around us at the other tables. Then we raced back to the car and back to the con, in time to attend the small “Costume Call”. I vowed that I’d be in it the following year – and I was.

VI. I was going to go back to the jacuzzi and hook up with the people from the previous night, but someone told me that the writers and artists were going to be up in something called the Con Suite. So I went there instead. It wasn’t the “reception” I was half-expecting to find, but it was an excellent choice for a night of relaxed socializing.

Two images remain indelibly impressed on my mind to this day. The first was listening to MZB and a couple of other people discuss the relative merits and strategies of their favorite pro-wrestlers. Marion was incensed about the

way one man had treated another in the ring. I sat with mouth agape. This intelligent woman – mother of a son, writer of many books, and co-founder of a writer’s commune of some sort – believed in pro-wrestling. Alternatively, I was so drunk that I was hallucinating. The second alternative seemed the most comfortable.

Second image: I remember sitting on a sofa with someone named Paige. (Say what! I remember a fan’s name, after all!) We had been sitting talking for an hour or two, while various parts of the gathering kind of swirled around us, and different people joined our discussion or brought over discussions of their own. Suddenly, a young man dressed in medieval attire knelt in front of me, in the attitude of a supplicant. He whispered, “My lady...”

Paige and I exchanged glances of bemusement. The gentleman bowed his head, and remained in his position. Paige whispered to me, “I think he’s proposing.” Charmed at the mere thought (he was reasonably cute), I leaned down to offer some encouragement... and discovered that my courtier was asleep. Or unconscious. We let him sit like that for a little while, then gently tipped him toward the front edge of the sofa, lest he fall over and do himself an injury.

VII. The next morning was also the last morning. I was one of the walking dead from the first meeting through the dead dog concert. I found Paige again in the hucksters’ hall, where she was working a table which sold what I took to be “fanzines” for the next decade. They were collections of stories and songbooks written by fans, inspired by the prominent SF and fantasy in the field. Most of the table’s contents were **DARKOVER** or **Trek** tie-ins,

including something called “slash.” I didn’t find out the identity of “slash” until years later.

Eventually Paige became part of my D&D group, but I never made any permanent connections with anyone else at that con. More’s the pity! It all boiled down to a lack of money and a lack of transportation. Still does, sad to say. If I could meet with fans every week, I’d be delighted. I used to see Paige at Philcons on occasion, even after she dropped from my group but I don’t think she attends cons anymore, due to her health.

VIII. The following day was a Monday and a work day. So why is there a part VIII, you’re asking? Read and see.

I went into work, completely exhausted and completely jazzed by my experience. I didn’t want it to end. I didn’t want it to ever end. I walked into my office, and decided that the room was really cold, so I might as well leave my cape on.

Two days later, Jon Penn (my supervisor at that time) asked me gently when I was going to stop “going native” and go back to wearing blazers and cardigans to work, instead of capes. Oh. Damn. I took it off sheepishly, and put it into the out-of-season closet at home. Ready for next convention season. What a shame that, when you have no money and no wheels, convention season comes so rarely.

And I began planning for my next con. I’d do artwork, and have it on display. I’d plan a proper costume and enter the contest. I’d save money for more books. I’d read lots and lots more books and SF magazines, so that next time I wouldn’t feel like the stupidest person at the con. And, maybe, I’d try to be brave enough to join that Bardic Circle thingy. Nah. That was going too far...

Sherry Thompson



...something a little different this time. Instead of cobbling together segments from several issues of Bob Tucker's apazine, what follows is a slightly abridged version of Bob's Very First FLAPzine, *I COULDN'T 'SQUARE TUIT* – which appeared in FLAP Mailing #42, for October 1986.



Beard Mumblings

Bob Tucker

AT THE ATLANTA WORLDCON I met and partied with Becky Cartwright, and she gave permission to use the above title. I suspect it took her a moment or two to understand the reference but in the end her knowledge of parochial idiom came into play and she grinned. She is a splendid party person as well as a fine dinner companion.

The Worldcon was all right, as large Worldcons go. More than 5,000 people checked in, I'm told, and they sprawled all over three hotels. The programming was sprawled all over two of those hotels and it took some adventurous dashing back and forth across a busy street to see it all. The con suite was the entire 10th floor of one hotel, with the masquerade and the Hugo presentations taking

up all the ballroom spaces in the bottom (basement) level of that same hotel. Fan and pro programming was, to my knowledge, confined to the second floor of that second hotel across the street. As usual, the elevators were a problem but that was the fault of the fans who insisted on crowding in, *not* the fault of the elevators themselves. After a while the con committee assigned security people (fan people) to ride shotgun on the elevators and that put an end to overcrowding and to elevators sinking to the basement under extreme loads. Some fans ain't got much sense.

The *third* hotel was unusual. The Chattanooga/Chattacon fans went in a year or so ago and reserved the entire hotel for fans only. To obtain a room there, you

had to reserve thru the Chattacon organization. It worked wonderfully well and the entire hotel was declared a party zone. Their con suite on the second floor bordered the pool, just like the 1986 Midwestcon, and it opened on Wednesday night before the con started. Thereafter, other groups and other cities took it over each night to keep the party going. I heard rumors that other cities and other clubs are now mulling the same idea for future Worldcons.

The program itself was horrendous and was devised to keep the 5,000 fans occupied every moment of the day. The pocket program was designed to fold out like a roadmap, and contained literally hundreds of items. For example, there were 12 simultaneous attractions on Saturday

afternoon at 3 o'clock, and 12 others at 4 pm. I lack the courage at the moment to sit down and count the precise number of entries on that pocket program, but I suspect it will number close to 500 for the five days. And as you might guess, attendance varied widely for different items. I looked in on a popular author reading his own short story and counted five people; a panel on "horror in the afternoon" drew about 60 people; while another panel on Midwestern fandom drew barely 30. At the other extreme, I'm told that Harlan Ellison drew over 2,000 for an auction to benefit the widow of Manly Wade Wellman; and the masquerade had the seated capacity of 3,500 plus another several hundred outside who waited for the costumers to come out and pose for photographs. Clearly, much of the Worldcon programming could be disposed of and never missed. But then, future committees will never learn.

I don't know what kind of an audience the Hugo awards had and at this late date I still don't know all the winners. I wasn't there for two reasons. I don't care for the awards and opposed them when they were first suggested in 1952, but I was voted down by others who thought "—we ought to have something to match the Oscars.—" Which struck me as stupid then and I still

think it to be stupid today. The amazing multiplicity of SF awards in the world today reinforces my belief in the ongoing stupidity. But the second reason I wasn't there came about because of a promise to Sharon Webb. She was in charge of the SFWA suite and she needed people to babysit the suite while she went to the awards. She already had a rent-a-cop and a security-fan at the door, so I rounded up two young women to tend bar and together we babysat the suite during the awards. And as you might expect, as soon as the awards were finished our suite was filled with those who bitched and moaned because they hadn't won, while some other undeserving SOB had won. Ah, the sheer folly of it all.

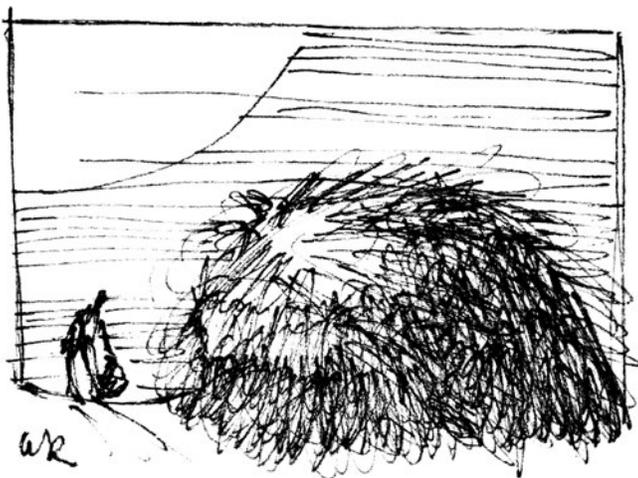
There were some *very* pleasant moments at the con, One of them came when Ray Bradbury recognized me in that huge 10th floor consuite and came over to shake and talk. Mind you, we had not met each other for 40 years. Our last meeting was the 1946 Worldcon in Los Angeles, yet he recognized and remembered. I was very pleased to see him again, and equally pleased to get his autograph across the page of his chapter in Harry Warner's book, **ALL OUR YESTERDAYS**. Judging by the way he examined that page and that chapter, he doesn't own a copy.

Another fine moment came when I sat down to help judge the masquerade. There were three of us judging the Journeyman category and we had a table to ourselves. On my left was Michael Whelan, him of the splendid bookcovers, while on my right

was Betsy Mitchell, she of Baen Books. As it turned out, I was the only one of the trio who had much experience in judging and so I found them peeking at my scoring, the better to gauge their own scoring. It was a proud and lonely thing, I tell you.

Bob Shaw, the toastmaster over from England, was an especial delight. I had met him twice before at earlier conventions and quickly found him to be a kindred soul. He didn't care too much for my cigars but he took to Beam's Choice bourbon like a Britisher takes to good ale. At the later meetings after that first one each of us made it a point to seek out the other, and this con was no different. A couple of times I managed the difficult feat of prying him away from his other business to come to my room for a quiet party. It wasn't a private party by any means, as numerous other people followed him or followed me, but it was much quieter and less populated than several of the parties I looked in on. Truly, Bob Shaw is a very good man.

At this con I had the advantage of two connecting rooms and we used one (mine) as a smoking room and the other as non-smoking. My companions in the other room were MyKus Brown and his wife Kim, the Oriental nurse. Some of you may know that three years ago I had the inglorious experience of falling out of a jacuzzi and doing damage to myself. MyKus (a doctor) and Kim rescued me from that fate and put me to bed after dressing the wounds and lecturing me about the evils of late-night parties in a jacuzzi. Since then we have doubled up at conventions when we can. I've stayed at their house when in Marietta, Ga., and they will stay at mine if ever they become bold enough to visit the icy north. This was the first time we had (and



could afford) connecting rooms and we made the best of that with almost never-ending parties. They did end from time to time when we kicked everyone out so that we could sleep, but they began again the next afternoon. Kim, bless her Oriental soul, learned that I like a certain brand of Canadian beer and so she brought a portable ice chest and kept me supplied with that brand during the weekend.

Originally, I was supposed to fly to Atlanta on a private plane and then, after the con, fly home again on another private plane. Well, you know how plans come unglued. One of my sons, who lives near Atlanta and owns a small plane, had planned to come to Bloomington and fetch me, but a few weeks before the con his plane developed serious engine trouble and was grounded. I flew down to his place on a commercial jet and stayed a few days with him before moving on to MyKus' and Kim's house. The doctor had to work late, so on Wednesday afternoon Kim and I moved into the hotel and found the first party. Much later, on Monday afternoon, I was supposed to connect with a bunch of fans from Wichita who had rented a couple of planes, and one of those rental jobs was supposed to take me back to Bloomington. Unglue here.

Several of the Wichita fans are pilots. They work for companies like Beechcraft, and Boeing, and get cut-rate rentals from their companies. Any number from four to ten of them go to conventions on the cheap by renting company planes and flying themselves. There were eight or nine fans and two planes at Atlanta. Fate, in the form of a nameless committee person, put me on a panel Monday afternoon long after I was supposed to take off into the wild blue yonder. I talked it over with the pilots and they advised me to



stay for the panel and then make a slight detour. Instead of first taking me to Illinois and then going on to Wichita, they would go directly home and take me with them.

And so I did. It was a wonderful side-trip.

And it led to an amusing bit of byplay as the panel ended. One of the pilots and his navigator sat in the front row and listened, the meanwhile checking their watches because they wanted to be home before dark. The pilot and passengers of the other plane had already left for the airport, together with all the luggage. When the panel finally ended, someone announced a party and invited me to come. I said that I could not, I had to leave immediately because they were holding the plane for me. That kind of a statement arouses snickers and other rude remarks. I pointed to the man in the front row and said, There's my pilot. Ask him. The pilot turned around to the audience and said, in effect, 'He's leaving here right NOW. I want to take off.' And we did. They took me by either arm, ran downstairs to get a cab, and off we went to the airport. I missed the dead dog party on Monday night, but on the other hand I got to spend a lazy loafing week in far off exotic Wichita before finally coming home.

My wife wasn't even surprised when I phoned and told her I was in Wichita. I guess she's getting used to these things.

BACK TO THE THEATER —

TWELVE YEARS AGO I quit the theater and retired to my mansion on the hilltop to contemplate the good life and commune with nature, or so I thought. A bit over a year ago I moved back to Bloomington after a long absence and lo! they came knocking at my door. "They" were the local crew of stage hands and electricians I had worked among for so long. They were short of electricians for a couple of stage shows coming up, and could I be tempted to work again? Well, yes, I could.

So I worked two shows last Spring and found myself interested beyond all imagination. My stage career was begun in 1930, yet here I was still eager to participate.

The more rewarding of the two shows was the Chicago Lyric Opera. They came to town in a couple of trucks on a Sunday and rehearsed "**La Traviata**" for four days, with a real live performance on the last night. The program notes translated that title as "The Woman Who Went Astray" but the people with the show called it "The Fallen Woman". No matter, she was not a fat lady.

Illinois State University has a theater auditorium that was up-to-the-minute-hot-stuff when it was built about 15 years ago, and I had the great pleasure of working that stage and the theater light booth when it was brand new and everything functioned. The functioning

was a little awkward at times, true, because some of the switchboard accessories had been installed in reverse – but shucks, that’s part of the game. One simply remembered what was forward, what was backward, and compensated for the fool things. We also worked under a stage manager who was as green as grass and didn’t know a volt from an ampere, but we compensated for him too. Sad to report, the theater equipment had gone downhill since that long ago day, due to inept instructors and poorly-taught students using the equipment. (And yes, that grass-green stage manager was one of the instructors.) I was dismayed by the shoddy condition of the lighting equipment but I’ve been working theater long enough to know how to make do, and I was assigned to electrics, and by Hugo we did. “We” because a young woman electrician was paired with me and it was up to us to light the show.

The muscle crew unloaded the trucks on Sunday and carried everything to the stage. We started work in earnest on Monday morning. The muscle crew put up the sets and hung the scenery, while Patti and I hung the lights and patched in the circuits. The Chicago Lyric comes here every Spring to rehearse a new show and prepare it for the road. They do it here because our wage rates are minuscule when compared to Chicago rates and they save bushels of money by rehearsing and opening here. That makes us a “production” city where everything is brought together.

The scenery and the sets (four acts) were trucked in from New York. The singing cast was, literally, brought in from all over the United States. The stage director, the assistant director, and the lighting director came from California. A skeleton stage crew came in from

Chicago. Our local crew of ten women and men met them here and struggled to put everything together in four days. Some of us, including me, didn’t know what we were doing because we had never before seen the opera but that too is par for the course. Several others had seen and had sung the opera before and they managed to pull it all together while the rest of us struggled along in their wake, aided by cues. The assistant director, bless her kindly soul, had seen the show before and knew it forward and backward; she called the cues and kept us from falling flat on our collective faces. She even forgave us our mistakes. A pity the same cannot be said of the director and the lighting director. They existed on perpetual ego trips.



All day Monday was setting up, patching up, repairing this or that, moving something an inch or two to satisfy the director, changing lights, and watching the Chicago crew get drunk.

Monday night the singers/actors arrived and walked thru their paces while the director hemmed and hawed and said, do this, or do that. A pianist sat in the orchestra pit just in case someone was called upon to hum a few bars. Meanwhile, the muscle crew moved the scenery and Patti and I played with the lights, as the lighting director played around trying to find the best arrangements for one scene or another. Monday was amateur night; if it didn’t work, try something else and the devil take the hindermost.

Tuesday, everybody buckled down to work. We began rehearsing the four acts, with that pianist in the pit providing the music. At the end of the day the singers had their roles and their places memorized, the muscle crew knew to the very inch where to place a garden wall or a settee, but the lighting director was still at sea. Floundering at sea. He didn’t know what he wanted or what looked best. There were two heated debates between him and the director.

Tuesday night the singers had a dress rehearsal but we weren’t always with them. The light crew sat around and fiddled, trying to please our L.D., but not always succeeding. Sometimes the singers were brilliantly lit and sometimes they were in near-darkness. In the meanwhile, we watched the Chicago stage crew get drunk.

Wednesday morning, bright and early, we rehearsed the four acts once again while Patti and I ran thru the cues and tried to keep up with them. It was difficult because the L.D. kept changing lights in mid-stream, kept changing

cues in mid-stream, as it were. Sometimes we were with the singers neck and neck, but at other times we were one or two scenes behind them. They didn’t seem to mind – they’d been thru rehearsals before. They sang their roles and never faltered, seeming to take the position that if the light crew couldn’t keep up with them, it was our tough luck. When the not-fat lady found herself in a pool of darkness, she very smoothly shifted sideways into a pool of light. And once again, the stage crew from Chicago were quietly getting drunk.

Thursday, daytime, the cast had time off to rest up for the performance that night. The stage crew came in at eight as usual, and walked thru the four acts. That is,

the backstage crew raised and lowered curtains on cue, they changed scenery and props, they walked the moving sets thru the four acts, and generally behaved as if they were putting on a live performance. Patti and myself, together with the L.D. in the light booth, walked thru our cues as we watched the scenery change on stage. Aha! the director said, this is it! This is perfect! Everybody come back tonight and we'll have a real live show with a real live audience. And so we did, except that the Chicago crew was totally drunk.

We did it without the skeleton crew from Chicago who was supposed to lead us, guide us. They were snookered and didn't give a damn if the show went on or not. Our people had also memorized everything in those rehearsal days and we went thru that performance without so much as a guide dog, except for the lovely assistant director who fed us cues and encouragement. She kept the show going, not the bloated egos who got all the credit.

The show went on with a real live audience and I want to think that they never saw our mistakes. I made two bad ones, forgetting to move my crossover switches from one scene to the next, while the young woman with me made a horrible mistake of killing a scene-set while the singers were still in that scene, but we recovered nicely enough by leaping forward to the next scene. Of course the L.D. saw the errors; he was more skilled than we and saw at once what had happened but, and please forgive the brag, Patti and I so skillfully covered our mistakes that I'm convinced the audience was not aware. And bless that not-fat lady and the handsome leading man! They *knew* what to do when they suddenly found themselves in a pool of darkness; they shifted to the pool of light so

easily, so skillfully, that the audience thought they were supposed to move over to the garden wall. All in all, It was a minor miracle that everything came together for that one performance. And late that night we packed the trucks and shipped The Fallen Woman onto the road, together with the drunken Chicago crew.

And that is the way the Chicago Lyric Opera prepares a show to tour the cities and the hinterlands.

THE LOCAL CREW have asked me to come back this autumn and work some more. I may do it because I'm still in love with the stage and I know electricians so well. There was a time, 25 years ago, when I was the only high-voltage man on that campus. The electric service coming into campus theaters was either 220 volts or 330 volts and, of course, all that had to be split into phases and broken down into common 110 volts for lights, electric guitars, sound systems and the like. I worked every show every week because no one else knew how to split and break down the 220. That got tiresome very quickly and in desperation I taught others how to do it, to avoid overwork. Now, a bunch of men and women know how to do it, and I can pick and choose my

jobs. I expect to work more this winter.

The university has announced the possible appearance of an ice show. I sincerely hope not. Of all the various kinds of shows I've worked in the past 56 years, ice shows are the worst, the most demanding, the pits. I loathe them. The work is bonecrunching. Typically, they ask you to report about 4 am on opening day to unload railroad cars; the show is transported to the arena; the crew sets up the show (including electricians on an ice-covered arena floor where you freeze hour after hour; and that night you go thru the first performance. An ice show is fast moving and may have 200 to 300 lighting cues. You are not provided a cue book to read the cues in advance. Instead, the L.D. sits at a microphone and reads the cues to you on your earphones. He will give you a minimum of five cues, and a maximum of ten, and expect you to memorize them instantly. When the time comes he will yell out, 32 Go! 33 Go! 34 Go! and so on for the five or ten cues. If you forget, if you mess up, you get chewed out.

I also dislike rock concerts because they are so loud and noisy you sometimes can't hear the cues.

Bob Tucker

[September 17, 1986]

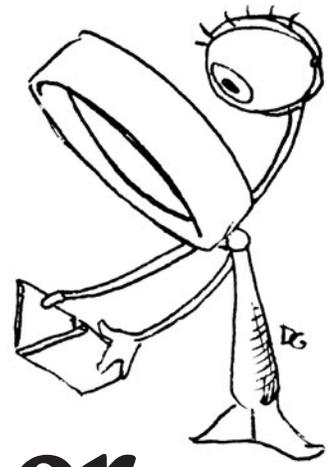
From: Bob/Fern Tucker
To: Bill Bowers
Subject: Beard Mumbblings
Date: Sun, 27 Sept 1998 15:54:31 -0500

Hi Bill =

I had entirely forgotten that old Atlanta con report, and only half remembered the stage show column. Gee, what a splendid writer I was in those days!

Of course you may reprint it/them if you wish. The last show I worked at that university theater was **Phantom Of The Opera** and a poor memory tells me that was about ten years ago. It was a heavy bugger too.

*I think we've pretty well established that I keep the occasional List.
And, of course, you (come on. 'fess up) also keep Lists.
However, here now is a List.*



The Notebooks of Lazarus Warner

Harry Warner, Jr.

A WHILE BACK, I finished filling another book. It isn't exactly fan history, and it won't be published. But on the long-ago day when I began this book, I didn't imagine I'd survive to its conclusion.

It's the latest volume in the recording of incoming and outgoing mail that I began so long ago that researchers have been unable to find the exact date when it began. By ingenious miniaturization, I managed to get into this spiral-bound 180-page "notebook" intended for school use the data from March 21, 1983, through April 28, 1998.

Many of you may believe I'm making all this up out of the whole cloth. Am I not one of the least systematic people in fandom? Isn't this alleged volume incompatible with my basic nature? It is, so I suppose I rank right up there with Walt Whitman who also shrugged off inconsistencies in himself. But, in fact, there was a long-ago time when I was as systematic about many things as anyone would hate to be. During my first years in fandom, I not only kept this mail record but I filed away

correspondence by alphabetic last name of sender and chronological date of arrival. I made good progress on a cardfile index of prozine stories so long ago that no such thing had been compiled in published form. I can't remember for sure, but I believe I even cross-indexed each story by title and name of author. I kept dummies, original manuscripts, and other things related to my first fanzine, *Spaceways*, in applepie order, one folder for each issue. There was a looseleaf folder for carbon copies of my contributions to fanzines. Outside fandom, I had another card index for my record collection. My books were all in perfect order by name of author in bookcases. Eventually such commendable ordering began to occupy so much of my time and to be of so little use for reference purposes that I jettisoned almost everything and became the pitiful but comfortable possessor of unordered chaos for all my possessions.

But somehow, my mail record survived the carnage of my vanished orderliness. I'm not sure why this happened, but perhaps it

resulted from the small amount of time required to keep it up to date: a minute or two on days when the mailman hadn't produced an impressive thud when he tossed the day's arrivals on the porch floor. Occasionally came the day when there was a really big mail, and I sometimes fell a day or two behind in adding stuff to this register, but I never bogged down completely. I do regret the fact that the record is only approximate for three periods of time when I spent weeks or months in a hospital or rest home getting over an illness or an accident. I couldn't know the exact date of arrival for the mail that piled up during those spells and had to enter it when I got back home for the time I'd been away in helter-skelter, non-chronological manner.

I've maintained the same system from the start so many years ago to today. The school-intended spiral-bound volumes I've used in recent decades have big enough pages for me to enter stuff three columns to a page. I further subdivide each of these columns to provide slots where I enter the date of arrival, the code which indicates if it was a postal

card or a letter or a magazine or a parcel or whatever, the last name of the sender or the title of the periodical, and the date on the letter or the volume and number of the fanzine or whatever other identification I can find for when it was sent. Incoming mail gets recorded in pencil. The mail I generate myself in the form of correspondence, LoCs, and so on is indited in red pencil: the date I wrote or packed or whatevered it, what kind of mail it was, the last name of the addressee, and the date I got it into the mails.

At this point, I'm sure at least one of my readers who is particularly obsessed with computers has begun to compose mentally a learned explanation to me of how foolish I am to do this the old-fashioned manner with penmanship and paper. He will soon complete his mental preparations for a scathing comment about how much more efficient it would have been if I'd used a computer for this purpose all these years. He will try to convince me that a computerized list of this type would enable me to extract quickly a list of all issues I've received of a particular fanzine or the dates on which I wrote LoCs to it and many other useless types of information. To save him the trouble, let me say that I'm convinced my way is the quickest and simplest in the long run. It hasn't been hard to find information I've needed from time to time from my correspondence record. I remember, for instance, the time the editor of a fanzine wrote a bitter letter to me about my failure to write LoCs very often on his publication. I doubt if I needed five minutes to glance over the red parts of my correspondence records covering the past three years and find his name there 22 times, symbolizing LoCs I'd written to the 24 issues of his fanzine he had published during

that period of time. If I can't remember if the quarterly interest check for one of my investments arrived and I forgot to cash it or it didn't arrive, it's the work of only a moment to glance down the columns for the two-week period in which it always comes and make sure it's late or actually did arrive so now a search party must be organized for the missing document. Some months back, a fan wrote me about his plan to pay me a visit and a month later wrote again, asking if I'd refused to reply because I didn't want to see him. My correspondence volume showed me the date on which I'd written a reply telling him: "Come." A few minutes of excavations in the cellar turned up a carbon copy of the letter which I sent him as proof something had happened to my original letter. My poor memory could never have given me assurance that I'd actually written the letter and he didn't get it and if I'd tried to find it in a computerized correspondence record, I probably would have been presented with a list of all the communications I'd sent him in the past quarter-century and it would have taken me longer to find among them the one I was interested in than it did to glance over a couple of pages of the written record.

And, of course, my correspondence volumes can't crash and they can't become useless because technology changes have made the earliest ones irretrievable. Barring the sort of catastrophe that would destroy all such things in the house and the computerized files if I had them instead, my information should remain legible and easily accessible as long as I'm in a condition to use the volumes.

Maybe some other reader will think of a more kindly suggestion: that I should use these volumes to determine once and for all the much-disputed question of whether fanzine fandom is shrinking and if so, by how much. At first thought, it would seem possible to count the number of fanzines I received over a given number of weeks or months last year, ten years ago, twenty years ago, and thirty years ago. (Forty years ago would be skewed by the fact that I was just emerging at that time from the slowdown in fanac I achieved from the mid-1940s to the mid-1950s.) But I'm skeptical of the usefulness of such a method of determining how healthy fanzine fandom is or isn't. I'm now on the mailing list for quite a few little monthly fanzines from local clubs. There weren't many of these reaching me a quarter-century ago. On the other hand, really large fanzines were probably more frequent arrivals 25 years ago than they are today. Are a dozen monthly issues of a ten-page fanzine more significant than three issues of fanzines with 40 or 50 pages in a given year? From time to time in the past, there have been brief periods when a weekly newszine was being published and I was on its mailing list. It would drive upward the total number of fanzines received in that period, but would that be as significant to the fanzine condition as a period



when someone was publishing a good-sized monthly fanzine and sending it to me regularly? One other reason I wouldn't want to put too much trust in a survey of this sort is that memory I mentioned some paragraphs ago. In the mail records of long ago, I can't always remember for certain if a particular periodical was a fanzine or some other sort of periodical. Additionally, my entries in the mail register cheat in a sense: if more than one fanzine arrive in the same envelope, I don't list separately each publication, but merely notate the arrival by the title of one among the number. Thus, the Australian newszine in recent years has usually contained at least one rider, Merv Binns' newszine, and sometimes another, but each entry mentions only *Thyme*.



The very first line of the first page of the recently completed volume shows that I received the sixth issue of *Quinapalus* on that long-ago spring's beginning. I regret inability to give credit to the editor of this fanzine but I have absolutely no idea who published it or what it was like or whatever happened to it. The next entry in the second line of this first column of the first page is much easier to identify: it was a postal card from "Ackerman" so there's little danger I'll ever be so bad off in the mind that I'll not know who sent it.

I should point out that there is one other difficulty standing in the way of attempts to determine eternal verities about my fanac from this volume. It includes some mundane mail in addition to fan-nish stuff. However, I would guess that the incoming and outgoing mundane mail remains about the same in quantity as the years pass so with some effort I could probably determine roughly the ups and downs of my fanac as the years have passed, which wouldn't necessarily depend on how many fanzines I receive.

For instance, I do next to no correspondence with fans nowadays, a far different situation from the middle years of the century when I wrote letters to fans frequently for reasons other than fanzine LoCs. And the LoC output has not been consistent over the years. It must have reached its peak in the years immediately after my return to all-out fanzine fandom activity. It has declined in recent years because of increasing age, bigger and better headaches, and perhaps some lessening in the number of arrivals of fanzines that need LoCs. LoCs from me were very scarce during the last months of 1997 and the first months of 1998.

On the other hand, if I looked long enough, I should be able to find in the records the exact year and dates when I achieved what I believe was my longest LoC-every-day streak. It runs in my mind that it began the day after the World Series ended and wasn't broken until shortly after the following New Year's Day. I can't imagine why I managed to do that so late in my LoCcing career, but I've certainly not approached it since.

There was one blunder about the volume which I've just completed. For some reason, it didn't occur to me that opening it every evening to mark down the day's

mail and closing it before putting it back between the desk's bookends would be hard on the covers and pages in the spiral binding. More than 300 daily repetitions of this exercise each year over the course of more than a decade caused the semi-stiff covers and a few of the pages to come partly loose from the spiraled metal. When I first noticed this damage, I should have had sense enough to prevent it from progressing by leaving it turned to the current page after each use. Stupidly, I didn't. I'm acting more sensibly with the volume I started in April, 1998.

Any faint illusions about the quality of my memory that I may have cherished are gone as completely as the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, as a result of a sampling of the pages in this mail record from appropriate lengths of time ago. For instance, if I look back to the June, 1988 entries, I am consoled by the probability that a letter from "Marion" probably came from Tim, whom I remember quite well. But here's a listing early in the month for a magazine named *Quill*, undated and unnumbered, which I can't recall as either a fanzine or a mundane periodical, followed by a periodical entitled *Jabberwocky Graphix* in its fourth issue, about which I remember even less. The next fanzine in the month was the May issue of *The Southerner*, also surviving in memory, but here's a letter right under it from Hubbard. I don't think I ever heard from L. Ron and he was probably dead by then anyway. It might have been Gary, although I can't remember having ever corresponded with him. A little further down the column is an entry for the third issue of *Airglow*, which I believe was the fanzine by a fine fellow in New England whose last name was Bohman and whose first name has been rudely sundered by my

mental fragmentation and lost irretrievably. He didn't hang around fandom very long, alas, after a very promising start. If I'm thinking of the right fan, he swerved into the NFFF for a few years and then became inactive even there. Still alive are two fanzines that came a few days later, **Lan's Lantern** (risky, if Lan's condition worsens) and **BCSFazine**.

Letters I wrote during the first part of June tell a sadder story. One was sent to Rick Sneary, who is no longer with us, and another to Stven Carlberg, at the time one of the brightest stars of SFPA but long gafiated even there. Another letter went to Stan Woolston, long an NFFF stalwart, and I'm not even sure he is still alive. I must have achieved the improbable and LoCced **Lan's Lantern**, a notoriously plump fanzine, within a few days, because I sent Lan a letter in the early days of June.

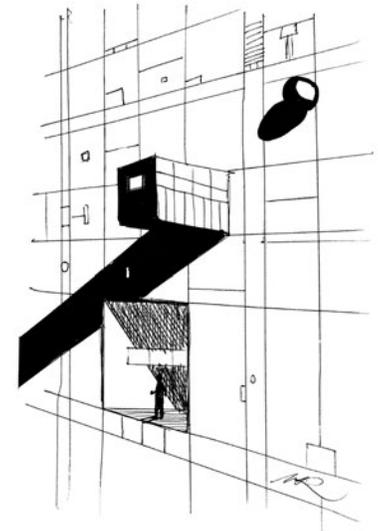
I can carry out the same sorrowful and occasionally joyful rubric easily because I still keep on my desk the previous volume in the mail record. It is similar in dimensions although I believe with fewer pages when compared with its descendant, and covers my mail from May 19, 1969, through the part of 1983 prior to the start of its successor. The first entry in it is a real mindblower: the 37th issue of **Instant Message**. I believe that Boston clubzine is now in its sixhundredsomething issue, and it's very difficult to conceive of the fact that it was ever that young. Looking at the place where the June, 1978, entries begin makes me embarrassed because I was obviously in a severe LoC slump just then, and I can't remember any personal circumstances that might have caused it. In the first 18 days of June, I wrote no more than three LoCs, and possibly fewer since I can't remember if one or more of the letters penciled

in red during that period were about fanzines or just personal correspondence.

Or maybe I was overwhelmed with incoming mail. If by some sad misfortune someone should be doomed to find these volumes and study them after my death, he will be baffled by sudden outbursts of incoming letter mail in several years during the late spring. This didn't result from an insatiable urge of all fandom to write letters to me, but rather from the fact that I was for a while official teller for the NFFF. I duly registered each member's vote as received in my mail record, and there were enough of them to fill approximately a full page of the three-column format. I remember how I almost got in trouble with NFFF officialdom one year when I wrote in my teller's report that I was the only officer who really counted.

Most of the fanzines arriving during early June over twenty years ago are not interfaced with any of my surviving memory cells. I wouldn't have guessed that I ever received the second issue of something called **Exotica Erotica**. The 21st issue of **Requiem** seems to indicate that this was a long-running fanzine so it should be familiar to me but it isn't. Here's an enregisterment for the fifth issue of **The Invisible Fan**, a sort of appropriate name since I can't remember ever seeing it. Long ago Barry Hunter dropped me from his mailing list, so maybe it was failure to respond to the 11th issue of **Baryon** in that June that settled my hash. Other apparent fanzines (although one or two could conceivably be mundane periodicals) whose titles I can't recognize include **Zozma**, **Four Star Extra**, **Crossroads Quarterly**, and **Fan's Zine**.

Since I include some mundane mail in the mail register, I can feel a sense of deep emotion over



the references to departed firms with which I used to do business. Chesterfield Music Shops was my favorite source for mail order LPs for years, because its prices were so attractive and the records were so pristine with immaculate jackets and very careful packing. I can even remember that the firm was on Warren Street in New York City. Suddenly its offerings stopped arriving and I saw no more advertisements from it in the high fidelity magazines so I suppose something happened to its mail order business, although it continued for a while to produce its CMS Records LP releases. Another lamentedly disappeared firm was an import organization that specialized in good prices on LPs not normally stocked by United States dealers, called I.B.S. Records. Like Chesterfield, I suddenly stopped getting its catalogs and it stopped advertising in places that I had access to. Although I haven't found a listing for it in these particular pages from twenty years ago, I believe Marboro Books was still bombarding me with catalogs of bargain-priced remaindered books. As I remember them, these catalogs were quite similar in general appearance to those that Edward Hamilton now sends out and I believe Hamilton became active around the time that Marboro suddenly stopped offering its

goodies to me, so it's conceivable that the Hamilton firm somehow descended from Marboro.

I'm pretty sure I know where still older volumes of my mail records have reposed in unbroken peace for a long while. But I don't feel inclined to break their well-deserved rest for the sake of this article. They are probably in the lower strata of a jammed-full large cabinet whose excavation would take an hour or so with my eyes shut and several days if I stopped to satisfy my curiosity over almost everything I pulled out of it.

There is one obvious question about all this: was it worth it? Should I have continued to keep this record of my mail, allowing it to sully my otherwise impeccable reputation as an unsystematic person in mature life? The answer may be: yes and no. It has been worth it in certain ways, including

the fact that it has provided me with the subject matter for a fanzine article. Time after time, it has permitted me to settle something for my satisfaction in much less time that it would have taken to search through stacks of old fanzines and letters. No, it hasn't been worth it in the sense that most of the entries in these volumes have never been of the slightest use to me. I've probably not looked at 90% or more of the entries after making them.

However, I can't begrudge myself the time I've spent on this matter. It has consisted of only one or two minutes each evening, except on the occasional day when unusually heavy mail has arrived. As a result, the time spent on writing down the names of fanzines and people couldn't have been used for more useful or entertaining activity, because

there's nothing I could accomplish in such a few moments six days a week. Nor can I consider it an extravagant waste of money. It has cost me only pennies per year. I paid \$1.39 for the new volume I've just started, which probably means that the previous one cost less than a dollar for fifteen years of usefulness, considering the course of inflation. I remember using up a red pencil and needing to buy a new one for writing down the outgoing mail. There's no way to tell if I've consumed either one or two regular lead pencils over the years.

But I don't recommend imitation of my practice to anyone just entering fandom, particularly if he resents the need to do something on a regular as clockwork basis almost every day, no matter how quickly it can be accomplished. Perhaps I should have compromised while shucking off all my other systematic behaviors: continue to mark down the mail I receive and send, but throw away each year's records after three or four years. There's very little chance that the record will be needed for research purposes longer than that.

I've introduced one refinement into this new book, by using for the first time the space available under the last ruled line on each page. That gives me 27 lines for each of the three columns on every page, and should extend the life of this book by almost four percent.

However, I feel that this is pretty much a theoretical matter. There's very little danger that I'll ever again be forced to grumble about the increased cost of school composition books while negotiating the purchase of another volume to succeed this one, not when I've taken the precaution of beginning this one at the age of 75.

Harry Warner, Jr.



The Three LOCCers:

Skel, Harry Warner, Jr. and Mike Glicksohn in Hagerstown, MD
(photographer unknown)



The Verily Dune

a column

Greg Benford

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME, or at least it did until a short while ago. When I moved from Dallas, land of fabulous fan-nish fans, to dull and mundane Norman, I thought it might be the right time to clear out my fanzine file. Actually, "file" is a rather misleading title, since the zines were thrown into old cardboard boxes and stuffed into my garage. But nonetheless, they were fanzines, and I hated the thought of throwing them out. After all, I reasoned, there are other fans right here in Dallas, and they might appreciate these fmz. Why, these fellow wanderers among the stars would leap at the chance to root about in my collection and take the best from the last eight years of fanzine production. Why, it would be an honor.

This only shows how far one can go within the limitations of reason. I neatly arranged the fanzines I had amassed and began calling the Immortals of Dallas Fandom to convene upon my doorstep. [As a note of interest, while I use "Immortals" here, the official title among the old-timers (those who have been around for three or more months) is "Everlasting Greats". I shall look for

this in the next *Fancylopedia*.]

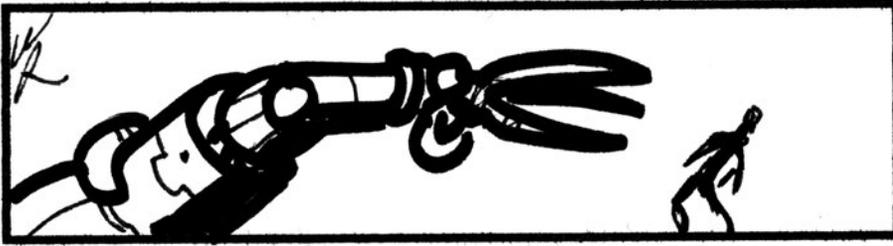
"What?" was the first intelligent remark I got when I mentioned this to Rich Koogle, "What?" he said again, peering from behind his thick glasses like a goldfish in his bowl, "Why should I need more fanzines? I get all the latest material straight from the BNFs." With this he motioned toward the towering stack of 23 fanzines in his bedroom closet. "All the best material from five years of active fanning," he said modestly.

I looked closely at this collection, featuring *Zip*, *Merlin*, *Fantastic Worlds* and *Star Rockets*. Yes, I'll swear to the fact that *Star Rockets* (4 issues, in fact) occupied a prominent place in this foursquare collection. After mulling over the improbability of the situation, I tried to convince Koogle that he should widen his selection of fannish reading material. "Oh no," he stated firmly, "I want to model my coming fanzines on these greats of the past, who have set a standard which I can follow. I realize that newer fanzines hold the limelight of fandom, but the techniques of good, solid editing never change." With that he closed the subject, for Rich Koogle is a firm man, and not easily swayed.

But I wasn't dismayed. Dallas fans are unpredictable, and they certainly all don't think alike. (Some of them don't even think.) So I phoned Albert Jackson, rocket scientist. "Oh no," he said, "I really don't have time to read fanzines these days. All my fan activity is taken up with the Pittcon and getting ready to attend." Since this was August 1st, I was rather somewhat confused. "Oh, I like to take my time packing; and reading up on who'll be there. Besides, I want to read all my stf books over again so I can discuss them with all the fans up there in Pittsburgh," he explained.

At this point I decided that the only way I could possibly get rid of the fmz would be to call the only other active fan in Dallas, George Jennings. After all, George has a respect for zines such as *Oopsla!*, *Hyphen* and *Grue*. That's what I was thinking all the while I was dialing his number. "Of course," he said, "I'll come right over and pick them up. Only I might make it tomorrow instead, because I have to pick up a shipment of left-handed, dove-tailed boring clips for my father."

Fine, I thought. George Jennings; active fan foursquare, will take these fanzines off my



hands. Of course; he couldn't make it that day, he said. Or the next. Or, eventually, any day thereafter.

So it came to pass that I sat on our patio late in August and thumbed through the stack of fanzines that had collected there as we prepared to move. Most of our furniture was loaded, and we were ready to leave. But George Jennings, active Dallas fan, hadn't come by to pick them up, and there wasn't room for them in Norman. In fact, there wasn't even room for them in Dallas. And so I walked tearfully away from that stack of fanzines, lying about the back yard, and exposed them to the wrath of the elements. Perhaps George Jennings would come by and pick them up. Perhaps Rich Koogle would have a change of heart. Perhaps...

Sometimes I wish Marland Frenzel would come back to town.

SPONTANEITY REVISITED

The latest issue of *Dafoe* rekindled some interest in me on a matter not often mentioned. Of course, it's quite probable that the only reason I especially noted it was the fact that my name was mentioned in the first paragraph, but it is nonetheless a question I've always partially recognized. John (you know, John Konig – he publishes that quarterly-annual fanzine) writes about personality in fanzines, and the question of whether an editor should try to express himself or edit.

Well, this isn't the thing I was wondering about. I, for one, would like to know if editors really feel

compelled to write on things such as this to fill their editorials. I remember when I was editing *Void* several years ago and wrote that original statement: my principal aim then was not to state my opinion (a self-oriented viewpoint) but to stir up comment and fill space (a reader-oriented viewpoint). And I wonder... does John bring up this old argument for the same purpose? How many things have you seen in editorials (and columns, too) that seemed a bit uninspired, and concentrated upon matters which were essentially neither this way nor that? It's an old trick, this promoting of arguments and discussion about material which hasn't any real clear-cut solution. It draws plenty of comment, and fills letter columns, but never reaches a conclusion.

Not that I'm militating against this sort of thing, and, of course, John isn't the only example. But I do wish the space was taken up with something of more value.

“YOU BASTARD”,

said Rich Koogle. Yes, that's what he said, right to my face. I was calling him up to find out about his latest publishing activities (he has been putting out a regular, monthly fanzine for three years, even though none of them have yet been mimeographed) and this burst of profane invective spewed from the receiver.

“I've just been reading your editorial in the latest *Void*, and want you to know that this base libel will not go unanswered,” he said. Well, as you can imagine, I was somewhat taken aback. What had happened to the happy, carefree

Rich Koogle who took everything in stride, smiling dumbly (but happily) at whatever was said? What had happened to the close comradeship of the Dallas fans? Was this small article of mine to disturb our state of fannish bliss?

“I've been calling some of the other people you insulted in this editorial, Benford,” he sputtered, “and we're going to publish a full rebuttal. We're going to call it *Dallas Fans Speak Out* and it's going to label everything you've said about us as a lie and a hox.” (Koogle pronounces “hox” as “hox” – it rhymes with “pox”.)

“Rich,” I said, “why don't you call it *Backstab*, because that's what it'll be. Why, I've made you Dallas fans legendary creatures in the annals of fandom. I have discovered you to the western world. If you turn on me now you will kill all that is fine and good in fandom.” Incredible though it sounds, that's what I said.

“No, Benford, we're going ahead. It's too late to apologize now.”

How much time do I have left? I thought. Perhaps I can get off another editorial before they mail the zine. “When are you going to publish it, Rich?”

“Oh, we're working full speed on it. Any day now it should be done.”

That was three years ago, when I first moved to Dallas. Thus far, the zine hasn't been published, and I haven't received any notice of an upcoming lawsuit. But then, they're hyper-active Dallas fans, and probably don't have time to get it out, what with their other pressing commitments.

Send me a copy sometime, eh Rich?

Greg Benford
(from “*Ciln 5*”, edited
by Ed Gorman; [1960 ?])

Thirty-Nine Years Later...

Gregory Benford

WHAT A SENSATION – a sudden delve back into one's life and times of 39 years ago, immersed in the rickety prose of the 18-year-old self.

I had a dim memory of writing for Ed Gorman's fanzine, and recognized his name when he started publishing *Mystery Scene*. But Bill Bowers sent me this column from 1960's *CILN 5* and much came rushing back – fandom, my own anxieties, and the whispery feel of one's own mind from long ago.

I was a devotee of Burbee then, and this column clearly echoes his mannerisms. I had fallen utterly under the sway of Terry Carr and the Bay Area reverence for Burbee, and so affected a sardonic style with other fans as my victims. Mind, some like Rich Koogle were quite amusing, with a daffy logic hard to quite believe. Koogle, last I heard, was running a charitable refuge house in San Diego. Al Jackson, on the other hand, was an earnest student of my age, interested in astronomy. I saw him at the San Antonio Worldcon, still a NASA employee working on orbital problems, with a string of scientific papers to his credit and a Ph.D. George Jennings vanished from fandom about 1960, becoming a radio announcer. All were grist for my fictional mill – so young, and already so cynical! Odd, that I didn't mention Tom Reamy, the best of the Dallas gang, who a decade later would become an sf writer.

I was merciless in mining minor incidents for pseudo-legendary imitations of Bay Area tropes. I was still a teenager and trying to find a voice, a process every writer goes through. I would turn to pro

writing only 5 years later. But the pain that permeated the lead part of this column was well disguised by its mannerist prose.

I did indeed leave the bulk of my fmz collection sitting in a driveway, and this column brought back that image, a last glance back as our already overloaded car pulled away. I kept my *Hyphens* and *A Bas* and a few others, but many classic '50s fmz went into oblivion there. I remembered with a sudden, sharp keenness how I saw that moment as a transition from my fandom decade into my physicist years, the feeling that maybe it was just as well to put away the things of my boyhood and concentrate on the big job of learning to become a scientist.

Little did I suspect that writing would remain with me, an itch I had to scratch. I kept fan writing going, since Ted White kindly volunteered to keep *Void* afloat. Ted had edited the pleasant *ZIP* and awesome color-mimeoed *Stellar* and was a BNF I much admired. (Why I grouped *ZIP* and *Star Rockets*, the legendary crudzine, in my list of fmz titles I can't imagine.) For *Void* I wrote editorials and did a few other small things, but basically *Void* became Ted's labor, and with (later) Terry Carr and Pete Graham they made it into a classic fanzine, better than I ever could have done. Yet it kept me alive in fandom until 1963, when I moved to California and met many of the principals of fandom, and made friendships that remain firm to this day.

I could throw away fanzines (how I wish I still had them!) but I could not discard fandom. I was already immersed in that bond to sf. I had stopped reading sf almost



entirely in my fmz publishing years, then started again, and finally returned to trying to write sf after my first year in graduate school.

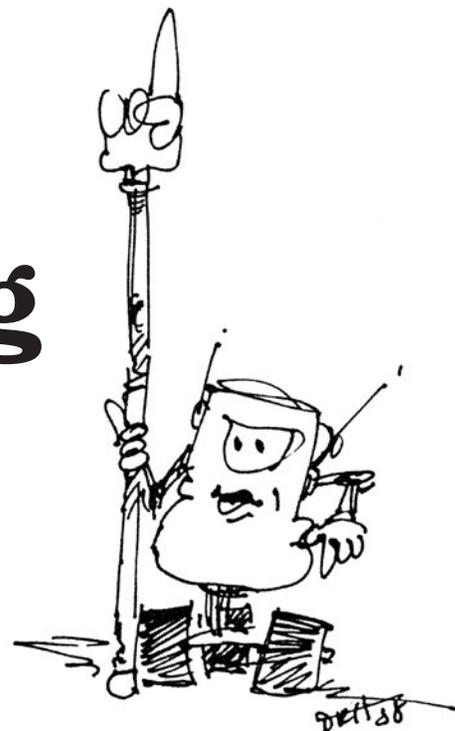
Elsewhere in that same issue of *CILN* is an exchange between, me and a Lynn Markley (who he?) about cosmology. Markley thought Hoyle's steady state model was obviously better than the big bang theory, and I countered that he wasn't thinking scientifically, weighing the evidence, but rather speaking out of his dislike of a unique origin in time. Well, Markley chose the wrong side, and upon rereading my rebuttal to him I found it amazingly sophisticated. I had utterly forgotten that I was fairly well read in popular science then, a clear signal that the transition I made 15 years later into astrophysics was lying there in wait for me all along. Never did that 19-year-old think he would become a professor jointly of physics and astronomy.

I've learned a lot, rereading this. This made me reflect on how much my writing then was a kind of therapy, working out aggressions and anxieties I scarcely sensed at the time. I suppose the same is true today. Still therapy, and they even pay you for it.

October 11, 1998

Thots in a Sunday Morning Drizzle

Skel



OUR CAT JESSICA is 9 years old. Approximately. We cannot be precise as she came to us as a stray. But the approximation will serve. Close enough for fanwriting, as someone has been heard to type.

The reason I am now an expert on gerontological matters of a Jessica persuasion is that I asked Cas. The reason why I asked Cas, is that I had a sudden yearning need to know. I also asked how long cats tend to live. "It could be as long as 20 years or so," she replied discouragingly, "unless they hang around near Mike Glicksohn. He doesn't like cats."

I think it perhaps an overly bold step in abductive logic to move from an awareness of a general proclivity to an assumption of a willingness, if not a positive keenness even, to take proactive steps towards a feline-free environment. I did not however take her to task over the matter. "Why do you ask?" she enquired, as I grabbed the selotape dispenser and headed back upstairs to my den. I paused in the doorway a moment to compose and deliver a temperate reply.

"Because I want to know how many more fucking years I am going to have to waste yards and yards of valuable selotape, not to mention even more valuable minutes of my ever-dwindling life expectancy, removing fucking cat hairs from my fucking typing chair before I can fucking write to my fucking friends!!!"

"Tommy died when he was only 12," she offered placatingly, "but then he was poorly."

"Great! So I can reasonably expect another three fucking years of this before she is even likely to get sick!"

As I disgruntled my way upstairs, Cas' afterthought chased after me. "By the way, ask Al Curry how his cat is. He hasn't mentioned it for a while."

So Al, how is your damn cat? A hairy shedding little bastard, I hope, eh?

And yes, I know I could have used a sheet of Bounce to remove the cat hair, but as each sheet of Bounce is so expensive as to require the annual budget of a third-world nation it is our intention to

leave the remainder of the packet in our will to be divided equally between our three children. As there are 23 sheets left (a number which even a Canadian Mathematics teacher will probably appreciate is not readily divisible by 3) I anticipate some bitter infighting when the will is read.

The reason why I have some free time this morning is of course down to the Sunday morning drizzle. It is not suitable weather for gardening. Not of course that I do much of same. A millennium may come, and a millennium may (very shortly) go, and I will garden not one jot or tittle. But Cas has these two Forest Flames, which she bought and potted by way of remembrance for Joni and Jackie. They are now substantial little bushes, big enough for their foliage to catch the wind, which they did during a recent howling gale, only to be blown over and break their pots. They need replanting, which I, in an unguarded moment, airily offered to do.

That was at 8.45 yesterday morning as we drove back from our weekly grocery shopping expedition. The day was fine and sunny, and we had nothing planned. When we arrived home there was a message on the answering machine from Bethany, to the effect that she was feeling really ill, with a blinding headache, a terrible sore throat, violent vomiting, and a serious temperature. Could we bring her some soluble painkillers as she couldn't swallow anything solid, and could we possibly look after our granddaughter Adele for the day until John finished work?

Sic transit gardening!

"Never mind," said Cas. "It's going to be fine tomorrow too. We'll do it then."

Yes, as Mickey Newbury's lyrics had it, "Yesterday's newspaper forecast no rain for today, but yesterday's news is old news, the skies are all grey."

HOWEVER, MY WORKLOAD has finally eased and I'm going to take a long weekend next week. I'll be off on the Thursday & Friday for my own benefit, and I'll be taking the following Monday off so that I can be present at my parents' when the hearing specialist visits to administer tests to see if they need hearing aids. This will be a bit of a waste of time as their need is patent. They have the volume on their TV turned up so loud that you can hear it whilst still going through Passport Control... in Chicago.

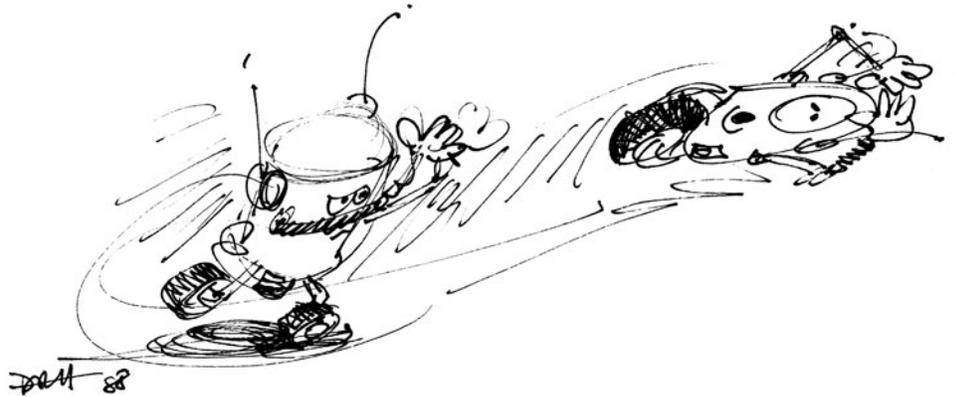
As I understand it the following weekend will also be a long weekend, on account of some guy once getting nailed to a cross... which is an odd reason to celebrate, don't you feel? "Hey, we need a couple more holidays. Why don't we have one and call it 'Messiah Being Nailed to a Cross Friday', followed by 'Whoops, Where's the Body Gone?' Monday?"

"Great idea! But I think we should include the word 'Easter', which has associations with 'eggs' and 'bunny rabbits', which equates with birth (and rebirth), and 'cuddly'".

"Hmmm, reluctant as I am to give up my 'Whoops, Where's the

Body Gone?' Monday Holiday I feel I must take account of this letter from the Chocolate Egg Fabricator's Union which argues that 'EASTER' is probably easier to remember".

Skel



Date: Tue, 16 Jun 1998 11:21:40 -0700

From: Dennis Lien

Subject: earliest use of term "fanzine" per SaM

To: timebinders@sflovers.rutgers.edu

Yesterday I miscited the recent Sam Moskowitz article in *Fantasy Commentator*; it was in fact in the Fall, 1995 issue (v. 8, no. 3/4). It's called "The Origin of the Term 'Fanzine'" and appears on pp. 200-203.

SaM's conclusion was that Louis Russell Chauvenet's precise first use of the word was (in all probability) in his October 1940 issue of *Detours*, page six: the exact wording being -

"There isn't much room for fanzine reviews in this issue... We hereby protest against the un-euphonious word 'fanag'... and announce our intention to plus 'fanzine' as the best short form of 'fan magazine.'"

Moskowitz goes on to calculate that *Detours* "had only fourteen subscribers at the time, and estimate[d] that only about two dozen more copies were ever made and distributed." (It was a hectozine.)

I find it sort of strangely appropriate that the word first appeared (if it did) in a column saying that the coiner didn't have space/time to do the kind of column he wanted to do at the moment. How fannish...

Incidentally, Fred Shapiro (for the OED) is still looking for earliest documentable appearance in print of the short form "zine." I franked this question through Timebinders last year and did get a couple of suggestions, but would be happy to pass more on to him.

Dennis Lien

U of Minnesota Libraries

No Quarter

Chris Sherman

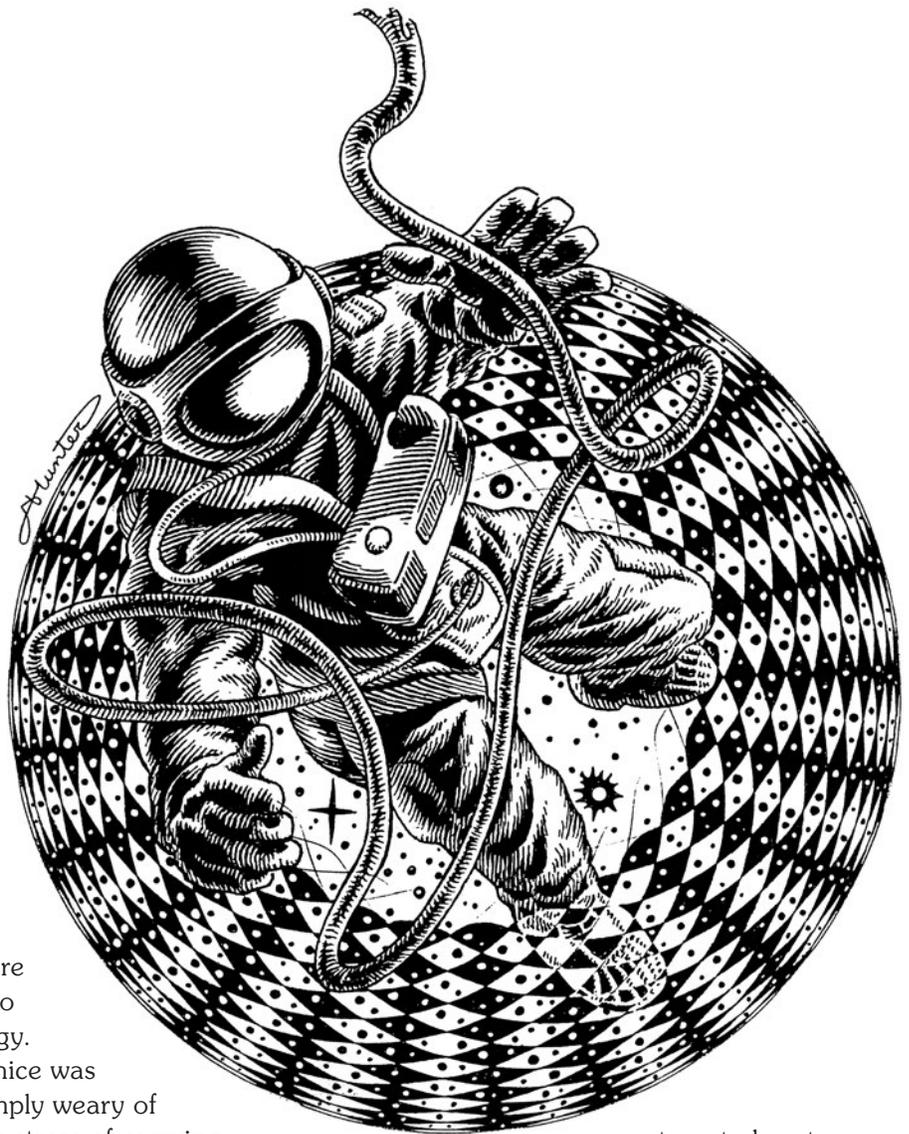
**Tuesday, July 1, 1997
4:50 p.m.
Eastbound on I-210**

Smoking like the ruins of a failed volcano, the hills above Azusa were gradually succumbing to fire. Billowing flues of smoke rose above the mountains, creating a sienna filter that only occasionally admitted a view of flickering tongues of flame that were surely thrice the size of a man. The sun would not set for three more hours but the sky was dark, bloody, alien. A soft breeze was nudging the conflagration uphill, away from us, but even so a soft dusting of ash on the windshield obscured our view as we made our way slowly, cautiously, to the birthing center.

Earlier this morning Janice patted her belly and said, "OK, Skylar, it's July first. Seven-one-ninety-seven: that has kind of a nice ring to it, hmmn?" In our final days alone together we'd drawn even more tightly into the web of intimacy we'd always shared, but

we were also edgy. Janice was simply weary of the stress of carrying our son, internal organs compressed, swollen feet bearing the burden of an additional 25 pounds on her slight frame. And I was experiencing full-blown expectant-dad syndrome, fearful that things wouldn't go right, anxious for my wife and unborn son's well-being – and most of all, paranoid that I'll fail to meet a personal challenge at some critical point, thereby serving as an unwilling catalyst for disaster.

Two hours later Janice was submitting yet again to the indignity of a probing finger palpating her cervix. I heard her sigh of disappointment even over the racing



staccato heartbeats on the fetal monitor as Dr. Grady said, "Well, there's no change. It's still closed and hasn't softened up yet."

It was now five days past Skylar's "due date." Though not in any danger at the moment, risks to both mother and child increase dramatically two weeks after the forecasted birth date. It felt like we had exhausted all of our patience; nonetheless we agreed that we would wait one more week before inducing labor.

As we were getting ready to leave, Dr. Grady looked thoughtful, and said, "One last thing. Even though the fetal monitor shows no

distress, let's do a sonogram – just to make sure everything's OK.” He squirted imaging jelly over Janice's belly, spread it around with the probe, and then studied the monitor.

“Oh,” he said.

“Oh?” we both asked.

“Um, well, his head is up here (pressing just below Janice's right breastbone). He's breech.”

Oh indeed.

On the video display we saw Skylar's ghostlike image sitting upright, apparently sucking his thumb, totally unconcerned that we were spying on him. It was clear now that what we had thought was his butt was actually his head (I shuddered to think about the grief that I was bound to get from my brothers when they heard this).

To my astonishment, Janice laughed and said, “So... plan B?”

Dr. Grady looked quickly from one of us to the other, clearly as surprised as we were. “Yes, plan B. You've got to be very flexible in this branch of medicine.”

Flip-flop. So it'll be 7-1-97 after all. The day Hong Kong rejoins China. STS 94 (Columbia 23) launches into orbit. Robert Mitchum dies. And Skylar Javin Sherman will begin his journey in the world.

Janice was visibly relieved. I pretended to be nonchalant, but on a deep, primal level I had just become – officially – scared shitless.

Tuesday, July 1, 1997
5:45 p.m.
St. Luke's Hospital
Pasadena, CA

“How long have you been in labor?” asked Pat, the admitting nurse, a few minutes after we had settled into our “birthing” room.

“What!!!?”

“Well, look at the uterine monitor. You're having regular contractions. You've got a baby on the way.”

Flip-flop. Had the baby turned, or was that just another emotional somersault? No, Skylar was still breech. Dr. Grady was going to attempt a “version,” literally turning Skylar in the womb, trying to get his head pointed down the birth canal. If successful, he'd induce labor and Janice had a good chance at delivering vaginally. Though itself not a dangerous procedure, if the version didn't work they'd have to do an emergency C-Section. Flip-flop.

The scene in the operating room was almost festive. These people knew each other well, and were joking good-naturedly. A bottle of local anesthetic lay open on a tray. John, the orderly, sniffed it and said “You'd have to pay good money for this in Japan.”

I sat on a stool to Janice's left, holding her icy hand. Dr. Grady took her other hand and said, “How're you doing? Ready?” Janice nodded. I saw a look of gratitude flash in her eyes, and relaxed a bit knowing how much she trusted him. Dr. Grady snapped his right glove, then said, “OK, here we go.”

He bent over Janice like a Sumo wrestler and very gently probed her belly until he was sure of himself. Then he grabbed onto Sky's head with both hands, and with shocking force started twisting, while his associate, Dr. Aldahl, used both fists to shove Sky's butt in a similar direction. Grunting and straining they maintained this show of force for what seemed like minutes until suddenly Skylar just *turned*, the shape of his body visibly contorting in a rapid corkscrew motion under Janice's skin.

“He's turned!”

Dr. Grady now fought to hold Skylar in place while Dr. Aldahl wrapped an ace bandage tightly around Janice's belly to keep Sky from turning back. Everyone was excited, amazed even. But then the pulsing sounds from the heart

monitor started shifting their rhythm. Janice's blood pressure was dropping... and dropping and dropping. Sky's heartbeat was also slowing. Everyone grew silent, and just stared intently at the monitor. Janice was nauseous, on the verge of losing consciousness. Dr. Lin, the anesthesiologist, kept increasing the flow to the IV, trying to get more fluids into her. I was too frightened to panic – I could only stare mesmerized at the telltale indicators that revealed a potentially lethal threat to my wife and son.

Finally the rhythms seemed to stabilize. A slow flush spread over Janice's ashen face. I looked over at Dr. Grady and noticed he was still holding her hand. “OK?” he asked. She nodded a weak “yes.”

Like a triumphant hero, Dr. Grady announced “This baby wants to be born vaginally!” Then he began to roll layer after layer of towels and bandages around her abdomen, clamping Skylar firmly in place. The air of professional assurance descended over the room again, and I was spared – for the moment – from my crushing fears of failure and loss.

Tuesday, July 1, 1997
Nighttime
St. Luke's Hospital
Pasadena, CA

Our first night of labor was a quiet evening, spent in small talk and quiet, easy shared silences. Nurses popped in and out, checking machines, adjusting Janice's position, scuttling away to do the same for the other women in the birthing center.

The “bed” provided for me turned out to be a chair, which folded out into a contraption that was at least as comfortable as a gunner's seat on a B-17 bomber. After some experimentation I found I could pull my knees up in the fetal position, which forced my

spine into a fully flattened attitude against the siderails. If I couldn't sleep at least I could keep reasonably comfortable.

The pervasive sound through the night was Skylar's heart-beat, throbbing through the fetal monitor with a sparrowlike rapidity. When he moved, the uterine microphone picked up all manner of other biological sounds and amplified them in bizarre ways, making it sound like he was playing in his own private bowling alley in the womb. Veronica, the night-duty nurse, came in frequently to help Janice adjust her position and her monitoring sensors.

Around midnight I was awakened from a doze by a persistent beeping sound. At first I thought it might be the CD player, stuck on a track, but finally I got up and after groping around in the twilight room discovered it was the portable IV unit. It was on battery power and the battery was running low. A call to Veronica and that was taken care of.

Back in fetal position on my bomber's chair, I started drifting off when I was startled by a sort of "kur-whack-ssshh" sound, followed by "k-swish, k-swish, k-swish, BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP... klack, k-swish, s-swish, s-swish BEEP BEEP BEEP BEEP..." five rounds of this and I called Veronica again. This time the culprit was the automatic blood pressure cuff that had slipped off Janice's arm.

It was almost as if Janice were in intensive care. Normally we are extremely private people, but on this night we welcomed the regular, though almost deferential intrusions by the nursing staff. The fragmented dreams I snatched from scant moments of sleep were of brave sentries, patrolling a perimeter beyond which lay an undefinable chaos.

Wednesday, July 2, 1997 13 hours into labor.

At about 6 a.m. I decided to get "up." After ten minutes of shaking the kinks out of my limbs I could at least move around without audible cracking. Dr. Grady showed up at 6:30 and checked Janice's cervix – still closed, but it was about 50% "effaced," meaning the tissue was thinning in preparation for birth.

We had a few hours before the "heavy artillery" used to induce birth would be called into play. I tried to massage Janice, groping through the mass of bandages that swathed her petite body, bulky as an astronaut's spacesuit. Craving cleanliness and warmth I crawled into the shower, only to discover there was no hot water. When a maintenance man showed up later in the day and showed me the basic operation of the unit (i.e. how to make the water hot) I had the first real inkling that I was no longer operating at optimal levels.

Janice was given only ice chips and a bit of Jell-O to eat, so I decided to get some exercise and find some breakfast. The foothill fires had intensified during the night and had now burned more than a thousand acres of brush, and were threatening a few homes to the east. Though early, the temperature was nearly 80 degrees – it was going to be a hot day.

I walked for about 8 blocks through the neighborhood near the hospital. Parents were bundling kids into cars to shuttle to school. I'd be doing that soon. Away from the immediacy of the hospital the inevitability of Skylar's birth struck me with full atavistic force. My son was no longer a pleasant, terrifying, wondrous abstraction – ready or not he would soon be placing major demands on my life. No, no time for these

thoughts now – I've got to focus on the needs of the immediate moment. I quickly hurried back through the hospital, walking through the light dusting of ash on the sidewalk that lay like freshly fallen snow.

10:00 a.m. 17 hours into labor.

Now came the time to get "serious" about the induction process. Dr. Lin, the anesthesiologist, scooted into the room with his narcoleptic toolbox, and started to prepare Janice for her epidural – a spinal IV that would completely block all pain from her waist down. Janice wasn't ready for this. She wanted to wait until the moment of birth was close at hand. Dr. Lin was wryly apologetic, and said he had to do it now because he wouldn't be available for another 10 to 12 hours while he was in surgery.

I asked, "Heart? Brain? It must be a complicated one." He laughed and said, "No, cosmetic. We're giving someone a new nose and face today."

Nurse Vita said, "Wow, those operations must cost big bucks."

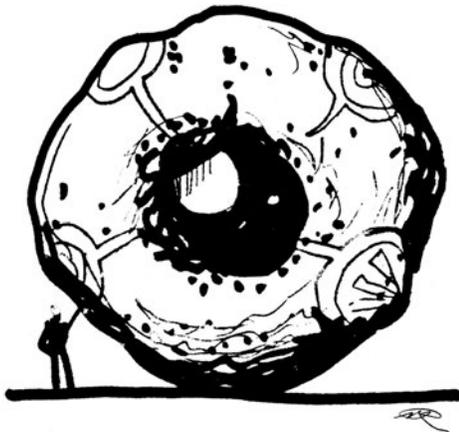
"Unfortunately, no. In LA lots of hospitals do plastic surgery. We have discount rates to stay competitive."

I shook my head in disbelief. How ironic, yet somehow appropriate, that a culture infatuated with Hollywood would place a higher value on image over birth. Come on, guys! After all, aren't we also engaged in what could reasonably be called the pursuit of youth?

Janice was now hooked up to an IV sack filled with *pitocin*, or synthetic oxytocin, a hormone that stimulates uterine contractions. Because it's extremely powerful and acts almost immediately, they administer it in gradually increasing increments (my sleep-deprived

fancy wondered if an overdose would cause Sky to be ejected from the womb like a missile). Nurse Jenny began with a mere 3ml at 10 a.m. At 10:30 a.m. she doubled the flow to 6ml and then again to 12ml at 11 a.m. The results were immediately obvious – the contractions on the uterine monitor began to occur more frequently, and became much stronger. My job was to watch the monitor and call out when contractions began, peaked, and ended, to help Janice control her breathing. We practiced Lamaze techniques during some of the stronger contractions, but Janice was growing sleepy, uncomfortable, and very hungry.

She finally fell asleep at 11 a.m. Her contractions were occurring every three minutes – a sign that the pitocin was definitely doing its thing. Vita increased the flow to 18ml at 11:20 a.m., then to 27ml at 11:55 a.m. Somehow Janice remained relaxed – snoring a bit, so the epidural must have been working.



1:15 p.m.
20 hours into labor.

Dr. Grady arrived and checked Janice’s cervix. Some progress – dilation was now 1 centimeter (optimal dilation is 10cm). Using something that looked a lot like a hooked crocheting needle, he broke

her water, which he said contained a lot of hormones and other substances that will also help dilate the cervix. Pitocin steady at 27ml.

4:50 p.m.
23 hours into labor.

Another cervical check. Janice was still dilated only 1cm, but now had 90% effacement. She was given a new bag of the epidural fluid, and the pitocin was increased to 36ml. Contractions still regular every three minutes. To help pass the time, I had gone out and rented the movie “Michael,” which gave us a few laughs. Despite Janice’s outward stoicism, I could tell she was discouraged. 5:05 p.m. Pitocin to 42ml. 5:30 p.m. Pitocin to 48ml. 6 p.m. Pitocin to 60ml. Everyone entering the room glances at the uterine monitor and comments, “Nice contractions!”

Since Janice had had nothing to eat in a day and a half, the nurses grudgingly brought her a little broth and some juice. She also wanted a hot-water bag for her lower back, but to my amazement there were none in the birthing center. I snatched an unused IV bag of glucose, walked down to the kitchen and zapped it in the microwave. Voila, improvised solution.

6:00 p.m.
25 hours into labor.

Dr. Grady returned and once again performed the cervical check ritual. Despite the bioamplifying effects of the pitocin, Janice’s cervix was still only dilated to 1cm. At this point we both expected him to suggest giving up and doing a C-section. Instead, he encouraged Janice to keep up the labor through the night. “Let’s give it twelve more hours,” he said. “There is some progress, and the way these things go you could start rapidly dilating

at any moment. I’d like to see 5cm by 5 a.m.” He assured us he would be on hand at any point during the night to deliver Skylar if it came to that. We could see he was tired – he had delivered two babies earlier in the day, in addition to seeing many of his regular patients. *You’ve got to be very flexible in this branch of medicine.*

No kidding.

9:30 p.m.
28 hours into labor.

Janice’s pain began to increase. At 9:30 Dr. Grady called the nursing station and asked Jenny to check Janice again. Hey! Progress! She had dilated to 2cm. At that moment we heard the sound of flip-flop sandals in the corridor and Dr. Lin pattered in, having just finished the final touches on his cosmetic masterpiece.

“How you doing – hey, nice contractions! You’re going to have a baby!”

He listened sympathetically to Janice’s complaints about the pain, then filled the epidural IV so full that it was bulging. Unlike the pitocin, the epidural drip had not been adjusted all day, so he increased the dose from 12ml to 16ml, but then on instinct, since Dr. Grady had said “5cm by 5 a.m.”, scaled it back slightly, somehow deciding 15ml was Janice’s “lucky” number.

12:30 a.m.
31 hours into labor.

Fifteen turned out to be not so lucky after all. Janice’s pain was growing intense. Uterine contractions were now only 90 seconds apart, and the peak intensity was lasting up to a minute. The machine that graphed these contractions had a scale of 0 to 100, and they were regularly spiking above 100 at the peak.

Janice thought if she could roll onto her left side the pain might be eased. I helped pull her over, careful not to tangle the IV lines. “Comfortable?” I asked. “Better,” she said, but then the fetal heart-beat monitor started beeping irregularly. Sky’s pulse rate was dropping precipitously. I punched the “nurse call” button, but instead of the usual instant response we heard nothing but silence.

I raced out into the hall and saw Jenny emerging from another room, her arms covered with blood. “We just delivered a little girl,” she started, but I cut her off and told her what was happening with Janice and Sky. She ran into a scrub room then followed me back into our room, asking what had changed. Jenny rolled Janice onto her back, and slowly, excruciatingly slowly, Sky’s heartrate started increasing again. Apparently the umbilical cord was on her left side, and lying on it compressed it and blocked the flow of oxygenated blood to the womb.

On her back again, Janice’s extreme pain returned – as well as a powerful urge to push. This was clearly the pitocin triggering premature instinctive urges. Jenny called Dr. Lin and he told her to increase the epidural from “lucky 15” to 18ml. Still not enough. By 1:30 a.m. she was in agony, breathing hard against contractions that were exceeding 140 for 20–30 seconds. Earlier, Dr. Grady had mentioned that a mild narcotic would be just fine if she needed it for pain. At that point Janice had refused on principle. Now she just desperately craved relief.

Jenny checked her cervix again before administering the drug. No change in dilation, but Sky had dropped, pressing against her cervix and bladder, which explained why the pain had intensified. So she gave Janice the drug.

The narcotic acted slowly, but finally she relaxed, and amazingly, dropped off to sleep, snoring contentedly. I flopped down on my bomber couch, completely wired, and just sat staring at the monitor as the monstrous uterine contractions continued to undulate powerfully through my blissfully oblivious wife.

2:15 a.m.
33 hours into labor.

Janice awoke with a groan. Despite the increased epidural dosage and the narcotic, the agonizing pain had returned. Jenny had the insight that if Janice sat up the circulation might get farther down her legs. So we sat her up, and Jenny gave her another dose of narcotic. The effect was immediate. Janice relaxed, and fell back to sleep.

3:05 a.m.
34 hours into labor.

Somehow I had actually managed to fall asleep – I think. My friend Henry Robinnet and his wife pause outside our room. They tell us they are actually FBI agents, on a mission for some extremely important case, but assure us we’ve been cleared – go ahead and have that child. I turn around and am in a large factory, supervising hundreds of workers operating confusing, antiquated machinery. I’m supposed to raise my hands in a complicated series of signals to get lights turned on and off, lever positions adjusted, the tines of huge gears to mesh properly...

“Woah! Hey! You can turn off this epidural!”

I awoke with a start to see Janice sitting bolt upright in bed, a huge grin on her face, struggling to reach the epidural IV. “I feel great! This stuff is great! Tell them to turn it off now!”

I got up and gently pressed her down. “I don’t think that’s a good idea, Babe. Let’s just let the epidural keep doing its thing.” The double dose of narcotic had made her higher than a kite.

Now that she had pain relief at last, Jenny and I were able to turn Janice onto her right side, and she promptly fell asleep. Snug back in my bomber’s couch I looked at the clock: 3:45. Well, at least I could try to get an hour or so of sleeeeeeeppppp...

5:00 a.m.
36 hours into labor.

Jenny pushed the door open and announced: “The moment of truth has arrived.” Janice groggily submitted to the probing, and Jenny winced slightly. “No change. Well, you gave it your best shot.”

Janice was disappointed but also relieved. Her first words were “Well, now, at least you can stop the pitocin.”

“Yes we can,” said Jenny, and immediately cut off the hormonal flow.

Though the sun was not yet present, a new day had clearly dawned. While Jenny prepped Janice for surgery I tried to replace the weariness in my blood with caffeine. I packed up our stuff and moved it into the post-delivery room we’d be occupying, leaving the stereo so Janice could still have some calming music before her surgery.

Though exhausted, I felt calm, almost elated. My fears had eased with the passing of so many hours enduring this ordeal. Sipping my coffee, I looked outside, watching the first morning light filtering through the still smoky skies. A Cadillac pulled into the mostly empty parking lot, and an older couple got out. They were both very formally dressed. She was clutching a Bible, and wore a large

crucifix around her neck. They moved toward the entrance of the hospital with the slow, hesitant solemnity of mourners. At the very hour I was surging with elation, eager to meet my soon to be born son, they were here for a solemn visitation, perhaps to bid farewell to a loved one.

6:00 a.m.
37 hours into labor.

Dr. Lin flopped in, looking well rested and acting as if he had had an undisturbed evening. After listening to Janice describe her painful night, he started adjusting the epidural to block the pain of abdominal surgery. Joking with her about the “great contractions” she had exhibited throughout her labor, he said, “Well, I naturally can’t read those things but you looked like you were going to be able to deliver naturally. That’s OK. We’ll crank you up now. Can you feel here?” He tapped her knees. “Here?” Poked the top of her belly. He poked and fiddled until she said she could feel nothing below her waist.

Dr. Grady and Aldahl arrived soon after, and once again that reassuring atmosphere of calm festivity descended on everyone as they rolled Janice out of the birthing room, across the hall, and into the operating room.

6:30 a.m.
A Son Is Born.

Janice was lying on the operating table with her outstretched arms strapped firmly down, as if she were going to fly or be crucified. I was sitting on a stool next to her head, and a large screen blocked our view of her abdomen.

Once again, I held her hand. Once again, Dr. Lin fiddled with his painkillers, as Drs. Grady and Aldahl prepared their instruments. Once again, thirty-seven hours after he asked the first time, Dr. Grady said, “Ready?” Once again, Janice nodded “yes”, and then everything changed dramatically.

The operating room became eerily silent. All I could hear was the regular beep of Janice’s amplified heartbeat and the metallic clanking of surgical instruments. Nobody spoke. A few minutes passed and I heard the sounds of suction, and looked over to see blood being circulated through some sort of transparent filter, like an oversize water purifier.

“Alright, the baby’s going to be out here in a minute,” said Dr. Grady, and now I heard faint squishing and crunching sounds. “He’s wedged in there pretty good.” Dr. Afauape, the pediatrician, moved the receiving table closer to Janice. Everything seemed to be happening with almost super-human speed.

