



EAT YER
HEART OUT,
BO DEREK!

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GREAT MOMENTS IN SFPA HISTORY:

Linda Karrh asks Ben Bova if she can fondle his Hugo, MidAmeriCon, 1976.

AT LEAST MINE
VIBRATES!!



What better way to begin

SPIRITUS mundi

and what better issue could this be but number

69

GHI:III Press Publication #489 for the 107th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, Guy Lillian, editor. I was there ... don't you wish you'd been?

Well, what Linda actually said was "For some reason, I feel a strange attraction for this," as she ran her fingertips up and down the trophy. Dave Ryan's caption is, though, an admirable alternative.

98

Just before my brother went out to be married, he turned to me and made a joke.

"There was this guy," he said, "who was really crazy about this girl, and he finally gets her to go onto a date with him after years of trying. So he takes her to Gone with the Wind, and what should happen halfway through but he finds that he has to fart; she's holding his hand tightly, so he doesn't want to get up and leave, so he waits till the end of the movie.

"But even then she sticks to him like glue, so he gets no chance to let himself go. She even invites him in to meet her father. 'Great,' thinks the guy, 'I'll shake hands with the old goat & then get outside and get rid of this fart.' No such luck. He's asked to sit down and have some coffee, and he can't refuse.

"Then, as he's sitting there squirming, the dog comes in and sits underneath his chair. At that moment, he just can't hold it anymore, and he goes FRAPPPPP... but the father only says 'Rover!' 'Ah, glorious,' thinks the guy. 'He thinks it's the dog. I can fart my heart out.' SQUIFFFFFF. 'Rover!' BURRRRRRAPPPPPP! 'Rover! Move before he shits all over you!'"

So saying, L.E. -- Lance Eliot Lillian -- marched out and married Marie Castiglione.

'Ey, paisanos, that was a WEDDING. I've seen weddings before, and participated in another before this (as groom; this time I was Best Man), but when you marry into a family called the Castigliones, in Niagara Falls, New York, one prepares oneself for a celebration.

The event had begun for us back in April, when my mother and great-aunt had come calling. Beth handled the logistics and pressures of having two older female in-laws spend a spate o'days in the living room with admirable grace, and a good time was had by all. It was quite a trip to see Aunt Cora, matriarch of the Lillians,

join the wife in reggae terpsichore, but Aunt C could boogie anyone in SFPA six feet deep any day of the week, and have enough moxie left to take on another apa. I took them to see On Golden Pond, which they liked, and "Son of a bitch!" Aunt Cora exclaimed.

On May 12, several weeks later, Beth and I joined the clan ... flying up to Buffalo. 4 flights in one day, 4 takeoffs, 4 (thank God) landings ... I was, as you can imagine, an absolute basket case, but Beth put up with me, and except for a raft of cumuli which we oleft between Philly and Rochester, the Fokker F28 we flew was in clear air all the way. We counted baseball diamonds in Philadelphia ... spotted a nuke in southern Pa. ... admired the irregular checkerboard that is our American turf, spaced here and there with the broken mirror appearances of cities. Flying is an



abomination before God, but this particular blasphemy was tolerable ... I guess.

The preparations were hysterical, my brother was frantic, but took the time to take Beth and I the few miles to Niagara Falls for a minute or so. The river, the rapids, the Falls themselves were utterly spectacular ... ice-choked. May, and ice still clotted the Niagara. Lake Erie is slow to warm ... and so the river hurtled past cold and white, and the air was chill and thrilling, and Canada across the way was imperious, clean, and brown-green with new spring. Ennervating always; I'll see its mists in mind's eye forever.

My responsibilities as Brother of the Groom were several. The most essential, calming the poor clod down until it was too late to back out, was done for me, by L.E.'s many mates in that neck of the woods. But no one could do the reading at the actual ceremony that was mine assigned task, nor give the toast at the reception, nor drive the rented Cadillac (a veritable liner, t'was) thereto from the church, nor get the rings off the pillow where they were tied ... no one but me, that is. But though I quaked with trepidation, I did them all. I drove the Caddy, a dream. I read the reading (lines from John), and was loud enough to compensate for my forgetting to turn on the microphone. Struggling with a stubborn ribbon, I got the rings off the %#&* prayer book and pillow. As for the toast ...

But first a word on the ceremony. The priest was friendly and informal to the point of -- for me -- indignity, but Lance and Marie liked him. The mass was more enjoyable; I'm a freak for ritual, and there is none more compelling or powerful in western life than that of the eucharist. All informality gone, the father performed the mass with a sturdy solemnity that underscored the meaning of the event. That I much liked, kneeling on my peculiar stool next to the bride and groom ... even if I did start out of my skin when that bell went off to announce the mass' beginning. I thought it was the fire alarm.

I must mention my partner in all this, the spectacular Maid of Honor, Diane. Tall, lovely, long-limbed, charming, ever-smiling, a sweet girl, though a fool. It's been years since I've encountered such a thoroughly brainless person, but she was so invincibly idiotic that I could not do aught but admire her. I hope she marries a doctor and lives to be 250.

The reception was huge -- 230 people, all but a handful of them Marie's friends and relatives. I felt like an extra in The Godfather. But the ladies boo-hoed appreciatively after I toasted my brother and new sister -- recalling how I'd asked for Lance so many years ago, huzzahing that now I had a sister, -too -- and the egoboo kept me high. The steaks were perfect, the other eats plentiful, and the band, while "noodly" (Beth's spectacular term), made the crowd happy. (I suffered through one mandatory dance with Diane, and nearly lost my dinner when two toddlers hooked up out on the dance floor to a chorus of "Ahhs". Blech.) Lemme tell you, Italians love to cut a rug. Watching the mad, frenetic, utterly joyous tarantillo brought home the truth: this wasn't just a civic/religious ceremony for the purposes of legalizing offspring of the future and insuring bloodlines -- this was a WEDDING, a wild, noisy, boozy, sweaty, loud, amazing, bouncing, ear-splitting, foot-paining (I hate those glasslike tuxedo shoes), lung-bursting, lallapalooza of a good time.

Gawd! (as Harry Flashman would say) those Romans can shake a leg!

Simultaneously with L.E. and Marie, we left the next day. Drove home with the



aunts, a journey made arduous only by Aunt C's nervousness as a passenger (she thinks I drive too fast -- 56 and up) and Aunt L's antediluvian ethnic conceits, voiced whenever we passed a car with a black driver. But both ladies have excellent qualities to compensate, and it was enjoyable, tooling over the same turf we'd crossed by air. Very green, America, this time of year, very green.

89

Mindful of how dull this may be to read, I must hail my brother for his good taste in women. The newest Lillian is a class act. Marie is cool, smart, and warm, not to mention extremely pretty. The day I met her, 5 years ago, I knew L.E. had a good'un on hand. She was bright, witty, matched Lance bullshit for hearty bullshit, and even managed to put up with my mother, somehow, which indicated incredible powers of will. She was the lady I'd've chosen for L.E., and hey, it's great. Naturally I dedicate this issue of Spiritus Mundi -- number and somewhat rakish tone aside -- to her, Marie C. Lillian, a great gal. We are much enriched.

And permit me a stagger of disbelief at my baby brother getting hitched. Surely Lance isn't 25 years old. That's impossible. Lance couldn't be over ten. If he was 25, then I'd be pushing 33, and I'm not ready for that.

Surely L.E. is the same kid whom I used to bash with loose-packed snowballs back when we lived in Tonawanda, a few miles from the Falls. Surely Lance is the same child who used to try to swallow marbles ... who got knocked silly by an auto bumper in Riverside, California ... who got so very upset when one of Jacques Cousteau's divers impaled a fish ... it must be the same kid, who told me so tearfully that our dog had died while I was at Berkeley (thought about that silly hound during the week in New York) ... good God, I remember the first time he ever stood up by himself. Married man. Wow. No wonder my mother bawled like a baby.

"Two for two, Ma!" I whispered to her in the church.

90

Must mention a side trip we took in Niagara Falls -- Lance and my father took us by the Love Canal, that suburban area contaminated by the Hooker Chemical Company years ago, where several residents developed various ailments due to the garbage in the soil.

A spooky place. A standard lower-middleclass housing area, a regular street, nice little frame houses in several designs. A street's worth of them, abandoned, boarded up, segregated behind a high, high chain link fence. NO TRESPASSING, read the signs, BY ORDER OF THE ENVIRONMENTAL PROTECTION AGENCY. Scale the fence and go to jail. Weird, those houses, sitting on tainted ground ... plans to uproot the buildings and move them elsewhere are in the works.

Many houses in the neighborhood are also empty, though there's no sign of contamination outside of that fence. Want a cheap house? They're going for peanut shells in that neck of the woods, and once the panic fades -- and my brother thinks that most of the upheaval is just that -- they might be worth something, again.

In the meantime, Love Canal sits behind its fence. TV antennas still rise above most of the roofs. One doesn't need an awesome imagination to visualize rusted bicycles and abandoned cars in the driveways, as if the world of I Am Legend had come to be.

Niagara Falls is a depressing town, and the whole area is grim, grey, choked with unemployment. But Love Canal was more so. Love Canal was fearful.

91

Like a jillion-and-one other people, Lance claims to have picked the Kentucky Derby winner, the light (i.e., grey) dark horse, Cato del Sol. As for me, I noticed the hoss, dead last at the start of the race, thinking how foolish that jockey must feel -- his big moment, lost already. Riiiiight.

Anyway, Southern fandom had trufans on the premises as the Derby came down, and here is a sterling report from a sterling lady -- Beth Pointer.

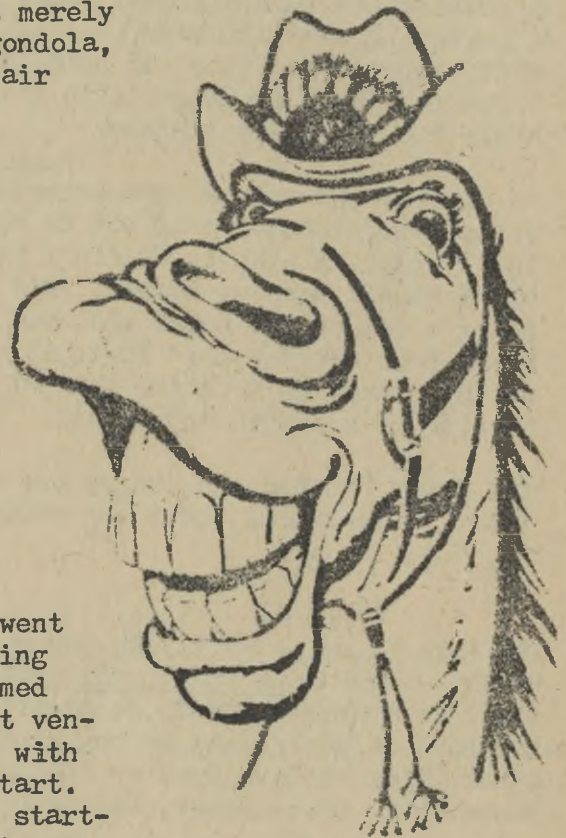
Hi! I sit here at the kitchen table, muscle-ached and bone-tired after my first derby. My-oh-my what a wonderful thing the Kentucky Derby is. The city goes positively mad for a week with the flash of races -- any kind of race, even laboratory "rat races" -- for real. I wasn't sure I would survive the Derby Festival, but I did, and I want to share it.

It all started Saturday a week ago (late April) with the Great Balloon Race. We were out at the Fairgrounds with 29,998 other people to watch those gladsome-colored air giants take to the skies. It takes about 10-15 people to get a hot air balloon up and ready to be launched. Most of them are needed to hold the cloth while the air (normal temperature) is blown into it and the air (hot) is blown in to bring it upright. I watched as many launch as I could. So, we went around the field on the shaded spaces between the mammoths and watched as the pilots fired huge streams of hot air into their balloons while their crews held the gondolas on the ground. To launch, the crews merely took their hands away from the sides of the gondola, and the whole assembly just floated into the air on its own. Beautiful. The true meaning of levitation. As it turned out, the balloon sponsored by Benihana dropped its load of bluegrass seed closest to the mark laid down by the hare, thereby making it the hound who made the kill. I heard he was within a foot and a half of the mark.

The mundane world picked back up again that Monday after we went to Lexington to visit friends there and to explore Lexington Cemetery. I was awfully sore the first of the week, but I did love to see that lovely resting place for Clay, the Breckenridges and many a family which flowered in the verdant hills of the Bluegrass.

On Wednesday, we went to the Great Steamboat Race with our own shining Belle of Louisville, the wedding cake (you named it accurately) Natchez, and the conniving, but venerable Delta Queen. The Belvedere was packed with people, so we went to the wharf to watch it start. There, much to everyone's surprise, the Queen started up the River before the others had come into position. As it happened, the Natchez won cleanly by a good three lengths. When they presented her captain with the golden antlers, the crew took them and, preceded by their jazz band, processed them to the second deck of the Natchez with much cheering and jubilation. The Natchez is a beautiful boat, but I'm still so proud of the lithe, Victorian Belle, whose lights make the wharf so beautiful from now through August.

The next day was the Pegasus parade. We (Cliff, his mother, his sister Jean, her children, Cliff's children and I) all sat on the parade route in the drizzling rain and had a great time. How I love parades. I was in marching bands long enough to learn to enjoy the percussion (literally) of the drums in your stomach as the bands pass by. Again, as with the balloon race and the steamboat race, I was amazed to see a city's inhabitants come en masse to a civic occasion. I've never lived anywhere like this before, and it's wonderful to live in a city with spirit. I love Louisville!



We recuperated for a day and then went to the Derby. Such a spectacle of horse-flesh, richness, and (in the infield) madness. I was worried about being in the infield, but Cliff has never disappointed me in showing me a good time. We might regret it later when we're tired and sore, but it's worth every aspirin and hot water bottle. We got there about 10 AM, and settled into our "spot". After having eaten some Colonel's Chicken and drinking the bourbon we smuggled in, we got up and roamed. There was a crowd at the ladies room collecting money to give to girls who would "Show Your Tits!" It was wonderful. Cliff loved it, that filthy old man. He sure has his hormones in the right place -- and enough of them.

Let me tell you about the horses. They're the most beautiful big animals I've ever seen. I stood at the fence for every race just to see the two seconds of them running by. First, you hear the thunder of their hooves then, they come floating past you, the jockeys in their silks hovering above their backs. They are magnificent animals, all legs and bodies with delicate heads and finely wrought nostrils. They're always stretching themselves over the track, pumping their legs like four perfectly synchronized pistons, off-set two by two. I could watch them all day. They are truly the "big horse" of Faulkner's story ("Louisville:May:Saturday" -- if you haven't read it, you should, to appreciate what happens here with our noble thoroughbreds). I hope I'll always be somewhere I can see these creatures with their huge bodies without any wasted space, and their fine hooves and heads.

Back to the infield. At our second stroll, we went by the paddock and saw the horses for the 7th race. On the way back, I got a certain urge to put a \$2 bet on horse #11 for the Derby, but like as I have done in the past, I didn't. I don't know why, other than I had never bet on a horse, and I wasn't sure of myself. #11 was Gato del Sol. My intuition told me to place a bet on the horse that won by a long shot and I didn't do it. Oh God! Why? Gato del Sol paid 20 to 1. I would have come out with \$40.40. Did you see him race? He took the lead at the end of the backstretch and powered on, winning by a length and a half. Oh, such a great-hearted horse he is.

Going to the Derby has made me hungry for Mardi Gras, and now I know how you felt. There is something about the madness of the events that stirs something inside us, Guy. Enjoy.

♡♡

ART this issue -- well, the cover is by Sandy Paris-Barger, who becomes only the -- uh -- third Spiritus Mundi dedicatee (she won #58 back in her yellow coveralls days) to double as an SM cover artist. Biiiiiiiiig deal, right Sandy? I thought the subject matter and my own steamy fantasies about Sandy irresistible for SM69. Other illos by Dave Ryan -- WELCOME TO SFPA, BRO! -- Jerry Collins, Steve Trout, Fosco Piva, Chuck Jones, Delmonte, and that ever popular favorite, Roberta Ripough.

♀♂

A quick movie review, and then on to mc's. Conan ...

I can't do it. I just can't. It isn't possible. Not possible to enumerate everything that was wrong with Conan the Barbarian. I cannot describe how disappointing the story was (after a good start), how dull and thick Schwarzenegger or whatever seemed, how embarrassing it was to see fine actors like Mako and Max von Sydow sully their craft, how dumb James Earl Jones looked, how unintentionally comic the whole mess was. It can't be done.

It'd be just another big, overblown, bad flick if it didn't carry tragic news. I understand from the proprietor of Chapel Hill's Foundation Book Store that Karl Edward Wagner's superb Bloodstone had been optioned for the flicks, and they were waiting for public reaction to Conan before they started.

Looks like Conan has condemned Kane to the shelf. And that is a loss.

THE SOUTHERNER #106 ♀ CHLIIIOE

OGLY OGLY OGLY. Cramped, crowded, bedecked with a lovely logo that mimeo limitations forced me to clip down to size. OGLY OGLY. ♀♂♀ I goofed, of course, in thinking that Meade Frierson had scofflawed on his dues; note correction in 107's 00.

♀♂♀ I've toted up some figures -- if everyone on our roster attends DSC III whom I expect to, and SFPA 107 is the same size as 106, we could save almost thirty bucks by hand-delivering the mlg's. I hope the signal has been thumbs high for the idea.

MLG CAUSTICS

THE HAND OF MERLE OBERON #1 ♀ Wells

Even if Steed and Liz Peel were not physical with each other -- and I don't think they were, off in that nebulous counter-universe where fictional characters spend their time, off-stage -- I know she was touched with the sadist. Wearing that jumpsuit in front of us poor slobbering fellas is enough to prove that. ♀♂♀ Beth was pinkly tickled to get your postcard ... "stop chewing the fanzines and start reading them" is better advice than the other Wells' know.

NEW WAVE REVU #1 ♂ Paris

Your loveliness and spunk will be much missed in these pages, purty one. Don't be a stranger. I enjoyed this little review sheet ... "Gobble the spice O big mama ..." Sounds like it was true about that sex scene in the middle of Dune ... And I must say you'd make even a surfboard look inviting. Hang ten!

