

Indeed this is Dynatron. Number 83 even. And while I will admit that the old Green Zine ain't what it used to be, neither is the editor/publisher:

Poy Tackett
915 Green Valley Road NW
Albuquerque, NM 87107 USA

This rag goes out on an irregular basis and I do manage to get out one or two issues a year mostly for FLAP and FAPA. If you're not in either one of those then you got it by editorial whimsey. If you want another issue send along four bits...or a letter of comment.

X A Marinated Publication
dated May, 1985

We seem to have gotten through the dread year of 1984 without too much incident. Orwell's predictions proved about as reliable as most predictions. Across the pond The Iron (surely not) Maiden didn't prove to Be Big Sister and on this side they seem to be having too much fun looting the treasury to be concerned with really enforcing a rigid social structure. Of course who knows what the next four years will bring? With herds of tv preachers preaching the gospel according to Neemiah Scudder, Supreme Court Justices declaring that all this civil rights stuff can only lead to anarchy and assorted other attacks on the Bill of Rights it may be interesting times. Or it may not be. If the people retain their common sense we'll muddle through. If not we may, as one reader of IASFM put it, meet either on the barricades or the gallows.

X
ART RAPP writes concerning recent acquisitions:

"one was the November 20 issue of WEEKLY WORLD NEWS, one of those supermarket tabloid things. The reason I couldn't resist it was the screaming headlines:

'Soviet scientist's amazing claim:

RUINED TEMPLES

FOUND ON MARS

Space probe discovers remains of 50,000 year old civilization'

"--figured that a real fannish frontpage like that belonged in the archives. Of course, the story itself was anticlimactic; did you expect otherwise? Sez a Soviet scientist who defected to the West claims that Russia has had a satellite orbiting Mars for the past two years, which as been beaming photographs back to a manned satellite orbiting Earth. The photographs are computer-enhanced and in full color. The details they show are far beyond anything produced in America. And there is no mistaking what they reveal. The city scanned by the satellite's camera is three times the size of Moscow and it is ringed by wide boulevards, one inside the other and linked together by smaller avenues, like the spokes of a cartwheel. The temples must have been huge. Most are in ruins, as though crumbled by a tremendous Marsquake. But some still support slate-gray domes that measure two to four miles in diameter. And, of course, the obligatory closing paragraph:

"The Soviet Union will never admit to this incredible discovery because it would reveal too much of their technological progress."

"(Guess they figure on waiting until the US discovers it independently and announces it to the world.)"

Wonder just where on Mars that city is located? If it is on that little spread of land Speer sold me last July, I'll make a mint selling tickets to the tourists.

1

Jackie Causgrove comments:

I was going to counter your claim that The Rule is Asimov's "only memorable character" with his female character, Dr. Susan...then I recalled that I never seem to be able to remember her name. Maybe she's not so memorable after all. (Calvin! That's it, isn't it?) ((Yep.))

Keep us posted on news about possible progress on the concrete space station research. I recall the various stories that entailed mining the moon for its mineral wealth, and here we are thinking about using its most common material--moondust. Hoo Haa. ((I have seen no reports out of Skokie after the initial one announcing the research program. However, you know how such things go. It will take the lab two years and three million dollars to mix a little moondust with sand and water and see if it sets up as good concrete. NASA might be better off giving a sample to some construction company. Still it is good that someone is thinking along the lines of actually using moon material for space station construction. RT))

Was 1934 about "the USSR in 1948"? Not quite, from the readings I've done of/about it. I think Orwell wrote a cautionary tale of what England could be like if socialistic fervor got out of hand, based upon what the USSR seemed to be heading for as of 1947-48. Lots of exaggeration for effect occurs in the book's pages, lots of pure fantasy. For instance, I gather that the Soviets encouraged the birthrate--in or out of wedlock--after WWII, which makes the Anti-Sex League a mite ludicrous as a mirror of Soviet attitudes, but not all that out of line with the then-existing British ones. Orwell seemed to be writing out of disappointed idealism. Just as there's hardly anyone more zealous than a new convert to a Cause, it's hard to find anyone badmouth a viewpoint more than a Believer whose hopes have been dashed.

I share, somewhat, your cynicism for the future; though I don't believe "we" will be controlled by a totalitarian socialistic state, but by a totalitarian right-wing one. Of course totalitarianism is as totalitarianism does...(try saying that 20 times real fast. However your joking reference to 1985 seems a tad improbable, 1938 now...

