



MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SHORT! MAYBE THE REST OF U.S HAVE PITUITARY DIFFICULTIES.

TALL PEOPLE

MARLA GOLD

XENOLITH #2 -- from BILL BOWERS [POBox 3157, Cincinnati, Ohio: (513) 481-3613]. Home address-for first class letter-sized mail ONLY: 2468 Harrison Ave., Cinti, OH 45211. Once again-please do not review. "X" is available solely by Editorial Whim...and an "x" next to your address indicates that you should do something to prompt my whim! * Cover by Bowers; all spot illos by AL CURRY. * This Issue is Dedicated to My Tall Friends... (I may be needing them \$ north soon.) * Printed by Wing Press/Tanya Curry. * Copyright (c) 1977 by William L. Bowers for the contributors. * This in My Publication #97 * 12/23/77

Have a Happy New Year Everyone!

Tall people got no reason to Tall people got no reason to Tall people got no reason to be.

They got big old hands
and big, dumb eyes
Strut around hitting their head on the sky.
They got big long noses
and perfectly straight teeth.
They wear polka dot sneakers on their big flat feet.

Well, I don't want no
Well, I don't want no
Well, I don't want no tall people around here.

Tall people are just the same as you and I ...no they're not.
Working and slaving until the day they die It's a wonderful lie.

Tall people got nobody at Tall people got nobody at Tall people got nobody at all.

They got long stork legs
make 'em stand so tall.
You got to knock them down
just to say, Stay low!

They got big, long cars, going glug, glug, gluq.
They got big, squeeky voices, going blub, blub, blub.

Boney long fingers
Demented little minds,
They couldn't get you, if they tried.

Well, I don't want no tall people
Well, I don't want no tall people
Well, I don't want no tall people around here.

PEBBLES....

PAULA GOLD: Xenolith was a real pretty thing. Tanya is quite a printer! The zine itself is rather thin tho, is it not? Trying to give me a little competition, eh? Well, Bowers, the MidWest has room for only one small institution!

As for making you wait to become famous, I also like long drawn out suspense. Besides, the lawyers take so damn long checking out possible grounds for slander and libel. From the looks of it though, it seems like you want to print the barbs against you before I do. Nice try, but it won't work.

(Heard any tall jokes lately?) 11/2/77

...but...but the only "Barb" I know is for me! And I suppose that someday I really should try to explain this "institution" bit to those who weren't in MISHAP last year. Someday...

In the meantime, all I can say to you Paula, is that from all appearances, your fan-publishing career was almost as short as your sister... [God...tell me I didn't really say that!]

Meanwhile, let's get all the short stuff out of the way at once:

STEPHANIE OBEREMBT: I can't believe it!

Can it be?
Bill Bowers?
That old fossill

Bill, and here I had thought you had forgotten how to publish.

(I've heard rumors that you helped write Don't Like Short People? Is this true?)

Seriously, thanks for Xenolith. It's nice to know that you're still alive and your fingers are still able to hit the typewriter's keys. Are you sure it hasn't taken you all this time just to type it? I would imagine that ten minute rests after each letter would make things go slow.

Delightful Derek Carter cartoons! But, then, he's one of us short people, so he must be talented. I enjoyed Poul Anderson's Beer Mutterings. I can't say the same though for Billy Wolfenbarger's article... 11/29/77

Needless to say, my reply to this will be...err, brief.

BRIAN EARL BROWN: Enough of this "Father" talk; fandom hasn't aged you half as much as you think. It's all that keeping up with Glicksohn.

I can appreciate your apprehensions about moving to Cincinnati. I've been considering moving to Detroit for nearly a year or so, but can't work up the nerve to break from my roots here. And I'm scared of unemployment. People like Patrick Hayden & Gary Farber amaze me in the way they seem to exist with so little fear of unemployment & their ability to pick up and move anywhere at the drop of a whim.

I remember Jessica's review of Outworlds in

Tangent getting warped all out of shape because she couldn't stand Poul Anderson's politics, and seemingly, the man. As much as I've disagreed with his politics, I've always admired his ability to write, which he proves again in this reminescence about his Danish friend.

