



"BIRD IN JUNGLE OR MOUNTAIN"

"BIRDS OF THE WORLD"

try to kill our own hunting animals
and to hunt, not troubled with
any kind of hunting rules or laws.

Now I "gathered around a tree"
and as I "hurried off quickly"
and "left him still there with a bullet
dropped in his body but which passed

". . . the bird lay
upon the ground, I "gathered around him"
and "gathered around him still more
and as I "left him still he was a dead
bird and when I "left him still he was
still a dead bird".

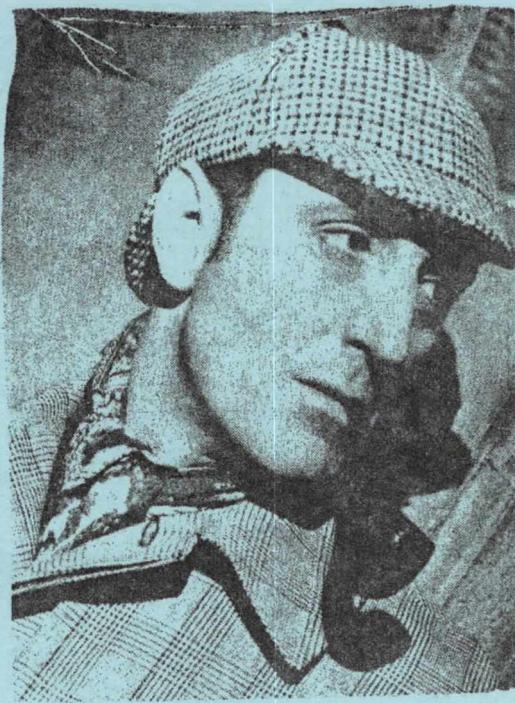
I "left him still" and "left him still" and
when I "left him still" he was a dead bird.

"I "left him still" and "left him still" and
when I "left him still" he was a dead bird.

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FROM THE JOURNAL
(UNPUBLISHED)
OF JOHN A. WITZEND,
M.D.

"I "left him still" and "left him still" and
when I "left him still" he was a dead bird.



"And what do you make of THIS, Witzend?"

Holmes handed me the slip of paper from beneath the wreath of bluegrey smoke which surrounded his head. Taking it, and perusing the scrawl which covered it, I laughed.

"It's a Korbas drawing," I guffawed. "Obviously the product of an immature mind doodling away idle hours between study and supper, or supper and STAR TREK."

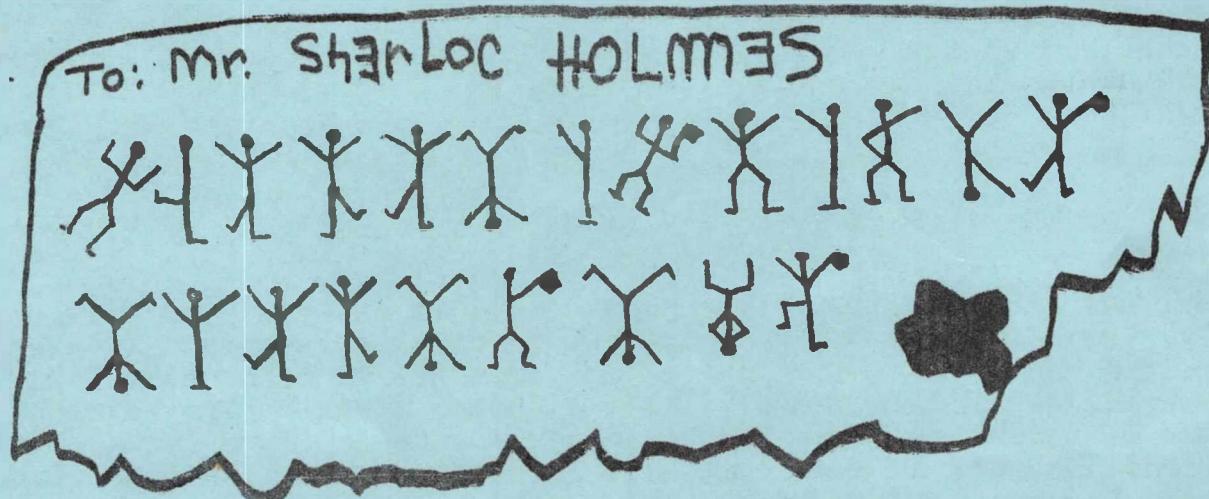
"Ha ha! Capital, Witzend!" said my great friend Sherloc Holmes. "But clever though your guess is I think it a tad off the mark. No, this came in the post today -- two pounds six postage due, which I covered out of petty cash -- attached to a rather thick sheaf of papers." Holmes patted a fat, padded envelope on

the table by his side. "I did not glance through them after I opened the envelope, which is unmarked except for the postage due stamp and the odd blue material which affixed this note to the envelope itself. I had to tear it off, which accounts for the ragged edge."

"Still looks like the game of a child to me," I said. "Here, bring them forth -- let me get a look at them."

"A moment, Witzend." Holmes took the scribble back from me, studying it perplexedly. "If I am right," he said, "then in these twice-eleven figures we may have all the answer we need. Dancing fen ... dancing fen ... I must think, Witzend, I must think!"

And the great detective blew an even more enormous and odorous cloud from his pipe than usual. Seizing the opportunity, I opened the large envelope and pulled forth the first of its many puzzling pages.



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Before I get to the neat stuff of this issue, SFPA, some personal developments. I am in love. I am tragically, desperately, hopelessly in love.

It's those ... kooky little things she does. You never know quite what to expect. She'll come sweeping into the Stat Lab (newly re-located to Charity's first floor, new phone number 504/523-2311 extension 2145), her dusky cheeks glowing from within, her white coat spotless, her black black eyes and black black hair shining, and who knows what she'll drop on the table? It could be a red top tube for a mere FBS ... or it could be a green top for the Big 6, FBS-BUN-Co₂-Chloride-Sodium-Potassium ... and maybe, just that little bit of the imp in her, she'll leave off the Chloride. Or she could bring in one of those plastic vials for spinal fluid, knowing that even the new super-omni-improved Stat Lab with the ACA in the corner (Automatic Clinical Analyzer, capable of chugging out 36 different tests on one specimen), can only give her the CSF glucose. It's also those chipmunk cheeks of hers, above that slim, smooth throat, and the way the black ponytail hangs almost to her waist, so dark against the white fabric of her doctor's uniform. It's her name, and presence, musky reminders of India and Afghanistan,

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"Holmes! He knows an Indian doctor! Could there be a connection with my Eastern experience?"

"Shh," shushed Sherloc.

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the low streets of Calcutta, the feline beauty of Roxanne in THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (absolute necessity for every SFPAn worthy of the name, especially Hank!). And she knows, damn her lovely sloe-eyes, she knows. As those delicate, slim, perfect fingers drop the tubes of blood, urine, snot, and spinal fluid onto the counter before me, she can see the longing in my eyes, the plunge in my Adam's apple, the spittle running down the corner of my mouth. She knows, and she smiles as she leaves. Oh exquisite torment! For she is a doctor, the elite of mankind, and I am a mere miserable overeducated Clerk II yet, happier now yes, now that I am on the day shift 7-3pm at Charity Hospital (away from the racial hassles and creepy people of 3-11pm, under a far finer supervisor -- Mrs. Douglas is neat). In our new, first floor location we are right next to West Admit and the action never really stops. But she only comes twice or thrice a week. And when she does she leaves in her wake the full and complete awareness that she is greatness, and I am shit. Oh bitter truth!

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"Sad man! Why doesn't he forget about social caste and go after her anyway?"

"Obviously chickenshit, Witzend, and just as obviously, wisely so. We've learned a few things about our baffling correspondant -- where he works and what he does there, and even how to reach him. I'll try calling." And Holmes dialled the number given. Thirty minutes later he threw the phone down in disgust. "Obviously a red herring, Witzend! There's no answer at all. If that's a hospital I'm captain of the Liverpool Rugby Team! Let's read on, and see who plays such a callous joke on us!"

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Working in the new lab is nothing short of adventure, wrought with romance (as stated before) and danger!

The other week I left Charity and toodled down Tulane Avenue towards a local hamburger emporium for the purposes of acquiring noonday sustenance. While in the midst of a toodle I felt a sharp jab in my right heel. Throwing modesty to the winds I took my shoe off at once and discovered that a pipette tip was sticking into me at the afflicted point! A pipette, you see, is this slender glass tube med techs use to draw serum or plasma out of a container to put into a machine, under a microscope, or whatever. I hadn't drawn blood but I thought a trip to the accident room was called for, so I went there and endured a tetanus shot in my arm. It was dreadful but it didn't hurt.

Later I was sitting around in the lab waiting for a specimen drop -- oh, yes, this is about a week later -- when I got tired of sitting and wandered over to West Admit myself. The box where the interns toss their specimens, blood, CSF, jars of piss, and whatnot is on a small table. Please note that you are supposed to reach down into it and grab the stuff. I reached down into it and grabbed a dirty needle.

My screech quieted the moans of the patients and the babble of the doctors. A bright glob of gore formed at the tip of my right ring finger. I was pulled into a nurse's station by an aide and my hand was shoved under cold water while I panted the moron who'd put a used Vacutainer needle (a plastic tube surrounding a miniature blade, used for drawing blood) into a box where innocent people would stick their hands. I believe I offered to dribble his face to Memphis, Tennessee.

Anyway, the next day I was taken by my supervisor to get blood drawn for a number of tests. A needle stick, especially on a dirty needle from an unknown patient, is no joke. Your eyes can turn yellow and you can catch hepatitis and you can die. So I submitted to an SMA-12 (you get 12 tests off a single big tube, or 11 since one channel on the Charity machine is out), a VDRI (the first two letters tell it all), and another CBC. And I was sent upstairs to get ohmutha a gamma globulin shot. "Which hurts," said the majority of people I asked about it, and they were several, "like hell."

Whimpering greatly I made my way to the Employee Health Clinic. There I was ushered into the presence of the director of the clinic, a Dr. Fatter, who is a retired pediatrician well used to dealing with whining babies. He sat me down and told me in a very calm fashion that my imagination could change my life. That it's the way you think about things that controls the way you experience them. I told him about sitting and waiting for the nurse to come through the door of my first grade classroom -- which meant that it was time for a polio shot. And he said, it might be interesting to look at the experience another way, as an adult rather than as a child, and remember, it's what you think that determines what you feel. Come back and tell me what happens.

So I went in and got shot in the ass and didn't feel a thing. Muahmmed Ali and Joe Frazier waded into the pits of hell for the sake of glory. For the sake of health I could face a stupid needle. So I punched at the wall a couple of times and noticed that my leg was a slight bit stiff and bye bye, 1955.

Allwell and good. But even on a new shift with much nicer people & much better hours, I feel restless. So I finally got my resume to

gether (thanks to Dennis Dolbear) and it's in the hands of Snelling & Snelling with the command, "Make me rich and happy and famous!" I also took the PACE exam for Federal Civil Service in February, and aye, man, what a bitch it was. Time was the element that got to me -- the long division and multiplication problems were easy enough, but you had to hustle, and that I didn't care for. What I did care for, strangely enough, was the decodification section, where one is asked to discern the next letter in a series. There were fifteen such and I'm certain of my answers to 14. I enjoyed that so much I wanted to steal the page and run it through SFPA.

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"Witzend, here we have another red herring. Theft -- and of government property, no less! Obviously a trick to throw us off the track!"

"Why do you say that, Holmes?"

"Observe here that the author does not reprint any of those problems -- showing that even though he could have copied them onto his shirt sleeve or somesuch, he did not. This is no thief, except perhaps of our precious time."

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You may ask, what's a Berkeley leftwinger want with government work. I tell you -- I'm looking for something more suitable. But I'll settle for anything at this point, anything more challenging and a little more profitable than what I'm doing now. I'm no longer uncomfortable at Charity, but ... well, I'll be 27 in a few months and life had better catch fire. See the retrospective's last pages for more on that.

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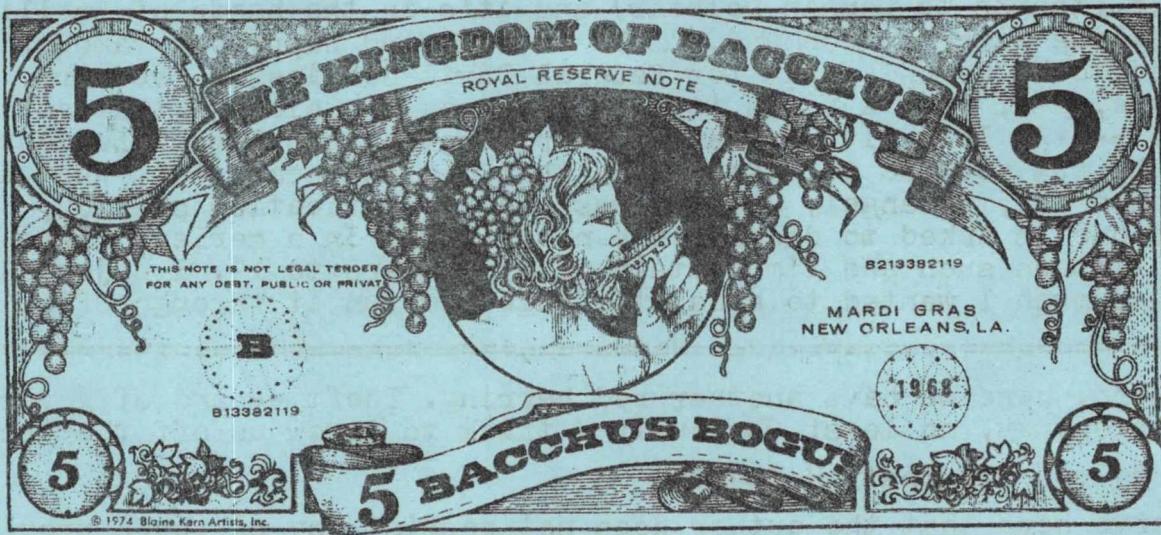
Holmes and I looked for a retrospective in the stack of papers but there was none. Another false lead!

