

Observe my cover.

Look at that clown. Grinning like Jimmy Carter ...doesn't he know he's just a bunch of numbers, letters, squiggles and dots?

Amen.

It's November 3rd, 1976. Yesterday I told Linda Karrh, whom I met in the Quarter, that it was like the morning before the Battle of Gettysburg, like 6:30 a.m. 12/7/41 at Pearl Harbor, a day that would make a difference, an election that would make a difference, 1912, 1932, 1960

When I heard that the voting was heavy, I knew Jimmy Carter had it. Of course, I had to wait until dawn today to know it for sure ... but the gloom and marasmus that had fallen over all dissipated in the bright blaze of possibility that the morning brought. I voted at 7 a.m My little vote made a difference, too. Because it was tight. Tight.

But Carter won. The South took the country -- that solid South gave the election to one of its own; a liberal, the Republicans thought he could be painted as an outsider to the people of the old Confederacy. I guess we showed them.

Ideology is not the only piece in the Southern puzzle. And it is not what truly matters to a true greycoat.
What counts to us is heritage, and inner strength, and courage. Jimmy Carter, for all his faults, offered us that.

Look out, USA. You won't condescend to the South, ever again. We have shown you. We have shown you that there is now no difference between us. The South rejoins America ... America rejoins the South. It is a great day.



Spiritus Mundi 36 I guess you could say that yesterday's results made me mildly happy. I've supported Carter since January, risked death at the fangs of Secret Servicemen to to shake his hand at a private party, just last Saturday crowded into a corner of Jackson Square to hear him give a speech. (He looked exhausted and unsure, ut unlowed, and now I'll be he just can't keep that incredible smile from leaming.) Thoughts of his possible defeat in the cast week threw me into the gutter of absolute melancholy where I scarfed the bitter wine of empty despair ... I raged at the opposition like a fiend; (see my mc to FUTURE RETRO-SPECTIVE 8), and now feel kind of ashamed of treating poor old Jerry Ford so harshly. After all, I was damned glad to get him two years ago. I'm damned glad to replace him today.

Mostly, I am glad to see that Americans are not as frightened and timid and afraid of the future and of its possi ilities and risks as I had thought. Ferhaps this is not yet a menopausic nation of fear, yet. There is still the spirit to change and to experiement and to take risks on the new and mysterious ... hell, one year ago today, had you mentioned the name of the 39th Fresident of the United States, the laughter would have collapsed walls.

This is still one helluva fun country to live in. And its dreams still have merit. Nelson Rockefeller tried to buy the Fresidency for years. He had everything. Good looks, money, position, money, a family name that causes marrow to shrivel within the lone, money ... and he could not do it. Jimmy Carter is going to be President because he wanted to be President and he worked hard and he used his brains and ... he trusted the poepl.

I will never forget that lonely figure in the Democratic propaganda film ... one little man with sandy hair and a ig nose (every feature somewhat outlandish) uttonholing shoppers on the street in some nothing town somewhere in noweheresville, USA. Which nothing shopper may well have cast the vote that gave that frail figure with his fistful of pamphlets that little state that made all the difference in the world yesterday.

Jimmy Carter owes the American people excepthing. Time for the cheering to stop, now. Now, we watch. He'll have to learn and he'll make a few fuckups. But he'll learn. And America will never be the same. He tells us we can depend on him to do his est. Now that it comes down to it, I can only say Jimmy, you etter.

I think he will.

+=+=+=+

So Jimmy Carter pulled it through. That still doesn't explain all the teeth in the computer portrait (reduced approximately 10,0 from the original) adorning this issue of SPIRITUS FUNDI, the 36th, GHIIII Press Publication #287. You'd think the subject had a new job he really enjoyed, or something.

Give that man a contract! He's get brains! Yes, I'm enjoying the hell out of my little bureaucratic position in the Gretna office of the Louisiana Department of Employment Security. You've read in KISS YOUR HERE ORNOIDS GOOD YE earlier this mailing the genesis of the new je': it continues interestingly to this day. I'm in Claims, which is to say that I'm the guy the poor unemployed schnook tells his story to. It's a

trip. Fisherman from Empire, Louisiana, ignorant as the trees yet inspiring in their faith ... "April'll come." they shrug. And with April the new fishing season. The working men with huge families, their dignity on the line ... the secretaries with their lurid tales of bosses luring them apartmentwards, more than dictabelts being loosened. I've found I like dealing with the public and can handle the contact well, one-to-one, person-to-person. I hope I can help and make them feel better in doing so.

My fellow workers are interesting in their own right. The fellow to my left is an ex-priest, the youngest 55 I've ever met. Two desks behind me is the girl responsible for my training, who had when I met her a familiar cast of face. Sure enough, even though I'd never seen her before, she was a North Carolina Tarheel, indeed hailing from UNC-G. We were there for some simultaneous years, though our paths probably never crossed.

It's fun. It's an infinite improvement. It'll do, for now.

It also pays enough better that I am making a major investment as this issue of SM is being published. I'm buying

W*Y O*W*N W*I*M*E*O !*!*!*!

Thish will be borne personally by me to Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and the home and mimeo of Joseph McMdry, A.B., M.A., and his wife Phyliis, soon to have her M.A. (I just thought of the best pun...), there to be run off. (Not me; the zine!) The machine waiting there for me is a twin of Joe's, so I anticipate learning to turn my own crank while sliding SM36 through Joe's. It's exciting. Six years a SFPAn ... & I'm just getting a machine of my own. Remember the feeling, youelder gawds? My first production from this mechanism will probably appear in this mlg.

f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x+f+l+i+x

CARRIE is VERY SCARY. There's a review in a simple line. It is also effective, compassionate, funny, and right-on about that four-year torture trail, American high school. Sissy Spacek is superb. The characterizations are perfect ... especially the wellmeaning Superjock and his girl friend. The best frightflick since DON'T LOOK NOW. And it'd scare the piss out of a statue.

MARATHON MAN features a stunning performance by Olivier, a confusing plot, a great character: a Nazi dentist fully the most terrifying creature to get foot on charactic New York since MING KONG, A priceless swene as this monstrosity stalks the Jew-filled streets of NY's Diamond Exchange, his cockiness giving way to justified fear that his crimes are catching up to him. He's a creature of absolute evil in a relativistic world; it's a very very fine film because of this character and Olivier's consummate interpretation. Dynamite thriller, good for the juices. Let'em flow.

Much less impressive is THE FRONT, a film supposedly about blacklisting that evolves into a weak Woody Allen vehicle. It was a mistake to cast Allen and Zero Mostel in this film, even though Mostel really was a victim. These comic titans overwhelm anything they touch, and the seriousness of the subject matter and the theme is too delicate for their heavyhandedness. THE FRONT is a sad failure, unworthy of its principals ... or its principles.

(Or, if you wish, "Mail")

Dear Guy H. Lillian III,

//From HANK REINHARDT//

As I have said many times, the thought that there are three more like you is frightening..... // Three more? My father & late grandfather are only two, & I've been careful to forestall the advent of a fourth! //

Many thanks for the printing of ODIN...if you would like, for a small fee I'll be glad to autograph a copy for you....in blood, and since you're squeamish...would gladly do it in Carlberg's or Hulan's...fact is, I may end up with enough blood to write a book....something on the order of "Why it is unwise to betray Hank Reinhardt in a Diplomacy Game"... Speaking of which, it's a shame that you don't play...of course you're still learning to play Hearts....and from the game in Atlanta, you still got a long way to go....never in the History of Hearts have I seen a more perfect hand, nor one so completely blowneven Carlberg could have done better...../Hank, anyone could

Hank, anyone could have passed away the King, been passed all the other high Hearts and the Queen, and botched the run!//

//Hank here discusses the current Diplomacy tilts ... revealing some state secrets that I, as loyal servant of Lord Ulric, will not reprint. Personal material relating to occupation is also amitted. If he wants to talk about job-hunting, he can do his own zine! I'm through with that hassle for awhile!//

Valerie Proctor still mentions meeting you, poor child, to be so starved for strangeness that she feels meeting Guy Lillian III was a definite "event" in her life...//Uh ... Val and her whole family know

you, WolfLord, and the girl is starved for strangeness? Hoo, I gotta sit down. Oh, I am sitting down. Then, I gotta stand up.//

The DSC in B'ham should be a ball, what with me Master of Ceremonies of Door Meade and Penny, they have no idea of the "Ceremonies" that I have planned...(if I can get Carlberg here, we're going to sacrifice a virgin to capture a Unicorn)...come to think of it, if you're here, we'll have two...//Not two virgins, certainly. Two very horny critters, me and the unicorn, mebbe...//

Have just traded my .35 cal lever action rifle on a semi-automatic Ruger Mini-14. It fires a .223 (the military round used in Vietnam, but with no hassles on the rifle jamming) and it is one potent little devil. Killing power is tremendous...read a full report in my zine next issue...beautiful little weapon....almost as good as a good knife....//Let me borrow it for my next visit to Cinema 16.//

Dear Mr. Lillian,

Thank you for your very kind note.

Dan's death is a great loss to us, but it is a release for him and for his family. We telephoned Carmel, and offered our condolences. She said that she is going to Hollan to see a new grandchild who was born just before Dan died, and will be there for a while.

Meanwhile, if Dan did not appoint a literary executor in his will, we have offered to assist Carmel in any way in which we are able with copyright renewal and so on. It was all that we were able to do from this distance.

And, if you have no objection, I will pass your sentiments about Dan on to Carmel; I am certain that she will be pleased about it.

Sincerely, VIRGINIA HEINLEIN.

//The "Dan" Mrs. Heinlein refers to is, of course, Daniel F. Galouye. I of course gave Mrs. H my permission for the quote of my letter; she had asked me if it could be communicated in a part of the letter I've omitted.//

Dear Guy,

Now we get to the good part -- my refutation of some damfool things you said in SM#34 mc's. The vast majority of Catholics don't "churn out babies for tradition's sake." 73% of American Catholics go against the Papl policy regarding birth control, & no telling how many more won't admit to it. In Europe it's long been customary to ignore inconvenient decrees. //A paragraph about the unfeasibility of adoption follows.// I can't really argue with those who claim abortion is murder. Itprobably is. But if they're so anxious to bring children into the world, they should pay for and raise the spares.

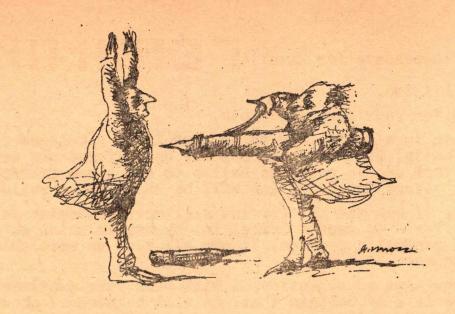
You also made the interesting statement that you're bald because you screw so much. Considering the relationship between testosterone and the gene for baldness, it might be just as accurate to say that you screw so much because you're bald.

cure for hair loss - castration. Not only would you keep your hair, but you wouldn't have to share, your vocal range would increase fremendously, and you'd be able to get a plush job as a harem guard.

Love & kisses, VALERIE (PROCTOR).

//Who also sent me a copy of a nifty personalzine she's just begun, WHAT ABOUT FRED SCHWARTZ? It's printed on 14 inch paper, but contains a weird DSC report; there she picked up her title, from an offhand remark by Jerry Page. Also in the zine is a short piece on digitology, which makes more sense than it seems to at first, and a funny song about the author of the letter on the opposite page. Her mama wrote too.

//Which brings us to SM36's DEDICATION ... no surprise, it goes to Valerie Proctor, who earns the added distinction of being the youngest SM dedicatee. At least, she's the dedicatee born last ... I think Janet Davis was also 16 when she won her zine, but that was three years ago. Hooray for the family Proctor of B'ham Alabam', and especially Valerie. What about Fred Schwartz?//



MGs on Big 73

Let us begin.

