



Notes Toward A Speech Delivered at CONFUSION 6 and/or 7, Friday, January 18, 1980

In early December, when Leah asked me for a title for this...to use in the program book...I gave her the best one I could think of¹ -- knowing full well it probably wouldn't have anything to do with what I eventually came up with.
And it doesn't.

True enough, I made my very first speech ever, in public, at this convention four years ago -- and if I search long enough, I could probably find a way to work that fact into this, the 9th Bill Bowers Speech.

Perhaps I would, if I were into keeping lists...and such things as marking the various anniversaries of events in my life. But as you well know -- after the previous eight speeches, starting four years ago this weekend -- that I would never resort to such a cheap gimmick in any of my public utterances.

Others may wander on erratically, about a variety of topics, but me -- I stick to the issues...

So now, for something completely different -- for me; and for something that, as far as I know, has only one precedent in convention history (that at Balticon 10, in 1976). That said, let me present to you this, the "live" version of:

BILL BOWERS' / THE TENTH ANNISH² OUTW(30)RLDS

...unfortunately, thus far -- in the short time span since the last issue -- I've only had time to finish the editorial. Note that this is *not* the new editorial policy; that will come later.

What we have here, therefore, is yet another installment of "...from William's Pen". And it goes like this:

¹"Bill Bowers, You've Come A Long Way in Four Years!"

²"Annish" is fannish for "Anniversary Issue." A glossary of such terms will be appended for those of you who have just discovered fandom, fanzines, and conventions, since the advent of "STREK: The Motionless Picture".

IT REALLY HASN'T BEEN *THAT* LONG. Since October of 1976, when that massive double issue came out. Oh yes, some of ye of little faith -- and less patience -- have persisted in expressing some doubt as to the eventual appearance of this issue.

I won't say I told you so.

But I did.

Some of those same people have even questioned my ability to get out the two promised lettercolumn supplements. I hope that discovering that *Outworlds* 27.5 and *Outworlds: The Epilogue* are enclosed in the same envelope with this will not prove to be too great a shock to anyone.

You know how I hate upsetting people.

Ignoring for the moment 1966, and the *first* first issue, we come to January, 1970, and the first *Outworlds*. It was small -- 26 pages; mimeoed; and had a print run of 312 copies. Initially it went to *Double:Bill* holdovers, before gradually building its own unique mailing list -- a process I seem to be going through again, with yet another new fanzine title.

It was of course compared to *Double:Bill*; mostly favorably, but not entirely. History repeats itself.

In the same timeframe, there appeared an obscurely titled fanzine, mimeographed on yellow paper with heavy -- very heavy -- white covers. It featured neophyte editors, and thunked into our post office box bearing a Toronto postmark.

Though he claims we met the preceeding Labor Day in St. Louis, I don't remember that. What I do remember is this: the very first check *Energuman* ever received was signed by Jaon Bowers.

And I'm sure it still resides in Glicksohn's shoebox, somewhere.

1970 was a very long time ago, and the world was different then. Well, a little bit different, at least. Those were the days before the FAAn Awards, before *Rocky Horror*, before the attainment of our "just and honorable" peace, before look-alike fandom, before Larry Downes, before... Before so many things that are taken for granted today.

Why, it was even before Bill Bowers Speeches.

Nostalgia...ah, isn't it sweet?

Relax. I'm neither going to give you a history of *Outworlds*...or the 70's.

Just yet.

What I *can* going to do is not in the nature of one of my speeches -- that is, presenting a carefully reasoned, tightly constructed thesis in a logical straight-forward manner. No, I'll do just as I've always done in my editorials: sermonize, and ramble on about myself...and the contents of this issue.

A Quote:

...but, he said repeatedly, *Outworlds* is not dead; it's only resting. Bill, on the other hand, was definitely not resting; he was busily going where no Bill Bowers had ever gone before... A bit hesitantly here, a little awkwardly there... but nevertheless, he left loose, giving full rein to emotion rather than logic, reaction rather than preplanning *everything*... and was able to (and it was as surprising to him as much as anybody) to do so to such an extent that, while it bemused, amused, and confused friends of longer duration, he held onto them, while making new friends: loving and caring, going and living--a process that, once started, just seemed to keep on mushrooming...