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Watched Jimmy Connors main Manuel Orantes in the Challenge Match in Vegas -- some contrast to the tremendous tennis of the Connors-Laver match. Steven asked me what I found so lovable about this arrogant young punk saying "shit" on nationwide TV. I must chide Steven for lack of spirit. CBS, where the faux pas was committed, alternates between plastic sportscasting, featuring the nauseating Brent Musburger and Phyllis George, and generally good solid work. Its main preoccupation seems to be with safety and commercialism. It's uptight, middle American, and phony. Jimmy shoved a finger right where it did the most good. Besides, he'd just lost Forest Hills. He had a right to say shit. And he looks like my brother. Yay Jimbo.

Also watched Musburger (spelling?) and George (both former Miss Americas) on the Ali-Coopman fight, another joke insofar as competitive athletics was concerned. Ali didn't even try to put him away ... just slapped him at will until he fell down. I was very disappointed and felt sorry for Coopman -- it must feel wretched to give no contest on the greatest night of your career. But CBS made a tacky show of it, and tackiest of all, the Boobsey Twins.

That's it as far as general nattery news is concerned -- some people visiting NOLA soon, but not yet -- Oscar nominations out, and there may be commentary thereon later, even though the awards ceremony is only two or three days after Carlberg could conceivably get out the mailing -- there's shouting in the streets of late Feb/early March here in the Crescent City, a sign that it approaches Lent --



The secret is, you catch'em in the air.

Last year I thought I'd learned almost all the secrets of living through Carnival season in New Orleans, that day summed up by its day of days ...

F-F-F-F-D-I-G-R-P-E

I had learned to avoid the tourists throwing junk from French Quarter balconies, because the crowds are the most dangerous there. I had learned to find a stationery spot to watch the parades, and even had learned what sort of vantage points are best -- relatively open spaces near, if possible, a car or tree that will do part of the work for you in isolating and capturing doubloons and trash jewellery. But Gras '76 taught me some things that its predecessor neglected.

Catch'em in the air. On the ground you will be on trial for your life.

The reason? Secondliners, the cops call them, They're the preadolescent black kids who follow the floats the entire route of a parade swarming in packs after the goodies when they hit the street. They are seldom vicious by design, but they are like ants, everywhere, demanding, pushing, trampling, and thoroughly annoying. Sometimes the cops kept the secondliners away from the parades. This year was the first in which I truly began to hate the little bastards, and where the value of catching the stuff in flight became so evident. The whitesheeted blood of my great-grandfather rose in me quickly at parades like Okeanos, Carrollton, Iris, Venus, Endymion ... it took Bacchus to bring the unworthy feelings low.

A carnival season is really hard to capture on paper. Like doubloons, you have to catch the event in the flight of the moment, in the rush of experience, to have its flavors truly swim forth. One can praise a plate of beans at Buster Holmes' gourmet beans emporium, a magnificence beyond parallel even at the inflated price of 50¢ a plate. But can the taste of gobs of butter smeared on French bread, washed down by orange co'drink, merged with rich and sinuous texture of red beans and rice really come through? Only slightly. So I must

demand of my readers that they agree to submit to Mardi Gras some year themselves. It's like an Alan Hutchinson con report.

Only even better.

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It seemed to take forever to arrive. All during February I kept asking people like Faruk von Turk, "Where are the parades?" I was told to be patient. When I ran into Dany Frolich at a party at wonderful Carolyn Callahan's house, I put the query to him. As he's Art Director at Blaine Kern, Inc., designing company for the heavy-weight Krewes, he would know ... and he did. He told me to be patient and so I was, and when, in those last weeks of February, I began to notice an influx of hippy kids and tourists into my Quarter, I knew ... the barricades stored on the neutral ground on Canal Street ... and, on the 21st, a Saturday, I interrupted my mcing for SFPA to watch the Choctaw River parade on the Mighty Muddy, my first Carnival event. That night, I had my chance to see the parade of Mecca, but forewent it for a night at the Turk's. It seemed like two weeks since the last time I'd seen that meridian filled with Carnivallers.

On Washington's birthday, Carrollton and Okeanos passed down Canal Street, early parades and none too fancy. And I watched and caught a doubloon from each in the air ... avoiding the octopus of black kids swarming after the trinkets. They think they can sell the stuff to tourists; I merely send my trophies to my folks and pals. Later that day I accompanied Dennis Dolbear and Pete Bezbak to a Jazz game in the Superdome, where PistollllllllllllllPete led his team to stunning victory.

The next day, or night, I wandered up St. Charles Avenue to see Freret, which was approaching the other way. St. Charles, above Lee Circle, is not the pleasant tree-lined boulevard many SFPAns remember. The streetcar runs down its center, true, but the population is remarkable more for its fondness for the inexpensive grape than for the genteel manner of life there. Only the presence of the exquisite Hummingbird Grill, one of the finest Underground restaurants in the city, saves the place from total disrepute. It's also a very good place to watch parades. Not too many people, not too much of a crowd (again I snatched glory from the air); the cops kept the secondliners away, a block away. I thought that was great until I'd had enough and tried to go back towards Canal on St. Charles then I found that I couldn't follow the parade either.

Ended up walking up Camp Street, a block over from Canal. I wasn't alone; literally hundreds of black people, my age or younger, were strolling Canalwards on the sidewalks, guys with dates, kids, older people too. I was a little nervous, of course, but nobody hassled me except a couple of eleven-year-olds who asked for a cigarette.

It was remarkable. We walked up the dark street, hundreds of black people and myself, some sort of mismatched march. Past 1 Shell Square and up through the Central Business District, and in the middle of a block, behind me, four firecrackers went popping ... and as one the people broke into a run, and I ran too, hundreds of people stampeding, "What're we running for?"

There was a lot of laughter as people slowed down, looked around, saw there was no danger, stopped, then continued on to Canal Street.

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Mardi Gras let me be for several days -- until February 28th, "a fine day," according to my journal, "for Grasing it up!" I witnessed two parades, Iris in the afternoon and the unbelievable Endymion at night. Both had problems; the relatively inexpensive ladies' parade (always one of my favorites, since for once us fellas get singled out for the tosses) suffered a blown tire midway down St. Charles and thus found itself split in two, and Endymion, later that night, started late and was itself split in twain ... and had a hard time getting back on track. (Ha ha ha.) For the night jaunt I walked all the way from the Quarter to Broad Street, a good couple of miles, between two mushy banks of tourists and kids filling the streets. I finally met the parade with its widely separated floats -- hailing Alice Cooper, the myriad Dukes and Princesses of the Krewe, and finally most of the Presidents in amazing floats constructed by Dany Frolich -- very near the faraway corner of Broad and Esplanade. I had seen most of the Endymion floats under construction during Dany's Halfacon tour of the float dens, and enjoyed them on the street -- except that the enormous heads of the President all shook back and forth, back and forth -- mechanical negation of some spirit of hope out in the bicentennial crowd. Some of those men would never uh-uh the spirit of Mardi Gras ... When the hugest break in the parade came, right after Teddy Roosevelt, I chanced to meet JoAnn Montalbano in my wanderings. I decided to walk back to City Park with she and her pals and thus missed seeing local sportscaster Hap Glaudi, a true hero, in the flesh on the final float. It was a disappointment.

During Endymion I kicked one spade kid in the rear. They were beginning to get to me.

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Leap Day was a boost for me, for my sagging Mardi Gras spirits, for my troubled tolerance, for everything except my male ego: nobody proposed to me. Well, they've had their chance.

Hail Bacchus! Hail God of Wine! Hail -- Perry Como?!!? Yes, Como was Bacchus this year, and he was a grand one, too, tossing out the precious winered doubloons (which only he may throw -- unlike the regular Bacchus coins, they have his face on them) in great handful. I found myself a fine station on Bacchus' humongous route to observe the night parade, on Poydras Street in front of the Institute for Human Potential. (A woman in a black negligee held a child at an upstairs window.) The parade was spectacular -- Bacchus is a Krewe composed of the nouveau riche in this burg, and those guys spend bread like it was grape juice. Their floats were exquisite, almost as fine as Endymion's, which is the only other parade that ever matches the Bacchus spectacle. The only black kids around were tots and they were so neat that all the scars left by the secondliners faded and were gone. A fine thing happened then as had happened earlier in the day, at the Venus parade -- I caught the attention of one thrower and with gestures of dismay and pleading got him to sling me a Bacchus necklace complete with medallion (eventually I would have such for Bacchus, Venus, Rex, Endymion and a general Mardi Gras string). Hey, I thought, they noticed me! Me, Lillian, the nothing, they noticed me! Add to that a truly magnificent parade highlighted by the best float I've ever seen, Dany's Bacchusaurus, and man, my Gras spirits were higher than Orion's nose.

And I was getting better at catching'em in the air.

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It was the night before Mardi Gras. The streets of the Quarter teemed with people -- I wandered them ogling the tourist chicks and the fulsome ness of their swelling bosoms. Yummy. I wrote some postcards to some friends designed to spark envy for my position in the center of it all. I got some color prints of months-old film out of hock that showed beautiful Lewiston snow (my kid brother's girl friend posing amidst it), some nice Halfacon shots (I was surprised -- the black-&-whites had come out terrible, barely suitable for sending to Alan as aid in his illo work on THE REINHARDT ROAST transcript) ... a good picture of myself and my brother. I tried to do my laundry, since there wasn't a clean piece of cloth in the whole apartment, but the laundromat was shut tight and wouldn't open again till Wednesday.

And I smeared my right foot while running -- just for the helluvit -- down Dauphine Street. Stepped wrong on one of our quaint flagstones and oh, sweet mama ...

In 1967 I'd cracked a bone (the metatarsal) in that foot. The pain then had put a miniature Mardi Gras into my skull. There was nothing so intense this time, so I had every hope that I hadn't again broken the foot. I wasn't about to let that spoil my day ... but for a while I cursed the luck. Went to bed early. Couldn't sleep for a long time.

The next day --

The next day was Mardi Gras, Fat Tuesday, and while it wasn't the discovery trip the past year's Fat Tuesday was, it had its advantages. For one thing, my foot. I hobbled about on it pretty well, not making any enormous time and occasionally having to stop and let its throbbing -- and the cramping in my unused extensor muscle -- fade. But I rush.

As I walked outside, camera bumping my hip, right foot dragging, the rain came. I had visions of a lost Carnival, but a Mardi Gras hasn't been rained out in twenty years -- and besides, Rex, King of Life, had decreed as he does every year that jollity and mirth shall reign supreme, and no foul weather would be allowed to intervene. So the clouds shed their tears at not being invited to the party that everyone else in the universe was asked to attend, and departed ... leaving a few stragglers behind to cool down the day when cooling was needed. It was early, just after nine-thirty, but already the streets of the Quarter were filled with revelers -- subdued and sober now, but a journey of a thousand miles starts with but a single step ... or stagger, in my case.

I noticed a few costumes immediately, but alas the costumery that day would be less than expected, most people opting for my own cowardly course and watching the show instead of truly joining it. Outstanding entry: JAWS, a guy in a shark suit with a bloody arm hanging forth from the great gaping mouth. Very well done.

I luckily ran into Doug Wirth, attired as Captain SFPA (sans fishbowl), and we meandered about. I basked in the reflection of his glory -- tourists all over the world will show his picture to their polite visitors. I wonder if they'll notice the grinning limper next to the man from Mars? (I told Doug that I was going as Walter Brennan, because that's how I felt I was walking.)

Staggering and all, we covered some good territory. I photoed him in front of a Confederate submarine on Jackson Square, a shot to show

on a Wirthzine cover someday ... God knows he deserves the repayment. The Square itself was locked up -- can't have these filthy hippies fouling our precious park on a sacred holiday -- but all about it acrobats, musicians, tapdancers gathered crowds.

The hour approached for the arrival of the King of Carnival, so Doug and I returned to Canal Street. We took up position at the same spot -- a tree in front of D.H. Holmes' department store -- where I'd watched the parade the year before. It was a good spot thanks to the DHH balcony, which attracted lots of attention and throwing generosity that spread to the folks below. After the King, Frank Gordon Straughn, passed by, the floats came in short order. Dany Frolich loved the Rex parade this year -- it was practically the only one without a Bicentennial theme. The suspense was minor this time -- both Doug and I snatched the precious Rex doubloons in the air -- from the first float that threw them. Some kid broke off a branch from the small tree I stood beneath in the course of the parade, and I utilized it to snare a necklace out of the sky; no fool I. (I gave it to some lady, already having all the junk I wanted.)

The parade passed quickly, a good one, a band from The Citadel playing "Dixie", the Calliope ending it all. Doug and I wearily turned to walk down Dauphine Street for a needed piss-break at my apartment. En route a truck came whistling past and tossed something in our direction. Experienced now, I snagged the thing with one able paw -- and dropped it immediately with a yelp. With relief I found that the wet slimy thing was merely a crawfish. (I picked it up and shelled it and scarfed it down. Wirth warned me that it had probably been boiled in an LSD bisque but no changes noted, which is perhaps unfortunate.)

We loafed around 631 for about an hour. The gay costume contest was ignored -- I'd seen that scene last year. At around 2:30 Dennis Dolbear showed up, and he joined the loafing until hunger overcame us and we adjourned to a ripoff pizza place around the corner. While Doug and I scarfed pepperoni Dennis made a tour of a nearby old clothe, and costume shoppe, emerging soon with an awful looking parade hat and blue velvet get-up. He borrowed my keys and emerged soon, absolutely ridiculous. But hell -- it was I who was out of place! "Costumes?" said Wirth and Dolbear, "what costumes? Look at this weirdo!" And that's just how I felt.