HUITLOXOPETL - STILL A ZINE ♀ Meade

If I ever get a VCR, maybe I'll start collecting the Oscar winners I've been "collecting" in my eyeballs all these years. You have some A+ flix on file ... Western Front, On the Waterfront, Bon-Hur ... let me know if you chance into prints of Cimarron, Cavalcade, The Broadway Melody or You Can't Take It With You, 'kay? ♀♂♀ I rather liked a little bit of the TV WWIII movie -- Rock Hudson was strong as the U.S. President who finally gives the go-ahead. ♀♂♀ Thanks for the reminder -- I owe Dave Pettus an article for Parsec.

THE PORT NEWS PORT #75 ♀ Brooks

Or something like that. ♀♂♀ So is that antique typer with the windows on the sides usable? Let's do a oneshot on it: Throw No Stones. ♀♂♀ I missed that "Electric Grandmother". ♀♂♀



Yeah, that was one pee-poor Swamp Thing movie; I went into envying my old pal Mike Uslan for being a bigtime motion picture producer, and came out of it pitying him. Best comic book ever published, and they did that to it. Only Barbeau's boobs were worth watching. ☺ I paid a local guy thirty-six bucks to fix up my ABDick 525, and this zine is published on it. For a grand total of \$53.50 I got a machine worth \$1700 new. The 437 is for sale to the highest bidder willing to come pick it up. The M-4 you sold me stays here, a reliable spare; thanks for coming across with it when the need was great. ☺ Raiders of the Lost Ark has a splendid ring; I feel faaanfic coming on ... ☺ That horrible scene in horrible Galaxy of Terror took place between a moth larva and a luscious, naked, slick and shiny blonde. It was the only part of the movie I found myself enjoying, and I was ashamed of myself. ☺ Saw a trailer for Bladerunner t'other night. Looked okay, but I'll believe it when I see it. ☺ Last I heard from Hank Stine on the subject of Lafferty, he was planning on buying some of his unpublished novels for Starblaze. A consummation devoutly to be wish'd. That was at Noreascon II, though ... quite a while back. You see the books on the shelf? ☺ Hey, someone ought to pose Rick Dey with Damon Knight and caption the photo, "They're as different as Rick and Damon!" Or did I miss the punchline ... ☺ Wildest hamburger sign I ever saw in Watts, L.A. Big brown fist on the sign: RIGHT ON BURGERS. I almost stopped to take a picture of it, but thought about ending up in a Right On Burger, and drove on. ☺ Eight pages! Practically typerrhea for you, Ned.

SFC BULLETIN No. 26 ☺ Meade

Another superb publication. My first SFFA mlg -- #30 -- had an SFC Bulletin in it, disguised as Huittl #4. I repeat my call for a super-Rebel to honor the man who has brought Southern fandom e'er closer together ... ~~WII/WII/WII~~ ☺ Well, now we have two Atlanta worldcon bids. And I wish someone could explain it all to me -- I've heard both sides and the middle and am only more and more confused and more and more tired of the whole business. Get your act together, Atlanta, and then give me a call. ☺ Yes -- Charlie Williams for Hurrol ☺ Really fine write-ups on the cons of '81. Southern fandom is in a period of boom, as this list amply demonstrates. I'll hold back the usual comments about crowded schedules and just exult in the hyper-activity. ☺ Good news about the new Kane novel and short fiction. New Steve King for the summer will be It; whether King tossed the 2100-page m.s. on his publisher's desk and shouted "This is It!" is a matter of conjecture; I understand it runs 900 printed pages.

SLIP SLIDIN' AWAY! ☺ Iris

Nice to have you back in SFFA, kiddo! Nice con report (to begin a second sentence with that word), though what stands out most clearly is your terror of icy roads. No blame there. And while I too wouldn't mind a Chattanooga DSC -- not in '83, please. Knoxville all the way!

THE SACRIFICE WAS WORTH IT! ☺ Donna B.

Will look forward to reading about all those midnight rendezvous in the lifeboats on your cruise. My brother and his new wife plan on a cruise honeymoon ... my mother fears U-boats ... ☺ Uhh ... I don't think you finished my mc, dahlin' ...

JEWELS AND BINOCULARS #10 ☺ McGovern

Enjoyed the opening section on the Moral Majority. I hear less and less of those losers lately; soon I'll hear what I really want to hear of them, i.e. nothing at all. ☺ Personally, my unconventional views have been restricted to such subjects as entomology (civil rights for killer bees) and tennis (the right to sav shit is the right to punch out McEnroe). I definitely disagree about evolution being founded on faith -- it seems to me to be rooted in the highest traditions of scientific deduction, the best answer we have considering the evidence available. However, a good statement on violence in films, which might be better expressed as gore in films, since that's

what you truly object to. ☹️ In case she didn't tell you herself, Beth's birthday is March 20, 1954. ☹️ You're getting nominal results on that mimeo of yours, if your pubs this time are any measure. Bear in mind that this page (and the several surrounding it) is being typed on an ol cheapo Vellum stencill, all that's available around here. (Quill has an order on the way.) But my mimeo seems to be doing splendidly, too. Knock wood. ☹️ Like I said to someone else recently, I've heard of a 1984 screen epic being considered. Would love to see it made well. ☹️ The newsman's flub re: Brady's "my eyes glaze over" jibe was that, as he was relating the joke, Brady was thought to be dead ... his eyes really glazing over. Aggh. ☹️ You may find the answer to your question on who is running for the '83 OEShip in this very mailing. Is Rogers still a candidate? ☹️ Ian Ralph does exist; he and Mike Rogers have been in the same room at the same time, at Satyricon. Ian looks a lot like Jerry Collins; one of those "snooze and they'll vanish" guys. ☹️ I scored my best at Frogger just today: 12050. ☹️ Acid flashbacks were commonly accepted occurrences among the folk I know in Berkeley; they certainly do happen. ☹️ Maybe Jennings wanted drunks to be punched out by Army corporals, ergo, corporal punishment. ☹️ Surrogate motherhood: an inseminated ovum from one woman is implanted into another ♀, who carries it to term. In use these days for people who have had numerous miscarriages, damaged wombs, etc. ☹️ Ignore "☹️", for this is a continuation of the previous comment. Surrogate mamahood is an example of s.f. predicting eventual fact. Meinlein mentioned just such a set-up in Stranger. ☹️ Speaking of everybody's favorite preacher, Jim Jones, I'm much looking forward to that book on his Temple, Our Father Who Art in Hell. Heard a tape of one of his paranoiac sermons fairly recently: he was crazy as a bedbug, a shrieking, foaming thing. Despite his Hitlerian example, I still oppose the concept of "deprogramming" wholeheartedly. More like "reprogramming", the process seems just as inhuman as the subtle brainwashing the cults practice. ☹️ Good mezzine, very reasonable, nicely turned. Hate the paper, though. I didn't know they made bond in Slime Green.

WAITIN' ON YOU ☹️ McGovern

I don't know much about Dylan -- there were freaks of my acquaintance in New Orleans, though, who used to conduct whole conversations in quotations from his ditties, so I more or less picked up the point. This is an interesting and valuable guide for the musicologists among us.

MOTHER CELKO'S HORROR STORIES ☹️ Himself

A controversial sheet, this, and we're bound to hear squawks from the other Atlantans in SEPA. The Queen City of the South is in turmoil, it seems, with factions at war. Or all this could be smoke. Whatever ... ☹️ No, the first Halfacon -- still the best con I've ever attended -- took place in 1973. ☹️ Riding a bus from NYC to Atlanta nearly killed me in 1974; Clement offered to do so? Amazing. ☹️ Has any Halfacon ever paid for anyone's room? I mean, we couldn't, and didn't, for Reinhardt back in 1975 ... I thought it was kind of assumed that Halfs are shoestring affairs, costing little, where the point is to get drunk, get laid (unless one is married, that is *sigh*), smof and play cards. And insult the roastee, of course.

NO WILL WHATSOEVER no. 2 ☹️ Pickersgill

Neat cover! I hope you don't mind my spacing your zines so far apart in the mlg, but I figured that since this pub dealt with old mc's, and was done so far ahead of Friends in Space, that blah blah ... ☹️ NUKE BUENOS AIRES! ☹️ I don't think that air mail for you will be any problem for a while -- I'll hand you this one, and collect contributions for MILK at the DSC. But of course I'll air mail you an 00 if worse comes to worst. ☹️ Rick Norwood masqued at Noreason as Dr. Who -- wearing nothing but a long, long scarf. I was sitting with Justin, Annie, Sue and Celko; Winston and I nearly lost our lunches. I quoted David Niven's riposte to the Oscar streaker. ☹️ Michael Herr is supposed to have written the river monologue

in Apocalypse Now, though our friend Mr. Walsh claims otherwise. ☿☿ One of the niftiest things about Chariots of Fire was its lookat the British university system, its heritage, its snobbery, its appeal. Charming and enviable. ☿☿ Actually, having 23 SFPAs cast votes in the Egopoll is a righteously good ratio. We haven't done that well in years. ☿☿ Yeah, Linda Pickersgill -- the old lady of SFFA. Gwan. ☿☿ Interesting ct Carlberg on fannish recognition. The more I experience of national fandom, the more comfortable I am in our regional variety. ☿☿ OLD MAN? OLD MAN? O*L*D M*A*N?!? I ain't the only NOLA expatriate who's seen the last sign of 30, Miss Carol Connors lookalike. Hmph! ☿☿ Ry Coofer also did soundtracks for Southern Comfort (a wonderful film to show Greg; "This is where I want us to live, honey") and The Border, Warren Oates' last movie. ☿☿ I'm glad you said that about transvestites -- that their mannerisms and affectations were caricatures, and, by implication, rather sad and embarssing. If I said this truth, I'd be razzed as a sexist. I'd dispute whether one could call even a complete transsexual a woman, since genetically, the person remains male, but if appearances make one happy, I'm all for it. Too much sadness in this sad world. ☿☿ Well, when a concom is alerted to a dangerous situation at their con, and asked to take action, then I'd think it their responsibility to act. This is not to assign them the powers of a Moral Police; it's to ask them to keep the peace at their convention. ☿☿ Maniacs in the Senate want to impose a restriction on disseminating (so to speak) birth control to teenagers: the parents must be advised first. Filthy idiocy, and I hope it doesn't go as far as law. ☿☿



Hmm ... got me, kiddo. I dunno if British publishing dates would remove Riddley Walker from Hugo contention. I hope not, even though Valis has my absolute support, all the way. ☿☿ The illo is what really made Dogs are Disappearing in Westwego for me. Who came up with the idea for Sper's superb rendition? ☿☿ It's a long time ago and the very dead past, but the Howie incident did indeed cause a great deal of silly suspicion and rampant paranoia among NOLA's dope crowd, some of whom, yourself very much included, I really cared for; it really hurt to be suspected of complicity with cops because one wasn't part of the crowd. As we say, it's the gone past, and I promise to mention it no more. There are better things to remember. And new times ahead. May you and yours have loved DSC.

STUMPED FOR A TITLE ☿ Batty Neat self-caricature! ☿☿

Marvelous poem! Let's sum it up: "I hate/weight." ☿☿

It seemed to me that SFFA's excitement about its big '81 communicated itself to the rest of Southern fandom -- that this apa is directly responsible for the high whoopeedoo spirits of the whole region. May it keep up, and SFFA stay central to Southern interest! ☿☿ We'll try to make it to VatiCon, but can't promise anything. Oh, the pain ... ☿☿ Glad you've gotten things straight with the Book Nook; now you can check on the mystery shelves for Weep for Me whenever you go to Hank's place. Do you really think the guy behind the counter didn't recognize you, though? ☿☿ Funneeee tales about your prizes in grade school for undeserved achievement. You learned fast that the real rewards are reserved for Captain Gladhande and his Mellow Mounties ... reminds me of Mad's Practical Scouts; while the other fool is trying to light the boss's cigarette with sticks, you'll have the old Bic out, and this comment isn't making much sense, is it? ☿☿ I'll look forward to seeing the computer games at DSC. You got Frogger available? My current fave. ☿☿ Andy Purcell is interested in offering a three-day con some day -- I mean, a true three-day con, involving full programming on Friday as well as Saturday and Sunday. Running a con over till Monday runs into the disadvantage of cheaper fares on Sunday, but whatheck, try it and see. ☿☿ Discuss the exclusion of wl material from SFFA at DSC, with

arrghhhhhooooYIKEowwwwwwwAGGGGGGHHHHH...changing from elite to pica
isn't exactly a painless experience, y'know...anyway, where was I?

other SFPAnS. Ask the OEship candidates about their feelings on the matter -- mine are much-stated and well-known. += I told Celko, & I likewise advise y'all, that the Atlanta bids will have to counter the guaranteed NY advantage in actifans by shameless recruiting among New York's arch-enemies -- Angelenos. Ellay will likely host the 1984 worldcon, where the '86 con will be decided. Make lots and lots and lots of California friends ... and unite your bids! += The word is spelled g-u-i-l-l-o-t-i-n-e (I think), and so Hank is now making mianture such, huh? Probably hopes to cut his own fingers off and claim it happened in a knife fight. I sure do look forward to seeing that old man lose money again. += One should explain for the neophytes in SFFA that a Don Markstein imitation insofar as Hearts is concerned involves passing out from fatigue while at table -- Don never did this, but Hank claims he had to beg off from a game in '73 due to exhaustion. Iron Fen of Yore, bullshat Hank, never did such! += As a K-a member (then) and a SFFAn (then, now, and forever) I received two copies of Alan's Swamp Thing silkscreen. Spilled a Coke on the K-a cover: a mess, like someone had hit Alec Holland with defoliant. Speaking of Swampy, I rather like what Marty Pasko is doing with the new series. The tale of the vampire punk rockers had nice overtones of 'Salem's Lot, and packed a f'real punch. += Did I mention those unremovable (or rather, unreplaceable) name-bracelets MidAmericon wound about our wrists in 1976? "Gahgah! Googoo!" I said to Ken Keller, con chairman. He kept walking, having heard that I always talk like that. += From what I hear, yankees damn the Atlanta airport because it's so big. It's a major production to change airlines there. += I wish Jerry Collins had kept in touch. I had to bounce his ass off the waitlist in mlg 106. += C'mon, Kingpun; work it out with Spider-fan. (I'm getting old; I never noticed you and Mike were snitting.) += NEW ENGLAND!?! REINHARDT IN NEW ENGLAND? Y*A*N*K*E*E COUNTRY!?! No. No, this cannot be permitted. The old sod's been brainwashed. Bring in the ~~re~~deprogrammers ... += Your page headings are magnificent. Nuns on Fire ... hey, didn't I take her to the Senior Ball? += The Soup of Ideas:Campbell. Brilliant. += Yeah, I met Ken Gale. He read SFFA 100 and I read Interlac. I drove him down to a convenient place on the highway, pumped him full of lead, and dumped him out. No big deal. I'd do the same for you if you visited Greensboro. += Clever $\frac{1}{2}$ acon badges and a neat interview with Fred Hembeck. Funny stuff! += Well, a good zine, filled with funny stuff, Wardo. I've spent almost a whole stencil on you, and that's plenty, but keep giving us stuff like this and you just might make it into the apa itself someday.

MARDI GRAS CON I:THE SOCIAL EVENT OF THE WEAK=Dolbear An extraordinary experience artfully outlined. I regret missing the "motor tour of the wine country of N.O.", as I might have spotted some of my old clients from the Unemployment office. += A superb krewe and a splendid time. Naturally our host's schemata must be the first of SFFA 106's Mardi Gras reports!

LAPSI LAZULI Vol. 2 #2=Dennis Let that typo stand. += Ah, your repro is light, but okay. The price is right. Eventually you should get one of those \$8 Gestetners working ... Xerox may be flashy, but mimeo is king. += The director of Alice's Restaurant was Arthur Penn, the genius who gave the world Mickey One and Bonnie and Clyde

(and Little Big Man, which I loathed) and the recent Four Friends. He didn't direct Easy Rider; that was Dennis Hopper's doing. That movie breaks my heart nowadays ... += Re: Altered States. The film made extensive use of the Castaneda mythos, much as did that much-maligned Trial of Billy Jack. So did Yoda in ESB, for that matter. To have read some of Carlos' works -- Eagle's Gift is out in paper, by the way -- is to have a better comprehension of the experiences of the protagonist, I'd say. += Bobby Seale was innocent. And is now free. Our system is yet resilient to the fascistic excesses of punks in power. += Joe Brancatelli was a really likable guy who often shot off the deep end in his dealings with the comic book pros. His account of DC's session of art criticism at the 1973 Seulingcon was wildly inaccurate and wholly unfair; he accused the staff of looking at amateur art, sneering at it, sending would-be artists away heartbroken, when in actuality the editors looked at the art, offered professional critiques, and advised the newcomers on technique. Art texts were suggested. I watched the process for a long while and talked to several of the kids afterwards -- none that I saw felt anything but impressed and excited. Anyway, what this has to do with Branc is simply that he wrote up a fantasy in Inside Comix and however nice a guy he is, and he is quite nice, that was el wrongo. Water long under the bridge, anyway. += Trust Kenner to throw away the Bill of Rights. That town operates under the Sicilian Constitution, anyway. += 40 degrees! Brr! += Shrimp is one of the universe's finest foods; that Louisiana is glutted with the goodies is one more reason to return. Why the hell did I leave? Where was my brain? I should have brought Beth there and set us up in an apartment in the Garden District near Tulane. Sure, we would have been washed out to sea in one of the floods, but hey, think of the shrimp ... += I note your comment about YHWH being "a little on the intolerant side" and promise to try to be nicer in the future. += Wonderful comment to Rusty about the spiders in your TV set. But that's not your TV set. It's your washing machine. And they aren't spiders. They're crayfish. They slatter and clatter and drivel and drool, and wait for you to go to sleep so they can crawl over and pinch your ass with their nasty little pincers. So no no no, better not sleep, because if you do, 'tween the sheets they'll creep. (I think my brain has turned to organic compost.) += I always worry about Larry Epke whenever a grain elevator goes up in kabooming glory; I was terribly worried about him when the Continental elevator went up in Louisiana in '77, and I'm worried today because of the Council Bluffs blooey. But I think this federal grain inspector fan is working in Chicago. += Better a hundred guilty go free than one innocent be put away. It's a paraphrase of the most fundamental fact of American law, and it's paramount. It's also 20th Century Fox. += And doesn't your gumline taste wonderful after having crownwork done? += What could be sweeter eye candy than slab upon slab of exquisite GHLIII prose? += The Hypercube was a pun on The Sphere, of course. Good grief, Dolbear, do I have to spell everything out for you? += Again, nice illos, especially the cover. Very handsome design. Walsh to DSC: don't forget.

