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# SPIRITUS MUNDI 182

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I have an undisputable statement to make. I am the luckiest man in the world. When my wallet suddenly disappeared from my pants pocket in the middle of Bourbon Street at 5:45 PM on Mardi Gras Day – probably dropped, possibly dipped, but certainly g-o-n-e – a man with less than supreme good fortune would have had his celebration wrecked.

But my celebration was *not* wrecked. Mardi Gras – February 27 – and the days preceding it were the best 2001 has yet held for me. One, in fact, held a moment that has seldom been equaled, ever.

This was on Lundi Gras, the day before Fat Tuesday, when Rose-Marie Donovan and I walked into Boudreaux's Jewelers in Metairie. We were almost too late; the shop was on the verge of closing. But Mr. Allen Boudreaux himself intervened, let us come in ... and personally sold us – at a discount – Rosy's half-carat engagement ring.

It's a Tiffany setting of a round diamond (was I just redundant?). It's held it place by six prongs, instead of the usual four. It glimmers blue and yellow and dazzling white. It's a pretty ring, and I admit to breaking into insane giggles as I slid it onto my lady's finger, where it fit – like a ring. *Well*, says I to myself, *this makes it official*. And I felt the delight of heaven. No kidding. Only my proposal and her acceptance have topped this moment in many, many years.

There were good times before that and after ... it was Mardi Gras, after all, and Rosy's first. We went to parades – Endymion and Bacchus. We caught Endymion very near the start of the parade route and thus avoided problems that afflicted Bacchus the next night: big crowds, float breakdowns and long delays between bead-snatching riots. The theme of the parade was dear to our SFnal hearts, too: 2001, and man's odyssey into space. The huge floats were gorgeous, adorned as they were with this year's innovations, gorgeous multicolored fibre-optics, and mini-cannons spewing streamers and confetti of purple, green and gold foil. (One such streamer snagged a Metairie electric line and cut off power to a neighborhood. The cannons have been banned in Jefferson Parish.) The bead booty was heaped high, and Rosy has ordered me to ship it to her in Florida, its intended use ... secret. Bacchus? Less fun. Larry King's celebrity float was a literal mile ahead of the rest of the krewe. Similar gaps ran back through the parade. After showing Rosy Dany Frolich's crowning Mardi Gras creation, the fabulous Bacchusaurus, I took us out of there.

Mardi Gras day itself had been threatened with rain, as the whole South was being soaked. But Mardi Gras Magic prevailed, and Fat Tuesday's weather, while muggy, was dry. We found a splendid parking spot, enjoyed beignets at Café du Monde, and spent the day wandering, eying the lunatics and the occasional celebrity (John Goodman is downright familiar, atop Pete Fountain's Half-Fast Marching Club bandwagon) ... and becoming famous. At one fabulous moment on Bourbon Street, we chanced upon a local TV star, Frank Davis, conducting street interviews, and I forced my dahlin' into his path. Her comments about her first Carnival and responses to his Palm Beach County jokes

were seen by at least two people we ran into later, as well as my neighbor Cindy back on Fontainebleau Drive.

Balconies and bacchanalia commanded the day ... and we were ready to seek one last party before cashing it in. Instead, after shoving my wallet into my front pocket – with a camera – to avoid its being picked, it disappeared. Gone. Lost in a morass of shuffling feet and the 1520 tons of trash the city picked up the next day. Mardi Gras' festivities segued into a long cab drive to fetch my extra car keys, and days of hassling with banks and bureaucracies to replace and protect the contents I had lost.

But! The cab driver – Sal Fallo, a prince – was great company, and let us pay him what we wished. (We gave him forty bucks.) When I visited my bank the next morning, under lightning-blasted skies (what did I tell you about Mardi Gras Magic?), they gave me no hassles and I lost no money from my account. True, I nearly tore the faces off several DMV workers getting my license back, but everyone somehow survived, and all is well.

So when Rosy went home a few days after Fat Tuesday, we could look back on a splendid visit. Yes, putting her onto that plane was agony. But she wore my ring. And she would be back.

Plans proceed. Come! The date is set – June 30<sup>th</sup>. The site is established – the Porcher House in Cocoa, Florida. If invitations have not gone forth already, don't blame me: I've sent Rosy and her stepmother several lists. Rosy has even set up a registry. She asked me my opinion about it, and I replied that if anyone wanted to give me a wedding present, they could pay my car note.

Captain Romance, that's me.

Captain Lucky-Beyond-Measure, *that's* me.

Oh, by the way ... **February 12, 2002.** That's not the wedding day, it's the next Mardi Gras. Come join us *here*, too.

### ***The Age of Jabarious***

I continue to learn the ins and outs of court work in St. John Parish. It has finally dawned on me that the district attorney's office is trial-shy, and so will deal and deal and deal. Recently, for instance, a lovely young black girl accused of participating in a drive-by shooting was allowed to plead to being a principal to a car theft – a spectacular reduction and concession. Can't help but like that. There are other differences between this region and my neo-fascist former venue, Jefferson Parish. For instance, when a scrawny street 'ho had to be dressed in loose clothing to face a jury, one of our female judges – an A+ class act – stepped off the bench to help pin up her duds. That was a first.

I finally faced a St. John jury, but I didn't face it long. I made a good deal for my guy in mid-selection and pled him out. (A wise move: it was a drug sale case, they had him on videotape, and he was a potential lifer.) I must say the venire did not impress me much. They were lower middle class folks, white and black, pleasant, but not particularly attentive, and anxious to be elsewhere. The future will tell if that's typical, in the same way that Nazis are typical to Jefferson Parish and black jurors, unfriendly to cops and enraptured with lesser verdicts than the charge, are to Orleans.

That client was third on my day's docket. The guys ahead of him – **Jabarious** and **Marlon** by name,

both charged with selling crack cocaine – stuck around the tiny Edgard courthouse all day, waiting for the District Attorney to show them their videotapes and make plea bargain offers. Unfortunately, the undercover videos were clear and the offers high, so both rabbited – *ran*.

The best thing this incident precipitated was that it got me in the newspaper for the first time in years. The judge told the reporter that I was “quite embarrassed” ... true enough, but at least they spelled my name correctly. Claiming that he had misunderstood my comments and the instructions of the court, Marlon turned himself in a couple of days later. But Jabarious – arrogant teenage drug dealer, caught *four times* on video – was nowhere to be found. His car turned up near the TX border, abandoned. His next stop is **America's Most Wanted**.

