

The first time we stayed up all Worldcon-Saturday-night was at Midamericon. Little did I know that it would turn into a "tradition".

Big Mac. Kansas City. 1976.

A strange convention, that, in several ways.

I was sharing a room with Ro and Lin; they had the bed and I a rollaway...and it was physically impossible for all three of us to be in the room, vertical, at any one time (unless one was in the john). At the time I was "involved" with several members of APA-50, who picked that particular convention to have a general freakout and consciousness-raising session; it was interesting and traumatic, even to one on the outskirts. And, at that convention, I found out (much to my astonishment) that I was to be Fan GoH at the Worldcon, then two years hence. There were other diversions such as hippotophers, saying farewell to someone I haven't seen since, and reminiscing about the days, nearly a decade earlier, when I had come down to the strip joints in the area surrounding the Mhulbach.

Friday night I spent running around with someone who was very short and very affectionate--someone who absolutely did not know me when I saw her next...

Saturday afternoon, I linked up with...

...and we became totally inseparable, which was really strange, considering our previous history.

She convincingly displayed the engaging quality of totally alienating all of my best friends five minutes after they'd met her, and we ran around wrecking havoc on the Ultimate Worldcon: At one point, as I was trailing her down a hallway, we burst through a cluster of people gathered at the elevator--a cluster that, it registered on me moments later, included Jerry Pournelle introducing Heinlein to Andrew Offutt...who was then President of SFWA.

Fortunately, it seemed that none of them had recognized me (well, I never have met Pournelle; only received long phone calls from him)...and so it went, through the night...

...and early Sunday morning, we walked a couple of blocks through a Kansas City thunderstorm, just to look through the stained glass windows of a church.

Later, at breakfast, she was showing me her collection of credit cards, and as I kiddingly asked her age, she showed me her driver's license complete-with-birthdate.

I blanched. (This being before my reputation.)

It was reassuring that she had a driver's license, though.

Actually, I met her the previous year, at the 1975 Westercon.

Well, I was perhaps more in the company of her late brother and his friends...but when you've only seen someone ~~ten~~ eleven times in ten years, you tend to count every encounter.

Correction: I tend to count every meeting.

A year or more preceding Boston and Noreascon II, I happened to mention in the pages of a fanzine this Worldcon "tradition" of all-night-Saturday-night-partying-followed-by-dawn-Sunday-morning-walks-to-churchs-with-stained-glass-windows--and asked for suggestions of appropriate churches within walking distance of the Boston-Sheraton.

Several were offered--my readership knows all--but when Saturday night arrived there, all else having gone according to rote...but we never made it to a church.

(Well, not then; Saturday- or Sunday-afternoon, we went to one located in a shopping center. Don't ask.)

--Instead, late into the night, as we waited in the depths of the Sheraton for the car to be brought up, she explained the meaning of synergy to me. Later, when the car finally arrived, we drove out to Walden's

Pond, and wandered its shores in the mists of dawn's early light...before discovering an ancient cemetery, furtively climbing a fence (I'm always the coward in these things: "Do you think we should be doing this?" I asked. "Yes," she said, and that was that...) to meander among tombstones older than I.

Hey, so what do you do at *your* Worldcons? Go to programming?

The precisely every-other-year rotation of meetings actually lasted only three cycles: Kansas City, 1976; Phoenix, 1978; Boston, 1980. ~~It seemed long!~~ Later, comparatively much more frequent encounters. In fact, it's now been four Worldcons in a row, with two regionals thrown in for good measure. This is nice... but I'm not sure I can handle the pace at my age!

Then there was the visit here:

She travels a lot, and I get strange, vaguely decipherable postcards from around the globe. Our contacts--correspondence and phone calls--in between encounters is not prolific, but I have accumulated a rather extensive collection of these colorful exotic scenes, backed with scrawled insults about my ability to keep up my end of the "exchange visit" agreement.

...and once, after one of her European jaunts, she showed up at Cincinnati International (yes, really. The fact it's located in Kentucky may have something to do with that). For three or four days. It was... different. One night I had a small party for her down at Cavin's apartment (I always have my parties at Cavin's; yes, you may ask...); it seemed to go relatively well.

Later, Bill told me that after we had left, one of the other attendees, impressed, had inquired, "How does Bowers meet women like that...?"

Well, I'm about to tell you.

Torcon II; 1973.

I was innocently standing in the lobby of the Royal York, probably minding my own business, when I was angrily attacked by twin miniature tornadoes.

I found out later that they were not twins. I found out much later that, surprisingly, he was older than she...but that was after he was dead and married.

Even then, she was the most outspoken...and quite possibly the most obnoxious.

I was much shyer then, and not at all used to handling such displays of public admiration...so I was a bit flustered by it all. No, I don't recall the exact cause for this assault on my integrity and parentage, but I think it had something to do with the fact that I wouldn't trade with their abysmal fanzine.

Ah, well.

Whatever.

The last time we stayed up all night Saturday night/went out early Sunday morning, was at Boston. So much for a five-year, three-part tradition.

Perhaps it was the shock of seeing her two years in a row that did in the routine at Denver. Perhaps that is why, although she was definitely there, I can recall no specific instances from Denvention II to contribute toward the mythos.

Undoubtedly the fault of the rarefied air.

Phoenix. 1978.

Iguanacon II.

Hot. Traumatic. The Worldcon Of My Being Honored.

The first half of my extended stay there was relatively peaceful... Then came Friday night...a face sighted across the room in the crowded Boston party...and I said, "Oh, shit!"

Foward: Saturday night (just to maintain the image, you understand), I ended up following this strange person around, from party to party, up and down stairwells, trying to lose her (even more) in-sufferable brother. ...when she wasn't following me around, from party to party, etc., trying to find her

insufferable brother.

And early Sunday morning, in a Pinto more decrepit than either of mine had ever been (we won't discuss the Mustang), we drove through the already intolerable Phoenix heat to a nearby church...to look through the stained glass windows.

Saturday night...Sunday morning; Phoenix.

The Sunday morning I was scheduled on an eleven a.m. panel...and I was to attend the banquet that afternoon.

Not to mention that--that very evening--I was to stand caftan-clad before a multitude of fans (and Harlan)...and deliver a Guest of Honor speech.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank my former friend for helping me go into that unimportant day in my life well rested and totally prepared.

(It certainly wasn't my fault.)

Years later, there is still a note taped to the wall above my telephone.

I called off sick on the Monday of her visit here, but went to work on the Tuesday of her departure --having arranged for a friend to pick her up and take her to the airport.