The Southerner #73/SCOE

A word to say it all: awesome. 880 pages, and by far, most of those pages lively, friendly, faanish and fine. We all should take bows to self-applause, but our mad Baptist OE should take the deepest and most; he merits them with his steady competence, fairness, & spirit. +++ It's bad to lose Kevin, but with JoAnn so high on the wl, he's sure to poke his nose into SFPA bizness again. And at least we have the bummishness of Spanier to add to the multitudinous virtues of SFPA...assuming that he heeds his invitation. +++ 15th anniversary. 15 years is more than half my life. Awesome. Absolutely awesome.

DEGODOO Ballot/SCOE

Excellent! Great ballot design. In addition to my vote for Stven, I managed to overcome a certain distaste, shall we say, for the compiler to place the monster INDEX atop the Zine of the Year poll, followed by COLMIC ANGEL FORNIES #6 and ODIN #?!!. The authors of the latter zines, plus Inzer, received masses of GHLIII poll points, though I'm pleased to say that the 300 votes allocated gave me something for everybody.

Red, White, and Booze #1/Wells

Dying words are fascinating. You've probably heard of Dutch Schultz's farewell to the world, a meandering mumble spiced withsuch quasi-poetic gems as "A boy is never wed, nor dashed with a thousand kin." He must've been talking about something, there in the throes of lead poisoning; any ideas?

Something Still Gets Left Behind #?/P.L. The Z.Z.Top cover reminds me of their gig in the Sugar Bowl last summer; it turned into the worst riot this burg has

seen in years. I avoided it, & I'm glad -- I'm just not as fast on my feet as I was at 19 and 20 in Berserkley. +++ Reneged again! But DSC was a red delight again. Keep it crimson, Crimson.

New_Orleans_in_'79_ad

A caption contest on a cartoon which doesn't need a caption. Boutillier posted these
things all over Kansas City, & the best line appended to any showed
in an elevator. It went, "See you in Britain," as no doubt we will.

Ristorante Wilderness #9/Atkins
I enjoy the continuing madness of this gleeful series as I enjoyed

John Wayne movies at age 3. Had no idea what was happening, but had a helluva good time in the audience anyway. This mlg's batch of WIL
DERNESSES was the funniest yet. Play on!

The Galactic Heritage Almanac/Moudry

College orals are a horror

I never had to live through,
since the MFA didn't require them. What could Fred Chappell have
asked me, had UNC-G had that rule? "Well, Guy, what is 'art'?" "It's
what comes before "Linkletter'!" "Damn straight." +++ Surprise to
us both, I bet -- MidAmeriCon's attendance was under 3000.

I Remember Scrooge Part Two/Hutch

I like this edition better than
the first -- the cover is even
better. Some of my favorite Scrooge yarms are described herein ...
"The Twenty-four Carat Moon" ... "The Flying Dutchman", wherein Barks

"The Twenty-four Carat Moon" ... "The Flying Dutchman" wherein Barks made full use of his talents for chilly suspense & large, awe-inspiring vistas ... and that magnificent "A Cold Bargain". Memory always called the ball of bombastium "blomsbottom" for some reason. Wonderful stuff, and your love for the wonder makes this an effective, happy, thoroughly "up" zine. Thanks for helping us all remember Scrooge just a little bit better. And your painting ... brilliant. Just so.

Wirthsky and Hutch/Self

It gladdens me to report that both artist officers recoevred from the wounds suffered at the hands of the sword-swinging maniac, and their adventures will be reported to STPA as they occur. But not on xerox: the Employment office has only a pitiful Pitney-Bow es ... in plain view of everyone in the whole place.

Ehh, rewrite your poem and shade down some of the purple, and then hit up one of the journals with it. Remember Chappell's gripe from his poem to me in RIVER on the subject of science fiction, that "the poets" were ignoring "all that pure data, those images, that new / access to unplumbable reaches of space-time." Stab here at correcting matters, & good for it. +++ However, I wouldn't be too

correcting matters, & good for it. +++ However, I wouldn't be too sure that Billy, Meade IV, and Eric will not see things that would astonish you, in their lives. Even if the Frierson curse of a 57 year limitation on things persists, Eric will see 2030. I wouldn't even hazard a guess as to what next Tuesday will be like. Perhaps the moon will have a golden crown, and the stars will weave webs between their fires. Anything can happen ... personally, I like this era, too.

I'm fascinated...but dissatisfied.

This is Huitloxopetl the Feedbackzine/MFIII

Gad, all this info on legal drunkensss. You

sure are a great booklearner (haw haw haw). Lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine ... mine booze, that is. I recently bought my first bottle of wine earmarked, or tonguemarked, for my own use, Lancer's Vinho Branco. It's okay but will never replace Coke. +++ You should've postmailed deVore's stuff to preserve his string; SAPS isn't as hot on those things as SFPA, but it matters, it matters. +++ I don't think Suncon's sent my membership stuff yet, either ... while Phoenix has our membership cards out already. '77 could be an unlucky year ...

Glum Sku Badfu Yu #17/Markstein

If you didn't have Korbas you'd've had to invent him. Christ.

Order with a capital "O" has a distinctly authoritarian, nay even totalitarian, ring to it, especially when applied to thinking. Praise God for holy septic imagination and its parents intuition and non-structure. +++ Larry Epke tells the tale of his sympathy for "the other side" after hearing your accounts of matters NoLan differently than do you -- no surprise there -- but if you want to believe that it was your innate sense of fairness and generosity and magnaminity that showed him The Light, go right ahead. +++ Where else besides that car race story with the judge and the litter did Barks take advantage of Donald Duck's license number? (That's not a trivia challenge, it's a wondering.)

Oh, a second game coming up. Swell. Without the press releases, y'know, this stuff is just filler and dull besides.

In Memory of the Diamond Sutra/Moudry

Indeed, the \$-eyed leeches of the comics world are com-

ing too close to our sacred inviolate halls of faanishness. I suggest we buy fast and hoard our goodies — there isn't enough material around to satisfy their gluttony for profit and they may leave us be once they see that there's not as much dough in s.f. and s&s than there is in comics. Fray for this eventuality. +++ And how about letting us know just what was in THE DIAMOND SUTRA, now that we know it exists?

introducing Benjamin Gutenberg von Morris/Moudry

If you think I'm gonna badmouth

the machine that will probably bring these stencils to life, these very waxen pages, you're crazier than Lester hiding his eyes from the stripper at MAC. I hope that 3rd Gestetner is still there ... I'm hot to trot now that I might have a couple of quarters to spend on such luxuries.

Zero/Markstein

That about sums it up. No, wait ... I'm reminded of the time I busted a Selectric element. Dropped the goddam thing on the floor. Results of the catastrophe can be seen in SPIRITUS MUNDI #6, SFPA mailing 44. A letter or two wouldn't type; a tooth was gone. I put the broken tooth under my pillow & got a nickel for it.

The Right to Say "Shit" #2/Self

Connors has effectively disappeared since winning that great U.S. Open;

that eliminates most of the excitement in watching tennis for me. What personality there is in the game is compressed into two players, & if I want to hear cussing and bulling a la Nastase, I can get that beating Walsh at chess Saturday nights. +++ Anyone notice the little map I Piva drew on the ball on this cover? Or the Piva self-portrait in the same place on the premiere issue? I have to underline all my tricks...

No One Expects the SFPA Inquisition #2/Several Bananas

You talking to me? Huh?

Huh? I don't see anyone else aroundhere. You talking to me? From the looks of this loony oneshot, an Apollo 18 without enough oxygen in the suit tanks, you could have used a Thud or two on the keys. Hammer thuds. Woo woo; other green, leafy plants besides trees went to the blade to provide sustenance for this oneshot, I do believe.

The New Port News #45/Brooks

All hail the Rebel Award winner! What did you do with the plaque? +++ I

forgive you in my godlike munifiscence (sp?) for miscollating the NYAPA-zine I asked you to print, but I still don't understand how you could have imagined that a full-page illo like the Durer-Piva collaboration (it covered SM32, too) could be anything but a cover. Aggh. +++ Fred Brown's KNOCK THREE-ONE-TWO was one of the first books I scanned for the dirty parts when I was just splashing through into puberty. I used to sneak into my parents' closet while they were downstairs and breathe heavy over the lurid passages therein. Which seem so tame now. I learned one or two interesting things about feminine anatomy from it, though. They've even proved to be true.

Tales Calculated to Poke Your Eye Out! / Hutchinson

Consider it done!
A splendid 3-D

cover illo ... it's truly touching that you went to so much work for SFPA. The final result is exceptional. I expect that ye to bounce off the page and onto the floor. (Oops, there it goes ...) +++ Don't fret about not understanding the WITLESSNESS wap notation. I made it up, trying to imitate Diplomacy's, & as a result, you can count on it making no sense whatsoever. +++ Neal Pozner's 34-page 4 sq. inch zine was THE BOOK OF GAFF, which ran through NYAPA too, I'm caricatured in it, & my drawing of Korbas in NYAFA inspired the blackfaced head in the same drawing. It's an hilarious work. +++ Joe Moudry is #24 in the SFPA portrait. There went all those Good Guy poll points to you from Tusaaloosa down the chute. +++ Gad, don't bother with the X-rated ALICE. Terrible songs, no humor, dull sex scenes, rotten acting, \$3. I could have saved the three bucks and had some real jollies, like spending it on three copies of IN THE DARK. +++ Name three of the actors in "The Monsters are Due on Maple Street." Go ahead. +++ There could be several local fringe fans in NOLa...but there aren't. There's Couzint. Who denies everything said about him in that zine T-- S----. +++ Gee, somebody backstabbed me with that parody, & you won't tell who it is? My how you've changed in a year. +++ Marriage thoughts? Seeearlier on this zine. You're a very perceptive young man, Mr. Hutch. By the way -- how did you meet Rosie? +++ Nonsense. Nixon's enemies list was drawn up with the specific purpose of exacting venegance on its members. He had the tool to do it, too -- the IRS. The polltaking

with SFPA 69 was more in the manner of a politician reading editorial response to an opponent's attack and keeping a running score of how he was doing. Retribution? The six-page guffaw in SFPA 70 answered that screwy accusation. +++ You and I had the same thought regarding Ned's title. He really did do a genzine called THE NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS, and I suggested that he revice it as THE NEW NEW NEWPORT NEWS NEWS, and do a oneshot about the revival called THE NEW NEW NEWPORT NEWPORT NEWPORT NEW NEWS. Which is news to me. +++ Right, THE REINHARDT ROAST is ours, boobie. Don't let them weasel it away from us creditwise. +++ Neat bacover ... and an extra-neat Hutchzine.

Dwerd's Dwelling 25/Reed Huzzah! People springing up like Reeds in Hurtsville! How's it feel, Dad? Hooray for humanity! Bring Reed Jr. & your swell frau Bev to the DSC! +++ I enjoyed the analysis of GUILIVER'S TRAVELS, and I think looking at the book in terms of contemporary (to Swift) politics would shed further light. Everything written in that furshlugginer century dealt in some form or another with politics ... which is one reason I usually let the 18th century go when it comes to literary enjoyments. (Except for Swift ... can't get enough of that Swiftian stuff.) +++ I liked your poetry! Let's have more. +++ I see weber wasn't the only sucker shriddk fella beguiled by the I CAN'T GET NO fakery. I wish there wer e Box Scores this mailing so I can see if Atkins was fooled. (Ha.) +++ LIFE's special issue on Mars would be a little dull, methinks ... after you've seen the two 360° vistas, what more can you see? +++ Flowery phraseology, I protest, serves at disgusting times such as you reption, and I discuss briefly earlier in this zine, to underline that revoltingness in a humorous way. I believe in a certain amount of incongruity; spices things up. +++ Good zine this time -- but then you started it with some of the best news we've heard this year. Happy papahood, Dwerd.

