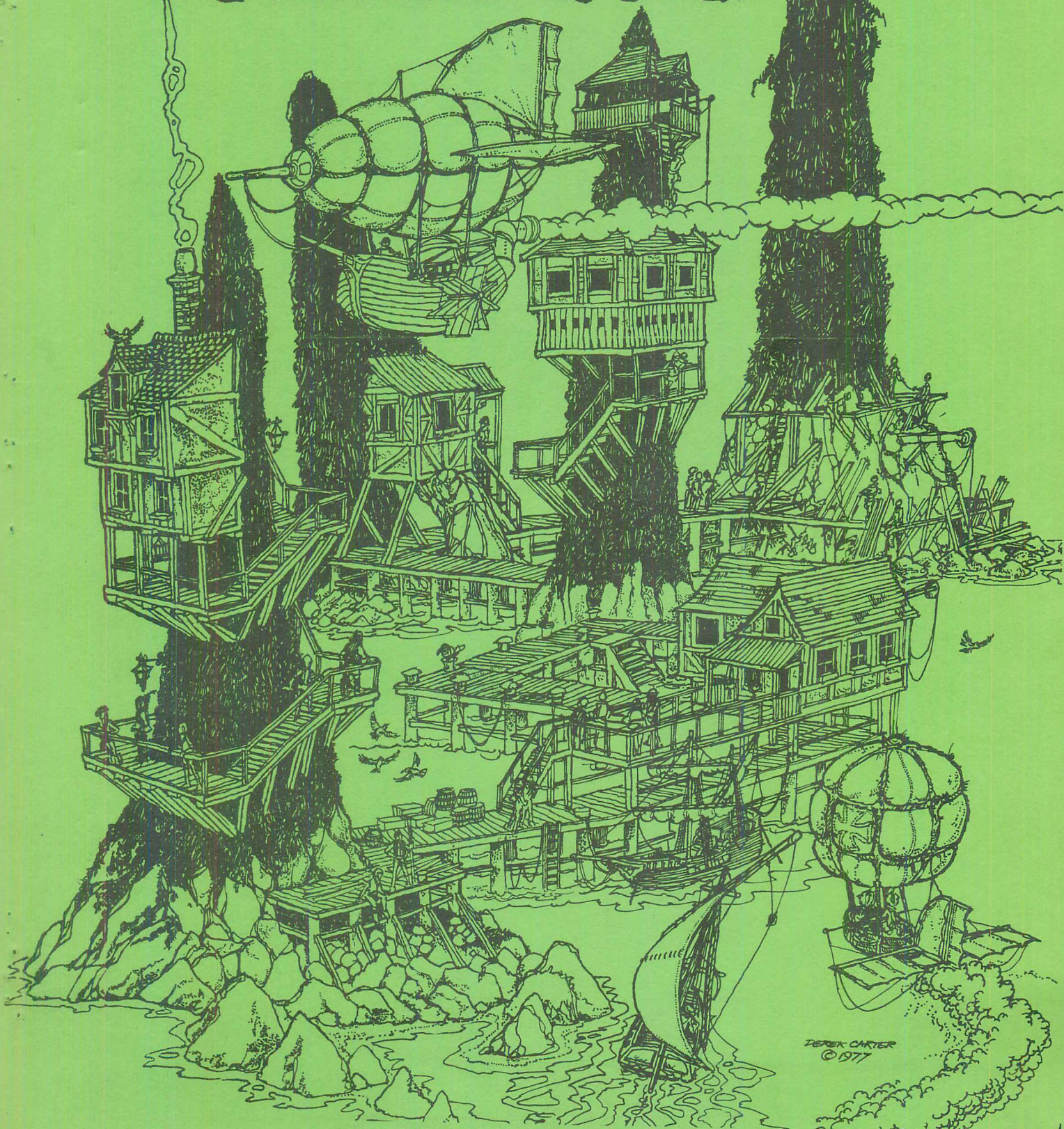
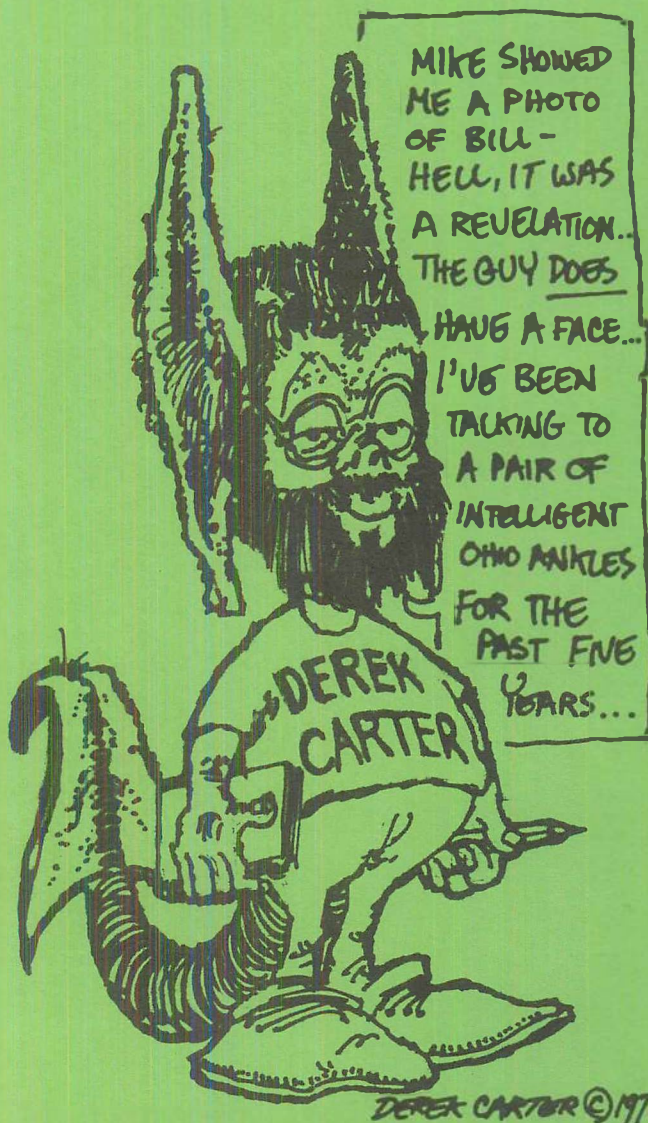