I made a wake-up call from work, we said our good-byes...and when I got home that evening, I found that my normally immaculate apartment had turned into a blizzard of scrawled notes. Most of them were attached to implements for disposal of the waste product of my cigarettes.

I still have them all, and someday, when *Outworlds* regains its former hefty page-count, I shall probably reproduce facsimiles of them.

In the meantime, the one that remains attached to its original abode reads:

I think I found
every ASHTRAY IN
THE PLACE (AT LEAST
I'm tired of looking) --
If I didn't find
them all I'm
sure you'll forgive
my faux pas
(And if I did find them
all -- I'm sure you'll forgive
me -- at least you'll have
time to) --

...which, translated, goes:

"I think I found every ASHTRAY in the place (at least I'm tired of looking) -- If I didn't find them all, I'm sure you'll forgive my faux pas --- (And if I did find them all--I'm sure you'll forgive me--at least you'll have time to)---"

Cute. ...so very cute!

Now then, when...after having rented this apartment, but before I moved down to Cincinnati, I called ahead to order a telephone--having been informed that you can do this...collect. "How big is your apartment?" the service rep asked. "Three rooms," I replied. "And bath."

"...well," she said, "we recommend three slim-line, touch-tone..."

"Wrong," I held my ground. "I'll take one standard, basic black, dial-tone...with a long cord."

You simply have to learn to be firm with the type of person who works for the Bell System...or they'll walk all over you!

Certainly I have more ashtrays than I have telephones. There are, after all, three rooms here. And bath.

But not that many.

No matter what she says.

Non-smoking friends can be so aggravating...

The stories about the speed with which I eat are, by now, legend.

...and provide gist for a lot of would-be comedians.

It is true that some of my best friends hesitate to go out to a restaurant with me...

(I'll go to the bar with you...but...never... another meal," she said. A different she, this, and years later she recanted. ...or forgot!)

...but I suspect this has more to do with their reluctance to engage in witty verbal repartee with me, while I am choking, than it does with the speed of my ingestion.

Perhaps it is so that she will have me in a place where I won't go flitting off...

Maybe it's because no one else will go out with her...

I chose to believe it's simply that she enjoys my company...

...but my friend and I usually end up going out to at least one extended meal during the course of a convention.

More than likely, Mexican.

w/drinks.

The Ultimate in this particular Tradition happened one night during Chicon IV, when we went out, and returned...hours...later, after paying a bill that totalled well over five times the cost of the food we'd consumed.

And she wonders why I can't afford to see her more often?

Ah, well. At least I remember that night.

But by far the most memorable meal occurred during the one Midwestern regional she attended.

Saturday night...and she was determined to have Mexican food.

Check the Yellow pages...make phone calls. The only place open that met specifications was something like fifteen miles outside of town. Into the car and off we went.

Did I forget to mention that it was winter?

The further we went, the narrower the roads became...and the higher the drifts of snow paralleling the roads loomed.

"Do you really want to do this?" I eventually asked.

"Yes."

Finally a turn down something labelled a road, but which seemed more like a farm lane with very modest aspirations. A mile. Two.

The neon sign at last. Pause. Back up, get a running start, and ram the car through the ridges of icesnow the snowplow had carefully deposited across the entranceway.

Into the restaurant: A large open room with a bar at one end, and a few small tables scattered about the remaining expanse. Basic decor: Formica.

The specialty of the house was Velveta cheese. Half melted.

Scrumptious.

Eventually we dug the car out of the snowbank in the parking lot, negotiated the rutted ridge to the "road", and returned to the warmth of the convention.

Say there...oh expert on worldwide cuisine...you don't suppose that the next time we're both at that convention--whenever that might be--we can find that place again?

...and you don't happen to remember the name of it, do you?

All I remember is the snow falling over a scene that Currier and Ives might have depicted from the Twilight Zone:

...in the middle of nowhere, a nondescript building, three or four cars, restaurant and all identified by a flickering neon sign, eerily announcing...PABST BLUE RIBBON.

One of her cuter habits is the occasional cards I receive--that have been signed by all of the people in the office where she works. None of whom I have met, nor am likely to.

I just about returned the favor, by sending her a sympathy card after ConStellation, signed by all the people I work with. I probably would have too, but it would have required too much in the way of explanation...and I do try to maintain a low profile at work regarding how I spend my wild weekends in hotel rooms coast-to-coast. (This is not as simple as it sounds... or as it used to be: I work with another fan, one who has recently discovered conventions and is disgustingly goshwow about the things. ...and vocal at work. "But," and-this-is-yet-another...she said, "I've read all your fanzines and am just trying to follow your advice on fannish relationships..." Not as cute as my friend, this mere acquaintance, and certainly not in my league, but there does seem to be some possibilities here...) Back to the Subject.

Oh, yes, she was in Baltimore.

Although you probably didn't see her there.

One aspect of The Game is seeing how long it takes her to track me down at each succeeding convention. She's getting quite adept at it.

Early Friday evening, as I was trying to relax in my room after a long day at the huckster table, the phone rang.

"Get over here!"

(A while back I was involved with someone why, by every criteria I might set down on paper, was perfect for me. Well, she was a blonde, but otherwise... Eventually, when it ended--and it lasted several times three months; I even accepted the kids--friends asked, being curious, "what" had happened. I thought about it, and finally responded, "I guess I'm just not equipped to deal with a subservient woman." Knowing a bit of my track record...they nodded sagely.)

"No," I said.

One has to keep up appearances, after all.

Her hotel being some distance away, I suggested we meet at an intermediate restaurant. We negotiated.

"Okay, I'll be over in half an hour."

I hung up the phone, and turned to my roommate.

"Well...that was Destiny."

"Yes," she said (this being the first "other" she).

"I'd figured that out."

She smiled.

I wonder why?

(err...about that T-shirt, Leah?)

When I finally got to her hotel, found her room (fortunately in the North Tower)...it took a while for her to come to the door.

As I waited, I couldn't help wondering what sort of dread disease she had, that she wouldn't come out in public.

When at last the door opened...I'm sorry; I really couldn't help myself...I laughed out loud.

James Watt also would have laughed at the sight of her on crutches.

Naturally she had a perfectly innocuous cover-story prepared and rehearsed to explain the swollen state of her ankle. She delivered it well, and I even bought it...for most of the convention.

It takes me a while to figure these things out--not as long as it takes me to eat, but close--still, eventually I get there. And so it was that I rationalized the truth of the matter:

The reason she stumbled coming across that parking lot on the way to boarding the plane to Baltimore was not because of any awkwardness or clumsiness on her part. Not at all; that same foot had earlier transformed a would-be mugger into a soprano for life.