We hit Bourbon again. The beads throwers on the balconies were out in force, and the crush was on in earnest. And I noticed THEM again. THEY had been in evidence all day, of course, indeed all week, but here for the first real time I was smashed up against THEM and made to face the choice of whether to ignore them or seize the moment in an anonymous and momentary grasp ...

Tits.

Everywhere they bobbed. Full, luscious, round, firm-tipped tits. California girls without bras. Mardi Gras spirit raising, swelling, gorging the glands with gorgeous glory. Succulent, firm, free and loosened tits -- how I miss California in 1970, when girls didn't bother with bras and one could actually pretend to have gotten used to the free and easy swing and bobble of tits all the time.

Just a squeeze, I told myself, or rather SATAN HIMSELF told me. Just glom a feel and split. And then leave. No, no, said the saint on my shoulder -- your foot would prevent a quick escape!

To escape the onslaught of tit, my two cronies and I adjourned to the river bank, where the wooden Moon is now complete. We wandered down to a helicopter carrier, the LST JIMA, docked at the Governor Nicholls Street Wharf, and marvelled at the outsize machinery of this engine of war. It was too late to tour the safe, masculine passages of the ship, so we went back to Royal Street, and I must ask those readers who do not have my Mardi Gras '75 report, published in SM25, fresh in mind to return to that issue and scan the last page thereof.

Yes, they were back on the balcony, the signs blaring SHOW YOUR TITS and SHOW YOUR PENIS newer and larger this year, but with much the same cast -- the pretty blonde, the extravagant and distant brunette, the triangular-torsoed boy friend. And the crowd below, gesturing and whistling and tossing necklaces and calling forth to the girls to show us THEIR tits, and show they did, and there were more and better tits this year than last, for not only were there four gurls, which is to say EIGHT TITS, up there wiggling away on the balcony, there were TITS being shown in the streets! Everytime a tit was shown on Royal Street out flopped a corresponding mammary upstairs! And there was a new wrinkle, of interest perhaps to a few apans: members of my own gender showed the courage to pull out their schween in exchange for a sight of the luscious knockers above. The girls leaned over the balcony, eyelids half-closed in evalutory perusal, showing tit only when satisfied that the full wang had been exposed. All inall it was a superior show to last year; the girls were nicer, the crowd was better, there were more tits.

At the tit show we ran into Guidry and a lady named Joanie who had flown in from Chicago. She was a very neat girl and glad I was when, later, while Dolbear and Wirth and I flaked off at my place, thoroughly wiped out, they came by to rest their feet. A visit to Pat Adkins' recalling the terrific journey John and I made in '75, was suggested, but I had to work the next morning and my body was screaming things at me I dare not repeat.

So the place cleared out as the hour grew late. One more Mardi Gras bit remained -- the meeting of the courts. This is a social tradition which brings together for a moment the two great feuding Krewes of NOLA society, Comus and Rex. It was televised and I watched the thing, curious as to how the Better Half finished up its Carnival. Two young college chicks in gossamer marched around with two obviously aged old farts in masks (Comus is never unmasked, and his name is never revealed -- Comus is super-secret; no one knows who belongs, who's the Captain, who is Comus himself, where and when the meetings are held; Justin Winston says that Comus is so secret there are some people who belong to the Krewe who don't know it), while ragged band music played and the debutante courts danced mincingly with tuxedoed Rex studs and KKK-hooded knights of Comus. Rex sat next to the honeychile Queen of Comus and the decrepit figure of Comus talked to the Queen of Carnival for the 30 minutes it took for the ritual to run beginning to end ("If Ever I Cease to Love" is the theme of Carnival -- like hell. Inspid tune), and then with elaborate ceremony everyone left. It was ironic in a way, that Carnival should encompass both this horseshit and the tit show on Royal Street. How little it had to do, this social snootery, with the fun of Gras -- but perhaps I was missing the point. So I turned off my set, shruggin' in Gras tolerance. Let'em have their fun, too. And who knows -- maybe next year the Queen of Carnival will stand up on her float and show the crowd HER tits. Would beat hell out of doubleloons.

Holmes looked at me. I looked at Holmes. My friend's face was calm, thoughtful, unperturbed.

"Scandalous," I cried! "Have you ever, outside of the most depraved writings of the Marquis, read such filthy material? Obviously this is a perverse and dangerous mind!"

Holmes said nothing, merely read through the obscene portions of the segment on the fantastic New Orleans festival twice more. "Hmm," he said finally. "A breastfed child."

A footnote to my busted (actually, it wasn't) foot story. (HA HA HA) Guess which doctor was available in the Accident Room when I brought myself thereto the day after Gras. Kee-rect, my Indian doctor. No, her name isn't Kee-rect ... Anyway, she greeted me with a huge dimply smile and how gently her orange-nailed hands caressed my abused podo. I was in heaven, heaven I tell you, and despite the fact that I had to get two sets of X-rays made, one of my ankle ("You have beautiful ankles," she commented, to which I rejoined, "You have beautiful ankles too, Doctor," no lie) and one of my foot. No break showed, except the enromously lucky break of having her close, a mere West Admit Room away, the whole of March.

I plan on breaking my arm next (the left one), then the left foot after my right is healed. That should get me through March, after which time I'll simply follow her wherever she goes.

"Admirable," commented Sherloc. "Admirable."

The visit of George Inzer and Stven & Teri Carlberg to New Orleans over the first weekend in March will find admirable, no doubt, description in their own fanzines, in addition to those of my fellow New Orleans members. Here, however, I cannot let mention escape, since whenever two (nay, letus say three) distinguished folks off our roster wander through this life, it is inevitably an interesting time for me.

Things to remember --

++++ Stven and George flanking my doorway at 5 pm on Saturday ... after hoursof wondering when they'd show up.

++++ Their respective reactions to Alan Hutchinson's illustrations for THE REINHARDT ROAST.

++++ Stven's accent. I had forgotten.

++++ Blasting Inzer in the electronic game GUN FIGHT; losing to Carlberg in the same tilt.

++++ Both lads telling me that my rambunctious tete-a-tete with Good Ol' Don Markstein was boring, and me promising to try to make it more interesting.

++++ The faces of all, including Teri and her 19-year-old sister, as I scarfed down a dozen fat and juicy ones at the Pearl.

++++ Stven sitting at the old piano in a very dark and very crowded corner of von Turk's basement and belting out his own tune ("I Think this Rainbow's Mine") and one by Randy Newman. von T marvelled."He can play in the dark!"

++++ Stven trying not to look nervous in the presence of Don Walsh and Walsh thanking Stven for being tired of hearing Walsh stories.

++++ Teri throwing things at Stv while he played chess with Walsh, complaining that she was bored. Teri saying later on that all Stven's friends were boring.

++++ Teri just plain being there. Her sister saying nothing all night.

++++ Lester Boutillier ordering spinach and milk at Felix's.

++++ How much Markstein, seen the next day at Dany Frolich's get-together at the Toulouse Gallery, has aged.

++++ "The Family that Dwelt Apart", the cartoon that preceded SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER

Holmes' face showed the merest flicker of interest as his eye touched upon the familiar name. He shushed me with a finger and we went on.

===== and NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE. Having to struggle to stay awake during the Wilder film. Having to will myself to stay in my seat during the diarrhetic Mazursky, an overlong and thoroughly sappy comedy about a bunch of typical and typically pretentious Jewish kids in the early fifties. The movie had a severe case of the cutes. I had a sever case of cramps. At least it led into a fine conversation with Inzer about films and art and New York Jews.

++++ To revert, reading Stv and George their mc's from this issue, & almost making the mistake of reading Stven Teri's. Cops.

The two poobahs made mention of an interesting subject -- an Enemies List that I'm supposed to have cooked up with Dennis Dolbear, whom you will recognize as the Little Fat Boy, or LFB. I don't know what paranoid maniac dreamed this thing up, but it's all bullshit -- and I know the source, eventwise. When the 69th mailing came out I read the mc's to THE SPHERE and SPIRITUS aloud to a gathering of loyal Turks over at Justin's. Dennis kept a running count of pro's and cons -- a subject of some interest to the Turks, since the group had been an item of some discussion in the publications mentioned. How this extrapolates into an Enemies List I do not know, butthen in the minds of the probable authors of the rumor, lads destined for the rubber room, all things are possible.

Ned Brooks sent me a copy of DAGON swathed in three layers of cardboard and one of plastic. Fred Chappell's novel still reads brilliantly and I recommend it to all. I felt ashamed of the banged-up copy of RIVER I was forced to send Ned in exchange.

=++=

DEDICATION TIME: Can I give it to my Indian doctor? Do I dare? This publication is so low and so foul -- save your assenting mc's, I can hear them already -- and she is so high and so perfect ... Today she smiled at me. What if she should see this zine, with its emphasis on tits and such -- beyond a total lack of comprehension, what would she feel? Would she still smile at me as we pass in the corridors? Would her voice still have that impossibly high and lovely bell in it when she spoke, or would she revert to Ernest Borgnine-hood?

Risk it! I risk it! This poor fanzine is dedicated from afar to NAHEED RAHMAN, whom I hope never reads this page.

"Interesting in the extreme, Witzend," said Holmes, nodding.
"Is my pipe bothering you, by the way? You seem to be turning an
azure color ... "

"Not at all, Holmes ... I'm just looking at the next part of the
mystery ..."



MAILING CAUSTICS ON MLG 69
OF THE SOUTHERN FANDOM PRESS
ALLIANCE!

It's hell coming off of a full year+ in which one has not had to wait at all for SFPA -- a year when one has been the first to hold a completed mailing in one's hands, when one had the jump on mc'ing the beast -- to the status of ordinary mortal once more. The wait is hideous, more hideous than ever, in fact. Especially since it extended a full six days longer than necessary. The post office had SFPA 69 for me on February 3rd (the ninth anniversary, strangely, of the first time I kissed a girl), but the #6 jetpak was too large to fit into my mailbox. I didn't receive a p.o. department notice until the 9th -- and it was, they said, my final chance to pick up the parcel waiting for me before they turned it into a doorstop. I hied myself to their blackmailing walls at once -- and recovered the exceptional series of zines and vibes which I review as follows:

\$¢\$ THE SOUTHERNER #69 \$¢\$ SCOE \$¢\$ Handsome and neatly turned, but interesting beyond that. I note the changes: married couples only can claim dual membership, so repent ye sinners; also, the change in dues -- the waitlist fee no longer applies towards a member's first year's worth. Of this I approve ... we are going to need money to keep going in our present manner. Your statements to the wl: very clear and I'm sure appreciated. \$¢\$ Is that a hint of censorship in saying that a contribution "must meet the approval of the OE"? Or are you just eliminating inclusions? Don't mock this fear -- answer it. \$¢\$ Extending dues because we're in the black is dangerous, I think; all we need is one nosy inspector at the p.o. & we'll be forced into the situation that recently befell SAPS -- forced to mail out printed matter rate, which even once applied would carve up our Treasury like a hummingbird guest-starring in JAWS ... \$¢\$ A full membership at last! And a waitlist longer than the roster! A very impressive beginning, SCOE. Allowing for personal paranoia of my own, I can see nothing about this OO that suggests anything but a strong and positive OESHIP. But about dues ... caution, caution, caution; an apa and its money are sooner parted than ever these days ...

\$ep YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO THE NEXT SFPA WAR \$ep The last
one was
no fun at all -- but this one seems to be gathering fun-force! I
will watch with pleasure! (Would play but, alas, Risk was too com-
plex for me...)

\$\$ Cyr-Con \$ep Biggers \$\$ Wow, with some money and some
time I would definitely have gone
-- but Rome fandom put on Halfacon '74 ... I put on the '75 version.

\$ep GILBOATE pp 409-444 \$ep Steele \$\$ Gary, the printing on this
zine is horrible. Too bad
-- this is possibly your best zine in many mailings contentswise.
\$ep My father, who is an electronics engineer -- or is it mechanical?
anyway, he does design work -- has a pocket calculator that'll
do everything but darn your socks for you. Sine, cosine, square
roots, logarithms for heaven's sacks; he showed us the margin for
error on the thing, .00000001 or somesuch. A gadget the size of
a cigarette pack that can turn such tricks is frightening for a lit-ry
type like me. And imagine the despair in the slide rule business...
\$ep A fine, fine quiz. I can answer #s 6 7 10 12 14 (it was no
psuedonym) 18 ~~19~~ 23 27 29 34 36 37 44 47 49 50 51 56 57 72 79 80
81 82 84 85 90 92 93 96 99. I couldn't have defeated Moudry, but I
would have felt good losing... \$ep You have a lot of answers in
SFPA 68. Consult thy 00. \$ep Yeah, I've seen SFACE:1927 now ...
it scarfs space-schween. \$ep Seduce Cara Sherman? Not a bad idea,
but Carl Gafford, who invested a lot of heart in that fine lady,
would never forgive me. Ohhhh -- you mean into SFPA! Well, I don't
know her current address, but it's not a bad idea at all. \$ep Ho-
kay. It's time for SFPA's First Fuck. Mr. Lillian, suppose you tell
us about YOUR FIRST TIME IN THE SADDLE. Well, Mr. Parks, it was
like this HUMP HUMP HUMP ... \$ep Other stars on the fabulous ROGUES:
Boyer and Gig Young. \$ep Ida came on like Rubber Duck at Halfacon.
Her new boy friend's influence, no doubt. Ten-four: \$ep So what
is your middle name? Mine's Herbert, Steven's is Eugene ... your turn
to 'fess. \$ep Would advise you read MOON IS A HARSH MISTRESS, best
of the post-STRANGER Heinlein and in my opinion a lot better than
STRANGER too. A very interesting revolutionary system envisioned --
how odd to think of that ramrod of an old bastard I saw in May of
'74 writing such a wild and successful work! \$ep LUCKY LADY had
Iiza in it, too ... but the movie sucked moose. Nothing could have
overcome that wretched photography and the simp storyline. Besides
-- she's got buck teeth. \$ep So the Big Bear got married ... did
he swing in on his bat-rope or what? \$ep Hey, I have to take it
back about this zine being so horribly reproed, Steele ... it was
Wirth's copy that I first saw, and it was one of those copies where
you filled in great oval gaps in the pages with hand-printing ...
like SM29, but much much more so. Me, I'm blessed ... and the zine
looks and reads very entertainingly. I only wish that your car had
not tripped up your plans to bring it to Halfacon and get it into
mailing 68, as planned.