One Million Marching Martian Merkins #1/Moudry

Naw, the South earned the title of "Dixie" from the best Dixon or Mason-Dixon Line. "Hey, wanna come up and spread peanut butter on my Confederate flag?" That was the Mason-Dixon line.

You Speak of Zani Chada/Reed No I didn't. And wouldn't in a mill ion years.

Get Me to the Church on Time/Reed Thoroughly squalid oneshot. I think I liked ZANI CHADA better.

Unreal Reality 103/weber Good cover; you're doing well penning onto mimeo. +++ Sailing capitalessly along, hookless, until I reach your query/comment on the cost of producing Hugos. I talked to the fella in charge of MAC's awards, & asked that very question. His answer: "Around forty bucks each." Estimating ten Hugos per worldcon, plus sundry special awards, you can see how the budget for this aspect of a con mounts up. Still, the Hugos are cheap, compared to the Nebulas ... or to the Oscars, which cost about \$250@ several years ago and are probably more than that now. +++ Haha, did you get snookered by the Californians' (or whoever's, who cares) I CAN'T GET NO. Don't feel too bad; I was fooled a couple of mlgs ago.

Yeah, Freas gives good talks on all aspects of commercial art. He talked about Laser at DSC, too, with demonstrations from the covers. Disgraceful that he won another Hugo for those covers, though ... although, of course, he could have drawn stick figures and won it just as easily. +++ These Gestetners cost me \$5.50, without film. This SM, by the way, is the first all Gestetner issue, and the first non-Four-hole since #24. Isn't that nice. +++ No, one could "admit" that Nixon was a great man, too. You can admit falsehood if your head's twisted on wrong. I'll admit that. Is this where you get admitted to night school? I used to work down the hall from East Admit. +++ Fictional, huh? Nope. Time foryou to admit something. Some of us, m.w., are born with great builds. Some of us born skinny wimps. Some of us compensate with bluster. Some of us cultivate their intuition and instincts. And I hope the subject of this silly conversation is evident to all reading it. It's spelled S-E-C-K-S, if you're Juhn Guidry ... +++ I did the crossword puzzle at your place in August. Neat ending to a good if onesided mczine.

Do Not Fragile for Neats/weber Pretty good faanfic, but I think the round-robin schtick won't take hold. I suggest you continue it yourself if other members feel the same way. It's your yarn -- don't let it die unraveled!

Everybody's a Star/weber

I'll say this again in this me section, but I for one don't regard Korbas' boot as "censorship". As I said in SM34, what offended me about the twerp was not his sappy provide-scientific pontification, but his attitude of hostility and utter lack of humor. His ideas were silly, sure, but I'd never condemn a man because he had ideas different from mine. +++ You have a neat apartment, although it could use some furniture. Firm corners, I must say. +++ I avoided the Great American Scream Machine -- and the Great Gasp -- while in Atlanta. Thank God. I get loose bowels facing a steep flight of stairs. Carnival rides are a little much for my delicate disposition. +++ Bah, SWASHBUCKLER was awful. All these 40ish farts running around with turgid dialog, rictussed smirks, and sucked-in guts. Gimme CAPTAIN BLOOD on the late show.

Mike and Susan Go to Atlanta/weber

Sent everything in at once, huh, mike? +++ Nice little account.

Wendy's hamburger shop is a quantum leap above the more common chain restaurants, but I fear I'll have to avoid it, too, on my next visit.

My poor guts can't take it.

Dittos & Mimeos & Xeroxes & Offsets/Hutch Great cover. That commercial is wasted on Satur-

day mornings. +++ I haven't had to sleep on my couch for six years -- having never owed pages to SFPA in that long. Had to sleep on Meade's one time, though. +++ Trivia answers. (1) Huckleberry Hound, Bugs Bunny, Mickey Mouse. (2) Dale is merely choking on a peach pit. Woodn't you know. (3) Laugh-In, The Outer Limits, Rat Patrol and Rin Tin Tin. Goldie Hawn starred in Laugh-in and NFL Action. (4) The Andrews Sisters. (5) And Como replies, "16th President, bwah." (6) Harry Hemmorhoid. (7) Fooey -- I know that cartoon like I know my birth cerificate, but can't remember. (8) Who the hell cares? (9) Lloyd Nolan. Old boy gets around. (10) Frizzle-frazzle, frazzle-frome, time for this one to come home. **4-1- Teah -- who was Nancy Cup's birdwatching boyfriend?

Rivercon II sounds like a worthy successor to last year's won-

dercon. Cliff Amos, you deserve Southern fandom's highest thanks for your brilliant new series of conventions. +++ Oh, hi, Gary. +++ I never had any trouble with the bubblestyle jetpaks while I was OE --I think. Maybe Houston's mailhandlers are meaner on packages than NOLA's. +++ Was that Theresa at the DSC? Very cute girl, Steele, but like you she needs a new hairdo. +++ Go ahead and try a Fu Manchu novel. Sweet and sour sauce adds the distinctive touch. Of course, an hour later you're hungry again. +++ I've always liked APARTMENT 3-G. I want Margo's body. Also ON STAGE, an excellent strip ... wish they'd bring back Maximus, the horror actor -- with no face. +++ Personally, I think Roger Moore made a much better Sherlock Holmes than did Plasticman Larry Hagman. Moore has a great penchant for playing great detectives: the Saint, James Bond (who shall qualify as a detective for the purposes of this argument), Holmes. Of course, his characterizations are far from the quality of the originals (George Sanders, Sean Connery, Basil Rathbone, as if I had to tell you), but still, it's a distinction. +++ Sure, talk cameras all you wish. I took a good, though slightly under-exposed portrait of you at DSC. It's yours for a quarter if you want it. +++ Hmm, I did send you a copy of the Ali/Eric photo ... but no matter if it was lost in the mail. You'll see it soon, right Meade? +++ More Hdmes natter ... what'd you think of the erstwhile John Steed as Watson? +++ Good bacover ... and a good issue. Meow and all that.

Amen, the SFC patch is beautiful.

I only wish I had some place besides a hole in my jeans to sew it. It merits better. +++ Yes, I enjoyed the drive up to KC greatly, and thank you. I didn't give nearly enough space to the Brazier visit; a fun faanish moment. I must say,

enough space to the Brazier visit; a fun faanish moment. I must say, though, that you and Al Fitzpatrick have no taste in music. +++ Amazing how close the Tolkien pronunciations come to Cthulhuese.

Fried Zanies Throw Up Shoes/me, alss, among others Considering the contents, this

could just as well have been titled FRIED XANIES THROW UP FRIED ZANIES THROW UP SHOES. Bad. B-A-D. Bad.

Sex Starved Pirate Stories/Jennings
I hate to say this to the apartounder, whose hunce and sense

I respect and enjoy immensely ... but you got us wrong. Korbas' ideas were not the question. Sure, everyone, effectively, in the apa expressed thoroughgoing disagreement and in some cases disgust with his "fact"-strewn racist twaddle. But hardly anyone mentioned this conflict in voting to show Charles what the do' was fo'. He simply could not address the question in a non-antagonistic fashion. He responded to every disagreement with vitriol -- I don't think that's too harsh a statement -- and who needs that? Our "opinions" were not at issue; had any effort to b-ball the nitwit stated its basis as opinion disagreements, I would have violently opposed it. But it was not so based; this vote slammed the door on someone who really, truly was uninterested in SFPA as people. And people's what this apa is all about. +++ Oh yes ... I loved this zine. It was funny, well-pointed, and it made me think. Some of are lucky we didn't start fighting until we were safely on the roster. +++ Like crunchy? Try Chinese cooking. Especially duck. Yum.

Dear_SFPA/Meade Indeed, that is some jacket you've studded up.

I suggest theme-oriented bangles for some of your upcoming cons ... some sort of eldritch sign for the World Fantasy Con, etc. Eventually you'll fall into a pool and drown in the thing, but oh what a pretty picture your obit will make in LOCUS GAHH what am I saying....

Burning Bushes #2/Whitehead Hey, excellent! +++ Neat cover. I've hit the walls of that maze hundreds of times in the last 6 years. +++ Got a confession. Never saw, or read, CHARLOTTE'S WEB. Lay on the lashes. +++ Did you catch the cover on ESQUIRE showing Hugh Hefner reading a copy of HUSTLER, looking up in shock? I laughed aloud in the store; good old ESQUIRE. It's 40 times as funny as NATIAMP ever could be. +++ I don't know the names of my favorite current hits ... I just find myself grooving along to something on the radio, and never can tell what the thing is called. One piece is a very boppy little thing that "choruses" "Sexy, sexy, sexy, sexy, ... another contains lyrics whose sole distinguishable words are "one of those things you put down to experience" ... do know the title of another, since I hit its buttons whenever I'm by Buster Holmes' jukebox: "Games People Play". Then there's always "The Bump" ... with my special lyrics ... +++ Agreed, TAXI DRIVER is, thus far, the best American film of the year, and DeNiro merits the Oscar. Laurence Olivier has a splendid shot at it, though, for his beast-in-view in MARA-THON MAN. I'll review the film elsewhere. +++ The S.F. Quiz is too simple, Andy. You're in big time trivia now. How many times is the word "tribble" mentioned in the first ten minutes of "The Trouble with Tribbles"? +++ Aggh, you shouldn't have given away so much of the ending of TAXI DRIVER in discussing the film! The shock and surprise of those terrible moments could be dulled considerably if one knows that they're coming. (Which is why I always see flicks before talking to John Guidry about them; he delights in rattling away surprise endings.) +++ Pittsburg win the Super Bowl? Allow me an unqualified HAH! Nice natter, though, ends the zine -- a very promising issue in what will be, I hope, a long and excellent SFPAship.

The Fabulous Sesquidecadely SFPA Index #1/Markstein

mailing 73 came to New Orleans, I talked with Doug Wirth about the egoboo poll. I montioned that I had voted for the INDEX, the inevitable Zine of the Year, for that honor; he asked me if I felt it superior to THE REINHARDT ROAST, my own candidate. The zines, I said, or should have said, are apple and orange. I think that THE REINHARDT ROAST is probably the consummate statement of SFPA spirit, its wit and its personality. This humongous tome, the INDEX, is the ultimate record of SFPA's body. It is an incredible production. +++ The amount of effort that went into this zine must be mentioned, and the quality of the final product must be praised. (Perhaps those reading this zine will appreciate the excellences of INDEX more, considering my opinion of the man who produced it. Why should the zine suffer because its compiler & I have a nutual loathing going?) Four years ago this project was well underway. Two years ago stencils were typed. Boxes of file cards were meticulously written out and crossfiled. But most of the zine was not completed, or even typed at all, until after the last deadline ... how else could zines from mlg 72 make the indices by title and by member? Work, work compounded upon work must have

Just after

gone into it; I salute it. +++ It is a handsome, and splendidly organized, zine, too. It's fun to scan, just like the Egoboo Poll results from '72 were fun to look over. Such dry things as lists (enemy sort notwithstanding) can be entertaining, when creatively presented; the INDEX is creative as well as comprehensive. I was wild about the EEEK & MEEEK title pages, the List of Members, the Coffin Scores Hall of Fame, where every mailing the current membership blazes new ground. I enjoyed the editorial sections, liked the tacky couplets beginning each section of the Index by Title (except for that for "E", which is not only inaccurate, but the only intrusion into this celebration of all SFPA and SFPAns of apa feuding ... unless that for "A" also counts). How much can one add? It is a great accomplishment. +++ I suppose that an erratum will someday be published, and that it is our responsibility to contribute to it. I found one or two mistakes. For one thing, SM29 was 61 pages, not 29, as is thrice reported here. The oneshottists involved in NANCY AND SLIGGUTH COMICS at DSC '72 were not the exact same people as hacked away on FRIED SHOES that very con. N&SCOMICS was a K-a oneshot gotten up by Brown; it featured he, me, Alan, Susan Biggers, Rich Small, Brancatelli, Steele, and the Amazing Rudy. THE ENE-MIES LIST is, most fairly, a solo production by (I now admit) yours truly. I picked up lines and some situational suggestions from Dolbear and Walsh, and Inzer for that matter, but no one else touched a key of the typer or saw the thing in any form before it was printed. I was in on 4TACK #1, too, as was Dolbear. NOSFAN 8 was \(\frac{1}{2} \) mine. A had some lines in SCOT. The state of the It has lasted 15 years, and shows no sign of stopping, or slowing down, or doing much else besides grow. It is a part of its members' lives. Outsiders cannot really understand how it holds onto us, moves us, hows its feuds mean so much more than, objectively, they should. It inspires a lot of devotion. If I can speak personally here, Markstein, I found the most interesting thing about this INDEX to be page in the Index by Title section whereon are listed the middle "S"s. Between the expanse of SPHERE listings and that of SPIRITUS MUNDIs, there is only one zine, SPHERITUS MUNDI, the oneshot we did with Guidry upon my return to NOLa from Berkeley. It marked, did that zine, an end to a two-year estrangement. We both feelso strongly about SFPA; it's a pretty good bet that your INDEX and my REINHARDT ROAST (which is my zine, and Alan's) will both be high in the Zine of the Year poll this time. Sometimes -- sometimes -- I think it a shame that SPHERITUS MUNDI willnever see a second issue.