No, it was simply that after, lo these many months, she was so eager to see me that she was blind to any obstacle in her course.

So, you think you have problems?

I tell you, it's really a heavy rap to know that you inspire this sort of total admiration in someone who otherwise conducts her life in a totally rational manner. Still, I'm not unfamiliar with the condition (God knows "she" is not alone)...and if, on rare occasion I sometimes wonder if I'm worthy of such single-minded devotion, well, you'll have to excuse me.

Oh course I am.

...if only for the total discretion I bring to every relationship.

Given that, even after all these years, it is with a bit of calculation that I realize that I have known her longer than all but one other (he being short and hairy) that I call Friend (as opposed, excuse me, apart from those I call friends, Lovers, lovers, Mere Acquaintances...and the rest of you).

And that is the crux of the matter.

You see, by any set of standards set forth for Friendship, no matter the milieu, we have absolutely, unequivocally, nothing in common. She and I.

Only in fandom could such a relationship not only develop, but endure.

Despite the fact that she will tell you to your face, vehemently, that she is *not* a fan.

And that is perhaps the final proof of my total discretion, despite scoffers of hometown and local origin.

You see, after all these pages of in-depth analysis and instant replays, I have not mentioned once those she is personally brought into fandom... nor how she inadvertently named a Worldcon, one digit earlier.

(Nor that I remember the days she wore jeans...)

I mean, when you tell me not to bring some sensitive subject up, you can rest assured that I won't. Until later.

Friendship.

Clever innuendoes, riffs, and cute asides not withstanding, there's no way I can put down in mimeo-print why such is present here...but not there. Logic, rationality, reality--none have a bearing here.

It would make more sense...as well as a more cohesive recanting, if it did.

The hell with it.

Hey, you!

Yes, you...the sunny disposition, the one with the ferocious critter that cowers under beds, the instigator of scrawled communications--written and telephonic:

Yes, you.

This:

Thanks for being a part of my life for the past ten years...and my Friend for most of them...

You can leave notes taped to my ashtrays anytime you like!

Department of Self-Preservation:

If you know me at all, then you know who "she" is.

But the intent of this was to in no way embarrass her (although I probably have); so, if you have any tact at all--a trait *all* my friends share¹--you won't walk up to her and say something inane such as: "Oh, I see Bowers is making you famous, too!" ~~WHAT YOU WILL SAY IS SOMETHING BRILLIANT LIKE!!! YOU! WILL TO ASSE YOUR!!! THIS YOUR LIFE QUALITY~~

Thank you, fellow fans of discretion.

The first time was when, while drunk in Heathrow airport, waiting to board a flight to only She knew where...she wrote me a strange and wonderous letter. I printed it.

¹...with the exception of a few who will walk up to you, saying, "Hi...I'm a friend of Bill's...want to go to bed with me...?"

Bill Breiding

I received *Outworlds*, The Eclectic Fanzine, yesterday. That was issue 34. Remember? The Brad Foster cover... the Patty Peters loc... The WORLDCON issue. Well, I haven't read it yet, except for the Patty Peters loc and your own various editorial comments in between letter-and-article. I was hungry to read more about you; well, you know, 31, 32, 33 were so...full of you. Do not fear, however, I will read *Outworlds* 34. I just wanted to write you a loc *before* I read it, while I was inspired to do it. Now this is not a comment on the quality of material you publish; it merely means that if I wait a few days I won't be as likely to write you a loc as I am now. Though strictly speaking this is not a loc, since I've only read Patty's letter.

I think that George RR Martin's comment about OW being "different" was a bit premature; this issue (34) (even without reading it I can tell...) has taken a different turn, a turn more towards the Out Worlds of elder days (I think I started with issue 13, though I wouldn't bet you on it. Do you keep those type of files? When did I start getting *Outworlds*?); though graphically speaking, you're more of a traditional fanzine than you used to be (Let's face it Bill, *Outworlds* was never traditional. Of course, there is a reason for that: You fight it every inch of the way).

That parenthetical thought leads me to my major comment about the last 3 issues of *Outworlds*. The main thing that struck me about those issues is how much you struggle against being traditional. The way you pull against the grain of your upbringing and The Comfortable Life is so self-conscious that it does, on occasion, make me feel uncomfortable to watch you. This is not a negative comment; it's admirable, but things that are admirable are not always comfortable.

This letter has been written to the sound of PRINCE, whom old double-digit turned me on to at Westercon... 9/4/83
222 Brighton Ave., San Francisco, CA 94112

There never was an OW 13--a slight detour ensued after OW Eight...until OW 16. The first one you got was #16 --I suspect that you were one of those who responded to reviews of #16...which rapidly went out of print. ...so how did your vacation go?

Richard Brandt

Finally got back from vacation. Went up to Baltimore; found some old fossil who was still hawking 7-year-old copies of *Outworlds*...

Reading through WOOD #8, was amused to see the same subject being given earnest discussion as copped up in *Outworlds*: how the cancerous growth of convention activity is giving the slow death to fanzine fandom.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she informed me, at our next meeting.

The second time was when, in a convention report, I used her name.

"I wish you hadn't done that," she next-meetingly said, a tad more strongly.

The third time...this...no names.

I'm learning.

Yes, yes, I know you'll wish that I hadn't done this either.

~~Tough!~~

Maybe you'll cool down by the next time I see you? If not, please be gentle in extracting your revenge.

...you see, I have this commitment that I'd really like to live to fulfill.

It's for this same time...

...next year, in L.A.

Bill Bowers; 10/1/83

A Production of Adoxography, Ink; XENOLITH Subdivision

What's most amusing is that this subject is discussed only in fanzines, where one sees a hell of a lot of it.

I myself noted the demise of a few prominent fanzines in my own first editorial. That was ten years ago. Most of the familiar names are still publishing today, and Ghu knows enough new faces have joined the fracas. (Some ~~NOTING OLD FOLKS~~ are even reviving their old titles. Picking up new issues of *Outworlds* and *Energumen*--thought I was at the wrong Worldcon--maybe Minneapolis in '73?)

STAR WARS and all its bastard offspring have, I feel, given rise to essentially separate subfandoms, who have fairly little interaction with "traditional" fanzine fans (or Trufandom, as we prefer to call it...) While fanzine fans have a right to feel outnumbered, I doubt that our ranks have diminished perceptibly.

