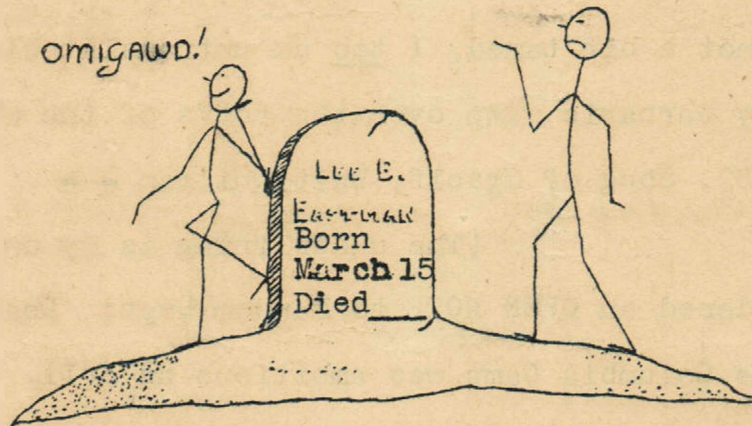


Lee B. Eastman

FAPA

LAST TESTAMENT

Peace, peace! he is not dead
he doth not sleep --
He hath awakened from the dream
of life --



April, 1942



19th MAILING

I bequeath my excellent critical taste to Elmer Perdue — THE ELMER —

he didn't like the first issue of LT. Neither did I.

I bequeath my indiscriminately indefinite musical taste to Milt — in memory of the Saturday evening that he played me his boogie-woogie records while I thot only of the five bucks I was about to soak him for.

I bequeath four tadpoles, preserved in wood alcohol, to Louis Russell Chauvenet — these charming pets are absolutely guaranteed to eat no algae.

I am still broke.

This issue is dedicated to Raymond Washington, Jr., high lord of foo, not for any special reason unless it be that Raym is so charmingly uncultivated.

Dear Raym,

"I too am not a bit tamed, I too am untranslatable,
I sound my barbaric yawp over the roofs of the world".

- - Part 52, Song of Myself, Walt Whitman - -

(The underlining is my own — LeeBE)

— This may be considered an OPEN NOTE to Fandom Dept: Dear Fandom, when I began this page the Columbia Camp was ambitious as Hell. Now that I am writing the conclusion, the Columbia Camp is in a Hell of a mess. The reason? Eastman is departed. (Heh! heh! Am I important). But I have high hopes of continuing some fan activities even without a typer or access to my mags and letters. Anyway, the whole sordid story will be laid bare in a sensational exposé (accent, Harry?) in (I hope) some issue of SOUND OFF! Until then —

Still me . . .

Lee Eastman
Lee.

Well, well! A second issue of LT seems now in considerable danger of being published. When and if it appears, I will nominate myself for the Foostyglynerian Order of the Saintless Purple Souls for having put out a fanzine under more difficult conditions than any fan publisher has ever surmounted. He said ohsoleudly! the whole blasted thing is being written at top speed in longhand with pencil. I hate longhand -- it stifles the BRAIN.

Being a procrastinator, I procrastinated on this issue as on the last one. When we left for Boston, I had done almost nothing on it and events of the Camparade through Damnyankee land have hopelessly outdated most of this nothing. So I sat down to compose (in longhand) a complete issue in a week. That was Wednesday morning. By Wednesday night I had an appointment to see a man about a cow (job) Thursday afternoon. At 5:30 Friday afternoon I got the job with directions to proceed to Ninety Six -- a small upstate town -- for training, to start on Monday. In order to arrive on time I must take a bus at 2:00 Sunday afternoon. One day and a half to do two months work in.

Joe is going to put out LT for me this time, but will have to stencil directly from my almost illegible copy so don't be surprised if it looks like Hell. It won't be his fault.

CyrilKornbluthCecilCornwinoldhotfootitislaterthanyouthink13o'clockxxxxxx

I oughta say Nyaaah or sompm but I won't. It seems I actually got some fan mail on the first issue of this here thing. First off was a deliriously delightful little letter (there's that illiteration again, Joe) from one Ed Anderson of Clintondale, N. Y., a borderline (?) fan. Ed said (pome): "thru a foul incident and a perverse Fate I have become the proud possessor of the strangest document a sorry mortal has ever perused; namely, to wit:- Last Testament by Lee B. Eastman, Dec. 1941." On second thought, I think I will say Nyaaah!

