



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 Stenius 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!"

...convention update: 83) CONFUSION; 84) HOOSIERCON; 85) INCONVENIENT; 86) MINICON...
...and, with any luck, this issue will be ready for MARCON 15.
Marcons. Normally the first or second outing of my con-year; this year, the fifth (it almost was the sixth).
And this will be my seventh consecutive Marcon.
In 1976, I introduced the Fan CoH (Randy Bathurst), and initiated groupiedom.
The following three years, I was the Friday Night Speaker.
But this year I have nothing to do...
...except be there.

At ICON 5, last November, I met, for the first time, two persons who have had a very profound effect on my life.

...and, beginning with that Icon, I've had six very, very good conventions, in a row. (Despite the fact that three of the six were lousy conventions...)

I've made a Very Big Deal out of the fact that those last six Marcons have proven to have been among the most traumatic experiences of my life. (Not the cons; just me.)

But at least the last four years I've had something else to worry about before...

This year I have only the fact that six very good cons in six very good months is very un-Bowerslike. I fear I've unwittingly created a self-fulfilling phrophecy.

TIM MARION

My, but that sure is a lovely logo on your cover. I would take steps to make sure such occurs again, but such is not immediately possible; presently it is storming in the kitchen. The kitchen table is the easiest place to take such steps. I also can't go into the kitchen to fix something to eat for my hungry stomach, due to said storming.

If this sounds even the slightest obscure, that's okay, because deliberate obscurity is something you are often accused of. "Gut teasing," Norm Hollyn calls it.

A recurring theme in your lettercolumn (well, it occurred twice) seems to be "Just what is a fan, anyway," or "How I'm Really Not a Fan," etc. This is something that should be discussed in fanzines more than it is, especially with all the consciousness-raising that is going on regarding to Feminism. With men in fandom becoming more conscious of their need to break out of their sexual stereotypes and the need to assist women to do so also, perhaps it is time that fans realize that they need not really attempt to conform to any stereotype as to just exactly what is the proper behavior, attitude, mores, language, etc., a Fan should have.

Like Lee Pelton, I am generally thought of as fairly athletic. Like Lee Pelton, I like to bowl. Actually, that's a lie. I mean, I like to bowl, but I rarely if ever take the time. I bowled several weeks ago with a buddy from work (*shudders*, associating with Mundanes), but that was the first time I had done it in five years, when I was taking a class of it in high school, when I was also (goshwow) a fan. I don't take the time for it because I have too much other stuff going, not because I don't like it.

And because I don't go to fan meetings and would rather stay home and watch *The Avengers* and (then later) *Secret Agent*, I am labeled a 'fakefan'. No, [I'm a fan a] right. It's just that I'm more of a Diana Rigg and Patrick McGoohan fan than I am a club fan.

I will mention though that I had the stereotypical fan upbringing - I was always shy, aloof, quiet, and an utter klutz in the gym class. Girls? Next subject... I retreated into my books: sf, fantasy, comic books, fanzines, apas.

And also, I've never been interested in sports, so you must understand my shock and appallment when I read in an old *Mota* that Mike Glicksohn was spending some time coaching his high school's football team. Gack! Where did all the Fans go, anyway?

Mike's casual admittance of this fact is a clue that the seamier and deviant aspects of fandom lie quietly waiting beneath the surface. Arise Diana Rigg and Patrick McGoohan fans! Arise (ugh) sports fans! And remember the words of Goodtime Eddie Ferrell, circa 1972, "Tis a proud and lonely thing to be a...sports fan."

The point of all this meandering is just that I refuse to be bound to the label of "Fan" any longer. I am not gaffiating, because I don't even deal in those terms. It's just that I refuse to put a limit on my interests, directions, and attitudes. I am a participant in fandom, however, if I have to have a label.

Now that I've got *that* out of the way...

I don't exactly go in for interviews, especially of sf authors whose works I haven't had time to read or sample, yet Spider Robinson reads as an engaging character, and it was a good interview, as far as interviews go. I also like the innovative (to me, anyway) layout for the interview.