(Aside: **AMW** has really pissed me off. Its campaign to poison the trial of Kathleen Soliah flies in the face of this country's most sacred and fundamental judicial principles. John Walsh and his coterie want the former radical convicted – and so they're bringing forth any idiot who will say so to claim that she planned to pipebomb a police car 30 years ago. In public. On the air. *Before* her trial. Need I argue how prejudicial this is? *A person is innocent until proven guilty*. In his bitterness, his anger, his loathing, John Walsh has forgotten that essential fulcrum of American law, and if Kathleen Soliah suffers because of he's forgotten it, we all do. End of aside.)

Speaking of the right to trial, the client known as **Kenyatta** insisted on his – and for the second time, I faced a jury in Judge Patrick Quinlan's court, in Orleans Parish. As on the first occasion, they clobbered my guy – though they probably felt they were doing him a favor. He, and a co-defendant, were charged with three counts of armed robbery and one count of aggravated battery, based on two late-night assaults on pubcrawlers in the Quarter.

I actually thought we had a chance here, since no gun or loot had been found and the only evidence against the defendants were the statements of the victims. Late night carousers in the Vieux Carre – surely they'd been drinking and their identifications were suspect. Furthermore, one guy was such a wiseass that I was sure the jurors would write him off as a witness. Think again. The bird stood up fine under cross-examination from both me and the other attorney. The battery victim – a woman who'd been pistol-whipped, and yes, that's what I said – could remember nothing and wasn't called, but the crime against her resonated more strongly than anything else in that courtroom.

In Orleans we are blessed with “creative” jurors, who are unwilling to simply accept the word of the district attorney. Kenyatta and his pal drew what we call *lesser included verdicts* – two guilty's of first degree robbery, one of simple robbery, one of second degree battery. Gee, what a break. Instead of going to jail for hundreds of years, Kenyatta merely drew dozens. *Three* dozen, plus four for good measure: 40 years.

I filed my post-conviction motions for new trial and appeal, shook hands with Kenyatta's decent, heartbroken father, and let that be that.

#### **Da Arts**

**Sick Puppy** is Carl Hiaasen's most recent vivisection of Florida corruption, and it is *churce*, pointed and hilarious and tragic. Bow-wow. Can't wait to see what he does with the election. Latest James Lee Burke read: **Heaven's Prisoners**, excellent novel, and fine film. Alec Baldwin makes a splendid Dave Robicheaux; I hope he makes more movies from the great Burke series. On Rosy's

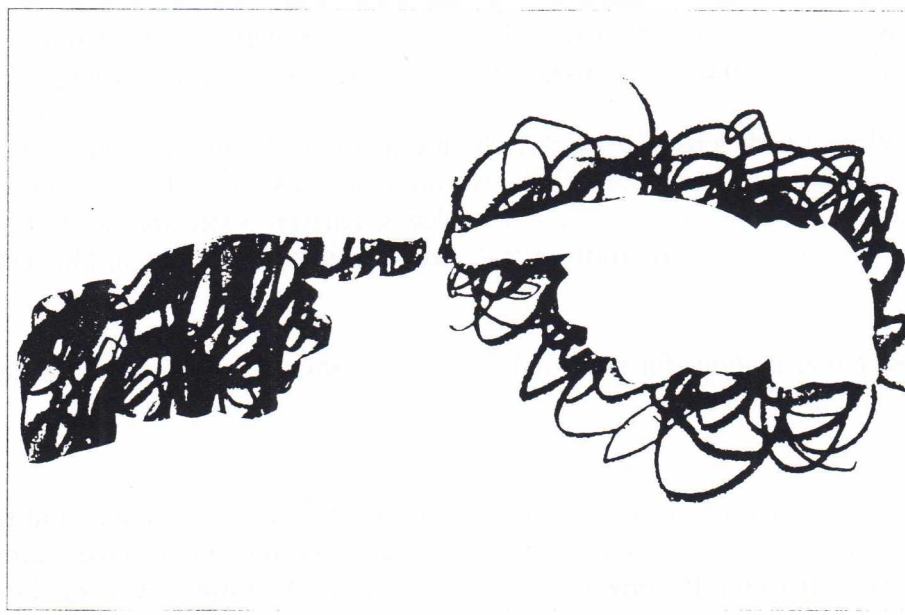


advice I've begun reading Patricia Cornwell, taking the books about Kay Scarpetta, medical examiner, in order. Memories of Charity Hospital's morgue spring unbidden to mind as I peruse the books, and Cornwell is hardly Burke's equal as a wordsmith, but the plots are good and the characters sound. While zipping through these, I've kept my SF nodes alive by plugging along in **Dune: House Atreides**, which is surprisingly entertaining, and Jack McDevitt's Hugo-touted **Infinity Beach** awaits.

The Oscar nominations are out, and by the time this is read, the awards will have been presented. So my predictions are meaningless – unless, as is true here, ever-meaningful **SM** tradition is involved. I've been predicting the Oscars for decades; I won't stop now.

*Best Supporting Actress:* Look for Kate Hudson in **Almost Famous** to take this award, and thus become the first daughter of a supporting actress winner to repeat her mother's triumph (momma Goldie Hawn won an Oscar for **Cactus Flower**). I loved **Almost Famous**, so I'll cheer. *Supporting Actor:* I was hoping Bruce Greenwood's ace portrayal of JFK in **13 Days** would be nominated, but that fine flick was goose-egged by the Academy. My hope is now that Albert Finney in **Erin Brockovich** will take it, as he's one of God's best actors, or Willem Dafoe in that confusing mess **Shadow of the Vampire**, but look for either Benicio del Toro in **Traffic** or Joaquin Phoenix's hammy Emperor if **Gladiator** sweeps. *Actress:* C'mon, we all know this one. Julia Roberts has it bagged. I've never even heard of the other films nominated. *Actor:* I call this Oscar for either Tom Hanks or the kidnap kid, Russell Crowe, but I'd much rather see Javier Bardem win it for **Before Night Falls** or Ed Harris direct himself to glory in **Pollock**. My opinion is based on prejudice alone, since I've seen neither film. *Picture:* **Gladiator** will probably win, **Traffic** probably *should* win, but I'll dance in the treetops if **Crouching Tiger** wins. Rosy thought the movie silly, but I was wowed. Named it on my Hugo ballot.

**Hannibal** will win no Oscars this year, and probably not next – but no movie on the above list was more ravenously devoured. Over – and into – the top? Oh God yes ... but sumptuously photographed and savagely well-acted. Anthony Hopkins' Hannibal Lecter is one of the screen's great creations – a truly superhuman predator, supremely evil, yet stubbornly ethical. The movie has its flaws – over/into the top indeed! – but Lecter is irresistible. More to come, too.



