

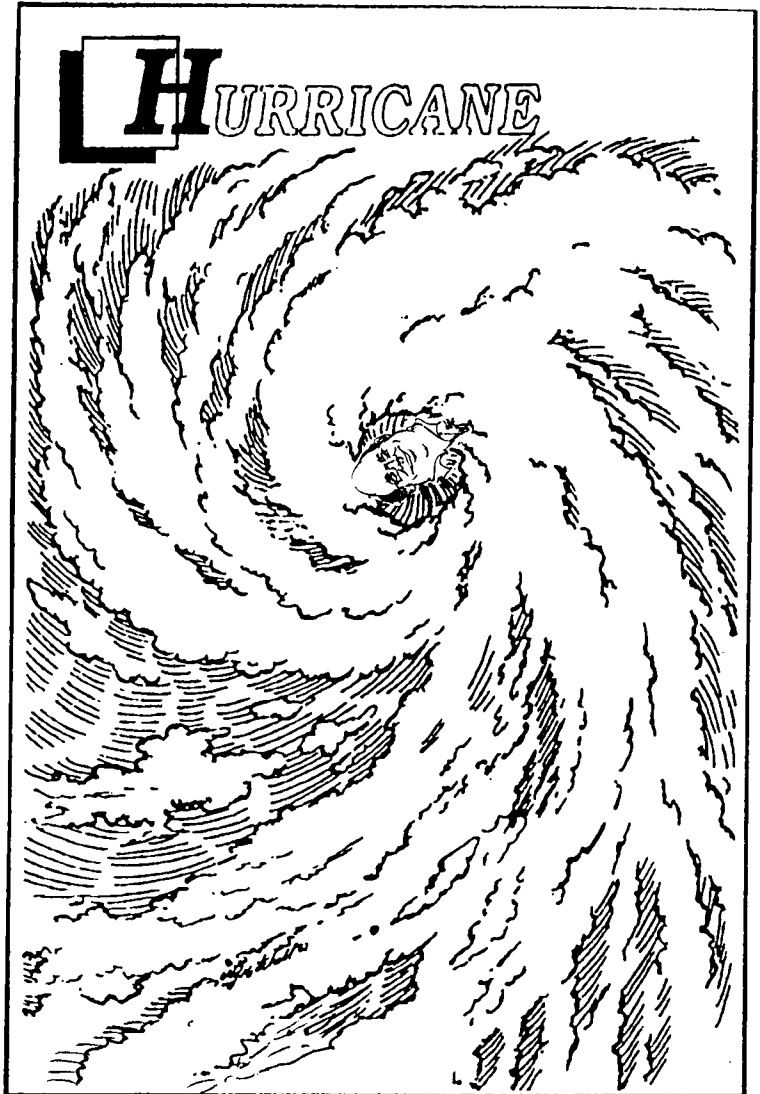
Whoosh!

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no good." Hurricane Georges came *very close* to being an ill wind indeed. Pushed by its monstrous presence, the Mississippi River here at New Orleans began to flow *backwards*. The Army Corps of Engineers first evacuated the downriver country parishes, then made plans to *dynamite the levees* and flood them. As a precaution, Civil Defense was quietly flying in extra *body bags*. For a while there, that first weekend in October, matters were looking fairly dicey for the City that Care Forgot.

What did *I* do? I *ran!* When it seemed clear that Georges -- sissy name, prissy name, *French* name -- was coming our way, I took a few irreplaceables, threw them and my neighbor Cindy into my Geo Metro, and *hit the bricks*.

BLUEGRAS no. 40

celebrating the survival of Guy H. Lillian III, P.O. Box 53092 New Orleans LA 70153-3092, e-mail GHLIII@YAHOO.COM. (504) 821-2362. GHLIII Press Publication #868, for **KAPA 96**, October, 1998.



Few sights will stay with me as long as the endless line of red taillights stretching north from New Orleans along Interstate 59. Many thousands joined in the exodus, but none were as fortunate in the hosts Cindy and I found to cushion our landing. That first night, good Toni Weisskopf let us crash at her palatial abode in Birmingham. We spent the next two days in Georgia, sponging off the kindness and hospitality of Fred & Mary Ann van Hartesveldt. Fred's a teacher of history at Fort Valley State College, in a little town south of Macon (which is itself south of Atlanta, if you don't know), and Mary Ann is a friend of decades, a **Challenger** cover girl, and the most patient of souls. While Georges decided where he was going, Cindy watched TV and played with the van H's cats and dawg, and I explored nearby Andersonville, site of the infamous Confederate POW camp. You'll find an account of that experience in **Challenger's** 8th issue, due sometime before Thanksgiving and expectable sometime before the millennium.