Which brings us back to Bowers and the new edition of *Outworlds*, which certainly has more editorial matter, more personal nature than I recall from ye Olde days (issues from which helped me pass the time during my recent hospital stay quite nicely, thank you). But unless my experiences have been similar, where do I find comment hooks?

I swear, even *before* you and Brad Foster bitching about how little feedback fanartists get, I was very taken with his Space Trucker cover and his cartoon for Locke's column.

Who is this Alex Krislov, anyway, because his piece had me giggling fitfully, at least until he started inflicting his adolescent writings on us (and even those were of interest)? (Who gave him the idea of digging up old unpublished stuff, anyhow?)

Stephen Leigh's memoir, considering the ultimate mundanity of the subject matter, was fascinating reading, and I hope to God I never have occasion to write a similar piece. (A dog, a cat, and two willows in the back yard are enough of a hinderance to a Labor Day vacation...)

Dave Locke's column, being more serious than usual, leaves me with no response except the occasional nod of agreement. Since apa activity has occupied most of my fanish time the past year or so, I have to agree that apahacking has its worthwhile moments.

Have met Railroad briefly a couple of times, after he had attained his floppy-hat-and-facial-hair status, so I got a blast out of his speech. (It's about time for me to remember to say that, since my congoing activity has been restricted of late, I for one have enjoyed the hell out of the con speeches you've reprinted. I'd say "Keep it up", but OW is going to reflect whatever your aims are at the moment, and that's as it should be.)

Damn; that's a hell of a good closing comment, why did I put it in parentheses?

9/14/83

322 Limonite Circle, El Paso, TX 79932

BEARD MUTTERINGS

column, by BOB TUCKER

Be of stout heart, Dave Locke, this is not a convention report. It is an elevator report, which will doubtlessly educate you no end and will assist you in choosing elevators the next time you attend the Midwestcon.

This elevator research took place in Baltimore during the recent Worldcon but the results are also applicable to the Midwestcon elevators. Experts tell me that all such machines travel in the same directions, and if one moves up and down in a Baltimore elevator (mostly down) one will also move up and down while in a similar machine in Cincinnati. (Note: the only sideways-elevator known to man, woman, or beast, is that peculiar underground car that travels from the main hotel in the valley up to the con suite hotel on the mountain, at Ken Moore's Nashville convention. Ken Moore is known for his unusual conventions and the peculiar car is to be expected; some fans have taken to calling it an underground railroad, not realizing the significance of that term.)

The Baltimore Worldcon was held in a cavernous convention hall, plus numerous hotels scattered about the city. A hundred or maybe two hundred parties were scheduled in those hotels, and as soon as the word and the room numbers got around, six thousand maddened fans stormed the elevators bent on getting a drink. Five thousand fans went dry because the elevators exhibited a disheartening tendency to sink to the basement. As soon as the doors were pried open the same five thousand spilled out and rushed to the next elevator, to have the same experience again. It has often been said that fans are slans, are more intelligent than the norm. Claude Degler would have been sorely disappointed in those five thousand fans. It required nearly two days to convince them that one elevator could not hold their number without sinking into the basement. (But the mundanes learned much more quickly.)

I suspect that the management of the Hilton also needed two days to learn the lesson.

The Hilton hotel had two towers, which was warning enough to veteran convention-goers. Most of the popular parties were held in what I called the south tower, and it was the elevators in that tower that frustrated the thirsty fans and agitated the management. The wiser, more experienced fans made their way to the north tower where the parties were fewer, and where the elevators responded nimbly and did not sink into the basement. I met some fans (always young, always hale and hearty) who climbed the twenty-two flights of the south tower, and then worked their way down again floor by floor, party by party, to the main lobby. I would always find these fans sprawled semi-conscious on the lobby floor about sunrise, as I made my way to bed. They weren't able to answer my questions about the states of their health. Hilton hotel towers are not noted for successful conventions or parties.

By contrast, the elevators at the Hyatt seldom, if ever, rebelled against overcrowding. Only once did I find a balky machine at the Hyatt, and that was because Jim Frenkel and Joan Vinge were hosting a Bluejay Books party there. Several hundred thirsty pros can be as cantankerous as an equal number of fans in the scramble for free booze. Maybe even more so. A goodly number of fans have manners. And again, by even sharper contrast, the elevators in the two towers of the Holiday Inn were never known to balk. Some quiet parties were held there, including a Sunday midnight spaghetti dinner hosted by two St. Louis ladies, and the always-cordial Cincinnati-Midwestcon parties held in their own suite. I give the Cincinnati parties the highest marks because they were calm, relaxed, uncrowded, and held in the coolest and most spacious suite in town. And no one had to come down to the basement to pry open the doors to rescue you.

End of elevator report.

I spent nearly a week returning home after the convention and that week was much more rewarding, much more enjoyable than the convention had been. I rode home in a leisurely manner with Tom and Lynette Meserole, and their son Rob, of Lenexa, Kansas. They were ending a long vacation and wanted to spend that final week exploring historic places. We

Ian Covell

Thank you for another copy of *Outworlds* (33)--a magazine almost as complex as its cover (you like Escher? Those guys on the staircases...).

"I used to go to 16 cons...but I'm down to six." You've no idea the puzzlement that braided my brow at Hania Wojtowicz's line. I've been to three cons in my life, 1 for a day visit, and the last seven years ago I love Conventions... The question is: are US fans just richer than UK fans or are the frivolous things like transport and accommodation cheaper in the Colonies? (At my only real Con, I lusted after a 'glitter queen' if that's a general term, and spent some hours hoping her sword would drag sufficiently hard to... but it didn't. Best advert for S&S stories I ever saw.)

Having never forgotten my Xzero birthday, and having seen my last acknowledged grandparent die at exactly age eighty, I suspect this matter of decades has to do with a terrifying countdown--so many more Christmases, so many summers. When you have an exact number of years, you (I) find yourself neglecting the spare days. A single day, though, can last forever in certain instances...

Don D'Amassa as per usual manages to say a lot in a few paragraphs. (Why did I think 'only 37?' and is that an insult or just a recognition of how mature and reasonable he has sounded for years?) (Have you noticed that our adolescent years seem to be creeping into our 20s?) It depends on what you mean by 'close friend' I suppose.

Locke's article (for all its humour) does make sense; I am lousy at interviews, & find myself unwilling really to believe that thirty minutes spent asking someone *why* hse wants the job really elicits either the truth or the personality. That, of course, is why I fail interviews. Same as the Driving Test, I suppose, or exams in general--what does any such test prove?