To continue, we quote Chauvenet: "Your cover, crude or not, has an inexplicable fascination for me." Everyone who has commented at all on this issue, commented favorably on the cover. Sooooo I think I'll just inflict another of 'em on you. The eloquent elocutionist is supposed to be Joe Gilbert and the "inveterate topper leaning on the tombstone", to quote Anderson again, is Harry J., who did the cover for me on very short notice. This time I have requested only that he make the difference in height between the two of them more evident. And did anyone recognize that the quote is the concluding lines of Byron's dramatic pome, Manfred or that it contains an error, "Where?" in the quote was "Whither" in the original?

Onlydeathisinvincibleonlydeathisinvincibleonlydeathisinvincibleonlydeath

Just the other day we got a card from Douglas Webster of Scotland from which I quote: "I love Last Testaments -- they appeal to my ghoulish disposition; I am attracted by this one. True, on glancing through it I find that often I don't know what the bloody hell it's all about, but that may be part of the fun."

Cripes manette! am I that good? (My sister was interested to note that I had a correspondent across the waters, but that the wording slightly vulgar).

Nosoapsomesoapnososoapsomesoapnososoapsomesoapnososoapsomesoapnososoapno

Love is Life and Life is Hell,
And never the twain shall meet;
Till Hitler hangs from the lamppost
At No. 10 Downing Stroot.

It was my intention to assume responsibility where due for the generous supply of errors in my first issue, but JG seems to have beat me to the draw. Far be it from me to oppose Joe's wishes so -- be it hereafter and forevermore understood that all the aforementioned errors are entirely the fault of one Joseph Gatliff Gilbert. -- You see, Fandom, Joe worships me period unquote. He is therefore willing to sacrifice his own booful rep in endless but somewhat vague attempts to build up my rep, a task that would stop a greater man than Gilbert (if there are any).

Dear Joe.... But he who built upon sand -- and so forth

.... Love, Lee

~~And the last shall be first and the first shall be last and the last shall be first and the~~

The job which I have unfortunately got consists of patching up tree guts and trimming tree hair, etc. In short, I'm a tree surgeon. It's a travelling job and I don't know when I'll get home again. The future status of this mag and my correspondence is dark as hell. But I'll do my best he sez, sezzezeze!

There is one good thing about it, tho. I expect to work either in Pennsylvania and New York or else in New England. So I'm liable to be in touch with either the Strangers or the Futurians and Philly boys.

~~Philadelphia is a rather large slum Philadelphia is a rather large slum Philadelphia~~

Going north, to the Boskone, we were able to stop at Milty's place for only a few minutes, but before we left, I acquired a copy of the MILTY'S MAG in this mailing. For those who wonder and those who are merely curious, the use of second-sheets in this and the Columbia publications is entirely unrelated. It jus' happened. Milty chose to use only one side and we used both. How goes it, keeds? Is it worth the filthy savings?

SOUND OFF! has something of a monopoly now on our comments anent previous mailings, but we are still free to comment on current and future stuff. I have two prime reasons for putting out LT: the first is to see what other people say about the things I write; the other is a character trait of mine -- an eternal urge for recording, for preservation. It's not, I must admit, a logical trait and expresses itself in numerous odd, energy-wasting ways. I usually take more notes in classes than any other student, but it's safe to say that one half of my notes are utterly worthless.

This trait does not, I am proud to say, indicate that I am reactionary and/or opposed to change. I love change. In fact I love it too much. But the more I look at this dear world we live in, the more convinced I am that it is better to love change too much than too little.

Milty's discussion of the normalcy of fandom is very interesting. I might say, "Milty is very interesting", and be broadly, yet precisely, correct. But I don't altogether agree with him. I haven't yet seen any precise definition of normalcy by any of the fan writers who have speculated on the question, but Milty at least implies his definition. I understand him to mean average when he says normal -- average in the common usage sense of ordinary or "the common run". In short, fans as a group have the same general characteristics, the same extremes and the same means that mankind as a group has.

This idea of normal (as conforming to prevailing patterns) is a development of popular usage and distinctly opposed to the classic definition; conforming to correct patterns. But I won't argue with Milty on that point, because his defini-

tion is now accepted, and more particularly because this business of "correct patterns" is a sore spot with me. Just who, I ask "the roof of the world" is to decide what is "correct". (Good old Emerson!).