Dr. Aldahl motions for me to stand up. Still holding Janice’s hand, I peer over the screen and

though I fully know what to expect I’m still stunned by the gaping, bloody slash in my wife’s abdomen. Dr. Grady nods at me, then tosses his scalpel in a tray and plunges both hands into her belly. “OK, here he comes... there we go. Very good.” A bloody mass that has to be Skylar’s head emerges from the incision. “Big shoulders – big baby. Big boy.” With a quick pull Dr. Grady wrenches Skylar completely out of his mother’s womb, and cuts the umbilical cord. Not needing the classic slap on the butt, Skylar filled his lungs and started to cry.

Such a sound!

They passed Skylar to Jenny, who whisked him around the screen to give Janice a quick glimpse, then over to the receiving table where they swathed him in blankets and siphoned fluid from his mouth and lungs. As Dr. Grady removed the placenta and started closing her up, he said, “Good looking boy, Janice.”

Janice smiles at me and squeezes my hand. I feel a pulse of unworldly love shoot through my entire being. Our son was alive and healthy. Janice would be fine.





I hadn't failed. Without cynicism or conceit I'm profoundly aware that I've just experienced – lived through – a genuine miracle.

7:30 a.m.
45 minutes after birth.

In post-op Jenny fussed over Skylar in the incubator while her mother, Pat, tended to Janice lying on the gurney on the opposite side of the room. I was torn between wanting to comfort them both. Already, moments after Sky's birth, I'm wrestling with the classic dilemma of the father.

Peering at him through the plexiglas of the incubator, I saw that Skylar had a bunch of gunk in his eyes. I asked Jenny for a Kleenex to wipe it away, only to be reminded that it was erythromycin, and was supposed to be there. Slowly, very slowly, he started to blink, and finally he opened his eyes for the first time. I stared back at him, knowing he'd never remember this moment and that I would never forget it. All through the pregnancy I wondered what color his eyes would be, and now

they shock me – they're a deep, illuminant indigo.

Though she was still recovering from surgery, Janice began to demand that they bring Skylar to her. She's done all the hard work, damnit, and she still hadn't been able to cuddle with her son! Satisfied that her vital signs had stabilized Pat finally relented and they reunited mother with child. Pat and Jenny both helped Janice get started with breast-feeding.



Satisfied in that fussy-nurse way that all was well, they finally left the three of us alone together.

Skylar immediately started turning blue from head to toe. I raced out of the room and yelled to the nurses at the station to come quickly. They grabbed him and put him back in the incubator for a few minutes. This was our first experience with one of our son's more disturbing behaviors – sometimes he just forgets to breathe, and he can apparently hold his breath for a *very* long time before autonomic reflexes force his lungs into action again.

After a few minutes in the incubator, his color returned and they gave him back to Janice. He soon got the hang of feeding and breathing at the same time. The drama was winding down now, and we'd soon move across the hall and begin the "normal" routine of adapting our lives to live with a newborn.

I went back to our birthing room to move the stereo into our new room. As I was untangling the cords I saw the old man I had noticed earlier. He was walking back out to the Cadillac, alone, his gait even slower than when he entered the hospital.

The Cadillac backed slowly out of its parking place, and I could see the man in profile. As I watched, nearly overwhelmed with the profound species of transitory joy that comes only with the birth of a child, he smashed the steering wheel with both hands, then slumped over it. A moment later, he pushed a fist into his eye to wipe away his tears, then slowly steered his car eastward, toward the now extinguished fires that had only just died away.

Chris Sherman

Father and Son

Wm. Breiding

Hola Wm., I have finally been able to get out from under some of the backlog that piled up during the writing course and go thru **Starfire #9**, **Lost Empires**, and a resurrected copy of “**Coyote – Occurrence at Tea Creek Bridge**,” and would like to offer some unsolicited advice.

I have come to the conclusion that you need to settle down, do some planning & organizing, learn the markets and become a professional writer. If you were to turn pro, you could write your own ticket on travel, where to live and have greater latitude on what you want to do.

I don't know how that sets with you, but if it appeals to you and you'd like to do something about it, I dare you to pull together an outline on how you will go about it, which won't be easy. It will take some of the best thinking you can give it. If you'd like some feedback about the outline, I will try to help. If I don't get a response about this particular matter by December 01, 1998, I will consider it a closed issue and will say no more.

Bird Watcher's Digest returned the Puerto Rican article. I have known the editor since he

was a teenager. He said he has a backlog of articles on the West Indies and has come to the conclusion **BWD** readers are more interested in birds of North America. The search is on again!

Weather and leaf color is and has been outstanding. I hope you accept the above in the light of the way I intend. It's called “tough love.”

Amor, Dad.

Dear Dad, It has occurred to me, as well, that writing is probably the only way that I could ever amount to anything, in that I could write my own meal ticket if I were to become a competent author who was able to deliver in a timely and professional manner. As I said in the first part of that sentence: I've known this for a long time now.



But knowing something and making it happen are two things that sit on opposite poles.

Since you think you are dispensing tough love, let me take this opportunity to dispense it right back. As you also declared, please bear in mind that anything I might say below is said with affection and with the hope that we might clearly communicate on a deeper level than we do through the normal course of our relationship. I have intuitively grasped that it is hard for you to understand why none of your children have gone on to “become” something. That you, on occasion, find it frustrating to see your six children more or less treading water to stay afloat, instead of forging

ahead to gain some distance. Let me explain it from your youngest's point of view.

I have an undisciplined and untrained mind. The reason for this is partially due to the fact that I have but a fifth grade education. Other factors are that I was brought up in an unstable environment and family life. I am putting this mildly in order to avoid getting off the subject. I have never been an achiever, a do-er or a go-getter. Not many of your children are. Those that come closest are Joan and Michael, who have both proven that when they want something they will have the tenacity to stick to their goal and get it. I can't say that this is true for the rest of us.

We do not take after our father, who is highly motivated and goal oriented, willing to surmount whatever obstacles to achieve completion of a desired affect.

I've known that I have had problems in this area since my mid-20s. In my own way I have prevailed against ill winds and achieved a certain degree of literacy that some who have gone on to PhDs have not acquired.



This was strictly out of interest. Since I was basically abandoned of parental guidance at the age of eleven (perhaps even earlier; I am not saying this to give you fodder against my mother; she did as she must, as did you, as you once told me about 25 years ago) I was able to haphazardly learn about only what interests me. What interests me lies strictly in the arts: reading, writing, music, photography and film-making, with the occasional dipping into theatre (plays) and painting. I was not interested in "higher" education, like learning how to spell, mathematics, and making certain that I had job skills that would help me move easier through the world while I lived in it, let alone a master's degree. My fifth grade education has contributed much to my world, both positively and negatively.

I am a slacker. In the event that you are unfamiliar with current (and already slightly out-moded) slang, a slacker is a person who is unmotivated and cares nothing for making headway in the larger world, and is happier hanging out doing "nothing" and likely has a job in a cafe or as a clerk with minimal responsibility and a scanty paycheck. This describes my entire life, Dad. But unlike many of the slackers of today, who are students and will eventually rise out of their slacker ways, as, say, the hippies did at the turn of the nineteen-eighties, I have and will continue on in my slacker ways, because I have something that is essentially missing from my personal makeup. You may be expecting me to define what that certain something is in this

next sentence, but I can not. If I could it would likely be possible for me to prevail over the context of my life, break through the barriers that stop me from becoming an accomplished and successful (i.e., money-making) writer.

This is what you probably see: That I am lazy, undisciplined, unmotivated and incapable of setting goals and then sticking to them until they are achieved. From your point of view, and even sometimes from my own, that is probably a correct summation of my terribly messed up life.

But the problem lies deeper than being a slacker. Far, far, deeper. You have to go beyond the surface and ask: Why is it that I have turned out this way and why do I find that I am incapable of changing? No doubt you are thinking: You can do whatever you want if you set your mind to it. You did it, right? So why can't I? The problem comes in at the most basic level: I don't have the skill to do "whatever it takes", let alone applying that skill to accomplish something like writing a hack novel that would hit the bestseller list and provide me the beginning of enough self assurance and cash to live a life that I find satisfying and fulfilling. I live the life of a zombie-worker with an interior life that has nothing to do with the junk jobs that I toil away at to pay the rent and put food on the table. Not being capable of fulfilling my potential also, of course, means that I find myself incapable of upgrading my resume to this plainly science fictional world we now live in. Unless I can make some sort of breakthrough in my writing, "buckle down" as you might put it, I fully expect to end up a dishwasher in some lowly cafe out in the sticks as I grow older. Fewer and fewer jobs are now available to me as a man in his forties with a fifth grade education.

At this juncture you are probably frustrated in your attempt to understand the point of this letter: why I am seemingly incapable of making something of myself. You've expected me to point out the obstacles clearly to you, in a way that you might understand them and me. But I cannot. Part of my problem in dealing with life, my life in particular, is that I cannot clearly see what those obstacles are. I live in a blur. If I could delineate I might more easily function in this life. You may think this is all hogwash: Just a bunch of thinly veiled excuses for not living up to your admittedly low-key expectations of me. You might be right, but I don't think so.

I doubt you were expecting this kind of response to your brief but upbeat and challenging message. To answer the question embedded in that message: yes, do send on your ideas for an "outline" for my future. I'd be interested to see what you envision. I can't guarantee that I'll act on any of it, or that I am even capable of it, but I'd like to see what you think. One of the problems I have with writing is that I'm bad at outlines.

OKAY: Now, on to your own literary effort, your first short story, written at the age of 81.

Since this was written for a class I am sure that you have gotten plenty of feedback about what's wrong with it – and there is plenty wrong with it. Instead I intend to highlight what's right with it and make a suggestion.

Your greatest strength as a writer is your descriptive power. There is no mystery in that. You've been spending the last 50 years writing about the landscape in one form or another, so it is well honed. Your characters are made of cardboard, but there was an essence instilled in them that was thrilling, almost mythic, that I find really works for me by other writers who already know what they are doing. These

are two ingredients that are important to fiction and you've already got them in hand. To figure out how to make these components work in the larger picture of a story I recommend only two things: that you start reading fiction again and that you continue writing.

I learned to write from reading, Dad, strictly. If you don't read fiction by those who know how to do it, it will be 10 times more difficult to write an accomplished story. Three writers came to mind when I read your piece, all of them very different: two of them will be easy to find at any used book store; the other might take some searching. The writers I thought of, and their specific works, were:

- John Cheever – **THE STORIES OF JOHN CHEEVER**
- Ursula K. LeGuin – **THE WORD FOR WORLD IS FOREST**
- Cordwainer Smith – **THE INSTRUMENTALITY OF MANKIND**

LeGuin and Smith are science fiction writers, but I thought of them when reading your story because of their abilities in character and description, as well as

plot development. The LeGuin story, often found printed as a small stand-alone book because of its length, you already have, but I doubt read, and may have even gotten rid of by now. I sent it to you over 10 years ago. I suggest you dig it out and read it, if you still have it. The LeGuin story is basically an allegory about nature, ecology, habitat and endangered species, but takes place on another planet. The Cordwainer Smith, a collection of short stories, I thought of because of the high content of romance and myth with which he imbues his work that was displayed in its kernel form in your story. The John Cheever collection I recommend for tone, character and incident – you can't call it "plot" because Cheever's short stories are tales of the interior, existential if you will. Go thou and peruse your used book store of choice. Browse and buy and READ whatever catches your eye. In this way you will learn.

How about that. I turned the tables, didn't I?

With affection, your # 4 son,

William

.....
Photo of Father by William M. Breiding, taken in 1994 in West Virginia. Photo of Son on porch by Christina H. Hionides, taken in 1997 in Iowa. The piece was written in 1998 in Tucson.
.....

from *Double:Bill* 20, June 1969

All this is by way of saying that if I must pin my life down to one supreme goal... that goal is to somehow, in someway – both directly and vicariously as a 'presenter' of others' work – create and bring into a world too wrapped up in gray twilight... a ray of starlight, something beautiful. It will be beauty by my definition, naturally. ...and I realize that what I find beautiful, YOU might find to be grotesque or shallow – but this is as with anything subject to a 'value' judgement.

I find beauty in many things, many places; I find beauty by no logical process... but I do find it. [...] I find beauty in a story well told, in the hope that there will be a 2001. I find beauty in the splashdown of Apollo 10 (today)... and believe me, I find it infinitely beautiful that the Lunar Landing is scheduled for July 20... my 26th birthday!

[...] I am not asking for 'pretty alternative futures' although a few of those would be nice. What I'm simply asking is that you out there open your eyes, and look around for a few Good Things... and that you do me the favor of prodding me when my eyes start closing in on nightmares...

I ended up sermonizing again, didn't I? Oh, well...

– Bill

Another Father, Another Son

Skel

SUNDAY, MAY 1, 2000

...to a few friends, some of whom have met my parents, to let you know that my father died at 0240 hours this morning.

He'd been in hospital for nearly four weeks after fracturing a couple of lumbar vertebrae in a fall at home.

He'd had problems with his breathing, but these were made more difficult by having to spend so long flat on his back, and picking up a chest infection shortly after entering hospital made things much worse.

My brother John visited him on Thursday night and said he seemed fine. My brother Mark went in to see him just after lunch on Friday to be told that he'd had a heart attack, and his heart had stopped. They resuscitated him successfully but his kidneys were starting to fail and they didn't hold out much hope. Cas and I took my mother in to see him later that afternoon. He was just about conscious, but had an air-tube down his throat to assist with breathing and drainage, and wasn't able to talk. He was straining terribly for every bubbly breath.

My brother John arrived and we discussed things with the Ward Sister. He was deteriorating rapidly. We agreed he should be allowed to die with dignity. Seeing

him like that had upset my mother so much she said she couldn't bear to see him like that again.

Yesterday morning we took our Bethany and Adele to the hospital to see him, and our Nicholas came independently, but whilst he seemed to be breathing a little more easily he did not regain consciousness or respond in any way when addressed or touched. Cas and I went back in the evening and sat with him awhile, but his condition was basically unchanged.

After we left, Nicholas called in to see him again, and stayed a while.

The hospital staff telephoned at about 0215 hours to say he was beginning to decline rapidly. We threw our clothes on and were by his bedside by about 0230. A nurse was sitting with him, holding his hand even though he was still unconscious.

The gasping for breath had gone. He was now breathing slowly and shallowly, without any apparent strain. Then we realised that



Paul, Patch, Claude, Mark, Mum & John at Offerton Cricket Club

the next breath was overdue, and it never came. There was a palpable sense that he had slipped away peacefully in his sleep, though I suspect the diamorphine had made no small contribution in this regard.

His quality of life had deteriorated markedly over the last few years. He would lay awake all night listening to Radio 5 (the sport & current affairs channel) and pretty much sleep until 1700 hours. Then he'd get up to spend the evening drinking 4 large glasses of scotch-and-water whilst watching television (he would easily get through 1½ litres of scotch every week). His life was a very small triangle – about eight yards from bed to bathroom, about 15 from bathroom to his TV chair, and about the same back to bed.

Two weeks out of every eight were spent in respite care at a local hospital (so that my mum could get a break from the mental strain of constant worrying). In theory he should have enjoyed this. It provided some variety. He could make the acquaintance of the other guys who went in on the same regular cycle. There is no question but that these fortnights helped him. When we'd go and visit he was significantly brighter and more coherent. But of course he couldn't drink (one isn't alone in seeing some sort of cause & effect here). They let him drink at first (albeit only a single large one every evening rather than his regular four), but he was on warfarin to prevent further blood clots and when on that you shouldn't drink at all. His arms always appeared to be a mass of fresh bruises because of internal bleeding. The hospital Doctor put his foot down. Told him if he didn't stop drinking, it would kill him.

"Then I'll die," he replied.

My mother said "I know it's not doing him any good, but it's just about the only pleasure he's got left."

I asked the nurse at the hospital, "OK, if he stops drinking is he going

to be able to take up fell-walking or ballroom dancing? Is he going to be able to develop his remaining years into an enriching and rewarding experience?"

"Er, no," she replied.

But in the end my dad won.

The drinking didn't kill him. He died because of an almost total systems failure.

His heart was packing up.

His lungs were packing up.

His kidneys were packing up.

But his liver was going "Tum-te-tum-te-tum. This is a piece of cake. What are you guys playing at? Tum-te-tum-te-tum-te-tum."

I'll miss you dad.

SATURDAY, MAY 27, 2000

We burned my Dad yesterday. At least we burned the husk he'd left behind. It was an amazing experience. There wasn't a seat left in the house.

The Chapel at the crematorium was packed. He was just my dad, you know? But he wasn't. He was a lot of things to a lot of people. He'd hardly been out of the house for the last few years but so many people remembered him for his positive contributions to their lives.

He'd been retired almost ten years, but there were lots of people from his old place of work who made a point of telling us how he'd helped them take over from his old friends and partners when they'd died. They hadn't seen him for ten years but they all felt blessed to have known him, and were anxious to stress the fact that they felt privileged to attend his funeral.

Discounting family, there were two other areas where my father was deeply loved. He was intensely involved for many years with Offerton Cricket Club, where for most of the time he was the Wicket Keeper and Opening Batsman.

So good was he in fact that whichever league they played in,



Claude in his garden

he would invariably represent that league in interleague matches.

But my father was also always at the pub, and that's another area where people who knew him wanted to pay their last respects.

So the fact that my Dad had basically been house-bound for the last seven years, and out of touch with his friends, didn't matter one jot.

Came the day, at the funeral, it was standing room only.

Completely blew me away.

The Funeral Director, when she'd called around at the house to confirm the arrangements, said there'd be the opportunity to play a piece of personal music after the service. Aptness to the proceedings was not an issue. Absolutely anything at all that was special to, or associated with my father.

We discussed various songs but there didn't seem to be anything 'special' enough, and then suddenly

it came to me. I attracted my mother's attention and said "Nirvana".

"Oh Yes!" she said.

It was my dad's party piece. He had a beautiful voice and when he was younger no party or Cricket Club social function was complete without somebody chiming in with "Give us 'Nirvana', Claude."

The thing is we really knew nothing about the song, and it was then just a couple of days before the funeral. No time to make enquiries or order anything.

The song had to have been 'popular' in the early fifties, and the only singer I could think of from that time, who you could probably still get on CD today, was the Irish tenor Josef Locke. I tried a net search, but got thousands

of hits on 'Josef Locke' combined with 'Nirvana' on account of the sodding band of the same name (& anybody who says "I never knew there was a band called 'Josef Locke'" will end up in receipt of the world's first rectal e-mail).

More in hope than expectation I went to Manchester's largest CD store the following lunchtime and was shown the section where the Josef Locke CDs were racked. Seven or eight different titles, some very reasonably priced. They were all, as one would expect after this length of time, retrospectives with about 20–25 tracks on each, but after carefully eyetracking them all I placed them back without success. Maybe they just didn't have the right CD, or more likely

maybe Josef Locke was simply an incorrect guess.

I tried the back of the next rack down and came up with a 4-CD boxed set of his EMI recordings... and there, the eighth track on the third CD, was 'Nirvana'.

"Just my luck" I told the Shop Assistant. "All those reasonably-priced CDs, but the only one with the track I need is a £27 boxed-set."

But it was worth it. The number of people who commented on it to my mother as they came out of the crematorium, either remembering it as my father's song, or simply saying what a beautiful and effective song it was to finish with.

Skel

from *Xenolith 42*, published 2/10/99

Although I think of myself (don't we all?) as being Forever Young, I find that no longer am I so chronologically: I was born in 1943, to parents who were 32 when they married, 33 when I was born. Both of my parents only attained a 6th grade education: my father went to work in the coal mines of southern Ohio very early, and my mother, reared in the "Pennsylvania Dutch" milieu was "apprenticed" to various Mennonite families as a pre-teenager.

We are all, I know, the product of our upbringing... as tempered by what we, personally, do with that upbringing.

My mother was (and is; she is now 88, and though legally blind, still living on her own) the most loving and caring individual I've ever known.

My father, who died shortly after his 80th birthday in 1990 was, to put it with a dispassion I probably couldn't have carried off ten years ago, simply not cut out to be a parent. (And is a large reason why I early on made the conscious decision not to become a parent myself.) Perhaps his most lasting "impact" on me was, however, not of his own free choice: When I was seven years old, he suffered a nervous breakdown, and was sent to a sanitarium, where he was administered electronic shock treatments. I wasn't quite aware of all the ramifications at the time, but one thing I knew for certain: the man who Went In was *not* the Same Man who Came Out six months later. It was at that point that, young as I was, I decided that I would never ever "lose control" to the extent that "they" could do something similar to me.

It hasn't always made my life "easy – for me or for those who know me, I gather – but it is definitely one of the prime ingredients in the chaotic stew that has become the "me" of late 1998.

Another, and possibly "equal" prime factor occurred simultaneously: While my father was institutionalized, they finally figured out why I was having "trouble" at school, and I got my first pair of eyeglasses. (I'm not big on "malebonding" organizations, but the local Lions club paid for that first pair, and they still have my gratitude...)

The Third Major Influence on my life took a bit longer to come to fruition, rather than being directly attributable to a single event-in-time. I was reared (and I used that word, as opposed to raised, deliberately) in a fundamentalist fire 'n brimstone (you will be Damned to Eternal Hell if you so much as *breathe* heavily...) environment: it would probably be shorter by far to list the things that weren't forbidden, than those that were. Comics were verboten; I saw one film, **Julius Caesar**, on a junior-high field trip, the *only* film I saw prior to high school graduation – and it goes without saying that television was the Box of The Devil.

I've spent the succeeding years watching interminable movies, with no critical faculties whatsoever, wasted countless more hours on mindless tv shows – and have produced some rather "fancy" fanzines, in my time. And I fear blindness more than I fear anything else.

Oh, it wasn't a totally "bad" childhood. We never had much, but we always had a roof over our heads, always had clothes on our back... and always had enough to eat. Others have had it far worse, and I know that.

– Bill

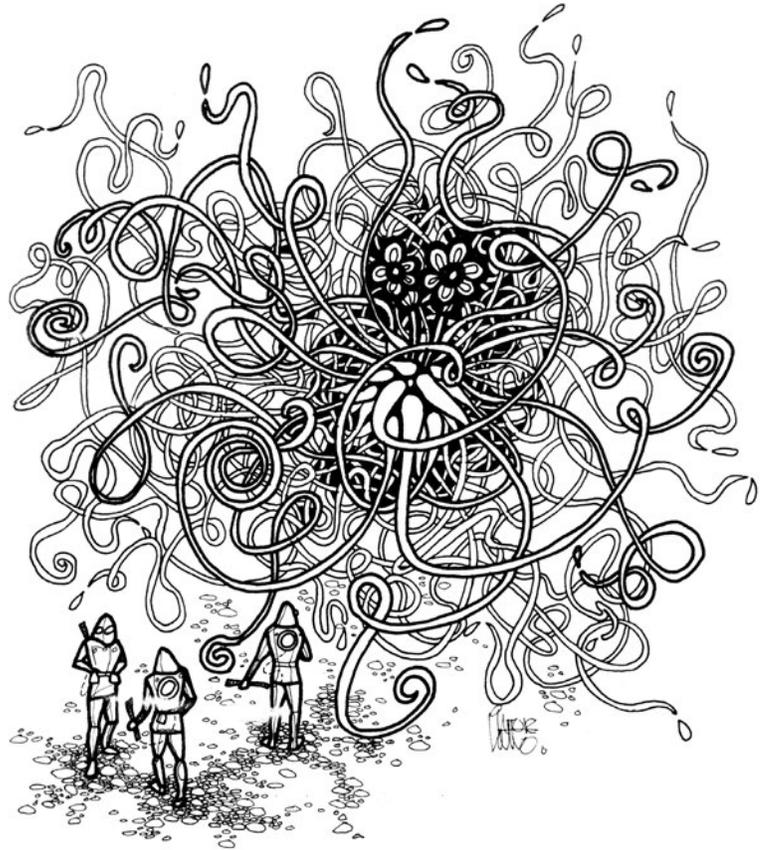
A Quasi-Journal...

Stephen Leigh

I CAME ACROSS the “Not A Web-ring” (NAW) group of journalists while surfing the web. Most of the NAW group are fairly new writers keeping online journals of their writing efforts. Some of these journals are simple lists of submissions and rejections and the (very) occasional acceptance. Pretty boring, actually. But a *few* of them...

A few of them are what I’ve always enjoyed most in fanzines and apazines – very personal, very individualistic and introspective journals chronicling the events of their daily lives and shedding confessional light on how life is impacting them. Great stuff. The fodder of life (and fiction) itself. I found myself returning to those journals every day, looking to understand more of the people behind them, writers like Ron Collins, Lisa Silverthorne, Linda Dunn, Tamara Viglione... I wasn’t reading everyone’s journal, but a good dozen or so I was hitting once a day, just to see if there were changes.

I found myself itching to do some of the same, though I worried that doing this would take away from my own limited time to write. But I started to produce a once-a-week-or-so journal. After the second entry, I suddenly found



that the NAW group had “adopted” me – my name was in the listing (and I was getting a much heavier number of ‘hits’ a day). And no... doing an occasional journal entry didn’t seem to affect the rest of the writing much.

A few months before I started the journal, Bill, in his usual subtle manner, had asked if I’d be interested in writing a column for **Outworlds**. I’d said “no,” but that word’s not in Bill’s vocabulary, so I wasn’t surprised when, a while later, Bill asked if I’d changed my mind because he was getting the **Outworlds** itch again. He mentioned he’d been reading the online journal, and my memory of the conversation is that the light

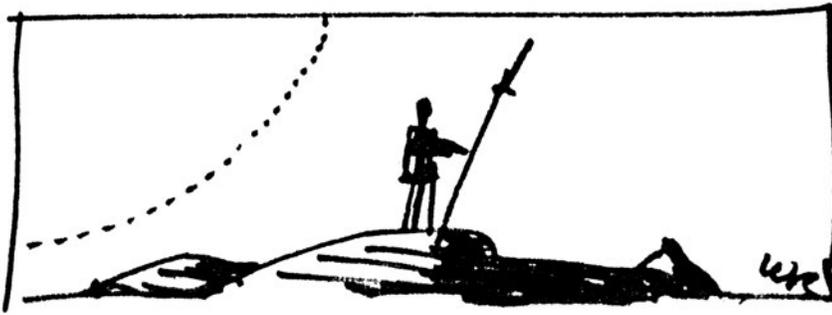
went on for both of us around the same time.

“Hey, what I’m doing on my website is the same kind of thing I usually do for you...”

“Steve, what if I just took some of your journal entries and used them...”

So... Bill downloaded several of the entries. If you’re so inclined, welcome to a few thoughts knocked out of my head by collision with life. I won’t pretend they’re polished and buffed and shined – the journal is pretty much first draft whatever-comes-out-of-my-head-and-into-my-fingers.

Take it for what it is.



12/10/98

MEGEN'S BEEN INVOLVED in the production of "A Midsummer's Night Dream" at her high school – she was part of the props crew, the stage set construction crew, as well as the backstage crew. Megen's been a Shakespeare fan for some time, since reading "Romeo and Juliet" back in 8th Grade. She spent part of that summer reading several of Shakespeare's plays. I was amazed to find that she laughed at many of the jokes that generally fly over the heads of audiences not attuned to the convoluted Elizabethan speech.

When the high school decided to do "A Midsummer's Night Dream", Megen immediately signed up to work on the production. (I was surprised that she didn't try out for the play itself, but she claims she didn't know about try-outs until they were over. I'm not entirely sure I believe that...)

Denise, Devon and I went to see the play last weekend and enjoyed ourselves immensely (Puck was perfectly cast). Best, though, was watching the energy Megen put into the work, and watching her smiling and laughing with the rest of the cast and crew afterward. She was so animated and enthusiastic, and it tugged my own lips into a grin in empathy. In the center of her room now sits a forest stump that once was on the stage, reminding her, perhaps, that dreams sometimes can be made tangible.

* * *

DID SOMETHING THIS week that I haven't done in fifteen years – I went out and bought music equipment: a new bass amp. (We'd damn well better play out now...!) Two decades have improved things – the amp is far smaller and yet sounds better than the two tons of stage equipment I used to haul around. I've spent the last several days playing along with CDs and saying "Damn, listen to that, Denise – doesn't this thing sound great?" Denise cocks her head and sends an indulgent smile in my direction, watching a late-forties boy playing with his new toy.

* * *

THIS LAST WEEKEND was also a testing date at Aikido. I spent Saturday night sitting patiently in seiza with the other black belts at the front of the mat, my legs and feet going to sleep while we watched several kyu tests. I was reminded of how we sometimes don't notice the progress we make. We change so slowly that sometimes we aren't aware of how much we've altered ourselves. I see small things in techniques now that I would never have noticed ten years ago – and not seeing them, I could never have understood how important they were. Somebody was videotaping, and I wondered what I would have looked like, if I'd had a tape of my first few tests...

As in aikido, so in the rest of life – when I came home, I pulled out one of the first stories I'd ever

had published, and I read it as I might watch a videotape of an earlier me, comparing it to the me I am now. And yes, I have changed. I've learned. I continue to learn.

That's a good thing to know.

12/14/98

I SPENT SUNDAY night in a bar with Tom, the drummer in our band, listening to another local group, the Bluebirds. A vastly mediocre name, but one extremely good group of musicians. We listened to one set before I decided to call it a night (hey, it was Sunday, and I had to get up in the morning...). During the set, Tom and I kept turning to each other and shaking our heads in awe. "That's one hell of a bass player," Tom shouted in my ear at one point, which was entirely true – he was excellent... but it also brought back memories of other nights watching other musicians...

In the past, I would have heard that comment, and in an unbridled display of egoism and stupidity, I would have subconsciously added the phrase "...which means you're not, Steve." Similarly, I would have heard a comment along the lines of "Hey. I really like the guitar player's voice" as "Hey, I really like that guitar player's voice... not yours, Steve."

I was the same way with writing. "Y'know, I think So-and-So's novel is great" would have gone through the ego-translator as "Y'know, I think So-and-So's novel is great... so yours obviously must suck."

There is progress in life.

A semblance of maturity can actually sneak up on you if you work at it.

I'm pleased to find that I no longer take such comments self-referentially. (Okay, most of the time, anyway...) I can actually hear someone say they like this or that

book and realize they're talking about one novel and Nothing Else. That doesn't mean the ego's gone (obviously I have enough of an ego to think someone other than myself might be interested in reading this self-referential maundering, or I wouldn't be posting it on a website, right?), but I have at least put a veneer of control over the monster.

Progress.

* * *

MUSIC AGAIN... Next year will be my high school class's 30th reunion. (Yeah, go ahead and do the math. I'll wait here for you to boot up your calculator... Yes, you're right, I am an old bastard.) Now, high school was not a pleasant experience for me, and I've never attended any of the reunions in the past. But... this year, I was contacted by the drummer (no, not the same one) for the band I'd played with back then. He wanted to put together a set of music with the old group for the reunion. He must have caught me in a weak moment; I said yes.

We met the other night for dinner: a few of them I hadn't seen in all the intervening decades; the others I'd at least played with for several years after we'd left school and had seen sporadically since. We talked music and memories, and I realized something...

I had the feeling that for most of the people at the table, there hadn't been any really 'good' music written since the early '70s. They've fossilized, their tastes and openness to new experiences gone to stone. Everything is compared against the template of a remembered Good Old Days that never really existed in the first place... or maybe the reality is that we're always living in the midst of someone else's Good Old Days...

12/29/98

MEGEN WANTED TO go over to Melissa's house Tuesday evening. Denise and I looked at each and sighed – Melissa lives 30–40 minutes away on the other side of the Cincinnati world, which meant one of us was going to lose an hour to an hour and a half chunk of our evening. I offered to drive as long as Megen would get directions and make arrangements to get back here the next morning, since she was staying overnight. She made several phone calls to do that, so I had to keep my part of the bargain. I'll admit I did it somewhat grudgingly – evening is the only time I have in which to write, and this was going to take a large bite out of it.

We headed out, got off the expressway at the exit we'd been told to take, turned right as Megen's directions indicated, then looked for the first traffic light – which turned out to be a long way down the road. Turned left. Started looking for the third street. Found the third street, but the street name didn't match. Kept going. The fourth didn't match either, or the fifth, or the sixth, and by now we were out in East Jesus somewhere, with nothing much on the sides of the road but brown fields and the occasional small warehouse.

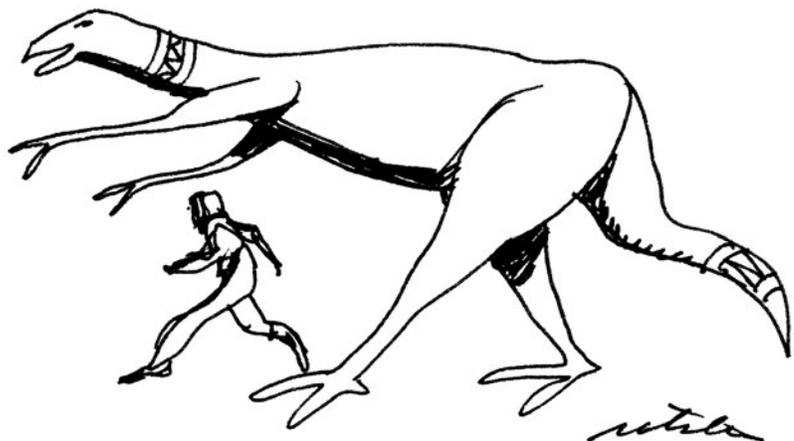
We turned back. Checked all the road signs. As we backtracked.

Megen tried to call Melissa on the cellular phone: busy. We backtracked all the way. Still busy. We parked in a gas station lot. Still busy.

By this time, we'd already been gone from the house for over an hour. I was... well, I was mightily irritated. Frustrated. Angry.

And the phone was still busy. Megen speculated that since another friend had given her the directions to Melissa's, which friend was approaching from the other direction on the expressway, that maybe the 'turn right off the expressway' should have been 'turn left off the expressway.' I looked at her. I probably even gave her one of those eye-rolls which Megen has perfected since she's become a teenager. I vented: "This is the only time I have to do the things I need to do, and I'm wasting it driving around out here..." But I went across the expressway and tried Megen's suggestion. First traffic light, left, third street... and it was the correct name. OK, one problem solved. We followed the rest of the directions, got into the subdivision... and the directions fouled up again. Tried the phone... right. You guessed it. Megen went to a couple houses nearby – nobody knew the people we were looking for, and Megen didn't have the address.

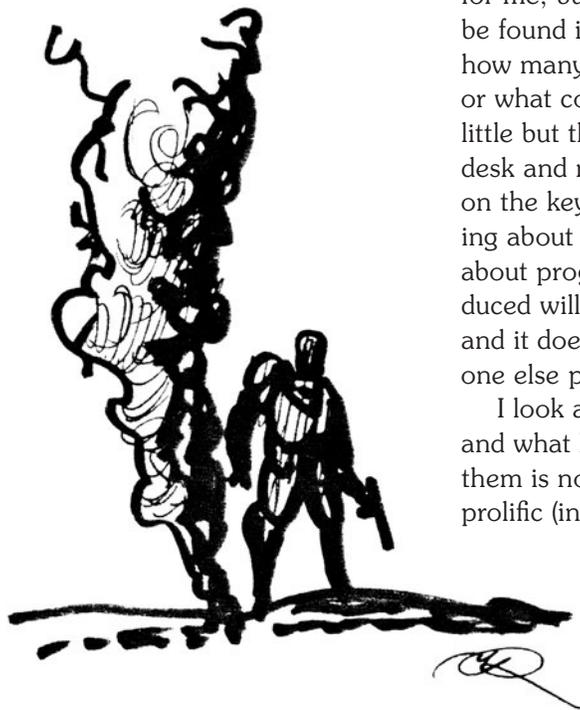
I was not a happy camper. I told Megen so. Tried the phone



again. Busy. Waited. Tried the phone again... it rang.

Melissa guided us a little further down the road to the right house. I dropped Megen off and drove home still fuming.

All of which is a long preamble to what I want to say. On the way home, when I finally cooled off enough again to be rational, I realized how much of an ass I'd been. I'd been handed an opportunity to really share something with my daughter. We could have worked together – an exercise in problem solving. OK, Meg. Let's see, what are our options here? The cell phone. Busy, eh? Too bad. Hey, we could see if the gas station has a city map and see if we can find the road. Oh, since your friend's coming from the other direction, maybe she was off on that first turn – hey, that's a good example of deductive reasoning – let's give it a shot! Instead, I squandered the opportunity with self-centered bickering. Instead of working with Meg, instead of sharing, instead of both of us learning from the experience, I demonstrated that my maturity level is sometimes lower than hers.



At least I realized it. And what I'll do tonight is write her a note, letting her know that at least I saw the problem. Sorry, Megen. I should have left you tonight with a smile, not a frown.

1/3/99

I KNOW IT'S TRADITIONAL to wrap up the previous year, generally via lists of word counts, numbers of stories written, tallies of rejection vs. sales... I won't give you any of that. Writing's not a manufacturing process. Writing's not a production line. Quantity doesn't matter. Produce one gem of a story, and the year was worthwhile – the dozen other stories you wrote that were flawed and broken matter not at all except that they were practice, sketch pads on which you practiced your craft.

End the year writing better than you did the year before, and it was a worthwhile year. End the year seeing people and situations with a clearer eye (and being able to transfer that vision to words on a page), and it was a worthwhile year.

I think 1998 was such a year for me, but the proof of that can't be found in numbers. Telling you how many words I wrote last year, or what contracts I signed proves little but that I was sitting at my desk and making my fingers move on the keyboard. Tallies say nothing about quality; they say nothing about progress. The work produced will have to speak for itself, and it does that every time someone else picks it up and reads it.

I look at the writers I admire, and what I find admirable about them is not the fact that they're prolific (in fact, they rarely are)

but that they produce works of studied beauty, that they can write a sentence that makes me gasp and suddenly see something differently than I did the moment before. If they can do so once a year, or once every five years, that's enough.

I think 1998 was a good year for me. But I don't know. I won't know for a long time yet.

1/9/99

A NEW RULE-TO-LIVE-BY – choose your urologist by the size of his/her fingers...

* * *

I WAS TAKING Devon to school yesterday, as I do nearly every day. We reached the traffic light at the street leading out from our subdivision onto the main street – we were the first in a line of maybe six or seven cars waiting in the snow flurries. A metro bus was on the main street, waiting to turn left onto our street, and I grimaced – the street was narrow, and I knew there was no way the bus could make the turn with us sitting there. The driver looked at me, and I shook my head at him, spreading my hands wide. The light was about to change, and after our line had all gone through the intersection, our street would be clear enough for him to turn easily. "Wait," I told him aloud (strange how we'll talk aloud even though we know the other person can't possibly hear us...) – and he pulled the bus into the intersection and tried to make the turn.

And, of course, he couldn't.

He stopped with the front quarter of the bus about an inch from my fender and the rest of the bus out in the intersection, blocking traffic both ways. I couldn't move, nor could the car behind me, or the car behind her, or the car behind her... Right, it was now

up to the last person in the line to put it in reverse, so we could all back up, so the bus could finally complete the turn. By the clock on my dashboard, that realization percolated down the line of cars in about five minutes – three entire cycles of the traffic light. I could see the bus driver the whole time, gesturing angrily at me and the other drivers. I just shook my head at him sadly. Finally, the last car backed away, and the whole line of cars could move back to allow the bus through.

As we finally made our turn and headed toward school, I said to Devon. “Y’know, Devon, that guy could have gotten where he was going faster by waiting.”

“Sometimes that’s just the way it is, Dad,” Devon answered.

And he was right.

1/17/99

WE MOVED MY grandmother Friday.

...Her name is Eva. We always called her “Gigi” – not the French pronunciation, but with a hard “G”. The nickname was mine – evidently when I was just learning to talk, that was the way I pronounced “Grandma,” and the name stuck. She became Gigi for everyone in my family.

Gigi figures in my writing, as well. My first professional sale was to *Analog*, a story called “Answer In Cold Stone”. When the magazine came out, I proudly gave a copy to Gigi. She read the story (or at least part of it) – and I learned later that my mom had to reassure her that the first line – “It is in my family to hate.” – did not refer to us.

I never knew my grandfather – her husband, my mother’s father. He died in 1951 of a brain embolism when I was six months old. He’d taken me for a walk around the neighborhood, as he evidently did most evenings, showing off his

first grandchild... and during the night, something broke inside him and he never woke up. Gigi took a job as a realtor afterward, managing to keep herself active and to bring in needed income. She evidently did fairly well – but between going through the Depression and then being widowed early, she was always concerned about money. She saved; she invested; she spent little on herself even when, later on, she had more than enough money to do so.

Yet she was generous enough with us kids. When I was in my teens, I’d head down to her house when it snowed to shovel the walks. She’d always try to pay me – a ludicrously large \$5 in a time when that would fill a gas tank and then buy lunch as well. It would be a struggle to turn her down. Sometimes (especially when the gas tank in the VW bug was low) she’d even win.

In her mid 80’s, she still walked around the neighborhood every day, striding quickly down the sidewalks at a pace that could wear out someone half her age. If her gutters needed cleaning, Dad or I would have to get to the house quickly, or we’d find her up on the ladder, cleaning them herself. If it snowed, I’d often head over to her house to find her already out in the driveway with her shovel. She walked to the grocery – a mile and half away – and brought back the groceries with her. She lived in the big house she’d always lived in, alone.

A few years back, the changes began... She forgot names. We’d find frozen food thawed in the refrigerator, or milk in the freezer. There was someone else living upstairs in the house, she insisted,



and she’d leave notes on her food: “Don’t eat this. It’s for my supper.” She would write notes on other things and think someone else had written them. She’d read articles in the newspaper and think they were about her.

We knew she couldn’t live alone any more.

That move was traumatic enough for the family, and hardest, I think, on my mom. Selling the old family house (and convincing Gigi that it was necessary) was a struggle. For the last two and half years, Gigi lived at Mapleknoll, a local “Retirement Community”, in what they term Assisted Living – she had her own two-room efficiency apartment with her own furniture, and could come and go as she pleased. They provided meals, kept the apartment clean, and gave Gigi medicine as needed. The apartment was nice, the building large and spacious and interesting, and they had activities of all sorts for the residents to take part in. Gigi never took part. I think she was too used to being alone, to being solitary. I think, at the core, she was frightened by other people, that she found social interaction with strangers too stressful.

In the last few months, her behavior started to deteriorate further. She was becoming agitated and paranoid, unable to sit still, walking the halls and wandering into other resident's rooms and upsetting them. Sometimes she would recognize us when we visited; at other times she might not. Her conversation was wandering and halting. It was becoming obvious to all of us that she was going to need more care than Assisted Living could provide.

And Friday, we moved her to an Alzheimer's care unit. It's a beautiful facility, and she'll be well looked-after there. It's the best thing for her. But...

It's so sad. Alzheimer's is a damned cruel disease. It steals someone you love and leaves behind a husk. It swaddles the mind in confusion and bewilderment. You can remember the bus you used to take downtown in 1930 (#17, if you're interested), but you can't remember where your room is or where you put your purse two minutes ago. Alzheimer's twists your personality, making you suspicious and afraid. I look at Gigi, and sometimes I see the eyes of a lost soul, her gaze withdrawn and uncertain. I see her give me a smile that she might give to a stranger, because she's not really certain who I am or why I'm talking with her. I can hear the agitation in her voice when she tries to tell me something and can't find the words, and I can't help her.

All I can do is nod and agree, and be there...

Where neither one of us want to be.

1/24/99

I EXPECT THAT most people reading this journal, given our shared interest in science fiction, will have seen the movie *Contact*. I just happened to catch the movie

again on HBO, and was once again snared.

In my estimation, *Contact* is the single best sf movie yet made: no alien monsters, no space opera, no solutions, no winners or losers, no answers. Just a sense of wonder, characters who are complicated individuals and true to their own beliefs (even when they don't agree with each other), and a bevy of interesting questions. If for some reason you haven't seen *Contact*, head out to your nearest video rental store this evening and get it. You'll be delightfully rewarded.

* * *



THE BAND PLAYED for the first time in front of an audience last night – a surprise 40th birthday party for Robin, who's married to Tom, our drummer. We did two sets in front of an easy audience of friends, Tom's neighbors, and a dozen or so local musicians with whom we've played in various combinations over the last few decades. Had a great time – and it was good to hear appreciative applause again.

If you've ever performed in front of an audience, you probably understand what I mean. I've

spent a fair portion of my life doing just that – as a musician, as a juggler, even as a writer. Applause is the best drug in the world, and just as addictive. The rare standing ovation is a high unlike any other. You can bathe in it – the appreciation cascades over you like cool water on a steaming summer day, your skin tingling with the noise.

This is why performers keep going long after their greatest popularity has waned. This is why popular bands have reunion tours a decade after their last recording. It's not the money – it's the gift of applause. It's the scary adrenaline rush of being on stage. It's the addiction of recognition.

You get that in writing – in singular dribbles, mostly, when someone says "Hey, I read your story and really liked it." I'd speculate that it's THE driving force in why we write – because we crave those moments. Because we intend to have an audience other than ourselves, because we want others to see things the way we see them. Because we want them to come back to us and say "Yeah! I never thought of that. I never put things together that way before. Thanks for letting me see through your eyes!"

I know I've answered this question on panels before: "If you knew that none of your stories were ever going to be published again, would you still write?" And I unhesitatingly answer: "Yes! I would still write, because it's something I can't stop doing." But you know what: in all honesty, I don't really believe the premise of the question. I don't believe that everything I write will go unpublished. Surely that can't happen. I will sell the next story, or if not that one, then the one after, or the one after that. I have to believe that, because I'm writing for an audience of more than me – if I really, really knew that I was the

only one who would ever see my deathless prose, then why write? It's all in my head, all the time. There'd be no need to put it on paper, not for just me.

So I write. So I pick up the bass and practice. So I sing along with songs. So I still pick up the clubs and juggle once in a while. Because sometime, somewhere, there may be an audience, and they may give me the gift of their appreciation.

1/28/99

ANOTHER MISERABLE DAY at work today. Excuse me while I rant...

When I look at most corporations – and I say ‘most’ only to be fair, because I haven’t yet personally stumbled across an exception – and I judge them by the standards I’d use to judge another person, they fail miserably. What I admire in another person is empathy, a genuine caring for the welfare of the people around them. I admire a person who puts the good of many over the good of self. I admire people whose first priorities are family and relationships. I admire someone whose pursuit of money does not consume them entirely. I admire consistency in beliefs, in seeing behaviors that truly emulate the values espoused. I admire creativity and openness to diverse opinions and beliefs. I admire tolerance.

If a corporation were a person, they would fail the friendship standard. Utterly.

I sense in Corporate America no empathy or concern for the stress levels, the family and relationships, or the general well-being of the people they employ. I see instead a focused worship of the almighty bottom line. I see ruthless cutting of people, of benefits, of ‘employee satisfaction.’ I see them expecting more and

more from employees they seem to value less and less: all so the precious shareholders will see a greater profit. And as to creativity and tolerance... well, “creativity” and corporate group-minds are polar opposites.

When I hear a company announce record profits, I wonder how many heads were chopped to achieve that. How many benefits were shorn away? How many ‘efficiencies’ gained by handing the work of a displaced employee to someone else and saying “here, do this and your job as well”? How many temporary workers do they utilize in positions all year long, so they can avoid paying full-time wages and benefits? How many sweat shops do they run overseas to produce the goods?

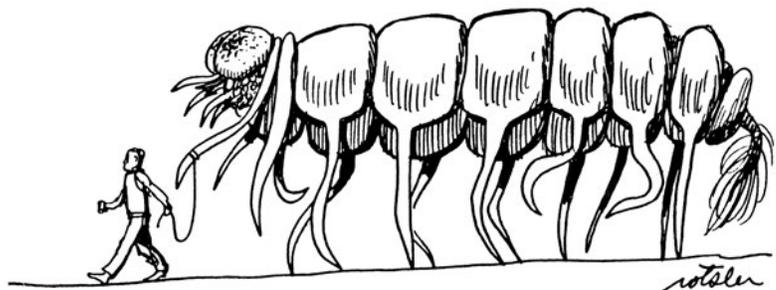
I look at corporations and find their strategies incredibly short-sighted and unvisionary. Yes, I can guarantee that if you cut heads, you’ll bump the company bottom line – for that year. But you still have to produce the work, and that load gets shifted onto the people left – or it gets shipped out to rapacious subcontractors who will find a way – any way – to get it done cheaper. The company profits, but at the expense of morale, at the expense of the loyalty of their employees, and (I’m still convinced) at the eventual expense of the company itself.

A case in point: one of our local utilities decided that they needed to ‘streamline their operations’ and ‘increase efficiencies.’ When you see those words in a

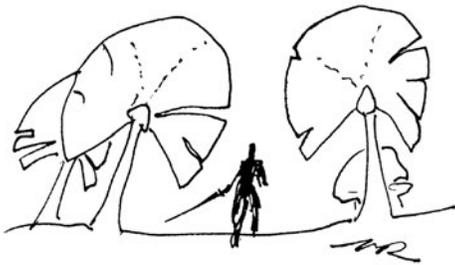
press release they mean only one thing: we are going to chop heads because that’s the quickest, fastest way to affect the bottom line. They did exactly that, through early retirements and forced layoffs. What happened was that they lost much of the company history, the company expertise, the company resources. There were no efficiencies achieved, only a one-year boost to their Annual Report and a subsequent decrease in customer satisfaction. Two years later, they had to bring back a significant number of the people they’d released – as contractors, at a far higher pay rate – just to meet their workload.

Understand, I am not raging against profit. (Hey, I want to get paid, after all...) I’m raging about profit untempered by empathy. Untouched by concern. Uncaring of consequences. At best, I find it short-sighted and rather stupid. At its worst, it approaches my definition of evil. A recent study indicated that the current average ratio of an American CEO’s salary and compensation package to their entry-level employee’s salary is roughly 150 to 1. In other words, if an entry-level position pays \$18,000 (about \$8.60 an hour), the CEO makes \$2.7 million. And you know what – the CEO doesn’t work 150 times as long and hard...

What does this have to do with writing? Quite a lot, actually. The conglomerates who own the publishing houses are not run by people who love books; they’re run by the same bottom line.



Whereas in the recent past, a publishing house would let their best-sellers 'pay for' books that were for limited audiences or that made a minimal profit, now every book must make its profit – or the author can forget selling anything past the current contract. This attitude has killed the midlist, where most authors once resided and which was the stepping stone from small advances to ones large enough to allow you to actually make a living. Now, in the sf/fantasy world, you either need to jump that immense gap between entry-level and the rarefied air of the best-sellers in one leap, or be willing to write the media tie-ins that now inhabit the space where the midlist once flourished. (I was in Media Play the other day, and wandered through their book section. They had four racks of sf/fantasy; of those four racks, three were media series and movie tie-ins.)



Whereas in the past, publishers would keep books in print for several months or even years, thus allowing a writer to find, develop and grow an audience, the current economic reality in publishing demands instant profitability. If your book isn't selling fast enough, it's gone. Vanished. And woe to you if you have a series contract – for when Book 3 arrives in the stores, no one will be able to find Books 1 and 2...

And then... but that's enough, and more. (Steve takes a long, calming breath, and tries to find his center.) I've vented. I suppose I feel better.

Maybe I'll even go to work tomorrow and smile.

2/1/99

TWO ADVANCE COPIES of **SPEAKING STONES** arrived today from Jen Brehl, my editor at Avon EOS.

[Steve runs a finger over the cover, then sticks his nose in the book and inhales the aroma of New Book.] Wow. Neat.

EVEN AFTER 15 BOOKS, it's still a bit strange and awe-ful holding the finished product in my hand. I look at the photograph Denise took on the back inside cover and it's a semi-stranger looking back at me (true: the Steve I see in the mirror is reversed left-to-right, unlike this person in the photograph. Being sadly imperfect in the bilateral symmetry department, photos don't always quite look like 'me' to me.) I open the book at random, reading a few sentences that are so familiar from the various drafts, and yet now are so... permanent. The book has ossified, gone to stone no matter how much I might want to change it on re-reading. Luckily, I don't want to change it – not yet, anyway. Give me a few years and I'll probably change my mind, but right now I'm satisfied with the book.

A week or two from now, and it should actually be in the bookstores – I've never quite become blasé about seeing my books on the rack, either. (Yes, I do go in and turn them cover-out.) The strangest feeling of all is seeing a stranger reading your book – the few times it's happened, I've been tempted (but a bit too introverted to actually follow through) to go up and strike up a conversation about the book, to hear the 'real' opinion of a reader without him or her knowing that I'm the author. (Yeah, and maybe just a little afraid I'd hear something I'd rather not hear. <g>)

SPEAKING STONES is as good a book as I can write at this

stage. The best I can do with this material with my current skills. I'm still learning, still growing – I know that because if I do read one of those five-year-old books, I ache to fiddle with the prose, to change this word to that one because it will add just a little nuance, to strike out an awkward phrase over there and polish that ragged metaphor two paragraphs down.

Never satisfied – Robert Fabe, an art teacher of mine in college, once told me "the best thing I can do for you is to hit you over the head with a baseball bat and yell 'Steve, you're done!' You never seem to know when you're finished." Well, Bob, regardless of your advice, I hope I stay that way. I know I've been lucky over the years – I've been paid (not particularly well, mind you, but paid) to learn my craft. I also know that the writer's probably a lousy judge of his or her own work – just as many parents are lousy judges of just how wonderful and talented their own children are. The books are my 'children' and I tend to see them through the rosy filter of a doting parent. The final judge will be the readers and time. But I feel that I've grown over the years, that I'm finding my voice.

If I remain lucky, I'll never re-read an old book of mine and say "I couldn't do any better than that."

2/6/99

OK, I'M FLATTERED...

A package landed on the porch today – a large package sent by Jim Frenkel, one of the editors at Tor. I ripped it open, figuring it was a book or two sent for Nebula consideration. But no... this was a manuscript, and the letter from Jim mentioned that he'd really liked **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**, that he had a manuscript from an author that he thought I'd find interesting, and he'd like me to

provide a quote for the book if I found I liked the novel.

This is probably a weekly occurrence for someone like Mike Resnick, Joe Haldeman, or other writers of their caliber. But this is a first for me – I've never been asked for a quote before. I have to admit that Jim's letter stroked my ego very nicely, and I'll certainly provide a quote if I do like the book.

Amazing how easy it is to get me to do something if you push the right buttons. Amazing how the buttons are mostly attached to self-esteem.

* * *

NOTES ON WRITING PROCESS:

I rely a lot on serendipity. At one time, I tried to plot out my novels with an outline – the last time I did that was with **THE BONES OF GOD**, and I found that by the end of the first third of the book, I'd deviated a few degrees from the course I'd plotted out, and thus by the time I was halfway through, I'd abandoned the outline entirely. I ended up a few miles away from the original conception of the ending – but found that I liked where I ended much better. Since then, I've abandoned outlines. The books since have started with a 'vision' which is an initial scene, along with a vague idea of where it's going to end, and have grown organically from there.

Reading non-fiction is vital to the process – finding books or articles that seem to resonate with what's happening in the book, and seeing if sparks fly. When I get stuck, I start 'mining', reading this and that and everything to see if something clicks and starts me moving forward again. I'll write copious notes on the background and history of the world and people in it, knowing that something in that will demand reaction in the story itself.

Does this work? I dunno – the reader's the ultimate judge of that,



I suppose – but it's what I'm comfortable with. Like any strategy, it has its advantages and drawbacks. I find that I end up constantly taking two steps forward and one step back, having to return to earlier sections to fill in background, motivation, and foreshadowing. There is always, always a time near the middle of the book when I despair of ever finishing it – that's been true of every book in the last several years, and maybe that wouldn't happen if I had an outline to show the path through the plot. It means that when I submit chapters-and-outlines, my summary outline is really vague and evasive, and doesn't sell the book as well as it should. I had a hell of a time with the **WILD CARDS** books, because we had to pitch our story ideas to George (RR Martin) like a Hollywood writer pitching a series to a producer, and he wouldn't accept "just let me write a story about Puppetman, and I promise I'll make it work."

Writing by the seat of my pants is probably part of why I write fairly slowly – because if I'm not certain of my path, I have to wait until I find it in my head, and thus I rely on little 'tricks' to keep the story flowing. For instance, I never entirely finish a scene when I stop writing for the day: that way, I 'prime the writing pump' for the next time I sit down, because I have something definite to begin with.

At the same time, I've learned over the years that if I just start writing, something will come out. If I feel blocked, then I start

writing, writing anything to get the story moving again, and eventually I break through and things start to flow once more. I've learned how to throw away my oh-so-precious prose, because the simple fact that I wrote something doesn't mean that it's good or that it can't be changed. I learned that what I don't say is more important than what I do.

Is this the best way to write? It seems to be for me at this time. I can't recommend it is for anyone else, and I don't know that it will remain so for me forever. I suspect that as in any relationship, you have to adjust the way you approach each individual book or story to that tale's needs, and to your own.

The relationship to a book is like a marriage. Most of all it demands commitment. If you have that, the rest tends to follow.

* * *

Noticed today that amazon.com is now shipping **SPEAKING STONES**. Haven't had my first bookstore sighting yet, though.

2/11/99

SAW MY FIRST copy of **SPEAKING STONES** in the store today...

* * *

MORE PROCESS: We've been having some electrical work done at the house. One item on the list was to put in a doorbell – the house had none, and Denise and



I picked up an interesting brass gargoyle-head doorbell at a convention (you stuck your finger in its mouth to press the button) and wanted to use it. The electrician wired it up and stuck a cheap bell on it that he happened to have, telling us to pick up some better chimes and he'd replace them later.

Denise found a chime she liked. I looked over the instructions, glanced up at the bell the electrician had put up in the hallway, scratched my chin and thought "Hell, how hard can it be?"

The gods of fate erupted into laughter, at least three of them nearly herniating themselves as they rolled around the celestial floor clutching their stomachs. I mistook the sound for gas, and went downstairs to get a screwdriver. "Maybe ten, fifteen minutes," I thought as I gathered up two small wire nuts. The greater deity Murphy was giggling so hard he nearly blacked out from lack of oxygen.

Back upstairs, I stood on a chair and pulled the cover from the electrician's bell. The electrician had run a double wire up

from the basement and up the inside of the wall, which emerged from a small hole a foot or so down from the ceiling, and then through the back of the bell assembly. The wires were attached to screws on the bell. I unscrewed the first wire and put a wire nut on it. I unscrewed the second wire.

Whoosh! As soon as I released the pressure on the second wire, both wires went rattling away, the wire nut clattering as it hit first the bell housing and then the wall, and then – zip – the wires were through the wall. Vanished. I heard a faint scraping at floor level inside the wall, and then nothing. The fate deities howled; Murphy sounded like he was about to have a heart attack from apoplexy. I stood there on the chair staring at the bell and the wall like a rube who'd just been taken in his first shell game, the screwdriver still on the screwhead. "Damn," I muttered, almost inaudibly. Then: "Damn!" I pounded the wall once with my fist. I went through Steve's Litany of Anglo-Saxonisms at increasing volume. The gods damned near peed themselves. The wall simply looked at me.

"I don't believe this \$#%()*!" I said gently. Okay, okay... I shouted. I heard Denise's cautious voice from the second floor. "What's the matter?"

"The wires... they just... into the wall... couldn't..." I took several huge breaths. I could still visualize the wires as I undid the last screw, slithering away like a startled snake just under my fingertips. "Ah, man..." I took another breath, and then unscrewed the bell housing from the wall. Now there was just a hole in the wall the size of a half dollar. An open mouth. An open, mocking mouth.

"Call the electrician and leave it alone," Denise said from upstairs. "He'll come over tomorrow and fix it."

The male ego-translator repeated that statement into my ear as: You're too much of a total idiot to do even a simple job like this without totally fouling it up, so why don't you call someone competent and admit you screwed up, you loser? "Hell, no," I answered.

I went and got string. I took a hinge rod from the doorway leading into the kitchen (there used to be a door there at one time) and tied the string around it. I lowered the hinge rod; about a foot down, it stuck. Tight. I pulled on the string; it refused to budge. I jiggled, I tugged this way and that – finally the string broke. Denise had come downstairs to see what was going on. I glanced at her. She didn't say anything.

Rummaging in one of those kitchen drawers which inevitably seem to collect everything, I found a small metal washer and used it as a weight, jiggling it so it would go all the way down. When I figured the washer should have reached the basement, I stopped. Went to the basement. No string. No weight. At the foot of the stairs, the thin doorbell wires were laying on the floor; above, with one of the ceiling tiles pulled back,

I could see the hole the electrician had drilled to access the wall. It was maybe a quarter inch in diameter – there was no way I was going to get the washer to hit that little hole this side of the next millennium, even if it fit through, which I doubted.

I went back upstairs. “Call the electrician,” Denise said again. “No,” I repeated. “I’ll get it.”

A long pause. “Uh huh,” Denise answered.

I stomped my way down to the basement. I picked up the doorbell wire, which drooped sadly in my hand. Okay, so simply sticking the wire back up through the hole wasn’t going to work, since the wire was so... limp. (I’ll leave the obvious sexual metaphor to the reader...) Lacking wire-Viagra, I needed something about ten feet long, no larger around than my little finger, somewhat flexible but yet rigid enough to climb the inner wall once I inserted it. (Stop it. I know what you’re thinking, so just stop!). I prowled around the basement... and saw a coil of thick electrical wire. Clad in white vinyl – easy to see in the dark wall.

Now, just so you get the image, here’s what I was seeing: first, there’s the drop ceiling in the basement, a few feet above my head – you know the type: white acoustic tile that drops a white flaky dandruff when you move it. The tile above was removed, revealing the original plaster ceiling of the basement. The electrician had punched a hole just about as big around as my fist through that. An inch or so above the plaster coating was a wooden sub floor maybe a half inch thick, with a hole the size of a half-dollar drilled through it. Another inch or so above that was another hole the size of my little finger, drilled through what must have been a four-inch joist. Beyond that was the inside wall; somewhere

another eight or nine or ten feet up there was my hole in the wall.

I started feeding electrical cord through – a tight fit, but it seemed to go through easily enough. I fed the hole wire. I fed the hole some more wire. I fed the hole what seemed to be at least a mile of wire. It kept placidly eating it. Okay, I thought. It must be up there by now. All I have to do is snag the wire, attach a string to it, pull it back down, then attach the doorbell wires to the string and pull it back up. Voila!

The fate deities giggled at my French mispronunciation and nodded their heads in mocking agreement with me, rolling their eyes at each other. I went upstairs, stood on the chair, and applied my eye to the hole. It was dark in there; I went and fetched the flashlight and applied the eyeball again.

Nothing. I sighed. I muttered the Litany once more. “Call –” Denise began. “No,” I snarled. I went back downstairs, pulled out enough wire to reach from the roof of the Empire State Building to the ground floor, and tried again, this time using the Sears Tower as my gauge. Went back upstairs. Checked the hole. Nothing. Either the wire wasn’t as rigid as I’d thought and was simply coiling up somewhere at the bottom of the wall, or there was a black hole inside the wall that led to another dimension, where beings were peering curiously at the several miles of wire now sticking out into their world. Being a good science fiction writer familiar with the concept of Occam’s Razor, I put my money on the black hole.

“Steve,” Denise said. “Leave it for tonight. You’ve already been at it for two hours. Drop it.” I stared at the hole; it stared back. “All right,” I said, grudgingly admitting – temporarily – defeat. “And in the morning,” Denise continued, “call the electrician.”

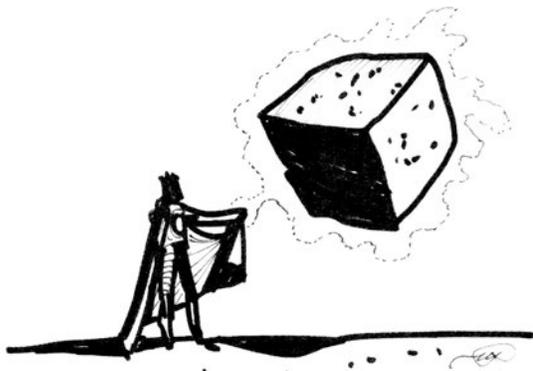
“No,” I answered.

Over the course of the next few days, I tried something different every night after work. (I would, of course, have totally forgotten about the problem during the day at work... that way, I couldn’t call the electrician and admit my failure.) I ran an eight-foot-long steel rod I found in the basement up the hole – too short. I tried making the hole in the basement ceiling larger with my drill and a one-inch bit so that I could try the string thing again – the bit wasn’t long enough to go all the way through. I put a small magnet on the end of the doorbell wires, shoved them up into the hole, and then tried fishing for them with a string and magnet from above. I tried the electrical wire again. I taped a straightened-out coat hanger onto the end of the eight-foot long steel rod (it bent and nearly got jammed). I contemplated taking out the whole damn wall and just putting new plasterboard up, but that seemed a trifle excessive. Nothing worked. Nothing. I could imagine a hundred different ways to do this if I had or could make the right tool. I was a regular da Vinci of electrical technology: why, a telescoping rod, maybe a foot or two long when fully collapsed but about twelve feet fully extended and about the



thickness of a car antenna, or a mechanical spider-like thing that could walk up the inside of the walls with a string attached to it; a really, really long fencing foil... I knew there was an easy way to do this. There must be.

Of course, finding out would require asking someone, which is a corollary law to "Thou shalt not ask directions when lost, lest thou be laughed at."



"I'll bet the electrician could do it in ten minutes," Denise said. "Call him."

"No." After all, now he'd see all the mess I'd made trying to get the wires back through, and he'd stand there shaking his head,

thinking 'What an idiot! Why, I could have done this in ten minutes, and now he's totally screwed it up.'

What does all this have to do with writing? Well, if you remember the last post, I talked about my writing process – this is it! I have an idea of what I need to do, and I keep trying different things and see if they work. Often, they don't.

I start to imagine a dozen different ways through the plot, and then discard them for one reason or another. I brood a lot. I think about it. And I know that serendipity will eventually come into play...

It was now a week after the mysterious Disappearance Of The Wires. I was at one of the branch offices and on my way back to the district, and hit a red light. There

was an HQ sitting on the corner ahead of me. The fate gods, riding in the back seat, grabbed my head and turned it to the side. "Look!" they hollered. "It's a divine sign!" I sighed, pulled the car into the lot, and went in. As I walked in the

door, there was a stand of Do-It-Yourself books: basic wiring, one screamed. The fate gods tugged at my coat hem. I picked up the book and scanned the section on running wires. "Drill a hole. Then, using your fish tape..."

Fish tape. What you fish around in the walls with. Duh.

I bought a fish tape roll: a winder containing a coil of spring metal about the thickness of a fencing foil blade. That night, I ran it up the hole. Went upstairs. Saw it. Attached a string. Pulled it back down. Attached the doorbell wires to the string. Pulled the string back up.

Ten minutes. And a week. But I did do it myself. And it works.

Okay, I do need to work on the doorbell itself, because for these chimes I had to put a diode on the front door bell, and now it only works every other time you press the buzzer, but I think it's just a connection thing and I'll fix it. Tomorrow. It'll only take a few minutes.

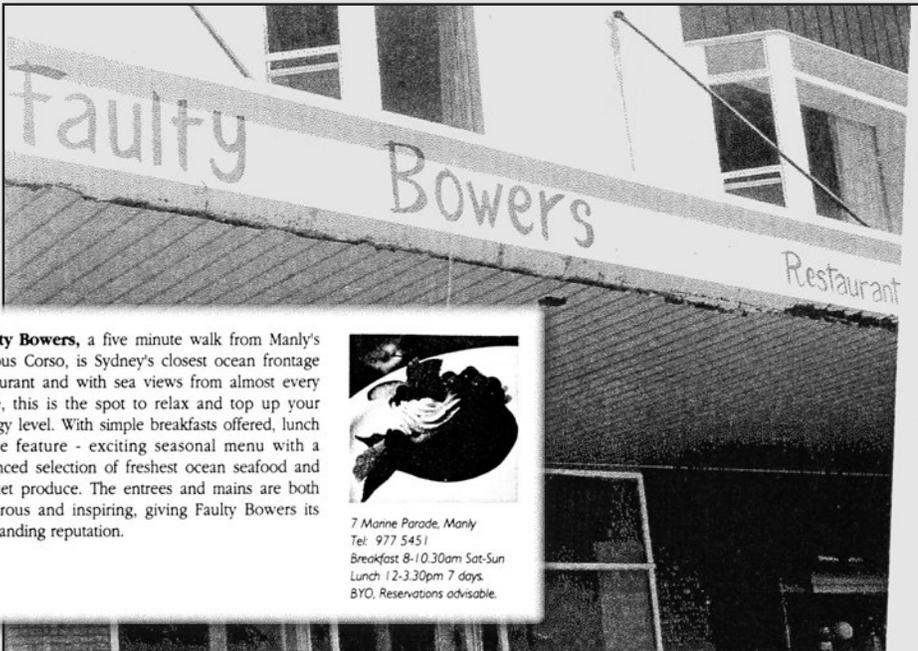
I'm sure of it.

Stephen Leigh

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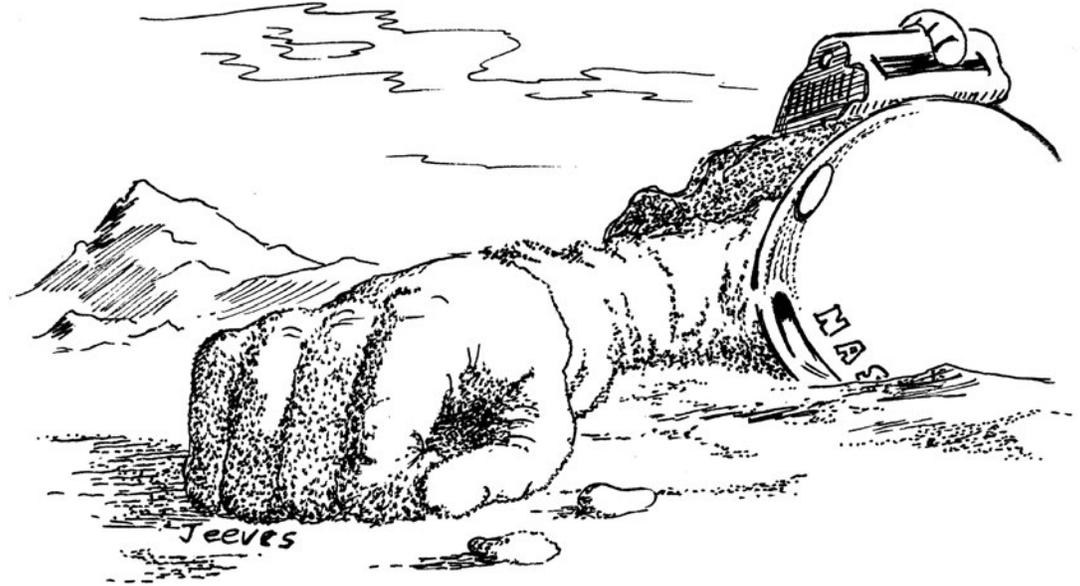


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(from Chris Sherman)

From Our Gardening Correspondent...

...Or...



I Fought The Lawn, & The Lawn Won

Skel

WELL IT WOULD. It is actually impossible to defeat a lawn. Take a worst-case scenario... major meteorite smashes into the Earth. Goodbye dinosaurs certainly, but would it have been "Goodbye grass"? I think not. Oh, for a while, in the immediate area, but it would have come back. The only way to get rid of grass would be for something even more tenacious to oust it from its ecological niche, and if that happens I don't ever want to have to mow that fucker... whatever it is!

Of course in England the lawn starts off with a major advantage. It rains a lot. It rains a lot every old year, but this year has

been a doozy. This year has been the wettest since records began being kept and given the British obsession with the weather you will understand that records have been kept for a sod-of-a-long-time. Since about 1746 I believe. Over 250 years of records. Many of those years wet, but none as wet as this year. All the local fauna were going around in pairs, just so's they could be ready. Hell, even visiting foreign fans at the Skelhouse (of which in most years there are none) were turning up two-by-two ready for any passing ark. Very worrying.

Wet grass of course is a bugger to cut. Not to mention that the

mower starts to sink into the soft earth. It doesn't cut, it just rips out huge chunks, root and all, leaving a muddy smear. Of course come spring the clouds occasionally part just enough for the sun to peek through for a minute or two. When this happens grass is genetically programmed to grow 6 feet in an hour. You go to work in the morning and your lawn looks fine. Unkempt and wet, but otherwise OK. When you come home in the evening you are looking at a jungle. Normally you can't get the mower on it because it's too wet. Suddenly you can't get the mower on it because it's too long. In England this is the definition

of 'Start-of-Summer'. Of course there is a solution. You go out with the weed-whacker and rip the shit out of it. You come in much later, with grass short enough to get a lawn-mower on... and with yourself, the fence and the house itself covered in green mulch.

From then on of course it's a relative doddle, providing you mow it at least every other week. Which wouldn't be too bad except that if you skip this week there's no guarantee that next week it won't rain a lot and be too wet. So you end up, unless you're either particularly brave or foolish, mowing it every week. Eventually you end up praying for the Summer to end, for October to come around at which point after even the best and longest of Summers you can guarantee that the damn grass will stop growing. Then you can spend a long cold and wet Autumn/Winter/Spring dreading the arrival of the next grass-cutting season.

Some people claim that Englishmen are cold and reserved, not very joyous and outgoing. Most Englishmen have lawns. Is it any bloody wonder therefore that they are not the very epitome of carefree joie-de-vivre?

So of course, when you fight The Lawn, The Lawn is always going to win. If it were as simple as that I wouldn't even have started telling you this. Lawn Wars are eternal and ongoing, but at the same time I decided to open up a Second Front against The Dandelion.

Dandelions are a possible contender for 'The Plant Which Will Oust Grass'. Certainly once they get into a lawn they tend to push the grass aside. They also grow twice as fast. They are an odd plant with a long deep root. This grows down through the centre of the Earth and emerges above ground on the other side of the Earth as beansprouts. That is my

firm belief, having studied lots of dandelion roots.

By the way, just in case you are imagining some typical English Manor with acres of verdant lawn, I should explain that I have but a small lawn at the rear of the Skelhouse. It isn't really a proper lawn either, but then it isn't really crabgrass either. It's somewhere in between. The story of my life, really. But it's definitely small. About eighteen feet by thirteen feet I'd guess. Not what you'd call a limitless expanse of sward. But it's mine.

Unfortunately the dandelions were giving me an argument on that, having usurped about 20% of it.

Well, I determined that it was going to become 100% mine and 100% grass. The first thing I did was buy a weed pencil. This is like a big squidgy felt-tip pen, only filled with weed-killer rather than ink. The idea was that you dabbed the centre of the dandelion with the sponge 'nib' whilst squeezing out weed-killer. "Kills dandelions" it said on the label.

It lied.

Oh, they went pale and be-draggled for a couple of days but then they rallied (as if purged of internal poisons) and burst into increased growth, to the extent that I feared they might take their revenge by grasping my ankle as I passed by and bashing my brains out against the brick-built shed. Fanciful perhaps (or fevered imaginings), but I figured it was definitely time to switch to Plan B.

Many years ago I bought an LP by a local comedian who revealed that one of his ancestors was in fact a famous frontiersman who'd had a knife named after him... Jim Bread. Well, Cas had this set of kitchen knives comprising a bread knife, 2 large carving knives, 2 small carving knives, and a small paring knife. One of the small

carving knives seemed to me to be perfectly designed as an anti-dandelion weapon. It had a 6" long, very thin blade. Plunged almost vertically into the ground on every side of the dandelion, the idea being that the blade would intersect the root almost 6" below ground, enabling the offending plant to be extracted and leaving the remaining part of the root so confused that it might just possibly give up. Now this is not, I hasten to add, a strategy recommended in any treatises on gardening. I was at my wits end, and I simply improvised.

I kept this up all last Summer. You move around the garden and by the time you get back to where you started there are new dandelions growing and you start around again. The dandelions fought back and broke the knife, but I found another. I kept at it. Not entirely Sisyphean, as it seemed to me that the dandelions were sparser on subsequent cycles (or was that just wishful thinking?).

Apparently not, because this year, after hacking the lawn down and before getting the mower on it I went over it very carefully and found only about 18 dandelions to root out. Last year I'd have found easily that many in any given square foot. And whilst I've now mown it about 4 times, on no occasion have I had to take out more than that, and usually far less. Now it could be that I have single-handedly discovered an effective anti-dandelion technique. It could also be possible that hidden from view some 7 inches below the surface of the lawn, the dandelion roots are growing horizontally, crossing and criss-crossing until, at some unsuspecting moment they will once again burst upward in an unstoppable preemptive strike.

Dandelions? I wouldn't put anything past the buggers!

Skel



Interview with Tanya Huff

Devon Leigh

When did you first get into writing?

I have to say that I have always been into writing. In high school I wrote a number of really bad stories about myself and four friends in a number of different formats – espionage, westerns, SF, historical.

I sold my first professional work, **CHILD OF THE GROVE** in 1986. It started as a university creative writing project on which I got a completely undeserved B.

What do you like most about writing?

I think what I like most about writing is how you can do whatever you want. The writer is very god-like – able to create worlds and people and cultures and stuff.

What do you like least about writing?

The worst part about writing is being totally dependent on yourself to get things done. There is no one there to say “you can’t do this until you finish that.”

Have you ever had any of your stories rejected?

My first story was rejected three times before it was bought by **Amazing** and technically, **CHILD OF THE GROVE** was rejected once before it went to DAW but that first version was very different than the second one so...

Since then I’ve had two **Star Trek** proposals and an **XFiles** proposal turned down and had a short story that I did for an invitational anthology rejected because it was so thematically different than the other stories they got.

But I sold it somewhere else so that worked out okay.

Do you think the literary arts will have a place in the 21st century?

Definitely. Back when we were living in caves, squatting around fires in the dark, there was always someone who told stories. Someone who made people forget about their problems, who made them dream about tomorrow. In

all the years since, people haven’t really changed – we still need to forget, we still need to dream. We still need stories that take us out of ourselves.

What do you think of writing in the 21st century?

Well, I think that it’s looking a little scary. Markets and technology are changing very, very quickly and it’s going to be hard to keep up. On the other hand, I doubt that paper books will disappear. I have disks for the late ’80s that I can’t read anymore both because of technology changes and electronic decay but you can still read the Gutenberg Bible printed back around 1460.

Bottom line, no matter what the technology, a good story has staying power.

If you could start your career over what would you change?

I think I would work harder on getting into television and

movies. I have a BAA in Radio and Television Arts that I've never used.

What is your favorite book out of all that you have written?

That's a hard question. I like all of my books. It's like having all these kids and someone asks you which is your favorite.

What is the type of stories that you usually write about?

Well I'm kind of split fifty/fifty between contemporary fantasy and romantic fantasy (contemporary being the real world skewed sideways and romantic being heroic magics on created worlds).



What type of books do you mostly read?

This year, because I'm one of the judges for the Philip K. Dick Awards, I'm pretty much reading what they send me. But, if it's my choice, I'm choosing space operas right now, basic ray guns and stuff. Fun books. Mind you, if you asked me that again in a month, the answer would probably change.

Who are your favorite authors?

My favorite authors are Charles de Lint and Terry Pratchett.

Do you make your living from anything else besides writing?

Nope. I write a book every 12 to 14 months, a few short stories, and the occasional book review for the *Globe and Mail*. I've been very lucky that I not only have been able to find markets but loyal readers.

How did you get into writing?

I don't think you really "get into" writing. It's something you do. I'm good enough I can sell it and make a living off it. If I wasn't, I'd still be writing.

Do you have any advice you could give to a young writer?

Get a life. I know, that sounds facetious if not outright insulting, but I'm serious. Get out and experience the world so that you have something to write about. Travel. Make friends. Make enemies. Fall in love. Learn new things constantly. Become fascinated with trivia. See the big picture.

Do what makes you happy.

Oh, and write. Write lots.

Let people read it. Pay attention to their reactions and learn from it. Ray Bradbury once said you have to write three million words of garbage before you write anything worthwhile so don't get discouraged, just keep writing.

And it doesn't hurt to remember that there's an insane amount of money in television and it certainly seems that they desperately need good writers.

Which is harder to write, short stories or novels?

That's hard to say. Both require good plots, believable characters,

and a satisfactory resolution but novels are complex and large and sometimes it's difficult to keep all those words moving along whereas with short stories there's a need to contain all these things within a tight focus.

They're really too different to compare.

What do you do to prepare to write?

First I have an idea for a story. Sometimes, it's complete from beginning to end. Sometimes it's just a number of scenes. Once it was just the characters – I liked them so much I had to find a story to hang them on.

