



Many a tear has to fall but it's all in the game
All in the wonderful game that we know as love
You have words with him and your future's looking dim
But these things your hearts can rise above

Once in a while he won't call but it's all in the game
Soon he'll be there by your side with a sweet bouquet
And he'll kiss your lips and caress your waiting fingertips
And your heart will fly away

Soon I'll be there by your side with a sweet bouquet
And I'll kiss your lips and caress your waiting fingertips
And our hearts will fly away

Dawes & Sigman

SPIRITUS MUNDI #184

A SFPazine for SFPA #222 by

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And so , on a science-fictional day in the flat middle of this most science-fictional of years, June 30th, 2001, Rose-Marie Donovan and I were married.

It had already been quite a day. I'd teased Rosy about how I'd capture it in my diary. *Today*, I threatened to begin, *I finally saw The 300 Spartans*. Indeed, that morning, I had at long last watched the rare and fabled sword-&-sandal epic on one of the movie channels. But even had nothing else significant happened, I still would have exulted. Late on that June 30th afternoon my brother and I stood on a jetty just south of Cape Canaveral and watched the perfect launch of a Delta rocket. Its arc up and up and *up* and *up* was a thrilling, unforgettable experience. Even my taciturn sibling was impressed. "Yeah," said Lance, his eyes glazed with glory. "That was worth three dollars," referring to the entrance fee to Jetty Park.

That the rocket carried a satellite probing the very creation of the universe made the launch all the more wondrous.

But in a few hours, I forgot all about it.

I was at the top of the stairs in the entryway of the elegant stone edifice. Purple, green and gold decor – Mardi Gras colors, chosen in my honor – masked the portraits of its 19th Century builders and occupants. Lance stood on the short stairway to my right; the Lutheran minister, Pastor Frahm, faced me, two steps down. I gripped the bannister like a drunk, certain I'd tumble tush-over-teakettle if I let go, and my feet hurt in the hard rented shoes. At the base of the stairs stood a throng of Rosy's relatives, her mother Nita glowing in a gold-embroidered gown, interspersed with a few faces familiar to me, and familiar to SFGA: Steve and Suzanne Hughes, Justin and Annie Winston, Pat Molloy and Naomi Fisher, Roger and Pat Sims, Dick Spelman. Then the door opened and another redheaded Annie, Rosy's sister-in-law, stepped through. She came slowly up the stairs to face Lance across the landing, and then Rosy's father Joe led in the most beautiful creature in the world.

Before the ceremony – in fact, right up to the instant I saw Rosy – I fretted that I'd teeter backwards from my step and celebrate my wedding with an imitation of Martin Balsam's ultimate moment in *Psycho*. But my bride's exquisiteness o'erwhelmed all. The universe spun down to the space between her face and mine, its only sounds the modernized Lutheran liturgy. The words could never have resonated so sweetly nor so powerfully. Somehow I got her ring onto her finger, somehow we negotiated ourselves down the stairway back to Terra Firma. The deed was done. The party began.

I enjoyed our reception, even though the Porcher House was really too chopped-up for such things and my fannish buddies got stuck in a tiny room to one side. But the food was good – remind me to tell the story of the *second* caterer – and the decor superb (Judy, a friend of Patti Green), and the music (by another Green pal) excellent. Our song was one Rosy let me choose, "All in the Game". (Hey, it's better than "Under My Thumb", which I've been threatening to have played at my wedding for decades.) Corniest moment came when I cut in on Joe as he danced with his daughter to "Unchained Melody" (odd choice for their dance; Rosy's stepsister is named Melody), and possibly the most fun was watching Justin and Annie Winston tear up the floor with a righteous jitterbug. It was ten by the time we departed, in a cloud of soap bubbles, for the Hilton on the beach.

From which perch the next morning we watched the sky lighten and shine, behind a line of clouds that looked like Arabic writing against the horizon. One hoped it spelled, BON CHANCE.

تَبَيَّنَتْ - نَدَا

We spent the next couple of days at the Greenhouse, decompressing and rearranging and giving her yorkie, Jessie, and her tomcat, Boo, a chance to accommodate themselves to the new monster in their midst. Jessie did fine. Jessie had attended our wedding and had no problem with strangers. Boo, on the other hand, went totally berserk. However quiet and clean and cool and peaceful was Joe and Patti's home, it wasn't the place he was used to, damn it, and he was going to whine and tear up his litterbox and let the world *know* about it, byGodsir!