I

accept his definition of normal and within limits I accept his reasoning, which would seem to lead to acceptance of his conclusion. Yet I do not accept his conclusion. There are two points I would question. The first is his treatment of fans as a group only. Treated this way, fandom does seem to possess at least the superficial attributes of "normalcy". But I believe that these attributes are relative only. Thus, Milty says that fandom contains stupid asses and brilliant people. He is approximately right so far, and this combination of extremes is certainly an attribute of "normalcy" as he and I both define it.

Please note, however, that normal groups of people, taking the average of the world population as a whole contain a heavy majority of the first class, usually led by a small minority of the second class. As, for instance, political groups, religious groups and garden clubs. Furthermore it is an inevitable truth that in such groups in which the balance tilts toward stupidity, there is a continual tendency for this off balance to be maintained. The reasons lie in human failings of several sorts and are not important here.

Now consider fandom carefully. Do the stupid asses or the brilliant people outnumber and dominate in fandom? I am going to assume that it is the brilliant people. My argument is based on this assumption, but I shall make no attempt to prove it here because I am unqualified for the job and because it is a whole separate problem for which I have no space. I know only that I have gained a strong impression that my assumption is correct — otherwise I would not be trying to wiggle into fandom.

Man, being a social animal, tends to form groups. Even the professed anti-social man who is supposedly not gregarious is apt to go with others of the same professed feelings. We tend to group impractically because of emotional similarities and practically because of similar purposes and needs. This grouping follows roughly two patterns, predominantly stupid and predominantly intelligent. They may be likened to a pair of seesaws each in a state of unbalance. In this state, whatever is at the higher end naturally tends to move to the lower end. Dicitrators don't like competition. Thus, within "normal" or average groups of men, the structure of organization is pyramidal with "the herd" at the bottom and the few at the top.

But men also groups in other ways, particularly in groups composed largely of intelligent people. These groups are apt to be formed of outcasts (more or less) from society's general stupidity. Strong men gather for a little of the companionship which their very strength denies them. Strong men, tho not necessarily altogether intelligent, have usually found certain elements of intelligence which enable them to become strong. In normal society, there is nothing more outcast than an intelligent weakling (not physically, necessarily). So these people also gather for mutual encouragement. And I maintain that fandom is just such a group and I maintain that this is not "normal" and I maintain that normalcy implies stupidity and worse and is undesirable.

There are dopes in fandom. But fandom is organized (if organized is the word) primarily of and for people who have done a little extra thinking about certain rather serious subjects. Yet the "filthy Republicans" (quote — Jack Speer) did not organize for thinking. The "dirty Democrats" (quote — a cousin of mine) did not organize for thinking nor the "damn Reds" nor the Green Hill Garden Club. Fans are persons who have taken to reading a class of literature regarded as "trash" by "normal" people, and have,

in most cases, been stimulated by this reading to a little real thinking.
Dammit -- THINKING IS NOT NORMAL.

-- OH, HELL --

By "weakness" in fans, I don't mean "weakness", but that's the best word I could think of just offhand. I'm trying to express a negative idea -- something like not aggressive and "successful" in society by society's standards. More precisely: not successful proportionately to the individual's inherent capabilities.

But I think I'll stop here, having lost the thread of this discourse for the third time. I started out to write a paragraph or two, but couldn't seem to stop. This hasn't proved anything, but it was fun to write. I wrote it in pencil at top speed without any revision -- for reason, see item (1).

Before I leave Milty's Mag, I would point out one thing: the closing words, "So this is our last stencil", are as perfect an example of pure tragedy as we have seen in no end of time.

P. S. Final Blackout was damn good!

Charlestonisdirtyandstinksbutohmyit'sboofulinsomewaysandIlikedirtybooful
townsCharlestonisdirtyandstinksbutohmyit'sboofulinsomewaysandIlikedirty

NUANCE

I had intended to write for this issue, a beautiful essay on Lowndes' poetry. The purpose would be to prove that Lowndes is the best fan poet and (since that doesn't necessarily mean much) a very fine poet by any measure. The essay would have been full of nice big words, and vague indefinitions. But times awasting. As I write these words, I have just two hours to finish this and get it ready for Joe to stencil.

I am being disconcerted and confused by the playing of the Goyescas-Intermezzo (Granados), a piece I bought quite by accident and have been altogether captivated by.

When I saw Lowndes, on the way to the Boskone, I asked him which of his published poems he liked best. This is a very difficult question for most poets to answer, but he was ready. His choice is FRAGMENT IN DECEMBER from the number 2 Nepenthe. I'm inclined to agree with him, the NOCTURNE is a very close second. PASTELS: NEW YORK is very good, too.