Then I research. Research often fills in some of the story holes.

When I feel like I know enough to begin, I start writing.

How many books have you written?

I'm writing number 16 right now so that's 15 novels on the shelves plus two collections of short stories.

Have you ever won any awards? Which are you most proud of?

Unfortunately, although I've been nominated for a couple of small awards, I've never won anything. I keep telling myself it's an honor to be nominated.

Are you working on any books right now?

I'm currently working on the sequel to **SUMMON THE KEEPER** which I really want to call **WHACKED BY AN ANGEL** but I can't convince my editor it's a good title. After that, probably a couple more space operas and then I hope to spin off a character from the Blood Books.

Thanks, Tanya!

You're very welcome.

TANYA HUFF BIBLIOGRAPHY



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CIRCLE OF LIGHT: Poland 1996, Russia 1997



Photo by and copyright © Andrew Porter

Gordon R. Dickson (1923–2001)

Joe Haldeman

I JUST HEARD from Dave Wixon that we've lost Gordon R. Dickson. He died at 1:00 this morning. A dear friend for more than thirty years.

We met in the sixties but didn't become close friends until Damon Knight's 1970 Milford Conference. Both of us early risers, we met at dawn in the kitchen and surprised each other by making the same strange breakfast: peanut butter and pickle on toast, slathered with mayo. Probably washed down with a Heineken, hair of the dog.

That was when I learned about his asthma (which left him virtually housebound this past decade or more) and the odd turning point it provided to his life. At a Milford Conference a few years before, he'd had a bad attack which turned into an exhausted

sleepless night. Lying awake, he charted in his mind a cycle of at least nine thematically related novels – three historical, three contemporary, and at least three science fiction – which would ultimately show the evolution of humanity through the fusion of three kinds of leaders: the man of action, the man of thought, and the man of faith. It was to be called the Childe Cycle, I think in homage to the Child Ballads, a collection of English and Scot folk songs that certainly provided some of the archetypes that he planned to track through the millennia.

It was a large project for a man in his forties. But he thought he had at least another half century.

Only the science fiction books were published, the successful

Dorsai saga. Gordy was disappointed that reality intruded on his dream – that no publisher could offer him enough money for the historical and contemporary novels to justify the time they would take to research and write. He was waiting for a windfall, like most writers. With that movie money, he planned to go to Florence to write the historicals, and in my mind's eye I could see him, the big shambling Midwesterner (technically Canadian) in the midst of all that history and beauty, drinking it in with his irrepressible smile and uncontainable chuckle.

He had a great and infectious zest for life. He came to visit in Brooksville, Florida, in 1973, and we celebrated his fiftieth birthday in a seedy bar attached to a

seedy motel on the Gulf. We ate all the stone crab claws they had, and then rented a room and iced down a bunch of champagne, and along with wife Gay and poet Bill Nabors, passed the guitar around and sang till dawn. Gay and Bill didn't make it quite that long, but Gordy and I did manage to toast the sunrise and terrorize the fiddler crabs who were not used to company at that hour.

A few years later, when we'd moved to the Atlantic side, Gordy came down to visit for a moon launch, and we decided to splurge on a deep-sea game-fishing expedition, which neither of us had ever done. Gay came along and regretted it – the sea was extremely rough and she spent most of the eight hours sick – but Gordy and I made her misery even worse by singing sea shanteys and doing pirate imitations on the pitching deck. Gordy actually caught a sailfish, as well, and had it mounted. He often said that was one of the best days of his life. Mine, too.

About once a year, in the '70s and '80s, we met in New York to go bother editors. Gordy showed characteristic generosity, and introduced me to everybody in town; he even got me my first agent. He didn't have a grain of selfishness. "Nobody picks up a Dickson book in one hand and a Haldeman book in the other," he said, "deciding which one to buy. If they like them both they'll buy them both."

I don't know whether that was ever true, but it was so like Gordy to say it. Steady friend and optimist to the core.

It was still possible to afford the Algonquin in those days, and it was still a literary hotel, with a special card file for writer guests. "Welcome back, Mr. Dickson." We'd sit in the overstuffed chairs in the lobby, sipping our martinis,

listening for Round Table ghosts. Gordy was not an intellectual, as she is spoke, and never pretentious, but he had some sophisticated literary tastes. He knew the modernists (sharing my Hemingway enthusiasm) and read Proust over and over, and said his favorite story was Joyce's nouvelle "The Dead." I suspect he might ditch them all for a Hornblower novel, though, headed for a plane. We had a lot of great meals together, two of which stand out as particularly odd. Once he invited me to lunch at his club in Minneapolis, and steak tartare was on the menu, a rarity then in the Midwest. We sort of dared each other to order it, and watched in appreciation while the tuxedoed waiter chopped the raw beef and molded it and cracked a raw egg into the top of the mound. It was no doubt good, but it was still raw hamburger with a raw egg. I think both of us ate it all, but we couldn't stand to look at it. We ate by touch, staring into each other's eyes like long-lost lovers.

And then there was the discovery of sushi. Years before anybody outside of California even thought of raw fish with rice, Gordy was leading a bunch of writers and fans through the streets of Toronto, loping through the raw cold in search of a bar. He saw a red neon BAR sign and bounded up the stairs.

It was a *sushi* bar, and there were no other Caucasians in it – just a frightened-looking Japanese guy with a big knife in his hand, presiding over an iced bed full of things without backbones. We looked kind of strange and hippy-ish, and spoke no more Japanese than he did English, but he warmed to Gordy's infectious enthusiasm – the big bear pointing to this and that, trying nearly everything, all washed down with a couple of sake martinis.

(Gordy did once characterize the mind/body duality that way to me. He said he felt as if his body was a big clumsy bear, with *he*, the actual Gordy, perched on its shoulder, trying desperately to control it.)

He used to travel a lot, but in the eighties that tapered off, a combination of ill health and increasing filial responsibility. He cared for his aged mother in his home, which eventually was tantamount to running a one-patient nursing home.

We kept in close phone contact over the years; I was his science guy and Gay was his linguist. He'd call to find out how bright Arcturus would be from ten astronomical units, or to get the translation of a snatch of Spanish song, and we'd wind up trading stories and gossip for an hour.

Gay credits his business acumen for helping her to keep her sanity over all these years. He taught us about record-keeping, itineraries, travel agents, and budgeting your time and money.

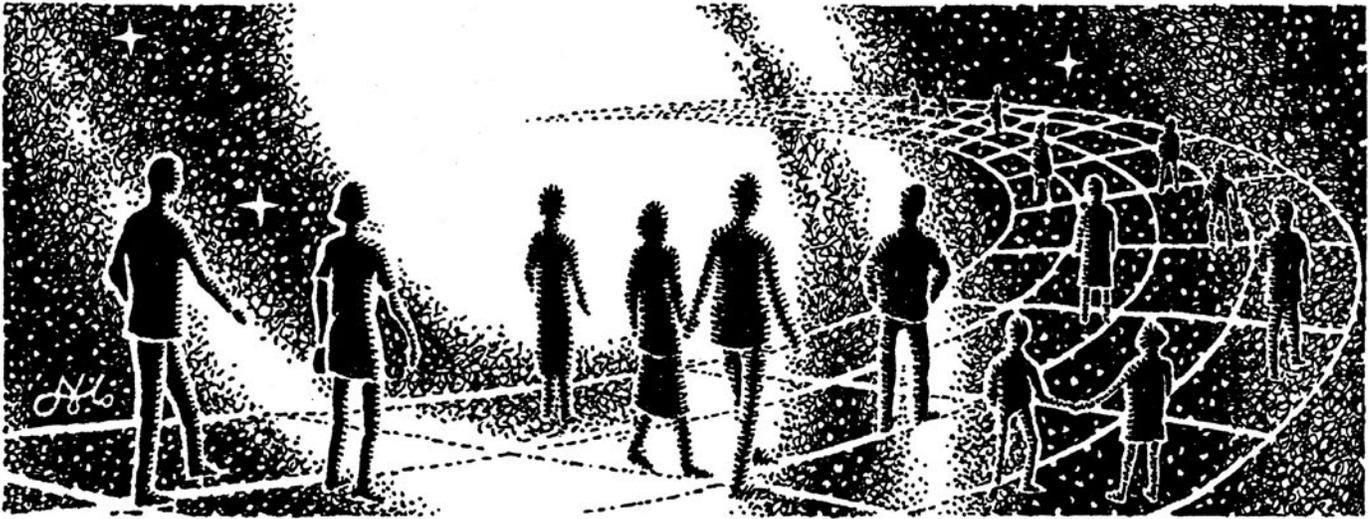
Some years back, in Illinois, we were both asked to talk about "Writers' Tools." We set it up in the hotel bar a few minutes beforehand. We sat down in front of the audience and wordlessly held up our pocket tape recorders to the microphone. The machines held a dialogue about their masters.

When that bit of foolishness was over, I improvised. "Seriously, Gordy," I said, "what kind of a bear do you use?" He didn't miss a beat. "Grizzly," he said. "Polar bears get lousy mileage."

As Gay said this morning, it's not possible to believe that he's gone. He was too alive for this.

Joe Haldeman

from *SFWA News*, February 1, 2001
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Off-line fanac

Bill Bowers

Posted to Timebinders, September 2, 1998

[was: Bill Bowers is a fannish god] Which is an indisputable Truism, but perhaps a bit ostentatious for me to post to... [and furthermore: just how lengthy can Subject Headers be?]

DEAR TIMEBINDERS, and Other (hopefully) Interested Parties:
Oh Great & Noble Arbitrator of Excessive Bandwidth
Expenditure, Forgive Me... for I am about to Sin:

Since the Elephant of Surprize [© Steve Stiles; *OW70* pg. 2645] has
been thoroughly blown by now, this totally self-aggrandizing Posting.

Mon, 31 Aug 1998 13:28:50 -0700,

Victor Gonzalez wrote:

- > I just got Outworlds 70.
- >
- > Wow. It's a brick. And pretty too.

“*Outworlds Seventy*” certainly *is* a brick: 150 pages. 130,000
words [despite Rumor: not all by rich brown] (plus a *lot* of Lists).
75 Contributors, plus me. Printed at a cost of \$4.73 per copy, of which
there are 199.

I certainly tried to make it “pretty”, but am thoroughly disillusioned
with the output from my normally reliable copy center. I have been
assured by those who've seen it, that I'm over-reacting. (Fancy that.)

Nevertheless, it *is*.

I MUST ADMIT to a Total All-Encompassing Attack of that Sense of Wonder Thing, when Victor's post popped in Monday afternoon.

The initial Mailing was committed to the Post Office Friday *afternoon*, Aug. 28th. The "foreign" (from this perspective), the Canadian, all the Contributor copies, plus. [The remaining copies were mailed Saturday morning.] With one exception, all copies to date have been mailed the *cheapest* rate: printed matter, surface/sea mail; Book Rate in the U.S.

The fact that a 13.6oz. fanzine, mailed book rate in Cincinnati on a Friday can reach Seattle the following Monday is fucking Amazing.

Given that, although there's no way the "overseas" and Canadian copies will think anytime soon, this message is predicated on the assumption that most of the U.S. copies that haven't arrived yet, will do so by week's end.

Probably not, but...

[By copy of this post, I do apologize to the overseas contributors/readers for the necessity of sea mail. As it was, those copies cost \$3.31 each. (Airmail would have been \$6.36 per: a bit out of reach.)

Future issues will be downsized. And while I can't promise to do so with every copy, anyone with a contribution, or a LoC/WAHF in a given issue, will receive that issue Printed Matter Airmail. That's a promise.]

A FEW WILL be surprised to learn they are on that List over there; I suspect a few receiving this will be surprised to learn that they are not receiving... the brick.

The following is offered not from any perceived position of superiority, or to cause angst in anyone. Rather it is a calculated effort to avoid having to respond to hesitantly posed queries, engendering even more awkwardly crafted response, by myself.

The initial reaction to The List is going to be: "Why is 'he' (as opposed to 'HE') getting **OW**, and not I?" The initial answer to the initial part of that query: "He" pays money. [If I list it as being available for \$a\$, I guess I have to send it to anyone who proffers cash.]

The second part is even simpler: If you were getting **OW**, and aren't on that List, you didn't respond to the last one, two, or three issues I sent you. [There are Good People on that List – Langley Searles, Robert Lichtman, the Katzi, the Lynchi, Dale Speirs – who've "carried me" through years of non-response, and I truly appreciate that. I, on the other hand, am probably not a Good Person.]

I guess I sometimes feel a wee bit Guilty about just how freely I make my fanzine(s) available, although I probably shouldn't. My quirks and foibles in this regard have ossified over the years, but they are part of what gives me the impetus to fan on.

I just thumbed through the first three years of **OW**, trying to prove (to myself) that, despite otherwise astute fanzine reviewers, I've never said that it was Available for the ubiquitous "The Usual". And I don't believe that I ever did, although there is a surprising lack of *any* mention of "availability" in any context in those early issues. [As I recall I issued a series of "flyers" to avoid sullyng my pristine fanzine with grimy commercial details (seems like a Good Idea; see later, in this posting) – and those flyers weren't incorporated into the Collected Works.]

"**Outworlds**" is available by Editorial Whim.

...and nobody be more whimsical than I.

Nevertheless **OW** is, by no means, a "closed" gestalt. I not only need New Blood, I crave it. Generally the transfusion is achieved in three ways.

For Your Bemusement, The *Outworlds* List, as of 9/2/98:

[Contributors are asterisked.]

Harry Andruschak
Lenny Bailes
Greg Benford*
John D. Berry
Sheryl Birkhead*
Pamela Boal*
Syd Bounds*
Jeanne Bowman
Richard Brandt*
Sutton Breiding*
Wm. Breiding*
Claire Brialey
Ned Brooks
Brian Earl Brown*
rich brown*
Marty Cantor*
Avedon Carol / Rob Hansen
Joe R. Christopher*
Vinc Clarke*
Kevin L. Cook
Chuck Conner
Buck Coulson*
Al Curry*
Frank Denton
Bill Donaho
Larry Downes*
Brendan DuBois*
Harlan Ellison
Lloyd Arthur Eshbach*
Connie Faddis*
Tommy Ferguson
Terry Floyd
George Flynn
Ken Forman
FOSFAX
Brad W. Foster*
John Foyster*
E. B. Frohvet
Mike Gilbert*
Bruce Gillespie
Stuart Gilson*
Mike Glicksohn*
Victor Gonzalez
Ed Gorman*
D Gary Grady*

(continued ►)

The Outworlds List, continued:

Merlin V Haas
Joe* & Gay Haldeman
Dave Haugh*
John Hertz
Arthur D. Hlavaty*
Lee Hoffman
Andy Hooper*
Dave & Marcia Hulan
Alan Hunter*
Terry Jeeves*
Dick Jenssen*
Arnie & Joyce Katz
Ken Keller / Terry Matz
Linda Krawecke
Dave Langford*
Robert Lichtman*
Denny Lien
Guy H. Lillian III
Eric Lindsay / Jean Weber
Dave Locke*
Richard & Nicki Lynch
Joseph T Major*
Bill Mallardi
Susan A. Manchester*
Eric Mayer / Mary Long
Art Metzger*
Linda Michaels*
Randy Mohr*
Murray Moore
Jodie Offutt*
Marc Ortlieb
Derek & Lynn Parks-Carter
Lloyd Penney
Patty Peters* / Gary Mattingly
Greg Pickersgill
Curt Phillips
Charles Platt
Mark Plummer
Andy Porter
Tom Sadler
A. Langley Searles
Chris Sherman*
Michael G. Shuter*
Skel* & Cas
Bob Smith II*
Craig Smith*
Leah & Dick Smith

(continued ►)

Present contributors suggest/request I send a copy to someone they think might also like what I do.

A few send money, then decide to stick around, sometimes via additional checks, but often by actively participating. [...or both.]

...and, most importantly, I am constantly on the lookout – in other fanzines, in *gasp* Timebinders – for Neat People doing Neat Things Neatly... to send spec copies to, hoping that they will be similarly intrigued by what I do. Neatly.

I very rarely respond to “Please send me your Famous fanzine” requests. I’ve found that they, despite fevered “promises” (along with copies given out at conventions) very rarely result in actual response. And I suspect I will respond even less often to e-mailed “requests”. My thoughts on this are that, despite my wholehearted embrace of the electronic medium, **OW** remains a printed fanzine and, if you can’t be bothered to at the least send a postcard, you’ll probably not be all that interested in what I do, in any event. [There are, of course exceptions: outside the continental North American shores, say.]

I’ll probably be sending out even fewer “spec” copies of this brick than usual. It’s not just the money – I have too much emotionally invested in it.

I do what I do, for two rather simple reasons:

It is My Master Plan that, when you create – written, graphically, any combination of same (I love a challenge!) – something that you are inordinately proud of, The Very Best That You Can Do – something that you will not be self-publishing, you will, without hesitation, think: By golly, I’m going to send that to Bill.

...and then I take all this Neat Stuff, mix ’n try to match, ’fuss & stuff – and wait for the Response. The response that is the only “payment” I can offer those who gift me with their creativity.

I prefer that that response be in the form of further expressions of creativity, and I include LoCs in that descriptor.

By the same token, in that the copy center, and the Postal Service, have different percepts, unlike some Trufen, I have no problem with Cold Hard Cash.

I won’t sully this pristine communication with the grimy details, but I seem to have prepared an e-Flyer (fancy that!) – available on Request to xenolith@tritium.net – to anyone interested in seeing if I can, indeed, match my words with actuality.

DESPITE THESE SCREENS full of chit-chat, I’m responsible for less than 10,000 of those 130,000 words. Two mini-rants, then I will thank you for your patience – and return you to your previously scheduled Thread.

I CAN’T REALLY believe that anything I published in the ’70s, let alone this current “brick” – will intimidate anyone who truly wants to pub their ish. One of first fanzines I received was **Xero**. Two months later, I published **Abanico 1**. Thirty-seven years later, I’ve published a brick.

I’ve never had anyone tell me that what I did, stopped them from doing what they wanted to do. On the contrary, I have (blush) had more than one person over the years tell me that what I did – more, I guess, the way I do it – had inspired them to do what they do... better.

I’ve never consciously aped another fanzine, but I’ve certainly been inspired, and motivated, by the arrival in my mailbox, of other, “better” fanzines.

I still am. Though there are noticeably fewer “better” fanzines these days.

THERE HAS BEEN Much Discourse on this list on the topic of whither on-line fanac. Hence the rather deliberate Change of “Subject” on this missive.

It is my considered opinion that, granted a changing and mutating world, you need not yet sing the death knell for the Print Fanzine. I enter into evidence...

True, **OW70** was produced with the aid of all sorts of electronic aids that would have been unfathomed ten years ago, let alone thirty-seven. But that’s what they are: aids.

It has been mentioned that, for the (average) monthly ISP fee of \$20, one can engage in virtually unlimited fanac, rather cheaply.

True enough, but may I at least point out that, for the same \$20, one could purchase two books of stamps, a fistful of postcards, a couple of air letters – and be just as “active” a fan – although it might take a wee bit more “work” and “creativity” than simply hitting the “send” button. I know it’s possible; I’ve done it.

I think the best of all possible worlds lies in a melding of both online, and offline, fanac.

Now not everyone is silly enough to commit close to \$1,200 – particularly nearly four months into the current bout of unemployment – to publishing a mere fanzine. Nor should they be; I don’t need the competition. I freely admit that a computer, and email, made this issue manageable – but I have the feeling I would have managed, nevertheless.

I made that expenditure without regret. By the same token, if I had to cough up twenty bucks on a monthly basis, I wouldn’t be “here”, right now. Despite predictable irritants, my *free* ISP makes possible my presence in both worlds.

That presence, despite the probable exasperation of a few of you, long about now, is something I cherish.

Deal with it. I’m going to be here for a while.

...but I’d certainly welcome some of you visiting me over there, in my other world.

IT’S A CONJECTURE in progress, but I’ve come to the conclusion that **Outworlds** is not so much a “fanzine” as My Own Private APA.

As such, you do have to, in effect, cite credentials and, once you are receiving the Mailings, there is a certain level (flexible, very) of “minac” to maintain.

By the same token, as with an apa, all you have to do is send in your contributions.

I’ll do all the heavy lifting.

Few do it better.

[...but I’d love for you to try!]

**Bill | ...the ever dreaming | Bowers
September 2, 1998**

from *Outworlds 70*, page 2623

As is probably mentioned elsewhere in this issue, “Timebinders” – the online fanhistory “discussion” group – has A Lot to Atone For, and must share a fair amount of ‘blame’ for any perceived “lateness” of this issue.

**The *Outworlds* List,
continued:**

South Florida SF Society
Dale Speirs*
Maureen Kincaid Speller /
Paul Kincaid
Garth Spencer
Allen Steele
Alan Stewart
Steve Stiles*
Pat Stitchenoth
Mae Strelkov
Geri Sullivan
Sally A. Syrjala
Taral Wayne*
David Thayer*
Bruce Townley
Bob Tucker*
Pat Virzi
Roger Waddington*
Michael W. Waite*
Harry Warner, Jr.*
Toni Weisskopf
Ted White*
Walt Willis
Billy Wolfenbarger*
Alexander Yudenitsch*

[1] File copy
[10] “save” copies --
Plus (7) Locals,
to be distributed RSN

Seen on eBay in 2002

SET OF OUTWORLDS

"Outworlds is often fat, always lovingly designed and written, and generally provocative and entertaining. Some of the finest writers and artists of science fiction fandom and prodrom have contributed to its pages, and Bill (Bowers) has always orchestrated them into a satisfying whole."

– quote from a bibliography of science fiction fanzines.

This is one of the most outstanding science fiction fanzines that existed during the 1970's. As the quote above says, it includes the finest writers and artists of that time. Universities and other science fiction libraries include **OUTWORLDS** in their inventory. Unfortunately, copies are very rare (especially copies in the condition of this set). This set includes whole #19, #21/22, #26, #27, #28/29. It would be far too time-consuming to list every writer and artist represented in *Outworlds* [sic]. Suffice it to say that just about everyone who was anyone at that time is a contributor or subject of another contributor, photographed, pilloried, loved, hated, or idolized.

The condition of the magazines are as follows – #19 is in Xfine-Nmint cond.; #21/22 is on pulp paper and is a little darkened but Xfine; #26 (includes index for Vol. 6) top front cover faded 5/8" Vfine to Xfine; #27 Xfine to Nmint; #28/29 Xfine to Nmint.

The collection also includes two of the large white mailer envelopes with an illustration by Mike Gilbert.

Seller scied@delanet.com(70)

Location Frederica, DE

Country/Region United States / Philadelphia

Bidding History:

dfarm@ziggycom.net (151) \$33.00 Aug-20-02 17:41:50 PDT

ufoindex (541) \$32.00

ufoindex (541) \$26.85

nonstop1 (351) \$16.89

dfarm@ziggycom.net (151) \$15.00

theofolous (37) \$12.09

dgkaiser@gte.net (10) \$10.00

ufoindex (541) \$7.00 Aug-17-02 18:15:29 PDT

OUTWORLDS #19 - Kuttner, Bradbury, Anderson

Item # 1544199031

The 19th issue of the beautifully-made Hugo-nominated fanzine **OUTWORLDS**. This issue features Henry Kuttner, Ray Bradbury, Piers Anthony, Poul Anderson; Art by Steve Fabian, Grant Canfield, Mike Gilbert, others. Condition: fine. Buyer pays postage; check or money order.

Seller: Resnick

Bidding History (Highest bids first)

piers (1279) \$10.50 Jun-18-02 19:03:45 PDT

dfarm@ziggycom.net (151) \$10.00 Jun-19-02 19:02:01 PDT

OUTWORLDS #1 RARE SF FANZINE Bill Bowers

Item # 1542679172

Issue number one of long-running science fiction fanzine, *Outworlds*, published by Bill and Joan Bowers. This first issue was printed by mimeograph, 26 pages, with art and text by Bowers, Robert Weinberg, Harry Warner Jr, William Rotsler, Connie Reich Faddish, Earl Evers, Hank Davis. Issue is in fine condition. Winner pays \$5 for Priority Mail Insured domestic shipping. I accept PayPal, money order, personal check. These fanzines were typically issued in very short press runs.

First bid: US \$9.95

Started: Jun-09-02 12:32:19 PDT

Ends: Jun-16-02 12:32:19 PDT

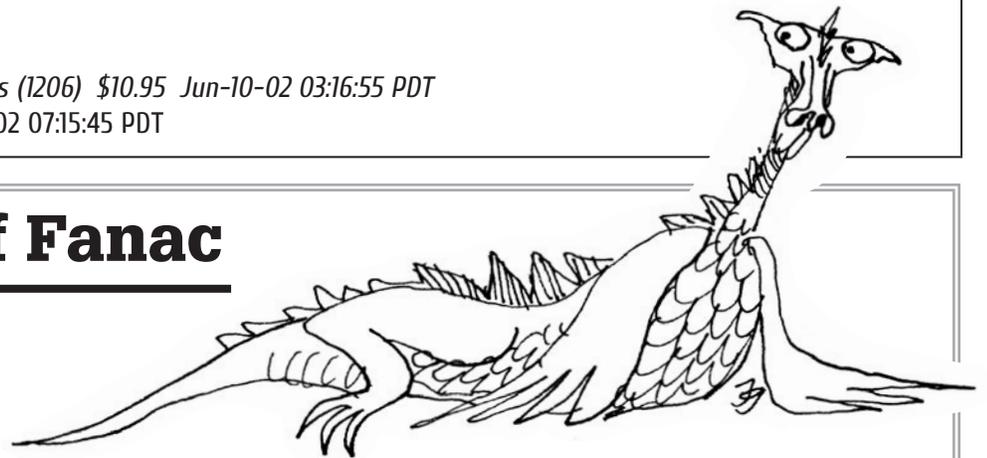
Seller: smithworldorder(569)

Location: Houston

Bidding History:

books_cards_comics_and_pulps (1206) \$10.95 Jun-10-02 03:16:55 PDT

j.swartz (143) \$10.45 Jun-16-02 07:15:45 PDT



The Price of Fanac

1/1 through 12/31, 1999

GoOut:

\$117.53	Postage
\$119.72	Printing
\$68.00	Apa Dues & Back Mailings
\$262.05	Supplies
\$108.35	www.outworlds.net
\$379.34	Computer Stuff
\$164.60	Books/Magazines

\$1219.59

ComeIn:

\$1136.54	Back Issues; Donations; OW71 "grant"
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1/1 through 7/15, 2000

GoOut:

\$23.09	Postage
\$76.70	www.outworlds.net
\$51.82	Printing [X:44]
\$35.00	APA Dues
\$134.34	Supplies
\$73.11	Internet
\$404.89	Hardware [Xerox WorkCentre XK35C & 2 color cartridges]
\$123.98	Books/Magazines

\$922.93

ComeIn

\$585.00	Donations, subscriptions, back issues
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1/1 through 6/21, 2001

GoOut

\$47.05	Postage
\$77.17	Printing [X:45]
\$47.00	APAs
\$171.96	Supplies

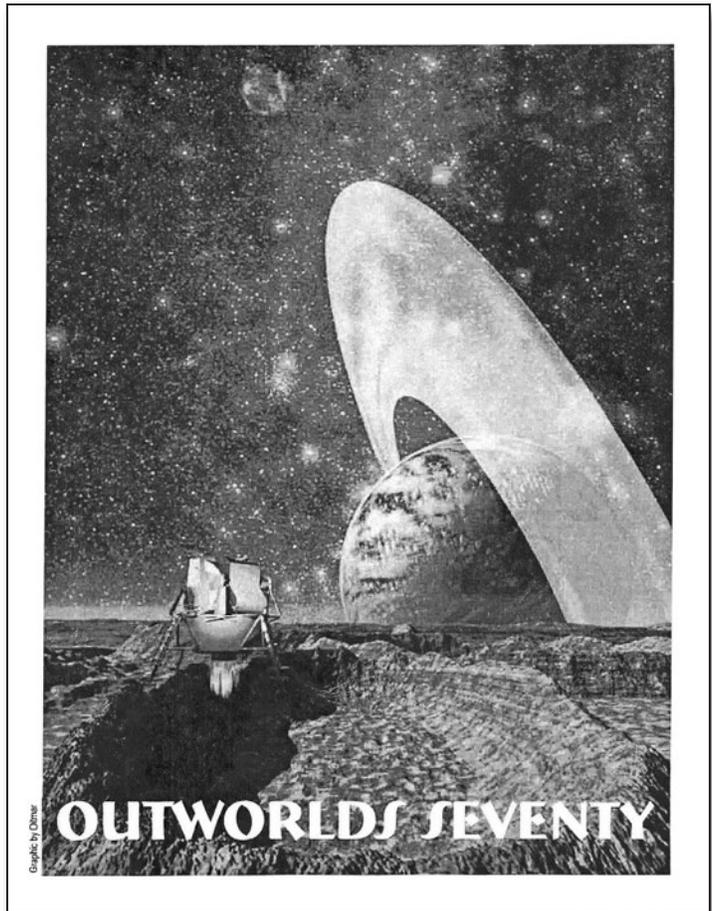
\$218.96

ComeIn

\$102.50	Subscriptions & back issues
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...yet more Trivia from MyLife. As with all of my "Lists", these two are presented simply for your amusement / bemusement. No Great Truths are intended, or implied.

("The Price of Fanac", OW70)



Review of *OUTWORLDS 70*

A.L. Sirois

OUTWORLDS 70

147 pages

Edited by Bill Bowers

4651 Glenway Avenue

Cincinnati OH 45238

5 issue subscription \$20.00

Available for \$7.50/copy or editorial
whim!

HOW MANY PEOPLE reading this review know much about science fiction fandom? It's going to be hard to discuss *Outworlds* without a little background, so bear with me for a few minutes.

Around the time that *Amazing Stories*, the first true sf magazine,

began publication back in 1926, its editor, Hugo Gernsback (after whom the sf Hugo award was named) had a brilliant idea to increase interest in "scientific-tion" among his readership, and by extension sell more copies of *Amazing Stories*. He encouraged the readers of *Amazing's* letter column to gather into clubs – science fiction fan clubs. This was an idea whose time had come: it didn't take long before fans in several cities, most notably New York and Chicago, were organizing. What Gernsback didn't foresee (and one is tempted to pun

on Gernsback's novel title **RALPH 124C41+** here, but "1" won't) was that these fans would begin to publish their own amateur magazines: thus the first fanzines (or fmz, in fanspeak but more of that later) were born.

At any rate, before very long the fans were circulating their zines among themselves, and this has been going on ever since. The aggregate groups of fans are referred to as "sf fandom," or just fandom.

I was very active in fandom for about ten years from 1973, primarily as a fanartist, contributing

dozens of interior drawings “fillos,” or filler illustrations and cover art, and as a letterhack, typing (this was before desktop computers, remember) many many LoCs (letters of comment) to genzines (general interest fanzines), perzines (personal journal fanzines) and what-have-you. I even published a fanzine of my own toward the end of my tenure in fandom.

Fanzine fans are an extremely literate and intelligent lot, generally speaking, for all that they include among their numbers some more or less socially challenged individuals who have a hard time communicating in person. Though most are personable and loquacious, some fans are painfully shy by virtue of having been ostracized, with their own more or less willing cooperation at times, from what we might call mainstream human interactions. Lord knows they can't be normal if they like to read that idiotic sci-fi crap. SF fans have been stereotyped as propeller-beanie-wearing geeks with acne and buck teeth. Fans sometimes use the image themselves, as a wry joke. Such a stereotype is cruel and stupid. For every jerk in fandom and there have been some notable ones, there are dozens of intelligent, warm, passionate, clever people.

From the ranks of fandom have come such writers and editors as Robert Silverberg, Harlan Ellison, Terry Carr, Anthony Boucher, James White, Bob Shaw, Isaac Asimov, Stephen Leigh, Robert Bloch, Ray Bradbury, Bjo Trimble, et many al. Roger Ebert was very active in fandom at one time. Such artists as Kelly Freas, Rick Sternbach, Jack Gaughan, Tim Kirk and Phil Foglio have all contributed to fanzines. The list literally (pun intended) goes on and on. The process continues: talented men and women still rise from fandom and take their place as novelists and screenwriters.

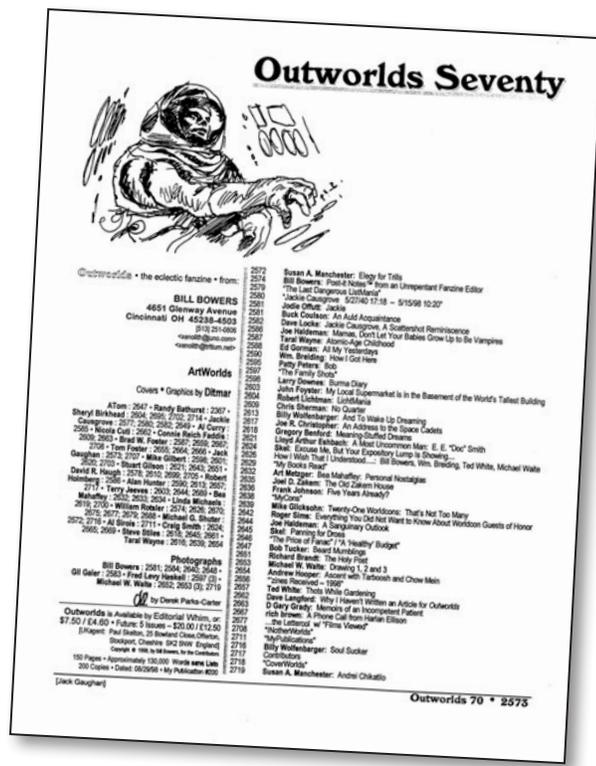
This might lead you to believe that there are some damn good writers (and artists) in fandom. You'd be right. Some of them are on display in **Outworlds 70**.

(Let me digress briefly one last time: we, here, are talking about fanzine fandom. It is only one aspect of sf fandom as a whole, which is inclusive of [but not limited to] media fandom [anime, trekkies], weaponry [swords and SCA-type stuff that's the Society for Creative Anachronism, a medievalist group], filking [fannish folk singing, in which popular tunes are given new words “It's an IBM 360-85/ This computer came alive” sung to “This Old Man,” for example], masquerade and costume fandom [a biggie, this one] and others.)

Bill Bowers has been a fan for a long time. I've actually met him once or twice at conventions. I've even contributed art and articles to his zines, though not for many years. But he happened to have an old fillo of mine in his files, so he included it in this issue and kindly sent me a copy. I asked him if it would be okay for me to review **OW** on the web, and he agreed at once. Keep in mind that **OW** is not a commonly available publication. It's a stapled-together fmz, for crying out loud: it consists of photocopied pages. And at 147 pages, it's a damn big fanzine: a genzine, actually, with some fannish [specifically about fannish fans writing about fandom itself – subjects as opposed to general-interest material] overtones. Most zines, not even Bill's, are nowhere near this size, but Bill sometimes can't seem to stop. Like many fans, he is obsessive. He's been

Pubbing His Ish (doing fanzines) for nearly forty years, now. You can write to Bill and ask him if he will send you a copy, and if he feels like it, he will. He's a pretty nice guy; if he doesn't have any more copies left, he may send you something else. Bill, like many fans, is nothing if not prolific when it comes to publishing fanzines. He even has a version of **Xenolith**, his FAPAzine, that he sends out via email. (Oh, FAPA? The Fantasy Amateur Press Association. I can't take the time to explain APAs here; I'll have to save that for another column.)

Well, after that lengthy introduction (rather deliberately written at least partly in fanspeak), I better get on to the actual contents of **OW70**. What you have to understand is that there is an active and lively subculture in fandom devoted to fanzines. The editors, writers and artists are passionate about their work, and they pride themselves on their skill. Very few of these people have ever had or would want to have anything published “professionally.” They



communicate among themselves for the sheer delight in knowing themselves and each other. Consequently, a fanzine usually has very little to say about science fiction, and a lot to say about people, life, and even fandom itself. Some of the best essays I have ever read have been in the pages of fanzines that are seen by, at most, a couple hundred people.

This issue of *Outworlds* is no different. Unlike many faneds (fan editors), Bill retains an active interest in both the history of fandom and the history of sf itself. For example, this issue has a lengthy article by rich brown titled "A Phone Call from Harlan Ellison," about just that, a phone call to rich from Harlan, clarifying an issue dating back from Harlan's days as a fan in the early 1950s. rich uses this as a springboard to discuss the ins and outs of Seventh Fandom (don't ask), and goes on at a length that even I, a person who is somewhat familiar with the subject and who even has a passing interest in it, started skimming after about five pages. After all, who gives a damn? Well, there are fans who do; even Ellison, who has had nothing to do with fandom for decades, admits that after all these years he can still feel hurt by the whole silly Seventh Fandom flap.

But rich's entry is not, for my money, the best offering in *Outworlds 70*. There are touching memories of Jackie Causgrove, a fan who recently passed away, an excellent piece by Bill Breiding

on how he got started reading sf, lots of fannish memorabilia in the form of convention photos, a really interesting travelogue by Larry Downes about his trip to Burma, Chris Sherman's essay on birthing lessons and his impending fatherhood, a long stream-of-consciousness piece by poet and writer Billy Wolfenbarger, a very interesting review by Gregory Benford of Thomas Disch's overview of sf, **THE DREAMS OUR STUFF IS MADE OF**, a fascinating biographical article about E.E. "Doc" Smith of **SKYLARK** and **LENSMAN** fame, appreciations of well-known editor and fan Robert A.W. "Doc" Lowndes (I knew Doc; he had contributed to my own fanzine years ago, and I was sad to learn that he had died last year), and much much more, including columns from Wilson (Bob) Tucker and Ted White.

Several of the pieces deal with death in one way or another, as I have intimated, and there is a lot of talk about the recently deceased Bill Rotsler and Buck Coulson in the issue's lettercol – letter column, sorry. I think this is the first time I have seen so many memorial pieces in a given fanzine. When you consider that fandom is really a transatlantic community (there is a long tradition of fan funds established for the express purpose of sending deserving fans from one side of the Big Ditch to the other: TAFF, the Transatlantic Fan Fund between Europe and North

America, and DUFF, the Down Under Fan Fund between Australia and North America), this should come as no surprise. Fans tend to care about one another when they aren't arguing about something or other. And they tend to stick with their hobby. I haven't seen a fanzine in many a year, but I recognized the bylines of most of the writers and artists whose work are currently on display in *OW70*.

And that, I believe, is the bottom line of fandom: communication and enduring friendship. There are worse things on which to base a subculture. Yes, it is insular, and at times silly, with egos occasionally running rampant and contentious personalities often coming to the fore, but you have to expect that with a big group of opinionated, intensely creative people. Fans are united by their common enjoyment of science fiction, even if they don't talk about it that much. Did I call fandom a hobby? It seems not to matter if FIAWOL (Fandom is a Way of Life) or FIJAGDH (Fandom is Just A God Damn Hobby). There's room for everyone.

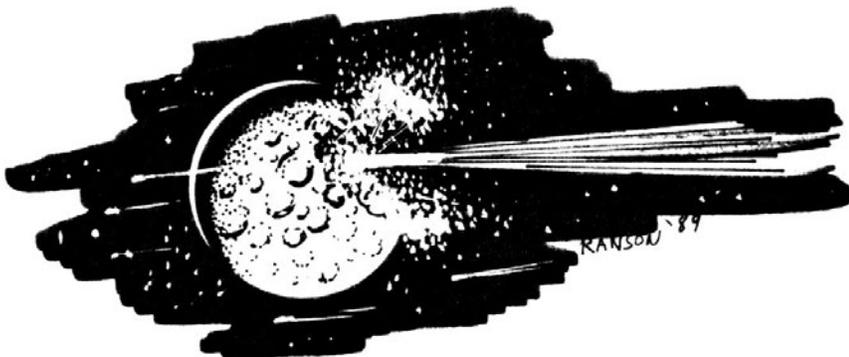
Outworlds 70 opens a door on that. It is a door of perception: you might not immediately understand what you are seeing in there, but if you take the time you'll be rewarded.

A.L. Sirois

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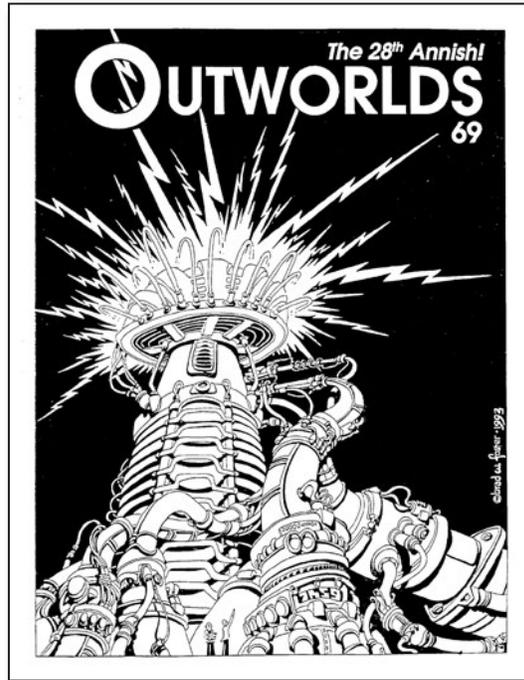
About the Author

A.L. Sirois does software engineering, web design and graphics for a small company in New Jersey, where he lives with his wife and two children. He has recently completed a screenplay involving Willy Ley and Nazi espionage. When he's not writing, working or spending time with his family, he plays drums in a rock band and oversees the *SFWA Bulletin* website.



Letters of Comment

as of
March 26, 1999



[Mae's copy of *OW69* was mailed to her on May 9th. Her reply is undated, but the envelope is postmarked 8/26/98. I received it – complete with Air Mail postage – 9/8/98... and there are some who wonder how we managed, in the old pre-internet days.]

Mae Strelkov

OW69 just came & thank you. Thank you for Wm. Breiding's "Out Into the Woods". So poignant and entrancing!

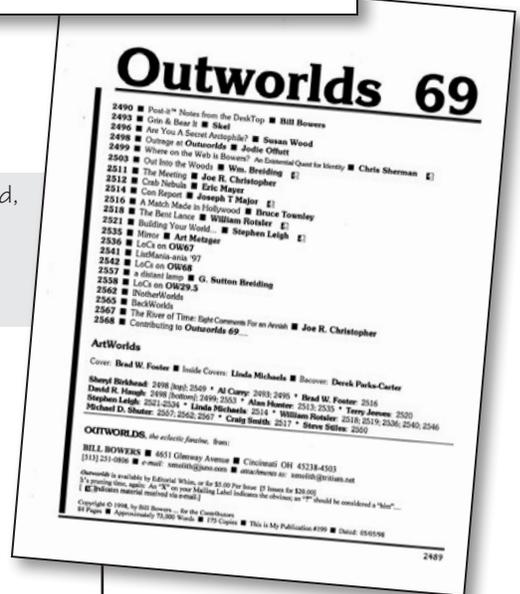
"The Bent Lance" is very sad, waving anal dildoes at us in a gesture of farewell. All ersatz, his love for fandom? "Shove it up your ass," his final message?

And then there's Alan Hunter's insight. All fandom has admired Alan's art for years. Surely he has a right to say, "My belief is that a kiss is a commitment and anything beyond that is a bond for life." A strong argument against an anal dildo waved in farewell! Sad beyond measure, Rotsler's summing up of his days. I've started studying Hebrew now, and just reached the exercise where I must read in Hebrew: "These are the days of the years of the life of –" it goes on "the bad King". Rotsler was a King in fandom – his little bits of humor & irony in his sketches were like worthy coinage to buy our hearts.

And now? He's done so much – "walked up the Arch of Triumph", "been shot off in catapult planes", "had psychic experiences in Venice, on a mountain and elsewhere".

He concludes: "And I'm a grandfather." May we yet get to meet his grandson?

Stephen Leigh's tale of constructing his **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** is magnificent. Under "Oh my God..." what challenging material is suggested. Wish a whole book on it could have come into fruition.



Wm. Breiding, “the old deep space that is my core, that vast dark region of loneliness”, takes on meaning when one has read of his father and him on those walks.

Robert Jordan is mentioned disapprovingly. I’ve enjoyed his books a lot. Is that “a scandal”? that millions of readers do too?

Really, fandom is growing very middle-aged, sedate and backward-looking”, to quote Breiding again.

I like Sally Syrjala’s words re “forming words and doing my part in keeping the language kicking”. Fandom has done that, in every way!

[postmarked August 26, 1998]

“My belief is that a kiss is a commitment and anything beyond that is a bond for life.”

I would, to a large degree, subscribe to that, with the caveat that the “commitment” does not have to lead to marriage. And that, while we’re not talking Rotsler numbers by any stretch of the imagination, I know for a fact that it is possible to have more than one “bond for life”.

Carolyn Doyle

Here I am finally LoCcing **Outworlds 69**, just as I hear **70** is out... oh well, if you can publish old contributions, I can LoC “old” issues.

Skel’s piece on Cas and the amazing expanding teddy bear empire reminded me of their stay with us this summer. We were their first stop on this trip, and I think Cas was ahead of Skel when they left, having purchased two “artist bears” (this does not mean these bears live in a garret and sigh a lot... in fact, from what they cost, I suspect they’re used to living at the Ritz!) Skel’s description of the ingenious bubble-blowing Uncle Gerry bruin reminds me of the latest in bears for newborns – a large, plush, cuddly model with a knob at the back which, when turned, plays swooshing sounds similar to those presumably soothing ones the baby heard *in utero*.

I can’t recall a stuffed animal or toy that I had a special relationship with, or wanted to drag about with me everywhere. I usually used my stuffed animals to act out the little stories I made up (I thoughtfully supplied all the voices).

I think I was most attached to certain books. I can still remember a big book of Mother Goose rhymes, and a tattered, much-beloved copy of the **CAT IN THE HAT DICTIONARY**. (I recently found a new copy of this, which I picked up, intending to give it to one of my nephews at a suitable time – but now I suspect I’ll just keep it!)

I was impressed with Steve’s detailed “world-building” description – it was very good, and informative. (It reminded me of a book I read, a collection of descriptions from various songwriters, like Jackson Browne and Paul Simon, on how they wrote their songs. Most described the process in general, but Simon actually described the entire process of writing one particular song, all the little steps, and what the various references meant. It demystified the process – and showed it for the sometimes-tedious job of work it really is.)

I enjoyed both of Bill Rotsler’s eye-popping “**Bent Lance**” articles. I’ve been a fan of his illustrations since I started reading fanzines. He is sorely missed, a great loss to fandom.



Eric Mayer's musings on the parts of his life were especially touching because we were in at the start of Part Two – he was visiting us in Franklin and went with us to Chambanaccon, where he met Mary for the first time... and, when she moved to Rochester, she stopped at our house overnight *en route*. We made the trip out for their wedding – and, as Mary likes to say, they brought us along for their honeymoon, when we all joined for a trip to Niagara Falls the next day. [September 3, 1998]

Karen Johnson

The zine [*Outworlds 69*] was everything I expected it to be, and more. For one thing, I didn't expect it to be quite so Large... It was full of extremely Good Stuff, and I enjoyed every moment that it took to read (and so did my mother, who grabbed it for a good read herself as soon as I'd finished with it.) The Worldbuilding article in the middle of the zine was especially interesting, and I'm glad you published it. I don't think that **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE** has made it to Australia yet, but I'll keep my eyes open. Anyone who puts this much effort into creating the background details for their book (and who can recount it interestingly) must be a good writer.

How can anyone Not Like Teddies? As a closet arctophile I enjoyed Skel and Susan Wood's separate pieces on the phenomenon. I love them myself, and am ever-tempted to buy more, but my perpetually empty purse restrains me to a strict 'look but don't touch' approach (actually, it's a 'look, cuddle, stroke, but DON'T BUY approach' – teddies demand petting). Despite my best efforts, the current bear count in my bedroom is 12, including 1 cat, 1 raccoon (I *think* it's a raccoon – I got it at the Melbourne Show for \$2), a rather-battered wombat, and a newly acquired Easter Rabbit with long floppy ears. There are also 75 miniature glass, resin etc. model bears on my shelves, and an equal quantity of Yowies, but they're not cuddly.

As a person with newly-acquired, but extremely limited, Net Access, I can understand its attractions. Unfortunately tho', I don't have Time to do anything about it! Since getting and distributing my E-mail address in various fannish directions, I've found that it takes a minimum of 4–8 hours per week just to keep on top of the mail. Web-browsing and generally playing games are far beyond my reach.

I've never tried the 'looking up your name in a search engine' trick, but I did try entering it into Hotmail's Member Directory (after discovering that I couldn't have 'Karen', 'KarenJ' or 'Kaje' as my login name because they were already taken.) I don't know How Many 'Karen Johnsons' there actually ARE out there, but it must be a lot. The directory asked me to 'refine my search' as there were more than the 100 it could show. Entering 'Outside America' there were still too many, and when I went further to 'Australia' there were FIFTEEN! That certainly makes me feel important – NOT!

[Monday, April 5, 1999]

Murray Moore

I indulged in the reading of *Outworlds 69* as like unto a very long, hot, bath – which is unusual, as I haven't taken any kind of a bath, hot, warm, or cold, for years. I shower. Be that as it may, and albeit, and notwithstanding, the point to get to: I did not make comment hooks. This LoC is the result of my skimming through *OW69*, after having read it.

As soon as I started reading this article, I experienced an instant flash-back. Outworlds 69 contained one of my favorite items from the countless incarnations of this fanzine, and two that drew a sizable response independent of the Pru Vians being "bad bears". One was "Jude O'Brien" ... and the other was the "bear". The other was the article that follows. I haven't here, not only for the obvious bear's place, but simply as a reflection that, after a year in which for too many Good Fans have left us, I still miss Susan.

Susan Wood Are You A Secret Arctophile?

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Original published as an installment of "Unorganized" by Susan Wood in Outworlds 19 Copyright © 1994 by William L. Brown

2496



Skel and I have a trauma in common. I, too, am married to a woman who had a nervous breakdown. But, damn it, we didn't manage to make any money because of it! The bad news, it happened as sudden as a car crash. The good news is, Mary Ellen walked from the wreck, metaphorically speaking.

The time: early May, 1998, a Monday. The previous evening I had said goodbye, for the week, to Mary Ellen and the boys, and drove near-two hours to the big city of Mississauga. I was staying with my widowed mother-in-law, Sunday evening through Thursday evening, in order to attend the year-long Information Technology program I will finish in late October.

I arrive at my mother-in-law's house, home from a day of classes, late Monday afternoon. She is out. I assume she is shopping. I answer the telephone. My mother-in-law is calling from our kitchen, in Midland. By the time I hear from her, my wife of near-18 years has been admitted to a Constant Care Unit locked ward of the Brebeuf wing of the Regional Centre of the Penetanguishene Mental Health Centre (MHC).

I arrive at the MHC at 7 p.m. A nurse tells me, "She's agitated. She's been put in the time out room." The time out room! The nurse leaves and returns with additional information. "A doctor is seeing her. He is giving her some medication." I telephone from our house at 9 p.m. A nurse tells me, "She's lying down and resting comfortably."

Mary Ellen had telephoned her mother. Mary Ellen asked her mother to drive to Midland, without telling her why. Her mother thought I had been injured, or killed, in a car accident. She arrived to find the house empty, the doors unlocked, no note giving Mary Ellen's whereabouts. Our kitchen telephone rang. Our doctor's receptionist told my mother-in-law she had taken Mary Ellen to the emergency department of Huronia District Hospital (HDH) from our doctor's office. Mary Ellen's mother saw Mary Ellen in the HDH Emerg. She asked Mary Ellen if Mary Ellen knew her. Mary Ellen recognized her mother. She told her mother, "I don't know who I am."

The first time her mother saw Mary Ellen in the MHC, Mary Ellen told her, "Murray's left me, hasn't he? I killed someone, didn't I? I've been here before."

"My life is like a list," she told me the first time I was with her in the MHC. "I have to check all the facts, to see if they are true." Being with her was like being in a Philip K. Dick novel. I never had been with someone I knew well who was not in her normal mind. She was delusional. She believed people were watching her, before she was admitted. She had an auditory hallucination while in Emerg. She heard the voices of three people unlikely to have been there collectively for her to overhear.

The good news is, she was admitted on a Monday and released to go home the following Friday. She could have come home before Friday. She felt better by Wednesday, but she didn't know she had to ask to see a psychiatrist. She officially had a stress-induced psychotic episode. No medication was prescribed for her.

After reading the long, sensitive, article by Wm. Breiding, in which he describes both his relationship with his father, and with the land his father loved, plus his long LoCs, I feel I know him. I find him very interesting. I understand why you value him as a contributor, and as a friend.

As a fan of the *New Yorker* magazine, Bill might appreciate my designation of *Outworlds* as our fanzine fandom's equivalent of the *New Yorker*.

I met Jodie Offutt at Ditto/Octocon, last year. Jodie engaged me in a pleasant conversation. Thus I easily see through her faux "Outrage at *Outworlds*" article.

The Brad Foster cover is typical Foster. Foster strikes me as typical of fandom's finer fanartists, fitting no commercial categories, but great of talent: perhaps by temperament not a commercial, meet-a-deadline, works-well-with-others individual; however, a container of a titanic, burgeoning imagination coupled with a terrific ability to express it. Lucky us.

OW69's indecipherable acronyms are FIML, on the shirt of Linda Michaels' cartoon fanned on the inside back cover; and FHF, in Mike Glicksohn's LoC, and in your response.

Should you reach the current decade in your mystery reading, try one of Neal Barrett, Jr.'s novels. This LoC would have been written sooner, but for my reading Barrett's Texas-set, **DEAD DOG BLUES**. His **PINK VODKA BLUES** also is a good read.

Maybe I won't commit this LoC to the ether. Shall I wait 20 years, until it is aged? No?
[Sunday, August 23, 1998]

PS to yesterday's LoC:

As the most interesting part of my LoC on **OW69** described my wife's nervous breakdown, perhaps I erred in crowning **Outworlds** as the **New Yorker** magazine of our fanzine fandom. I withdraw that description. **Outworlds** is the **True Confessions** of our fanzine fandom.

[Monday, August 24, 1998]

Lloyd Penney

A big, fat zine has been sitting here for more than a month, waiting for a decent response. That is **Outworlds 69**, and I'm sorry it's taken so long to get to.

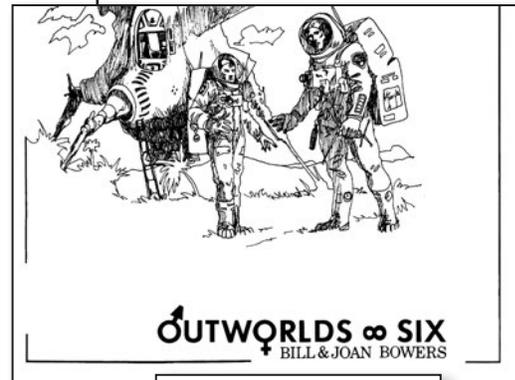
Cas and Skel and the teddies... sounds like a children's show, hm? They were in Toronto in July to visit with Mike Glicksohn and Susan Manchester, and we cadged a visit with them. Neat folks, and I wish we'd had more of a chance to talk with them. I can imagine how furry the Skelton household looks. Two fans in Minneapolis, Gerri Balter and Herman Schouten, had over 3,000 stuffed animals in their home when last I saw them over five years ago. I wonder how many they have now, or if they've taken to living in the garage in order to give the toys some room...

Great article by Susan Wood. We have a few teddy bears, including the soft one, Big Teddy, by the head of the bed, and the little four-inch teddy (christened Traveling Teddy) that goes with Yvonne whenever she travels without me. Traveling Teddy has been to Hawaii with Yvonne and her sisters, and to Benton Harbor, Michigan on many business trips. You're never too old for a teddy bear, or to be called one, either. When I chaired our local con, many people compared me to a teddy bear (a little overstuffed, I guess), and I became the Chairbear. I've got committee ribbons to prove it, too.

I guess if anyone should have final words about Bill Rotsler, it's Bill Rotsler, and what a summary of One Life. A life crammed with the usual contents of a dozen or more lives.

By the way, I have a copy of **Outworlds 6**, and saw Rotsler's three photo nudes. I have a run of the first 20 issues or so.

[August 30, 1998]



that left on my own, I'd have certainly spent the rest of my working life in what was essentially a mind-numbing job that did little of importance in a field that I couldn't really approve of (I worked on anti-aircraft missiles, mostly), and though I miss the financial security that the job provided, I'm now training for something that I can be a good deal prouder of (Nursing) and it will certainly test my talents on a daily basis. The future has more exciting possibilities now. I just have to devote myself to a couple of years of college until I get there. Things could be far worse.

The second worst aspect of all that (after the financial reverses) is the terrible impact on my fanac. I had just started to do some fanwriting at a level that I was finally happy with, and managed to place articles in *Mimosa* that I was kind of proud of. I wanted to do more – much more – but there's just no time now. I Have to hit the textbooks constantly these days. Oh well, at least now I can spend the rest of my life dreaming of "Best Fanwriter Hugos" that might-have-been, and delude myself into thinking that I Could have been a better writer. Never underestimate the heights to which rationalization can take you, that's my motto.

I confess that I've been hiding my copy of *OW69* from my wife Liz – not because of the suggestiveness of the name "OW69", but because of the articles on Teddy bear collecting by Skel and Susan Wood.

Liz, as it happens, is indeed a "secret arctophile" and if nothing were done about it, she'd happily have the entire house full of fuzzy, overstuffed bears. I knew nothing about her obsession until sometime after we were married. Upon moving into our current home the in-laws delivered a truckload of Liz's childhood treasures, among which was her old "Rupert – the Bear" doll (from an English TV show of the '60s, or so I gather). That modest little toy somehow spawned a collection of teddy bears that actively threatened my SF pulps for shelf space until we negotiated a settlement. Then Liz found my copy of *EARTHMAN'S BURDEN* by Poul Anderson and Gordon R. Dickson and the whole thing started all over again. Suddenly Liz started Making her own Hoka Bears and the house quickly filled with Hoka Cowboys, Hoka Napoleons, and Hoka Sherlock Holmes. (Actually I kind of enjoyed the Hoka phase more than I let Liz know. The Hoka Buck Rogers and Hoka Wilma Deering were quite well done and I considered requesting a Hoka Grey Lensman before I got hold of myself.) Eventually we both took up an interest in Civil War reenacting and the Hoka population hereabouts became stable. If Liz were to see *OW69* and realize that Teddy bears are not only SFish, but Fannish to boot, there'd be no stopping her.

I admire William Breiding for being able to write so openly about his relationship with his father. I have long had somewhat similar problems in sorting out things with my own dad and were I to try to sit down and write it out like Bill has, I don't think I'd get very far. Maybe someday I'll give it a try. In the meantime, thanks to Bill Breiding for a very honest essay. Your dad sounds like quite a guy, through your eyes, Bill. Eric Mayer's article is painfully personal, by which I mean that it's very well written – I think that's a given in Mayer's work, isn't it? – but the piece is so filled with his pain that it actually hurts to read it. Still, this small vignette fairly compels one to want to read more in the story. I understand that Mayer has been MIA from fandom for a while. Has he been heard from more recently than this 1993 piece?

Your blue-pages section featuring Stephen Leigh's material on world building is very good stuff. How in the world did you manage to arrange to publish this? Nice coup. I went ahead and read the entire article even



Dad, 1994

Wm. Breiding

Out Into the Woods

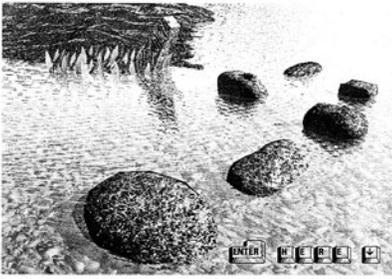
As a wife I have had to re-examine the words of my review or the work which he was so completely engaged. In following the trail of the sign as a source of insight as a family reunion, we have seen some brown leather and wood in a strange house on the blue land and government of red corner in northern West Virginia. In Monteleone's (or maybe his job for the severely and weakly by someone else). The dear incorporation was part of a larger study which my father and our relations had been trained. I'd spent the time with him as a boy, and had grown up talking him—I was the youngest of six children, well ahead, and it was not until late in that (I discovered and became a member of the family education. One day, as I remember, I remember and often the... I have only the actual scientific and now experience... result of my work, although as a public display emanating an emergency only. My parents supported it, and the results before my father's birthday. After that my father became even more of a headmaster. Dad's position at West Virginia University in Monteleone had an amazing life. State Extension Program Leader For Chi...

deer Recreation. In my mind I've always observed that to understand something, that what did it mean, what did he do? I remember the first question was, "What about Oglethorpe?" He was speaking of his job in Whiting. I was only young during those years, but only six when we moved to Monteleone, and my only impressions, aside from those above, was that he spent a considerable amount of time outside. For 13 years I was the director of Nature Education, Oglethorpe Institute and naturalist, at Oglethorpe Park, Whiting, West Virginia where and when you appeared on the scene. Dad continued. The title of the position at West Virginia University was changed to Extension Specialist, outdoor recreation. Dad's responsibilities at WVU involved several thousand acres which related to teaching, outdoor and outdoor. Seminars, formal and informal teaching, indoor and outdoor. All of this was related to Planning assistance in recreation development to the At Comprehension. It Changes and creation of environmental education emergency teacher development, outdoor environmental education. Still at a loss in understanding what he actually did, I was forced to simply come here. An un...

OUTWORLDS 69 2503

Stephen Leigh

Building Your World...



WORLD-BUILDING IS THE BANE AND THE JOY OF science fiction and fantasy.
No matter how strange and twisted the characters of mainstream fiction might be, they still move and act in a world that's instantly recognizable to us, because it's the same world that surrounds us. We understand instinctively the way they interact with that world and each other, because they're the same interactions we have ourselves. Beyond the history invented for them by the author, they are just that us, and we instantly understand why they act and react as they do.
Not in science fiction and fantasy (except perhaps in the rare cases when the story is set in the here and now). In that genre, the author must first invent characters, but she must also give them an entire new world to move within, a new history, new cultural values. All of that must work together to make a cohesive and reasonable background, no matter how alien it might be.
The characters you finally set loose in that world must be imbued with subtle and rich and reflexive which, given that culture, history, and world, make sense for both the characters and the reader. And the characters must still be understandable as people, as someone with whom you can share pain and triumph, laughter and tears.

OUTWORLDS 69

2421

though I've not yet read **DARK WATER'S EMBRACE**. In fact, as of Jan. 1999, the book has yet to appear on the local bookstore shelves. I rarely take the trouble to special-order a book but I think I will with this one. I was fascinated in the backstory that he built into **ALIEN TONGUE** and **DWE** sounds even more interesting.

The acclaim they've received in the **OW69** lettercol make me wish I had read C.M. Barkley's memoir of his life in SF and Roger's Sims' account of his invasion of Canada. I'll have to see if those issues reside in the boxes of fanzines that I inherited from Lynn Hickman and still haven't had time to sort out yet.

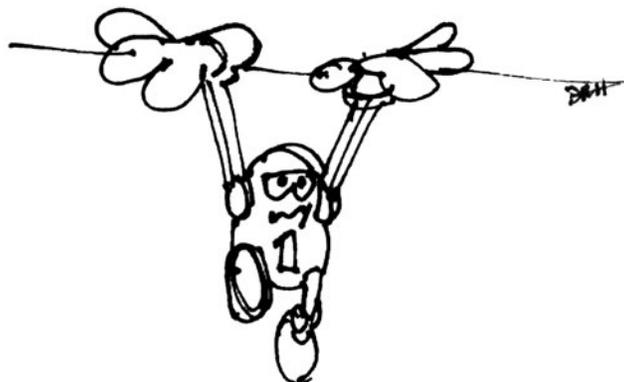
Robert Lichtman writes of the horrible notion of a fire at a fan's home with all the paper therein. I'm a volunteer fireman and the first big house fire I worked was at the home of a record collector with a Big collection. I wrote about this a bit in an article in **Mimosa 22**, but didn't dwell on the fact that the process of fighting the fire probably destroyed as many of that fellow's records as did the fire itself. Absolutely couldn't be helped though, and we did save some of it. When the day comes that I have to fight a fire at the home of a book collector, I expect I'll be a wreck for weeks afterwards.

Many, many great comment hooks in this, far more than I can deal with tonight. An excellent LoC from Mike Glicksohn in particular, and it's good to see something from fellow Rex Stout fan Roger Waddington, whom I used to correspond with years ago.

Darrell Schweitzer's mention of "how far did you get reading **DHALGREN?**" (about page 20) reminds me that in the 9th grade there was a beautiful girl that I had a terrible crush on who sat right behind me in English class. She completely ignored me for weeks until one day I came into class with my copy of **DHALGREN**, determined to have yet another go at its 812 pages during "free-reading time". "Wow", she said to me, her eyes sparkling. "Isn't that a great book? It's the only Sci-Fi book I've ever read, and I just Love it!" Now what I Should have said at that point is obvious and I have reminded myself of it many times in the 25 years since then. But I was 14 years old and the wild flow of hormones in my bloodstream had made me lightheaded. What I said was, "Oh really?, I've found it to be sort of... thick, myself." The Beautiful Eyes lost their sparkle, she turned away, and never spoke a word to me again.

A couple of years ago Samuel Delany was the GoH at ConCat in Knoxville and when I told him this story he roared with laughter until tears came to his eyes.

[Sunday, January 10, 1999]



Lenny Bailes

I've entertained grandiose plans in the last two months, off and on, for appeasing the three-headed dog that guards the *Outworlds* mailing list. "What kind of cake," I've asked myself repeatedly, while lounging in the Stygian antechambers of the Bay Area Rapid Transit system, "might momentarily divert the fierce hound's attention? How can I prevent Cerberus from seizing my manila envelope in its jaws as the *OW71*-laden barge debarks, bound downriver for the Isles of the Blessed?"

Maybe a faan-fiction story:

Bill Bowers, the overlord of a post-Cataclysm, war-torn fandom, is down to his last tank of bottled egoboo. (Picture the landscape of the Tank Girl movie, with its mutant, Kerouac-reading kangaroos and parched deserts.) The story opens with Bowers searching through the ravaged remains of fanzine collections buried under Atomic rubble. The little red needle on his fannish Radiation Suit is getting closer and closer to "E." We find Bowers prowling around in the ruins of Las Vegas with a flashlight. We gasp as he discovers Ken Forman's last diary – with its horrific account of how the War began:

We learn how irate agents of the W3 Consortium lasered Arnie Katz to a crisp in bright Las Vegas daylight – for blasphemies about embedding sounds in web pages.

Victor Gonzalez, learning that the agents were tipped off by members of the Seattle Web Publishing Ring, has gone berserk at a Vanguard meeting – exacting a grim retribution. This incident – the diary says – precipitated a national wave of fannish carnage (just as the Comet descended to trigger that stash of hydrogen bombs buried in the New Mexico desert).

Fingers trembling over the diary's pages, Bowers searches for comments on *Outworlds* as the gauge on his E-tank makes a raspy sound and falls silent. Nervously, he reads on and absorbs Forman's account of a desperate cross-country journey: Gonzales fleeing the Northwest in a minivan accompanied by a grief-stricken Andy Hooper – who now lacks a proxy partner to roll the dice for him in the Vegrant Virtual Baseball league. The diary proclaims the two are bound for Las Vegas to remedy this situation – last entry ending with a smudged scrawl.

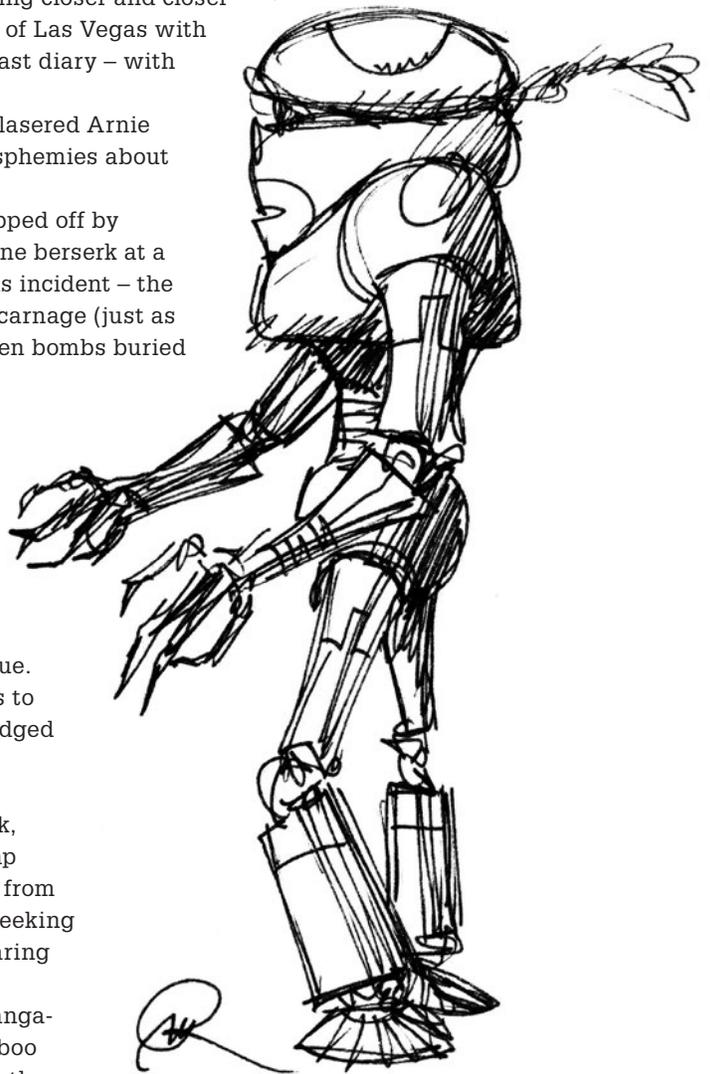
Bowers turns the page and snaps the book shut.

Acutely conscious of the empty E-tank on his back, Bowers nervously fingers a metal-and-plexiglas clamp (fashioned in the shape of a Hugo rocket) that hangs from his belt. He stalks the ruins of Las Vegas, hungrily seeking any fannish survivors. Presently, two kangaroos wearing Vegrant t-shirts hop up to him.

"It Certainly is a Wonderful Thing" – one of the kangaroos proclaims tentatively. Bowers detaches the Egoboo Clamp from his belt, raises and swiftly prongs it into the mutant Vegrant's back.

We witness Bowers' dismay as the plexiglas rocket container simply fills up with more Calvin Demmon aphorisms –

The narrative for the faan-fiction story breaks off here, supplanted by a completed networking guide to Windows NT Workstation.





So we're left, at the **OW71** deadline, with the more prosaic task of commenting upon issue contents:

Although it may not be what you most want to hear, one salient difference I notice between **OW69** and **OW70** is a less coordinated layout (with lack of uniformly high-quality fillos) in the latter issue.

OW69 and **70** both have their share of well-written, entertaining articles – with some filler material that interested me less. But **OW69** has a generally more consistent, aesthetically pleasing layout. (If we skip over the single-column Chris Sherman piece with its computer-button subtitle, we find a readable two-column format spiced with well-rendered cartoons and photographs.)

The layout in **OW70** is more haphazard, jumping between triple, double, and single-column spreads. I can understand the economic necessity for 3-column pages, in order to encompass all of the material. But the transitions tend to create the disjointed effect of cleanly-focused aesthetic design giving way to hodgepodge clusters. The quality of the filler art in **OW70** is also (to my taste) less uniformly pleasing. The photographs, journeyman Rotsler cartoons, standout Brad Foster and Steve Stiles material are complemented by a few boilerplate stfnal cliches and scratchings that bring a retrograde REGilbert ambiance into your pages.

The intent that I read in the **OW70** layout is to let each article in the magazine have its own look and feel, suggested by the mood and contents of the individual piece. If I'm right about this, I think that it's not a completely successful experiment. It appears that you want **OW** to mirror your own psychological gestalt: sometimes graceful and elegantly focused, other times permissively disjoint and friendly.

But as a reader, I find that my attention is more likely to be captured and focused throughout a fanzine when it has a consistent infrastructure. I lean toward the White/Steffan approach – which is actually represented in some portions of **OW70**, only to dissolve into other, less coherent schema.

OW70 has an impressive array of contributors. My favorite piece in the issue was Ted's juxtaposition of botanical gardening with prozine editing – which had a Godardian “1 plus 1” feel to it. Rich's long piece on Harlan Ellison / 7th Fandom will probably be remembered by most of the readership as a milestone of written fannish history. It reminds me of rich's occasional capacity to successfully render the Goldmanesque personal-narrative-with-asides.

There are other fine shorter personal essays embedded in **OW70**'s huge table of contents. I appreciate receiving this issue and look forward to the next one with my name on it – hoping it eludes the red, cross-hatched toothmarks of Cerberus as it sails on its pallet down the subterranean black river of the USPS.

[Saturday, October 17, 1998]

Dale Speirs

Not a quick skim to say the least; I like to refer to zines of this class (**Fosfax** and **Reluctant Famulus** are two other examples) as doorstopper zines.

p. 2575 “What is one to make of e-zines?” I think the problem is in calling them e-zines (or eek-zines, as Harry Warner might say). One does not call a VCR tape a videozine. E-zines are Web sites, or mailing lists, or databases, or FTP sites, but they are not zines. I believe the future of the Papernet is concentrating on quality, with zines that summarize, take a sober second look, or act as permanent, always-compatible archives. Leave the fast-breaking news to Usenet newsgroups, and let the neos churn out their crud on websites.

p. 2588 Taral Wayne discusses the CBC show **Razzle Dazzle**. This will not be of any significance to non-Canadians, so perhaps I shouldn't LoC about it. However, the host was Alan whats-his-name, who later got incredibly lucky and married Suzanne Somers. And his co-host on **Razzle Dazzle** was Trudy Young, a beautiful young thing who was the object of a million schoolboy fantasies, and probably the only reason that the show managed to attract any ratings at all. She later showed up in a bad hockey movie as the love interest, and went on to obscurity.

p. 2639 I've been to one-third of all Canadian Worldcons (Winnipeg 1994) and hope to increase this proportion to half of CanWorldcons by attending Toronto in 2003. I won't ever match Glicksohn with his 21 Worldcons, but then I'm not much for foreign travel. Details about TorCon 3 from Toronto in 2003, Box 3, Stn A, Toronto, Ontario, MSW 1A2. I won't mention details for fear that the next **Outworlds** might not show up until 2002.

Which leads me to something that's been on my mind lately, the realization that year 2000 is no longer the far distant future. One is used to thinking of it in the same category as retirement, winning the lottery, or Judgement Day. Now my credit cards have expiry dates ending in 00, and at work we are planning the year 2000 capital projects budget. It doesn't seem that long ago when newspapers were discussing 1984, and I grew up reading pronouncements about whether life would be Orwellian when that year finally arrived. But Orwell lost, and Kafka won. It was thought that the new millennium would be plagued with false prophets and religious doomsayers. The Y2K problem instead arose. The future is not only stranger than we imagine, it is stranger than we can imagine...

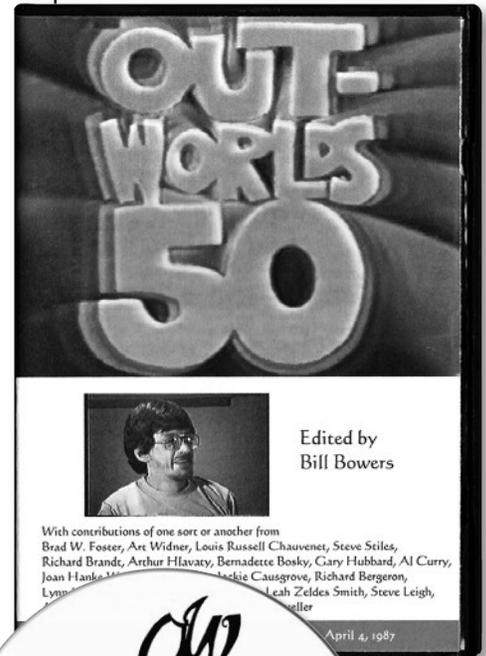
[September 13, 1998]

"Videozine" – Larry Tucker **OW50** —>

Ned Brooks

Ghood Grief, what a lump! I have ego-scanned this monster and the only reference I can find to my own personal self is this footnote on p.2593 where Wm. Breiding semi-accuses me of selling fanzines by the pound. This is an utterly false canard – I sold them by the ounce... But seriously, I have done very little selling of fanzines in any way at all. I certainly never sold any copies of **Title**, I still have them all. The 4th issue of the Willis brothers' **Anubis**, which I had a stack of from Ron, was sold for a while as part of the Heresy Press publishing empire. I have never sold any zines from my own collection, except that I once traded an extra copy of Phil Harrell's **Ventura II** to a Bradbury fan (it has the original appearance of a Bradbury poem) for a book. Perhaps Wm. was thinking of Seth Johnson, who sold fanzines through an ad in **F&SF** – but for just enough to pay the postage. I actually got into fandom through a package from Seth Johnson in 1962 – as fate would have it, one of the zines was by Phil Harrell, who lived across Chesapeake Bay from me; he was the first fan I ever met. I had a car, and he had been a fan only through the mail, so we joined forces and went to the 1962 Philcon, and the 1963 DisCon, and...

Glad to hear your health is better. I took prednisone once for poison ivy – it made me very hyper, seemed like I got more done that week than any week before or since. Is this how you produce giant fanzines, hopped up on steroids? Or does this effect not appear at your dosage? I was on one



of these schedules where you take 10 the first day and 9 the second day and so on until they are all gone.

Interesting review of the Disch book **THE DREAMS OUR STUFF IS MADE OF** by Greg Benford. I think Disch has changed more than the field itself – or is it me? I liked **CAMP CONCENTRATION** and **334** and **ON WINGS OF SONG**, but recently struggled through **THE PRIEST** – this seemed like pointless nastiness to me.

Great piece by Brandt on the Church-by-Mail. I used to see Ernest Angley occasionally on TV and always wondered if any sillier-looking person other than Regis Philbin ever stayed on the air that long. A few years ago I was watching TV at my mother's house in Decatur as my nephew idly flipped through the channels – as usual there was nothing on worth watching – and we paused on a channel where some televangelist was prancing across the screen in full cry. The funny thing was that the close-captioning was on – and the letters running across the screen were utter gibberish.

Great zine!

[Wednesday, September 2, 1998]

Date: Thu, 03 Sept 1998

From: Cuyler Brooks

Subject: Re: Off-line fanac [was: Bill Bowers is a fannish god] Which is an indisputable Truism, but perhaps a bit ostentatious for me to post to. [and furthermore: just how lengthy can Subject Headers be?]

Bill Bowers wrote:

Dear Timebinders, and Other (hopefully) Interested Parties:

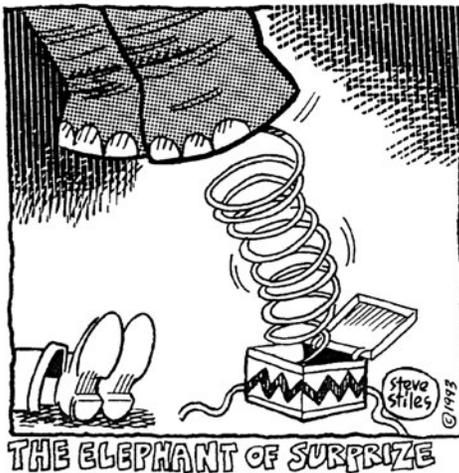
Oh Great & Noble Arbitrator of Excessive Bandwidth Expenditure, Forgive Me... for I am about to Sin:

Since the Elephant of Surprise [© Steve Stiles; OW70; pg. 2645] has been thoroughly blown by now, this totally self-aggrandizing Posting.

The rapid distribution of *OW70* by the USPS is amazing, I would never have guessed it made it in less than a week by bookrate. The only technical problems I could see with the beauty of it were the photos and the paper – I have a no doubt irrational prejudice against dead-white paper, nostalgia for Twil-tone perhaps... I don't know what the trouble was with the photos, I haven't published that many myself. I have discovered that while I can print a photo (or any illo with tone) on my laser printer and it looks pretty good, I cannot take that to the copy-shop and get anything like the same quality. This is the business of half-toning, I suppose, and the few photos I have published in long runs were half-toned with a screen that I bought by mail years ago and still have somewhere. I hope to find it eventually as I continue to unpack the 50,000 lbs of Good Stuff I dragged here from Virginia.

