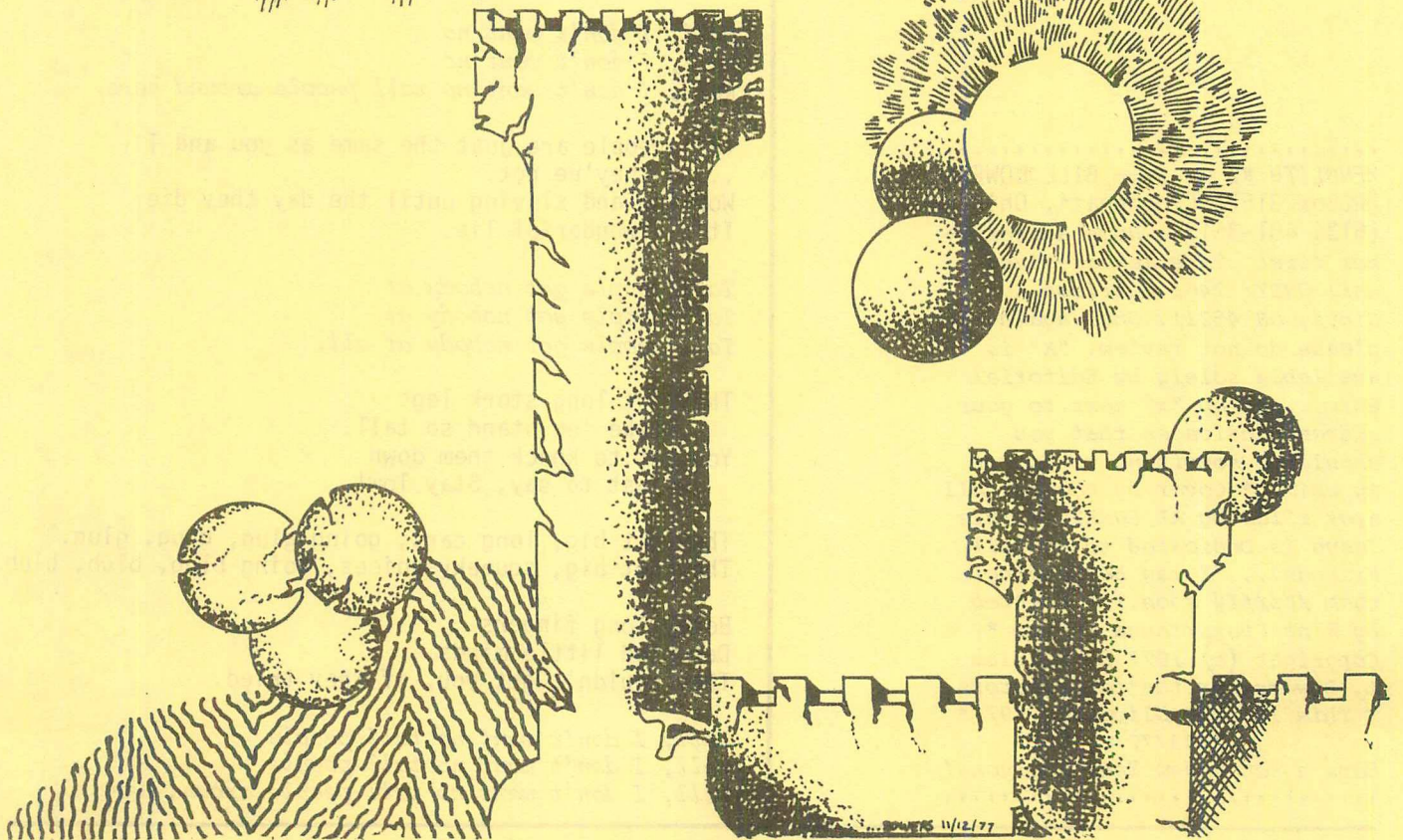




BOWERS 12/6/77



BOWERS 11/12/77



# 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 ~~shortly~~ soon.) \* Printed  
 by Wing Press/Tanya Curry. \*  
 Copyright © 1977 by William  
 L. Bowers for the contributors.  
 \* This in My Publication #97 \*

12/23/77

Have a Happy New Year Everyone!



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

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, glug.  
 They got big, squeaky 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.