"Holmes, I confess I am baffled. What is all this about? Halfacon?
Heinlein? SCOE? What on earth do we have here? I profess myself more
confused by the minute!"

"This is a change of pace, Witzend! Pray let us continue ..."

ccc Dwerd's Dwelling ccc Oh I don't know -- mc's and entertain-
ing natter are enough for any respect-
able SFAZine. That's worthwhile enough for me. ccc I wish I
had all my mailings together in one place, but some are broken up,
spread all over, divided, conquered ... ccc See you in Atlanta
-- maybe! \$@# Friedrich didn't write THE GEEK. Live it, maybe,
but Joe Simon did everything connected with the horrible book. ccc
Speaking of Simon, did you see that freak book he put out recently?
So terrible I thrust the title from my mind & can't remember it.

ccc Who drew your cover, by the way? Looks like Kubert. ccc
A word about page credit and OEing ... the zine in ? being UN-SHOT
by Brown and Hutch. Both Gary and Alan had other zines that mlg,
so the question of credit I left up to the man behind the Box Scores.
Had it been their sole contribution, I probably would've given $\frac{1}{2}$
page to each, since more fractional than that I did not believe an
OE should go. ccc I remember the mushroom planet books: "Be they
knights or something or yeomen / they shall bite the ground:" That
was a song Mr. Bass sang. 6 or 7 of them? I recall but the two you
mention. Damn -- I was 10 or so. (Ever read Freddy the Pig?) ccc
As you know by now, even if there were a merger of National and Mar-
vel, Carmine will not have anything to do with it. NPP may indeed
buy Marvel (or rather, Warner pubbing may buy it) but there's noth-
ing for sure yet. \$@# Don't believe everything that you read, Reed.
ccc Hooray for the H-Dial! And hooray for DWERD'S DWELLING, a
really solid zine this time around. Don't believe everything you
read -- but believe this, I liked it.

It Comes in the Mail ccc (Keep changing that format, GHIII.)

Superb cover, really beautiful! I imagine
it cost a penny or two (or a beverley or two). JoAnn Wood was a
mainstay of the Little Men during my membership in that fine body
of fans out west; I think I'll write to her and ask for an indication
of where Suncon might go if Orlando funks out. (Gird yourselves,
Southern cities.) ccc I'm rather glad ROLLERBALL made money --
while a piece of shit itself, perhaps producers will hang onto a
couple of good s.f. properties trying to emulate its success. Think
positive. \$@# I still wouldn't touch SF-Expo. Imagine paying peo-
ple to attend an s.f. con. They'd have to pay me to get me to go.
ccc Issue #19 contained no mention of me despite my many epistles.
I trust you've received your copy of RIVER and so will correct this
atrocious come your score-ish.

Late, As Usual ccc Moudry ccc (So I'll keep changing the format...)
Odd numbering system you got there,
fella, but your #'s are your business. All in just a year+, huh?
Nawt bad, lad. It took me from November of '69 to April of '72 to
turn the trick meself. Wish I'd seen more of the works themselves.

"Now this is baffling, Holmes! I don't understand a word of this.
Oh, the writing is understandable enough -- but --?"

"The context, Witzend? Indeed, it is puzzling, apparently a list of
works by different authors gathered under one heading ... Strange.
But I leave you now, my friend. Consider the rest of this sheaf on
your own. I'm off to examine the Dancing Fen again -- a solution may
be at hand!" And Sherlock Holmes vanished into the library.

\$¢\$ Your Customers, Give Zem Zee Bonuss, Monsieur! \$¢\$ Jennings @#@

It is doubtful that I've ever greeted a new member with such enthusiasm. Last mailing it seems I was the only SFPAn to call attention to the fact that you founded our little alliance once upon a long ago, Bob. Welcome in glory back to its ranks. ~~1\$%~~ I know that no one can write another man's fanzine, but if I were ypu I'd give each ish a title to match the corresponding stationery atop page one. Thus, the present issue would be CREST BUSINESS BUILDER. But as has been said a thousand times a thousand, one fan cannot do another fanzine. ~~¢\$¢~~ Nope, never heard of pumkins. Pumpkins, yeah, them I know. (%) Ignore the Hugos?!? Why, that's almost as bad as ignoring the Oscars! Look, the only things that count in human life are getting rich, getting your wang scarfed, seeing all the Academy Award winners, and collecting all the Hugo winners. That's it. Beyond that life is meaningless tedium. Grow up and realize this basic truth! ~~@#%~~ So Liberace (that's how you spell it, or rather how you spell Liberace) invented "cry all the way to the bank", huh? His greatest impact on society's well-being. \$#\$ The Presidency ... I've come around to Jimmy Carter in as big a way as I can; he's really fine as far as I can tell, and seems to be clicking. The eastern liberals loathe him -- no, make that, react antagonistically to him, which is just fine by me; the more often his name is mentioned the better off his candidacy will be, and if they're scared of him it means he must have something on the ball. Also, conservatives seem edgy, too -- which solidifies my respect for the man. Mostly, though, I like the way he comes across, admits mistakes, projects sincerity, approaches the people and looks at government. Besides, he's a Southerner and a scientist and that's two groups right there who deserve a shot at power. (He's also going to remove the onus of Wallace from the South, which fuck knows we need.) CARTER FOR PRESIDENT! He even agrees with me on abortion! (And I can live with his amnesty/pardon position.) (!) LADY & THE TRAMP is a masterpiece, right on. The reflections in the rainfilled ruts -- man, Diz did his homework on that film. I understand it was his first original full-length animated story. #\$\$# Nope -- Shel Mayer does NEW work for each year's RUDOLPH giant. I've been there when they open up the art. ~~%@%~~ Okra blows and O-KRAA, the locally produced and shot s.f. satire, blew twice as hard. Nyahh. +¢+ Just read and follow and if you wish, reciprocate with personal commentary of your own. That's all I ask of readers of SM. ~~1&1~~ No, I recall the hour TWILIGHT ZONES quite well, & I recall that padding showed in most. Good ones, "In His Image," natch, and the one by Reginald Rose (see? I do remember them). "Printer's Devil" dragged -- it could have been done much better in half the time. None can compare with "Little Girl Lost" ... "Nightmare at 20,000 Feet" ... the Agnes Moorehead mime story ... "Steel" ... "The Lonely" ... "The Monsters are Due on Maple Street", which was no Matheson, whoever made that comment ... "Eye of the Beholder" ... "Martian, Martian, Who's Got the Martian" ... yeah, baby! Best TV show ever. *@* I commented at great length on the film question, and expect to see my letter in print soon! ~~¢#¢~~ That's CURSE OF THE DEMON, not NIGHT of, by the way. *!* And so I finish a fine zine without hitting 1/10th of the hooks that meritted my attention. Mr. Jennings, welcome back. You founded a great apa and from your present day activity it's easy to see why it succeeded. It had a great start (and starter). And oh yeah -- my best line this .

I commented at great length on the film question.

At this point in my perusals a shout of "Damn!" from Holmes in our library startled me, and in leaping up I allowed the stack of paper to fall to the floor. Upon investigation I discovered that Sherloc had merely stubbed his toe on a cuspidor while climbing atop it, the better to examine a shelf. Here refused all offers of assistance and urged that I return to my research. Doing so, I found to my dismay that I had accidentally shuffled the papers and beyond separating them into their most obvious sections, there was no possible way for me to keep them in exact order. A semblance would have to do.

listing. &*& Aw, didn't you find Lester a much more palatable sort of loon in person than in print? He's harmless. Tacky, but harmless. ~~BARRY LYNDON~~ BARRY LYNDON -- saw it just the other day and it is fresh in my feeling, and I have to disagree with you, Alonso, about the flick. I loved it -- loved it on its own terms, for I saw in it another statement of Kubrick's basic theme, that man is in a struggle with a mechanistic universe -- and is losing. Here the mechanism manifests itself as 18th Century English society, and Barry tries to advance within it. In 2001 the mechanism appears as a monolith, symbolic mathematical perfection, which man seeks and -- for once -- succeeds in attaining and being changed thereby. In THE KILLING the mechanism is a giant race clock, against which (but within the boundaries of which) the hero-thieves work to rob the racetrack. In PATHS OF GLORY, the mechanism is military -- and social -- and personal. (PATHS OF GLORY is Kubrick's very very best movie.) In DR. STRANGELOVE the mechanism is a war machine -- set off by a faulty mechanism, General Ripper and his diminished sexual capacity. Character is secondary to the study of society in all of Kubrick's work (except BATHS OF GLORY, and in a way CLOCK-WORK ORANGE, although it can be argued that Alex is never a free individual, but rather always a part of the mechanism himself). I could see that theme working in LYNDON -- and could forgive the flick the faults you mentioned, low characterization, no real drama, etc. It was also a feast for the eye. No, loved BARRY LYNDON. It was a cynical film, as you say, and to an extent perhaps Kubrick was trying to set a great distance between the audience and the characters. But this was done with thematic intent. And for me it was a successful attempt. ~~THANK YOU~~ THANK YOU for that comment hook! (=) Attacking Jews for their beliefs is reprehensible, and I must apologize if I seemed to be sneering at true religious belief. Poking zings at the culture is great fun and my RIGHT as a former resident of New York City! I love the Jewish culture; it is one of the richest and most wonderful of any in these United States, and I weep with joy at the thought of all the great things that have come out of it. But I choke when thinking of the OTHER things that came out of it, too ... the Princess syndrome, that hideous accent, and the god-awful pomposity ... agggh. Whenever that appears, well, Lon, it's like seeing a stuffed shirt walking along a wintry sidewalk with the fine polished top hat perched atop his cranium, and me sitting behind a fence with a snowball in one mittened hand ...

~~10%~~ INSTANT SURVEY RESPONSE: GHLIII is presently in three apas, this one, NYAPA, and SAPS. The latter goes if Meade isn't elected, by Gawd. My record is four, I believe, at one time, but that was long ago and I can't recall just how the apas added up. ~~H*H~~ Yes, the OE blackball is a dangerous tool, and under no circumstances should a waitlister be blackballed for anything other than gross misconduct and malfeasance in office! Right. !¢! A lot of people don't think Celko a crook, Lon. A lot of people sympathized with his plight at DSC '74 ... stuck with a concept he didn't choose & doing his best under awful circumstances. I urge him to get out the program book for that con and silence those who want to burn him for being critical of popular members, but I'd trust him to run a good con when not burdened with a Brock wet dream that had no chance of coming off. (I'd point out that I voted MEMPHIS for the '74 DSC!) ++ Your comment to THE SPHERE is very very impressive. You are the Atkins of old, once again. ~~1/1~~ "Trapping" ... here's that short comment that always seems to irritate the creator of lengthy fiction; I wish I could say more, but ... anyway: Lon, if I could write so well I think I would have done my teachers proud. Thank you.

First Class \$20 Wells \$\$\$ How about this, a compedium of any number of other zines into one package.

God, George.)() I see you had the same trouble pubbing as I've had recently. I may have to go to Sherloc Holmes for this zine; *&* I've written a novel already, of course, but full publication of it would take lots of time and probably bore the readership to death. I loved writing it -- WAR, t'was, and a bit was printed in SM16. && Arrgh! Trekkie stuff!

...a dark brown voice #1 989 weber 434 Great repro. My favorite DOONESBURY recently has been the episode where Joanie fell in love with a swell fella who turned out to be gay. && WE CAN BUILD YOU is minor Dick -- wonder how that poor epileptic would feel if he were told that his life was saved during a seizure by mike weber slipping a Dick into his mouth.)-(You still have some con oneshots with my writing in them, mike. Send me a copy of each one that has my stuff, okay? I didn't give them Press Numbers, or anything like that, but still ... I'd like to be able to refer to them whenever I want. ?/ Ginger, huh? I'll be watching, waiting, and ASAP, reading. && Barbara Stanwyck. 1/2 I gave you the CAPSLESS WONDER vote in the Poll. *&* I hear a Mardi Gras parade -- well, let me finish the mc... No I won't. /?/ Choctaw River Parade. No big deal. && You've hit what I like about POLICE STORY -- it keys on the truth about cops, which is that they inhabit a dangerous occupation where not only can they get killed, they can also get turned into psychotics and corrupt thieves -- a redundancy, I know -- themselves. -/- Love that Composer type. I've used one once or twice -- once for the logo to SM18 and once in a poem in #15 (reprinted in 5 YEARS A SFPAN). Wish I could've hit it for more than seconds at a time... 100% Much better zine this time than last. Hang a typically loony weber cover on your next issue. I still harbor gratitude for the front to SM13.

Star Dust 4 \$\$\$ Kevin #6 I enjoyed the story -- you have an enormous storehold of imagination -- I look forward to hearing you relate to SFPA the details of that fantasy plotline you told me during my stint at the wheel en route to Louisville: And to hearing your Mardi Gras and Halfacon reports:

& Talisman #6 ,&, Biggers +-+ Good cover illo -- I'm glad you decided to grace your SFPAC with your talented artwork. The repro within is hideous -- what gave, besides the o's? *&* Hey, gonna lend me KILLERBOWI out of all those freebies? I enjoyed the rundown you gave it at the con -- sounds pretty awful, but that never stopped me.