The Spectator No. 117

Ah, Sir Roger had the right idea. I'll bet that 1711 witch had red hair when she was young.

The Fabulous Octodistily HOAPAUR Index #1/Markstein

HOAPAUR? Oh yeah, it took
a moment. Fun oneshot, but someone made a very trashy remark about a lady in it. Strange how you remember these things ... +++ Oh yeah, nifty self-parody here.

Skimming the Clouds of Venus #3/Andruschak

Yes, Viking 2 has landed, and if you could have seen Heinlein's face when he talked about it, you would have been even prouder I'm sure. Rocks and sand, yes, and no life ... but remember what Bradbury said: "we are the life on Mars." +++ See you in '78!

I wish this could be better. Guidry tells me that NoLa fandom is getting up a longer tribute to Galouye, and apparently all fragments of the NOSFA that used to meet under his hospitality will contribute. This is only just. Galouye brought us all together in more ways than one. +++ I made a mistake in here; the "lost perception" of A SCOURGE OF SCREAMERS was not telepathy, but "zylphing", something entirely different. And apparently Pie Dufour consulted British editions of his books in listing them in his eulogy. +++ Mrs. Galouye, by the way, is well, from what I hear from Virginia Heinlein. And she hosted a luncheon of some sort recently according to the society pages. Things go on, with as much joy as can be mustered. That would gratify Galouye a great deal.

The Little LISPer/Schwarzin

Hey, you silly. I want to thank you for last summer, and cross my fingers for all the summers to come. I want to thank you for sharing enough of my madness to do this zine -- not that it seemed any pain to you while you wrote it. The computer freaks in this outfit will probably take note of the computer natter, which is, of course, totally beyond me. Something that is not is how I feel towards you. This is at the center of my life.

Public Enemy #1 #1/Budka Welcome back, fellow member of the class of mlg 39: +++ Football. I agree with your predictions for the NFC East (Dallas, followed by St. Louis), although I think that the 'Skins will do much better than 4th place (like, 3rd). NFC Central is Fran's all the way, and the West belongs to Ellay. I expect the Saints to nip the Falcons for the moot 3rd place spot. AFC Central is the real surprise this year, & I must say that I'm delighted. Who needs a 3rd Super Bowl win in a row for any one team? I like Cincy in this division, followed by the Oilers. The Dolphins are belly-up this year; the WFC killed them. AFC East, I like the Colts followed by New England, the giantkillers. Oakland reigns supreme out west; nuts to San Diego. Playoffs ... well, I'd kinda like to see a West Coast Super Bowl this year, Ellay vs. Oakland, but we'll just have to see how the pig skins in the coming weeks. +++ I sail merrily along without getting my trousers snagged on a hook, but here is a statement that Gene Wilder's best film was THE PRODUCERS. I agree with but one exception; I think the best film he ever appeared in was BONNIE & CLYPE. He stoke the flick while on screen. +++ I'd watch out before calling Hutchinson a colon; that's what got Korbas in trouble. +++ WHAT'S UP TIGER LILY was hilarious. I'll never forget that "Name 3 Presidents" scene as long as I draw breath. Oh, I nearly choked with guffawing. +++ Yes, Earl Kemp won a Hugo for WHO KILLED SCIENCE FICTION?, which was a SAPSzine. +++ Uh ... you go around peering at people's wristwatches? On the bus? On the street? At school? "Pardon me, may I see your watch?" Hmm. You've changed over the years. +++ Good zine! Again, welcome back. You've been missed.

B'hamacon/Penny
I have membership #39, I believe. Beth and I will both be there. Look out, Reinhardt, this time I butcher you in the Egoboo panel!

^{//}A page that refused to end!

of '76, but it was a vote out of a quandary. I didn't know whether to vote for it or for ish #1. The series is your best SFPA work to date, Doug: visual delights, pointed and witty writing, probably the most creative zines in SFPA. Thish won out. +++ Let's look at its qualities to determine why it was one of the year's best. The Dameron cover is superb. Yes, it's better by far in the original, when your expressionless face shone with brilliant comic effect. But the Dameron genius is still there. Within, the three spaceman covers tying the field of popular s.f. together, comic, pb, pulp -- and while I know how you got the effect of age onto the Captain Future cover, it's yours to reveal. And then the clever spot illos; I'm surprised in a way, but I'm far from tired of those rubber stamps! And the lines, great God! "Elongated Man vs. Linda Lovelace" ... I know now that it is you who were responsible for my gutaches of September/October; I was laughing so much at this zine that I strained my belly. +++ Specific note: Laurence Harvey would make a terrible Flashman. Mainly because he's been dead for three years. +++ You could also mention that Rick Norwood, Cregflish Fan, is bringing out a previously unpublished novel by Hal Clement. von Turk has printed it, Pat Adkins is handling sales ... and I've forgotten the title. TEFT OF ARICA, I believe. Some Frolich illos, too. +++ Speaking of schoolsof fish following you about in blue water, I'm going to see JAWS for the 6th time today. +++ Linda Karrh is one of the best ladies this town, him has got! I haven't meant a dedication like last issue's since that for ish 29 -- to Beth. Swell lady. +++ Yeah, Sat a.m. TV is pathetic now. THE MONSTER SQUAD -- BIG JOHN, LITTLE JOHN -horrible stuff. Bring back THE GHOST BUSTERS! +++ Mike Collins is an excellent writer ... his CARRYING THE FIRE was a huge success, and deservedly. I look forward to his s.f. novel. +++ I wonder if anyone

I voted this zine one of the top 3

How I Spont My Summer Vacation Muld:

Causes a nostalgic tear to causes a nostalgic tear to fall. I miss my home state. +++ The West is magnificent and you saw a lot of what there is to see. Route 1 -- which terrified my poor mother -- Shasta -- Oregon -- Verheiden, losing his SFPA virginity --

will pay attention to the real Walsh story you reveal. I doubt it, my-self. +++ Stunning mc to Markstein, absolutely fine. As had been said before, you tell him the truth. You tell me the truth, too -- you're undoubtedly one of the most valuable people this town and this apa have. I wish more people would emulate you. +++ A fine tribute to calcuye ... a cripplingly funny series of SFPA cartoons (which will probably win you your umpteenth Best Bit in the mailing award) ... and a gorgeous hand-colored Frazetta cap one of the best zines you've ever done and certainly one of the best this lucky apa has seen this year.

mother -- Shasta -- Oregon -- Verheiden, losing his SFPA virginity -- yeah, I can smell the West, and I miss it greatly. Terrific little zine, & I envy you the trip and the roads you traveled.

Lester's Adventures at MAC/Boutillier

Pretty good con report; I hope you got your \$60 worth out of room 1174 at the Muleback. +++ The name is Karrh, not Kharr, nor Kahrr. F'r'eaven'sakes. +++ Aw, don't be such a fuddy-duddy. Patia the stripper was fun. And a real redhead, rare in this day & age. "Something overcame me tho, and I stayed (and stood) for the finish of the act." Someday when you're older I'll tell you what that "some-

thing" is, Lester. Throbbing at the base of the spine? I thought so. You're about 12 years behind schedule but better late than never ... +++ Uhh, you do misrepresent things somewhat on the last night of the con. I was talking NOLa fan politics, not chasing wool, I assure you. (Not you, Lester. You, Beth.) +++ Again, not bad report.

I always en joy Hulan genzines, and this one is possibly the best I've ever read. Staton's cover was magnificent -- I wonder how many outsiders caught the reference to Reinhardt? +++ I'm not going to point-by-point my way through this tome. I loved Alan's article; it sang with his devotion to a great American popular artist. Locke's reminiscence of you, Dave, was great -- just the sort of perspective I needed to read. Liked Franke's illos, too, and the excellent printing. Meade will probably like Grennell's article on CBese better than I, but I found it of more than passing interest. Lon contributes good faanfiction (perhaps I should remove an "a" from that description). Ruth Berman's poem at the end is exquisite. +++ I know this mc will disappoint you -- or it would, should it have come from someone else. But I liked reading LOKI 13, a very very good genzine, filled with humor, faanishness, variety, and s-t-y-l-e. Bravo.

Thin Ice #20/Verheiden Damn, another prize for your film work. Listen, DSC '77 will bring together almost everybody in SFPA. Why don't you try to show up with some of your work? I know it's a long trip, and expensive but start saving nickels and dimes now and you might just pull the trick. +++ I think Capote was hired for MURDER BY DEATH out of a New Yorker's parochialism. Here is The King of NY society, this slimy little scumbag Capote; all the goys and birls at 21 simply ah-doah Truman, he is just too, too witty and sun-blime. Surely it would be simply tres chic to cast him in this an-doan-rable Neil Simon film. The hicks will eat it up. The hicks have spit it back in their faces. However, in fairness to Capote, he is a dynamite talent. His ANSWERED PRAYERS in ESQUIRE is hideously brilliant. IN COLD BLOOD was terrific. In person, he'll pitch but not catch; on the page, he's damned good. +++ You especially read Doug's True Statement about the Walsh/machinegun story. The truth is much more insane than the bitter tales you'll read in the apa. +++ THE GENERAL is a wonderful film. I've only seen it and THE NAVIGATOR once. Ever catch that great TWILIGHT ZONE in which Keaton starred? +++ Fair short story, but not as punch-solid as the last several. Good, good sine, though. It was a pleasure to vote you Best Regular Line points on this year's egopoll.

Your decision on Zine of the Year, splitting the category, effectively, from the rest of the poll, was inspired. I appreciate it since I've gotten a bit more defensive since SM35 about my credit for THE REINHARDT ROAST, as you'll probably see elsewhere in this zine. You've handled this question well, as you've handled most since becoming Official Editor.

A/Markstein

If you're such a dwate big dwone up man now, why do you have to rowrbazzle and spizzle all the time to prove yourself? Real grownups don't need to do that, but I'm just saying this to reach the end of the page. Nothing anyone, ever, could say would ever get this simple little fact of adulthood through the Maginot Lines of your mind.

All-Story Cavalier Annual #1/Markstein

I could never get a straight answer out of Pelz about

his worldcon apa, so have no idea if the thing even came off. He said at MAC that he was having troubles with it. Oh well, I'll postmail.

The Fanzine that Began as a Barbecue #1/Californicators

"Bad things to say

about Lillian"?!? Why, that would mean the Elder Ghods were <u>backstabbing!</u> And nobody ratted on <u>them?!</u>? Tsk, tsk.(Fun idiocy. Oneshots are made to be loved.)