But to get back to the half-tone screen needed to make a master that the copy-shop can run good photos from – why isn't this option built into the software that drives the laser printer? Or maybe it is and I just haven't found it yet. I had a hard time finding a source for the plastic film screen, though it was not expensive and never wears out. I only learned about it because one of the copy machines at the office years ago had one stashed in the bottom of the cabinet. A few people knew about it and used it for making good copies of photos for the preliminary reports sent out to the editorial committees – others just stapled in extra photoprints. The final reports were professionally printed from negatives, we didn't have to bother about that – those printers had their own half-tone screens.

You got the Subject Header up to just over 2 lines on my screen. I don't know what the limit is.



E. B. Frohvet

I don't think you should do fanzines like *Outworlds #70* any more. The recipient is not so much encouraged to respond, as bludgeoned into a state of migraine confusion by its size, density, content, and BNF-ness. As we French say, *Toujours perdrix*. Literally, there was a sentence which jumped out at me on first reading that seemed to beg for a response. Now, I can't remember where it was in the magazine or who said it.

Laterally, I would be curious to know if I am the only one troubled by the notion that the content of fanzines seems increasingly to be nostalgia – *Mimosa* being merely the most extreme example. I get weary of quoting Carolyn Cherryh's remark, "Science fiction is the anthropology of the future", and getting even from fans the same response: "Huh?".

Page 2638: According to my count, you and I have in common eight conventions, all but one of which were either Worldcons or NASFiCs. I leave it as an exercise for the student, to guess which is the exception.

Partly for the reasons mentioned in my first paragraph, the single item that most captured my attention in *#70* may have been your editorial. I was the "newer faned" who received a copy of your old article about fanzines, and may yet write an article in response. Offhand, I toss out the suggestion that the mediocre fanzine that actually goes out is preferable to the perfect one that never gets published, or publishes only once every three years.

[October 1, 1998]

...and I certainly have no point of disagreement with that last "suggestion"!

Dave Locke

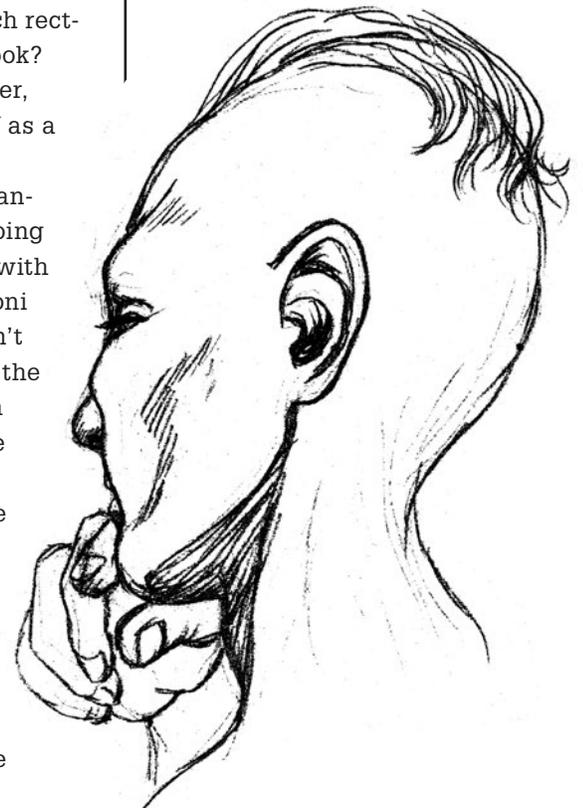
You just gotta love an editorial which kicks off with "Androids may well dream of electronic sheep; I, on the other hand, dream of 8½ × 11 inch rectangles of infinity." Wherever did you learn the art of the narrative hook?

"I'll never 'co-edit' or 'co-publish' a fanzine again." Never say never, although in your case it seems understandable that you're better off as a lone wolf.

I've lone-wolfed several fanzines for the consumption of general fanzine fandom. *Phoenix*, *Awry*, *The Works*, *Time & Again*. I enjoyed doing all of them, but I got that same enjoyment plus the joys of coediting with *Pelf* (w/David Hulan), *Shambles* (w/Ed Cagle), and *Gallimaufry* (w/Joni Stopa). It was more... well, fun to interact with a coeditor, plus I didn't have to do all the bullwork myself. On the other hand, my favorite of the lone-wolf pubs I did was *The Works*, which was about as lone-wolf a pub as you can get since it was primarily all my own writing and the issues were not thin.

By the way, does your new resolve mean that I'll never again have to staple a humongous run of doorstops entitled *Outworlds*?

To correct the faded appearance of penciled artwork you might consider darkening Xerox copies of the original until you get one where the appearance is what you want, and then pasting that copy onto the master. It worked for me a few years back. Possibly, by scanning the artwork and darkening the lines and then dropping it directly into the computer master you might achieve the same results without fiddling with Xerox copies.





Skel generally avoids trying to write about SF because he doesn't feel qualified. I avoid it because I've now become one of those fans who "used to read science fiction". Other than for my five-yearly stint of rereading Eric Frank Russell's books, and occasional rereading of Fredric Brown, I primarily read mysteries. The last two new SF books I read were in '96, before that two in '95, and six in '94. I am now a Fakefan.

It was good to reread the Bob Tucker material you culled from FLAP. And Gary Grady seems to have done an excellent job taking over my old shtick of writing funny pain stories, though I would hope neither of us encounter more source material.

Joe Major opines that: "Emailing has the additional problem that it removes the reconsideration time of printed mail while deleting the non-verbal cues of conversation. The mechanical effort of actually transferring a letter to paper made possible a certain span wherein reconsideration was possible. Similarly, by noticing various cues of stress, tone, and posture in conversation it is possible to avert blowups and also miscues can usually be instantly corrected. Neither of these apply with email."

Nonverbal clues apply to neither email nor snailmail, so that factor is a push.

As for reconsideration time, I don't really see this point. I write an email, I spellcheck it, I reread it, and out it goes. I write a snailmail, I spellcheck it, I print it out, I reread it, and into an envelope it goes. Where is the additional reconsideration time? Is there some difference between the mechanics of our approach to writing which provide him with extra reconsideration time and not me? Does he leave the snailmail for a day or so and then reread it, and not realize that he can do the same with email?

[Sunday, September 27, 1998]

Michael W. Waite

I caught an "oops" in your "Post-It Notes™ from an Unrepentant Fanzine Editor" (OW70). You ascribed your article "The Making of a Fanzine" to *Outworlds 24* when in fact it appears in *Outworlds 20*. Perhaps you were thinking of "Fanpublishing Symposium" which did appear in OW24. I point out this fact so you will know I'm paying attention to every little detail. OW20 is one of my favorite issues, as well as the coverless OW24.

This is NOT a letter of comment. It is a letter of observation. A certified LoC will follow.

Outworlds 70 is more than a "brick"; it's a "solid gold brick".

[Tuesday, September 8, 1998]

Outworlds Seventy will be a hard act to follow. OW71 will have to go platinum to surpass the "gold brick" status of OW70. Keep in mind, you don't always have to surpass yourself. Your devoted and humble fans appreciate ANY crumbs you can throw their way. An occasional silver or bronze brick is acceptable.

"Graphic by Ditmar" – what a coup. The computer graphics by Dick Jensen are amazing. Encore!

ListMania staggers the imagination. Now that Timebinders has entered your life, I suspect your lists will become smaller. Of course, you can always cut back on your sleep. Some of our greatest thinkers existed on 4 hours sleep a day. I didn't see any Kim Stanley Robinson books listed in "My Books Read: 1991 thru 6/30/1998"; Was that an oversight?

The remembrances of Jackie Causgrove were much appreciated. There are definite disadvantages to having never attended a con. Not meeting fans like Jackie is one of the disadvantages. Dave's remembrance had me laughing out loud, especially the "hooks in the ceiling episode" from *The Works #2*. I hope to see a collection of Jackie's fan writings, in the very near future.

Dave Langford's "**Why I Haven't Written an Article for *Outworlds***" is bloody good. It's easy to see why Dave has won so many Hugos. He should start his own fanzine. Don't you think?

Wm. Breiding's candid autobiographical piece "**How I Got Here**" was outstanding. I share his appreciation for Hermann Hesse, especially **NARCISSUS AND GOLDMUND**. I, too, identify with many of Hesse's characters. (I visited Hermann Hesse's grave in Montagnola, Switzerland, in 1976. I just happened to stumble upon it. Anytime I see a graveyard; I have to explore it.) Is Wm. pulling our leg when he says he has never read Heinlein, hates Asimov and has only read one Clarke novel? (2001, I bet.) Sacrilege. Breiding is one hell of a writer and a trufan, in spite of a few gaps in his sci-fi reading list.

Death: How I Wish I Understood... I can relate to that. My peers are dying at an alarming rate. Can I be far behind?

But what is all this fear of and opposition to Oblivion?

What is the matter with the soft Darkness, the Dreamless Sleep?

— James Thurber

I'm always amazed how my photographs take on an entirely different meaning when seen through the eyes of another person. The juxtaposition of Susan A. Manchester's fictitious letter ("**Andrei Chikatilo**") with my photograph was chilling. By placing the two works on the same page, you forced the viewer to create a relationship. I assume that was your intention. The blue cover was a nice touch. It's exciting to see one's work in an entirely different light.

I humbly submit to your October 17th deadline for *OW70* LoCs. Yes, Bill, you must keep the momentum going. A hiatus at this point-in-time is unacceptable — *carpe diem*. *Outworlds* deserves to be on the Hugo ballot. I may buy an attending membership to "Aussiecon Three" to help make it so.

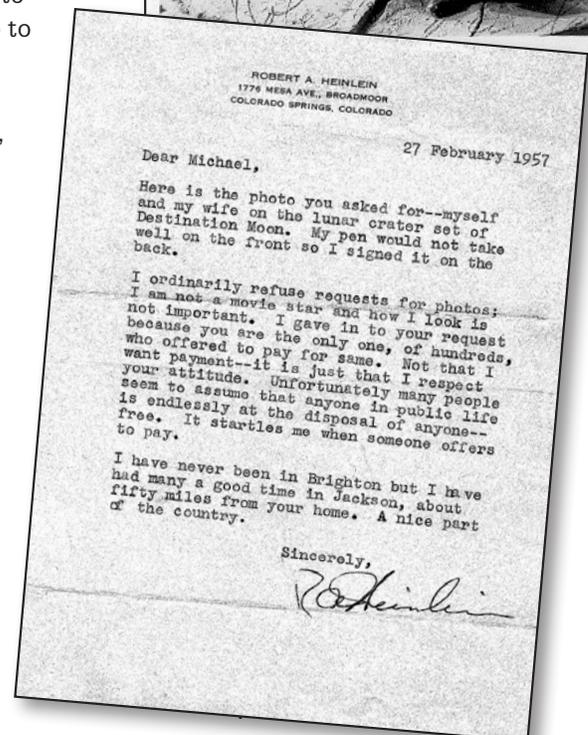
Lloyd Arthur Eshbach's "**A Most Uncommon Man: E. E. "Doc" Smith**" was delightful. His book, **OVER MY SHOULDER**, has much more to say about "Doc". Somewhere I read that "Doc" used to live in Jackson, Michigan — back in the mid-thirties and early forties.

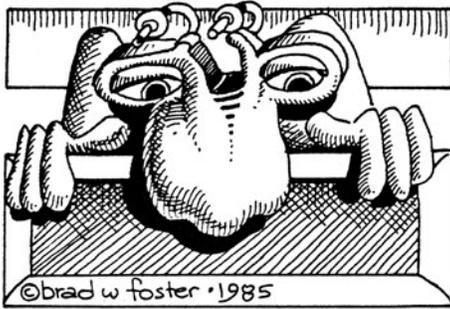
I wrote to Robert A. Heinlein, in 1957. At that time, I was a lonely Airman stationed at Lowry A.F.B., in Denver. Heinlein wrote back and mentioned he "had many a good time in Jackson". I wonder if those good times involved "Doc" Smith? I have attached Heinlein's letter and photograph for your enjoyment. (They were published several years ago by George "Lan" Laskowski in a special fanzine dedicated to R.A.H.)

Outworlds Seventy bOWkmark is majestic. I plan on collecting them all.

Michael

[Saturday, October 17, 1998]





Chris Sherman

At Stanford, I learned the best way to approach a monolithic obstacle or seemingly vast intellectual challenge was to first create an “ideational scaffolding,” a skeletal superstructure of concept that surrounded the problem with a chimerical gossamer framework strung together with the prototypes of meaning. Once in place, all manner of discovery, opinion, discourse, or controversy could be hung on this structure, like ornaments on a Christmas tree or clean laundry on a clothesline. The idea, despite its close familial relation with absolute bullshit, appealed to my own chaotic, yet somehow formal, approach to life.

So: the ideational scaffolding for the LoC on the “Brick,” in advance of the substance:

Base: Classic Bowers format, labyrinthine, but exits clearly marked. Puns in every corner, especially visual ones. Texture: familiar, like a late-night cafe, but overlaid with a new sense of urgency, a basal pulsation more electronic than caffeinated.

Primary Levels: Again, classic Bowers. Comfortable, familiar, strong, community-driven. You could use the words of a wine critic, or conservative Christian, to map the sense of participation, and even (*wince*) family values. Yo, Father William.

Secondary Levels: Kandinskian. Chromatic, polyrhythmic cadences evoking one of Coltrane’s 50-minute “sheets of sound solos” counterpointed by Miles Davis’ restrained few-note, chewing blows.

Tertiary Levels: Outwhirleds, stuff beyond the ken of all but naked buffs or those people you claim keep pestering you for copies (unwashed ingrates).

In short, a Web, editor mine. Though your links aren’t “hot” they’re pervasive, and bind us with a glue that, in essence, causes us to create stuff for **OW** we couldn’t – or wouldn’t – for any other medium.

Now, how about some less aromatic siding for this scaffolding...

[Wednesday, October 7, 1998]

OW70 is intimidating, but intimidating in a benevolent sort of way, kind of like a copy of **WAR AND PEACE** – you know it’ll be great, you know it’ll provide you with hours of pleasure, insights into the vagaries of humanity, and amuse in countless ways – but you also know it will require scads of mental energy and commitment to get the full benefit of its varied, thoughtfully interwoven parts.

I’m glad you did it, Bill, and I’m impressed as hell – but I sincerely hope you think twice before doing another one of this size and complexity. It’s such an *omnibus* – it commands so much attention that frankly it’s easier just to seriously procrastinate the LoC than to step up with spontaneous, unconsidered response. Unlike you and Wm., I find it *harder* to be more relaxed about getting things done as I grow older. The demands I make on myself have unfortunate consequences in creating a delay in giving you feedback and egoboo. You create something of this magnitude, and it provokes a need to give back something that at least pretends to be significant.

That said, here goes:

As always, your eye for layout and your ability to juxtapose unrelated visual elements into a pleasing flow has served you well. Transitions between “sections” are subtle but very clear. From that standpoint, **OW70** is probably the best “edited” fanzine of yours I’ve ever read.

And the content is consistently interesting too. It really is your own private “apa.” I’m enjoying this trend you seem to be getting into of having longer “editorials,” even though I’ve already read some of it (email-vu?).

Jackie. *sigh*. I didn’t know her well, not at all. But I do remember her kindness when I was a snotnose – she was the first or second to LoC my first crudzine, and even sent me artwork that she knew full well would come out looking like shit when my inept repro skills got through with it. I also have a vague memory of her at MidAmeriCon, tolerating the intolerable angst we APA-50 kids were spewing all over the hotel – a sort of kindly-yet-cynical willingness to not burst out laughing at the immature comedy we were unknowingly acting out.

Wm. Man, he’s developing a distinctive voice. He should go pro. “**How I Got Here**” was not only interesting on its own merits – it dredged up memories I didn’t know still existed. And filled in a lot of gaps about Wm.’s life that I had mistakenly assumed I knew something about. Someday I should write about the time I took Wm. into the football team’s locker room after my high school lost an important playoff game. Or about the countless midnight dinners in Chinatown, after which we’d stroll around San Francisco’s waterfront discussing photography and dreams. Can those days really be nearly a quarter century ago?

The “family” shots. Wow. Larry’s “**Burma Diary**” is travel writing at its best, experience interwoven with Larry’s roaming curiosity and knowledge of history, culture, and politics. I did actually buy and read his **UNLEASHING THE KILLER APP**, and found it quite good, essentially free of the usual business consulting bullshit that’s so common in those kinds of books. Though directed to a much different kind of reader, it still has the same broadly appealing style as what he gave you for **OW**. You’ve got your own stable of best selling authors writing for you now!

(BTW, I love the **bOWkmark**. Very thoughtful and helpful for navigating the “tome.”)

Ted’s **Thots While Gardening**. More fascinating history. The challenges, seasonality, highs and lows, successes and failures of gardening – the grounding – made a perfect counterpoint/foil for the tales of skulduggery, maneuvering, and deceit Ted encountered in his professional life. This was my favorite piece (so far).

Where in the **OW** is Jeanne?

[Tuesday, November 3, 1998]

Bruce R. Gillespie

Outworlds 70 seems to be much bigger and more important than any of the contents, apart from your own editorial. It’s almost as if the editorial would have done by itself, but having written it, and received all those wonderful articles, you thought you had better include them as well.

Certain articles are surfacing in my mind, somehow embossed on the general field. Larry Downes’s “**Burma Diary**” has a particular quality, a Cordwainer Smith feeling of entering an entirely alien environment, that I haven’t seen in other travel writing recently, either in fanzines or out of it. He would have so little trouble, I felt, changing very little and suddenly it would be a science fiction story. I suppose it’s the necessary naivety that he uses: yes, he knows the background oppression going on, but if you really enter the life of these people, somehow they are surviving psychologically in a way that we ‘free’ people don’t. And, of course, the diary is really a love story as well.



Outworlds Seventy

bOWkmark

2572	Susan A. Manchester: Elegy for Trills
2574	Bill Bowers: Post-It Notes™ from an Unrepentant Fanzine Editor
2579	"The Last Dangerous ListMania"
2580	Jackie Causgrove: 5/27/40 17:18 – 5/15/98 10:20"
2581	Jodie Offutt: Jackie
2581	Buck Coulson: An Auld Acquaintance
2582	Dave Locke: Jackie Causgrove, A Scattershot Reminiscence
2586	Joe Haldeman: Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Vampires
2587	Taral Wayne: Atomic-Age Childhood
2588	Ed Gorman: All My Yesterdays
2590	Wm. Breiding: How I Got Here
2595	Patty Peters: Bob
2597	"The Family Show"
2598	Larry Downes: Burma Diary
2603	John Foyster: My Local Supermarket is in the Basement of the World's Tallest Building
2604	Robert Lichtman: LichtMania
2609	Chris Sherman: No Quarter
2613	Billy Wolfenbarger: And to Wake Up Dreaming
2617	Joe R. Christopher: An Address to the Space Cadets
2618	Gregory Benford: Meaning-Stuffed Dreams
2621	Lloyd Arthur Eshbach: A Most Uncommon Man: E. E. "Doc" Smith
2624	Skel: Excuse Me, But Your Expository Lump is Showing...
2626	How I Wish That I Understood...: Bill Bowers, Wm. Breiding, Ted White, Michael Waite
2629	"My Books Read"
2632	Art Metzger: Bea Mahaffay: Personal Nostalgias
2635	Joel D. Zakem: The Old Zakem House
2638	Frank Johnson: Five Years Already?
2638	"MyCons"
2639	Mike Glicksohn: Twenty-One Worldcons: That's Not Too Many
2642	Roger Sims: Everything You Did Not Want to Know About Worldcon Guests of Honor
2644	Joe Haldeman: A Sanguinary Outlook

ArtWorlds :
graphics by Ditmar •
Tom: 2647 •
Andy Bathurst: 2367 •
Al: 2656; 2702; 2714 •
77: 2580; 2582; 2649 •
Al Curry: 2585 •
Nicola Cusi: 2562 •
Faddis: 2609; 2663 •
87: 2659; 2667; 2708 •
W: 2555; 2694; 2696 •
Laughan: 2573; 2707 •
86; 2601; 2620; 2703 •
e: 2621; 2643; 2651 •
78: 2610; 2690; 2705 •
art Holmberg: 2586 •
80; 2613; 2657; 2717 •
e: 2603; 2644; 2686 •
y: 2632; 2633; 2634 •
Michael: 2618; 2700 •
75; 2677; 2678; 2688 •
Shuter: 2572; 2716 •
Al Sirota: 2711 •
76: 2634; 2665; 2669 •
e: 2618; 2645; 2681 •
e: 2616; 2639; 2654 •

Photographs :
Bill Bowers: 2591; 2584; 2642; 2648 •
Gil Galer: 2561 •
Fred Levy Haskell: 2597 (3) •
Michael W. Waite: 2652; 2653 (3); 2719 •

Logo by Derek Parks-Carter

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Bill Bowers
4651 Glenway Avenue • Cincinnati OH 45238-4503
«sendit@uno.com» • «sendit@trium.net»
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This is the Second in a Series of bOWkmarks; Collect 'em all!

The other ultra-magic moment is the moment when Andy Hooper actually ascends out of Seattle and enters some 'other world' on the outskirts. Imagine living in a city where somebody can do that! The only equivalent in Melbourne is walking a mile or two east of our place, so that one is now about five miles from the centre of Melbourne. Start climbing Studley Park hill towards Kew, but go left onto a road that merely says 'Studley Park Boat Shed'. Drop down (not up, as in Seattle) and suddenly the visitor enters a valley of seemingly undisturbed Australian countryside. The city disappears. The suburbs disappear: industrial Collingwood on one side, over the Yarra, and hoity-toity Kew on the other side, up the hill. It's possible to wander for quite a few miles along the river side before realizing again that the suburbs are quite close. To escape the suburbs again, one has to take the train over thirty miles to the east, to the hills, to take the Puffing Billy train deep into the hills.

Lots of other things on which I could comment, especially Art Metzger, who seems to run out of steam before telling all of his story. I sense a much greater article in him.

I could go on and on. My thoughts about money are the same. I don't see how you can ever do another issue, but if you can, or someone gives you the money, I'll be very pleased. **OW70** is the only large fanzine I've read through cover to cover for many years; I'll keep hoping for the next one.

[Saturday, November 14, 1998]

Larry Downes

WOW.

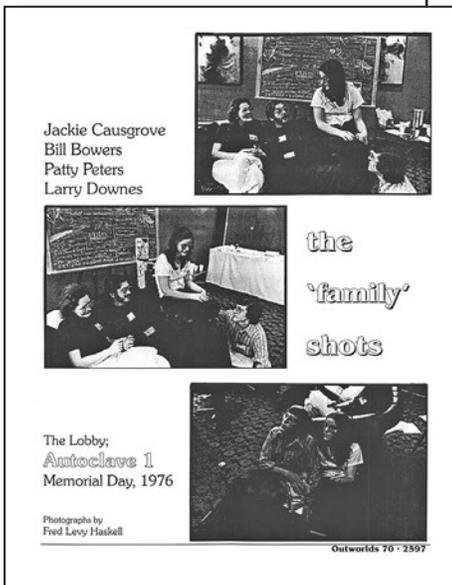
OW arrived a few days ago, I have ingested it. Indeed, I read more of this one than I ever do, even starting that endless piece about Harlan Ellison making a phone call.

It's a terrific accomplishment, an unbelievable amount of work, and imagining you doing it with your skin in revolt, no job in sight, and your grieving over Jackie's death palpable on every page made it all the more heroic. Congratulations.

And thanks for printing the "family" series from Autoclave. I remembered it well and fondly. Fred Haskell. Whatever became of him? For all I know he's still living in the basement at my parent's house, getting by on temp jobs and driving his Van, Morrison, around the country. He took a series of nude photos of me I would like very much to see again!

Of course too much time has passed for me to be remembering this clearly, but I remember as a kid at DisCon II (?) seeing copies of those "beautiful" issues of **OW** from the days when you were gunning for a fanzine Hugo. Reading **OW70**, I thought that this was like those, except that the editorial voice from **Xenolith** (I remember in particular the early ones) had found its way into **OW** in a really elegant way. My kid recollection is that **OW** had no editorial voice; my adult recollection is that **Xenolith** was nothing but. It just struck me how you've integrated the two, a reflection of some deep psychological process in your own psyche.

Burma, as I said in the piece, still haunts me, and in the last few weeks I've been anxiously reading the **New York Times** for cryptic stories about escalating tension as the elected but never installed democratic government of Aung San Suu Kyi steps up the pace of demonstrations against SLORC. The other country we snuck into from Thailand was Cambodia, another story altogether, and another country that seemed at the time on the verge of another collapse. Sure enough, the situation since



the summer elections there has also been rapidly and ominously deteriorating. I keep wondering if our guide, who was very cryptic about his own politics, is still alive. It occurs to me that if I was to leave today for S.E. Asia, I doubt I would go to Cambodia or to Burma. When opportunity knocks, it really doesn't wait long for an answer.

Take care, Father William.

[Saturday, September 5, 1998]

Alan Hunter

Between two impressive covers you have assembled enough material to fill at least three average fanzines and all of a high, entertaining standard. There is also a tremendous variety of approach in both text and art. For instance there is a ten-page "Phone Call from Harlan Ellison" (and they say women can talk!) while at the opposite end of the scale are all those straight-to-the-point no-nonsense lists scattered throughout the issue. What they all have in common is not only that they are interesting to read but that they are also brimming with nostalgia. Whether the subject is fan history, a pet dog, gardening or moving house, they are all looking back over the past, which is really rather strange because the sf fan, at whom I imagine *Outworlds* to be mainly aimed, used to be accused of having a head stuck in the future. Perhaps, with the steadily increasing number of obituaries, the dedicated sf fan is becoming – in every sense of the phrase – a thing of the past.

Despite the clear print and the beautifully balanced page layouts, I am still not sure if I have managed to peruse the whole of the issue. With so much packed into so many pages, which must have taken you many, many laborious hours, it is so easy to overlook some small item or snippet of news packed away neatly in a corner of a page. All I have read I have enjoyed or gained knowledge from, but the one item that has impressed me the most is your own introduction. It reads as the most sincere and revealing insight into the hopes, fears and motivations of a successful fanzine editor that I have ever encountered. If you wish to provide proof that you can rise like the phoenix from the ashes of your former self, then *Outworlds 70* is surely it.

Another year is coming to an end, with all the good and bad events it brings to the world. I hope the coming new year will have a stronger emphasis on the good for all of us. Then will come the Millennium.

When I was young, I used to hope that I would witness the first man on the moon, not knowing how many years that might be away in the future. To my delight, that wish was granted. Now, my more modest hope is that I shall see in the new millennium, and there is every indication that wish will also be granted. There are some rewards in life! [November 4, 1998]

Dave Rowe

Re: *OW70*

Oh, great! A hundred and fifty page Fnz with a verbal warning the nextish is just around the corner. Isn't the productivity of unemployment wonderful? But just how much free time do you think your readership has? In this case (despite having been in the same boat as yourself) you're going to



have to make do with an interim LoC and the caveat that the complete one may never get written.

So how many fans noticed that the semi-globe in Ditmar's bacover was made from a Victorian painting of a reclining female? And how many were able to name it as *Flaming June* painted in 1895 by Frederick Lord Leighton (a.k.a. Lord Leighton of Stretton) and modeled by Dorothy Dene?

Seriously tho', full color digital fanart seems to have arrived in fnzs. One of Tom Sadler's contributors submits fanart on CD-Roms!

Thanks for the *in memoriam* to Jackie.

How Dave could write such a humorous piece without despondency or sickly sentimentality says much about his spirit. Not to mention that it was such a loving portrait of Jackie.

Anyone who knew her is going to miss her smile and her lovingly sarcastic sense of humor.

It was also there in her cartoons, such as one illo during the '70s of a chick emerging from its shell facing a note with the then prevalent bumper-sticker philosophy "Today is the first day of the rest of your life."

Did you know that when she started drawing fanart, if an editor sent back a piece from a batch Jackie would just throw it away thinking no else would think it publishable? Such was her modesty. Luckily Juanita Coulson put her right.

The death of a friend of that many years hurts deeply. Condolences.

As said before, Jackie will be missed.

[October 5, 1998]

Okay, sometimes I'm a bit oblivious to the obvious: I certainly wasn't aware of the Hidden Aspect of the Ditmar bacover, until DaveR, and a couple of others, pointed it out. So I asked Dick...:

Dick Jenssen

And the "face":

Yes, there IS a figure there. It's Frederic, Lord Leighton's painting "**Flaming June**". All is explained in the articles I included on the Zip disk: "**The Planet of the Eggs**" – but there's no need to slog through my impenetrable prose to get the details. (Especially as that prose is trying to discuss fractals, chaos, and etc.).

The image was to illustrate fractal objects. The "island" in the foreground was originally a two-dimensional graphic called a Lyapounov figure, and was mathematically generated. I turned this into a greyscale image and imported it into Bryce 3D, where it was treated as a "terrain". The globe ("planet") bobbing in the sea was added for a bit of interest – and, for interest again (and because I really like Victorian art) covered with "**Flaming June**".

So: two objects, a bit of sea, some sky, and there's your picture. Simple. As I say, Bryce 3D turns even me into some sort of artist.

[Thursday, November 26, 1998]

The ZipDisk Dick refers to was used to transport a rather incredible "movie" he has created, titled "Loneliness". All 15 seconds of it. All 58.4 meg of it! I guess I'm not too old to re-experience that Ole Sense of Wonder, after all...



...in late December, while "snowed-in" in Gig Harbor, Richard sent a series of e-mails with tidbits on the last several issues. Too bad it doesn't snow more often in El Paso!

Richard Brandt

Outworlds 29.5

I happen to be wintering in Gig Harbor right now... snowed in outside of Tacoma, at Michelle's family's house... with a small stack of fanzines I brought along, hoping to make a dent at least in the mounds of unLoC-iced titles back at the apartment.

And what better place to start off with long-overdue LoCs than with **OW29.5**? Seems to mitigate my own tardiness somehow...

One thing I keep coming back to time after time while reading these musty LoCs is your abortive plan to launch a "professional" zine. Truth is, I had some plans along those lines myself, in the early 1980s. I had a letter from a Polish fan who said he had translations of a lengthy essay and two short stories by Stanislaw Lem, none of which had seen print in English before. Gave me some ideas, it did, but like so many other fond schemes, nothing ever came of it.

The other thing that struck me is that Patrick's ideas on libertarianism don't seem to have changed that much in twelve years...

[December 24, 1998]

Outworlds 68

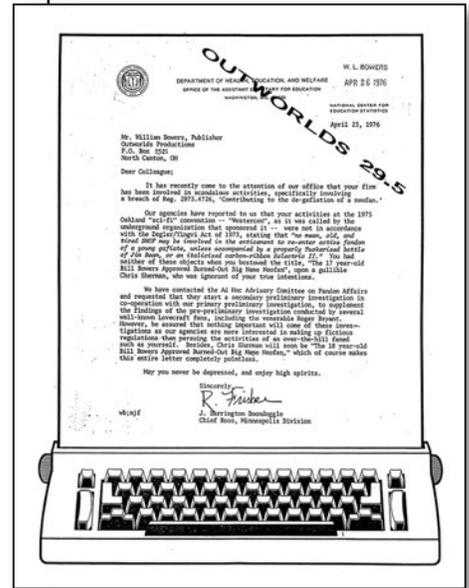
Reading **OW68** this time, I am, and very much interested in Rotsler's "**The Bent Lance**," particularly when he mentions **Mantis in Lace**. I came close to owning a copy on video of **Mantis in Lace**... or maybe not. It's the only Rotsler movie mentioned in Michael Weldon's "**PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM**," you know. Anyway someone posted to alt.cult-movies that they had some tapes for sale, including **Mantis in Lace**, and I sent the fellow a check for ten dollars. When he looked again he discovered he'd mislabeled the tape and it was actually something else; he was very nice and apologetic and I got my check back and all, but I still haven't seen **Mantis in Lace**, darnit. Something Weird Video, here we come, I guess.

On the other hand thanks to the miracle of cable I can finally second Jeanne's earlier recommendation of **Tremors** – perhaps the most intelligent sf film in years, as the monsters in this scare flick learn from their mistakes, so our heroes have to stay perpetually one step ahead of them to outwit them and carry the day. It deserved all of its many critical accolades. As does **Delicatessen**, an off-the-wall exercise in postapocalyptic world-building, as was the filmmakers' next effort, **City of Lost Children**, with some dazzling shots from the viewpoint of a trained flea. The same director went on to do **Alien Resurrection**, which basically co-opted the heroine and monsters of the **Alien** series to address the director's own peculiar obsessions – not that I mean that in a bad way...

Read Jeanne's e-mails of her encounters with the Yuppie Scum Student from Hell with interest, as my boss recently taught a class evenings at our local university, and had the great pleasure of failing a student who simply didn't turn in work which met the assigned requirements. His parting shot was "Well my daddy's a lawyer and he'll sue your ass off!" – all very nice, but as this kid's sole strategy for sailing through life it will probably fall short of his expectations.

Just took Michelle and the kids to see **You've Got Mail!** heh heh

[December 26, 1998]



A footnote to OW68

...Well at least “**Politically Correct At Last**” made it into that year’s **Fanthology**; consolation of sorts for what I seem to have observed as a relative paucity of LoCs commenting on the article when it first appeared. That’s the trouble with those perfectly self-contained story-telling essays: lack of comment hooks. At least time vindicated your judgment; thanks for nudging me (and ditto on getting that piece out of me for **OW70**; what a pleasure to be in that company). [December 26, 1998]

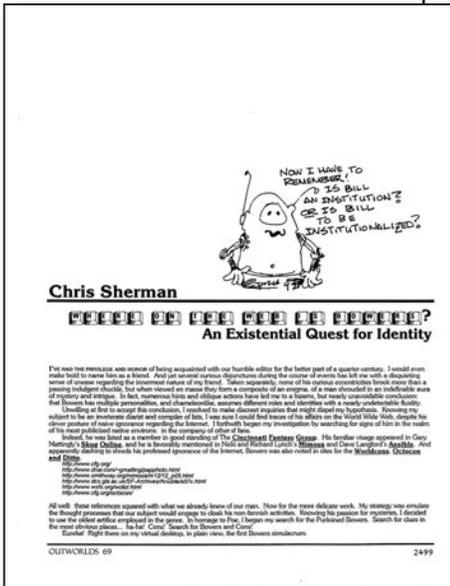
Re: Things...

Reading through **OW69** again, and Chris Sherman’s indicia of Virtual Bill. Among his other screenplays (including **The Sheepman** which was cannily prescient of Burt Kennedy’s later **Support Your Local Sheriff**), William Bowers wrote **The Last Time I Saw Archie**, a memoir of his Army years and his cohort “Archie” – apparently Arch Hall Sr., later to be auteur of such low-budget masterworks as **Eegah!**, since Arch apparently tried to sue the studio over “his” depiction as a smooth-talking con man in that movie. I’ve discovered Richard Brandts aplenty on the Web, of course, but most of them I already knew about. I was still in high school I think when I learned of the philosophical me, who wrote a classic treatise on “Ethical Relativism” (and more recently inspired an eerie moment Chris spared you: running across your own obituary link). The cinematic me, whose name brings up almost any American Film Institute link when you search for it, is on the board of that venerable institution (which I was coincidentally a member of for a while, dating back to 1975 or so); the only other thing I know about that part of my life is that I was president and CEO of Trans Lux Corporation, the only other thing I remember having heard of about that business is that (at one time at least) it owned the rights to Felix the Cat cartoons. More recently I’ve discovered the still-journalist me, who writes for **Business Week** and **Upline!**, and interviews Bill Gates, and whose name garners me occasional glimmers of recognition when I’m schmoozing at COMDEX wearing my Media/Analyst badge. [December 26, 1998]

OW69

I was so cheered to read Walter Willis’s LoC commending my response to Jeanne Bowman. It was surely the best spontaneous remark I’ll ever come up with, although, true, you don’t get fed a straight line like that very often...

Dave Langford prompts me to accuse him of unfairly maligning free-mail services such as junos.com and hotmail.com. The fact is that most if not all of the spam he is receiving with return addresses from those domains are patent forgeries. All he accomplishes is to penalize the legitimate users of those systems while leaving the spammers free rein to go and forge another address. In fact providers like Juno have gone to valiant lengths, including successful lawsuits, both to prevent spammers from abusing their services and to even keep them from forging their address and thus damage their reputation. (Of course it does leave a practical problem of how to filter out the spam since it is still using those domains’ addresses... Perhaps a filter could examine headers to determine when an address has been forged.) (It also begs the question of why spammers continue to forge these particular domains as mail hosts; I suppose in whatever feeble organ passes as a spammer’s brain, an address that is immediately recognizable as a “real”



provider seems a likely choice, even though legions of users with a smattering of savvy but a less than complete grasp of the facts proudly filter them automatically...)

The truth is, I get hardly any spam these days that can't be accounted for by my having entered my address on a form somewhere on the Internet; my impression is that diligent filtering by internet service providers has substantially reduced the amount of spam reaching users (if I'm any indication), and while in the old days I would quit an ISP simply because all I seemed to get in the mail was spam, nowadays I don't even bother with a filter. (Users at other ISPs may find their experience varies.) [December 30, 1998]

First Thoughts on OW70

Thank you for *Outworlds Seventy*, a very substantial and impressive package indeed (and don't grouse – at least your fanzine is getting a LoC before Breiding's is).

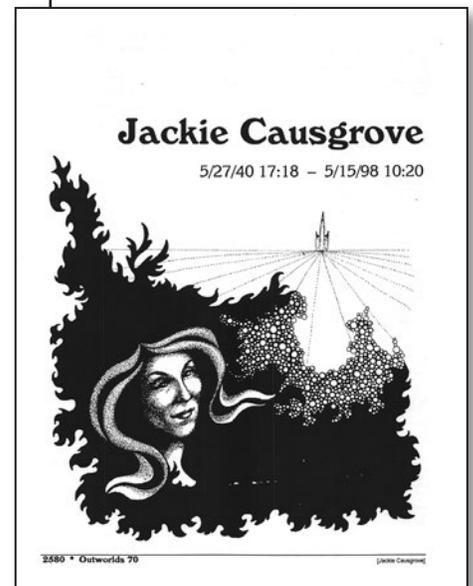
With all this revitalized publishing activity going on, can the seventh issue of *Light in the Bushel* be far behind? Why not. Death will not release you from having your LoCs published. Even Barnaby Rapoport's first LoC may soon see the light of day. Besides, I can't help the feeling that I've been letting sit idle (and atrophy) part of the best of me – “That Thing You Do,” as you sort of put it, or at the very least, editing a good lettercol (one of the things “Lan” told me he thought I was just about the best at doing) (God what tortured syntax) ANYWAY...

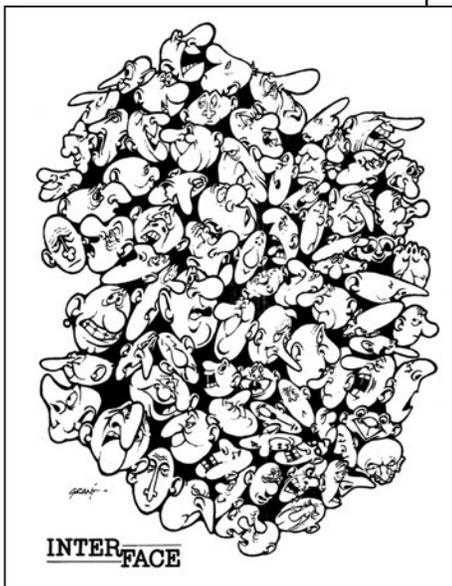
It really didn't hit me until I was staring at the dates in that big black type – I'm sure I've read them before – but Jackie was only fifty-eight years old. That is way too young, you know. (I don't know how Jodie felt about Jackie's poker-playing habits, but as you may recall, I for one, had reason to be downright grateful she didn't go to bed any earlier...) Why is it that some of the folks who were there at the very dawn of the activity we're indulging in right now, seem nigh indestructible, while other folks are drifting away from us much too soon? I just got news today of Richard Wright's passing. I gather he rubbed some conrunning-type people the wrong way, but he always seemed jubilant to see Michelle and me. I didn't realize how much I was counting on running into him again. And he hardly was the fragment in the mosaic of my 1970s fan life that Jackie was.

Re: Taral's kid-show memories. Did you know that during my Midwestern youth (yes, from ages three to eleven I lived on the former Bunker Hill AFB, Indiana), my Cub Scout troop traveled to be in the audience of a **Happy Hooligan** show? Or whatever that guy's name was. Maybe Huckleberry something. Not Hound, I could tell the difference between real and cartoon people, dammit. I wish I could say I remembered anything... well, memorable, about being on children's television but such is not the case. Well, I'm pretty sure a pie was thrown, but otherwise everything is a blank. (Not in any BAD way, I hasten to assure you.)

For what it's worth, Ed Gorman's fannish years did not pass without notice. When Roger Ebert was interviewed recently in *Science Fiction Age*, he specifically remembered some of the fanzine editors and writers who influenced his writing and critical thinking, naming Harry Warner Jr., Tucker, Buck and Juanita Coulson... and Ed Gorman.

Interesting layout for Patty Peters' article; the first page looks almost like a poem, the second with discrete bits of data and pictures looking rather like a web page. As for the subject matter... well we have recently adopted (or vice versa) my first pet since I left home, a black cat (ah yes) that was hang-





ing around the apartments after someone ditched her there (not too rash a conclusion, as she's been declawed). The vet tells us she's probably six or seven years old, so no doubt there's some heartache down the road for us; regardless we are first thing getting her shots, having her tested for feline leukemia, getting her teeth cleaned, and having her spayed. Well, almost the first thing. Right now we're having her boarded for two weeks since we're up here at Michelle's folks' house. Hope she remembers us and her new home when we get back. (And that she's still housebroken.)

Larry Downes' travelogue starts off interestingly, with him coming right out and expressing some qualms about what he did. At least he and Richard committed some mild act of resistance by being a skinflinted irritant to their Burmese handlers. (Last time Michelle and I were in New York we joined some fans on a restaurant outing, and were told we'd be having Burmese. To my relief, they referred to an ethnicity of cuisine.)

[Presumably to be resumed after my flight tomorrow, but don't say I never LoCced you.] [Thursday, December 31, 1998]

More re: OW70

Anent Mr. Breiding's thoughts on that 1973 fan generation... well I discovered fanzines in that "**Clubhouse**" column (no slouch me) in July 1971, had my first LoC published (finally! I said at the time) in 1972, and published my first fanzine (Grant Canfield covers, Ray Nelson cartoons) in 1973, so I believe I fall into that same generation, chronologically at least. I guess I never hung out with that crowd though – other than being passionately devoted to Donn Brazier's **Title**, of course, always willing to give voice to neos like myself – certainly never belonged to APA-50, although I reckon there is still time (for me anyway), and always will be at that rate... [Thursday, December 31, 1998]

OW70

Michelle and I saw **Titanic** by mistake. We had gone to the theater expecting to see **Boogie Nights** instead... another film which we felt had to be experienced on the wide screen... ..but found out when they said there was one show only at 11:00, they meant p.m. not a.m. We were still on time to catch a 10:45 show of **Titanic**, though, so, hey, what the heck.

Later, at work, I told my colleagues I finally saw the movie.

"What did you think?" they asked.

"It was sad when that great ship went down," I replied.

When Roger is baffled over Tom Digby and Guy Gavriel Kay, maybe he is as confused over ConFrancisco's bizarre guest list as he is over their identity. In addition to a Guest of Honor, Toastmaster (Kay), and Dead Guest of Honor, their publicity included Tom Digby – they may have identified him as "Fan," and then again may as well have simply identified him as "Tom Digby," because they went on to include Jan Howard Finder, who either served or was simply identified as "wombat."

Of course Roger didn't consider 1999 (another Canadian), or 1998 (Female GoH), or 1997, whose committee caused some chafed sensibilities by consistently listing their "Honored Fan Guest" in smaller type than the other GoHs. While I agree that at least one or two of Roger's picks for potential Fan GoHs are on that list because they'd be blindingly obvious to anybody, I think that if a committee (like, oh, say, San Antonio's) doesn't have any clue as to why they're inviting a Fan Guest in the first place, they just shouldn't bother.

Elegy for Trills

the minds of folk have sounds from decades past,
their endless voices' memories stalk the present—
a man, a woman, a child with screams that last
into the night, the young in them resent
the old, the old look toward some future day
when peace lives with precedence—when trust
will let all voices use their tongues to say
life is worth the struggle.

How does one just-
ly the thoughts of three clear minds—the hatred
the anger, the love, the peace, the lust, the pride
each one retains? Which soul can be inbred
enough to fly beyond the sun, or ride
the waves of stars? How did they get so far away
from who they were—the one their thoughts betray?

—Susan A. Manchester



2572 • Outworlds 70

Michael G. Shuter

Susan A. Manchester

I have finally worked my way through *Outworlds* and I thoroughly enjoyed it. Again, I am “absolutely gob smacked” (borrowing Cas’ words) over my poems on the covers. Thanks so much. I’m sure I’ve already told you that I am really honored by your acceptance of my work and by the prominent placement of that work.

I have to be perfectly honest and tell you that I did not read all of the issue closely. Being new to fandom, I found that there were many things that I did not understand. But it was all interesting on some level. What a tremendous amount of work for you. I admire your ambition.

It is obvious, as you say in your piece, that publishing a fanzine is “fun” for you and so much a part of your life. I am glad because you make such a vital contribution to fandom – to what little I know of it. Of one thing I am certain and that is that the history of fanzines is rich and wonderful because of people like you who publish from the heart for the love of the form. Thanks Bill, for bringing that world a step closer to me.

As you know, my world is poetry. I’ll comment on the other poems in this issue later, but first let me comment briefly on some of the articles.

I was, of course, very interested in Dave’s memories of an earlier Jackie. I have only known Dave since 1992, and that sounds like a longer time than it is, since I have only seen him at Midwestcon each year, and there, for only short visits. DAVE: Thanks for the glimpse of this past. I wish I had known Jackie better; you brought me a bit closer. I appreciate your finding the humour in the situation with the hospital questionnaire. You’re a stronger person than I am. Bless you for your ability to describe your feelings and say your goodbyes so honestly.

D. GARY GRADY: I howled with laughter through this piece! Especially “You’re on some of my remaining hair.” I dread the dentist and welcomed that chance to laugh. I am in awe of anyone who writes humour well, as I usually focus on darker feelings. This was a great piece of writing!

MIKE GLICKSOHN: Amazing what one learns from fanzines! I must comment briefly here, because I did thoroughly enjoy reading about some of Mike’s experiences. I guess I am most surprised by the number of people and cities that Mike has known. We’ll talk, dear!

BILLY WOLFENBARGER: Ah! on to the poetry – much more comfortable! Love “**Soul Sucker**”! “... so very cold where you are.” What a beautiful line to end this poem. If I’m left cold by this poem it is because the poem works perfectly. A great example of how poetry works by what is NOT said. Thanks for this one!

JOE HALDEMAN: As always Joe, you know I love your poetry! There’s that humour thing again. How do you do that? I can almost hear you sing this one: “**Mamas, Don’t Let Your Babies Grow up to be Vampires**”.

Thanks again, Bill. You are much appreciated for the hard work and for giving us our voices!

[Wednesday, October 14, 1998]

Brad W. Foster

Woo! The encyclopedia-sized edition of *Outworlds #70* got squeezed into my much-strained post office mail box this week. There is more reading in this monster than probably in all the other fanzines that have come my way this year combined!

Taral's article was another of those that constantly fascinate me on two levels. One, it's just fun writing to read. But second, I'm amazed how some people can remember things from their childhood in such detail! I can recall a moment here and there, and I know certain things not so much through my memory of the events, but on having heard about them from others when I got older. But I usually am doing good to be able to recall what I was doing – specifically – just last year, let alone thirty or more years back!

Same goes for various pieces on how folks got into fandom, or fanzines. If I go look up my records, I could probably tell you which zines were the first to print some of my work. But the how of my even connecting with them in the first place is lost in the mists of my mind.

Chris Sherman's one paragraph "summary" of the lessons he learned at his birthing class should be printed up large on a poster and put up on the wall of every such class around the world!

Interesting that Mike Glicksohn's Worldcon list peters out pretty much where my own would just be starting.

I must admit, I am overwhelmed by all the material in here in my attempts to put any sort of LoC together! I actually have read through it all at least once, using my basic "read it while soaking in the bathtub" zine-reading method. But now, faced with going back through those fifty million words, I have a hard time pulling out the items that, when I read them, I wanted to make some note of. I need a waterproof pen I can use to jot notes in the margins on first readings, I guess – though I must also admit that sounds a bit too much like real work rather than enjoyable fan reading. But, I'll find the right solution, the right balance, someday. [September 7, 1998]

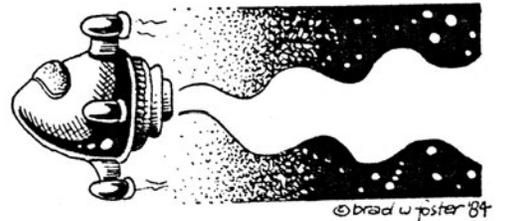
...now just who was it who was saying that fans are not Future Savvy? The following – an excerpt from a recently "discovered" LoC on *OW66*:

Brian Earl Brown

Mike Glicksohn chuckles at those who find a large fanzine almost too daunting to LoC. Well, yes, I don't think there are very many fans willing or able to spend 6–7 hours working on a LoC for a 70- or 100-page fanzine. Frankly I think people have only so much energy per project, some of which might be consumed by reading a lengthy fanzine, leaving less than normal for LoCcing. I've noticed that reading anthologies is more exhausting than a novel of the same length. Getting into any story takes up some amount of energy, doing it again and again for a lot of short stories uses up more energy than if one were reading one very long story. [November 15, 1993]

Mike Glicksohn

Today is Tuesday, September 8, 1998: a day that will live in infamy in the annals of public education in the province of Ontario. The day that starts my 28th (and undoubtedly worst) year as a classroom teacher, a year fraught with the possibility of strikes, the elimination of all extra-curricular activities and a massive increase in workload with no change in pay. Like, ya' know, this is NOT a good day. And yet this same sad day brought me my copy of the awesomely impressive *Outworlds #70* so maybe it's not such a bad day after all.



of a lot cheaper than printing off a copy from my old word-processor and hauling it on a fork lift to the local postal substation. But if I don't have e-mail when **Outworlds #71** appears that's just how I'll create my LoC for that particular issue. ("Most Vocal Critic" indeed! Twenty-nine years of friendship and I'm reduced to a euphemism. Fie on you!)

I'd be interested to know what percentage of responses this issue generates and what "value" those responses have in your eyes. Might I suggest you count each (non-verbal) response you receive and (completely arbitrarily) given it a Bowers Number from zero to ten. My twenty-two page LoC might get a Bowers Number of 8.5 while a ten-word postcard might only deserve a Bowers Number of 0.1. Then you can add up all those values, divide by the number of replies and tell us both what percentage of replies you got and what their average Bowers Number was. Lots of neat fun, eh?

I'm sure Peter Gill will be delighted to know that his Guinness record for Most Often Published Quotation In A Fanzine has been extended yet again. He's now in Vancouver (where *another* "Peter Gill" recently had a sensational murder trial) but sooner or later I'm sure I'll have the chance to let him know. Of course, by then I'll have long forgotten all about it.

The remembrances of Jackie were obviously bittersweet reading. She was a good friend for about a quarter century and in that context I loved her. Over the course of many years and many cons and many parties we shared numerous poker games, uncountable drinks and discussions and a mutual love of fanzines and "our" fannish family. We must have shared hundreds of hugs and kisses. Like her many other friends, I'll miss her and remember her fondly for the many ways she enriched my life. (Until just now, I didn't know she'd been cremated on my birthday. Oddly enough there's a certain poignant satisfaction in knowing that.)

I usually like Joe's poetry more than most poems I read (except Susan's, of course) but while there were some good lines in his "vampire" poem the strangeness of the metre and rhyme scheme didn't really work for me. Funny cartoon used to illustrate it though!

Taral's reminiscences were interesting to read (and talk about planning ahead! You got him to write the piece a full seven years before #70 was due!) but rang no bells with me as I never saw a single one of the shows he mentioned. I've at least *heard* of **Razzle Dazzle**, though, which is ironic as Taral says it's the most obscure of the shows he mentioned. Obviously living in Toronto meant one knew of what the CBC did even if one never actually tuned it in.

I remember the name "Ed Gorman" from my early days as a fanzine fan so it seems to me Ed is mistaken in remembering the timeframe of his fannish career. I wasn't really an active fanzine fan until the late 1960s so for Ed to have been in late 1950s 'zines and for me to remember his name, he had to have been around for at least a decade. (Weren't there three Midwestern "Ed"s and didn't one of them give me the nickname "The Boy Wonder Of Canadian Fandom"? It's blanks like this that keep me from writing too many fanhistory articles. Dammit!) If I can remember, I'll look for some of Ed's mysteries and see if he becomes one of my MUST BUY writers.

Young Mister Breiding's personal history was thoroughly enjoyable reading, both for the parts that were similar to parts of my own background and for those that were completely different. And I certainly learned a lot about William that I either hadn't known before or had completely forgotten. A



couple of things stood out as I read his article: (1) He has a fabulous memory for the details of his growing up. (I wish my own recollections were even a tenth as detailed!) (2) I'm not sure I knew my comments upset his younger self so much, nor do I now remember whether I knew at the time how old he was. I hope I was aware he was a teenager (I assume that his fanzines of the time would have given some indication of that fact) and I like to think I would have taken that into consideration when responding to his fanzines. But one never knows. Or – at least – this particular one never knows. At the very least, though, I'm pleased to read that the older Young William sees me in perhaps a more favorable light than the younger Young William once did.

Patty *should* write for fanzines more often. Her article about her dog was beautifully written and extremely moving. (Great pictures, too. Bob sure looked like a wonderful fellow.) I've always loved dogs and never owned one. I keep saying, "Perhaps when I retire and can take care of one properly..." We shall see. (Last week I saved a dog's life. A young and very scared dog appeared on our block and nearly got run over several times wandering into the street in front of fast-moving vehicles. After several unsuccessful efforts to get it to come to me – each followed by it darting out into traffic again – I succeeded in calming it enough for me to hold onto it. A neighbour got a leash, another neighbour secured the dog in her back yard overnight and her husband took it to The Humane Society the next morning and they determined it belonged to two old ladies a few blocks up the street and returned it to them. Happy ending. And for the next seven and a half years I'll tend to think of that dog as "my" dog, even if I never see it again!)

Great pictures from the first AutoClave. Were any of us ever as young as that? And it *still* rates as probably the most enjoyable convention I ever attended. Even if I didn't rate being included in the photographs...

Fascinating series of diary entries from that cute kid Larry Downes. (It matters not to me that he is now an internationally known author about to turn forty: I can only remember him as he was when I last saw him which was pretty much as he appears in those AutoClave pictures which precede his contribution.) I learned a great deal about Burma and almost as much about Larry himself. He seems to have grown into a remarkable person and I'm sorry that it has been over twenty years since we were in contact. I wonder if we'd have anything to say to each other if we were to suddenly meet after all these years?

Burma sounds like an absolutely fascinating place to visit. But I know I'll never get there, in part because I can't afford to fly there (*being* there seems ridiculously cheap!) and in part because I doubt I'm still capable of being the sort of Stranger In A Strange land that Larry describes in his diary/travelogue. So I'm glad I had the chance to experience Burma vicariously through the eyes of my old young friend. (Whose morning casual scribbles are pretty damned professional if you ask me. With a little extra effort that lad could become a published author!)

Quite an eclectic mix of contributors you've assembled for this issue. I haven't seen anything from John Foyster in a fanzine for quite a while and I'm glad to see he hasn't lost his deft touch with language. Of course, reading about the adventures of various old friends in exotic climes doesn't exactly make me thrill to my busy little life marking tests and assigning homework but I guess we all have our niches to fill. (But I don't think my particular niche would lead to an interesting article for *Outworlds*.)

...in the best of my knowledge, this is Patty's first contribution to a general circulation fanzine. It's about time. (She also changes time.)

Bob

by Patty Peters



The setting was San Francisco in the early 80's. The country elects Ronald Reagan and hostages get released. Dan White slaughters men and Charles Yablum becomes mayor. Judge Owen does his thing to AT&T and the ERA is declared dead. Gary and I married and six months later I graduated from college and started a job at Chevron. Going from part-time temporary jobs to a salary got me talking about moving from the one bedroom apartment. (Though, at under \$200/month, we know what a bargain it was!) We never really discussed getting another apartment. The only thing worth doing was renting a house so we could get a dog.

We paid off the back debts and saved enough to feel secure stepping up. Over dinner we spotted a listing for a house in the outer Mission for \$640 and stopped by. The landlord was there and showing the place. After seeing the house I talked to him a bit explaining Gary had been working for Social Security for 8 years, my job with Chevron was new because I'd just graduated and we wanted a house so we could get a dog. He was ready to rent it to us on the spot. I guess that the Federal government and a major oil company provided the success employment. But we were unorganized, we didn't even have the checkbook. I was amazed when he said he'd meet us the next day for the deposit and showed all the other people out of the house. The next day we drove back across town to give him the check and signed the lease. The canned form he handed us had a "no pets" clause and I chided. He didn't even bat an eye as he crossed out that phrase and replaced it with "one small dog".

I'd never had any pet growing up, but our next-door neighbor had a really special and calm, Pal. The Heibers became like grandparents to me and always let me play with Pal. I remember how proud I was as soon as I was big enough to take her for a walk on the leash. I really prided myself that those "When I turned five, the Heibers did me a "Pup's birthday" and there a cake and ice cream bath in their basement. I got to help with all the planning and invitations. God, I remember that birthday. And there were hundreds of little things that flash through my mind. That dog is associated with my childhood as any of my siblings. Pal and I shared my first soft-boiled egg when Mrs. Heiber taught me how to cook it using that silly little egg timer. Pal's presence as I learned how to brush hair without pulling the teeth in her long hair. When I was little I would stick my arm through the chain link fence to pet her because the Heibers were gone and Pal was alone.

Bob and Gary gave us an SFPCA gift certificate as a housewarming gift. We waited for a long holiday weekend and then went over to 16th Street. I'd never been to the pound before and was astounded when I found room after room of cages with cats and dogs. The selection was deplorable.

After quite a while we entered a room with floor-to-ceiling cages along both sides and one aisle down the middle. All of the dogs immediately jumped on the gates and started happily barking their greeting. When I got about half way down the aisle I spotted a tiny puppy sitting at the back of his cage. I took down and he walked to the front wagging a tail that was as long as he was. I put my hand to the chain link and he licked it and then sat down next to the fence so I could pick my fingers through and scratch his head. His light-brown face was framed with dark brown and black fur around a perfect patch between his eyes. His ears were almost down to his chin and his paws were a shimmering portion of his legs. After I got up he walked to the back again and sat down on his blanket. I think I chatted with Gary, but I don't believe he really had much choice. I was convinced that was my puppy. He looked nothing like Pal but I knew they shared souls.

Everybody was having fun with the Chihuahua at the time and Barbara Woodhouse told you to pick simple names that began and ended with hard sounds. Deciding on the name was easy. "Bob" (optional) came home to start the puppy and he was named. For the first few months Bob was "one small dog".

Outworlds 70 • 2595

The trouble with a huge list like Robert's is that it would take one hell of a long time to compare to my own collection of similar works. And in all honesty I don't have the time to do that. I did note that Langford would probably be happier known as the "Deaf Man" rather than the "Dead Man" and I was surprised that Frederick Wertham's book on fanzines wasn't listed (I can't locate my copy right now so I'm not sure if it was called "The Art of Fanzines" or something else similar to that.) There's also "**The Hat Goes Home**", my Aussiecon trip report from 1975 and anyone interested in fanzines ought to own "**Kirk's Works**", the index of the art of legendary Hugo winner Tim Kirk. Plus all the Advent books about SF history and criticism. I'm sure a visit to the basement and a search of the shelves there would uncover several additional volumes Robert didn't mention but wotthehell archy wotthehell I don't owe you *that* much extra effort!

Chris Sherman's article was certainly well written, contained some quite baroque information I wasn't aware of, showed just how many changes have occurred over the years we've all known each other and really didn't interest me at all. This is not a reflection on Chris as the writer or you as the editor/publisher but on me as the reader. I made a conscious decision some 35-40 years ago not to have children and I've been essentially uninterested in other peoples' tales about their children or their soon-to-be-children ever since. But I read this article because I promised you I would. I hope things go well for Chris and Janice, I hope raising their child is every bit as wonderful as they expect it to be and I hope you'll understand if I skip any future installments detailing Chris's progress along the road to parenthood.

I tried to read the Wolfenbarger piece, honest I did. But I just simply couldn't get into it. To many (you included evidently) it must be beautiful, profound, insightful, fascinating, creative, clever or any of dozens of other positive adjectives. Unfortunately, probably because I'm a simple-minded philistine, to me it's rubbish. My loss, obviously.

The Christopher doggerel was mostly deftly done, a nice satire (or so I take it to be) with some amusing ideas in it. And I bet you'd been wondering what to do with that full page drawing of Taral's which augmented the poem quite well!

I have no background in literature or literary criticism (but I know what I like!) so much of Greg's review of the Disch book about SF went over my head. I enjoyed some of the passages Greg quoted (sardonic humour being a weakness of mine and Disch is assuredly a master in that area) but I don't think I'll be searching for a copy of Tom's book. On the other hand, my lack of literary sophistication probably enabled me to so thoroughly enjoy "Doc" Smith's **LENSMEN** and **SKYLARK** books when I first encountered them that I still remember them fondly. Of course we ARE talking about 40-cent paperbacks read thirty five years ago and I certainly haven't re-read anything by Smith in that time so perhaps were I to read him again I'd be disappointed. And for me that's a very good reason to just leave them on the shelves and remember seeing them through the simplistic, non-corrected, unblurred-by-alcohol eyes of my teenage self. All of which is my long-winded way of saying I thoroughly enjoyed Lloyd Eshbach's article and I'm delighted you reprinted it.

Today is September 29 and I'm about one-third of the way through #70. There WILL be more before your deadline but I may not finish by then. At least this way I ought to be represented – however sparsely – in **Outworlds #71**.
[Wednesday, September 30, 1998]

No Quarter

Chris Sherman

Tuesday, May 6, 1997
St. Lukes Hospital
Pasadena California

Seven weeks before our son was due to be born, my wife Janice and I returned to school for "childbirth lessons." We expected a basic tutorial on the time and techniques of bringing a child into the world, but ended up with an education that both surprised us and far surpassed anything we

On our first evening, our instructor started out by explaining that she would lead each one of the four sections, but that she was heading to France. No big deal, we thought – then she started explaining why. Since she had just some guy on the Internet had to have done up to read him to person, agreed to get married and move up there. This seemed odd to us, but we didn't know the instructor was actually in Chicago to live with someone "who" had met on the Internet, so they called for a house together. Meanwhile, our instructor and her husband are some fascinating, and talked out when they found a place being wanted by someone who was moving to LA to live with someone he had met... guess where I guess the Internet deal must be really something.

Introduction came next, and a full-on plunge into the mating pool of Los Angeles community. Of the fifty or so women present, Janice was one of those who was actually married. Of the other ten, one couple was from, the other fifteen their husband not want to me and treatment for her – she speaks "no English." One other couple looked like they were actually together though separated. He was Japanese, she Colombian.

Of the somewhat teachers, five were hippies, ranging in age from 13 to probably 35. One was recognized by another because she had baby. The other two were black, again mostly teenagers. One woman had a sign on her back that said "I'm married and a man who appeared to be just a good friend along for possible support. This was not the group I had and Julie Claster had nothing to do with.

This first class was basic stuff. Janice had read about it all, of course, but learned a few new things, and was subtly guided out of the room by someone the instructor had just mentioned, all I can say is that it's a good thing Janice

doesn't have the Shermanesque tendency toward classical Realism... when for the first child is 8-12 years. According to some people, men and their girls, men is still on track to arrive alone 20%... Janice, being a Virgin, likes to have her order well planned, so we are probably coast on the side. The big question is: what time? Will he inherit my experience as Janice's weakness to be "reluctantly" ...?

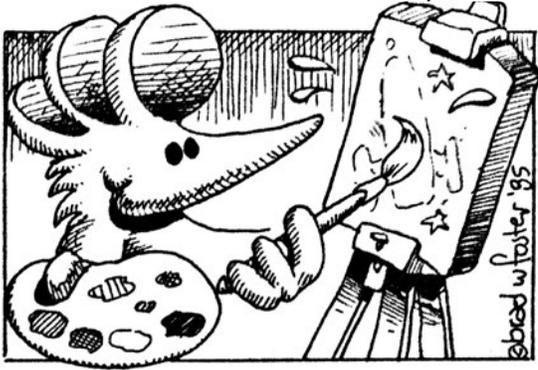
Well, our instructor noted the Internet off was the internet and is now being in French. The director of education, a smart and funny woman named Janice, explained her class was supposed to show half of what it was two weeks ago, and I doubt if it because the existing records delivered their babies. We're down to the study married couples and a few of the black kids, interestingly, most had persuaded boyfriends!

Tuesday, May 20, 1997



Outworlds 70 • 2609

I have vague memories of the original version of Teddy Bear's piece about Worldcon Fan GoHs. (Hell, ALL the memories I have of anything that happened more than five minutes ago are "vague.") In my defense, I can only point out that the reason the issue of *Xenium* I was working on that would have contained Roger's original article never appeared was that my father died suddenly while I was getting ready to publish. Somehow that took all the wind out of my publishing sails and when Other Things Happened (as they are wont to do) shortly thereafter I never did get back to that issue. But I have the definite impression that Version 2 is quite different from what I would have put into circulation.



A couple of things Roger says deserve attention. (This is in addition to the fascinating facts he dug out that I really hadn't noticed because I'd never done the research he did: some patterns aren't obvious if you only look at individual pieces of the whole.) The only Worldcon Program Book biography I ever wrote was for Harry Bell. This was the year after the one I really WANTED to write but was prevented from so doing by fannish politics, of course. I was delighted and flattered to be given that opportunity because Harry Bell was a fine gentleman, one hell of a fantastic artist, an excellent writer, a first-class fanzine editor and one of the NICEST people it's ever been my pleasure to meet through sf fandom. For

years he probably produced the majority of the good fan art done in Britain and I applauded his selection as the Fan GoH in 1979. It's a damn shame that Roger never met him.

Then there's Roger's odd comment about Susan Wood. I have no idea where he got this idea from and I have no idea why the normally perspicacious editor of *OW* didn't correct it before it got into print. Susan Wood WAS at AUSSIECON in 1975, as Co-GoH with Yours Truly. Her presence before, at and after the convention was a major one and I can't imagine why Roger would think she wasn't there. Now, if you'll excuse me, I want to work on my short list for Fan GoH at TorCon 3 in 2003...

Oops. I have just turned the page (Drawback Number One of the "Read-And-LoC-As-You-Go" school of letterhacking) and discovered that some of the points I've just raised had been brought up (albeit not as eloquently) by the esteemed editor of this journal. (Along with a completely fictitious account that makes me look like a scurrilous cur but we've come to expect that over the last three decades.) Good to know you haven't COMPLETELY lost your touch, old friend!

Joe's second excursion into the realms of poetry made me chuckle. (I'm not sure Susan would consider it one of Joe's finer efforts but I doubt Joe would either.) I had to wince (just a little) at the rhyming of "veins" with "things" but that's probably why I'll never be granted a poetic licence.

[October 2, 1998]

As well-crafted and enjoyable as Skel's second article was, it baffled me pretty well completely. It SOUNDS like it's filled with fannish anecdotes and perhaps the intent is for us all to figure out what the missing pun(ch) lines are but it could also be a typical piece of Skel(e)tonian machiavellianism where there's actually nothing to fill in at all. I considered the idea that there would be a THIRD article from Skel in which he pointed out the obvious puns to those of us too dull to figure them out for ourselves but a quick skim of the Table of Contents fails to reveal such a program (you can't tell the players or the punsters without one.) Oh well, it was fun to read and I'm

I'll probably be branded as a fakefan by the likes of Ted and rich but I have to go on record as believing that the entire CONCEPT of numbered fandoms has always struck me as one of the biggest wasters of fannish time and energy in our whole history. And meaning no disrespect to Jack Speer, I wish he'd never thought of the idea. Hell, entire forests of trees would have been saved as well!

(Part of my disinterest stems from the fact that by the time I'd become a fan, in 1966, fandom had already gotten too diverse and too complex for the idea of Numbered Fandoms to have any applicability. But there are other aspects of the history of fandom from the early days that I'm fascinated by and enjoy reading about. Numbered Fandoms just isn't one of those topics. For me, it's all time and energy and effort that gains nothing. For a few years, when the idea was still relevant to active fandom, it made sense to argue about these ideas, but to STILL be hassling over details and definitions and Who Did What To Whom over forty years later just doesn't cut it on this fannish front. Having said that, I'll still read rich's article and probably enjoy it to some extent. At the very least I'll know it's well-researched, well-written and well-thought-out.)

Yes. I was right. And in his many thousands of words rich manages to convince me that very probably the fans of 7th Fandom have been somewhat maligned over the years. The only problem (for me) is that during my 32 years as a fan I've not spent a single minute thinking of the fans of 7th Fandom as being terrible people. And I honestly find it hard to believe that there are more than a half dozen people who actually CARE at this point in time. It's hard to believe that even Ellison gives a damn about what people say about 7th Fandom since he goes out of his way to tell us (at every opportunity) that he doesn't think about fandom any more.

As a LoCcer tackling your suggestion that no-one could be expected to respond to every part of the issue, I hope we agree that the LetterCol is a SINGLE item. Because I'll be damned if I'll comment on every single LoC you printed!

(Nice list of movies seen in the last 16.5 years. About one every 3.62 days or two each week. In that time, I've probably seen maybe a quarter as many. Mostly on cable. Different strokes. And, no, I did not actually read the list but then I think you expected that to happen...)

It seems only Right & Proper to begin the letters with those from Harry Warner. I was particularly impressed that he wrote them way back in 1988, thus confirming – as I've long suspected – that he has had a time machine for years. It's the ONLY way he could have stayed so far ahead of me in LoC production during the quarter century we were in friendly – albeit futile on my part – competition.

The former Spaced Out Library is now The Merrill Collection and this is the first I've ever heard that their collection was subject to pilferage. I'll try and remember to check into that rumour with the current Librarian (who happens to be an *Outworlds* reader so she might respond to the suggestion even without my asking about it.)

I think Rotsler's true genius was in his ability to create simple-looking but profound cartoons and while he might have made a fortune drawing them for magazines like *The New Yorker* or *Saturday Evening Post* he apparently was happier giving them free to fanzines. And he obviously had a hell of a lot of fun involving himself in soft-core porn so I don't criticize his choice of career path. I'm just glad I was able to think of him as a friend and a fellow fan who chose to remain a part of this community instead of leaving it to pursue fame and fortune elsewhere.



I attended BucConeer in August and I have no difficulty imagining a first-time attendee finding it all as exciting as I found my exposure to fandom at Tricon in Cleveland in 1966. What I have trouble imagining, though, is anyone being able to find what one might call “trufandom” via the BucConeer experience. After Tricon, I helped found an SF club, got involved in fanzines, went on to a long and reasonably high-profile fan career and most of the time felt (as Bill says) as though I’d discovered “my people.” That may have happened to some new fans in Baltimore but how they’ll get involved in our fandom deeply enough to tell us all about it I cannot really imagine... [October 7, 1998]

Marty Cantor’s inability to enjoy Skel’s article about teddy bears might not be for either of the reasons he suggests. It might be simply that – like me, like Buck – Marty is now an official Curmudgeon. Not that I’d ever be so curmudgeonly as to point that out to him, of course...

I may be a veritable neo when it comes to computers but even I know how easy it is to correct/edit a LoC that’s typed on one. But that would be cheating, eh? I mean, it would have been EASY to go back in this LoC and remove the part where I admitted that I didn’t have a clue what Skel was up to in his “Dross” article. And I would have looked a lot better if I’d done so. But the whole point of a LoC like this one is to give an honest reaction to each part of the fanzine as one reads it so allowing subsequent knowledge to change an earlier reaction Is Just Not On. Footectomy indeed! An AMERICAN concept, obviously!

I’m now four months into the free year of e-mail that I was given as a birthday gift and as is evident, I’m using this tool to a reasonable extent. Oddly enough, though, the jury is STILL out on whether or not the service will be renewed next June. We Shall See...

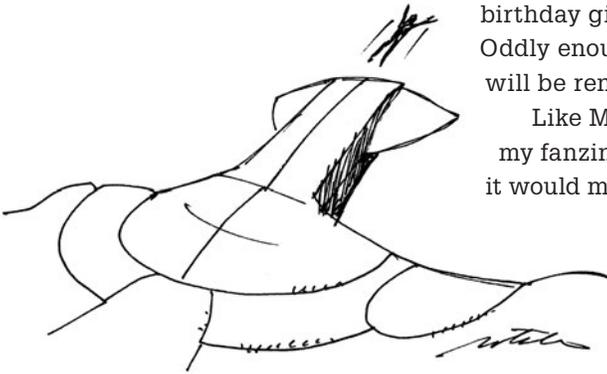
Like Marty, I always thought (and have often said) that I’d catalogue my fanzine collection when I retired. It may still happen. If nothing else, it would make a fanzine auction a hell of a lot easier to set up if I decided to part with my collection while I was still able to control where it went rather than dumping it all on Susan who has zero interest in such things. Once again, We Shall See.

It’s a shame that Vince missed all of Susan Wood’s years in fandom. (I’m not sure her about-twelve year career can be called “all-too-brief” although it was certainly all too short.)

And I hope that Vince knows that in addition to writing wonderful light/funny material she was also a superb serious/critical writer and had a marvelous touch with fannish material.

I suppose someone who collects Stephen King first editions (and has paid three hundred dollars or more for some of them) shouldn’t point fingers at those unfortunate enough to be Beanie Baby fanatics but I STILL am croggled by the idea of someone paying a thousand dollars for a few pieces of cloth filled with beans (or whatever they’re filled with) that originally sold for \$4.99. That’s a 200-fold increase over the original price which is almost ten times more than the highest increase over original price for a King book that I’ve ever paid. Oh well, different strokes, *et al.* And I know a few people who’ve been in the right place at the right time and have made lots of money reselling the things and I’m happy for their ability to cash in on this bizarre (and probably relatively short-lived) market.

I’m willing to believe Joe Major when he tells me that “Edward Wood of the Foreign Office and Ed Wood of Hollywood were two different folks” but which one of them was the Ed Wood famed in fandom?



I too am a baseball fan (fanatic, really) and I'm delighted to know that Arthur Conan Doyle was too. And I'd guess that his comment about a game being over in a couple of hours (occasionally still true, albeit rarely as Joe points out) was born out of awareness of his native country's native game of cricket where a major match takes five full days to play (and as often as not ends in a draw!)

Good Grief! Buck agreed with about THREE things! Now THAT'S scary!

Congratulations on publishing Susan's first LoC. Now, if you actually publish her SECOND one as well I'll be truly impressed. (And I guess I owe you a vote of thanks. After looking at **OW #69** and **#70** Susan finally understands that fanzines CAN be pretty impressive publications. I guess the old mimeographed ones of mine that I showed her just didn't cut it with someone who has been published in *The Georgia Review* but *Outworlds* really blew her away. It's a good thing I'm not the jealous type...)

Well, Skel certainly caught me out in an error. I DID say my uncle only met fans in certain situations and evidently (a) I totally forgot that he'd come by one time when Paul and Cas were visiting and had met them as individual fans; (b) I should have written that he only met fans "en masse" at my wedding and at a couple of Mikecons; or (c) I don't consider Paul and Cas to really be fans. You figure it out. (Of course, how much credence can you place in the observations of someone who states "Cas and I have a stable loving relationship that has lasted almost 27 years." Hell, I've known these two for about 23 of those years; I've visited their house several times, spent weeks in their company, and had them visit me several times too. And NOT ONCE did we ever visit a stable!)

Walt says #69 was "quite up to your old standards." I suppose that means he thought it was appealing, albeit somewhat messy...

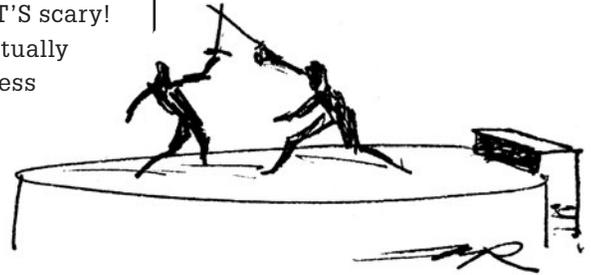
Good to see BEB back again but I noticed that he used "gafiate" when he should have used "gafiation" and yet you left it uncorrected. I'm wondering if this is a drawback of getting responses via e-mail or on disc? Is it just too much trouble to make small corrections that you once would have made when transferring a LoC onto stencil?

I read my own LoC. Hmm... not bad.

Great LoC from Robert Lichtman. Detailed, encompassing, well-crafted. Who the hell does he think he is? Me? Hmph! (I wonder what he'll do for #70?).

There is at least one postage stamp showing a teddy bear and it's even a US stamp. I think it was in an Ann Arbor post office that I stood in line with Skel while he was mailing a densely packed box of books back to England and then buying an entire sheet of US 32 cent stamps just to get the one stamp that had a teddy bear on it for Cas. Since we'd been promised the rest of the sheet as a payment for ~~putting up with~~ helping Cas satisfy her addiction I thought this was an okay deal. But she eventually decided to keep the whole sheet anyway so her teddy stamp wouldn't be lonely. Or something like that.

Young Mister Breiding gives good LoC. And I actually envy him his ability to give material possessions the consideration they deserve. (That is, far, far less than people deserve.) I've always been far too attached to my possessions, rating them higher than I should. If someone I considered a friend got upset (at me or otherwise) and deliberately destroyed a prized possession of mine (a first edition, for example, or a rare fanzine) I suppose that eventually I'd learn to forgive them but I'm guessing it would take me a while. Of course, this is all hypothetical. I've never had a friend do this to me and I cannot imagine it ever happening. If it did, it's just possible that I'd be able to see



what an unusual situation it was, realize that the friendship was worth far more than the possession, and act accordingly. I'd like to think I'd do that... But...

Where does a young squirt like Breiding get off calling me a curmudgeon? I can do that but I'm an official Old Phart. Wait a few years, William, and then maybe you can get uppity with your elders.

I blush to admit not recalling the name "Brendan DuBois". This is particularly embarrassing as HE remembers MY name. I shall endeavour to track down his mystery fiction eventually and see what sort of things he writes. (I note that you've read two of the books, Bill. Would you recommend them? A private response will suffice if necessary.)

I've seen all but maybe three or four of your favourite films (some titles I don't remember so I'm not sure if I've seen them or not.) It would be silly to comment on your choices but I must say I'm both surprised and delighted to see the Jimmy Dean movie on your list. Most people have never heard of it, let alone seen it, and yet I agree with your assessment that it is a remarkable film. Nice to know that occasionally our tastes overlap in areas other than friends and fanzines!

Alex Yudenitsch seems to me to be a little misinformed about the purposes of a LoC. Writing a LoC is a way of saying Thank You to the editor who sent you the fanzine. If it gets printed, fine. If other people comment on it, fine. But if neither happens, the LoC has still been worth the "bother" of writing it. If you have to ask "why should I bother" to write a LoC then my answer would be "You shouldn't."

Okay, okay, I'll confess. I actually DIDN'T read the list of your publications. So any deliberate mistakes that you slipped in there to see if we were paying attention went right by me. Mea culpa, mea culpa.

I see only two actual questions on page 2407: "Puff of smoke" and "Will there be WAR in space?" Just which one page 2715 is supposedly an answer to, I cannot imagine. (But I applaud your willingness to parade your much younger self in public for our entertainment.)

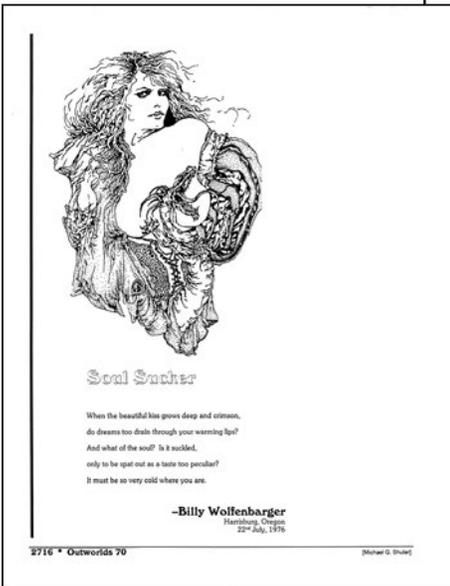
I liked the illustration on the last Wolfenbarger poem. And your list of contributors would probably make fascinating reading to anyone who actually had that much spare time on their hands. What the hell, it may be a useful reference for me some day in case I need to know that you have Mike Gilbert's address but I don't...

