

SPARTACUS no. 22

Guy Lillian III
1390 Holly Avenue
Merritt Island FL 32952
318/218-2345 GHLIII@yahoo.com
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Forget what you look at when you first consider **David**, Michelangelo's immense and magnificent marble. Consider his *face*. It, and the rock David holds in his enlarged right hand, clue us in as to the nature of the figure. Yes, he's a perfect, beautiful male and all that, but he is hardly insipid or girlish: David is a *warrior*.

Michelangelo, at 26, imbued David with tension, determination, and fury. His brow is creased. His eyes are angry. The veins seem to pulse in his hands. His muscles are tense for battle. I've heard it said, and it's too apt not to believe, that Michelangelo captured David at the moment where he first sees Goliath, and prepares to step forth.

And what has *David* got to do with anything? Why ask me? Maybe I just woke up this morning and felt like talking about it – by consensus, the greatest sculpture in history. Maybe David's story – added to the fact that this is a statue, like those splattered over the news these days – makes an arcane point about courage, character and fortitude at a time when our country needs them.

I don't know. But somehow he seems *valid*. Somehow he seems like a heroic exemplar of the truth about people in general and us in particular, Philistine giants, *faux* Nazis, hurricanes and our own follies be damned.

**

The recent catastrophes of Charlottesville and Houston demonstrate such opposite tenets of human nature – and specifically *American* nature – that it boggles to imagine them coming from the same country. Between these disasters, a cosmic delight. Taken *in seriatim*, they disgust us, challenge us... and finally, abash.

The melee at **Charlottesville** cost one idealistic young woman her life and may cost her killer his. (A good attorney could defend the guy of murder on one or two bases, but they have him stone cold on manslaughter.) It cost some demonstrators their livelihoods (of which I, frankly, don't approve). It cost America its dignity and sense of self.



The incident was truly a national disgrace. Bared before the eyes of mankind were all the bigotry, loathing, hysteria and lust for violence buried in the mucky regions of the American soul. Never in decades has the swastika flown so openly on our streets. Never in generations has the curdling spew of Nazi rhetoric been chanted where American children could hear it. Never, ever, has a philosophy so antithetical to the dream on which this nation is based been tacitly embraced by an American President. The poisons that lurk in our American id have hatched out, and spread.

As one who believes he understands the Civil War and the impulses that attracted fine men like Lee to the Confederacy, it was particularly distressing to see scum those men would have trampled beneath their horses' hooves claim their history as their own. It led to snarky slanders against them that make no sense in context, and are false to the just truth. Robert E. Lee himself espoused reconciliation after the War, and dissuaded memorials. His painful decision to choose his home state over the nebulous federal government he had hitherto served with such distinction may have haunted him almost as much as his defeat. To hear that choice derided as treason by mallrats who know nothing about him or his motives is repulsive; to see his likeness embraced as a rallying issue by a fraud like David Duke (whom I've met and who is well-recognized in Louisiana as a blowhard) is reprehensible. I would have stood with the counter-demonstrators in Charlottesville, but I would have had a different overriding reason: The United States of America built itself through inspiration, pain, and sacrifice, and the hooligans chanting "Blood and soil" in Virginia made mockery of that endeavor.

And then here comes Trump, first reading a canned statement denouncing the right-wingers with all the emotion and sincerity of a DJ reading a supermarket's press release. Back he comes in his own Tower to speak off the cuff (to the horror of his aides) and damn both sides, walking away with a liberated lightness to his step. He claims later to have condemned the Nazis, Duke's KKK, the anti-Semitic parades – but his true words were out, and only the continuing cascade of humiliations the man is bringing down upon this country overcomes them.

So matters festered – until the sun gave us a break.

Here in central Florida the **eclipse** obscured 85% or so of our progenitor sun, leaving only a thin sliver of a "C". We watched it through opaque NASA glasses (Rosy) and – no joke, I fear – 7 ½ pairs of optometrist's shades (you know, those plastic wrap-arounds for after pupil dilation), drugstore clip-ons (including one broken pair) and a huge set of beach sunglasses left here by one of *la belle's* BFFs. I looked idiotic but I saw fine. As a former super said at the last eclipse I'd seen, *that old cosmic mechanism in motion*. Magnificent.

But what was best, I think, were the expressions on the faces of Americans in the shadow's path. The TV did us the favor of showing their irrepressible **joy**. Made me think that the eclipse was God's gift – or at least George Harrison's – after the sickening display of Charlottesville. *Here comes the sun ... it's been an awful lonely winter*.