But I think that I now have something to match these in NUANCE, which I got while in N. Y. Time and pure awe forbid me to comment much on this poem. What do you think of it?

I'm also printing one of three Fragments: For Mary, REVERSAL, which is number (1). Somebody, Warner perhaps, beat me to the one I like best; no. 2, titled TOUCHSTONE, but the other is very good. I have two more of Lowndes' poems which I will publish next time.

Nuance

Wild geese against the sky,
Wild **drums** etched against silence,
Wild heart straining,
We have no wings to fly.

Dance we must dance we dance
until fogridden faint dampness spent desire
flesh screwgrained love-logged
meat
and drums will not forget
or darkling sky and wild geese wheeling
wild, wild geese, wild heart bursting, wild danceheart

Nuance

And if a tower falls, . . .
And if the geese return not,
And if the drums in scarlet flare asunder
Burst,
Dance wildheart, dance again wildheart.

We have no wings to fly.

This is the end of the poem this is the conclusion the finish forever and ever and ever and

(('Ollio, Keads! This is the Great Gilbert gurgling. Lee has been sent to Philadelphia to slop cement into trees. Just before he left we called him up about his notes for this -- ah . . . yes, definitely -- and were horrified, mortified, distressed, disheartened, grieved, pitious, woeful, rueful, mournful, deplorable -- who said, "AH!" -- annoyed, appalled, shocked, crushed, disconcerted, sad, pensive, tristful, dolesome, woebegone, lachrymose, melancholic, hipped, hypochondriacal, bilious, jaundiced, atrabillious, saturnine, splenetic, and lackadaisical, lugubrious, Acherontic, funereal, mournful, and infestivated (we're just showing off our buck copy of Roget's Thesaurus which we picked up for thirty cents at University of S. C. book store sale) to discover that all this stuff was supposed to have been under item numbers, except the comments on the poetry. So you'll be delighted to learn that the coming item is number six in a series. Lee also wants us to note that items 11 and 12 were crowded out for lack of time. Read on, MacDuff!))

Item 6.

When "Little Tammany Hall," was nominating officers for its coming elections, it fell to my lot to record the heinous proceedings. At this time, we discussed the proper boundaries of the DFF. It was suggested by Mrs. Gyp that all states which contributed forces to the Southern cause in the Confederate War should be included. I deliberately substituted "rebel" for "Southern" in order to get a bit of a rise out of Harry J. (an ardent rebel). I got the rise all right. In fact, I bet for a moment I had a lunker in as we fishermen say when the little sucker takes the hook.

Lovelifehelllovelifehelllovelifehelllovelifehelllovelifehelllovelifehell

Item 7.

Somewhere recently, Chauvenet mentioned a painting in the Mellon Art Gallery in Washington which seemed to have a stfl bearing. I believe it was in his column Detours in the latest FANFARE. (Don't yawl just love my booful vagueness?).

When the Camp was in Washington, it collectively walked over to the Mellon Art Gallery on sore feet. It deeply admired the building and got lost from each other, but unfortunately it was not at all surprised by the painting, which was called "St. Francis Receiving the Stigmata". We prefer Bok if you please.

BrunettescornlikkerHelenbrunettescornlikkerHelenbrunettescornlikkerHelen

The World is so full of a number of dopes
That I really don't see how it has any room in it
For hopes.

TO RUTH

This 'ere pome following is strictly a product of pure untrammelled inspiration. Harry J. and I rode to Washington in the bus together whereat we were supposed to rendezvous with Joe and Speer for the Spiritrip to the Boskone. Since Joe is subject to carsickness, we had to dig up several extra dollars for a train ticket for him. (P.S. It was his doug we dug up). All the way up on the bus, Harry and I kept promising each other to write a poem when we got to this, that or the other place, but we poets and geniuses work by moods, not promises. When we got to Washington, where we were to wait for Joe, I began to think about all the charming young ladies we had observed on the bus -- Edith of the dark hair: she got the big blond soldier; and Janet who snared the poor travelling business man ahead of us, and the redhead who got off at _____ N. C.

So I decided to pen a beautiful, soulful warning to all these poor, defenseless soldier boys and tired capitalists -- a warning that would make them alert to their danger -- a warning that would forever remove them from the awful clutches of Edith and Janet and the redhead who got off at _____ N. C.

Poor Ruth was elected to be the goat. I intended to employ a single sustained metaphor this being OHSOSUBTLE! At this moment, I happened to think of a remarkable picture I have, a beach picture which suggested the beachcomber metaphor to me. The first four lines simply occurred to me all at once. I sat down and began writing and I hardly paused once before the whole thing was finished.