HOW TO IGNORE BILLY CRYSTAL=Ryan etc. I love this. The farewell P.L. issue. "Goodbye P.L." And that's all wehear of it. += Don't worry, Paula ... I'll offer "gentle encouragement" and "help" so you can "learn how" ... Gee, I haven't written a stupid mc like this in years. There should definitely be more worthless oneshots like this one. Consider that the word of the OE.

ONE DAMN THING AFTER ANOTHER=Ryan In your honor, a Ryan illo shall adorn this page. += You're only 27? Jeez. += This strike natter is most fascinating, and of course I wish you all the luck. More luck: getting a paycheck out of all this mess. Strikers can't get UI ... += 'T'was Hugh McLennan who taught me how to pronounce "Celt". "Sow-suh," he said. += Allergic to cats, huh? Good man. I understand that some of the maniacs in charge of Chicon are offering a "cat room" for feline fanatics; a room full of cats where such can relax with their sweet liddle puddywuddies. If they'd carry the idea a little further, and offer an entire cat house, then they might be onto something. += I saw part of The Night Porter; Charlotte Rampling revolts me, but I've always been an admirer of Dirk Bogarde. If you ever get the ehance, catch a fine film called Providence, in which he plays an arch, bitchy, Graham Greeneish snob to absolute perfection. Marvelous. += Nancy's kid "died of a drug overdose when Nancy tried to nurse him"? HAWHAW += Would love to come to Rockon (or Roc*Kon, rather), but it is a long way to drive. Have the club make us Fan GoHs next year and we're in. That's supposed to be a right successful con -- it's a shame they're so far removed from the rest of the South. += Yes, Clint; where's the moose? += Keeping Amos 'n'Andy off the toob due to racial pressures is silly, especially since The Jeffersons depicts similar black folks doing similar nonsense. A'n'A is much funnier, too. += Nope, couldn't make it all the way through Caligula. Too damned boring to sit through for long. Rollerbabies, on the other hand ... Schwarzin will remember the author of Rollerbabies; he's the guy we hung around with at MAC ... "Carson Bingham". += Ever hear any of the Bud Collyer Superman radio shows? Lois Lane was not only pushy, she was practically Mae West. Sounded like her, too. += I look forward to my own copy of the Phil Dick bibliography -- Sper, I hope you've mailed it down by now. += Great comment: if acid didn't give you a religious experience, why'd you see a young Lauren Bacall? Young Ruby Keeler was even better. That's my idea of guns and video, your hilarious bacover notwithstanding.

DHARMA BUMS #3+Beth Three hits for three at-bats. Wonderful. I hope I'm not the only SFPAN who notices the spiffy, subtle coloring job on the lettering on your cover. Speaking of which, a great job by Messr. Ryan in duplicating the lettering style. += "A splash of stars across the mind and heart." And you say you can't natter ... += The "forget your (whatever) and dance" quotations comes from one of those reggae albums you've fallen in love with. It's compelling and perfect for a Gras report. And your report is itself, exquisite; "being a pure liver has its advantages ... like wearing sensible shoes". That echo of the steam whistle on the Vieux



Carre is still with me ... you too? Wanna do something about it? +=+ The Duke-a-Paducah was one fine gentleman; to know New Orleans, listne oh lady to this man. He has the voice, he has the presence, he has the tone. Most fun place in the country to live. +=+ Yeah, we mentioned to Rusty the possibility of their moving to NOLA, and he said, "No way. This town would kill me within two years." An incandescent reminiscence! +=+ True, I did lose my cookies while reading your Mardi Gras report for the first time ... but

I blame the flu, not your writing style. +=+ Lady, you have no idea how good it is to read your commentary on marriage. Glad that when the axe fell, it had such a hooman bean behind it as you.

(Dolbear says that lovey-dovey mc's between married couples make him sick. Try Maalox, DD.)

+=+ That fatigue bender you describe sounds downright frightening. I've never been that tired ... but then I've never had that much fun, either. +=+ Speaking of Bob Tucker,

Vern ... but no, I'll let Vern print his ideas on the future state of SFPAns. +=+ There's a great photo of Walsh, age 3 or so, with his arms around his sister, age 2. If you don't know who it is, you don't realize the implications. I'll have to steal a copy from his grandmother and print

it. +=+ Enough of this Burketude business! I still can't forget Kathy's hair ... it's the most beautiful pate I've ever seen on a lady, and I made a point of telling her so. That is red hair. +=+ A funny Ryan cartoon (is there another kind?), a most moving Phil Dick tribute (which is greatly appreciated here), and another wonderful back cover: Dharma Bums booms on.

THE FLAME BURNS BRIGHTER 2+P.L. Nice cover; beautiful lettering.

I remember the to-do when some asshole cut the head off the Little Mermaid as a prank; they replaced it, from the original mold, but somehow it didn't sit quite right and look quite natural. Where's that statue supposed to be, anyway? +=+ Really handsome pub! Nice illos this time. +=+ Okay, okay, so I put your name ahead of Larry's on the SFPA Roster. If it matters to you, it matters to me. +=+ Gee, P.L. (or G.P.L.), now that you're living outside of the South, should you run for re-election as SFC VP? +=+ What's this about Roc*Kon being known as (excuse me, everyone) Lesbocon? Gawd. We'll have to invite the Bourbon Street rugby team as special guests of honor. +=+ YAG! Is that Burke on page 5? He looks like Lawrence Talbot midway through his change. +=+ Beth will soon have all of Quinn's St.Germain novels to read. Ordered the 3 I was missing from the SFBC t'other day. Hey, DSConcoms of the future ... Quinn for Pro Guest of Honor, me for Toastmaster, what say? +=+ Korbas was-n't evil -- I don't think he consciously meant anyone harm, like his only equivalent in apa history. He was just a little crazy and very pompous and defansive. +=+ Try Frogger? Relatively simple game, which might explain why I do pretty well at it. 12,000 is my high. +=+ Qix is the toughest video game I've yet encountered, and for that reason among my favorites. Not being a game of monkey reflexes, it's a challenge, an exercise for the wits. And it is so satisfy-ing to catch the swirling qixstix in a corner and turn the whole

board gray ... +=+ No kidding that censoring zines is anathema to the spirit of apadom. Freedom of expression is the point of the hob-



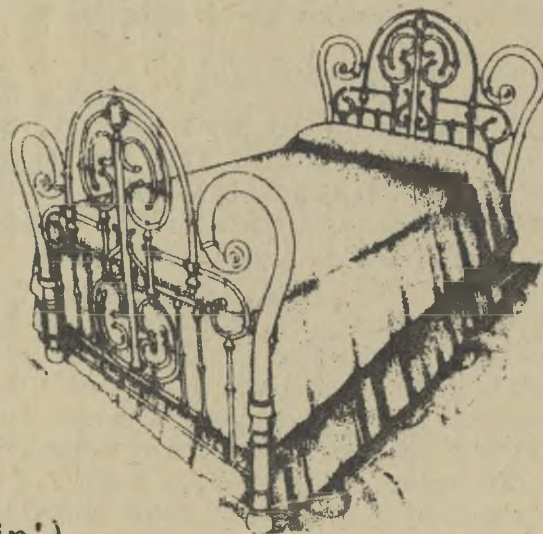
by. From what I've seen of Brain Earl Brown's actions in REHUPA, he's being false to the medium...and very unfair to REHUPAns. +=+ Vern? Tell the lady what "ESDDDM" means ... I prefer to add an "F", which might make the meaning more obvious ... +=+ "Picnicing in the mountings" must be the best typo I've ever seen. +=+ If it is a typo. +=+ Meade better not sleep through next DSC's business meeting! I want his vote for Knoxville in '83! +=+ It's nice to see my name and the wif's mentioned when good congoing is the topic and good company is the specific. I'm very grateful, even though it is, of course, Beth who is actually responsible. Kind of a new experience for both of us...thank God for her! +=+ But "The Last Gunfight" on Star Trek had one overwhelming asset -- the actual gunfight itself. Neat special effects as the wooden fence behind the Enterprise twits splintered and exploded from the Earps' gunfire. +=+ Your moving experience in moving is bloodcurdling; mechanical problems abounded and crisis preceded only crisis. But you are there, at last, and as for your bacover, so say all of us.

A HIGHER ELEVATION 8=Larry Nice logowork by the Mrs. ... oops, don't let her see that. +=+ Thanks for Dana Longo Cain's address! I wish I'd had a photo of her to run in the SFPA Family Album, although I could never have done her justice. Or as Mr. Walsh says ... +=+ So how are those unknown Beatles cuts? +=+ Indeed, REHUPA could do worse than model a Constitution after ours; I have never seen a more clear or more fair set of rules for an amateur press association. As you know, certain parties in that apa are fighting the suggestion that a constitution be written, using as an argument the Andruschack affair with SFPA 100; even with a body of rules, they say, an OE was able to cancel an apa mailing. What an absurd misstatement of the truth. That this apa's OE uses such arguments to justify his own censorship of a Montgomery zine is even more repellent. Fight on! +=+ No sweat. You stay on the wl. An excuse to print your home address as well as "c/o KSSS". +=+ Had an interesting experience a buncha months ago -- actually spoke with Harry Warner, Jr. I was looking for a copy of All Our Yesterdays and wondered if he had one to sell (no such luck). The man was ill but quite gracious. +=+ To jump to zin'es end on your comment to me, yes, I much appreciated the little article on the John D. MacD collector, even if he did get the title of The Dreadful Lemon Sky wrong. Must be some sort of cosmic connection that melds Joyce and MacDonald in the mind, as both he and I love both. I have found No Deadly Drug, of course, but haven't read it; looks pretty long and fairly blah, surprisingly enough. Weep for Me is the only MacD pub I do not have, and oh, oh, oh do I want it. (Steve King has a copy.) +=+ I'm glad locals like you like Gary Hart; he's certainly an attractive thought for post-RR America, a fresh thinker, a bright man. None of the other prospects seem worth a damn, although how could I ever say such a thing about John Glenn ... +=+ Of course you don't turn me off with your "opinionating" on dope; you have your perspective and you state it fairly. That's what's new about dope use; it doesn't seem to be promulgated by so exclusively a paranoid crowd anymore. By which I mean to say that dopers' tolerance and capacity for sense has risen a great deal since 1977. People like you, and the Knoxvilleans, don't look upon the stuff as salvation, as the center of their lives, don't fear those like me who want nothing to do with it...don't automatically assume we're narcs. A real relief; end to another of the meaningless schisms that resulted from the sixties. +=+ I'm glad you approve of my "Montgomery Papers" essays; my gratitude for the loan of these

grows daily. Fascinating. += At this point, Larry, I'd believe that Amelia Earhart was David Mitchell. += Yes, please do 'rox those early remarks on SFPA from the SFG zine! += My own SFPA collection goes back to mlg 38, which is the disty just before I joined. Except for #30 and #36, I believe, I'm missing all of Ion's numbers as OE. +=+ Your buddy Vince called me recently asking how he might get on the wl, so your recruiting might have had an effect. += Since I'm handing this mlg to you at the DSC, I might as well not comment on our "plans" for the con ... but they include the party where this mailing will be distributed, unless I miss my guess. += Again, I wonder whether we first-time Southpaw winners will get retroactive plaques ... seems only appropriate and just, since I'm an awards freak and this is the only one I expect to receive. += Nice surprise on the major Oscar, eh what? += Re: the average American's interest in space and things otherwise extraterrestrial: when you see Mimosa #1 in SFPA #109, read Jack Chalker's article on the subject -- a brilliant speech, originally delivered at the Chattanooga where I picked up the Montgomery Papers. Great con, that. += Looking forward to this summer's reading ... not only is there a new Ludlum, currently being read, but a new Dick Francis, awaiting my perusal, a new John D., the last Phil Dick, and Steve King's It. For some reason I anticipate a return to form for the Maine magician. += New Kane novel upcoming, too. += Personally, I think you communicate just dandy in print, and in fact, always have. += All right! "A Study in Horror" is familiar to me, since it ran in one of the zines in the Montgomery Papers. Good, spooky yarn ... += Nice bacover finishes a terrific zine, Larry. Hope we both have enjoyed DSC with our fine ladies.

BREAKFAST AT MILLIWAYS 16+Lynch la femme "Your smiles are bright bookmarks between the leaves of my life (signed) BREAD." She just loves him for his dough. += Hooray for the Scotts -- all 3 of them! +=+ That new semi-prozine is Parsec; I just scrawled a piece on apas for it. Dave Pettus is associate editor. += A bumpkin burg near here has recently passed an ordinance forbidding video game parlors from staying open past 8 or so; supposedly this will force kids to stay home and do their homework and pray, or something like that. Idiotic law; seems to me there's an inexhaustible supply of stupid dumdots in this species. += I was downright offended by Fade to Black, but not because of the standard "oo-ick" reasons. I didn't like them casting a fine young actor like Dennis Christopher in a nothing role, and I despised their maltreatment of Hopalong Cassidy. With some legends you do not mess. += 3-D has made a comeback with Parasite, which I plan on seeing this weekend. What happened to that process whereby the stupid goggles weren't needed? += So where are the Venus de Milo's arms today? What was she doing with them, I wonder? Playing catch with Winged Victory? Thumbing her nose at the Mona Lisa? += I hope Bladerunner makes eighty billion bucks, so that every unpubbed Phil Dick m.s., every obscure short story is brought into print, and every other Phil Dick novel receives filmization. += Odd spring this year ... the evening of April 22 Greensboro went down to 36. That's sick. +=+ "I wouldn't mind Dick putting a dish on the roof..." How about Kristin Vastenboomboom? Like Duck on the Roof, probably. += Yes, Knoxville in '83! Great hotel and splendid guests (ahem). We do plan on visiting the World's Fair, since we can crash at the Grotto. Besides, I've never been to one. Pain in the wazoo for Knoxvilleans, but irresistable, I fear. +=

Bob Shaw was obviously THE hit of B'hamacon 2; the city loves him so much they're importing him for a tiny Halfacon next fall. (We expect to be there.) += If they make a Silver Surfer movie, may it be 96 times better than Swamp Thing. The best of comics, the worst of movies. += Somehow I can imagine you out Christmas carolling, Nicki, in your cuter-than-cute skicap with the ball on top. "D-ashing through the snow yo-ho/in a one horse open sleigh/ over fields we go yo-ho/Laughing all the way/HA HA HA"... Don Walsh used to go out Christmas carolling, too. "Keep away from me," screamed Carolyn (carollin') Dilworth ... += SAPS is a thorn in my conscience. I don't want to desert you in your noble endeavor to rebuild that apa. I want to read Janis Johnson's zine, since the Latin lalopalooza is a fire of the South. But I can't get into it -- your best efforts have brought a bunch of SFPAns in, but there's little SAPS identity. Hit up the Webberts at Kubla? With them back in, I predict a renewal of the special flavor that made SAPS once distinctive and spiffy... += Loved Cagney in Ragtime. That the Academy Awards honored Hepburn for her awful Golden Pond performance and neglected to even mention Jimmy is shameful. += The real woman behind The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing, Evelyn Nesbit, has won my heart as one of the most beautiful girls I've ever set eyes on. True, she died when I was ten, but when she was 19, she was glorious. Another great beauty from the past who has recently made my heart go pitter-pat is Ruby Keeler, whom I saw on 42nd Street. Poor thing couldn't sing or act a lick, but damn, she could dance, and oh, was she pretty. Over the stretch of a century she inspires a sigh. += If you haven't seen Stardust Memories, Woody Allen's last picture, you might watch it for its novelty value, but really, the film really misfires. += ABCCon is a possibility for us. I wish it were this next weekend; I've got Con Fever baaaaad ... += In a recent Atarantes I advocated changing the DSC bidding system to a mail-in ballot to eliminate the possibility of a convention being won because bidders packed the SFC meeting. I think such might help the DSC assert its primacy as the South's major regional, but as you say, this type of system might hurt newer congiving groups. Knoxville in '83. (Just thought I'd toss that in.) += The Wanderers is a right funny little movie; Karen Allen is good, the others fine, and the story swift. += Somone in LASFAPA said that Ayn Rand and John Belushi were so weird that they had to be Phil Dick characters; when he died, they naturally ceased to exist. An awful lot ceased to exist ... += We saw and loved the PBS Marx Brothers special. Beth tells me that Jack Kerouac, source of her title, referred to Harpo as an angel. Is so, oh yeah. += Beth and I will mark the tenth anniversary of our meeting ("Oops! Sorry about that hot tea in your lap!") this coming November. Special Spiritus cover planned. Nice zine, la Nicki.



"Shady ladies/from the 80s/who are indiscreet/Where the underworld/ Meets the elite/That's the avenue I'm takin' you to/42nd Street..."

OOOahhhuhhhwwwww'w'w'WOW! I could begin to enjoy this typeface-changing business. The secret is to lie back and think of England, but alas, Linda's zine isn't up next.

WARNER BROTHERS CHARACTER INDEX + Hutchinson A fantabulous work of indexing art! A great cover and tremendous research -- the only suggestion I could possibly make to improve it would be to provide an illo of each character...but no big deal. These Warner Brothers characters are etched as deep as any faces could be. (I do admit to having to mull a bit before coming up with an image of Goopy Geer.) Some great memories, some splendid entertainment encyclopedias herein; it's an art form we shall see little more of, but because of you, know all the better. Really nice work, Alan. And that's a great cover.