Yoney Bear Returns/Mathews

Gad! What a streak of misery for your people. I'm glad those shadows came no closer to home than they did. +++ Classics Illustrated. Once upon an adolescnce I collected the silly things. George Woodbridge did a couple of books for them -- HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, which spooked me good, was one. The artist Nodel, whatever his full name was, was excellent; he did FAUST, the last of the series. The later books were really fine. +++ You credit, or fault, the wrong person in the dispute you mention in Doug's mc with "letting the other down". Markstein has been reacting in kind to every single disagreement anyone, ever, has had with him, for years. As those of us who have to live in the same state as him do indeed know far far better than anyone else. +++ The Beatles ... well, I live in the past. Wings still impresses a basically sissy, galloping gelding group. Harrison hasn't done anything worth cleaning one's ears for since BANGIADESH. Ringo is mired in '50's cuteness ... and I haven't neard from Lennon in (Though wait ... there's the phone.) Give me RUBBER SOUI to ABBEY ROAD. +++ Decadence, to this crowd, seems to mean being cute and pretentious and whacking off about Liza Minelli. For the Real Thing, back go we to Occar Wilde, whose Decadents had a serious point to make through their postures. I'd suggest clipping through some of Oscie's work for a view of Decadence at its finest. And it wasn't fun. +++ HELTER SKELTER is okay, even if Bugliosi tries to take all the credit for himself. +++ Nice zine, Dee. Dee Ess See?

Mel #54/Atkins

Or at least so goes the contents. Neither my copy nor Wirth's has a colophon. My first page of text begins "Kathy found & cat door", as does Doug's. And ah, there's the title! +!+ Nextime you see your old pal Dylan (whom you used to bad-mouth in early MELs; some of us have read into the past, bwah.) ask him why his TV special was so obnoxious, huh? As flat and emotionless as a bottle of of flat soda water. +++ My kid brother's taking a weightlifting class, and has told me that it'd be a good thing for me to take up. I politely declined the suggestion. I'm a lover, not a lifter. +++ GREEN AS GRASS is great! No delay, now, chapter two. Get the s.o.b. who sent me the poor victim to an untimely aquatic demise!

While there isn't enough space to start the next mc -- Hank demands no interuptions for wimpish things such as changing stencils -- there is room to ask a Poll-oriented question. What zines have won the Best of the Year honors over our history? A list, perhaps with second placers included, would be very interesting, I think. Oldtimers?

Odin #?/:#\$)&/Reinhardt

Praise the wolflord: I like the cover Z

Piva whipped up for you, using UNC-G presstype and Chris Fauver's nifty illo, if I do say so. +++ Grand DSC
report. But for you and your Bumminham buddies, one of whom may well
be the dedicatee for this SPIRITUS, it would have been a dull con indeed. (Not to mention expensive, since I would've had to have paid for
our room by myself.) You remind me of my best line of the con -- "Put
your trust in Sue" (all in good, clean, faanish fun, mike) -- and so
many other good times. Hail Ulric! I voted your ?!! issue one of the
best zines of the year; let'em flow without impediment! More zines in
SFPA's 16th year, Hank! But for you these would have 15 fishless years.

The Sphere vol 33. #2/Markstein

The final paragraph of this zine is almost undoubtedly the scummiest comment I've read in this apa this year. Taking advantage of a friend's private life, in public, to strike out at a third party is almost as loathesome in my eyes as using it against the friend.

I don't think I mention that this is the thickest SM ever, and my 2nd thickest fanzine. I'm pretty pleased with it; I like doing con reports and this zine has two of my patented second-by-second accounts. Pretty awful writing here & there though ... "which she said Joe Celko had tried to take it and drink it". Ooh, smarts. +++ I was much too nasty to Hulan, especially considering his brave reaction to the stupid attempt to blackball Locke. I hope he forgives that particular idiocy; Dave and I disagree on enough without ignoring matters on which we do agree. +++ I was wrong about Hutchinson's first name. It is "George", +++ Gloomy stuff at the close is now by the boards. Things do not go all as usual in October; everything has changed, jobwise, anyway, and the outlook is a lot better. That'llshow me. Thanks, Max. Keep on truckin's

Wilderness #11/Atkins

Again the press relases make great reading, and I find things a little more comprehensible. I want to thank Carlberg and Reinhardt for explaining a bit of their strategies in correspondance. Things may come clear yet.

Wilderness #12/Atkins
Great cover to this one. Mostly, I enjoyed
the reprint of THE GRAND FENWICK GAZETTE
from 55 mailings ago. It helps in comprehending this everified gone.

Nice to have something fullsized from you again. And a funny cover. Hope I'm chuckling November 3rd. +++ Mighty Manfred the Wonder Dog is one of the world's great characters. Back in my kidhood, he alone made Tom Terrific worth watching, which alone made Captain Kangaroo worth watching. +++ The Matterhorn tame? Not to this 13-year-old ... half my life ago was the last time, and the only time, I got aboard that thing. I will go into Space Mountain suring Suncon, but only because Eath will be there to judge my manhood. Otherwise, uh-uh. Too weak a bladder. +++ Thoroughly disliked SHERLOCK HOLMES' SMARTER BROTHER; Wilder was being something his mentor Mel Brooks hardly ever is -- self-indulgent. A couple of giggles ... most of the scenes with Sherlock trying to give his pitheaded brother a break ... but on the whole, blahville.

Save the Dolphin/Brown

Sorry, bwah, but the team will have to save itself. +++ Seriously, the project looks interesting. I can live with higher tuna prices considering what price other sentient beings of this planet pay for my Chicken-of-the-Sea bargains.

Ten Cat-Hatin' Bloodshot-Eyed Years with Gary/Hutch Simply groovy. Gary couldn't

have asked for a better ten years or a niftier tribute.

Utgard 21/Hulan
I liked the technical section, amazingly; but then
I was an avid reader of JAMA while I was at Charity.
Neat.

Do the Funky Fanzines. White Boy/Lester That's a really good title.

Hogus ... but I did note in LOCUS an interesting set of awards, for the Best Hugo Losers, something similar to the hoax awards. SEEDS OF CHANGE won as Best Hugo Losing Novel, or perhaps they should say the Novel Most Deserving of a Hugo Loss. +++ Gad, if DC bought the rights to all those superhero groups, and lumped them all together into one story, there wouldn't be any room for dialog balloons, let alone a story line. Besides, it'd be almost impossible to find an artist who'd tackle the onerous chore of drawing all those different uniforms all those times. +++ "Friday Dave Hulan Slept Late" is funny! You're getting into this schtick, Lester. +++ Trivia Quiz -- oh Lord, I'll never get these. A try: (1) Joe Smith was a hypothetical nominee for veep against Nixon at the '56 convention; (2) the June issue, of PLAY-BOY; (3) John Sparkman, the electrifying candidate; (4) Wasn't Walter Judd the LBJ aide who got caught doing a naughty in the YMCA Men's Room?; (5) the south and only the south, both times; (6) 208?; (7) Gerald Ford was one; (8) God knows; (9) Fosco Piva; (10) ?; (11) I suspect Julian Bond and Lester Maddox; (12) George Romney; (13)?; (14) John Chancellor; (15) Lorne Greene and Lloyd Nolan; (16) WHAT? I quit. From politics to rock to comics. Stupidest trivia contest since Guidry's at Halfacon. +++ No, What Stven should have said to the succulent teenyboppers chasing his tail was "One of you down there & the other one up here." But now he's an honorable old married man. Sad. +++ "I never expected to see Guy and Don in such a pose." Haw! I'll pitch but not catch. +++ Hoo! What a comment to Markstein. I think you ve made things very clear, but I don't think you need concern yourself about anyone listening to your side of things. Perhaps you're right to let him spew without reaction, anymore. Perhaps.

Oblio No. 28/Brown

It was a noble exceriment, top-stapling this zine but it backfired, alas. Fully separate from the contents of the issue, it makes it very cumbersome to read. You could've gotten around this by flopping every even page, if you had to insist on top stapling. However, to each his own; it's worth the hassle to read an OBLIO. +++ David Eisenhower is a big fan of APBA baseball games, y'know. Spends hours a day playing them. +++ I haven't seen Tom Fagan in years -- great guy. I foisted a pesky radio man off on him at the '73 Seulingcon. Has a nifty daughter. +++ Speaking of cats, you'd love THE FOREVER WAR. Not only is it a superb sf novel, page 165 contains Haldeman's words on the slinky subject.

Did you ever see the Disney cartoon

named for you, "Lambert the Sheepish Lion"? Great stuff. +++ Neat quotes from SFPA mailing 1. I've read the mailing, but years ago. (Hardly anyone has read it when it wasn't years ago.) This glimpse is something like reading the diary of your greatgreatgrandfather, familiar, yet utterly weird. I enjoyed your account a great deal. +++ THAT WAS THE YEAR THAT WAS is filled with dated humor, but some of the cuts retain their edge: "Smut", "Vatican Rag" of course, "Who's Next?", "Werner von Braun", "So Long Mom", and that's most of the album. "National Brotherhood Week" still rates if you remember who "Sher Clark" was. I suppose Tom Lehrer went back to teaching. He hasn't shown his face since that album. +++ Really good wlzine!

(Beep) Testing (Beep)/weber
You should have seen your face when
I told you that I'd had no part in
I CAN'T GET NO. It was great. For three full seconds your beard turned snowy white.

Future Retrospective 8/Biggers

I'm glad to see this here: I think members owe it to SFPA to frank through their genzines. Don't ask me why; maybe it's because I don't do genzines. +++ I strongly hope just the opposite of you, that Carter has taken the presidency from that paragon of mediocrity, Ford. American mediocrity is, of course, an institution, prized, praised, bitterly defended, the heart's blood of secretaries and jaycess and junior high football coaches everywhere. I despise mediocre America, with its head in the box and its thoughts in the crotch, its soul blinders, its hypocrisy on full volume, its fantasies in PENTHOUSE and its pleasure in its prostate. Its memories go back five whole minutes, its dreams go ahead ten whole seconds, its idea of greatness steeped in horsepower and musk. Ford stinks of mediocrity. I've found Carter for all the naivete to be a man with an idea or two, a fresh vision, maybe even a stable view, a rooted view, a view with heritage. Mediocrity fears better than it does anything else; it is cowardly from the spindly marrow out. It cowers, it spits, it flees into safe holes. Ford is such a sanctuary for its terrors. I don't know whether spirit or spittoon will carry the day November 2nd -- it's of course history four weeks ancient by the time this reaches us -- but a bit of toy I personally feel short being on American, whether it's a burden to carry on my back like morphine, or an essence to carry within, will come from it. +++ Hey, now that I have a deent job, maybe I can afcarter (cut it out, Lillian) afford some of those great Heritage Press wonders. That Swann volume sounds magnificent. +++ I love the review of DEUS IRAE, indeed a splendid book. I prefer Dick's DR. BLOODMONEY for a treatment of a similar character, but the collaboration is very definitely on my Hugo list. And on my shelves forever, too. +++ Truly nifty zine -- I sailed through it gazing with pleasure at the landmarks of quality around me, but never pausing to drop a hook into its rich waters. FR is one of the best new fanzines to come out of the South in years .

Ignite #17/Celko

At last the Rivercon IGNITEs are all in print;

Wells' and Frierson's should be in this 74th mlg.

Celko deserved IGNITEhood most of all, & it is peculiar justice that
he should be fed to the flames in the 15th anniversary mailing. Selah!

