

From what remains of my celebrated Kelly Freas caricature, I'm sure you can recognize the author of this zine,

BLUEGRAS

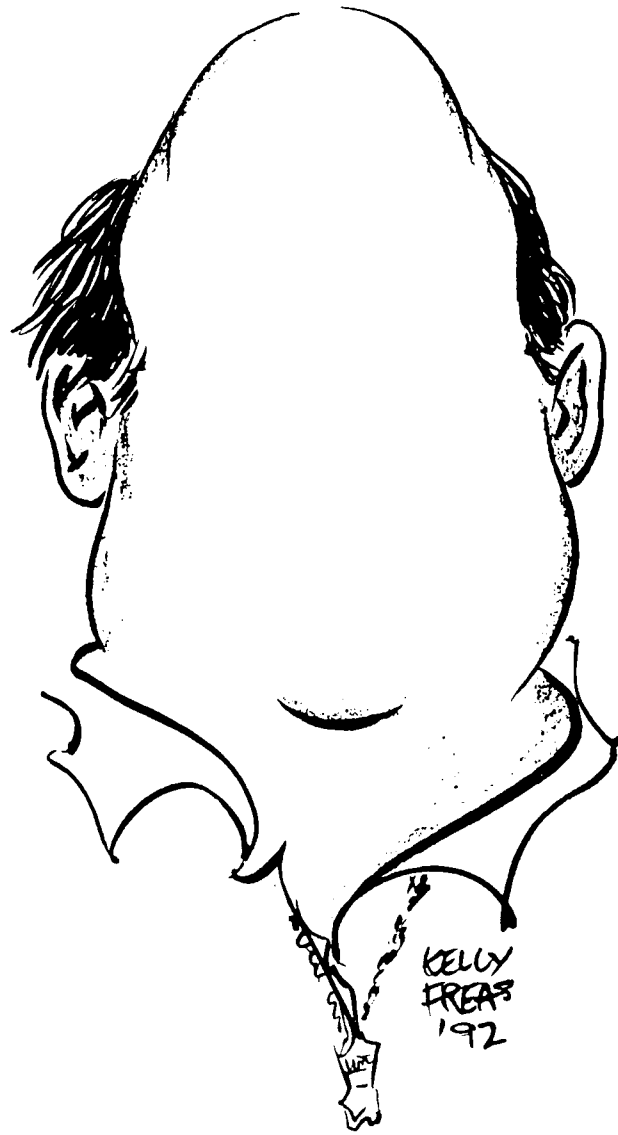
no. 42

and indeed you're correct. It is I -- Guy H. Lillian III -- bringing you GHIII Press Publication #874 for KAPA 98. March, 1999. Heap praises upon me through P.O. Box 53092 New Orleans LA 70153-3092, e-mail GHIII@yahoo.com, or (504) 821-2362 if the phone's your thing, a-ring-a-ding-ding.

Looks like I *draw a blank stare* this time ... or maybe I just want to *save face!*

Actually, although this has been a period of interest, with trials and another visit to the pen and so forth, I just can't come up with a cool idea for my caricature this time. I beg forgiveness from the KAPA roster. I especially beg forgiveness of our patient and noble OE. For the second time in as many mailings (if memory serves), I lost my copy of KAPA and had to request a replacement. Generously, Pat provided. And what should happen the next day but my original copy turn up. Back it goes.

Let's see -- yes, I did visit the Louisiana State Penitentiary again -- rather a pleasant trip, actually, since I had the radio on while driving and heard the Republicans' impeachment scam flame out in real time. If Clinton couldn't gloat, *I* could. Up your *trunk*, GOP! At the prison I chatted with a couple of misunderstood unfortunates seeking post-conviction relief -- rotsa ruck -- and dropped by the new prison museum, right outside the gates. Very cool. On display were many photos documenting Angola's 100-year history as a prison farm (it was originally a plantation), lots of guns carried by guards, some of the criminally -- hah -- ingenious weapons constructed by prisoners (knives from toothbrushes, zip guns from auto parts), accounts of the various prison breaks, and of course the electric chair. "Old Sparky" sits in a room all its own, separated by glass so you can't sit in it, big, solid, wooden, a throne no king wants to sit in. On the wall by its booth they've displayed mug shots of all the killers who had partaken of its services since 1984 -- coincidentally, I hope, the year I started law school. The last few faces had stared up from the lethal injection table, but nevertheless, they were a *nasty* bunch.