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BILL & JOAN BOWERS  
P.O. BOX 87  
BARBERTON, OHIO 44203

WILLIAM BOWERS  
P. O. Box 881  
Wadsworth, Ohio 44281

WILLIAM L. BOWERS  
P. O. Box 882  
Wadsworth, Ohio 44281

OUTWORLDS PRODUCTIONS  
Bill & Joan Bowers  
P. O. Box 143  
Wadsworth, Ohio 44281

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

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 (sponsored 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 *Vandro* 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  $\pi$  (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 Wars* 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-we-ings, but abhor the way most of the things I care about are handled. (But then I'm of the school that says "Let's put science fiction in the gutter/ghetto where it belongs!"

...said before that sf fans are among the conservative 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 *am* 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 notoriously 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 damning 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 equivalent 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 FirstContact 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 them. 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

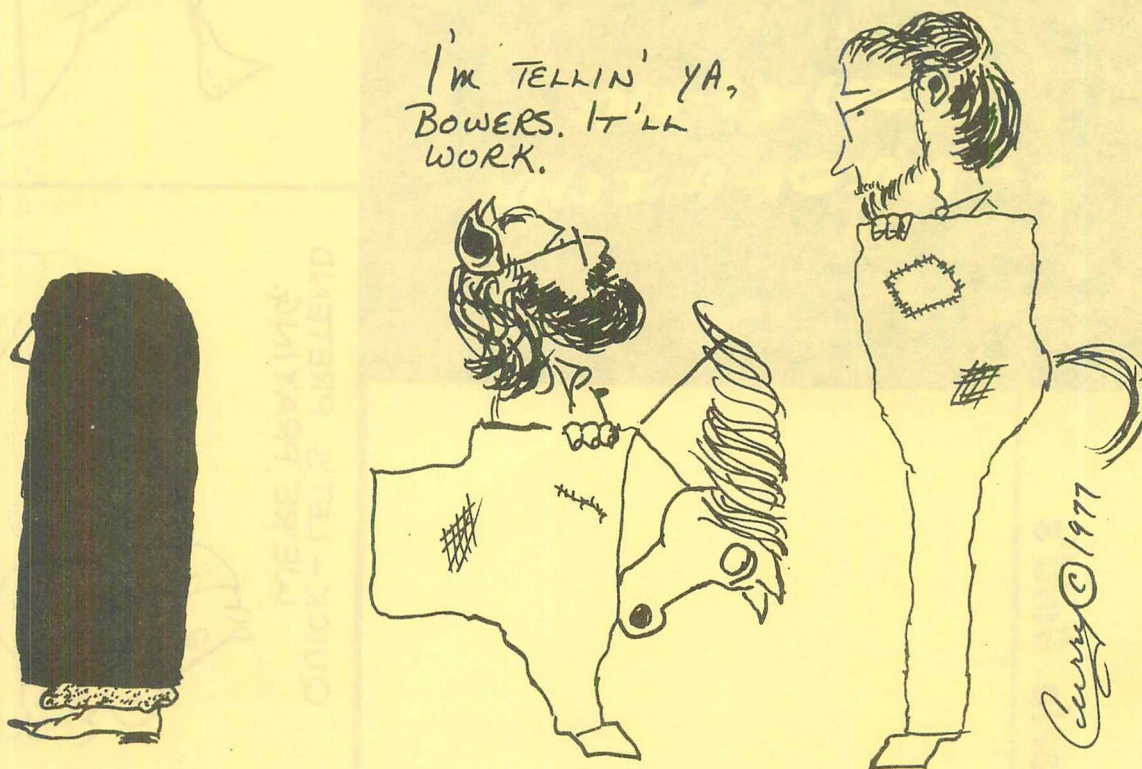
it's proof that there's more to this city than a prosecutor determined to dictate nationwide morality.