Xenolith



Most of you are already aware that that is a new address over there...; some of you are aware of the "whys" (*it's all Ric Bergman's fault*) behind the move... Those of you who



It took some talking by the silver-tongued ~~Detroit Jew~~ Sid Altus, but finally I capitulated. The fact that the 1982 worldcon will mark the

20th Anniversary of my first convention [CHICON III], may have a little bit to do with it... Seriously, we have an experienced and well-balanced bidding committee--with Sid Altus as treasurer, and Leah Zeldes as secretary (the remaining committee members are Cy Chauvin, Howard DeVore, Paula Gold, & myself)--and welcome your support, queries, suggestions, interest... The "official" address is:

The Bidding Committee for Detroit in '82

13101 Lincoln

Huntington Woods, Michigan 48070

I suppose a word or two about fanzines--mine--is in order. This is not an *Outworlds* replacement/surrogate, or whatever. But OW is not, by any means, dead. The problem with getting it out is at the moment, three-fold: the social/party tear I've been on this summer; the financial fact that I was out-of-work a lot longer after moving than I expected to be, and as a result, the reserves have to be rebuilt; and thirdly, the "corporation" thingie became incredibly complex. As a result, the whole thing is in the hands of a C.P.A. at the moment, trying to figure out whether I'm "legal" or not. A bit of a pain, actually, and until it's resolved, I really can't do anything at all complex...even forgetting the first two hang-ups... Sigh.

But, when you least expect it, and in whatever form (even I only speculate), *Outworlds* will re-emerge... Trust me; believe me!

As to just *what Xenolith* is [and you can take the title as literally as you wish] ... well, that's a bit more complex. It is, among other things, a letter-substitute, a place to run stuff I love but which just doesn't "fit" in OW, something to keep getting the few fanzines I really want, an outlet, an intake, an excuse to ask Derek for a cover, a vehicle to preclude Cinti from being known exclusively as *Quantum-country*, something to hand to friends at cons, or to send to friends I don't see often enough, an ego-trip, a crying-towel, a testament of joys, an excuse/or a reason for doing/not doing certain things... You know, it's just another damn fanzine.