((Only half joking. I think that totalitarianism could come to the U.S. as easily and with as little opposition as it came to Germany in the early 1930s. I think there would be very little opposition to a government announcement, for example, that certain constitutional guarantees would have to be suspended "temporarily" because certain groups (named or unnamed) were "threatening the freedom of this great land of ours." There are far too many people in this country who feel that assorted groups of other people (and you can take your choice as to what group--you'll find somebody against them) need to be controlled one way or another or maybe even done away with. It's getting a bit spooky out there. RT))

1

And here's Dave Wixon:

It's not Science--not even Intellect, really--that's under attack; it's conscience, and the motivations of the people who handle the tools of the mind. (Certainly there's much "anti-science" propaganda to be seen--gotta keep the cannon fodder motivated, and that's a simple way to do it.) What they really want is for all of us to turn in our own consciences at the nearest appropriate church or government office and let them do the deciding of right and wrong for us.

1

Foosh! I note that the current fuss about and amongst fandom's fussing fussbudgets has led to publication of an anonymous fanzine. It is called LIFE SUCKS, was posted from Cincinnati. Supposed to be amusing, I suppose. Not amusing enough for anyone to put his name to it, though.

The stamp cancellation was amusing, though. Postmarked on December 29 and carried the message "Mail Early For Christmas".

Also on hand is a copy of the 9th issue of UNCLE DICK'S LITTLE THING (\$1 from Dick Smith, 2007 W. Howard St. #30, Evanston, Illinois 60202) which is full of news, rumors, and gossip about an assortment of conventions. (I once suggested that, since Corflu is billed as a convention for fanzine fans, someone should put out a fanzine for convention fans. Maybe this is it.) UNCLE DICK'S tells me more than I really want to know about power plays and the like going on in the wonderful world of worldcons. Who cares? Worldcons have become business circuses beyond the scope of science fiction fandom. Len Moffatt says that 8,365 people attended LACon II. UNCLE DICK'S reports that LACon II turned a profit estimated at around \$200,000. Still not quite enough to be considered a good-sized small business but they're getting there. Wonderful for them. I really do not care.

LACon II's profit indicates that the people who put on Constellation really had to work at it to go as far into the red as they did. They earned their Green Slime.

UNCLE DICK'S says that LACon II will refund the memberships of those who worked at the convention and that is a good move. Personally, though, I think that any fan who volunteers work at one of those circuses has to be a couple bricks short of a load.

So why am I griping about worldcons? I don't attend and have nothing to do with them. I dunno...maybe I remember when they were science fiction conventions.

Speaking of conventions, I should mention LEPRECON 11, April 5-7, at the Hyatt Regency in Phoenix. Memberships are \$14. Info from Leprecon 11, P.O. Box 16815, Phoenix, Arizona 85011. Guests will be Lela Dowling, G. Harry Stine and some old worn out fan from Albuquerque.

According to a note from Dave Locke, Patrick and Teresa Nielsen Hayden were elected to TAFF in the race that ended with 1984. The Nielsen Haydens collected 261 votes (just over 50%) to 189 for Martha Beck, 51 for Rich Coad and 12 for Hold Over Funds. The total vote of 513 is one of the best in ages, I think, (although not nearly as large as it should be in these days of megafandom) so perhaps all the fussing did serve to attract some interest in TAFF. I hope that interest continues to build for TAFF is one of the worthier things fandom has going.

Congratulations to the Nielsen Haydens. I hope they have a good trip and turn out to be good administrators of TAFF for the next couple of years.

Do you know what a portable, hand held, communication inscriber is? According to a report I read recently that is how the bureaucrats in the Department of Defence define a pencil. Make a note of that. Use your portable hand-held communication inscriber to do it. How much do you figure the Pentagon pays for those things. Probably a hell of a lot more than they do for ordinary pencils, no? Si.

Bluejay Books has brought out a trade paperback edition of Jack Williamson's *Darker Than You Think* (\$8.95). This has long been one of my favorite stories. *Darker Than You Think* was originally published in ~~Unknown~~ in 1940 and a revised version, with frontpiece and end papers by Edd Cartier, was issued in hardcover by Fantasy Press in 1948.