The layout throughout was rather good (well, okay, *impeccable*), but I tend to find myself wishing that you would put a bit more tasteful white space between columns when you are reducing type. I am going to start using the reduction method pretty often myself...lately I have found that I can indeed do it, and since it's so much more economical, why not? The cover is gorgeous, beautiful, brilliant... *garsh*

One last bitch is that I've never liked Bill Wolfenbarger's writing, but I always read it, hoping he will surprise me. He has occasionally, but not in your fanzines...sorry. You do always manage to pick interesting letters (easy when you probably receive so many), and I am always fascinated by your own writing. If I had my druthers, the magazine would consist almost exclusively of that. (And artwork and letters, natch.)

[3/21/80] - c/o Leibowitz, 2032 Cross Bx Expwy Apt 3D, Bronx, NY 10472

ALEXANDER DONIPHAN WALLACE

It is Our Pleasure to express Our thanks for your kindness in sending Us your splendid zine *Xenolith Three*.

From an examination of circa 25 fanzines it appears that few fans care enough about SF&F to write much about the genre. Or perhaps the editorial scalpel intervenes. And a deal of this is devoted to hype and hoopla for the product of the tape and film factories. But also (with little real evidence) only a minuscule portion of "readers" are concerned with fanacking, i.e., are fans. If I am wrong about this perhaps my confusion can be cleared by some of those who know better. Be assured, if you will, that I take no pejorative position here but outseek only the facts of the matter.

[postmarked 3/7/80] - 306 E. Gatehouse Dr., N. Metairie, LA 70001

JOEL D. ZAKEM
Last Saturday was not a very good day for me. I lost a job that I had held for a few years. And though, as jobs go, it wasn't anything great, the parting was a lot less amicable than I would have liked. After work, I had to rush to prepare the house for a CFG meeting that I wasn't sure I was in the proper mental state for. But the meeting turned out better than I hoped; the people helped. Also I picked up *Xenolith Three*.

After everyone left, being too restless to sleep, I thumbed through the issue and came across *Bill Bowers' First Annual Post-Iguanacon Retrospective*. To say that the speech/essay touched something in me would be putting it mild.

Our experiences in fandom are worlds apart. I've never put as much into it as you have, and therefore have not collected a lot of the rewards fandom offers. But as a basically shy, inhibited, fan-on-the-fringe, I could still identify in a lot of what you said.

(It also reached me a lot more on reading it than it did when I heard you deliver the remarks at Nasfic. This could be due to one of three reasons: (1) Your speechmaking [no offense]; (2) As both Denise and C.D. have pointed out to me, my lack of sobriety through much of the con; or (3) my current state of mind. I think it's a little of each.)

The events that you describe are somewhat outside my experience. Some of the people you talk about I consider friends, others I don't even know. Yet I can identify with what you wrote, and I think that I can feel some of the caring and loving that you have received from these people and events. Though we are very different people, this piece, along with some others you have written, have managed to bring us more together, and even if it sounds trite, I'd like to thank you for that.

[2/9/80] - 615 Monroe St., Newport, KY 41071

GEORGE R.R. MARTIN
Being a hardcore serconnish sci-fi kind of guy, I still experience a small moment of sadness whenever I open an envelope from *Outworlds Publications* and see that the all-new all-professional part-*Ro Outworlds* has not yet arrived, but my musings over all that might have been are generally forgotten once I actually start reading *Xenolith*.

Steve Leigh's interview with Spider was my favorite part of the issue. Some interesting information there, and both interviewee and interviewer came across as people, which is rare in such features. I'd say that Steve ought to do more interviews--he is certainly better at it than most of the practitioners I've seen--except that, really, what he ought to do is concentrate on his own fiction and leave the interviewing to those who can't do much else. If he does that, maybe in a few years some one will be interviewing him. That is, assuming this market ever picks up again. Right now everything I hear from New York indicates that the bloom is off the rose and hard times are a-comin'.

Maybe it's a good thing that the all-professional *Outworlds* never made it. If it had, your glory days would be behind you and you'd be starting to feel the crunch, along with all the other pros. As it is, you have so much to look forward to...

