

SPARTACUS

no. 32 May 2019



Patrice Green

1948-2019

Patrice Milton Green, age 70, passed away Sunday, May 5, 2019, at home, after a long battle with cancer.

She was born on August 19, 1948, in Coral Gables, Florida, to William (Milutinovich) Milton and Helen Laura "Patricia" (Houser) Milton.

She worked for Liberty Mutual Insurance Company in Miami, Orlando and Jacksonville, and Absolute Insurance Agency in Cocoa Beach. She retired from EG&G Florida at the Kennedy Space Center.

Patrice was a member of the Brevard Genealogical Society since 1998, and the Philip Perry Chapter of the DAR. She served as State Coordinator for the FLGenWeb Project, and Country Coordinator for Eastern Europe on the WorldGenWeb. She was also the family historian.

She leaves her beloved husband, Joseph, whom she married Dec. 24, 1975; her two daughters Melody Marie Green (wife Heather Green) of Palm Bay, FL, and Melissa Zebley (husband Andrew Zebley) of Granite Falls, NC; her step-daughter Rose-Marie Lillian (husband Guy Lillian) of Merritt Island, FL, and grandson Carey S. Green of Pensacola, FL. She also leaves many nephews and nieces, and a multitude of third, fourth and fifth cousins found through her genealogical research .

Patrice was preceded in death by her parents; her uncle "Samual" Wesley Felder Houser; stepson William Merritt Green; sisters-in-law Christine (Green) Bennett and Voncile (Green) Burnham; and a granddaughter, Alyssa Zebley.

SPARTACUS NO. 32

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GHLIII Press Pub #1256

On May 5th, 2019, Patrice Green, my wife's stepmother, decided that glioblastoma had had enough, and after 2½ years of struggle, turned away. Genealogist, Sfer, queen of the Greenhouse, wife to author Joe Green and all around pistol, Patty was 70.

My favorite anecdote about her stems from Magicon, the '92 Worldcon in Orlando. She and Rosy – we weren't married yet – allowed me to escort them to the Hugo ceremony, where Electrical Eggs founder Samantha Jeude was given a Big Heart Award for her work with the disabled. Her candid speech about her own disability touched everyone in the place, and suddenly I, seated between the Green ladies, found myself smacked on the noggin.

"You didn't tell me I'd need Kleenex!" Patty accused.

Patty's death followed by a mere day from the wedding of her daughter Melodee to her girlfriend Heather, at a soiree my father-in-law, Joe Green, described as "quite a shindig." Indeed, it was great fun, and Patty got to participate via Facebook Live. Rosy's BFF, who assisted, said Patty responded to the night's wacky joy, then went directly to sleep. I checked on her regularly the next day until the breaths I'd been hearing stopped. Her two "ducklings" – daughters, that is – and Rosy were quickly on hand.

I admit to musing as I stood by. Glioblastoma – brain cancer – is a mean foe. In the last six months it robbed Patty of her ability to communicate well, then at all. Then it took her ability to walk, to move; Heather and I lifted her from her bed to her chair every day. (For such a tiny girl, Patrice weighed a back-killing lot.) Watching Melodee weep over her, calling *Mommee* in her sweet deaf-girl's voice, I felt kinship with those who see in human suffering proof that a personal God is naught but fable. A loving deity, they believe and I felt as well, could never permit such unhappiness.

But it wasn't just grief that filled that room. It was also suffused with *dignity*. In the hands her daughters clasped over Patty's, there was a message: human lives *matter*. The love people have for one another *matters*. In truth, it is paramount in this world. Daring to venture into religion again, I thought *The reality of God is unimportant. The truth of Christ is everything. Said truth summed up in three resonant words. Love one another.*

The days after were busy. Arrangements were made: Patty's ashes were spread, with her mother's, beneath a jacaranda tree we planted in the front yard. No stone: the published obit would satisfy future genealogists, a concern for Patrice. Plans for going on in life are in the works: we'll bring down Rosy's etarge and showcase some of our books, and this room will become my *de jure* office. I'll leave one of Patty's dragon paintings – which gave the room its nickname – on the wall in her honor.