The novel attempts a rational, scientific explanation of lycanthropy and Williamson did a good job on it. He postulates another human race (or perhaps just a variant branch) coexisting with Homo Saps in the distant past. This other race had stronger minds than did ordinary humans. The mind was able to leave the body behind, to take different shapes by the manipulation of atoms and molecules and because of their superior abilities these people enslaved ordinary humankind. I keep saying "ordinary" but one has to distinguish between the two. That the lycanthropic branch were fully human, too, is indicated by the fact that there was a great deal of interbreeding between the two.

Eventually the ordinary humans discovered a means of subduing and destroying their werebeast kin and the secret of how this was done was kept in a temple in what eventually became the Gobi Desert. The secret was buried with the passage of time.

Human breeding being what it is, genetic combinations result in a rebirth of the lycanthropes who secretly plot to restore the old order of things.

The book opens with Will Barbee, reporter, at the airport to meet the Mondrick expedition returning from digs in the Gobi. There are others at the airport, too. Barbee gets caught up in an underground war between humans and lycanthropes and the book builds to a rather grim and startling final chapter.

There were many good and unusual stories in ~~Unknown~~. *Darker Than You Think* is one of the better ones. (I can't think of any that were bad.) If you do not have this on your shelves, go you and get it. Read it. Marvelous.

It is interesting to speculate on the origins of the myths and legends concerning lycanthropy. Probably the most prominent in our mythology is the werewolf. The werewolf appears to be an Indo-European bogey man. Not unusual since the original homeland of the Indo-Europeans was the EurAsian steppes where wolves are still to be found. We can assume that the legend of the werewolf goes back at least 5,000 years.

Even older are the stories of the cat people. The cave "shrine" excavated in northern Spain a couple of years ago is at least 17,000 years old. One of the items associated with the "altar" was a carved stone head half human and half cat. The big cats apparently made a very deep and lasting impression on human consciousness. Or maybe Homo Saps found himself in competition with non-simian (feline?) humanoids at sometime in the ancient past?

Gods of Riverworld (Berkley, \$3.50) may be Philip Jose Farmer's last story of the Riverworld. Or, at least, the last one dealing with these particular characters and circumstances. There are, of course, an almost infinite number of possibilities for many more stories situated on the banks of the 10,000,000 miles long river.

The Magic Labyrinth ended with Richard Francis Burton and his small party finally winning through to the tower of the Ethicals at the Riverworld's pole. *Gods of Riverworld* takes up a few weeks later when Burton and company have settled down to learning the Ethicals apparently limitless technology. As they master this technology they become like gods, able to create their own worlds and universes, to populate these worlds as they please, no fantasy world is too extreme. And like the gods they have their quarrels and falling outs. Those who survive realize the god business isn't really all that attractive.

I've heard some complaints that this isn't really about the Riverworld. No it isn't. It is about the human character and condition and the growth (or failure to grow) of a really remarkable set of characters. It is the apt conclusion to this particular set of Riverworld stories and Farmer did an excellent job with his characters. Go back and reread the other four books and you'll discover what an amazing story this is and that *Gods of Riverworld* is a satisfying conclusion.

The local university, in an effort to enrich the lives of the people of the community, offers a number of courses in adult continuing education:

Social Science

1. Creative Suffering
2. Overcoming Peace of Mind
3. You and your Birthmark
4. Guilt Without Sex
5. The Primal Shrug
6. Ego Gratification Through Violence
7. Molding Child Behavior Through Guilt and Fear
8. Dealing With Post Self-Realization Depression
9. Whine Your Way To Alienation
10. How To Overcome Self-Doubt Through Pretense and Ostentation

Fine Arts

1. Self-Actualization Through Macrame
2. Needlecraft for Junkies
3. Gifts for the Senile
4. Cuticle Craft
5. Bonsai Your Pet

Business Administration

1. Money Can Make You Rich
2. Talking Good: How To Improve Your Speech and Get A Better Job
3. "I Made \$100 In Real Estate"
4. Packaging and Selling Your Child: Parent's Guide To The Slave Market
5. Career Opportunities in Lebanon
6. How To Profit From Your Body
7. Underachievers Guide To Very Small Business Opportunities
8. Tax Shelters For The Indigent
9. Looter's Guide To American Cities