A DIRTY MIND IS NEVER TOO TIRED + Cobb Nice to see the mutated medulla in SFFA itself! So what's the verdict? Do you send further Cobb pubs to SFFA or stick with the BigKids? += I thought it was: UPS employees have good luck because good things come to those who freight. Or, fisherman have good luck because good things come to those who bait. Or, the X-men have good luck because good things come to those mutate. Or ... += Bring your guitar to DSC, since we won't be at Kubla. Or, since you'll probably see this zine at DSC, drive back to Birmingham and get it! +=+ You mention Marcy; many have not met the young lady or seen her name mentioned in Shadow. Allow Guy H. Iillian III to vouch for her charm, loveliness and -- except for her taste in men, obviously deplorable -- intelligence. I trust she will be a trufan forever, despite our influence. == Gad! C-a-r-l-b-e-r-g. += No kidding, "very accurate." Very accurate. += Dolbear will answer more fully, I'm sure, but I think that the governmental right to conscript is established in the preamble to the US Constitution, where it says "provide for the common defense". I'm proud of you for registering. Now get out there and slash some Russkies for me. Remember we old farts will be home comforting Marcy as you heave yourself onto the advancing forest of Russian bayonets. Be at peace. += Tell you what, if this Craig Griffin, "king of the oneshots", ever evinces an interest in apas, give him Myriad's address, okay? += I wanted to send you a copy of Loneliness without Dolbear, but had no extras. Perhaps you could persuade someone to xerox theirs. += weber tells me that Annie Sue's creator has left the Muppets organization...Louise Gold decided not to leave London when Henson did. So Annie Sue may be lost to our sight, ka*sob. += I can't take antihistamines at all; they raise one's blood pressure. += See if you can't figure out the magic squares in Masquerade.... Kit Williams dreamed up all these involved numerical clues to the location of his treasure, threw in a couple of additional bits of trivia, and then saw his puzzle solved through those peripherals. += "Bet he has a sore arm from beating all those women off" ... Sore, yes. Arm, no. Poor man can hardly talk ... += Our traditions and lore, as you so neatly put it, are what really differentiate SFFA ... make it special. But other apas have such, too. I'm not a member of Myriad, say, nor have I been for 8 years, but I'd find a history of that apa interesting, and I hope Iris gets one as part of that apa's 100th mailing. Cliff? += Speaking of your getting "in tune" with your computer, have you ever seen that Wally Cox Twilight Zone where the computer falls in love with him and ends up driving him crazy? Food for thought, Jimbo.

♫!ARRRRGGGGHHHHH♫♫ ... these transitions from elite to pica and back are painful ... bit me at the rising of the full moon ...

DIAL M FOR MINAC ♫ Dick L. Here's Dick Lynch, one of the South's premiere agents for first-rate original fan art, and what does he put on the cover to his SFPA-zine? An illo stolen from the phone book. ♫♫ Novocaine is miserable, although going through dentistry without it would be worse, I guess. One's nose vanishes. ♫♫ Your example in starting a new class after so long a layoff is inspiring ... if best comes to best and I can go to law school, your example is one I will keep in mind. ♫♫ Dial M for Murder was originally shot in 3-D, you know. Saw a 3-D movie t'other p.m., the worthless Parasite (vaguely watchable story; dull effects). Useless hassle for little reward. ♫♫ I listed my 25 favorite movies in a Piva pub a year or so back ... I don't believe we have any crossovers save for 2001. Ever see The 7 Samurai? A magnificence. ♫♫ My favorite rock'n'roll songs? I don't believe I did this before, but I'm a sucker for lists, so ... in no particular order, they are ... wait ... named the 5 best of all time last issue ... how's that for wasting four lines of type? ♫♫ I will agree with you: "Gimmie Shelter" socked me where I lived; it's one of the best songs about the '60's ever voiced. ♫♫ Two Atlanta worldcon bids ... see you in New York! If the Georgians don't stop playing ego games and get together, that's ... ♫♫ With as many wlisters contributing as we've become used to, and the average zine size being what it is, a SFPA mailing under 500 pages will indeed be considered a disappointment. Although ... I have two silly ambitions left as Official Editor. One is to put out another mailing of over 1000 pages; it'd be nice to retire with the three largest mailings to my OEsip's credit (although that credit would belong to everyone, of course). Another is to put out a small mailing, that I could mail out in #5 jetpaks. I may well get the chance to do the former, but the latter ... well, no broken hearts if that gets a bye. ♫♫ The Monitor lies on the sea bottom just off the NC coast; the technology doesn't yet exist to raise it, but eventually I expect it'll come to the top, again. And you reveal your disgustin' y*a*n*k*e*e origins when you refer to that Union ironclad as one of "our" ships. ♫♫ No, I can't figure out Charlie's SM67 cover either. ♫♫ Well, you see, Bobbi Armbruster ... excuse me,

Bobbi Armbruster

told me that she had planned on coming to the DeepSouthCon this year, and continuing on from there to the worldcon. Now there's no chance I will get to look upon her and weep this year. To be succinct, a number of people have told me that DSC would make a fine "warm-up" con for the big blowout; it used to serve that function quite admirably, and even in these inflated times, still would. My only disagreement with the Knoxville bwahs is in their choice of times; we could get a lot of west-to-east traffic heading for Baltimore in '83 if we hosted a con beginning only a few days before. One trip is simpler than two. ♫♫ Slim Whitman has not much improved with age. ♫♫ Nice seeing you and Nic' at the St. Pat's party in March, and receiving these zines there. Thanks for the help in getting rid of my leftover Gestetner stencils!

DOCTOR WHO AND THE DOLLIES ♫ Alan Boy, that's no fate worse than death! (Re:being crushed to death by legions of Dolly Partons.) ♫♫ Neat reviews of the Barks books! These should be published in softcovers for us luckless slugs who can't afford two hundred dollars for a book. ♫♫ I don't list your volume and issue #s on every table of contents because I hate you, Hutchinson! I do everything I can to maim and sabotage your fanzines before they ever see the inside of a SFPA jetpak. Sure, you get a good copy, but carefully I miscollate others, retype stencils

and add insulting mc's, rip off your brilliant covers and substitute works like Tosco Piva's, below ... All a sinister plot to humiliate and demoralize you for the supreme sin of neglecting to draw covers for Dharma Bums and Spiritus Mundi! Myahaha! (So I'll print your issue #'s from now on.) ♀♀

A recent reviewing of American Werewolf seconds your observation that the transformation is painful; it sounded that way, for sure. Ick. ♀♀ Hey, I remember your caricature of Gary E. Counselman from the '74 DSC, now that you mention it. How come I don't remember her? ♀♀ We showed a Bugs cartoon at the '70 DSC which featured a horrible black stereotype. Guess which committee member innocently introduced it to a roomful of people, including two black hotel workers? Fortunately, the black guys loved it; howled and wisecracked ~~ugh/gh/gh/gh~~ throughout. ♀♀ Speaking of sexy ladies, have you seen that Tab commercial with the bu'LOWdub in tiiiiiiight shorts crawling through the park? Everytime I see it I hang from the chandelier and howl under Beth swats me down with a broom. ♀♀ I know which clerks at the PO are friendly and which are merely competent. No problems either way. And until she quit I had a favorite bank teller, a little redhead with shy eyes. ♀♀ I would've added a scene on to the end of American Werewolf wherein Jack -- now human again -- and his ex-werewolf buddy bike off towards paradise together, making more college wiseguy vap. ♀♀

I'm told that those champion cube (Rubik's variety) solvers can be driven insane by pulling the sticker off one cube on a perfect (i.e., unmixedup) cube and switching it with another of a different color. The puzzle is rendered insoluble, and the smartass kid is rendered nuts. Ha! ♀♀ Nicki's plane dumped fuel because the pilot hated the guy who lives at the end of the runway. ♀♀ I'll read SPPA talk about anything, as long as it's well-written. Even VCR talk, which usually consists of technical jargon and numbers. ♀♀ Fleischer's animation inferior? You're right: no way. Best of its time, I'd say ... and immediately backtrack to exclude Fantasia and Bambi. ♀♀ Tsk tsk on those aerobic dancing films that "dwell lovingly on tits and ass and crotch shots." Sexist slime, obviously. I trust you taped them so that I might see them and curse them for their crudity. ♀♀ No one in SPPA has revealed the great Atkins-Korbas zineswitch before now, but as you talk about your exchange with Gary, the truth might as well come out. Lon Atkins and Charles Korbas traded zines ... Lon did Hobroblins and Spanish Jews and Korbas did Melikahkaz in SPPA no. 78. Truth is known at last. ♀♀ All this talk of lots and houses and mortgages is depressing; I never expect to own a home. ♀♀ But your daddy's art is fun, though the knives on Wolfie's wall are gruesome. Does this scene come from a Disney cartoon?



A WREATH OF DOORWAYS #1 ♀ Wells

So it is true; Werewolf vs. the Vampire Woman exists on film. Paul Nash and Gary Fuchs (does he now?) star. We must find these men and tell them how much their cinematic achievement has come to mean to us. They may survive the shame. ♀♀ I'm disappointed that Dead & Buried is supposedly putrid (ahem), since I had hopes for a Dan O'Bannon script. My mama, Quinn Yarbro, wrote the novelization, too. ♀♀ Hilarious comments to Hank D! Let's see if I can answer this quiz... let's see if I can read it straight through without bursting my belly with guffaws ... no, no, no. Impossible. Ditto brilliance. ♀♀ "Mark Verheiden jumpstarting his zombies in the morning" ... that is a sentence to be savored. Also an image. ♀♀ As a new Gordon Liddy fan, you might try Robert Ludlum; it's Liddy's paranoid worldbrought to very vivid life in book after book. "Vroom. There goes #53! You tramp! Stay away from my pajama fly!"

Oooo...couldn't wait...

Enough!

THE GOLDEN LAMPREY #6 ♀ Vern Spooky, sexy Trout cover -- best art I've seen from him. You'll note I've jumped onto the nekkid gurl bandwagon with my own cover this issue. ♀♂ To talk some more about the cover, it's those super-detailed borders that really impress me ... good stuff! ♂♂ Ladies, don't fall for Vern's claim to hillbillyhood. He's from Maine. He's a yankee. He wants to be known as a Southerner merely to benefit from the rebel reputation of superb sexual prowess. (What's that? Yes, I was born and raised in California, but what's --) ♀♂ My favorite piece of rock video these days is "Centerfold"; good song and breathtaking models; oh, to be 30 again! ♀♂ Love that Plasmatics cartoon; I'm almost totally ignorant of Wendy O and her shenanigans. Are her 8 mm loops really as popular as all that? ♀♂ Visualizing El Clarko doing air-sword duels with Basil Rathbone is enough to make my day. Thanks. ♀♂ Well, I'm not exactly wearing my hair in dreadlocks, but I don't mind the reggae the lil mama plays every night; it has musical quality and substance. I still prefer sixties rock, of course, for that was my time. ♀♂ Is there any significance to the illo you set next to my mc? Christ on the cross? An apt comparison, true, but I fear some may think it sacreligious. But it's okay; I don't mind. ♀♂ You let me look through your high school yearbook, and it was a howl. Ryan and I nearly lost all seeing your senior graduation photo. No wonder tigers eat their young. ♀♂ Jim Harrison was the writer I wrote about last issue. All of his earlier novels -- Wolf, Farmer, A Good Day to Die -- are available in large-size pb for about \$5 @. Buy and read! Well worth the dollars. ♀♂ Ah, thanks for the mc to me. Seems like the wheel's turnin' and turnin' and I'm out in some sunshine at last. ♀♂ Skip the film version of For Whom the Bell Tolls; I saw it again the other day and the dialog sounded inane and silly. "If you go, I go, so go, so I can go too. To the go-go, ah-so." Reading the book, we're able to make the psychic switch and allow for the characters speaking in a disjointed language: translated Spanish. But aloud, the words sound ridiculous. ♀♂ Free REHUPA! ♂♂ I was just reading about Phil Dick ... ghastly, ghastly ... ♀♂ Just today Valyle sent the Mardi Gras photos -- priceless, priceless, especially that shot of Dolbear in the judge's robes. Think of the fun we could have with that picture! If we sent it to Judge Bagert, Dolbear's fate would be sealed ... they'd call him Dennis "The Oral Majority" Dolbear on Cell Block D ... ♀♂ Did you catch that recent Swamp Thing where he ran into a town full of punk rock vampires? It was pretty good stuff ... almost vintage Swampy. ♀♂ The silkscreen cover to SM28 is probably the best piece of art I've ever appended to a CHLIIIzine. I only wish the zine had been better, though at the time I thought it was the best I'd ever done. Wirth cover, Hutchinson bacover, Stones concert report, a DSC report, a lot of interesting topics for natter ... but poor repro and a self-consciously schizy writing style tripped me up. ♀♂ "Mr. Burke's Irish Stem (mmmmmmnnngood)." Uhhh... Vern ... how would you know that Rusty's dad had a tasty stem? ♀♂ Oo, ahh, you know, I think I like going from elite to pica even better than going from pica to elite ... =+= Which figure on Sandy's bacover did you want to pose for? (Ooh, cheap shot...) =+= Read in the paper this morning a quote from some yahoo who claimed that video games encouraged violence and antisocial behavior in teenagers. Wertham lives. When will these psychologist twits learn that everything encourages violence and antisocial behavior in teenagers? =+= Ah, more Kane. I haven't been able to find the novels here in Greensboro; when next I visit Chapel Hill I'll hit up that bookstore for a set. Thanks for Karl's address, too ... I want to send Barbara some zines. She claimed to have enjoyed SM53, which I dedicated to her, and so she gets more, in a form of worship. I like that dancing rasta illo, and am wild about the ancient Frazetta adorning your bacover. Really great read, this zine -- I've given it short shrift in mc'ing it, unable to stop my headlong plunge through the read. Fun! Talk to you!

THE LOS ANGELES PHONE BOOK = Atkins A brilliant title. += "Turtle Bridge" sounds a lot like my current favorite among video games, Frogger, which is a cinch if the machine's joystick is responsive, uhh... (I'm getting Clarkitus, it seems) Sounds simple enough for me. By the way, you should enjoy Twice Shy, the new Dick Francis novel, even more than usual ... I'm only a few pages into it, but it seems to deal with computer programming, in relation to racing, of course.

UTGARD 50 = Hulan Tsk tsk, one page. Had Lon not gotten a Mel in, I was thinking of running a narsty blurb in the OO calling on neos to look to Atkins and Hulan, titans of SFPA history, for example in pursuing their apa careers. And there you guys would be with one page each in the mailings. += As you pass over Atlanta on your way to London, wave. The DSC will be below you. += I'll make a point of getting your SFPA mailing to you before you leave, too. += Do you have your SFPA collection within easy seizing distance, by the way ... appropos my upcoming comment to Mel ...

SPIRITUS MUNDI 68 = me My groveling apologies for the stapling; I didn't remember how much thicker mimeotone was than bond, and failed to get staples that would hold. Mike and Sue saved my neck with their super-stapler on SM62, but naturally, they'd left moments before my imploring call. Oh well. += My thanks again to bro Dolbear for somehow getting me my cover poster (which now hangs in Clark's house). My description of same was so insane that Iknow he had to be acting on telepathy. += Thanks also to DD for his generosity -- past and, hopefully, future -- at Mardi Gras and beyond. I had fun living it, I had fun writing it, and I hope you had fun reading it; a great event: EH-pic! += First line of Lon's mc should read: "ain't much you can say bad about penguins." And so there isn't. += I hear that a further Phil Dick tome is due for release this year -- The Owl in Daylight. What a terrible loss, but what a mind we had among us for a while. The superb bacover illo was originally the cover to a Tulane Medical School lit'ry magazine; I used it full-sized as the cover to SM27 in '75. Requiescat in pace, electric shepherd.

VOTE KNOXVILLE DSC '83 Nice illo by Charlie; of course this bid has my full, A+ #1 support. I swear I see Stven and Vern herein, in addition to Rusty tending bar.

CHARLIE WMS FOR SHADOW OE = self Well, Charles, you have your chance, and I hope you enjoy it. I see your qualifications for the EOship (note correct title) and rejoice for Shadow; I expect a new era of jolly feeling. My own first contrib is on its way.

SHADOW 30 And to Piva the Papa I direct you for my comments. Though I did have more to say to



Dennis, but the hell with it.

TAPESTRY + Liz A very handsome publication, this; beautiful paper and nice use of illustration. It has an uncommon elegance, a class. Nice debut in BigKid Country. += You may never get paying work as an anthropologist, but it's a good major, anyway. The purpose of undergraduate school, for us non-techie types, is to provide education ... to make us smart people, or at least help us get as smart as we can be. You'll enjoy liberal arts, and afterwards be prepared ... well, for almost anything. Graduate or professional school, working, whatever. Even if you never see the word ramapithecus again, you won't regret learning about human society and human origins; your education will inform life for you. I think you've got a good major. Not to worry if it doesn't promise immediate bucks right after graduation. Leave that for the engineers, who are nice people (my father is one) but ... += Tae Kwon Doe (sic?) is great exercise. I could watch it all day. Beth will have much to say on these subjects, I bet -- she was an anthro major, & took kung fu for awhile. += So is it Germany this summer? += How did I get on the state surplus mailing list? Just called the state capital and said "Put me on it." Here in NC the agency is part of the state department of administration, but who knows what they call it in Tennessee. State Department of Hillbilly Affairs, or whatever. += But drugs are evil and one joint will rot your mind. Of course, who cares? That's the true message of Knoxville. += Don't fret because you missed all the good times that went before. Of all of SEFA, we all missed something, except Ned Brooks, of course. Ned was present at the creation of the world -- griping to Yahweh about the repro, doubtless -- and has seen everything. The material I cover in The Montgomery Papers is new to all but a very few of us, and I'm glad you like it. += Well, if you don't like beer or grass, and feel this completely eliminates vice from your life, let Mr. Walsh and myself show you different some time, nyah-haha ... += "For \$55, I'll wash it in the sink." Helluva non-sequitur you got there, lady. += El Burke's face is a grabber? Grab your stomach, maybe, but ... += Does your July departure date for Germany mean DSC is a possibility for the lovely weaver of this pretty Tapestry?

TIN SOLDIER ♀ Rogers I said most of this in a letter, probably far more coherently than I will here, but **just for emphasis:** don't slash off your proboscis to mortify your countenance. You've discovered an old problem: we've been handed an image of a certain type of success in society, and while we achieve a separate and different success in our microcosm, we tend to doubt our own worth because we haven't fulfilled the raven image. Well, the raven image is bullshit; it's a concoction, an artifice, a lie, a trivialization of the things that make people happy. It's cheap, it's phony, and it's destructive, because, as here, it makes us doubt and deny our own uniqueness, our own triumphs, just because it doesn't fit the plastic pattern. You seem to believe, herein, that extroversion is the proper way of being, that social games are correct social behavior, that the Playboy lifestyle is something real and attainable, instead of what it is: a false icon, an advertising gimmick, a frothy fantasy of no worth, no personality, and no humanity. You're doing okay. You're carving a niche of friendship and acceptance in our microcosm, which is not an insubstantial accomplishment. You have friends, who accept and like you as you are. It strikes me ridiculous to give that up for a wet dream that is as inhuman as it is demeaning. Fandom will find its place in your life. Relax and let it do so. As for ending up a fifty-year-old bachelor, well, you only have 24 years to rectify that nightmare ... if night-

mare you consider it. I can understand your hurry. Anyway, I'd go ahead and join classical music societies and spend some time wandering about nighttime Atlanta (watching the neighborhood), let SFPA and other fanatic find its own level. But no more of this "If I don't drop out I'll be alone all my life" horseshit. It's absolutely untrue.