But it's my damn fanzine!

To Sutton:
A POEM FOR BOTH OUR BIRTHDAYS

Twenty-five.
It confronts you, my friend;
A third of your life has passed.
I, nine years your junior,
ponder that:
What does it feel like to be
twenty-five years old
And live in San Francisco?
At sixteen in Detroit that seems
truly wondrous.
Or it should.
But I am sure that twenty-five
feels no different to you
Than twenty-four
And twenty-four felt no different
than twenty-three
And so on back to sixteen.
Year by year,
Changes are gradual;
looking back, you can see them
Only over long periods
And if you can remember that far
back
And if you care to try;
Looking forward, they are only
expected and imagined.
Twenty-five is different from
sixteen
Only in years,
And what do they mean?
Your twenty-fifth birthday is
one month and seventeen days
after my sixteenth;
Let us celebrate and mourn
together.

---Leah A Zeldes, 1975

XENOLITH #1 -- from BILL BOWERS [POBox 3157, Cincinnati, OH 45201 : (513) 481-3613]. Please do NOT review; "X" is available solely by Editorial Whim--although letters of comment, art & words, and some fanzines will tend to influence that Whim. This is My Publication #96. 10/17/77. Copyright © 1977 by William L. Bowers, for the contributors. Printed by Wing Press/Tanya Curry. This Issue is Dedicated to My Short Friends. All Art is by DEREK CARTER.
Support DETENTION 2 / Detroit in '82!

PAULA GOLD

"I AM THE

Conscience

OF BILL BOWERS"

PAULA GOLD, ©1977

NAME BADGE GAME, Part 2

MARLA
GOLD

OFFICIAL O BILL BOWERS

W,W,W & S*
PERSON

BILL BOWERS

Official Patty Peters BNF

And Surrogate
Short Person
With Blue Eyes



Cincinnati Fantasy Group

LOOK UP THERE, IT'S
A BEAUFORT-ER- THE
CN TOWER?-ER-
EIFFEL TOWER -
OH...NO... ITS
BILL BOWERS
(REAL SOON NOW...)



Subjects To Avoid With Me: #1--Suncon. Not only am I still waiting on the second and last P.R.s --and my Hugo ballot (didn't even have a chance not to vote for myself), but I still await the site selection ballot. I'd like to vote for Britain in '79, folks. I really would.

One of the neat things about being at a fannish crossroads is that every once in a while fans wander thru--and even tho I have only a three-room apartment, I've been known to snatch them.

DONT WORRY DEREK... I'VE BEEN
LISTENING AND, FROM EXPERIENCE,
I CAN TELL YOU BOWERS HAS ONLY
GOT THREE SMALL JOES LEFT....
THEN, UNLESS ANOTHER SMALL FAN
COMES ALONG, HE'LL SIT IN HIS
CORNER MUMBING (OR FALLING
IN LOVE).



Lynn & Jon stayed over after Midwestcon; Mike Glicksohn came thru in July for a couple of days (and my birthday); Patty & Bill stopped by overnight on their way by Amtrack from West-by-God to San Francisco; Rob Jackson showed up after Suncon and I kidnapped him... Anyway... visitors are welcome, tho I do appreciate an advance call...

...and I certainly wasn't the only one to make "a move" this summer: To wit, on various levels of complexity--Leah, and Larry are off to college, Jon Singer moved to Chicago, Derek moved in with Glicksohn, and then there was that rather incredible one-two punch in August when, one night I received a call from Jackie Causgrove telling me she was moving to southern California to be with Dave Locke...and the following night I got a call from Patty Peters, telling me that she was moving to northern California, with Bill Breiding. I realize that this fandom of ours is a mobile society, but things to tend to get a bit out of hand at times! (I just hope everybody ends up happy...I really do!)

[Just got a letter from Patty today, with her's & Bill's new address: 588 Cole, San Francisco, CA 94117.]

