



most erudite  
of heroes...  
the Mighty  
**BORE**...  
SEPA O.E.  
MCMLXXXII

forsooth

Charles  
Williams

NOTED

HANK REINHARDT once said that my nom de OEship -- GHLIIIOE -- sounded like an old lady being strangled. "Guh-ih-AJUL-ooiee," he pronounced it. Well, I guess he'd know.

Me, all I know is that it's almost time to hang it up. This is (as you see) Spiritus Mundi 72, GHLIII Press Publication #513. When it hits the silks as part of the 110th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, GHLIIIOE will be a persona that leaves with it. (Never fear, though; I will always be the Mighty Bore!)

I'm also known, as if I had to say it, as Guy H. Lillian III, of 102 S Mendenhall #13, Greensboro NC 27403, & you can hear me for yourself by dialling 919/274-4972 or 919/379-3897. Please take pity and call me. Now that, as you read, GHLIIIOE is no more, no one will be ringing me up with SFPA problems, or SFPA gossip, or SFPA smoffing. Those are Dennis Dolbear's province now, and may he wallow therein with joy. I surely did.

It's been three years since I took up the title and sceptre of OE after a four-year hiatus. Three good years for the apa, and three magnificent years for my rebel spirit. We have a host of new SFPAns with us now that we did not have when I took the torch from Alan Hutchinson, but we have a mess of old-timers, too, folk who knew the apa beforehand, and to whom a change in OEships -- while never insignificant -- is at least not unfamiliar. To everyone I say two things. First, we may all look forward gleefully to seeing the new SFPA emerge. As the senior members know, it may be different in form, and maybe in tone, but it will still be SFPA. Take your cue from the long-termers, newcomers, and look to the future.

But allow me to look to the past. To the past 3 years & the hassles and joys being OE has brought me. This issue of SM is devoted in large part to the OE-ship. And to that second thing I had to tell you: thanks -- for letting me be GHLIIIOE.

# SPIRITUS MUNDI

72



FROLICH

# One OE to Another

Dear Drnnis: I spent an hour the other night in search of the date, but in the midst of that summer of '69 Alack must note have rated mention in my journal. God knows it wasn't;

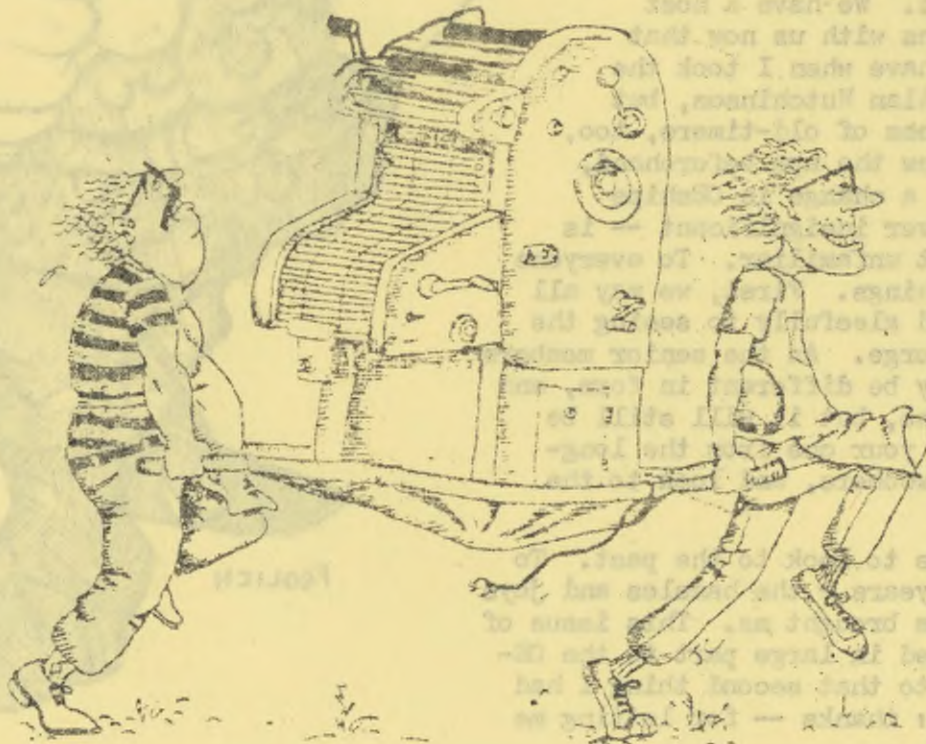
a few NOSFAns destroying stencils by rolling them through Carolyn Dilworth's Hermes Rocket typer and punching letter-shaped holes in them ... no better worth than that. The oneshot appeared in SFPA 34, and gleaned one memorable mc: from Lon Atkins, "Uh ... noted." Which may have overstated its significance.

Almost. It was my first fanzine. Yours too.

13 and a half years ago. My God ... I had just turned 20, or was about to. That'd make you ... oh, jeezus, let's not even think about how young we were. But the point is made. We go back a long ways. You and the other Nawlins folk are my longest-running and most constant friendships, despite my many moves in that decade-plus. Together you & I have served as devoted lieutenants to the Imam von Turk in the Sons of the Sand, explored the depths of Walshian perversity, put on a DSC (or helped von T with it, I should say), been o'er many a bridge, through many a gutter. Now, 13½ years post-Alack, I'm the retiring Official Editor of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance and you're the OElect.

When I took over this apa 3 years ago, Alan Hutchinson sent me a nice note of congratulations and a sickeningly paltry Treasury check. No advice. Alan knew I'd held the post before and knew something of what I was getting into. The check I send you -- expect it after Christmas -- will be somewhat healthier, the congrats on OElection are just as sincere, but I thought that since I'm the shmuck who talked you into entering SFPA again, after a long hiatus, and encouraged your OEship candidacy, I ought to pass along more. Some reflections, maybe. Hell, I'll say it: words of wisdom. A bit of inside scam.

Of course, you don't approach the OEship wholly blank of its dutiss. Another of our common memories is lending aid to Don Markstein during his OEship ten years ago.



The three of us even committed a oneshot once -- the gem known as The C.A.N.N.A.B.I.-N.O.L. Journal. How often do three OEs, even if two are only future editors, get together between staples like that? But anyway, I thought looking back over my term and digging out some lessons might be helpful. You be the judge of that.

Generally, and obviously, you're going to be a unique OE. We all are. The apa will be different under your purview than its been under mine, as mine was different from Alan's, as Alan's was different from Stven's. How so? You'll find out. I think you can expect smaller pagecounts than my average (through mlg 109, almost 700 pages, not counting mlg 100, about 632 pp/mlg), but that's not to the bad. SFFPA will be as enthused & crazy a krewie in 1983 as it is today; you're better-suited to social madness than I am, anyway. Expect the current in-krewie to strengthen and grow; expect SFFPA even more to become The Group to belong to in the South. But don't expect behemoth mailings; they belong to the early, discovery phase of this high cycle. The Dolbear SFFPA, mepredicts, will be more con- and gathering-oriented than zine-centered.

But zines are still what SFFPA is all about, and you're going to see a lot of fanzines. Tell your mailman now to expect packages of every size, and advise him of how you want them handled -- dumped on your porch, held at the p.o.,

whatever. Lesson #1: Mr. Mailman is your friend. Be nice to Mr. Mailman and Spiritus Mundi won't end up scattered all over your yard, or dumped into the Mighty Muddy to join the fish in the sediment-swirling depths of the glistening Gulf ...

Once the zines start rolling in, keep good records. This is the second word of wisdom, and I speak from my own mistakes. Keep a running account of the pubs received, the bucks brought in, and check all pagecounts twice. Lawsy, has GHLIIIIE ever been remiss in that. I've put out 23 SFFPA mailings to date; 110 will make it 24. At least a third of them -- including, it seems, #100, which was probably 1750 pages and not 1748 -- featured fucked-up pagecounts because I miscounted zine lengths. Three zines in #109 were miscounted, and I'm the first to admit that there is no excuse for it. Go over them twice. Don't always trust the totals the members give you; sometimes they don't count the cover, sometimes they interleaf an additional sheet, sometimes they have the idea that 13 comes after 8 and 14 before 6. Count the zines yourself. Take the time. And for God's sake note every cent you get for SFFPA dues or wl renewal fee or whatever at once; it's so easy to forget that someone handed you their dues at a con, and by forgetting you'll piss off a SFFPA, or two, or thirty. This happened to me once or twice or thrice, and it'll happen to you ... just try to avoid it where possible. (I'll get to the unavoidability of disgruntled members anon.)

Also when possible, be prompt. The SFFPA deadline is flexible, and rigidly adhering to a phrase in the Constitution for the sole sake of doing so serves no purpose. It strikes me as perfectly okay to hold the mlg a day or so for a zine known to be en route. Nevertheless, don't let the apa just sit. When the mlg is ready, when it's clear that nothing is holding you up, get it the hell out of there. SFFPA does have a short mailing cycle and the sooner we poor civies get the bundles and start to ego-scan, the better, and the better mc's you will see next time.

And be neat. A crisp OO is a tremendous confidence-builder. Arrange the organizational necessities tidily and never settle for less than your best repro in the OO. Aside from utilizing a variety of Southerner logos for the helluvit (a few of which adorn these pages), the only major change I've made in the classic format is to move the wl from the back page. And small choice did I have. It's a good OO. I imagine you'll stick with it.

But all this is OBVIOUS. Even friends of Don Walsh must have some sense, and I can feel your impatience with such simplistic advice. The intangibles of OEs are much more important, anyway, than performing the job's mechanical duties. In all modesty, I must claim to knowing this about as well as it can be known.

## THE SOUTHERNER

# The Southerner

Because I've been OE twice, in two very different SFPAs. Both times I took the job over an apa in trouble, and intangibles played an immeasurable role. The first time, in 1975, we had an organizational and financial mess on hand the like of which SFFPA had never known. We had no treasury and the last two mailings had thrown our schedule off by a month. Dave Hulan was the apa's dominant member, and he loathed my guts for running against his slate in the OElection. His opposition throughout the year was a crippling additional problem. Nevertheless, I passed to Steven an apa in good shape. I was unpopular because of an intangible factor -- another member's feelings and influence -- but I could claim to be a successful one. This time, in 1979, SFFPA had no organizational problems, and a tiny but adequate treasury. But SFFPA seemed bored with itself, members were discussing a really ridiculous Leaves of Absence idea ... malaise: that was the crisis of '79. Well, does anyone think that SFFPA has such a problem these days? Of course not; we're the best apa in fandom, so convulsed with spirit that SFFPA threatens to exhaust everyone in it.

I take some credit for this, but only in one respect ... enthusiasm. I truly get off on the apa medium, and I love to see what different people do with it. I am the furthest thing from an elitist; there is no kick in OEship to match the boost of bringing a promising neo into the apa flow. Newcomers to apac have been made as welcome in SFFPA as I could manage. I went to cons, met new SFFPAs, tried in my stodgy way to make them feel welcome and at home, tried to mediate hassles (hi, Clint!), kept promoting the special heritage and ambiance of SFFPA. And I supported Shadow & kept the rah-rah going there -- some said to distraction. I ran for OE on the platform of caring about SFFPA and keeping its membership involved; I let the people know that there was an idiot in office who really gave a damn whether or not they belonged to our little group. Enthusiasm: it was my main quality as Official Editor.

SFFPA doesn't need that kind of manic glee (or GHLIII) now. We've made our point: any significant apans in the South who aren't on one of our lists or the other know we're here and what we offer. We're plenty huge too big, maybe. There's a fallback in mc'ing in progress which may indicate an exhaustion and a need for calm. But interest, active interest -- it's the most important of the OEship intangibles. An apa without an OE interested and involved in its people, its zines, its history and its future is obviously in very serious dutch ... and I don't mean Holland. Enthusiasm is contagious. So is lack of enthusiasm. But somehow I doubt you'll have much problem with showing interest in SFFPA.

Nor with making decisions. OEing an apa looks like an easy enough administrative task, but more often than you'll believe, hassles will come up requiring you to do something. Decisions, decisions ... and my advice is simple: have the nerve. Decide. Do what you got to do.

Volume 12 in SFFPA has seen some lulus of decision-making: raising dues (twice), instituting the waitlist renewal fee, dealing with the Bridget problem, handling the Shadow-SFFPA calamity of mlg 102. You remember the Shadow 26 hassle, don't you? The only major eff-up of my administration, in my point of view. SSFFPA EO Nancy Collins sent two boxes of Shadows, and only one arrived. Foolishly I counted SSFFPA 26 part of SFFPA 102 anyway, asking Nancy to mail copies to some members herself, a messy nonsolution that confused everyone. Bleah. Dumb decision ... but dumb decisions have their lessons to offer, too. Make your choices as need be, but do the simplest thing. Avoid complicated juryrigged actions that don't really solve anything. There was no need to run SSFFPA 26; I should've sent it out as an unofficial rider to SFFPAs known to be interested in Shadow and left it off the contents. But I was led astray by my affection for the waitlist apa. Mea culpa.

Of course, to my credit, I made some good moves, too. Bridget, for instance. He made '79 & '89 a very weird time in SFFPA history. As you have so correctly pointed

out, Bridget's zines were almost utterly incoherent. But however vague his sentences, his tone was clear. Clearly ugly. Insulting. Paranoid. And very damaging to SFPA. Pressure was building on me to call for an expulsion vote, the first in SFPA history. With mailing 100 coming up I couldn't see tearing the apa apart with the nasty vibes of expulsion ... so I sent Bill a private letter telling him what lay in the cards. He resigned quietly. SFPA entered its centennial celebration unscathed by ill feeling. Other decisions I've made, setting up the MILK fund, raising the dues to save the treasury ... they seem to have worked out well, too.

But anyway, you'll have decisions to make the like of which you can't imagine now. Make them according to your best judgment ... and prepare for the consequences.

Because you will make mistakes and you will hear creeps. Straight advice: admit your goofs if & when you make them. Most will be minor and correctable: pagecount fluffs and the like. But if any real hassles come up, any real problems ... don't hold back. Be upfront with the apa. Maybe I have no right to talk, since this has been a smooth term, but being honest with the apa seems to me to be the most important thing an OE can do. If something goes awry, don't hide it. SFPA's business is the Official Editor's to run, but everyone's to know. Now, I cannot imagine a problem which would throw your OEship into a tailspin -- let's see, a Treasury mix-up, an entire mailing lost in the post, God knows -- but it's those unimaginable problems which you should beware. Remember simply that the rest of SFPA has a right to know and a responsibility to help.

That's for SFPA's benefit. The apa was kept in the dark about a bad OEfficial situation once before, and it nearly waxed us. The next lesson is for your benefit, & unlike the last bit, this one is sure to be needed.

The Official Editor of SFPA absorbs a lot of bullshit. Again, the apparent simplicity of the job is deceptive. You are going to hear gripes. That's guaranteed. Gripes about what? Who knows? Big things, small things ... SFPAn's aren't fickle about what bothers them. In the past 36 months I've been disparaged because I postmailed a late zine, because I didn't postmail a late zine, because I "bugged" members for pages, because I held a frank back for a mailing, because I held mlgs for late-arriving zines, because I mimeoed OOs, because I franked through a zine by Dick Lynch, because I franked through zines by Joe Celko, because I hand-delieveredd mailings at cons, because I didn't list an address as "c/o", because I did list an address as "c/o", because I didn't grant instant memberships to hosts or roomies or the mailman ... and these have been three very happy years in SFPA! Now, some of these complaints were sincere and some were probably just noisemaking, annoyance for its own sake -- but that's all by the by. I mention them only to show that even in the highest of times, an OE hears a hatful of grief. Be thou prepared.

Try not to let it get to you. The OEship can be a paranoia-provoking position; we've both seen how ugly apac can be when an OE takes criticism of his policies as personal attack. Feuds rise up, bad vibes shake rattle and roll. Avoid that for your sake as well as SFPA's. Stay cool; be resilient. A calm OE turneth away wrath; if you consider and answer sincere disagreements in an unthreatened fashion, and has the wit to sniff out and ignore the bitching for bitching's sake and the cool to shrug it off will blunt the gripe-a-mlg types and win respect. Try to stay loose. A calm OE is no fun to fight with.

I'll be honest. I couldn't be more pleased with my past term. Do you blame me? In the past 3 years SFPA has recreated itself. We rediscovered our past through Montgomery's return, his mailings & his mail. The magnificent resurgence of Lon Atkins again established him as the finest apahack of all, and provided SFPA with some of its best productions, ever. We assured our future by building the longest and most active waitlist we have evr had. A new SFPA core group has coalesced, wilder, more open, yet just as co-

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heive as any to have gone before. We've returned to our preeminent position in the South. Southern fandom itself is blossoming (hell, Atlanta will have to do some mighty drastic footwork to avoid winning the '86 worldcon). The moments of joy SFPA has brought me this term have been many, but we all know which one I would have to single out. You were there too. Satyricon. Knoxville. April 3-5, 1981. The pinnacle of amateur press history ... SFPA 100. For which experience, for which stratospheric high, there were no words and are still no words.

Such is the sense of accomplishment & pride in this apa that I carry from OEsip. (That -- and the kind words of my fellow members. I must single out Sperhawk, who sent me one helluva gracious letter with his last SFPazine. Thanks, man.) Dennis, yours will be a different apa than "mine". You'll be your own sort of OE. But I wish you identical glee at the end of it, at having taken on a task, a responsibility to your mates, done as well as you can, and being proud of the result.

Now start watching your mail. The zines'll come in slowly at first. Ned's will show up early, probably just after the first of the month. You'll see so little up to a week before the deadline that you'll be certain you have an embarrassment instead of a mailing on your hands. Then one by one the jetpaks will plop onto your porch ... Verheiden's ... Ryan's ... Atkins will make it, never fear ... And ours, we'll be there too, every time, however tough the return to "private citizenship" will seem at first. Gotta wait for our mailing now ... and mail our zines in, just like everyone else!

But they'll come. Count on it.

Well, good luck. Say hi to Janet and Annie. Don't lend Walsh any more money.



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*Sponsa facta sunt frangi*

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# Mlg Caustics 109



"Catch him, Leroy! He actually thinks he can mc 942 pages by the deadline!"

He's gonna try.

The Southerner #109 ☒ Me Only one severe futchup with this 00, as opposed to the  $\frac{1}{2}$ -dozen faux pas in 108. Jim Cobb's first zine this time was 12, not 10, pages. And Shadow ran 62 pages, not 61, as both Charlie and I reported. I wish I had the time to supply corrected pagecounts for all of Volume 12 in this issue. With #111, it becomes Dennis' brainache, for which I prescribe 15 Extra-Strength Tylenol, twice daily. ☒ The \$1.50 wl renewal fee has one immediate beneficial effect -- boosting the Treasury. Eventually, it might help cull down the waitlist to a human level. I might have a decent Treasury to send south; see next time. ☒ I'll comment on Hulan's retreat to the wl later, but here let me mention my regrets for Clint Hyde's departure. Hyde had talent and energy, but was cursed with youth & its occasional foolmouthiness. It doesn't really speak all that well of SFPA that so many of us forgot our own early, clumsy days in fanac, to be so unforgiving of Clint. But Hyde has his own path to take, an excellent career in progress, and I hope a few good memories of the rebel apa. ☒ Welcome to Ian and JoAnn -- and hooray for everyone for producing such a great mailing, an incredible high to carry away from my OEs hip.