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

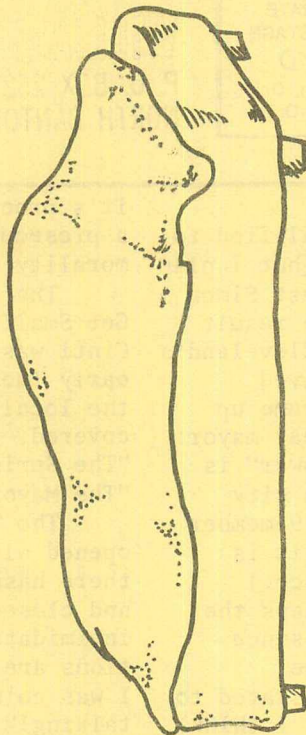
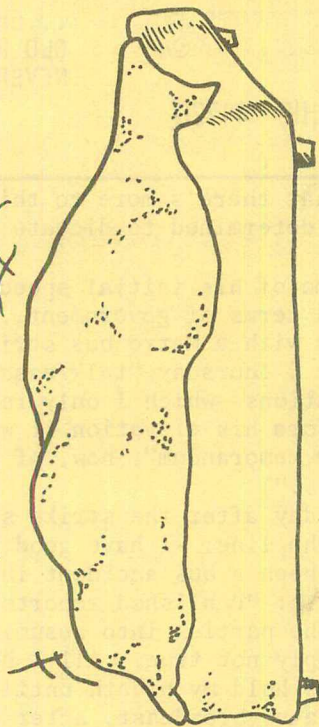




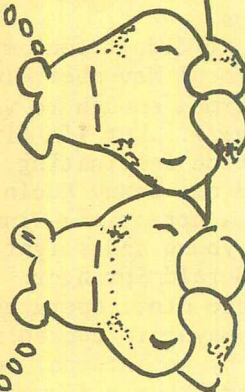
# THWATWR H-ROT-ATWR

WHAT'S WRONG?

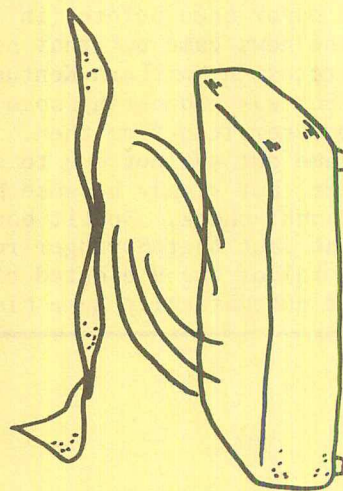
I THOUGHT I  
HEARD SOMETHING!



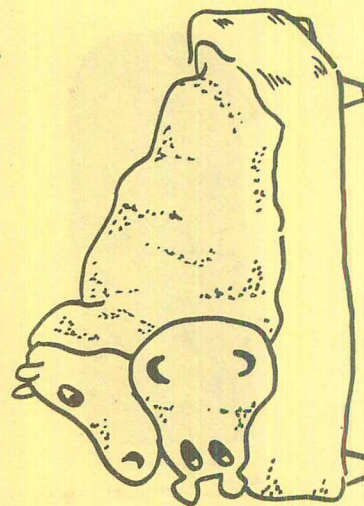
BLESS ME FATHER -  
FOR I SHALL SIN...



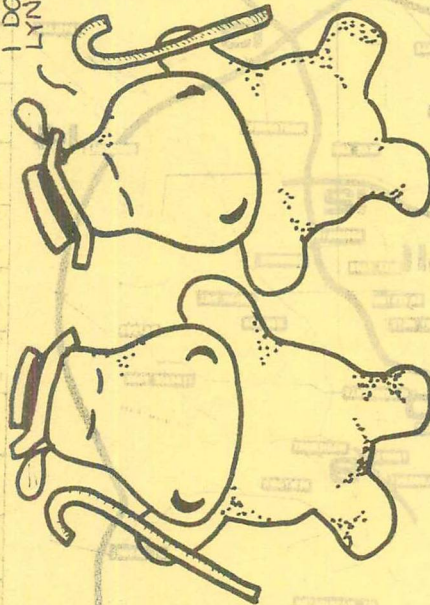
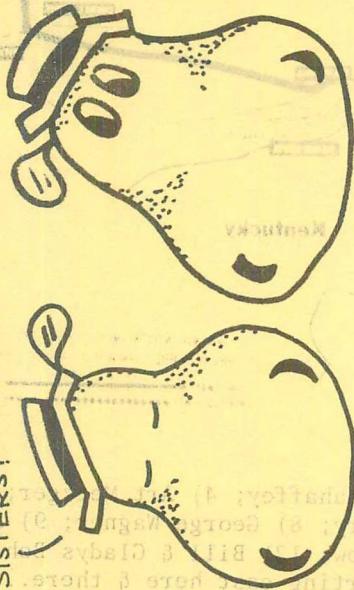
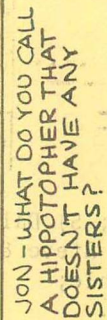
Gold