...and now he says, Behold! Proof that *Outworlds* Lives! (And Better Than Ever, he not at all modestly adds.) Bill, on the other hand, is *still* not resting: he is overextended, overinvolved, overcommitted...and thoroughly overjoyed by it all, even if just a bit overwhelmed!

...and he suspects that he may well become overbearing about it all,

while he is attempting to achieve an overview, overall. So why not? All new converts are zealots; I am not immune.

Overnight it seemed to happen, but surely I overlook the obvious?

---Outworlds 28/29; 1976; page 1104

Almost...I'm sorry that I wrote that over three years ago; it would have made such an appropriate lead-in to *this* issue!

Status Update: One of these days I'll probably have to rest. But not just yet.

Back when the world was younger ... and I was older (I have witnesses!):

Those were the days when Bob Tucker wrote for me...rather than for 10 & 1/2-year-old nymphettes... (I'm still waiting, Dotti...)

Those were the days when Jerry Kaufman swore he'd never publish a fanzine...

Those were the days when Ted White's fanzines were mimeographed...

...and Andy Porter's prozine was dittoed.

Those were the days before Mike Glicksohn learned to play poker. ...before he called me Machiavellian! ...the days before F.H.F. (...very, very esoteric reference).

Those were the days when the very idea of holding a Worldcon in Detroit was as likely as the mere suggestion that Chicago host another Democratic convention...

Those were the days when Ro Lutz-Nagey had long hair. And I didn't.

...the days when Ro Nagey womanized. And I didn't know what it was.

Those were the days when only andy offutt wore caftans ... before becoming SFWA President, and going respectable on us...

Those were the days when we were lucky to have a convention or two a month in the summer...rather than being lucky enough to find a weekend in March without four or five scheduled opposite each other.

Those were the days of the second folding of Science Fiction Review.

Those were the dying days of the New Wave...

...and of an approaching Worldcon in Boston!

And, yes, those were the days before the widely proclaimed death of the giant genzine. ...but that's a topic to be considered later in this issue:

Like, at One O'Clock...tomorrow afternoon.³

Speaking of this issue, I won't dwell on how unique and different it is from the preceeding issues. The fact that the cover is numbered Page One should suffice to give you the barest hint...

And how about that cover! Some would call it Jack Gaughanish because of its sketchiness; others might refer to it as John Berkeyish, because of its splashiness. But call it what you will...a full-color, wrap-around, typically avant-garde Fabian is still... a full-color wrap-around typically avant-garde Fabian!

A Second Quote:

One thing I've been meaning to mention for a long time is this:

I get a lot of mail addressed to one "Mr. Bowers"; *that* happens to be my father. The "William L." you see occasionally on the contents page is simply for posterity; *my* name is Bill. So Be It Known To One & All, that only the following three individuals are required to address me as "Mr. Bowers" (with an optional, but respectful "Sir" afterwards): Michael Glicksohn, Jerry Kaufman, Larry Downes.

(I told you I'd make you famous, Larry...)

Outworlds 27; 1/6/76

³...a panel titled "'Not I,' Said the Fly: Who Killed Fanzine Fandom?", with Brian Earl Brown, Denise Parsley Leigh, myself...and moderated by Mike Glicksohn. (It seemed to go better than most such panels go...)

I've been trying to accomplish this for a long time... So I'm pleased to announce that I have finally managed to entice *all* of my regular columnists into contributing to a single issue. There's really not that many, and I'm actively courting a few additions to pad out future issues, but in the meantime the line-up this time goes like this:

POUL ANDERSON switches from beer to whiskey, from mutterings to shouting, in his spirited defense of George McGovern;

PIERS ANTHONY tells how much he enjoys conventions, as well as the welcome stream of recent fannish visitors to his door...and expresses, abashedly, his gratitude at the reception his first fanzine has received;

GREG BENFORD reports that he is sick and tired of being referred to as "the Bradbury of his generation" -- and that he plans to take a correspondence general science course real soon now...;

DAVE LOCKE splits his column between giving helpful hints gleaned from the care and feeding of his legendary fanzine collection -- and tidbits on how to be kind to people shorter than yourself (if you can find them...);

DOC LOWNDES declares that nothing of worth was written in science fiction until the late 1970's;

ANDREW J OFFUTT discourses on maintaining the purity of the field -- that is, crucifying Conan immediately ... and further declares that any s.f. writer caught writing porn -- even under a pseudonym -- should be barred from SFWA for life!