1982 OEgopoll Ballot ☒ Me again Flimsy paper and the electrostenciller blurred the names of McGovern and Phillips. But an OEgopoll is an excitement no such obstacles could hinder (wha?). My ballot listed Marbled Team-up as the Zine of the Year, followed by Dharma Bums #3, Total Assault Cantina #4 (both Mardi Gras issues), A Higher Elevation #9 and Harmonic Dissonance #2. The quality of SFPAc over the past year made attacking the grid a joy. I love egoboo polls!

Mimosa #1 ☒ D&N Lynch This pub is one of the best genzines the South has ever produced, attractive to look at and a gas to read. Illustrated with wit and fidelity by the great Williams, Wade Gilbreath and others, the arti-



cles sparkle through the whole range of faanish interest. Your editorial intelligence is simply sublime. A bunch of us may have written the words that fill this zine, but you guys drew it together, ordered it, , gave the material balance and cohesiveness. Damn good. And with the exception of my "Saint Nick" idolatry, which is appropriately hysterical and spastic, the individual articles are fabulous stuff. Us at our best. Thousands of thanks for bringing it to SFFPA.

A Dirty Mind Must Always Appear Innocent! ☺ Cobb Mimosa was submitted last spring, under instructions that it was to be held for the egoboo poll mailing. Thish of A Dirty Mind was intended for SFFPA 108, but B'ham's idea of Express Mail is different from Greensboro's ... ☺ I'll do you a favor and ignore that "Tanks for the Memories" line. ☺ A slicker in Berkeley once offered to sell me a motorcycle for \$200. Its only problem, he said, was the starter. You had to push it to get it to go. I saved the two hundred. ☺ Well, in the face of the Mormon exodus, remember what Unca Guy told you: toss a pebble over your shoulder and there's a 50-50 chance a girl will catch it. Make it a quarter and the odds go up. These lessons will come clear in time. ☺ You mean you never heard of George Blanda, the Hank Reinhardt of the NFL? Has football's all-time scoring record, earned over the game's longest career; he was  $\frac{1}{4}$ backing clutch games for the Raiders well into his 40's. One of the great sportsmen of all time, and Jim Cobb is too important to remember him. Well, I like that. Excuuuuuuuuuuse me, Jimbo! Haw! ☺ Yes, el Clarko is SFFPA's current ty $\frac{1}{2}$ o king (to steal Hammer-J's term), but for all-time honors he would have to compete with John Guidry and Steve Hughes. Steve typed with his elbows; Jawn entered fugue whenever he sat a typewriter, viewing other dimensions and translating their words to the page ... ☺ I was an editorial assistant at DC Comics, doing general office trash and an occasional moment of real editorial work. I rewrote some stories for Joe Orlando, most of which have been printed, & worked SFFPAn's names in as often as possible. Also helped create Amazing World of DC Comics. ☺ Rugs will be cut in titanic terpsichore at the Knoxville DSC, you betcha.

Electric Isaac 2 ☺ Moudry Another late arrival for mlg 108, as Joe's famous tardiness finally turns fatal. A shame. Congrats to him & to Phyllis on the birth of Catherine Leigh.

Pico/Sepulveda ☺ Atkins The Dodgers? Who are they? Whoever, thanks for the comparison to Tommy Lasorda. Next year we beat Borg at Wimbledon! (Or do I have the right sport?)

Huitl the Pre-worldconzine ☺ Frierson Glad you've enjoyed my 00s' personality; how'd The Southernoer grab you? ☺ A terrific rebel like yourself finds Jimmy Connors, sports' supreme iconoclast, dull? Wound me to the quick! ☺ Your mc to Wells' Gardners zine reminds me that we lost the "literary" John Gardner to a motorcycle crash between last mailing and this. A foul blow to the language. ☺ Hopefully you've seen The Wrath of Khan by now ... too wonderful to miss. Caught it for the 4th theatrical time just the other day, once again running into June Russell, starship sawbones, at the ticket counter. See it, old boy; it's a seat-bouncer. ☺ "A wowzer" is a good term for the Knoxville DSC ... the in-crowd may have to put up with a load of King fans, but the nights will belong to partying and smoffing, and I expect a conclave fit for gods. ☺ Allen Greenfield conforms precisely to my image of Horst Badorkie. Wonderful humor on that guy; hope he was at Boshcon.

The 7 Deadly Virtues #2 ☺ Donna Barger Great Ryan cover and cute ad on the back! If only some shmuck doesn't lace the love pills with Tylenol ... ☺ Uhh ... you led up to your phone number & then stopped cold. How can we ring you if such is our wont? ☺ The more I hear of your Caribbean cruise, the better it sounds for you and the worse for your principal. Of course your s.f. convention experience had well steeled you for the temptations your classmates found so extraordinary. ☺ The better you know our esteemed Celko, & you seem to have had some encounters with the vile and depraved DOM, the more you will appreciate his wit, intelligence, and absolute abhorrence of sanity. Just as

we do. ☐ Your frustration at missing con after con mirrors mine. Too many conventions nowadays ... the South can only support 3 or 4 a year, and we have three times that many, a surfeit of riches. A DSC, a Halfacon, a spring con like Kubla ... economically, I doubt folks could afford any more, and socially, I don't think we need any more.

The New Port News ☐ Brooks Cute cover to issue 78. Sorry I never replied to your inquiries on Moments of Light, the Fred Chappell collection -- I don't even recall your asking about it. Must've picked up a senility bacillus last time I saw Reinhardt. Anyway, I agree: the dj (that's Dust Jacket, not Disc Jockey, Montgomery and Raub) on the tome is hideous, but you can't tell a book by its cover (hmm ... fair phrase) and the contents are most rewarding. Next time you visit we'll get your copy autographed. ☐ Wow -- I haven't seen Aurelia yet, but am ordering it even as I type. Can't get enough of that Lafferty stuff! Gotta get him to the DSC! ☐ Saw "Little Girl Lost" on the rerun circuit recently, & its economy, tension, and pace were uninjured by time. Poltergeist will never stand up so well. ☐ The Affectionism Society was a novel, illustrated no less, that I found during my last dull day on jury duty. Published by a vanity press, it dealt with a world founded on L\*O\*V\*E. Open it anywhere and you'd read a boring speech. I'll try to snatch the copy for you. ☐ Oh, but I couldn't keep a straight face during Don Walsh's "lurk" at that NOSFA meeting window. When I went to fetch a Coke and saw that ghastly face leering in at me over the sink, I burst into hysterical laughter, much to the NOSFans' amusement ... ☐ Pass along Norwood's new address to Larry, why doncha? ☐ Aw, Voltaire was a doctor. Naturally he hated lawyers. ☐ Able counter to the objections to stapled-shut Maybe. ☐ Sure, I'd be glad to pub the antique Langley stencils. It'll have to be on the 525, though, as my M-4 is in storage. ☐ No cops in fandom? There must be a few ... Rich Garrison, for one ... Milt Stevens used to work for the LAPD, and guess he still does. ☐ Yeah, elephants are good movie fare. One of the first movies I remember seeing was Elephant Walk. ☐ Speaking of your early zines, do you have a complete file? How do you store your SFPA mailings? ☐ The late REG had a good touch with fan art, but let's face it, he couldn't draw tits for trying. Mayhaps he needed more exposure to live models ... as who doesn't? ☐ Uhh ... how did Ben Carlin drive a Jeep across the Atlantic?

USC XIII ad ☐ Who the hell is Dalvan Coger?


Jewels and Binoculars #13 ☐ McGovern Another Ryan cover! And another good one. Dave's doing yeoman's work for us these days. ☐ As we found to our horror, your copy of mlg 108, and Ian's, and Bob's, all bound into one solid box and shipped to Bob's house, vanished for weeks. But at least they have reappeared, not unlike the lucky young lady in Picnic at Hanging Rock, with no sign of where they have been ... ☐ I had The One Tree checked out from the library, but composing this issue got in its way. What's this Gilden Fire? Any good? ☐ I always thought To Your Scattered Bodies Go to be among the worst of the Hugo-winning novels, stylistically blah and idiotic plotwise. The series which it began was no large charge, either ... Reinhardt despised the last book so much he sold every Farmer in his collection in disgust. ☐ Thanks for the genzine reviews ... they'll have come in handy sending forth the Fan Typology. ☐ Neat word-search puzzle. Had fun with it. But where's Amorpho P. Titanium?

The Right to Say "Shit" #6 ☐ Me Sports Illustrated told a good story about the U.S. Open ... Seems Ilie Nastase walked up to slimy Red scumbag Ivan Lendl in the locker room and started bantering. Lendl replied in tune. Nastase said, "Don't mess me with me, Lendl. You do, I go get Connors." ☐ I love the cover: Connors' face looks puffy on one side, slashed on the other, as if, racket swinging, he has just charged the Balaclava batteries with Cardigan on one side & Flashman on the other. Having trod his worthless foe underfoot, he stands now bloodied and triumphant, howling his victory to God. No quarter, no prisoners.



Maybe 62 ☐ Koch From too many staples to none at all. I threw one through the spine of our copy. ☐ We miss Mike Rogers' layout skills, but this is a better-than-average issue anyway, thanks to the content. Celko's "Rubber Czech" article is witty; Joe has no end of troubles in this vale of tears, yet meets them amusingly. Charles Craig's "7 Dance Steps" is likewise funny, particularly The Pornographers and Conan the Chiropractor. Phyllis Karr's epic letter merits appreciation, as does Harry Warner's surprise that fans don't necessarily enter the 'dom through clubs anymore. (I did, but it was by meeting authors firsthand that I got introduced to clubs.) As for the issue's central question on the value of modest fanzines: I see the point many make, which is that fandom, being a democratic crew, has room for all sorts of zines, all sorts of faneds, all range of opinions & qualities. So it is in SFPA, I might add.

Dharma Bums #6 ☐ Beth This issue of DB heralds the debut of my electrostenciller as an adjunct of the GHLIII Press. Mostly, its work is nominal. The fuzziness of the last couple of pages was caused by a worn needle, & that's now fixed. If I can keep it working, without spending hundreds more, it should pay off the \$150 I've spent already by the time GHLIV leaves college. ☐ Ah yes, the great Knoxville canoe catastrophe. My first worry, after I heard the ka-splash that marked y'all's header into the briny deep, was for your contact lenses, but your soggy laughter afterwards was reassurance that all was well. ☐ Somehow the term "paid in spades" reminds me of Roots. Who said that? Who said that? ☐ No shinola, kid; if you want to go hear the Who this year, be it in Atlanta or D.C., say the word. ☐ "Mai Ling Comments" is a hoot. The illo worked out fine, didn't it? ☐ Dany Frolich, who got his artistic start doodling SFPAzine covers, does occasional ad work in addition to Mardi Gras float designs... menus, posters, you name it. I rip'em off whenever possible: ideal fanzine stuff. The little doodad below comes from a Frolich menu. It's a stove. Stove ... menu ... what does that make you think of, dear? ☐ Well, there were a few bus trips in my high school days, mainly jaunts with the Junior Statesmen of America, but as I was skinny & ugly I never got much chance to do more on them than sleep. Poor me. (Something tells me that this is the wrong me in which to seek pity.) ☐ Charly was a well-acted film -- Cliff Robertson is an underrated performer -- but I don't care for its script or direction, with its split-screen effects. Hell, they ended the movie just when the story was getting powerful. ☐ Nice words on Phil



Dick, who was special, in that most special of ways: he loved human beings, despite a keen awareness of our frailties, individually and socially. The love hums in his work, its core, its reason. ☐ Shame, shame, oh shame, for that r\*a\*c\*i\*s\*t Burke illo ("a little Nip"). Can you imagine how much you upset Dolbear? ☐ What I liked best about Supermarket Sweep, perhaps TV's dumbest show, was that David Susskind produced it. When asked if he ever watched his own program, he replied that he wouldn't rot his own mind, thank you. ☐ You recently bought a volume of Kenneth Rexroth's shorter poetry, an exciting discovery here -- very reminiscent of Richard Wilbur. Which leads me to the splendid article which closes DB #6 (except for the utterly exquisite bacover). It was an astonishment to find such a statement of intelligence & tolerance in a Greensboro paper; I feared I'd left such sensibility far behind me. Truly, Fairlie sees to the heart of the counterculture & the affirmative drive which sustained it. I saw it from a distance of reticence, being at the physical heart of things but not of its style, but I came to know it for the positive and life-supportive upheaval in human values that it was. I thought some of it -- the drugs -- stupid, and a lot of it naive. But as this article says, the movement was suffused with genuine moral purpose, which is one reason the vulgar, the hypocritical, and the corrupt despised it so. Hopes can be found here: the good in a movement, like the good in a person, lives on after it. No matter that the same senile sadist who tried to crush the counterculture is now President of the United States, the sixties live on in the spirits of those who love the truth.

Flummery/Heavy █ Inzer And here is one such. Hi, George. Love that ill'o from Lady from Shanghai. █ Two weeks to get new glasses! I'm glad I keep my previous pair. █ Interesting note that no one got snuffed in Poltergeist. Dramatic sense did, however, fall victim. █ What do you bet that E.T. gets an Oscar nomination for Best Picture? I'd better see if its tolerable the second time around. (I liked it the first, but felt I'd annoyed Beth by dragging her to it, a worthless distraction.) █ Hmmp. I wonder on what I bade my cinematic criticism. Why did I like (to say the least) Chariots of Fire, which made heavy use of slo-mo and other technical shenanigans, which normally annoy me? I found The Graduate insipid. Was it Mike Nichols' heavy and showoffish directorial hand or the pat story or my knowledge of the S.F. Bay Area's geography, which the film violated constantly? Why didn't I care for Stardust Memories, which came across as pretentious? Well, I don't know if I possess a consistent critical criteria, but I admire story sense, pace, creative but unobtrusive camerawork, convincing but unobtrusive acting. So why is The Wall among my favorite flicks of 1982? █ KUTGW: Kill Useless Time (with) George Wells. Basically a partying cry. █ Clarence Laughlin presented his memorable slide show twice ... at the '73 DSC and the '75 Halfacon, both NOLA events you attended. We hoped he'd repeat at the 1979 DSC, but no, no, the moons of Saturn were in the wrong configuration relative to Aquarius, or something. █ How much is my original butcher-shop cover of Yesterday...and Today worth, dayathink? Or my ancient edition of Introducing the Beatles. █ Right on about school prayer. There are no atheists before final exams. █ Ahh ... as a onetime UI pro, I must correct you. JoAnn paid no "pre-miums" on her UI while she was working. Her employer paid a tax on her work hours which went into a general fund; it financed half her Unemployment Insurance. █ Well, you know what alienated you from the Sons of the Sand: loyalty to a friend who shared a mutual loathing with the krewe. Those days are thankfully gone, and you're free to discover what was always obvious: the wide expanse of common ground. █ Must be nice to have compulsive introspection & soul-searching behind you. I fear they're my lifelong companions, one on each shoulder, fangs deep and hanging on. █ Oh, I'm far from drugless. Twice a day I ingest 40 mg of Inderal (a neat hexagonal tablet) for essential high blood pressure. All the pretty colors -- blue skies, red apples, orange ... uh, oranges. When I can't sleep I knock back a tablespoon of benedryl, great for bee stings & even better as a mild sedative. I feel cheated in that I have yet to experience a benedryl flashback. Anyway, as you never advance trivial or snotty arguments, please feel free to express yourself on the topic to your thalamus' content. █ Drag Bill Plott to DSC '84, if you didn't drag him to BoShCon. I'm disappointed yet that he didn't pub one last Sporadic for SFPA 100, but he did glut me with photos. █ Easy Rider was about "heroin pushers on a lark"? Yeah, just like The Odyssey was about sailors on shore leave. Easy Rider was a film of exploration, discovery, fate. Its scope was mythic -- it dealt not only with our generation and its specific accoutrements of dope, long hair and motorcycles, but with the nature of America and freedom itself. It's an extraordinarily important film, central to its time. I see Alice's Restaurant as an attempt by Arthur Penn to understand the counterculture; it's not a simple exploitation film, although I find Arlo Guthrie repulsive through most of it (despite his resemblance to the altogether un-repulsive Liz Stewart) and that funeral scene stagy and phony; the junkie mobile maker and Alice herself are far too respectable as characters for that. What further saves Alice's is Arlo's relationship with his dad -- Woody's silent, tragic, almost idol-still figure adds a sense of the cosmic, a moral, historical background for Arlo's mini-odyssey. The movie could have been another rich-kid-sneers-at-the-dummies insult; it was, some of the time. Penn's capable of such, his trendy butchery of Little Big Man is an insult to a great novel and a great era. █ Flipping to Heavy ... the name Belle Watling is familiar -- GWTW, right? █ Bus rides ... I don't suppose you recall the opening of SM10, but as it showed, I've had a couple of rather atomic surprises astride the 'Hound. Crossing the country by bus in '71 gave me walking pneumonia, but it also gave me a close-up view of the American turf I value even yet. Met a great man, a teacher of opera, on a bus to Philly one cold evening. And a Hell's Angel

mama en route to Miami. How do you do it, Inzer -- I actually miss traveling by bus. █ P-o-n-t-c-h-a-r-t-r-a-i-n. █ Oh, God yes, Annie Hebert is magic incarnate, a wonderful lady. It's nice to read here of your rediscovery of Nawlins & its folk -- ah, a grand city, home even to such as me. █ I echo your comments on Atkins' importance to SFFPA & the verity of his DSC fan GoH speech. In fact, I echo with envy your whole report, suffused as it is with the warmth of community. Lovely tone & good words. █ Nice Wolfe piece! I have a copy of If Death Ever Slept in storage, which does you lots of good. English pb, as I recall. █ Really fine zine, George -- excellent to see you back in the thick of it.

Dangerous Versions █ Stven & Wells Carlberg is to be commended for bringing more words of Wells to SFFPA. I've always been impressed by the way in which George keeps up a popular SFFPAship with zines that seldom require staples, even though SFFPA is supposedly a big-zine apa where any pub less than monstrosity is lost in the crush.

Intuition #65 █ Carlberg That cover looks like Captain Kidd as doodled by Hieronymus Bosch on acid, or a violin smashed against a tree. Wuh-~~eer~~-duh. █ Glad to hear that you're having a good time with your Wang. Gee, yours tells jokes. I'm told mine is a joke. Oh well. █ Love this Beatles quiz! I spot "Happiness is a Warm Gun" & "Run for Your Life" and "Something" and "Your Mother Should Know" off your list, and "Hey Jude" from Cliff's. Here are some tough Fab Four quotes for you to identify.

"lonely hearts club band I"  
"singing words of wisdom let"  
"ma belle these are words"  
"all my troubles seemed so"  
"goo goo goo joob!"