One may get the notion that Xenolith was published just to use up some Derek Carter illos. That is not a bad reason. 11/23/77

...keeping up with Glicksohn in what regard? If you're referring to publishing, I did that with Y #11

I too view with awe some of my more free-moving friends. As I've said before, I'm sure that this has a lot to do with my affection for, and appreciation of Billy Wolfenbarger: Even tho he has apparently set down roots in Oregon now, for a long time he lived the life I wished for, but never had the guts to try. (I suppose that my "travels" of the past couple of years were a fair approximation of that life--but I always had a "home base" filled with "possessions" to return to. And I suspect I will always have that need to have a "home" to return to.)

No, I DO NOT GET EMBARRASSED WHEN FANS ASK WHY I HAVEN'T PUT OUT ANOTHER OUTWORLDS. IT'S DIFFICULT TO EMBARRASS A FAN INSTITUTION.



HARRY WARNER, JR .: It seems like the worst of manners to fail to respond to two consecutive issues of Outworlds, then to write a loc on something as small as Xenolith. Maybe I can get stern enough with myself soon to write at least a token loc on the last Outworlds. After all this time, you might have trouble remembering the material commented upon. Pending that, I was glad to see you publishing something again and grateful to find it small enough for immediate reading and a normal-length loc. Its cover alone might justify a full page of admiring words, however. This prodigal lavishing of artistic abilities and wild imagination by Derek on fanzines is something unlikely to be duplicated anywhere in the art world except in fandom.

Then the first page of text leaves me feeling even more out of fannish things than ever. The first names of the CFG members which you drop near the bottom of that page are mostly unknown to me, or at least unfamiliar enough for me to be unable to supply the last names to go with most of these given names. It's as if I'd gafiated for many years and no longer knew most of the people in fandom. Yes, I'm quite aware that many fans nowadays make fanzine appearances rarely or never, and concentrate their fanac on local clubs and on congoing, but this intellectual explanation for my inability to recognize many of the names doesn't make my emotional reaction to the situation any less unsettling.

Then there's another example of generosity with unpaid created things in the form of Beer Mutterings. I suppose it's bad manners to admit it, but I'd rather read Poul Anderson's prose in this sort of non-fiction than a similar number of words in one of his novels. There's lots of good science fiction being written today, but not much character sketching in fanzines on as high a level as this essay about the old doctor.

Billy Wolfenbarger shakes me up again a trifle with his references to a number of individuals whom I don't know at all. But in this case, I can tell myself that maybe some of the names he drops don't belong to fans at all but rather to his mundane acquaintances. Billy has an uncanny gift of painting a word picture in a couple of lines, whether it's the description of a person or a sketch of the place where he happens to be for a moment.

The interior illustrations and the back cover suffer in comparison with the front cover only in the fact that they're less complex and in most cases more dependent on in-group knowledge for fullest effect.

I'm glad to know that you don't regret quitting the job where you'd piled up a considerable amount of seniority. Sometimes I wonder what would have happened if I'd had your sort of courage and had pulled out of the local newspaper trade ten years ago, when the job first began to turn very sour. I would be today either much happier or miserably poor, I suppose, & Ron Salomon. Thanks to all of you for caring.

depending on whether a person in his forties could have found more congenial work. As it is, today I'm even more unhappy with the job but I am in a position to quit it the first time it becomes totally intolerable without financial problems ensuing, and if I can hang onto the job for another five years, I'll reach the minimum retirement age and can quit in an even better financial situation than today.

Again, I'm sorry I've been so boorish about loccing recently. You may sleep peacefully tonight, confident in the knowledge that you are just one of an enormous company of fanzine editors who have been similarly neglected by me, no matter how many cartoons Bill Rotsler draws about the uniqueness of a fanzine without a 11/9/77 Warner loc.

...the one way to get to know the CFG people better, is to come to Midwestcon this year! Seriously...

TERRY MATZ: I got your excuse for a letter yesterday and decided to make you feel guilty by writing a personal letter back...