**The Southerner 219 <Jeff>** Welcome to OEship! SFPA begins Volume 21 hale and hearty. Even without my 99 pages, the apa gave you a substantial premiere. Financially, we're flush – I can hardly imagine a \$200 treasury, but considering the postage rate boost, we may need it. I understand that Media Mail, ostensibly the replacement for Book Rate, is meant for videotapes and the like – not books, and certainly not fanzines pretending to be books. ^^ I like your idea of posting the contents of each mailing onto the Net as soon as it's mailed. Even after 30 years on the roster, I still tremble to see who did what.

**The New Port News #195 <Ned>** Grand cover on this issue, as have many NPNs – the antique fantasies you cull them from evoke the sensawunda of a bygone age. That's one way to understand a people and an era – by what made them shiver and shake – and dream of what lies beyond. ^^ I would have done the same as you did, and stapled the "missing page" into SM181 before mailing it to Toni, but **Spiritus** was already collated, stapled, and bundled into its jetpak, ready to go. Easier to admit my blunder, do a fractional pub and eat crow the way I did. ^^ My M-bag to Sandra Bond eventually appeared, and **Challenger** #12 reached my British readers a mere eight/ten weeks late. I splurged on individual postage for the next issue and it arrived within a fortnight of being mailed. The next number will feature LOCs on two issues – no, three, since Harry Warner sent me notes on #11. ^^ The only excuses I've ever heard for the Kent State massacre have been panic on the part of the Guardsmen – in which case they proved themselves brutal, unprofessional morons – and out-and-out fascism. An otherwise decent contributor to **Fosfax** recently claimed the killings were justified to silence anti-war activities. "Should have been done long ago." Filthy. As for whether it could happen again, I would call it unlikely, as there is no overwhelming issue

dividing the generations as there was in 1970, but there are still political fringies, and police willing to restrain and punish them. The Eureka thugs who smeared caustics in the eyes of annoying demonstrators partook of the same brute rationale as the Ohio Guard, and there are plenty who believe the FBI took that role on Ruby Ridge and in Waco. ^^ Here's a question I've carried around for a while: what does "d/w" mean? I know it means the dust jacket is still on the book, but what do the letters stand for? I *should* know this. ^^ Gruesome tale of your plots to slaughter the innocent squirrel who was allowing you to share his house. I trust he escaped, and that legions of his relatives copulate nightly, and at full volume, beneath your window. ^^ Keep checking Julie Wall's **SFC Bulletin** for more details on the B'ham DSC. At least we now know it's May 4-6 at a Radisson, possibly the one on 22<sup>nd</sup> Street near that strange satanic fountain. ^^ Staplers? You collect *staplers*? Typewriters I can understand, since there are cool Bickensderfers to be had ... but staplers seem so ... well, dull. ^^ **Plokta** mailed in Singapore? Now I don't feel so bad about my M-bag.

**Oblio No. 132 <Gary B.>** \*YAHH!\* *It's alive! It's alive! It's ...* Gary, aged 1 ½. Oh. Cute kid. What the hell happened? ^^ Yes, that dinner in Palm Beach was excellent! I should have mentioned it in **Challenger**. In any event, Rosy and I owe you a feed in B'ham. ^^ Greatly enjoyed your reporter's-eye view of the election brouhaha, and the Dave Barry/Jeff MacNelly review of insane '00. It's all summed up in the **New Yorker** cartoon both Jeff and Janice ran this mailing, (and which qualifies as this mailing's Best Bit). Ralph Nader's arrogance joined with Republican perfidy and corruption to deny this nation its democratic will. Like the rest of them, he's slime, and if there is justice, he will Get His. ^^ Your comment about cloning replacing sex reminds me of a scene in that great

1930's SF film **Just Imagine**. The burlesque comic relief sees babies being dispensed from a factory and says "Gif me der goot ole daze!" Maureen O'Sullivan was in it. ^^ **Futurama** recently ran an episode which I want to nominate for next year's Hugo. Fry and the others are stranded on the planet of gorgeous mesomorphic Amazons, and he and another dude are sentenced to death by "snu-snu." One guess what "snu-snu" means. Fry remarked that though he never expected to go that way, he'd dreamed of it! ^^ The tiny Supermen came from Kandor, right? ^^ Weirdest method I ever used to reproduce a zine was teletype. ✓ While killing time at the Charity Hospital Stat Lab I wrote up a page called **Kvetching All Systems** – GHLLI Press Pub # and all. I saved it on a strip of paper teletype tape and planned to run the strip through the machine the requisite number of times for SFPA. I think I got two copies done before the tape broke ... enough for my files. Fewer than 5 GHLLI pubs have been logged but not distributed, and that's one of them. ^^ **Entertainment Tonight** featured Annette Funicello recently; she's in the last stages of Parkinson's. Wasn't wild about her when we were kids – none of the Mouseketeer babes strummed my string – but her intelligence and courage now shine. ^^ Don't you remember? When you're OE – or married to the OE, not that either of us ever was – you get your zine in *late*, not early. It spoils you, and having to finish two weeks earlier once the torch of office is passed is often a tough transition. ^^ Remember, we *didn't* elect Bush ... he was foisted upon us. I'd like to hear more about the roadblocks erected in Florida black neighborhoods on election day. So much foulness floats in the toilet bowl of this past election that it will never be flushed down. Your paper, **The Palm Beach Post**, is making news as well as reporting it, telling the world that confusion about the butterfly ballot – coupled with Republican corruption – put that cretin W in the White House. (And I hope they win a Pulitzer Prize for it.) Why isn't the

Congress investigating the election rather than Clinton's silly pardon? Why aren't the Democrats fighting back against this usurpation and degradation of the American system? This country is not what it's supposed to be. Perhaps it never was. In the meantime, we fight. The guy who dies having pissed off the most Republicans wins.

**Variations on a Theme #4 <Rich L.>** The new issue of **Mimosa** came out since **Challenger**, just as the Hugo ballot went forth. I applaud your superior timing in fandom's wit-testing chess game, but I had to beat the postage increase. As a matter of fact, I'm a little concerned about the new postal rates – there's no Book Rate anymore, and Media Rate doesn't cover books! What will that do to the printed zine? I'm currently awash in plans for **Challenger #14**. Desire for one set of eye candy, in fact, has sent me from Rosy to her daddy Joe Green to F.M. Busby to Lee Hoffman to Joe Siclari, who says the stuff I want was buried during his move north. (He promises to keep searching.) Our own Gary Brown has contributed an article any comics fan will identify with. Due date: July, just in time for the final Hugo ballots ... as if. ^^ Moskowitz was not only challenged often on his facts, Fred Chappell – of all people – did a devastating send-up of his style in an ancient article recently reprinted by Joyce Katz. I enjoyed my one conversation with SaM, who was always kind to **Challenger**. ^^ With Dick Cheney ill, I see a way for the 2000 election finally to come out just. Cheney should resign the vice presidency due to his heart condition and Bush should immediately appoint Al Gore to replace him. After all, no one alive has more experience at the post. Then W could resign, citing a severe case of bad dreams, and the nation's bad dream would be over. ^^ For the widest scope of fan news, I'd recommend **File 770** over all other competitors. **Ansible** prints hardly any American stories – it's all Brit. I'd really like to know who votes Langford his annual Hugo.