Terry Carr: ...'heesh'? sheesh! Can I make a plea that he/she be abbreviated as 'hse' (see above)? Because: a) it's no longer than the longest alternative; b) it looks outre enough to become recognisable after a few times; c) it's easy to say (I think)--a sort of breathy catch in the voice, then a satisfying hiss of breath...hm, I don't think I'm talking about hse any longer... ('Hr' for 'his/her' and 'hse' for 'he/she'; I'm having trouble with 'him/her', but when that's solved...)

He's also right about some things being no better than they can be, that was the 'defence' I heard a US executive give about soap operas and US TV programmes in general--"For what they are, they're good". What we are talking about is *depth*, and I have never been a real advocate of excessive depth (as in the 'New Wave', which delighted in hiding what it was about; as in, it seems--though I won't read it--the Gene Wolfe TORTURER tetralogy); make something bright enough, speedy enough, and it doesn't really matter what it's about. Maybe that's the secret of soap operas too...

Isn't it strange? Reading Wolfenbarger's letter made me suddenly aware that somewhere else there's an sf fan with a bookcase who has a small child* he lifts up to see the pretty books, and her hand reaches out... There are 4 000 000 000 people on this speck of matter; how many others live as I live, or--at any given moment--perform the same actions? (And why do I find that possible relation somewhat Pleasing? I am one of those who, finding himself standing alongside perfect strangers all looking at the same bookrack, immediately turns away until the small group has dissipated. I don't *like* being part of an informal group...)

Neal Wilgus's *Made In Medurim* is fairly good. Obviously it wasn't mean as more than it is (see above) but he gets across the plot.

Another moment of *satori*. To hear Harry Warner's comment on Kornbluth, and quite suddenly be aware that *Not my son or daughter. There'll never be any such.

CMK was not only a writer who produced some brilliant, as well as excessively bitter, fiction, but was also once a man who sometimes over-reacted, and made mistakes, and wrote poems about people he knew... The sad thing about this world is death, and the smaller death, sequestration, and the bitterest death, loneliness. So many thousands of people we should know, and don't; who were around, and now are not; who thought, and wrote, and loved, and talked, and at the end became one of the unending millions... I met a girl on a bus, we exchanged a few words by accident, she was beautiful, she was charming, she was smart--and I never knew her name, I never will because I'll never see her again.

Your remarks about anticipation and regret don't agree with mine, but I had to think hard to know why... Let's see... You *feel* regret, you don't learn from it--what I was saying was that *still feeling* emotion about past mistakes is a waste of time; I grant you the ability to learn from mistakes and passed opportunities...but don't spend effort *continuing* to feel about them, i.e. regret. As for anticipation: I could say it's wasted because if what you anticipate *does* happen, you are on the downward curve of satisfaction at the time ('it is better to travel than to arrive') and if it does not, you feel disappointment, pain...and of course, regret. I've never been one *myself* to live mostly in the present, but I do advocate it as the best way to live. What, by the way, is 'Hope'? An aspect of anticipation, or another word for it, or something *beyond* emotion, a meta-language? (If this is a convoluted sentence, it's because I'm a little uncertain of what you, and others, *think of* when you try to picture (?) remember (?) anticipation, or regret.)

Leah Zeldes' letter is one of the most aggravating I've ever read... Why don't I ever meet people like that? (I'm not sure whether I mean *people* like that, in the sense of strange humans, or *meet* people like that, meaning hands up each other's shirts (presumably an advance on shaking hands?))

... Mostly, I'm just growing up. Day by day, even hour by hour, I find myself in the process of rethinking my attitude to things--writing, even reading, has become less important. Essentially: where am I going... and can I afford the train fare?

Merci pour Outworlds, c'est une idée merveilleuse. 9/11/83 □ 2 Copgrove Close, Berwick Hills, Middlesbrough, Cleveland TS3 7BP, U.K.

Of course I like Escher, although I was having fun with *fanzines* before consciously 'discovering' him. I did, this past summer, run across a real-life model for my concept of *Fanzine Layout 101*--the Winchester Mystery House, in San Jose, California. ...she was okay!

'Hope' is simply anticipation unleavened by the facts of the situation.

...you can always charge the train fare...and pay for it later. (I seem to do that a lot...!)

Darroll Pardee

Ian Covell is one of those people who crop up from time to time in *fanzines* but never seem to be interested in the social interactions of fandom itself. (John D. Owen is another British example.) That being so, I'm not surprised he's often confused by convention reports. Any decent con report is much more than a straightforward narration of the events of the weekend. It's often a subtle distortion of the truth, rather like an issue of *Asible*--and indeed Dave Langford's TAFF trip report is an excellent illustration of what I mean. Unless you know the people involved how can you enjoy the conrep to the full?

This may not be so true of American fandom. But over here fandom is still a fairly tight-knit little community, gossip spreads rapidly through the whole of it, and convention reports are just another facet of the social interplay. Ian being an outsider, more or less, I'm not surprised he gets confused.

Oddly enough, *SF Times* 337 (your number 2) was the very first fanzine (if you can call it a fanzine) that I acquired. I'd been in fandom all of two months then, was still feeling my way into things, and had read a big pile of fanzines loaned to me by Ken Cheslin (but he wanted them back). I was green enough to think that purchase was a good way of getting fanzines, and it happened that *SF Times* was the first I subscribed to. (I soon found out that there are cheaper and more interesting ways of getting fanzines, though it was six years before I produced one of my own.)

I'm not sure what you mean in your remarks after my LoC. Have all your teeth fallen out already, then?

9/3/83 □ 11B Cote Lea Square, Southgate, Runcorn, Cheshire WA7, 2SA, England

...well, they didn't exactly 'fall' out, but I've had full dentures since 1988. They're a bit worn now (Not as much as most of the comments I've heard!), but the savings on dental bills have gone to other fanac...

Neil Rest

How do you get the columns of locs to dovetail with the pages of copy? It shouldn't work out that well. Also, it makes locs either more difficult, or choppy; a loccer either jumps back and forth, or has to go through twice, once for new stuff, and again for locs.

It has been observed that if it's 4 a.m. or later at a con, most of the people you're partying with are Midwesterners. Irrespective of where the con is. That may be one factor contributing to Patty's puzzled situation. Bay Area fans are a lot more lethargic.

Oddly, one of the minor motifs of my Worldcon was a feeling of being an old fan and jaded; it was my fifteenth anniversary in fandom. One of the things such endurance/tenacity seems to grant is certain savings in time. I seem to annoy neo-ish fen on occasion by "jumping to conclusions" or "being prejudiced", when I've simply recognized something I've seen before.