█ On the tennis front, I doubt if Borg will ever be able to ascend the heights of the game again. The Talent remains, of course, but the competitive heart is drained; the desire is all but gone. He lost more than his Wimby title to McEnroe in 1981. He may have lost his nerve -- his interest -- like George Foreman did in Zaire. Nowadays Borgie plays only exhibitions, letting Connors smack him around, hoping perhaps that Jimbo will reignite the flames of battle. We shall see. In the meantime, the exhibitions are fun. A recent Seattle match was tight and close ... Borg saved 7 match points before Jimmy put him away. After one Richmond bout, the two immortals chatted for a minute by the net (as they'd done during the match) & Connors apparently asked Bjorn what he was doing later. Eyebrows high, Borg mimed a toke. Aha. █ Alas, there were two John Gardners writing books. █ I'll bite: how could anyone prefer the plodding pretense of Star Trek: The Motionless Picture to The Wrath of Khan? █ A small, hopefully enjoyable GHLIIIzine will be in Myriad 100, offering my congratulations &, since I'll still be OE, technically, all of SFFPA's. No way I'd miss it. I was in SAPS 100 and K-a 100 and SFFPA 100, and I may say hey to N'APA 100 too. FAPA's 200th will be coming up in five years, and its fiftieth anniversary follows hard upon it. Wonder if I'd be in a position to run for FAPA OE then ... Anyway, special congrats to Myriad's founding father on the 100th anniversary of your baby. █ Most memorable lunar eclipse for me: Good Friday, 1968. Blood on the Moon on that date foretells of disasters, and God knows we got them that year. █ Uhh ... Len Bailes started the Trix liberation movement? Sperhauk owes him everything! █ Time to unbegin this mc ...

A Dragon Piss Press Premiere Presentation: The Tom McGovern Light Bulb Book █ BJ/IR

Q: How many members of the Massachusetts Mafia does it take to do a funny one-shot?

A: We don't know yet. █ I lie. Funny stuff.

Vatican 1 ad █ Biggers and Batty A Vatican in Rome makes for a priestly pun ... Wish we could have attended, but when I checked our money supply, alas, there was nun.

ODTAA #4: Putting Out Fire with Gasoline ☺ Ryan I see  
by your

cover that we know the same ladies. ☺ Will be reading your zine in 110 to see how Roc\*Kon went. I understand that practically no one from SFFA appeared, and I would not blame you if you were a tad tiffed. You've been most supportive of various Southern cons and events despite the miles, & have the right to hope that we'd reciprocate. Beth & I have the weak excuse of distance & the strong excuse of money. I understand that the 1983 Roc\*Kon will feature a Mr. Charles Williams as Fan GoH; that makes the event almost criminally tempting.

☺ Ever read Harlan Ellison's Love Ain't Nothing But Sex Misspelled? Fine early work, rich in integrity (with the accent on "gritty"). ☺ Ah, Norman ... he's my baby .... ☺ The med tech I knew who inhaled too hard on a pipette (yes, you're right) was one of the most

wonderfully brainless human beings I have ever known. I dedicated a Spiritus Mundi to her after she baked me a birthday cake. One time she went around calling every fella in the lab a "prick" until one of the other ladies took pity and told her what it meant. I could have sworn that the woman had attained nirvana. ☺ The classic Diane Oakley's morning calisthenics line is likewise classic: "Don't you get stiff in the morning?" This morning, yes. La Oakley is a treasure of the South ... and is quite bright, too. She took one of those ripoff mail-order writing courses, & aced their poetry contest, winning back her tuition and then some. Phillips merits a gruesome death for keeping her out of circulation. ☺ Gotta repeat this horrible line: "Is emergency childbirth where they pull the cord and jump?" AUGH! ☺ Well, Key Largo closed like so. Robinson & the other hoods force Bogie to take them out on the boat, towards Cuba, I guess. Bogart gets a gun from one of them and lets fly the hot lead. Death to wrongos. He chugs back to Bacall and find your coat. ☺ That acid freak illo is priceless ... oh, so priceless. ☺ My idea of an excellent porno movie would star Cheryl Ladd, Evonne Goolagong (whom I adore), Diana Rigg, Tanya Roberts, Jacqueline Bissett, Genevieve Bujold, the blonde wrestless from All the Marbles and Guy H. Lillian III. Think we could arrange financing? Maybe if we upped the dues to ten bucks and sold a few extra mailings ... ☺ Oh yes, oh yes ... that's a righteous Clark-snuffs-it scenario. Oh yes. ☺ Waki I may be presumptuous but I'm certainly not that fat! Great zine, Davo!



Lapis Lazuli vol. 2 #5 ☺ Dolbear A rather disappointingly familiar cover. Much more disappointing is the fact that Jim Shull never won the Fan Artist Hugo he deserved. ☺ Yes, it was a shame about Judge Bagert, for any number of reasons. It's goodbye to post-parade shenanigans in the Orleans Courthouse. For you, much less importantly, it means a career upheaval ... and aloha to all that nice free xerox. And I recognize the sincere sorrow you feel about the loss of a mentor and friend. Still, I would not be so upset by the disgusting scavengers who began gnawing at the judge's professional bones even before he was cold. It's ugly, reminiscent of Lila Kedrova's death scene in Zorba, but it's also reality, the world we live in, so best to tip your hat once more to the empty bench, remember the judge's final words to you (which I wish you'd related here) and go on. By the way, #1 scavenger Al Oser was presiding during that armed robbery case I juried in SM44. ☺ As if I needed to say so, my vote went to you in this OElection. Your platform is quite solid & of course, if you stick to it, all will be well. There are some thoughts on my past term and OEs hip in general up ahead; consider them as you will. One disagreement is with your surfer analogy. I think the OE has a tremendous lot to do with creating and forming the apa wave; he isn't, or better not be, a passenger, he must be a pilot. Your specific policy statements make it seem you will be just that. I especially cheer for mlg 113's collation plans ... at the DSC. Great idea, terrific morale-builder. And part, I'm sure, of a good year. ☺ K-a members might remember the 50 copies of a French Batman comic I once rescued from the DC trash, and franked through the apa, earning myself the "Fitch the Garbage man"

Award from CM Gary Brown. ■■■ Suite for Flue and Piano, huh? Featuring who on Chimney? ■■■ The perplexing illo in SM70 was stolen from a NYTimes Book Review piece on Faeries. ■■■ Granted that both you & Vern look better with face camouflauge -- I just don't like its feel growing forth from my splendid and faultless face. ■■■ Grand retelling of the Window Lurker tale. What a mess o'twits. We should have been arrested and executed for frumious mopery. ■■■ Let's see -- 21 years of SFPA -- 7 or 9 contested OElections, depending on fudge factors. The '70 OElection, for instance ... Markstein was alone on the ballot, but was opposed by a later-than-last-minute write-in campaign. In 1974, I ended up alone on the ballot, but the election had been contested before that. And to quibble, I'm really rather proud of my '75 term in the OEsip. I put out 6 large mailings, corrected a month's delay in mlg dates, and recovered our treasury. I inherited an apa embroiled in chaos and passed on a stable organization. No, my damaging mistakes in '75 were two: I published rather sloppy COs and annoyed Dave Hulan, who thought he should be running the show from the coast, and who had enough lungpower & page-count to attract supporters. In short, that OEsip may have been "an unmitigated disaster" insofar as getting me in solid with the apa's then in-group was concerned, but I believe overall that it was good for SFPA. And Volume 12 moreorless made any lingering hard feelings ludicrous, especially my own. ■■■ Now, now, I explained Him in SM70. As my 500th Press Pub, and final statement on the death of Philip K. Dick, a man enormously important to this field and my life, it belonged in SFPA. No regrets. The zine was very nicely received in WOOF, to judge by the comments I received. And as I said lastime, no, I really hardly mentioned Lennon's death in LASFAPA, but those mellow maniacs acted like I'd pissed in the jacuzzi. ■■■ Sorry, you don't get to welcome JoAnn into the apa as OE. Such is my pleasure. ■■■ I'd put it this way: if a young ♀ dresses or behaves in a manner designed to be attractive, she should be prepared to attract people in addition to those she would like to attract. She should have the generosity and good spirit not to resent them for being attracted, and the wit to handle them without hurting their feelings. Of course, she need not put up with being manhandled; a lady dressed for action needn't tolerate that sort of malarkey. No fella has the right to come on too strong. To want to, yes; to do so, no. ■■■ Don't knock the term "fine repairable mimeo". I plan to unload 2 or 3 machines with just phrases before I leave Greensboro. ■■■ Ah: "Hear No Evil", the saga of "Don Walsh's Superior Silencers". The legend grows. The technical stuff in this SoF reprint is likely accurate enough -- Walsh has been yapping about it for years -- but the biographical balance ~~auth-~~ or Truby added for color is, as we say, churve. I especially love the description of Walsh as a research chemist (no comment) and this reeking bullshit about how he lost his left eye in Southeast Asia. Southeast Jefferson Parish, maybe. And the "residence" in Arlington VA ... a couch in somebody's living room. Nevertheless, we can but admire our inimitable Walsh, for he personifies the American Dream: reward for evil, sliminess, foulness and deceit. Prosperity through villainy. Mark me. The day will come when you & I will be standing on the curb of Canal Street watching for the greatest of Mardi Gras parades. We will raise our figurative hats to the lead float with its gilded crown and, like good celebrants, call "Hail Rex! Throw me somethin', mister!" And Rex will gaze down upon us from behind those Dr. Cyclops lenses, flash that evil grin, and toss a grenade. BOOM. "I'll t'row youse sumpin', assholes! HAWHAW" ■■■ "The Celt Goes South", your account of El Burko's epic return to the Crescent City, pairs off splendidly with the next zine. This report has special virtues -- mention, for instance, of the Plum Street snowball, which treat could sweeten Stalin's disposition. I will bid Lapis adieu, with one further confidence in a remarkable year upcoming.

Total Assault Cantina 6 ■■■ Burke Ah, the mailing's best zine, beautiful, happy, well-constructed. It could be no other's pub but yours for no other apa but SFPA. Great. ■■■ If Dolbear didn't feel good about running for OE before, he does now, after seeing your nifty endorsement. Outstanding. To think all of this camaraderie, all this group spirit -- began at Kubla 1980. But surely this madness is as old as SFPA itself. ■■■ "Magical History Tour" -- your trip report -- in the words of my lady, "eh-pic!" What an adventure!

It oozes with the fluids of New Orleans; the Crescent City atmosphere floats up from the pages in odiferous fog. The postcard illos add the hint of reality & for me, the bittersweet ache of memory. Jean Lafitte's, the Cafe du Monde, the St. Charles streetcar, Jackson Square, Preservation Hall, oh man, the illos alone make me miss NOLA, and when combined with your account ... it's almost unbearable. ■■■ Tom Longo's lady friend is Sarah Prince, now, like Tommy, of our waitlist. She's very artsy-craftsy, glass sculpture and the like, and as you noted, very pretty. I think she looks like Valerie McKnight. ■■■ Ah, the Espana ... maybe if I concentrate hard enough, this KitKat bar I'm munching on will metamorphize into arroz y mantequilla ... And Audubon Place ... Remember the riders in the Rex Parade? That's where those cats live. Shame, isn't it? ■■■ I haven't seen Clarence Laughlin's new place, but the books were on display at the old apartment in the Pontalba, & his slide show on the subject was THE highlight of DSC '73. You oughta see more of his photos -- the glass through light series. Incredible! I have never known a more imaginative human being. But believe it or not, he has, Simon Rodia, the builder of the Watts Towers. ■■■ The Chalmette Battlefield ... did you visit that cemetery back of it? One of the most moving places of my experience. As for Jean Lafitte, that blacksmith shop of his ... isn't it a gay bar?

■■■ I fret about the Hummingbird Grill -- last time I was in town it seemed as if its neighborhood was improving, a dangerous sign. The worst thing that could happen to the immortal 'Bird would be if its clientele became human.

■■■ Molly's is owned by Carol Monaghan, my erstwhile landlady. ■■■ The tale of the Bourbon Street maniac is horrifying, but all too familiar. NOLA is a wonderful place, but it's a terrible place, too, ripening in the heat, baking in racial antagonism, thriving with a mixture of joy & paranoia. Unseemly things are closer to the surface there than elsewhere. It lives on the edge of lunacy, even as it sits at the edge of swamps. Sickness such as careened down Bourbon Street is the inevitable underside of the heady hedonism so visible and so attractive. I love the city and consider it home, but have known for years that the joy coexists with a dangerous despair. By the way, you may hear a little criticism for flicking a cigarette at the maniac, implying that you may have exacerbated the situation; I disagree. The fool had chosen his path long before you yanked Dolbear out of his way. I would've lugged a brick at the jerk. ■■■ Buster "Gimme red bean, an' rice, an' a co'drink." Paradise ... and on SatNiteLive, too. ■■■ Were I that guy at the Freas auction, I would have acceded to the majority will -- on one condition, that Kelly be asked to draw a nice b&w caricature of me at the concom's expense. You shouldn't rack out a whole convention in order to protect your own prerogatives, especially if the situation is embarrassing a man like Kelly Freas. ■■■ Nope; at least as far back as my congoing experience goes (1969), all convention members have been entitled to hear the GoH speeches, banquet-buyers or not. ■■■ They Might Be Giants: great until the wimpy climax. ■■■ Grand Master of the Uncool: Lo, I have been Heard. ■■■ And so has Burke. A fabulous production here, Rusty. You had time to see New Orleans and savor, and share. And you've produced from it perhaps the best TAC yet.



The Golden Lamprey #9 ■■■ Clark How'd you like talking to the starship sawbones, June Russell? Hope I can talk her into the '83 DSC. ■■■ Nice cover there, Vern. Dave's getting better at his SFPAn caricatures. I didn't know you could dance. ■■■ I can't wait to get us to a city of some size so Beth can get liberal helpings of live music. I feel guilty because she can't see bands such as you did ... well, NOLA isn't closed down yet. ■■■ And Cammie is indeed one gorgeous lady, much too good for you, you scum. All the finest luck ■■■ Is \$5 too high a price for a SFPAn mailing? Arguably, yes, since it's kept Wax Batty, for one, from ordering mugs. Arguably, no, since \$3 barely covers the cost



of a jetpak and postage. I think it was an overdue increase considering the size of the mailings ... at a fin, a 600-page mailing is a bargain, and a 900-pager a case of larceny. DD D-cision now. ■■■ Hey, John Guidry! Look at these nasty comments Vern is making about Ignite! (Heheheheh) ■■■ Speaking of Asimov, his Foundation's Edge is getting great reviews ... I have it on reserve from the library, which is currently lending me Clarke's 2010:Odyssey 2. Both will compete with Heinlein's Friday for the Baltimore Hugo, I betcha. And let me rub it in some more: Flashman & the Redskins is great; fabulous description of Little Big Horn, and wonderful character studies, especially of the changing Flashy. As usual, he gets his due ... ■■■ Mistuh Clark ... I regards, suh, your shameless championship of life in Muskie territory, i.e. Maine, to be evial Yankee sedition, nigh onto treasonous behavior! Your selection of another Maine-iac as pro Guest of Honor at the 1983 DSC only demonstrates this fuhthuh. You shall be cas- I say castigated from the dais. ■■■ Only you would run a line about the price of a "45" below an illo of a gun and still have it understood that you were talking about a record. ■■■ Me as Caesar? Dolbear as Octavian? And who as Tiberius? Or (God help us) Caligula? Ha! Vern Clark's ambitions for the OEship become clear! ■■■ Now, Vernon, the Bible is not "mythological mumbo-jumbo". It's the soul of our civilization, as complete, involved and humane an ethical system as humanity has ever devised, in addition to being a racial mythos of the Jews (and western society). Respect where due. ■■■ The wif' beamed & bounced off the walls when you encouraged her to run for OE someday. Why not? She'd do a good job, and I know I'm going to miss that gradual influx of SFPazines... ■■■ Still haven't received your Index or Timebinders, eh? I wish I could tell you to be patient ... but you've been patient. Those zines were sold in April 1981, 20 months ago. You got a copy of Timebinders in the copy of mlg 50 I sold you, but why pay twice for the same fanzine. This is a problem ... Dave Hulan left SFPA without receiving some old mlg's he'd ordered, too. Bad business; SFPAns should be able to trade & sell mlg's among themselves with trust. I don't think Markstein was "snide" about the delay, when he addressed it last year, but you still have the right to quick satisfaction. ■■■ An excellent analogy of Roy Batty to Lucifer. Outstanding insight. Rutger Mauer ... wow. Yes, a perfect Kane, more than a killer, more than a brute, just like replicant Roy. ■■■ I enjoyed Officer & a Gentleman, but liked Gossett more than Gere. Both were quite fine, and both have Oscar nominations coming. ■■■ Vern, whether or not you like the Worst S.F. Novel competition, the fact remains that it's a very popular DSC tradition, attracting in '81 as many observers and participants as the Rebel Award ceremony. I urge you to schedule it & promote it in the program book -- perhaps with a squib by Wells! ■■■ So that's the story of "Teen Angel". What a stupe! ■■■ During the Nixon years, when cops really were kicking down doors and putting kids into jail for marijuana seeds, my sympathies were entirely with the kids, of course. They were my contemporaries, my friends. I grew used to being around folks doing dope or acid, and however curious I was at first, I never worried anyone about it. But ... many people regarded me with suspicion because I didn't use it. I regarded this as paranoia growing from the fascist war on dope, and understood it ... but I still resented it. And do yet. As you well know, because I've said it and said it and said it, I've seen ugly stuff come from hard drug use (speed, acid, coke, pills, and that wonderful friend of mankind, heroin), and because of the evidence of my own eyes, despise it. But I certainly don't assume that everyone who drops will imitate Diane Linkletter & try bird imitations out the window, nor that everyone who uses speed will end up like my old girl friend, Alforique, with razor blade scars down her arms. But I cannot forget those scars. Actually, I know as you say that losers who've fucked themselves over with drugs only used it as a weapon against themselves. They masked their self-destructiveness with the trappings of the counterculture, pretending their suicide was a liberation. Least free people I've ever known. And they caused such damage to themselves and to other people, through drugs ... Yes, it was their fault, not their weapon's, but their weapon is so deadly ... But Howie Eckmann and the maggot who killed Reinhardt's wife, however intrinsic such vermin are to the drug culture, are not representative of people I know in it. ■■■ Evocative paragraph on life as a military brat (ct Linda). You should read The Great Santini

by Pat Conroy -- a beautiful tale of the life. █ Aggh -- Ryan is a degenerate! █ Why not a "Whore & Pizza Party" in place of a banquet at DSC? Yarbro would hate it, but Steve King ... hey, no problem. █ Speaking of howlers, that panel from the Satanic-punk-rock flyer is worthy of worship. Repent ye sinners! █ One of the reasons I preferred 'Salem's Lot to all the other vampire fiction of the '70's was that it alone didn't play fast & loose with the common legends. Quinn's St. Germain can traipse about in daylight by filling his shoes with dirt. Anne Rice is a cynical modernist, so her elegant bloodsucker proves there is no God by murdering a priest. Tacky. Also ... 'Salem's Lot was scary, an advantage over every other contemporary vamp. █ Good words on New Wave to Montgomery. The music is only occasionally listenable for me, but that's my lack, not theirs. They do take risks and are to be respected for that. █ Good critique of Conan, but something of overkill. Did you see The Beastmaster? Well-made & fun. Sorceress, on the other hand, was utterly wretched. Let's put it this way: those twins appeared topless in the flick, and there are only four good things about it. █ I read some of your poetry to my writing class. The consensus was that you've caught it bad. Having met the young lady, I can see why. Terrible zine, Vern. Real piece of shit.