Sure. NOW you explain about the covers. Marty, you see what I have to put up with with this guy?

Since I've pretty well commented on the parts of *OW #70*, I'd be remiss if I didn't comment on the whole. As is well known, only rarely is the whole equal to the sum of its parts. Mostly it is less than that sum: infrequently it is more than it. *Outworlds #70* is most assuredly greater than the sum of its parts, all because of the editorial acumen you bring to its creation.

If there is a faned out there with greater skills in design, layout and graphics I cannot imagine who it is. I realize you will probably see numerous flaws in the final version of this issue but from the viewpoint of someone who isn't worthy of licking your boots when it comes to designing a fanzine, I found it spectacularly impressive. It LOOKS great. It READS great. It is one hell of a fine fanzine and if it doesn't gain you the Hugo nomination you so richly deserve then there is something seriously wrong with the people you send it to.

Artwork? Yeah, there's lots of it. Damned appropriate to the text too. As an ex-faned, I was impressed by your ability to place JUST the right piece



of art with so many of the contributions to the issue. I doubt there's a single piece of artwork in the issue that I wouldn't have felt good about using in one of my own fanzines. More than that I cannot say.

So. Finally. On October 14th, 1998, I draw this LoC to a close. Certainly the longest I ever wrote. Possibly the longest you'll get. And who cares? (I used to like the fact that my old computer counted the words in the things I wrote: all I know about this e-mail-generated LoC is that it occupied 55K. Whatever that means.)

And you were right. It would be impossible for anyone to comment on EVERY part of the issue. You'll have noticed that I made no mention of my own (possibly too twee) article about Worldcons I've attended. Oh shit! Until now. Well, maybe you were wrong... But I'll bet there weren't too many of us...

Thank you, my very old, very short and very dear friend, for a wonderful fanzine. And I hope the response is somehow enough to compensate for the time, the effort, the money and the sweat you put into its publication.

You know something? I think I'll be dead when your 300th issue appears and I'm actually quite glad of that fact...

[Wednesday, October 14, 1998]

Syd Bounds

Obviously an enormous amount of effort has gone into this production and the result is worthwhile, despite the obits. I've reached that age where friends and relatives depart this life with monotonous regularity, but it is still depressing.

Interesting to see Ed Gorman in an sf context; I only know him through his life of crime.

"**Burma Diary**" and John Foyster ring the bell because I like to read about places I've never visited (and now am not likely to).

The fan sf reference library is a good idea, and one that can be developed.

Chris Sherman is one of the star turns this issue. Maybe this should be distributed at teenage classrooms in schools everywhere.

I liked Joe's poem about the space cadets; and the reprint of Sylvia Plath. I'm not sure if "**Andrei Chikatilo**" counts as a poem, but it is an effective piece of writing.

Benford is interesting and L. A. Eshbach provides a nice piece of nostalgia. Doc Lowndes I remember from his letters in the old pulps.

We read a lot of the same authors; but I've read only one by Howard Browne – his books don't seem to get over here.

Bea I met only once over here and Art's personal notes reveal a quite different character.

Bob Tucker's piece is another of your star turns this issue.

Richard's "**Holy Post**" is a warning. What happens in your country tends to be copy-catted over here not long after. Unfortunately.

Ted White is another star turn, and I especially liked Alan Hunter's illustration.

Gary's memoirs as a patient made me laugh.

Your film list is quite unbelievable; how can any one person have sat through so many? I went to the cinema last to see a film some years back (possibly ten years or thereabouts). I occasionally see a video when I visit a friend; they rarely hold my interest.

[October 9, 1998]



I can only attempt to keep a promise I made to you when you became my de facto co-conspirator – namely, to “own up” to a bit of last-minute fudging and explain why I (and I would hope “we”) think it did not matter.

In the draft I first submitted to you, there was a paragraph which read:

If not for this latter (in “Memory Flogging” in Gallimaufry #2 [November 1985, edited by Dave Locke and Joni Stopa]), from which I’ve picked up a few details, I would have left Mary’s “good name” out of this account, as Harlan himself did and had done for many years. As it is, I can recommend her piece, not just for the fun of reading it but for substantiation of what Harlan told me.

Shortly after the Worldcon in Baltimore, although I knew you were on the verge of putting the issue to bed, I nonetheless wrote to ask you to please revise that paragraph to end as follows:

...not just for the fun of reading it but for substantiation of some of the smaller details of what Harlan told me.

Not to put too fine a point on it, I thereby “fudged” the fact that it wasn’t 100 percent substantiation and, at the same time, hid the fact that it was in part contradiction.

Mainly, I did it because it doesn’t really matter – I believe the contradictions can be discounted and yet feel the validating portions should not be. I hope, in the explanation which follows, to convince the readers of **Outworlds** that my belief and feeling on the matter are not in error.

Let me back up a bit.

If anyone had asked me if I’d read the piece I cited in **Gallimaufry #2**, any time up to a week before the Baltimore Worldcon, I would have answered “yes”. No hesitation. The reason I can be so certain about this is simple – there was a time, a few months before the Worldcon, when I had *not* read it, but at that time the article only said that I’d “heard” that Dave Locke had published a piece by the femmefan involved which acknowledged she was there, which in turn proved Harlan wasn’t just Making It All Up. Something had to happen to make me change that to a more positive assertion.

My cast-iron sieve of a memory says Dave Locke sent me a copy when I asked about it on the original Timebinders listserv which was being conducted by Dick Smith. My dim recollection is that it was a Xerox copy of the fanzine but I suppose it might have just been the article or (I find this less likely) that he could have typed the article over and sent it to me – yet if truth be known, I wouldn’t swear to any of these. At the very least, however, someone sent me relevant excerpts which not only verified that she was there in the room but that she was there to see the **Dimensions** stencils, that Harlan didn’t toss waterbags but “poured” the water as he said, &c.

Now we have to flash forward to the TAFF/DUFF auction of fanzines which took place in the fan room at BucConeer. I already had copies of a number of the fanzines up for auction so my only bid up to a point was a running commentary on how “good” they were, which I could only hope would help drive up their price (serving the purpose of benefiting TAFF/DUFF and the more personal satisfaction of seeing some of fandom’s “high rollers” expend funds that could not thereafter be used to bid against me in something I might want).

But then there came up for auction a copy of **Gallimaufry #2** which I got up to examine. It had the piece in question, and as I examined it I realized with a certainty that I did not have a copy of the actual fanzine – at most, I had a Xerox copy, and more likely it was just the article which had been copied for me. It was worth the \$12 or \$14 I wound up paying for it in the



auction, just so I could have it to refer back to; whatever had been sent to me earlier, I hadn't kept it (or at least I'm presently unable to find it).

I came back from the Worldcon with dozens of fanzines but did not get around to reading them until after the end of the convention. When I did read the zine in question, I found that (among other things) the article confirmed more than I'd said it did, since in speaking about her father's admonitions about not going alone to any young man's room she in effect explained what motivated her to hide in the closet.

But the article also conflicts and contradicts other things I said. She talks of Harlan "exchanging insults" with the fans down below, and while she confirms that he poured the water (as opposed to tossing waterbags) she said he "missed" who he was trying to hit with the water and "drenched" Jim Harmon by mistake. Harlan claims the water was never meant to hit anyone and that in any event it landed on the ground and hit no one.

In my high-handed way, I can deal with the first problem by saying that I am prepared to hold the readers entirely at fault if they refine too much over the contrast between Mary Price saying that Harlan exchanged insults with the fans below while I only said that Harlan tried to get them to quiet down. The contrast is simply *not* a contradiction. I hold the readers responsible because I warned them that I felt myself not up to the task of accurately repeating what Harlan said in Harlan's style and suggested that they should use their imagination to fill in the blanks. It is only my way with circumlocutions that might make anyone think that Harlan opened the window and shouted to those below, "Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Would you be so kind and thoughtful as to temper the volume of your remarks so that my companion and I might engage in a decent conversation? We would be ever so grateful to you all if you would do so!" Anyone who has any imagination and a sense of humor who knows anything at all about Harlan would realize it was probably more along the lines of, "Hey, you jerks! Do you think you could maybe speak up a little louder? After all, there are still a few people in Detroit who can't make out all your words!"

The other is a bit more serious – at least on its face. It is clearly, on the part of someone he has explicitly verified as having been an eyewitness, the precise opposite of the heart of Harlan's claim, which was not just a quibbling about the means by which the water was dropped but the assertion that the water did not hit Jim Harmon or anyone else.

Neither party is lying.

To impeach an eyewitness on at least part of her testimony, however, I'm going to have to put on my Henry Fonda suit and present my case to a dozen or more angry fen in this moot court.

I ask you gentefen to put yourself in Mary's position and try to see things with her eyes. You're in a room with Harlan Ellison at a Midwestcon on a 1950s summer afternoon, he's been showing you the cut stencils for the next issue of his fanzine but the noise outside becomes so distracting that he can hardly hear himself think. So he steps over to the window and shouts down an admonition or two; he then "pours" a pitcher of water out the window.

You have seen this, "Mary," from wherever you happen to be standing in the room. Neither you nor Harlan have stated that you are standing next to him, however, nor have I ever heard that anyone looked up and saw anyone in that window other than Harlan. Thus, we have to assume you are, at something of a minimum, standing a couple of feet away from Harlan as he pours that water. You might also be sitting down, in a chair or on the bed, totally on the other side of the room if you are reading stencils. And you are, I remind you, in any case inside a room on the second floor.



So what I want to ask you is this: Can you actually see the water when it hits either Jim Harmon by mistake OR the ground? Let me supply the answer. No, you can't. Unless you have X-ray vision, the angle prevents you from seeing anything at all close by at ground level. Only someone standing right beside the window can see straight down.

But you can probably hear the splat of the water as it hits and, almost immediately thereafter, Jim Harmon swearing, "Damn you, Ellison, *no one* throws water on me!" You quickly put two and two together; Harlan must've hit that guy by mistake, you conclude. When you learn Harmon seems to be on his way up, you hide in the closet, probably (to be convincing) with the door completely closed, but also possibly with the door slightly ajar; yet, if the latter, more to keep from cutting yourself off in the dark than to stay abreast of what is happening outside. Which is to say, it's highly unlikely that you can "see" a great deal without risking being seen; you hear a "whump" on the door and a bit later perhaps the sound of splintering wood, then a jumble of voices. Nothing, however, to confirm or deny that Harmon is "drenched".

However, as years go by, you hear the tale told over and again, and eventually come to realize that you took part in something that is becoming a fannish myth. During much of this time, of course, you hear the myth told by people who were not there who may be putting unintentional icing on the cake but nonetheless manage to convey an interesting and amusing story. So four or more lustra later, when you decide to come forward and mention your own part in it, you incorporate the details of what you "heard" in the tellings you present; you're not fooled into believing that Harlan actually had waterbags but you accept what you have no direct evidence to disprove. Since you saw Harlan drop the water, heard Harmon's reply that didn't say Harlan soaked him but could be interpreted that way, and most other people have told it saying that he was hit, you don't tell it any other way. Despite having "been there," you are just like other people who were "there" but didn't see any more of it than you did.

This is not presented as an infallible argument, merely as one that asks you to consider probabilities and alternatives of interpretation. I do think my interpretation of the facts is the most likely and reasonable; the process that led to the error in interpretation is easy to infer.

In a more ideal world, I would have come across all this before having sent it off to Bill, in which case I would have dealt with it precisely as I have dealt with it here. The difference – and probably the major reason I decided to "fudge" it, while promising Bill Bowers that it would only be temporary – is that dealing with it as I have dealt with it here would have made the article four pages longer than it actually was. Think about that.

I thought a little fudge that didn't matter, with a full explanation afterwards, was preferable to giving you another four pages to read. Feel free to disagree.

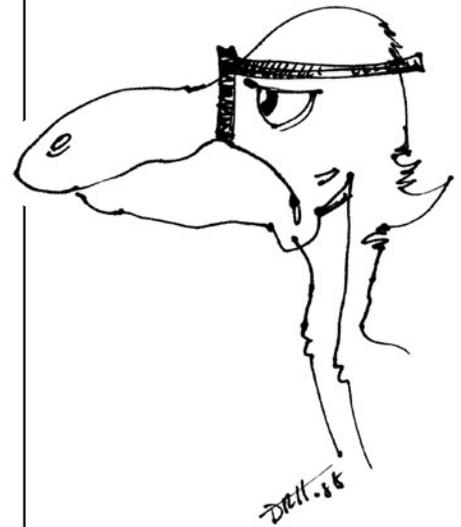
[Saturday, November 28, 1998]

How Sweet Do Roses Smell If You Just Call Them "Jim"?

In a Timebinders message dated sometime back in July, ahrvid@algonet.se wrote:

[...] But it reminds me of another question. Why exactly do some people prefer to write their name in non-caps? (Or perhaps, others use the non-caps for them, without their approval.) The two examples I'm coming to think of are rich brown and damon knight /a/n/d /r/u/n/e /f/o/r/s/g/r/e/n. Please enlighten me!

I can't speak for damon; last I heard, he'd given up the practice. There is Don Marquis' archy the cockroach as well, of course, but it can be argued that archy WANTED capitals – he wrote everything in lower case, his name





included, because he couldn't work the shift key; he was a free verse poet who had died and been reincarnated into the body of a cockroach, and (when he wasn't dropping into a bowl of soup for a nice warm bath) expression was the need of his soul, so he dove head first into the keys, as long as Marquis remembered to leave some paper in the machine.

So that leaves the poet e. e. cummings and moi.

In both cases, I believe it's the same thing – purely and simply, an affectation. You'll have to ask e.e. why he does it; he's *said* it's because he's emphasizing his unimportance or maybe that's de-emphasizing his importance, and, who knows, maybe that's really it.

My last name, Brown, is the third most common name in the U.S. (after Smith and Jones) and "Richard" is not uncommon either. I spent an "extra" two weeks in the U.S. Air Force because I returned to the States with the "wrong" Richard W. Brown's records – which, although not the worst thing that has ever happened to me, is probably the worst thing that has happened to me because I have such a common name. There was one other "Richard" and two (besides him) other R. Browns when I entered fandom, so I realized fairly early on that I should probably do something to make myself distinctive from them. I think I started using lower case in the early '60s – so that now when I see "Richard Brown" or "Rich Brown" in a fanzine, I do a double-take because it doesn't seem to me that it could possibly be to or about me, inasmuch as I'm rich brown.

Either my AoL server, in this latest version, has betrayed me or it's something caused in this listserv; I used lower case when I wrote it, but I appear here frequently with my name in initial caps. While I realize some human bean, at some point, decided to be 'helpful' by having the computer initial cap all names automatically, it probably wasn't anyone involved with this group, so I haven't complained about it, and when people here address me as "Rich Brown" – I just do the double-take and say to myself, "Oh, yeah, I guess they mean me." (Amusingly enough, I have used "rich brown" on my computer and changed the upper-case initial caps to lower case so often that, in trying to write "Rich Brown" above, the upper-case "R" and "B" automatically reverted to lower-case as soon as I hit the space bar at the end of the word; I have to use "insert" to make them stay.)

I also do it for the egoboo. My Uniform Field Theory of Egoboo (which I outlined at one point in Irwin Hirsh's fanzine, *Sikander*) holds that everyone eventually gets the egoboo they deserve but that it is a sometimes slow process; in my case, by going lower case, I get "extra" egoboo in places most others cannot expect to find any. I am, for example, the only fan I know who is mentioned by name in **THE LORD OF THE RINGS**. The Hrouns (the sentient trees for which the Ents are shepherds) have my bark (which, as I'm sure Gary Farber will be happy to verify, is actually much worse than my bite), just as lots of people in other works of fiction seem to have my hair. It makes it real easy for writer-friends of mine to "Tuckerize" me – I don't even have to be a character, I can be a rug.

There is only one way in which the affectation has proven disappointing to me, but I have to say the same would be true even if I used initial caps, since there is no difference between the way "Rich Brown" and "rich brown" are pronounced. It's the shortening of the name, not the use or non-use of caps, that prevented me from following in the footsteps of Don Marquis. Most of his better material (although he didn't see it that way) appeared in the "Sun Dial" column he wrote for the *New York Daily Sun*. That newspaper no longer existed by the time I arrived in the Big Apple, so my years in journalism were spent editing and writing for papers with

quite different names, from the *New Dorp Star Reporter* to *The Daily Bond Buyer* (@ \$7/copy, the most expensive daily paper in the U.S.), and covering financial agencies here in D.C. for Reuters, a British-based news wire.

I did have a chance to apply for an editorial position at the *Baltimore Sun* – but declined. My problem is that, in any newspaper editing and/or writing job, you're constantly calling people you don't know and trying to get comments out of them. And you absolutely have to introduce yourself. This is certainly a given, and most people would not be at all concerned about it. For most any other employer, I would not have been bothered either. But I'm afraid in this instance I saw all too clearly that I would have found myself saying, on a number of occasions, something on the order of, "Hello, I'm rich brown from the *Sun*..." Too many people, I decided, would just think I was bragging about my tan.

Then too, in some ways I can be quite sensible about it (I think), but I know in other ways I can't let myself be. Case in point: I believe it is absolutely unreasonable of me to insist that people disobey certain rules of grammar just to accommodate me – a sentence should start "Rich brown says..." rather than "rich brown says..."

But I can get Quite Overly Serious about it, too. If you would rather be my enemy than my friend, this is a way to notify me of it – it's a way, if you're a fan editor, to guarantee you'll never get a second contribution out of me, to print something of mine and credit it to "Rich Brown" rather than "rich brown." (Exception: If your practice is to print names in bylines or lettercolumns all in caps, "RICH BROWN" becomes perfectly acceptable (although I don't object to "rICH bROWN," either).) The truth is, I've struck out even at people I have previously regarded as Close Friends who've suggested they might discontinue the practice of recognizing my affectation, to the extent of putting the friendship on the line. I recognize how extreme this may sound but it's just a reflection, I guess, of how I feel about how personal a violation I think it is for anyone to presume to tell me, in effect that they deem their judgment superior to mine with respect to how my name will be presented.

To put a further kink in it, I also have to acknowledge that it is only true of fandom. In the few professional works of sf I have sold, in the professional works I did as an editor and journalist, I have been Richard W. Brown, and mundane friends and acquaintances call me Richard (not rich).

My family (albeit not including my daughter or ex wife) all call me Butch. Except my mother, before she died, sometimes called me either "Richard Wayne" or "Butchie."

Go figure.

[Friday, November 27, 1998]

Re: Just Checking...

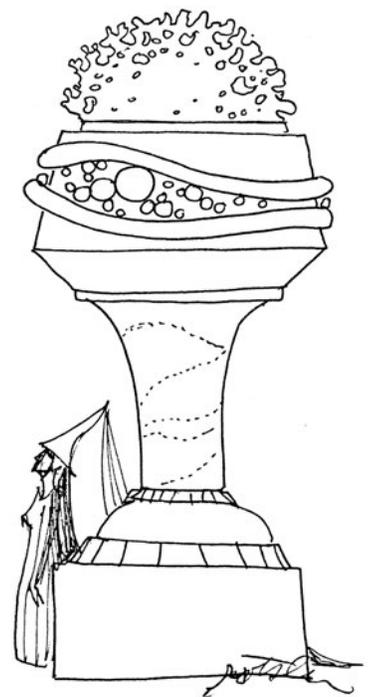
In a personal email, Bill Bowers wrote:

...and, slowly, I'm working on the next *OW*, with your long-delayed Egoboo. It may be "vintage" Egoboo, but, hopefully, fairly soon!

Looking forward to it.

You may not realize it, but you've hit on something that I think can be a problem as far as the future of paper fanzine fandom is concerned. For want of a better term, let's call it the frequency factor.

There were two dependable monthly genzines being published when I came into fandom, *Cry* and *Yandro*, a number of weekly and biweekly news zines, half a dozen titles that proclaimed themselves to be bimonthlies or quarterlies and just scores of irregular but relatively frequent fanzines



coming out. All at a variety of skill levels, from relatively neish teenagers to highly talented oldpharts. I couldn't afford to subscribe to very many and my first few publications were so illegible that it was pure kindness to trade with me, so mostly I was a letterhack. But inside of, oh, three months, I was starting to receive egoboo – the initial joy of seeing my material in print was giving way to the greater delight of seeing response to what I'd written. Even contributing to highly infrequent fanzines had an impact on egoboo received in that its infrequency could make it either icing on the cake or, when one slacked off a bit, like a drink of water in the desert. I reached a point where I was getting a nice, steady, regular level of egoboo – and that served to make me want to participate all the more.

Despite my “Dr Gafia” sobriquet, I've never *totally* gafiated for more than a few months since I first stumbled across the microcosm. But there was a long period when I was down to activity in one or two obscure apas and a convention or two a year. When I decided to get more active in general fanzine fandom, there were fewer frequent general fanzines in the microcosm and I quickly did the same thing all over again – reached a level of activity where I was constantly working on LoCs (and sometimes turning the LoCs I'd written into articles, at the request of the editors), but never reached that encouraging level of egoboo because of the decrease in the frequency factor. If I wrote LoCs (or anything else) for fanzines that came out only once or twice a year, I was doing Something Else by the time it received any response.

This is perfectly all right, you understand; egoboo is in one way like acid, in that as time goes by you can get higher with less. And quality helps make up for lack of quantity. I find it “encouraging” enough that I'm not feeling like living up to my sobriquet anytime soon – but I just wonder if it is “enough” for someone new, where quality may be harder to perceive and quantity will probably never be what it was in fanzine fandom of the '60s and '70s...

Or maybe I'm just talking through my hat. Again. There are, after all, close to 200 apas... [Wednesday, March 24, 1999]

Gregory Benford

The rich brown meditation on 6th fandom was another fine piece of fan-historical theory, becoming his specialty. I got a call from Harlan about my reference to him in the review of the Disch book. First matter we discussed was rich's piece, which Harlan feels is a true version. Could be so; I was coming on the scene then and memory agrees with rich's recalling.

Then Harlan waxed wrathful about my including him in a list of New Wavers who've gone silent or withdrawn, and he's right – he does continue to produce some fine stuff. Delany and Ballard are not so much silent as uninfluential, I think – but then, one can't live on the forefront all one's

life. Plainly, tho, the larger lessons of the Wavers have been learned – by people like me, for one, who found that era exciting, a guide to how to reinvent hard sf for myself, rather than following in the Campbellian tradition in both narrative methods (which I tried to expand) and conceptual heft (which I tried to keep).

[Wednesday, September 30, 1998]



Arnie Katz

It's a terrific issue of an excellent, long-running fanzine. In an era dominated by fairly small fanzines, *Outworlds* is a heart feast in a world of tasty little snacks.

Even in a superb issue crammed with good material, rich brown's essay on 7th Fandom, the Door Incident and Harlan Ellison is exceptional. It's an awesome piece of writing, filled with provocative insights and quite a few Deft Phrases. Rich provides a year's worth of discussion fodder, in what may be 1998's best piece of fanhistorical commentary.

Before plunging into the turbulent content, I must laud the presentation. Rich weaving together digressions, dramatized conversations, personal reminiscences and fanhistorical analysis. Throw in a Torrid Love Affair, and you'd have grist for a TV mini-series.

The article's greatest value is that it rights some wrongs and makes a very good stab at adjusting some bits of fannish "common knowledge." It's bound to be controversial, especially among those addicted to demonizing Harlan, but a thoughtful reader must certainly concede that rich makes a great deal of sense.

I've always felt that 7th Fandom in general, and the Midwestcon incident in particular, were not accurately reported. I wasn't there, so I have no personal knowledge, but the "facts" have never added up properly to me.

This version seems closer to the truth, though we glimpse it through the obscuring haze of Harlan's subjective recollection. There is no one who hasn't sweetened memories to make themselves look a little better in their mind's eye, and there's no reason to believe that the Estimable Ellison is exempt from this foible. He, like many commanding personalities, may even be a bit more prone to such revisionism than someone who views events from the sidelines, as a bystander.

I distrusted the **FANCYCLOPEDIA II** entries on 7th Fandom the first time I read them, and I've had no reason to alter that opinion. The write-up, which you quote so tellingly, sounds like an uptight guy lashing out at a bunch of bright, if rambunctious, kids who embody new thoughts and attitudes.

In effect, Richard Eney is like those characters in **Forbidden Planet**. He's a slightly older, fairly conservative person who is wont to champion the constellation of ideas and attitudes of mainstream '50s thinking. That's a tenable position – and not necessarily a bad thing. The point is that there's very probably a clash of attitude between the author of **FANCY II** and the group described under the 7F and related entries. The fans **FANCY II** treats harshly are younger and reflect the decade's rising youth culture.

The **FANCY II** write-ups may well have represented a majority view in fandom when they were written. Harlan and his friends helped introduce fandom to '50s youth culture. That's another way of saying that the rest of fandom wasn't saturated with that culture at that time.

Our current fanzine fandom, especially what I call The Virtual Fanclub, derives in large part from '50s and '60s youth culture. It's bohemian, irreverent and a bit flamboyant. What was strange and new in the '50s, when Eney compiled **FANCY II** is now a well-established and fairly respected viewpoint.

So it's not surprising that our sympathies might ultimately drift from the traditional type '50s boozers in front of the motel to the proto-counter-cultural folks in the room above. We are more apt to excuse their foibles, and less likely to side with their oppressors, than if it was a bunch of illiterate zombies harassing intellectual and bohemian trufans.



This isn't the first time this phenomenon has occurred in fandom, either. Look at the Exclusion Act at the first Worldcon. Although there was some protest at the time, largely in the form of the Ackerman-organized Rump Banquet, most fans either didn't care or sided with the committee.

That's not true today. Most fanzine fans say that the committee overstepped its bounds and meddled in an area in which it had no jurisdiction. We tend to dismiss the firebrand Communism as slightly misplaced idealism, inflamed by strong anti-Nazi feelings.

Why has the judgment of fanhistory changed? The facts are no different. What has changed is the major assessment of those facts, our attitude toward the elements that comprise the situation.

Many current fans feel greater kinship to freethinking, wide-horizoned fans like Don Wollheim than to censorious would-be smofs like Taurasi and Sykora. Wollheim and his buddies are more like us, and we can see the seeds of what we enjoy today in their insistence that fanzines be something more than a cheering section for the prozines.

rich's analogy between what Harlan did and tagging goes right to the heart of this matter. To Eney writing **FANCY II**, as to the buttoned-down conservatives of '50s fandom, Harlan and his pals were taggers. They were violating social convention, doing things That Were Not Done.

Those same people would probably see taggers as vandals, defacers of property and infringers on personal sovereignty. It's an understandable and even reasonable viewpoint. You say tagger, they think about drug-crazed miscreants who are going to key their car and write a dirty word on the side of their house with indelible spray paint.

People of a more tolerant mind, with their allegiances in the enduring counter-culture, see taggers as individuals making a statement, people trying to impose a little of their identity on an uncaring and anonymous world. You say tagger to such folks and they think about the beautiful lettering on some New York subway cars and maybe "Stay High."

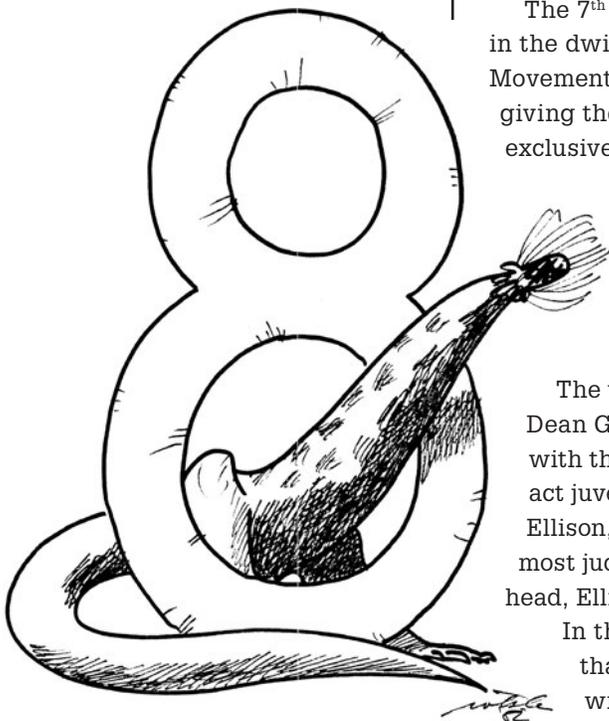
Both descriptions apply to taggers. They are lawbreakers, and they are also people expressing artistic impulses in a world with increasingly little place for such things.

The 7th Fandom Movement is an attempt to pump a little life into fandom in the dwindling days of the previous era's elite clique. The 7th Fandom Movement is a bunch of unruly adolescents strutting around the stage and giving themselves gloss. These two images, though contradictory, are not exclusive.

They're not fuggheads, they're kids. They're fresh and energetic at a time when a lot of fanzine fans are drifting along on the momentum of 1950-'52. They absorb what they can understand from what they read in fanzines, and then attempt to emulate the fans they respect – to the limit of their understanding, modified by differences in temperament and outlook.

The tip-off is the way many of the fans who lashed out at 7F treated Dean Grennell. As rich mentions, fandom elevated DAG to virtual parity with the Sixth Fandom BNFs. He suffered no stigma, because he didn't act juvenile. While some people tended to confound the activities of Ellison, Vorzimer and everyone else who professed "7th Fandom" loyalties, most judged each on individual merit. Fandom judged Vorzimer a fugg-head, Ellison an egotist and Grennell a wonderful, low-key humorist.

In the mid-'50s, Dean Grennell was closer to the fannish mainstream than Harlan Ellison. Dean Grennell is not only a Ghod Man, as fans wrote and said so often in the late '50s – early '60s, he's a classic



Midwest BNF in the tradition of Tucker and Bloch. Like Robert Lichtman and Lee Hoffman, Dean Grennell has... fannish class. Mid-'50s fandom probably found his outlook, maturity and likability, easier to take than the bombastic, confrontational Ellison.

rich's brilliant analysis of the "7F" phenomenon brings back onto the stage an act we've known for eons. Let's have an **Outworlds** round of cheers and catcalls for – the Numbered Fandoms Theory!

Unfortunately, the present Numbered Fandoms Theory is less than solid for the '50-'55 period, the focus of rich's essay. That's all the encouragement an inveterate theorizer like me needs.

For something so universally known and quoted, the Numbered Fandoms Theory certainly has some problems. That's why it's a theory. Everyone gets to propose improvements. We dump an old version of a theory when a better one comes along.

There's value in a system that organizes fanhistorical data. The potential of Numbered Fandoms Theory fascinates many fanhistorians. I'm only at the kicking-it-around stage with what follows, but that won't stop me from commenting on it here. I can always recant every syllable if expedient.

The quest for greater accuracy begins with the scope and purpose of the Numbered Fandoms Theory. Jack Speer wanted to categorize and systematize the raw stuff of fanhistory to make it more coherent and understandable. That's the goal of all historical analysis.

Fandom, the thing the Numbered Fandoms Theory describes, has changed significantly since Jack Speer wrote "**Up To Now**". He described a fairly compact and unified social group. Since Fandom has developed into a cluster of closely allied, but separate, subcultures, it is impossible to use this analytical tool to organize and illuminate the history of All Known Fandom. The hobby's size and sweep render the Numbered Fandoms Theory inadequate. Its mechanisms can't deal with a situation in which what is happening in masquerade fandom is largely unaffected by what's going on in fanzine fandom.

The Numbered Fandoms Theory emphasizes fanzines at the expense of other types of fanac. Fanzines may have held that central position at one time, but other forms of fanac are now much more popular in All Known Fandom. A system that organizes fanhistory with fanzines at its center is doomed. All Known Fandom (all participants in one or more types of fanac) is too diverse. As much as I love fanzines and fanzine fandom, I just don't think such a hypothesis is tenable today.

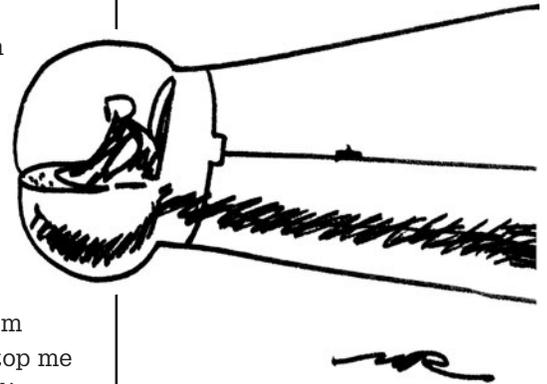
That's why some fanhistorians think that the concept died circa 1970. It worked for a while, but now it doesn't any more. The Numbered Fandoms Theory no longer does the job Speer intended.

As someone with an interest in fanhistory, I have to believe that there's a theory out there, waiting to be discovered, that could divide All Known Fandom into eras. Numbered Fandoms is not that theory. (My Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory works for All Known Fandom, but it is not about eras and chronology.)

That doesn't mean we have to throw away the Numbered Fandoms Theory. Why not revise, re-orient and re-invigorate it?

While its application to All Known Fandom past '75 is highly debatable, there is no reason that this tool can't be used to describe and order the history of Fanzine Fandom. (I probably telegraphed that one...)

It all comes down to Frame of Reference. Remember all those Japanese horror movies? They always show the Earth with the Japanese home islands visible. Japanese films look at alien invasion from the perspective of what it means to their homeland.



We're fanzine fans, rich and me, so that's the vantage point from which we observe fanhistory. We can't write a Numbered Fandoms Theory that encompasses costumers and conrunners, but there's no reason why we can't do it for a relatively compact and homogeneous group like Fanzine Fandom. This won't produce a historical theory for All Known Fandom, of course, but it can organize *Fanzine Fandom's* fanhistory and explain how it got from **Amazing Stories** to Corflu Sunsplash.

Let's rehabilitate Numbered Fandoms. Don't let this durable conversational ready-made die! With a little ingenuity, we can insure that 21st Century fans will have a surefire topic of conversation. We've had too much fun with The Numbered Fandoms Theory of Fanhistory to discard it without at least seeing if revision can resuscitate it.

A theory that doesn't accurately describe reality is wrong. It doesn't matter if it's something "everybody knows" or makes "good shorthand." Wrong is wrong. In re-launching Numbered Fandoms as a viable tool for analyzing the history of fanzine fandom, we may have to sacrifice some common wisdom on the altar of historical accuracy.

Before falling upon the wounded Numbered Fandoms Theory like a rav-
ening predator, I feel compelled to point out two things:

The first is that This Doesn't Matter. It won't change anyone's life whether Sixth Fandom ended with **Quandry** or continued through one of several chains of fanzines. It's interesting if you're into fanhistory. Whether **Psychotic** or **Oops!** or some other fanzine became the focal point of Sixth Fandom won't remake anyone's world.

That's what makes "Fanhistory" Fandom's equivalent of sports. Throw two non-fan guys together, and they can usually find something to talk about in sports. Some fans follow athletics, but most don't. So "sports" is out as a fall-back subject.

"Fanhistory" fills that conversational gap. The next time you're riding a slow convention elevator, turn to the most blatant fan and say, "So, do you think prozine letter columns could really be the focal point of Fourth Fandom?" It'll dissolve an awkward silence – or gain you a little extra breathing room in the elevator.

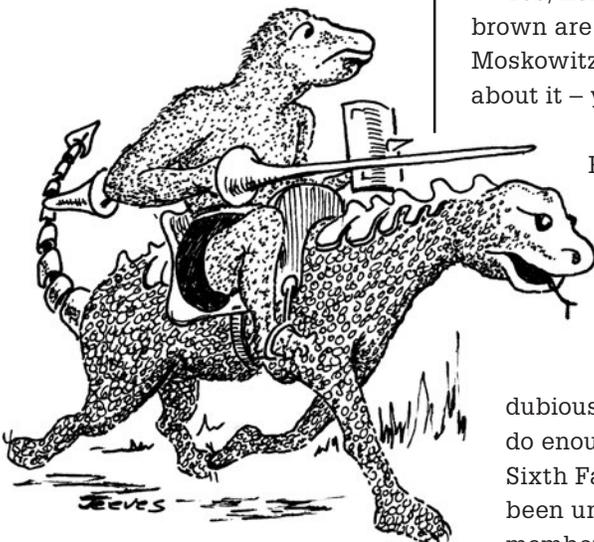
The second thing is that we are talking about the theories of men, not the utterances of the ghods. The great fanhistorians are admirable. The work of current fanhistorians is built on their foundation. Yet it will be helpful to any discussion if we accept the fact that they are fallible, too.

Yes, neighbors, it's a true thing. The theories of Arnie Katz and rich brown are open to second-guessing – and so is the trailblazing work of Moskowitz, Speer, Silverberg, Eney and White! Everyone who has written about it – yea, even unto the Venerable Speer – is open to question.

I admire Bob Silverberg's fortitude in extending the Numbered Fandoms Theory to the early '50s. Without his effort, the whole concept might have faded from fannish memory. There weren't a lot of people writing fanhistory in the early '50s, and Silverberg's article advanced the craft.

Silverberg did a great job. His article triggered more subsequent fanhistorical speculation than any other piece of its era.

That said, I'm not comfortable with some of the points. I am dubious about his description of Fourth Fandom, and he probably didn't do enough with Interregnums/Transitions. His prediction of the fall of Sixth Fandom, though a logical consequence of his theory, may have been unwise. It certainly played a role both in the minds of both 7F members and their critics.



As a fanhistorian, I think questioning is a Good Thing. I once showed rich brown and Ted White a piece I'd written about the branches of fannish fanzine fandom. Their feedback pushed me past that original concept to the Philosophical Theory of Fanhistory. By pointing out the flaws and limitations of what I'd produced, they spurred me to my best effort as a historian.

In the same spirit, I want to revisit the whole basic formulation of the Numbered Fandoms Theory. Narrowing the scope and re-examining the premises may yield a theory that is usable today *and* illuminates some aspects of the 7F movement.

Speer's basic concept appears to describe the observable ebb and flow of fanzine fanac. There are periods of relative cohesion, of consensus, often separated by periods during which no one approach, no single attitude, dominates.

OK, so we've got Fandoms, sometimes separated by Interregnums. (Curse Speer's literacy! I'd have called the latter "Slumps," which saves three syllables and several potential typos.) I call the slack periods Transitions to denote the lack of a stable consensus and focus.

What are the characteristics of a "fandom"? Cohesion is obviously one aspect. There must be a strong sense of community among the active core of fanzine fandom at the time. (Digression; I define the "active core" as the group which is doing most of the actual fanzine fanac. Right now, the active core is probably about 200–250, with another 800 ex, fringe and dilettantes.)

Speer says a "fandom" is an era, not a clique. Other fanhistorians have echoed this statement, even me, but I'm starting to wonder if that's true.

We perceive history, and historical patterns, on many levels. World History is about the clash of nations and multi-national alliances. The history of your town is the story of individuals and families and local small town politics. I think fanzine fandom is a lot closer to being a small town than one of the global powers.

Let's look at the focal point fanzines identified with the existing Numbered Fandoms Theory. Each of them is surrounded by a coterie of active fans who channel activity through it – and sometimes produce their own fanzines which are closely associated with it.

Since Sixth Fandom is so much the topic, I'll draw my examples from that era. **Quandry** is the focus of the four-way friendship that stands at the center of Sixth Fandom: Hoffman, Willis, Keasler and Vick. **Quandry** is the focal point, but Vick, Keasler and Willis also have regular fanzines which are unmistakably allied to **Quandry**.

Quandry is the focal point because it is a center of activity for Hoffman-Willis-Vick-Keasler and other members of their clique. **Q** is the focal point of fanzine fandom, because at that time, most active fanzine fans considered themselves part of that clique. Each of the quartet's fanzines – **Slant/Hyphen**, **Quandry**, **Opus/FanVariety** and **Confusion** – had its coterie of acti-fan participants, which enabled the Hoffman-Vick-Willis-Keasler clique to make its aesthetic the consensus for fanzine fandom at that time.

Don Day's **Fancient** is roughly contemporary with **Quandry**, and it probably had twice the circulation at its peak. Yet **Fancient** isn't the focal point, because it's not the center of the activity of most of active fanzine fandom. **Fancient** had the numbers, but its clique was not as important in active fanzine fandom. It included a lot of subscribers.

I'm not yet ready to say that each "fandom" in the Numbered Fandoms Theory represents the ascendancy of a clique, but I don't see a lot of contrary evidence. A "fandom" is essentially a consensus that acquired the agreement of most of active fanzine fandom.





A clique is not necessarily static. At one time, the Fanoclasts meant the Whites, Carrs, Silverbergs and Lupoffs. Then the club – a close knit clique – evolved into being Ted White, Steve Stiles, Calvin Demmon, Les Gerber and Terry Carr. Still later it evolved into Ted, Dave Van Arnam, rich brown, Mike McInerney and Steve. Later still, it was rich & Colleen brown, Ted & Robin White, Alexei Panshin, Alan Shaw, Ross Chamberlain and me. Yet it was still essentially the same Fanoclasts in terms of its fannish consensus.

The influence of the Fanoclasts (and the club's lineal descendants Fabulous Falls Church Fandom and the Brooklyn Insurgents) varied throughout the '60s and '70s. Sometimes the clique's top fanzine seemed antithetical to fanzine fandom's mainstream. Yet the same group spawned *several* focal point fanzines. (And its members continue to emit focal point fanzines, at intervals, whenever fanzine fandom's consensus and the Fanoclast Philosophy sufficiently coincide.)

The Fanoclast Philosophy, so expressively expounded by Ted White, has not changed very much. It's still alive and well in many parts of fanzine fandom today. What changes is the relationship between the Fanoclast Philosophy and the one most fanzine fans embrace at the time.

The Fanoclast clique and philosophy are not synonymous with the New York fanclub of that name. Though the group maintained its consensus, and thus continuity as a clique, through numerous membership changes, a day finally came when the string broke. Eventually, the membership changed enough to shift the club's consensus. The Fanoclast clique of the '60s survives today, with additions and subtractions. You can see them at any Corflu (a con that reflects the Fanoclast consensus in many ways).

So, depending on circumstances, a clique can persist or dissipate. In my on-the-fly revision of the Numbered Fandoms Theory, when a clique at the core of a fandom expires, so does the fandom. And if a clique persists through the death of its focal point, it can erect another in its place. (Examples: **Egoboo** became the focal point shortly after **Focal Point** became a genzine; **Apparatchik** replaced **Folly** when that fanzine became less frequent and finally folded.)

Obviously, this theorizing is still extremely tentative at this juncture. The new, refurbished Numbered Fandoms Theory isn't quite ready to have a bottle of blog broken against its bow for a formal launch. Let's try a little test drive by applying it to the situation in fandom in the period rich discusses in his essay.

The orthodox definition of Sixth Fandom is that **Quandry** is the focal point, and that it covers the period from the beginning of **Q** to the end of its run. Another way to phrase this is that the mainstream of fandom reached a consensus we identify as Sixth Fandom.

The folding of not just **Q**, but also **Confusion** and **Opus/FV** further weakened the core clique's importance and visibility. They lost some of the people who clustered around each of the component fanzines, and they lost most of the visible activity of Hoffman, Keasler and Vick.

If a fandom (in the Numbered Fandoms Theory) represents a consensus within the active core of fanzine fandom, then I think it follows that a fandom can survive the death of a focal point fanzine. The fandom could continue if there's another fanzine to take its place and active fanzine fans continue to subscribe to the same aesthetic.

Here's where I get both rich and Ted on my case, because – and you knew this was coming – I disagree with both about the end of Sixth

Fandom! (A fan is a person who believes that there are two sides to every question – and that he knows a third.)

I see **Vega** as a fanzine very much in the spirit of **Quandry**. There's some evolution from the original clique, but newcomers like Nydahl subscribe to the Sixth Fandom consensus. Yet the retrenchment of the core clique of Sixth Fandom (Hoffman-Willis-Vick-Keasler) is also visible in **Vega**. Based on my examination and the testimony of some of those who were there at the time, I'm willing to extend Sixth Fandom to include the year of **Vega**.

I think it's stretching the point to extend Sixth Fandom further, through **Psychotic**. That zine's aesthetic seems quite different from the Sixth Fandom consensus, viewed in my hindsight. **Psy** was much more oriented toward science fiction and much, much more combative than would've been considered mainstream in Sixth Fandom.

This doesn't mean **Psy** wasn't a fine, popular fanzine or that it didn't have a signature aesthetic. It was, and it did. Yet I don't think that **Psy** was the focal point of the core of actifandom nor that it maintained the consensus of Sixth Fandom. In a sense, **Psy** is the harbinger of the next consensus (to some degree), the '58-'62 era we call Seventh Fandom.

If I can draw a slightly more modern example, **Psychotic/SFR** was the focal point of Eighth Fandom, from about the time of the NyCon 3 to about January, '69. Simultaneously, there was a trio of very fannish fanzines: **Quip**, **Lighthouse** and **Warhoon**. They had a pretty impressive circle of adherents, too, but all of them together didn't have the stroke that **Psy** had. They were fine fanzines, at least two of them probably better than **Psy**, but active fanzine fandom put its weight behind Geis' zine.

When I was a younger and stupider fan – impossible you say? – I considered the idea that Sixth Fandom continued through **Vega** – and then to **Oops!**. It seemed possible, because **Oops!** had overlap of contributors and had more of that Sixth Fandom feel than **Psychotic**.

What I didn't understand until much later, after talking to fans of the era and reading other zines, is that **Oops!** was not the embodiment of the fanish mainstream. It was a great fanzine, one of my personal favorites and a big influence on the later issues of **Quip**, but it was not the primary focus of the activity of a preponderance of active fanzine fandom. (Sort of like **Quip** in the late '60s, only **Oops!** was better.)

Sixth Fandom's focal point shift, from **Q** to **Vega**, was unprecedented up to that time, but there has been an occurrence since. A couple of scruffniks from Brooklyn, NY produced the Focal Point of Ninth Fandom. The newszine was succeeded by the genzine **Focal Point** and a coterie of allied zines (**Rats!**, **Cypher**, **Potlatch** and **Nope**).

Ninth Fandom would've petered out, coinciding with the decline of the Brooklyn Insurgents, except that it also coincided with the rise of Fabulous Falls Church Fandom. **Egoboo** picked up the slack without materially changing the consensus. It's also very likely that **Mota** supplanted **Egoboo** before Ninth Fandom finally died circa 1978.

Another pitfall for fanhistorians is their understandable desire to detect sweeping rules that reduce the complexity of our subculture's history to a few sweeping statements. We all do it, and I think there is a danger of doing too much of it when wallowing in the delicious complexity of the Numbered Fandoms Theory.

Fanhistorians is too short and involves too few people for us to be able to make statements comparable in scope to those which can be made of the nearly 400 years of American History or the 3000 years of British history.



Jack Speer's Numbered Fandoms Theory is a brilliant concept. He really did something when he identified the pattern of Fandoms and Interregnums and started us toward definitions of those terms. There may not be many more large repetitive patterns to find.

For example, the shift from one Fandom to the next has happened in a lot of different ways. Fifth Fandom ended because of the catastrophic effect of the Korean War on a small number of highly important fans, including Art Rapp.

So far as I recall, this is the only instance in which two Fandoms abut with no intervening Interregnum. The only reason this is possible is that Fifth Fandom stopped abruptly – and a new clique stepped forward to create Sixth Fandom.

Burbee and Laney extended Fifth Fandom a few months by publishing the two Insurgent issues of *Spacewarp*. If they had continued to produce the zine, or if another prominent Fifth Fandomite had started an equivalent of *Spacewarp*, Fifth Fandom might have lasted another year or two.

If that had happened, it's possible that Walt and Lee would have become socialized to the Fifth Fandom consensus rather than bringing forward their own consensus, one tangential to Fifth Fandom. It is even possible, I suppose, that eventually *Quandry* would have overtaken *Spacewarp* and become the focal point of this extended Fifth Fandom.

That didn't happen, of course. In actual fact, Lee Hoffman had *no* contact with Fifth Fandom before or during the early issues of *Quandry*. The fanzine that inspired her was *Vampire*, copies of which she saw in the collection of another Georgia fan.

Yes, some fans active during Fifth Fandom became major BNFs in Sixth Fandom. Yet the core group of Fifth Fandom, and the sercon/insurgent aesthetic they espoused, didn't stay as strong and vocal during Sixth Fandom. And the Sixth Fandomites who made contact during Fifth Fandom were not particularly important fans during that era.

No era of fandom is monolithic. There are always side currents, lesser cliques and alternative approaches. A Fandom, in the Numbered Fandoms Theory, is an era in which the majority of the most active fanzine fans agree on a consensus.

I, too, find Ted's comments on Vorzimer and the Cult fascinating. Other than noting the general unreliability of 50-year-old memories, it's hard to knock down Ted's analysis, since it's based on primary sources.

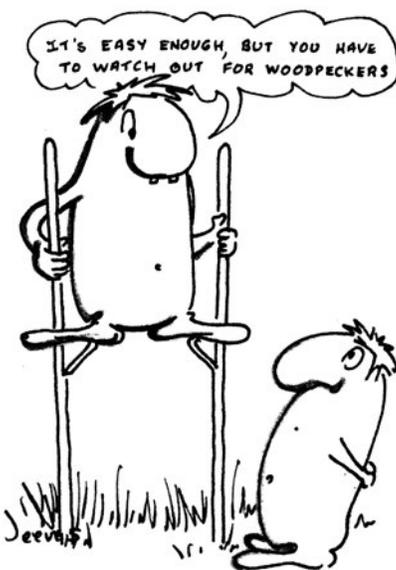
Nonetheless, I think there is an opening to validate another conception. It may add up to absolutely nothing... but give me some rope to frame a few postulates arising from the Numbered Fandoms Theory (revised version)...

1. Communication between core members of a Fandom and those on the periphery is never instantaneous.
2. The diffusion of knowledge from the core to the periphery is bound to proceed even more slowly in an era, like the early and mid-'50s, in which there is no fannish newszine, no Internet and only about four US cons per year (Worldcon, Westercon, Midwestcon, Philcon).
3. What people believe has a form of reality, even if what they believe is distorted or downright untrue.

On these premises shall I build my fannish house of cards.

I accept Ted's assertion that Vorzimer and his buddies were not truly part of 7th Fandom. I doubt Harlan thought of them as part of the 7F clique.

The *real* question is: What did Peter J. Vorzimer think? If he identified with 7th Fandom – and I think there is evidence that he did – whether he REALLY participated in shaping its attitudes and activities is not important.



If he perceived, identified with and was affected by the 7th Fandom movement, and if he acted as though he subscribed to it, then he is part of it, though obviously he is not truly part of the clique.

Had the 7F clique successfully spread its consensus to include the core of active fanzine fandom, then Vorzimer would've been one of those fans who embraced this new consensus. He would've been the 7F equivalent of Rich Ellsberry or Ray Fisher, fans who embraced the Sixth Fandom consensus without being part of the inner circle that forged the consensus that powered the fandom.

It is unfair to hang 7th Fandom or Harlan because of something Vorzimer did. They are separate people, each responsible for their own lives. There is nothing intrinsic in the 7th Fandom movement that would automatically lead to some of Vorz's shenanigans.

I don't think the eight-month time-lag Ted mentions is very significant at all. A piece appears in an issue of a fanzine. A month later, the discussion begins. A couple of back-and-forth points eat up a few months. It is at this point, I submit, that the periphery discovers that the core group has a new Vital Concern. It takes a little time for a new priority to sift down from the core to the fans on the edge of the circle.

Vorzimer is not often credited with being a deep thinker, but not even his worst enemies would dismiss him as totally mindless. Once he perceived that there was something new making waves, it may've taken him a little while to react, write to *his* friends and start his "wing" of the 7th Fandom movement.

From the point of view of someone in mainstream fandom, outside the 7F clique, it may all have seemed cut from the same bolt of cloth. That makes tarring 6F with the sins of Vorzimer, as the **FANCYCLOPEDIA II** entry does, understandable. Understandable, but in my opinion, inaccurate.

Established fans often have trouble distinguishing among neos until the newcomers do something to mark their fan careers in some way. Harlan Ellison loomed over the 6F clique in a way that made him as much its symbol as Gary Farber is for Online SF Net Fandom or Ted White is for fannish fanzine fandom.

And like those gentlemen, Harlan became the natural focus for venting ire over anything that anyone perceived to be in 7F might have done. Even if Harlan was half a continent away and maybe didn't like the guy too much.

I'm not saying it was that way, only that it could've been.

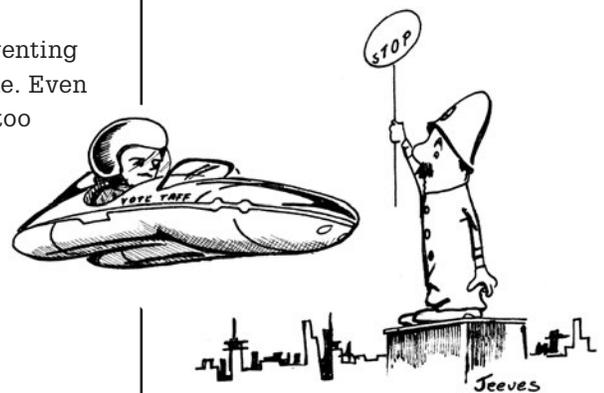
And THAT, I think, is the end of my comments for now.

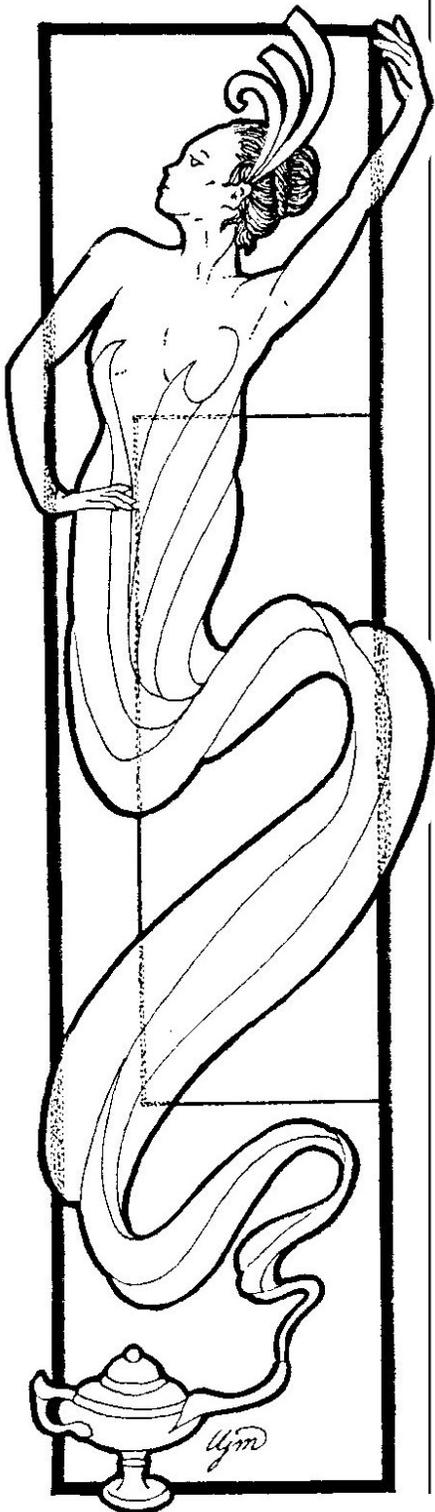
Except to again laud rich brown's piece, the best fanhistorical essay of the year, and the fine fanzine in which it sails.

[December 18, 1998]

Lee Hoffman

I got a laugh out of Rog Sims' recollection. I think the first fanzine mention of that business was in Max Keasler's *FanVariety* (or was it in *Opus*? I don't remember when he changed the name.) He told the story in his con report, and blacked out the word "rape" in my copy. In view of the recurring problems he had with the post office, maybe he did that in all the copies, but I assumed at the time it was only in mine. In those ancient days people were often circumspect about the language they used in mixed company. Of course, the context made it pretty obvious what the censored four-letter word was.





I really liked rich brown's article, and found it informative. As he notes, we'd been close friends for a long time, and I figure rich's view of the fan history involved is as likely to be valid as anyone else's, more than many, so I hope the fannish world will note and remember what he's said here.

I was pleased to see rich's comments on Joe Kennedy's *Vampire*. It's my impression that *Vampire* has never received as much credit as it deserves in fan history. I can't say for sure whether it was a *focal point* of '40s fandom, since I wasn't there at the time but when I got hold of copies, it certainly made an impression on me.

My introduction to fanzines was a stack of them from the early and mid '40s that were given to me by Walt Kessel, and when I started publishing my own zine, *Quandry*, several other fans sent me stacks of old zines, so for a while I was far more familiar with '40s fandom than the fandom I entered in 1950. *Vampire* with its tone of easy going fun, was the zine that had the most influence on me when I started my *Q*. (JoKe's spot illos and some characters on the "PostScripts" page of the old *Sat Eve Post* were the inspiration for my Li'l Peepul.)

Perhaps *Vamp* was an influence on Art Rapp's *Spacewarp* too. I don't know, but sometimes fan historians say that *Q* was influenced by *Spacewarp*. Since the only issue of *Spacewarp* I'd seen when I started publishing was the last one in general circulation, I don't think it influenced me greatly, so maybe Art Rapp and I were inspired by the same sources.

rich suggests that *Q* inherited Fifth Fandom from *Spacewarp*. *Q* may have inherited writers from *Spacewarp* but in its own time *Q* was called a "platypus" – a throwback to those fanzines of the '40s that I'd been wallowing in when I started publishing. Some of the '40s fans who'd been quiescent during Fifth Fandom became active again in *Q*. So I think *Q* was really more of a revival than a continuation, though it was undoubtedly some of each. (At Nolacon, Jack Speer said we were still in Fourth Fandom then. According to Jack, the outlook and focus of Fourth Fandom were fellowship and fun. That was certainly what I felt in those days.)

rich is definitely right that *Q* was not alone. *Confusion*, *FanVariety/Opus*, *Slant & Hyphen*, and *Quandry* melded into a kind of conglomerate focal point. *Q* probably got the most attention because for quite a while it was the only monthly around.

When I closed down *Q*, I lost much of my contact with fandom, so I can't speak with authority about what happened next. My impression is that a core of our (Sixth) fandom carried on, but a parallel track developed with quite a different attitude. Or maybe I was only becoming aware of something that had always existed. I know that during the final months of *Q*, I was growing more and more disillusioned/depressed by the mean-spirited nit-picking and back-biting I was seeing in fandom.

I was naive as a youngfan. I'd read about the feuds of fandom past and understood that they weren't just kidding, but I couldn't really take them seriously and couldn't see how the participants could have been all that serious. I failed to recognize the sheer nastiness of some of it. I even failed to see how we brash noisy adolescent young fans were looked upon by some of our elders. It wasn't until years later that I discovered how much some Serious Fans loathed us for the way we were *ruining* fandom. We weren't focused on Science Fiction. Why, Max Keasler even claimed he never read the stuff. We weren't writing critiques or compiling bibliographies or doing anything to advance The Cause. We were just making fools of ourselves and giving fandom a bad name with our hijinks. (Some of us even sailed paper airplanes off the roof of the Morrison Hotel at the 1952 Chicon.)

In retrospect, it seems to me that we of Sixth Fandom looked just as bad to the Sercon Old Guard of the time as 7th Fandom did to its detractors. And later as the media fans and costume fans did to the new Old Guard. I suspect there were First Fandomites who felt the same way about Tucker and Leibscher and those other young whippersnappers who didn't take their elders or science fiction as seriously as they were supposed to. What is the younger generation coming to!

In any case, although in my dumb juvenile way I joined in making fun of Harlan when he first burst upon the fan scene, for as long as I've known him he's been one of my absolutely favorite people.

By the way, just to set the record straight, there are a couple of errors in rich's article. The correct word for that grouping of fans is "FaNily", not "Family" and Shelvy Vick was not a mere cousin. As I recall Walt Willis, Max Keasler and I were all 16-year old twin brothers, and ShelVy was our twin brother who was 18 years old. For the record, Dave Kyle was our father. Sundry other members were grafted onto the family tree over time. For instance, Edie Stern became my 16-year-old twin sister. And Tucker has probably been responsible for quite a few more relatives.

Bill, it sounds like you had a horrid deprived childhood. I spent much of my own (pre-TV) childhood in movie houses. I remember fondly the month that I went to the movies after school every day but one (I swam that day) and occasionally went straight from one movie house to another. To me, the Golden Age of film was the '30s and '40s, though in recent years I've become appreciative of earlier works. My interest in contemporary film began to wane in the '60s, and I have seen only a small sampling of later works. Nowadays I go back and watch tapes of the old ones. I'm happy to see one of them on your list of favorites (the **D.O.A.** of '49).

Again, thanks very much for sending me **Outworlds Seventy**.

[September 5, 1998]

Roger Waddington

So much for fond hopes; like mine expressed in my last letter, of settling down with the missing issues of *66 and *67 and leisurely adding the points raised to my LoC on your next issue. But then the next issue arrives – not so much Monster In Your Pocket, as Monster In Your Mailbox – and that hope goes out of the window for a start. I'm certainly looking forward to Mike Glicksohn's LoC after his appearance in *65, castigating the faint hearts who found *62 too much for them; me, I have more a fellow feeling with Michael Waite in needing another fanzine to respond to it all. (And also for having Roy Rogers in his personal pantheon.) Perhaps never more so than with this issue; I'll have to admit defeat from the start and, like Michael, respond here and there. Even though it pains me to leave so much enjoyment, so much good writing unacknowledged; the basic response must be a Roll of Honour (or even Honor) so if I don't mention you by name, rest assured that you're still up there.

Or what about seasonal greetings to all in the style of the **New Yorker**, considering the time this LoC's been in production?

"To Locke, Haldeman, Coulson, White; may dreams come true this Christmas night / For Sherman, Sims and Patty Peters; May you all be happy eaters..."



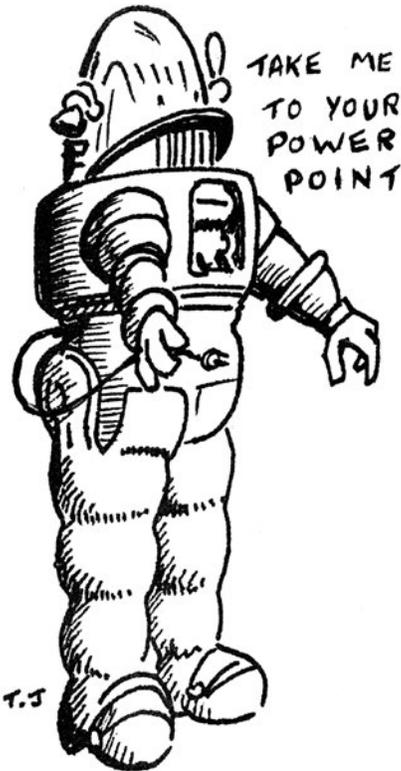
Well, maybe a couple of comments on those missing issues; the originals still haven't turned up. I can imagine an other-dimensioned Sargasso Sea of stranded envelopes, a black hole in the middle of the postal system; or should that be a Bermuda Triangle? Re C.M. Barkley's road to fandom, I suspect that parental disapproval of comic books must have been almost universal. Mine may have tried, but realising that they couldn't avoid them altogether, preferred it if I kept to those with as much text as strips, and educational content. I can still remember the ire of my father when he discovered two of mine that were all-picture; partly assuaged, because one of them was the story of 1066 and the Battle of Hastings told in strip form.

(Here, I'd better point out that the American/British experiences of comics are worlds apart; while yours were/are one-subject monthlies, ours come out weekly in bedsheet size and contain a host of different strips. Even when the Marvel and DC comic characters were reprinted over here, they were taken apart to fit the weekly format; now they're imported direct and eagerly snapped up by adult collectors, but British comics are still for children.)

Mind you, they must have been doing something right, for me to remember Gerald Kersh as one of the sought-out authors of my childhood. Sometimes in the local library, but more often for his short stories which regularly appeared in *Argosy*; a sign of his great popularity. (Another example of the ties that separate; the British incarnation of *Argosy* was as a digest-sized, monthly, general fiction magazine.) And yet, all I ever knew of him before was a photo in a long-ago issue of *John O'London's*; perhaps accompanying news of his latest book? So the feature by Dave Rowe was greatly appreciated. Before, I was prepared to put him among the authors who epitomized the Fifties, like Nevil Shute, Victor Canning and Hammond Innes (over here at least); from this evidence he was more a Forties author, but he's still fondly remembered.

Borrowing from Harry Warner for the Ed Gorman title is fair enough; after all, he borrowed his from Shakespeare, who must be the most eagerly-mined source for book titles, beating even the Bible. Though if you had wanted something different for your nostalgia section, what about the Carpenters' song, *Yesterday Once More*? Mind you, even though Shakespeare's fair game, I tend to look askance at some later borrowings. Such as when Michael Crichton chose **THE LOST WORLD** as his title, for what to all intents and purposes might just as easily have been called **JURASSIC PARK II**; or was he hoping for the mantle of Conan Doyle to fall on his shoulders? On this evidence, he comes a very poor second.

For my own memories, I like to think that I had it easier, that my own voyage of discovery came in more acceptable times when it was no longer reckoned to be 'that crazy Buck Rogers stuff'; at least, over here. In my Fifties childhood, John Wyndham had become a best-selling author; and the radio serial of **Journey Into Space**, with Jet Morgan and his crew, marked the last time a radio audience would be measured in millions, before the take-over by television. So when I borrowed **TIGER! TIGER!** from the public library (well, a bookcase on wheels, kept in the local school) closely followed by **EARTHMAN, COME HOME**, my parents thought little of it. On the other hand, I was entranced; the idea of whole cities moving through the Galaxy and of 'jaunting' from one location to another, set off the urge for more. And there I might have been to this day, regularly trawling the library shelves, maybe the odd paperback, turn and turn about with my other discovery of crime fiction, if I hadn't come across the pro-zines, appearing every month and filled with a cornucopia of science fiction. That was when an interest became a way of life.



Unfortunately, my fannish origins aren't so well marked even though they must have been at least a decade later. As in Ed Gorman's and Bill Breiding's memories, both **Yandro** and Cy Chauvin played a part, and deserve an honourable mention. There was also a long-ago issue of Ed Meskys' **Niekas**, which must have been the equal of this in size and page-count, and which really alerted me to the wonder of fanzines. (Fondly remembered for occupying the time for the whole of the train journey from York to London; and on a later return journey.)

However, I can't rid myself of the feeling of only being half a fan. There's one thing been lacking all these years and that's the other side; of conventioning, meeting other fans *en masse*, the whole social scene. Even while living and working in London, the famous monthly meetings were missed opportunities. All I managed for all the time there was a one-day mini-Con; I made a return to London for the EasterCon in 1970, held at the Russell Hotel, but that was my first and last. Although I can't help thinking that might actually account for my longevity; that if I'd participated more fully, I might have fallen victim to one of the many fan feuds, left bleeding by the wayside without a Good Samaritan in sight; and renounced fandom for good. Which isn't to say I didn't enjoy rich brown's account, waterbagging and all; but if I'd been there, carrying a banner for Seventh Fandom (or even Sixth), would I like him still be here today?

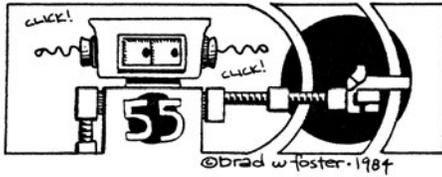
Nostalgia's certainly a powerful temptation, an escape into the past, especially at a time when my employment prospects seem to be heading downhill. But it seems to me that the one drawback with Ed Gorman's plans for reincarnation is, are you likely to come out as you went in, on the Great Wheel of Life? Me, I'm pinning my hopes more on a time machine to take me back into a definite past; though even now I can pull out those first magazines of mine and remember instantly when and where, especially from '65 to '67. And yes, even (*pace* Ted White) the reprint years of **Amazing** and **Fantastic** come with their own set of memories.

Let it be said that I enjoyed browsing your film list, not found it wasted space; but then I've always had a similar obsession with films, one that maybe even predated science fiction. My childhood was similarly deprived, although in my case it was situation, rather than moral judgment; i.e., when any visit to the nearest cinema required a major expedition, they were few and far between. Also, while we had a permanent invite to watch the neighbours' tv, we didn't have one of our own until moving into town. What actually started me off was **Movie-Go-Round**, an hour-long Sunday afternoon radio programme; hard to imagine films on radio now, but it proved an inspiration.

[...] Perhaps that's why I appreciated the reminder of the work of E.E. 'Doc' Smith; something to be going on with until I can track down the Moskowitz volumes of biographies. Although I suspect that he might not read too well for the generation of today; I was just too late as well. However, he's still there on my nostalgia shelf thanks to one of those Pyramid printings, this one of **GALACTIC PATROL**, which was another companion for long train journeys. There was also the serialization of the last Skylark of all – **SKYLARK DUQUESNE** – in **Worlds of If**; I tried, I really did, to join in the goshwow response to such a publishing event, but have to say mine was reserved more for the Heinlein serial following, that of **THE MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS**. (Apparently the last 'good' Heinlein, in critical response; but I've read everything of his since with the same indiscriminating pleasure.)

Actually, that was what I found so magical about science fiction (if that's the right word): that the founding fathers, the Smiths, the Hamiltons, the Leinsters, were still there all those years later and still writing as well





as ever; it seemed like the nearest thing to immortality. Which is maybe why it hits so hard when the community has to mourn, whether early as with Jackie Causgrove or late as with Bob Lowndes; we've grown used to them being around forever, so the loss tends to be the greater. (If I can ever speak objectively.)

Well, I've embraced the computer age wholeheartedly, probably already sending several paper manufacturers into bankruptcy; and if I could afford it, would eagerly hook up to the Internet as well. However, on the topic of electronic fanzines, my vote still goes for paper and ink; at least, when it comes to storage and retrieval, if you don't want that immortal prose to vanish forever.

Even in my short span, I've seen computers going from punched cards and paper tapes to disks, taking in the various formats of 5.25", 3" and 3.5", from DD to HD, and now to read/write CD-Roms; and every one of them incompatible with the one before. I've also read of the problems that universities have with their retrieval of computer data, of having to keep cobbled-together obsolete machines just to access their old records; I have a fellow-feeling, but at least I have all my output on paper as well. When I have to take the next step, I can rely on the universal standard (for the moment) of ASCII text files to transfer from this computer to the next; but without that escape route? Well, computers will always have scanners; and what could be simpler (as you've already found out) with the help of OCR than to just take a printed page and scan it for storage on the new? And in spite of all the delights of the new media, I still can't find a greater pleasure than the sheer heft of paper and print, a new, fresh-off-the-shelf book; or even *OW70* arriving through my letterbox. [November 11, 1998]

Jerry Kaufman

This is not a LoC

But it is a bulletin to let you know I am, slowly, reading *Outworlds 70*. Just finished the D Gary Grady article (loved the digressions more than the main line of the article, especially the note on Calamity Jane, ambulance-chasing nurse). Mostly pretty good and better stuff. I'll have more to say later, I'm sure, but quibbles are easier: tell Larry Downes (or yourself) not to use "site" when he means "sight." My mental brakes are engaged when I have to translate from one to the other. And tell me true: what is the "insult" that the Burmese town of Pagan gave rise to? If he means the term for a non-Christian religion, he's wrong.

And too bad you had to spoil the pure incomprehensibility of Skel's "Panning for Dross" by printing the list of puns he was setting up. I liked it better when I had no idea and wasn't about to wrinkle my little grey cells trying to figure them out. [Saturday, October 17, 1998]

More comments on Outworlds 70

It's a Titanic production. Lots of special effects and a cast of thousands (though most of them are digital creations) and some romance at the center. Several romances, such as Dave Locke's with Jackie Causgrove, rich brown with 7th Fandom, Larry Downes with Burma. And so forth. I went along, accumulating reactions and comments, but they're going to tumble out in no order, as I bounce around among the pages.

rich brown's "freeze-frame" in the middle of his piece on 7th Fandom reminded me of an anecdote from 1969. Eli Cohen reported that he enticed a young woman to his room by asking her if she'd like to come up and help

him collate his fanzine. When she arrived at the room and discovered the bed covered in stacks of pages (I think it was for **Akos**), a disappointed look crossed her face. She helped assemble a few copies, then fled. How things changed in fifteen years!

I've carried my opinion about 7th Fandom from those mentions in **FANCY II** all these years. Did Harry Warner Jr. cover the subject in **A WEALTH OF FABLE**? (I'll have to check.) But with rich's cogently argued article in front of me, I'm willing to change my mind.

I mentioned in my previous note that I thought Larry Downes was wrong about "pagan" deriving from the city of temple ruins he visited in Burma. This depends on what he meant by "the western insult 'pagan'." If he meant the usual term for a non-Christian or a polytheist, then he is indeed barking up a superficial resemblance. The word actually derives from a Latin word for "countryside dweller." It's been in use in English since before Westerners knew about the Burmese location, I'm sure. (The **OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY** is my source.)

Andy Hooper's article was good enough to prompt me to borrow the book by Perez-Reverte he describes, and to attempt to interest him in a book project about Seattle.

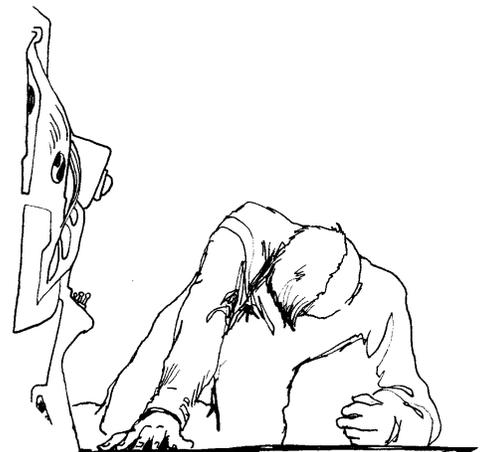
I found myself entirely unable to work out the puns Skel was setting up. Boy, am I glad I didn't spend too much brain electricity on his puzzles. You printed them just a few hundred pages later. Looking them over, I realized I probably couldn't have figured any of them out. However, I believe that if I'd written the same article, Skel couldn't have worked any of my puns out.

I remember Mike Glicksohn from my first Worldcon (Tricon, same as his). I didn't meet Jerry Jacks, but I did meet Andy Porter and Lee Hoffman. By the way, I am possibly the only person in fandom who remembers what Mike looked like without a beard. Oddly, it was not a frightening sight at all. (Jay Kay Klein has pictures of Mike in the Tricon **Memory Book**. I don't think Jay Kay knew Mike at the time, so he's not identified, but if anyone wants me to point him out...)

I'm glad to see so many Craig Smith cartoons, and so, I presume, is Craig.

That's all I can remember at the moment. If more bubbles up, I can always sit down here and write another email or two. It's one of the beauties of the medium. And you get the fun of trying to edit it into coherent shape and order. Lucky you. (Or you can take the easy way out and WAHF it all.)

[Tuesday, October 20, 1998]



Skel

Stuff

Got your e-mail yesterday (the one to the entire Universe) and noted that **Outworlds 70** was actually on its way. This was a major surprise as I figured it'd still be weeks away yet. I just hadn't allowed for what full-time fanac can do, eh.

When I got to work I suddenly thought, "The one overseas exception sent airmail could very well be my copy, and if so it could arrive today. Damn, I should have taken the front door off its hinges, so they could deliver it!"

I rang Cas who chatted inconsequentially about how the single-handed decorating was progressing before casually mentioning that **Outworlds 70** had arrived. I told her I thought my copy might have been the exception. "Our copy" she corrected. "He addressed it to both of us." Get-a-fucking-grip-here Bowers! Do you know what you've done? Have you even the vaguest inkling? By mailing us shared copies you have ensured that we can't ever get



This is the way I see it...

divorced, as the trauma of having to rip each copy in half (or more sensibly deciding who gets to keep which issue) would be too much. I hope you're proud of yourself!

No time to finish this – work (remember that concept?) beckons.

I have two minutes to get my stuff together and go. More later.

[September 4, 1998]

You will doubtless be keen to read what I, as a published poet myself, thought of the poetry you published in *Outworlds 70*. The best I thought was Susan's "**Andrei Chikatilo**". Darkly moving, and very effectively enhanced by that photo. The girl looks Russian, the girl looks vulnerable and the picture is dark and sombre. I am intrigued as to how you happened to have it "to hand". It doesn't look like the kind of piece that Michael would send you to hang onto until you found something it would complement.

Susan also displays "...a better command of the line..." than Billy does in "**Soul Sucker**". She commands many more lines, and all of them several times as long. We published poets know about terms like these.

What's that you were thinking there Bill? You hadn't realised that I was a published poet. Surely having only recently acquired those copies of *Hell* you can't already have forgotten that *tour-de-force* in issue nine, "**A Fan's Love For His Sweetheart**", that began:

I cut my love a stencil
to show my love was true
for with a love as strong as mine,
well, **what else** could I do?

I shall draw a veil over the remaining verses, not wanting to discourage the plucky triers that send you their material.

Actually Susan's letter puzzled me. I consider her a good friend and, in common with all my friends she is way smarter than I am... and yet I only ever had but a single poem rejected whilst she has had 222 given the old heave-ho. Can she really be that much worse a poet? And yet how come a smart toots like Susan has so far failed to spot what I saw immediately. If you publish them yourself you don't get rejected. Simps really.

Of course there is still a problem. Even the most brilliant of poets can have an off day, and without an outside editor to backstop our judgement there exists the possibility, however laughable you might consider the prospect, that something less than deathless might slip into print. Well there's a way round this too, but I'll need to back up a ways and fill you in on some background.

I am a mean, tight-fisted bastard.

Picture the scene. I roll over in bed, stretch, and say "HMMMMMMMM. Good morning Dear! Happy Birthday!" Done and complete. Why the fuck would I also want to buy a Birthday Card? These are pre-printed pieces of junk whose sole purpose is to make Mr. Hallmark very, very rich. No thank you! Unfortunately Cas does not see it in quite the same light. I would take my entirely reasonable stance and she would sulk all the way through her cardless birthday... and even more unfortunately, through several months beyond. So, being a caring, loving husband I compromised. In 1977 I took her to a card shop and let her pick out a large card, one that she could save and I could re-sign each and every year.

And so it went. Cas was content, and for a time so was I. It became a tradition (and was even adopted by a friend's daughter when she heard of

it). But its not much of a tradition, and there isn't a lot of variety between "Hoping you have a spiffing Birthday (1986)" and "Best Wishes from one old wrinkly to another on the occasion of your 41st Birthday (1987)", which is probably why I felt the urge to meddle in 1988, forgetting the old truism "If it ain't broke, don't fix it". So, overcome with the creative urge (and possibly also something significantly more alcoholic) I penned:

Don't feel blue
coz you're 42.
Only Winnie The Pooh
(& Peter Pan too)
can see life through
with a childlike hue.
So whatever you do
remember I love you.
-from your husband true
(who is only 41).

=====
*This poem dictated to me in a dream by the spirit of John Betjeman,
who sounded as relaxed as a newt.*
=====

Of course I fully expected to rest upon my laurels for several more years, but had reckoned without Cas' indomitable will. The 'tradition' had grown and mutated, and now she had to have a 'poem' every birthday, even if (and I know you'll find this hard to believe) some of them were not as appreciated as they might be. For some reason my attempt to capture a different tone in 1990 was under-appreciated:

44, 44,
four more years than twice a score!
The young girl's dreams are dreamed no more.
You're 44, 44.

44, 44,
chill stab of rain & raven's caw.
Latch the window! Bar the door!
You're 44, 44.

44, 44,
long the night and hard the chore...
the spirit that aches, the soul so sore...
you're 44, 44.

44, 44,
all your lawns are frozen hoar.
Death's dark grubs gnaw at your core.
You're 44! You're 44!

...then again, maybe it won't be **that** bad.

How could somebody *not* appreciate something like that written especially for their birthday? Sometimes I swear I'll never understand women.



This lack of appreciation though can gnaw at the sensitive artistic soul, explaining perhaps why a mere two years later I abandoned my attempt after two failed verses thus:

The Muse, she is sorely missed.
Perhaps I should try another rhyme,
or write it at another time
when I'm less pissed.