Well! here it is keeds as first put down, without revision. Joe, who has absolutely no sense about poetry, wanted to publish it in SS (I think) but I persuaded him (with an ice pick) that it wasn't quite suitable.

Voila.

To Ruth -- 1942

Beachcomber --
Auburn hair!
Road roamer,
Beware!

What do you find on the beach, Ruth,
When the day is fair?
What do you find in the morning
In your winsome snare?

Starfish, perhaps, and King crabs;
A jewfish or two;
And many a silent dolphin --
To see what he can do.

What do you find on the beach, Ruth,
When the sun is high?
What do you find in the midday,
And what goes walking by?

Captains and Admirals
Walk in the wet sand;
And many a silent jellyfish
May lie on the land.

(Concluded on following page).

What do you find in the beach, Ruth,
When the sun is low?
What do you find in the evening;
Marching to and fro?

Doubloons and emeralds
Dance in the wind-swept waves —
And many a silent goblin
To haunt your ruby caves.

What do you find on the beach, Ruth,
When the stars are on fire?
What do you find at midnight
To hang on your lyre?

Tigers and moonbeams:
Rhythm in blue —
And many a silent love song
Is playing for you.

* * *

Beachcomber —
Auburn hair!
Road roamer,
Beware!

Have you heard the one about the two little worms nowell I won't bother you with that

Item 8.

Trudy misjudged me when she accused me of fishing for compliments. I consider myself to be the best judge of whether my own stuff deserves compliments or not. If I know that it does, the compliment becomes superfluous — if not, the compliment becomes ridiculous.

TschaikovskydrumsWhitmanTschaikovskydrumsWhitmanTschaikovskydrumsWhitman

FRAGMENTS FOR MARY

1.

Reversal

Snow dream and fog dream,
Cold conspiracy of mirrors,
Warm betrayal of wine,
These are the conjure symbols whence you came.

Darkness of daylight
Gives way
Falling
Athwart the thrust of fantasy,
Thin stiletto pricking the bubbles of nothingness,
And you are here.

Shall we not dance away the outgrown dreams,
Pack them in mothballs, label them: don't disturb?
See how besot we are, how desolate
With aromatic dreamdust that we left
The worldtide island us.

For sale or rent or lease
One Ivory tower; we guarantee
Nothing
In or around the edifice;
New tenants are warned
Not to unlock various and sundry
Sealed caskets.

The agent, we hope,
Will no longer be found
On the premises.

--Robert W. Lowndes.

PitredblueShelleytheshallowpoetPitredblueShelleytheshallowpoetpitredblue

Item 9.

Those of you who don't read Coronet miss some of the juiciest bits of supposedly true Fantasy that can be found anywhere this side of THE BRIDGE OVER THE PIT. R. DeWitt ((Author of "The Master Shall Not Die", "Beyond Hell", "Hour of Judgement", and other damn good pulp fantasies by the by. JG)) Miller's "Forgotten Mysteries", and "Not of Our Species", and "Your Other Life" are all choice, tho Miller's leads. The other two are contributed, and material is assembled by the so-called Coronet Workshop. In the March '42 issue, I found two especially choice bits in "Forgotten Mysteries"; the second item concerning the planet (?) Vulcan, and the last item concerning "the most haunted house in England". In "Not of Our Species", I noted especially the item about the horse that could be controlled by telepathy. (In the Gallery of Photographs, I noted especially the gatefold; a little trick which Art Sehnert taught me).

Theinterlineationshavegivenoutdammittheinterlineationshavegivenoutdammit

The World is so full of a number of fools,
That I really don't see how it has any room in it
For ghouls.

"...Butthedwarfanswered:"No,somethingshumanisdearerertomethanthewealthofall
theworld."fromGrimm'sfairytaleasquotedinJessieConrad's"JosephConradand
HisCircle"andhowcanwefinishthisdamntripleinterlineationoutanywayIdunkc

While we're on the subject of neglected fantasy, we wonder how many among our (supposed) readers are acquainted with Tomorrow; a magazine that sti . . . -- er, smells at times as all magazines do, but is, nevertheless, too good for this world and time. It started off with a bang in September 1941. The first issue contained "Mediumship and Mysticism" by Gerald Heard and "Use Your ESP Every Day" by the Very Reverent W. K. Inge. There was also a review article of "Biography of the Gods" by Professor A. Eustane Haydon, a book which I have not read purely because I can't get my hands on a copy. Each issue since has contained two or more articles of this type. From the November issue, I remember two just offhand; they were "The Blind Shall 'See'" by Otis Adelbert Kline -- ever heard of him? -- and "The Dog With a Paper in Its Mouth" by Andrew Mouravieff. This last is a little jewel. In the new (March '42) issue, there is "Stars and Superstitions" by William H. Barton and Eleanor Shoemaker to tempt the poor, broke fans.