Does he have a cluster of loyalists, or is the lazy appeal of incumbency so stubborn that it spreads through a wide swathe of award-voting fandom? ^^ You must take Nicki to Oregon someday – it's phenomenally lovely. Maybe if your manager made it known you were available, Orycon would make y'all Fan GoHs someday ... ^^ Hmm – someone must have done a zine in an airplane; that would, of course, qualify for the highest publication of all, until a fan got launched in the space shuttle. ^^ Your mention of old postage stamps reminds me of a recurring dream I have: not about Niagara Falls or worldcon hotels or showing up naked for court, but about cool, outsized postage. I am absolutely telling the truth: sometimes I dream about stamps. God knows what horrible inner truth that reveals about me. ^^ Yes! Terry Jeeves for fan GoH at the next British worldcon! I'll suggest it!

#### Confessions of a Consistent Liar <Arthur>

There's an Oscar-nominated movie about Jackson Pollock – directed by and starring Ed Harris – that might help you appreciate his genius; all I know is how ecstatic I feel standing in front of "Jack the Dripper's" amazing hanging symphonies. ^^ Another movie subject who appeared in his own flick was Melvin of **Melvin and Howard**. And of course Chuck Yeager in **The Raht Stuhff**. ^^ The Giants played weakly in the Super Bowl, so dull a game I can't remember a single outstanding moment. ^^ Quinn Yarbrow is publishing her Sherman-the-vampire novel in electronic format. Despite its loathsome subject matter – which could give vampires a bad name – I wish her royalties in the billions.

#### Sing the Praises of the Wolflord <several>

Subtitled, "A Birthday Oneshot Paean" (pronounced "Pain", no doubt). Good to see an old-fashioned sit-down-and-type oneshot here again; it's been too long. Steve, you bring a howl of despair when you describe losing "the first two years of **Detective Comics**" to flooding.

Including #1, with the Fu Manchu cover? That's like setting fire to a stack of thousand-dollar bills ... only the money is less fun to read. Horrible. ^^ Yes, it was glorious to host Hank and Toni on their recent trip to Nawlins, although their unexpectedly tight schedule got me in trouble with Anne Winston when they couldn't have dinner with the whole crowd on Friday night. I haven't forgotten Hank's promise to write a suitably insane winger election polemic for the next **Challenger**! Remind him, Toni ... just say, "Four pages, Hank!"

**Frequent Flyer** <Tom> Nice travel notes, especially the account of flying north at wintertime. I can't wait to show Rosy snow; her dark hair will photograph so nicely against the white background at Niagara Falls. Perhaps next Christmas. And lots of talk about food in this issue ... venison, which I've had but once, and veal, which offends my sense of humanity even as it delights my palate. How would we like it if super-intelligent cows from outer space raised us in boxes, stuffing our faces with grain so our flesh would melt on *their* tongues? How would we like *that*, I ask you? ^^ Chattecon shouldn't regret losing David Brin as a Guest; he's arrogant and nasty. His **Earth** was an excellent novel, though, far better than the potboiler eyewash for which he won his Hugos.

^^ Fan films are fun – in '78 Seth Goldberg's **2001** parody was a hit of Iguacon. ^^ John Lindsay ... I can't figure out if his was a wasted talent or if he was simply a piece of public relations fluff. He gave a speech at UCB once, during the trial of some Black Panthers accused of something-or-other, and of course was rabidly denounced for not intervening somehow. Cops were everywhere. Receiving an honorary degree at the same time was Jacques Yves Cousteau, and after the ceremony some guys and I had to talk fast so the heat would let us approach the stage. We called over the dean of the college of letters and science and asked him to bring Cousteau over, and the great man shook our



hands. Next time I saw him, in 1974, he was scampering out of the Plaza Hotel in New York at midnight, crossing Fifth Avenue, on his way who knows where ... My drug addict girlfriend Aldorique was there, and ... uh, am I off the subject?

**Peter, Pan & Merry #35 <Dave>** It's fun to read your side of the story regarding your NOLA trip, freezing cold and all. I used to fly from SF to New Orleans all the time in my college years: I flew the late and lamented National Airlines, and we played Abeam Mt. Baldy to assuage passengers' sensible and normal terror of flying. You had to expect a bumpy flight because of the mountains you passed over; apparently they always made for a rough road. I haven't made a flight of over two hours in many a year – I don't know how I'd fare. Guess we'll see this summer, when worldcon in Philadelphia beckons. Rosy has already booked our \*eep\* flights. ^^ Seeing an ecdysiast – i.e., a stripper – perform seems like a different sort of thrill than seeing an ordinary woman naked. After all, the professional dis-rober conducts her art in such a fashion as to inspire thoughts of a carnal nature, and sometimes a non-performer just has to take a shower, you know? Which is why burly-Q houses such as you passed on Bourbon Street and such as I have described in Memphis (all hail Platinum Plus) can be fun, in a weird, suck-out-your-money sort of way. ^^ The restaurant where we ate is called Mandina's; I saw Randy Cleary there during Mardi Gras, and a group of us supped there after the last Nawlins DSC. That little guy in the letter jacket with whom I chatted at the bar was Judge Marullo, the guy who sentenced Antoinette Franks. ^^ Back to your mc's. Brando and DeNiro only have two Oscars each – and they're unique among actors in that each won an Oscar for playing the same character: Vito Corleone. ^^ I've often said that Yoda's "There is another (hope for the good guys)" in **The Empire Strikes Back** does not refer to Princess Leia, Luke's un-revealed sister, but to Vader, the renegade Jedi who

might come to his senses and fulfill his righteous destiny. Which is just what happened. ^^ Marty Cantor has sent me a LASFAPA and ... well, I don't know if I'll rejoin. But it's satisfying to ruminate over my happy career there. LASFAPA was youth and wild abandoned sex; no other apa ever cavorted the way we did, or celebrated our rapaciousness so openly. Imagine a "SFPA Chart"! Or worse – a FAPA Chart. Fifty styrofoam balls sitting on a table – with no pipe cleaners! (I'll let you explain this reference.) ^^ I suppose you saw where the recently defiled Supremes allowed the KKK to adopt a mile of a Missouri highway, same as any other group. ^^ Noting the ludicrous typographical mess that your machine printed in place of simple "s, I wonder what causes such substitutions. I found the same mess in an e-mailed article for **Challenger**. ^^ I didn't like that Dr. Laura put-down on **West Wing**. PC proselytizing.