Is the motif of this issue old stuff from the bottom of closets?

I'm going to have to ask Hania what she said in that loc that everyone's replying to... I suffer from the morbid dread of "missing" something too, and from an additional annoyance. Somehow it seems that a great many of the people I want to see at a con are, themselves, interested in a much smaller of people. So I have to track and locate a number of cliques. (The Toronto-Cincinnati axis is one of the most certain to be found only in each other's company.) The diversity and surprises of fandom are among its most important attractions for me. I don't understand why so many people seem so uninterested.

The interminable Ted White schtick about the True and Perfect Fanzine gives me a pain. Has anyone, anywhere, ever, put out a good zine by following some kind of Aristotelian unities, or are good zines put out by people who make it up as they go along, and are good at that? Here's Dave Locke wasting three and a half pages, when one medium sized yawn would do. Has anyone ever changed, much less significantly improved, their zine trying to meet Ted's ex cathedra standards? What about Uncle Albert's *Electric Talking Fanzine*? Is it real? Weren't all the holy historic paradigms just a guy (or bunch of guys) inventing by doing?

rec'd 9/12/83 □ 5309 N. Clark, Chicago, IL 60640

Hania Wojtowicz

You're going too fast for me Bill! I was just starting to think about locating OW32 when along came 33 and 34. Gasp! Crossed-eyes! Writer's cramp! With all these issues to comment on, I'm giving you a ramble warning.

Congratulations, you've broken the fabled jinx of *The Catbird Seat*. (I like that title.) Having been erratically employed over the last couple of years, it was easy to relate to this. I had never realized until

recently how separate and very different my "job personality" was from my usual self. I was going out on an interview just after last year's Mikecon while Steve and Denise were visiting. Only after they commented how different I was when armoured in business suit and briefcase, did I begin to ponder this phenomenon. And I finally realized the reason I quit my job (my very comfortable and cushy job) last year. The dichotomy between the two personas had grown so wide and so uncomfortable that something had to break. Fortunately, it was that artificial corporate construct that broke first. The whole crisis has led me to a whole new career path and I've found a terrific company where I can be less-than-corporate-clone and yet still very much accepted. Now there's only one me left and it's a lot healthier this way.

Having all you ancients discussing the passage of years was well-timed. I'm only 25 but for the first time ever a birthday has left me feeling different. I think I feel like an adult for the first time. I certainly don't feel *old*. (After all, the only fans I know born after I got into fandom are still in diapers.) When I was growing up, most of my friends were older than I was and I spent a long time trying to catch up. I always resented being young. Not only because of my friends, but because my childhood was so unstable. Age was equated with power, success and control of one's life. Now that the first quarter century is under my belt, I feel like I've made it. Which is really rather silly since I've been on my own and fairly successful since I was 16 years old. Now that I'm an official adult though, I've decided to change my image. I've cut off my hair, changed glasses and changed jobs--good grief, what's next?

(You should start charging by the hour, Bill. OW has prompted so much self-analysis, you could be making a fortune.)

I've always been impressed by your lists. Since I can barely remember almost nothing about my entire life, much less find time to write things down, your documentation astounds me.

Every time I read Steve's description of Megen's birth I get weepy. (It's embarrassing when you're standing in the middle of the huckster's room at Worldcon. OW was much more interesting than anything else in there so I read it immediately.) It was lovely. I've spent a lot of time with Steve and Denise lately, both before and after, so his description really struck a chord. Denise is singlehandedly responsible for curing me of my phobia about childbirth, and Steve's viewpoint has helped too. Of course, it's also helped that they had an outrageously gorgeous and charismatic child.

That's it for loc #2.

9/19/83

7 Wilson Park Road #2, Toronto, Ontario M6K 3B6

...hey! I was in that huckster's room at the time...! I've thought about charging by the hour ~~but that's not my relationship with Ted~~ but I really prefer giving it away...

So, Hania, tell me...how does it feel to be one of the premier members of "the Toronto-Cincinnati axis"...? (Funny, I never thought that Neil looked anything like Taral...)

Ted White

Nice read. I like the current size and feel of OW a lot--for me it's the best Bowers zine yet.

Good Foster cover, too. Foster is doing the best covers on fmz these days, and you can tell him I said so.

When I gave OW a fast egoscan at the column, Dave's column leaped out at me with its liberal references to me. But a sober (relatively speaking) reading of the column leaves me with less to say about it than I'd expected.

That's largely due to the fact that Dave isn't

really arguing with the thrust of my comments, a few of which he quoted, from *The Zine That Has No Name* #3 and HTT #15. Instead, he's arguing (and very successfully, too) with a straw man of his own construction, atop which he has placed a copy of the black hat I stopped wearing more than six years ago.

My point originally had to do with the influences on new fans when they encounter fanzine fandom, and the fact that apas had become so popular by the seventies that not only were they siphoning off much of the prospective new talent, they were draining away the producers of genzines and leaving general fanzine fandom rather thinly populated.

I'm not *anti*-apa. That would be silly of me, since I was a founding member of the Cult in 1954, joined FAPA in 1955, OMPA in 1956, and subsequently contributed to SAPS, IPSO, TAPS, CRAP, APA-X/APEX, Secret APA, APA, Apathy, and Aassembly. And, oh yeah, helped found APA-F (the first weekly apa) and contributed for a year or more to APA-L by special delivery.

But I *am* a believer in keeping things in perspective. Apas used to be an *aspect* of fanac; now, for many fans, they are the *only* fanac. To the extent that this is true, it sets fans up in little separate groups and cliques with minimal intergroup interreaction, fragmenting the fannish community. Worse, in my opinion, is that the proliferation of apas has led to people leaping directly into apactivity immediately upon discovering fandom. Rarely are these apas the ones with heavy-weights like, say, Harry Warner, in them. Instead the neo gets sucked into a local club apa or its equivalent, a cluster of people who themselves have little fannish experience outside that particular apa and the local con/club scene. This causes the neo to get the idea that *this* is all there is to fanzine fandom, depriving him/her from contact with genzine fandom.

I wonder if Dave has seen a typical mailing of one of these lesser apas? If he hasn't, I can loan him a copy of last year's WOLF mailing, which strikes me as a good example of the kind of minimal-quality apahacking I was talking about, albeit not a good example of a *local* apa. In fact, I think if Dave ever reads a WOLF mailing (*any* year's will do), he will concede all my points therewith.