Wilderness #1 Atkins && Do I mention in 5 YEARS A SFPAN how a Diplomacy game was in progress in another room when I typed my first SM stencils? If not, I again remind the apa that it is one helluva faanish game. I wish I could work my way past a Jacks mentality so that I could participate. Luck to the feuding countries and may the bloodletting be fulsome and delicious to behold.

I started to call Holmes -- this could be important, for it seemed to show that our anonymous author was involved in delicate matters of state: But I hesitated, and read on, and was again engrossed ...

==== Oblio 25 \$\$\$ Brown \$\$\$ Cute cover by Alan, and I know joust
(I'll let that typo stand) how you

feel. The mail drought is a subjective one ... you're getting as many goodies as any other fan, now, but for an OE/CM that's paltry indeed. \$\$\$ Not fond of parades in general? You should be here (NOIA) now (Mardi Gras). There's one I want to catch starting in half an hour ... *** I always thought ol' Bugs was AC/DC. HAHAHAHA

%%% One of the virtues of living in a town where nobody does anything except fuck and drink is that nobody's going to set off bombs here. Snipe from the rooftops, yes, but what's the PLO point in blowing up Antoine's? (Aside from culinary criticism, of course.) \$\$\$ Evanier might be interested in knowing that ol' GHILLII met Spike

Jones Jr. once, indeed had my picture taken with him. Occasion was a high school press conference or somesuch shit, and they shoved him in when Miss Teenage America refused to have her photo taken with me. All true. Well, I got a free lunch out of it. %%%

One thing that upset me about Irvin throwing away his mailings is the length and interest of our waitlist, which is screaming for mailings. Irvin wouldn't send them anything unless the apa paid the postage.

I like Irv well enough but I hope he never gets ahold of another SFPA mailing again. Even if he didn't want to keep the mlg, there are many better places for it than the Deep Six. %%% No comments

on the excellence of the Super Bowl as a football game this year? I thought it terrific, especially since the impossible happened and I spent the afternoon praying for the Sons of Perdition, otherwise known as the Dallas Cowboys.

Any game that goes down to the last pass is a GREAT game. %%% You being THE sports nut in SFPA, perhaps you'll envy me the two Jazz games I've seen at the Superdome in New Orleans ... victories against Cleveland (a squeaker) and Atlanta.

We got a good young team, there, just clumsy enough to make the tilts interesting ... and of course a hero to cheer. The announcer does a neat bit with feedback whenever Marevich dumps one. "Pisstollllllll llllllllPETE!" Fun to watch the game from those buck-fifty seats ... and they let out early enough to go on worknights. \$\$\$ The OE makes the determination who gets credit for a zine on the Contents page.

Remembering THE OEXORCIST, I thought what was said was fair. And Janet Davis deserved a voice in the running of her first year in SFPA, in my view, and indeed had read all the mailings in the previous year or so. %%% Slim, slim, slim: You are coming to Worldcon so

I can make the judgment "fat/okay" this year, aren't you? &&& Look at it this way, if I weren't acting out your conscience's whispers, you'd gain-gain-gain and look like a wad of melted playdough. Return to the days of DSC '72! *** Soaring. Floating. Falling. Sure! \$\$\$

No, the bottom line on the Revolution was that they could guide their own destinies in the American revolution, run their own country. Yes, get something for their taxes ... and why not? "No taxation without representation" is a damn good reason to fight a revolution.

It's symptomatic of the whole situation. And if you knew anything about Jefferson, you'd know that idealistic feelings back then were not considered shit. Too bad we think they are today. +++ JUNGLE DRUMS didn't show natives at all, except dancing around the fire that entraps Lois. Their "thinking processes" one way or another aren't even mentioned -- except in that they held superstititious

awe for the disguised Nazis. \$\$\$ Issue #10 of AW is out, the production number, featuring an interview with a great man named Jack Adler and a man of great achievements, Sol Harrison. Very amusing stuff. Onwards and upwards ... %%% So what? &&& "All come out in the wash" is a great line. Could use a bath... \$\$\$ Good good stuff,

short as is the fad, but fads change. Hang in there and lose weight:

The Sphere vol. 40 #1 &*& Markstein ### Thank you for printing the
Carl postcard. It gives me
the chance to print a communication from the same John Carl myself:

"12 Feb 1976

Dear Guy;

I got THE SPHERE (vol. 40 no 1) today, in which I found a rather irked paragraph from me about you adorning its first page. First, I want to apologize for any and all snide allusions to you. You have to take into account the fact that I was mightily pissed off at you at the time, though. In reality, I don't know nearly enough about you to say that you're an ass or that you're a good man. Sorry.

Considering your message to me on the back of your (SAPS) Pillar Poll ballot (in which you offered to send me some of your fanzines if I would pay postage, and gave me the name and address of Sfpa's new OE), the idea entered my mind that maybe you never got the dollar or the letter of complaint I sent. Since it's unlikely that even the Postal Service would lose both items, I presume that I misaddressed the envelopes. Let's check my address file (which I use when no apa 00's are handy)... "631 Dauphine St NOLA 60012." Your zip on the recent SOUTHERNER is "70112". Zotdamn. No wonder you never acknowledged them. You couldn't possibly have gotten them. Shit, Guy, I'm sorry.

Sometimes I begin to think that confusions and presumptions like these are inherent to a well-ordered existence.

Bliis & debauchery,
JOHN CARL

3750 Green Lane,
Butte, Montana 59701

cc: Markstein."

Any other comments, sunshine? (I add an agreement -- Carl is a fine apan, a star of the Spectators, and will make a fine if somewhat Yankeeified SFPAn.) ### That's a good comment to Steven about porno and the needs it seems to satisfy, but I would pointout that porno seekers could achieve a good deal more real success in these matters, given, believe it or not, the right attitude. Sexuality is a thing of the spirit, not the makeup. It's what you do with what you got. Take Lillian, for example. No great looker. But he has learned his lesson. Women are no different from men in their insecurities. Throw the ladies a wink and they'll love you for it. Grin. Works, too. It's what you do with what you got. (&) You are ignorant of everything connected with the NOLA in '79 bid. It wasn't Walsh's, at least not wholly, it wasn't a front for embezzlement, it wasn't anything of the sort. It was a bunch of fans getting together and thinking and maybe dreaming. You're operating on the basis of third-hand info and first-hand delirium. And oh, I don't hate you, dear boy. It's just that I've had cases of the flu that I've enjoyed knowing more. && The phones at Charity are indeed horrible -- sick people in NOLA are advised to call the cops or a private ambulance firm or a friend (that leaves you, Markstein, the cops and the ambulance firm). Seeing me is no problem, though. Just go out and get hit by a truck, and I'll see you when they haul you into the Accident Room. Why not try it sometime? Why not try it several times? /*/* You got a copy of THE HUNDREDTH PAGE in the zines I sent you right after mlg 67 came out. If you lost it, ask Dave for another. && See you in the A.R.!

*** Thin Ice 16 *** Mark *** Piddley after several great issues!
Disgraceful! *** I certainly plan
on seeing the BUGS/SUPERTSAR film as soon as I get the chance.
I would rather see more than two Chuck Jones masterworks, but how
much chance is there of that in this world? I'm glad to get this.
¢¢¢ Your Quote of the Decade to Bob Clampett steals the best bit
of the Mailing honor out from Meade's nose. I'm sorry, Meade! ¢¢¢
I hope you have a print of all your films on hand for the inevitable
convention where/when I meet you. I want to see them all, especially
this latest one, MR. A-1. ¢¢¢ I guess then that since I appeared
on a quiz show, I'm a porno star! Woo! Next stop Cinema 16. ¢¢¢
Keep us posted posted posted on that theatrical short. We'll track
it down if it gets national syndication. Write yourself a part
in it as a tree trunk. ¢¢¢ I agree with you some about ONE FLEW
OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST, which I saw the other night. First, yes,
Jack Nicholson was superb. I predict Oscar time at last for him, &
deservedly so. Only Pacino of the other nominees (haven't seen THE
MAN IN THE GLASS BOOTH yet, I must admit) came close to his pitch
of power; he deserved the Oscar for CHINATOWN and he deserves it
for this. It's an overdue general honor and it's a natural specific
one. ¤¤¤ I don't think Forman had as many problems with choosing
a mood for his film as you think -- he had fun with it. I think
the closing minutes have their problems because we haven't spent
enough time with Chief Bromden to accept his heroism and fully em-
pathize with his actions. In the novel, which is one of the best
books I've ever read, bar nothing, the whole action is seen through
his eyes, so it's a natural conclusion; the film must concentrate
on MacMurphy and Bromden is merely the second-most prominent of the
supporting characters. A quarrel I have with the film is that the
film's ending was subtly altered ... (don't read this, Stven)...
recall that Harding and the other voluntaries moved out after the
climax, telling Nurse Ratched to go fuck herself with a broken coke
bottle (or words to that effect); they're still there at the end of
the movie. Which was, despite this, a magnificent film. Guess what
analogies I make of it with SFFA? ¢¢¢ Thought of you the other week
when I happened to pass by a film being shot in the Quarter
DRUM. Ken Norton appeared in a yellow bathrobe, one big dude who
had a great smile one never sees on TV and who walked with something
of a limp. (Prediction: Ali will take him; after Ali retires, Norton
will be the next Heavyweight champ.) Also saw the star of GIANT
BEHEMOTH smoking a pipe (sat down on the French Market and crushed
it -- no, the human lead, who was he?) and the actor who played
the devil in "The Howling Man" on THE TWILIGHT ZONE. The latter fella
I wanted to go talk to, but chickened out. He sat alone, by the way,
isolated from the others. Sulphur fumes ...

¤¤¤ Fingertip Reality #2 ¤¤¤ Moudry @@@ "Grammartically" right,
huh? See to your spelling,
sir: @@ Do thy thing in your AFPAzine. It's yours to do it with.
¢¢¢ Write me or send a mailgram the minute you hear about ... what
am I saying? When you read this it'll be early APRIL...and A SCANNER
DARKLY will already be in print! And in hand, if what you say is so.
¢¢¢ Max Rafferty is an asshole. Except for Ivy Baker Priest and to
an extent Robert Finch and Houston Flournoy, every Republican elected
recently in California has been an asshole. God, what slimy people.
If Reagan wins the election I'm moving to Australia. \$\$\$ Excellent
comment on Heinlein but far too harsh -- oh for the space and energy
necessary to defend MOON/MISTRESS ... &&& A fine issue -- you're
going to upgrade this apa's sercon quotient by double when you join!

*** The New Fort News #41 *** Brooks && You know Meade Frierson too, Ned. Think he's a Walsh? You know me, too ... you think I'm a Walsh? && Paper stock around here rises & falls according to what's around. That pink was indeed horrible but what the hell, I'd rather've used it than spent another three clams on more goldenrod. Pink and blue and green don't really make it as far as mimeo paper is concerned... depressing stuff. Watch this page be in one or more of those colors ... (\$) You were on deck for a Roasting spot at Halfacon, and of course you finked out, claiming age. Come ON, old fellow -- Hank is half again your age (as you are half again mine), and he not only made it, he slaughtered the entire convention at Roast's end! Decrepitude is a state of mind! *#* WEREWOLF OF WASHINGTON. Tell. 10% You misue words. Wedsy. && Meredith is up for OSCARHOOD this year for DAY OF THE LOCUST, that film's only major nomination (thank God!), but hasn't a chance against George Burns. *#* Speaking of books with Hank's name, HALL OF MIRRORS by DOG SOLDIERS author Robert Stone features a character named Rheinhardt. DS was a splendid novel; haven't read MIRRORS yet. Foe wrote thousands of book reviews, most quite perceptive and amusing. Pat Adkins has them all in a bound set. Foe and Twain and Melville and Dickinson and Whitman ... love the 19th Century! && Looking forward to my very own copy of DAGON at last ... How'd you like RIVER?

&& Sky Child 12 && Teri ** Hope you're still speaking to me after last issue's dedication. Not really supposed to be an insult, you know. () The best thing this Bi-centennial bullshit is doing for us is making us look back at the founding fathers -- like Jefferson. I'm really getting turned on by this character -- he couldn't foresee the rise of the cities, but his belief in the common man was stunningly important to the growth of our national spirit. Dynamite stuff, his writings ... Catch that special TIME with his portrait as a young man? Interesting that both he and John Adams died the same day -- the fiftieth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration. July 5th, 1826 was a dark day in those United States ... \$\$ I read that ESQUIRE abortion piece. Right on. A miserable practice -- but with Malthus grinning in his grave, perhaps a necessary one. Morality is shot in this society; I only hope that in two or three generations, when things begin to come together again after the collapse we're now witnessing and experiencing, people'll have a little more faith in themselves, respect for life, and just plain good sense. Tolerance, too, wouldn't hurt. I refer you to the close of FAST MASTER. Those rebuilding days will be great ones in which to live. Perhaps inside our own hearts we can begin them today. \$\$\$ I'm sitting here imagining your mammary endowments, and please Stven note that she asked me to before you puncha me inna de nose ... &* Now it's hard to type ... && Ah, I thank you for the compliment on my reading of "The Night Before Hankmas". Keeping a straight face up there took iron willpower. (&) Hey, lady, I comment to you all the time. See? I'm neat. You *#* okay too, though that doesn't rhyme. Hope we saw you this Fat Tuesday.

"Clever devil," Holmes cried. I turned to see him in the doorway holding up the dancing fen. "Our mysterious author made up two of these figures, whole cloth! We almost have him, Witzend!"