Houston, for all its horror, represented the spring. It was a lesson in American nature. We watched the "Cajun Navy" rescue hundreds of stranded hispanic, black, Caucasian people, old and young, and their

pets. Their race mattered nary a whit. I was reminded of the climactic scene in *Crash*, the film that somehow stole the Oscar from *Brokeback Mountain*. A racist cop saves a black woman whom he thinks he hates (and who hates him) from a burning car, at peril of his own life. As she's taken safely away, they stare at each other, stunned. They realize, *the conflicts and bitterness of before are bogus. **This is who we really are.***

We should be awed, shamed and exulted by Houston. Forget the cretin who refused to open his megachurch until forced. Forget the price gougers and the house looters. ***This is who we really are.***

(I must point out that I'm writing these lines in the home of Rosy's lifelong BFFs, safely inland from Irma's storm surges, riding out the terrible hurricane in dry, warm, well-fed kindness and comfort.)

**

We note with raging disgust the **Dragon*Con chair incident**. A kid – don't know the age – was beamed by a chair – don't know the type, though it makes little difference – pitched from a tenth-floor window. I understand the probability is that it wasn't a fan, but a drunk attending the SEC tournament, and that the girl is OK. This is a relief, obviously. The occurrence, however, brings up the question of convention behavior, and that brings up

Jess Nevins' survey on sexual harassment in SF. To quote the survey, as repeated on Facebook: "In many cases the harassers are: the award winner who likes to use his fame as a lever with which to lure under-age women to his hotel room for sex; the best-selling author who likes to lure young women and under-age women to his hotel room for BDSM sessions—when confronted about this behavior, he claims that since there's no penetration, it doesn't count as statutory rape; the award winner who imitates Isaac Asimov's serial groping behavior; the award winner who uses his fame to pressure young women to sleep with him; the anthology editors who demand sex from female authors in exchange for being published in the anthologies; the small press owners who demand sex from female authors in exchange for being published by the press; the editor who targets children.

"A numerical breakdown: Of the 336 people who responded to the request for details about their experiences:

- 180 had been the victim of verbal harassment.
- 117 had been the victim of physical harassment (groping).
- 16 had been victim of threats of rape and/or violence.
- 3 had been the victim of a man masturbating themselves in front of the respondent (in each case a woman).
- 1 had been the victim of a sexual assault at a convention."

As ever with such discussions, I deplore such actions – but I also need more information. Specifically, I need *specifics*.

I'm not asking for the names of the "prominent figures" Jess is talking about, although public shaming is the most effective medicine to force down a lecher's throat. Lawsuits would undoubtedly follow, and a brouhaha that would make the Breendoggle look tame. What I need to know is, What line was crossed? "Verbal harassment" – like what? I've seen men accused of harassment for telling a lady she looked nice. "Threats of rape and/or violence" How? Such threats are a crime. So, obviously, is an actual sexual assault. Having heard an *interrupted conversation* described as *rape*, and knowing how vital details are in court – I need to hear such details. Not only to make for a saner fandom, but for a saner society.

Not every social offense rises (or sinks) to the level of crime, of course. There's crime and there's rudeness and there's unintentional offense. Some of Nevins' complainants were probably exaggerating – could that dude ostensibly playing with himself merely been adjusting his junk after an attack of prick(haha)ly heat? But some, undoubtedly, were not. They felt legitimately threatened, and that's not acceptable.

I speak as a past offender. In the far-off days of my bachelorhood, burdened with a misfit's crawly self-image and the sudden presence of females sharing our interest in SF, I'm sure I stepped over the line sometimes. (I'm proud to say I always apologized, copiously and sincerely.) I grew up. We all should.

SF fandom is tolerant to a fault of many illegal activities – drug use, consensual BDSM, even, in one case I can think of, domestic violence. The values of our community are very loose, and maybe that's the way it should be. Consent is all. But when someone is being hurt, physically or psychologically, our tolerance should end across the board. We need to *prosecute* such acts if they bear the legal weight, not just gripe about them.

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This issue's **movie rave** is enthusiastic and unreserved: *Wind River* is one of the finest cop thrillers I've seen since *A Walk Among the Tombstones* and *Hell & High Water* – no surprise, since the same director was also responsible for the latter.