Definitely my kind of boy. +++ Your football predictions are, alas, a tad offbase, although we have weeks to go. The Dolphins? Glub glub. The Steelers? Rust. However, I like your Super Bowl pairing. +++ Billy Carter's best recent gag involved the PLAYBOY interview. Heems he gave some kid that worked in the peanut warehouse a tenspot and told him to go down and buy him a copy of the issue. Kid came back and told Billy that they were all out of PLAYBOY, but he'd bought him five other magazines just like it. Yeah, I like Billy Carter. +++ Yes, but if you became Bob Griese just as he was about to run a big play, you just might find Too-Tall Jones coming in to dance on your head. Uh-uh, I'll stay Lillian. +++ I've come to disagree with the "high-class oneshot" definition of THE REINHARDT ROAST, but I'm satisfied with Stven's solution to the problems Atkins brought forth re the Poll. +++ MIDNIGHT COWBOY came out at the beginning of the ratings system; it'd have an R now, of course, but at that time the standards for X were looser. +++ Not only that -- re Beth -- but the sun shines yet from Indianapolis. It's coming South with its source this coming January. +++ You absolutely misunderstand the whole "list" incident, but I'm tired of talking about it, explaining myself, and making the same point. I chose no sides. I simply gauged member opinion. Everything slse is nonsense, choosing sides, making an "enemies list", judging people by what they said in their mc's to that sickening zine. All that is paranoiac idiocy. I hope that ends that. +++ "Pull a Dustin Hoffman and rip up the church" if you hear "We've Only Just Begun" at weddings, huh? Great -- your best line this mailing, and among the best overall. +++ Nope, as far as I know, the committees for the '74 and '76 DSCs were almost totally separate. Steve and Binker were just congoers at the disaster in '74, just as were you and I. It would be, it is, grossly unfair to them to imagine them cohorts with Celko. Too many people assume that since they shared (1) Atlanta residence and (2) the ire of certain SFPAns, they had to share (3) responsibility for that rotten con. No trut. in it. ++- Those men in the continental Congress were also literate, which most people were not at the time. They were indeed the elite of America, but everything they set up negated the concept of elites. If they wanted to feed their cwn pockets why did they bother with such matters as the constitutional government they created? I think you're stuck with a silly premise, that greed was the major motivation of our 1776 revolution. +++ Happy election indeed ... at least, I hope. Great zine, Gary. Too bad you got drunk before stapling

Fingertin Reality 5/Mouley

An Al Andrews memorial zine would be a wonderful project; I only wish that I'd met the man sothat I could contribute. That man spelled his name c-o-u-r-a-g-e, from everything I've ever heard about him. +++ I've ordered a back mailing myself (#38); first time for me. I wonder if I should me the thing when it gets here? +++ "Young mainstreamer"? What the hell am I being called now? +++ You didn't pay twice for banquet tickets at Halfacon. You paid once. You didn't lose a thing. Not our fault Steele didn't show up. Had he, we could've handled him. We had a simulacrum all ready, just like in THE STEPFORD WIVES (one of the most preposterous movies I've ever seen). +++ I've got UBIK in pb ... but you can't have it. (Nyah! Nyah!) Try Cantrell's in Atlanta sometime. The old man had a dozen Dick novels the last time I was in there. (1972. Why do you ask?) +++ Got a great photo of Lester being molested by Annie Hebert at MAC. He took it in great humor, I must say. +++ Dandy zine ... and thanks for this zine's printing.

The Oil of Aphrodite #2/Mason

Neat weber cover; neat Mason zine. I'll bet you left THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING with a swollen head. +++ I read BLAKE'S PROGRESS and rather enjoyed it, even if the stilted style could have used a looser, freer hand. Author Ray Nelson, a gent with a very nice smile, proudly claimed that Norman Spinrad had nominated it for a Nebula. Well, I like Norman, but... +++ Cat-lover! Worm chowder! +++ Disco? Hell, I'm 56 years old all of a sudden. You know my tastes in music, or one aspect of them, anyway, Lare ... since I kept you up all night playing Z*A*P*P*A for me. But I'm far behind the times. Would you active and non-arthritic young people define "disco" for this senile old man?
Just shout in the ear trumpet, strumpet. +++ 3 sequels to THE OMEN? THE OWOMEN? THE OBOYS? THE OGIRLS? OGawd! +++ Good zine, Mace! Thanks for the tolerance after DSC -- and the warm quilt,

Talisman #9/Biggers Don't listen to'em, Cliff! I like this digest size. +++ Yes, I note in the midst of your fine DSC report, never give me a microphone. Like Linda Karrh with the Hugo, the microphone holds a strange, almost (dare I say it?) overpowering fascination for me ... just love to keep it pointed at my mouth ... ah, uh, ah, gulpgulpgulp... +++ I haven't hit many hooks this mlg, and this fine piece of it is no exception. However, I do note your pride in losing weight. I recently got shed of the humiliating spare tire I toted around DSC -- however, it took a stomach infection to do it. Not a pleasant way to slim down. +++ I think you are a bit wrong about the Shadow-SFPA controversy, but I can't recall the solution that finally did come about at this late date. I suggest delving into those Huze mailings. Try the middle 40's, +++ Considering Heinlein's last few books, I for one am delighted that he's dedicated practically all of his time to bloods welling donor work. Anything is totter than another TIME ENOUGH FOR LOVE. +++ Jeannie Corbin can say what she wants about me, but I never touched the broad. (I take that back, she kissed me on my 26th birthday.) Besides, I have it on good authority that she's a false flamehair. +++ Bullshit; THE REIN-HARDT ROAST is my zine and Alan Hutchinson's. I did the work; I put on the Roast; I recorded it; I transcribed it; I suggested the illos; I paid for everything; I printed it; I collated it. It's my zine, mine. The event belonged to everybody, just as its GoHank belongs to everybody. But as a fanzine THE REINHARDT ROAST is the work of Guy Lillian & Alan Hutchinson, and is ours.

There and Back Aagain, we ber &phillips I think Mason had a part in this, but dadblamed if I can gauge just where ... A unique view of worldcon, and clever.

Heavy 21/Inzer Nice cover ... and I see that the paper stock matches the title. +++ I sometimes wonder what happened to my classmates at Ygnacio Valley High School ... Gordon Gravelle plays for the Steelers, he's the only one I've heard anything from since I left Berkley. Our most likely to succeed, Tally Kauffman, was an anthropologist in the West Indies the last I heard. She'd gained weight the last time I saw her, a thousand years ago. +++ I hope my mimeo buy comes off as well as yours did. Looks like I'll have to wait till the middle of November to make the run ... and get thish printed! +++ I'm glad people are finally admitting that the UNCLE claims of trufannishness ploy, and SCROOGE run was a

are being disregarded. It was obvious from the very beginning that it was a bitter act, half (West Coast) snide politics and half (East Coast) anxiety to please the Big Boys. Me, I enjoyed the Barks. +++ Alas, George, I fear I'll never master the intricacies of Diplomacy, and thus will forever remain only an interested and baffled spectator. I do appreciate the efforts of some players to educate me on their strategic gamesmanship, though. The sliminess, ye gods, it's like ALL THE PRESI-DENT'S MEN (no, Alan has NOT sent me his tactical thoughts). +++ How could you type mc's while watching Connors/Borg at the U.S. Open? I was squeegying sweat out of my front door during that match, the best tennis I've ever seen. Those boys can both flat play tennis, and it's joyous to think that they'll both be playing for years, knock wood. +++ Speaking of bad movies, did you ever see LIPSTICK? Absolutely putrid. I'm going to give away the ending without a care in the world for how mad Stven gets at me; believe me, Carlberg, I'm doing you a favor. Margaux Hemingway is a big time fashion model who gets raped in the rectum by a psychotic genius music composer, Chris Sarandon, ruining the promise he gave in DOG DAY AFTERNOON. He gets off because the jury is convinced that anyone as succulent as Margaux supposedly is in ads must be a whore, and proceeds to rape Margaux's little sister. Margaux shoots him in the dick and then gets off (ha ha) herself because it was justicato kill the guy. The audience cheered. I think I threw up, but I've blanked out most of that horrible evening so I can't be sure. Shall we examine the monstrosities explicit in that silly story? One, the triteness of the idea that a jury would be so stupid as to believe that a professional entertainer/model is necessarily amoral in private life; I do believe that Americans are a tad too sophisticated for that. Two, the idea that musical creativity, offbeatedness, is a sign of mental disease. That idea died with the beats. The film uses it to singular advantage. Three, and most importantly, the DEATH WISH philosophy of eye for eye, wang for anguish ... and the idea that this would get through a jury, too. I saw \underline{M} a few days later, and even though the comparison probably insulted Lang's masterpiece, I couldn't help but make it. The understanding in M versus the the hysteria in LIPSTICK; the compassion, despite everything, in M, opposed to the bloodlust and vengeance of LISP-TICK. Bah, bah, bah. We've degenerated, George. Our hearts are shrunk. Our souls are housed securely in our bladders. +++ I'll have my final thoughts on the campaign, the debates, Jimmy elsewhere, probably at zine's end. Seek & ye shall find. +++ "More SM (ouch) is your finest line of the mlg. +++ Ancient: a-n-c-i-e-n-t. Ancient. +++ Terrific: t-e-r-r-i-f-i-c. Terrific.

Note to George. See if you can BUFFALO BILL & THE INDIANS. See if one of the characters -- of a slightly presidential bent -- physically reminds you of someone very, very close to you.

Intuition 43/Stven

I think Phil Dick articulates a lot of deeper questions than dope hassles, of course as you know. I find him among the most humane s.f. writers, his concerns possibly the most fervantly devoted to human dignity and individuality and freedom. The reality questions are omnipresent, to be sure, but below them lie the questions of human worth that every artist worth the name has confronted. UBIK ... MARTIAN TIME-SLIP ... DR. BLOODMONEY ... DEUS IRAE ... DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? ... I envy the reader just discovering Phil Dick. There's so much in store. And he's being

widely reprinted. MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and THE VARIABLE MAN are on the newsstands even now. (But where is A SCANNER DARKLY?) +++ Running from a couple of nubile pubescent teenyboppers hungry for your bod is "sheer craziness", all right. I would've faked a broken ankle. +++ Don't fret about mislaying Wells' zine RED WHITE & BOOZE. If you hadn't lost it, he would have had nothing in the mailing, and our 15th anniversary would not have been 100% participation. So thanks for the No, no, Chris Lee is too thin-faced and sinister for +++ eff-up! Flashy ... there's none of the coward in him, none of the scoundrel with the grin ... Flash's a rogue, not a sexy villain. David Niven, 40 years ago, would have been sheer perfection. +++ DSC had a false fire alarm, too, in the midst of our dead duck party. Many attendees of both cons suspect that the same culprits were at fault in both events -- and Steps Are Being Taken to insure that they won't darken Southern con doors again. (My finger had just touched an elevator button at the moment the DSC fire alarm went off. I thought for a terrible second that I'd caused it.) +++ Still haven't heard a thing you've said about dull old feuds, have you? Keep on justifying the looped tape of the '74 DSC; keep people from going to any Atlanta con because of guilt by (imagined) association ... and keep ignoring the "facts", since such are so precious, about my telling that basketcase to go Do Things to a Maternal Relative at the end of a four-minute harangue by that deranged party. I'm trying to cut down on my feuding, and you should too. Good for the lungs. You can run farther and faster. The Chapdelaine girls wouldn't stand a chance, poor dears. +++ Hey, thanks for the rundown on the Diplomacy game. I get it -- for the moment. Of course, I'll be lost in no time, but for once I feel a bit secure reading WILDERNESS. +++ Of course Lois knows that Clark is SUPERMAN. Everybody knows that Kent is SUPERMAN. "Look at that plane falling! I -- uh -- feel sick!" (Runs.) Lois: "Don't trip on your cape, asshole!" +++ Who has made attacks on your OEship? I haven't read any. Or written any, though I disagree with that dues extension policy and the wordywording of your amendment. +++ CHARLEY'S ANGELS? Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel, Leslie van Houten ... +++ Effinger attends my writing group every once in awhile, bringing in failed stories, or incomplete ones, to get our reaction, advice, whatever. Great guy. Nice girlfriend. +++ No, SAPS 100 was "only" 817 pages long. SFPA 73 is the longest apa mailing I've ever seen. +++ Dandy zine, Stven, Not as creative or interesting as lastime, but otherwise, swell. Dave Locke for OE!

reign as Best Tits of SFPA is over. Too many members remember Reinhardt's pectoral terpsichory at Halfacon. Dah dah DAH DAH DAH, dah dah DAHDAH DAHDAH DAHHH.... +++
To overcome your worries at an oyster knowing about its being eaten raw, just consider how much the average oyster resembles Joe Celko.
Take vengeance with your cuspids for DSC '74. +++ My high school chemistry teacher was a very strange little guy -- he delighted in pretending to be a bully (he was 5'5" and looked like Donald O'Connor), exploded whenever a class screwed up a test into forty minute harangues, yet got very emotional, almost wistful, at semester's end, and was voted one of the school's most popular teachers. +++ Exquisite defense of Zen, in fact of liberal arts. Remember Auden's "farewell to Yeats"? "Poetry makes nothing happen...It is a way of happening. A mouth."
Only poem of Auden's I can stand. +++ Nice zine. I didn't even mind

having SPIRITUS ignored.