**Twygdrasil #68 <Rich D.>** I really enjoy the illos traced from the covers of "racy" old paperbacks. Sometimes, of course, the covers promised goodies the text did not deliver. The first pb edition of **All the King's Men**, for instance, depicted Willie Stark grabbing a hot blonde. ^^ When my doctors were talking "diabetes" because my finger refused to heal, the thought of giving myself daily shots was terrifying. Glad you're managing without problems. ^^ This election has been an American milestone, and I dread what it will do to the country. Bush will win over the populace – he has an easy personality and no one objects to getting a few dollars more back from their taxes. (Never mind how badly his enormous tax cut hurts the future; Americans never care about that.) They'll forgive him the bad economy we'll have by then because they'll buy the Republican lie that it's somehow Clinton's fault. I wish I had some faith somehow in our people, that they'd show the good sense they showed in the last election, *which Al Gore won*, but I'm afraid not. ^^ Your comment about

Piltdown Man reminds me that I drove past the site of America's great evolutionary hoax – the Cardiff Giant, thanks Dennis for the name – when I went to Cooperstown a few years ago, and failed to stop. God knows if I'll ever be back through there, either. ^^ I like the idea that Mickey Spillane would have bamboozled reporters into thinking he wrote backwards by chapter; it adds a dimension to his worthless reputation. And it suggests the terrific closing sentence of a book by John Fowles, author of **The French Lieutenant's Woman**, which avered that for a writer to come up with a great closing line was in actuality his own tremendous beginning. ^^ Seems to me a lost race would prosper not in New York, which is impossibly crowded and nosy, but in L.A., where there's plenty of room for groups to prosper unobserved and unmolested. More space = less contact and less interference. ^^ The prequel to **Dune, House Atreides**, is pretty good – in ways a better, richer story. I only read one **Dune sequel, Children of**, and enjoyed that, too, although Paul deserved a more dramatic death than a simple knife in the ribs. (Wait ... I also read **Dune Messiah**, the anti-Alia book, but it made little impression.) Anyway, I look forward to **House Harkonnen**. ^^ Hey, don't knock **The Weekly World News**. It kept my lady alive for 15 years. ^^ I remember that splendid Robert Morley episode of **Alfred Hitchcock**. It was called "Specialty of the House" and, as you say, dealt with the inadvertent cannibalism of a dining club. The movie ended with Morley, about to leave on a world cruise, achieving his ambition and being invited back into the kitchen. The chef stands there, grinning, an enormous butcher knife in his hand, as Morley walks through, and the door closes. ^^ Adolescence isn't only insecurity, it's outright insanity. I've read that the brain undergoes at least as much chemical change in that period as do the glands. No wonder so many people discover fandom at that age. ^^ Thomas Jefferson was the nation's first paleontologist, or at least, paleontology fan. It doesn't surprise me

that he thought it possible mastodons still walked the Earth. After all, civilized eyes hadn't set eyes on most of it! ^^ Why didn't you like **Of a Fire on the Moon**? I enjoyed all of Mailer's non-fiction novels, especially **Miami & the Siege of Chicago**, which was the best book about the sixties I ever read. ^^ How does a slug like me rate partnership with a doll like Rose-Marie? Pure luck. And the fact that she met me in 1976, when I was still skinny and had hair. First impressions *do* matter. ^^ Harry Anduschack is still around. I still get a **Challenger** LOC from him occasionally. ^^ It may be my Democratic bitterness speaking, but I thought "the pundits" handled W with kid gloves during the campaign, questioning little his lack of experience and intelligence, and his disgraceful behavior during the Vietnam War. Now that the 'ho's have fielded a draft dodger president, we'll never see the War brought up again in a political campaign ... until the next time they can smear some Democrat as a traitor. Hypocrisy rules ... literally. Anyway, an early bet is that we don't see Gore reemerge until 2008. Then he wins ... again. ^^ Excellent comment to Steve on the joy of hang gliding. He's had a thrill I never will ... although, considering how quickly my life turned around last year, "never" is a word I should use with caution.

**Avatar Press 2.13 <Randy>** Nice seeing you – and meeting the lady – during Mardi Gras! Randy came down with some compadres, SFPA, and called me from a restaurant I recommended. Rosy and I couldn't find a parking spot, but took turns running in to say hello. I look forward to your impressions of the Carnival, both written and visual! ^^ Your pals who are competing to lose the most weight have a great idea – we ought to try it in SFPA. Do a weigh-in at this DSC, and see who's shed the most flab. Winner gets a free meal. *Lots* of calories. ^^ **Unbreakable** was a most clever movie. I wished for more superhero action, and maybe a better ending. Nevertheless, it sang

with a special music for us comics fans, who could recognize the classic nature of a villain named "Mr. Glass." Hmm ... there's a spot open in my Hugo ballot ... ^^ I've bought booze for underage girls exactly once in my life, in 1978, when my California cousins bullied me into purchasing brew for them to swig on the desert. Read all about it in **Up the DARTH Vator**, my report on Iguanacon. ^^ I'm a fan of **Blue Mars**, but I loved **The Martians**, too. Its stories should have filled last year's Hugo ballot, but nary a tale was mentioned. ^^ Man, that's smooth design work on the bacover. I meant it when I said you should do this for a living. As long as you save time for fan art, that is ...

**Offline Reader Issue 20 <Irvin>** Indeed, KAPA – the Kentucky-based apa – hasn't been mailed since 1999. OE Pat Molloy is sitting on two GHLIIIzines I prepped for the next mailing. I wish he'd collate the little he has, send it forth, declare the apa finished, and let that be that.