It is now 9:30 Tuesday night, and I have to get this over to Tanya by midnight, so she can have the masters made tomorrow, and, if it works, have this ready to take with me from work Friday... It has been a rather disjointed beginning, I know... Blame it on being rusty, or the (always) late start, or at the moment a bitch of a cold/flu. Nevertheless, it feels good to be back at it, I'm not displeased with it...and I hope you enjoy it. If you do, let me know. Pax, Bill

DEREK CARTER is

POUL ANDERSON

Beer Mutterings

A FEW EVENINGS BACK, down in Brennan's bar, a chap was telling about some medical treatment he'd once gotten. It was interesting--a war story, actually. But of course most iatric experiences make dismal conversation. Only three of mine seem worth relating.

One occurred several years ago, when after spending a night in considerable pain I had Karen drive me down to a local doctor. He examined me, said that I appeared to have a broken rib, and asked me how that had happened. "Well," I told him, "yesterday I was fighting in a tourney, and didn't move my shield quite fast enough to stop the other guy's sword...." I still wonder if he believed me. Whether or no, it probably made his day.

Long before that, in adolescence, I had to have an appendectomy. This was in a small Midwestern farming community, and the doctor there was a bluff, hearty scion of that land. While preparing me, he remarked that it was simpler with small children. "Okay, I'll remember that in my next incarnation," I said. He pondered for a moment, then observed, "Yeah, I guess we have to believe in reincarnation. Some animals are so dumb they can only have been human."

And in between, as an impecunious bachelor visiting relatives in Denmark, I fell pretty sick. The physician who came around to see me was a cousin of my mother, and had shown me magnificent, often hilarious hospitality. He opined that I needed an antibiotic and took out his large needle. "Uh, look," I said in an embarrassed hashion, "friendship is friendship but business is business. I do expect to get a bill for this." He answered, "You'd let me stand you a beer, wouldn't you? All right, I'm standing you a shot of penicillin. Roll over."

It is him I would like to reminisce about. Niels Henrik Bording (not his real name) was a big, handsome man, irresistible to everybody. As a student, he pulled a number of inspired practical jokes. For instance, he needed a skeleton to study bones, and my maternal grandfather, himself a doctor, had a nicely articulated one which he no longer needed and gave it to the young fellow. Niels boarded a streetcar for home with the thing in a long box which he set down beside him. Presently he leaned toward the box and asked, "What did you say,

Grandmother?" And then: "Oh, no, Grandmother, not here." And: "Yes, I know it's stuffy in there, Grandmother, but--" And finally: "Well, if you insist." Whereupon he took the skeleton out, seated it opposite him, and chatted to it till he reached his stop. By that time he had that end of the streetcar quite to himself.

On another occasion he invented the trigonier, which has implication rather than definition. He phoned my grandfather, disguising his voice, and declared, "Dr. Hertz, I'm calling from the trigonier company to let you know we'll come tomorrow morning to take your books for trigoniering." The old man mainly just spulttered. But when Niels called an admiral in the Danish navy and asked, "Please, sir, this is the trigonier company. Could you tell me whether you want your trousers trigoniered lengthwise or crossways?" the admiral replied huffily, "Lengthwise, of course." And when he notified the Copenhagen zoo that he was Captain Olsen of the merchant marine, just back from Africa with a live trigonier which he wished to present them, and which they realized required a warm cage with clean straw and a bowl of milk --dropping around incognito next day, he found the cage prepared.

He was intensely musical, a composer (and lyricist) of talent, a remarkable performer on piano, guitar, and much else. When I first met him, as a boy visiting before the war, he won my adoration by producing notes out of his pipe and a sprinkling can. His voice wasn't great, but the verve with which he sang more than made up for that. He was very active in Visens Venner, a pan-Scandinavian organization devoted to rendering ballads old and new--not the artsyfartsy sort of thing you get aound college towns, but a recreation of real people. He especially loved the eighteenth-century Swedish poet Carl Michael Bellman, whose *Fredmans Epistler* contains some of the finest, most Dionysiac song ever written. I treasure four tapes of music which Niels gave to my mother and she had copied for me. Someday I want to write out good enough translations of the best words therein that it will be possible to share them with friends over here.