@@@ Cosmic Angst Funnies #44 Wirth \$\$\$ Another act of genius. So tiring to be able to count on being totally entertained by Wirthzines every two months. Ho-hum. This is the best work you've given SFPA in years, from the cover on through. Sadistic genius! \$\$\$ Inspired rubber stamp goodies! Brown, here is the master of the genre! @@ You're right about Southern fans -- more enthusiastic and ingroupish than any other regional. I far prefer the South to even the West Coast. @@ I had my face computerized after seeing your portrait -- will probably use all the Is and #s and Os and Xs on a cover sooner or sometime. Sent a copy to my mother, inscribed GUY LILLIAN MARK III. %%% No, sorry everyone, the "MAGNUS, Robot Sadist" cartoon caps the Best Bit Award. Negate everything said before. Doug wins this honor almost as often as Celko. #44 YAAAAFUCKINHOO! JIMMY CARTER JUST WON THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRIMARY! GO BULLDOGS! @@ Oh, if you don't mind an outsider's opinion, that lady wasn't "no good" ... but then, who am I to say? +=+ I'm so Stupid I think Joe Staton is overrated. Certainly compared to Walt Simonson, Wrightson, the really good young artists in the field. %%% I was about to correct your statement that Price is the only man alive to have met both HPL and REH, but then Schwartz did once tell me that he never actually met Howard face to face. Didn't he? Yeah, that's right, he did. He did meet Lovecraft, as you know from AMAZING WORLD #3. @@ The inclusion of NOLAZINE 14: Mule came up to me at Halfacon and handed it to me. Please run this through SFPA, he said. Oh thank you, Jim! (Ugh.) He saw the mlg the next day -- NCIA politics, son. Besides, every NOLAZINE except #12 has run through SFPA. (And I ran a piece of #12 in SM7.) #44 You're right, though ... the zine was awful compared to the old days, even the most recent old days. %%% I don't know if the lady in ? dislikes me so much as resents me, but then I stray too close to matters best locked in the souls of the hearts involved ... && You know, your statement on AMAZING WORLD and UNCLE SCROOGE is absolutely right. I should've welcomed the comic into the mailing with open arms, and to hell with SFPA purity. I love Barks and would've probably contributed to the U\$ fund if asked. Yes, let's see that kind of great gift material when the mood hits a member! The political end of that move was cheap and stupid and probably hurt a couple of my friendships -- the wounds are still there & haven't healed-- but as a gift it was wondrous. Why not? Yeah, more Parks! *** Yeah, we love each other in NYAPA ... me and the blue-coated Northern filth that composes the majority of the membership. Great apa. It's good to strut the old grey. @@ I've been to the Meteor Crater but didn't stand on my head. No disparagement to the Superdome; it's a great place to watch the thrill of victory and the agony of defeat. && Here's a plastic vote for a Frazetta zine! Those Wirth years in NYC are the subject of legend -- the truth, sir! () THE MAZE was the title of the giant frog 3-D film, and it starred Richard Carlson. Where's my \$64,000? %%% Jack Larson (Jimmy Olsen) is now a librettist (spelling!) for modern operas, I understand. He doesn't like to talk about George Reeves. #44 I really adore Lily Tomlin -- her sexuality is her business of course unless she makes a big deal out of it. Bisexual ladies are very kind in my experience ... one girl, but she was wonderful, in every possible way. I liked Marvel Comics and cats, but nobody's perfect. I read reviews of SOMETHING HAPPENED that came in their pants in praise of it ... I have it, haven't tried it yet. +=+ "Haven't tried what? Coming in your pants?" +=+ The von Turk illo is hysterical. It took me a while to figure it all out in context. +=+ Another magnificent and imaginative zine (noting the bacover too) Why don't you catch typerhea and stop showing my zines up?

#44 An Apple Anda Good Book #3 Hulan CCC Here's where we separate
the men from the horses,

and that has no relevance to your mc, Dave, I just wanted to see
if Hutchinson could pinpoint the source ... #3 Eek, I'll get a
copy of SM29 to you posthaste. Damn those blank pages; I hate it
when I get them and have to ask for a replacement as you have. \$\$\$
No, no, I was by no means in the Big Time itself through contact
with Hellman -- but knowing her certainly gave me a pretty good
idea of what that BT is. And if you can't read my writing, you
can rool it into a tube and carry on from there (just kidding, just
kidding. Just kidding. Just kidding.) \$/\$ There's no suitable
comment to you about your son. What can a guy say? "Sorry"--"you're
bearing up well"-- it's all stupid. \$\$\$ Temporal progress is not
the point of literature nor ever was it; in lit we deal with values
and personalities, we examine, we try to understand. Our puddle
has depth the linear approach of the sciences cannot hope to match.
It's more like a pool, spreading in breadth as the society spreads
which contains it, growing with each individual understanding that
is brought to bear on it. (Your stupid metaphor, not mine.) Anyway,
blaming humanities for the state of the world is moronic; the man
who has really absorbed western civilization's values -- and human-
ities is the study of values -- would not seek to destroy that ci-
vilization. There is an understandable schism 'tween the humanities
and the sterile, rational, this-alone-is-true sciences, since on
our side of the fence we admit to the possibility of infinite vari-
ety, variable truths, the importance and the divinity of individual
thought, and over there, the equals sign rules all, the equation
must be served; there is no room for deviancy from what is rational
and stated. I prefer this side of the intelligence fence. At least
we have more than one dimension to fool around in. And I'll leave
it to Moudry or Inzer to shoot your argument down point by point --
they're better at it than I am. For myself, I'm satisfied. Oh yes,
one thing -- if humanities is to blame for the sickening acts of
world leaders, are you going to vote for a nuclear physicist this
time (Jimmy Carter) and save the world from us book boys? \$\$\$ Yeah,
that was tacky in Myriad (to foul up the sentence, I'm talking
about the Huzes' comments about you.) I asked them to cool it for the
sake of SFFA peace, and since I was buying one of their zines (a
transcript of a panel I was on at DSC) perhaps assent will be
their policy. I certainly hope so. %%% Yesm, that's true -- not
enough points on the Poll. Why didn't I make it 300 points? WHY?!?
\$\$\$ The way I define Stupid is: doing something you know is bad/awful
harmful without purpose, without thinking. I was last stupid just
before going to a Saints game, when I wandered into a sleazy skid
row dive in pretty good clothes trying to cash a check. That was
the game mentioned in SM30. Bar was the Circle View Tavern above
Lee Circle. A song played on the jukebox something to the effect
that I-wuz-gonna-pick-up-my-mama-when-she-got-outa-jail-but-she-got-
hit-by-a-big-freight-train. The customers looked like old clothes.
Only the bartendress looked human. Going into that place was very
stupid. == Re comics: a news item the other day nearly killed
me -- seems this colored guy who'd been collecting for about 20 yea-
got sick of having all his comics around one day, so he loaded them
into 8 shopping bags and brought them to Charity for the Pediatrics
Ward. I haven't been able to get up the ninth floor yet to steal
the gems -- and daily, sick kids are ripping up and eating comics
worth THOUSANDS. I am in pain just thinking about it. \$\$\$ I like
to put trust in my impulses, at least insofar as feelings of like
and dislike are concerned. Non-linear thinking has its merits ...
Marcia yelled at me all year long & I liked her just "cuz". See?

AS We Like It /// Penny !!! Great! Food! I love food! Too bad I'm too lazy and clumsy to cook anything more than a chicken pot pie ... Meade's final paragraph, THE DRUNKEN RETURN DISH, will probably win this mailing's Best Bit accolade unless something better comes along ... uh, but that's doubtful!

Blech ~~@@@~~ Penny again, now I've got two ~~for~~ I love the cover -- another political cartoon on SFPA politics, I reckon. ~~c@e~~ Chrismastree (wow, what a typo) decoration can be a pain, all right ... now that Lance is grown there's no kids around my folks' house to spark the enthusiasm -- well, it gets up anyway, the tree does, and I usually claim the old ornaments I remmebr from when I was 3 and 4 to dangle. I like the season and the holiday too ... it's a family time. ~~~~ Note to female flashers: 631 Dauphine Street is a green door. Behind it, ahem, is a corridor affair leading to a small banana (ahem!) tree courtyard. If the outside door is open go right up the stairs in the courtyard and pound on the door. If the street door is locked, ring the topmost doorbell. Keep ringing until I answer. ~~o, o~~ That's a good description of the night people/life there in B'ham. I wonder if Jenny is still around... ~~+=~~ This is a most right-on zine ... your description of Bink Hughes is perfect. I wish she was still in SFPA -- some would whimper but those who appreciate guts and brains would have more reason to cheer than we do now. Miss that lady! ~~(%)~~ Miss this one, too. Hope I get to visit Bumminham again soon -- and two or five rather or six counting Barnstable healthy Friersons!

~~@@@~~ Gutterball ~~\$/\$~~ Lester ~~*\$*~~ Welcome to the waitlist, Lester, & an aplogy. As you recall, I told you to stay off the waitlist while I was OE -- in order to prevent strife. Now I realize that the only strife would've been from one very unfortunate and pitiful member's howling, and that I of all people should have dedicated myself to being more fair. The personal hatreds of one fool should have no bearing on the conduct of the OESHIP and I apologize; you would probably be a good deal higher on the waitlist than you are. Now make no mistake, you are a fool, Les, but that's only a statement of fact, not personal prejudice. You're quite okay in person in doses of not over 2 tablets per 100-milligram serving, taken as directed. ~~=1=~~ God, you area terrible bowler. Slinging the ball sideways after two micing steps vaguely in the direction of the pins ... oooh. It's almost tragic. Have fun with the Coast Guard Reserve. ~~@@@~~ Thanks for the con report -- if you enjoyed it and Hulan enjoyed it, all of those in between must have enjoyed it.

Con Confessions ~~#2~~ Brown ~~@@@~~ I thought I had a phone call from you last night, Gary -- but it was some other Gary asking for some other Guy. Amazing coincidence! ~~~~ This is an okay report with a great Hutch cover; still, wish these Confessions dealt with Halfacon instead. You'd have a lot more to confess. ~~@@@~~ Comixs dealers? With the possible exception of the guy who runs Supersnipe, who always impressed me as a fair dude with good business sense (and who always bought thousands of copies of AMAZING WORLD), and who employed a fine lass named Jenny Hatton who made Seulingcon '74 so ~~m~~orable and so much fun by her cut-ups at the next table -- they all suck snot out of sleeping sloths. \$2 for HOWARD THE DUCK #2 ... \$1500 for DETECTIVE COMICS #27 ... bah.

~~920~~ Ain't Too Proud to Beg ?? Me ~~now~~ UNO came through. I'm still looking for a machine of m'own ... remembering the place on East 23rd with used mimeos stacked to the ceiling ...

((In Which Marcia Makes Plans)) M. Hulan ((Fine, lady, just so SFPA is included in those plans. Glad you enjoyed ~~facon~~!

Boojum += P.L. += There goes my format again. This zine (SH, I mean) is more than slightly wacko. BOOJUM is far better. Hey, there she is, right there on the cover -- that's the P.I. who took me to the Art Gallery! That's the P.I. who fed me pizza from the Overton Hero! That's the P.I. who had me carry multicolored drapes through the Memphis streets. Yeah, that's her. Kelly Freas may deserve all those Hugos after all. ~~Optometrist~~, eh? I always was a pessimist myself. Good luck -- good field. ~~\$~~ DOG DAY AFTERNOON was indeed a fine film and I'm very pleased by the wide response it earned. Cazale was the unsung hero of the story -- this is at least the 3rd time he and Pacino have worked together and they click, they really click. Too bad Pacino is up against Nicholson for the Oscar ... this was by far his best film performance since PANIC IN NEEDLE PARK. :c! See you sometimes, toots.

Cliffhanger ~~1/2~~ Norene ?% That it is -- ever hear of Rick Norgood and his SFPA title, CLIFFHANGERS & OTHERS? Nice going with the TA -- I wish you enormous success. Also, how about a quick explanation of Biofeedback for us stickin-the-silt types. And your hubby is a chef? Gotta meet this man! I love food -- one reason I live in NOLA and the South -- & would like to sample his wares. *%* Maintain, Grandma ...

The Sve of Thedeadline #7 &* Excellent account of a true collector's death. Reincarnation is proven fact! (*) I hope you unpack whatever stencils still exist for THE WARNER WUNSHOT and print'em, for Christ's sakes. I'll even pledge Egoboo points to the zine on tee next Poll if it appears within '76!

~~930~~ Science Fiction Lingo ~~930~~ Brown &c Didn't take me too long but I enjoyed it. These sorta puzzles always fill a few idle minutes of the workday ... I prefer the Word Jumbles but anything short of a crossword will do. Those give me trouble.

:/: Senility is Wasted on the Old #1 /:/ Wells &# Great titles like that are wasted on one-sheets. Hey, envy you seeing Pekins in EQUUS. No problem with your OEGOPOLL ballot.

~~940~~ The Southpaw Gazette ~~940~~ Meade &* You've had a tough couple of months, Frierson. Repent ye sinners. Without caps this zine reads like weber's. Alas that this zine isn't a Halfacon report cranked with two good arms by a man with two good lungs.

When the Monster from Mars Attacked, We Shot Him Right Among the Eyes is a zine by George Wells with a brilliant title Good for you for closing your own parentheses -- there was a time when I had to enlist Fosco Pivam the maf parenthesis closer, to do the) job for almost every SFAn. Taxity in this vital area of endeavor should not be tolerated by any apa hoping to attain true greatness and stoldity.