THE SPHERE ♀ Markstein

Clever format, even if someone did call me and ask for a complete copy. ♀♂ Gummy silkscreen corner, looks like. ♀♂ Gene Reed still run Apa-I? Dward Kremlin had one good idea in his life, for sure ... ♀♂ If we get to move -- and I pray to Christ we do -- my stuff is going to end up in storage (probably underneath the Huey P. Long Bridge). I frankly dread the thought of all my books, remaining comics, and apas locked away in the dark, but with luck, they'll weather the experience. ♀♂ The GILIII Press is within arm's reach, complete and (mostly) mint. My journal is in the other room. Charting one's growth as a human being is both a humbling and exalting experience ... I remember when I reread the writing I did when I first fell in love with Gail Schatzberg, imagining that I would find it collegiate, pompous, silly. It was none of those things. It was real. I went away from the read with a fuller respect for the human being I was and, by extrapolation, the human being I am. (Spiritus Mundi 10 still rates as among my favorite issues, for much the same reason.) ♀♂ Yummy ... mudbugs. Eatmeatomeatomup. ♀♂ New Heinlein on the stands: Friday. That's probably when I'll buy it.

SUGAR MAGNOLIA #2 = Montalbano

Very attractive cover design, JoAnn. Looks like a woodcut. += You have a roommate called Loyola? Does she have a sister named Tulane? A cousin Columbia (you'd love that)? An uncle named Harvard? A weird friend named Berkeley? += Inspiring that you and Kev have kept together so long. I mean, it isn't surprising in that either one of you is a jerk or anything like that, but ... maybe I'd better quit while I'm behind. += I feel younger today. Just talked to my high school out in California, requesting my SAT and ACT scores for application action, and found that the same guy was still principal and the splendid English teacher who helped turn me on to the stuff was still there. Not that much time has passed. Only 15 years. (15 years?!?! Moan, groan, I'm old, I'm old...) += How about air tuba? Don't any of you swinging gage-inhaling types ever play air tuba? I've been in Nick's ... isn't it that clapboard shanty across from the old brewery on Tulane? += To repeat, good seeing vous at Dennis' house party, even if it was only for a scant moment or two. Next year, bring Kevin. += Ooh, rats, I had to turn you down for instant membership, and let me assure you, I felt like a pound and a half of boiled mandrill dung (thanks, Mr. Ellison, for that evocative metaphor) for having to do it. I couldn't take the risk of setting a dangerous precedent. It's risky even to allow unmarried couples that privilege. Y'see, what happens when Stven leaves 120 Duclos? You'd be a SFPA member. I'd have to increase the copy requirement to get you a mailing. Then what happens if Loyola wanted to join? By precedent, I'd have to admit her, too. And then she moves out ... and the copy requirement rises again. Chaos! Chaos! So cruel, heartless GILIIIOE was forced to deny his heart and keep you on the wl. If my feeling like a Nazi war criminal helps soothe the pain, then feel soothed. += Cogent words on abortion. It isn't really germane, but you should read George Wills' editorial on the death of Infant Doe, that Downs' Syndrome kid who was allowed to starve to death by his parents and doctors. Feiry and powerful stuff; it's hard to take, and harder to deny. But -- verily -- such horrors have nothing to do with abortion, an atrocity our times might well demand.

THE DAILY QUACK! * Stven/JoAnn Vol. 1 no. 1; a couple dozen of these insane oneshots ran through mlg 76 or so. Until mlg 100 that disty held the SFFPA record for most entries on the contents. A bit shy on content -- one or two consisted of blank pages and the logo, The Invisible Quack.
=+= Lauren Green? Wasn't he on Bonanza? =+=
The Intimate Sex Lives of Famous People & The Book of Lists emit from Irving Wallace's repulsive brood. The world's most salacious hack has spawned ...



1982 SOUTHPAW AWARDS BALLOT = Stven I look forward to hailing the new winners. To answer: (1) I may have published an apazine or two this year. I'll have to think. (2) I was active in FAPA, LASFAPA, SAPS, WOOF, Shadow and, uh ... oh, damn, can't think of it ... (3) Rusty Burke, Dennis Dolbear, Beth Lillian ... among many many others. (4) Alan, Jerry Collins, Dave Ryan. (5) Vern Clark, George Wells, Arthur Hlavaty. (6) No one deserves the apa administration award more than Dave Hulan, author of SFFPA's constitution and effectively, creator of the apa organization. (7) The outstanding apa of 1981? Well, it sure the hell wasn't APACHE.

INTUITION #62 = Carlberg Beautiful cover. =+= Pippin is a good show; I saw Vereen and (I think) Clayburgh in it on Broadway. Rather a shruggable story, I thought, but great music and under Fosse's direction, man, what dance. All success with it. =+= Magnolia Thunderpussy was a oneshot NOLans ran in SFFPA 37 or 38 (I had lines in it), and I remember hearing the wretched term on San Francisco radio in the late sixties. Apparently it was a boutique there, or a hangout for hatchet killers, or somesuch. =+= And this issue of your SFFPA-zine is the same as mine was in mlg 100! Strange are the ways of fate! =+= I liked Suherland in Don't Look Now and Klute, but he was outacted in both, of course. His biggest splash was in M*A*S*H, natch, but his Hawkeye Pierce was a snide zombie. =+= I think that everyone tried to help with the ASFiCon Incident; a lot of people spoke to the lovelorn loon and tried to get him to stop his Norman Bates act. You put this very well. I was simply there at the conclusion; sometimes an audience has to tell the actors that it's curtaintime. =+= No scientist -- or more appropriately, no teacher of Science -- in his right mind would come out and declare, "There is no God". At worst, the sensible teacher would state, "That's not our department!" Which is the point of the battle against creationism; that movement is a specific attack against evolution as an idea. It seeks to muddy the waters of one discipline with silt from another. And enough of this dumb metaphor. =+= Dennis and I were discussing the SFFPA genzine bit earlier; if I move down to NOLa, we might do something about it, since we'll have almost all of the mailings on hand. (If we can get John Guidry to allow us access to all of his SFFPAs, we'll have all but -- umm -- 12 or so.) More discussion if and when I return to the City that Care Forgot. =+= Well, I say it's spinach and I say to hell with it. Beth makes a spinach quiche that makes the stuff palatable even for me, but don't let the he-men types hear that I eat quiche, okay? =+= Loved Stripes: "We are ten and one!" =+= A good look at Mardi Gras from .your point of view. Wish you could've stayed for the climax; Mardi Gras Day made the prelims look puny. =+= It's several weeks since the Oscars were announced, but I

enjoyed your comments on this year's nominees immensely. I cheered (mutedly) when Chariots of Fire won its surprise Academy Award; I certainly preferred it over the other candidates, and was all the more delighted since I'd thought its cause to be hopeless. But Eric Liddell and Harold Abrahams would not have heard such talk. Definitely the best film of the year, and an outstanding choice. I don't know what's gotten into the Oscar people -- this is the second year in a row that a truly superb film has won the top award. I have no complaints with Fonda's Oscar; Burt Lancaster was better in Atlantic City, but there were moments -- just instants -- in On Golden Pond that shone like starlight. They were all Hank's. Hepburn, alas, made me slightly nauseous; she was too sweet for words, an unbelievable angel. Had a weaker performance come from Fonda's role, hers would have been dismissed. Meryl Streep was infinitely better in French Lieutenant's Woman. (I fear for Hepburn; her age is showing. Twice in recent months she has interrupted stage performances to dress down rude members of her audiences. Bad form; she's bullying people with her fame, and that's not Katharine Hepburn at her best.) As for the supporting awards, they were nominal: perfect. But best was the award to Chariots of Fire, a stirring, moving, cleansing film, inspirational without being mawkish, compelling without being sentimental, dealing with the best things about human beings, commitment, sacrifice, and strength. Music of magnificence, too.

LIVING A DREAM #5 = Schwarzin Handwritten. Bleah. In a city full of the world's most active fans, you couldn't find a typewriter? Tsk. That's the problem with committing zines and information in general to computers ... the dinkum thinkums are our secret enemies (ask any paranoid) and are out to humiliate and perplex us at every turn. Well, run the zine here when the Univac decides to release it. += I seeyou went to the Director's Guild banquet ... as a celebrity hound, I'm impressed. Of course, the fact that Bobbi probably brought you has me more impressed, but ... += Ah! An Oscar quiz. One or two of the questions even gave me, the greatest Oscar mind on the planet, some problems. Let's see... (1-3) Last year's best picture -- Ordinary People. Best actor - Robert deNiro. Best actress - Sissy Spacek. (4) Walt Disney won more Oscars than any other producer ... is that whom they mean? (5) That's dialog said by Viv Leigh in GWTW. (6) Clark Gable in It Happened One Night. (7) I think this is Bill Holden in Sunset Blvd. It won no major Oscars, though. (8) Bette Davis in All About Eve. (9) Jimmy Cagney in Yankee Doodle Dandy. (10) Olivier in Rebecca. Or do I mean to say it in just that fashion? (11) David Niven was on stage when the streaker zipped across stage, behind him. Bad choice for the streaker, for Niven merely chuckled and said, "The best laugh that fellow will get in his entire life comes from showing off his shortcomings!" (12) Robert Wise. (13) David Lean. (14) Fred Zinnemann. (15) Billy Wilder. (16) Elia Kazan. (17) Walter Brennan. (18) d. Doris Day sang "Que Sera, Sera" ... too loudly. (19) a. (20) c. (21) e. (22) b. (23) Ben-Hur, 11. (24) Wings ... Cimarron ... Cavalcade ... Rebecca ... Casablanca ... Hamlet ... Marty ... Gigi ... Ben-Hur ... Oliver! ... Patton ... Rocky ... that's it, I think. How many is that? (25) Hepburn. (26) Best Years of Our Lives. (27) On the Waterfront. (28) The Apartment. (29) Lawrence of Arabia. (30) All About Eve. (31) Tracy, I think. (32) Midnight Cowboy was X-rated. (33) The Godfather Part II. (34) Luise Rainer. (35) It Happened One Night. (36) The Continental. (37) Before Golden Pond, the answer was William Holden. (38) The Sin of Madelyn Claudet. (39) Gaslight. (40) To Each His Own. (41) Morning Glory. (42) Klute. (43) Mr. Roberts.

(44) On The Waterfront. (45) The Westerner. (46) High Noon. (47) A Patch of Blue. (48) This one gives me trouble -- Julie Andrews, Barbra Streisand, Goldie Hawn and Tatum O'Neal have lots in common, starting with the fact that they're all female. All won Oscars for their first films, but that's true of Audrey Hepburn, too. (49) d. (50) e. (51) d. (52) a. (53) c. (54) b. Neat test! I wonder if anyone else will be sport enough to take it on?

ANOTHER AMONG THE PXR 5 = Sperhawk Phil Dick's death was indeed a spectacular downer, but now that some time has elapsed, it's becoming possible to look past the grief to appreciation of that which is grieved for. I read an interview with Dick in the latest Twilight Zone, meant to be a come-on for Bladerunner, but ending up an elegy for science fiction's most compassionate writer. He turned down four hundred thousand dollars for a Bladerunner novelization, because it would have required that Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep? be yanked from circulation. The original novel was rereleased on his insistence; he made a comparative pittance, but he kept his integrity. If anything matters at death, integrity does, surely a lot more so than \$400,000. Read that article, by the way; it contains the last public photos of the man (he looked gaunt, but his eyes laughed) & a very funny section wherein he imagines his reaction to Bladerunner.
=+= Good art this issue, especially the funny bacover. Alan should appreciate it. =+= "Stiff and virgin" sounds like my first s.f. convention. =+= I would point out that, for those to whom it makes a difference, while a girl is indeed impaled on a meathook in Texas Chainsaw Massacre, the audience isn't treated to lingering studies of the wound, in fact there's nothing but horror, no gore at all. Who needs it when you're as good as Tobe Hooper? =+= I heard your rock tape at the Grotto in Knoxville -- great work! As a matter of truth, I remarked on it before being told who was behind the guitar. =+= I owe you for the bibliography and postage -- I'll make it \$12.50 and hope that keeps us even. Thanks much for the bibliography, by the way; it is invaluable, even though heartrendingly complete. 8 unpublished novels on the shelves in Fullerton ... I have a hopeful hunch that someone will see to it that they're published now. And all the uncollected stories collected. In the meantime, let's look forward to Timothy Archer and The Owl in Daylight, and back up on all the other books, with pleasure and gratitude.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK RUBBERBAND?" + Simba My pleasure to print this zine for you, Once I get my electrostenciller fixed, I'll be glad to help with last-minute shortzines, as long as I have a few days notice pre-deadline. =+= Nice Sper cover -- I like the family portrait, especially that funky cat. If this beast is Stupid Kitty, then she deserves her name. == Yeah, Dick's characters did seem to pop out of molds -- there's a stock company for many of his books -- but they were always compellingly real. Human weakness never got in the way of PKD's s.f. -- in fact, it enhanced it. Quite a writer, this. =+= Hey, I hope Sper and you come to DSC; if so, I'll hand you this mailing. If impossible, try to come to next year's, prayerfully in Knoxville. =+= Vusimuzi Zulu? Any relation to Amorpho P. Titanium? =+= Hey, I'm the first grandchild, too. Loads of boo poured my way. Come to DeepSouthCon and enjoy the same, bestowed by curious SFPAns who more and more have come to Believe.

Gee, if I do 75 pages this mailing, my pages/per Box Score will hit 50...



MELIKAPHKAZ #87 = Lon Good luck with your condo (is it "mada stona"?) -- everything makes me think of Phil Dick lately, so I want to call it a "conapt".

=+= I surely sympathise with the misery of having most of one's books instorage; as I said before, if we move to Louisiana, almost all of ours will go into a concrete blockhouse beneath the Huey P. Long. An awful situation, but not much to be done. How -- to move on, slightly -- do you store your apa collection? Still in the original jetpaks? += My favorite grossly-sexual commercial was a spot for socks. Opens with a closeup of a foxy femme, slowly stroking something held in front of her. The camera pans back; she's kneading a sock-clad foot. I had to be scraped off the ceiling after I saw that for the first time. += I still haven't read any of Gene Wolfe's tetralogy;

I'd rather have them all in hand to read at once. Be sure to glom Dick Francis' Twice Shy; well worth the read, though neither as action-full or as dramatic as Whip Hand. And yes, computer programming plays an important plot-part, although I'm sure you'll find it elementary. += The NOLA Halfacon was in 1975. A mere 6½ years ago. AUUUGGGHHHHH ... += On the subject of inclusions, I don't think we've had any real problem with them since the good old days of Underground Cinema 12, when they were a regular part of the SFFPA fare, and took up a much greater percentage of the mlg than franks do now. My feeling is that an occasional frank adds variety to the apa, and can be, as in the case of that Orange Times tabloid I ran through several years ago (a promo for Clockwork Orange), very well received and appreciated. Massive inclusions such as you fear are really outrageously unlikely; forbidding inclusions because of such fears would be congruent with forbidding dual memberships out of a fear that every SFFPA might form such and then split, doubling the copy requirement. So SFFPA's policy on inclusions remains: they must be fannish, and I must approve them, and I may reject, delay or run them as I see fit. += I think it's my snobbery that has caused me to lose most of my faith in the Hugos...I like my choices so much better than the worldcon's. I still blanch because Fountains of Paradise came in first in the 1979 Hugo poll and On Wings of Song came in last. To win a Hugo you don't have to be good or produce good work; you have to hang around a lot of cons and party hardy with a lot of fans. How much do you want to bet that Niven and Pournelle score a Hugo nomination for Oath of Fealty? That Gene Wolfe, who does not lord it over a big s.f. club (though I shouldn't make Niven sound invidious; he's a nice fellow), is ignored? That Valis doesn't receive the nomination it so richly deserves? That the rockets will go to people who get drunk with fans, not stories of quality? += Haw! Fabulous comment to the wif'. She won't miss Mel again, I bet. += Drat missing pages. I try to catch that in collating and never fully succeed. Time for a confession: I found several months ago that my copy of Talisman from mlg 100 was missing a page. A request to Biggers for a xerox met with busy distraction. But then 3 "lost"

mailings showed up ... Shamelessly I substituted a whole copy for my imperfect one! Absolute pOEWer cOErrupts absOElutely. += You have my policy about inclusions in this very mc. += The category may not have always been "Zine of the Year" (a Carlberg innovation, unless I gave it that title in '75), but there have been Best Single Issue categories in years past. Iscariot #8 and The Amazing SFPA-fen were two early winners. I like the ZotY title: gives the award some pizzazz. += I love your idea of a permanent, complete SFPA collection. However, I do not think that such a collection could be or should be shunted from OE to OE; such would be cumbersome and dangerous. I wouldn't want a comma to be lost. As no single complete collection exists, the idea is very tempting ... you know, between you, you and Dave have a complete SFPA collection. Between us, you and I have one, counting the Montgomery Papers. Why not send me your entire SFPA collection prior to mlg 38? I promise to read the heck out of them and return them in tatters. Deal? No, no, wait ... I do indeed like your suggestion of a permanent SFPA collection. I would love to contribute to it. I do think that such a collection should have a single locale. I agree that permanent binding should be sought, perhaps through the services of Mr. Moudry. I'm willing to help in any way I can. Let's get Billy Pettit to part with one or more of the sets of 1-30 he told me once he had on hand. Someone who can do so talk Rick Norwood out of his complete set, 1-42. (Fat chance!) Let's discuss it at DSC. += Yeah, I could've played that chess game to a draw, but I got hot and moved too quickly. += Excellent comments on Hemingway. I'll be rereading For Whom the Bell soon: will keep them in mind. += Buffet banquets are very popular these days, and with good reason -- the food is better and you can pig out. I embarassed myself at Satyricon by carrying heaping mounds of food to the head table. Remind me to eat naught but celery stalks next year. += What bugs me about GHLIII, mark 1966, is that he (I) lived within a 40-minute car ride of S.F. and never once went to hear the Dead, the Airplane, Big Brother, any of them. Damn! += Had a dream last night in which a Doberman metamorphized into a huge hooded cobra, both black as pitch. += So have you seen Chariots? += A fascinating scenario of the fifties in your mc to Nicki. A lot died with JFK on 11-22-63 ... += "Arc of the Covered Net." Is it too late to rescind that Fan GoHship? += Larry Epke was indeed never a SFPA member, and did only one zine, Wayward Son, for Shadow's first disty. Not all trufans fit well into apahackery, as we know from our long experiences with Monsieur Reinhardt. += "The Lurker in the Humidor" is clever and comic. I salute Beth for quitting smoking all the more, reading this. And then there are my old mates, the Box Scores, and amazement: I'm already 300 pages or more beyond where I stood in mlg 100. Great zine, Lon; overworked adjective but very true.