We headed back to New Orleans once Georges made its turn away from our home city. Through a

driving rain that had, a day before, been part of the Gulf of Mexico, we passed smashed billboards and overturned semis. No damage waited here, but nevertheless, Georges was a *bad boy*. That he could have done worse is no reason for me to regret getting out of his way.

Since then, trials, work on **Challenger**, and appreciation of the cooling draughts of autumn, wafting gently over the Crescent City. Which cues my

MAILING COMMENTS on KAPA 95...

Vanish with the Rose #56 =Nicki= I tried to make it to Midwestcon -- in fact, I made it as far as Cincinnati! I was on my way north to visit my family and happened through town on the right weekend; unfortunately, I couldn't find the hotel. Oh well, I sighed, and went on to drop in on Wapakoneta, Ohio, and groove on the caucasian little city which raised one of its sons to be the first man on the moon. Really a remarkable place, mostly unspoiled by its reflected fame; there's a cool space museum by the interstate and an amateur mural on the fence outside a closed store downtown and a couple of silly businesses that have tried to latch on to Neil's fame ("Galaxy Storage. Space Available.") but mostly it was just an extraordinarily *clean* town and an extraordinarily *straight* town. I saw a few bikers. No ethnics. Astonishing that a place like that could create dreams like that, but maybe places like that always create dreams like that.

Apple to Windows and a Few Other Computers on the Way =Betsy= Thanks thanks thanks for the nice comment on **Challenger #7!** Much appreciated, and I "didn't" even mind the +s! }} Right on! Naomi would make a splendid Girl Scout leader. Her charges would worship her and her wisdom, won hard in fandom, would go far in shielding them from the perils of dirty old men with big bellies and bald heads! }} Your comments on **Deep Impact's** tsunami reminds me of a far, far superior movie featuring a similar disaster -- Peter Weir's wonderful **The Last Wave**, which was at one time my ex's favorite film, and was *so* damn scary. Take a look at it sometime. }} Good work in finding Brad Dexter, apparently the 7th of **The Magnificent Seven**. I've never seen the sequels; since discovering the Kurasawa original I can barely tolerate the first one! (And that's unwise -- it's a good movie.) }} To my mind, Diana's death did *not* reveal any historical truths, and I don't believe I ever said it did. We were comparing it to the **Titanic**, which tragedy exposed the arrogance and injustice of the British class system as well as the limitations of technology, and therefore had historical ramifications and effects Diana's death, however sad and regrettable, has not -- and you're right; that's a sentiment as clear as the seabottom muck in which the **Titanic's** nose lies buried. }} Have fun on your campout! Watch out for Snagglepuss.

Sawdust and Caviar =Tony= That's a great title! }} My take on the scandal-- even now we don't have to ask which one -- goes more or less like this: (1) the misconduct on Clinton's part was personal -- and rather sad -- and had nothing to do with his conduct of the office, which was and continues to be very good; my take on "high crimes & misdemeanors" does not include a lie forced by political chicanery about tawdry nonsense with no public ramifications; (2) public wisdom really is wise in this regard, in that it doesn't see the scandal as justifying the draconian measure of impeachment; (3) the Republicans know this damn good & well; (4) the only reason they have pursued the matter this far is to rally the wingers and discourage the Democrats just before the off-year elections; (5) their tactics aren't working too well; (6) like Georges and Monica, it will all *blow over*. The 2000 election will mention it hardly at all as Al Gore and George W. Bush grapple in a righteously good contest. Hey ... whaddya know! I'm an optimist!

Bluegras no. 39 =me= As you see, I survived the flight to Baltimore, and enjoyed the worldcon that followed. Foolishly, because bad weather had set in over Nawlins, I took the train home, and it was a miserable experience. You'll read more about all in **Challenger** #8, but you'll probably have to wait until #9 to hear about the *ruptured emu* of a case that consumed the four weeks that followed -- an 8-lawyer, 3-defendant, 2-victim murder trial, replete with anger and hidden evidence and bad feeling and oh, God, it was awful. I didn't get to open my mouth once on the record, but was so exhausted by the time the hung jury gave up that I wanted to sleep for a month. And so I did. }} I've actually read a couple of s.f. novels in recent weeks. I scanned **Forever Peace** to see if it deserved its Hugo (nope, in my opinion) and **Lives of the Monster Dogs** to see why it merited the Best First Novel Stoker Award (it was sublime, that's why). I have a Hiaasen and **Cold Mountain** and **Darwinia** awaiting my attention. }} Van Houten also revealed at her parole hearing that she's anorexic. Pushing 50 ... with a teenager's disorder and the self-loathing it manifests. I fear that says a lot. No longer do I think she should be released at once. }} I'm going to answer for that "*Oh no! They killed Kennedy!*" line when I face St. Peter at the Pearly Gates. I hope it was worth it!