The Sphere vol. 44 #1/Martskein

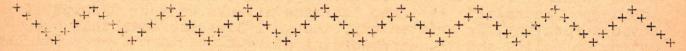
"About Markstein and his comment on SM34; I hope you don't let

him goad you into reacting without thinking. I would like to say that I think anything he says reflects on him not you. I know you feel you have to defend yourself to those people that accept what he says; the only problem with that is if they accept his word, will what you say say make any difference or will it merely reinforce what he says? The fight going for some reason and he's trying to goad you into cooperating. Poo, the opposite of love isn't hate, it's apathy or indifference. I think you care too much about Markstein's opinion. I can't tell you what to do about him; all I can say is what I think about the situation. I can't just ignore the whole thing; I care about you and don't want to risk diminishing that caring. And ignoring your relationship with Markstein would have that effect. So, I guess I'll keep telling you what I think. I can't hide behind some wall, that's not my style.

"As for folding up, I don't understand why his saying that would upset you. Is it supposed to be some kind of attack on your masculinity or what? It seems kinda adolescent to me; like school kids yelling "chicken;" at kids who wouldn't fight to prove how big they are.

"If you think what I'm saying has any relevance, fine, If not, ignore it. Just remember that I love you, Guy,"

That's a letter from Beth Schwarzin written 10-15-76.



The Mailing as a Whole

SFPA 73 was big ... but not dense. It had one zine of surpassing comprehensibility

I trust that word achieves the proper meaning in your eyes -- the INDEX; it had several zines of extraordinary variety -- LOKI, for outstanding instance; it had some excellent mezines -- OBLIO comes immodiately to mind, and not only because of its insane stapling; it had creativity -- COSMIC ANGST FUNNIES; it had fanfic -- GREEN

It was good. It had its outstanding qualities. It could have used --what? It could have used a few less one-sheet zines, a few more
in-group celebrations, a few more historical retrospectives.

But as it was ... wow. S as in sensational. F as in fantastic. P as in perfect. A as in absolutely magnificebt ...

is as in blech! A as in arrigh! R as in retch! F as in phuque!

SFPA 73 was one of the two or three best apa mailings I've ever read.

That sums it up well enough, I think.

Hank's account of the "Put your faith in Sue" line was its best bit. I know it's my own gag, but I have a right to a toot on my own tuba every aeon or two.

And you can sign me G as in glorious, H as in handsome, L as in luscious, and III as in the base I Don't Know plays. (Mcs done 10/24/76.)

Within the world of comic strips, Guy H. Lillian III is a Big Name Fan. Since 1962 Lillian's written and had published over 125 letters in comic magazine letter columns. Little children come up to Lillian at fan conventions, saying they know him from his published letters and asked for Lillian's autograph.

How did he get started on road that led to his current fame? Well, according to my own fanzine (amateur comics-fan magazine-LGB) LOCENTURION, was published a couple of years or so ago, I found my first comic, THE FLASH NO. 108, in a rack of

old magazines in the Mojave Desert."

"Okay, I was at my grandparents' house and they lived in the Mojave Desert. And there was a batch of magazines that someone had brought in. I was ten years old at the time, and this comic caught my imagination," explained Lillian.

This set him off on his hobby. Lillian didn't pursue it the same way most ardent comic fans do however. "I wasn't really a collector. I used to read them, and I'd cut out the figures on the covers, paste them to cardboard, and begin play-

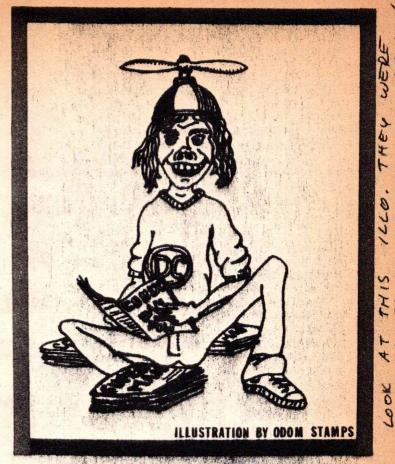
This activity isn't unusual for a child of ten or eleven. Most children do this at one time or another. But most children—most tennagers evendo not write letters-to-the-editor (or letters of comment, as they are called in the comics world, or LOC's for short) to comics, at least not regularly. But Guy Lillian and a few dozen other people around the country have made a practice

of it Lillian began writing to the comics in 1962. "I'd sent a couple of postcards to Superman and Lois Lane when I was younger. Of course they were illegible and weren't printed. I'd just turned thirteen. I was angry at some of the people who were having letters published regularly in "Flash-Grams," the letter column in THE FLASH. The editor, Julius Schwartz, was giving away original comic art and scripts to published letter writers, usually those who had the worst puns in their letters or whatever. I thought that was detestable. So I wrote a letter complaining about it. It was published in the FLASH NO. 133. When I saw it naturally I freaked. In fact I still remember the scene. I was living in Riverside, California, and I was crossing a parking lot reading this comic one day. When I saw that my name was printed I jumped ten feet in the air and floated all the way home", exclaimed Lillian.

And did this immediately lead to his habit of regularly writing LOC's to comics? "Well, since I had an original comics script (to the story, "Kid Flash Meets the Elongated Man," which he won for his printed letter), I tried my hand at writing my own scripts. But of course, I didn't sell any of them, "Lillian explained. It wasn't until ten or twelve years later that he sold a couple of stories to the comics. In the meantime he wrote

LOC's.

Unfortunately many adults do not think highly of comic books. "I think they are good fun. Unlike most comics letterhacks I never considered them great literature. I like them because I could write letters about them. For a long while I read



every single comic that Julius Schwartz edited. And I read them and LOC-ed them the same day I bought them. This helped to get my letters published. You see, I realized early on that a quick response to an issue would make a quick impression.

So he wrote letter after letter-not only to comics edited by Schwartz but to comics from other editors and other publishers too. There were other letter-hacks, in places as diverse as Castro Valley, California Bethesda, Maryland, and Milton, Massachussetts. But Guy Lillian was the king of them all. Schwartz dubbed him "Our Favorite Guy," and the name stuck. Before long editors at both major comics companies were refering to him by that nickname in print, a practice which he hated but grew to tolerate.

Back at junior high school, Lillian was just another crazy kid. "My eighth grade contemporaries weren't

Back at junior high school, Lillian was just another crazy kid. "My eighth grade contemporaries weren't impressed, or they were impressed that this activity was just another indication that I was a semi-dangerous person, who wrote science fiction, read biographies of lawyers, and wrote letters to comic books, instead of wearing a salt-shaker around his neck, socks of different colors, and Silly Putty in his ear so DJ from Los Angeles would know he loved him".

"I wrote a letter to the television editor of the OAKLAND TRIBUNE praising Batman, which the kids in high school thought was funny, but in northern California everybody's free to do their own thing." During this time he moved to Walnut Creek, California and after high school went to the University of California at Berkeley. This was the late 60's, and Lillian was undergoing a political awakening.

But comics were beginning to awaken too. The

THE MACAZINE
THEM ABOUT THAT FOR THIS ARTICLES, +

Green Lantern-Green Arrow series introduced "relevance" to comics, and other strips followed suit. This kept Lillian's interest in comics. Lillian even wrote what he calls "riot Letters". CAPTAIN AMERICA published a story that described a riot. And Guy Lillian, Berkeley radical and a vetern of People's Park, was in a position to judge the accuracy of the depiction. The riot scene in CAPTAIN AMERICA came off well. Lillian wrote in telling the editor so even though CAPTAIN AMERICA is published by Marvel Comics and Lillian has always been sort of a DC Comics partisan.

Of course the spirit of the 60's is dead; the mid-70's is filled with nostalgia for things past, including old comics. "I don't even bother to relate to nostagia," he says. His attitude toward comics and the comics world today isn't exactly what it was when he was ten years old. Lillian has seen the whole

thing, and he's seen it from the inside.

But wait! Let's backtrack a while. Guy Lillian didn't stop writing LOC's when he was at Berkeley. He continued on into graduate school in Greensboro, North Carolina. And after getting his master's, he went to work-for the comics! He knew some of the junior staffers at DC, particularly Carl Gafford and Paul Levitz, who like himself started off as fansletter-writers and fanzine publishers, something that's not unknown in the comics world and continues today. He'd met Julius Schwartz twice before, on "pilgrimages" from Greensboro. But when he came to work for DC on January 2, 1974 Schwartz saw him and shouted out, "I've been getting letters from him for ten years!" Lillian thought he wouldn't feel right in the place. He was twenty-four by that time. But to his surprise Lillian found that while the pay was lousy and the work uneven, there were good times working with delightful people.

Lillian left DC after one year however to come to New Orleans. Lillian will probably never return to the comics industry because "you can't go home again". Lillian is not the same as he was when he was writing LOC's, and the world of comics is not the same. Or maybe his perceptions of that world have changed.

Two things have impressed Lillian negatively about the current comics scene. One has to do with policy. Lillian never had that many major complaints about basic attitudes in the industry. When one of his favorite comics and one that he thought was exceptionally well-written and well-drawn, "The Swamp Thing" was transformed by the editor into an entirely different kind of comic, one he considers to be mediocre, Lillian was upset. The other thing is the continuing escalation of prices of comics, old and new. Lillian can understand rising prices for newstand comics because of inflation, but the prices asked by dealers for old comics strike him as outrageous.

When Lillian was sixteen he met a fellow letterhack from California and was amazed to find that the letterhack kept his comics in plastic bags in neat stacks on several shelves, while Lillian himself had kept his comics in a big dusty pile. Comics, says Guy Lillian, dominate the lives of too many comics fans. Futhermore the folks who sell old comics for fiendishly high prices are shamelessly profiteering off a medium that is of primary value, "as a device to open up the imaginations and expand the horizons of children, who learn to appreciate the form of a story "with a beginning, a middle, and an end from reading a comic," explained Lillian.

Guy regards the prices that are being asked for old comics "immoral and silly". There is deep conviction and sincere emotion in his vioce when he condemns the ever-spiraling way in which "these beautiful creations are used as

currency"

It saddens Lillian to see people spend \$500 of their college money on old comics. The fact that many later resell those comics for many times that amount only makes the situation worse, he believes. At DC comics Lillian used to get letters from youngsters offer \$10 for SHAZAM: NO I, the 1972 comic which contained the first story of the revived Captain Marvel. But he refused to conduct such transactions, refused to be a comics exploiter himself. Lillian retains very deep and very good feelings about comics, about the world of LOC-writing about the part of his life. He has collected copies of all the comics that contained his letters. "The whole thing is a part of me," Lillian said.

Comics letterwriting gave Lillian his first real breaks. "It represents a full cycle of my life, I put a lot of time and effort and love into it. It helped sustain me when I was growing up. And it helped him tremendously with his writing. I got used to expressing myself at a very early age, and the whole thing has proved very valuable," Lillian commented.