The simple truth, that I love you dear,
cannot be rhymed year after year,
without coming to sound banal and trite
(much like everything else I write).

So remember –

I love you.
Yes I do,
with a love so rare and true –

(and if you don't think that's a 'goody'
don't blame me, go sue Buddy!)

You might have thought that hints like this, not exactly over subtle, would have seen me released from my poetic servitude. Why, even serial killers get early release for good behaviour. Not me though, it seems I'm doomed to toil at this poetic rockface until I drop. Let this be a lesson to the unwary. When you're young and in love, and you think "why don't I compromise?"... *don't*. Take the easy way out instead and disembowel yourself with a rusty oyster spoon. (And if you doubt that there are such things as oyster spoons, if you think they are merely 'poetic licence', then ask Susan. She bought some at a vastly discounted price the last time we were together in the outlet shop of the Oneida cutlery company – of course I've never figured out how oysters manage to hold them, but that's grist for an entirely different mill).

Anyway, as I said, the way around risking having something less than deathless published is not to have it published at all, or barring that, 'publish' it yourself for a loving, caring audience of one. Of course this does encourage you to experiment in an effort to make things different, year-on-year, as witness this chorus from "**Cas 50th Birthday Country-Rock Love Song Poem**", a typical C&W 'Train' song:

Yeah, you blow my whistle too,
& you raise my steam.
You sure know what a kiss'll do
to make your Old Man dream.

I can't understand why no Country-Rock group has recorded this song, unless it's simply that none of them has ever read Cas' birthday card. I mean how can you ignore lines like:

This train don't ask questions.
This train don't know why.
This train just writes its love for you
with its smokestack across the sky.

Great as these lyrics are though I think it's the chorus that makes this 'poem'. Not of course that this is my best 'chorus'. It's embarrassing for a serious poet like myself, but my best work is destined to be a major hit record, currently in progress under the working title of "**The Bucket of Snot Song**". In fact I haven't yet written any verses, just the chorus:



A bucket of snot
is all I've got
to see me through the day.
A bucket of snot is all I've got
Don't Take My Bucket Away!!!
"You just can't use
my nostril juice."
Is what I say to them.
"Don't cook my goose,
let's call a truce.
Use your own nasal phlegm!"

All I've got to do now is come up with 4 or 5 verses to match this epiphanal chorus and I'm a multi-zillionaire. I realise that we published poets are not supposed to think in such terms, but hey! We may be poets, but we're not fucking stupid, right?
[Sunday, November 22, 1998]

...over the span of nearly forty years I've had the opportunity to receive and publish many Letters of Comment. I guess I've published longer, flashier, "more important" LoCs than what follows. But I must confess that I can't recall when one so completely blew me away on its arrival, simply for its uniqueness.

Thanks, David!

David R. Haugh

...this is my response to *Outworlds 70*, probably one of the finest and most professional of all of the *OWs*. Along with *OW69*, this had been a real Renaissance for both yourself and *Outworlds*. I'm sure you will have contributed to the return to at least semi-active fandom for many readers who had basically lost touch. Myself included of course.

For my own short personal news, after almost six years of looking and applying for a "real" job, I should be switching to full time permanent status at the local hospital. I'd been there so long that most people assumed I was a full-time employee... medical benefits at last.

As you noted from the new return address, after twenty years or so in Oregon we returned to sunny California, although in point of fact, here in Salinas (next to Monterey Bay) it's been some 15-20 degrees cooler than the Willamette Valley in Oregon this summer.

There are some interesting aspects to Monterey Bay...

Dimple in the Ocean. Do you know that just a few miles off the coast at the mouth of Monterey Bay there's a trench in the ocean over two miles deep? You can actually see the water dip down into the hole... honest.

Snails don't glide. My wife Sue has been serving up beer to the snails on our patio. Those that don't fling themselves into the amber liquid and drown, are plucked from Mother Earth and launched into ballistic orbits. They don't in fact, glide very well, and tend to drop like a brick at the end of the power curve. I've now tried my hand at this snail flinging, and it is admittedly very satisfying in a gruesome sort of way.

At one point some of the children in the area thought that they would see if our particular brand of garden variety snails could swim... proceeding to pitch them into the swimming pool. The answer was, no, they can't. And then sank to the bottom. Being made of stern stuff, I went swimming anyway, even though the pool person (note political correctness) hadn't yet



cleaned out the pool. Having passed on this adventure (and snail fling) to an (amer)Indian friend at work, she proceeded to grace Sue and I with our new Indian names. For myself, "Swims with Snails" and for Sue "Saucers of Beer". I must say I, at least, was truly touched.

Reflections in a Gimlet-Eye...

or jewels surrounded by the gray matter.

Now for the covers (front and back)... [Ditmar] the choice of blue for the cover stock kept them subdued. While wonderful pieces of computer illustration, they were both somehow rather static, and didn't reach out and grab the viewer, or at least not this viewer.

Pg 2572 (Inside front cover) [Michael G. Shuter] nice, strong, pen & ink to go with a poem. The hair looks a bit more like wood bark than strands, but still an effective drawing.

Pg 2573 (Table of contents) [Jack Gaughan] I actually had to look twice (it being so long since I had seen one of Jack's drawings). He had a very nice free style during the days that he was contributing to fanzines, almost comic bookish by today's standards. Is Jack still alive?

Pg 2574 [William Rotsler] vintage Rotsler, where the strong caption is a visual part of the design (as well as being there to be read). Rotsler's simple, strong lines always reproduced well no matter what the type or quality of reproduction... (unlike my own more rapid and thin lines which tend to fall out in anything but first or second generation reproduction).

2577 [Jackie Causgrove] this was not one of your finer moments Bill, nice idea, but the art work just couldn't hold up to the reproduction process.

2578 [David R. Haugh] one of my own pieces, you'll note that I had tried to strengthen my line work to carry across an unknown number of enlargements or reductions. The original was in pencil which I then inked over. I found it rather interesting that of the three pieces of my work included in *OW70*, all were older, and none of the pieces I did specifically for *OW70* were included... but that's OK, I'm not hurt... much.

2580 [Jackie Causgrove] this time we get to see the strength of Jackie's line when working in ink. The style is a bit dated now, but all in all the design works well enough although the spaceship probably could have been left out.

2582 [Jackie Causgrove] Jackie's pencil work held up better this time... interesting drawing in that there are no nipples on the figure.

2585 [Al Curry] those were the days, when we all still lettered by hand.

The drawing was appropriate to where you used it... or perhaps I should say inappropriate anywhere else.

2586 [Robert Holmberg] the perfect drawing for the page; you must have a really extensive back file of work. I particularly like the faces and hair of the vampires.

2587 [Brad Foster] The drawing has some trouble with the right-hand side being vertical cut line and probably would have worked better on the right hand side of the page, but then the main character would have been looking off into space off the edge of the page. Perhaps some more of that gray matter (oh right, words) to the right would have helped. I know, Bill, you were trying to let the page breathe with some space, but...

2598 [Mike Gilbert] line work doesn't quite work on this drawing, moves between three dimensional shading and pure outline. Mike was trying to develop depth in his drawing, but didn't pull it off.



- 2601 [Mike Gilbert] Mike was much more successful with his line work in this drawing.
- 2603 [Terry Jeeves] Nice 1940's style drawing and line work... also you've left enough clear space for the plane to fly across the page. All in all, a simple, very satisfying page.
- 2604 [Sheryl Birkhead] perhaps more calligraphy than art.
- 2609 [Connie Reich Faddis] again a piece of art exactly suited to the piece of writing.
- 2610 [David R. Haugh] it's been over five years since I drew the little fellow. I don't remember where I heard, read, or thought of the "steamed prams"... I then (and now) mentally collect odd thoughts and impressions as I go through the day.
- 2613 [Alan Hunter] this one has a nice strong, 1930's style feel. At the time a strong style was necessary to overcome the cheap printing quality used on the majority of the pulps. I really loved those "screaming" red and yellow covers.
- 2616 [Taral Wayne and Rebecca Jensen] nice outline, coloring book style, that works very well with the subject. You'll note that Taral emphasized the line work for the figure. This is really a very successful illustration.
- 2617 [Steve Stiles] good strong cartoon style that reproduces well, although I didn't personally care for the caption.
- 2619 [Linda Michaels] another strong style that holds up well to reproduction. Some readers may not be aware of the allowance that has to be made if a drawing is going to be a second, third, or perhaps even fourth generation image before finally appearing in print (reproduction). Fine lines tend to fall out and disappear from the image.
- 2620 [Mike Gilbert] I think this is one of Mike's more successful drawings.
- 2621 [Stuart Gilson] Stuart's drawing made a good strong vertical to build your page; it wouldn't have been as effective without the white "space" (I know, space is supposed to be black) to the right.
- 2624 [Craig Smith] I've always loved Craig's drawings, and that goes for this one too. Wonderful line work and expression on his character, plus the touch of the pens and pocket protector... I'm always torn between doing the original drawing in pencil and then inking over (which makes for a very tight, controlled drawing) and drawing from the "get go" in ink... you get a lot more accidents, but the drawing is more spontaneous.
- 2626 [William Rotsler] a simple, eye catching drawing... classic Bill.
- 2632, 2633, 2634 (Various spots) [Bea Mahaffey] the drawings belonged with the article and probably wouldn't have fit anywhere else.
- 2637 [Randy Bathurst] an excellent drawing that would hold up well either enlarged or reduced in size.
- 2639 [Taral Wayne] another well drawn illustration, this one would have looked good on the cover.
- 2643 [Stuart Gilson] the blacks are handled well, but the drawing is confused (foreground and background), and exactly what it is we're supposed to be looking at, unclear.
- 2644 [Terry Jeeves] a typical drawing of Terry's, but in this case not particularly funny... it did fit with Joe Haldeman's poem... or perhaps I should say lyrics.
- 2645 [Steve Stiles] Steve's work is well done, I don't know why I don't like it better... thinking up a good idea (it doesn't have to be new) for me at least, is much harder than doing the actual drawing. To mix a metaphor, a cartoonist (artist) is looking for the blue bird of happenstance.
- 2647 [Arthur Thomson] interesting drawing from a historical point of view.



"Nerds from other Worlds"



2649 [Jackie Causgrove] you probably knew this piece wasn't going to reproduce, Bill; I'm surprised you went ahead and ran it.

2651 [Stuart Gilson] good "designie" quality to the drawing, which managed to say and imply a lot about religion and our expectations, really very well done.

2652-2653 [Michael Waite] not drawings of course, but still art... I rather liked the idea.

2654 [Tara Wayne] not every drawing has to be a "grabber", Tara's drawing has a quiet woodcut style that fits the subject.

2655 [Tom Foster] I tend to like Tom's work because of his use of line and solid blocks of black, and the expression he gets out of his figures with their eyes.

2657 [Alan Hunter] another professional illustration from Alan.

2659 [Brad Foster] this is a wonderful double joke, both in the character's remark of "damn weeds" and in the drawing style which contrasts the glorious weed with the simple figure.

2661 [Steve Stiles] this piece by Steve is far more successful, the drawings are well done, the panels move well from one to the other, and it's a funny idea.

2662 [Nicola Cuti] a strong, well drawn panel with a pleasing sense of design, Nicola obviously has the technical skills mastered.

2663 [Connie Reich Faddis] Connie had a good idea, but still needs to work on the skills.

2664 [Tom Foster] another illustration that fit the text perfectly... Bill, you must have gone through every piece of art you have on hand looking for "just the right one".

2665 [Craig Smith] looking at his line work, I suspect that Craig used an old fashioned "dip" ink pen when doing this drawing (the lines have a very pleasing change of weight as they define the figure), regardless, putting the figure against the ragged right edge of the text was a good touch on your part.

2666 [Brad Foster] I thought his drawing was very punny, after all, "Opkerknockety tunes but once".

2667 [Brad Foster] Brad is certainly versatile (or there was a lot of time between the pieces), this drawing is a completely different style than the previous page.

2669 [Craig Smith] for some reason this drawing doesn't work as well as Craig's other spots, I think the figure's nose is too confusing, and we're not really sure what the character is doing.

2670 [William Rotsler] can't get too much egoboo, oh how true.

2675 [William Rotsler] the drawing has Bill's sure line, but I'm not quite sure what he was referring to, "tie my shoe?"

2677 [Brad Foster] Brad's cover from *OW69* works just as well as a small illustration... shows the quality of a good design.

2679 [William Rotsler] a felt pen drawing, it fits the list subject, but looks like a throwaway.

2688 [William Rotsler] another drawing that certainly fits with the subject.

2689 [Terry Jeeves] sorry, Bill, this particular drawing didn't fit the subject.

2695 [Sheryl Birkhead] I like this drawing, the character has a wonderful expression.

2699 [David R. Haugh] when I first started drawing my robots, Richard Geis gave me some excellent advice, "give 'em a mouth". Up until then I'd been using a speaker sort of shape, with dialogue in a balloon above the figure. As I remember, I did this drawing some years ago. This particular character had arms something like an orangutan.

- 2700 [Linda Michaels] even though you probably had to radically reduce this drawing, the strong line work held together very well.
- 2702 [Sheryl Birkhead] good idea, but some facial features would have helped the drawing.
- 2703 [Mike Gilbert] Cookie monster perhaps?
- 2705 [David R. Haugh] another drawing from years past, now that I see it again, I'm not sure I like it. Perhaps a ground line, or some indication of motion would have helped.
- 2708 [Brad Foster] a fun idea, but the drawing (at this size) is a bit busy.
- 2711 [Al Sirois] fourteen years old, and it still fits the subject... shows that things really don't change all that quickly.
- 2714 [Sheryl Birkhead] to paraphrase Sheryl, "yes, a rather nice little illo."
- 2716 [Michael G. Shuter] I think I remember seeing Michael's drawings elsewhere, but right now I can't remember where, he has a very distinctive style. I don't know if you had to reduce the drawing, but at the size reproduced, things get a bit "busy".
- 2717 [Alan Hunter] a nostalgia illo.
- 2719 [Michael W. Waite] I assume the photo and Susan Manchester's short piece came in separately... they work extremely well together.

Well, I've come to the end and it was a real trip. My only disappointment is that none of the drawings I actually did for **OW70** seemed to fit your needs... but that's OK, there's always **OW75**, a quarter century of issues.

[September 24 – October 3, 1998]

Wm. Breiding

Yesterday I saw my mail carrier limping around the neighborhood. She is usually rather perky and smiles when we greet. Yesterday she frowned at me grumpily and stoically continued upon her route. When I got home, I checked my mail box and got a black eye struggling to retrieve a fat manila envelope that had been stuffed into the box. "Oh, dear," I thought. "**Outworlds 70** has arrived." It was then I understood why my mailwoman was limping. Not only did I get a black eye trying to struggle it out of the box as it dislodged suddenly, but I then proceeded to drop it on my toe and spent the next few seconds hopping on one foot and holding my other cowboy-booted toe in my hands, cursing you. Once I was able to drag the thing up on to the porch and into the house, I set it down on my reading chair which creaked dramatically as I did so. I got a large glass of water, setting it on my reading table and judiciously nestled my butt down into my chair (not to worry, I remembered to remove the envelope before doing this).

Finally unable to resist any longer, I ripped the envelope apart with a stylized snap of my wrist. It made a sound like a quick and easy zipper opening, and Ditmar duked me right in the jaw as it hung open. At this point I had a sore toe, a black eye and a sock in the jaw. I've heard rumors about such things as interactive fanzines (**PRESS ■ ENTER**), but I always assumed they were online. I was wrong. Here was a fanzine that was actively trying to disable me so I would be able to spend the next week reading it without interruption from such mundane things as having to go to work.

Well, it's gorgeous. Did I mention that it was big? I spent the evening looking at it and egoscanning, but not reading. This morning I read your editorial, this afternoon about Jackie. There was a lot in your editorial that



I responded to, and this morning I thought, reacting to this alone is going to make for a lengthy LoC, fercryinoutloud.

But that all has to wait. I'm at work at the moment, but wanted to let you know **OW** had, indeed, come a-thunking at my back door.

Thanks! I think.

Oh, and I saw that veiled threat about getting it in for **OW71**. Have you no mercy? [Tuesday, September 1, 1998]

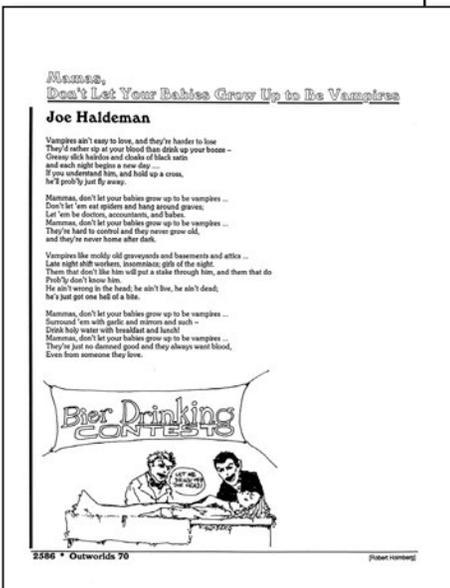
I find myself in sercon mode when I consider attempting a LoC on **OW70**; never much of a wit anyway (yes, Skel's "**Panning for Dross**" was wasted on me, completely) I've always had to rely on a high mood to respond properly.

My first reaction – on reading that is – was to take up the gauntlet of your challenge and respond to every piece in the issue. Having finally finished **OW70**, I see that's an impossibility.

I've been as guilty as any one, if not more so, for ignoring the artists, though I consider the illustrator to be integral. There were a lot of old-timers in this issue – Gilson, Bathurst, Cuti, Gilbert, Faddis, Taral, Foster, Sirois (not to mention Jack Gaughan!) – and that was a pleasant surprise, given the nature of my current immersion into the "inheritance". I always liked Cuti's pieces. Though there was a sense of overt whimsy that I found irritating, there was a subtext to his illustrations that overrode any crotchety response. The piece accompanying Langford's "**Excuse**" was no exception, particularly in light of your editorial placement. Using four Hunter illustrations in one issue was entirely extravagant. Thank you! I don't want to seem to be overdoing it, but in my book (or fanzine, as the case may be) Alan Hunter's work has always been on par with Virgil Finlay, though Alan's subject matter is far more wide ranging (Finlay was never one for humor) but much less erotic. His technique is unequivocally on the level of or superior to Finlay – come to think of it, a better historical equivalent (for he has no contemporaries) might be Cartier. I have been blushing pleased that you have chosen Alan to "illustrate" two of my pieces in **OW**. The other great surprise was Taral's sudden emergence in this issue of **OW**. His "**Atomic-Age Childhood**" had an unexpected flip and modern tone that I associate more with Bruce Townley. I have long admired Taral's stuff, not only for his line work, but for his subject matter, which is frequently, er, how do I say this,

sexualized innocence. But his three pieces were wide ranging in this issue. There was the sexy Oz piece. His piece – I can't bring myself to call it a cartoon – accompanying Mike Glicksohn's "**Twenty-One Worldcons**" is worthy of a Hugo nomination (if I believed in such things). Although it's simply constructed with a mass of black area, the wit of it kept me enthralled for a long time, and I keep going back to it. His "etching" was a perfect match for Andy Hooper's piece on walking and books. It took me right to the Pacific Northwest, with all of my senses intact. I continue to enjoy Shuter's work. I will be interested to see how he evolves in the coming issues. Before moving on, I can't help but comment on Randy (not Robert) Holmberg's cartoon. If you flip back to **Starfire #8**, page 24, you'll see the sister illustration to this one you used on page 2586, which were drawn specifically for Greg Stafford's piece, "**The First Hangover**", but I didn't have "room" for the "Bier Drinking Contest" cartoon. I'm certain I did use it, but maybe it was just in an APA-50 zine.

After much consideration, I have to say you made some mistakes in your "thesis". Specifically, the outline fonts for the titles, the photos and Jackie's pencils. The tendency is to blame your photocopiers, Staples.



But I am retracting that blame after giving **OW70** a pretty thorough going through. Overall, it's pretty damned good. Within the margins of what they had to work with, I think they did okay. I've always had a problem with scanned photos for the simple fact that, unless you have a digital darkroom and fuss with (i.e., clean up) every single pixel for 40 hours, such as Kent Johnson does, or have access to laser printing (preferably you do both), the results will vary, but the photos will always be somewhat washed out. The best alternative I've seen to this is what Gary and Patty did in **Skug 13** which was use a larger "newspaper" screening technique, so that if you hold the photo pages at arm's length, they look pretty good. While I understand the reason behind using Jackie's pencils, the ghostly results were unfortunate. And I don't think anyone would have guessed that the outline font was going to fade, but they were so consistent throughout the issue, I began to wonder if it hadn't been your intention, for certainly it has its own charms.

Since it's a graphic, I will here mention Michael Waite. On the strength of one photo, I will call Michael a great fucking photographer – and it has nothing to do with those nudes – it's the photo on the inside back cover. This is a fantastic photo, resonant of all kinds of things I won't go into here. This man should be submitting to the magazines if he has not been doing so already. As to the nudes – the one "illustrating" Richard Brandt's "**The Holy Post**" is art, and well done, even if the model does have the distracting feature of resembling Jamie Lee Curtis; the others were just what they were – creative exercises. I liked them, but I'm not sure what they were doing in **OW**, you dirty old man, you!

I took the bottom photo on page 2596, "**A Serious Girl And Her Bob.**"

Over all, I think I was correct that **Outworlds 69** was a transition issue for you; you made a full leap into a wonderfully consistent and comfortable graphic style for **#70**. While I've found it amusing that Walt Willis and E.B. Frohvet find your graphic technique to be either messy or confusing or both, I could detect no malice on either part – particularly Walt – and, surprisingly, I have to confess to agreeing with them to a certain point; I think you do too, Bill. You have never been one for a straightforward, "clean" graphic conceit. There has always been a little chaos thrown in, a marrying of unlikely elements, experiments, flights of Fancy. But for every "mistake" you've made, your intuitive grasp of what works, your unswervingly awesome (and as far as I can see, never wrong) sequencing technique, and ability to "illustrate" a written piece with a random illo, has always covered your ass, or compensated. Okay, so who am I to talk to you like this, whose fanzines were so messy that in order to see any graphic technique at all you had to think about it in the past tense, not while actually looking at it. But for all of that, I have always been obsessed with magazine making and layout, and have my own opinions, as you well know.

And let's not forget the incredible Ditmar. Let me put it this way: The sensawonder wells within my breast every time I lay eyes upon his covers for **OW70**.

Your statements on what it takes for one to trade a fanzine with you, or even get you to read it, was the kind of thing that used to really upset me and make me paranoid when I was a neo. You sound pretty scary and strict. Even at this late date I pause to wonder if I can publish a fanzine that would make the grade. Ah, sweet insecurity. Your bold statement that **OW**-paper will always be published before **OW-URL** is a policy statement that at some point you are going to contradict. I also think that it's more likely that there will be things in **OW-URL** that won't be appearing in **OW**-paper,

Andrei Chikatilo*

November 1, 1992

Dear Inspector Kostov,

I know that by now you believe all graves have been opened. I hope that is true and I hope that is not true. You see, Mr. Kostov, my daughter has not come home for a long time. Could he have forgotten to show you her grave? She is fourteen, and wearing her blue sweater. She would have called me. She went to her aunt's on the bank. I have not come to you before because even now I cannot believe this thing. I heard a report that some were blinded after they were killed (don't think they would remember his face in death), that some had genitalia cut off. These are not things easy to create about my Cathia. She is only fourteen. Mr. Kostov, I had you come to me now. I take six of 4.00 and at that time my husband is out. I will wait for you. Please come alone. That anyone else can know that? I am sorry to bother you with this. Fifty-there would be enough for any one to see. When did God leave us? She is fourteen. She is going to her aunt's. She is wearing her blue sweater.

Constance Rudkov

*Andrei Chikatilo was a serial killer in Russia who was responsible for the death of 53 women and children. He was convicted in August 1992. Constance Rudkov is a fictionist.

—Susan A. Manchester

Michael W. Waite Outworlds 70 • 2719

section. This whole issue was like a roller coaster or the ocean tides rolling or flowing from defined section to defined section.

The return of Chris Sherman's column – hopefully on a regular basis – made me smile. I'll let Chris carry on with the duties of fatherhood in our generation, while I remain firmly childless, regardless of various Propositions. I hope that Chris has the time to inform us of just how things have gone since the advent of Skylar Sherman (yes, initials fandom still lives!) into his life.

On the other hand, what the heck do you do with something like Billy's "And To Wake Up Dreaming"? I loved this bizarre little piece. It held a wealth of imagery and inspiration for me. I don't know how many times as I read I thought, "this line would flesh out into a great story". I sure hope Billy continues on down the road of prose.

I can unreservedly say that Greg Benford is one of my favorite writers. I think he is a nearly faultless short story writer and at the same time probably one of the best critical essayists in the field, blending as he does, the personal with the expository. My original note after reading "Meaning-Stuffed Dreams" went as such: "How wonderful it is to have a genre with such short story writers as Ross Rocklyn, Kit Reed, Howard Waldrop, Brian Aldiss and indeed, Greg Benford himself." Amen, brother.

I enjoyed your "buried gem" this issue – Lloyd Eshbach's piece on Doc Smith. I've never read E.E. Smith, and at this late date I'm afraid to! On the other hand, rich brown's fanhistory article made me want to go right out and buy a bunch of Harlan's anthologies when I realized my current library was bereft of even the **DANGEROUS VISIONS** anthologies. rich is right that the Jim Harmon / Harlan Ellison / 7th fandom debacle has lived through the ages. When I started becoming active at conventions in the mid-seventies I heard that story told on a number of occasions, including the "mad dog" reference. I completely believe Harlan's re-accounting of the "truth". I was easily able visualize how it happened as explained by rich via Harlan. And it wasn't even necessary for rich to stop and explain about a woman being "compromised" by being found in a man's room. Within the timescape it was easily understood. This is a good example of one of the bad ways the instant mythology that was so prevalent in '50s fandom victimized one of its prominent players.

There is so much more to comment on. You rolled on through the Cincinnati section on into the "big name" section – Hooper, White & Langford – which nicely segued into D Gary Grady's medical buffoonery. I loved the construction/analogy of Ted's column, the meditative quality of it. Andy is good no matter what he writes about, and this piece was a fine sequel to his darkly minutia-filled piece, "To Fremont by Moonlight" in the second issue of Ulrika O'Brien's **Widening Gyre**. I still think you ought to seduce/coerce that chat-meister Frank Johnson into a regular column. He is so utterly readable about the darnedest things. And I can't go on to the letters without saying at least something about this Verse vs. Poetry thing. My immediate reaction was that you didn't know what the hell you were talking about. I think it would have been better if you had just said, "I don't solicit poetry or fiction, but if it comes in I read it, and if I like it I publish it". On the subject of Verse vs. Poetry, I consulted my dictionary to see if I was right in thinking you were wrong. "POEM: 1 : a composition in verse 2 : a piece of poetry communicating to the reader the sense of a complete experience" "VERSE 1 : a line of metrical writing 2 : (a) (2) : metrical writing distinguished from poetry esp. by its lower level of intensity" and then there is Doggerel, which is what Joe Haldeman's stuff was:



inside and outside quotes; it depends on the context, and changing the comma to outside the quote in that particular instance was proper. But then, why would you believe a guy with a 5th grade education?

And please, don't forget to take Vince Clarke's words to heart – edit some of this acreage fer crying out loud!

You done good, Bill. But then, it was inevitable, wasn't it?

[September 12, 1998]

Re: WebZines, eZines... and truZines

I confess. I only just read this, while cleaning up (i.e., deleting) my email. As usual, I find your mumblings fascinating, but my overall response to this was that the point was moot. It's my belief that you'll be doing a web-based **Outworlds** sometime in the near future. And that it will be the primary, if not the only way, to get access to it. While it's true you've gone a number of years without publishing, you have been recently experiencing a rash and youthful sense of plenitude since you got Jackie's computer. While it was possible, you translated it to paper. Increasingly that is not becoming possible. I hope not to have to wait 25 years to read the LoCs on **OW70**. I'd rather visit someone and go to the **OW** website and read it. Or, heaven forbid, get on the web myself. I've been told I should. With your application for SSDI I can only assume that you are considering "retirement". Should that become possible, probably you won't be able to do **OW** except as a web-based zine. Unless you come into an unexpected windfall. I guess what I'm saying is, though I know you'll fight going to the web as a primary source for your life work, I think you will find that that's the way you have to go. And I'd rather see you doing that than not "publishing" at all – if you still have the desire to do so.

[Wednesday, June 9, 1999]

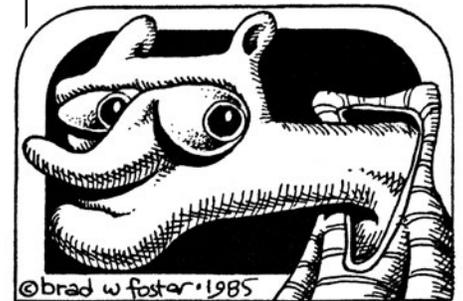
Merlin Haas

(...) I must confess, though I really tried, I can't read **OW** in the Bowers-recommended method of front to back. I pick it up and leaf through it and find something that strikes my fancy and read that. Then go on to the following article if it looks interesting. Sometimes I'm in the mood to read LoCs, other times the travel articles. Eventually I'll go through the book... er... zine from front to back to make sure I haven't missed anything.

Layout was very good through much of the issue (contrary to what Willis might think, your zines have a very neat, clean appearance), though the double-column quote on 2575 might have worked better at the bottom of the page as I wanted to go from the middle of the second column to the top of the third as I read, rather than dropping below the quote. Similar problem with the prologue on "**How I Got Here**". This time I wanted to read from above the illo to below, when I was supposed to go over to the next column. Perhaps making the prologue in italics would have given it a more cohesive appearance.

I'm pretty much a fringe fan, having spread myself too thin among comic books, comic strips, old time radio, and other more mundane interests like high school sports (I coach track at the local high school) to be very active in Sf fandom, but do like to read about fannish history. So those articles held my interest greatly. rich brown's interpretation of the Ellison water-bomb incident was a good read, with rich a bit less rambling than usual.

I was a bit surprised to find that you had extracted Tucker's column from ten-year-old apazines. The fact that it didn't seem dated is a credit to Tucker's writing or your editing (or probably a bit of both.) Dunno what happened to the illo on 2649, but you might see if you can get a better copy and run it again.





Robert Lichtman's list of the essential fannish library was interesting. I even have a few of the zines on the list. One amusing typo: I believe Dave Langford's zine is "**Let's Hear It for the Deaf Man**" rather than "**Let's Hear It for the Dead Man**," but I suppose you've already been told that.

I'm not an expert on it, but you may be getting fooled by using the screen image to gauge the quality of your scans. The screen is only 72 dots per inch while the average printer works on a 300×300 dot-per-inch pattern. And inkjets just don't do a good job on halftones (like photos). I think this is because inkjets don't produce a true dot pattern like laser printers. I know when I try to produce shaded boxes on my inkjet they come out with a random pattern that doesn't copy well, while I can take that same file and print it on a laser printer and get a true dot pattern halftone. I'm sure there are others who can give you a more detailed description of what happened and how to avoid it.

At any rate, aside from a couple of illos, the inkjet works just fine. You might compromise by having the photos and halftone drawings printed by laser, then using the old fashioned paste-up method to put them on pages with your inkjet text.

Lots of good letters. Mike Glicksohn wonders why I remember what he thinks is an obscure mag, **Capt. George's Whiz-Bang**. At the time there was a companion publication called **Capt. George's Comic World** which reprinted old comic strips and such and was very well known in comics fandom. (It did have a distressing way of not bothering to ask copyright holders for permission to reprint material, which eventually caused its downfall.) The **Whiz-Bang** was advertised there and many comics fans had at least a passing knowledge of it.

I like your lists. Skimmed some, read others more carefully. I really liked "**InOtherWorlds**" since I'm sort of out of the loop as far as zines go. I get **Ansible** and read rec.arts.sf.fandom sporadically, but that's about it. SF zines are a bit inaccessible, since they don't usually want money, but rather zines and LoCs. And I have such a bad track record with LoCs (**OW69** is still in the pile somewhere) that it's sort of embarrassing to ask. Fortunately most of the zines you listed are available for filthy lucre, so I'll have to send off for some.

Well, I suppose I could comment on some more of the articles, but others will do a better job. They're all well-written, with some being on subjects I'm not overly interested in, like babies and dogs (no offense meant to the authors, who I'm sure would not be interested in reading stuff I find fascinating, like pre-1930s comics strips or the mechanics of throwing the shotput.) But that's always going to be the case for a zine that covers a lot of topics.

Best – Merlin Haas (who proves he can write a LoC, but still thinks he better supports **OW** by paying \$5 for each issue...)

[Thursday, October 15, 1998]

Marty Cantor

I retrieved **Outworlds # 70** from the wreckage of my mailbox. You will be receiving a repair bill from my landlord – and I expect to be reimbursed for the rental of the forklift I needed to move the ish from the mailbox into my apartment. And then, there is the layout. Bill, I am glad that the urgings towards pretentiousness I sometimes feel when I put out a zine are rather weak – there is no way that I could ever come close to the varied perfections which you routinely produce. I am in awe! Fortunately for my peace of

mind, I am not jealous (like hell I'm not), but what you do is an inspiration. Well, as you say in your editorial, this 200th zine is just an excuse to Overdo It; and, as you continue, "...as if I ever needed an excuse to do that." Bill, you are the exemplar of the saying, "What is worth doing is worth overdoing." You also write, "...paper fanac isn't quite ready to be written off just yet." Nods and words of complete agreement with that statement by me. My sediments, er, – sentiments, exactly – and I only wish that some of our strayed sheep could see your zine and be inspired to return to our fold.

When Taral wrote of watching the **Jack Benny Show** and **Burns and Allen** on TV as a kid he brought back to me a touch of nostalgia – except that this old phart was remembering the **Jack Benny** and **Burns and Allen** radio shows with which he grew up. I cannot compare the TV and radio versions of these shows as I rarely watched TV in its early days. Indeed, I do believe that I bought my first TV set sometime in the early 60s. I remember more about the set (a black-and-white 19" Westinghouse portable) than I remember what I watched on it. I remember that my folks had a TV set before I moved out, but the only show I can remember watching with any regularity on it was a fifteen minute programme which reprised silent comedies. Never up to date, that was me both then and now.

In this cat-crazy thing we call fandom, it came as a ~~dogs~~ breath of fresh air to read Patty Peters wonderful reminiscence of her dog-ownership. I just wish that I had the finances to rent a place where I could have a dog. I have owned two dogs in my life (one being a small terrier mixture and the other a German Shepherd), both of which I rescued from the pound. I have nothing much which I want to share about these warm and wonderful animals except that I loved them, they loved me, and I wish it were feasible for me to again have a dog. *woof woof*

For Roger Sims' edification I should state that Tom Digby was (in 1993) and probably still is, a fan. An APAhacker with a wicked (and droll) sense of humour, he was a LASFS fixture for decades, having recently moved out of the area. Larry Niven's "**What Can You Say About Chocolate Covered Manhole Covers?**" was inspired by, and written about, Tom Digby. My favourite quote by Tom is, "The Bermuda Triangle no longer exists – lying completely within itself, it has caused itself to disappear." That quote is quintessential Digby, a person with a decidedly odd way of looking at the world. A most appropriate Fan Guest of Honour. He also writes poetry.

Dave Langford again shows why he is considered a bloody good writer. I would snicker, but I do not think that he needs a candy bar.

And rich brown has an interesting take on 7th Fandom. And I do not mean that to belittle his thesis; it is just that I have read/heard the more negative view of 7th Fandom and, without researching the matter, was acceptive of what I read/heard. I find rich to be persuasive, and I find that Harlan's words buttress that which rich writes. I would be interested in reading Ted's take on the matter (insofar as rich says that he has been debating Ted on the matter). I am acquainted with both Jack Harness and Harlan but have never asked either of them about 7th Fandom. Personally, I think that I would like to read, rather than hear, further explication on the subject, so I think that Ted should "rebut" what rich has said. rich has written in such a manner as to seem to have "proven his case" so I am interested in why Ted still disagrees with him, especially given Harlan's clarification of how he just could not have dropped a waterbag on Jim Harmon (just to name one incident). Hm. Jim Harmon's house is only 3–4 miles from here, I could always call him – Nah! Let it rest. Jim LoCed **Holier Than Thou** in the mid-80s, but I do not remember any



impression that he was that much interested in things fannish. Oh – he LoCed **HTT** in response to a Terry Carr “**Entropy Reprint**” column in the zine which reprinted one of his articles.

Harry Warner writes, “Most of us are unable to replace brain cells as they blink off, accounting for the general decline in intellectual capacity that we suffer when we become as old as I am.” Methinks that Harry protests too much. Harry has been complaining of creeping old age during my entire 24+ years in fandom. At the rate which he is declining I predict that it will be at least another 24+ years until his mental abilities decline to the level of most fans.

Joseph Major does some distinctioning betwixt two different Ed Woods but neglects to mention that the fannish Ed Wood (who “threw away **Hyphens** without reading them” even though he averred to me that he did not do so) is a whole other person still.

And now we have my old friend Mike Glicksohn writing that, with e-mail, one loses the ability to “...bold-face, underline, strikeout and spell-check.” If this be true, this is not my definition of progress. I moved to writing on this computer because it provided a technical upgrade to my production of words – I do not see losing this technical ability just so I can send my ex-wife some words cheaper than by regular post as any sort of anything other than a retrogression to something no better than my 1950s model Smith-Corona portable typer. I change the layout and heading of the template I use for my LoCs every few months because I enjoy the ability to do that aesthetic thing. And you should see my special “Nag” and “Pesteriferousness” and “Thank You” templates I use to send to contributors – I would lose all of that wonderful silliness if I could not send any of it via e-mail. Well, to hell with that sort of retrogression known as progress.

One of these days, though, ~~pigs will fly~~ further developments will probably occur which will allow me to compose pretentious letters in my word processing programme, letters which I can then send, verbatim (as it were), to anybody else who is online. At that point in time I hope that I can afford to go online myself. In the meantime I will continue to have fun with this machine and will continue to use the regular post to get the missives to my recipients. Sorry about the excess emotion in the previous paragraphs. But not much.

Mike wonders if I know how many Hugos Rotsler won? Either five or six, I believe (but have no way of determining the exact figure right now), with one of them being the Retro Hugo. From the perspective of the vast majority of fans who have not even won one of the rockets, that amount (no matter the exact number) qualifies as the “numerous” figure about which I wrote last time. Well, it was not “one, two, three, many” – being more than that, I figure that “numerous” is as good an inexactitude as any.

Robert Lichtman writes about hearing, several years ago, that mail to Richard Bergeron’s Old San Juan Post Office Box was being returned as undeliverable. Last Fall I posted **No Award #2** to Bergeron. I got no response but the envelope was not returned. When I sent off **No Award #3** to Richard it was returned marked “No Such Number.” Now that is rather strange – did a hurricane remove that part of the Post Office?

It seems that the convention to put punctuation (periods and commas) inside quotation marks and next to letters was invented by printers to protect those delicate critters (periods and commas) from being inadvertently broken. Such I have always seemed to have known, even though such “knowledge” sounds to me to be apocryphal. Sometimes I will put the punctuation inside a quotation mark, sometimes I will not. As far as periods being inside a parenthesis, in my opinion that is the case only if the whole sentence is



within parentheses. If the parenthetical remark is merely the end of the sentence, logic demands that the period be outside the closing parenthesis. Well, as you say, your Style Sheet is subject to change without notice. So is my own Style Sheet – even within a single issue of my own fanzine.

Even though I have gotten some contributions for my zine on disk, I prefer to type articles into the computer. As my long LoCs can attest, I love to type. More to the point, though; even though I can fit the contents of a disk into any layout I am using in a given issue, I find that I can get more of a feel about what an author is writing if I type it into the computer rather than inputting it via disk or scanner. I learned that I more fully understood what was being written back when I was doing my zine on a typer and I had no other way of getting the words onto stencil. Of course, in those days, I was replacing my contributor's typos with my own typos.

[Started September 8, 1998; postmarked 9/10/98]

Ahrvid Engholm

I've just spent the last three hours reading *Outworlds 70*. I haven't read everything, but the things I think looked most interesting. I think that's the best time for a LoC, when you still have the original impressions and thoughts fresh. I'll probably have another go later and get through most of the stuff missed in the first round.

I mean, it is so *thick*, this *OW70*! It should be about 150 pages, but most of it is in small type. You probably published something like two-thirds the amount of text in *Warhoon 28*, the Willish, possibly more. But you didn't take several years to do it, and it is a regular issue of a fanzine and not a special issue. Quite an achievement! (My biggest fanzine has been 49 pages in size A5, half A4, or 42 pages in size A4 – the latter had more text and I used a typewriter with small type.)

I like your layout. It has a lot of details and many different typefaces, but it is well thought through and the illustrations are really good.

I think I mentioned it before, but *Outworlds* was one of the first foreign fanzines I read. At my first con in Stockholm in 1976 the organizers had a fanzine box, where you could pick what you wanted for free. *Outworlds*, several issues I think, was among the fanzines I took. (In your editorial you mention *Double:Bill*. That rings a bell. I think that was in there too.) I had only seen a few fanzines before that. The first I ever saw was a couple of months before the con, No 78 of John-Henri Holmberg's *Fanac*, at the time the newsletter of the Scandinavian SF Association which I joined as soon as I heard it existed. I had probably seen one or two other Swedish fanzines.

But when I came home from the con I read through the fanzine bundle and got my first education in what fanzines were all about. Another zine I remember from that bundle was a number of *Skyracks*, Ron Bennett's (was it?) British newszine. *Outworlds* and *Skyrack* and Swedish *Fanac* defined fandom for me.

To the articles and stuff. (And I will jump some. But just let me say it was nice to read the obituaries about Jackie Causgrove. Ditto "Doc" Lowndes, though I saw most of that on the Timebinders list.)

Nice to see something by Taral Wayne. I did have some contacts with him in the late '70s, early '80s. At the time he published the excellent Canadian newszine *DNQ*, which perhaps didn't receive too much attention but certainly deserved more. Taral also sent me photocopies of illustrations (I think I used some in my zines) and is an excellent illustrator (as seen on p2626).



Robert Lichtman's fannish reference list is very impressive. It would take a lifetime to collect all that stuff!

Interesting to read about Bea Mahaffey, but I thought it was too much about the author Art Metzger and too little about Bea. It would have been more interesting to read more about the life of the first female professional sf editor (she was first, wasn't she?). Not that people can't write about themselves if they want to.

Interesting to see Mike Glicksohn's quick rundown of his 21 Worldcons. I've only been to four ('79, '87, '90, '95 – all in Europe). We all remember the Hotel Manager from Hell!

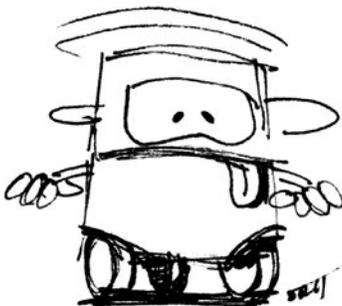
Roger Sims' views on GoHs were also interesting. I lacked one piece of information: how many non-English speakers (Americans, Brits, Aussies) have been Worldcon GoHs? There have been some, I know that. (Germans, Dutch, Sims also mentions two Japanese.)

I liked Bob Tucker's column. Am I to understand it was originally from an apa mailing? (Nothing wrong with that.) This thing mentioned, about Harry Warner writing an extra-boring con report, is something I recognize. We see too much of boring conreps! No one could be interested in reading "...and then we arrived at X o'clock... took our meals... met so and so... we said... we walked down the corridor... attended... but we didn't go to that room party, because we had to go to our room and prepare our detailed notes for our con report." I think conreps should have brief sketches of how people fly, walk, move around; they should skip what people say that's not funny, and concentrate on the out-of-ordinary, the funny, the unusual, the weird.

Ted White's column was the second best in the issue. I liked to read how he came into the editorial chair of *Amazing* and *Fantastic*, and see a bit of the inside of the US magazine world. But he is not alone being pro editor and fan at the same time. I have been that. I edited the Swedish prozine *Nova SF* for 1.5 years, doing my fanzine at the same time. (In fact, most Swedish prozines have had active fan-involvement. A smaller market and worse economics encourage use of cheap labour.)

I heard rumours about Dave Langford having some sort of accident in June. I never understood what really happened, but it was nice to see the full story. (Britain must be one of the last countries in the world still consuming milk out of bottles! We've used paper so-called tetrapaks in Sweden for probably 50 years, and you don't get it delivered to your doorstep. The tetrapak is BTW a Swedish invention. I don't know if you call it "tetrapak", but it doesn't matter.)

rich brown's article was the best in the issue. You should write a superb article if you get a phone call from Harlan Ellison. Interesting to read all this about the '50s and 7th Fandom. It is also interesting to notice that Harlan still must have some feelings for fandom. But maybe it was best that he went off to become a celebrated pro. What would fandom have been like if Harlan had stayed on? One question, though: how could water from a pitcher thrown on the ground from one floor up be an efficient way to attract the attention of some loud-mouthed people some, perhaps, 30 feet away? The only explanation I have is that they must have been much closer. Some of it splashed on poor Jim Harmon, and from there it turned into the waterbomb-on-the-head story. Breaking into the room was definitely an over-reaction. The fannish way to handle it, if you felt offended, would have been to organize a "revenge" later (but nothing harmful or so). BTW, "Hi sweetie, would you like to come to my room and see my stencils?" – that's a new one! Now, where do I have my old stencils...



OK, that was some comments. I had to skip a lot of articles. (I read more, and some I'll go back to.) I'll probably mention **OW70** on the Swedish fandom mailing list, with some kind words and your address.

PS. Nice idea to have a bookmark in the form of a ToC! Is that an original idea of yours? Very useful: you can see the contents and at the same time keep track of where you are.

PPS. Well, I wrote my note for the Sverifandom list before sending this LoC. I can't take the time to translate it, but it went as follows...

Tänkte bara nämna några ord om ett av de mest imponerande amerikanska zinen jag sett på länge. (Som om jag fick en strid ström slika. Nix, men ibland letar sig något hit.)

*Bill Bowers **Outworlds nr 70** är ca. 150 sidor tjockt och absolut fullsmockat med skojiga saker. Mycket av materialet är i 8, kanske 9 punkters storlek, så det är mycket för pengarna. Många timmars läsning.*

Exempel ur innehållet:

*Robert Lichtmans fanreferenslista, artiklar av Joe Haldeman och Greg Benford, Mike Glicksohn om sina 21 Worldcons, Lloyd Arthur Eshbach om EE "Doc" Smith, relativt lång spalt av Bob Tucker, dito av Ted White som berättar hur han började med **Amazing**, Dave Langford berättar om sin olycka med en mjölkflaska, och så har rich brown fått ett telefonsamtal från Harlan Ellison som kastar nytt ljus över den famösa vattenbombshistorien på 50-talet.*

*Men det finns mycket, mycket mer. Layouten är utmärkt och massor av fina illustrationer. **Outworlds** är i största allmänhet rätt fanniskt; det mesta handlar om fandom, men det finns också material där folk berättar om sina dagliga liv. Däremot finns inget serconistiskt.*

***Outworlds 70** kostar 7.50 dollar till Bill Bowers, 4651 Glenway Ave, Cincinnati OH, 45238-4503, USA. Jag föreslår att folk växlar till sig en tiodollarsedel (på Forex) och sänder honom den. Redaktören är f n arbetslös och han har via mail berättat för mig att enbart tryckkostnaden för **OW70** är 8 dollar/ex. (20 dollar skall ge fem nummer. Normalt är **Outworlds** inte så här tjockt, men redaktören lär nog subventionera prenavgiften i alla fall.)*

[Thursday, October 1, 1998]

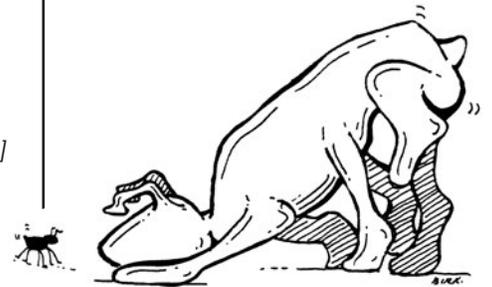
Gary Deindorfer

I didn't think you would send me the mammoth **Outworlds #70** because I haven't received a fanzine from you in decades. I believe you sent me a couple issues of **Outworlds** in the '70s, but as I remember, I didn't bother to LoC them, so it is no wonder you dropped me from your mlg. list. Anyway, **#70** is a herculean effort and heroic achievement. It certainly deserves a substantial letter of comment from everybody who got it, not just a note, not just a postcard. So here is a "substantial" LoC (I hope), and maybe this will get me reinstated on your mlg. list, if I do a halfway decent job on it.

I have met you twice in person, as I remember. The first time I met you and Bill Mallardi was at a room party at the 1963 Worldcon in Washington, D.C. The second time was at the 1974 Philcon. I certainly haven't attended all the conventions you have, and have only published a few fanzines. Well, to each his own level of fanac.

Outworlds #70 – what an ish! From the consistently high level of the articles, to the equally consistently good artwork, and the superb graphics. One of the best single issues of a fanzine I have received in my 41 years as a fan (allowing for some periods of gafiation).

The Ditmar cover and bacover are wonderful. It is interesting to see how he uses computer art techniques so adroitly. He reminds me a little of what the late, great Chesley Bonestell used to do in the prozines quite a while ago.



I open up #70 and find the Susan Manchester poem. It seems to be a good, well-wrought poem. Susan clearly is one of the better fan poets.

Then my eyes scan down the table of contents page. What a stellar collection of writers! Buck Coulson, Dave Locke, Joe Haldeman, Taral, William Breiding, Gregory Benford, Skel, Mike Glicksohn, Ted White, Dave Langford, rich brown, and... Bob Tucker! Quite a line-up, not to mention the other writers I didn't list.

Your editorial is meaty and well written. It tells me things about you that I didn't know before. Other than that, I simply can't think of anything else to say about it.

I never met Jackie Causgrove or read much of her writing, but on the basis of these reminiscences, she seems to have been a fascinating person, what I would call a Great Faanish Character. She appears to have deeply touched a lot of people. Jodie Offutt's piece is slight but heartfelt. Buck Coulson tells us the intriguing story of Jackie and Tucker making out. But of course it is Dave Locke that Jackie touched the most deeply and his article is heartfelt and tenderly written. The story of Jackie and Dave speculating over the pulley apparatus is a worthy addition to the wealth of fanlore beginning to hover around Jackie's memory like a nimbus. And the description of her last days is sad. Dave Locke reminds me somewhat of you and Robert Lichtman. None of you are among the greatest fanwriters; you three don't have the verbal pyrotechnics of a Willis, and you're not hilarious like Burbee. You don't go in for the flashing polemics of D. West. But when you write, what you do, you do well: the three of you write good, solid, clear, workmanlike prose, and there is a lot to be said for that. By the way, from her photos in this issue, I would say that Jackie was a very attractive woman. These remembrances are among the highpoints of this mammoth, ambitious issue for me.

Good to see something by my old friend and correspondent Taral Wayne. This article is well written, as we have come to expect from the double-threat writer and artist Taral. What a memory the lad has for all these old tv shows from his antediluvian childhood. The only child's show I remember on local Philadelphia area tv is **Willy the Worm**: an overlarge specimen of his species with eyeglasses, a porkpie hat, and a bowtie. He was mild mannered and always overcame the animals who used to bully him by the end of the show. As a scholarly, bespectacled, unathletic kid who used to be bullied by the tough kids, I could really identify with Willie. Then of course there were the network kids' shows such as **The Howdy Doody Show**, **Buck Rogers**, and **Kukla, Fran and Ollie**. Good effort by Taral.

I remember Ed Gorman from my early days in fandom. I didn't know he had become a mystery writer, because I don't read hardly any mysteries. Maybe I'm missing something. Anyway, it is good to see something from a fan of the olden times, however brief. More power to Ed!

Now we come to the second best piece of writing in **Outworlds 70** after rich brown's brilliant article. At least in my opinion: William Breiding's. It is so rich in sense memory impressions. William does a wonderful job of that, and of conveying his inner feelings towards his environment and other people. His writing reminds me a little of Eric Mayer's in these respects. It is difficult to believe that William only has a fifth grade education, when he has by dint of no doubt much effort and sweat become one of the most brilliant authors in current day fandom. His piece conveys the wonders of childhood reading where a book becomes your entire world. And many other things are gotten across in this history of how a boy became interested in sf and eventually that wondrous thing: a fan.

[November 3, 1998]





LoCing *Outworlds* #70 daunting. It seems as though there is an endless series of pieces that need to be commented on. At this point I must confess I just want to get through making my comments on this mammoth issue and get my letter in the mail to you. I am afraid it is proving inadequate return for the shining excellence of this issue. It is not the “substantial” letter of comment I had hoped to create. I hope you will forgive me for this.

Richard Brandt’s piece is a slight trifle but amusing and informative for all of that. Shows how faith and sheer money are tied together in our society.

Andy Hooper’s piece is a perambulatory delight. He shows how plain old walking is a way of exploring an interesting neighborhood, something which apparently Seattle is full of. And he writes so well, with such extraordinary attention to detail.

As does Ted White. Ted has always featured well turned details in his writing. And here he outdoes himself. I won’t soon forget his azaleas. So much so that I find the azalea segments overshadow Ted’s reminiscences about his professional editing career. This is quite a bit of writing, how it smoothly goes back and forth between the azaleas and the editing stories.

Dave Langford’s page is slight, for him, but amusing nonetheless – that is, the accident that happened to him really is not funny at all, but somehow with that Langford pluck he makes it so in our eyes.

It is almost too much, to go from Dave Langford’s crisis to D Gary Grady’s piece, but so we must. He, like Dave, writes wittily about something inherently unpleasant, and does a good job of it too. As the fannish population ages, we can expect more of this medical writing from a layman’s viewpoint.

What can I say about rich brown’s fan history piece that would do it justice? It is the shining highpoint of the issue, an intricately argued, scrupulously researched essay into the reputation of the 7th Fandomites. He makes a compelling point for me being too quick to write them off as adolescent hotheads. And demonstrates how certain long-accepted stories – I think in particular of the Jim Harmon hotel room door incident – didn’t happen at all the way they’ve long been thought to have happened. And shows the prejudicial coloring put upon everyone involved in this “movement”, from Harlan on down, from the accumulation of these false stories. A superb job of fan historical archaeology on rich’s part.

Don’t have anything to say about the letters in this issue. I will admit that I’m trying to hurry up and get this dispatch off to you, as inadequate egoboo as it is for such a superb issue of a fanzine. [November 20, 1998]

Joe Christopher

Two comments on your “Books Read” listing.

(1) I’m impressed with the number of Fredric Brown books. Some of those have to be the collections of Brown’s otherwise uncollected short stories – such as **SEX LIFE ON THE PLANET MARS** and **RED IS THE HUE OF HELL**. I have most of his standard books (three were lost when a “friend” borrowed them). I liked them very much back in my twenties, but I must admit I haven’t re-read most of them recently – in fact, they are boxed up, in my storage house, because I needed space for videotapes. I did re-read **NIGHT OF THE JABBERWOCK** this year, because I was thinking about writing an essay on it for the Lewis Carroll phase of a convention (I ended up doing two other essays – one on C. S. Lewis and one on Owen Barfield – instead); **NIGHT OF THE JABBERWOCK** was pleasant, but not Brown’s best work. But it would have been fun to do that essay...

(2) Your reading of Sara Paretsky also interests me, since she is one of the mystery writers I keep up with. Have you read her most recent novel, **GHOST COUNTRY**, however? A fantasy novel, and the best I've read in a couple of years. Blasphemous from a Christian perspective (which is my perspective), but very well written. (By *blasphemous* I mean that Paretsky has deliberately paralleled the career of her incarnation of Ishtar to that of Christ – including that swan at the end, which echoes both the resurrection of Christ and the coming of the Holy Spirit.) The characterizations are far better done than in most fantasy novels, I think (although I don't claim to read them all), and I was very impressed by the book judged as literature. I've been recommending it to various people since I finished it (not to naive Christians, of course, but to others, both Christian and otherwise).

[Monday, August 31, 1998]

To Robert Lichtman's fannish reference library, I'd add:

PITFCS: PROCEEDINGS OF THE INSTITUTE FOR TWENTY-FIRST CENTURY STUDIES

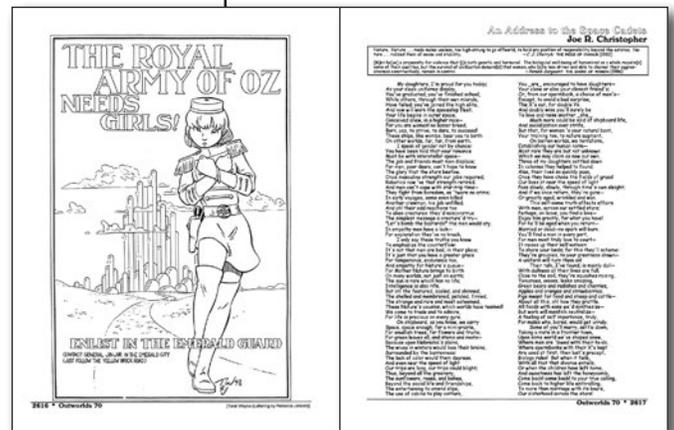
Ed. Theodore R. Cogswell
Chicago: Advent:Publishers, 1992

It's the only instance I know of, of the publication of a fanzine (albeit one published for pros) entire. I suppose Lichtman might say it was a zine for pros so it doesn't belong on his list. But the fans would be missing a lot of fun (a number of filksongs, a number of limericks, and a lot of discussion related to SF).

I found Wm. Breiding's "**How I Got Here**" of interest, partly because of his discussion of his stepfather, Dale C. Donaldson, and Donaldson's semi-pro **Moonbroth**. My first commercial sale was to **Moonbroth** – I don't remember for how much, but it wasn't much. What I clearly remember is that Donaldson rewrote the story (which was an inverted mystery story with a vampire) so that it ended with a sudden death without any rationale.

I never sent him another story – and never wrote the second story about my stage magician-detective which I had more or less plotted. Years later, in an exchange of letters with Jessica Amanda Salmonson, I learned that she sold her first story to Donaldson – which he rewrote. She wrote him, explaining that editors didn't do that without asking permission – and he published her future stories without change. It didn't occur to me to write an EDITOR and complain. I did write his widow – Breiding's mother – after his death, and got the copyright back on my story.

I thought your balancing of my feminist Space Cadet poem with the ad for the Royal Army of Oz on the verso opposite very nicely done. [September 30, 1998]



You are right in assuming those first two titles you cite cover Fred Brown short story collections. In the late '80s / early '90s Dennis McMillan published something like twenty-one (or -two) volumes – most in hardcover and trade paperback limited editions – which purported to bring back into print all of Brown's pulp-published shorter fiction... some sf, but primarily mystery. At the time they were fairly affordably priced; now they are available – at anywhere (a recent 'search') from \$80.00 to \$200.00 a volume. *sigh*

I finally found a copy of **GHOST COUNTRY** at the used book store. It has joined that legendary "to be read" status. RSN.

Sandra Bond

First impressions were favourable. I noticed the little blue slip tucked inside, blinked at it, and thought 'Aha! Even in these days of modern technology fans aren't immune to making errors that they spot at the last moment.' Then I realised it wasn't an errata slip, but a bookmark. Never saw a fmz with a bookmark before. Never saw that many that needed one, mind you. I wonder whether many people got much use out of it? Or do they read fanzines in the same way I do?

Whether because I see fanzines as a coherent whole (in theory anyway) rather than a collection of unrelated articles, or for some other unfathomed reason, I prefer to read them all the way through at one sitting. (This obviously breaks down when you come to such items as *Warhoon 28*, though I believe Vince Clarke sat up all night reading his copy when it arrived).

So I took most of one evening out to read it, and it was good. But trying to take the time out to read it all again in order to extract comment-hooks and turn them into a LoC has proved a harder task, which is why it's taken shameful weeks for me to start this letter. It looks as though Walt Willis's theory of annishthesia – that huge fanzines are very slow in gathering their rightful egoboo – has just been empirically proven.

Let's ease myself into the comments slowly by starting on the art.

Front and rear covers: good. Very professional, and despite your comments I think the reproduction method suited them well, as indeed did the blue paper, a colour which I'm not normally too fond of (due to circumstances beyond my control I had to print several of my own fmz on it, and the results were not satisfactory. Oh well, they were 90% crudzines anyway).

Internal artwork, I'm afraid, didn't do as much for me. A lot of it was technically competent but rather uninspired; the Rotsler cartoons merely served to point out how far above the herd he stood, and how sorely he is missed. Even Terry Jeeves, that old stalwart, didn't come across as much better than average. Steve Stiles and Craig Smith are both honourable exceptions to this list; Stiles I've seen plenty of before and have always liked, but Smith is new to me and I hope to see more by the man.

And Taral, of course, is still unique and exempt from any of the above comments. Interesting to see that he's stopped signing himself 'WM' and changed to 'TW' while my back was turned.

You'll be pleased to learn that I was in general much more impressed by the words themselves. Any zine the size of your brick runs a risk of printing dross as well as diamonds, due to the bigger-is-better syndrome, but by and large you escape this trap with as much gracefulness as one would expect from someone with as many issues under their belt and as much time publishing as you.

I also liked the little boxes with your comments introducing many of the pieces; such touches stamp *OW* as your fanzine rather than just a bunch of articles thrown together anyhow.

And I can see why you decided to place rich brown last, building up to a mighty climax, as it were. His piece is superb, and even his occasional bouts of verbosity and annoying tweekness, which I've observed in other pieces of his (I am sorely tempted to get hold of his phone number and call him up just to find out exactly what 'cute little way' he has of answering the telephone) don't spoil the meat of the article.



In London tube trains for the last several years some bright spark has decided to use unsold advertising slots to display short poems, rather than leaving them blank (this is one thing I love about London; what other city would do something like that?) The practice has been widely applauded, and there's even been an anthology of verse published called **POEMS ON THE UNDERGROUND**.

Well, anyway, one of the poems thus honoured was by Joe Kennedy (who seems somewhere along the line to have adopted the same convention regarding capitals as Rich Brown, Andy Offutt and Archy the Cockroach). I'd be interested to see an article sometime about him; he doesn't ever seem to have captured the fanhistorians' and mythmakers' attention as Sixth Fandom has.

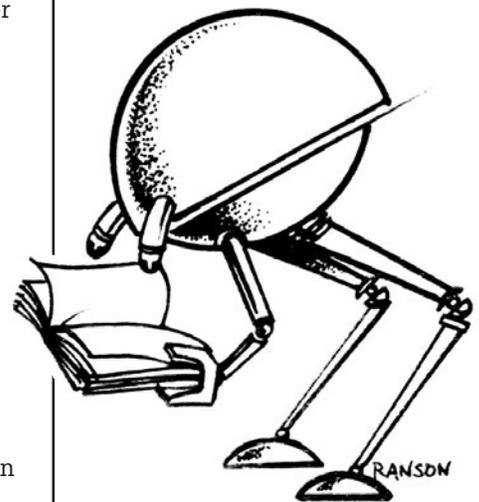
Which isn't to say that Rich's choice of topic is ill-founded, of course. It's a pleasant change to see Harlan treated as a human being in a fanzine article; many of those I've seen treat him as evil incarnate, and those that don't tend towards the other extreme and hero-worship him. Harlan-the-myth is so entrancing that it tends to overshadow the real Harlan. Which is probably why the story of the door has lingered on in the form it has in fandom's mythology, and why there are so many versions of it (just as there are of Brian Burgess's bringing a bag full of animal guts to the Supermancon – depending on which version you read, they were either thrown out of the window into the canal below by Peter Hamilton, used in a mock-sacrifice put on by the London Circle, or forgotten about entirely and found reeking several days later by the hotel manager).

Having said that, I do seem to believe that I've heard the 'genuine' (if I may so refer to Rich's version) story of Jim and Harlan's door before. That certainly isn't the case with Bill Satz and the hair cream, though, so I'm glad to learn the truth behind that.

I have never been able to tell why so many people find Harlan's phrase "The mad dogs have kneed us in the groin..." such a laugh. It makes perfect sense to me and always did. Can it be that we star-born SF fans don't recognise a metaphor when it bites us in the groin, and that Harlan should have quarantined 'mad dogs' in inverted commas thus to make it clear that it wasn't a real canine pack that had rabbit-punched Seventh Fandom? The metaphor is spectacular, sure, and maybe a little mixed, but that's entirely typical of Harlan when writing for effect; evidently, then as since.

Top marks to Rich, once more. As I said before I've often thought his articles patchy – some very good parts and some overblown or pompous bits; in this piece he kerbs most of his excesses and the article is the better for it.

And here's Rich's old partner in crime, Ted White. Like Rich, Ted has a fault into which he often falls; he's prone to go on at length about the actual mechanics of his writing or publishing, rather than simply getting down to brass tacks (sorry, wrong prozine letter column... what was the LoCcol in *Amazing* called?) His first paragraph in "**Thots While Gardening**" seemed at first to be a case in point, and on first reading I remember thinking that it could be cut out without too much loss. Upon completing the article I retracted that opinion; Ted, like Rich, has actually taken a bad habit and turned it round so that it becomes a virtue. The whole piece is about technique – alternating between writing and gardening – and as such, what would have been an annoying digression had his column been about some other topic becomes interesting when it's actually what the whole article is about.



I always thought the received wisdom was that the last regular fmg reviews in a prozine were Mari Wolfe's in *Imagination*. Perhaps this is a question for Timebinders? Denny Lien should know if Curt Phillips doesn't.

Dave Langford, as usual, makes the art of writing light-hearted fannishness seem infuriatingly easy (even if, as here, he really sweated blood over it... sorry). I know that Dave rarely if ever writes any other sort of fanzine material, but he does it so well that to complain would be invidious.

The matching in medical topics between Langford and Grady may have been fortuitous but the pieces went well together. 'Nitrous ox hide' is a pun I shall save up for some future suitable occasion. And once more we see that all knowledge is contained in fanzines; where else would I have learnt that Florence Nightingale invented the pie chart? (Presumably, from the same teacher or the same book as Grady learnt it. Never answer rhetorical questions).

Michael Waite's photo-cum-pictures were fascinating and a little disturbing. Further comment, I fear, is beyond me.

Skel, as usual, is a high point of any fanzine he appears in, even amongst the exalted company here. He made me ponder off at a tangent; why do fans seem to like garlic in their cooking so much more than a normal cross-sample of the population? My parents were so strait-laced in their choice of food that I was in my late teens before I tasted such 'nasty foreign muck' as chili, pizza, or even red peppers... and, of course, garlic. Ever since, when cooking for fans I've checked whether anyone present objects to garlic. I don't remember anyone saying so, not once.

It's also nice to see that someone else doesn't keep their eggs in the fridge. In fact, I use the little round holes in the fridge door which are meant to contain eggs to store... garlic. Well, once you start breaking up the bulb the cloves get lost at the bottom of the vegetable basket unless you keep them separate.

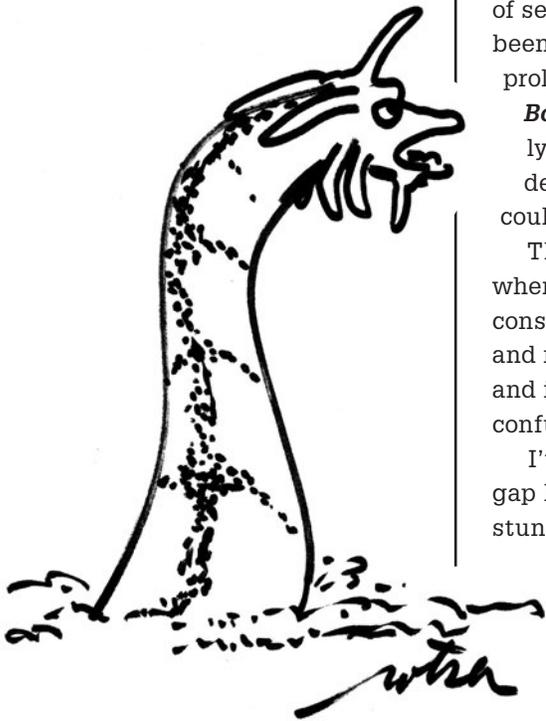
By a weird coincidence, the Stiles cartoon at the head of this piece was also in the issue of *Wilde Heirs* that caught up with me the other day after chasing me round England for nearly two years and six addresses.

It's rather sad that Roger Sims has evidently never come across Harry Bell, who must be behind only Terry Jeeves and ATom in terms of length of service and amount of art produced in British fandom (Harry Turner has been around longer, as has Alan Hunter, but Bell has surely been more prolific). Apart from his art Harry edited *Grimwab*, *Snorkel*, *The Grimbling Bosch* and a few other titles... oh, and co-edited the excellent and unjustly forgotten *Out Of The Blue*. All in all I don't think Harry's fannish credentials can be faulted; he seems a bit quiet nowadays, but then again I could be looking in the wrong places, receiving as few zines as I now do.

The only quibble I have with your excellent layout occurs on pp. 2638-9, where you place your list of cons opposite Mike Glicksohn's article about cons, and it's too easy to think that the 'my' in 'MyCons' relates to Mike and not to you. Luckily I remember meeting Mike at Conspiracy in 1987, and indeed he mentions that mind-blowing Worldcon, so any potential confusion was soon cleared up, for me at least.

I've been to only two Worldcons, both in this country, and frankly the gap between them of eight years suited me fine. A Worldcon is such a stunning event that to visit it every year would either wreck my brain totally, or else cause me to be inured to its grandeur and size, neither of which I would particularly be keen on.

Having said that, it would be interesting to see what a Worldcon would be like with a trufan such as Glicksohn at the helm. If I manage to become Very Rich by 2003 I might just try and find out...



Joel Zakem's article made me wonder what I'm missing by having no home as such. Oh, I have a roof over my head and all that, but I lived in three different houses (not counting time at boarding school) in my youth and have lived in at least a dozen since moving out of my parents'. My birthplace is Stoke-on-Trent; I do not say 'my hometown' because I don't think of it that way. It is a grimy, run-down, remote industrial conurbation with little to recommend it. Oddly enough I know quite a few people who come from there, but they all seem to have escaped as soon as was decently possible.

The obituaries for Bea Mahaffey, Doc Lowndes and Jackie Causgrove all did their job in presenting a varied collection of valedictions to their subjects. Too bad that fandom has now reached the age where such obituaries will start to become more and more common with every year.

I came upon Doc Smith too old and too exposed to better SF to be able to enjoy any of his work, but I appreciate the role he played in the field in his day, and Eshbach's piece was entertaining.

Lichtman's list would be a good shopping-list for anyone who wants fandom at their fingertips, though many of the items on it are probably vanishingly hard to lay hands on nowadays. I would perhaps draw attention to a few omissions; most surprisingly Laney's *Ah Sweet Idiocy*; Chuck Connor's collection of Harry Warner articles; and who was it who edited *The Willis Papers*, which had surprisingly little overlap with *Warhoon 28*? Then there are several TAFF/DUFF/GUFF reports not listed (Marty and Robbie Cantor's is the first to spring to mind).

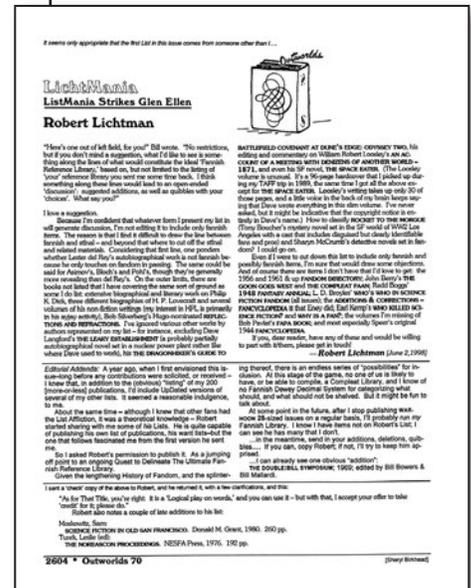
Lichtman's idea of anthologising the Willis columns from *Nebula* is an excellent one, and I'd like to state publicly that the reason I'm not rushing cash to him for it is that I have every issue of *Nebula* but three (well, theoretically all but two, but Greg Pickersgill still has the copy of one of them which he found for me, and I gave him money for, many years ago...)

It seems to be a very open secret indeed over here that Langford wrote the whole of *AN ACCOUNT OF A MEETING WITH DENIZENS OF ANOTHER WORLD*, given his frequent amusement when UFOlogists take it seriously...

So, what of the person who put it all together and to whom I'm writing all this twaddle? Well, Bill, I can only say that I've finally met my match in composing pointless lists. I thought I was bad until I saw the lists scattered throughout *OW70*. There's even a list of lists, for heaven's sake! I cannot compete; I bow to you. My lists are mere folly. Here's one of all Ed McBain's 87th Precinct novels showing which detectives appear in which book. Here's a list, probably years old, of articles by Vincent Clarke, when I was considering trying to collect up a fanthology of his best work. (A project that would still be utterly worthwhile, if Vince could get past his modesty enough to grant permission.) My inability to discard anything paper-related means I am always coming across lists of things to do or shopping lists, years old, taken with me through several house-moves. My list of 45rpm records needs updating... so does my fanzine collection's catalogue... oh, hell, Bill, you've awoken the demon within me that was asleep. I think I know what I'm going to do after I finish this LoC.

Full marks to you for the Claud Cockburn quote. I'm always surprised at how few fans seem to have even heard of *The Week*, which from all accounts bore a remarkable resemblance to a fanzine in more ways than being produced on a stencil duplicator.

You raise the question of e-zines. Ironically I currently have the resources to produce one, and not the resources to produce a traditional zine. But rather than go electronic I'd sooner wait to do it in what I think of as a proper manner. It just doesn't seem to be the same to me, if it doesn't come through



the letter box (or at least get handed to you by a fellow fan), and you can't scribble marginal notes, and can't file it away in a cardboard box afterwards. I firmly believe that nothing will ever kill the fanzine off; not the greater ease of face-to-face contact between fans nowadays, not the Internet, not the photocopier, not nothing, not nohow. (Though I must admit that email is a great boon for sending transatlantic letters of comment!)

Well, I seem to have arrived at the bacover again so I guess that's that. I can't claim to have responded to everything (for instance, I found Billy Wolfenbarger's piece so opaque that ten seconds after reading it, it had vanished from my mind) but you have certainly extracted from me enough verbiage to fill several normal LoCs. Maybe it's because I've written so few lately that the words had to seize this chance to get out or die stuck forever inside me... [Saturday, September 19, 1998]

Al Curry

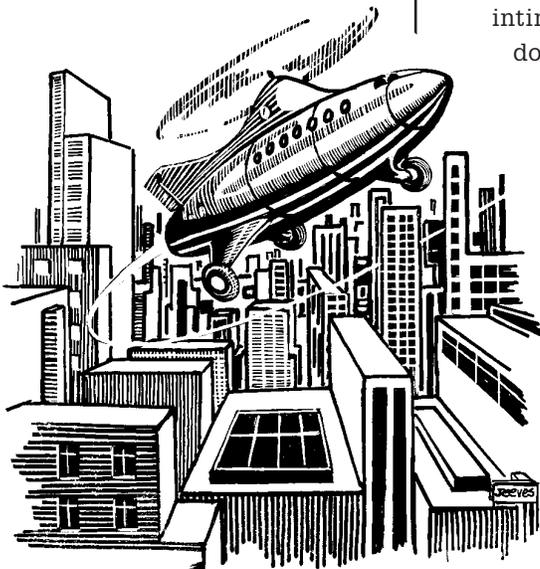
As you know, I, too, received a copy of your latest tome because of the minuscule contribution that I didn't know I was making at the time. Whenever I get a fanzine from anyone, I immediately look through the names of contributors to see if I'm listed. I've sent out so many cartoons over the years, that I no longer recall what they all were, nor to whom they were sent.

I had totally forgotten about the piece I sent to Jackie Causgrove (during her sojourn in L.A. twenty-some years back) until I looked up the page number and said, "Oh yeah... that one." A bit like forgetting about one of your children, I suppose, but... too bad.

As usual, the sheer size of your publications is enough to boggle. Christ, that's a lot of work, Bill! And... yes, I think you are overreacting a bit in regard to the production values, as the issue looks damned fine to me. Still, it is your issue, and you have every right to overreact if that's what you're shooting for. Granted that my publishing days only included two volumes of *Quantum* and one volume of *Gnomenclature* (none of whose issues ever matched the qualifications of doorstep the way most of yours seem to do), I never saw anything intimidating about your publications. To me it's an apples and oranges sort of situation. I couldn't do an *Outworlds*; you couldn't do a *Gnomenclature*. We both do that which is ours to do, and I see no need of worrying about such things as who is intimidated and who is inspired. Those who are going to publish will do so; those who are only going to talk about it will do so.

I will disagree mildly with your comment re: electronic media. I see nothing whatsoever wrong with LoCcing via email (he said, LoCcing via email). I would prefer to send articles or cartoons, however, via the Post Orifice, or by handing over an envelope the next time I see you. I suppose, if one were so inclined, one could attach the pages of the article to an email or scan in the artwork and attach that. That presumes a great deal, however. What if the person on the receiving end is less equipped electronically? What if they can only receive text files? Still, I would expect that the time will come when the paper medium of fanzines will, itself, go the way of all older technologies and be lost to us.

[Wednesday, September 9, 1998]



CURRYed Blues

Shortly after I moved to Cincinnati, in the Summer of 1977, I developed a weekend ritual of spending nearly every Friday or Saturday nite – often both – doing my absolute best to help “close” Hap’s Irish Pub, over on Erie Avenue... cross town in Hyde Park. Despite being in my thirties, I’d never [well, hardly ever: there was the late ’60s Philippines Exile] frequented bars. It was all new to me and, I confess, I enjoyed it. [And, remarkably in retrospect, eventually made it home safely each time.]

Part of the enjoyment factor was the sense of a “community”; many (but not all) of the local fans I was beginning to form deep friendships with also frequented Hap’s. Inevitably, life progressed, and I haven’t been back to Hap’s – save one exception – since the early ’80s. But, while it lasted... well, I’ve belatedly come to realize what prompted the Tales of the White Hart, and others of the genre.

[There remain Tales to be Told here, also; perhaps, now – decades later – some of them actually *can* be told. But not at this moment, and probably not in this venue...]

To a large degree that local gestalt centered around one Al Curry – erstwhile Quantum-Gnome, and Official Cartoonist of The Bowers Foibles... Al is one of those individuals you have to know to appreciate; and, even knowing him, it sometimes takes a while to appreciate him. Determinedly rude, crude and perverse – sometimes I suspect he cultivates the image just a wee bit – he is nevertheless unfailingly generous, as well as being one of the more talented individuals it is my privilege to call friend. He writes; he draws... and he is a damn fine Bar Musician.

...that last not a pejorative in my lexicon: if there is one thing I admire more than sheer talent, it is craftsmanship – someone whose dedication to a discipline sometimes exceeds their innate “talent”. (I go back to a day in which my “profession” – drafting – was a craft, not a job description.)

I know from carrying a tune about as much as I know from carrying a relationship, but even I know that Al is not the “best” singer I’ve ever heard. He smokes, he drinks... and his voice reflects the ravages of such uncouth behavior. But he can control a bar crowd (sometimes he has to... after he has agitated them!), and he can carry an audience along with him. In the old days, in addition to all that Irish stuff, a large part of Al’s repertoire consisted of songs such as “Illegal Smile”, “Sam Stone” and (my favorite) “Paradise”. Which Al did as John Prine would have done them... could John Prine only sing. [Actually my most frequent “request” was for Al’s medley of “The Old Rugged Cross” / “House of the Rising Sun”; perhaps an understandable preference given my upbringing – and my relentless efforts to Get Past It.]

Then there were the Curry Originals. Mostly rude, crude, etc. – except for one titled “Changeling”. Beautiful, sheer fantasy, it was one of the 3-song set Al performed for the “Live” Outworlds at Corflu IV (and was “illustrated” by slides from Joan Hanke-Woods).