In the meantime, I'll concede to him all *his* points, which were good and valid, if not directly in response to what I'd really been saying.

I remember George Martin from the 1971 Disclave-mighod, he was over-dressed! I also remember him as one of the most promising new writers I pulled from a slushpile, and an author I was always pleased to publish.

9/16/83

1014 No. Tuckahoe St., Falls Church, VA 22046

Terry Carr

It's gradually dawning on me that *Outworlds* may be that paragon for which we've been searching for so long now, a frequently-published fannish fanzine that's even *good*. I mean, these last three issues seem to have come out bimonthly, and with no fuss about the fact, either. If you don't look out, you could become a...uh...a focal point (he muttered). A focal point of just what, I'm not sure, considering your skewed tastes and contacts, but any focal point in a storm, I always say. What do you always say?

Dave Locke is a good columnist; I may not think everything he writes is superb but he's always readable and frequently much more than that. His argument at me this time strikes me as a case of failure to communicate, probably more my fault than his because I tend to shorten my sentences as much as possible, frequently neglecting to include qualifiers that would make this or that word more precise. When I said fanwriters should produce the best writing they can, I meant it as a general statement applying to their bodies of work rather than to every article, paragraph, sentence or phrase produced. Naturally everybody's going to produce "lesser" works much of the time, and

they have to expect that and accept it: working over every fanackle or even loc till each word is perfect leads to nothing but decreasing production and, in extreme cases, *gafia*. I cite Walt Willis: It seems obvious to me, rereading his material in *Warhoon* 28, that in the later stages of his fan career he was increasingly caught up in perfectionism, and though he wrote some beautiful pieces during that period--some of the best the fan press has ever carried--it was at the expense of drastically lowered production from WAW and ultimately his *gafia*tion. Certainly there were other factors at work, but I think his perfectionism was a major one. He wrote a fairly regular column for *Lighthouse* during this stage of his fan career, and as best I could tell it was all first draft, written on air-letter forms. It was not first-class Willis, but it was about the only Willis to be had then; if he'd felt the need to second- and third-draft that material I doubt that we'd have had any Willis at all during that period (arly 60s). And first-draft WAW was better than fourth-draft anybody else.

No, Dave, I don't have such a "grim" attitude toward fanwriting as you think. Life and even fandom may be earnest, but I don't think *we* need to be. Personally, except for locs, I usually do a careful first draft of any fan piece and touch it up as necessary in the second draft, and that's it. The key is that first draft. If I just slop it out--"They're only fans of S. Kye Boulton and Timothy Zahn, after all"--then no amount of touching-up will make the second-draft wonderful or even readable. But if I write, as all good writers always have, for the Ideal Reader, the one who delights in Gene Wolfe's prose and second-guesses that of Avram Davidson (*hubris!*), then I stand a chance of producing something worthwhile or even memorable on my best days. And it's been a long time since, even on my off days, I've produced anything I had to consign to the round file.

Of course, there are those who would say it's been a long time since I've produced anything at all for fanzines, and evidently Dave is among them, judging by his cheap shot about "spending so much of your fannish karma introducing 'entropy reprints' of the best fanwriting you did twenty years ago." The only time I recall doing an Entropy Reprint of one of my own pieces was in the revival issue of *Energumen*, which I did over three years ago at the specific request of Susan Wood. Whereas I *have* had the odd piece published in the past couple of years in *Pong*, *SF Review*, *Telos*, and *SF Chronicle*; and there are more in the pipeline for *Izzard* and *Gambit*. I also publish an irregular personal-zine, *Bilgamesh*, but that has no mailing list as such and is instead sent to people strictly at whim when I get letters or fanzines from people; since Dave sends me neither, naturally he wouldn't know this.

I liked Railroad Martin's speech too, and applaud your penchant for publishing GoH speeches. GoHs are often talented writers who spend a lot of effort on writing such speeches, which are then delivered to fifty or three hundred people who may or may not be listening carefully, so unless some enterprising faned grabs them for publication the rest of us miss a lot of good stuff. Like George's talk. I remember that 1971 Disclave about which he reminisces, and he's right in saying that I spent a lot of time "hanging around the consuite, being accessible." Quite aside from my natural penchants, I think any GoH who doesn't make him- or herself accessible is being dumb--how else do you get all the egoboo you should from being a GoH? And I remember meeting George, too: Alex Panshin introduced us, telling me that George was a good new writer who was very enthusiastic, etc. I was predisposed to like him, but I'd have liked him anyhow, because even then George was a bit demented. (Already Crazy Before All Those Years.)

Harry Warner confuses my remarks on how to judge a fanzine with the remarks on which I was commenting. 'Twas someone else who said fanzines should be judged by what they're trying to do, and I was demurring if

anything. Many of the objections Harry raises fit right in with my own feelings: we can't read the mind of a faneditor anyway, so the words on the page are what matters. Are they clever? Do they enlighten? Will we remember them in years to come?

I have a feeling I'll remember *Outworlds 34*.

9/13/83 □ 11037 Broadway Terrace, Oakland, CA 94611

Dave Looke handed me his last column--the one the preceding letters respond to--the night I was leaving for Westercon. Knowing that both Ted and Terry would be at Westercon, the temptation was to take the column along, and show it to them there. I didn't; this is known as letting things run their natural course. This has not stopped me from giving copies of Ted's and Terry's replies to Dave; this is known as making sure that the course doesn't run on too long. ...set 'em up, knock 'em down...and onto the next frame...

Crunch Time: I've Also Heard From... LESLIE DAVID...EDD VICK...TERRY JEEVES...BUCK COULSON...BRAD FOSTER... DAVID...DAVID?! (my, aren't we getting formal?)...ROWE...ALEXANDER YUDENITSCH...LINDA MICHAELS...and JERRY KAUFMAN, writing to 'defend' Terry Carr, but Terry did that himself...as well as a couple of others. I didn't hear from the rest of you clowns out there. Oh, well.

CLOSE ENOUGH FOR FANWRITING

column, by DAVE LOCKE

QUAST CONVERSATION

Bill.

What?

This letter from Terry Carr, where he says that you have skewed tastes and contacts. I didn't know. About the contacts, I mean.

What?

I'm trying to figure out who your skewed contacts are. I mean, you're okay, and I'm okay, and Terry is okay, so you have to come up with the names of at least two certifiably skewed contacts and I was wondering who they might be. Do you have any idea?

What?

I figure he must be right. Anybody who gets around as much as you do must be able to come up with the names of at least two skewed contacts. Who do you know that's askew?