Visiting not long after the war and staying with my aunt, I met a man who had been in the anti-Nazi underground and asked him if he had ever met Dr. Bording. "No," he answered, "but I did steal his car a few times." It turned out that, during the occupation, only automobiles with medical license plates might go freely about. Niels used to remark where he could be heard, "I'm terribly forgetful. I keep leaving my car parked in the street, unlocked, with the key in the ignition. Oh, if, say, an illegal outfit should take it for transportation, I do hope they'll bring it back by sunrise so I can visit my patients."

This was the real underground, membership in which could cost you your life. I resent the appropriation of the word by those who merely whine about having to live in a free country.

Various other things Niels did--I'm not quite sure what, because he never bragged about it afterward--finally caused the Germans to throw him into a prison camp. He did later tell how grim it was to be lined up from time to time and hear the list read, alphabetically, of those who would next be sent off to do slave labor. As it happened, "Bording" was never called. And he was not involved in a disturbance which caused a number of the prisoners to be sentenced one day to duckwalk till they dropped. But he had his guitar with him, and played and sang to hearten them the whole while.

His wife was Norwegian, a tall and beautiful woman with the spirit of a gentle Valkyrie. She wanted to visit him but couldn't get a pass. So she swept up to the entrance, waved her meat ration book under the eyes of the guards, and went on before they were sure what it really was.

In the two different postwar years when I saw them, they were living serenely in a lovely home full of books and music. Now "serenely" does not mean "sedately". Once when my mother, who was a dear friend as well as a kinswoman of Niels, was also on hand, he went out to Tivoli Gardens with the two of us. (His wife had another engagement.) Knowing we'd be drinking a good bit, he didn't drive, but we went by streetcar--via Lyngby, for the hell of it, which is kind of like going from the Battery to Central Park via Brooklyn and Queens, only far prettier. It was an epical evening. Along with much else, I remember how we wanted to ride a carousel, but the operator wouldn't start it up for three people, so Niels buttonholed passersby and offered to treat them till he had enough. At last we got back to his house. I considered

myself a capable drinker, and was thirty years his junior, but at this time I--did not pass out, but laid myself to rest--while he and my mother discovered to their delight that it was possible to dance the minuet to something by Bach.

Years later, when she was back in the old country by herself, she heard he had had a heart attack. Coming anxiously around next morning, she found him in bed, all right, but sitting up in sky-blue pajamas happily strumming his guitar.

He was a sailor around the beautiful coasts of Denmark and Norway and a traveler throughout western Europe. A favorite vacation spot for him and his family was Biot, a charming out-of-the-way village in the French Riviera. When my brother and I went there on his recommendation, the proprietor of the local *auberge* could not do enough for the relatives of *Monsieur le Docteur*.

Over and above the war, Niels had his share of tragedies, and was inevitably drawn by his profession into those of many other people, for some of whom--including a beloved cousin--he performed that last service which most old-time doctors were ready to render when asked; I don't know how that is with the impersonal modern kind. But these are not matters to relate here.

He died of a stroke, with barely time to bid his wife goodbye. Driving back from the funeral home with their daughter, she cried, "It isn't right! He always hated to be alone, and now he's lying there all alone."

"Nonsense, Mother," said Ingrid. "He's with Bellman."

Yes, those who have lived well can die well.

--Poul Anderson, 1976



BILLY WOLFENBARGER

Language at Midnight

[for Jim Adams & Sally Pollak]

CHAPTER 16: Back and Forward & Here Again

AN OLD (around 80 years as "old") farmhouse out a mile past the other side of town. Out where two of our friends used to live; both moved out of town to separate towns. We live in the farmhouse now, everything cool except for that River Road highway roaring so close; otherwise out in the toolies, and rye grass fields; but closer to the Coburg Hills. Get subtle hints of a ghost, or spirit, in this place--the former occupant agreed, but I couldn't get much out of them. No matter.

I have a study where I can sometimes see the moon.

Backtrack: had a Winter job hauling Christmas trees mostly in rain and sometimes sleet and a few days of real clear warm. Saved some money that time & spent almost a week in San Francisco on my own vacation and got to meet with Sutton Breiding & Dale Donaldson & more Breidings--mother Jane, Sutt's brother Bill and sister Joan and Chap Hayes and Bloomington Illinois friends Babe and Rubiun transplanted to California, wrote a short story, poems. Not many months passed and Dale & Jane got married, moved to Portland; Sara, Loretta & I stopped in to say hello on our way to a wedding in Dallas; our 20/30 minute stop all too quickly evolved into 2-1/2 hours..