Star\*jazzzer 16 █ Deb Your cover boy must've been OE once -- certainly been screwed over ... █ Betcha even you couldn't name Larry Mason's SFPazine without asking! Give up? The Oil of Aphrodite. █ Gawd, I don't envy the job search you're about to embark on, but I'm sure you'll do well. When I'm President you can run the Library of Congress. █ Academic s.f. criticism has never been done too well -- most science fiction just won't bear that sort of weight -- but the potential for intelligent analysis and discussion is there. I saw some promising exchanges on the nature of shifgrethor from Left Hand of Darkness, and such critics and writers as Tom Disch encourage such thought. But I've also seen sober and grim-set sercon analyses of "Spock's Brain" ... █ I'm trying to remember my imagined impressions of my fellow SFPans before the "personal" era began at DSC '72. I had the impression that Lon would be shorter and plumper, much like the Staton caricatures he published from time to time (of course, we didn't see Lon -- most of us -- till the next year). I wasn't surprised at all by Inzer. Nor was I surprised 7 years later by Deb Hammer-J ... you look just like your writing. █ Didn't see Annie, and am having headaches imagining FDR breaking into dance. "Hear the squeal/of a wheelchair wheel/Can't you feel the appeal that is real/Join in the New Deal!" My brain hurts. █ Just noticed your page headings. "Eat more beans!" █ I don't understand your comment to Vern at all. █ Don't worry about stomping on my foot when I told you about the dues increase. I thought you were objecting to the fact that I was tearing off your blouse. █ Yeah, "Behind Blue Eyes" ... Beth says it's my anthem. █ Didn't waste time on Inchon, did you? █ One of the young women in my writing class penned a very scary tale about a sexual encounter with a stranger. The danger, she strongly implied, was as much a part of the thrill as the sexuality. Yeesh. █ Sounds like Ben's right on schedule with his night fears, snuggling up to mama, etc. It's possibly a signal of the intimation of mortality. I was the same way. And who said, "Yeah, last year." █ "I Brake for Hallucinations". As you say, har\* █ The only trouble with admitting porno into the Worst S.F. Novel contest is the probable attendance of chillun. But both Queen Kong and the immortal WWTVW are novelizations of softporn flicks, which I would dearly love to see. █ How sad about John Gardner. █ Naw, naw, it's not unhappy to abandon the Peter Pan Complex; it's a sign of maturity and growth. Like you say, there's Ben to consider and the great duty of life, parenthood. Frankly, I very much look forward to it. Awful mess and hassle, sure, but part of the real business of being a human being. █ The new guys on Sneak Previews impress me as twits. Bring back Siskel & Ebert. █ Took me a minute to recognize the reference to "the machine & your initials ... y'see, SFPA, the Jonquil Lane



loons had a Stargate video game in their kitchen (it's gone now). Kissoff parties were punctuated frequently by the maddening twang of its opening sound effect. I take it someone scored high enough to have his initials entered on the screen, and instead ... oh, shame, shame. ■■■ Good French Onion Soup may be found in almost any Burger'n'Brew in NYC. So it was in 1974. ■■■ I can just visualize La Deb fend- ing off amorous bohunks with broken Coke bottles. Bravo! By the way, the doctor says my stitches can come out almost any day now ... ■■■ Did you ever see the Kubert doodle that ran atop Spiritus 37? ■■■ Right on, lady! Tell Wardo to "kwitcherbitchin" and hang on. An apa with DHJ is the only kind worth being in!

Wino ■■■ Collins Your cover artist has a great career ahead of himself as a music- ian. ■■■ You've been afflicted with a slew of ills lately ...

New Orleans ought to post signs at its boundaries: THIS CITY MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH. ■■■ The tightrope walker stanza you reprinted makes me think of Karl Wallenda & the collapse of the Human Pyramid. Wasn't that in Buffalo in 1959? I could've seen it. ■■■ So how goes NOLA's blatantly crass and crooked World's Fair of 1984? It should win whatever awards are given out for unabashed graft, and I'll bet it doesn't make a legal dime. ■■■ Oh, NOLA traffic isn't that bad ... Atlanta's is far worse. Of course, nary a Louisiana car is seen on the road without a dent, scratch, or wrinkle of some sort.... ■■■ A cuddly critter that eats people? Try Lafferty's "Snuffles" from 900 Grandmothers; marvelous and horrifying tale about the cutest of carnivorous bruins. ■■■ Re: Rod Stewart's medical difficulties ... YECH PUKE BARF GAG ■■■ Yes, I did have a bona fide go-to-a-doctor infected finger. Hurt like hell. Had to keep my right hand and wrist in a plastic splint for weeks, which made writing, driving, typing, and all other activities most challenging. ■■■ Hmm ... bests and worsts of 1982. No better place for it --

BEST NOVEL: The Lords of Discipline by Pat Conroy  
and The Great Santini by Pat Conroy

3rd: Flashman and the Redskins by G.M. Fraser

BEST S.F.: The Thomas Covenant Chronicles by Stephen Donaldson

2nd: The Transmigration of Timothy Archer by Philip K. Dick

BEST FILM: Das Boot

2nd: The Wall, Diner

BEST S.F. FILM: Bladerunner.

2nd: The Wrath of Khan, Road Warrior, The Thing, & good ol' E.T.

Honorable Mention: Warlords of the 21st Century

WORST FILM: Incubus (senseless, sleazy, sadistic)

2nd: Inchon, Sorceress, Sword & the Sorceror, Halloween III ■■■

Wanna see Cats! Wanted to see Nicholas Nickleby! More chance to see the former than I had to see the latter? Noooooooooo ... ■■■ Watch for John Hurt playing the Fool to Olivier's King Lear on PBS next February. Get this, Davis and other SFPANs, Diana Rigg is playing Regan. The last PBS Lear was excellent. This one will break hearts. ■■■ Hell, people born since Walt Disney died (12-16-66) are having chil- dren. People born since JFK died can vote. ■■■ Nice panel from Slow Death #2. Appropriate ... looks like your old boy friend M.B. ■■■ Vulcons have almost always been awful, media freaks googooing over ninth-rate ST hams like Grace Lee Whitney (a face like aggregate concrete), and their dances, oh God, tusked, peglegged trek- kies whoofing and galumphing in spastic irrythm, phasers at ready ... It is a mat- ter of pride that I never paid to attend one. However, the see Annie's ex-beau Louis sidle up to Don Walsh and myself, clad in green pantyhose covered in sparkle ... that would've been worth the price.

He Has to Buy a 2nd-Hand Fnord ■■■ weber Is there a Fnord in your fnuture? ■■■  
Knightriders gets good notices this mlg.

I'll take it on if it shows. Hey Vern! DSC! ■■■ So glad the Chicago committee con- descended to program faanishness into their worldcon, especially in the form of a trivia contest. You;d be the outstanding Southerner to place in such a competition ... so what questions stumped Bomb Number 20? ■■■ You, mike weber, roller coaster aficionado supremo, shy away from the Mind Bender at Six Flags? Ooh. That must be

some ride. 3 loops, huh? Freefall, huh? Uh-uh. Nope. ■■■ According to this here Statesville NC court receipt, our fantastic felon was driving 76 mph when nailed. I remember you talking about your 1979 ticket. ■■■ Agreed, there's little resemblance between Howard Hawks' Thing and John Carpenter's Thing (uhhh, perhaps that should be rephrased), plotwise, anyway. Carpenter's has by far the better story, sticking close to Campbell's (as you say), is infinitely more frightening and extremely disturbing. Hawks' film has been acting and more sympathetic characters (Kenneth Tobey is a lot easier to like than Kurt Russell); it moves better, paced to keep the viewer involved and excited. An indefinable quality of mood in both films works to the earlier version's advantage... Let me put it this way: in Hawks' The Thing cooperation and group effort are championed; it's us against it. In Carpenter's film a much more upsetting enemy is at large: it's every man for himself. Society itself is the villain; trust is a weakness. Much easier to like and enjoy Hawks simple and goodhearted version, and I do like it a lot. But Carpenter's deserves appreciation, too, as an honest and fearful fable, true to its consequences, skillfully made, and scary as shit. ■■■ My friend Brigitte astounds me with her command of English. She's writing poems with metaphorical insight worthy of any bright & creative native. I recommended Das Boot to her and her husband; they told me the jokes were adequately translated. ■■■ You prefer deLaurentiis' bloated wad of King Kong to the lean, thrilling original? Impossible. ■■■ Logic quiz. First part easy. Each date is a series of consecutive numerals, 1-2-34, 2-3-45 and so forth, written in our style first, then in the style Linda's trying to learn in London. The next number after 6-7-89 is lost to me, though. 7-8-90 is wrong, you say. So is it 7-8-91, since 0 is considered by some not to be a numeral? ■■■ Hey, Beth & I saw Zappa and Dr. Hook at Duke in 1973. ■■■ I've seen Seka at her appointed labors in porno stills at Jonquil Lane. Pretty wasted number if you ask me. ■■■ Good mc's, mike. Thanks in advance for the stapler loan ... you're really holding things together this mlg.

Blade Ruiner #1 ■■■ Wells Is that Harrison Fudd in Bwade Wunner? "I'm seawching for wascally wepwicants!" ■■■ Strange you should juxtapose Stanley Weinbaum and Phil Dick; Dick greatly admired Weinbaum and dedicated a book -- Deus Irae, I think -- to him, in gratitude for "A Martian Odyssey". ■■■ Lynn was a Hugo nominee at one time, eh? Only figures ... now when is the man going to be Fan Guest of Honor at a worldcon, as he has so long deserved? ■■■ Oh yes, both you and Hickman are of high value to SFFA. We're a big apa with lotsa pages, but folks value you for your dry humor and fine company, and Lynn for the heady sense of class and history he lends us. I'm with Ned. Stay in SFFA or taste the smooch of a whirling chain saw ... ■■■ I've come full circle. Key to America's superiority over the USSR in the forseable future is our command of electronics. GMLIII is becoming an Atari Democrat, y'see. Now I personally have no interest in programming computers or any of that stuff, but I see the advantage in using them to benefit our society. My own interests lie in human matters. But I see the blinking boxes as tools one can use to survive, prosper, and conquer the rest of the human ra- ... \*whew\* wait a minute ... anyway, Clarke's full of bull. Computers won't take us over. We'll use them. ■■■ No problem with the Carmody franks. My pleasure.

Friends in Space Report Number 0014 ■■■ Pickersgill Grand cover and a neat zine, most unique. (How do you mc a unique zine, asks Beth? U 'nique up on it!) I really like that cover -- your portrait especially. Something about boots ... ■■■ "The Women's Periodical" is a witty name for a ♀ apa ... for sure nobody will want to miss one! ■■■ Exquisitely chosen quotations, very apt. Where'd you get them all? Lot of work went into it, too. I completely agree with Paul Leatrand (ct Dennis), but that quote from Helen Gurley Brown would grow hair on the roof of your mouth. What a miserable, unprincipled sleaze. But the Phil Dick lines from Palmer Eldritch are heartbreaking and uplifting both. Yeah, sterling. A tiny comment, Linda, but you did a fun zine, golden flower.

SM71 ■■■ Me Thanks to Charlie Williams for the retouch on the wonderful cover ... I understand there's a second Rogues' Gallery out. Issue, anyone?

Westercon-35 P.R. 3 █ Markstein Cheap room rates at the Adams; good hotel, too. Let's see ... I know 8 of the new members personally. █ It hurts to hear of Gordon Dickson's continuing ills. A gentle fella like that deserves better.

Westercon-35 P.R. 4 █ Markstein One name only on this issue's membership list is personally known to me, but that one is worth a hundred others: Maureen Garrett. █ Very comprehensive pre-con book, this.

Westercon-35 Program Book █ Markstein A superb publication. I don't think I've seen a better program book outside of late worldcons. The special section on Westercon history, featuring the neat ad reprints, is the outstanding item. █ I see from the info on the 1983 con that Tom Whitmore will be Fan GoH at that event. Another triumph for Quinn Yarbrow. That good lady shepherded us both through our neohoods, and now he's honored by the nation's major regional, and I'm FGoH at the South's. We owe it all to my spiritual mother. █ I attended but one Westercon, XXIV, written up in SM4. God knows when I'll get to another. Anyway, a nominal example of the program book at its best...superb. A long haul, this, from Nolazine 1.



Whatever Gold #7 █ Markstein For a time, people were talking about me running WOOF this year, but I couldn't attend Chicon, and this bird chose to keep it himself. As usual, the mlg was wretched, but at least I got my copy this year. I too did without one for several months when Pelz declined to mail them along. Anyway, the reduced ads are fun, especially the '73 worldcon plugs. Talk about timebinding ...

The Sphere vol. 80 #1 █ Markstein It'll be interesting to hear your reaction to 2010, now that you're back into reading science fiction. I well remember a scene at your parents' pad in NOLA some 13 years ago: you on one side of the table, Pat Adkins on the other, a stack of pbs between you. You would read him a sentence from Burroughs, he would read you a sentence from Clarke, playing Stump the Trufan. I left in the wee hours, the contest still on ... █ Nice to know that E-Man will be back. Wonder if DC'll reprint the story with the two GHLIII caricatures.

Boshcon flyer █ Cobb Miss this? Are you delirious?

Atlanta in '86 flyer █ Cobb Beginning to get nervous. Atlanta is making a fine impression. It has a very good chance of winning.

What can I do to help? Besides come out for Philly, that is.

A Dirty Mind Gets Better All the Time! █ Cobb Good way to put it: "the guy directly below the cat on the waitlist".

Wear a hat, Jimbo. █ My father calls me Bud, and I've never been able to find out why. My great-aunt also does so, imitating him. They're all. █ Like I told you on the telephone one time, when you were moaning and groaning about your erstwhile girl friend, take a quarter out of your pocket, throw it over your shoulder, and it's a good chance that a lady will catch it. If so, tell her she can keep the quarter if she'll go out with you. Worked all the time on Bourbon Street.

█ When I look at Liz Stewart and I'm seeing double, I see 4 oh, never mind. Tsk.

█ More poetry by the talented Ms. Fontenay may appear in this very zine. █

Oh, yes, oneshots. I've done a few decent, or indecent ones. The Peon Oneshot with Jawm Guidry, Lonesome Jan Lewis, and Debonair Don Walsh ... Scarf My Schween, with Walsh, Doug Wirth, and Elaine Vignes ... A shame the far-flung addresses of the participants in these masterworks preclude sequels. █ In case Larry doesn't hit the Ala-Apa hook, and in spite of the fact that he wouldn't miss it in a zillion

years, I'll respond too. Ala-Apa did indeed get off the ground, if not very far or for very long. Mlg #1 appeared in May, 1966, a 54-pager of ten zines. Larry, Lon, Al Andrews, and Wally Weber were the SFPAns involved; Tim Eklund, Fred Azbell, Chuck Patty and Andy Zerbe were the other members. Mlg 2 had 61 pages and the same roster, less Weber. The third mailing continued the simultaneous growth and reduction, it had 86 pages, but Zerbe was gone and Bill Plott added. Mlg 4, appearing in November, put the kibosh on the noble experiment of all-'Bama apa. It weighed in at but 4 zine, 18 pages, and no one interested in succeeding Larry as OE. Never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolled for Ala-Apa. All four mlgs, by the by, are in the Montgomery Papers. You should see Andruschack's fanzines these days. All he talks about his diabetic diet, and the zines read about as good as the diet must taste. He's come out against the Atlanta bid, inspiring my great confidence in its eventual success. So how were the Bahamas, Gladstone Gander?

Tom Campbell Stole My Cover Hutchinson Looks like somebody stole most of your zine! C'mon, Alan, outta dem mopes.

You're a brilliant guy with a good (if forever underappreciated) job and a spiffy wife (with red hair) and a new house. I have but one of those things, and she's not even a redhead. Ever cooperative, I have put arrival dates onto The South-ernoer. The Southerner will do without. You see my rationale for not liking'em: practically everything pours in at the last minute. A Complete Carl Barks Library would be a thing of joy, but at \$700 I'm afraid Dave Cockrum can keep it. Can I look at yours? ("That's a personal question!") The worm-rape scene in Galaxy of Terror was supposed to be erotic, that nice bosomy blonde naked except for a covering of oozy, glistening slime ... puff, pant, moan, groan ... I've seen mail cluster boxes in trailer parks all over this area. They make sense, except for package delivery, of course. Who else suspects that home deliveries will someday be a thing of the past. We'll all have assigned p.o. boxes, and have to go to the central p.o. to pick up our ad circulars and bills. Of course we'll have to submit to brain scans as we enter to guarantee that we're patriotic and moral enough to receive mail ... Visit Rosie's Knoxville bro again in June, '83! The first weekend then, that is... You do too know a Herbert: Guy Herbert Lillian III. What's your middle name, Alan? (Jeffrey? It's Jeffrey, isn't it?) Oh, Jesus -- I guess I'll have to make up a Southpaw trophy for Best Fan Writer. Ideas, anyone? Someone in LASFAPA objected to the Southpaw winners, but not because they (we) were all Southerners and SFPAns ... None of us, he said, were left-handed. Buck up! Scrooge lives!

Tapestry Liz Stewart A beautiful cover. I know what it means when a girl can see one unicorn, but five? Steve Fabian, isn't it? Or Steve Stiles? Surely not Steve Martin? \*wool\* Pretty embellishments on that first text page, too. De quien? Shame on your writing teacher for forbidding sexuality or the fantastic of a combination of the two from his course. Jackson Burgess let me write my insane Unoc story for his writing class, and no less a critic than Lillian Hellman liked the result. Tell him Guy H. Lillian III disapproves & watch him wither. Funny thing about Harlan Ellison ... get the guy away from crowds, treat him right without coming across as a garden variety kowtowing or abusive fan ... and he's okay. Very sensitive, too defensive, very human. Read Up the Darth Vator, my report on the 1978 worldcon, sometime. Shows him at his best & his worst, his most public and his most private. Lon will undoubtedly answer your question about the Box Scores, but just in case see "The Montgomery Papers" this time. So that's where the Easter Bunny came from. Shades of Playboy, it was a woman. Jesus-freak pamphleteers were a facet of the Berkeley street scene; I didn't mind them, just took the pamphlet, nodded thanks, and stuffed it in my pocket (a lot of people made a show of refusing it). The panhandlers were much more annoying, the zombie-like dealers much more depressing. Yet its' even money that some of those sweet, quiet little pamphlet people ended up on their faces in Guyana with Jim Jones. He was there, too. Misty Wells is at least as valuable a waitlister as others who don't do zines. Whether the beast's lack of humanity should cause him to be passed over in favor of the next homo sapiens on the list is up to

the new OE. I mean, Ward Smith isn't human, either. Should we pass him by? With luck we'll be returning to NOLA next June. Ygraine is a severe type of headache. I had a disgusting time having my wisdom teeth removed -- the first time, an upper, the dentist punctured my sinus. In more ways than one, the roof leaked. The lower teeth had five roots each and required two hours and a shot of morphine ("the green bottle") to remove. A hunk of bone worked its way free of my gum a few weeks later. Gahhh. Interview with the Vampire features some incredible evocations of New Orleans -- the city has never been better put to paper. Nancy Collins (our very own) wrote very well of the town in a short story she sent me; Collins, you ought to put more stuff like that in your sines. NOLA is a city that seethes in language. Speaking of vampire fiction, Yarbrow's Tempting Fate is out in pb. Buy it for the autograph party at DSC. How's this for a view of God: someone who uses you to love others. A lady in my writing class offered that as a definition and nearly knocked me out of my chair. Alas, Sperhawk sent along but 30 rubberoid demons to protect SFFA mlg's -- waitlister copies had to do without. Mr. Ryder will be glad to discuss this with you and perhaps send forth a personal haint to guard your mailing, if the request is made. I'll use some fauncy paper for this mlg's OO ... it's available here. Probably parchment like this issue's and last issue's covers. Thanks for showing me how nice it looks. What's your status in fandom, you ask? Why, you're Liz Stewart, the good-looking one with the chin and the crinkly black hair, one of us, part of The People. That's pretty good in and of itself. Of course you meet more attractive men at Southern cons. Yankee men look like somebody spilled the catbox. Besides, I attend rebel conventions, and I am worth 80 or 90 of those yankee weasels by myself. A finely woven Tapestry, Ms. Liz.