In fandom? Is this a joke?

Listen, you think hard and I'm sure it will occur to you. It would only be a copout to name everyone in fandom, besides being an elaborate demonstration of the obvious. Don't you see that you need to find and officially designate two people as your skewed contacts, then have teeshirts made reading "Official Bill Bowers Skewed Contact"? It's the fannish way to do things, you know.

Excessive?

All the good things last a little while. We create our fun where we find it. If, after you, I named two of my skewed contacts and Terry named two of his, how many names would we have?

Three: each other's.

That would only save the embarrassment of a Serious Naming of skewed contacts, and we'd never get a price break on teeshirts.

You are definitely askew.

It was just a thought. Fannish legends are built on such things, you know.

WERDS

No, this is not a George Carlin takeoff on the seven words you can't use in a family fanzine. This is a modest proposal to expand the fannish lexicon with little-known and little-used mundane words which appear intriguing or useful in a fannish context.

For example, we have no word which refers to the personality of a group, though it would be useful to have one. Each apa, club, convention, and clique has its own personality, if we ignore the fact that "personality" isn't the right word for it. The right word is syntality. When we speak of the behavior or idiosyncrasies of a group, we refer to its syntality.

Adoxography, in literary terms, is fine writing on a trivial or base subject. If we adopt this word it can serve as umbrella to cover most all good fanwriting. Some might view this as a slam. I view it as a nod at reality.

Something frequently encountered in fanzine fandom is causerie, which is a conversational style of writing.

Fandom itself, which may be the largest organization without a central ruling body, can be described as acephalous: lacking a head or a leader. This is as opposed to acephalus, which refers to a headless monster.

FAFIA (forced away from it all) is adventient: due to outside causes. We tend to fight against FAFIA to preserve our alterity: state of being different.

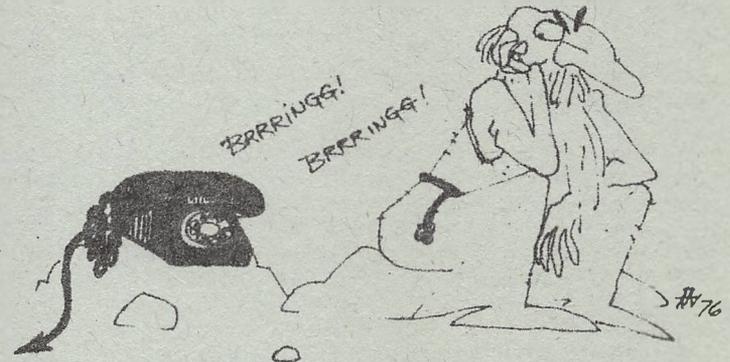
I present these words with a coprophagous grin.

A DOG NAMED WOOF

Ted White brings up the subject of WOOF, the Worldcon Order Of Faneds. This is the apa which is collated and distributed at the yearly Worldcon, the apa which Bruce Pelz started, and the apa which Bruce says is one of the worst ideas he ever had.

The 8th mailing is at hand, dated 4th September 1983 and generated from the mimeo room at the Baltimore Constellation. "Founder: Bruce Pelz" it says on the contents page. Poor Bruce. I can envision him seeing that, screaming like a wounded elephant, and hurling the offending mailing into his jacuzzi where it quickly turns into a clotted mass of pulp.

29 participants, 52 pages held together with one staple, and a distribution of 300 copies. Bruce can correct me if I'm wrong, but as I understand it WOOF was created to be a showcase of fanzine fandom which would be distributed to fans throughout the Worldcon. Attract new blood with something appealing.



It has too many things going against it.

For example, you can do a showcase of fanzine fandom but the best way is to anthologize it (as with FANTHOLOGY) and not commission it. But if you do commission it you don't want to treat it as an apa, because the nature of an apa is too diffuse to use in shaping a once-yearly showcase package. Forget an apa. This has to be an assembled, edited production. If anthologized, we've already got that with FANTHOLOGY, which would serve the stated purpose if subsidized, and I imagine it *is* being sold at conventions. If commissioned, we've got a problem again, because how many fanwriters can you motivate to write material which is aimed at an audience like that (distributed to fans throughout the con)? No, if commissioned, that makes it a crossover effort: you're writing for a fanzine that goes to sf readers at a con, as well as to a fanzine fandom readership, and if you don't write for both you've got a problem that anthologies can overcome easily during the selection process: material that doesn't work for one segment of the readership. If commissioned, it would take a strong editor and molder and a lot of luck to make it work, but it could be done.

But WOOF? No. Bad idea.

QUASI CONVERSATION REFRAINED

Bill.

What?

I've got some space to fill here, and was wondering if you wanted me to deal with that topic you broached in *Outworlds* #32.

...?

After Harry Warner's letter, where you said "Would any of '(my) group' care to comment on Harry's equating our wonderful cons with the N3F? Perhaps Dave Locke, since he's had the most tenure as a Neffer...?"

You're going to get even now, right?

No, no. I'll have to admit that I was a Neffer for a couple of years back in the early Sixties, rising to such delirious heights as Welcommittee Chairman and later the Directorate, so perhaps I am the one for this job. Already I have a ten-point comparison which shows that Midwest conventions and the N3F have much in common.

You'd be hung by the nuts until dead, or at least dead for all practical purposes. Is this another joke?

No. Well, I don't think so.

Then to hell with it.

What a hardass. Okay, it's a joke.

Fine. Give us the punchline before the bottom of the page rises up and hits you on the typing fingers.

Wait! It won't stand alone. I need to give the beginning, and the middle, and

The End

---Dave Locke, 9/23/83

Outworlds 35...the Annual Octocon Fanzine from: BILL BOWERS, 2468 Harrison Ave., Cincinnati, OH 45211. \$1.00, the issue...or editorial whim. Art by BRAD FOSTER & ALEXIS A. GILLILAND. My Publication #132. 10/10/83

diorama -> five years ago: Names are not important; people are. Those who know, will know; those who don't are free to speculate. This is not fair; it is called self preservation. There are times that I should not write, and do. There are times I should have written, and didn't. I don't want to hurt, or embarrass in any way the people I care about. I do both; and I do both knowing what I'm doing. I'm sorry, but I do what I have to do. We all do, because if we do otherwise, nothing is ever solved... only avoided.

I laugh and I cry. I love and I hate. I hurt and I hurt back. I will give anything to one I care for, but I am totally selfish. I get in over my head occasionally, but I can also walk on water.

---Bill Bowers, Xenolith 7, October, 1978

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