In less morbid matters, I have continued trying cases, with some success; got a guy accused of distributing cocaine a lesser rap for possession, saving him at least 5 years in the clink; the cops caught him fair with his coke, but concocted his involvement in the sale out of whole cloth. It was a just verdict, and the pretty lady judge called my presentation "exemplary." That's ... yeah, it sure is, ain't it?

Nothing much going on fannishly. I'm working on my SFPazine, gathering material for **Challenger's** 9th issue, and thinking about the 10th, which should come out by year's end. It will mark not only my **urk** 50th birthday, but the 30th anniversary of the GHIII Press. I'll be pushing 885 publications by then, by my figuring; almost 30 zines per year. If that sounds like a ridiculous lot, it's because of the early years, when I churned out over 50 per *annum*. And without my own mimeograph, too. (These days I settle for one a month.) Anyway, contribs for **Challenger** begged for, especially from Naomi, who could write a wonderful article about her skunks ...

MAILING COMMENTS on KAPA 97 ...

Vanish with the Rose #58 =Nicki= Embassy Glogg parties, as Dick & Nicki make the Washington A-list. You've made me miss the nation's capitol again. Wonder what's shakin' at the Smithsonian ... Maybe I can swing through en route north this summer. |:| **Mimosa** looks really good on the Net, very easy to read, and the illos come through splendidly. As you know, Richard Brandt has volunteered to put the first 8 issues of **Challenger** onto the Net, but he recently suffered from a detached retina and can do little for the time being. My gratitude to the dude is beyond measure, because only through the Net can I ever hope to reach enough people to perhaps weasel my way onto the Hugo ballot. No problem for you guys, I speculate ... >>> I see this year's Hugo race in the dramatic category as being between **The Truman Show**, which will enjoy popular support for being such a popular movie, and **Dark City**, candidate of the trufans. **Back to the Future** and **Brazil** waged the same kind of contest in '86. Then, as now, I predict, the film with the highest grosses will win. Gee, I wonder what will win *next* year. >>> Retirement plans? How about, "work until I die"? >>> "Well, the shelf we keep the Hugos on is full." God is telling you something, Nicki. He's telling you, retire from the race and give public support to another zine, oh, maybe, say, **Challenger**, for instance ... Nicki? >>> I don't approve of Iran/Contra or Oliver North any more than you do, but can we justly call that lunatic a "traitor"? A law-breaking kook and zealot, yes, but he never went against the best interests of his country as he believed them to be. >>> The Constitution and Bill of Rights were indeed written to be intelligible to the *educated* of their day, just as Napoleon ordered that the legal Code which bears his name – and which is one of the great intellectual achievements of mankind – be comprehensible to the common man. Of course, the common man had to be fairly intelligent and fairly well-schooled, but that too was Napoleon's aim. >>> All these TV shows! I haven't seen *any*, except **Charmed**, and that only for a few girl-watching minutes while channel-surfing. And so many s.f.-oriented – we both remember when a science fiction TV series was worldcon-shaking news. So: how many are still on the air?

Sailing the Abnormalcy #29 =Bryan= Considering how rough has been this winter, even seeing no more of Florida than a hotel room is reason for others to envy you. A bad winter closes you in, restricts your options, tightens you down ... and if I ever have to drive in snow again, it will be *years* too soon. rejoice in vacation from it. Hey, did you hear DeepSouthCon is in New Orleans this August? >>> Learning Japanese! (I never knew you lived there.) As an exercise in self-

improvement, the task is noble and admirable, but I hope you find crude worldly profit in it someday. >>> I never heard that Kurosawa enjoyed **The Magnificent 7**. How very neat. Now, did he see the s.f. version, starring John-Boy and Sybil Danning (and Robert Vaughn, one of the Mag 7) – **Battle in Outer Space**? >>> We are through with the impeachment brouhaha. Clinton won that battle and the Republicans, if they are smart, will turn their attention to 2000 and Al Gore. There are signs they are doing this, albeit desperately, as seen by the flurry of endorsements of George W. Bush. Bush, a governor, is far from the despised and ridiculous Republican Congress, untainted by their inept and universally disdained witch hunt, and if he has brains – who knows? – he could make it a contest. But I expect Al to take him when it matters. Gore's not only the smartest and most progressive thinker in government, he's also the best prepared. Surprisingly effective speaker, too, despite or perhaps because of his wooden reputation – when you don't expect Much and get Some, it feels like A Lot. So on we go. >>> A quote from the start of the Civil War by Nathan Bedford Forrest, racist maniac and cavalry genius. "Wont you come up and take a hand this fite will do to hand down to your childrens children." Even though the guy founded the Ku Klux Klan and is therefore possibly despicable, them's *great* fightin' words.