JODIE OFFUTT makes Gloria Stenium look as liberated as Pat Nixon, while saying that any woman caught knitting at a convention should be stitched to the cross...behind Conan;

BOB TUCKER preaches the smooth joys of temperance, and decries the prevalence of sexual innuendoes in the deliveries of other toastmasters...;

TED WHITE bemoans the predominance of fannish writing, and points with some alarm at the prevalence of drug use at conventions -- interspersing his Thots with other, lighter, elements...;

BILLY WOLFENBARGER descends from his life of urban penthouse splendor to ask: Are farms really the way they're depicted on "The Waltons"?

...and SUSAN WOOD commemorates the fifth anniversary of her emigration to the States, from the cultural wasteland of Canada.

Err...

Actually, I copped out on that last one: I was going to say...

SUSAN WOOD describes her vasectomy, and enumerates her techniques for seducing young fans...while playing Hearts all night at conventions...

I was going to say that.

...but I decided I enjoyed living too much to do so!

...you can call me chicken, and you can call me coward -- but you can also call me cautious!

At first, I was going to say that my proudest achievement in this issue was the spread of Roger Elwood's *Limmericks* -- graphically illustrated by Taral... but, on second thought, that honor has to go to the fact that I -- at long last -- have managed to coax a second article out of Ro Lutz-Nagey.

It is titled "*The Secret Handpress of Fandom: A Sur-real and Semi-True Version Thereof*" -- and it describes his rise to prominence as the editor of a big time, big deal prozine that no fan (with the possible exception of Gene Wolfe) has ever heard of. I hate to get emotional, but I'm certain that Ro will bring you to tears, in modestly telling of the sacrifices he makes for his indentured servant...a prolific writer in his own write.

Quote Three:

...from *Outworlds* 20 -- mid-1974:

I really wasn't going to write another of these self-examination editorials for a while... When completing #19...I didn't expect to have to. But rather than putting in [sic] a new way, I'd like to offer some excerpts from my editorial in *Outworlds* III [May, 1970] as a Credo/Statement of editorial intent:

Communication; Involvement; Obligation: Three words.

I operate within certain prejudices, some of which even I am unaware. But I definitely prefer people who do creative things, over those who are always talking about doing creative things. And those people I consider to be wasting their lives by not attempting to leave the world a bit better, a little more beautiful than it was when they arrived...these people would probably say that I have an unhealthy, almost fanatical desire to produce a beautiful fanzine.

They would be right.

I wish that I could say that I could do it alone; at times, I think Yes... at other times, well, maybe...

I will publish for a hundred, or a thousand; it doesn't matter overmuch. But I require response; I cannot read your minds.

Come...let us, together, create a speck of beauty in a graying world. We can have some fun, perhaps learn a thing or two, prove that name-calling is not the only way to have a lively letter section, and (perhaps) construct a fanzine that is, indeed, greater than the sum of its parts.

I realize that you may not need me...

But I certainly need you.

I really hate to do it, but this is going to have to be *absolutely* the last issue to carry anything on the Harlan Ellison / Ted White / Dean Koontz / Piers Anthony / Donald Pfeil --who?-- love feast. I mean, really, the whole thing has become so positively saccharin, that my teeth decayed while I was typing up this issue's modest 44-page installment.

I've had it. The five thousand print run of this issue is a bit much.

I'm going back to basics.

The next issue will be heckto.

A "serious interlude" is mandatory here.

Insert mandatory "serious interlude".

Insertation complete.

I once said that every time Joe Haldeman wrote a song, I'd publish an issue of *Outworlds*. Well, perhaps it is stretching a point, but in this issue we have a reprise.

It is titled thusly:

"Locked Up In a Spaceship With Five Hundred Unfrozen...

...and Very, Very Horny Stan Longs!"