Like *H&HW* and the terrific Netflix series *Longmire*, it's a *rural* murder mystery, spare and sprawling; in fact, one of its themes is the physical and cultural isolation of the area. The characters are a bit standard – a taciturn cowboy and tracker, a beautiful, insouciant and blonde FBI agent (the twin of Linda Krawecka when fandom first met her) – but their developing respect and friendship has no trace of insipid romantic trope. Likewise, the plot develops intelligently and without cliché, and the denouement is startling and satisfyingly intense.

Well-acted film, too. Jeremy Renner is perfect in his mountain man role, and Elizabeth Olsen is fine in the Clarice Starling part. As he always does, Graham Greene pockets the movie and walks away whistling, playing a wry reservation cop. Wait – that statement is not quite true. The true star of *Wind River* is the wintry wilderness of the American northwest, indifferent and magnificent hero and villain in this superb movie.

**

I never thought I'd be **haulin' flushin' water** up from the crick ... but when we returned to the Greenhouse from our Irma sanctuary in Orlando, that became one of my chores. Merritt Island had electricity after Irma, you see – A/C is a necessity in Florida – but running water, no.

The culprit was a smashed water main connecting us with the mainland. Drinking water was no problem – the local groceries were well-stocked – but people do more than water than guzzle. They also take showers. They also flush toilets. At least, in normal times.

I can take sponge baths from sinks full of drinking water, but rather than waste the good stuff on effluvia, I dip an empty cat litter box into the canal out back. The water, phosphorescent at night and gross 24/7, does the trick.

I'd like to say I feel like a noble pioneer, but instead I feel like a sopping savage drowning poop with polluted swamp water.

September 12: our water pressure returns. Goodbye 19th Century.

**

To return to a horrible subject from last issue, *la belle* Rosy recently found a **Jack the Ripper** documentary pinning someone besides Aaron Kosminski as the killer – one of the cited witnesses. Apparently the guy walked past the sites of most of the slaughters on his way to work every morning, and had a very close relationship with his mother. Trouble is that this can be explained as raw coincidence. Not only that, he doesn't fit any of the classic Ripper profile – no violence or insanity in his

past – and he was a married man with a house bursting with kids. I enjoyed the show but doubted its conclusion. (Wow – strong *déjà vu*.)

**

Recently the Greenhouse – being without cable in the aftermath of Irma – watched my DVD of ***Chinatown***, I am reminded once again of the force of that pivotal masterpiece. I first saw it first-run in Manhattan, year 1975, seated far left in the front row. The extreme distortion caused by the angle seemed to reflect the distorted lives and story being shone onto the screen, and even so twisted, it made its impression: one of the best movies I've ever seen.

Like all great works of art, *Chinatown* is – as it says! – more than meets the eye. “You may *think* you know what you're dealing with ...” says Noah Cross, John Huston's inspired arch-villain, but the murder of a water commissioner and even the plot to turn 1930s Los Angeles into a megalopolis mask the movie's true intent. That intent is seared into the tragic life of the director, Roman Polanski, who lost his parents to the Holocaust and his wife, friends, unborn child and peace of mind to the psychotic extreme of the alienated sixties. *The ascendancy of fascism – “Tomorrow belongs to me!”*

It's what Hitler, Manson and Noah Cross have in common: the dream of controlling the future. A thousand-year Reich, the addled concept of a race war, a new L.A. ... dreams to outlive the dreamer, dreams for which innocents must pay the sacrifice. Polanski must have thought such crazy ambitions triumphant, at least over his own hopes and loves. Thus his own perversions. Thus *Chinatown*.

In *Chinatown*, of course, Cross' need to dominate the world that is and the world that is to come is given human form: his incestuous relationship with Evelyn, his “disturbed” daughter, and his quest for the innocent Katherine, his daughter/granddaughter (perhaps a self-rebuke by the flawed director). Cross' wealth delivers all to him. “He *owns* the water.” “He *owns* the police.” He *owns* the future.

But the closed universe of a movie can be supplanted by another – and I don't mean *Chinatown*'s confused, forgettable sequel, *The Two Jakes*. Look to *The Pianist*, where Polanski took on the Holocaust directly. The title character endures ... and prevails. His art carries him through, and past, the horrors of World War II. Polanski's art wins him an Oscar and one for his star, Adrien Brody. Perhaps in the story of survival he has found an answer to the powers that would control what is to be: to let things happen, to comment, to reflect, to make sense of the senseless.



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Swampy weeps again ...