Home Economics

1. How To Convert Your Family Room Into A Garage
2. How To Cultivate Viruses In Your Refrigerator
3. Burglarproof Your Home With Concrete
4. Basic Kitchen Taxidermy
5. Sinus Drainage At Home
6. 101 Other Uses For Your Vacuum Cleaner
7. The Repair and Maintenance of Your Virginity
8. How To Convert Wheelchairs Into Dune Buggies
9. Christianity And The Art of RV Maintenance
10. 101 Ways To Work Your Dog

Health and Fitness

1. Creative Tooth Decay
2. Exorcism and Acne
3. The Joys of Hypochondria
4. High Fiber Sex
5. Suicide and Your Health
6. Bio-Feedback and How To Stop
7. Skate Your Way To Regularity
8. Understanding Nudity
9. Tap Dance Your Way To Social Ridicule

The above by the famous writer Anonymous. It has been floating around Albuquerque, and probably other places, for a while. I thought I'd pass it on.

"HI, THERE, SCI-FI GUYS AND GALS!"

That's the way this flyer I received from the Fandom Association of Central Texas starts out. It goes on to tell me about Lone Star Con, the 1985 North American Science Fiction Convention. There is a checklist by which I can request more information about:

the Masquerade	Special Interest Programming
the Art Show	Fan Programming
Films	Art Programming
Gaming	Novelty Programming
the Dealers Room	the Con Suite
Filksinging	the Chili Cook-Off

I don't seem to see anything there about science fiction.

I don't think I'll go.

00 0

The Union of Concerned Scientists sent me a flyer. They want to know if I am a concerned scientist. I'm not.

1

According to an item in the evening TRIBUNE some outfit has made a detailed study of the photographs sent back from Mars and found a row of pyramids...

Along the Martian Mile no doubt.

I wonder if they are located on the land Jack Speer sold me...?

Another item in the TRIBUNE told me that Venus was now particularly bright in the evening sky because it is at its closest approach to Earth. Venus, they said, normally, some sixty-odd million miles from the Sun is now 93,000,000 miles from the Sun.

And all this time I thought the light coming through the window was from the street light across the road.

The Second Judicial District of New Mexico sent me a letter informing me that Jury Duty was one of the great rights and priveledges of citizenship and if I didn't show up for three weeks of jury duty they'd send me to jail. So I showed up for three weeks of jury duty and sent some other people to jail. The juror's lists are chosen from the voter's lists and I'm beginning to see a good reason for not voting any more.

Jury duty is rather interesting, in addition to being a break from the work routine, in that it gives one a view of what is going on in the area and how the courts work and all like that. They work slowly. I was called for four trials but only selected for one. Excused by the defense during *voir dire* at two of them, I think. One was a civil suit involving an automobile collision. Defense asked if any of us prospective jurors had back injuries involving chronic pain. I said that I did. He questioned me a bit more on that and when the jurors were selected I was not one of them. I suspect defense felt that I would be sympathetic towards the plaintiff as that was one of the reasons she was asking damages.

Another was a criminal case involving armed robbery. Defense asked if any of the prospective jurors had ever been burglarized or robbed. I was one who answered in the affirmative and stated that, yes, it made a lasting impression on me and that I tended to hold a grudge against robbers.

The case on which I did serve involved aggravated assault, attempted rape, and kidnapping. Two bums pulled a knife on another bum, attempted to sodomize him and refused to let him leave the premises. We found them guilty without much difficulty.

Ah, the seamier side of life.

Another trial

I did not get selected for was what the local media called "the preacher case". A fundamentalist Baptist minister accused of having sex with a 13 year old girl he was supposed to be counselling. 19 counts. The jury found him guilty of the first nine counts and innocent on the last ten. Guess they figured the girl was a willing participant late on.

BUBONICON DEPARTMENT

Bubonicon 17, or the 17th New Mexico Science Fiction Conference as Juffus would have it, is scheduled for 23-25 August 1985. Memberships cost \$10 now and \$12.50 after 1 June. It will be \$15 at the door. There will be an art show and huxter tables and, I guess, all the usual trimmings. Information from:

Bubonicon 17
P.O. Box 37257
Albuquerque, NM 87176

I really don't have any further information at this time. Except that the same committee which put on last year's highly enjoyable convention will also be in charge of this one so a good time should be had by all.