We went to see my cousin Julie, in Florida with her family from the high California desert. She had missed the wedding due to car trouble, and who was possibly the only person in central Florida who didn't suffer

MAILING *CALISTO* on SFPA 221

Tyndallite Vol. 3 No. 95 | NORM! The most recent batch of Boulder papers you sent me had interesting info about peripheral issues circling the JonBenet Ramsey case, about which my feelings have made an about-face. The retired detective recently interviewed on **Today** convinced me that it is at least possible that the Ramseys *didn't* murder JonBenet, that an intruder – probably a disgruntled ex-employee of John's – was responsible, after all. What occluded people's judgment was, I believe, the creepiness of the beauty contest grind through which Patsy put her child. That poisoned everyone's opinion of the woman; we wanted to believe her guilty. The **Today** detective overwhelmed that prejudice with rational analysis of the evidence ... and gave promise of a solution to the crime. Let's hope it pans out. || So "Marcellus" was Hugo Gernsback's real first name ... *there's* a winning trivia contest answer!

Confessions of a Consistent Liar 74/Derogatory Reference 97 | Arthur Thanks for the candid **Challenger** letter – I'll take it to mind. || Congrats on being tapped as Minicon Fan GoH. That's a great convention ... I hear. I've never made it there. || Yes, the Retro Hugos are silly, as they reflect current appreciation of a work or an artist, not contemporary. Best example from the L.A. Retros: Rotsler winning as Fan Artist for drawings nary a thousandth the wit or the drama of his later art, and denying superb scribblers like Alva Rogers the recognition due them. It's nice to hail "Scanners Live in Vain" – I voted for it! – but yes, the Retros are a dumb idea. || When I explored adult chatrooms in my degenerate days of bachelorhood, I kept an eye out for undercover internet police. "Watch it," I remember saying once. "She's either underage or FBI." Internet cops tread dangerously close to entrapment in many cases; I wonder if that defense has ever been successfully raised. || I watched the XFL Championship game and felt sorry for the players. Even the winning QB, so happy that he'd finally won a ring, seemed a little sad. || Your bowdlerized First Amendment is brilliant, as is your paragraph about the "ugly, tedious" election fraud that foisted W upon us – *elegant*. May I reprint? || I've never read a Philip Roth novel but

Saul Bellow is familiar fare – I even heard him give a speech once at Berkeley. He didn't impress me – he was bitter, distant, and rather unnecessarily ugly to a crazy guy who tried to interrupt him with a question. Jackson Burgess told me that he's excellent in writing seminars, but I never got the chance to know. As for his novels, I enjoyed **Henderson the Rain King**, but found little difference in any of his heroes, **Herzog's** Herzog or Sammler or the narrator of **Humboldt's Gift** (who is not, as I recall, Humboldt). His Nobel surprised me; Tennessee Williams would have been more deserving.

The New Port News #196 | Ned I'll pass along your suggestion – put **Chall**'s website on *fanac.org* – to Richard Brandt, who does my webbish thinking for me. || The new postal rates have murderous potential for big-genzine faneds. **Challenger** costs \$1.30 a pop to mail to domestic readers. It costs *three dollars and ten cents per copy* to send to Canada – and that's close to prohibitive. We have to figure out a cheaper system – perhaps M-bags to an agent, even though that takes weeks. Harry Warner suggests sending the *masters* to an agent, who would print, package, and post our zines for us, but that'd only be possible in a world of Ali-Baban wealth. || Showing enthusiasm for antique staplers only shows that you don't get out enough, Ned. I just wish I could afford one of those big puppies at Kinko's which I use for **Challenger**. || Back when it was the USPO and not the USPS, the post office purposefully reprinted a "stamp booboo" – a Dag Hammarskjold commemorative with inverted colors (I think). The purpose was to foil collectors hoping to make a killing. One guy who thought he'd be able to turn his six-dollar purchase of the issue into six million tried to sue, but the courts pointed out that he'd gotten just what he'd paid for: six dollars worth of stamps. || Strange you should mention **LotR** calendar art; it was the Hildebrandts' calendar that finally inspired me to crack the books. Fans didn't like the Hildebrandts; I never understood why. || I feel very differently about the Confederate battle flag than most liberals – certainly as to its use on state flags. I can see the point of those who

complain about the Georgia emblem, being adopted as a gesture of seggy defiance, but it had been on Mississippi's flag since the 1800s. Waste of energy. How many black kids got addicted to crack cocaine while politicians postured about a piece of cloth? How much better an education, how many more jobs did the debate create? Bah. || I still haven't seen the John Huston **Candy**, but the *Judy Connors Candy* is an effin' masterpiece, and there must be nine or ten unworthy puns in that phrase. || Speaking of "SFPA stuff," do you have the last sixty mailings handy? I'm not asking to borrow them, just wondering if another chapter in **The Book of Years** is even possible ... || I want to hear *all about* Joe "Nedpew" McCarthy's British adventures!