I feel properly guilty...so here's another excuse! Seriously, I wish you luck & happiness with your "move"; I know a little about such things... [Terry's new address: 1131 White, Kansas City, MO 64126]

LEAH A ZELDES: I bet you never expected it, but this is a loc on Xenolith, the skinny fanzine. I'm not real sure what to say, since 1) I haven't written a loc in many, many months (amazing how easy it is to get out of the habit!), 2) I never really belived you'd do it, and 3) there's so little of it to comment on. But let's see if I can't do comments that are at least as brief as the zine:

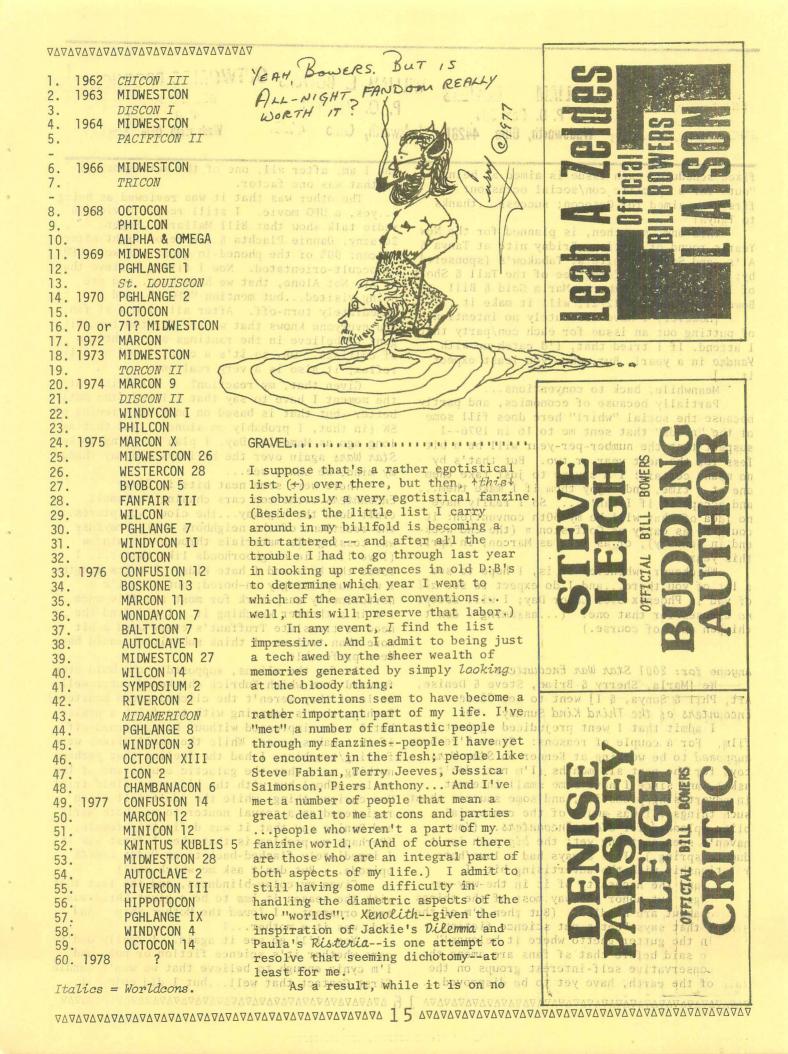
The color certainly is striking, that's for sure. (Reminds me of an old fanzine with a Spanish title...) The artwork is fabulous (but then you already knew that); the t-shirt on pg. 9 is definitely appropriate (maybe I'll get you one for Christmas -- you'll probably appreciate it more than what I gave you last year). The editorial, like the fanzine, is too short. What kind of Publishing Jiant are you, anyhow? And as usual, there are too many boxes.

But I'm very glad to see it! More, please?

SARAH PRINCE: I like Xenolith, if you can do it I tan Ab it really; it inspires me by showing what a small irrelevant fanzine means to friends: I only know some of the people who mean so much to you...but the warmth you put into it makes me goshwow proud that I please your whim enough to

Sarah's was the first written response I received on X #1; what a pleasant beginning!