I was also curious to read your Nasfic speech, since I missed it at Louisville, being programmed against it. I couldn't imagine what could possibly have been so engrossing about your speech so as to lead Denise to skip my reading. Undoubtedly that was sly counterprogramming. Cliff Amos and his concon probably expected such vast crowds at my reading that they felt compelled to lure some away with the promise of a Bowers speech full of Behind-the-Scenes-Worldcon-Politics and Strange Fannish Love Rites. It worked, too. Why I don't know, except that I still haven't sold the story I read there.

[J/25/80] - 1205 Declovina, Santa Fe, NM 87501

MARY COWAN
I was a bit confused by the distinction between "making a lover into a friend...or a friend into a Lover". At first I voted with the 'relatively new acquaintance', then realized that it hasn't always happened that way with me. It doesn't take long, sometimes, to decide that someone is Very Good People, and cuddly besides--and seeing someone for 2-1/2 days maybe once a month, as with con fandom, doesn't give much opportunity for a long and careful courtship. It's much harder to grow in knowledge of someone else, to the point of long-lasting friendship. Just no time to talk it out. Then again, maybe labelling people "lover"--"friend" according to activities shared or whatever, isn't even necessary?

Hang onto the Mustang. If it has nothing major wrong with it at 90,000 miles, it'll last forever. Speaking as a two-time Mustang owner...

(Good grief. Your abrupt transitions are not only intriguing, they're contagious!)

Hooray, hooray! And overwhelming approval for your comments on reporting "incidents"--or rather, on keeping other people's names out of it. There's frequently a good reason for recounting an occurrence (to illustrate an opinion, to describe a significant change in oneself, etc.). The specific people involved are almost never relevant, and sometimes have good reason for preferring to remain anonymous. You have no obligation to satisfy an uninvolved party's curiosity/purient interest. Which, of course, is exactly what you were saying; but I feel strongly about it myself.

You're the third fanzine editor I've noticed to refer to a projected publication date, not for the next issue; but for the issue thereafter. Planning ahead? Wishful thinking? Personality quirk?

I wish I'd seen your Nasfic speech. Reading the notes was the "next best thing to being there"--well, almost--at least, it'll have to do.

"When You Love, When You Care..."

The possible conclusions to that suggestion are endless.

Of course.

But who wants an answer that inspires no further questions?

[3/25/80] - 801 S. 18th St., Columbus, OH 43206

I've tried to hold back on the esoteric/gut-teasing/literary masturbation stuff this time.

I really have.

I even went so far as to "reject" (at least postpone) the impressionistic piece I wrote yesterday...containing the things I really wanted to say.

But I suppose I did that because it wasn't esoteric enough; more like blatant...

...those of you who can't get enough of such things, however, are directed to *Bill Bowers' Second "This Is Not A Speech"* in *Graymalkin 5*. (It Tells All...)

[Copies of that, and *Graymalkin 4*--containing the first "...Not A Speech" & a very nice cover--are \$1 ea. from: Denise Parsley Leigh, 121 Nansen, Cincinnati, OH 45216.]

BRIAN EARL BROWN

If there is anything wrong with *Xenolith*, it is your involuted writing. It's very enjoyable in a small circulation zine, like an apazine or a small personalzine, but XL (series two) has a much more general audience and I think would benefit from a more direct voice. As it stands, XL is almost incestuous with its veiled allusions and half comments.

And speaking of veiled allusions, isn't it nice to know that by not publishing a major zine in two years you can once again become obscure. And if you stop going to cons (or insisting on telling strangers who you are), in time people might entirely forget who you are. It's frightening to realize that whole fannish generations have come and gone since the last *Outworlds*!

[1/29/80] - 16711 Burt Road #207, Detroit, MI 48219

There was this great "B.C." cartoon in the newspaper today.

...something about a town so small that the passing of the Goodyear blimp would constitute a total eclipse.

If I thought reprinting copyrighted material without permission was moral (the legalities involved don't bother me) I'd run it here; instead, I clipped it, and sent it on to a friend who also appreciated a small-town upbringing...

When I last reported, I had this 55-hour-a-week job that was to make me solvent, if dead. Well, after eleven weeks, it blew up in my face--I suppose I helped; punching a time clock in a technical office job for the first time in my life tended to be just a bit aggravating--and I was laid off (again!) February 22.