Speaking (or writing, as the case may be) of which:

PRESENTING

THE SEMI-REAL, ALMOST TRUE, AS BEST WE CAN REMEMBER IT, HISTORY OF BUBONICON MORE OR LESS

by

GORDON CAPB, BOB VARDEMAN, SAL DIMARIA, MIKE KRING, JACK SPEER, ROY TACKETT, PETE RABBIT
and

Whoever Else Was In The Audience

Based On Notes Taken By *Gordon Capb*

Generally: It all started with the late C. W. (Woody) Wolfe in 1969. Attendance through 1979 was under 100 although exact figures have gotten away from us as has many other things. For instance there is usually an Aussiefan or two lurking about the premises even though we sometimes misplace them. We know, for instance that Christine Ashby was here but none of us could remember the year. In some instances we're not even sure of the location ("It must have been the Ramada. We were there a lot of times.") Speer steadfastly maintains that the first two were not really conventions so our numbering is off by two. Vardeman disagrees. Programming has usually consisted of a couple of terrible movies, a panel or two (once in a while an inspired one), and a talk by the guest of honor. Gordon wants me to point out that a book called FROOMB has been sold multiple time at the auction although no one knows who has possession of it now. Maybe someone paid to have it torn asunder or burned (a not uncommon way for Albuquerque fen to express their opinions about books) -

BUBONICON 1, 1969: Woody Wolfe was an old friend of Don Wollheim. Don was passing through on his way to somewhere and decided to visit Woody. Woody called up the rest of the Albuquerque fen and set up a dinner party at the Bella Vista restaurant. Caz Cazeduseus wandered in from somewhere. There were about 20 of us altogether including Speer, Vardebob and Roytac. If there are any other charter members hanging about they'll have to step up and identify themselves.

BUBONICON 2, 1970: Sort of a repeat of 1969. Wollheim was in town again and we had a party in Speer's back yard. Afterwards Vardeman, I think it was, suggested that next year we hold a real convention. He agreed that he would handle the details. We let him.

BUBONICON 3, 1971: There had been a rather high number of Plague cases in New Mexico in 1971 which inspired Vardeman to dub the con "Bubonicon" and thus it has been ever since. We try to give the attendees a report on the Plague each year. This was our first con at the Ramada Inn. It was also Sal DiMaria's first Bubonicon. Jack Williamson was to be the Guest of Honor but was unable to make it. Professor Patricia Smith of the University of New Mexico, (who teaches courses in fantastic literature) took his place and gave us a run-down on science fiction in academe.

The big surprise was a chap who introduced himself "Peter Darling from Australia" thereby starting a tradition of Australian fans showing up. We appreciate it.

Bubonicon 4, 1972: Ah, yes, "Sendacon" so called because George Senda's rubber checks plunged us into the red. Held at Howard Johnson's with Ted White and Mike Glicksohn as guests of honor. Vardeman held the chair and Jack Speer held the first Thursday before the con party. This may have been Mike Kring's first appearance. I'm not sure.

Bubonicon 5, 1973: Was Vardeman still at the helm? The con was again held at HoJo's with Robert Silverberg as guest of honor. Perry Rodent was officially adopted as the Bubonicon symbol. Perry is the creation of Harry Morris. Walter Jon Williams who writes stf these days was making movies in those days and his film was greeted with, ah, mixed reactions, so to speak. This was the first Bubonicon to break 100 in attendance even without Roytac who had bugged out for Toronto.

Bubonicon 6, 1974: Mike Kring's first of five times as the chair. Held at the Holiday Inn with F. M. Busby as GoH and Leigh Edmonds and Valma Brown in from Australia. The first Bubonicon tee-shirts (by Joe Vucenic of Los Alamos) were sold and Gordon Garb made his first appearance. Gordon has been back every year since.

Bubonicon 7, 1975: Mike Kring, who told Roger Zelazny to wait in the back of the room, had the chair. Ed Bryant was GoH and the con was held at the Ramada even though Ed says to this day that it was held at the National Guard Armory. I don't know why; I had gone somewhere else.

Bubonicon 7, #8, 1976: Kring was still in charge. I think this was the one where he would not let the television reporters in unless they bought memberships. Bill Rotsler was GoH and it was about midway through his speech that we realized this was #8 and not number 7 again. Owell. The first (of many) Military Themes in SF panel had the audience and the panelists snarling at each other. Speer missed this one having ducked out for the east.