I gather Hap’s is still over there, but it’s been a long time since those days. Almost as long as it’s been since the last issue of *Gnomenculture*. But I’m pleased to report that Al has a brand new ‘zine out:

Al Curry & the crapshoot jam band: PUSH COMES TO SHOVE

A 12-cut Compact Disc... all Curry originals. More blues than booze, I’ve really enjoyed listening to it. All of the songs are new to me, with one exception: Another from Al’s Corflu Set – the legendary, the tasteful, “Dogshit Blues”. I’m sorry not to have a rendition of “Changeling” but Al is right – it simply wouldn’t have “fit” on this compilation.

I know you have a lot of demands on your time and financial resources, but if you know Al, or even if you don’t and simply appreciate the Blues, I can without hesitation recommend that you get a copy of this.

The CD is available in the U.S., for \$12.00 including postage, from P.A. Curry, 3440 Telford Street #19, Cincinnati OH 45220, keltoi@cinternet.net.

For those of you outside the U.S., contact Al directly; I’m sure you’ll be able to work something out.

Now then:

I mentioned having made one last trip to Hap’s, after the Glory Days. Somewhere in the mid-80s – unfortunately that’s as specific as I can be – Mr. Curry and Ms. Lyn were married. At Hap’s Irish Pub, on a Sunday morning.

I know I attended the “ceremony”. I know this because for years my friends insisted on telling me that I *had* been there. I take their word for it: You see, piled on the back “stoop” of Hap’s that Sunday ayem was this vast stash of wine. The sensitive soul that I am, I swore I heard the boards supporting this “winery” groan, and I took it as my personal mission to lighten the load. From what I hear, I did an admirable job.

That’s okay, Al. It was the least that I could do.

Now then, about the next installment of your *OW* column...?

Art Metzger

For years and years (and years) I've held onto a vague memory of a kids' tv show about a girl who had adventures that always started with a kitchen chair. I don't remember anything else about it, except that it often scared me to death at the time. I've looked in tv books, books on kids' tv, etc., and I've never found any reference to it. For years I've thought it was my imagination. Until I opened **Outworlds** and saw Taral Wayne's article. There it was – someone else remembered it. I wish I could find out more about it.

I enjoyed Lloyd Eshbach's article on E. E. Smith. He made me try, as I have in the past, to order copies of Doc Smith's books for the store. But the only thing in print is **CHILDREN OF THE LENS**, from Old Earth books, and none of our distributors carry it.

One thing I did succeed in getting recently (to my surprise) through Barnes and Noble distribution, was a copy of Lloyd Eshbach's **OVER MY SHOULDER**. When I ordered a copy (for myself) we showed only two copies in the warehouse. When I got mine and found out that you had been looking for it I ordered the other copy. Just out of curiosity, a couple of weeks later I checked again and found that two more copies had shown up – they had apparently found a couple more or ordered them from Grant. So I ordered another copy and talked Don Carter into buying it.

A week or so ago I ordered another copy, thinking that, since we'd sold three copies without any of them actually making it out to the shelves, I'd try one for stock, curious to see if it would sell. It came in yesterday and sold immediately – I found out today that Rick McCollum bought it.

Joel's article reminded me how much I miss those little outings with Lou whenever someone was in town. That's how I met L. Sprague de Camp right after his biography of Lovecraft came out, and Art Saha, who I wasn't familiar with at the time, though I did have a copy of the sort of pin-up magazine that featured his daughter Heidi.

[September 16, 1998]

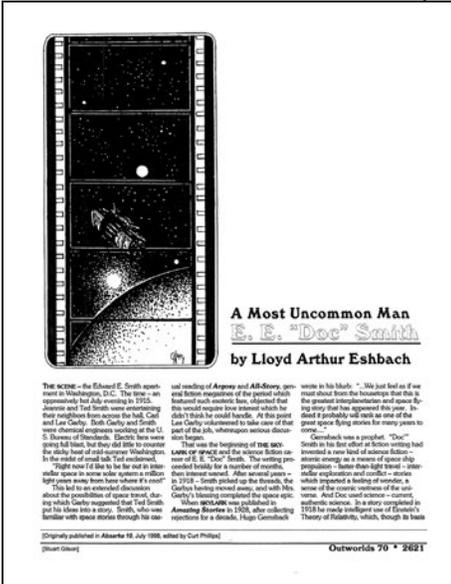
That "sort of pin-up magazine" was another of the many Jim Warren "specials". I also had a copy. In fact I probably still do. If you can't find yours, Art, you are welcome to go rooting through the boxes in the basement... (I thought not.)

Incidentally, at one of the few Eastcoast cons I made in the '70s, I saw Heidi. And was (even at the peak of my "candy-store" phase) singularly unimpressed: An insufferable little girl, muchly over-painted.

[But I always "blamed" her parents.]

Milt Stevens

Not having received recent issues, I don't know whether you usually include a bookmark with the table of contents on it. It proved to be very handy. I used it as something of a roadmap as I was wending my way through the vast expanses of the issue. It's also handy when you're trying to remember the vast array of material for the purposes of writing a LoC. You did have a lot of variety in this issue. Since you have just about every sort of fannish writing in the issue, it could be used as a sampler to give to people who were wondering what fanzine writing was like.



Dave Locke's reminiscence of Jackie Causgrove is an impressive piece of writing. It's the best piece of writing I've seen in a fanzine in quite a while. I barely knew Jackie Causgrove. I think I encountered her on half a dozen occasions ever. Dave's reminiscence makes me feel sorry I didn't know her better.

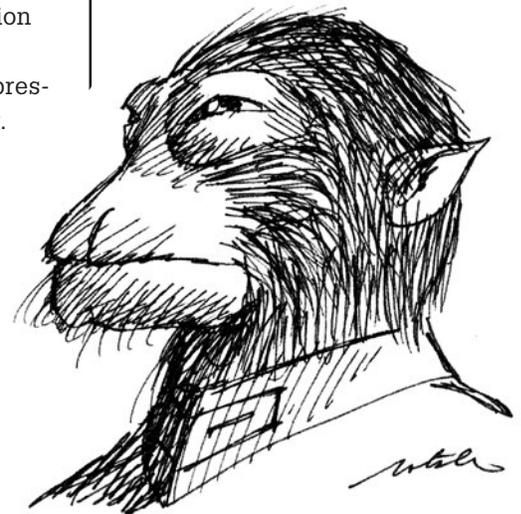
Unlike Bob Lichtman, I've never thought of fannish stuff as reference material (with the exception of **FANCY II**). I've read TAFF reports and fanthologies, but I have no real reason to refer back to them. On the science fiction side, there are a few items I would include that Bob didn't. I would undoubtedly include the Donald Tuck **ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY**. Either the MIT or Metcalf index of magazines would be a useful inclusion. If you really wanted to be a completist, you could have both. One book I found very useful in my pre-fan days was the 1953 edition of de Camp's **SCIENCE FICTION HANDBOOK**. I learned a lot about fandom and science fiction as it existed in the early fifties from that book. The later edition deleted the material on the early fifties and didn't replace it with anything else. My last addition would be James Gunn's 1975 **ALTERNATE WORLDS, THE ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF SCIENCE FICTION**.

I enjoyed Gregory Benford's discussion of **THE DREAMS OUR STUFF IS MADE OF**. I think science fiction people have always either praised science fiction to the absolute heights or condemned it to the absolute depths. We don't seem to do well with a moderate approach. The literary literature establishment can flimflam us quite easily. Certainly, we know there are plenty of things wrong with science fiction, but we cringe from such criticisms when the literary literature establishment makes them. However, there are plenty of things wrong with literary literature as well. Take Eliot as an example. When you think about what he is saying, it boils down to empty and outdated snobbery. You would have to do a lot of searching in science fiction to find an outlook as foolish.

Lloyd Arthur Eshbach uses several quotes from E.E. Smith referring to the subject of decency. Smith obviously felt the things he included in his stories are representative of decency. However, there is the minor matter of genocide (such as the Good Guys completely exterminating the Fenachrone) which grates on modern readers. It would take an astronomical amount of perversion to equal the extermination of an entire species.

Reading Mike Glicksohn's accounts of the Worldcons he has attended reminded me of an incident involving Mike at LACon I. Back in those days Mike traveled around with a snake. Usually that didn't create any particular problems. There was one exception. It was at some affair or other, and Mike had ordered a drink at a cash bar. Mike became involved in a conversation with another fan and stood there with one elbow on the bar. The snake decided to go exploring at the other side of the bar. The bartender's expression would have looked perfect on the cover of any issue of *Weird Tales*. Talk about speechless horror. I think he was ready to take the pledge right there. Several people saw what was happening and said something like "Mike..... Snake!" in unison. Mike hauled his snake back and walked away from the bar. I don't know if the bartender ever recovered.

Later, I was looking at a variety of photos that had been taken at the convention. I had three different photos of Mike Glicksohn, but none of them showed anything other than a hat perched on a mass of hair. I mentioned this curious fact to Mike in a letter several months later. He commented that he was aware of the phenomenon. As a result, he would remove his hat when he wanted to travel incognito.



There was one aspect of rich brown's recounting of the Door Incident that really stirred up my sense of wonder. The idea of inviting a female to my hotel room to read the cut stencils of the next issue of my fanzine exceeds my wildest conceptions of the improbable. Not that I don't believe it. However, I could understand that hearing about such an incident might have led the girl's parents to fear that she was drifting into abnormal behavior. She would have had to come up with a cover story. "Honest folks, I just went to his room to be chained to the sprinkler system and whipped, but then things started getting kinky." That sounds much more normal.

By now, the idea of inviting a female to your hotel room to read cut stencils would have an entirely different context. If a male is still cutting stencils, what other primitive atavisms might he be capable of?

[February 17, 1999]

John Hertz

I like your naming illo artists in the footer of the page they appear on.

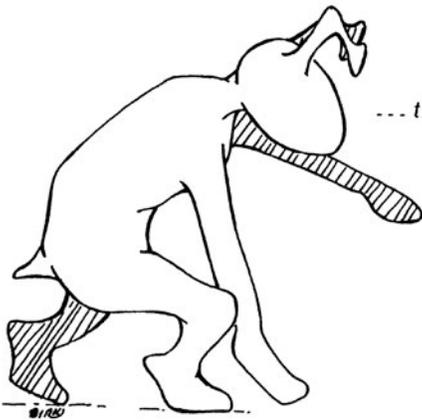
Do beware of computerized spelling-checkers: not only won't they note the Apostrophe Abomination of "its"/"it's" errors, but they'll let slip misspellings of "sevagram", "reveries of Wolfenbargerworld" (although "revers" is a fine candidate for Inspired Typo), **NARCISSUS UND GOLDMUND**, and then the dogs of war; and you're left holding the bag, or, as brown, everybody's rich brother, might say, the waterbag.

brown's article is indeed radiant. His minor virtues are nearly as fine as his strengths. I admire how he delicately reproves the slashing idiosyncrasy of **FANCYCLOPEDIA II**, with whose editor I myself dare not find much fault because of my failure to succeed him; likewise he reproves the worse error in us all, by confessing it in himself, of supposing a thing factually reliable because it is artistically strong. A student – I'm always delighted by the literal meaning of this word, "they are eager" – must know both kinds of truth. Not only was 7th Fandom better, and Harmon never soaked, but Ellison has been gallant about it over forty years. Ellison's admirers, who cannot be surprised to learn such things, can still be breathtaken. brown having kindly mentioned Georgette Heyer, I will liken him to Dorothy Dunnett, and Ellison to Crawford of Lymond.

I wish Wm. Breiding hadn't called **DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE** a pseudo-werewolf tale (does he know Nabokov's discussion in **LECTURES ON LITERATURE?**). I wish as I always do that a fan who's read a lot of Hesse would remark on **THE GLASS BEAD GAME**, our only Nobel Prize novel, and I wish he'd connected "torn-up middle-aged men who found salvation late in life through a subdued sexuality and the Mother Image" with 1984 – except "subdued" – but his memoirs are fascinating.

I love Taral's poster for General Jinjur "The Royal Army of Oz Needs Girls!" – except "contact" as a verb – and Brad Foster's cartoon a *propos* of azaleas, "damn weeds"; when you're trying to grow teak, a peony is a weed.

Eshbach's treatment of E. E. Smith is grand. Not only was Smith a pioneer, but his tales are gems. They are no more "obsolete" – Damon Knight, who as A. E. Van Vogt said can be right, can also be wrong – than Dickens or Homer. Look at that great political novel of the Fifties, **ADVISE AND CONSENT**, or for that matter look at **BUG JACK BARRON**. I'm happy to be a fan of a genre that has Smith and Spinrad in it.



... there it is, right there,
a **TYPO!**

Benford was far easier on Disch's dreadful book than it deserves. I said my say in **File 770** when Disch attacked Newt Gingrich in **The Nation** for the sin of writing science fiction.

About **Button-Tack**, the Rick Sneary memorialzine which the Moffatts and I edited: I have a few left of the current printing, and I think Bruce Pelz has some too. For this printing, copies are \$5, payable to S.C.I.F.I. who subsidized it; an addressed 9"x12" return envelope with 7 oz. postage would be kind. [September 19, 1998]

Irwin Hirsh

Thanks for **Outworlds 70**. Even though it arrived via airmail, that you sent it by seamail makes me feel comfortable in taking time to respond with a LoC. After all, you weren't expecting me to see the thing till at least late November. (When I met Perry Middlemiss, at Unicon IV in 1978, he gave me a copy of his fanzine. More than two months later I sat down to write him a LoC, and while I apologised for the delay I rationalised it by noting that if I lived in the UK or USA, I would've only just received my sent-by-sea copy of the fanzine. It turned out I was the first person to send Perry a LoC on that issue.)

Actually the waves of response are, along with the cost, the only advantages to sending fanzines out by seamail. I'd send out an issue of **Sikander** and after the response from Aussies had died down in would come the letters from the North Americans. And just as that is trailing off the letters from the UK would start arriving. I compare this to putting something through an apa – where the response arrives in one big go and at set intervals – and you can see why I think that the theory that the attraction of an apa is the high level of response is one which is full of holes.

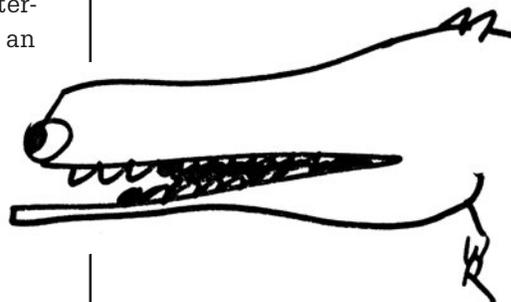
So, I like your observation that you regard "**Outworlds** as My Own Private Apa." Around ANZAPA's 25th anniversary (1993) when people were suggesting that I rejoin I made the observation that I'm in an apa, called Apa:Irwin. I write what I want, in the form of articles and letters-of-comment, send 'em out, and get fanzines in return. Apa:Irwin had certain advantages, as I don't have to worry about layout or paying for the publishing, and someone else edits me.

I like the link between this issue and the just published issues of Bruce Gillespie's **The Metaphysical Review** (the previous 'oh-my-god'-sized fanzines I've received): Ditmar's covers. I don't think the blue stock was the best choice for the front cover (it reduced the range between light and dark, and caused the shadow in the left of the crater to be not as dark as it could be) but the colour stock works fine for the back cover. As a graphical introduction to this issue of **Outworlds** the covers do an excellent job. A good editorial choice.

Thanks for the b**OW**kmark. **OW** isn't a fanzine to be read in a single sitting, and the b**OW**kmark got a good workout. I'll do my best to collect the whole series.

I really enjoyed Wm. Breiding's article. Over the past few years he's written some great material for fanzines. I recall some fantastic travel pieces in Gary Mattingly's **Skug**, for instance. This item is different from those. And similar. Wm. is right: he doesn't answer the questions he posed in the prologue, but the article was nevertheless a very good piece, a journey well told. One of the highlights of this issue.

Speaking of **Skug**... I would've thought that Patty Peters has had an article or two published in her husband's fanzine, which I note is "a general



circulation fanzine". But a) I'm currently unable to get to my copies of Gary's fanzine to check, b) I can't recall anything by Patty in its pages, while I do recall stuff by others, and c) I'm sure you would've thought of this possibility and have done my checking for me (in which case, thanks).

I found it kinda timebinding to have Wm.'s and Patty's articles sitting next to each other, as I borrowed their couch when visiting San Francisco in late 1979. (That's not strictly true as back then Wm. was Bill.) In fact, the first paragraph of her article has me particularly recalling that week, since it was Patty who described to me the process(es) by which Dianne Feinstein become SF's mayor.

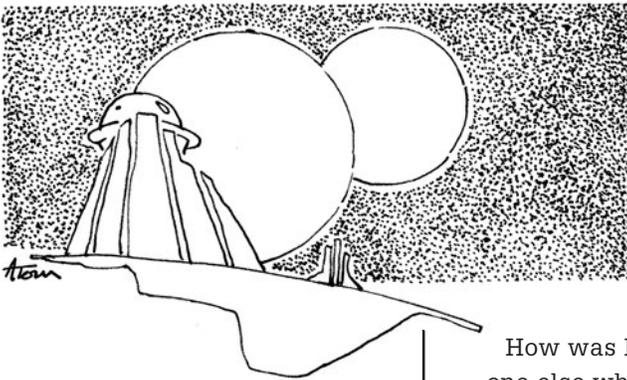
Patty's story about Doug being a toy-hog and how Bob would distract him with other toys is universal. There's a three-and-a-half year gap between our sons. There was a period of time when the toy Kieran (the younger) wanted to play with was whatever toy was in Adrian's hands. This always upset Adrian, but we showed him how to deal with the matter: just give him the toy and go over and get something else. Kieran will soon want that, and will stop playing with the original toy. A few years later my sister caused Adrian and Kieran to become Big Cousins, and lately whenever Gilbert visits he'd always want the toy Kieran is playing with...

I have a note to comment extensively on "**Licht-Mania**", but since then the list has gone through extensive revisions through Timebinders. There's a lot of stuff listed here I'd like to have. And one of the main entries on my want-list is the last item mentioned on Robert's Want List on page 2608: Arthur Thomson's "**ATom Abroad**". 13 years after the event I kick myself for not having purchased a copy at Aussiecon Two. There was a copy in the fan lounge, going for, I think, \$10. I remember looking at it and thinking "I'll buy this later."

How was I to know that there, at the Worldcon of all places, was someone else who knew about ATom?

Hey Bill, in case no one has ever told you this let me be the first: you're a good editor. The only bit of Mike Glicksohn's article I noted for comment was in his paragraph about Conspiracy, where he celebrates the announcement that Joe Haldeman will be a Worldcon Guest of Honour with the remark "About time!". I turn the page and there's Roger Sims' article discussing Worldcon Guests of Honor. Now, I have no problem with Joe Haldeman's name appearing on a list headed 'Worldcon Guests of Honour', and it is nice to see Mike cheering when something good happens to a mate. But I'm not sure if anytime prior to 1987 was Haldeman's "time".

Like Roger I'd have liked there to have always been a clear line in the way that Worldcon guests were titled. None of this Mystery, UK, and Special stuff. I was a member of the (winning, dammit) Melbourne in '85 bid, and when it came to selecting our GoHs we only thought of prospects as Pro and Fan. Nothing else. To add something to Roger's remarks about The Stranger Club's selection as WCFGH: it was a weird choice. A club (or movement, or convention, or ...) rather than an individual or individuals? The club existed because of the people who made it. To my mind fanhistory is the story of individuals. It is what people achieve and create within fandom which is remembered and noted, and that is what I regard the WCFGH as recognising. I look down the list of people who have been WCFGHs, attach their stories and I'm able to get a picture of what those people did to



get fandom to where it is today. My eye tracks over the words 'The Stranger Club' and I'm not sure what achievement is being honoured.

In the lettercol there is some discussion on how to get the fannish strikeouts out of computer word processing packages. Neither of the common alternatives such as a horizontal line through the words or the version of p/u/t/t/i/n/g t/h/e s/l/a/s/h between the letters have the right feel. I wonder if anyone has ever run the master through the printer a second time, just to put a series of slashes through the appropriate words. Will putting fannish strikeouts in fanzines become the modern equivalent to perfect registration in multicolour mimeo work of earlier times?

As it happens, PC-Write, the word processing programme I use on my home computer, can give me fannish strikeouts and in a process which sounds a lot easier than the one Robert Lichtman describes as being possible with WordPerfect. PC-Write is an old DOS-based programme so it has limitations in a lot of other ways. But it's a shareware programme so I can get a copy to anyone who asks. (An added bonus: you'll get a copy of my version of the file WORDS.MAS. I've incorporated a whole lot of words into it so that my computer is able to distinguish between the correct and incorrect spelling of words like 'fanzine', 'Glicksohn', 'egoboo', 'Irwin' and 'Hirsh'. If nothing else, I encourage all faneds to concern themselves with the latter two.)

I used to work in the film industry. Among other things I was Assistant Editor on three feature films. So I eagerly looked down your list of films viewed since 1982. Not once have you had the opportunity to see my name in the closing credits. Meaning: from your perspective, is the first line of this paragraph true? Regarding your One More List: I'd dispute your statement that you "have no critical facilities with regards to film". Compared to those who you were pitching the comment to, you just have a different threshold and different standards.

For very personal reasons I'm amused to see **The Man From Snowy River** on that list. I missed it on its initial release, and saw it a couple months later as the first of a double feature. When the lights came on at interval I turned to Wendy and remarked that if we weren't seeing the second film I'd feel cheated out of my admission money. It bored me. Talking to people who liked the film I lost count of the number of people who agreed that its script was weak, but they nevertheless loved the film because it looked so good. I'm not sure that I appreciate the point; as it was presented to us **The Man From Snowy River** was better suited as an exhibition in a photography gallery.

During the early and mid '80s one of the criticisms of the Australian film industry was that it was strong in technical areas but lacking in the creative aspects of filmmaking. **The Man From Snowy River** is my number one example to support that criticism. It was produced with fine detail to the technique of film making, but it was lacking in character and its story was not well told.

Hmm, I seem to have barely explored all the worlds covered in this issue. And even those I touched upon I had only fleeting visits. You don't want to put out a 20-page rough-as-guts issue in order to get my LoCwriting juices really flowing, do you?

[November 12, 1998]

You say: "I'd dispute your statement that you 'have no critical facilities with regards to film'." For whatever reasons, I *loved* **The Man From Snowy River**!

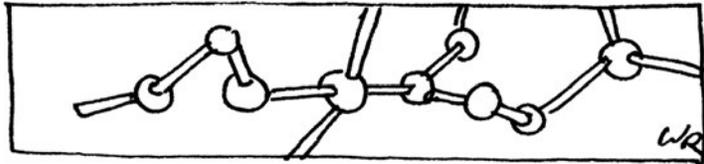


Patty Peters

We got back from our vacation today and, as promised, “the brick” was waiting for me. Disciplined, I unpacked the car and loaded the first batch of laundry before I allowed myself to open up the envelope. Oooh. It’s so pretty!

In “**Post-it Notes**” you mention some of your still undone projects, like the “then I published” and your ideas on “the making of”. How could you have the energy after this edition? I too love the feel of the printed fanzine, but don’t find myself putting the time into print publications that I know they deserve. Even this letter is being written on the computer. Hopefully, the fact that these words will never see wood product doesn’t make them less valuable to you. I also agree with your policy about availability. If you’re going to do this, what better than your whim should decide who sees it?

Yes, (regarding Jackie) “dulled but not diminished” sums it up. Strange things remind you of those you’ve lost. A song. A stupid TV commercial. A particularly snide remark that only *they* would appreciate. Wham! You miss them with the same ferocity.



Well, I failed to meet your challenge. Though I’ll structure this LoC with the flow of your zine, I did quite a bit of jumping about it this afternoon. Called Wm. this evening to issue my congratulations and encouragement. (What do you think, the **New Yorker** or N.P.R.?) He assures me that I’m wrong and, if I’ll

just read it through, my piece does fit. IMHO it must have been one of the ones causing you grief as you tried for that flow. We’ll see.

Thanks to those who could write memorials to Jackie. Like many, I remember her best from conventions. The family photos and Gil’s shot encapsulate my memories.

I guess Taral & I are just far enough apart in age and geography that I don’t remember any of the shows he mentions. The description of Sharon’s Show got me thinking of **Pee Wee’s Playhouse**, but that’s another story. The obscure kid’s shows I do recall are **The Milky the Clown Show** and **Friendly Giant**. **Milky** was put on by a local Detroit dairy, Twin Pines. We actually had bottles of white and chocolate delivered to our door every couple of days by their trusty courier. My sisters and I collected the little cardboard disks that kept the caps in place. Hundreds of them! We convinced Mom to take us down to a taping of the show and were dreaming of bidding for one of the fantastical prizes those cardboard disks would buy. Unfortunately, Mom got pulled over for speeding on the way. We never made it. The opening tune for **Friendly Giant** helped me out in high school. I had to take a music class and the challenge was teaching myself to play an instrument. The final exam was to play a piece of music cold. I sat in a corner with my trusty plastic recorder and pulled out all the notes, but in five weeks I hadn’t gotten all the timing stuff figured out for sight reading. After running the notes fast in desperation, I realized it was the Bach tune that opened and closed that little show from my childhood. Nailed that one!

Laughed out loud at Wm.’s account of aborted thievery. I’ll have to send him a gift certificate to City Lights so he can make amends. I can’t believe a retrospective of his favorites doesn’t include **THE STARS MY DESTINATION** (Bester). Being even more sf-illiterate than Wm., I used him as a reference resource. We haunted many bookstores looking for a decent copy of that one.

In Memoriam: Robert "Buck" Coulson

I received several emails that Buck had died – on the 19th of Feb. as I recall – and a hole opened in the pit of my stomach.

Buck was so emotionally and intellectually tough that I expected him to outlive me. He was like a granite mountain in science fiction fandom, always uncompromisingly telling the truth as he knew it. And he knew most of it.

I especially remember him as a fan god in the 1960s when he and his wife Juanita won the Best Fanzine Hugo (1965) for their zine, **Yandro**. Every issue was eagerly anticipated and highly prized.

So he's gone; another of the old guard. He was 75.

Hail and farewell, Buck.

– Richard E. Geis
The Geis Letter 59
March 1999

• • •

Out climbing up Yandro,
With wind in the pines—
A song in the breezes,
And lyrics so fine.

Out climbing up Yandro,
With wind blowing fair,
In the dusk of the evening,
With pleasure to spare.

Out climbing up Yandro,
To a cabin on top,
A fire for your comfort,
A good place to stop.

– Joe R. Christopher

discovered that my sock was stuck to my foot by dried blood. *Then* it hurt – and Dad laughed at me for not having any pain until I saw the wound. It was bandaged up by Dad and I don't recall ever seeing a doctor. One didn't, in the 1930s, unless it was life or death.

Never had any interest in numbered fandoms. I never quite saw why one had to join a group in order to proclaim one's individuality. rich's father-son story is expanded quite a bit from the original, but retains the same point. Except that originally it was a Jewish joke, and one can't do that anymore. The punch line back in the 1930s was "That'll teach you, Ikey, to never trust nobody!"

Yes, Bob Briney did attend the 1952 Worldcon and is in the panoramic photo that was taken. The 1953 Worldcon in Philly also had a panoramic audience shot; plus, since the banqueters sat at middling-sized circular tables, a shot of each table. My table included Gene DeWeese, Lee Tremper (later Lee Lavell), Juanita, me, Dick Ganley, Bob Briney, and one young fan and a couple of elderly gentlemen I don't know. These days, the photos are probably interesting for the number of suits and sports coats and ties on the males. A few sports shirts, but not a t-shirt in view.

[September 9, 1998]

Buck died in February, 1999.

There is so much I could say, should say, can't say... He was an abiding "part" of my fannish life, from my beginning, until...

I'll miss his occasional personal encounters, and his often first-in LoCs, for a long time to come.

Linda Krawecke

Well, I've been dipping in and out of **OW70** for the past several [bus] journeys. Which is exactly how I like to read things of this size and variety. Like a chocolate box, I can dip in at any time and find a new flavour. I'm afraid I'm the kind who likes to make things last rather than gobbling it up quickly (I can make a Snickers last for *hours*) so it'll be awhile before I finish reading **OW**.

So far... I've laughed, I've cried and I've gotten into a debate at work and I've seen bits of me all over.

D Gary Grady was wonderful. I almost skipped it cause I was in a low mood and thought "great... an article about skin cancer... I just can't take it right now" but when I glanced over the phrase "non-stop hilarity" in the same sentence as "dental technician" I went back to the beginning and read the whole thing. His asides, diversions and digressions just kept coming, each one strangely appropriate and sillier than the last. Good stuff.

The regulars on the bus are used to seeing me run the gamut of emotions. Last year I went through a Charles Dickens phase and I was sobbing with great tears running down my face over parts of **GREAT EXPECTATIONS** while **PICKWICK PAPERS** had me giggling so much, I had to close the book and sit biting my lip to keep from tittering like a manic goose. So no big shock when I went from my snuffing giggles with Gary to a big long sigh and wet eyes with Patty.

I'm a dog person. I'm a cat person too (I have to say that or the one sitting in my lap right now will Dig In in revenge!), but when I moved out of London to the south coast and bought a flat, I knew I wanted one with a yard so I could get a dog. Which I did. And I had four great happy

years with Scooter before we lost her just a few weeks ago to an illness she contracted. So Patty's piece hit me right in the heart. I swear, no one understands what total unconditional love means until they've experienced the loyalty of a dog. (Stop me if I'm gushing.) But Patty did an excellent job of getting across that bond that can exist between person and dog. Scoots used to wait at the upstairs window for me to come home, too.

The debate at work was over the pc-ness of traveling in a country such as Burma, spending Big American Dollars. Larry Downes' travel diary was fascinating and strange. I would love to see the Buddhist shrines decked out with Christmas lights and blinking halos. This reinforces my thoughts that we are the aliens... right here... we just have to open our eyes enough to see it.

And I saw bits of me in Bill Breiding's piece (is he called Bill? I'm trying to recall where I may have met him, if ever). Our life histories don't really cross over. I didn't have older brothers or any brothers for that matter, I didn't grow up on a farm, my parents stayed married until I was long grown up & out of the house. Oh, and I was a girl. But every now and then there was an echo of a memory of what it was like: finding a book, going through phases of reading one author or one strand in the genre, having my kid sister turn me on to comics and heroic fiction (we were REH freaks in the late '60s!), dipping into fandom at last and picking up clues as to what fanzines were about. Echoes. Enough for me to identify with the feelings.

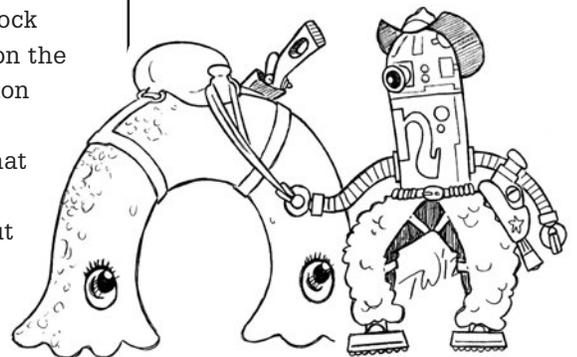
[Tuesday, October 13, 1998]

Joseph T Major

"Post-It Notes": As I said, computers enable one to make the same mistakes, only faster. Also, I have been reading Clifford Stoll's **SILICON SNAKE OIL** and one of the things he points out is the hype of computerized publication, whether paper or Net. One thing to definitely put in your new **"Making of a Fanzine"** would be a statement that just because you have that really really nifty CD-ROM with 3000 typefaces does *not* mean that you have to use every one of them on the same page, or even most of them in the whole zine. That ancient crudzine, poorly mimeo'd on crumbling Twil-tone in fading ink, is more readable than **Wired**, the chronicle of the bleeding edge of the new semi-silicon lifeform (and unending hype).

"Atomic-Age Childhood": Those kiddy shows sure sounded like good reasons to Duck and Cover. "Kiddies, let's go through our A-Bomb drill." "Don't wanna!" "Okay, here's Sharon's Show again." *Whump* as entire class dives under desks and some start prying up tiles to get through the floor. That bit with the talking table sounds like someone was making the original purchases for **Pee Wee's Playhouse**.

Popeye cartoons seem to have been a pretty widespread item of commerce in the early days of TV, since Warner had **Bugs Bunny & Co.** tied up in network deals and **The Mickey Mouse Club** had its own lock on animation, ready to inspire Cyril Kornbluth. They showed them on the Nashville station I watched. At least it was the original full-animation Fleischer Brothers cartoons, not the lame stuff ground out for TV in the sixties. (Though that was not altogether bad. I remember one that retold the legend of the Sampo – the Finnish gristmill-cornucopia that would grind out anything, though most people wanted gold, but only if you asked politely. If you were rude all it produced was salt, and one angry recipient flung it into the ocean, which heretofore had been fresh water.)



In Frankfort we got three sets of local stations (Louisville, Lexington, and Cincinnati), thanks to cable TV and overlap. If there were any Lexington shows I never saw any, but Louisville had the **T-Bar-V Ranch** with Foster Brooks's brother in ghastly makeup. Cincinnati had a puppet show in the afternoons which seemed to feature a disproportionate amount of backstabbing, conspiring, and scheming. This may have been their way of preparing kids for adult life.

"Burma Diary": There is a certain open practicality about Burmese. Aung San (Aung San Suu Kyi's father) commanded an army of Burmese fighting for the Japanese during World War II. In 1945 he decided to defect. He met with the British commander, General William Slim (later Field-Marshal Lord Slim of Burma). Slim asked Aung San why he was changing sides now. Instead of a long speech about Freedom, Democracy, the Atlantic Charter, Unconditional Surrender, and other such justifications, Aung San said "You are winning."

"Burma is comprised of several ethnic groups," Downes says, and all of them seem to be rebelling against the central government. Or their central government, anyhow, since some of those ethnic Chinese were in the Kuomintang army driven over the border at the end of the Chinese Civil War.

pa-gan ('pā-gən) – [Middle English, from Late Latin *pāgānus*, civilian (i.e., not a "soldier of Christ"), from Latin *paganus*, country-dweller, from *pāgus*, village, country]

So the town in ~~Myanmar~~ Burma had nothing to do with it.

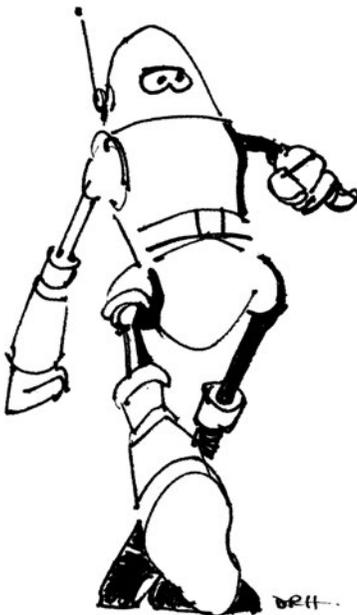
"LichtMania": Langford has admitted to having indeed written all **OF AN ACCOUNT OF A MEETING WITH DENIZENS OF ANOTHER WORLD – 1871**. This is mostly because of Flying Saucer people leaping on this confirmation of Contact, edited by a genuine Nuclear Physicist (cf. **THE LEAKY ESTABLISHMENT**). It is embarrassing to learn that you are too plausible.

Benford reviews **THE DREAMS OUR STUFF IS MADE OF**: Disch's eccentric comprehension of Philip K. Dick is enough to make me wonder. How could anyone think that Dick was a Marxist after reading **EYE IN THE SKY** (the last dream sequence, a total nightmare, is in a world where Marxist theory is real) or **"Faith of Our Fathers"**, his **DANGEROUS VISIONS** story, where Mao Tse-tung is a demon? Unless of course you stick to some really outré Marxist sect where everyone else is a revisionist deviationist capitalist running dog.

"A Most Uncommon Man": I wonder what it would be like if someone published in one volume (books are bigger these days) the original magazine editions of the first four (first written) Lensman books? That is, without the introductions and notes "giving away" the story behind the story. That way, the hypothetical new reader could grow with Kimball Kinnison from Lensman Cadet to governor of an entire Galaxy, from **GALACTIC PATROL** through **GRAY LENS MAN**, **SECOND STAGE LENS MEN**, and **CHILDREN OF THE LENS** all in one block, to finally get to the ultimate discovery of the real meaning of Arisia and "Boskonian".

Eshbach will, I think, be most pleased to hear that our local 16-year-old fan is very much the admirer of Doc Smith.

"My Books Read": It seems odd that we have so little overlap. But I do not read very many mysteries, though I did read **WET WORK** (by Christopher "I'm Bill's son, but I don't go mentioning it, okay?" Buckley). I have not read "S" is for Sue "G" is for Grafton in spite of her local ties.



“A Phone Call from Harlan Ellison”: Interesting emendation on a piece of FanHistory. I wish I had known about it a month ago, when I was at dinner with George and Mary Price. This is additionally poignant in the light of Ellison’s comments, in the introduction to his new collection **SLIPPAGE** that it very well might be his last book.

LoCs: Theodore Roosevelt’s Teddy-sized grief [this comes out as sarcastic, but it should not be thought so; TR was such a *large* person] at the loss of his first wife was noted at the time. It may have been a case of either say nothing, or say too much.

E. B. Frohvet met us just before we went off to the **FOSFAX** dinner. Learning the identity of the Mysterious Frohvet was gratifying, in the sense that I had been wrong in one speculation, but that Frohvet was not anyone I had known of.

WordPerfect 8.0 has an overstrike feature in its typesetting. With that I can get fannish strikeovers and quasiquotes. But in WordStar you can define what the strikeover character is!

Well, so I was wrong about **“Mumps”**. Let us hope it will be back nextish.

I can throw a different spin on Taral’s self-referential CD purchase. I can buy a CD – a commercially released item, not some vanity thingie – with a picture of a relative on the front. The bee girl on the cover of Blind Melon’s first album is my relative Georgia Graham, sister of the band’s drummer Glen Graham.

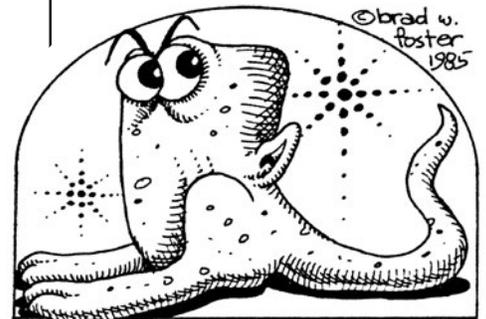
And talking about the losses of BNFs, the letter from Walt Willis has a particular poignancy, after having read the various reports from Chuch Harris on the Net about Walt’s having had a mild, but still incapacitating, stroke.

“My Publications”: I enjoyed **Outworlds** back in the seventies, and had much anguish at the thought of what I had missed in that great hiatus of the eighties, before I had had money or LoCcing skill. Well, thanks for showing me what I have missed. [September 2, 1998]

Sherry Thompson

So sorry to take so long to actually write the LoC. In fact I’m writing this so long after actually reading the ish, that I had to go back and re-read large fragments over again in order to remind myself of what I wanted to say. Hardly a painful occupation for the first half of a vacation day: a late breakfast of coffee and blueberry bagels, and **Outworlds 70** balanced on the cat on my lap (the fanzine moving about at odd and mysterious moments as my Siamese cat, Squeaky, shifts and stretches in her sleep.)

Frankly, I loved so many parts of **OW70** that I’m really stumped about what to say, or what to say first. The artwork was great! Everyone at work was really taken with the cover art, but I also enjoyed the interior illos. I even liked the various lists, though I confess that that’s one part of the zine which I didn’t actually read kiver-ta-kiver. Still, the lists reminded me of the lists of books I used to put together when I was in college. I was always working 20+ hours a week, as well as taking 18 or more credits while I was in school, so I was constantly making lists of books I wanted to read when the semester was over. I remember one spring, I had a list of a couple of hundred to “tackle” as soon as the last final exam was history. Nowadays, I tend to collect lists of books I own, in order to prevent duplicating when I’m in bookstores and at cons, but the sad thing is that I



do much less reading than I used to. Work is just too exhausting, and I tend to crash at night. When people ask me if I've read so-and-so or such-and-such, I'm very likely to answer, "I've bought it but I haven't read it yet."

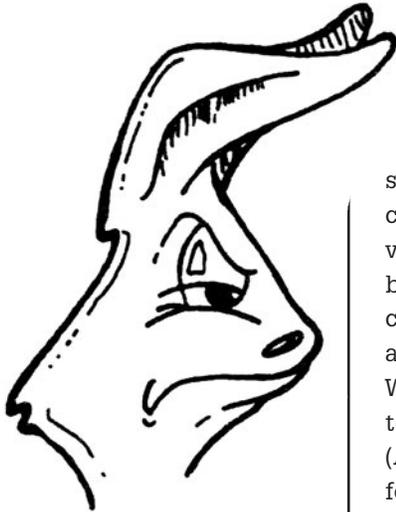
Of course, one of the reasons why I don't read as much as I used to is the new demands of online activities such as Timebinders, my Critters Critiquing group (online SF writing group) and other lists to which I subscribe. As you pointed out in your editorial, Bill, once you start being involved in electronic LoCing (i.e. responding to stuff in mailing lists), you can't go back.

That's a sentiment echoed in Bob Smith's letter, where he described giving his old Tandy to his friend Stan. I'm reminded of when my friend Harry (a fringe fan) showed me how to access mailing lists at work. His "self-centered" purpose was to get me involved with Prof. M.A.R. Barker's mailing list for the **Petal Throne** role-playing game. (I was Harry's gamemaster at the time.) Instead, I became involved with a **Babylon 5** list and a filking mailing list. Eventually, indirectly thanks to Harry, I found Timebinders, etc. Now I can't begin to imagine not being involved with friends I've discovered online... Just as I can't begin to imagine not staying involved with friends I've discovered at cons and through fanzines. As in **TED**, once there's Contact, you can't really stop trying to get to the promised land of fanac.

[...] As long as we're talking about things which began as of interest for children, I wanted to comment on how much I enjoyed Taral Wayne's short article on children's shows. While I don't remember **Willy Wonderful** or **Sharon's Show**, I had similar experiences with other shows like them. One of my favorites was the **Berty the Bunyip Show**, which used to show **Crusader Rabbit** cartoons. I once got into serious trouble in connection with **Crusader Rabbit**. There was a thing you could buy, a clear piece of plastic with an erasable crayon, which the child viewer was supposed to put on the tv screen. Various random lines would be shown on the tv in succession, and the child was to trace them onto the clear piece of plastic. By tracing all the lines, the viewer would then get a clue about what would happen on **Crusader Rabbit** the following week. When I couldn't persuade my parents to get me the **C.R.** clue kit, I decided to just use a regular crayon and the tv screen itself. The rest is... history. (Along with the "box of chocolates" experiment, but that's definitely a story for another day.)

I may have been jealous of the kids who actually had the **Crusader Rabbit** clue kits, but it's nothing compared to my current jealousy. I discovered fandom late (in my early 30's) and fanzine fandom even later (just a few months ago). I've missed so much that the rest of you have experienced! William Breiding and Mike Glicksohn: I loved both of your articles ("**How I Got Here**", and "**21 Worldcons**"), but I am also envious. There are people who will always be just a name to me, whom you've known for decades. Other "name-droppers" who wrote thoroughly enjoyable articles were rich brown and Ted White. I finally learned a little bit about 7th Fandom, courtesy of rich. Ted, you brought large pieces of fanzine and prozine history into focus for me, but I have one burning question and it's not about Wollheim or **F&SF**. Just how big is your property? There were times reading your Thots, when I felt like the Ancestral Manse was a land unto itself.

Finally, I was completely captivated by Larry's account of his exotic travels and Andy's account of his more "pedestrian" adventure. Larry's "**Burma Diary**" compares favorably (heck, it completely eclipses) my supervisor's account of her visit to Malaysia, Bangkok and India. After reading "**Diary**", I really felt like I'd been there. (Even to the need to go get some



water from the fridge.) The same is true with Andy's "**Ascent**", though I wasn't possessed with a sudden urge to eat noodles. I walk quite a lot myself, partially from enjoyment and partially from necessity. I loved climbing up and around Queen Anne Hill in my mind's eye, and I know all too well how looking up a hill and envisioning where everything is is not the same as "walking the walk".

Bottom line? I thoroughly enjoyed **Outworlds 70**, even the lists and any of the articles or letters not mentioned above... even if I am jealous of everyone's experiences. Still, there's always the future. At least there's still a chance I'll get to meet all the folks who contributed to **OW70**. In the meantime, it's great hearing from you all and getting a chance in turn to say, "hi".

"HI!"

[Friday, February 19, 1999]

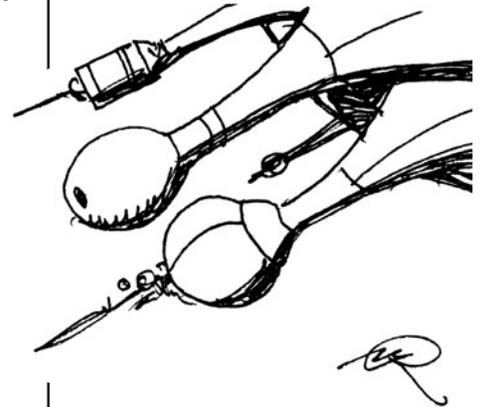
Robert Lichtman

Regarding the "bOWkmark" that's a handy feature of **Outworlds No. 70**, I'll bite: when did the first one appear? Without going through my rather extensive file of **Outworlds**, I don't recall one. It certainly was a wonderful thing; I used it in the way you presumably intended as I made my way through this bumper issue. It didn't really impair my use of it that it wasn't printed on cardstock, as you mention elsewhere in the issue you had hoped to do.

Those are pretty impressive cover graphics by Ditmar, an artist whose work I was pretty unfamiliar with until those twin issues of Bruce Gillespie's **Metaphysical Review** came about a month before yours, both of which also sported Ditmar covers (as did, I note, the one before those). He does interesting, attractive graphics, though I confess that to my eyes there's a certain muddiness to your and Bruce's covers. I wondered if these were originally rendered in color, which would perhaps help in sorting out the fairly fine gradations of texture. (I'm reminded of some black and white prints I did of Rotsler's color computer artwork, which suffered the same sort of degradation and made me understand first-hand why Bill made me promise never to allow any of them to be published other than in color.)

The issue begins and ends nicely with pieces by Susan Manchester. "**Elegy for Trills**" was a haunting poem, evoking thoughts I'd had myself when watching Jadzia Dax on **ST:DS9** for many years (and now the new Dax who's appeared this season). How does a life form that moves from host to host for centuries sort out all those layers of thought and memory that must accumulate? Susan's poem doesn't provide an answer, but it sure frames the question well. The fictitious letter from "Constance Rudinov" on the inside bacover is also highly evocative, but in a more earthly way. Poor Constance, to have lost her teenage daughter to the death lusts of Andrei Chikatilo. Michael Waite's photograph of Catrina adds to the overall feeling admirably.

Regarding the mention of your article, "**The Making of a Fanzine**", in "**Post-It Notes from an Unrepentant Fanzine Editor**", I don't have **Outworlds No. 24**, and since it came out originally during a period when I was away from fandom I probably have never seen it before. It sounds interesting, and if someone actually took the trouble to make a copy of it to pass on to a newer faned, it must be pretty good stuff. I agree with you that it might be time to update it and present it to a modern audience. Perhaps it could be part of a volume collecting a number of such articles that have appeared over the years; I think of Laney's "**Syllabus for a Fanzine**",

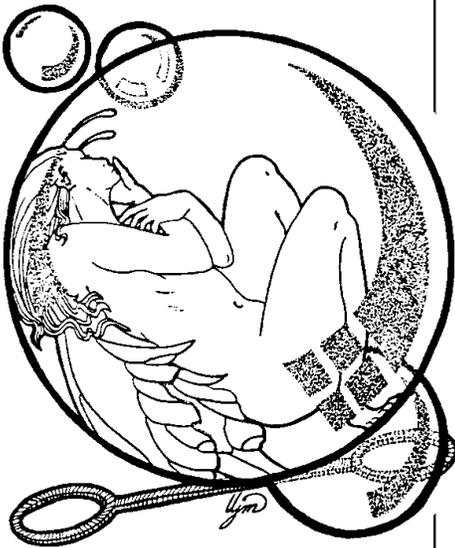


reprinted not all that long ago in Joe Siclari's *Fanhistorica* as well as a number of articles Ted White wrote on the subject back in the early '80s (I looked in a few places I thought likely, but couldn't find them). A collection of such articles would be handy not only for up-and-coming editors of paper fanzines, but the guiding principles would also apply to electronic fanzines. After all, just because the medium of presentation is different doesn't mean that the basics of good layout etc. aren't equally valid.

Just as you inherited Jackie Causgrove's art files, over a decade ago I came into Terry Carr's art files, and I'm still using them. It was quite a day when I merged our respective huge collections of Rotsler artwork, but there were also ancient drawings in Terry's folders from the likes of Lee Hoffman, Ray Nelson, Trina Robbins (though she was a Castillo when she drew them), Bjo, ATom, Grant Canfield, Dave Rike, and others who didn't sign their work and whose styles I don't recognize. I've slowly been using them over the years, but many still remain to be published. I also have Terry's styli, shading wheels and shading plates, still in the Roi-Tan cigar box in which he kept them, and his last bottle of corflu, about a third full, from which I take an occasional nostalgic sniff (Sure-Rite Stencil Correction Fluid, for you connoisseurs). There, I just took one right now. (*Whee!*)

I'll never coedit or copublish a fanzine again, either. My first fanzine, *Psi-Phi*, was coedited by Arv Underman and we had Ego Problems as the thing progressed, even though I actually did the bulk of the work. My *Outworlds* was an outgrowth of that: I wanted to do something completely on my own. Unfortunately, I couldn't afford to do both on my income as a teenager – and then going off to college effectively killed them, though I revived *Psi-Phi* a few years later as a FAPazine. When I began *Trap Door*, the first half-dozen issues listed Jeanne Bowman and Paul Williams (and gradually others) as first "associate" and then "assistant" editors. With the seventh issue, I listed them as "local associates in fandom," a conceit that continued through the eleventh issue, after which I dropped it completely. But it was always, truly, my fanzine; I did all the work and paid most of the bills (there were a few "angels" along the way, especially the late Elmer Perdue). I would occasionally ask one of them, mainly Paul, for an opinion about a submission, but that's about it. I never even allowed any of them to collate, staple and fold. But, of course, through those issues and every one that's followed I've had assistance in the form of my generous contributors of both written and artistic material.

So you think of *Outworlds* as Your Own Private Apa? I have the same feeling about my fanzine, and in *Trap Door No. 9*, back in January 1990, when genzine production hit a major low, I promoted the concept in my editorial: "It appears to me that U.S. fanzine fans have disappeared into numerous apas in droves. Perhaps this is at least partially due to the high cost of producing and mailing a genzine to several hundred people, but some people spend large sums to be active in multiple apas. Apas are enjoyable – I like the ones I'm in – but they are ultimately limiting in that your words reach only the apa, that particular configuration of fans which, although it changes gradually, is basically fixed. Members of apas refer to belonging to a wide variety of them; the average American fan seems to be in four or five. Not everyone in all your apas is going to be of interest to you. Outside of the apas, publishing on your own hook, one can, so to speak, create one's own 'personal apa,' limited only by your finances but tailored closely to the cross-section of fandom you want to reach, based on your own interests. I'd like to see a flowering of perzines and small genzines in the U.S. instead of the continued creation of ever more apas. I think it anchors



the continuity of fandom to have it taking place not only at conventions, but in print, on the record as it were. If even a couple dozen people dropped out of a few apas and used that extra time to publish a limited circulation fanzine, it would energize fandom so much that we would soon be calling it a Golden Age.” A number of people took my advice, much to my surprise and pleasure, and some wrote to tell me so. That was gratifying, and in time fanzine production did pick up. As my annual tallies in *Trap Door* show.

To the best of my knowledge, I never met Jackie Causgrove, and I wasn't active in fandom during the period of her greatest activity, so unfortunately my memories of her are largely of her being on “the wrong side” of the 1980s TAFF wars. Still, it's obvious to me by the writing from Jodie, Buck and Dave in this issue, and by other memorials to her elsewhere (most notably in Tom Sadler's fanzine) that she was more than that, and I share everyone's grief at her passing. Dave's mention of finding staples in her ashes seemed somehow ultimately fannish, and his mention of little vials of her ashes being dispensed for scattering at various fannish venues she favored also reminded me of urges I had during the scattering of Burbee's ashes (as I wrote up in *Trap Door No. 16*) to gather some in a film canister to take home. And still speaking of ashes, to the best of my knowledge Jeanne Bowman still has those of Redd Boggs in her possession; if there was a scattering of them, I'm unaware of it.

Joe Haldeman's “**Mamas, Don't Let Your Babies Grow Up to Be Vampires**”, was a fun read, and I loved the poetic structure he employed which made it fair lilt along. Later in the issue, his “**Sanguinary Outlook**” was Much Fun. I can imagine hearing these at late-night filk song sessions some day.

Being somewhat older than Taral, my memories of obscure and not so obscure children's television go back even further, even into the days of radio. In the latter medium, I used to get up Saturday mornings to listen to the radio version of “**Howdy Doody**” and to “**Space Patrol**.” There were radio shows, names and hosts unremembered, that devoted themselves to playing children's records. One of them used “The Teddy Bear's Picnic” as its theme song and, mighod, I loved that song when I was five years old and can still sing it faultlessly today. On Sunday mornings there was someone who read the Sunday comics from the newspaper with dramatic intonation. Also on the radio (but later on TV in some cases) I listened to “**Captain Video**,” “**Sky King**,” “**Tom Corbett Space Cadet**,” “**Sgt. Preston of the Yukon**,” and many more. Of course, I also listened to shows that weren't specifically for children nor particularly obscure: “**The Great Gildersleeve**,” “**Fibber McGee & Molly**,” “**One Man's Family**” and the like. As a preschooler, also, I can remember hearing my mother's two favorite morning soap operas: “**My True Story**” and “**Whispering Streets**,” the latter sponsored by a mysterious product (to me at the age of four), Fletcher's Castoria. In early TV days, before my parents had a set of their own, I used to go over to friends' houses and see the early, puppet version of “**Time for Beanie**,” also “**Kukla, Fran & Ollie**” and of course “**Howdy Doody**.” Later, in the '50s and having moved to Los Angeles, there were a variety of cartoon shows, but the one I remember the most was on in late afternoons and hosted by Captain Jet, whose set was a spaceship's cabin, who dressed in spaceman's clothing, and whose signature introduction was to hold right thumb and forefinger together in a circle, put it up to his right eye, and then swing it out in a broad salute as he drew out the word, “Zoouooooommmmm.” Y'see, I was always destined to be a fan.



Besides Captain Jet, I have fond memories of the five-minute “**Crusader Rabbit**” show in which the plot advanced incredibly slowly because each episode began with a recap of what had come before and ended with a preview of what was yet to come, and as I recall there was a commercial somewhere in there, too.

I can barely remember Ed Gorman from his fannish days, at least so far as his writing and publications are concerned, but I love his comment, “The Jesuits say give us a boy till he’s fifteen and we’ll claim him forever.” What with my early exposure to media science fiction, as mentioned above, followed by my insatiable reading of same from about age ten up, I was doomed, I tell you, doomed.

Although it will probably expand his ego until it bursts, I have to say this: Wm. Breiding’s article is in my opinion the single best piece in this issue, just as his article in **No. 69** was the best of that estimable issue. I don’t really care how little science fiction Wm. has read if he can produce material of this caliber, material that holds my interest all the way through. We couldn’t have come from more disparate backgrounds. I always had a fascination for space, and although I never owned a telescope beyond the kid variety I was ga-ga for astronomy at around age eight and published my first fanzine – handset in rubber type and run off on one of those rotary rubber stamp “presses” – while living in an apartment in Los Angeles during the months my parents were having their Dream House built: 6137 South Croft Avenue. (Calvin Demmon did the first issues of his **Fun Weekly** on one of those presses, too.) I was also the oldest of two, not the youngest of six, and I never lived anywhere in my childhood as small-town as Morgantown, West Virginia. And yet, here we both are.

I think I remember the Circus of the Soul bookstore at 451 Judah Street in San Francisco; at least I recall there was a bookstore at that address way back when and that I was in it. Beyond that, recollection fades. Was it still there in the late ’70s, Wm.? I also remember shoplifting from City Lights Books, but what I boosted was obscure beatnik poetry from the basement so I was entirely successful in my thievery, getting by Shige Yoshi Murao (that “long-haired Asian guy”) each and every time. I also was never able to read **DHALGREN** and got about a dozen pages into **NEUROMANCER** before giving up on it. Oh, the shame!

Patty Peters’ chronology at the beginning of “Bob” is a little off. It was 1978, not the early ’80s, when Dan White killed George Moscone and Harvey Milk (mayor of San Francisco and one of the members of the City Council, respectively). I remember it well, because I was living in the Bay Area at the time, at the “Richmond Farm,” and was out selling books in the Sierra foothills the day it happened. The news came blaring in on the car radio and made me very sad. But I was even more sad at the end of 1980 when Reagan was elected President. I already hated his guts from when he was governor of California for specific personal reasons: I’d planned to become a teacher at the university after graduating from UCLA with a degree in English Literature and then Reagan cut back funding to the university and all such jobs dried up. From my point of view, his

tenure as President (and Bush’s that followed) are the darkest years of the 20th century. All of which has nothing to do, I’ll admit, with Patty’s article, which I read and enjoyed (and haven’t I seen those photos on page 2597 before in an old **Outworlds?**) but on which I have no further comment.

Larry Downes’ “**Burma Diary**” was fascinating reading, a wonderful example of that old saying about all knowledge being contained in fanzines. One of my sons traveled last year in this part of the world, but I



don't recall if he got to Burma; I know he was in Thailand, Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam. One interesting, recurring feature of travel in Burma that Larry brings out is the constant assessment of special fees to enter certain areas: the \$5 "foreign visitor" charge, etc. For some weird reason this reminded me of Robert Altman's **Popeye** movie, wherein the tax collector of Sweethaven rides around on his bicycle and is after Popeye and everyone else for small hits at every turn. One minor grammatical cavil: "site" is used constantly where "sight" is the appropriate word.

Totally agree with John Foyster about "what a reader really wants: a bookshop which has far more stock than you can afford to buy." Frustrating, but entrancing. In your introduction to this piece you mention having a "very strong desire to visit Australia and New Zealand"; it makes me wonder why you don't have a shot at DUFF sometime.

My list: to my embarrassment, I seem to have *not* listed some items I actually have. Some I simply neglected to put in – they were there in the special area of my file cabinets and I didn't include them for unknown/bewildering reasons – and others were items filed in with my general fanzine collection and I hadn't uncovered them until you and I and Timebinders got into determining the so-called Compleat Faanish Library.

Although I published it myself and include it on the list of my own publications, it might be worth mentioning my December 1960 **Some of the Best from QUANDRY**, 20 dittoed pages including Silverberg's "**Last and First Fen**" about numbered fandoms, an article that's resonated through the ages. I did this collection for OMPA and made about thirty extra copies which I sent to the contributors and others. One should also mention the N3F "Fandbook" series of which I know three: the first was Don Franson's **A Key to the Terminology of S-F Fandom**; the second was my own **The Amateur Press Associations in S-F Fandom**; and the third was Franson's **Some Historical Facts About S-F Fandom**. I don't personally have the first one, and I don't know if others were published after these.

Drawing the line is, as always, very difficult. I've lingered over but omitted listing things like Andy Hooper's playscripts, James Kepner's **Embers & Ashes** and **Songs for Sorrow & Beauty**, both published by A.L. Joquel II in 1944, Rotsler's **Tattooed Dragon** series, Norm Metcalf's publication of Sam Moskowitz's **Down the Science-Fictional Trail With Oklahoma's Dan McPhail**, Ray Nelson's **How to Self-Promote Your Book**, Elmer Perdue's **Myrtle Rebecca Douglas: An Appreciation**, the three issues of Paul & Cas Skelton's **Alyson Wonderland** and Cas' solo **California Dreaming**, various Steve Sneyd publications, Candi Strecker's two-volume **It's A Wonderful Lifestyle**, and a plethora of wonderful oneshots, most particularly those done by the L.A. Insurgents and the "**Queebshots**" done in the '60s by Boyd Raeburn and Norm & Gina Clarke.

Having gone through four birthings of my own offspring and one of a close friend's (see **Trap Door No. 1** for details on the latter), I found that Chris Sherman's article covered rather familiar territory. That's not to say it wasn't interesting reading – it most definitely was, particularly the parts that covered ground I didn't (i.e., the childbirth education classes).

Billy Wolfenbarger's "**And to Wake Up Dreaming**" was tough going – the style tended to overwhelm the story – but in the end I found it evocative, entertaining and mildly rewarding. His poem, later in the issue, presented a more succinct and easily graspable image.

I loved Taral's recruiting poster. Although the lettering is attributed to Rebecca Jansen, I wondered if the wording was Taral's.

And Joe R. Christopher's "**An Address to the Space Cadets**" was a hoot.



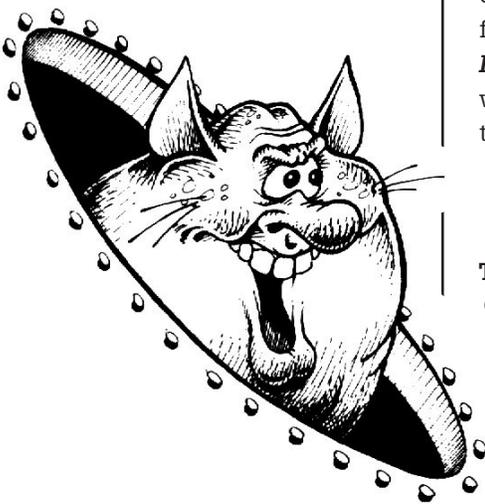
I never read any of Doc Smith's books, so Eshbach's article was interesting mainly from the standpoint of the few insights it gave me into the mind of Smith the person. Appreciated for that. And of course Eshbach himself is one of our greats, who deserves his own article except that he's already given us insight into his life in **OVER MY SHOULDER**. He'll be forever immortalized in fandom, of course, in the "Eshbach, Korshak and Evans" refrain in *The Harp Stateside*.

Like Skel, when the conversation at conventions turns to the mother literature, I tend to glaze over: "headed for the men's room, metaphorically speaking," as he puts it. As I've said on numerous previous occasions, my prime science fiction reading years pretty much ended when I got into fandom – a familiar story? – and following that I mainly followed the unfolding works of Philip K. Dick and a few others. But I did see **The Teacher's Pet** and can relate to Skel's comparing himself to the Clark Gable character therein when it comes to discussing science fiction. Skel's other article, on puns, made for entertaining reading but evoked no other comments except to wonder if "Geoff" was Geoff Ryman.

I much appreciated your presentation of various bits of writing in memory of Robert A. W. "Doc" Lowndes. In *Crifanac No. 8* I wrote of Doc's responding to my invitation to participate in the 200th FAPA mailing back in 1987, but actually I had more contact with him than that. Sometime in the '60s I wrote to him concerning VAPA and the Spectator Club, and he responded by sending me a near complete run of the dozen or so mailings of the latter. Over half of the publications were his, including the official organ, *The Amateur Spectator*. It was an offshoot of VAPA for a "more professional" crowd, and didn't last very long. The mailings included fanzines by such unlikely people as Lester del Rey, Theodore Sturgeon and even L. Ron Hubbard. I was touched by Doc's generosity in providing these publications and furnishing me with information on the group's origins and history, which was pretty much the same as that recounted in **ALL OUR YESTERDAYS**. Regarding Michael Waite's listing of Lowndes' publications extracted from *The Fanzine Index*, it once again demonstrates the incompleteness of that pioneering project. In my collection I have only a few of Doc's fanzines. One of these is the first issue of *Venal*, which Michael (and the *Index*) lists; another is the 7th issue of *Snark*, which he doesn't (and neither does the *Index*). It should be noted for accuracy's sake that he edited only one of the numerous issues of *The Phantagraph* (Wollheim did most of them) and that the *V-R Record Review* wasn't really a fanzine despite being included in a VAPA mailing (and that the *Index* lists only a first issue, but I have the second).

From your 7½-year list of books read, it's clear that you're much more into fiction in general and mysteries in particular than I am. I've read only a handful of what you include here: Asimov's memoir; Brautigan's **TROUT FISHING IN AMERICA, IN WATERMELON SUGAR** and **A CONFEDERATE GENERAL FROM BIG SUR**; Fredric Brown's **THE SCREAMING MIMI** and **THE FABULOUS CLIPJOINT**; Delany's **MOTION**; Goodis' **SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER**; McCrumb's **BIMBOS**. I tried unsuccessfully to read Loren MacGregor's **THE NET**, but it suffered the same fate as Bill Gibson's **NEUROMANCER**: never could get beyond about page 20.

Art Metzger's memoirs of Bea Mahaffey were touching. Joel Zakem's paeon to his childhood house was the same, and had some further resonances for me. I've only once been back to my early childhood house in Cleveland: in 1976 when on a bookselling trip from The Farm. I mainly noticed it being much smaller than my childhood memory of it. My other childhood home in Los Angeles is rented out these days and provides a



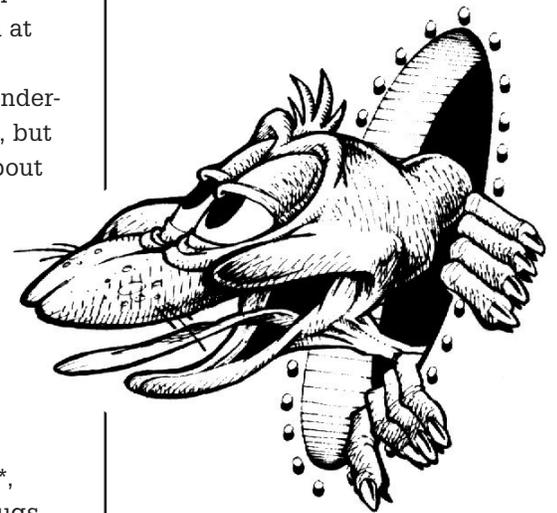
nice income to the family trust, which helps keep it from being depleted so quickly from the monthly expenses of keeping my mother in a nursing home, but I don't think I'll particularly miss it once it's eventually sold and the proceeds distributed to us heirs. In fact, not having much in the way of savings, I'm kind of looking forward to it.

You certainly have attended a lot more conventions than I have over the years. Surveying your list, I see that the first time we could have met, but I don't think we did, was at Pacificon II in Oakland, of which I was not a member due to the Boondoggle but where I was sort of in attendance and made something of a pain in the ass of myself for Alva Rogers as recounted by him in one of his fanzines. The next convention we could have met at, but probably didn't (or at least I don't recall it), was the 1983 Westercon in Sacramento. I was there for only one evening; Paul Williams and I drove over from Glen Ellen late one afternoon and stayed real late, but then drove back. I remember meeting Dan & Lynn Steffan at that convention and seeing Ted White for the first time in many years. I know we saw one another at the Corflus in Napa, Seattle, Los Angeles and Walnut Creek.

Mike Glicksohn and I only have one Worldcon mutually attended, but it was a Good One: the Baycon in Oakland, 1968, where I took plenty of drugs – the “THC” that was really PCP that was available there – got tear-gassed down on Telegraph Avenue, and drove a carload of people over to San Francisco for a dinner at Woey Loy Goey, a basement Chinese restaurant I was first introduced to in '63 or thereabouts by Andy Main and Ardis Waters and kept going to off and on until it closed down in the late '80s. I've only been to five Worldcons altogether, and all of them in California. Besides Pacificon II and Baycon, I was at ConFrancisco and at LACons II and III. They sure were huge, those three.

Roger Sims' article on Worldcon guests of honor was certainly a wonderful thing for the wacky and wondrous statistics it gives on the subject, but the only checkmark in it was by his comment that he knows naught about the fannish career of Harry Bell. I couldn't say that I do either, in particular, but I consider him one of the better British fan artists and consider myself lucky to have been able to publish a number of his covers on *Trap Door* over the years. Perhaps one of your British readers will catch this hook and run further with it than I can.

Richard Brandt's write-up of Rev. Ewing reminded me that for a time I got mailings from a similar mail-order preacher, Reverend Ike. Like Ewing's letters, Ike's were full of testimonials from satisfied ~~suckers~~ customers who'd made out like bandits because of their *faith*, but what I remember most about them was the fold-out paper prayer rugs. Yes, Reverend Ike wanted me to unfold this paper prayer rug, get down on my knees, and go through a prescribed ritual – and then to stuff money in the handy return envelope and send it (and the prayer rug, for recycling) back. Of course I never did any of this and eventually was cut off his list. Since Paul Williams moved out of Glen Ellen about four years ago, I've been collecting the mail that comes to his old post office box, which includes mail to the now-defunct Philip K. Dick Society, for which Paul published thirty issues of a newsletter. That address is out in thousands of Phil's books all over the world, and to this day a steady dribbling of mail comes in from all over. Another thing that comes in, every month regular as clockwork, is a mailing addressed to “Rev. Philip Dick” from Intercessors for America of Leesburg, Virginia, one of the groups Phil dabbled with in his later years. I used to throw these out at the post office, but for the past few years I've been bringing them home and have a little pile of them on a



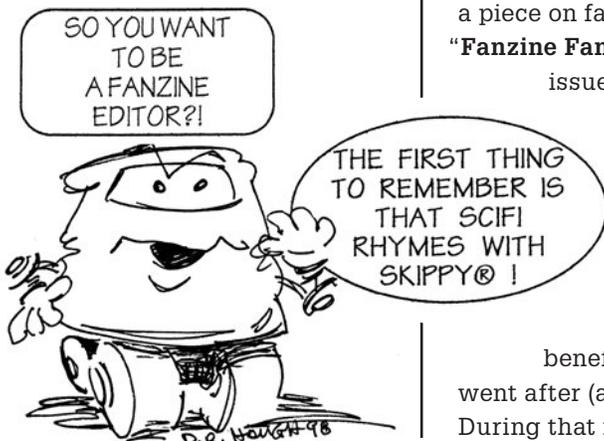
desk near my front door. I have fantasies that someday they might be worth some money to a truly crazed collector of PKD memorabilia and hang on to them with that in mind. Am I crazy, or what?

“**Ascent With Tarbrush and Chow Mein**” isn’t the first Andy Hooper article I’ve read on his walks around Seattle, and I’m sure it won’t be the last, and I’ve enjoyed all of them for the close-up look at Andy’s Seattle they provide and the various sidebars from that basic topic: Andy’s interest in Middle-Eastern and Indian novels this time. From it I was pleased to glean information about the implications of the wearing of the fez in modern-day Turkey.

Having stayed at Ted White’s house during the DC Corflu some years back, I read with considerable interest his details of the changes wrought in his yard since then. I remember the maple tree out front that had to be taken down as precipitously located and not in the greatest of health even when I was there, so it’s no surprise that it eventually had to go and I can well imagine the amount of sunlight that its removal opened up. It was more sad to read of the removal of the two large oak trees because I recall the delicious shade they provided in places where it was welcome, at least to me as a coolness-lover. Still, once termites have taken over, as Ted describes, there’s nothing much to do about it. I have to wonder, though, if there isn’t still a termite threat from that pile of firewood “for the next ten years.” One hopes it’s been sprayed to eradicate them. Gardening aside, Ted’s comments on “pro feuding” and on the weird dichotomy “in some quarters” about participating simultaneously in fandom and prodrom were most interesting. In his aside about his ’70s columns in *Outworlds*, he appears to be apologizing for their content in an offhand way: “not ones I look back on now with great pride or pleasure.” It’s easy to see how he slipped into SF prodrom “by osmosis,” being surrounded by people who also lived in both camps and having a simultaneous non-SF professional career as a jazz critic. As for “**Hydra Country**”, the article in *Lighthouse No. 2* he says he hasn’t reread in nearly forty years, it’s easy to see how it started a “long-running not-quite-feud with Judith Merrill,” and something of a surprise that it was only that. Take these quotes, for instance: “These people need their egos stroked lovingly by others like themselves. The most flagrant example is Judith Merrill...” about whom he also says, “She is also a pompous posturing fool, and she knows this too.” No wonder it made his name “mud”. I don’t think the less of Ted for such writing, but it *does* serve to establish his long-time reputation for being, er, opinionated. To balance this, it’s indisputable that he’s responsible for the last great wave of new fans due to his policies while editing *Amazing* and *Fantastic* back in the ’70s. If not for him, fan columns would have died off in the ’60s with that one of Lin Carter’s he mentioned. He also refers to *F&SF* running a piece on fandom while Avram Davidson was at the helm; that was “**Fanzine Fanfaronade**”, by Terry Carr, which appeared in the April 1964

issue and was a wonderfully set forth exposition of fandom and fanzines. In conclusion, I hope that Ted means it when he refers to “**Thots While Gardening**” as a column, and look forward to future installments.

Like rich brown, I too have had my phone calls out of the blue from Harlan Ellison. I don’t recall how he got wind of it, but back in 1993 when I was auctioning off parts of the fanzine collection of the late, lamented Dick Ellington to benefit his widow, Pat, Harlan was the “Anonymous Bidder” who went after (and ultimately got) a handful of the publications on the block. During that first, surprise phone call from him, Harlan explained that he



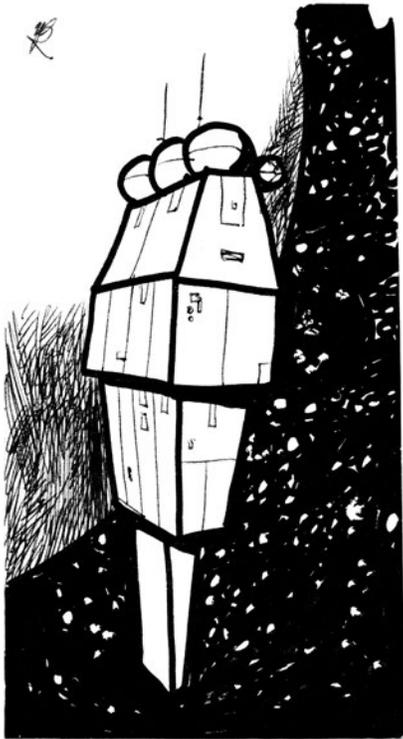
was collecting fanzines that had material by him and/or major mentions of him in their pages, and he wished to be anonymous so that others wouldn't bid those items up just because it was Harlan they were competing against – this was during one of his more financially stressed periods. So over a period of several months while the bidding proceeded through several rounds – this was before lightning-fast Internet fanzine auctions as we now know them – Harlan would call to raise his bids. He tried to get me to automatically top other bids without his having to make an effort – to put in *The Fix*, as it were – but I rather enjoyed hearing from him (I consider Harlan a friendly old acquaintance, after all, having had contact with him in L.A. left politics in the '60s; we were often on the same marches and at the same demonstrations) and declined to do so. Would you like it if the shoe were on the other foot, I asked, and he agreed. In the end, he got everything he wanted anyway, and then returned one item because as it turned out he'd bid on it mistakenly: it didn't contain anything by or about him. To his credit, he let me keep the money he'd paid for it, which was substantial though not by today's standards.

I remember rich brown's FAPAzine, *Basura Para Botar*, and rich's presence for a time in FAPA, and wish that circumstances hadn't caused him to withdraw – and hold out hope he'll someday return. So I read his lengthy comments on numbered fandoms – the ones that caused Patrick Nielsen Hayden to dub him “the bane of the ensmalled fanzine” – the first time around, and Harlan's response, too. By and large I have to say I agree with his presentation here, but his article is so wide-ranging I'm at somewhat of a loss to comment on it as a whole other than with this statement. Let me instead hit some areas that particularly caught my attention, or that in my opinion need some further clarification/explication.

To begin with, rich reports that Ted White thinks *Vampire's* more or less quarterly schedule was due to it being the “War Years, when paper for fan publishing was hard to come by.” This would be true for the first half of the run, the four issues that appeared in 1945, but after that the war was over and presumably paper supplies were more ample. (Don't ask me for first-hand knowledge; I was three years old at the time.) I think *Vampire's* place as a focal point fanzine of that period has to do more with its particular content, its fannishness, which was largely JoKe's doing as he was a pretty fannish type of guy. His cartoons brightened up its pages and his casual writing style infected every issue. And yet it wasn't entirely without its sercon moments; in the issues I have there are articles by Richard Shaver (“**Lovecraft and the Deros**”) and George Wetzel (on the **BOOK OF THOTH** and other ancient lore). I would say *Vampire's* overall “mix” in the three issues I own was quite similar to *Outworlds'*.

One interesting thing to note about *Spacewarp* and *Quandry* is that the final genzine issue of the former – the huge “Insurgent Issue” edited by Burbee and Laney – came out the same month (August 1950) as the first issue of the latter. Talk about a logical succession! Both had in common with *Vampire* that same casual editorial style, and they even had some of the same columnists, as rich points out. Laney's “**Fanzine Scope**” review column appeared in both *Vampire* and *Spacewarp*, and Laney also contributed to *Q*. rich also points to Boggs' “**File 13**” column spanning both zines, and so did many other contributors such as T. E. Watkins, Wilkie Conner, and Kennedy himself, just to name a few. As rich points out in connection with “carry over fans” like Warner and Tucker, there's a continuity to fanzine fandom that has nothing to do with numbers. It could simply be





put thus: if you publish a good fanzine, they will come. At all times in our history, contributors will follow fanzines as they rise, pub their ishes, and then fold. We all want to be out there for our peers to read and hopefully enjoy, and if we can get into the “leading” fanzines of whatever day it is, so much the better. I made “fanzine” plural in the last sentence as a way of agreeing with rich that there’s seldom/never just one dominant fanzine; as he observes, during *Quandry*’s time there was also *Confusion*, *Opus/Fanvariety* and *Slant/Hyphen*. And that was just the “fannish” fanzines.

Silverberg’s piece on numbered fandoms, “**First and Last Fans**”, appeared in *Quandry* No. 25, not No. 22 or 23 as rich remembers (a small unimportant clarification). It’s such a seminal piece, so often referred to, that it really should be reprinted. I did so back in 1960 in my collection, *Some of the Best from QUANDRY*, but there are even fewer copies of that in existence than of *Q25*. The reason it ought to be reprinted is brought out by rich in his comment about how, when *FANCYCLOPEDIA II* was issued, it was taken more or less as gospel by the newer fans of the day, which would have included both rich and me. Comparing Eney’s section on “Numerical Fandoms” in *FANCY II* to Agberg’s article, one can see that Eney put his own spin on the subject. rich compares the ease of looking things up in *FANCY II* “where topics are listed alphabetically than it is to check out references in the indexes of hardbound books of fanhistory,” but it’s worth noting that the first such that covered the period under discussion, *ALL OUR YESTERDAYS*, didn’t appear until 1969 and thus wasn’t available to us newer fans in the late ’50s. Harry hadn’t even begun writing the series of articles that appeared in numerous fanzines of the ’60s that became parts of *AOY*. Eney’s version became by default the definitive one, for after all few fans coming into the field in the late ’50s would have access to Silverberg’s article – I was able to see it because Rick Sneary loaned me complete runs of both *Spacewarp* and *Quandry* when I was still a neofan – so regarding that particular interpretation of numbered fandoms, to quote the cover of *FANCY II*, “it’s Eney’s fault”.

Silverberg ends his article thus: “... If we follow the Stapledonian scheme of things – and I hope we don’t – then we have twelve cycles left to us. Stapledon allowed two billion years for the Eighteenth Men to appear and be exterminated by a sun going nova. Following this chronology the Eighteenth Fandom should appear some time in 1997 and about 2004 fandom will come to a complete stop, reaching its end after 84 years of tumultuous existence. But I’m not much good at being a prophet, anyway. I won’t say for certain that that’s the way it’ll happen, but I’m pretty sure I won’t be around to see it.” Well, given Bob’s good health, he probably will be around, publishing his annual *FAPA*zine. He won’t even be 70 by then. Perhaps in the August 2004 issue of *Snickersnee* he’ll favor us with an update.

I was happy to read Harlan’s version of the Midwestcon Door incident involving Jim Harmon; it rounds events out nicely and shows how events can be embellished by those reporting them. Not that there’s not a tradition of this in fandom, but these events were always presented in the past with Harlan as the goat. Also, while Harlan isn’t my favorite SF writer of all time, I’ve enjoyed what I’ve read of his – and I liked “**Repent, Harlequin! Said the Ticktockman**” well enough to purchase the recent special edition of it put out by Underwood Books with illustrations by Rick Berry (partly because I found a secondhand copy early on). My real favorite writing of Harlan’s is his TV reviewing, which I read in the *Los Angeles Free Press* back in the ’60s and which was collected in several *GLASS TEAT* volumes later on.