Lillian claims he owes a lot to comics and in particular to one man in comics, editor Julius Schwartz, who was responsible for his proving himself as a youth. One of the most important things Lillian did in comics was a tribute to Schwartz, "Strange Schwartz Stories," written for DC's own fanzine, THE AMAZING WORLD OF DC COMICS. For this publication, which he helped found, Lillian interviewed Joe Kubert, Mort Weisinger, Denny O'Neill Bob Kane, and other greats of the comics world. And he also met Nral Adams, Jack Kirby, and "almost every other comics giant except Shelly Mayer." Lillian is most proud of his tribute to Schwartz, "who gave me so much support in my youth, my young manhood."

Now Guy Lillian lives in the French Quarter and enjoys movies, eating raw oysters at Felix's, jazz at Preservation Hall, The Jazz at the Superdome, and the company of good friends like Clarence Laughlin, Dany Frolich, and Faruk von Turk. He attends the New Orleans Writers Workshop at the main library on Tuesday and has a hope and dream one day of writing novels and "serious articles". Perhaps this renowned and longtime comics letterhack will make his his living at writing 'great literature'. Who knows, he's only twenty-seven!

LESTER BOUTILLIER

I GOTTA NATTER ALL NIGHT AND FANAC EVERY DAYS THE

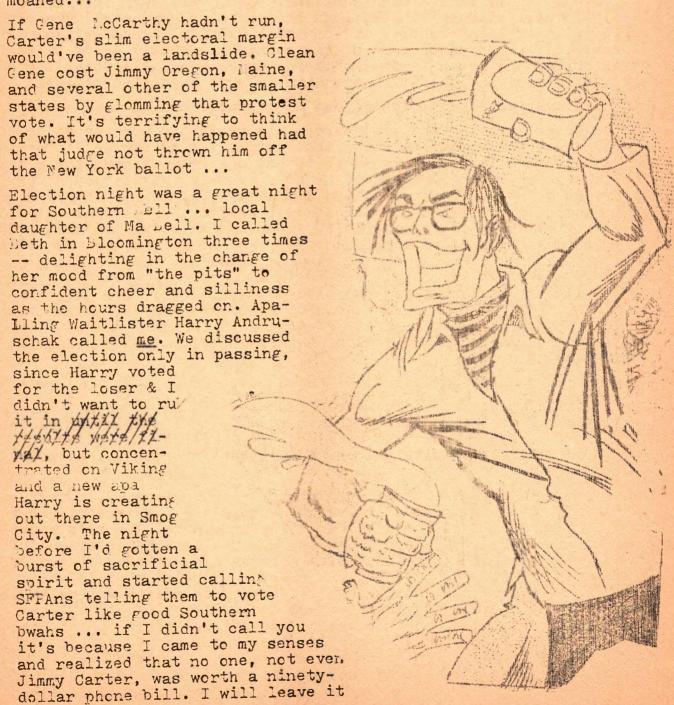
More thoughts on the election. For one thing, it proves that when Dave Hulan and I agree on something, there's no stopping us.

Carter won by the skin of his teeth. No, that's not quite true.

Nixon won by the equivalent of the skin of Jimmy Carter's teeth.

Talk about a pound of flesh ...

Everybody's pal Don Walsh opposed Carter in the election because Jimmy favored a form of gun control and firearm registration. "I'm trying to decide what to do when they come get my guns," he moaned...



to my afflicted callees to report on our conversations if they feel so uncharitable, but I will say that Rachel has extremely nice telephone manners ...

Southern blacks gave the election to Carter. Their trust for a wealthy Scuthern white man is one of the truly wonderful things about the 1976 election. I can see the faces of those cretins at erkeley and in New York now ... the guilt-guided liberals who cluck-clucked at me for admitting ... and even boasting ... of my Southern background (truly Carter-like, I had my California birth and upbringing to fall back on). Blacks trusted Jimmy Carter -- their vote was not for any lesser of two evils, it was for a man they felt they knew and whom they felt they could believe in. It's a sign that the South, very very far from being the '60's caricature of an American philosophical and moral swampland, filled with ravaging racists and cowering, soulful black saints, is a vibrant, living, dynamic part of the country ... but I don't think I have to sell the South to the Southern Fandom Press Alliance. Let's just say that I'm waving the Stars and Bars in some justified regional pride.

Californians, come home. You're out of the action area now.

Jimmy Carter says that he will pardon war resisters when he gains office. When he does, that will end the Vietnam war as far as I'm concerned; the wounds will be finally closed, if not entirely without their scars. Perhaps now we can call another war over ... that which brought us in this most beautiful and productive and meaningful part of America to the ground 110 years ago ... maybe now the Civil War is over. Recall my visit to Fetersburg Battlefield? In early '73 I visited that incredible place with a pal of mine from Ohio, Johnny Hildebrand (who is now married, doing par. work for a Cleveland amusement park, writing good stories, and sailing his sailboat. He's an Ohio boy, a Yankee ... and we wardered that place together, blue background and grey. At the site of the Crater attack, we stood on opposite picket lines and shouted at each other just as our great grandpappies may have done ... Johnny was a Carter fan in this election. General Iee, you didn't lose at Petersburg after all ...

That's plenty about the election. Now about my new job

I've gotten somewhat used to wearing a choker ... a tie, that is. I can't tie one of the goddamned things myself, so I subsist on clip-ons and class but a great deal of security. I hate the stupid things but I couldn't get by with a loose Adam's apple forever, I suppose.

office, nor an offset outfit, nor UNO for electrostencils, during business hours. The officeis located in Gretna, across the Mississippi River Bridge, in an area best described as Ellay Provincial. There's a small shopping center nearby where I can buy my tunafishsandwichfrenchfries&-acoke lunch, but it has neither p.o. nor anything so exotic as a P.I.P.

I was lucky to get my cover run off this time on a state holiday Postal Instant Fress didn't recognize, get my issuely electrostencil done on a day when I had an already-scheduled X-ray (an Inner View of the Lillian abdomen taken by a method too disgusting to go into here; it didn't hurt and my innards are in fine shape, thank you). I also visited the post office at that time and stocked up on stamps, went to Mule-Durel Staticners up the street and bought these crummy stencils (the last four pages of thish, plus pages two and three up earlier). I hate to say this, but I really prefer four-holed stencils to these Gestetners ...

You can read 4-holers, good ones anyway, so much easier ... is there a better sight on God's green earth than a beautifully typed Sears stencil, bright shining blue with perfect crisp white letters cut into its waxy splender? Of course not! These Gestetners just ain't got the spirit ...

Bad bad bad news. The price of cysters is going up. Oh bitter horror. Carter's first duty as President will be to offer Federal subsidies to oyster farmers, to bring the price down to a nickel a critter! Remember that you couldn't have won (so soon, anyway) without Louisiana, Jimmy!

I was listening to George Alec Effinger talk about agents in the Canal Street Doubleday store tonight ... George works there to keep bod & soul together ... and looked around for the long-expected papaerback of FIASHMAN AT THE GREAT GAME, the 5th Fraser Flashman. No sign of it until next year. I looked for (psst! Noudry!) A SACANMER DARKIY. No sign of it, period. I looked for NOT TO MENTION CAMEIS, Lafferty's new novel. Lafferty? Who he? I even looked for what my heart most longs for, a new Travis McGee ... and was sent home heart-busted and empty. And Doubleday is one of the two best bookstores in the city, at least within my range. (The other, Siler's, is also barren of these particular goodies.) Daw! I want Flashman. I want Phil Dick! I want Ray! I want Travis NcGee. Wahhhhhhhh ...

Until then there's always HUL BOLDT'S GIFT.

Preliminary Oscar predictions ...

Best Film -- TAXI DRIVER ... ALL THE PRESIDENT'S LEN ... THE OLIEN

... CARRIE ... MARATHON MAN.

Actor -- Robert DeNiro, TAXI DRIVER ... Olivier, MARATHON MAN ...

Dustin Hoffman, MARATHON MAN ... Robert Redford, ALL

THE PRESIDENT'S MEN ... Richard Dreyfuss, INSERTS, or

Paul Newman, BUFFALO BILL & THE INDIANS.

Dest Actress -- Sissy Spacek, CARRIE ... Liza Minelli, A MATTER OF TIME...Liv Ullman, FACE. TO PACE...?

Best Supporting Actor -- Roy Rogers, in that film he made that's a hit but which I haven't seen ... Harvey Keital, TAXI DRIVER ... Roy Scheider, MARATHON MAN ... Jason Robards, AII THE PRESIDENT'S MEN, best bet of the night ...

PRESIDENT'S MEN, best bet of the night ...

Best Supporting Actress -- Jodie Foster, TAXI DRIVER, and if anyone
runs against her, they're crazy ...

Oh yes ... the full title of MARIE TAVEAU, mlg. 46, was MARIE TAVEAU, SIEEP WELL, SIEEP WELL, SIEEP WELL. It's never been gotten right ...

Hey, Moudry! IOCUS 9-30-76 reports a new Phil Dick novel to be pubbed by Bantam ... VALISYSTEM, is called. Where's A SCANNER DARKIY?

That same IOCUS reported that 15-year-old Fatricia Wilson, daughter of Robert Anton Wilson, an s.f.writer, was murdered in Lerkeley the other week. Her brain has been stored cryenically for possible cloning in the future. Arright

And my thanks to waitlister Andruschak for sending me a copy of the first disties of Bruce Felz' Worldcon apa, WOOF, and his own LASFAFA.

I've typed up a zine to postmail to WOOF and send to the other, but I don't think I can make LASFAPA a regular thing.

Illos this time: the Computer Place, since defunct (my face broke the camera), anonymous, Geoffrey Moss, Carl Gafford, Neal Pozner. Mimeoed by Joe Moudry, who is blameless for any and all of the contents.

Iillian Scores: I hit 4022 on the electronic Trivia game a few weeks ago, & 3926 some days later. At Sea Wolf, another electronic marvel, I earned 9200 points Election Eve. Admiral Doenitz sent me personal congratulations. At horrible Death Race my high slaughter is 20. (Sea Wolf is a submariene game, and isn't it appropriate that Carter's military experience was in submarines? Huh? Isn't it? Huh?)

Lillian Does NOT Soore: Lastish I mentioned visiting Jimmy's national HQ while in Atlanta for the DSC, and the girl I spotted there as I sauntered through the doors who so reminded me of Alice the Greesnboro goddess, to whom I have referred a thousand times for her kindness, strength, courage, & olive skin. There was the same dark skin tone, the same humor and savvy in the eyes, the same black hair, the same somewhat butt-heavy but by no means Reubensesque figure. Using the patented GHLIII grin, the very same which adorns the cover, I asked her for some campaign info ... and, as obvious as a rattlesnake, her address. I was kidding; the Indy lady waiting the next day in St. Louis held and holds my every thought. The Carter girl knew it, too. You could never put any macho bullshit over on Alice and obviously, she and this gal were blood sisters. She wrote out her address on a Carterpostcard and, strutting like the fullfeathered King of the Roost, I heeded at last poor weber's entreaties for us to leave.

Time passed. I went to MAC with my beloved Beth. The election approached and I remembered the olive-skinned girl with the black hair. And what the hell, I wrote her. She'd given me two addresses, one in Atlanta & one is som unlikely burg in Ohio, for September 15th and beyond. It was there that the letter went.

And it was from that general area that it returned. No such town. No such person. Addressee unknown. I laughed aloud. Score one for the sharpee with the olive skin: She had Alice's humor and chutzpah as well as her looks. A million and one cheers for such women. With ballsy ladies like that typing for him, there was no way Jimmy Carter could lose.

And So: adieu for now. May this zine bring to its readers a grin like that of its author. May the coming season be bright and loveful for each of you, and may Vighnu love and guide you all. Amen.