Len Wein, creator with the late Berni Wrightson of the epochal character Swamp Thing, crossed the rainbow bridge in September. He was a fabulous writer – obviously – and a terrific man, friendly and approachable during my year at DC Comics. I remember his wisecrack when he found out that Joe Orlando had asked me to rewrite the dialog on one of his first stories. (“Death Wish”, which I changed to “Death Song”. I don't think it was ever published.)

His run in *Swamp Thing*, starting with the seminal story in *House of Secrets*, is an unmatched series of excellences. More than once Dave Michelinie – given the unenviable task of taking over the *Swampy* writing chores after Len left for Marvel – and I would take all 11 issues to lunch and pore over them, analyzing the craft, astounded at the quality. (Dave did an admirable job, too.)

Len's loss is painful. Both of *Swamp Thing*'s brilliant creators have left us this year. The Earth, in Swampy's form, weeps.



LOC AROUND THE CLOC

Milt Stevens
6325 Keystone St.
Simi Valley, CA 93063
miltstevens@earthlink.net

In *Spartacus* #21, you came up with a topic I haven't thought of in decades, getting a date for the senior prom. Now that the situation is over fifty years in the past, I can think about it much differently than I would have back then. As a high school senior, I wasn't aware that my life had a philosophical and sociological context. My brain was much less cluttered back then.

As a high school senior, most of my cultural assumptions had gotten into my brain by osmosis. I didn't really know where these core beliefs came from, but they were quite compelling. In primitive times, I'm sure such beliefs would have told me to pick up the damned spear and go kill the damned lion. Fortunately, I didn't live in a primitive society, and my cultural imperatives weren't as rough on the local lion population.

I knew I needed a girlfriend. Of course biology had something to do with it, but that wasn't the only reason. You needed a girlfriend for the same reasons you needed socks and underwear. Socks and underwear make your life more comfortable. Also, if you don't wear socks and underwear, people will look at you funny. Most kids would rather be burned at the stake rather than have people look at them funny.

I went to a very large high school. There were 1100 people in my graduating class. There was room for all sorts of social groups. I hung out with the journalism-creative writing-theater arts group. Males formed the social groups, and females became members of the groups by attaching themselves to males in the groups. I suppose that's a rather sexist way of doing things, but that's the way they were done in the fifties. I have no idea what high school students do today.

Back to the original topic. There was no doubt as to who I was taking to the senior prom. I had a girlfriend. She was cute and reasonably intelligent. She was also a total psycho. I put up with her for far longer than I should have. I was insecure and not sure I could get another girlfriend in the near term. I actually don't remember any part of the senior prom. I do remember what we did afterwards.

Gentlemen don't tell, Milt.

Rich Lynch
<rw_lynxh@yahoo.com>

You mention that one of your next projects will be to do a tribute fanzine to Lon Atkins, whom you accurately describe as "the dominant member of the Southern Fandom Press Alliance for the first 50 years of its existence." I certainly agree with that. He wasn't exactly a paternal figure for the apa, but he *was* an overseeing avuncular and inspiring presence who always tried to make SFPA a happy and welcoming place. And, as you describe, he was an excellent writer. Those of us who knew him and were friends with him should really feel honored. He was an extraordinary person.

I'm collecting caricatures and writings of Lon and would welcome hearing from anyone who wants to share memories of him.

Tom Feller
<tomfeller@aol.com>

I hope you have running water by now. When I was a boy, my grandmother's house did not have running water, but she provided clean chamber pots for my brother and me when we stayed over.

I joked about the 19th Century earlier, but it's amazing to realize just how close its privations are. We had relatives who lived like people did in that time, and a day's bad weather sent us back to it ourselves.

Regarding the prom: My high school was so small (about 150 students) that as soon as a boy asked a girl to go, it was common knowledge that spread throughout the student body faster than the speed-of-light.

Lloyd Penney
1706-24 Eva Rd.
Etobicoke, ON
CANADA M9C 2B2
<penneys@bell.net>

Many thanks for *Spartacus* 21. There's still a lot of zines to respond to, and this one is next. I like the fact you've got a Michael deAdder cartoon on the front. He's the political cartoonist for the *Halifax Herald* newspaper in Nova Scotia, and his cartoons often appear in a couple of the local papers here.

I remember Gal Gadot from her stint as the Israeli soldier on the staff of *NCIS*. The character was a tough one, but she carried it off well, so no surprise with the *Wonder Woman* movie (which I did not see). I did see something on Facebook about her husband, who happily sports a t-shirt that says that Wonder Woman is his wife. David Thewlis was better used in the Harry Potter movies.