Bluegras no. 41 =mc= The frigid weather and salt-mucky roads of the wintry north have had a continuous and perhaps permanent effect: I blame them for the troubles my Geo's had with its wheel bearings ever since I came home from Buffalo. *Three times* I've had to haul the Male menopause into the shop; *three times* they've botched the job. People, avoid Pep Boys like they sold Plague in a Bottle. >>> Latest reads: lots of Michael Connelly, a superb crime writer, a new Parker novel by Donald Westlake/Richard Stark, **Comeback** (Mel Gibson's **Payback** is about the same psychotic character, turned cute and cuddly for the movie audience), and in progress now, Thomas Berger's **The Return of Little Big Man**, a publishing event of such wonderfulness that it could only be surpassed by the appearance of a new Flashman. In fact, since both Jack Crabb and Harry Flashman were intimates of Wild Bill Hickock, they may well have met! >>> As for movies, I just saw **Wing Commander**, a special effects orgy aimed at young male teens. Glorious outer space vistas, but too confusing and sketchy a story to hold my interest. The new trailer for **The Phantom Menace** had me weeping in my seat that it was not yet May 21st. In more serious flickdom, **Affliction** lived up to its name – a grim, glum, overacted melodrama. Only my beloved Sissy Spacek (she once smiled at me) had any balance or shine. On the other hand, foreign efforts **Central Station** and **Life is Beautiful** were fine, with bravura acting, striking subtlety – even in the Italian film, often slapstick – and obdurate benevolence. Roberto Benigni will win at least one Oscar for **Life is Beautiful**, and good for him. >>> The dude in the closing photo with me, nephew John Lillian, turns three this week. Keep on turnin', wheel. I love it.

Notes from the Club Car #51 =Pat= Yum! No fair talking about Thanksgiving at an Opryland buffet while I'm sitting here with nothing to eat in the house but half a bag of Doritos, and stale Doritos at that. >>> We're seeing animated versions of stories that really don't seem suitable for a child audience. **Hunchback of Notre Dame** ... **Anastasia** ... **Prince of Egypt** ... and now, **The King & I**. Charming musical, but it's already a charming family film: why rotoscope it? And where's the action and fantasy that only animation could do well? >>> Have I laid out my tornado rap here in KAPA? How I used to dream about them, have several tapes of "twisterporn," still feel weird when passing through Xenia OH (where a tornado big as God's index finger tore hell out of the countryside), would have been hit by one had I not stopped in Tuscaloosa one night en route to a Birmingham convention – and dammit, really want to see one in the flesh? Consider it said. >>> The train ride

back from Baltimore was indeed miserable. I couldn't afford a compartment – as you know, Amtrak has significantly raised the cost of first class travel – so I had to sit in coach, noisy, uncomfortable, uneasy. Plus – though I secured one of the handicapped access seats, that had no partner – I couldn't relax. And I had the Harvey Tunnel trial waiting for me ... >>> With you all the way on abortion rights. I've worked in a hospital and seen specimens, and they bothered me, but whatever caused the specimens to end up as specimens was hidden in the privacy of other people's most personal business, and therefore, none of my affair, and none of the government's. >>> So ... what's the plan for mlg 100?

Before I close and start to think about taxes – *17h* it hurt to even type the word – I am faced with writing a sad eulogy – for Stanley Kubrick, one of the titanic filmmakers of the century. It is impossible to overstate the impact his films had on me. **Paths of Glory** is the best antiwar film ever made. **Dr. Strangelove** is the greatest black comedy of all time. **A Clockwork Orange** is a startling and defiant protest for human freedom and dignity. And of course there is **2001**, the single greatest work the genre of science fiction has ever produced. All made me think, all made me feel. I was distressed to read in the papers that his work was considered "cold." A shallow and superficial view. If anything, Kubrick was the most passionate humanitarian working in movies, constantly protesting the onslaught of the mechanical against the truest qualities of mankind. He believed in our race and in the integrity of the individual, and in hope. In service of these qualities he was brilliantly original and always true. He was 70 when he died, so Stanley Kubrick got his three score years and ten out of this planet, but damn, I wish he'd made it to 2001 ...

His work will. His work will *never* die.