Joe and the ladies have done well, missing Patty but glad her agony is done. And so life will go on, inspired and delighted and happy in the memory of a glorious, funny, bright and life-loving human-er-than-human human being. *Au revoir*, Patty. *You are Spartacus, kiddo.*



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The flames that rose from Notre Dame Cathedral in April were a color I've never seen, a yellow brighter than sunlight, brighter than the canola growing in southern Australia, beautiful ... terrible. Watching them rise above Our Lady's wooden roof, fill and bring down her magnificent spire, was like watching the throes of an exploding star, a tragedy, an arc of unholy lightning right into the heart of our civilization and our species. With sickened fascination I watched, waiting for the inferno within the cathedral walls to soften and weaken them and collapse them into ruin, 1100 years of belief and wisdom and art and purpose reduced to trash. But it didn't happen. The walls held. The artefacts and art and

the cathedral's precious Rose Windows were saved. Notre Dame withstood the flames.

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We are fresh into the post-Mueller chapters of the sordid Donald Trump story. Since the last *Spartacus* we've seen the deeply corrupt Attorney General Bob Barr try to color and redact the report's findings to protect his venal boss, the slimy Mnuchkin deny the Congress Trump's tax returns, subpoenas ignored, law deflected, American standing in civilization further polluted.

The most recent political volcano to erupt in America involves abortion. Several states – and I'm ashamed to say that Southern states are among them – have enacted draconian laws against the procedure specifically, laws designed to challenge *Roe v. Wade* in the courts and establish once again that there is something filthy and contemptible about life and the half of humanity who bear it. I'd rather be a cockroach in most Southern states than king of most yankee venues, but this trend is inhumane, hypocritical, and venal.

A positive sign: many women hear the insult implicit in these new laws and explicitly fight back. Here's a post from my favorite *American Idol* contestant, a musician ranking with Nancy Griffiths as a testament to feminine – well, just plain *human* value.

Crystal Bowersox

Last night I admitted for the first time on a stage in front of a room full of people (in Oklahoma of all places) that I am #1in4 women. I was surprised by how many supportive women and men told me their stories after the show. Here's mine.

I was 18 and 19 years old and was on the pill both times. Still, I became pregnant. I was struggling to support myself at the time, and had a lifelong medical condition that immediately qualified me as a "high risk" pregnancy. I knew carrying a baby to term could potentially cause irreversible damage to my body without the proper pre-natal and medical care. I sobbed uncontrollably as I walked through a crowd of self-righteous people telling me I was evil and damned forever for my choice, even though I knew it was what was best for my life and my health at the time. It fu**ed me up spiritually and emotionally for a LONG time even though it was the right choice.

I got pregnant again a few years later by a man who fled the country after I told him. I was a bit older, but no more stable in life and I knew I couldn't bear the emotional turmoil of having another #abortion, and I was past 7 weeks when I found out, so I went the adoption route, which also broke my heart because I already loved my unborn child so deeply, but knew I couldn't provide him

the life he deserved. It was a difficult pregnancy - I developed preeclampsia in the last trimester and couldn't work, and it caused some permanent damage to my eyes due to my T1D.

3 weeks before I gave birth, the adoptive family I had chosen backed out because I wanted to have an open adoption.

So, with no other options, I kept my son with no money, no father, no child support, no stable place to live. I was blessed by an incredible stroke of luck on American idol that gave me a viable career and income, but this is NOT the case for most women.

I have no regrets and I am happy that the choice, ALL OF THESE CHOICES, were MINE to make. I love my son to infinity and back. I'm glad things have turned out this way, but don't fu**ing tell me what is right for my life if you haven't lived it.

[#youknowme](#) [#alabama](#) [#mybodymychoice](#) [#womenshealth](#) [#speakup#tellyourstory](#)

America is turning ugly and going crazy. How to fight that? Thomas Friedman wrote a column on May 7 called "How to Defeat Trump". Some of its words – as if so often the case with Friedman – bear to be purloined:

Donald Trump has been able to take people who came into his orbit and just bend them to his lying ways the way Uri Geller bent spoons. The latest is Attorney General William Barr, who, in only a few weeks, got bent into becoming Trump's personal lawyer. But Barr is in good company. Trump took Senators Lindsey Graham and Ted Cruz, who'd actually been bent against him, and bent them into fawning sycophants. *It's awesome!*

What worries me most right now is that if Trump gets a second term he'll also bend all the key institutions that govern us. Already he's softening the steel in many of them so they can be bent more easily.