I Also Heard From: Bill Breiding, Gil Gaier



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fixed schedule, each issue is aimed at being "out" for a specific con/social occasion: the first was aimed for Octocon; success...thanks

This one, now then, is planned for the New Year's round of parties: Friday nite at Tanya & Al's, and Saturday nite at Tabakow's (sponsered by: The Cincinnati Committee of the Tall & Short of It; Committee Members -- Marla Gold & Bill Bowers). Today is 12/21; will it make it...?

[However, I have absolutely no intention of putting out an issue for each con/party that I attend. If I tried that, I'd catch up with Yandro in a year! But, when you least expect it . . .]

Meanwhile, back to conventions...

Partially because of economics, and partly because the social "whirl" here does fill some of the "needs" that sent me to 16 in 1976--I suspect that the number-per-year will be a bit less for the next year or two. But that's by no means certain: I'm trying to just take them one at a time, and enjoy them if I make them... and accept it if I can't... So I really have no idea of what will be my 60th convention: it could be as early as Confusion π (the 2nd weekend in January), or as late as Marcon, in April this year ...

Whichever, whenever it is, I hope to see a lot of you there...and I do expect to see all of you in Phoenix over Labor Day; I will accept no excuses for that one! (...assuming I don't

chicken out, of course.)

Anyone for: 2001 Star War Encounters...? We [Marla, Sherry & Brian, Steve & Denise, Art, Phil & Sonya, & I] went to see Close Encounters of the Third Kind Sunday. Yes.

I admit that I went prejudiced against the film. For a couple of reasons: Since I've been supposed to be working at Kenner on Star Wars toys for the past six months (I'm not; don't ask!), and since I have some small interest in advertising/promotion, and some sources about such things...I was aware of the commercial blitz planned for Close Encounters. (You haven't seen anything yet; the big push isn't due to spring.) I've always had a love/hate relationship with the advertising bit--I

and the necessity of it in the-way-weigs, but abhor the way most of the things are about are handled. (But then I'm of the school that says "Let's put science fiction in the gutter/ghetto where it belongs!" e said before that sf fans are among the onservative self-interest groups on the face of the earth, have yet to be disproved ...

and I am, after all, one of the self-same...) So that was one factor.

The other was that it was reviewed as being ...yes, a UFO movie. I still recall vividly a radio talk show that Bill Mallardi, Roger Zelazny, Dannie Plachta & I were on right after Tricon: 90% of the phoned-in questions were UFO or occult-orientated. Now I firmly believe that We Are Not Alone, that we have been, and are being visited...but mention "UFO's", and I immediately turn-off. After all, I'm a sf fan, and everyone knows that we are far too intelligent to believe in the rantings and sightings of cultists. OK, so it's a conditioned negative reflex; it also is a very real one.

Given that, my reaction? I liked it. At the moment I have to say that I liked Star Wars better--but that is based on only one viewing of SW (in that, I probably om alone!), and that as long ago as Memorial Day. I plan on going to see Star Wars again over the holidays and may change my mind; we shall see ...

There were some neat bits in Close Encounters...the cop cars chasing the small craft down the highway...the cloud sculptures... the reactions of the neighbors while Dreyfuss was tossing his materials through the window (I've lived in neighborhoods like that!)... I loved the kid--and I hate kids. For its length I was surprisingly un-bored; but then I'm a nortoriously easy-mark for most any film once I'm in a theater watching it. I did find the need to translate Truffaut's every word a bit more than tedious -- I think sub-titles would have been preferable.

As for the aliens, supposedly the bold step forward from which Kubrick chickened out...well, at least they weren't the cliched green monsters! Perhaps that's damnning with too faint a praise, but I was unimpressed without being turned-off, if that makes sense. While the small aliens were feeling/touching, I had the feeling that perhaps nothing more than the galactic equilivant of the yellow school bus with the kids on a field trip! One curious thing: while the adult/tall alien registered as a sexual neuter to me, both Marla and Denise say that it was definitely female ... (Perhaps my problem is that when I first saw it I immediately flashed-back to an Outer Limits episode... But don't ask me which one!)