Smrt #2 Hickman Hello, Mr. Lynn! We'll forgive you not having mc's if you keep your pledge to attend DSC. Drag Tucker down. It's nice that Dave Kyle is Fan GoH at Rivercon. I met his charming daughter at Suncon, the sharpest ten-year-old in human history, at least. But there is another fan who deserves such honor, whose name hasn't been affixed to a con in like fashion in my memory ... Lynn Hickman.

Smrt #3 Hickman Please do send Vern Clark a photo of that Blakeslee painting. Clark once told me that with luck, he'll end up like Hickman, Burke will end up like Kyle, and I'll end up like Tucker. I should live so long, but maybe I should start practicing my smoooooooooooooth. Did I send you an extra of SM70, Verno's Adventures in Statesville? "West Statesville DSC". \*chortle\* Say, when you drove through Arkansas in 1944, did you see my mother in Gregory? You've been a pilot, too. Amazing, I am impressed. Ian Ralph is such, I believe. Ian? By the way, any old Hickman pubs you run across, no matter if you have 35 or not, please feel free to pass one each along here ... Idaho is pretty. My family visited there in '65 or '66. I remember the colors of the fields and the antique tombstones in Pocatello with inset daguerrotypes of the deceased. I must say, you get around a lot. If you ever pass through Greensboro, 4 a.m. or not, give us a call. And I'll be looking forward to Old & New.

SFFA in the Southern Fan Montgomery "Old and New" is a title that fits this zine, too: old stuff new to most of us. Wow. 1960. The Southern Fandom Group: the SFG. The efforts to build a regional fandom, with SFFA only part of an overall recruitment plan. (I wonder who originated the idea itself -- Bob? Maybe Bill Flott will recall.) Interesting to read the reactions of Metcalf, Lictman, and Tackett, none of whom ever joined SFFA, & nice upon nice to read this collection of the earliest possible apa yap, and sense the proto-enthusiasm beginning to build. Thanks, Larry: we're in on the creation.

Marvel Super-Hero Appearance Index Montgomery Lawsy, this was a lot of work. I have only a passing acquaintance-ship with the Marvel multiverse, being (of course) primarily a DC fan, but no matter: I can tell a true labor of love when I see one. This is just such. Shooter should see this; he could only applaud it. One of the minor Marvel characters I

recall with fondness is Black Blot -- nice to see he was never abandoned to the willy-nilly of fate. Always envied him the company of redheaded Medusa ... I mean, can you imagine ... ☒ My God, there are a lot of superduper types in the Marvel universe. But hey! You didn't mention Kiss in this labor of love ... or John Paul III!

The Flame Burns Brighter #5 ☒ P.L. Really nice cover and impressive illos. Burke's boids are too much. ☒ I want to thank you for the logos you've provided

# SPIRITUS MUNDI

and the OO, both. More, in truth, than I could use. The pundits are right; you're good enough to go pro. Why not spread a few ads about -- genzines, the worldcon p.r.?

☒ MTV recently showed Robot Master, a film I have always wanted to behold. Did y'all see it? Did anyone (please God) catch it on tape? ☒ I'd rank Wrath of Khan -- recently viewed here for the 4th theatrical time -- as far better in all respects than all but one or two of the series episodes, and their advantage was in story (I have "Mirror, Mirror" and "City on the Edge" in mind) (maybe "The Doomsday Machine") The acting, settings, wit were parsecs beyond any TV fare. And of course the sfx ...

☒ Men in the Jungle suffered from Norman Spinrad's bland prose style, and, as you say, drooling prurience. He seemed to think that roasting cops and murdering babies in print was enough to enrapture an audience; he pushed the same buttons in Bug Jack Barron. ☒ Love that "Police Squad" column! ☒ Well, thanks for cutting off your mc's just as you got to Spiritus, P.L. \*grumble\* ☒ I just looked at Colorado Springs on my wall map. Not far from Cripple Creek, is you? And you have Security so close by ...

A Higher Elevation 11 ☒ Montgomery Ah yes, and they wonder why I say that my favorite times are spent twixt July and August ...

Fine cover collage! It takes a minute to tear one's eyes off the calendar and note the SFFA of '66 on the cover, but when seen, what a marvelous photo. Jerry and LEEJ alone wear no specs! Joy of joys that so many of you guys still keep in touch. Please keep reprinting these daguerrotypes from the dawn of time, Larry. ☒ Unfortunate that this excellent zine comes to us sans mc's, but we understand. The Al Andrews letters are celebration enough. Again, his warm personality shines through. ☒ The Ala-Apa discussion reads rather wistful in light of that apa's short existence, but the energy y'all brought to it speaks well of you both. A lucky accident that these early letters correspond so well to the period covered in "The Montgomery Papers" thish. ☒ The Open Letter, Surtr, and Sudri which Al refers to were pubs Dave Hulan sent forth outside of SFFA to selected Southern fans. Letters published there dealt with topics like Barry Gold's ouster from the SFFA w1 (see article to follow) and so forth. '66 was such an ACTIVE year, and yet it ended with your fafiation. That final pc from Andrews is almost sad reading. Did you ever hear from him again? "Faanishly & sincerely ..."

1982-83 TAFF Ballot Dammit, on Linda's recommendation, I'm tempted to vote for Larry Carmody. He said nice things about Atlanta despite being a NY-in-'86 supporter, & after Taral Wayne's obscene attacks on both Heinleins in



FAPA, I wouldn't vote him over Idi Amin.

Hodgepodge 1 ■■■ Carmody (Wells frank) A nice conglomeration of stuff. Thank Larry C. for us, George. I agree with him to an extent about fanzine Hugos -- the domination of the category by two semipro zines has frustrated genzine publication -- but feel that forbidding zines from winning more than two trophies to be the most equitable solution. I like his DSC '82 report ... be sure to let him know that '83 will be fun, too.

Syn #14 ■■■ Raub Incredible art this issue, especially that succulent Frank Brunner cover. Tinker Bell, huh? The mind turns somersaults at what she could do with her fairy dust ... ■■■ Ah, a cruise ... my brother and sister-in-law went on such a voyage during their honeymoon. She got seasick and he crammed his face with food and gained great gobs of flab. Y'all had a better time, yo-ho-ho. ■■■ Yeah, yeah, trot your ass to Mardi Gras! ■■■ Mike, I'm extremely flattered that you are more or less modelling your Interlac OEShip campaign on my work here. I wish you success and, if victory comes your way, as pleasing a sense of accomplishment as I enjoy. This SM deals with OEShip; I hope you find it illuminating. As for the rigors of private citizenship ... well, see me in two months. ■■■ NFL: No Fucking Loss. ■■■ Shooter is doing what?! Killing off his characters?!? Hoo. Rarified air up there, must be. That's oxygen starvation at work. ■■■ You saw my taste in comics last mlg. ■■■ Ignite was founded by John Guidry & the much-ashamed Bill Bruce in 1967 or so. The first issue to see SFPA was #2, Guidry & Norman Elfer ... it ran, and we fled, in mlg 41. Bill won't let me reprint the first issue. He said he'd rather be born without a face. ■■■ Snoozing through Fantasia? Criminal! I nearly dozed off at Hustle, that horrible Burt Reynolds flick of some years back, & felt the sandman's passage during ST:TTP, but usually if I get too bored at a movie I'll split. ■■■ John Carpenter's version of The Thing has tremendous qualities: suspense, sustained shock value, a disturbing social commentary, an excellent story. Siskel & Ebert were offbase on this one; it's no slasher flick, but a strong, frightening uncompromising horror cilm, and I think a classic one. ■■■ Oh, I liked JoBeth Williams in Poltergeist; love her nose (I'm a nose man). All of Spielberg's ♀ characters are alike: young mothers, vaguely neurotic, sexy in a kind of exhausted way. ■■■ Hey, were you arrested as a Raub-ber? ■■■ You were in Up With People? You should have been arrested for that! ■■■ Yes, I saw the HBO Wait Until Dark; competent enough, but sadly, Keach's performance suffered alongside the memory of Alan Arkin's. I knew a schizo like Harry Rote in high school, even down to the dark glasses. ■■■ Oh, don't let Verno upset you. He's just an Excitable Boy. ■■■ I have not the slightest idea of what happened to Dean Sweatman. We last spoke in ... 1975, when I secured his help in building the then-record SFPA mlg (712 pages) with NOSFAns. ■■■ Do you have all of your old apa mlg's? Considering your status as fandom's #1 omniapan for so long, all those disties must fill one or two garages. ■■■ Disagree with all the movie reviews except those on Officer/Gentleman & Diner. Rather than argue them out, I'll just say good zine, Mike.

Melikaphkaz #90 ■■■ Atkins Elegant cover. What tales lie behind a broken mask? ■■■ Seems to me that a guy with your expertise & experience should prosper at consultanthood. Of course we wish you incredible wealth in this regard, with hours of free time nonetheless, screaming for fanac to relieve it. But small Mels are indeed tolerable, as long as they're consistent. ■■■ If penguins could vote in the Southpaws, it's probably insure SFPA's continued domination of the awards. What's more Southern than Antartica? ■■■ At DSC next year I wanna kibitz an Atkins/Clark chess game -- a tilt to supplement the ongoing battle of bad shirts. Vernon claimed that he won his last chess match by a touchdown, after being a furlong behind in the last inning. ■■■ Your funny and insightful comment on pop-religion to Beth makes me think, for some reason, on two classic fictional treatments of tje nature of religious experience. The first is from The Brothers Karamazov, by Jerry Pournelle, in which the Grand Inquisitor interviews, interrogates, berates & finally condemns the reborn Christ. The second is the climactic scene of Siddhartha, where the title character has an audience with the Buddha. In neither case does the holy man, Christ or Buddha, say one word. Faith is inward. Religion is action.

Language is superfluous. ■■■ What in the world would make any woman worth \$500 a night? For that price she'd have to tap dance on the ceiling and simonize my car. ■■■ Well, I wanted to count the Poll votes this year because I enjoy it -- it's a privilege as well as a duty of OEship. The resultszine looks awful -- I had to type it on my old pica clunker in order to give Beth access to this machine -- but it was a hoot to do. Oh yes -- the ballots will be passed on to Dennis, a practice I began that first term. ■■■ Celko's '86 bid is a footnote, now, as the South stands behind the one & only Atlanta in '86 committee. (EVERYONE JOIN THE ELLAY WORLDCON SO YOU CAN VOTE!) I must say that I resent the suggestion that I, personally, did something wrong by allowing Joe's worldcon material into the apa. The rationale went that if I let SFPA see Joe's point of view, I must agree with it, and thereby be an Enemy of the One True Way and its High Priests. It became a case of either I was for or against, friend or foe, a classic example of paranoid fan megalomania at work. Bull. We now have a unified bid, a good committee, a real chance of winning. Let's put the Celko/Biggers nonsense in a hole and tamp it down with a shovel, and realize that what counts for all of Southern fandom is the bāloting in Los Angeles. A good sign -- Harry Andruschack is against Atlanta! ■■■ Regarding the new round of draft-dodger trials ... the American government's right to provide for the common defense is declared in the preamble to the Constitution, so indeed the Congress can make draft registration a legal requirement of American citizenship. On the other hand, denying a defendant the opportunity to state his motives is, as you imply, contrary to justice. The kids so treated should walk. ■■■ We're surprised that you were surprised when you won the Rebel. It was an honor a decade overdue. ■■■ A priceless mc to Burp ... ah, Burke. Ooh. Stung Mr. Carp where he lives! ■■■ I suppose you've noticed where Reagan's dullard Surgeon General recently declared video games harmful to kids' health, promoting bad dreams and aggressive tendencies. The boob's name is Koop (as in "his brains flew the"), but I suspect he's the bastard son of Fredric Wertham. ■■■ Yeah, I like Starship Troopers too. Some very liberal folks have tried to explain away the militarism by calling it a staire, but RAH himself told a GHLIII-including audience that it was a book about love and sacrifice. (See SM22.) He wrote it simultaneously with Stranger, another angle at the same theme. Look to The Forever War, however, for a truly illuminating contrast with Troopers ... the soldiers are the same, but the perspective on War very different. ■■■ Wonderful comment to Rogers ... southern fandom is like a winery. These last three years I've been drunk on it. And those Montgomery Papers and Andrews letters prove that good stuff ages well, too. ■■■ Not only "respectable" mc's done thish, but very funny ones, too. And I see my Box Scores have topped 50 pages per, at last.

Sugar Magnolia #5 ■■■ Montalbano, the Maid of Orleans There is nothing wrong with honest housecleaning work -- I did much the same for a Manpower-type outfit when I first moved to Greensboro in 1979. But somehow, unbidden, swims there to mind an image of La JoAnn clad in a French maid's outfit, complete with lace and blue feather duster ... No, no, I didn't really think so. ■■■ Lysistrata is a wonderful play -- I remember Lunt and Fontaine doing a scene therefrom on the tube many years back. Of course the Beardsley illustrations are indeliably etched in memory. Would've made quite a cover, JoAnn. ■■■ Another evocative memory of New Orleans. Even a partyless poop like myself can read of the Maple Leaf (where all I ever did was laundry; heybobbareebob), the Moonwalk, Espana, let my eyes unfocus and Greensboro NC is gone, gone, and I hear those tugboat klaxons on the river ... ■■■ I saw the latest Monty Python film by "accident" -- revolted by Inchon, I wandered in and was enraptured. The closing sequence was unbearably funny. "Oh, I'm a lumberjack and I'm okay ..." Had never heard it before. ■■■ Fine verse, really nice. Like I said during the Purple Haze daze, your poetry is excellent -- sensitive, lyrical, original, striking. The beauty in the brass. ■■■ BNF & heavy film fan Bill Warren led a long LASFAPA discussion about women who claim friendship with a fella to avoid a sexual relationship with him. The rationales expressed for either "side" were Los Angelean to a "t" ... which is to say, totally unrelated to any sane, coherent human thought patterns I could recognize. But the ♀ awkwardness and the ♂ pain are universal. A lady may like or



enjoy a fella's company, but for any number of reasons not want to carry the friendship to an intense or physical level: other relationships may be in progress which could be jeopardized; she might sense an unhealthy dependency latent in the guy which sex would only release ... any number of motives. The vice is versa, of course, but it's almost always the lady's decision: her right, her prerogative.

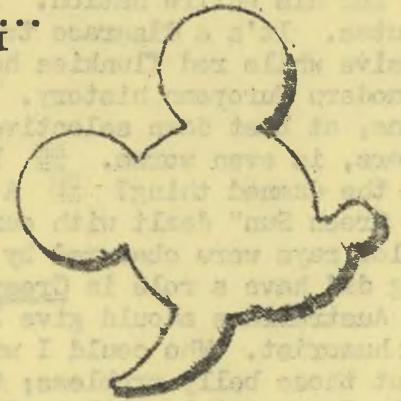
☒ Gee, I hoped to go to the Thanksgiving KissOff, but no way. Gotta finish this zine and collate SFPA. ☒

Now, JoAnn, if I was better-looking and shared your, ah, recreational tastes, would my compliments bother you? I pschaw away the accusation of treating women as objects, whatever that buzzterm means, admitting only to looking upon the female of this species as a work of living art, which occasionally demands praise. How is your remembering Linda's wonder-

ful hair aglow in summer any better than my remembering it -- which I do, oh, how I do? ☒ Maybe the membership-sharing schtick was a joke to you, but it didn't read like that in other zines. It looked like hassle for the sheer sake of pushiness, the sheer thrill of argument. All meaningless now: welcome to the roster on your own. ☒ I can see that this entire apa was created and has existed over the past 21 years for the sheer and sole purpose of bringing dancing ladies into contact. Wow. "Pardon me plate, is that spaghetti sauce or ketchup ..." Wow.

Thin Ice #56 ☒ Verheiden I sense some kind of code to your cover. ☒ So your girlfriend dumped you for a dog, huh? They show movies of that kind of thing at the Armand Ruhlman film festival in NOLA ... Lovelace denies culpability. What you didn't tell us, Mark, was whether the pooch in question was a Great Dane or a German Shepherd ... or the unkindest cut of all, a chihuahua. Arf. Bowwow. ☒ Oh, go ahead and whine. It's good for you. But never fear. Fidel Castro is going to give me one hundred million dollars, and after the check clears, I'll finance your movie. There is a catch, though. You gotta have lotsa bimbos wld big gazongas bendin' over pickin' up buckets, or the deal's off! ☒ Are you sure you didn't write Deathscream, Mark? It shows the same Tolstoyian sensitivity to human frailty and underlying goodness which verheided every effort of yours we've seen since Mr. A-1. Pulls the guy through the girl's body, huh? My mind reels with atrocious oneliners, but I'd be shoveling coals next to Brezhnev if I let vent. Seriously, people like this are free? I'm convinced, Vern: send me hallucinogens, stat! ☒ A compelling account of a punk concert, which sounds ... uh ... Well, piss, who am I to criticize some kid who feels so alienated and unhappy in this plasticized, recession-ridden menopausal joke of society that he makes an outrageous fool out of himself in public by spitting on bands and attempting suicide by jumping off the stage? Like you so correctly say, to us these poor fuckers look like cretins from Mars, but they scream from the heart, and however offensive, they have the virtue of integrity. Their obscenity is no lie. Nevertheless ... couldn't help but giggle at a recent Fabulous Furry Freak Brothers adventure wherein our aging heroes form a punk band to help ends meet, and through a mistake in wiring cook the punk audience with microwaves. Shelton misses the sixties. So do I. So do the punks. ☒ Well, unk, congrats on the birth of Lekh Verheiden. Odd first name, but at least he's not another Jason. ☒ Yeah! DSC '83! We'll even collate a SFPA mlg there! ☒ Without Rutger Hauer, Bladerunner would not have had much. With him, & his character, it had astonishing perception and beauty. One scene made all the difference. ☒ As was evident last mailing, I disagree about The Wall 100%. Who cares that the guy was a rock star? His pain was real; the ironic commentary on rock stardom was righteous; the imagery was extraordinary; emotionally, the film challenged and touched and fulfilled. ☒ A fine comment on mlg dates, and I thank you for the compliments on my OEsip. Those complaints struck me as, again, hassle for its own sake, and really not worth being concerned about. ☒ Creepshow swam before these orbs just last night (as I compose), and I was extremely disappointed. The story value in all five episodes was almost nil. The humor was hamhanded, and speaking of ham, King himself gave a horrible performance. There was little of the

ECish sense of gruesome justice. The stories weren't scary ... all were predictable and one or two were downright boring. I enjoyed "The Crate" -- neat, believable monster, great teeth -- but all in all, big shrug. Come to DSC and listen to King explain it away. (And describe his new fence replete with iron bats and spiders.) You actually purchased a Misterogers 45. And yet you walk the streets a free man -- incredible. Gotta disagree pretty strongly about Diner, which may be the year's best "mundane" movie. I found it sensitive & funny, & if a hint of sexism (you've been reading Ms. on the can again, admit it) crept in, that was only true to the characters and their times. There were two very strong female characters -- one of whom had the eightyish strength to choose to raise her child alone -- & the whole film was shot through with good feeling. Wrong on this one, Mark. Porky's -- a bit better than average teenage tit flick. Officer and a Gentleman -- conservative, as you say, but blessed by a good performance by Gere and an even better one by Gossett. So how about some Oscar picks? Dry them baby blues. They also serve who do apazines and starve.