STOP DRAGGIN MY ART ART AROUND AROUND = Raub Got lost typing your title, there. A comics zine ... neat. Broertjes and Gary Brown did one or two of these back in bygone days; makes me wish Gary was about to couple his critiques with yours. Interesting cycle theory of Raub's; nice of you to remember my Golden Age of comics -- the Kirby tetralogy at DC, Swamp Thing, GL/GA by Denny O'Neal Adams. But you guys are full of shit when it comes to Superman. If by "revitalization" you mean a hysterical series of emotional conflicts evidenced in the characters, then no, Supes doesn't need that I'd think that Supes needs nothing much at all, being blessed with the most competant team in comics at the controls. And Julie Schwartz, with

the finest and most experienced story-mind in the history of the business, is providing us with the most stable and professional comic book around ... which is just what Superman, king of the medium, ought to be. I do agree about Bobby Rozakis' backup stories -- they tend to be throwaways. As for Flash ... well, I'm buying it again. One guess why. One guess. Still the best boss I ever had.

THE MYSTERY OF WALDO + Hyde Wonderful load of Collins art! I hope you can keep this up without running dry. Especially good is the cover -- "Colonel Kurtz for President" and the anti-trucker page. Lon Atkins has a story to tell along those lines ... =+= How I envy you those trips to Boston; I honestly do dream about returning there. And this stencil is woefully messed up. =+= Well, you went to Cape Cod, a place I've heard of all my life, yet never visited. How was it? Sounds fishy to me. Did you go just for the halibut? HAWHAWHAW Did you read any Theodore Sturgeon? HAWHAWHAW Didn't make a bass out of yourself, did you? HAWHAWHAW Whale be seeing you! WHAWHAWHAW =+= Speaking of the Constitution, you included some touristy stuff -- pamphlets -- with this zine, and they were greatly appreciated. I will be back. =+= How does one blow up a computer? With dynamite? =+= Interesting about that new low-cal sugar. Maybe if they start using it in Coca-Cola, I can taste The Real Thing without getting fatter and fatter. (Can't tolerate Tab/Diet Pepsi. Blech.) =+= Merrimonee Falls Gazette was being circulated in the early part of the last decade ... I don't know when it finally folded (so to speak; I mean it was always folded). Modesty Blaise was great ... I miss it. =+= Read my natter earlier about my troubles with taxes this year. =+= Just finished The Parsifal Mosaic and found it solid, reliable, standard Ludlum ... in other words, exciting, compelling, thrilling fiction, almost without peer. I love the tone of mystery, isolation, and tension he maintains throughout each of those monstrous tomes -- and this is his longest yet. For excitement, I guess I'd place this a slice below The Bourne Identity, but that's no disgrace. =+= Thank heaven On Golden Pond didn't win all the Oscars -- would have been somewhat of a shame had Reds won Best Picture over Chariots, but as I had expected such an outcome, I could've handled it. Had Pond won, I'd've vomited. Instead I cheered (mutedly, as I say; didn't want to wake up Beth). =+= Knick-knark, Patty Wack ... shee-it. =+= You should have seen the results weber got when he printed with orange ink on orange paper. He did that, once. Twice. =+= Wyoming. Of course. =+= *chuckle* on the SFPA musicians. Come to the Knoxville DSC and jam; or jelly. Or marmalade. =+= You say you are "quiet and east-going", and yet you moved west when the time came for you to leave college and start working. Inconsistency, Clint =+= I like Jerry's touch with "Siglund". Mayhaps didst yon beanpole arteeste continueth the tale? =+= I've found most revolutionaries that I've met to be middle- or upper-class kids, disenchanted with the system which spawned them. There were black people, involved in the turmoil of the sixties, to be sure, but those I knew were something of an intellectual elite among the black community. =+= There has been an influx of new writers into s.f. since the creation of the Nebula (in 1965, wasn't it?), but I think both phenomena to be reflective of the coming to maturity of a generation which was raised on the "golden age"...and yet was smart enough to see that antique sort of s.f. as only one of a number of inputs into their work. Ah, to remember the excitement of the sixties ... Zelazny, Delany, Ellison, Disch promising a platinum future to match the Golden Age. No such luck ... but we did get some good stuff. Good zine, Clint!

:THE NOCTUARY #5 = Moudry Elegant words on the deaths of Monk and Dick. This is a quieter, more complacent, less vivid world than before. I never knew that Phil Dick's middle name was Kendred, but then, that only makes sense.

FRIENDS IN SPACE REPORT NUMBER 0010 + Pickersgill I sphinx I like your cover ... =+= You got the news of Dick's demise earlier than I did; as you saw lastish, I had to wait till March 4th, when Davis called. His death made the obits column in Time and Newsweek and rang chimes around the world. Awful. Awful. But as I said before, the sense of awfulness gives way in time to an appreciation pf what the guy stood for ... and that was quite a lot. Thanks for the confidence, in saying I'd properly eulogize him. I gave it a try in SM68, and will try again in my WOOFzine this year. =+= I love your "Catharsis", a paragraph of untrammelled bitching that sings, as in the poem, of human unsuccess in a rapture of distress. Magnificent. =+= No spike heels. Puritan! +=+ I've suggested to the Knoxville knaves that they tell Brian Brown and his REHUPA flunkies to go fuck a fig newton and develope their own heroic fantasy apa. They already have a name: Rogues in the Appalachains, or RITA. But these are not revolutionaries. These are reformers. Besides, I halfway think they relish the fray, seeing themselves Conan-like, knights of freedom in battle royale with the foul forces of fascism. The brouhaha is half the fun. =+= *sigh* You know, I bought my present stapler just so I'd be able to bind thick issues of Spiritus. At the time, though, I was printing on bond paper ... when I went to mimeotone, I found this gem inadequate for the really macho zines. SM68 is the latest victim of my unwillingness to buy a hefty stapler -- and I could've had one, too! =+= You know what one medical condition is called which causes a "fixed focus"? Presbyosis. Can't wait to get into an argument with a Presbyterian so I can pull it on him ... uhh ... do I mean to express it that way? =+= Well, the dual membership rule has vacillated between excluding live-ins and not. Alan more-orless restricted it to married folks, though I doubt it mattered much to him. I recall Stven switching it to married-folks-only when he took over from me in 1976. So far, so good, although I still await hassle because of the new liberality of the rule. =+= Wow -- the woman hits the almanacs to come up with hard stats on American dead in the world wars. I would only point out that the American contribution to Europe's present and future has been both necessary and yes, mutually profitable. The key word there is "mutually". America's commitment to rebuilding Europe after its asinine tussles helped everyone; there's nothing wrong with that. It seems to me that the European governments' vacillation on the Polish question arose less from a sense of wounded pride -- how dare the Americans try to dictate policy? -- than a sense of future self-interest -- the Russians have more bombs so we'd better let them have their fun. When Britain faced its own crisis, there was n't any hesitation on its part in demanding American support -- which it deserved and which it got. And speaking of America's sabre-rattling, I'd say that Haig's efforts to settle the Falklands dispute were little short of downright noble. Futile, yes, thanks to the Buenos Aires aireheads, but much more true to America's spirit than Reagan's lamebrained "sabre-rattling". I see this period

in American history as one of near-panic, of indecision, insecurity. Reagan was elected not because the voters wanted government off the backs of the American people, but because they wanted the image of a strong leader (and thereby the image of a strong country). Carter was seen as weak; Reagan as strong. Folks now see what Californians could have long told them: Reagan's posturing hides a weak and hide-bound mind. His is a strength without resilience, and not what we need. America is still the world's most vibrant state, where human liberty is cherished the most, where human potential is given the best possibility to flourish. But it will not prosper with Reagan in the White House ... a figurehead, a "presbyopic" incompetent. Look for men like Gary Hart and Paul Tsongas to change all this. The best is absolutely yet to be. =+= Now, Linda ... MidAmeriCon was a very special time for us NOLA boys, as you and Miss Hebert took that 1976 worldcon absolutely by storm. Well do I recall crowds parting to allow you to pass...that impromptu "con-within-a-con" you pitched just before Commando Cus (probably the con's highlight)...the Hugofondling incident described at the forefront of this very zine. You wore a throat-ribbon that had me and every other lad in Kansas City slamming our heads against the concrete. And that tube top -- oh jeezus! Definitely ~~typ~~ one of my favorite things about that con. As for the incident you cite, Cousint and I were following you guys down a crowded hallway when you were grabbed by some obese horror of a fan who, when thwarted, shouted "You'll regret this, Linda! Someday you'll say that you passed up a chance at one of the biggest names in fandom!" Later you screamed with laughter and wriggled your hands in mock dismay. "Through my fingertips!" Anyway, the point is that being driven to madness is the masculine fate. If we overstep our bounds in expressing appreciation for the friendliness and sweetness of ladies like yourself at cons, try to forgive us. For the release of con-time is a culmination of much anticipation, and many fluids pent up within the male psyche. As you bash us across the foreheads with chair legs, ladies, try to remember that, and try to hold for us the pity and compassion you would have others hold for you, were you hopeless, slobbering slaves to your hormones. (Why isn't there Midol for men?) =+= "Lonesome Cowboy Burt" is on 200 Motels. =+= Trouble is, nowadays people can deny that an infant is human life ... or that even if it is, it's all right to allow it to die through negligence. The case of Infant Doe -- which I may well have mentioned earlier (all the stencils I've typed so far are elsewhere) -- is being interpreted by many as a sign that the abortion excuse has moved into the realm of the monstrous. Infant Doe had Down's Syndrome, and required an operation to clear a blockage. Without this operation, which is fairly easy, I understand, the baby would die, literally starve to death. Infant Doe's parents decided not to allow the operation, since a child with Down's Syndrome, they figured, would lead a useless and unhappy life. There was an uproar, a quick lawsuit, offers of adoption, all to naught: the kid is now in a much better world than one in which such obscenity is permitted. Now, of course this has little to do with abortion per se. The question there seems to me to be the rights of a functioning personality versus the rights of a nonfunctioning potentiality, and there I think the law should lean towards the former. But the Infant Doe case is atrocious; clearly, it represents a line, drawn in the dust, which we'd better not cross. =+= Personally, I want to write my own book on atomic war: Nuke'em Now, Or: Let's Carve Our Initials into Siberia in Letters They Can Read from the Moon. =+= I'd tell the tale of how Mike Grell made me a turtle, but the hell with it. =+= Oh so true about NOLA and Mardi Gras: everybody boogie. Take that, cholera. =+=

Oh, I can just see Annie searching for her contact lenses ... she told me once that the people at the insurance company knew her by sight, she'd lost so many. (Over 35, she said.) I remember that incident where she lost her glasses at the Jazz Fest -- she oozed up and over me, breathing sweet hot'n'heavies, and then sprang the clincher: "Give me your -- your -- your --- glasses." Hmmph! += You want DelMonte, I'll give you ketchup! Great zine, Linda.

HIGH TIMES AT A HIGHER ELEVATION ☿ P.L. & Larry That Ryan

cover is wonderful beyond words. Datsa mah boys! ☿☿ Nice to know KingCon was a fun event; we haven't been to a bona fide con since October, and I'm beginning to get The Fever awful fierce. ☿☿ Hey, I'd forgotten Dana was in that woods o'the neck ... Don Walsh still talks about her, for reasons I'm sure you found obvious. ☿☿ So that's the tale of the demon duck babies. But how'd you decide to pin me with the paternity? ☿☿ Larry hasn't a chance in that Ugliest DJ contest, but then neither does Deb Dahl, who is kind of attractive in a solemn sort of way. Cindy Paluh all the way!



THIN ICE #53 ☿ Verheiden Boy, it'd mean a lot to be able to hand the mailing to you at DSC, bwah. Hope you're reading this mc in Atlanta. ☿☿ You can keep your worm-glutted zombies and brain-chewing ghouls; Wink Martindale is horrible enough for me. I can imagine his ode to organ transplants being used as a theme to Clonus Horror. ☿☿ Hey, I drove a Honda Civic (until recently), and didn't beat my wife. Much. Often. She hits back. And studied kung fu. ☿☿ So what's new with Death Corps? An April pc had an optimistic note to sound (*bing*), and a move to Los Angeles (which I've long recommended) seemed in the offing. What's on tap? If you don't want to go through the cinematic equivalent of working as Permanent Latrine Orderly, find other work in the field. It's acceptable, as you say, to get your start doing almost anything ... Unlike you, I'd say that was not entirely detestable....but it's your conscience and your career. All I can say is, whatever you do, SFPAnS will not think any the less of you. ~~It's impossible to think less of you than we do of you.~~ We understand that the field is tight and that possibilities are hard to come by, and believe me, I didn't mean that sentence to come out as it did. What I mean to say is, do whatever you feel is right, but don't give up. You can't have put us through all this for nada! ☿☿ Well, I don't mind reading about punk rock, and I enjoyed the small conversation that resulted about Christo's sculptures. Interesting stuff. I'll read and enjoy writing on any topic as long as the writing is tolerable. Yours always is -- better than tolerable: fun. Christo may strike some people as pretentious, but I'd imagine him finding justification for his art even in such negative reaction. Anyway, I'm with you on this, I think. ☿☿ Geeze, sorry to hear about your big toe. Haven't you ever heard of work shoes with steel tips? They've saved my dauntless digits many a time. ☿☿ Okay, you ask how I sent a MILK fund check to Donna Barger. Actually, very simple. Schwarzin includes a MILK contrib in the jetpak with her SFPazine. Witless GHLIIIOE doesn't notice it. The mailing gone, GHLIIIOE decides to send forth some extras. A package is addressed and mailed to Donna. Said sweet miss opens the jetpak and finds the \$20. Being youthful and sweet instead of craven and crafty, she sends it back instead of trying to cash it. GHLIIIOE is forever grateful. End of tale. ☿☿ Again, interesting thoughts on movies being the only reality for movie-oriented people. ☿☿ The things I like best about The Benny Hill Show are the gazongas, quite frankly. I'm an intellectual, see. ☿☿ You're the first voice I hear re: Conan, but there've been others, too. All

echo you: it sounds overlong and shallow. I may give it a bye. Sorry to hear about The Boogens; I'd heard good things about it. Nocturna, though...I gotta get us to a city where creations such as this play. All we get around here is shit like Chariots of Fire and the like. ☿☿ I think you're right about TV fostering a bullshit image of the correct lifestyle, but the tube isn't the only medium guilty of this. All popular culture does the same thing. An image of success and fulfillment is held up as True and Correct, and real human lives are adjudged by its impossible standards. Which is one reason I loathe plastic culture as much as I do ... it has kept people unhappy throughout my lifetime. Either they don't live up to the plastic image, or others avoid them because they don't conform to it. Evil, evil. ☿☿ Dick Smith! Now that is an impressive name to have connected with Death Corps. Push his name like it was the title of the picture! ☿☿ I've gotten a hoot out of the popularity Vangelis' Chariots theme is enjoying ... both the album and the single, #1 in the charts. Well, not so much a hoot; actually, I'm crogged. Good music scores, just as a good movie scored. Almost too heartening to believe. ☿☿ Does your lesbian Hells-Angel Satan worshipper of a girl friend have a sister? Failing that, does she have a brother? ☿☿ Inspired cruelty to describe Korbas as "a social harelip". Reminds me of Beth's favorite joke ... but you know it already. ☿☿ I liked Deathtrap, too; very reminiscent of Sleuth (and not as good), but loads of fun. Reeve was very good, and you don't get any better than Michael Caine. Cannon was annoying; she shrieked every line. But the main thrust of the flick was just plain nifty. ☿☿ Yeah, I've been gutted, humiliated at cons, and generally shat upon righteously by ladies, but nobody's ever gone so far as to start pitching my stuff out of windows. Like you, it'd take once. But I never expect to have such problems again. ☿☿ Wonderful comment to Bob. I fear we've lost him to the appeals of commerce, but no problem, really. McGovern will be close by to keep him in touch, and, like Reinhardt, he'll never slip out of contact with SFFA again. Though I agree, it'd be a shittin' shame to lose our founder. I'd hate to be the OE to take his name off the roster. ☿☿ I surehope you make Death Corps' transformation scene different (I'm sure you will). The Beast Within demonstrated that, improperly done, they look more stupid than anything else. (Natassia Kinski's changeover in Cat People, on the other hand, was very nicely turned; t'was the only good thing about that reprehensible movie except for MacDowell's voice and Annette O'Toole's tits.) ☿☿ Well, hang in there, lens-eye. Enough of this gloom. It's springtime. Put a sparkle back in your eye and film a great scene of 12-foot slugs chewing the foot off a beautiful blonde.

UNSTUCK IN TIME + Hayes Hi, Toni! Delightful to find you here, especially with such a pretty product. The guys at Universal Printing did an outstanding job on your zine, and so did you, laying out this earliest effort. Good work and welcome to the madness. += Good choice of illos throughout; I especially like the rider on the color page, and the snake offering the fo'bidden fruit to Eve. I envy those who can afford xerox all the time; really frees fanac. += I met your father once, back in 1973, when Beth and I came over to your house. He was an extremely nice fella; I liked the way he called Beth "Twerpy", a right due him by dint of having known her for a thousand years. He died the same day as Phil Dick. A very sweet guy, your dad, and I'm sure knowing that is a prideful thing. += You and Beth indeed go back to the dawn of time together, and I have fun imagining a couple of proto-hippies in microminis sashaying around grungy old Durham, North Carolina. Hoo! += Your review of Quest for Fire -- coupled with that of June Russell, starship sawbones -- convinced me to give the flick a pass for now. I may break down later, but anthropological sloppiness is offensive in an anthropological film. += Good work! Great photos front & back, nice illos, sparky writing. An avocation, could it be?