Transitional Phases 37 =Naomi= Your paragraph about feeding the homeless squirrels in Centennial Park would make a spiffy opening for a **Challenger** article about your love of animals. (Hint, hint, doublehint triplehint ...) }} I saw that **Men in Black** postmark on one of the British letters I received this summer, a cross-cultural giggle. I wonder if the producers gave Lowell Cunningham any significant money for his idea. }} Here's an idea for you and Bryan and the entire sub-fandom you represent: push the best *anime* for a dramatic presentation Hugo. As "The Inner Light" was for **ST:TNG** and "The Coming of Shadows" (which I still haven't seen) was for **B5**, it'd be a sure sign that the art form has *arrived*. I've been enjoying the computer-animated cartoons that have sprung up recently, although they'll never replace **Fantasia**. }} Y'all have convinced me to see **Deep Impact** again. It was certainly superior to **Armageddon** and must have been better than my initial impression. }} I wonder if this Picasso show you saw is essentially the same one that played at MoMA in NYC in 1979. It had a delightful effect on me -- I bopped through the exhibition whistling (to myself) Paul Simon's "Late in the Evening", high as a kite on the celestial joy of a creative life. As you say, Picasso kept recreating himself, using new women, rather cruelly, to spark his art, but I've heard it said that genius requires selfishness to flourish. Not being a genius, I wouldn't know. }} I'll support a shift of the KAPA 100 deadline to Rivercon and, since I won't be attending worldcon next year, might even be able to attend. No promises, but I will *definitely* make the mailing. }} Out of context quote of the disty: "I had my legs licked by two of them up in Canada just a few years ago, and believe me, they're very real and kinda scary that close." But you didn't have to be frightened -- Canadian fans are just like anyone else! (You were actually talking about bighorn sheep.) }} I need to hear more about this Creepy Hug Molester. }} I've been placed on the Nielsen TV survey list for November; they're sending me a chart to fill out and everything. I'm split on whether I should list nothing but artsy-fartsy public television or the Playboy Channel. }} Speaking of Ted White, I may have seen him at the Baltimore worldcon, but am not sure. Everyone I met was civil, even in the wary Fanzine Lounge where his crowd hangs; I'm accepted as something of a weird cousin from the hills (actually, the desert) in that branch of the fan family. }} Latest exposure to Shakespeare: a tape of Olivier's **King Lear**, with wonderful supporting performances by John Hurt (yes! yes!) and Diana Rigg ("Mrs. Peel, *you're* wanted!") and the guys who played Kent and Edmund. Interesting play -- with a couple of exceptions ("how

sharper than a serpent's tooth..." there are no lines that have worked themselves enough into the language to be considered cliches (every damn word in **Hamlet** is a cliché!), yet along with **Hamlet** and **The Tempest** it's considered Shakespeare's finest work. I envy you the live productions. I'm so hungry for great theatre I collect movies of the plays; I haven't fallen so far I'd buy Lawrence Fishburne's **Othello**, but Lord Larry's version is at the top of my Christmas list. }{ The Wigwam bid for 2003 continues in the pages of the next **Challenger**. Some letterhacks actually expressed support! but they were the same people who wanted to found a second chapter of the Higher Order. }{ I don't know if there's a way to end a special prosecutor's investigation short of firing him and his staff -- and we remember from Archie Cox's experience what ramifications that can have. (For one thing, it kept Robert Bork off the Supreme Court -- thank God!) Starr's gang of pornographers almost ran out of money at one point; budget is one sure way to close them down.

The Munie Bin #3 =Sue= I don't mind your hand-done zine at all -- the stickers are spiffy and I love the photos! What a nifty thing a wedding is, especially a wedding festooned with KAPAns! Naomi created some gojuss cakes! Congrats on the nursing appointment -- I wonder what special problems correctional inmates would have, or maybe I shouldn't wonder.