Bubonicon 9, 1977: Again at the Ramada with Mike Kring still in Charge. He came down with food poisoning--they say. Gordon Eklund was GoH. Bob Tucker and Mari Beth Colvin attended. Roytac did not; he was off wandering around Florida. Dick Patten's son, David, started the great tracer gun massacre; no one was safe.

Bubonicon 10, 1978: Again at the Ramada. Gordon Dickson was GoH. The Ramada wouldn't do a special "banquet" but set up a buffet in the restaurant. After which we all tripped back to the meeting room to hear Dickson's talk. For reasons known only to himself Garb brought his personal computer to the con and did mysterious things with it. In an effort to keep the tracer gun massacre in bounds tracer gun wars were made part of the official schedule. Eric Lindsay was the Aussie in attendance.

Bubonicon 11, 1979. Dick Patten was ConChair. Orson Scott Card was GoH although he receive a lot of competition from C. J. Cherryh. Dick was easier than Mike as he let the television people in without requiring they buy memberships. For the first time we had no one from Phoenix nor Denver. Gordon gave a number of barf bags to Bob Vardeman for the auction. Vardeman sold them.

Bubonicon 12, 1980: Dennis Virzi was ConChair and held the con at the Hilton Inn. C. J. Cherryh was invited back as GoH and Gordon Garb made his first official appearance as toastmaster. Carey Handfield and Keith Curtis represented Australia. Gordon Garb presented the first Plague Ship Award (for things done TO fandom) to Vardebob. Vardeman retaliated by holding the Delphic Oracle. Jody Stinebaugh inaugurated the three a.m. Nessie Dunk.

Bubonicon 13, 1981: was the first to appear under the aegis of New Mexico Science Fiction Conferences, Inc. Some sort of legally formed organization had become necessary for dealing with hotels, etc. The first directors were Jack Speer, Jody Stinebaugh, and Dennis Virzi who was to be ConChair again. Dennis moved out of town and the chore fell to Sal DiMaria. The con was held at the Winrock Inn. Roger Zelazny was GoH and his speech regarding the Chicken Effect must surely be preserved somewhere. It was delightful. Carey Handfield was back from Aussieland and Gordon Garb was toastmaster. Gordon presented the Plague Ship Award to Horrible Old Roy Tackett but recalled it for repairs when it turned out to be broken. Vardeman sold Garb a turn-of-the-century Ethel Cotten Conversation Course.

Bubonicon 14, 1982: Sal did his second stint as ConChair and again chose the Winrock Inn as the hotel. Chelsea Quinn Yarbro turned out to be the most controversial GoH ever. Fan GoH was Takumi Shibano who, along with Sachiko, got the best service ever seen at the adjacent Japanese Steak House Restaurant when they showed up for dinner in formal Japanese dress. Bubonicon's first art show as held at this one. Eric Lindsay, Peter Toluzzi and Merv Binns were Aussies in attendance. Gordon was again toastmaster. Vardebob sold Roytac a button at the auction. Tackett said he didn't want the disgusting thing so Vardeman sold it to six other people who didn't want it either.

Bubonicon 15, 1983: Sal held the con at the Mountain View Inn. Jack Williamson was GoH, Gordon was toastmaster and Karin Janezic was in from Australia. Panels included the one from which these notes were made. The music from a Mexican wedding in the next meeting room drowned out everything else. HORT finally got his Plague Ship--still broken.

Bubonicon 16, 1984: The con that almost wasn't. The old order passeth and a new group headed up by Jim Messerich put on this one. The committee had contracted with the Mountain View Inn again but that one closed up two weeks before the convention leaving Bubonicon without a hotel. The committee worked overtime and came up with the Shalako Inn a couple blocks west of the Mountain View. Spider and Jeanne Robinson were GoH. Gordon was toastmaster for the 5th time. Jack Herman was Aussiefan in residence and the Shibanos were back again from Japan. Attendance was 214, the highest ever.

And so it was from our woefully incomplete notes. If any of the readers have additions or corrections or memories they'd like to share I'll be happy to print them. We have left out many highlights such as the midnight vampire panel at B14 and the fantasy vs science fiction debates that raged at 11 and 12. How did I forget to mention Green Slime?