I was off four weeks...

...but I kept busy: Went to Hoosiercon and Inconvient .5, with a trip to Milwaukee and the Chicago-area-instead-of-Wiscon in between...and didn't mail out all those X:Three's that were sitting around.

...and things got a bit tight.

So, when one of the people from my agency called, and asked if I'd be interested in working in Marion, Indiana...after a little thought, I said: "Sure, why not?"

Even someone as skinny as I has to eat occasionally.

CAROLYN DOYLE

Thank you for the latest *Xenolith*--I try not to like it too much because I know it might end any day, and then I'd be stuck missing it.

The cover reminds me of some pictures we saw in Psychology class from an intelligence test--you have to make up a story about what's happening, and if the story differs from the dull, ordinary one everyone gives, you are branded a pervert. For example, I would say that the man in the cover is a lonely traveling salesman looking for some companionship, and most people would say he is Jack the Ripper...

Steve's interview of Spider is quite good, which means that it is different from a lot of interviews. For one thing, it is readable, and for another, Steve doesn't say too much. I've been told that the *only* way to be interviewed is on paper, through the mail; this interview certainly lends weight to that view. Steve handled it very well, and you couldn't really guess that it was a letter-type interview, judging by the feedback he gives to Spider's replies. This must of consisted of at least two exchanges of letters.

I must disagree with Lee Pelton. Have you seen how much trouble shag carpeting makes? Raking it, and all? Glicksohn would make a *terrible* rug, unless you had a live-in maid, in which case, what are you doing with such a cheap rug anyway?

Don't believe Eric Lindsay for a moment, when he says he can't get into the U.S.. I have offered to marry him, after all. (Though, if I am drafted, as Carter's recent speech pretends, I may end up marrying Glicksohn for the duration, instead.) [I am a very honest coward.]

[1/26/80] - 1949 N. Spencer, Indianapolis, IN 46218

Laurie D.T. Mann

"Wierd and Trivial Facts About Ohio. #1: Port William is southwest of Bowersville in western Ohio."

Remember, you read it here first...unless you've been doing much map reading... I might believe that the caftan was an "official Detroit bidding uniform" if I saw Rusty wearing one.

Very fine Nasfic speech. I agree with most of it, but really must quibble with the idea that "friendly" arguments can happen only in fandom. In many groups where people have one common binding interest, these sorts of "discussions" can often take place. It doesn't only happen in fandom. Conversely, I have heard people disagreeing violently over things in fandom, and sink to the depths of absurd name calling and other sorts of Fuggheadedness, at cons, at club meetings, in APAs and in fanzines. So fandom isn't immune from this sort of silliness either.

[1/25/80] - 381 East Second St., #1, Chillicothe, OH 45601

Yet Another Update: This Saturday [4/26] I will have had my car four years.

...and on the way back from the Colsher's "not-moving" party last Sunday, it passed the 95,000 mile mark. But I have slowed down--considerably--in the past two years.

...still, when one is working 170 miles from "home", it tends to add up.

Err...about that "no more long trips in it" statement:

I suppose that, as long as it keeps going...so will I. Certainly seems so...

It Can Happen To You, Too!: I won \$10.00 in a Publishers Clearing House giveaway.

...that about makes up for the postage spent entering the damned things!

Letters from West Barberton, Indiana...part one:

...it's the "best" job--interesting work, nice co-workers--I've had in three years of temping. So much so that if it was located in some outpost of civilization starting with a "C" [but not Columbus or Cleveland], I might be tempted to apply for a "direct" position.

This is my first experience with working out-of-town, and that too is different. Despite wages designed to cover it, maintaining two residences is a bit of a pain. Logistically, if no other way. I'm always sure that when I leave Cincinnati on a Sunday evening I'm forgetting something I'll need at the con/party I'm going to the next weekend.

And lugging the Selectric around is a definite pain.

...especially since, during the week, I "live" on the third floor of what I once called your basic "fea-bag hotel" (but have since grown rather fond of; it has, shall we say, character), and there are no elevators.