Given my color-blindness, and the fact that with the season it has to be a giant Christmas tree ornament... I loved the Mother Ship. And God, was it a mother ...!

Yes, I'll go see it again. I really don't care whether it's science fiction or not, and I'm cynic enough to believe that we won't handle First Contact that well...but I did enjoy it.

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Local Politics

I didn't feel myself qualified to vote in the local November elections (but I plan on being informed enough to vote against Simon Leis next year!)...but I'm finding one result of that election fascinating. While Cleveland's electing good ole Denny Kucinich received national media attention--Cincinnati came up with its own young and slightly off-beat mayor: 33 year old Gerald Springer. (The "power" is not there since Cinti operates under a city manager--the mayor is chosen from the 9-member city council by an internal vote--but it is definitely more than a figurehead office.)

Springer's election reflects perhaps the most surprising political "come-back" since Nixon's '62 California defeat. You see, Springer was a member of council, and slated to become mayor once before (in late '74, I think). Then the news came out that he was patronizing prostitutes in Northern Kentucky--and not only that, but was requesting some rather strange ...umm...services from then. The reason the news came out was not due to some enterprising reporter, but simply because he paid one hooker by personal check. And it bounced.

The fact that Springer received the highest vote total of the 9 elected city-wide to council did not automatically make him mayor--but maybe

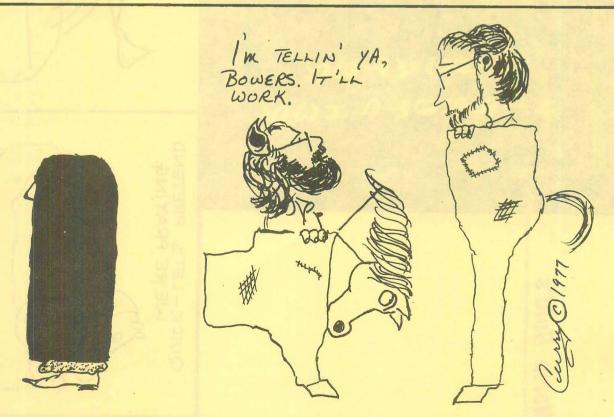
it's proof that there's more to this city than a prosecutor determined to dictate nationwide morality.

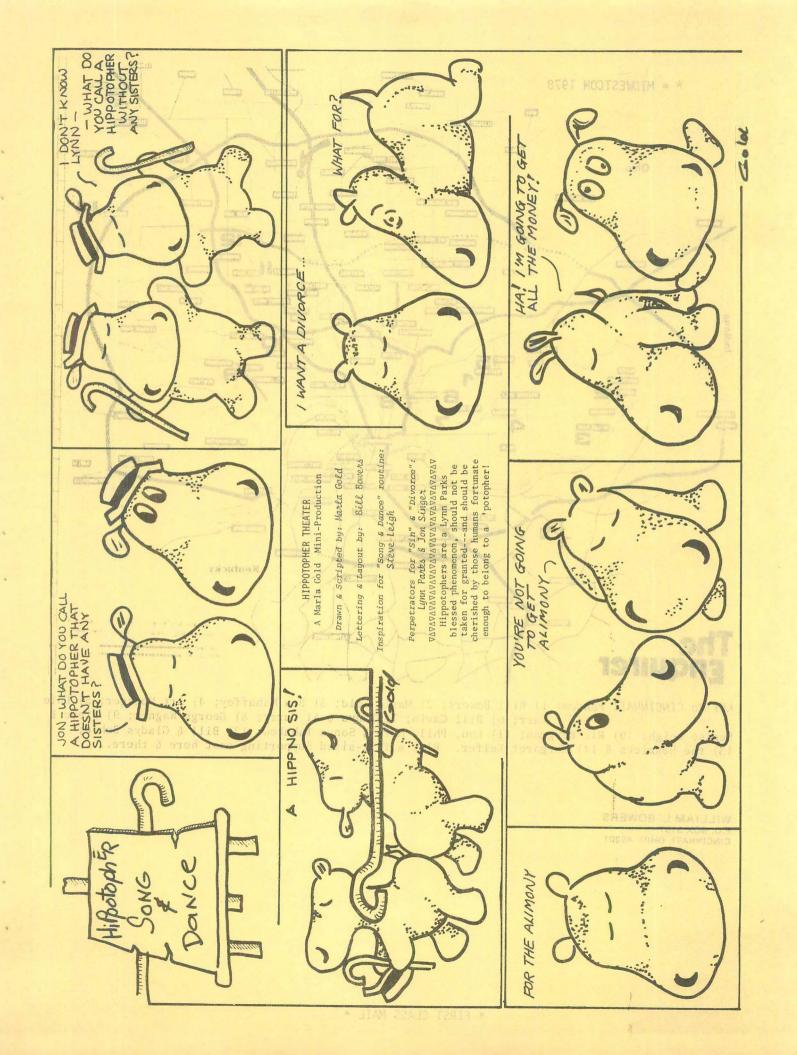
The theme of his initial speech was "Let's Get Small" in terms of government... And then Cinti was hit with a Metro bus strike. He has an early Tuesday & Thursday "talk/essay" on one of the local stations--which I only recently discovered. (Before his elevation it was called "The Springer Memorandum"; now, of course, it's "The Mayor's...")