For America to stay America, Trump has to be defeated. I don't want him impeached. He has to be voted out. Only that will restore the faith of the world that America has not lost its mind

We need [Republicans] to bear witness to the dishonesty, indecency and dysfunction they saw while serving Trump and to his unfitness for high office. We can't wait for their memoirs or anonymous, ineffective leaks. They don't have to take sides left or right. We need them to side with the truth. That is the essence of acting honorably.

[W]e need a Democratic candidate who can appeal not only to Democrats but also hold the independents, moderate Republicans and suburban women whose votes shifted the House to the Democrats in the 2018 midterm elections and whose support will be vital for any Democrat to win the presidency.

I think a lot of people today are frightened that the country is getting pulled apart at the seams. It starts with Trump: His extreme language and behavior, amplified by social media, fuels extreme reactions. And this is clearly heating up the society and stimulating some fringe actors on the right to physically attack people they believe Trump has identified as "enemies" of the state.

So Biden was not waxing nostalgic. He was saying in effect: "Let's remind ourselves who we were on our best days and rededicate ourselves to doing big, hard things, which can only be done together."

To go forward together we have to look back. We have to get reattached to what we were when we were at our best.

Until recently I thought that the Democratic field of candidates had swollen to a ludicrous extent – but now I see the value in the throng. Trump runs on invective. The numbers will thwart him. It's all but impossible to pin effective slurs on >20 varied people. Our variety will confound Republicans: a gay candidate, candidates who are male, female, white, black, old, young, old hands and new to politics, east coast, west coast, in-between, large states, small states, mayors of cities, rural governors, the whole spread of America – all tussling for the right to defend American values and value against the troglodyte in power and the reckless, feckless chaos he has brought to this country. In numbers there is strength – if we avoid self-immolation.

I've heard Trumpys say that they admit Donald is a despicable man, but they like his policies. We get to ask them: Why not an admirable man? Why not a courageous and creative woman? *Why settle for ignominy?*

It's time the House took this bull by its horns *impeached* the thug. Refusing to respect legitimate subpoenas, ordering subordinates not to obey the law, he *reeks* of obstruction of justice – action is all but required of the House. If the Republican Senate won't convict, make that refusal an issue next year. Health care, immigration, foreign affairs, infrastructure ... why not add *justice* to the cause?



The 42nd issue of **Challenger**, themed on robots, is up and on-line at **eFanzines.com**. Hard copies are very expensive and will be doled out to contributors and others over time. In the meantime, please read the digital edition, enjoy and comment upon, and suggest and contribute themes, articles and art for future issues. We'd prefer to solicit fiction on our own – you'd be advised to aim your efforts in that wise to *Aphelion* or another of the excellent fanzines dedicated thereto. And please, if you contribute an article, leave the *formatting* to us.

Because of the crisis in the Greenhouse, and a book that I have promised to write for Rose-Marie, I won't be assaying a *Zine Dump* until later this summer. Please keep the trade zines coming, everyone; your zines are valued.

Great congrats in this year's TAFF race to **Geri Sullivan**, our collaborator on the Noreascon IV program book – one could more fairly call her our guide and savior – and an absolute trufriend to all of fandom. Couldn't be more deserving.

More fannish PC horror, courtesy Andrew Porter: <https://www.spectator.co.uk/2019/05/writers-blocked-even-fantasy-fiction-is-now-offensive/> <http://tinyurl.com/y43oxm8c> .

Are any plans afoot for a 2019 WOOF? After the pleasure of OEditing the Worldcon Order Of Fan-Editors collation in San Jose, I am very interested in contributing to the follow-up number. Has anyone volunteered to handle the duties in Dublin? If so, deadline? Copy count? Address?

Had my own health checked recently, and though I have a slightly high creatinine, an aftereffect of my 2011 operation, it's stable, and I think my eyesight is improving. Okay! On we go!