When we got back home there was a letter in the mail box from John McNabb, my best friend, still mind-wolly in Missouri.

Amtrak back East (not East actually, but that's what the people in the Northwest call the Midwest, I guess anything east of *maybe* Texas is to them East) (& sometimes my mind slips and may call it East but I know it's still Midwest because that's where I was born and grew up & went to school there and met Jim Adams & Sally Pollak and bought science fiction magazines & books; also there I looked at Mars & sundry astronomical objects *way* up in space. Also met John McNabb who turned me on to Bob Dylan but that was only in the summer of '65. Etc.) Went to (after poem spaceout in Chicago) Wynet in Illinois (actually outside of town on the farm of Loretta's folks and family): then Galesburg Illinois ("home of Carl Sandburg") to visit

with old dear friends, went to Neosho Missouri to see my mother and some of the relatives and even McNabb, who hadn't heard all the songs on Dylan's *Desire* album so we got him a copy and we listened to it there together in his rented house and tried out his home-made wine! In February time. Poems on the train.

And uh, working in orchards with time to mellow with a smoke, selling a *bunch* of poems this year, becoming more and more concerned with what I write.

And the happy news that Damon Knight & wife Kate Wilhelm moving into Eugene this last January with 9-year-old John with other older children coming from scattered parts of the USA. Their Friday night "meetings", more like social gatherings, I'd sometimes go alone, other times go with Paul Novitski or John Varley & crew. Kate drinks my kind of coffee. At the end of the Milford Writer's Workshop on a beautiful Saturday evening they had a good party with Milford people. I am not a Milford people. Al Cox sounded interested, so he & his lady come by, people all over the house, spilling out onto the front porch, folkmusic, Greg Burton come week-end visit with Paul in Eugene from Portland. My brain a little bleary, enjoyed seeing Gene Wolfe again, though the meeting was all too brief, so many people there, it reminded me of a, uh, science fiction convention. Buz & Elinor Busby, people I hadn't seen for 9 years. Jack Williamson sitting in a comfortable chair, a drink mostly idle in his hand, his big New Mexico hands, the beautiful oldtimer still going strong.

Unbacktrack: waiting for a lizard moon again.

CHAPTER 17: New Pair of Goodwill Shoes for 59¢

The old ones fell off.

CHAPTER 18: Spiders in my Hair

() This is another time. We got a phone call from Joan Bowers at the Eugene bus station. We all went to pick her up and Loretta drove us back to the house. Joan (who is reclaiming her maiden name) Baker

((wait a minute: there's a spider crawling across this moving page -- apparently electricity doesn't phase it; I flicked the paper and it shot off, and couldn't locate it for a while; was on an old empty envelope and I flicked it off and I don't know where it could be, now.)))

had mailed boxes of her things out months and weeks ago, her move to Oregon now more complete. She's working at a bank in Eugene now, lives in a Eugene lady's house with her own room and kitchen privileges. We like Joan. Sometimes I get tickled at her Ohio accent. And she keeps saying she enjoys

THE ORACLE OF MIDNIGHT

*(for Billy Ray Wolfenbarger:
I know I can find him where
Machen lies dreaming. . . .)*

Waking in the darkness, listening for a moment
To the rain against the foggy panes:
An eternity of dreaming lost in the drifting night.
(There are many Visions to be found
In a cup of steaming Columbian brew;
Many a word woven out of the poison blue
Smoke of cigarettes: Ah,
The fugitive passions of these dreams!)

His poetry is the secret languages
Of midnight wine: when he strums
His cosmic guitar of words,
Marvelous realities awaken
To call forth Myths
Amidst the cities' ruins
And the autumnal Oregon woods;
Amidst this lonely dust of galaxies
Where our laughter & our pale cries
Become the bittersweet memories,
The webs of alien music merging
Into the deeper spaces of our Time.

Surely, he has seen grey angels fall
Into the beatific light of the City's dawning;
Surely he has seen the Pan-horned Piper
Dancing with the darkened husks of milkweed & corn:
And with his quiet inks of blue or cochineal
He scribes & spins out tales of golden longing
From the brooding night
And the heart of faded feasts.