Tin Soldier #13 Rogers Neat cover caricature ... reminds me of one done in Sausalito when I was a teenager. Irresistable cover material for egomaniacs ... mine was on SM26. Braves ... ugh. But their recovery from their nervous slump bodes well for their future -- to have it all, lose it all, or practically all of it, and then recover all but the last inch of squandered ground shows tremendous team character. Give that city a worldcon. I too felt chilly when I first arrived (rearrived, I should say) in California. Maybe the goosebumps came from flying over Ellay at night. My only contacts with the California Highway Patrol came during the Berkeley battles, when they turned out to be real (club-)swinging dudes. (I took the best photo I ever snapped of one of them on Sproul Plaza, his face occluded by a gas mask ... except for one mad, trapped, glaring eye.) LAFS is a funny organization. The old trophy shop and house behind which is their HQ has seen many tales, the most recent gory of which involved the expulsion from the club of one David Klaus, guilty (as far as I could gather from LASFAPA) of untoward attentions to a fair damsel. The clear story never really emerged. The club is a matrix of relationships & resentments & entanglements & feuds & ambitions & accomplishments going back years and years, involving the touchiest and craziest possible group: science fiction fans from Los Angeles. Visitors should seek out Fred Patten and Dan Alderson, Schwarzin and Copeland, Goldstein and Schlosser, Celia Chapman, Marty Cantor, and stay away from Bobbi Armbruster, who is Mine, do you hear me, mine, mine, mine! Lon is "the Zeus of SFPA"? Goes in for Golden Showers, does he? (Little mythology joke, there.) If I must die listening to music, let it be a tune writ by a composer born in 2030, and be the piece that crowns his long, long career.

Breakfast at Milliways 19 Nicki The Atlanta suite at Chicon was, I'm told, one wolrdoon's great successes. Aunt Pitty-Pat's 5 Porch was the place to be. Grand. Now if we can only see it done again at Baltimore ... get most of Southern fandom to join the '84 worldcon ... make friends at the Westercon ... oh, man. I'd even volunteer to work. I've mentioned this idea before ... often the Westercon has been merged with the worldcon. Why not do the same for the DSC if Atlanta triumphs? Present the Rebel, Phoenix, Southpaws and whatever from the same dais as the Hugos ... Hail the Vs champeen from the podium ... I urge Atlanta to bid for the '86 DSC with just this ~~Wolrdoon~~ confederacy in mind. Nice thoughts on the Parthenon and current archaeological practice: leaving discoveries in situ. Did y'all see the King Tut exhibit, by any chance?

A Day without Minac is like a Day without Sunshine Dick An intelligent Hearts 6 tourney suggestion, this "Swiss system". If a little coordination could be brought to DSC's most frenzied competition, it might even work. However, we cannot do without the drama of a Final

Four ... Maybe three rounds ♡ could be played Swiss style ("your game is full of holes" HAWHAWHAW) to determine ♡ the top 4 players, who could then ♡ slug it out in the accepted style, in the ultimate blood duel. ■■■ Hooray for your Polish pal and for his entire nation. If you have his address & write to him, pass along our salutes. It's a disgrace to wetsren liberalism that it has been so silent & so passive while red flunkies have tried to stomp down the greatest workers' movement in modern European history. Contemporary liberalism is barren of ethics, or, it seems, at best damn selective. The rightwing, with its coziness to Argentine torturers, is even worse. ■■■ You like The 10 Commandments? Didn't get bedsores watching the damned thing? ■■■ A terrific Edmond Hamilton Superman yarn, "Superman Under the Green Sun" dealt with our lad losing his powers -- all of them -- when a sun's yellow rays were obscured by a blue filter. Villain looked like Hitler. ■■■ Steve King did have a role in Creepshow, but calling it "acting" is questionable. ■■■ The Australians should give Pat Terry Award for s.f. humor to Lafferty, s.f.'s greatest humorist. Who could I write to about it? ■■■ One hopes you've been to an m.d. about those belly problems; they sound suspiciously like Uncle Ulcer at his happy work. Guessed this title. For once. ■■■ In 1976 Robert A. Heinlein was Pro Guest of Honor at MidAmeriCon, a convention vicariously dominated by a pair of voluptuous FEEemales named Linda Karrh and Annie Hebert -- young ladies you may know -- whose passage was known to cause voices to crack in hundreds of 12-year-old male neos. Anyway, Heinlein, then hot in his blood drive campaign, was distributing far and wide postcards with his address stamped on them. On Big MAC's final day the aforementioned demoiselles found such a postcard and decided to drive old Bob's blood a bit, themselves. "For a good time, when in New Orleans, call" and signed their names. Off went the pc. Some time later I received a card... well, here t'is.

3 Aug 1978

Dear Guy Lillian:

Perhaps you can clear up a mystery for me: In '76 just after MidAmeriCon I received a card signed by "Linda Karrh" and "Annie Hebert" ending "--when in New Orleans call--" No address, no phone--mailed from KC on adjournment day of MAC. The mystery: The card was one of my own reply cards, such as you used to accept for you and Beth --but neither of these names appears in any of my blood records. So . . . do you know either of them? If not, can you find one or both in the NO telephone book? If so, will you please put what you find, addresses & phone numbers, on reply card? I hate to lose track of a donor.###You may have heard that I had surgery recently--true & I feel 20 years younger! It appears that I was already ill at MAC. #Thanks for yr quote, *Ret. Lillian*

I wrote back and explained matters. I don't know if RAH ever called, but ... ah, Linda? ■■■ Well, maybe Peter Toluzzi will be at DSC and meet Deranged Dennis and Genial GHLIII there. "St. Mick" was appreciated and I appreciate that. ■■■ Nice eclipse photos.

PAR Fiver ■■■ Spermhawk Probably my favorite cover of the mailing. The Man Behind the Monster -- one of the great names of our times. Imagine being paid to stomp Tokyo flat ... just like Curtis Lemay! ■■■ This business about merchandising Hawkwind in the US and visiting the UK is exciting stuff. Lots of very sincere luck. Let us know how and where it goes. ■■■ Chicon ... \*sigh\* ■■■ Bill

Warren, LASFAPAN, author, and movie biz insider, reports scuttlebutt that George Lucas is unhappy with what he's seen of Revenge of the Jedi. No reaction yet from Lucasfilm Fan Club Director Maureen Garrett. Uh-oh. ☒ Those of us who loved Wrath of Khan, and I'm one, ignore picky plot points in favor of witty dialog, crisp pace, exciting action. A point by point refutation of your gripes with the movie is possible, I suppose, but wouldn't change your visceral reaction any more than the nits injure mine. We join in praising Bladerunner. ☒ Again, thanks for your generous letter on my OEship. Thanks here, for your mc. Hope you stick around SFPA and both you and the lady with the lion's name (or is it lion's mane) show at DSC. Incredible bacover ...

Golden Gate flyer You listening, Beth? Christmas is coming up ... ☒ It's a banner year for Lafferty. Starblaze has Aurelia in print and a short story collection forthcoming. This will feature a Bob Whitaker introduction ... and a quotation from At the Sleepy Sailor, my book on Ray for the '79 DSC. Love it, love it, love it. Whitaker recently sent me Ray's notes for the DSC '79 GoH speech, which blew amps all over New Orleans with its brilliance. Yay Ray!

The Thang vol. 1 #6.3-11.72 ☒ Campbell Funny Hutchinson cover, lightfingers! Thief! ☒ Hmm, my math is a bit rusty, or even a bit vernon, but I'd say the next perfect cube/square number after 64 would be 81. I guess. ☒ SAPS once had an officer called the ELEIO. God knows what he did, though, unless he went quack-quack here, and a'quack-quack there, here a quack, there a quack, everywhere a'quack-quack ... ☒ I disagree that the question of the nature of humanity isn't explored in Bladerunner. Hauer's replicant, by showing mercy, demonstrated Dick's theme of humanity as kindness in a literally gripping fashion ... certainly with convincing depth and intensity. ☒ Well, now we know where Campbell's Vegetable Soup comes from ... ☒ John Young smuggled his ham sandwich aboard the first Gemini flight, GT-3, the Molly Brown. As uptight as NASA's honchos were (cf. The Right Stuff), I'm surprised he ever flew again. He did, of course, more times than anyone else. ☒ A classic Verno line. You saw that portrait of La Collins -- "the Amazon Death Mensch" -- in Dey All Axed fo' You, mlg 107. ☒ In 1973 I wrangled my way onto The Who, What or Where Game, won \$350, lost to a housewife from New Jersey. Art James held up the wrong card, and I still got it. Tell you what -- a xerox of my dittozine on the experience is en route. I shouldn't bore the SFPA of '82 by retelling old tales, Mighty Bore or no.

Ave Atque Vale:Utgard 53 ☒ Hulan I bid adieu to Dave Hulan's second SFPA membership with honestly mixed emotions. Dave was among the founders of this apa; in its early years he wrote its Constitution and established many of its practices ... which still continue. His early years gave SFPA some great zines, and this apa owes him more than to any other individual, except perhaps Lon. But. I cannot forget the arrogance with which Hulan ran his part of the 1974 OEship race, or the snide hostility with which he hectored my 1975 term ... especially since I never made mistake that he hadn't made himself during his sojourns in the OE's office. I do not forget the fact that he was vindictive and unfair and constantly tried to blemish my reputation and person. One of his followers even carried this campaign over into my professional and private life. I cannot forget that. But I can, I think, forgive it. Hulan had the grace to acknowledge the accomplishments of this present term. He never said he was sorry for the early pugaciousness between us, but his tone certainly implied that he was. Even though he was one of only 3 SFPAns to vote against my reelection, he went to great pains to assure me that nothing personal was meant. SFPA changed too much for Hulan; he came to feel like an outsider in the apa he helped create (that fits an early zine title). He first drifted, then openly shied away from SFPA. Now he is on the wl, and I really am glad he is close, because despite all, SFPA does not seem complete without him.

To Paradise By Way of Kensal Green ☒ Hulan Hulan's trip reports are classics of detail. One was Zine of the Year a few mlg's back. Like all, this one leaves SFPAns feeling well-travelled and exhausted.

Well-indeed travelled; what a spiffy trip, rich in mundane as well as historical texture. Ireland, Ireland ... write ye the trip reports well, folk, for those of us who will ne'er the Emerald Isle see for ourselves.

Making Love, or Else Expecting Rain ☺ McGovern Ignite was never exactly popular ... how would I put it? ... Guidry's oneshots were kind of like a penance, or an initiation: a mark of adulthood, of having faced the worst, and lived to tell of it ... ☺ Glad to see that you understand Vern. Just your basic excitable boy. You'll enjoy DSC '83; come down with the rest of the Massachusetts Mafia. ☺ Fallacy with the bird argument against evolution is that it assumes that the proto-birds had worthless wings. I'd think not; I'd say the wings developed on critters that normally used their legs to escape predators. The wings were a potential, unutilized. But when these critters finally needed their wings, they found succor their wingless cousins who didn't have the mutation did not, so the protobirds became eagles and wrens, and the beasts who didn't use their wings became coprolites.

Walking Down Reggae Street ☺ Jennings Very good to see a publication of substance from you, and with a neat Dan Carroll cover at that. Ashamedly I admit to surprise at your being a reggae fan ... but why not? ☺ It's a shame this zine, after the stirring Marley lyrics, begins with a slur on the apa you founded: "fans in SFPA ... don't seem to be able to comment on opinions held by other fans without resorting to shouting and abuse." That's unwarranted & indefensible, and considering how little interest you've evinced in SFPA since mlg 100, pretty hypocritical. But one sentence is not a zine, so let's plow on ... ☺ You'll get sharp commentary on reggae from the lady and the K'ville kats; I don't know enough about it to say more than I'm impressed by their strong and joyous (as you say) political content. ☺ If a technical discussion on such a viscera-less topic as cassette tapes is getting acrimonious, one thanks heaven SFPA didn't talk much about politics this year. I agree: old radio shows are an invaluable cultural resource, worthy of serious collection -- just ask Meade. I'd love to have Superman's radio run on hand ... Amos'n'Andy ... ☺ Fun reading about the fantasy role-playing schtick. You've read, no doubt, Poul Anderson's latest Hugo-winner, "The Saturn Game", which focuses on the attractions and the dangers of role-playing, and, as usual for Poul, does so beautifully. So if you're ever trapped in ice on Iapetus, leave the fantasy at home, 'kay? ☺ So a lady drove her Ford through the front window of your store. You should've walked over, after the last glass tinkled to the floor, and said, "Interest you in some science fiction today?" ☺ But human beings do have noble tendencies, a capacity for unselfishness, a sense of decency. Most people are all right -- better than we think. They're repelled and angered by the psychotic actions you describe (and described six years ago, the last time you brought this up). The common man in America is frightened, frustrated, and confused, and has to be jolted into action, but he can be jolted, and is much less dumb and much more compassionate than we've been led to believe. (The elections surprised me, for instance: I'd fully expected the Nazi PACs to buy seat after seat in the Congress with their superior financing. I thought Americans vote for the loudest and most frequent commercials. Haw to me.) It's hard to avoid cynicism. Obscenity abounds. Reagan is President, the great buckshot brute. The Klan killers here in Greensboro are free, and a truly informed decent people would find that intolerable. But the point is to keep on keepin' on, which is just what most folk do, and hang tough, & remember the abashing words of Yeats' Phoenix: "Never have I complained of the people". ☺ Time for a slight change of pace and mood ...

The Bi-Continental One-shot ☺ Cobb etc. Aussie Toluzzi, welcome to the American South. I guess you Bumminhamsters don't care how terrible an impression y'all make on national fandom. How could any self-respecting future-oriented folk ever grant a worldcon to people whose main rationale for fanac is to get ripped and boogie? Where are the feuds and furies that make fandom worthwhile? ☺ The marginal illos here -- same guy who created the B'hamacon 2 program book cover, right? He's somethin' else ...

Unnecessary Intimate Redundancies #12 ❏ Sue See you at KISSOFF in January -- don't see how my directions could've gotten you lost in September, since Roach Acres is but two turns off the Interstate, but I have a talent for these things ... ❏ Worldcon working scares me. I wish someone would publish a definitive guide to the logistics thereof, so that I can study in preparation for the '95 worldcon in NOLA ... ❏ Hotel food is generally bad and the prices are sadistic. There should be special fares given worldcon-sized gatherings -- the present gouges benefit no one, not even the hotel. \$2.75 for o.j. ... for that price I'd expect a date with the waitress. ❏ Exciting news about The Dark Crystal and reassuring enthusiasm about Jedi. Six months to go ... ❏ As for we Southerners blending well with other fan groups, I honestly considering that their problem, not ours. Southerners are the more enthusiastic people in the 'dom; we have fun with it. A humorlessness, a snobbishness, a nasty sense of heirarchical importance often obtains on fandom's national level. Who needs it? If fandom wants a worldcon run by jolly folk in the hobby for the joy of it, they can vote for Atlanta. If not, they can go to Philadelphia and catch Legionnaire's Disease.

Living a Dream #7 ❏ Schwarzin A fortnight business trip. Poor you. Where does that blinking-box company send you on these jaunts? Burk's Falls, Ontario? Caruthersville, Missouri? Or just dull old burgs like San Francisco and New York? ❏ The lines at Iggy were fun -- winding about the Devil's Anvil (as the Phoenix Plaza was called) amongst all the nekkid statues, standing with Maureen Garrett and Leigh Strother-Vien, the stars and space overhead ... ❏ As for the Hugos ... I salute Chicon for honoring Mike Glycer with a special honor; his File;770 is as much gossip- as news-filled, but it promotes fandom as a people-oriented activity rather than as a business outlet for publishers, and good for him. Besides, Mike's a fine fellow and a bad Hearts player. The excellence of "The Saturn Game" is evident, but "The Unicorn Variation" was precious at best, and there was no justification for Varley's "The Pusher" except that s.f. fans like their sexuality perverse and cutesy-wootsy. Downbelow Station is a disgusting choice for the Novel award -- all a book needs these days to win a Hugo is to be big, bad, and by a (drop the alliteration, Guy!) lady. Girlfan hokum. But ... I'll try again, on a beat-up reading copy I bought. ❏ Southern munchies? Moonpies, I guess. Too bad New Orleans isn't the con site; you could boil up a mess o'crayfish and let the yankees bust their buds on mudbugs. I love the idea of Confederate flags as decor. Wear a rebel hat. And serve Dixie, of course. (Or, "of coors".)

Weird Tails ❏ Pervoids What better way to close this magnificent mailing than with an issue of this fabled porno pulp? Magnificent ... and thank you, God, for keeping the post office from inspecting mlg 100! One spots the tender tones of V. Clark, the sardonic wit of S. Trout (who wrote "Whore of the Links" the best tale in the book), the brutal grittiness of R. Burke. More specific I dare not be. Grab for all the disgusto you can, oh Jonquilians. Let's truss up Miss Diane and read this to her next time I'm in K'ville, okay? Okay?

Best Bit : Of course it is Weird Tails, particularly the back page ad. Charlie Kemp didn't need Joe Weiner's body-building course ... he just needed fandom!







# The Montgomery Papers

⋮ VOLUME 8 ⋮

Looking down the contents of the 19th mailing of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, one might think that someone had opened a fanzine faucet named Jerry Page & had failed to shut it off. Six of the mlg's 28 zines carry his name. As Larry Montgomery, owner of this set of early SFPA mlg's, collated some non-apa publications of Jerry's into this volume, should one open it at random, chances are that pages of Page's would be there.

But there's a lot to mlg 19; a reader might find other things from other SFPAn's. The cover to Invader #10, zine & illo both by apa president Joe Staton, might be there. The ugly dittography suffered by Official Editor Dave Hulan might be presented, perhaps a nostalgic article by ex-OE Bill Plott, or, if Arnie Katz' zine was chanced upon, Francis Laney's "Syllabus for a Fanzine". The impeccable mimeography of Lon Atkins might show, through one of his 4 zines in the mlg. Perhaps, if you turned to an early zine in the mailing, a listing in Larry Montgomery's Who's Who in Southern Fandom might draw your eye, or Jerry Burge's exquisite cover artwork. You might turn to Al Andrews' endorsement for Atkins' OEsShip campaign. As we shall see, both within and outside of the rebel apa, a lot was going

on. Turn to almost any page in SFPA 19 and you'll sense an excitement at work ... Southern fandom in the act of rejuvenation. 1966 is one of the great years in Southern fanzine history. SFPA 19 ushers it in.