#/#/61469 ~~ccc~~ Meade ### That's rougher than a damn cob, ole feller.
Ulna, knit well and quickly. ~~10/10~~ NBC'S

SATURDAY NIGHT is an honorary Turk, for it always shows at meets of the Sandsons. I liked the recent bit on the Hearst trial -- a straight news bit read over a Betty Boop courtroon cartoon. Our answer to Monty Python. \$\$\$ THE ADDAMS FAMILY was quite a fine show. For the sake of family viewing the producers excised most of the truly ghoulish humor the original cartoons embodied, but still, great stuff, infinitely classier and funnier than the concurrent MUNSTERS. Add DEAR DEAD DAYS to your list of Addams books -- not an anthology of cartoon work, but a truly astounding collection of the gruesome, edite by the master. A portrait of a woman with a pig's snout therein inspired me to write "Piggy" in 1965, the story that helped me win a National Council of Teachers of English award back then in my baby days. %% Whenever I watch THE ADAMS CHRONICLES on PBS -- and an excellent series it is -- I keep expecting George Grizzard as John Adams and the others to suddenly face the camera and start snapping their fingers: dodo doDOOP (snap snap) dodo doDOOP (snap snap) dodo doDOOP, dodo doDOOP, dodo doDOOP (snap snap). Chuckle. %% I must skip comment for now on the parodies -- these mc's are done in some haste and they merit savoring slowly, just before slumber, or on the throne. Loved THE EXTORTIST ... and that Hedge poem is good re-reading. +=+ Your IGNITE is on master in von Turk's basement and will appear when it appears. However, rest not -- it will appear, and before too long, too. === Your mc it was that caused me to write the Hugheses and buy that PAN. Hope it's in my mailbox soon ... my ego verily cannot stand to be without any wondrous Lillian words that may find their way into printola, senor, see you play. %% Wow, those high s's really jar the eye. Curse the busted arm. %% Hey, let's hear more about that DSC, Inc., idea. As long as there would be no control by the governing board over who could compete for the DSC, I might be all for it. Let's by all means hear more, and let's not wait until the horrible S^{unday} morning in Atlanta when I vote for B'ham in '77 ... \$@@ Great section on your involvement with macabre fandom. Well do I reall laying asleep in your downstairs bedroom, watching that wicker frog, listening to you correcting typos on THE CALL OF K'ORPHLUU, and trying not to think about all the great HPL bits you'd hung on me that evening. Yes, you are among the heavyweights of HPL-dom ... if only for the zine itself, if nothing more. (And there has been plenty more.) +++ Loved the HPI reprint, too, appearing here. \$@@ The Pogo pages cap a splendid zine. But you neglect the political import of such characters as Wiley Catt -- he bore an amazing resemblance to Joe McCarthy, and was more than a redneck -- was, in fact, a danger feared by everyone, even the Deacon. I'll never forget the sheer drama of one strip where Deacon drug himself out of the swamp only to face Wiley -- and the fear on the Deac's face while he, even he, talked the lunatic down. (And how about Agnew as a great Dane, the most inspired cartoonery to come out of the '60's politics-wise?) Walt Kelly's impact on pop culture was stunning; his influence on artists like Bodé and, no doubt, Trudeau is subtle but there. And his work is classic. ### This zine, too, is classic. Oh, it rambles and it rolls and it presents things very sloppily, tskfuckintsk, but it sings of my barrister buddy of Woodvale Road and that's a song damn glad I be to hear. Sorry you couldn't make it 69469, but what's the matter with 70470? Maintain, all hail, enjoy the Roast transcript, crank the mimeo, bend the 'bow, kiss Penny for me and a toast to the next Official Editor of SAPS! (That is, if my vote is any indication.)

+==poop==

%+% Thunder Road #39 +/- Stven && About your amendment ideas ...

I like your election concept

and agree that the document should reflect apa reality. Therefore I'd support such a measure. As for the fanac-stimulation bit, if we can keep calling it "the S.F.P.A." we can by God keep stimulating Southern fanac. The best way we can do that is keep on being the #1 Southern apa and for the members to keep showing up at Southern cons. && I might as well say it again -- Halfacon was supposed to be a convention of low management. It says so right there in ROAST ME IF YOU DARE. Besides, Guidry was supposed to handle the minute-to-minute stuff, after I did all the advance work. He didn't, and I couldn't, but thank Christ the Roast saved all. && Your $\frac{1}{2}$ acon report is very fine -- I can't see how you had any problems with it (we exchanged complaints about how our reports were faring in correspondance). As for talking to myself at the Hearts table, who else was there worth talking to? Sniff, ka-sniff. (Barf, ka-barf.) \$\$\$ You didn't mention that I paid off my IOUS! I'se an honest fieldhand. ### Yeah, dedicating fanzines is fun. I wonder who'll get thish ... (*) Many thanks for the nice words. && THE FAERIE QUEENE isn't so old. Chaucer is older. So's SIR GAWAIN AND THE GREEN KNIGHT. PIERS PLOWMAN. THE PEARL. FQ is wonderful, wonderful stuff, and I recommend it to you with absolute assurance that you'll love it. I quoted a slug from it in SM11, my favorite stanza in literature. && You haven't heard my full attitude on women--I guess I haven't yet, either. You haven't heard the bitter stuff, when the memories of the grim times come broiling up. Would curl your hair, I think. Ilaine Vignes has heard me a couple of times and thinks I'm a misogynist. (I told her that I used to be, but then became a presbyterian.) (*) Let's put it this way: Meade's chapter of SHERIFF was the funniest such. All had their virtues. Why didn't I read an outraged comment to Markstein from you when he put Meade's chapter down? @!@ Is this "honesty" everyone's talking about subjective or objective? Subjective honesty is dangerous, since it's changeable, assuming that we're fluid individuals. Objective honesty can be tasteless. I think Staton was just trying to smarm off...to be honest about it. %%% Phil Dick's novels have (many of them) a common cast -- the neurotic handyman hero, the bitchy wife, the psychopathic sex object teenage girl, the elder deity figure -- but I wouldn't say that he duplicates plots or themes, and certainly not universes. As I said once, he puts his repertoire cast through its paces in a different world each time to a different conclusion -- every time, somehow, managing to milk from the terror and helplessness of his poor, pitiful people a sense of hope and meaningfulness and love. I hope he wins the next sixteen Nobel Prizes. %%% I know COSMO girls. Marilyn Berkman acted like a COSMO ~~girl~~ girl and almost got a fat job with the magazine. Thank God she didn't -- I have too many nice memories of the JAP to want that sort of living death for her. Cheap, stupid, repulsive, humorless, tacky and trashy! Give me a woman who reads FIELD & STREAM or hell, TV BY DAY (which Marilyn managing-edited) over COSMO believers! Bahfooie! ### I felt obligated by the fact that Hank sent his zines to me to make his pmlg official. After all, that's what I was, the Official Editor, who had just paeaned against illegal postmailings. It took my partial OO to make the thing official, and that's that. && I like the Springsteen lyrics -- must give the lad a listen some year. And how come they are reproed so much better than the rest of the issue? Tsk tsk. And for your own first mailing, too. I didn't come up with cruddy repro until my third mailing as OE! &*& It's still 2nd month as I type this -- look forward to seeing you the first weekend of the third. OEff to a good start, StvOEn.

((Spiritus Mundi 31)) GHLIII ((The Hutchinson cover to this issue not only bespeaks

Alan's satiric genius better than any of his previous works, but also carries with it a deep and abiding insight into the characters not only of Lillian and Hutch but of all the other members as well. Controversial? Yes, but only through controversy can the problems that ride us be worked out. The reaction of my fellow members is anxiously awaited ... not without some trepidation. Risks are taken here on this cover, but greatness comes only with risk. ~~444~~ I especially like the way the page one illo shows through. Cleevvvver! ~~555~~ Adequate though sloppy Halfacon report. That was one bitch of a con to handle on paper; it was even worse to try and handle in person. As a people con the organization was purposely kept low; as a faanish event it shone thanks to the flaming filament that was the Reinhardt Roast. Evaluation: good show. ~~666~~ One thing about Halfacon that's rather interesting -- the hotel is furious with it! No, the committee did nothing wrong and caused no trouble and indeed emerged in fine shape behavior-wise with the International ... it was the deal made before the convention ever started! Free room use for THREE days because of ONE luncheon ... that's a coup no con in memory has ever accomplished with such an expensive and centrally-located place. Add another feather next to the great turkey plume of putting on the Roast. ~~&&&~~ Correction: my grandfather was never in the KKK. My great-grandfather on my maternal grandfather's side was. What a pedigree. His wife's first husband was strung up for stealing pigs ... Arkansas aristocracy ... ~~777~~ If it weren't against the rules I'd give myself the Best Bit in the Mlg award for that horrible "Thalidomide Crunchies" riposte. ~~888~~ Love those Hoss illos!

Heavy Returns ~~888~~ Inzer ~~444~~ I like that cover illo! ~~888~~ Great, and personal con report! And good news about your personal life -- I guessthings have picked up considerably up there in Iysurgic Fats, Arkansas. Of course you'll bring a print of your glassblowing film to a future convention, one with Verheiden also showing his wares ... a new category suggests itself for the Egopol -- Best Film. Delightful segment of this zine on fandom, by the way, and its importance to you. If Dee Mathews reads it and doesn't stay in SFPA then there's no hope for her soul. ~~666~~ Again, a superb con report. SFPA deserves to hear that ASCENT OF MAN story and why you felt it relevant to the apa, though. Elucidate. I would if I felt the capability within me. And parody or not, this is a fine work and short as it is one of the best things the 69th mailing had to offer.

~~444~~ Odin ~~777~~ ~~666~~ Praisethe wolflord! Honored was I to repro this fine work -- your longest SFAzine ever? Your best in many a moon. I'm glad that cover came out well -- I added the logo but nothing else. Who drew it? ~~666~~ Get in line behind me for that mamary-judging post, oh great one. Let me handle the preliminary work. ~~()~~ Con report total lie from beginning to end, but lord knoweth fun! I'll remember the knife-fighting advice for my next set of mc's. As bruised as I ended up after our last tilt, I could use the exercise. ~~\$\$\$~~ Anyway, great work on Halfacon: Hope you enjoy reliving the Roast in print, and I hope I can get the tape copied some day. ~~666~~ Admirably thought-out mc to Alan on JFKilling, which lays the matter to full rest as far as I can see. Who'd argue with you about murder? ~~666~~ Right ON in your mc to THE SPHERE, too. I know that I would appreciate such words. Often when I'm so pissed off I can't

see straight, all I really want is for someone I respect to kick my behind. Your accurate toe is as fine a boot as one could ask for, and I hope its lesson is heeded. \$\$\$ ~~10/10~~ Literary crit from Hank!?! I can't rejoin since I haven't read Ionesco, but wow ... this is a revolutionary zine! Whaddya think of UIYSES, Ulric? (As a book, not as a comrade-in-arms.) \$\$\$ Talking to Wirth is enjoyable -- he is such a great listener! Of course, after sitting there like a good man and letting you rattle on for hours without interruption, he will demolish your whole schtick with one brilliant sentence, but that's a fault one can learn to live with, with practice. === I hope you won't think me anymore of a sissy than you do already when I tell you that your daughter's remark about feeling better if she can hear you snore moved me to tears. I feel much more comfortable hailing the whole zine as a beautiful bucket of bright and brassy bullshit! Hail Odin! Hail Ulric! Hail Enhayes!

Tandstikkerzeitung 9 && Markstein ~~10/10~~ Top-notch indeed. This is the Markstein we all cherish -- yes, even I. The SPHERE material is gleefully gone and all that's left is great general interest stuff. There's a new porno theatre in your life now, of course, but that's your business to tell about. Reading this zine I can forget a lot of the other stuff, and let bygones be that way until zine's end. Excellent material well presented.

The High Aesthetic Line 11 +=+ Hulan +== Another excellent genzine.

The Halfacon report held the most interest, of course, but the rest was quite fine as well. \$\$\$ I don't think being Jewish is such a bug about Christmastime ... hundreds of Jews in my acquaintance enjoy it along with the rest of us. I think it's being anti-Christianity. The holiday, coupled as it is with the splendid Hanukah, is a family time and celebrating that is a joy to all those who have good family lives. () A very very good Halfacon report, one very very good to read. I'm delighted you found the experience wrt the trip. You caught the essence of the Markstein-Walsh relationship. I like Walsh much more than I do Markstein -- though I'd trust Don M. much further than I would W. Sense of humor is my criterion, and enjoyment of company. Walsh is a cutthroat with the moral forthrightness of, say, a Flashman, but like Flashman he is also damned fun to be around in a bullshitting slimearound situation. Great bar compnay, in short. I can see how a more settled type would find him grating. (He's okay as long as you don't expect anything more than your own lowest rogueries.) but the Markstein act with him is boring and embarrassing. It embarrassed us all at the Haarts game in Ion's room, it has resulted in Heade's reputation being besmirched in general fandom, & I'm happy that you had no truck with it despite your friendship with Markstein and your negative appraisal of Walsh. Which is returned, by the way. ### No, lots of out-of-towners went on the tour of the Gras dens, a very successful part of the Con. So the Raast stayed where it belonged, at the end of the con, the highlight. \$\$\$ And hey, you're a fine man in person. I like and applaud your taste in women. You're a pompous old fart in print, of course, but what's the matter with that? No, no, don't worry about GHIIII. My opinion of Dave Hulan is much higher now than it was a year ago. And glad you appreciated the Roast -- we surely enjoyed your participation in it. \$\$\$ How about printing that disclaimer in the next HAI, okay? \$\$\$ Hilarious mythopoetic-on-stage nightmare ... a grimace of sympathetic horror. Ooh, I still have bad

dreams of such situations as yours, there on stage, doing my level best, while pandemonium broke loose all'bout me ... ~~====~~ Hmm, Locke lists his top ten TV shows. That's too wonderful a temptation to eschew: (1) THE TWILIGHT ZONE, half hour version, early seasons. Beyond foulest doubt the best show ever on the air. (2) THE NIGHT STALKER, also spooky, and ever funny, a wonderful experience. (3) THE DEFENDERS, in the seasons before it degenerated into a Martyr of the Week sob story. (4) ALL IN THE FAMILY. No kidding. (5) THE JACK BEENY PROGRAM. Consistently funny, brilliantly written, and with the inimitable Jack and his supporting crew. (6) THE UNTOUCHABLES. Now the mothuhfuckuhs down! Great theme music, too. (7) POLICE STORY -- as real as it gets, and good stuff. (8) ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS, the half hour jobs. This belongs up around '73 or '74. Absolute gold, with the higher caratge the credit of the introducer (introducer?). (9) THE AVENGERS, with Rigg, especially "The House that Jack Built". (10) STAR TREK. It -- hey, where did everybody go?