MARDI GRAS MAMBO = Vern Ah, to live it again. Here is Clark's Carnival reminiscence, highlights indeed. I loved the tapes you guys ran during the trip South from Knoxville...though I admit to enjoying the nostalgic fifties and sixties material more than the New Wave bizness, that wasn't bad at all. The Go-gos have real flair ... I salute their success. += "Sweeting like a pig" is the best typo of this mailing. Who cares? Onward! += My report and Rusty's may have been more detailed, but these impressionistic reports, yours and Beth's, capture the feel of the Event. A non-stop explosive high. For once I really could get high on life, and you bring it back. Great cover, too.

TOTAL ASSAULT CANTINA #4 = Burke A zine reminiscent of the best of SFGA in 1962 or '63; impeccably reproduced in today's finest medium, of course, but an offering more in the style of a genzine than a regular apazine. Oh, with mc's this would have been a world's classic! Without them, it is merely a national classic, a beautiful pub. Bets on that TAC scores among the top three or four regular zines in the next egopoll. += Maxwell's cover is marvelous. He's a tremendous artist; Knoxville is replete with them; I envy you. += Ah, your Mardi Gras account is splendid. I love your description of that majestic moment when New Orleans first comes into full view, as we mounted the Industrial Canal Bridge. It is definitely a moment for howling. "Hubba hubba, woo woo, nyurk nyurk nyurk." Riiiiight. += True, sleazy dives, like fornication, have reached their purity of essence in New Orleans. I don't think you ever saw the really grisly boozatoriums, like Jean Lafitte's ... "Hi, tall stuff!" Annie Hebert couldn't convert such a crowd. += You invert the order of our Saturday outing -- first we hit the Quarter, then we saw the parade. But you were in such a state of bewilderment that morning that such confusion is understandable. += Describing Walsh as a "legendary scumbag" shows that you have grokked the essence. Roses are red, violets are blue... += No kidding, Annie gets lost easily. I've known that woman for twelve years -- nope, longer: 13 -- and she is amazing. 1978 scene: RIIINNGGG. "Hello?" "Guy, do you have a suit?" "Hi, Annie. Yes, I have a suit." "Put it on. You're taking me to a wedding." Time passes. "Annie, where the hell are we?" "Uhhh ..." Amazing woman. If they clone her, I'll take five. += "I awoke to find my tongue doing its impression of the field at Waterloo." Such is the end of every Mardi Gras. Now aren't you sorry you went? Of course not! Marvelous report. Next year couldn't top it, but I'm sure folks will try. If possible -- please God -- we'll be there to see at all and welcome to Millineum Bobcat as it pulls in. += Enjoyed Rentfro's story a great deal, Rogers' piece not quite as much. Charlie's "Ishtar Gate" continues, an interesting and thoughtful segment in contrast to the whambam action last time. A good, good issue, Rusty. The Mardi Gras vibes fill it. It has been, it is, it will be.

UNNECESSARY INTIMATE REDUNDANCIES the tenth + Sue Hate the top-stapling; love the semi-italic typewriter. For me that typeface will always represent the weber/Phillips household. += Dave Edmunds, huh? Beth has a greatest-hits type of album which she loves -- plays nightly. When she spots this reference to a movie featuring the man, she'll be unstoppable until she sees it. += Glad Omnicon was good ... I knew nothing of it, and as it was in Florida, would have been helpless even so. Neat that Dave Prowse was there! Although your remark about how he was "totally in proportion" is *ahem* a bit suggestive ... +=



What possible excuse could someone in an s.f. masquerade have for reading The Diary of Anne Frank? "Hi, I'm an Enterprise library tape"? Congrats on your win! Oops -- +=+ There. I'm glad y'all had a good time visiting ... thanks again for your collating help. Saved me hours of mindless labor. +=+ Vern Clark is cuddly?! I may lose my lunch ... +=+ Frogger! Frogger!

TALISMAN #31 = Biggers, Pretty cover, but I miss Biggers on-stencil art. +=+ Really good to read your Halfacon report and get your side of things. Celko's at mlg's front was mostly negative, whereas yours is more enthused. You and Joe are doing an awful lot of contradicting lately ... we're all rooting for you to work it out, unite the bids, wax the floor with New York and Philadelphia. Imagine merging the DSC with the worldcon in 1986 ... announcing the Rebel winner from the same podium as the Hugos ... ah, to dream! +=+ I've seen The Inglorious Bastards: it's awful. Nice skinnydipping scene mit der frauleins, though. +=+ Enjoyable Chattacon report. I'm glad people made it there, might help mend the rift that has that town in tittertatters (who mentioned Tola?). I notice that no one who reported on that con mentioned Bridget. Was he invisible, or just -- as he usually is in public -- quiet unto invisibility? And I see that Irvin did his usual good job at keeping things running -- there's a use for all of us in the great cosmic plan.

FRED BIRD STORIES = mike Amen to that cover. +=+ I liked Steve Gerber when I knew him in NY ... liked him, liked his comic work. Too bad he's fallen into the Siegel-&-Shuster mold; how dare the heartless comics industry expect me to settle for the compensation I signed for ... Glad (perversely) to see Marvel eating some of the bad press for such, since we had to chew so much of it while I was at DC. +=+ Loved "The Cars of Summer" -- more roller coaster writing from weber; i.e., on a subject I'm not into, but done too enthusiastically and well for me to ignore. Say a prayer for my Honda ... and come on back to see us sometime this summer! (Around deadline time? Why not! Whenever!)

IF THIS LOOKS LIKE A SHORT MC ZINE ... = Davis Didn't Colette write Gigi? +=+ Glad you didn't mind my printing that Mailgram. Still haven't seen that Gigo, which is the second cousin to Gigi ... let it not die unpubbed! +=+ I remember that Melvin Belli Star Trek; it was a beast, all right. Who cast that pompous boob? +=+ I look forward to seeing The Legend of the Lone Ranger on HBO, having boycotted it at the theatres (I didn't like the way the producers treated Clayton Moore). Now I can stand up and turn it off, and say nyah to them. +=+ So is Colette still in circulation? Would love to be there when you finally saw it ... to help hold you in your chair.

BEST BIT += It was close (and we're back to elite again), but triple kudos go to Larry and P.L. and Dave for the inutterably hysterical cover to High Times at a Higher Elevation. "Meow ... MeOW!"

The Montgomery Papers



Ditto? For the OO?

It's true! The 16th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance sports a dittoed Southerner. "In general," says Dave Hulan, Emergency Officer and OElect, "The Southerner will be Rexed [i.e., mimeographed]," but mundane matters have forced the expatriate rebel -- now living in L.A. -- to opt for quick purple repro. "At least it's an improvement over Press'n'Print," he notes, speaking of the hideous quasi-mimeography SFFA OE has been using throughout the 3 mailings of his reign. Blotchy, oily, hard to read, its shortcomings have been at least contributing factors in Staton's misery in the job.

The main problem, though, was postal. Joe had attempted to mail the 15th SFFA mailing Book Rate through the Milan TN post office, and been rebuffed. Subsequently, he had spent the extra cash to ship the mlg by 3rd class, and, thoroughly demoralized, asked Hulan to take over as Emergency Officer. It was a controversial move, as Dave was then embroiled in a bloody OEship campaign against Larry Montgomery; Larry called it favoritism. Nevertheless, Hulan puts out this mlg, & announces in the 60 his victory over Montgomery in the OElection, 10-2.

Right -- these are interesting times in the Southern Fandom Press Alliance.

And dittoed or not, this is an interesting OO. Like the previous Southerner, it's misdated: June 1964 instead of the correct date, June 1965. (Larry has corrected the error on this, his copy.) Joe is still listed as OE, Al Andrews as Treasurer, Dave as Emergency Officer. There are 24 items listed as part of mlg 16, totaling 297 pages -- two pages will be postmailed. 17 SFFAns are rostered, of whom two are new boys -- Lon Atkins and Al Scott, Chapel Hill champs who had offered Clarges #1 to a delighted SFFA 15. The wl which these lads founded in mlg 15 -- they were the first -- has grown to 7 -- three on an invited list (Tom Dupree, Bill Pettit, and Stephen Barr, whose address Hulan has lost) & 4 on the "waiting-list". Barry Gold heads this quarter, a name to figure in later SFFA history. (None of the others -- Ed Cox, Jerry Page, and Lynn Hickman -- have ever been heard of since. Neos, obviously.) Members have been lost -- Dick Ambrose, original owner of these mailings, a charter member, Al Andrews' Iscariot co-editor for years, has quit. Onetime OE and charter member Bill Plott is gone, as are Hickman and Bill Gibson. Dave states that thanks to Staton's lenient rules on minac and dues, he has left Lamar Hollingsworth (long suspected of being a Montgomery

hoax), Dave Locke, Kent McDaniel and Hank Luttrell on the roster -- but he warns all that a new and stricter day has dawned in the rebel apa. David Mitchell is also off the roster of mlg 16. In Warlock this mlg, Larry Montgomery admits that the author of Endless Shadow is a hoax ... though he credits the ruse to Lamar Hollingsworth. Amorpho P. Titanium is not mentioned. So David Mitchell is gone ... though his influence is present on the contents.

Following a long (12-item) and involved set of Rules, and the imperative line "Anyone who doesn't read all of The Southerner is extremely stupid!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!", Dave reveals SFPA's new activity system. Reminiscent of FAPA's 8-pp-a-year set-up, it requires that SFPAns do 12 pages a year; they can do four 3-page zines, 2 6-page zines, one 12-page zine, or any combination thereof, and retain membership. Options involving penalty pages for those "prone to missing mailings" are reserved for the OE. Confusing? You betcha. SFPA was back to the more comprehensible system of 6-pp-every-two-mlgs by #17 ... whose deadline is given as August 24.

The Treasury pops up -- \$25.11. Dave prints the Egopoll results -- 7 categories plus the OElection. IsCariot is again the overwhelming choice for Best Fanzine. Outgoing OE Joe Staton begins a tradition by garnering the most votes, overall, & winning the apa presidency. Dian Pelz, with but two SFPazines to her credit, runs a strong second, with Hulan right behind her. Andrews and Montgomery fill out the top 5. A pair of nitpicky constitutional amendments -- one Hulan's idea, the other Montgomery's -- round out the 00.

A subtly-colored Joe Staton drawing of a centaress leads off Loki 7, an excellent Hulan genzine, in a series slated for extinction, Dave's said, after issue #9. By mysterious fluctuations in the Cosmic Fabric, this zine appears a mlg after #8 -- but no matter, it's a good zine, much more typical a product than that rather grumpy number. Dave leads off with an editorial, wherein he wonders why "certain fans have gotten so enthusiastic over ... rather ordinary books", such as the Narmia Chronicles. He's just read several and found them blah at best. A mere page of "Katya's Korner", featuring Katya Hulan, matters about this'n'that; her article on buying an artificial Christmas tree is followed by a review of The Miracle of Language, and an admonition that Dave needs a haircut. A good article on s.f. series-TV for kids by Rick Norwood precedes Dave's "From Unknown Worlds", in which an issue of the ancient pulp is examined closely. In turn Sharon Towle and Bill Plott provide sercon and fannish articles, respectively. Dave closes the issue with "I've Been Reading", his still-familiar review column. He read a lot more s.f. in '65 than he does now.

The next item is a Hulan frank, Carbo #10, a "letter substitute" from Richie Benyo and Pete Jackson. These guys are students at a college in Pennsylvania; they mention but one SFPAn by name, Rich Mann. This 2-pager could hardly be less ingroup-oriented.

On the opposite extreme is IsCariot 16, the too-long-absent premiere SFPazine, winner of every egoboo poll to date as SFPA's best pub. Al Andrews, the editor, announces a number of changes through his editorial, which follows an outstanding Jerry Burge cover. The major of these is a new publisher and co-editor, one Billy Pettit by name. Dick Ambrose, the original IsT -- Al's abbreviation -- publisher, has gafiated. The change in publishers means a change in artwork style. Ambrose was a whiz at tracing art onto stencil, but Pettit has access to an electrostenciller. My personal favorite method of reproducing artwork comes into prominence. An increased press run & a new trade policy indicate the new pubber's influence. Al concludes his opening natter with talk about Charlie Chan movies, Glory Road (which he loves, "a truly entertaining delight"), King Kong and The Island of Lost Souls. A REG illo of a woman with pushbutton tits merits mention. One has to wonder if REG ever saw a real naked chest.

Speaking of boobs, here's a Tom Dupree article entitled "The Burroughs BiblioBOOBS" mocking ERB fans. Bill Plott, off the SFPA roster but still contributing to its

zines, has an article on "Quick Readers", those odd little paperbacks given to GIs during World War II. A long Lewis Harrell piece on Conan follows; preceding the enormous Howard revival of the late sixties, it's basic info on the hero. Finally, Pettit chimes in with four pages of "Amphipozi", introductory material, mostly. He likes folk music, joined fandom through a column in F&SF, is now in ASFO. He documents the beginning of one of fandom's best fanzine collections, which now includes a copy of SFFA 100. The name of Hank Reinhardt, spelled "Rheinhardt" here, appears: "a Conan fan showed up complete with mail shirt, sword, hunting knife, bow and a armful of Planets". So does Lee Jacobs pop up. Apologizing for his typos, the billypettit (as he came to be known) bids us adieu. No mc's in this Is-cariot, but at least the zine is back on its fannish feet.

An evocative green cover reminiscent of Simak opens the 7th issue of The Invader, Joe Staton's pub. Cranked through the LASFS mimeo by Hulan, it's an attractive, though short, SFFAZine. Joe remarks on the fact that he is celebrating his 3rd anniversary as an actifan, then argues the late OElection and his actions therein with Larry Montgomery. Apparently Joe has compared Larry's political science teacher -- consulted and quoted by Larry on a campaign issue -- to "an Ethioipan lawyer", and there is a whole to-do in the works about what was meant. (I refer readers to SM68 for context.) An interesting loc on the right to read from Selma Kolmes, a reprinted story, some funny Andrews cartoons, and mc's ... he reveals that he likes Rick Brant books, and drops a hint to Lon which will achieve greater status almost immediately. For lo, for reasons documented last ish, Joe Staton here declares war on the United States Post Office.

Stamp -- "the Official Organ of the Conservatives and Liberals Allied to Stamp Out Uncle Sam's Post Office" -- appears next. It's the first issue of an ongoing series of zines dedicated to the overthrow of the P.O., reprinting horror stories of demolished mail and fascistic inspections. It's as funny and as fannish as Staton has been in many months -- but not as funny and as fannish as he will be, right away, next.

The Amazing SFFA-fen is an amazing zine. Eventually SFFAns will vote it the best publication of 1965, and it must rate, still, as one of the finest dozen or so zines ever to course through SFFA. The awed readers of mlg 104's Marbled Team-up heard much of this Len Bailes/Staton gem in oldtimers' mc's. For the art of comic-style faanfic, discovering its latest pinnacle in Team-up, is created in The Amazing SFFA-fen. It is not only faanfic, it is a whole new style of faanfic ... and it is brilliant.

One could never describe the plot of this 8-page dittoed zine, but I must try. Imagine the SFFAns of '65 in superhero garb, guised as such characters as Captain Bragg (Hulan), whose costume is covered with Vs and Os, etc. ... the Locksmith (L_ocke), whose whoopeddoo superpower is the ability to talk with padlocks ... Zajezaculoman (Bailes), Mannman (Rich Mann), Damnyankeeman (Arnie Katz). Opposing these good guys is the nefarious Gritman (Larry Montgomery), rather unfairly depicted in Klan hood and a costume emblazoned "KKK". Gritman has several henchmen in his power, including Marduk (Dick Harkness) and Wormfarmer (Bill Gibson). SFFA jokes abound, and even if the zine savages Montgomery, a good friend, one cannot deny its zesty ingroup humor. Hulan's cardsharkery, Wally Weber's lassitude (remember this when we reach Lenity), Al Andrews' chapstick addiction, the David Mitchell hoax ... some of the gags are impenetrable, even to an apa historian. But the effect remains. Friends spearing friends. An apa in celebration of itself. The SFFA spirit at its best.

This pub clears the air of political residue. Montgomery himself professes the zine's hilarity in mlg 17. A good laugh expunges bad feelings -- SFFA is right with itself again.

(A personal aside -- I'd love to reprint The Amazing SFFA-fen, but have no way of getting in touch with Bailes, and Staton never answers his mail. Lon -- Dave -- could you guys intercede?)

Leaving The Amazing SFFA-fen with regret, we find Manndate #4, a cute Dave Heal cover kicking off a clever but poorly dittoed 15-page zine. Mann seems to be getting into the SFFA swing: "Active little bunch, aren't we?" He goes on to advocate a pagecount war, levelling his challenge at the most prolific SFFANs, though everyone is included, even "(shudder) Lon Atkins". He bids Lon welcome to fandom and wishes him "a long and happy stay".

I can't say I much care for the next page in this zine. It reprints -- copies, traced onto ditto -- a letter from a kid who had read Mann's roommate's name in a Marvel lettercol. The little guy wants to be penpals -- his handwriting wanders up and over and all around the page -- he ends with "Nuff said!" Mann seems to regard him with mocking contempt, which is damned unfortunate. I hope that youngster found more generous listeners elsewhere. Fortunately, the rest of Manndate sweetens this sour taste. Mann's egoboo poll votes, revealed in mc's, are fairly well balanced. He gives 3 points to Dian Pelz "for being female". The Beatles are praised in comparison to Dylan, though Rich likes the Ventures best. Dr. Strangelove is praised, but Mann decries its claim to the Hugo it will eventually win. Reprowise, he wails: "Where can you get a mimeo for \$8?" I refer him to Mr. Dolbear. His mc section closes with a Dave Heal ditty, which I must reprint:

Now I sit me down to pub --
And damn this silly apa club.
Will this be good by time I'm through?
Only by the grace of Ghu? A-fen.

A careful article on the alleged collapse of s.f. by Don D'Amassa, a letter from Al Scott, a horrible Feghoot by George Fergus, an awful bacover -- Manndate's done, as good a zine as Rich has given SFFA yet.

Another dittozine, Zinfandel #1, follows, typed in the squarish fontface current SFFANs will identify with Melikaphkaz. It's a 6-page oneshot by the Hulans and John & Bjo Trimble, aimed primarily at "the 32nd or 33d Disty-wisty-poo of Fabulous Apa-L". How it ended up in the 16th disty-wisty-poo of Fabulous SFFA is anyone's surmise. If I'm right, this was typed at the Trimbles' fabulous (again) Ellay mansion, a great place yhos visited in 1978. Incoherence reigns, although a redhead roundup is announced and Hulan is castigated for ogling the SYT (not their term) across the street. The young lady in question is named Lynch. Ahem.