The splendid grey twiltone on which SFPA IE Dave Hulan printed The Southerner #18 serves also for the 19th mailing's OO. 347 pages is the given pagecount, although, as usual, DHOE seems to have miscounted. (I get 337, not counting the postmailing.) In a small OEditorial paragraph below the contents Dave bids farewell to booted members Al Scott and David Hall, and calls on the 17 remaining members to vote in the OElection and Egoboo Poll " -- that isn't many," he says, "so all of you please vote. Preferably for me, of course, but vote anyhow ..." \*Ahem\*

The next two pages present the standard official info, roster of 17, waitlist of ... uh, lemme get back to you on this, Treasury (\$40.50), rules (dues \$1, minac 6 pp). Three waitlisters are beckoned into SFPA, Charles Wells, supreme artist Jerry Burge, and, "if he was still resident in the South on 25 February", Wally Weber. The 3 remaining wlisters include Hank Reinhardt, Bill Bruce, and Lynn Hickman. There is also an announcement: "Former WLER Barry Gold is removed from the WL on the grounds that he is personally objectionable to the OE, who must approve all non-Southern applicants for membership." Hear the thunder? Storm brewing ...

The last mimeoed page of the OO consists of Miscellaneous Business, mainly dealing with a Constitutional amendment making non-SFPAn's eligible for egoboo poll votes & requiring that Cerificates of Merit be presented to category winners. A less formal and binding vote on the latter proposal is also offered, this time by Hulan, who dislikes the amendment. Two further motions, he said, will be presented in mlg 20.

Hulan was, and is, a superb faned, so I wonder about his dittography, which shows on the OEGopoll ballot. On thinnish canary yellow paper, it suffers terrible show-through; hold a page to a mirror & you can read the page behind it. Anyway, categories in the '66 Poll include Best Regular Fanzine, Best Single Publication, Best Artist, IC's, Fiction, Reviews, Non-literary articles (what?), Humorist, Cartoonist, and Free Points. Hulan and Atkins are listed as OEsShip candidates, along with the amendments and referendum. Joe Staton is appointed Official Teller. Larry, in 1966, copied his votes onto this extra ballot; I doubt if he'd mind the revelation that he voted The Amazing SFPA-fen first in Best Single Publication (it'll win), or, considering his printed endorsement of Atkins in Warlock, that he marked his X by Lon's name.

In a final page of OEsShip nattering, Hulan gripes about the amount of printing he's been asked to do, & reveals that he has copies of mlg 1 & 2 for sale at 75¢ and two bits, respectively. Good grief ...

Facing this page is an extraordinary piece of art -- Jerry Burge's cover to Who's Who in Southern Fandom. Again, Burge captures Virgil Finlay's sense of wonder, an evocative sense of the Gernsbackian antique. Who's Who, within, is a collection of responses to the questionnaire Larry published in mlg 17 (& distributed throughout the Confederacy). From Dick Ambrose to Andy Zerbe, biographical data on no fewer than 51 Southern fans is given. Lon, Ned, Dick Eney, LEE JACOBS, Jeff Jones (his middle name is "Durwood"), Irvin Koch, Andy Offutt, Jerry Page, Hank, even the unlikely Lamar Hollingsworth are among the names. It is us as we were then. (I didn't know you were born in 1914, Ned.)

Two dittozines by Stephen Barr, a Texan, appear next. Austral 2 is first. He begins with an agonized plaint that farmers' daughters are apparently vanishing off the face of the earth (as reported in the New York Times). A review of Washing of the Spears and a strange poem called "Burying a Fan" lead to fairly complete mc's on SFPA 17. Interestingly, he calls for "memio" OOs, & in the midst of friendly comments calls New Orleans an ideal site for Southern worldcon. Barrtender is a two-pager Barr has written in his father's office to kill time and waste ditto supplies. "I shall maybebe a better apan," he closes, but alas, it will not be in SFPA. This is Barr's final rebel pub.

A spooky Robert Gilbert Warlock cover -- blueprinted -- tells us that Larry Montgomery is up again. It's a long zine of 29 pages, fillo-filled and fun. In his editorial Larry mentions meeting Bill Plott at last, and gathering with scads of fans in Atlanta over the Christmas holidays. "Southern fandom is few & scattered but ACTIVE," he says. He boosts the aforementioned amendment and another to be introduced next time, and gives endorsement -- and the mailing's first revelation -- to the OEsShip candiacy of Lon Atkins. No slight to Hulan's performance, Larry says, but Lon is a resident Southerner and can better stimulate Southern fandom. This section of Warlock closes with a quotation that causes a grin here; it's from "The Second Coming", the Yeats poem from which I pulled the term Spiritus mundi.

More grins follow, lots more grins, from "Faans on Olympus", Al Andrews' crazed SFPA faan fiction. It's all blessedly nonsensical, illustrated by Al's unique caricatures (you saw some in Larry's mlg 109 zine). More serious is "Asteroid Men", a s.f.nal poem by Dick Ambrose, a charter SFPAn:

Straight is the way of the planet-bound;  
Here is the love of the rock-rat's life!  
No neighbors, structures, or blue-clad law  
But man and space, and eternal strife.

In the same tone is Larry's account of the "Twilight of the Gods", the fall of the Norse deities. A Jerry Page sword &



sorcery, "The Tower of Zuthuul", follows, cementing this Warlock as a heroic zine indeed.

Bill Gibson cartoons dot "Fallen Idols", Larry's mc's on mlg 18. One shows a fan conspiring with Lon Atkins: "Our next step after ousting the yankees ... will be to take over the treasury." As usual, each zine's mc gets an individual logo. Larry ponders the yankee quota procedure, wonders why Egoboo Certificates aren't a more popular idea (this mlg's amendment is not the first time it's come up). There's a pinch of argument with Staton over Joe's standing among Southern fan artists -- Larry ranks him 4th, behind Burge, Jeff Jones, and REG. In a comment to Rich Mann, he extols the Rolling Stones as "great to jerk to", which only shows how badly he needed P.L., even then. He gives the first rundown of DSC facts and stats; since there have been but 3 cons so far, this does not take long. A long plaint against "liar" Lamar Hollingsworth is either an injured tirade against a dishonest friend or as clever a put-on about a hoax as SFPA has yet seen. The bacover consists of an American map, the locales of SFPAnS indicated by their membership numbers. Nine are nowhere close to the South.

Al Andrews' Iscariot was one of SFPA's founding zines, but once again, circumstances prevent Al and co-editor Billy Pettit from coming across with a zine worthy of the name. So next we have Minus #2, a 5-pager from Al, mimeoed by Montgomery. Though he starts this zine pledging mailing comments (despite his admission that he has not read the last year of SFPAs due to lack of time), Andrews devotes most of the space that follows to arguments for the various amendments, including two which are not yet before the membership. These would constitutionally limit SFPA to 20 members and lop some states from the apa's version of the Confederacy. In addition, Al endorses Atkins for the CFship, again touting Southern residence as Lon's greatest selling point. And he announces the creation of Rally!

1965 is a busy year for Southern faneds. Soon before the 19th mailing goes forth, Dave Hulan begins circulating Surtr, a letterzine, among various Southern fans. As Sudri it will last 4 issues & touch on many SFPA topics. Ala-Apa, discussed in A Higher Elevation recently, will begin its four-mailing lifespan in May. But by far the most successful non-SFPA publication to emit from rebel turf in 1966 will be Rally! Basically, as conceived by Atkins and Andrews, the co-editors, will be a somewhat biweekly news'n'gossipzine covering Southern fandom. It will continue for years, spreading lies, slander, and the spirit of rebel faaaanishness, a Legend, and bear ye witness to its creation.

Most of the last page of Minus #2 is blank, apparently intended for Billy Pettit's prose. Instead, Pettit presents a one-sheeter all his own, Letter from Yankee-Land. It is literally that. "Most letters start off with a comment about the weather ... it is cold." Pettit, who is in Minnesota, does not like Northern winters. However, he reports that he has met some local fans and is adapting. A huge Iscariot is promised; Atkins is endorsed. The cold is complained on. It's a small, lonely, frigid motel room in a strange town on a wintry night, and Billy's only companion is a SFPA mailing. Oh, forbid the tears to flow ...

Lon Atkins is also on the road before SFPA 19, but his are Southern roads, as he seeks gainful employment. One jaunt leads him to Atlanta, where he meets across a typewriter with LEE JACOBS, fabled BNF. Their oneshot is entitled The Thought of the Outside, and aside from the weather (snowing) deals with various faanish topics: a proposed Atlanta DSC with Ted White as GoH (oddly enough, this will happen in 1980), a telephone conversation between Hulan & Atkins (their first talk, I wonder?), & LEEJ's fabulous storehouse of knowledge on matters fannish. Believe me, the oneshot sounds better than it reads.

From the snows of Georgia to the warmth of Southern California, a west coast oneshot, The Owl on the Patio Floor, follows. Ed Cox is credited as the main perpetrator; this is an overrun FAPazine. Ed's current frau, Anne, is an owl freak (as any old SAP could tell you); the title comes from an idea of hers for a nice Bjo Trimble art project. LEEJ contributes a page on the changing nature of oneshots; Bruce

Pelz (later a SFPA EO) talks about LASFS card games (and tells one foul Walter Breen joke); Redd Boggs adds some crazed fan fiction; Anne Cox explains her owl mania. Not very Southern, but such skilled fan writers are always fun to read.



Atkins, traveling the South in search of work, chances upon Huntsville, Alabama, where eventually he will find employment. Book of Job is the appropriately-titled oneshot he commits with Wally Weber. Job natter, of course, fills the zine. Weber is quite funny; hadn't read much of his work before.

A long issue, the ninth, of Arnie Katz' Damyankee begins with an indifferent Staton cover. "Look ye mighty and dispair"(sic) the zine begins, but the only thing to "dispair" about is the repro. Hulan dittoed the zine on yellow paper, and show-through, again, is horrendous. Katz' wiseguy natterings center around Ted White (he "admits" to being one of White's minions, pawns, and dupes", like all Fanoclasts) Admitting also to 19½ years, Arnie claims that he has "one of the most, if not the most, comfortable laps in fandom. Larry Montgomery cannot sit on my lap." Larry has to be lassoed off the bridge from which he would leap in dismay. To The Southerner #18 he mentions his support of Hulan in the OElection. Tom Dupree's Journal for the Preservation of Bob Dylan #2 is criticized for missing Mr. Zimmerman's point. He prefers Staton art to Burge's. He mentions Barnard's Star to Andrews (though not by name), argues Johnny Cash and Arnie Katz with Atkins. SFPA, he says, is fandom's third best apa, and his second favorite after SAPS. He advises omni-apan Len Bailes to drop some of the other alliances in fear of Gafia-Burnout. A long article by Francis T. Laney, "Syllabus for a Fanzine", is amusing, though a trifle hard on neos. Laney also dislikes fan-writ fiction.

YAH! And I thought DY looked bad. Here's The Journal #3 by Dupree (he's dropped the superflauge), dittoed on white paper, and it is simply awful. Fortunately the contents, a report on a Dylan concert (appropriately enough), are happy and spirited and make up for the blue mush of the repro.

An article by Richard Gordon entitled "The Intellectual Invasion", on sad grey mimeo paper, seems to pop up out of nowhere. Only by checking the OO do we find that it is the beginning of a thirty-page segment of Hank Luttrell's genzine, Starling 7. It carries the zine from page 9 to page 42, skipping 31-34. Gad. Anyway, Gordon's article focuses on Ballard, Aldiss, and Vonnegut, considering these dissimilar authors a vanguard of intellectually-oriented writers. On a less lofty plane is a Joe Sanders piece on Doc Savage (EDCOtakenote!). A good lettercol includes Jack Gaughan, Buck Coulson, Banks Nebane, Earl E. Evers, Harry Warner and some harebrained crank named Brooks from Newport News, Virginia. Dave Hall, who has been trapdoored from SFPA this mailing, discusses the Ozark S.F. Association, & Evers chimes in with a short story. An ugly mimeo bacover features a blot of blue shading. Art.

Such and Such no. 7 is next, offhand mc's from Luttrell. No big deal: he is bemused by the honesty of p.o. clerk, who mailed him some lost stamps. As the clerk was ♀, he wonders if she might not have developed a crush on him. Somehow I doubt it.

A rather blah cover on an altogether un-blah zine, Invader #10, and both from the same guy, Joe Staton. Well, any artist can have an off-day, but the zine was not done on any of them; it's excellent, with fine Hulan mimeography on interesting tan paper... It also carries Joe's trademark, which he'll share with Jerry Page this mailing: justified margins. He begins Invader with a happy review of the Ursula Address She, which I myself watched (far less joyously) the other night. Joe's fiancée Judy Wederholt is mentioned, as are the labor hassles of Joe's soon-to-be-home, New York. David Hall, aforementioned, contributes an article on Olaf Stapledon; with so much material in this mailing, one wonders why Hulan dumped him. Joe himself does an article on "the last of the Saxons", Hereward, a Robin Hood sort,

a contemporary of Lady Godiva ("Hooray for our side of the street!"). Dave Hulan adds "An Optical Approach to Fandom", which discusses fannishness and bad eyesight as mutually inclusive qualities (by which I mean fans can't see). In mc's, Joe mentions the cheapjack cornercutting fans use to save money (Harry Warner still uses old shirt-wrappings for stencil film ... that's right, Harry Warner), kids Larry about consorting with an employee of the detested post office, accuses Katz of promoting Dylan in an attempt to assimilate Southerners into Yankeedom. "I'll trade you my talent for a Death Ray," he tells Dave Locke, & relates the Odd Tale of the Murray School monolith. An ongoing discussion of the Ring trilogy ... uh, goes on, and the zine ends with a knockout quotation from The Two Towers. Joe's zine is a model of neat, tidy fanac, and the artwork within is especially good. In addition to the editor, Dan Adkins, Dian Pelz, and Joe's sister Janice are all contributors.

Stamp vol. 1 #4 appears next, another volley in Staton's ongoing war with the post office. This issue reprints an article about Tennessee senator Albert Gore's latest complaints with the p.o.

An effective Jerry Burge Dracula opens Pepsi-Coma, an otherwise thoroughly worthless 4-page oneshot offered up by Jerry Page and Lon Atkins, with assists by Burge and Dave Tribble. It's replete with stupid puns ("Did you know that Faulkner has a song in the top ten? Snopesy, Hang On") & Page spelling Lon's name A-d-k-i-n-s. Mercifully, the horror is brief, and a still from 20 Million Miles to Earth completes the masterpiece. Wherever Atkins goes these days, oneshots follow.

Lore, Vol. 1 No. 3, trots along next. This is Page's unique version of an s.f. genzine, most sercon, with justified margins, but hardly dry or boring. "Inside Ross Rocklymne" is an amusing self-portrait by the famed author, quite a coup for Lerry. Associate Editor Jerry Burge, who has a number of cartoons in the issue, contributes a page entitled "Questions". It consists of exactly that, queries on antique s.f. Lore (the zine is well- and purposefully-named), and is complemented by a page called "Answers" later on. Burge's review of an obscure Edgar Rice Burroughs novel, The Girl from Farris's, is interesting -- the gritty street story must have been a change of pace for ERB. An Al Andrews letter follows, and then possibly the highlight of the mailing ... a page of Thomas Burnett Swann verse, beautifully and delicately illustrated by Burge. Breathtaking short poems from a master ... I hope Jerry won't mind if I quote one:

#### HAIKU

Intimations, brief  
As luna moths to planets,  
Dust to the mountain.

Ditto -- offset -- mimeo -- linoleum. (Linoleum?) Has any other 11-page zine ever utilized so many reproductive methods as Sfpage, Jerry's next publication? The contents are ditto (by Hulan, and readable for once). The cover face is a linoleum block print designed and cut by Jerry Burge. An offset illo of an Egyptian motif is inserted. And the neat vampire bacover, by Jeff Jones, is electrostencilled. Wow. Even this small publication is justified ... Now that's pride! "SFPAGinations", Jerry's mailing comments, touch on the question of Atlanta worldcons, and bring up 1969 as a possibility (St. Louis will have something to say about that). His critique of a Staton story is professional and helpful. A big, big, BIG fan of Clark Ashton Smith, his mc to Dave Locke on the subject fairly hums with informed enthusiasm. But the highlight of the zine is the first appearance of "My Friend, Hank Reinhardt", an ongoing series of anecdotes with the most ancient of Southern faanish subjects. A phone conversation dealing with The Spectre is highlighted ... anyone desire a retelling? Jerry ends the issue asking for comments on Lore, the fourth issue of which will follow.

But not directly. First there is Kabumpo #6, & SFPAnS have come to expect certain qualities when a Dian Pelzine appears before them. Namely, a great cover, with handwork, & such she provides: a soaring cockatrice, yellow-beaked & clawed, with

fiery red wattles & comb and blank eyes of demonic silver. Ooh, nice work, DP. And the basic drawing is traced onto stencil, too. Remarkable. The zine within is also nice, with flawless repro and pleasant contents. Dian natters about learning the art of letterpress from the great Don Fitch, and the demise of the Dammit, the Pelz family car. She delights in having met Billy Pettit; that's 5 fellow SFPANs she's met. She allows that Arnie Katz, who has been making goo-goo eyes at her from across the continent, is "sort of cute too". The fabled ARBM omniapans are mentioned; husband Bruce is one. Talking apas with Hulan, she gives an excellent overview of the hobby in 1966. Between them Bruce and Dian probably belong to almost every apa extant. SAPS is "a friendly gabfest", the Cult "boring", FAPA "incredibly dull", OMPA almost "deader than a doornail" without the "warmth and vitality that I find in SFPA and SAPS". She likes SFPA because of the small roster, & yearns to be invited into Lilapa, an invitational organization formed to stymie the omniapans.

Next in the Montgomery Papers, but not SFPA 19, are the first 3 issues of Jerry Page's Lore. Lore #4 is indeed the next item in the mailing, but Larry has collated #s 1-3 in ahead of it. As we've already hit on #3, and #s 1 & 2 weren't SFPazines, I won't spend much time with them, except to note a heartening article on Cordwainer Smith in the 2nd issue. The 4th issue is a beauty, beginning with a fine article on ERB by Burge (alas for slipshod electrostencil placement, though). After that, a nifty mimeoed "cover" for Page's "Stfantasy Series" with Lewis Harrell leads into an article touching on the Berserkers, Professor Jameson, Retief and others. Squibs for the Tricon ('66 worldcon) and Atkins DSC IV are here -- an attending membership at Tricon cost (get this) three dollars. Page has an article on the marvelous Thomas Burnett Swann, and Jeff Jones, a longtime friend, writes on comics. He loves Russ Manning's Tarzan. The "Questions" section covers 3 pages, & deals mainly with Forry Ackerman's central collections' depository idea. "Answers" follows a page of LOCs; for 4SJ he lists a couple of dozen stories with Atlantis, Mu, or Lemuria in the titles. An ad calls for fans of Planet Stories and edged weapons to contact a Mr. Hank Reinhardt. Following, Ed Wood, a famous fan who was a founder of Advent Publishers (and whom I knew in the Little Men, a good skate) submits a long checklist to Fantastic Universe. Clark would love it; it runs 18 pages.



Dave Hulan has lifted the level of his repro some for Utgard #8, although still the ditto bleeds through the yellow paper. Despite a rather static Staton Starship Troopers-style cover, it's an excellent issue filled with good material. Not surprisingly, Dave's opening natter deals mainly with the OElection, & not surprisingly, he's for himself. Experience is his advantage, he says, both in fandom at large and in the office of OE. He points to prompt mailings & a nicely fattened treasury as accomplishments. Quite correctly, he mentions that SFPA's 5 OEs (Jennings, Hulan, Plott, Staton, and Hulan again) have not yet served more than one consecutive term. The apa, he says, needs continuity. Dave's Box Scores lists every SFPAN to date -- Hulan himself has contributed almost 400 pages, by far the most.