\$\$\$ The Haunt of Beer \$\$\$ Alan \$\$\$ Where's the old lady this go-round, bwah? ~~ccc~~ Fine cover leads off to the standard superb issue. Aren't you tired of excellence? Try mediocrity for a change. It'll do ~~my/stayings/in/the/~~ ~~Zeppos/~~ you good. Yeah, up surge the prices of postage, and people bitched because I raised the dues ... ~~ccc~~ Ah you Kncw(lan) all th quiz answers already. I had a Lloyd Nolan question all prepared for Halfacon's trivia contest, but couldn't find it in the shuffle, goopoo it. ~~ccc~~ See my Mardi Gras report for the best dead baby joke ever told in my presence. Oh, I see successes in raising people, too. And beautiful failures. And besides, what's a failure in this regard? Nobody's going to come out of life a perfection -- the best we can hope for is to show a little happiness and learn a little wisdom. One thing kids are is a repository for what we've learned (and I'm not talking about Andy Hardyesque lectures ... I'm speaking of brining attitudes to life through example). They're also fun to watch. As for the hassle of having kids, oh sure, we all know about that. But I think the joys compensate. Most of the parents I've known have said so. (For example, see the last page of ODIN ??!!.) ~~???~~ Three booksellers busted for selling SHOW ME? Don't their stores have anything better to sell? The thing is no pornography, of course, and people should be free to buy it if they're that stupid, but Lord, what a silly book. \$\$\$ I'm pissed at myself for missing the chance to introduce you to Suzy Chapman. You guys could have had a fascinating conversation about the CIA. A chance missed ... \$\$\$ I saw HOLY GRAIL. Unbelievably funny. How come the LAMPOON can't be that good? ~~&&~~ A space here to praise your wonderful illos for the Roast zine, terrific, glorious ... well, enough. () Interesting break since the "(): Walsh staggered in, looped, and we careened out into the streets. Albert Hoffmann picked us up and we rode around being gross to Al's girl friend Marge, who thinks all fans are crazy. Aspeldndid (who?) time was had by all concerned. ~~ccc~~ Something in me finds it grating that when a member chides others for failure to turn out hundreds of pages every mailing, he's cheered by a certain quarter, and then when he discovers that it can't always be done and says one should only produce what's fun at the time, he's cheered too, even though that's just what he spoke against in the first place. Personally, I think everyone should mc every SFPAzine and constantly be on the lookout for redheads to send to 631 Dauphine Street.

=====
"Holmes, Holmes, it's the redhead league all over again!"

"Don't sweat it, Witzend."

@@@ If P.L. doesn't come up with a copy of pages 1-2 of her Gerrold zine, I'll xerox mine. Assuming mine's complete. What mlg was that again? ~~7/7/76~~ Oddly enough, I store my (recent) mailings in the Hughes boxes -- I find very little wasted space. Don't have enough of them so stash the more recent of these recents in ~~recents~~ plastic sacks, standing upright on a shelf. \$\$\$ Your experience with the psychotic old nun yelling at you for reading FM reminds me of Mrs. Khan, the otherwise nice lady who tore up one of my SUPERMAN comics in front of my entire 4th grade class. I barely restrained the angry impulse to call her a bitch -- I knew the word -- and got her to apologize in front of everybody for losing her cool. Such teachers are in the wrong profession. This mama-san lasted another year before moving, as I vaguely recall it. %% 4 pm mail delivery is one of the world's worst drags. The other is Stanley who lives across the street. @@ You missed on #69 -- wanna bet this one we're in right now busts my pagecount record? () The intra-apartment-house guerrilla warfare bit reminds me so of Donald Duck fighting with his nasty neighbor -- remember the story I mean? The guy flies through a window and smashed his tape recorder, comes to and finds DD staring in bewilderment at him and screams "You're going to pay and pay and PAY for this!" == Whenever you see me, though, bwah, I am quiet, for me. People keep saying "What's the matter? Calm down!" and I keep replying "What for? For me, this is calm." @@ Have you and Weilage seen the LIFE Book for '75? They have an excised scene from JAWS that causes instant incontinence. That movie was superb, and will possibly win the Oscar, and it's weird to think that it could have been more frightening. I know that had that great conical snout risen out of the water to snap that guy in two they'd've had to scrape me out of the theatre with a squeegee. @@ Your mention of Herrmann gives an excuse to publically mourn the death of this most splendid of all film composers. His work was evocative, distinctive and stunning, from CITIZEN KANE to SISTERS. Envy Marc the recorded music to PSYCHO -- it's damn rare. @@ A correction: I didn't "say" what an apazine should be; far be it from me to say that they should be anything but Thy Own Thing. A rough $\frac{1}{2}$ and $\frac{1}{2}$ percentage works for me, most of the time, although this time I don't expect to do as much natterwise as mc'wise, which is wise @@ Hee hhee hhhee... @@ As I told you in the mail, I've never owed any pages to SFPA, not even as a waitlister, since I was never on the wl -- I just sent in my 9 crummy pages and a buck and was in. So cap me -- and maybe add an underscore to show how truly special and wonderful I am in the Pages-Owed Scores. \$\$\$ Speaking of special and wonderful, thanks again for a terrific zine. The Kurtzman takeoff caps it like the halved cherry atop the banana split. Yummy, love those ... I can't say it.

==ADDITIONS & .CORRECTIONS==

I didn't mention it earlier, but my VDRL was negative, my SMA-12 tests were all normal, and my CBC was magnificent. In short, disgusting health. (Except for my injured foot.)

No sooner does the corflu dry on my mc to Gary Brown than a plot is revealed wherein a local creep, Gordon Novel (implicated in some way with Garrison's JFK killing probe!), paid some guy to firebomb some buildings in the Central Business District as part of an insurance fraud! This typewriter must be magic.

And the final winner of the Best Bit honor this time -- Hank Reinhard takes it for the account of his daughters listening to him snore!

=====
While Holmes remained in the library, doing heaven knows what, I turned the next page in the ever-more-puzzling stack of papers. What followed confused me greatly -- anew. Who was Oscar? What were the questions this Oscar had put to the readers of ... whatever this was ... and when? All of it continued to perplex me ...
=====

ANSWERS

OSCAR QUIZ 1

ANSWERS

1. Terry Molloy.
2. Sunrise, Street Angel, 7th Heaven. Frank Borsage, 7th Heaven
3. A mouse eats its way through the wall; a bat flies in the window, circles the room, attacks the mouse; a stream of blood runs down the wall.
4. Something of a goof. I should have said "What starring actor has appeared in the most Best Pictures?" The answer to that is Clark Gable, 3: IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT, MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY, GONE WITH THE WIND, VIVIENNE WESTWOOD. However, supporting actor Donald Crisp also appeared in three -- and won an Oscar himself for one, HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY -- and there are undoubtedly more such examples around. The two-timers are many, the most recent starring actor being Al Pacino, for THE GODFATHER and THE GODFATHER PART II.
5. Laurence Olivier, for HAMLET.
6. "He was a moment in the history of man."
7. Eve White, Eve Black, Jane.
8. POCKETFUL OF MIRACLES and MURDER, INC.
9. Vito Corleone; Marlon Brando in THE GODFATHER and Robert de Niro in PART II. Henry VIII won an Oscar for Charles Laughton and nominations for Robert Shaw and Richard Burton.
10. Dorothy Dandridge, CARMEN BABY, a great movie.
11. Gary Cooper, yup.
12. The Walls of Jericho.
13. Spencer Tracy.
14. Easy Rider, Five Easy Pieces, The Last Detail, Chinatown.
15. Jeez -- Maximilian Schell, Gregory Peck, Sidney Poitier, Rex Harrison, Lee Marvin, Paul Scofield, Rod Steiger, Cliff Robertson, John Wayne. In short, all of them, except Burt Lancaster.
16. 5 winners, 10 nominations
17. Mrs. Van Daan
18. "All the rest," said von Turk. "I mean, that he was nominated for," I explained. The answer is one, for SERGEANT YORK.
19. Shirley Booth - COME BACK LITTLE SHEBA. Frank Sinatra and Donna Reed - FROM HERE TO ETERNITY. Anna Magnani - THE ROSE TATTOO. Shirley Jones - ELMER GANTRY (for which he won his). Max Schell - JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.
20. Fay Bainter, 1938. She won Best Supporting Actress, for JEZEBEL, lost Best Actress.

Now several of these answers could be considered incorrect thanks to the latest set of Oscar nominations -- add ONE FLEW OVER THE CUCKOO'S NEST to the list of Nicholson's bids, for instance. And if DOG DAY AFTERNOON wins the Best Picture award (not likely) Al Pacino will join Gable up there in question 4. But let's just say on the spot that the quiz was written before the new nominations appeared and should be answered accordingly.

By the way, while I have the space, this fanzine is being constructed in February and (perhaps) March of 1976, and is GHILLI Press Pub #261, operating at a frequency of 10,000 amps with antennas located at 631 Dauphine Street, New Orleans, Louisiana, 70112.

"Holmes! Dash it all! Holmes!"

My friend appeared in the door to the library, a thick volume in his hand, a satisfied but energetic look on his face. "You sound perturbed, Witzend. May I hazard a guess why?"

"Do so!" I laughed, "and be damned! I have solved the mystery!"

Holmes crossed to his easy chair, tossed the heavy book he was carrying onto the table beside it, catapulting several chicken bones to the carpet, and idly began to pick his nose. "A fanzine, Witzend! Correct?"

"Yes, obviously. Mailing comments, personal natter, what else could it be?"

"Capital. Now why us?"

"He wants us to print the thing for him! He's worried that he won't be able to get it run off in time for the deadline!"

"Superior reasoning, my friend... it matches my own perfectly. Anything more?"

"The author is Steve Hughes."

My friend startled and upset me by laughing in my face. "Nonsense, Witzend. Gaze about you. These pages which you hold contain typographical errors, to be sure, but nothing like the monuments to un-coordination the standard Steve Hughes zine represented. No, I too thought of Hughes when the pages came to me ... recall that Hughes is a great Holmes fan. But I'm afraid simple literacy on the part of our mysterious author lets him out."

"Then the auhtor must be Dave Hulan."

Holmes roared with laughter. I felt my ears turn a feiry crimson.

"Please , Witzend, please. My heart. What reminds you in this zine of Dave Hulan?"

"Well," I demurred, "nothing. But he sent it to us on plain white paper. It is obvious that he meant xerox to be the method of reproduction. Hulan's xerox was a trademark of SFPA during the early part of '75."

"Piff and poff, Witzend. Did you not read the pages you hold in your hands? Where are the foot-long paragraphs of argument and factual forth-holding? Where the elite type? The writer even criticizes, in a fun way of course, obviously meaning only friendly jest, New York City culture, which is as we all know primarily Jewish. No, it is not Hulan. Hardly."

"Then ... ~~Charles~~ Korbas?"

"On behalf of the author of the work, I kick you in the stomach." And Holmes did just that.

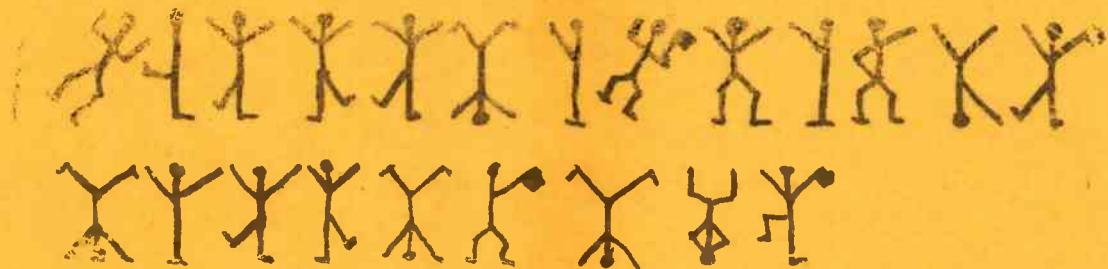
"Then who," I moaned. "Who did this zine? What is its title? Why are we here? Where did you go to school before Junior High?"

"Grammar, my good Witzend. And to answer your queries in reverse order ...

"1st, we receive a package in the post. It is a fanzine, that I saw at once. No other group of mailing citizens uses jetpaks except fans and dealers in rare books. Obviously this pile of shit is no

rare book. We're here first to mimeo and print the zine, if not ourselves then through a fannish contact. Also, we're here to provide the author with some sort of schtick to hold his zine together.

"2nd, the title. Ah, a great puzzle. No doubt one could ferret out the meaning of our dancing fen through diligent cryptography & whatnot, etaooin shrdlu and all you want of that, but instead I have ferreted out the meaning of



through far craftier means."

"What, Holmes, what?"

Holmes picked up the volume by his side. "By consulting the COMPLETE STORIES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, my good man. Why waste all that effort when Conan Doyle did it for me seventy-plus years ago. Our author merely utilized one of the oldest codes in popular literature as a clever device to make his fanzine look cute. Sending it to us to print is merely another way of looking swift in the eyes of his fellow members. What an asshole!"

"I have to agree, Holmes. This author of ours is a turkey par excellance."

"Who else could it be but --"

And at that point Holmes' statement was interrupted, nay ended forever, by the sudden entrance through our north wall of a Mack truck going at 95 miles per hour. Holmes was squashed like a sour grape, I was pressed into the treads of both front and back tires, and write these words from Heaven. In the cab of the truck sat FOSCO PIVA -- and this is what he sang:

"LET THEM FANZINES ROLL -

TEN - FOUR!"