Some might think it sinful that innocent trees were sacrificed to the saw so that Zinfandel might come to be. But I applaud this example of conspicuous waste. It's good to see BNFs acting like rank neos in print. Gives fandom a sense of perspective.

An idea just struck me, to use the front cover of the next zine as the back cover to SM69; I have long had permission to reprint any part of it I wished. What could be more appropriate? Inserted here -- so to speak -- in the proper place given on the contents, is A Portfolio for David Mitchell. Beginning with the happy Hollingsworth hoax's infamous quote, "I DON'T like nudes in s.f. zines", Dian Pelz creates a series of illos "dedicated to the proposition that sex and stf do mix." Scenes from Darker than You Think, Glory Road, The Long Loud Silence, The Naked Sun, Virgin Planet and other s.f. classics are depicted, every one of them depicting nekkid folk in s.f. contexts. The quality of the art isn't up to Dian's standards -- it seems a little rushed -- and one supposes that she must have known some rather peculiarly ill-equipped fellas ... but the zine is hysterical, another classic in a mailing replete with them.

Of course, there is more to it than just that. For no one receiving SFFA 16 in the mail found the Portfolio within it.

Skip ahead to mailing's end. There we find The Southerner #16.5 & A Red-faced EO, both one-page postmailings dealing with Dian's zine.



Mindful of the postal touchiness regarding obscenity, even innocuous material like the Portfolio, Dave has decided to ship it out separately, by inspection-proof first class mail. However, the actual posting is forgotten in a crush of other activity. In the meantime, Lon Atkins receives mlg 16, his first as a bona fide SFPA member. It's been opened by the p.o., boosted from Book Rate to Third Class ... and there's no Portfolio. Lon leaps to the understandable conclusion and off goes a frantic letter to Hulan. Out comes the postmailing with A Red-faced EO, admitting and lamenting the lapse. All is well. "Kinda exciting in a way," Lon says later, "thinking that the PO had censored a SFPA mailing."

Back in the mailing itself, Melikaphkaz #1 appears. A standard Staton girl with a standard Staton sword adorns the cover. Begins the text: "YOU PRIVILEGED FEW," Lon's misspelling, "are now perusing Melikaphkaz, rare SFPA fanzine of the noted nobody, Lon Atkins." The reason Mel is rare, Lon reveals, is because this is its first issue. He goes on to give the E.R. Eddison source for his title, the deadly passage wherein the Witchland fleet met its doom. "Realizing this, you'll understand when I say that anybody whose zine appears in the MC department of Melikaphkaz is in dire straits."

A suitably putrid Feghoot fills a page before Lon presents "Charybdis", his mc section. Loathing being on the wl, he suggests increasing the membership to 25 (in 6 or 7 years, he'll have that wish). His comments on bigotry to Arnie Katz are compelling and wise. He waxes rhapsodic over Kabumpo's cover, and creates a faanish poem, "Ozyfandias of LASFS", that actually scans. To Hulan he suggests that "batting averages" be added to the Box Scores, giving birth to the system we know today. He credits ancient BNF Ned Brooks with helping him through his neo days. A poem by Abram Ryan, and Mel #1 reaches its bacover, a phony contents page for a phony Southerner for a phony SFPA. Therein OE "Joe Static" and Treasurer "Al Android" hold sway over such members as P.G. Beauregard and Robert E. Lee (who lives at 1 Glory Road). Despicable yankees U.S. Grant and Arnold Katz comprise the waitlist. Later, Lon will muse that this bacover might have been the first subconscious sign that he craved the OEship.

A fine REG cover heralds Warlock #8, a colid 17-pager from Larry Montgomery. While undoubtedly downed by the OElection results, Larry herein bounces back with a spiffy issue, aimed at both SFPA and Apa-45. It begins with an article detailing the gestation, birth, and short happy life of David Mitchell, boy hoax. Lamar Hollingsworth, supposedly David Mitchell's creator (yeah, sure), is slated to take the Mitchell spot on the roster -- much as Gene Reed took Dwerd Gremlin's a decade later. But Hulan is having little of that, as we have seen.

Anyway, Larry continues, announcing that he'll host the '65 DSC, third in the series, in Birmingham that July or August. A story bylined David Mitchell (not bad: "Blub") and an article credited to Hollingsworth lead us to "Fallen Idols", Larry's mc's. Here the remarkable production work Larry gives each zine he does becomes downright awesome. For every mc is given its own hand-traced heading -- an incredible load of work; Larry's hand must have ached for weeks. The result is most impressive. His comments are conciliatory and super-reasonable; "I have no hard feelings," he tells Staton. Far from being bitter about the late OElection, Larry plows on. DSC is coming up, and that responsibility comes first. "The Con that's ALIVE in '65 is the DeepSouthCon III". So closes Warlock.

An interesting 13-page poetryzine comes up next, also from Montgomery. Entitled Golem #2 (it's SFPA's only issue), it contains verse by members of Larry's Writer's Club. They're pretty good, though a Poe/m Larry includes ("Ufalume") does o'erwhelm the lot.

Damnyankee No. 6 appears, printed on blue paper, now discolored around the edges. A Staton cover again leads Arnie Katz's zine off ... knights approaching a shining castle. Cramped by finals, Arnie still has time for 7 pages of text. Most are mc's. In that to the OO, AtheK protests JOE's super-lenient treatment of "deadwood",



members who have sloughed off SFPAC yet remain on the roster. Hulan is dealing with the problem, as we have seen. To Dian Arnie mentions his favorite folk artists -- Dylan, Cachs (sic), Baez and Collins. He mentions Jim Kweskin, whom I once saw play in New Orleans. His comments on Montgomery's campaign material are really rough: one wonders what kept these two birds from stalking each other at Gettysburg.

Printed on varicolored fibretone in blue ink, David Hall's Revenge #1 is an eye-straining read. The first of six zines in Hall's SFPA career, it's ably written, especially considering that Hall professes to be new to zining. His mc to Katz focuses on civil rights (1965, remember), specifically on an amazing activist liberal he'd met in St. Louis. The guy -- a freedom rider -- sounds like a trendy kneejerk pain in the ass to me, but today is thankfully a different era. Hall explains his dislike of Thorne Smith to Dian, and expresses bafflement on Lon's physics natter. He writes amusingly about a stupid American history class he's enduring, talks about UFOs, preaches the Oneness of America to Montgomery. 1965, remember. Lastly, he goes way off a deep end in nattering about the bulbous blue beast he depicts on his cover, calling it a "zablorgaut", native to the planet "Throdur", which circles "Cignus" (sic). Wow.

Zaje Zaculo #6 seems absolutely blah after such a freewheeling production, but the impression fades. Despite a ripped stencil, which has produced a U-shaped "smile" on the first text page, Bailes (for this is Len's zine) has here a readable, quality pub. He begins with a funny comment on graduation from high school and mentions his plans for UCLA. He indicates his hope that no one will be hurt by the caricatures in Amazing SFPA-fen; no one was. In commenting to Katz on apas, he compares SFPA to N'APA: "it's almost becoming a focal point apa, or something." In mentioning his streak of 6 mailings hit, he presages the concept of the Coffin Scores. Bill Plott held the then-record, 13. He describes Atkins as the type of neo who "won't be a neo at all but will emerge full grown". He agrees with Montgomery's gripe, from the OElection, that Staton was unfair in appointing Hulan EO, but declares for Hulan anyway. A cryptic sentence closes the zine: "I wonder how many SFPAns are aware of the activities of the nefarious oboe player formerly of the waitlist who tried to get his name on the ballot." Whuzzis?

Zis whuz Al Scott, who had read through the SFPA Constitution and decided that nowhere within is it required that the SFPA OE be a SFPA member. His candidacy, if such it was, was ignored.

A crude tracing of a Staton Neanderthal leads off Such and Such 4, Hank Luttrell's mczine. Hank manages to project a bit more interest in the apa than had hitherto been the case -- he corrects Staton's misspelling of his name, responds to Dian's hook on comic Jack Douglas, laments the dearth of actifans in Missouri, looks over The Magazine of Horror tale by tale.

Luttrell's major contrib is Starling #5, a long genzine, with articles about Thomas Wolfe (he defends its presence in an s.f.-oriented zine), a cute Nate Bucklin story, a Harry Warner loc backed by many others. Among them is one criticizing his repro from -- who else? -- Ned Brooks. He reviews old Ray Palmer mags, and presents a poem and quasi-article by David Hall. Not bad as genzines go, but for SFPA purposes I rather prefer that which follows.

This is the second issue of Clarges, the longest item (at 52 pages) in the 16th mailing. The fibretone is discolored at the edges and flimsy, but the contents still hold up. It's a well-balanced issue -- a heavy political essay on South Africa by Afrikaaner Roger Clegg (quite long) is countered by Lon's own Disclave report (he met Roger Zelazny and Ned Brooks there). Tom Dupree reviews bad s.f. films, and reveals that like everyone else, he doesn't know what "erstwhile" means. Lon has a fannish short story called "The Store of Heart's Desire", about a shop which offers pre-typed stencils. There are poems, putrid puns, an article by Al Scott about a Bill Graham revival, a Sam Long humor piece, a long lettercol (wherein Warner, Brooks, Bucklin make appearances -- Lon traces their signatures,

a nice effect), even an article on Marxism by a William T. Morse. Hoo! What an effort. Lon had time for a Mel a postmailed oneshot, too.

More good stuff. An evocative ATom cover and we're into Utgard 5, Dave Hulan's very attractive publication. Nice yellow paper holds perfect mimeography. It's the biggest issue of Utgard yet -- 15 pages. In his introductory natter Dave sees great promise in SFFA's new members, and violates an unwritten code of OEship -- he admits -- by commenting on the current mailing. It's SFFA's best yet, he says, & imho is right on. He explains running Lokis #7,8 and 9 in reverse order as a "ploy to confuse the troops". This troop admits his success. His Box Scores show him as having sent 276 pages through SFFA to date, 90 more than Plott and twice as many as Andrews, the only other current members in 3 figures.

Richie Benyo's "Of Ecstasy and Frustration" reviews Ralph Milne Farley novels. "Molot", Dave's mc's, are complete and involved, very friendly. He explains his aversion to New York City -- still strong -- as "Neoeboracophobia or something like that". Huh? He expresses his preference for mc's over genzines in apac. Interesting comment to Luttrell (accompanied by a funneeee Staton cartoon) about being a Real Man: apparently an ability to survive at any cost (unless I misspeak, in which case I hope Dave corrects me). Auslander, an Ed Cox co-project, is announced as a future endeavor. Clarges' first issue is praised. To Lon he states his idea of the ideal mlg size: 200-300 pages. (Which makes SFFA 100 two whole years' worth of ideal mailings ...) Anyway, great mc's lead into a crazed chapter of "The Fan of Bronze", with which the issue closes.

Errata 1 is a dittoed page following. It completes Benyo's article: a paragraph had been left out of Utgard. More interesting is the natter with which Hulan fills the sheet. "I had nothing -- but nothing -- to do with Barry Gold's getting on the SFFA wl," Dave says. Apparently Gold, "a Caltecher" ("IQ over 150, social developement frozen at age 5" is Dave's definition of the type) has apparently behaved like a royal twit in the pages of Apa-L. Hearken, oh reader. Bear thee witness to the beginning of the beginning of a Hassle. Dave does not want this bozo about, but is unwilling at present to exercise the OE's blackball prerogative (only right, since Dave is not yet OE). Matters will change.

But first there are closing zines in SFFA 16. Dian Pelz offers Kabumpo 3, a nice traced-onto-stencil drawing serving as cover. It would be disappointing only were one expecting an effort to match the first two Pelz covers. The zine is entirely mailing comments. She responds wittily to Arnie Katz's proposal of marriage ("how would it look to fandom is I left my fanzine collection," she cries). Twice she refers to hubby Bruce as an elephant.

Sentinel #2 is Dave Locke's zine for SFFA 16. A five-pager, it opens with natter about marriage -- Dave was new to it then. Mc's follow. "Whathell," Locke shrugs. Harsh words on Ted White to Hulan, a putdown of egoboo polls, and a general sigh-and-shrug attitude predominates. "I don't consider myself a fan anymore," he says. A funny account of his Army physical and a poem called "Dream Treks" finish the issue, one of the mailing's gems. Any zine that calls upon Atkins to "construct a perfectly consistent universe" has gleaming facets hidden within. "After all, if God did it why can't you? Do it in the basement in your spare time."

The two aforementioned ditto postmailings which accompanied A Portfolio for David Mitchell are the final pieces in this bound volume. But a yellow sheet sits loose behind them. This is the one-page Widget Factory #7, by Atkins, the words "post-mailing to SFFA 16" handwrit above the title. "Riddle of the day," says Lon in his colophon, "is why the 50th mailing hasn't arrived yet." When one considers that SFFA's 50th mailing won't show until November, 1972 (another 7 years), one realizes that this is an overrun from another apa. But most of its natter concerns SFFA: Lon's worries that the p.o. has purloined the Portfolio, and a capsule review of mlg 16. He ranks SFFA as the genre's 3rd best apa, behind FAPA & SAPS.

Maybe so. But as SFFA's sweet 16 indicates, this is one apa that won't stay satisfied with that.

It's NATTER time

As this spasmodic issue of Spiritus Mundi careens to an end. As you see, I am back at the old pica homestead, being at work and Beth having need of the elite. What a mess SM69 has turned out to be.

Never mind. As this is typed, DSC is -- uh -- three mere weeks away. You may well receive this zine and the SFPA mailing it rides at that same convention. If so, I hope it's such a good time that you don't have time to read this until you're home again.

Speaking of DSC, I dread one or two things about this year's ... first, since it's the first actual convention we've been to since ASFiCon, I worry that we'll see another Jack Hinckley act from the unfortunate suitor who screwed up that con for us; I like and feel sorry for the fella, but hope like hell that he doesn't show up. But my major concern is political, connected with the competing bids for Atlanta in '86. It's inevitable that this con be polluted with backbiting, gossip, joyless smuffing and strife ... but I hope we'll have let things slide, or even helped our Georgia comrades come to some sort of accomodation.

For Atlanta can win the '86 worldcon. It can be done. The competition is weak and fans I've talked with are interested in coming to what would be, for them, a new town. No chance of that if Atlantans continue sniping at one another. We'll go north for sure if the present state of affairs keeps up.

I have a simple suggestion to make to the contending committees. No, two simple suggestions. First, get together. Talk out your differences and settle them. We have powerful egos at war, nowadays, and personal enmity resulting. Forget that and come to some sort of accomodation. Give a little. Compromise. Talk ... work it out.

Failing this ideal, shut up about each other. Concentrate on building up your bid and if you can't ignore the other Atlanta bid, don't talk about it...at least outside of the South. Looks bad, and sounds worse.

In addition, I'd advise making lots of friends on the west coast. A good place to start would be with the Angelenos on our own roster ... but in turn, I call on them to help force a conciliation between the opposing forces, or at least keep the internecine fracas quiet -- by agreeing only to represent Atlanta ... not either bid against the other.

Work it out, lads, and you'll have the whole region behind you. And like our sainted ancestors at Bull Run, we'll smite the yankees, hip and thigh.

=+

In less lofty matters, life plods on in plodsville. The LSAT is scheduled for June 16 -- Bloomsday, to us Ulysses buffs -- the Wednes-



day after the con. I signed up for it in early April, and the fees for filing, transcripts, and all added up to eighty-nine dollars. Something tells me that, if the Louisiana market isn't entirely glutted, this might be a good racket to join.

As of right now, the school entargeted is LSU, and the date eyed is September, 1983 ... which would require us to move to LA. (Louisiana, not Los Angeles, God forbid) by September, 1982, in order to claim Louisiana residency for tuition purposes. If we can't afford to move, or something gets in the way, the idea must be set back a year. I'm applying to other schools, too, including Lon's old stomping grounds of Chapel Hill, so we'll see.

The test has no math on it, so I expect to do fairly well. As Dennis said, I've been studying for it for thirty-two years. I just hope the DSC hangover has faded by then.

DSC will likely be our last convention for awhile -- money needs to be saved, our car -- we're down to one, now, I sold the Honda for a pittance -- can't take the strain of too many long trips. Besides, what's coming up? Chicon? Nah, I've become less and less interested in attending worldcons since that mess in Boston. Besides, it'd cost a thousand bucks to go there. Phut.

So I anticipate this will be a reading, movie-watching summer, and as such it should be rich. I've recently redicovered Flashman, and have reread three of the six novels. Ah, how have I gone so long without another visit from the despicable Flashy ... must remember to loan Vern my copy of Flashman's Lady at DSC. Mindful of the facts that the last Flashy had appeared in 1977, and that Mr. American by the same author was by all accounts a punk book, I recklessly grabbed the telephone and called Alfred Knopf, the publisher. When, oh when, would the next Flashman appear? Take heart, I was told -- Flashman and the Redskins is due in August or September. You heard it here first. Rejoice!

So the summer offers some diversions even as it offers hassles. A load of s.f. films is due -- The Thing, which looks promising, Tron, which does not, E.T. and Poltergeist and Creepshow and even Star Trek II. They've got to be better than Conan. Bookwise, we have the aforementioned Fraser, plus a MacDonald, a possible King (It: 900 pages), and The Transmigration of Timothy Archer, Phil Dick's second-to-last novel, which sits by this typewriter now. Oh, the elegies Philip Dick has received. They gladden the wasted heart.

The joys of being a fan. Life has appeals other people may not experience as fully. Even when times are tough and a summer yawns forth like a vast dry field, we have our books and our films and our apas, and around July's end a Kissoff party just to keep things personal. And hither and thither a dream or two ... and my writing class, which jollies on. Try not to call me on Wednesday nights! You won't catch me in.

I'll be with Frances and Bridgette and Jim and Nikki and Faye and Keith ... the best thing about Greensboro is their company, and their



inspiration, for these are folks -- regular, normal, no-nonsense people -- who've shown wit and brains and humor and the capacity and desire to grow and keep growing. They put me to shame even as they remind me of what I have to offer. If we left here I would miss them ... and I dare flatter myself to imagine that they would miss me.

A matter for the future to decide. In verity, the best thing about living in Greensboro is who I get to live with. Hey, you with the good typewriter! Done with Dharma Bums yet? Let's zip it off to be e-stencilled -- get this road on the show. Whaddya mean, you're waiting for me?



—MIKE LESTER