**Trivial Pursuits #93/More Travel Tales <Janice>** We missed you in our five-minute visit to Smofcon (though we did see Eve). Yes, Cape Canaveral is something special. And that launch was ... well, beyond description. It was something we owed to ourselves as SF buffs and as Americans. **BAM** and up she goes ... ^^ I hope your relationship with Lynn Kohler on the Philly concom improves, because it's obvious the girl needs experienced help and kindly guidance. Buy an electric prod and teach her well. ^^ I remember and love those 1950's Disney shows about space travel: a mix of sophisticated and comic animation that really zinged this space nut's sensawunda. ^^ "Congratulations on the Saint making the playoffs!" Thanks, despite the image you inadvertently provoke of Simon Templar scoring a touchdown ... ^^ Damn! **Waiting for Guffman** is still nowhere to be found on NOLa video shelves. I've wanted to scan that movie since I heard of it. ^^ J.D. Rowling admitted to an audience of kids on **The Today Show** that she was behind in writing

Harry Potter #5, which features the word "Phoenix" in the title; I thought she was kind of impatient with the fans, too – a no-no. I don't care how many times she hears the same old questions, she owes them too much to let her irritation show. ^^ "Jew" doesn't sound offensive to this gentile if it's used as a noun, but as an adjective, it's certainly ugly. "She's a Jew" is only accurate. "Look at the Jew girl" smacks of skinhead bigotry. ^^ Disney's first cartoon blended live action with animated characters: "Alice in Cartoonland", dating back to the dawn of the art form. I've seen a still of the living Alice standing in front of a troupe of cartoon cats. ^^ That bacover page "thanking" Ralph Nader for delivering the country into the hands of that nincompoop W is priceless.

**"Yngvi" #69 <Toni>** Not only do I identify with the weird date depicted in your cover 'toon, I like the little guy. So should the girl. At least he brought flowers. ^^ Hi Charl. Regarding Hank's tradition of burning the Christmas tree – I hope this year he remembered to take it outside first. ^^ My favorite mind-reading story was the slight, funny, thoroughly entertaining **TZ** starring Dick York, who gained his power by flipping a coin and having it stand on edge. Grand gooey romantic ending: York to girlfriend: "My power's gone! I can't tell what you're thinking!" Girlfriend with smile: "Can't you?" ^^ I share Charl's irritation with movies that introduce a character or a plot point and leave it unresolved. Minor but memorable example: Stallone's daughter in **Demolition Man**. All through the movie he's talked about going to see her as a grown lady after his years encased in ice or whatever – and then he has his big gun battle with the villain and she's never mentioned again. It wasn't a major movie-ruining misjudgment, like the deaths of Newt and the Princess in **Alien3** and **DragonSlayer**, respectively, but it *was* a burr under this moviegoer's saddle. ^^ All right! Terry Jeeves!



**Erg** editor, and one of fandom's undiscovered masters! Who was it suggested a Fan GoHship for him? I second! ^^ Nonsense – Clarence Thomas wasn't qualified for the Supreme Court! Bush Sr. nominated him out of a cynical attempt to undercut black support for the Democrats, and I'm pleased to say that it didn't work. ^^ Yes, Republican operatives, like any other group, have the right to demonstrate for their political agenda, just like liberals do and did during the Vietnam War. But what if Clinton had claimed the same right as Nixon and Reagan did, to respond to their demonstrations with overt brutality and violence? Of course, no American citizen should be treated as the antiwar crowd was, but ... in my least worthy moments, I think on the scabrous yuppie slime disrupting the vote counts, and think that it might have been fun to watch those dirty little whores scatter for their lives. ^^ Seeing your face when you realized you were **Challenger's** latest tributee made publishing the thing worthwhile. A zine editor seldom gets such wonderful feedback firsthand.

**Guilty Pleasures <Eve>** Just took a look at the ad for **Pirate's Price**; very pretty cover! I hope it sells a zillion. ^^ Congrats to your lad on his bar mitzvah. I've always wanted to attend such a ritual; Ben Katchor published a wonderful graphic – as in graphic story – of his. Surely the music of the culture will resound in Micah forever. Makes me glad, however, that on my 13<sup>th</sup> birthday, instead of having to stand up and recite involved canonical law, in Hebrew no less, I went to see **Lawrence of Arabia**. ^^ As for reciting Green Lantern's oath when swearing in for the Bar ... I did! Quickly, and under my breath, after the official words, which lasted two minutes (a long time to keep your arm in the air), and were dry as dust. I figured Alfie Bester made the point better in a mere ... 24 words. ^^ **The Professional** was really grand, one of my favorite action films of recent times. Terrific hero, villain, gunfight, and climax (**BOOM!**).

**Tyndallite No. 93 <NORM!>** "As for varying tastes in literature different standards are held by

literary critics, fans and silverfish." Good line! ^^ Aggh! Don't mention first appearances in **Amazing**. I still wish I'd violated my decent Methodist upbringing and ~~stolen~~ rescued the ancient issue with "Armageddon 2400 A.D." or whatever from the late Harry Moore's garage. ^^ Knew you of all people would know the exact genesis of Toni's title. ^^ Yep, Rosy's dad is Joe Green, author of **The Loafers of Refuge**, **Star Probe**, **The Horde**, **Gold the Man** (a.k.a. **The Mind Behind the Eye**), and **Conscience Interplanetary**. (I need a copy of **Loafers**, by the way.) If you visited his house in the late fifties and met a solemn, beautiful brunette girl whom Joe introduced as his daughter, that was Rose-Marie, all right.

**The Sphere vol. 190 no. 1 <Don>** Your diatribe against Christianity ignores its Christian element, which shifts the emphasis from deity worship to care for other people. There *was* a New Testament, you know. And we vote for the best guy with the best ideas because it's the best we can do if we hope to affect the world for the better. Some of us want to do that. ^^ A check of the website shows that you have indeed changed the name of your Cartoonopedia to *Toonopedia*. The website is beautiful.

**Crouching Tiger, Itchy Swimsuit #1 <George>** A burglary! What rotten news. I own little of objective value but should such a thing happen to me the sense of violation would be painful. Hope Jill's jewelry explodes in the thief's pockets. ^^ Since you ask, and since the movie is up for two Oscars, I'll say that academic criticisms of Jackson Pollock's work bore me. I love it simply because it is exciting. Jack the Dripper painted the inside of his head, and it was manic with color and motion. It looks like frozen dance. Another reason to see **Crouching Tiger** ... it's dance taken into another dimension. ^^ Amen! Someone else remembers how cute Janet Larson was as a teenager! ^^ How do I feel about lawyers? Most are simple working stiffs, some are arrogant, some are pushy, lots drink too much, etc. etc.

But what's this about you being sued for 5 million dollars? There's a story 30 years in the apa – next year, right? – hasn't brought forth.