LETRES D'COMMENT (poor French, great letters)

Rich Lynch

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Sad news on the passing of Gary Tesser, and thanks for making part of this issue (no. 30) a remembrance of him. I'm somewhat chagrined to say that I don't think I ever met him in person, but I did get to know him pretty well in print. Back when Nicki and I were publishing *Mimosa*, we tried several times to get him to write an article about "The True History of 'Chain Up!'" Never happened, though, and the world is worse off for it as a result. Death sucks. We're all gonna miss him.

Gary Robe

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Thanks for the tribute to Gary Tesser. I didn't get to interact with him more than about a half-dozen times over the years, but he was the sort of person who makes an indelible impression. It didn't take long to ascertain that Gary's mind worked uniquely. It's sad that he's gone and that future folks who never met him won't get it when we remember him on our stories.

Gregory Benford's ordeal at Loscon is shameful. Greg's own account of the incident actually ratchets the emotion down a couple of notches. He didn't leave the panel room in anger. The time was up and he had another obligation to attend. That he doesn't harbor lingering resentment to the Loscon committee is a testament to his graciousness.

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Many thanks for *Spartacus* 31. I started writing this on a Good Friday, yesterday, and I still have some [redacted] parts of the Mueller Report in my ears. It's obvious the right people were surrounding him to protect him should anything like this report blemish the ears of the POTUS. I hope you've been able see as much of this report as you can, and I am hopeful that some redactions will be undone. Honestly, I think democracy is in danger because the Republican party is setting examples for other right-wing parties to follow. In Canada, assorted right-wing parties, usually under the common name of Conservative, have been elected in six of the ten provinces, most recent in Alberta. These parties have slashed hard-fought-for services and programs in order to offer companies tax cuts. I think we are all in trouble.

Will Trump be re-elected? I have to think so. I don't want to...It will take some level or organization on the part of left-wing parties to battle back from such a prospect. Trump is but the public figure in front of a political party quite happy with public bankruptcies, broken families, and much more money in the corporate bank accounts. Can the Democrats united to form a common front? I have my doubts. There's too much personal ambition and money at stake to have that happen.

My loc...I might yet be depressed by losing hobbies, at least partially, but I seem to be picking up some fresh interests. Some more of the CAFTCAD stuff coming up, with their twice-a-year Sale, with lots of onc3e-movie clothing and other specialty clothing items for sale. We have volunteered for set up, and our actions have been noticed.

Rick Norwood's fiction...well, from what I see in various news reports, there's little fiction there, and so much fact. The level of racism up here is getting fairly high, and it comes

from racist groups coming out from under their assorted rocks, and emboldened by the Orange Fool. I cannot agree with the idea of all professors and students armed, though. I find that another cause of hard life in America today, and the promotion of which is a cause of hundreds of deaths in your country. I am sure there will be a few people who violently disagree with that statement, and that's too bad. I will react gently, but in advance, and tell them they can all do something sexual and impossible.

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I am not familiar with Gregory Benford and my only understanding of his problems at Loscon 2018 is what you post here. After reading it, I am appalled at how he was treated by the convention committee and what has happened since. Interestingly enough, this sort of thing seems to be infecting comics fandom, as well. There is a group called ComicsGate which is a right-wing hate group that not only attacks what it perceives as the liberal aspects of fandom, but also vigorously spews hatred at all female characters and fans. They use the Internet to send hate e-mails and degrade female fans who don't side with them.

And at the recent San Diego Comic Fest, a self-serving presenter/lecturer refused to leave the stage after his time was up and began cursing at the volunteers who told him he had to leave. This guy had done this before and now finds himself barred from future Comic Fests and other conventions.

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I won't go into details on my reactions to Gregory Benford's story of what happened at Loscon. Of course, not being there, I can't say with full authority, but having read reports on all sides, while I wouldn't have expelled him, he was out of line in the way he spoke someone who wasn't there to defend herself. And I don't have much sympathy for some people who complain about not being able to say what they think because often what they have been accustomed to saying was hurtful, condescending, or just racist/sexist/homophobic. I'm not saying Mr. Benford is in the above category, but one of his comments came off very badly.

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I've completed an Excel file catalog the first installment of the dispersal of Lon Atkins' books. No pictures, as in general pictures of the dust are readily available on the Net — however, I will photograph individual books on request and email them out on request.