SFPA has been around less than 5 years, but already there's been at least one historical article dealing with the apa's founding. Two. Dave next starts "The SFPA: A Personal History", his own account of the early days of the apa. This first installment relates some of the same info SFPANs have seen Montgomery relate in the present day, and which I dealt with in the first "Montgomery Papers" article in SM62: how the foundering SFG created SFPA as a membership inducement. Dave adds personal accounts of his meetings with Al and the very jittery Jennings. Dave's wife Katya very nearly bops Bob with an apple during that first encounter, but otherwise everyone gets along grandly, and Dave is impressed by Jennings' generosity and skill with the mimeo. The article closes just before the deadline to mlg #1.

Continuing in the issue's nostalgic tone, Bill Plott contributes an article on the hierarchies of boyhood called "The Warlord of Opelika", calling himself by his nom de faandom, BillyjoeplottofopelikaAlabama. It's delightful. Long, detailed Hulan mc's come up next. Astonishing is Dave's admission that by 1966 he had not heard one Bob Dylan song. Hopeful is his ambition to update his Comprehensive SFFA Index year after year towards a complete Index on the apa's tenth anniversary. An ideal apazine? 15-25 pages, sez he. Arguing artists with Montgomery, he points to Staton's TAPS cartoons (which are in the Montgomery Papers, and very funny) as proof of improved technique. To cause cramps even now, he reveals that ten copies of SFFA's third mailing were sold to a comic collector interested solely in a Jennings article. There is already talk of assembling complete sets. He defends SFFA's repro (which Katz called "snoddy" lastime); his best defense would have been to junk his ditto. On and on, every conceivable hock is caught and played. Cosmology ... New York ... if it's in SFFA, Hulan comments on it. "The Fan of Bronze", Dave's ongoing serial, finishes the issue, which is one of this mlg's best zines.

Another is up next, fronted by a handcolored Staton castlescape. Melikaphkaz #4, by Lon Atkins (noooo, not really), is at 29 pages one of the largest zines in #19, too. It tops Utgard in repro, being flawless mimeo. "Sanata must be a fan," Lon begins, discussing in opening matter his many faanish visits over the Christmas holidays. As the oneshots would indicate, he's seen many SFFA's and gathered much support for his OEship bid. Four pages of campaign material follows, in which Lon says that his Southern residency and proximity to Southern members is his strongest advantage. This personal contact, he says, would help SFFA be an even more powerful unifying force in the region than it is already. He has no quarrel with Hulan's performance in office (this is a most friendly race); he opposes him because he lives outside the South.

It's effectively the same campaign theme Montgomery used the previous year, but couched much more calmly. (There's also no mention of Hulan's right to run, surely a moot point by now.) Lon also has a genuine revival in the South to back up his arguments, and a central place in the upsurge, himself. Of the 3 unifying influences he mentions, Lon is involved with all and in charge, effectively, of two: he is chair of the next DSC and is co-founder of Rally! His enthusiasm for the hobby knows no bounds ... except Ron, maybe.

Under Charybdis, Lon admits to being "solidly converted to Bob Dylan", a change that took a while. He mentions a possible renaming of DSC IV to Dixiecon, which fact Larry also mentioned. Montgomery's account of youthful misadventures in the 'Pama mountains sparks an evocative tale of such from Lon. He poohpoohs Rich Mann's very dumb pagecount war and does a good job demolishing the Flesch Formula (see last issue), but praises Rich's "excellent participation". He gives a "simple" math problem ( $2x + 3y = 12$  and  $x + 4y = 10$ ; name  $x$  and  $y$ ) & bewails the boneheadedness of freshman physics students who can't figure it out. Uh, yeah. His comment to Hulan's famous Atheism article in Utgard is as powerful as anything he's yet written on a serious subject, moreoverless accusing Dave of having "an emotional commitment to doubt -- the agnostic position is the secure one: it can change either way with no loss of face -- you just mumble, 'new data.'" Bouree & physics & football complete that mc. Amazing -- he admits to but a year in active fandom!

Despite this "youth", Lon calls Mel's next offering "The Old Faan Says". It's a gag advice column and very funny. He follows it up with "Two Glimpses into Eo-fandom", a nostalgic (must be that time of year) account of his Gadsden boyhood, when chatter with other bright lads provided the impetus for his s.f. interests. His Box Scores show him with the most pages/ mailing, 41.

Originally the Box Scores were to climax Mel #4, but Atkins finds time to append the first part of "Adventures of the Purple Flash", an 8-pp serial "as told to the mince, Fizz". It betrays paraphrase. Be satisfied that it is madcap s'n's in-

volving the rescue of UCLA student Len Bailes from the clutches of LASFS. Wild. SFPA 19 fades back to blotty ditto with Manndate #7 from North Dakota's Rich Mann. This time the machine is Rich's and the paper white. Still bad showthrough, though, and once can barely read the red type Rich uses for headings and, near the front, to list the results of his silly pagecount war. You might recall that Mann has twisted and retwisted his rules to promote his own placing, and has gained only a first-place tie with Hulan. Listing books recently perused, Rich admits to study of such lyric classics as Campus Nymphs and The Shy Photographer, showing that in many respects college life will not improve much in the next 5-6 years. At least faneds will stop running high school term papers; Mann's next pages reprint a 10th grade essay on Columbia, the country, with bibliography. SFPA does not exactly erupt in applause. The questionnaire for his Who's Who in fandom project requests info on apas, clubs, fanzines and cons the repliee has been involved with, and an awed review of Tom Reamy's Trumpet enrips at andy offutt but recommends the zine. In mc's, Rich guesses at 333 pages for mlg 19 (he's not far wrong) and maintains that the unlamented Lamar Hollingsworth is a hoax. He supports Hulan for re-election and, blissfully forgetting that he lives in North Dakota, offers himself as a successor. Rich's comments are personal ("You come on pretty grouchy, Billy") but enthusiastic; Mann's almost too much sometimes, but the spirit makes up for a lot.

Hecto! Good God! The last time SFPA gazed upon the "vile art" of hectography was in one of Bob Jennings' zines 3 years or more ago. But Jerry Page, grinning fiendishly, hauls out the jello pan and mixes up a batch. This is a two (or 3?) page effort called Not So Much a Fanzine, More a Way of Getting Page Credit (nice pun) #1, and looks no worse than much of this mailing's ditto work, although ditto seldom loses blots of copy to bubbles, as happens on page 2. In the justified (even here!) content, Jerry natters along about the sad state of modern satire, mentioning That Was the Week that Was, which was usually pretty bad.

There is another hectoed page immediately following. Dave, on the contents, lists it as The Smokes of Prophecy, the title of the odd short-short story which comprises it. In his Index in mlg 73, Don Markstein took the initials in the heading and listed it NSMAFMWOGPC #1. One suspects that it is meant to be part of the preceding zine. No big deal in any case; the repro is awful, half light, half dark.

One would suspect that the next fanzine in mlg 19 would carry the title Soggy Dracula for such is the logo on Dian Pelz' cover (a vampire hand extending from a coffin to check the weather). But it is rather Zaje Zaculo #9 from expatriate Southerner Len Bailes. Len begins his text with a plaint that he is not a minacker, since he has never missed a SFPA mlg nor owed any pages. (He should know better than to deny faanish destiny; next mlg. he will get his lesson.) He exults in "the rise of SFPA" and "the comeback of Southern Fandom", mentioning Hulan's Sudri and the Andres/Atkins Rally! He ponders the eternal question of whether he should bind his mailings or leave them loose, and criticizes Montgomery's fiction as demonstrating "a good command of words, but ... hackneyed emotional cliches as plots". Best bit in the zine is his description of his first meeting with Arnie Katz, when Len was 5 or 6 ... Arnie, himself a mere sprat, put a stop to a neighborhood war with a withering sneer of "childish!"

Acrux #2 is the last zine in SFPA 19, a ten-page dittozine from Ed Cox. The great man (who had a very successful year as FAPA OE in 1982) remarks that his new apa is interesting; he likes it already. After discussing cat-fandom \*cringe\* briefly, Cox asks about back mailings, another sure sign that SFPA has gained respectability with BNFs. He too is considering binding his apa collection. Sensibly, he asks Staton, "so when the Post Office is stamped out, what then?" (Counter-revolutionary subjectivist ...) Having met Pettit, he passes along the billypettit's astonishment at the Mann rumor that he is moving to North Dakota. Asking Rick Norwood about a fabled NOLA fan, he asks, "Whatever happened to Emile Greenleaf?" To a baseball hook, he wonders if Sandy Koufax hasn't won 30 games in a season because he's hold- ing back. (Vicious scarelege!) To Rich Mann, whose Mannderings waited a year for

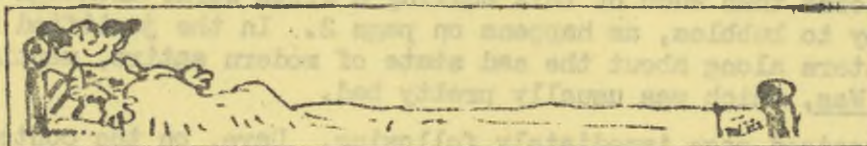


distribution, Ed tells the tale of Ecdacyos #3, printed for FAPA in 1953 and still not distributed, 13 years later. Too few copies are the cause. One wonders if he's shed of them by 1982. A 3-page paean to Doc Savage completes Accrux #2, and incidentally, SFFA 19.

Almost.

For there is a postmailing, and there is a story behind it ... an important story, one which helps establish the power of the OEsShip in SFFA. Hearken ye back to the earliest pages of this ... "Former WLer Barry Gold is removed from the WL on the grounds that he is personally objectionable to the OE, who must approve all non-Southern applicants for membership." This sentence in The Southerner sparks something of a controversy. The clause in the apa constitution which states that the Official Editor must give the high sign to all damyankees has never before been put to the flames of usage. This blackball, as it will come to be known, requires a bit more justification -- or so DHOE decides after talking with Dian Pelz and Len Bailes about it.

And so he publishes Self-Defense, an interestingly-titled dittozine of two pages. He gives the rationale, if you can call it that, behind the ouster. Basically, he loathes Barry Gold, considering him noisy, obnoxious, a neo with no trace of writing talent. He does not want to waste a roster space on him, especially since Gold is a Californian and, we're told, SFFA is a Southern apa. He publishes Self-Defense to give SFFAns a chance to protest if they wish. "If this [blackball] costs me votes," he says, "I'll accept the consequence. My main concern is the good of SFFA." The good of SFFA -- its members -- will make their feelings known ... next time.



And so, in a state of almost complete madness, my OEsShip lurches towards it end.

On a road, someplace in South Carolina, there sits a rock. An anonymous piece of gravel. A stone. I would like to have a nice, long, heartfelt talk with that rock. The chaos which surrounds the closing of this Spiritus, and SFFA 110, is almost entirely its doing.

Ah, natter time. Spiritus Mundi 72 is almost done, 40 pages along, and at last I get to engage in some random gumflapping. This zine came out pretty well, I suppose; it lacks the fan fiction "Civil War at RebCon XVII", which I've begun but am not satisfied with. Too much "As the Apa Turns" ... Still, I may return to it. Its theme -- the importance of the apa OEsShip -- is well enough established herein, anyway. But the fact that the last few pages of this zine are electrostencilled is the least of the problems caused by that one little rock sitting someplace on a road just south of the North Carolina border.

I will explain in time.

First let me touch upon the life and times of Guy H. Lillian III before that stone made its existence known. It was a late but exquisite autumn on tarheel turf -- a golden range of leafcolor, incredible Indian summer warmth. I have seldom enjoyed a season more. Sublime. Perfect. Except for a jaunt or two to Chapel Hill or Durham, we stuck close to home in October and early November, living life, jobbing jobs. The writing class is doing well ... so well that it has brought me a new dimension in enjoyment.

Yes, on the invitation of gute freund Brigitte Hessling, and the advice of Dr. Anne Mazzochi, CHLIII has taken his hero-worship of James Scott Connors to heart ... and

taken up ... HAOOCOQOUOHEOTOBQAOLOLA And hours of cheering for Cannon at the game's big cousin have stood as well.

Racquetball is great exercise, of course, and it's one reason that I've given it a try. I need exercise; my blood pressure is still angry, though internally controlled, and exercise and flab loss is the only sure way to combat it. Jogging is dull. You look stupid plodding around on city streets in sweatclothes. But racquetball is a game, it's fun, and if you stick the ball in your ear by mistake, hey, there's only one witness, and if they laugh at you, you can wax 'em out with a smash.

Looking diving in my Nike shorts, I played four games the first day. I won two of them. Haw! Didn't I strut. The right to say "shit" is the right to play racquetball. Victory! Victory! And so what if I beat a girl? Hey, she's a German!

I'm asking for a racquet of me own and a club membership for Christmas. And I hope-- by challenge one and all to the Racquetball Championship of SPPA at the next DSC ...



Our seclusion in Greensboro ended the weekend before Thanksgiving, with Birmingham's BoShoon, a most successful relaxation put on by the South's most enthusiastic fan group. I'll spare y'all the infamous GHLIII instant-by-nanosecond account, and mention just a few exemplary moments:

One of which involved Bob Shaw, the con's esteemed Guest and namesake. As ever he was a delight, even if he did admit to never attending Wimbledon. (This is Shaw as drawn by Cindy Riley, and as ripped off from the "program" book.) Near con beginning, I made the mistake of calling him "Mr. Shaw," to which he replied, "Bob, please." Always one to oblige the GoH, I bobbed up and down like a fishing cork, and hush your face, Cobb, I remember what happened next.

Mad Dog Madden's niftoid slide show on the last 6 DSCs was a genuine joy. Such fun to annoy everyone and hiss David Gerrold; not so much a giggle to see my waitline expand slide to slide and my hair vanish like alfalfa drying in a drought. (Neat show -- such presentations should be a staple at every DSC!)

The Saturday night food burn was one of the more memorable facestuffing expeditions in recent memory. On Friday Beth had discovered the appeal of Alabama barbecue, finest in America; on Sat'day an enormous crew of us went on a pizza hunt into the wilds of downtown Birmingham ... practically beneath Vulcan's lamp. Most of the Knoxville maniacs were on hand, so was a terrific NOLA contingent, including the Olect, the Isaac von Turk, and Annie Hebert, goddess of my soul. Liz Stewart was also there, along with her lad, "Jasques (whatever)". Now the place we found featured a dobermannishly bitchy cook and no tables or chairs, but the owners had, in wisdom approaching the supernatural, located their emporium across the street from a small public park, where we dined atop picnic tables, swung on the swings, and made ourselves nauseous on the, um, thing-you-run-around-and-jump-on-and-spin-and-then-puke. (Miss Montalbano loved this device, and I reject as slander the allegation that the ride only underscored her well-established world view.)

For some reason I was in a cranky mood late Saturday. Perhaps it was that atrocious Hearts ♡ tourney final where an attack of ur-vile cards grew fins on my back and wafted some senile bozo named Reinhardt into the championship position. Hank had been preening about the con in his Aussie bushman's go-to-hell hat, acting like it was his bonnet in the Easter Parade, and his chortling at my putrid luck was almost too much to bear. Only the nudges of Annie Hebert's 3 a.m. pep talk revived my ♡ blighted spirits ... unfortunately, I was unable to exact revenge the next day.



# BoShoon I

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

NOVEMBER 18-22, 1983

Anyway, I sincerely hope no one got in the way of my mood, which was carnivorous. Born Hearts anyway ...

But hail Elmo. My spirits revived for real on Sunday, normally the grimmest of days at a convention. B'ham has one crazy fan fraternity and the loons were in brilliant form as NCLans and Knoxvilleans went their ways. I will let the devout among us describe the rites of Elmo to the uninitiated; Elmo, a two-foot-tall plastic statue of a knight, was ministered to by mad Ward Smith. Beth was in her element and it was only by boldly kidnapping the sacred loon and demanding the surrender of my wife for his return that I was able to get her out of there. We will be back ... for the 1984 DSC!

So the convention was a rollicking success. The newselle rated it tops among the 8 she's attended ... I know what she means. Southern fandom is relaxacon fandom. Happily we headed northeast, stopping off briefly at the new weber/Phillips abode to borrow a stapler. Waiting for us, ahead ... little did we know ... an anonymous piece of granite, on Sunday night. On Monday afternoon, a bullet ... aimed straight at our hearts.

Or our car. Stopping for petrol just within the NC state borders, Beth's multitalented snoot discerned the disturbing aroma of steam ... and sure enough, there was an almighty stream of H<sub>2</sub>O arching from the undercarriage. Some nameless piece of primal earth had been kicked up by a passing truck to \*P\*F\*W\*I\*N\*G\* pop a hole as big as a fingertip in my radiator.

Perhaps a course in automobile mechanics would have gone well with those in American literature and Poli Sci at Berkeley. Because each time the leak forced us to stop for water -- every three or four miles -- I'd accept a gaspump jockey's advice and try something else to plug it. I dumped in three cannisters of red clay that cost me \$3 each. A can of Valvoline followed. Finally, a crusty old character at a 7-11 offered me an ancient trade secret of the Hills, and got me to pour popper into my radiator. It didn't stop the car from overheating, but it did make the believers smell good.

I do not care to remember or repeat the hassle it took to get us home that night. Through the kindness of Officer D.R. Nelson of the NC Highway Patrol (not the guy who nailed you, Vernon), through the generosity of my co-worker, Adrian Whitney, we got home at midnight. Thanks, gentlemen.

But the story, of course, goes on. And on and on. For I called the next day and was told that the holes had been fixed in the radiator. It had been tested and all was well. No overheating. I took a bus down to Charlotte. I took a cab to the garage. I paid the man sixty dollars and took the Valiant out onto the highway. Five miles later it blew up in my face.

I returned to the shop after the radiator cooled off. The griping and snarling owner of the establishment kept telling the world in general and me in particular that he didn't do radiator work himself, but took out the locked thermostat and said that might have been the problem. Off I went again. POOSH! Again, steam everywhere. I left the vehicle with the perplexed mechanic, it being 9 p.m., and forlornly rode the 'Hound home, bearing with me a boxful of SFPazines -- given me at BoShoon -- and several soggy bags of dirty clothes. If your copy of Shadow smells like a dead sock, that's why.

My car is still in Charlotte. So is a frank Charlie Williams wanted run through SPPA 110, alas, not to be. Pray for me, pray for Beth, pray for the princely Valiant, oh SPPA. And watch for the conclusion of this sad story.

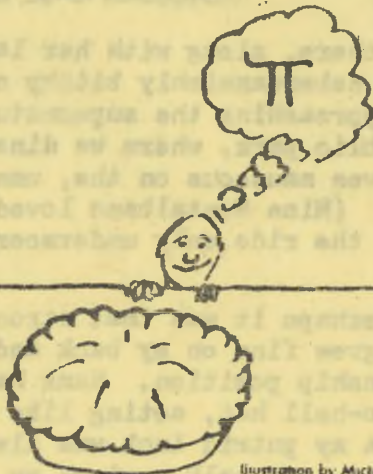


Illustration by Michael Crawford



# FANIES