**Tennessee Trash #39 <Gary R.>** Lookit that well-thronged jacuzzi on your cover! Fan soup! Indeed there is something wonderfully decadent about a hot tub under any circumstances, but parboiling oneself while watching snow fall must be the ultimate. Well, as long as Victoria Paris isn't in the picture ... ^^ I've seen the Horse Cave advertised but never toured it; Mammoth itself was wonderful, second only to Carlsbad in underground excitement. Sounds like it's a splendid site for Con\*Cave. I wonder if I'll ever get to that convention. Anyway, that highway spin you endured on the way home was a scary bit of business; I've done 180s twice (both times on icy I-79 between Pittsburgh and Erie, Pennsylvania) and they are terrifying. Uncontrollable motion must be the most helpless feeling there is, like falling, only in the wrong dimension. Thank God everything ended up well. But enough of driving on snow. That's an *infamia*. ^^ So Isaac needs glasses. I remember my first pair. Wish him happy eyesight for me. ^^ So the Garys meet at last. Terrific! "Bath" Robe meets "Mister" Brown! ^^ Your "headlight" project is clever, but ... where did you get the glass head? Not something you see – or see through – everyday ... ^^ I must disagree. That W is President is nothing to be proud of. Bloodless coup or not, it was still a coup, and it isn't prideful that our country is acquiescent to it. And if the electoral college does not reflect the will of the people – and it certainly did not, this time – why keep it?

**Home with the Armadillo #45 <Liz>** Issue numbers are "just another nitpicky detail"??? \*sputter\*fume\* Keeping track of one's SFPAC is one of life's ultimate ongoing joys! I'm proud of the fact that I can no longer remember SM's issue number without consulting the GHIII Press log; after all, only three other zines – including **The Southerner** – have run more editions in SFPA. The struggle to keep it all

straight – mailing number, issue number, Press Pub number, dedicatee – is surely among life's noblest endeavors. "Nitpicky detail." \*shudder and sob\* I am ashamed. From a great lady, a former OE, a former SFPA president ... a yankee sentiment. ^^ Your friend Deb's "recreational shopping" brings to mind the clever ad currently airing for The Shopping Channel: a woman "listening" to blouses on the rack. That's how I bought my replacement wallet, you know. I chose the one that *called* to me. ^^ Nice to hear about Alan Prince Winston again – he and our own Schlosser are the mainstays of LASFAPA, and APW even tried SFPA for two mailings – one zine. A salute to the apan who can tell me its title. ^^ "So, when is Hank [Reinhardt] going to do his own zine?" God, is *that* an eternal question! It's been asked since Lon Atkins' OEsip ... during the Fillmore administration! ^^ That is a terrible statistic about the number of black voters in Florida – everywhere really – who didn't bother to vote. Had 1000 more of them done so in the Sunshine State, we'd have an honestly elected President instead of the sham we have now. These figures should be rammed down the throat of every Democratic politico in America. No excuses next time. ^^ The idea of making election day a holiday to urge more people to the polls is a sensible reform, one of many I hope we hear about in the near future. A uniform national ballot design would also help – but the key is amending the obsolescent and now deadly electoral college. I don't see any politicians talking it over; they don't want to admit that We're Broken. ^^ Speaking of Celko, whom you recall so fondly from the 1975 DSC, I recently heard from him. Lives in Austin, of all places, atop the pyramid in his technical writing, and is married, believe it or not. There are thorns aplenty, but he perseveres. ^^ Technical errors in OEsip are seldom particularly serious. Much worse are goofs in judgment, of which I admit to one. You founded Shadow-SFPA, so you'll forgive me for explaining to the newer members that SSFPA was established as an outlet for SFPA's enormous waitlist of the '70s

and '80s. The Editing Official would collect X number of copies, one for every contributor and the normal SFPA copy requirement for the OE. Usually, this system worked fine, but one time, EO Nancy Collins sent only half the required number of Shadows ... and I didn't realize it until the OO had been printed and half the mailing collated. What to do? I *should* have scratched Shadow off the OO and postmailed when I got the copy requirement together – but instead, I fucthed around calling waitlisters and begging them to forward their copies to members and so on and so forth – a disastrous mess. I can only blame starry-eyed idealism: I really did want every SFPAn to see every zine done for every mailing, and couldn't bear to pull a pub once it was on the contents. Worst mistake GHIIIOE ever made.

**Pluto : That Was the World that Was** <mike> I once read the Time article that announced Clyde Tombaugh's discovery of Pluto; they called in "Planet X". I am all for it's keeping its status as a planet in the eyes of mankind, at least until we land on it and discover it's made of jello and was dropped from ET's spaceship, not formed in the creation of the solar system. ^^ I'm really enjoying your experiments with your website. Keep it going!

**Fantasy and Reality** <Jeff> Your political rant is the most cogent I've read – I hope you'll expand on it for the face-off with Reinhardt in **Challenger #14**. I like the word "usurper" when applied to W – it makes me think of Hamlet's uncle Claudius, who usurped the throne of Denmark, and was faced by opposition just as cowed and waffling as the Democrats. That's how I feel these days, part of a party of Hamlets, ineffective, unsure, and unhappy. What we need is not less outrage, but more. No truce. *Never*. ^^ Lon Atkins' suggestion sent me on my first dash through the universe of Dick Francis, and though Liz sent me an autographed copy of one of his novels, I never knew the role his wife played in the creation of that incredible shelf-ful of fiction. If her death costs us our

annual dose, it is a double tragedy. ^^ **Miss Congeniality** was probably my favorite comedy last year. Bullock was brilliant, especially when she razed Benjamin Bratt: "You think I'm gor-juss. You wanna kisser me. You wanna hugggggg me." Either that or drown her in the toilet. Rosy's favorite line came when Bullock's FBI girl was being primed for the beauty contest, and her trainer gave her a tube of Preparation H. "Do they look *that* close?" she asked. ^^ I recently stopped at a Krispy Kreme and was given a doughnut right off the chute. Still warm, soft as cotton candy, and enough sugar to fry my brains for two hours. Christ it was good! And soon, a thing of the pre-Rosy, pre-exercise past ... ^^ Did that daughter-murdering prisoner to whom W gave a stay, no doubt for public relations, evade execution for keeps, or only temporarily? The governor of Texas can't commute the death sentence of a condemned prisoner – only delay the needle for a month. The inmate you describe, as you say, indeed belongs with the dead. ^^ Interesting correlation between the decline in crime and the aging of the underclass, which is, of course, and alas, the "criminal population" of which you speak. I'd like to see a sociologist match this data with the general retreat from liberal social policies marked by Reagan's election in 1980, or perhaps Nixon's 12 years before. A generation of black kids has grown up assured that they had no problems, or that the majority of Americans were sick of worrying about their problems: they were isolated, enclosed, segregated all over again ... and we wonder why they embraced a world view tolerant of crime and soaked with cocaine. ^^ I've been told that Windows 2000 is "twitchy," whatever that means. When I had this machine's hard drive re-programmed, Windows 98 was recommended. ^^ That comment about "creamy" crooners makes me think of the "creamiest" warbler I ever heard personally – Joe Cocker. No, no, no, I mean Roy Orbison, whose songs about dead deep-sea divers and walking in dreams may have seemed idiotic to young men of the '50s, but they didn't seem to mind when those same tunes turned their