As I said at the outset of these comments about rich’s article, I’ve jumped around a lot, touching on this and that. I appreciate what rich did

to explicate the 7th Fandom phenomenon, and especially to provide Harlan's viewpoint on some of the events that led to its notoriety. But I also know that such a finely-tuned, close-up discussion is interesting to only a relative handful of us fans – rich named many of them on the first page: Speer, Ted, Arnie, Andy; to which I would add Dave Rike and myself – and I look forward to the comments of others in next issue's lettercol. Thanks to rich for taking the time and energy to prepare such an in-depth examination of 7th Fandom; and thanks to you as editor for devoting the space it took to present such a long article.

Turning to the lettercol, I echo Marty Cantor's lament that Eric Mayer isn't active in present-day fandom, but this is tempered by knowledge that he finally seems to be in a happy relationship (with Mary Long) and perhaps doesn't need fandom anymore. One of the happy moments in going through a large shipment of late '70s and early '80s fanzines that Gary Deindorfer was kind enough to send me recently was finding that *all* the issues of **Groggy** missing from my collection were present. Later in the lettercol, I wonder to what Mike Glicksohn is referring when he writes of "one of Eric's own small circulation fanzines" – does he mean **Groggy**, which never had a print run of much over sixty copies, or something else? (Between the 29th and 30th issues of **Groggy**, there were also five issues of **Deja Vu**.) I share in his hope that Eric and Mary "have found life to be as good" as he has with Susan. The past decade has been good for me, that way, too, so I can *relate*.

Could **The Bridges of Madison County** be the only movie in which Joseph Major has seen Meryl Streep? What else could account for his mean-spirited comments about her on page 2684? Okay, so she's no Julia Roberts or (choose your own), but Streep has played so many memorable characters in so many fine pictures, beginning with **Julia** in 1977, and "inhabits" her roles so completely, that I find Major's comments quite uncalled for.

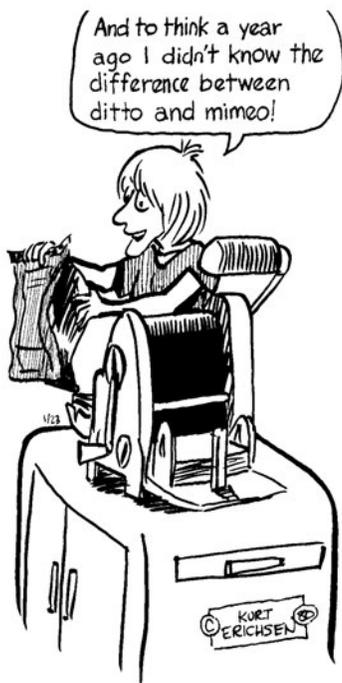
I guess I didn't notice Mike Glicksohn's comments on "modern poetry" in **No. 69**, but Buck Coulson's reaction to them caught my attention. It happens that certain modern poets have spoken to me, enough so that back in the '60s I collected their work assiduously, even to the extent of obtaining near-complete runs of certain seminal magazines devoted to them. (That said, there were many others who did not speak to me and whose work I found either indecipherable, bad, or both.) All of that went out the door when I was lightening my "material plane" before moving to The Farm in Tennessee (along with several thousand records, many books and magazines, and my original fanzine collection), but in recent years I've made some effort to obtain copies of my favorites so my bookshelves are now once again graced by the near-complete works of Robert Creeley, Allen Ginsberg, Charles Olson, and lesser quantities of a few others. I've even reread some of it and find that it mostly matches up to my memories from the '60s.

Too bad Skel never sent Rotsler his fanzine (and thus never got those wonderful envelopes "bulging with fine artwork"). I don't have a lot of Paul's fanzines (more now than formerly, though, again thanks to Gary Deindorfer), but I've liked the ones I've read and from what I know of Bill's taste in fanzines, I think he would have enjoyed them, too.

If I was picking out Choice Quotes from this massive issue, I would definitely include Glicksohn's "Why the hell go to work each day if not to be able to buy good books?" Right on!

Regarding the mimeograph on which Redd Boggs ran off **Sky Hook** before it became **Skyhook**, in the third issue Redd writes: "With this issue, **Sky Hook** is being run off on a new Speed-O-Print which cost me \$40, although it should have been priced at some \$57, according to the dealer





From the *Timebinders* e-list

Re: Mimeography

All this mimeo discussion reminds me that when I moved a year or so ago I ran across some old mimeo supplies – a shading plate, a metal dingus to rub against the stencil to transfer the shading pattern onto the stencil, some stencil cement, some corflu, and of course a package of stencils.

I had a real tinge of nostalgia at this.

The stencils in particular looked lonely. I thought of speaking to them, of telling them how much I remembered the feel and the odor of stencils, of how that gave one a sense of publishing that is somehow absent from xerography, of how much trufans appreciate and remember stencils.

Yes, I thought of delivering up such a homily to them, but I realized that this would be preaching to the quire.

D Gary Grady
Thursday, March 11, 1999

who knocked down the price to get rid of the thing (he's no longer handling mimeos). This new machine is a lovely piece of cranky equipment which could play the starring role in JoKe's recent *Revolt of the Machines* cartoon. Not only does it wad a dozen sheets through at a time, but it nudges the whole pile of blanks forward a little so they print low on the page and ink the roller. Somehow I'm looking back on the blissful days when I shoved *Sky Hook* through my dinky Montgomery Ward duplicator, page by page – all by hand." And indeed that third issue looks better than the second. Redd kept that Speed-O-Print until the 24th issue in Summer 1957, when he announced: "I have purchased a Gestetner 120, more than \$200 worth of trim grey machine, for the purpose of giving these pages wings and a voice, an investment which may attest to the strength of my faith in *Skyhook's* future." Unfortunately, Redd was wrong, because the issue after that was the last. (And other than reduced show-through thanks to the change from liquid to paste ink, I didn't notice much of an improvement in the spectacular work he was getting from the Speed-O-Print.)

As for when *Sky Hook* became *Skyhook*, it was with the 18th issue, Summer 1953. Redd explains the change: "I am daring to make the change for two reasons: first, to bring the name into line with popular usage; second, to make the title more exact. A 'blue bird' is not the same thing as a 'bluebird,' and perhaps a 'sky hook' is not the same as a 'skyhook.' 'Skyhook' is what I have always meant to designate." (As the editor of a fanzine with a two-word title that's often rendered as one, the fact that Redd changed with the 18th issue gives me pause. It means that if I'm to follow his lead, I'm one issue behind.)

Wm. Breiding wonders about an "anthology of Eric Mayer's essays published in England." That would've been *Desert Island Eric*, which Paul & Cas published back in 1991. Wonder if copies are still available? He also wonders about *THE FUTURIANS* and *THE WAY THE FUTURE WAS*, by Damon Knight and Fred Pohl respectively. Yes, they are long out of print, but I see copies of Pohl's in second hand stores quite often, and have even seen a copy or two of Knight's book over the years. Pohl's is more easily found since it appeared in hardcover, book club hardcover, and mass market paperback, while Knight's had only one hardcover edition. And as for the collections of John Berry's writing he mentions, he should contact Ken Cheslin (29 Kestrel Road, Halesowen, W. Midlands B63 2PH, U.K.) about them. I don't know if the 5-volume *Goon Bleary* collection is still in print, but Ken just put out the first in a series of four volumes of Berry's non-GDA writing. In the colophon he suggests \$5 in U.S. cash for each volume (no checks).

I think I'm actually done, this evening of October 19th (my second son's 26th birthday, but he's out on the road somewhere – his mother called a couple paragraphs ago and wondered if I'd heard from him; she hasn't). Life resumes.

[October 19, 1998]

Lloyd Penney

Beautiful covers by Ditmar. Yvonne was the first to notice what looks like a partial reclining nude male forming the landscape of the planet on the bacover. Are we right, or are we seeing things like the face on Mars? I'll pick a minor nit... the blue cardstock took away from the contrast the art needed for full vision and full enjoyment. Oh, well, still gorgeous.

I haven't let any particular facet of fandom label or tag me, except that I've been a gourmand, and fandom has been my smorgasbord. I've nibbled here and there, and eaten my fill elsewhere, and fanzine fandom has been

the tastiest dish these days. Who knows, though? My own fannish travels have taken me through media, convention and masquerade fandoms; is fanzine fandom my final stop, or will I journey on at some point? The Worldcon bid is another area of fandom, but I don't intend to leave where I am. I had thought of writing articles for fanzines, but with time being as tight as it is, LoCcing is where I'm most comfortable right now. Conditions are subject to change, and my mileage may vary.

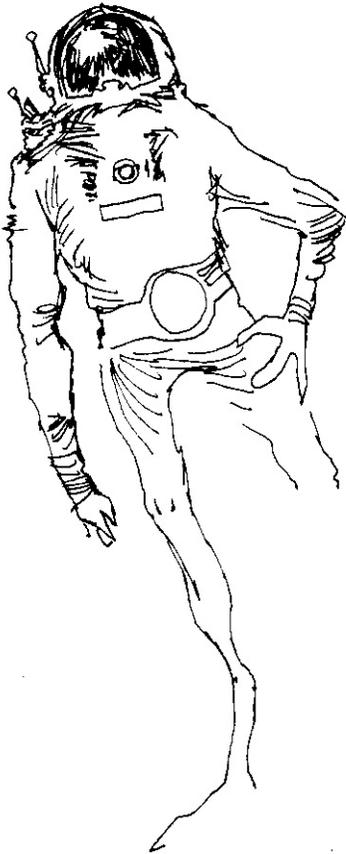
My own involvement in Pubbing My Ish goes back a ways... I hope some of you remember **Torus**, edited by Keith Soltys and myself in the '80s. Plans for another fanzine remain on the drawing board, but as always, time and money seem not to allow. I had a good look at your financial statement for mailing **Outworlds 69**, and I wish I had \$2,000 for this kind of project. Perhaps one day...

I suspect that the Most Vocal Critic of e-mail is Mike Glicksohn, but I had thought that you might be referring to me. Yes, I e-mail my LoCs when I can. It has saved me plenty of money not spent on postage. I also hope that an e-mailed LoC will be easier to insert into a word-processed paper fanzine. I still don't think webzines are the way to go; they don't have that fannish collectability. Should fandom decide to go to webzines, I suspect I'd just print and staple, and read it at my leisure from paper. I guess I'm a junior oldphart, but give me paper any day.

Publishing articles and the responses/LoCs build up if you let them; otherwise, you'll have a zine the size of the Willis **Warhoon**. I applaud your restraint in making the next brick smaller than this one, but that won't stop me from producing a letter proportionally brick-sized. Can't help but do so with a tightly-packed 150-page fanzine.

I'm a little younger than Taral, but I also remember the children's shows I watched in my own Toronto childhood. The CBC show **Razzle Dazzle** mentioned was a studio kids' show like **Howdy Doody**. It was hosted by Alan Hamel, who got smart, moved to Hollywood with dreams of becoming a scriptwriter, and eventually married Suzanne Somers. **Razzle Dazzle** showed episodes of a show called **The Forest Rangers**, about kids learning how to be forest rangers in the wilds of Canada, usually central to northern Ontario. It featured a very young Gordon Pinsent. Canadian readers have seen Pinsent everywhere, but American readers will probably know him from playing Paul Gross' Mountie father on **Due South**. There's a category of minor performer that relegates them to doing either children's shows or the weather, and that's all. One employee of the ABC affiliate in Buffalo was Dave Thomas, who did the weather from time to time, having a goofy grin permanently on his face. He was also the host of the puppet show **Rocketship 7** with Promo the Robot and Mr. Beeper: people in a robot suit and hand puppet respectively. This show probably gave me the first sf-nal jolt that caught my attention... it relied heavily on film loops with NASA and Bonestell-type animation, and they looked great to this impressionable kid. What I remember most about the show was that the scripts were so damned stupid, they'd often stagger about the set, laughing and cracking jokes that sometimes only Mom and Dad would be able to get. However, I understood them, and laughed with them. Thomas left Buffalo many years ago to pursue a career as a talk-show host in Philadelphia, and I never heard of him after that. Perhaps he was able to escape the kids' show/weatherman cubbyhole. On the opposite hand is Bill Lawrence, a fixture of Toronto television. He once hosted a kids' talent competition show called **Tiny Talent Time** (real tiny, referring to the talent). Uncle Bill got smart, took a job with the CBC, and has been doing the local weather for what





seems like aeons. Bill should be ready for retirement soon, but he's found his satisfaction on the Mother Corp., so he's content.

Wm. Breiding's essay on his fannish roots mirror most of our own roots. Science fiction helped us escape, if only temporarily, from a bad or unpleasant or dull situation at home or at school, and helped us become more than we were. Fandom helped us to socialize and find the friends we probably didn't have at school.

Robert Lichtman's list of fanhistorical texts is something I've been wanting to see for a long time. My own interest in fanhistory has been frustrated by the inability to find what fanhistories there are available out there, and how much they cost. **INotherWorlds'** supplement really helps, too. More places to find vital capsules of fanhistorical texts. Time to do some shopping! If only the exchange rates weren't so bad...

Joe R. Christopher's "**Address to the Space Cadets**" reminds me of a classic short story whose title and author elude me, as usual. I'm sure Joseph Major will recognize it... it's about a bartender who runs a bar at the spaceport, and serves drinks to the all-female space corps, and who is derided for wishing to visit space, for everyone knows that only women can traverse the stars. The story struck an odd chord in me long ago, for it taught me that reverse sexism is still sexism. Today, it makes me wonder what's going through John Glenn's mind as he prepares for his shuttle flight in three weeks, making him the oldest man ever in space at age 77, and marking his return to the high frontier. Is this a stunt by NASA, or should we construe it as a romantic adventure, and the return of an old hero? NASA is trying to curry public favour, and best of luck to them.

Great essay from Greg Benford. **Trek** has been full of interesting ideas, dumbed down so that the lowest common denominator can understand and absorb them. I have noticed that when a show like **The Next Generation** grabs onto a relatively modern concept for incorporation into one of its scripts, the idea dies or disappears. I'm thinking of nanotech, and molecule-sized mobile repair units or factories. As soon as it was written in a **TNG** episode, it went away, or some decried it as an idea suitable only for science fiction shows. I grew up on **Trek**, but also stories of space and time travel and exotic planes. Newer worlds to explore are always welcome, so I enjoyed Larry Niven's **THE INTEGRAL TREES**, even though the book did little more than describe this unique solar system and the physics involved in living within it. The sequel, **THE SMOKE RING**, added a story that the first book could have used. Is imagination losing out to marketability, or will the small and large screens be SF's future? We couldn't possibly have exhausted the depth of imagination for hard SF, could we?

Could E.E. Smith have gotten his Skylark novels published today? Probably not. Even if they are "crude" or "obsolete" as others have called them (not me), they have been great fun to read. They were sfnal adventure when adventure really meant something. Today, there are adventures to be had, but most of us are too sophisticated to take part, or even believe that they could still happen. I wish we weren't so jaded, and that we could still enjoy the goshwow we all talk about. The goshwow and adventure should still be the basis for science fiction. Believe me, I'm no Darko Suvin or Robert Philmus; I read SF for the pure enjoyment.

I grew up in Orillia, Ontario, home of Stephen Leacock and Gordon Lightfoot. I was born in Toronto, and at the tender age of 4 or 5, I lived at 4070 Old Dundas St., Apartment 103. Before Yvonne and I got married, we moved into 4070 Old Dundas St., Apartment 108, right across the hall from my childhood haunt. After a couple of years of living there, the tenants of

103 decided to move, and as they were moving their furniture out, I asked if I could look about for totally personal reasons, and so I walked into Apartment 103 for the first time in nearly 20 years. It looked smaller, and my vantage point was about three feet higher than it was, but it was so familiar, the hallway and doors were just where I remembered, as were the windows and kitchen. The fact that these sights stimulated my earliest memories brought tears. I sat on the floor to renew my old POV, and this tiny one-bedroom apartment became the place I wanted to live in again, even if my reality at the time was just across the hall. The scariest thing about living in that building as a five-year-old and as a newlywed... both times, the building had the same superintendents. They remembered my parents, or at least they say they did... they were not the most pleasant of people, for the years and the alcohol had not been kind to them.

I'm behind Mr. Glicksohn's totals when it comes to Worldcons. Yvonne and I have attended 11 of them, including this year's *fête* in Baltimore. Mike's descriptions of Chicon IV, Con*Stellation, ConFederation, MagiCon and ConAdian hold a lot of good memories for me, especially at ConAdian... a memory of Geri Sullivan guaranteeing a bar in our fanzine lounge, and greatly adding to the meagre resources we were given to run the room. Mike's involvement with our Worldcon bid is greater than he ever imagined, I suspect. The Glades of Gafia have been but a rest area.

Salvation via the chequebook, grace at a price. The public has never been very smart, but it does wise up very slowly and gradually, which is why there's more pleading for donations to the crusade all the time. (The pledge-breakers at PBS must have taken a lesson or two from these hucksters.) With the public being cynical, and rightly so, is it any surprise that church attendance is at an all-time low? Who do you trust? Is there anyone you can trust? The church must be maintained, and it does take money, but too many men of the cloth are more concerned with the contents of the collection plate rather than the salvation of the soul. Will the Vatican deal with this, or will they want to acknowledge this problem exists?

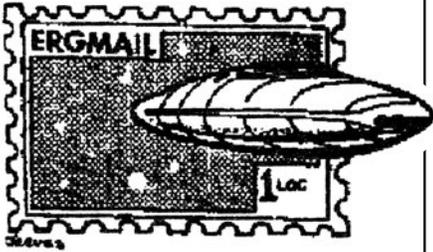
Ted White and I have a couple of things in common... I wanted to be a pro in publishing, but even in the publishing capital of Canada, I've found it to be nigh on to impossible to break into it. Ted succeeded in New York, the publishing capital of the world. I also had a running feud with Judith Merrill, but mine was very low-key. Nothing to be proud of, but it was there. I wonder what Ted's first thoughts were when Judith died. Mine? No comment. I shall not speak ill of the dead. She was resident in Toronto when she died, and I was disgusted by the flood of crocodile tears shed for her by the local SF community. That's when I certainly learned that the local SF community and fandom are two different things.

Articles about hospital stays and disease and self-mutilation and old age and stuff... there should be a separate fandom just for this kind of thing. An anthology of such writing would be called *The Best of Death and Dying*. I can't believe I'm the first to think of this, either.

rich brown's article shows that like other journalists, fanhistorians don't let the facts get in the way of a good story. Once rich trimmed away the rhetoric and layers of fannish embellishment, how many of you were disappointed with the bare facts? Is THAT all that happened? I think we'd rather enjoy the illusion than the stark truth.

Re Harry Warner's letters: The former Spaced Out Library in Toronto is now the Merrill Collection of Speculative Fiction, Fantasy and Horror. Most of us just call it the Merrill, although some still call it the SOL. There's been some fanzine pilferage over the years, but the Merrill's management doesn't





think much of fandom, and considers it, as Ted White phrased it in his earlier article, a stage you grow out of once you reach adulthood. Harry may be dismayed to find that Mike Glicksohn is online. Mike explains it best himself; going online was a gift from Mike Harper. I can also say without fear of being wrong that E.B. Frohvet is not Jack Speer. I met E.B. at this year's Worldcon and he is a slightly-built man, about 5'7" or so, with glasses and dark blonde hair, beard and moustache.

To Skel and Brad Foster... there's no such thing as too many teddy bears, or toy robots, or too much garlic, for that matter. Everyone knows you always have more collectibles than you think you have. They multiply in the dark like coat hangers in the closet.

As a child, my mother threw out, or my brothers destroyed, anything that I tried to collect, like comic books or toy cars, stuff that I could have made some serious money from if I'd been able to keep them and care for them the way I did at that age. Fortunately, I turned to things not even Mum would have thrown out, or the brothers were interested in, like stamps. I did have some coins collected, but my brothers were after some easy money, and didn't care if the coin itself was a hundred years old or more. Now, I have some books that may appreciate in monetary value, but they have more personal value than anything else.

It was great to see Susan Manchester's fine poetry in this. Susan's had work published in sfnal and non-sfnal publications, but I think this is the first time I've seen her work in a fanzine.

Another teddybearish thought just rose through the morass of memories... about five years ago, we received a few 10th anniversary presents from kind friends, and one gift was extra imaginative... a leather teddy. It was a teddy bear with homemade leather accoutrements, shall we say, with a goodly supply of licorice whips. Ooooo! Ahhhh!

E-mailed letters can be sloppy, because people will rush through their composition while online. I do nothing but offline composition, and take advantage of e-mail's speed of delivery to avoid the cost of sending it through the post office. Not only have I saved money on postage, but I rarely use envelopes or bond paper any more.

Walt Willis' letter makes me wonder how similar our interests are. As was Walt, I was a shortwave radio DXer for many years, and I still have my albums full of QSL cards and letters from broadcasters from all over the world. And, like many other fen, I was a stamp collector. Perhaps having these interests are vital in grooming yourself for the fannish life? Fannish basic training, as it were?

Greetings to Brian Earl Brown... time really has flown if Sarah has finished kindergarten! Yvonne and I are now saving for a decent computer that will put us online at home, instead of Yvonne lugging her laptop home from work most nights. It does look like HTML is simple... codes like <html> and </html> look like the scripting of the UNIX-based DTP system I learned some years ago, Berthold ProfiPage v2.01. Given what ISPs offer in their low monthly package, like 1 or 2 Mb for your own website, that new computer might put me on the Web, but the greatest challenge would be to find interesting content to put on that website. Many personal websites I've seen wind up being visual resumes for potential employers, and not much else. They are the latest ammunition in the battle for fannish one-upmanship.

I've just started page 8 on the word processor... Mike Glicksohn says he doesn't want to inflict a 20-page LoC upon you, so I guess he wants to go for quality instead of quantity. I've got the latter, so I'm hoping for the former. I've stayed in the LoCol because it's the level of fandom I can afford, both

money and timewise. The LoCol also allows you to slowly expose yourself to various readers, instead of laying your heart bare in one or two articles.

Paul and Cas Skelton have his and hers dens? Most of us have offices as our workrooms... how many of us would like our own playrooms? You can all put your hands down, now. In our last apartment, one bedroom served as the sewing room/guest room/library, and that was my favorite room, surrounded by books and a very comfortable sofa to sit on. A veritable sanctum sanctorum, and I miss it.

I'm smiling as I read Dale Speirs' letter. For now, I'll prefer the Papernet, and I suspect I will afterwards, too. So many set up websites merely out of the novelty of being able to do so, but find that keeping their websites updated is more of a chore than anything else. Those websites remain outdated, and that's one reason why the Web can be such an unreliable source of information. Little of what's there is accurate or immediate. Ted Sturgeon couldn't have predicted the Internet, or he would have thought himself an optimist. Perhaps the Web's strength will be in archiving information or historical records, such as lists and encyclopedias.

To Bill Breiding: I'm not as omnivorous a fan as you might think. Our interests in gaming, filk and media fandom are next to nil, but we were merely helping out friends who needed positions filled on the committees of their conventions. It was also to meet their other friends, and try to understand why their interests interest them. It has been time well-spent, for we now know many local fans, no matter their interests. Having all these contacts helped us greatly in forming our Worldcon bid committee, and also, not only did we learn about their interests, they learned about ours, and that seems to be the only way to get other fans to pay attention to fanzines and Worldcons. There has been method in our madness.

(By the way, the **bOWkmark** was extremely handy. With so much to read, it's far more than a single sitting could handle.)

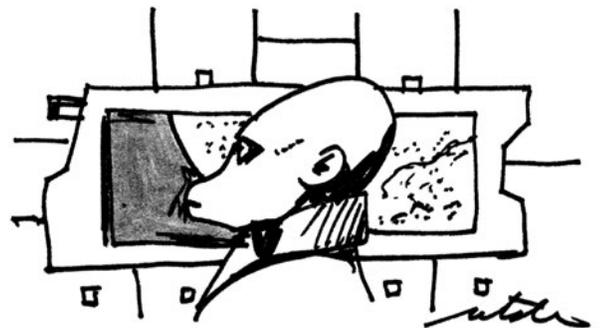
I've had it. Nine full pages of LoC, and it must be close to a 25k document. Edit this, Mr. Faned! I will sign off, offer my thanks for a great fanzine with a myriad of comment hooks, and say that I can hardly wait to see what you'll do for an encore. Thanks again. *[Saturday, October 10, 1998]*

Bob Smith

One of the few advantages of that slow boat is that the rumours, the titillating tantalising hints of what is to come in the monster known as **Outworlds 70** precede it by – in this case – two months before it thuds into my mailbox. [Actually, it thudded onto the front door welcome mat because my thoughtful postman wouldn't bend the intriguingly thick envelope.] The least one can do is gaze at the contents with unashamed awe, and mutter: "Ghod..." Mailed Aug 28, arrived Oct 27, four days short of Halloween, which may or may not have been Significant.

And the surprises begin before one descends into the contents: Ditmar covers, Ghod, it makes one choke with emotion to see 'em on a Yankee fanzine, and here's hoping Dick's generosity hasn't created a monster... Very nice, Bill. You are truly part of the Electronic Age now.

It's hard to describe the feeling on jumping into your rambling editorials with both eager fannish feet. There is so much to muse over, trip over, re-read, sidetrack into your thoughtful and ancient boxes, and generally emerging with a warm fannish glow of satisfaction. (This is known as pissing in your pocket, of course...) Your attitude towards Life, Fanzine



Pubbing and Things That Matter probably strike a responsive note with most of your readers, I'm sure. **OW** as Your Own Private Apa certainly has my approval. And I am viewing this with the jaundiced eye of one who has experienced gafia and returned, and not expecting too much in the way of feedback. I was wrong. Your Trauma Update has our sympathy. Lyn is completely recovered from her ankle injury, but is on 25mg of prednisone twice daily for diagnosed large muscle inflammation, and worries about the side effects.

The **bOW**kmark is a stroke of genius, and your indexing and reference methods are worth kudos on their own. When you go for a job interview, Bill, you should take **OW70** with you, as an excellent reference; it's better than any damn resume or CV! And... may the Bowers-perversions continue!

As you point out, the reader and commenter has to be realistic, and commenting on every item may slow down the enthusiasm to a wearisome chore. You don't want that. Nostalgia can kick off all sorts of response, even if it isn't strictly one's own time period; and Taral Wayne's piece seemed to do that. I had other things on my mind after the war, and I don't believe "atomic childhood" played any great role in my late teen years. Radio, of course, played an enormous role, and the tiny tv box was summat your rich neighbor owned and car ignition suppression was all the indignant rage. A book to enjoy tripping through, for nostalgia not really related to my growing-up years in Britain, is **FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET** (Playboy Paperbacks, 1980), written by two writers who spent the years 1942–1952 with ears glued to their radio sets in New York. Early tv just seems... quaint.

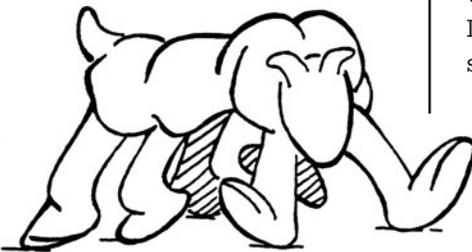
Ed Gorman struck a responsive nerve for me with his reminiscing, and kinda captures the "atmosphere" of those fannish times. Bruce Gillespie has asked the question: why was Aussie Fandom so quiet between, say, 1958 and 1966; and part of the answer probably lies in the fact that the few active fans were heartily and thoroughly submerged in all those great US fanzines coming our way. I think that fanzines like yours, Bill, answer Ed's question as to whether that Fandom still survives... And the nostalgia continues, with Wm. Breiding's piece. "**How I Got Here**" is smooth, flowing writing, with common sf and fannish moments that I can appreciate, even if I am from an earlier time. Wm. Breiding explains the precious discoveries of sf, fantasy and fandom in an enviable manner.

[I have discovered that one must take a break from OW70! Do some shopping, have a cuppa, check the rose trees, talk to the cats, listen to the radio, chat with my neighbours, etc. That way madness lies, if you don't...]

So... that's what Bill Bowers looked like back in '76, eh? Actually, back then you bore a remarkable resemblance to a notorious Melbourne fan...

The Downes and Foyster pieces made fascinating reading, particularly from the point of view of a reader in comfortable down town Australia. Kinokuniya reminds me of the Maruzen Department Store's book section, in Tokyo, in the 1950s, where I found **PLAYER PIANO** amongst the music books. [Book tucked under my arm I then took off to the Ernie Pyle Theatre to see **Donovan's Brain**...] [Yuh see what **OW** does to people!] The situation in Kuala Lumpur is probably a trifle more dicey than when John wrote that, I guess.

"**LichtMania**": This must come under the heading of *What You Thought You Knew About Fandom, But Obviously Didn't*... Ticking off what I owned left me feeling utterly and completely ashamed and guilt-ridden. It was little satisfaction that I had owned some of the items Robert is looking for in my previous fannish incarnation; and I would probably kill to own what



he has... [I've gotta get a grip on Mundania again, by the looks of it...] I know Robert now has Wertham's **THE WORLD OF FANZINES**; Brian Ash's **THE VISUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SCIENCE FICTION** (1977) has a reasonable "Fandom" section, as do other books on science fiction; and... would the various Proceedings be considered eligible? [I am looking at Chicon III and DisCon on my shelves, and wondering what others there were/are.] Bruce Gillespie will probably point out that the **MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY PRESS ENCYCLOPEDIA OF AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION** (1998) has a section on Fandom. But... this is all the thin veneer beneath which lurks the incredible mind-croggling publications Robert shows us!

[I must go lie down in the darkened bedroom, and ponder...]

The section on Doc Lowndes was greatly appreciated.

I have certainly read some of the books you list, but...over a period of 50/60 years. What are you? Some kind of alien speed-reader? I have books for the past eight years still with bookmarks in 'em! [What about *non-fiction*?]

The section on Bea Mahaffey was also appreciated; but I have to tell you that **Outworlds 70** is beginning to remind me of Damon Knight's description of Theodore Sturgeon's writing: "...My God, it's *all* like that, violins and stained glass and velvet and little needles in your throat..."

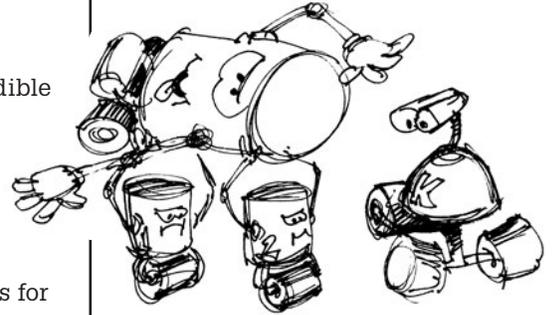
"**My Cons**", on the other hand, had me wandering away from the computer thinking that FIAWOL had never been expressed so positively as on page 2638... Mike Glicksohn's leap frogging flashbacks had me reflecting on the three pleasant conventions I attended back in the 1970s, but I thought that was too many...

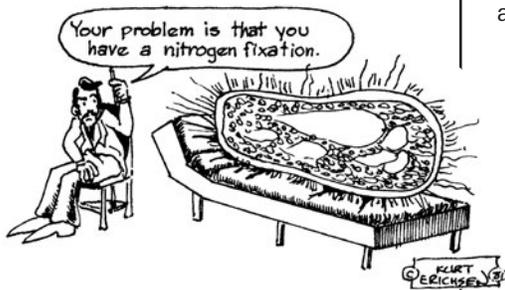
Roger Sims' article made interesting reading, since it overlapped my beginnings in Fandom; but I also detected a sarcastic tongue-in-cheek tone. Some Worldcon statistics lightened with some early fannish moments, but... who was the mystery guest he mentions?

Bob Tucker was amusing, as one would expect, and I look forward to more FLAPdroppings. His anecdotes on the theatre and lighting were appreciated, having been a projectionist from 1944 until 1972 myself. [Bob may remember sending me the projectionist magazine some twenty-seven years ago...] I once wrote a very short story, which Merv Binns foolishly published in an early **Etherline**, pompously suggesting that the projection booth and the stage were as remote from each other as Arthur C. Clarke's space-station was from Earth. Sure, I had operated a spot from the booth for theatre organs, and even Glenn Miller, and in those big Odeons and Granadas the screen and stage area was almost a full-day hike; but the system had its revenge a few years later when I had to control the lighting for a live broadcast from a military theatre of a popular Melbourne show called **In Melbourne Tonight**. Since that was the early days of live television out here lighting was crucial. [Yuh see what memories **OW** scares up?] [Interesting sidelight: when they tore down the old Granada to make way for a cinema complex [Shame! Shame!] they offered individual seats as mementos to cinema-goers. An enterprising individual could have made a small fortune selling planks of the stage floor, souvenirs of Major Glenn Miller conducting the combined 8th Air Force bands on that stage, November 1944...]

Andy's piece was a delight, with bush-walking, book reviews and fascinating bits of history tossed in. In addition to the fez does he now carry a jezail...?

"**Thots While Gardening**" is a bloody masterpiece, filled with ideas Lyn and I want to try in our garden jungle and incredibly filling in aspects of past sf and fandom and publishing that make intriguing reading. Over the





years – particularly as I've grown old and grumpy – I have convinced myself that I hated gardening. Why didn't something like Ted's piece come along earlier to change my mind...?

The combination of Langford, Grady and Skel's puns was too much for my laughing muscles, and I had to go lie down in that darkened room and cuddle one of my cats. Outside, the cicadas were making their usual late spring racket, the traffic was mundanely normal, and the radio was playing the Beethoven C Minor Piano Concerto, but I was hopelessly too far gone in the outworld...

[Geez, Bill; you gotta give us all a rest before another monstrous ish...]

Your handy bookmark is, at this precise moment in time, propping open page 61 of **FANCYCLOPEDIA II**, as I refresh myself on the groundwork involved in rich brown's lengthy contribution. It's also difficult to think of Harlan Ellison as an Old Man, not having seen any images of him for more years than I care to call up. But... having now staggered out of the final paragraph of rich's revelations, your point taken, Bill: what fan in his right mind would want to follow that! [The thought has just occurred to me that I am reading this over two months after it has hit the fannish airways (November 5), and I have no inkling of the reactions!] Although I was around at the time I don't remember much about it, probably because the army did me a favour and posted me off to Japan in 1953; I returned in 1956, and had other matters on my mind. *Serious* matters, which *this* isn't, anymore. It will mean little to the young fans, and indeed gives them a great excuse to smile amusedly at the Old Guard. This is a reasonably harmless fannish myth to shatter in the 1990s: there were nasty moments which, hopefully, are being tastefully ignored. I hope this doesn't (hasn't) kicked off more than it deserves.

[A refreshing break of some 24 hours, before returning to **Outworlds 70** and the lettercolumn...]

I wonder what Harry Warner would make of *male swans*? Matthew Bourne's contemporary dance company's modern re-interpretation of **Swan Lake** with its cast of male swans is very funny, and finally tragic. I've always felt that Mozart operas lend themselves to wonderful interpretations, and Lyn and I thoroughly enjoyed that New York version he mentions. The Glyndebourne Festival did a wonderful **The Magic Flute** some years ago, with truly imaginative sets.

I suppose the significance of Chicon III back then (and still, for me) was that fans like John Baxter and myself were reading accounts of the fun and games at Chicon II in the fanzines leading up to the 1962 con; and we were cheeky enough to inquire – via our own fanzine, **Double Star** – if older and (presumably) wiser BNFs would behave themselves... You have a point, of course: are yesterday's Worldcons dead and gone? I have no idea whether coherent proceedings are published anymore, but of course your own fanzine provides evidence that many remember...

Strangely enough, when I took early retirement (in 1990 at age 60) my fanzine collection was almost nonexistent since I was still in a state of gafia. My good intentions of pottering around cataloguing books and music, etc., are still in the vague and why-bother basket, because I am happily re-reading and re-listening! Life's too short.

Buck's mention of his father as a hunter reminds me of a brief quote in an early **Yandro** where Buck suggests that after Armageddon bullets would be an obvious form of monetary barter.

I honestly believe poetry comparisons are (pardon the mangled cliché) odious. Most people have their favourites, whether a poetry buff or not, and I freely admit to coming late to poetry. Now I enjoy and *understand* the likes of A.D. Hope, C.P. Cavafy and Gerard Manly Hopkins, for example; but still lose myself in some Blake or Marvell, etc. Go figure. The poetry in your fanzine has its place in the scheme of things and is appreciated accordingly. Written on October 30, so I expect Susan Manchester will appreciate the significance...

Reading Sylvia Plath.
Ted Hughes died today.
The peas boiled over...

Well, yes... **Outworlds 70** is a monster, but a *great* monster! To quote two of your readers, it's an illuminated gobstopper one can suck on forever, with, perhaps, unexpected acid tastes now and then. I must admit in all honesty I wasn't sorry to reach page 2707. I suspect it will be a Talking Point in Fandom for years to come, and in the unlikely event of anyone opening their silly mouth and suggesting nothing good came out of Cincinnati I will be able to draw myself up to an imposing and threatening fannish height and roar: "**THAT'S NOT TRUE!!**" I realise it was all over back in August, but... have a nice rest now. [November 6, 1998]

Murray Moore

What a long, grand trip it was. I refer, of course, to my trip to Bowers World.

I began reading **Outworlds 70** last Monday. I finished this evening, seven days later.

I do not see the need for any LoCs. What egoboo does your army of contributors need? Being part of this marvelous package: any further egoboo would be superfluous.

(I exclude from my enthusiasm Billy Wolfenbarger's "**And to Wake Up Dreaming**". If **OW70** was an entry in the Fanzine Olympics, and I was a judge, I could not give you a 10, and only for that reason. I have no patience for stream of consciousness writing. This literary mole on your otherwise handsome paper face serves the important function of reminding your Devoted Readers that you are, still, a fan who assembles his fanzine, one staple at a time.)

I concede the possibility that the paintings by Dick Jenssen, which are the attractive bookends of the text of your 200th fanzine, could be more attractive in colour. (Colour: Canadian English. What does the Bowers Style Book dictate to do with that "u"?)

The landing-craft-with-ringed-planet-in-background painting in particular strikes me as Traditional Space Art. (Do other of Your Correspondents, I wonder, find themselves typing In Capitals after reading one of your fanzines?) (Does your Style Book have an entry about the maximum number of pairs of brackets permitted in a LoC?)

I don't know if I would show **OW70** to a neo. "Look, if you Pub your Ish for nearly 37 years, 200 times, producing 4,800 pages, you can do this!" A moot point, alas. Neos? Anyone seen a neo in our neck of fandom in the 1990s?

My egoboo in this ish came in the eighth from the last line in Skel's "Excuse Me, But Your Expository Lump Is Showing..." The paragraph ending "...Murray, apparently Mankind's last hope."

//\urray

[Sunday, December 6, 1998]





From: Murray Moore
To: Bill Bowers
Subject: Not really a LoC
Date: Wed, 9 Dec 1998 23:18:51 -0500

Dear Bill,

Thirty reasons why my LoC on OW70 was not longer. I have to read and respond to:

- 1) Pinkette 16d
- 2) Mind Wallaby 3
- 3) Metaphysical Review 26/27
- 4) Metaphysical Review 28/29
- 5) Banana Wings 11
- 6) scopus:3007 No. 9
- 7) Starfire 9
- 8) Vanamonde 273-282
- 9) Twink 11
- 10) Plokta Vol 3 No. 2
- 11) Plokta Vol 3 No. 3
- 12) Canadian Journal of Detournement 29
- 13) Opuntia 40.1
- 14) Opuntia 40.2
- 15) Skug 14
- 16) Fables of Irish Fandom Vol. 1 1998
- 17) Geis Letter 55
- 18) Niekas 45
- 19) Quipu 9
- 20) Bob Devney apazines: Devniad Book 34; Book 35; Book 41b; Book 42; Book 43b
- 21) Knarley Knews 72
- 22) No Award 4
- 23) Thyme 123
- 24) Tortoise 2
- 25) For the Clerisy 31
- 26) Geis Letter 56
- 27) Banana Wings 12
- 28) IL Vombato 36
- 29) Opuntia 40.5

= a pile of paper 2.5 inches thick

and, oh yeah

- 30) FAPA, November 1989 mailing

plus

- | | |
|--------|---|
| LoC | Standing in Shadows 1; MarkTime 53 |
| Read | Fanorama (one column per day) |
| Finish | January edition of the First Thursday one-sheet newsletter |
| Select | My choices, and vote accordingly, for Guests of Honour of a Torcon 3. |

And, Bill, the worst part is, the fanzines! keep! coming!

Oh yeah, I also am working on my Ditto 11 report: eight pages of combined finished manuscript and notes.

Hoping you are the same,

//\\urray
Murray Moore

...over the past year, prompted I suspect by The Lichtman Factor, I've been making a valiant effort to flesh out MY Semi-Essential Fannish Library. But in order to determine what it is I "need", I suspect it helps to know what I already have. So I've been making occasional runs at sorting through various boxes. This is a Fine & Noble Exercise, marked mainly by the inevitable side-benefit of hopelessly diverting me each and every time.

And so it was, tucked in a box containing a copy of *SHAI-BU 1* – I found the following, apparently unpublished, and dated **Nov. 28, 1972**.

In A Fan Galaxy Long Ago...

Murray Moore

OW14 is a fine issue and stands forth as proof to me that, despite the impression which your "Inchoate" gives that you feel under some pressure to produce a certain kind of issue, what you are doing now and what you feel is worth doing is very much worthwhile. You say that you have worked yourself to the stage where you feel free of the necessity of considering restrictions, yet your very acknowledgment of this must mean something. Personally I want and expect to see from faneds whatever it is that the faned is personally interested in doing. If I don't feel that his efforts are worth my time, I drop him from my frame of reference.

Which is what I needed after first pulling *OW* out of the envelope. What at first appeared to be a giant magnet turned out a few fumbles later to be the back cover, upside down yet. It doesn't make as much sense upside down but it is at least as intriguing. I don't recall the scene from the novel so either way you look at it the possibilities of interpretation are varied.

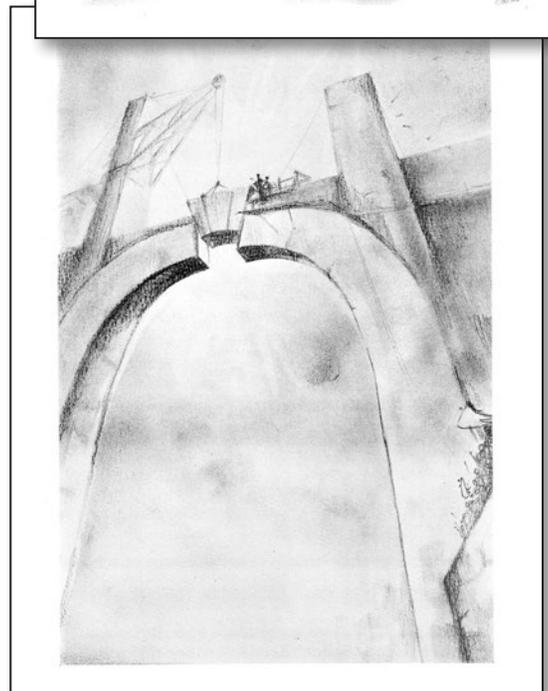
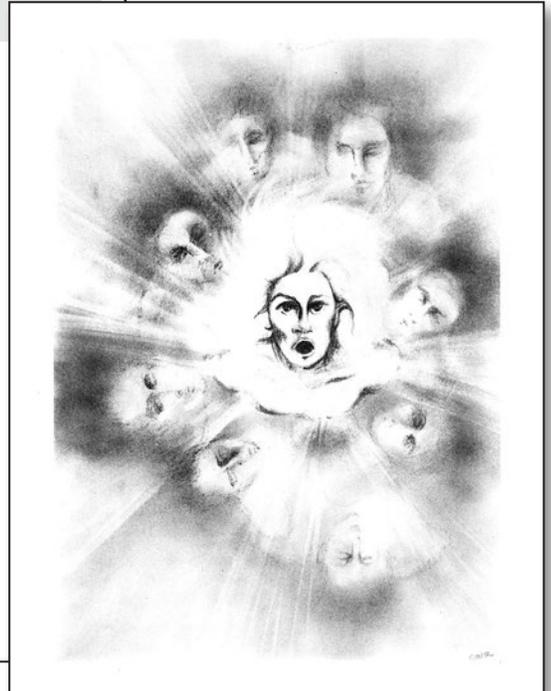
This *Outworlds* is graphically simple; art does not upstage text and complements itself individually to the point that nothing stands out to either extreme of quality; the art is neither very good nor very bad. But I do wish that Mike Gilbert would learn to print clearly.

Your use of yellow paper for the letters and editorial works to differentiate the features of this issue from the remarks on past issues and the personal thoughts of yourself. Such physical features give, if nothing else, comment hooks for LoCcers who aren't caught up by anything in the features to the point of addition, disputation, or plain pontification. A faned of course shouldn't assume that because there is no comment on the features that there is no interest. (At least, not necessarily.) I should think that this "Off the Deep End" will be noted by a few persons as possible material to be noted when the fanwriting Hugo nomination time comes around. I don't mean that Piers deserves a Hugo for this piece but it serves to prove that he has the ability (but not the time nor inclination?) to write awardworthy material.

Has anyone ever suggested splitting the Hugos into two classes, a Hugo for the best fanzine with a circulation of, say, under 300 and a Hugo for the best zine with a circulation over same? I'm not surprised.

[November 28, 1972]

...and let this be A Lesson to the rest of you: If you persist in sending me excuse-laden truncated LoCs... I will find a way to flesh them out!



*Outworlds Series 3 / Number 5
Whole Number 14, November 1972
covers by Connie Faddis*

Mae Strelkov

Before we turn nostalgic and melancholic, let's consider the good news available. You've discovered Ditmar, not just as a leading award given in Australia to fans, but as an actual individual named Martin James Ditmar Jensen, a real genius of our Computer Age. Yes, of course, you saw (as did I with great delight) Bruce Gillespie's *Metaphysical Review* with its stunning covers, and believe me yours now for **No. 70** are just as terrific. And you'll be using further examples gradually. Wonderful! It seems to me Ditmar's enthusiasm as he experiments is like mine back when I discovered hectography and I began producing literally thousands of paintings printed from say a hundred or so originals, and I showered fandom freely with examples. (Ned Brooks keeps a good stock for me still, the nice man.) Then our son Danny died while cliff-climbing and my inspiration fled. Nonetheless, tidying up a bit my tons of mss. and stuff lately, I came across examples and decided "I'll do more hectography. Surely, in remote Jujuy there must still be hecto-inks available for teachers at least." Vadim checked; no, it seems even teachers today are struggling to learn the use of computers at schools. At the leading schools anyway – not out here yet in the sticks. So... unless from heaven's bounty (*i.e.* from kind hearts on Earth who know where to obtain old stocks of hecto carbons) appears more hecto-material, my dream of showing what can be done with hecto in a computer age won't be realized. Still, I'll enclose a sample or two from the early 1970s to remind you.

My new weakness in doing touch-typing at high speed still, is due to the actions of my swooping hands far above the keyboard – the elbows, only, serving to move the arms up and down – so I seem to hit at times the wrong line of keys. Just the left hand – something going wrong with the right hemisphere of my brain? I don't think so yet. It's that I'm also using a Japanese Crown supposedly new but it broke at once and stayed unfixable for a year till Vadim found someone in San Pedro still fixing typewriters, not just computers, and so I'm trying to unlearn this most ancient double-carriage Olivetti and to switch to the Crown duly. My mind protests that the keyboard is "wrong" no matter which I'm using.

So we grow old, yes, Bill? And you are in mourning and so is **OW Seventy** over the loss of so many fine, dear friends. I sympathize but learned years ago to set sorrow aside and "get on with it daily", never really looking ahead (less so now I'm 81 gladly, for I love "reaching the end of this present life-span" and am ready to start anew as I believe we do – old Eastern conviction), refusing to sorrow over many sad things of the past. Lost friends? I look for them in new guises. No table-rapping for me, no ghostliness: were I in old Tibet I'd be glad to "join the hunt for the new Dalai Lama" as it were. They believed it from centuries and generations of experience. Though I expect to run into no new Dalai Lamas, I can visualize most happily my sensible loved ones and friends "beyond", when confronted with the entrance query: "Want to stay a ghost? Or want to be newborn, make the same mistakes over, till at long, long last you begin to learn, dear silly soul that you've remained till now?" So back we come, unless we opt to sing hymns eternally in some Fundamentalist Protestant Heaven. I believe my mother opted out, finally, and I do feel I know who she is now – a gorgeous, brilliant, non-Fundamentalist person I'll not identify to spare her, though in our family we are all convinced happily.



uh, did you
say hunt and
peck...?

So must I join you in mourning, dear Bill? Listen, I've read carefully your entire magazine, the first half word-for-word already, and the second half a first glance but I'll reread it also word-for-word, for my eyes still obey me if reluctantly sometimes.

I owe it to you, Bill, from pre-**Outworlds** times, from the early days of **Double:Bill**. I never lost that sense of gratitude when you published my sketches (and I sent you photos too) of the native Mecca of Pachamama and its startling hidden rock shapes (that the ones in charge were slowly turning into grinding-stones, church bricks, etc.) Oh, the bitternesses of my past are grievous and still overwhelm me when I think back and sense my helplessness anew. But I didn't give up. ("They are destroying this most ancient record with thousands of inscriptions so similar to China's oracle-bone forms. Telling people, 'It's ignorant, diabolical scribbling – no meaning!' It has to be deliberate, erasing clues to preserve the 'truth' of pre-Copernican dogmas and their boasts of 'saving the souls of diabolical, ignorant natives by force'." "I will not forgive and forget," I resolved, "I'll fight in another way, present before the Courts of Heaven my demands for justice. My coinage to buy such heavenly lawyers will be my own devotion to the studies I shall now begin" – and I did, way back at the start and into the mid-sixties non-stop, till now.)

With anger never fading, and a sense of "mission" – to "fight lies that in my view were not ignorant but deliberate", I studied so fiercely, Bill, I could produce at the "drop of a hat" a little piece now like the one Gary Mattingly has just produced [**Skug 14**], and though he apologizes that the characters didn't come out perfect, I have assured him that he did a beautiful job and I've rejoiced, I've genuflected before him in gratitude. At long last, the job begins to find a "home" for its findings!

I am, of course, grateful also to that lovely person, Ron Clarke, publishing **The Mentor** in Sydney, Australia, who for years has tried to use a lot from me. At the start, he pubbed a lot of my language study till everybody (but "a select few") complained "Archaic Chinese is a bit too much for me." Instead, he began pubbing "**A Planet Much Like Earth**", which I wrote when we first arrived in these wild mountains and jungles right under Bolivia (1983–1985). And by 1986 I was coming down with Pancreatitis, nearly died in mid-1986, was catapulted back to full health the instant I mentally promised, "Okay, I'll study some more". I'd been rejoicing, "A holiday at last!" (It has worried me so much, my studies re the sacred mushrooms, but I was evidently sent back to think it through and I did. Result: "It's still okay for primitives like the Koryaks, at least. But bad for our developing high-speed mentalities nowadays.")

Okay, another "**Epistle from Jujuy**" I seem to be dashing off to you, huh! To dear Bruce and Elaine, so mature that they are becoming (you can see how the evolution continues as you look over past issues), I send lots of stuff, daring stuff which I wonder whether even Bruce will feel he can print and not have the hounds baying after him. In past issues he went and titled my letters with headings like "**In Cahoots with the Creator**", so who knows? I approach deity, as I must confess, like he/she/they are "tops" in the enormous Universe, "counting hairs on our heads, our genetic patterns, sparrows, flowers of the field, whirling atoms, every last electron, and all of us individually as best they can – despite our lack of cooperation." My confidence in the goodness of Creation with its terrible challenges and its unbending Karmatic Law that affects whole peoples while individuals who really trust are helped through it all – has never



from the Timebinders e-list

Re: In Hectograph Purple Dreams...

Bill Bowers wrote:

As a bit of advance egoboo for an OW70 (and Timebinders) contributor, from later on in Mae's letter:

On sending that dictionary: The first post office I took it to, the clerk wanted to charge me several times the correct postage. I protested and he refused to alter his opinion. So I told him sternly that I was going to take my business to a competing post office. He looked baffled.

I went to the main PO and mailed it for the correct postage, then returned to the original PO (well, not immediately) and told the clerk that his competitor has better prices. The guy is probably still trying to figure that out.

D Gary Grady

Wednesday, January 6, 1999

wavered, never once (not ONCE) have I a single memory of having been "let down". I've been "playful with God"... by gum, his jokes are tough in return, but always worth a heartfelt laugh, I find. But he's no Christian deity. He's a bit of everybody's as long as they further the Plan of Evolution of life everywhere, rather than practicing destructive approaches or lauding misery.

Well, enough of Beulah Mae's sermonizing. Hey, does *Skel* refer to another "Beulah Mae"? I hope so. Or is he obliquely thinking of me in his book review – a very good one and the books he describe sound most attractive. Wish I could read all the books I want, but there are no libraries near here, and afar they contain such pious stuff all too frequently. (My experience formerly, when I hunted sources back in Cordoba.)

[...]

By hand I'll continue, so as to curb my dancing "typing fingers". I'll "LoC" now, from the back. All the LoCs interest me but I'll comment (as I did when LoCcing #69) on Alan Hunter's comments re Rotsler's final writings. He puts it the way I felt. Actually, the first piece by Rotsler (in #68) described "lovely" positions (if one were agile). I only criticized dildoes bitterly. If sex is all & love isn't present, it's even an ugly thing. Again in #70 Hunter's comments, I'd now encore. Poor Rotsler!

Very good, Stephen Leigh's letter on it too.

Ah, *Skel* is *cute!* (page 2693) Quoting what you said to "Mae Strelkov". (Not "Beulah Mae"?) (page 2624)

Actually, sincerely dedicated fans who write to us from their hearts ought to count on a Great Convention yet ahead "in the sky". But first I fear there'll be more "rebirths" (not to say "reincarnations") & that takes time.

I did appreciate Robert Lichtman's remarks re Eric Mayer. His early hectographed zine I truly cherished & all the copies I've kept and lately have reread. But I've not had news lately.

Walter Willis, lovely man! Ken Cheslin wrote me Willis just had a stroke. Do hope he recovers, soon!

Pamela Boal, such a fine person, tells us that 40 years ago she was given a 10-year life expectancy. Such a brave spirit! May she live on lively for many years yet!

Like Robert Coulson & Mike Glicksohn, I don't understand modern poetry & have given up trying. Lots of lovely adjectives strung like jewels fail to have an impact on my prosaic soul. I think I'll be liking Susan Manchester's poems. I confess I too can't follow Wolfenbarger's, but spiritually speaking I'm sure his messages are deep.

rich brown's article makes fascinating reading. I didn't realize Fangdom's feuds could last so long.

The Ted White/Eric Mayer feud of the 1980s upset me deeply. I *loved* that old *Groggy* zine & his continuing life story, and were it not that acute pancreatitis short-circuited my attention I too might have vanished from Fandom as did Mike Shoemaker, Bergeron, etc. Too involved right then with choosing between dying & recovery, I failed to keep up. I understand Eric published my letter re my strange sudden recovery (I may have mislaid my copy). In the following *Déjà Vu* readers were so friendly – Eric sent a sheet giving their actual messages. But it's 12 years ago. I'm in no feuding mood today.

I'll be reading and rereading *OW70* for a while yet. So many names and zines mentioned awakening fond memories for me. And do you know! Ted White on azaleas won my heart. May everybody kiss and make up.

D Gary Grady. I remember you every time I reach for my **AMERICAN HERITAGE DICTIONARY**. You sent it to me airmail in January 1978. I've the

date and your name written in by me on the front page. How valuable it's been. God love you!

Dave Langford stunned me. I saw him as fandom's invulnerable young deity. *He wears a hearing aid?* I may yet give in and accept a hearing aid, after learning this. Right now, I tell the family: "Speak loud & clear to me please!" They try. "What?" I answer, (when they do speak 'properly'): "A bit louder, **But Don't Shout!**" I shout back at them.

Ted ("Blanco", I started writing for I'm forced to speak mostly in Spanish so I think in tandem), White's story re raising azaleas is so lovely, I'll lend it to our Sylvia who grows dahlias, also bits of stuff that come in seed packages, also long-lasting geraniums, etc. Along comes our tapir from her strolls in the hills and starts "weeding". "Out, uneatable flowers" is her message. She pulls them all up & spits them out!

Andrew Hooper's writings I've often enjoyed. I'm tickled he likes LeCarré. I've asked for all his books from our daughter in Canada. My favorite, **THE LITTLE DRUMMER GIRL**, I almost know from memory by now.

"**The Holy Post**" by Richard Brandt reveals how pseudo-Christians can turn anybody atheist. Good he tells it!

I very much liked reading "Doc" Lowndes' letter dated 17th July, 1992. "Time", he felt, was "running out", yet he could say: "*I don't feel in a hurry about anything ...*"

So he had 6 more years ahead then still! I know that lovely feeling. I do an awful lot still – am typing up the next "book" following the one Ron Clarke is serializing, also first written in late 1986, long ago. It's not for pubbing – too "strong" for present-day tastes, but I know our great-grandchildren will understand it. Actually, our grandchildren think a lot of us, but I still feel the frank analysis of "relationships beyond time" is tricky as yet to discuss.

So Doc Lowndes was a year my senior. I was born in mid 1917. So he was an editor for Gernsback. The earliest Gernsback zines I used to buy in Buenos Aires, years & years ago. I loved them indiscriminately!

As Wm. Breiding says, we do grow more relaxed about getting things done as we grow older. I could be frantic that my literally tons of mss. on language themes need a final putting into shape, and I've scarcely started. Gary Mattingly pubbed one tiny bit chosen by me at random, inspired by an article by Breiding, who writes very well always. Yet I'm not frantic at all. I may live on & on till the task gets done, & if not, who'd care, really. "Never mind – I was enriched by the study. Enough for me!" I say.

Blue is lovely for the images on the covers... watery reflections, cloudy heights. Really, Ditmar is heaven's gift to fandom. More power to him.

It's so abstract, one can dream. I've seen very little of fractal art but what I've seen in an occasional magazine is just lovely & as skills increase even lovelier creations will develop.

As for my hectography, if I can find the inks I'll yet show what can still be done using that system.

P.S. So much I've failed to praise. The story of Bob! Yes, animals – given a chance – are truly noble and brilliant. (Even mere birds can be too.)

So fine, Larry Downes' "**Burma Diary**", too! rich brown's piece was an eyeopener. All new to me. So many great old friends, you've got. Where else but in fandom are there such people!

[October 29, 1998]





from the Memoryhole e-list

At 05:42 PM 1/30/2000,

Ned Brooks wrote:

Mae's cousin Betty Asbury, who lives in this area, just called to say that Beulah Mae Surtees Strelkov (to give her full name) passed away on Thursday, Jan 27.

Lo! some we loved,
the loveliest and the best
That Time and Fate of all
their Vintage prest
Have drunk their Cup a Round
or two before
And one by one crept silently
to Rest

A letter too long delayed; never writ, never sent...

A LoC, resident on this hard drive for over a year, not yet published.

Good intentions just don't cut it: Do it now.

Knowing Mae... one of the great joys of my life.

Bill Bowers
Monday, January 31, 2000

October 31, 1998 | 5 a.m.

Tonight it will be Halloween, a fun night for children. But all over Latin America the vigil begins, the Dead are remembered, into "All Saints" and "All Souls" Days. In cemeteries throughout the vast Continent they spend the eerie long hours and days beside graves. They'll play Knuckle-bones (TABLAS), they'll drink for the spirits – (their own and their ghosts...). Life comes to a halt & I feel I owe to Jackie a word for her now. I must include it, on the small "Crown". Typing allows a swifter flow.

I am looking at page 2580, the haunting illo by Jackie Causgrove, very lovely... very haunting. I never did get to know her by any exchange of letters, nor did we have any sort of real chat when we met at DISCON in 1974. She was with Tucker and another girl and ...

I changed the ribbon but the new spool doesn't fit or turn. So back to handwriting.

It was the illo above mentioned that keeps haunting me – not Jackie herself whom I hardly got to know in a personal way. I recall her fanzines in the early 1970s; she pubbed a piece by me as I recall. She & others were driving to Resnick's & took me along (1974 it was), then went further out of her way to drop me at the Wolfes. I remember it vividly, but it was so long ago. She must have been a magical person and that bewitching illo of hers surely expresses the poignancy of her real self.

With love, Mae

Harry Warner, Jr.

[...] One matter kept popping into my mind as I read it: how many words does it contain? I made a rough count on part of one page and decided you got something like 1,300 words on each page that is mainly typography with only small intrusions of empty space, headings or illustrations. Obviously, at least half of the pages have some content that replaces lines of text. But with more than 140 pages involved, I would suspect that you have something like 140,000 words, plus or minus a few ten thousand. There can't be many single fanzine issues in history which top this word count, even those that had more pages than this issue and there aren't too many of them. I hope this idle speculation doesn't cause you to devote dozens of hours to researching the number of words in all of your fanzines up to the present.

The pages about Jackie form a wonderful tribute to a fan I had the misfortune never to meet and only rarely corresponded with. Usually, I lament that these good things should be written and published about a fan while that fan is still alive, to permit the individual to enjoy the egoboo. But in this case, I imagine that there would have been reluctance to include some statements that Jackie might have felt embarrassed by during her lifetime, so maybe it was best to do it this way.

Meanwhile, one by one the apparently lost fans are finding their way back to fanzine pages, like Ed Gorman in this issue. I'm glad most of them like him don't regret the time they spent on fandom long ago. And some fans who have never been completely away are suddenly become more three-dimensional and more sharply defined fans to me because of the greater frankness with which they've recently been writing about themselves, like Bill Breiding in his splendid recollections of his neofandom in this issue. It's sad to think that kids today no longer can discover science fiction the way he and I did, through printed materials. They get saturated

with what passes for science fiction on the tube and on videotapes and in theaters and I'm afraid many of them will never learn the different and superior pleasures that come through reading science fiction.

Fans have been publishing their travel experiences in a lot of foreign nations, but I can't recall offhand any travelogue centered in Burma before Larry Downes' fine piece. This is another example of fanzine material that should find a professional market if the writer tried hard enough to interest a publisher.

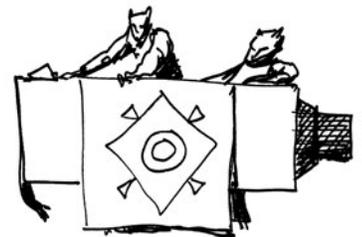
Chris Sherman's play-by-play account of the beginning of a new generation is almost as harrowing as some of the more gruesome material I've read about computers. Maybe it's just as well I never became a father. I never had the steadiest of nerves and the strain of a childbirth in which I was personally involved would have done terrible damage to my psyche.

The Lloyd Arthur Eshbach reprint about E. E. Smith probably made me nod in complete agreement more often per page than anything else in this issue. He was my writing hero from the first installment of **TRIPLANETARY** and I'll never forget the almost physical blow I felt the day I walked into Hagerstown's little used magazine store in the late 1930s and saw on display the issue of **Amazing Stories** that contained the first part of **THE SKYLARK OF SPACE** which I'd read about so much in prozine letter sections but never dared hope I would someday own. Many years later, I was supremely fortunate to meet Dr. Smith at a Worldcon and what happened there still seems to me unbelievable. It was in the hotel lobby where it was impossible to conduct a conversation for more than a few seconds without someone coming up and intruding into it. The moment the writer and I began to talk, it was as if a force field that blocked sound and visibility had formed around us. He and I sat down on chairs and talked for perhaps ten minutes without interruption, I got some fine color slide photographs of him, and then we reentered the real world again and never saw one another after that.

I don't think anyone can logically question the writer's pioneering in taking science fiction beyond Earth and the Solar System. What is usually criticized is his writing style. That style becomes excellent for its time, if anyone takes the trouble to look up best sellers in fiction during the late 1920s and 1930s and hunts up a couple of issues of popular slicks from the same period like **Colliers** or the **Saturday Evening Post**. Smith gave an excellent imitation of the writing style that was most often used in the most popular fiction of the period. It seems archaic today but it was up to date when it was new.

I certainly hope you can manage to publish that collection of Doc Lowndes' columns. Not too many fans remember today the influence he enacted on fandom's early years. For instance, Bob Tucker's **Le Zombie** is properly famous, but how many fans today realize its title was a parody of Doc's **Le Vombiteur**? Or that **Le Vombiteur** was a pioneer example of the very small fanzine mostly written by the editor and distributed mainly free? Incidentally, Doc bought my first published prozine story. I'd tried for several years to sell stories written the best way I knew how. After all were rejected, I decided to try splicing together all the cliches and stock situations of hack science fiction, ending up with the old stage melodramatic scene of wolves chasing the protagonists over ice packs. Doc bought it and he must have understood exactly what I'd done because the story finished first for that issue in the readers' poll and Doc remarked editorially that he bet I was as surprised at this phenomenon as he was. Sadly, he was the only one of the major Futurian clique whom I never met.

Bless Bob Tucker for remembering after so many years the fake conreport in **Horizons**. However, even though I thought it was an original idea, I sometimes wish I'd never thought of it and had written a real conreport instead.



Buck Coulson
Vinç Clarke
John Millard
Chuch Harris
Walt Willis
Mae Strelkov

Re: [Fwd] Chuch Harris Tributes

These are sad times. Little did I know back in 1973 that in 1999 I would be suffering through the final sad knell of a fandom I never knew and mourning men and women I not only never met, but knew only from a distance. Yet – these are strange, sad, deep wounds; passings that I sometimes think will mean more to me than the death of my own family. Fanzine fandom is odd indeed.

Wm. M. Breiding
Saturday, July 10, 1999

Experiences at that event that are totally forgotten today would still live on paper if I hadn't decided to be original.

Dave Langford's article had two advantages for me. It gave me a great deal of pleasure to read it, although it was the sort of pleasure that I experience when I see a comedian in a movie taking pratfalls or getting his head caught in a revolving door. But it was also educational because it had never occurred to me that glass milk bottles are still in use in England.

I don't suppose we'll ever know for certain whether Harlan delivered that water in packaged or unpackaged form to Jim Harmon. rich brown's article was entertaining. It may be misleading in one paragraph. I didn't write **ALL OUR YESTERDAYS** to put **THE IMMORTAL STORM** "into perspective". The two books covered entirely different time periods with a couple of minor exceptions that weren't really duplications of fact in different writing styles. I included in my book information on Australian fandom in the 1930s because Sam Moskowitz had forgotten about it and I offered some paragraphs about manifestations of fandom that came before mainstream fandom began, something like the pre-Columbian discoveries of America.

Skel overlooks one advantage that three-parent households would provide. If arguments sprang up among the parents, the outcome would be two to one, a clear victory, instead of the deadlocks that are inevitable when only two parents are needed to raise a family. Maybe there would be fewer arguments decided by blows. [October 28, 1998]

Well, "my" word count for last issue was approximately 130,000 words – without including any of the multitude of "lists". Still, I have about as much faith in the accuracy of computer-generated word counts as some have in computers themselves.

So, with the same degree of perversity that enables me to pass on justifying margins when I could do so with the stroke of an icon, I'm deliberately **not** keeping track of the wordage in this issue...

Next time? Who knows!



I Also Heard From:

Harry Andruschak | John D. Berry | Sheryl Birkhead | Jeanne Bowman | G. Sutton Breiding | Kevin L. Cook | Dick Geis | Ed Gorman | Terry Jeeves | Randy Mohr | Jodie Offutt | Al Sirois | Craig Smith | Toni Weisskopf | Paul Williams | Billy Wolfenbarger

Kevin L. Cook

What stuck out in my mind after finishing the issue were Wm. Breiding's "How I Got Here", "Thots While Gardening" by Ted White and "A Phone Call From Harlan Ellison" by rich brown. I read your various lists with great interest as well. I used to keep a list of all the films I had seen as well, but I never alphabetized it, preferring to look back and notice the order I had viewed the films in. For whatever it's worth, my own list of 25 favorite films would not have a single title in common with yours.

You definitely run the most varied and fascinating letter column that I have ever seen in any publication, professional magazine or fanzine, and I appreciate receiving the information in "INotherWorlds".

[November 15, 1998]

...a little while back, because of declining eyesight, Dick Geis requested that he no longer be sent print fanzines. Nevertheless, I thought he might be interested in rich's article and, since rich had volunteered to send e-mail copies of "A Phone Call..." to interested parties who had not received OW70, I asked him to send a copy to Dick. The following is Dick's response, sent to rich, and printed here with permission:

Dick Geis

Thanks for the ASCII version. This piece sure does bring back memories. It was all so much fun in those days, a great joy of writing and editing and publishing zines. And there was groupism – fandoms – too, and to this day I'm not sure what fandom I flourished in. 7th, I guess, though I wasn't 'in' as a fan because I was isolated and didn't know or socialize with the BNFs in the East...

Anyway, I wonder if there is an sf fandom anymore? It seems to have been atomized and disintegrated by the exploded world of ZINES and the internet and **Star Trek**... Yet all it would take to revive it would be a fanzine review column in one of the major sf prozines. Will that ever happen again?

Ed Gorman

Really enjoyed the issue, including the glimpses of my old fanzine. As I said, I lost all that stuff in a move twenty years ago. The Barr cover was, as I recall, striking, very Virgil Finlay-ish. Thanks again. I spent a couple of enjoyable hours with your magazine. That's a hell of a formidable magazine you've got.

[Sunday, September 6, 1998]

Terry Jeeves

I see you are declaring 'no policies' – that I find hard to believe in view of how many different ones you have espoused in the past. I liked the cover and thought the Hunter art was terrific – but then he is always good. I go along with the sundry listings as I'm a compulsive list-maker myself. Would

Subject: Where's Bill?

To: Missing Persons Dept.
Subject: Bill ("Father William")
Bowers

Not heard from since June 1999, whereabouts currently unknown.

May have been abducted by aliens: Distinct leaning for X-files (*Xenolith*, *Xero*) and other skiffy-type stuff; former editor of *Outworlds* newsletter, dedicated to weird happenings, conspiracies & feuds with other fringe groups; reported an incapacitating illness which may not be of mundane (earthly?) origin.

Has a following as a cult leader; participation in several obscure organizations (FAPA, etc.), part of a loosely-knit world-wide semi-religious network called "stefandom" (several splinter groups worship different ghods) whose ultimate purposes are still unclear.

Speculations include surmise that he may have gone into hiding to avoid having to "pay his dues", or that he may have become amnesiac and/or deranged waiting for LoCs (whatever they may be!) on 20-year-old publications.

Non-pecuniary rewards for information leading to contact with said subject.

*Alexander Yudenitsch
Tuesday, August 17, 1999*

you believe I even have twenty years or so of a listing of **ASF** fiction with a synopsis of each story, and my index of **Astounding/Analog** lists all stories and articles from No.1 right up to 1995 when I gave up on the mag?

The listing of your fan publications is extensive and tempts me to dig in and compile one of my own – **Triode, Con-Science, Vector, Blue Moon, Duplicating Notes, Down Memory Bank Lane, Carry on Jeeves** and of course **Erg**.

[postmarked October 8, 1998]

Randy Mohr



Jodie Offutt

Is this an e-MoC?

Bill, I do believe you've overembraced the internet. If anybody can find a plausible way to incorporate the brevity of the internet into fanzine publishing and, in the process, do away with the brevity altogether, it is you, my friend. (What? Bowers brief? Now there's an oxymoron.)

OW70 is beautiful. I'm proud to be part of it. I've always been impressed with your layout. Your sense of balance and composition look effortless. That **Outworlds** is always pleasing to my eyes and professional looking is a clear indication of your knowledge, experience and the amount of time you spend getting **OW** just right. [Wednesday, September 30, 1998]

Al Sirois

Thanks for **Xenolith 43**. Between it and **OW70**, I feel as if I've never left fandom! I recognize many names, of course. It's as if I've been out of the room to get a beer for the last fifteen years, only to come back in and find everything much as I left it. Kind of refreshing, actually.

I did a long review of **OW70** for **OUTSIDE: SPECULATIVE AND DARK FICTION**, but I can't say for sure when it will be published there – sometime within the next 2 months. Amazingly short on a geological fannish scale. I really got into it, because how could I review the ish without mentioning rich brown's piece on Harlan Ellison and therefore having to explain at least SOMETHING of Seventh Fandom? I find that I have some perspective on fandom now, having been out of it for so long. Some would say I was out of it even while I was *in* it, but they would be cruel and heartless indeed.

I will say that **OW70** has more to do with death than any fanzine I have ever read, but in no morbid way – merely because many of our friends have passed on to bigger and better things. We miss them, but they do live on for us and will continue to do so as words and lines on paper (and on the screen) and in our hearts. Others will come to know them and, maybe, love them. One could do worse. [Wednesday, May 19, 1999]

Craig Smith

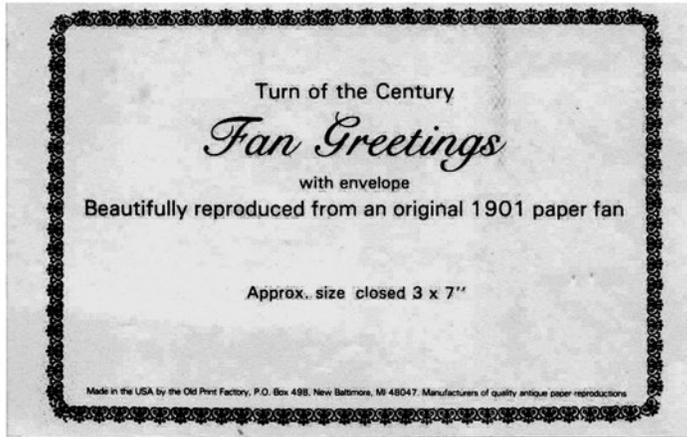
Bill- JUST wanted to share my amazing, fantastic, astounding, and startling find with you. Craig

FAN HISTORIANS TAKE NOTE:

An Item of Great Fanhistorical Interest
Presented Here for the First Time

Although whatever it was attached to has been long since lost, I have I believe, with this tag found irrefutable evidence of fan activity dating back at least to 1901 (and paper fans no less!).

I'll leave it to more experienced fan archeologists to debate the implications of my (and I say this with all modesty I assure you) incredible discovery. (Eat you hearts out, Sam Moskowitz and Harry Warner).



Toni Weisskopf

Re: "Wee" *Outworlds*

"Wee." Uh huh. Sat down and read Dave Locke's piece, Tucker's column, Ed Gorman's piece, the other Jackie remembrances and Haldeman's poem before the babysitter left for the day. Then I went into traction from holding the zine up. [Thursday, September 10, 1998]

Paul Williams

I'm enjoying *OW70*... including Robert's lists. Happy to see "Beard Mumblings"... for a little while that column was going to run in my zine *Within*, which however expired due to adolescent gafia, followed by starting my own rock zine.

Outworlds 70 is impressive and full of the sort of thing I like to chew on though I'm slow to read fanzines or books or anything unless I've given myself a related writing assignment (same with listening to records and CDs these days). Nice to see names I haven't seen for too long, like Joel D. Zakem... I'm trying to remember which phase of my life we had some correspondence in (and about what). Lloyd Arthur Eshbach is definitely a name to conjure with in my book... And the fillos are a delight. I really appreciate a good Stiles piece, and you've got several here, also Taral is a reliable pleasure. Craig Smith is new to me and his stuff here is very pleasing. And of course the Rotsler's are welcome... Bill did a batch of drawings for my girlfriend's newsletter to her fans (she's a singer) and she continues to use them on postcards announcing forthcoming shows. [Friday, March 12, 1999]



Advertisement



It must be done quickly, before one moans, so drowning is no good. Dirt is better – sticks in the throat, buries the insides – or swallowing glass so blood forms a lake inside the chest, and yet, that too is slow and messy. Why not stuff cotton up the nose as far as air can reach, as close to the end of light as possible and then be sure to swallow some for violent retching to occur. Inhale brick-sized sandalwood incense in a pup tent for something more aesthetically pleasing. For the more adventurous sort: wearing a straitjacket, jump into a silo filled with insulage or cut your dog's hair in large clumps and eat it with peanut butter. The kinder, gentler you may simply want to pass out in a tub of lime jello or ask a close friend to lean on your mother's satin pillow placed just so over your face.

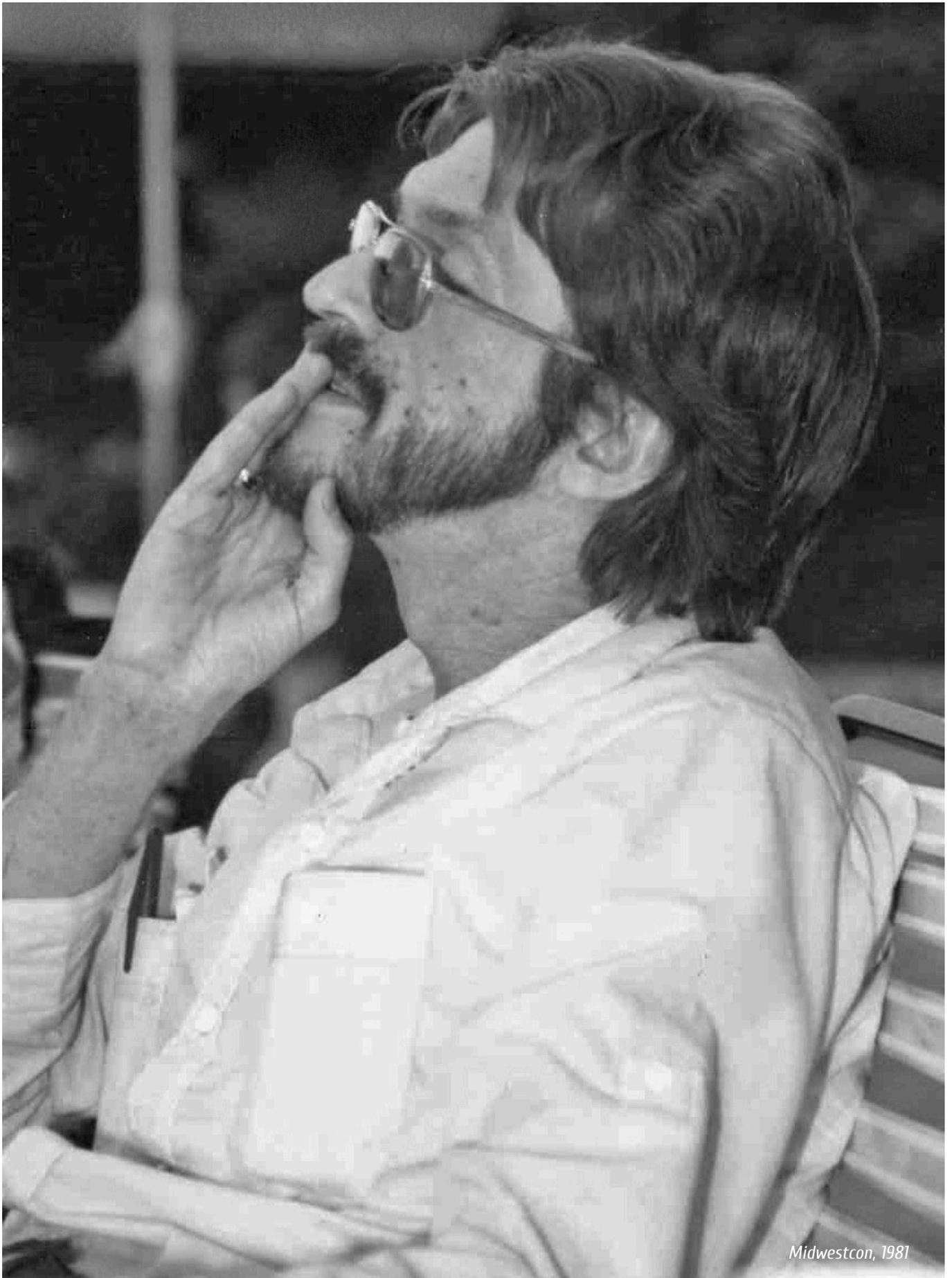
How does one choose to block out air?

And when it happens, is it like
night never finding the dark? Rain losing

its hearing, birds flying with broken wings, dogs
who can't wag tails, a sunrise no one sees, lovers

without kisses, wind without trees, children choking
on love?

—Susan A. Manchester



Midwestcon, 1981