The senior prom ... when I was in my final year of high school, I knew about the senior prom, and knew it was coming up, and also knew that I would have no one to ask to it, so it wasn't that important to me. I also knew that we were getting ready to move away to the west coast, and we did that three days after my final day of class. I got my high school diploma in the mail. I ignored any school proms or dances, for I knew no one wanted me. I also had the heartache and shame of fake Valentines, too.

Hurricane Harvey has dumped an ocean load on Houston and area, and DT45 is down there, somehow accepting the credit for cash dumps for damages yet to be totaled. I cannot make any criticism of the regime others haven't already made.

My LOC ... we did go up to Northern Ontario, to Sturgeon Falls/West Nipissing, and the small village of Cache Bay, where the Robert family laid to rest Gabrielle Klein-Robert, Yvonne's mother, and a very sweet lady to me. I will miss her hugs, and her sewing and quilting talents. We also got eaten alive by the horrendous mosquitoes, and the bites are still healing. We also did go to that steampunk convention in Romulus, Michigan...we had no problems crossing the border into the US. However, on the way back home, we were taken to task by Canada Customs because we had made purchases, and could not provide all of our receipts upon demand. Our pleas that we had not been into the US in over five years fell on deaf ears, but still, we were not directed over to another building. We may return to Michigan for this convention next year, and so we know. Given how DT45 is reacting to the least resistance Canadian officials are putting up over the NAFTA renegotiations, we don't know if we will be allowed in next year.

We are also having discussions about our early politicians, and whether we should disown them because they made decisions back then that are unpopular/sexist/racist today. Some are trying to rename schools named after Sir John A. MacDonald, our first prime minister because he was among the many who set up the residential school system that took native children away from their parents in the misguided attitude that these children needed a proper education in English, and a religious education with a Christian God. I don't think these schools will change their names...in 1867 and later, these decisions were made with the best of intentions. We cannot make modern decisions on these 150-year old pieces of legislation, but all we can do is admit that their intentions were good, even if the results over 150 years was quite evil. I usually do not criticize political correctness, but in this case ...

Taral Wayne
245 Dunn Ave. Apt. 2111
Toronto ON Canada M6K 1S6
<taral@bell.net>

The North was quicker in developing a sense of continent-wide nationhood than the South, I think. Settlers moving over the Alleghenies and Mid-West moved quickly, and were less apt to settle down in some mountain crick or hollow, but instead continued on over the Ohio, over the Missouri and into the Northwest and finally the California coast. As a result, the people from the North tended to feel as though they were filling out a nation, not merely putting down roots. It was not only a social movement, it was reinforced by the rapid growth of the railroads and industry. Agricultural products traveled east, and manufactured goods traveled west, quickly filling intervening the space with new towns and prosperous farms. Banks and capital followed.

In the south, people grew corn and made whisky. Once they had the basics, they were apt to be content with the forgiving climate and few needs. One relied on oneself rather than work together ... boy, *did* they not work together! Working for others smacked of subservience, and worse ... conduct unbefitting a White Man.

In was no accident that the Confederacy self-destructed over the issue of States Rights. Whereas the North was already moving into a modern understanding of the nation as early as the 1830s, the Confederacy was in denial as late as 1865. In fact, the South continued in denial much through of the modern era – well into the 1960s – at the cost of in poverty and backwardness for much of the South. Indeed, even at this late date, the modern Diaspora of the South into Middle America is an indication of its fundamental resistance to change!

Of course, it's entirely not that simple ... it never is.



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KLINGONS TAKE HEART!

Behold my baby brother **Lance Lillian** in command at a *Star Trek* exhibit in upstate New York. The Federation is doomed! (Photo: Marie Lillian.)

**

A happy shout-out to **Worldcon 75** for fulfilling their promise and sending us, from Finland, two copies of their very handsome program book. It was the fee I requested for writing a short piece about DUFF.

I'm very interested in penning a piece about Chelsea Quinn Yarbro for the 2018 program book, but my inquiries have gone nowhere. **If anyone connected with the con reads this, please pass it along to someone in charge.**

**

I normally stick to pro football, but this nod to **college football** fans: how 'bout Florida's last-instant touchdown pass play against Tennessee on September 16?

**

And so, as of September 18, I am a **college professor**.

I dreamed the night before of wandering through a college, and awoke in a state of panic. This lasted until I opened room 206 in Building 4 at Eastern Florida State College, and the kids came in.