After spending my first two nights "exploring" Marion, I have spent most of my evenings up here in my perch...writing, reading and downing goodly quantities of cheap Indiana rum.

There is a color TV down in the lobby; but so far, I've managed to resist going down to watch it. That's an accomplishment in itself...despite occasional glimpses on odd weekends, that's the longest I've gone with the TV-fix since I was Over There (in the Philippines) in '67-'68. ...probably good for my moral character, or something.

...so far, I'm managing to get home to 2468 Harrison alternating weekends to get my mail, say hello to my cats...and go to thrilling CFG meetings.

I'm not sure how long this will last, but it's good fodder for fanzine material.

...like how, this Saturday, here time will stand still for an hour...

Living in Marion does have advantages: It's two hours closer to Chicago.

...I'm sure there are others; just let me think for a moment...

...but then, it doesn't even have a lake in the center of town!

JERRY KAUFMAN Rusty Hevelin was difficult for the Suncon committee to work with, but this was caused by distance from the other members, in miles, personality and philosophy. As I said in my letter, I am sure that this will not be the case with Detroit, and both Joyce Scrivner and Terry Matz testify to experience that bears out this surety. I apologize to Terry for getting her blood pressure up, and to Rusty for hinting at events that were agreed to be settled and confidential. [3/3/80] - 4326 Winslow Place N., Seattle, WA 98103

MIKE GLICKSOHN Steve is a fine interviewer; he manages to avoid the pointless questions that so often constitute fanzine interviews and asks the right things. Obviously his being a writer himself has a lot to do with that. Your presence was sorely missed in the lettercolumn, although with that many letters I can understand why it would be almost impossible to try and reply to even a part of them. (I wonder when you'll drop the lettercolumn as Xenium has? But perhaps you'll never get to be as lazy as I am.)

I read all those letters and there's enough there to stimulate a six page loc but for once I'll let someone else do it. Can't let Mike Bracken's description appear to be an accurate one, can we? And did you know that this time you mention my name explicitly thirty seven times? Don't you think Larry Downes will be upset at this one-sidedness on your part?

So I'm passing out of the consciousness of fandom, eh? Newer fans don't even recognize the old name when they hear it from my various publicity agents. So it goes; I guess I'll have to give up poker for a while and go back to chasing women again if I want to regain my previous notoriety. Or then again, maybe it's better to fade quietly into fannish oblivion, passing the mantle of responsibility to the Phil Wrights of the world. I never wanted to be a fannish myth in the first place. (At least I was never an Institution.)

I think your Hasfic speech shows very clearly that your speeches were really meant to be read--and carefully--rather than listened to. In a way, I'm almost glad I never heard you give that talk because I think I got a great deal more out of it by reading it for the first time. It's an admirably crafted piece of writing. A hell of a fine examination of things fannish and interpersonal. And incredibly personal too. But since it's mostly personal about you and I'm really only there peripherally, I certainly don't mind in the slightest your talking about my sex life in front of several hundred total strangers who won't have your ability to differentiate between fact and fiction, legend and reality. I mean, what are friends for, eh?

I'm guessing that the people who just heard you say these words probably wouldn't understand those areas where you were skirting the issue of fannish facade versus actuality but I really don't care. Anyone who reads this may note the distinctions but if they don't, it doesn't really matter. You know those differences and I do and between us that's all that matters. So I'm not in any way bothered by anything you had to say about me here; I just hope it got a laugh in the right places for you.

And on top of all that, it's quite probable that of late your sex life would prove to be far more interesting than mine anyway! Between you, me and the vaseline, can I help it if I'd rather draw to a flush? You spend your time developing relationships, I spend mine trying to develop full houses. I'm probably better at the latter than the former anyway, and it gives you less competition. I'd have thought you'd have been appreciative of my monomaniacal pursuit of the perfect hand...

Just as I'm very appreciative indeed of the sentiments expressed in the concocted piece of fannish myth-making (completely erroneous though we both know it was) reported on the last page of your speech. You probably won't have anything to worry about though...just as long as you don't fall in love with someone who hasn't slept with me but who happens to be a poker player!

[2/10/80] - 141 High Park Ave., Toronto, Ontario M6P 2S3, CANADA