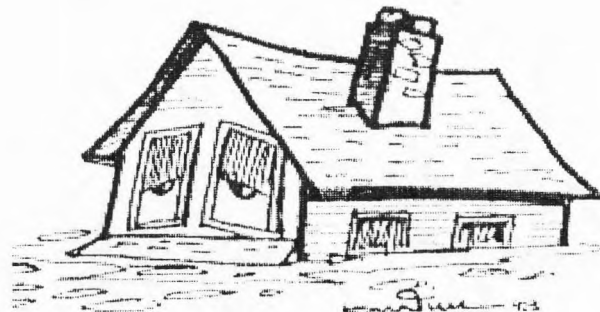
Sailing the Abnormalcy #27 =Bryan= Good to have you back! It shows the a.j. bug has dug its mandibles deep enough to survive an onslaught of real life -- work pressures in your case. It shows how little I get to travel in *my* job that I envy you being on the road -- though not, perhaps, so much! I once did a complete set of mailing comments to SFPA in a hotel room -- although that was back in the era of typewriters and mimeograph stencils, about which you've only read in history books. }{ Scary that your lady was so close to the Nashville tornadoes. I used to have dreams about twisters and always eye the horizon warily whenever I drive north to see my mother and pass through Xenia, Ohio. }{ Too bad that your cat has come down with FIV. Please keep us well posted on him. }{ ZAAAAAPP! That was my head reacting to the news that James Cameron has optioned the Stan Robinson Mars trilogy for a TV series. I wonder how he'd pull it off -- one of the great strengths of the books was the way in which the character of John Boone, first man on Mars and prime visionary for the Red Planet's independence, far survives his death. The series wouldn't have the same resonance without it. That would be a difficult quality to bring to the screen. But hey -- Cameron is capable of wonders. It will be fun to watch him try. }{ Has anyone seen Kirk Russell's **Soldier**, to see if it can justly join **The Truman Show** and **Dark City** on next year's Hugo ballot? }{ I was surprised that my name only drew three "hits" when I ego-scanned the Web. I'm supposed to have a law review article on Lexis or its rival. (It's been so long I can't even remember the full title.) Clearly, it's time to buy the more expensive and powerful computer and get to work myself! }{ "Used cows"? The image is too disgusting to long consider. }{ It'd be great, wouldn't it, if the Baptists sharing y'all's convention hotel and "trying to save the vampires" were actually playing a joke. Reminding me of the time self-professed pervert Joe Celko approached Stven Carlberg's first wife with a Satanic grin and leered, "Hi there, little girl! Do you want to come up to my room for a *beating*?" and Carlberg squelched him into silence with "Have you accepted Jesus Christ as your savior, Celko?" Joe didn't know what to say.

Notes from the Club Car #49 =Pat= Another wonderful trip for you and Naomi, this time west to Oregon. I last saw that paradise about 35 years ago, and it still sings in memory. I especially envy that room at The Inn at Spanish Head overlooking the whale-teeming ocean, and of course that exquisite train journey past Mount Hood. That's some of the most beautiful scenery in America.

Glad someone I know got to see it. }{ Yes, the DSC was stuck in an awful hotel this year; it was steaming hot and the staff was rude. But as you say, the con itself was fine. Birmingham will almost always put on a successful DeepSouthCon. Of course, the secret to the con's success was the interaction of the folks who came; seeing Janet Larson again (I met her when she was 16; now she's a physician and thrice a mama), spearing Gary Robe with the Rubble, "pitting" with the other faithfuls of the Southern fan family -- these made the con special. But it didn't hurt that it was in Birmingham, where I have major memories. }{ Wasn't the loss of Boston/Orlando to Philly for the 2001 worldcon a shocker? I had the race pegged exactly the opposite from the way it turned out. The race turned, everyone figured, on geographic proximity: Philadelphia won because it was closer to Baltimore than Orlando was. So, another reason to support the proposed change in the site selection rules, from the present and cumbersome zones to a system whereby any city, no matter where, can compete for any year, as long as it is > 500 miles from the site where the voting is held. Wait -- that sounds like I'm dissing Philadelphia, and I'm not; Lew Wolkoff is a friend and I will either attend "the Millennium Philcon" gleefully, or haunt it from the grave. }{ Although I disliked the film the first time through, I bought a copy of **Contact** for my Hugo winners collection, and this time, it held up better; I simply hit the fast-forward button whenever Matthew Macconahooey came on screen or whenever Sagan's idiotically uninformed lectures on religion spouted forth from someone's mouth. I didn't mind the sappy alien so much this time, although Foster's first words to it *still* should've been, "But what do you *look like*?"

Kentucky Nuggets 52 =Jodie= Even a dude, and one without fashion sense at that, can appreciate the chatter about fashion with which you begin this issue. I've learned that I should never wear horizontal stripes or even plaid, and that darker shirts than pants make me look more husky than globular, which is about the only hope I have left. Makes me wonder how Southern fandom's premiere fashion-plate, Jennifer Wilson, is doing; she hasn't appeared at a DSC since Jekyll Island, nor spoken to me since I dedicated a **Challenger** to her. }{ Yes, the worldcon was okay -- not a life-changing special event like Iguanacon or Confederation or even MagiCon, but a nice time. You'll see my best photos in **Challenger** soon -- along with Scotty's piece on gunslinging. Got Bryan Norris working on the illo now ...

And so I leave KAPA for another bimonth, secure in the balmy breezes, gentle temperatures, and delightful vistas of the Louisiana autumn. Forgotten the fierce frenzies of the summer months, when ... What's that? What's that you say is "brewing in the Gulf of Mexico"? "*Mitch*"? Aw, *shit!*



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