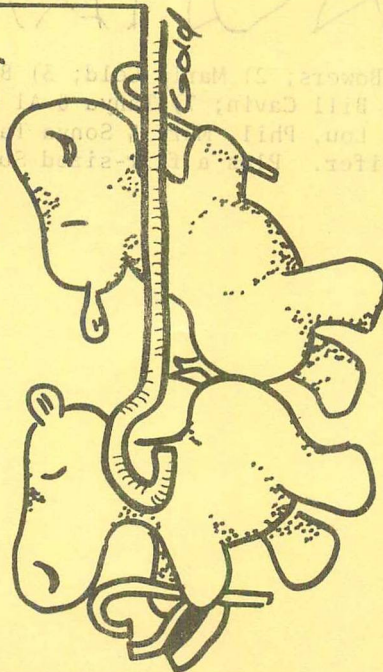
QUICK - LET'S PRETEND  
WE'RE PRAYING.







A HIPPO SIS!



HIPPOTOPHER THEATER

A Marla Gold Mini-Production

Drawn & Scripted by: Marla Gold

Lettering & Layout by: Bill Bowers

Inspiration for "Song & Dance" routine:

Steve Leigh

### Perpetrators for "Sin" & "Divorce":

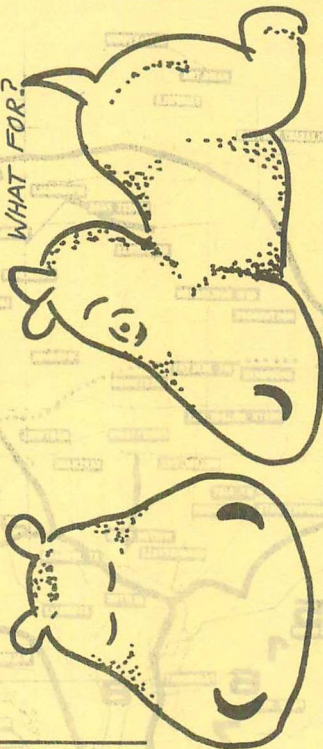
Lynn Parks & Jon Singer

[illegible]

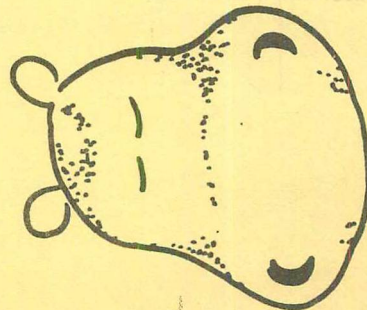
Hippotophers are a Lynn Parks blessed phenomenon, should not be taken for granted---and should be cherished by those humans fortunate enough to belong to a 'potopher!

I WANT A DIVORCE...

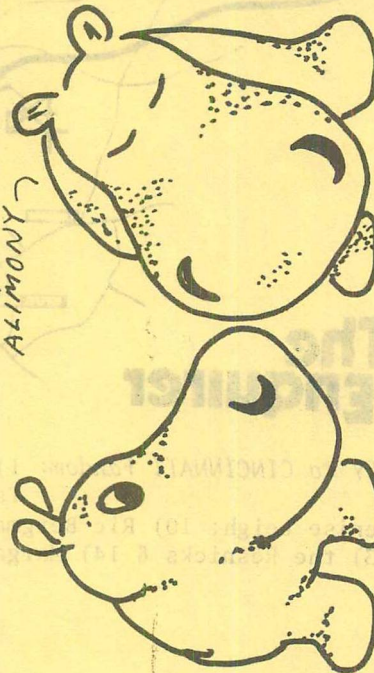
## WHAT FOR?