girlfriends into warm, pliant goo. If any of those Seattle punks play a Roy Orbison CD on dates with Allie, tell her to put 'em on the phone with Weird Uncle Guy; I'll tell 'em about Aunt Leslie ... ^^ Speaking of our favorite teenager, I bet one reason Allie enjoys school more in Seattle than she did in Boulder is that she's grown up a little, and is more self-assured, better able to handle teenage angst and anguish. I thought about her and her piece for **Challenger #10** watching the grim, brilliant Tulane play, **Open Fire**, reviewed elsewhere. Has she mentioned college yet? ^^ About prostate exams ... well ... I learned not to mind it so much during an E.R. visit a few years ago, when the M.D. was a gorgeous blonde. Actually, my G.P. at one point was also a G.B., but I knew her husband. She got a male colleague to perform the *interesting* part of the exam ^^ The XFL is a diverting swathe of nonsense – the level of play is so poor that the guys in uniform seem embarrassed, but the slutty cheerleaders and hysterical announcers are hilarious. Spring football – post-NFL – has always been a good bet (remember the early success of the USFL?) but this blarney won't last. Too bad – it'd give Nawlins something to hope for if the Saints leave town. ^^ About those strange bumper stickers ... "WWJD?" stands for "What Would Jesus Do?" but I don't get "JWRTEFM". Best guesses sought! ^^ Good for JJ for reading **Wind in the Willows**. That book has been a lifelong joy, from the Disney cartoon through the Grahame novel. Has he read **Watership Down**? The Efra [sic] might be a little much for him now, but soon, soon ... ^^ That **Shoe** cartoon fits Rosy and me to a tee, except that she has curly hair. ^^ If anyone cares, I *don't* care if you put my address on the SFPA website. All I really want is lots of reprinted covers – ZotYs and other important pubs – from our glorious past.

#### Random Thoughts/Technical Toys <Steve>

The more I hear about your daddy, the more I wish I'd known him. Sounds like the kind of cat I'd like to see in politics, that is, an honest and brave dude. Love this story about your own

political experiences ... wet and dry and on the county line, recounts and rationalized rat-finking .... of course I disagree about whether Al Gore's people were trying to do the same sort of snake dance in Florida, but this is too well done to let pass. You must let me reprint it in **Chall**.

**SM181/Challenger #13 <me>** I've got to apply myself strongly to searching for a new apartment; the landlord is ripping the guts out of 4217 Fontainebleau's other pads and I fear Cindy and I will soon be forced out of our places. And of course, Rosy is coming ... ^^ My Hugo nominee's pin is now on a wicker cowboy hat on a dresser – along with most of my souvenir buttons, Steve Hughes' "SFPA pin," and other such adornments. ^^ I immediately renege on my ambition to publish an updated **Book of Years** for this September's 40<sup>th</sup> anniversary mailing. I'd love to do it, but the task is enormous, this summer will be a madhouse anyway, and the last sixty mailings are scattered hell to Texas around here. But ... I refuse to give up entirely. We shall see. ^^ A unique compliment to Charlie Williams and "The Pounding": my soon-to-be father-in-law, Joe Green, asked permission to reprint the story to accompany a presentation to local genealogists. He wanted to show them how to spice up accounts of their family histories. Charlie was not shy in accepting! ^^ I repeat the bafflement of others. Rose-Marie Donovan is a beautiful, beautiful woman. What's she doing marrying the likes of me?

**DEDICATION:** This issue of Spiritus Mundi is dedicated to Angel Gendron, paralegal to the St. John IDB, for telling me the other day that I *looked good*. Believe it or not, that's rare. Thanks, kiddo!

**COVER:** My cover this issue is by **Teri Sanitoro**.

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## Closing ...

**Spiritus** 182 comes to a close on March 12, 2001, on a jumpy morning, as birds cheep in the peaceful waxing light. I've been sending e-mails to Florida proclaiming my point of view on various matters concerning the wedding, opinions which I'm sure will receive all the attention they deserve. What did Miss Manners say was a groom's proper duty in a wedding? "Show up sober"? I have my plane ticket, so I'll definitely show up. No other guarantees.

I didn't finish the earlier "Arts" section of this issue, because the most powerful and important work of art I've encountered in these weeks is also the most difficult to write about. **Open Fire** was a play put on by Loyola University's Drama and Speech Department, 65 minutes of Hell on Earth, and while I was stung through by its passion and presentation, my feelings on it are almost inarticulable. I have grown old enough and seen enough of life to where the agony of high school – subject of Howard Burman's vivid play – is at least a little bit foreign. Certainly, when I was suffering through that ghastly period, that transition from family child to society digit, our problems weren't so terrible. At least no one thought to solve the eternal quandary of cliques and rejection – the sour inevitability of that time of social caricature – with guns. No, my generation withdrew into the self, found solace in dope or despair – or fantasy – and didn't act on our anger. Thank the Lord.

The five kids in this production do act on their anger. The play begins with the gentle music and sparkling light of a high school prom. Enter Brandy, in her prom dress, awkward, beaming, beautiful, amazed at the beauty about her. (Remember the name Becky Johnson. You could hear of it again.) But the sparkles on her cheeks are incipient tears, as the dance with her date is overwhelmed by a building drum beat, and terror and hatred and fury assume power in their lives. Brandy, you see, is part of a cadre of four alienated kids who intend to bring vengeance, not valediction, to their prom. They rave, they rant, they strip their rented tuxes and gowns away to reveal the garb and weaponry of warriors – out for revenge for the humiliations high school has mashed upon them. They're videotaping their last testaments for posterity, and through the childish – and thoroughly American – before bringing a dose of Columbine to their all-American school.

Two sensory impressions survive. One is the anguish and fear the play brings forth. Brandy's plea to her mother for understanding is a cry from the heart of American adolescence ... a cry for understanding, and comfort, a plea for hope. If that cry is not answered it is our most grievous and unforgivable fault. The other is the furious percussion these kids beat out on the corrugated set to accompany and sustain and embolden their rage. It is a desperate, undeniable march to oblivion.

This month it happened again. And what's our answer, what do we tell our progeny? We tell them, *Inform*. God, we are such sick and selfish fools.

But the true solution is also obvious from **Open Fire** – one reason I hope it finds a wider audience. We are a generation that has never feared to speak its mind. Okay – now we must show that we are not afraid to *listen*.