And I remain here, alone,
Listening to the Oracle of Midnight & Rain
Beating against the dream-fogged windowpanes.

*G Sutton Breiding
San Francisco
February 21st, 1976*

doing dishes. So my dishwashing adventures took
a spaced leave of absence. Joan stayed with us
a couple of weeks. Oregon keeps amazing her.
Us too.

(()) This is still yet another time, although
it's just a few minutes later. Yesterday I
filled out a work application for a cannery job
in Albany. I got a ride there with two local
girls who work at the cannery. It's a 30 mile
trip. Well, anyway, the lady behind the desk
at the cannery said they'd be calling me. I
hitched home, dug the streets of Albany for a
while; got two good rides into Harrisburg, with

my second ride offering me a cup of coffee at
the cafe in Harrisburg. I took him up on his
offer. The coffee was pretty raunchy, like
cafe coffee is. But it was hot and the caffeine
was jumping around inside that cup and it was
free. I thanked him kindly and went on my way.

At home, around noon, the cannery calls up
wanting to know if I could come to work tomorrow.
I said, yes I sure could. I stood between two conveyor belts for ten hours today,
lifting unshucked corn from the rolling rush of
corn on the cob and tossed the unshucked behind
me to the other belt. That was what I did at
work today. It was interesting, of course,
etc., but it was also pretty boring.

Some time after I got home from work and stood
in the living room, I felt something wiggily. I
brushed a hand through my hair and out came a
brown spider.

CHAPTER 19: Happy Birthday October!

Wild, cold, windy night. It just might rain.
But I can't help it. I wasn't built that way.
But then again, I was built for October. Always
a creative month for me. When are *your*
creative periods?

How I Love Autumn. Jim and Sally, what is going
on in your head?

I don't want to be a preacher. Or a longshore-
man or a manhole cleaner. If I was a preacher
I'd have to have fresh flowers on my podium
every Sunday; if a longshoreman I'd have to
learn how to swim; if a manhole cleaner someone
might run over me in their car when everybody
else is asleep that time of "night/day". No,
I'm afraid it just wouldn't work out. I'm too
lazy to be any of those things, anyway. Maybe
a lizard with a Technicolored tongue...

The night's bright pages.

CHAPTER 20: The Dances we Make

It's true that I have stared out into the night
very long times ago. Very long times. Very
many years ago, years gone. I do the same
thing now. Old habit I don't want to break. It
helps to get me deeper into my mind--at least
that's what my fancy tells me. But it can be
such a restful cycle in such a restful place.
The best thing is in a rocking chair. And I
have gazed & gazed out there through the dark
and kept on going gazing to the midnight lands
where I learned a language told to me as I
write it out. I've had a variety of comments
from people about this midnight language,
mostly giving me egoboo, but there is one great
simple concept all have failed to fully grasp
as the core of it: mind confession. And
nothing more.

And this is another time, further into October. Loretta's 28th birthday on the 8th, and my 33rd birthday on the 12th were welcome events. I feel pretty much the same as I always have. I've been trying to locate some Sara Teasdale poetry all month and have had no success. Haven't read Teasdale in years. Want to read her again. I'd like to read some Teasdale in moonlight. Or even in a chair at home with quiet around: a few more books for my mental want list. And try to finish an issue of *Analog*.

Our friend Paul moved from Eugene to Springfield into a nice house, lives with friendly other people. Friday night it was, but Sunday night came, housewarming, got to see Paul & the nice people he lives with; and got to see Damon & Kate again, with children; John Varley

& Annette and others, good evening with friends and rhubarb wine and gooseberry wine (never tried them before, but *good!*), and a champagne that sparkled.

There's a dog out there somewhere, across a rye grass field. Not exactly "company". But even the cats are sleeping now. Every so often the dog barks, which doesn't really bother me. When that dog doesn't bark, I've usually forgotten about him/her. And then I hear the barking, and I am reminded of civilization out there (and in here, too, if you could see this place), and I get to remember that the world is still alive out there through the dark.

Monk is lonesome on his jazz piano.

Billy Wolfenbarger (October 13, 1976)