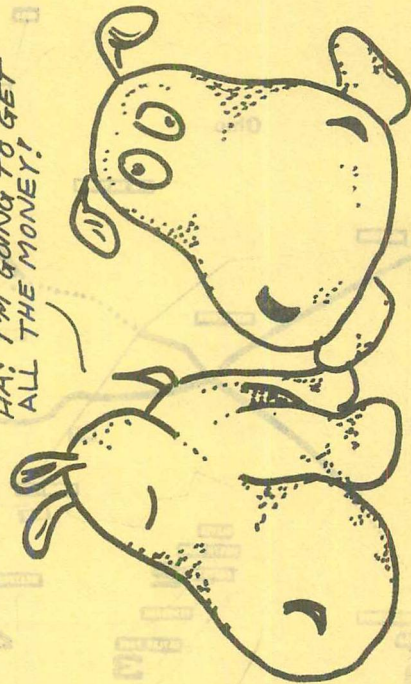
FOR THE ALIMONY



YOU'RE NOT GOING  
TO GET  
ALIMONY -

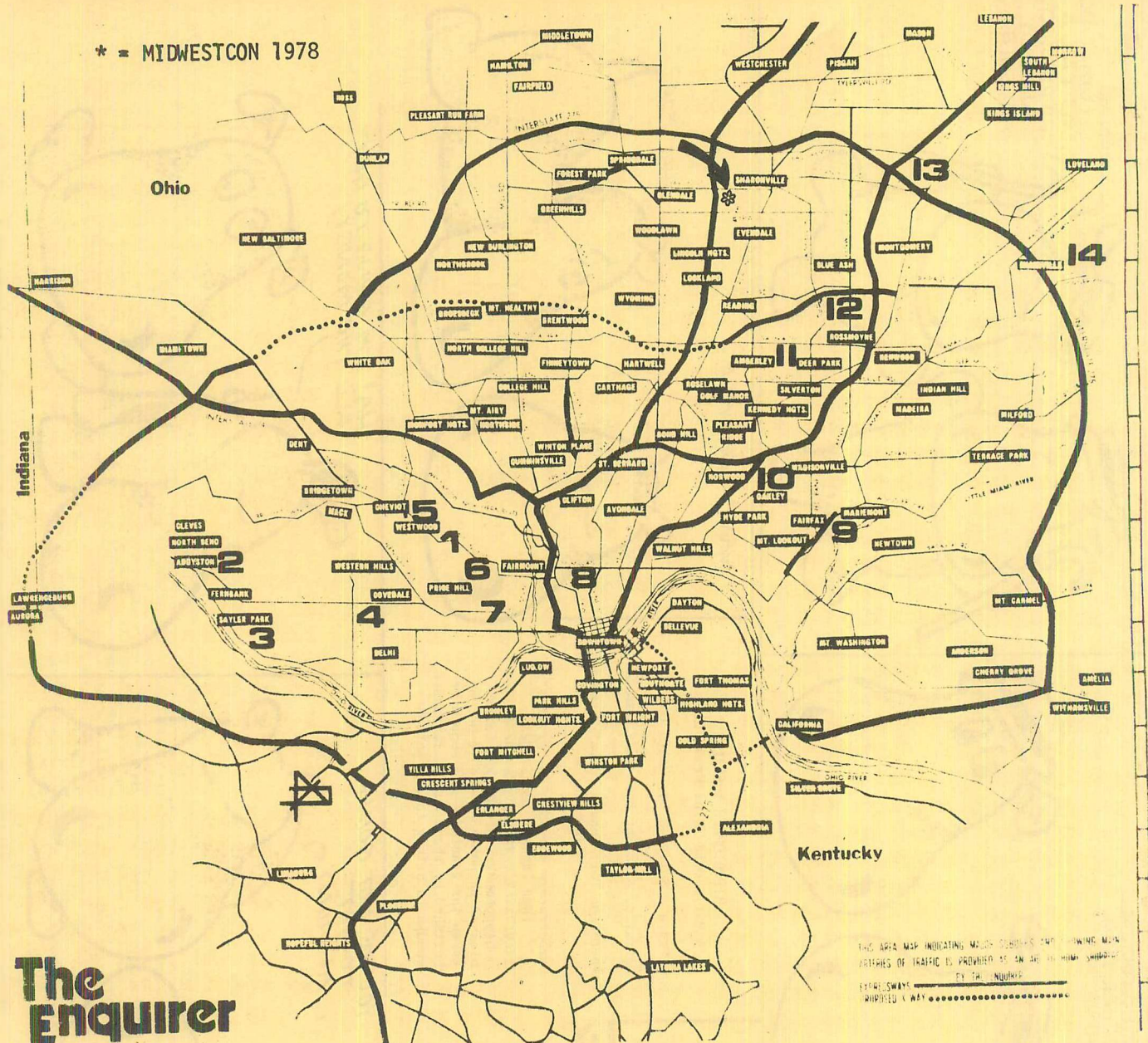


HA! I'M GOING TO GET ALL THE MONEY!





\* = MIDWESTCON 1978



**The Enquirer**

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...

WILLIAM L. BOWERS  
P.O. BOX 3157  
CINCINNATI, OHIO 45201

\* FIRST CLASS MAIL \*