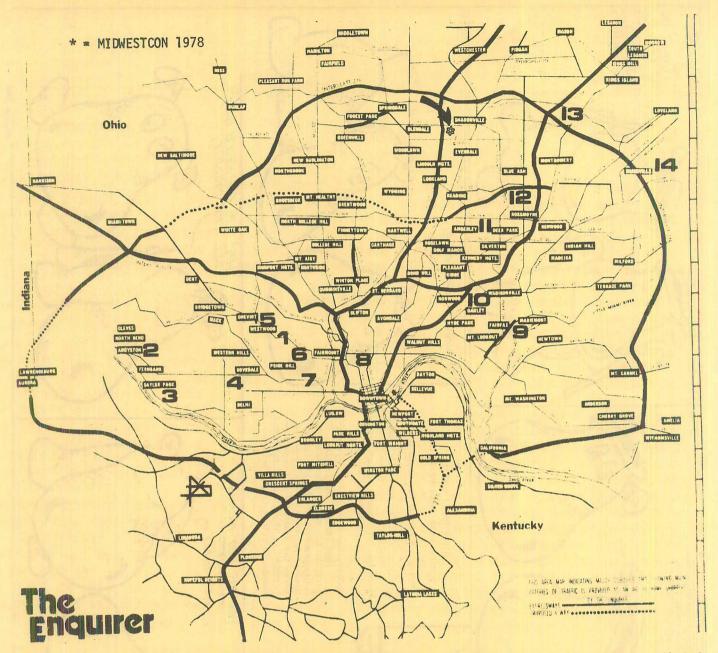
The Tuesday after the strike started, he opened with the line: "I have good news for you; there hasn't been a bus accident in five days"--and closed with: "Published reports that I intimidated the parties into resuming negotiations are simply not true. All I said was that I was going to hold my breath until they started talking!" A later broadcast, after union members turned down the offer those talks produced: "I have it on good authority that the reason for the turn-down was that Queen City Metro would not agree to the drivers demand that fm radios be installed in the busses...so they could listen to my memorandums..."

I'm beginning to think I might just take a liking to this guy!

...and remember that January 1-7 is "Save The Pun Week"! Bill, 12/22/77







KEY to CINCINNATI Fandom: 1) Bill Bowers; 2) Marla Gold; 3) Bea Mahaffey; 4) Art Metzger; 5) Dale Tarr; 6) Bill Cavin; 7) Tanya & Al Curry; 8) George Wagner; 9) Steve & Denise Leigh; 10) Ric Bergman; 11) Lou, Phil, Mary & Sonya Tabakow; 12) Bill & Gladys Bohle; 13) the Resnicks & 14) Margaret Keifer. Plus a fair-sized Supporting cast here & there...

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