The catalog will be coming from another email address: [atkins.books.curiosities](mailto:atkins.books.curiosities@gmail.com) at [Gmail.com](mailto:atkins.books.curiosities@gmail.com).



In '60s news, former Manson girl and onetime GHLIII interviewee Leslie Van Houten has once again been approved for parole by the California board responsible for such decisions. It's up to the California governor now, but as Jerry Brown denied her freedom, citing the historic obscenity of the crimes, I'll bet her successor keeps the gate closed too. Two films coming forth soon about Manson and his murderers — we'll see what light they can shed.

Like most of mankind, I found the last two episodes of *Game of Thrones* to be stunning — and unnecessarily hurried. SPOILERS here, krewe. What seemed especially hurried was the supposed sea change in Daenerys Targaryen's soul, though Tyrion — who had all the lines in this climactic chapter — showed us why we should have seen it coming. Whenever Dany came upon

an enemy, she *slaughtered* him, mercilessly. It happened time and again. The Imp caught on – Daenerys was by nature her father’s daughter, a killer (as Arya said), a conqueror, a Napoleon, a Khan – rationalizing her bloodlust behind her campaign to “break the chains.” Dany was a butcher from the first. We were all suckers for a pretty face.

Hurts to say that. Hurts too that the show pulled that revelation on us so hurriedly; *GoT* could have used a full, developed last season; it and we deserved better. But I must say, like *la belle* on Facebook, that I am satisfied with the outcome – the subplot regarding Bron makes sense, especially the Night King’s aim to kill the Broken and Arya’s heroic defense. It fits in with the thematic run of the series. Again in this episode, Tyrion had the golden words to explain why: Bron carries the stories, and the stories *are* the kingdoms.

On another front, news is that William Gibson’s unused script for *Alien3* is being made into a radio drama and graphic novel. Considering that the movie of *Alien3* was not only bad, but detestable, these are joyous tidings. Maybe. If Newt survives, I’m happy, because the cynical and nihilistic way in which her character was handled in David Fincher’s movie was as callous and contemptuous of its audience as any film I’d ever seen. The insult *begs* for correction. I hope Gibson provides it.

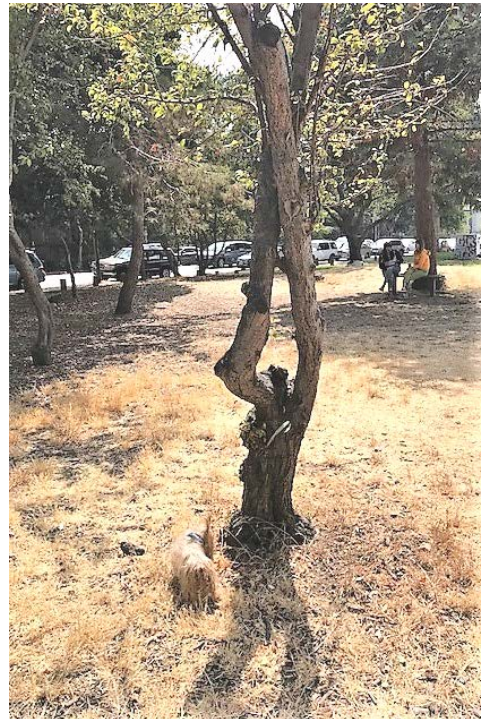


Speaking of the bad old days, on May 15, 2019 I posted the following on Facebook, marking the 50th anniversary of the police attack on People’s Park. I posted a photo of a guy being arrested by Berkeley cops in 1969 and a picture of myself in the peaceful, pretty Park of last August.

Fifty years ago today I was present at the event that has informed my life ever since -- the assault by Ronald Reagan's cops on People's Park in Berkeley. If you want, you can find my account of the day in Challenger on eFanzines.com. I'm not the guy being arrested there -- he was lucky; cops using 00 shotgun ammo killed a fella that day -- but that is me, then and now, and a tree in the Park last summer. That day -- May 15, 1969 -- I learned the amorality of unchecked authority, the importance of human decency, and



the scope of my own courage. I think on the Park often -- it reminds me of what this country is and who I am.



Patty Green with Rosy Lillian