It is not condescending at all to refer to my students as “kids,” for such they be. I had been told that I would get a mix of ages in my class, since it’s a required course everyone, even engineering and nursing students, must take. I’d get adults returning to school after the demands of young parenthood, high school students seeking advanced credit (so-called “dual-enrollments”), etc. etc. Not so. I have one married gent in his thirties and one lady clinging to the tailfeathers of that sweet bird of youth. The rest of the krewe are out of high school, thank God, but all but gleam with promise and freshness and ... fear. I think English Composition I may be their first college class.

They are almost all looking for the major that will grab them. Lots of incipient engineers and nurses. One guy raised by journalists who wants to follow in the family line. (He was reading a Herman Wouk novel in the hallway; I recommended *The Caine Mutiny*, if only for Greenwald.) Another wants to be a cop. This is cool with me; I spent much of the first class drumming the need for organized, clear writing in *every* field ... and ridding myself of my own nervousness by telling story after story. I even talked about the *David*, which put the class dweebs – there are always a couple – in stitches. (What’s he supposed to wear, dimwits, corduroy?)

In the future I’ll be going over the class materials – basic stuff, well-presented in *EasyWriter*, the spiffy course text – making plenty of writing assignments, filling free time with readings (Dave Drake! and eventually, my favorite Faulkner) and even some short films (I love doing a spiel about my favorite scene in *Psycho*). I have a night class one night a week; God knows how I’ll fill all *that* time.

I just hope I can give over some of my enthusiasm for the language and how we pass our ideas along.

**

And speaking of clarity in writing, as a fellow Berkeleyan (1967-69) once wrote:

“If G is an open subset of $S^2 - \{p_1\}$, then $f^{-1}HGr = [K_n \cap \bigcup_{i=1}^n G_i] \cup [L_n \cap \bigcup_{i=1}^n G_i]$, so $i^{-1}_*(G)$ is an F_∞ set. Since $S^2 - \{p_x\}$ is homeomorphic to the plane, it follows that there exists a sequence $\{x_n\}$ such that $(i^{-1}_*(x_n)) = (x)$ for each fixed $x \in M$, so is of Baire class $g \setminus (M, S^2)$.”

The fellow Berkeleyan was a math teacher named Ted. Ted Kaczynski. Yeah, him, subject of *Manhunt: Unabomber*, an excellent limited series I watched this month. I saw him on campus, I think, but we never spoke. He was at Berkeley during the People’s Park crisis; I wonder, did it affect him? Did it help send him into the mountains ... and those other places he went?

**

Space here to tout **my father-in-law’s new book** ... *Spies of Nyskandia*, a thoughtful alternate history by Joseph Green. Available from Amazon for \$16 paper or \$6 e-book. Book design’s by Rosy Lillian, cool cross idea on the cover by yhos.

And further space to thank SFPA OE **Joe Moudry** for his printing help this hurricane-ravaged season. I owe him much more than the glut of Good Guy egoboo votes coming his way.



Basil Gogos has died. The greatest movie-monster artist of all, he played a vital role in getting me into fandom. For that, as well as his undoubtable genius, I'll note him on this final page of *Spartacus*.

I was a kid, maybe 10, living with my family in Tonawanda, a working class 'burb of Buffalo. A guy I knew from down the block told me that there was a magazine for sale at the corner drugstore which showed the Mummy's face ... *unwrapped!* I hustled down there.

The magazine was *Famous Monsters of Filmland* no. 9, and indeed within was a still from a *Mexican Mummy* movie with the bandaged baddie's gruesome chops exposed. More memorable was the cover depicting Vincent Price as the elegant Roderick Usher. By Basil Gogos.

Now, I was already hooked, by superhero comics and the primitive SF on TV (I forget if *Twilight Zone*, anything but primitive, had yet premiered). But here was Forrest J Ackerman, editor of *Famous*

Monsters, an *adult* talking about the stuff I loved in a real magazine devoted to at least the *fun* stuff I loved ... A revelation: other people like me out there. *True believers*.

And great art. Gogos' genius didn't simply lie in realistic recreations of spooky faces. He was a true artist: he could see beneath the makeup to the emotional core of the creature. Look at this Karloff Frankenstein, ca. *Bride of*. His loneliness is as real as his ugliness; his barely restrained murderousness lurks alongside. Even better is Gogos' full-face portrait of Chaney's Phantom. The eyes of Erique Claudin flash from that mangled face with pain ... and sadness, and yearning.

Basil Gogos was exceptional. And he helped bring me in.

That's it for the nonce. Got classes to prep for. See y'all next time.