The poetry is at least interesting and some it is darn good. As for instance, "Nighthawks" by August Derleth" in the March '42 issue. This is one of the best. Many a long

May evening I have watched Nighthawks out over the millpond at Sumter; watched them and heard them as they flew past with that peculiar whistling - - -
". . . and never once without caught breath, the quickened pulse, the heart taut" - - - as Derleth put it. Only you must read it yourself if you care for poetry.

MaryhadalittlewolfitsconscienceblackascoalandeverytimeMarywenttobedthewolfwouldtrytofool—butthat'svulgarisn'tit?Maryhadalittlewolfitsconscience

The moon-decked leaves and the tinselled night
A magic palace made;
The hedgerow tall hid a starlit hall
With an elfin palisade.
As soft as the fall of a moonbeam,
As faint as the echo of prayer,
As sweet as the kiss of a flower,
Were the words that you whispered there.

I am haunted forever by voices that call,
As wild as the wild night wind--
By memories hushed as the footstep of death
In the shuttered cells of the mind.
This is the shadow of nameless fear,
This is the dead passion, and this its mark;
Your love for me is memory,
And mine for you, but I still hear
Your whisper in the dark.

-- Paul Beach Wynburn (From his excellent ((underscoring and qualifying adjective mine. JG)) unsubmitted novel, The Knight of Never Was).

I'veneverseenapurplecowIneverhopetoseeonebutIcantellyouanyhowI'drathersee thanbeoneI'veneverseenapurplecowIneverhopetoseeonebutIcantellyouanyhowI'd

Nocturne

The sleeper in the room's walled dusk
Who will not wake the still night through,
Or scent the strange night-flower's musk,
Or, **under darkness**, tread on dew,
May, in a timeless world imbibe
The dreams dark-brewed by slumber's powers,
While on the night the stars describe
Their tenuous arcs through turning hours.

Still, none can weigh the nebulous lure
Which draws the restless mind to sleep;
Of one thing only am I sure,
Against this call none stand secure:
Though long the night-watch I may keep,
It, too, shall find oblivion deep.

-- Louis Russell Chauvenet.

((Lee's new address, temporarily, is 90 West Sharpnack St., Philadelphia, Pa., and he sez that it might be a good idea to put "Germantown" on the lower left corner of the envelope. Give Milty and Rustebar our best, Lee!))

Before reading this incomparable masterpiece by Raym, we suggest that you unt up JINX in this mailing and read our poem on page 13 therein. Otherwise, Washington's piece will mean little or nothing to you. Frankly, we laughed harder than we have laughed for 3 or 4 years when first we read it.

On Going To The Wars

She walks in the Wilhemstrausse,
I walk in the snows.

The Huns are going where the bad-men go,
The Reds are smashing through the drifted snows;
The German tanks roll back along the streets
Of ruined towns . . . we roll in full retreat.

She walks past the Chancellory,
Where there is heat,
I trudge through the biting cold
With frozen feet.

The Reds are pushing back toward the west,
And dear old Germany must stand the test.
The German girls are pale and wan with dread,
The Frauleins of our foes will knock you dead.
(Yum, yum!)

I walk in the melted snows --
Where Napoleon marched.
She walks where clothes are clean
And sometimes starched.
She writes me letters full of hope and cheer,
Words meant for my ear alone to hear.
And ever, as I drift off into sleep,
The censor cuts them out; and she must weep.

The guns keep pounding o'er the frozen field,
And still we run, tho certain we must yield.
We go back through road to sure defeat,
We walk along the ice with frozen feet ...

The night, I think, is gathering ahead,
And back we cast our bullets at the Reds.
Back through the storm, along the dim white way,
To where the Red guerillas stand at bay ...

Across blown-up bridges, pillarless and stained
Against the sky that's filled with Russian planes.
And so we plod on ahead of doom ...
And don't ever have no time to wash and groom.

She walks in the Wilhemstrausse,
I walk in the snows.

-- Raymond Washington, Jr.

Does anybody like Bill Deutch?