Variations on a Theme #5 | Rich L. The cultural milieu of the capital is indeed impressive; I envy y'all's living there. Especially during the "Piano 300" exhibit at the Smithsonian. I wonder if *they* collect staplers. I also wonder if some of Mozart's aura lingers still about his piano. || What did you think of Joyce Katz' recent reprint of the demolition of Sam Moscovitz' research and style by my teacher, Fred Chappell? || Maybe I didn't publish any flasher shots in **Spiritus** from this Mardi Gras, but please note my photo spread in **Challenger** ... || Speaking of **Chall** and **Mimosa** and mailing dates, you speak of an alternative to the obscene new foreign mailing rate. Pray tell, what is it? My next issue – which *may* have a cover by Alan White, cross fingers and knock wood – should come out in December, and I want to have *some* money left for Rosy's Christmas present. || Here I was impressed that **Knarley Knews'** Henry Welch had been awarded a patent, and you had eight of the things before you truly started your career! Pretty slick. What did you invent – a better can opener? An improved left-handed widgit? || If you need any further research on that matter we discussed on-line, let me know.

Offline Reader Vol. 1 Issue 21 | Irv Another idea I've heard for reforming the electoral college includes a bonus for winning the overall popular vote. Since that would have put Gore over, I'm all for it. Speaking of Al, his continuing silence is annoying me. He owes his voters, the plurality of America, his voice.

Twygdrasil #69 | Dengrove *Thanks* for the spiffy wedding present! Cyrano has found a new home! || Ned has never had a beard, as far as I know, but when I met him, in 1972, he had no moustache! || Speaking of appearances, it's a strange association to say people "look like their zines," but I know what you mean. I remember not being surprised at all when I met George Inzer and Meade Frierson that same year – their looks conformed to their SFPAzines in a manner ineffable: both aptly reflected their personalities. Of course, with Meade, it was easy; he'd published photos of himself. || You suggest – just by mention – a raft of potential **Challenger** articles in this issue, starting with Pope, Kant and Franklin's ET stories. Pray tell, what were they like? Another: your father's **Sexology** articles. Did he ever meet Gernsback? || Erle Stanley Gardner won my enduring respect for creating Perry Mason, the greatest defense lawyer in literature. He lost my respect forever with his repulsive polemic on People's Park, defending the murderous police action on 5-15-69 against me and my symbolic siblings at Berkeley. || Rosy and I talk about science fiction all the time, and share astonishment that, as far as we can tell, none of the sons of imagination ever managed to predict the Net. In that vein, I really enjoyed your response to Norm's confusing restrictions on the field. || I'm so old I remember seeing Tommy Dorsey on the TV, and vividly remember Jackie Gleason's warm televised tribute. (Maybe because my mother disapproved of his bringing out Jimmy Dorsey at its close.) No one remembers the big bands ... When I tell people my name is spelled Guy-like-Lombardo Lillian-like-Hellman I have to wonder if they know who the hell I'm talking about. || Supermen? Not at all. W & Co. are feeb. Great line, by the way: "The Repubs are intent upon *not* getting it." || So your friend "found light bulbs more interesting and stuck to them." *My* friend found *flypaper samples* more interesting and stuck to *them*! I see that same pal "regrets now he did not get into barbed wire." All masochists sound alike! || Among the most revolting of childhood TV memories, since I seem to be on that track, was the guy who claimed to create abstract art by dunking earthworms in paint and letting them crawl across the canvas. I don't know which I like least: worms or philistines. || "Let Pluto remain a planet and + and - charges remain + and -." Amen! And who needs metric?!? || The outrageous comic book **Vamps** took a unique view

of religious symbols: *anything* the vampire's victim believes in will protect him from the monster's fangs. A loon therein, for instance, defended himself with a hubcap he thought fell from heaven. I rather like the idea that the cross had special power, though ... that among his other miracles, Christ could banish the Undead. But perhaps that lowers Christian mythology to a level some would consider blasphemous ...

Trivial Pursuits #95/May Meanderings | Janice

Very neat reading about your professional conferences – and it's cool that you're now the lady up front talking, not just another nerd taking notes. That's a truly significant signal of your expertise. It's sad, though, to hear about the decline in the industry as a whole; I knew it was happening, of course, but I've never understood why. Enlighten this poor liberal arts major? || *Two* nose jobs? That's twice as many jobs as noses. || Indeed I "put my money where my mouth is", or "was," regarding my Hugo nomination: I published **Challenger** #14 last month. Of course, coming in my wedding month, it was a dumb thing to do – the expense was horrendous. But! I'm pleased with the product, and even if I never crack the winners' column, it won't be because I didn't give it everything I had. || Since I don't understand websites at all, I'll pass along your query about Geocities to the dude handling **Chall**'s net connection, Richard Brandt. || Baseball's big news this month has been Barry Bonds' hot pursuit of the home run title. I personally doubt that he'll top the record, and not just because I want Mark McGwire's immortality to last more than two years. Pitchers aren't giving Bonds the pitches he needs these days, and remember the spasm McG had to create in order to reach 70 tonks in a season – wasn't it five in the last two games? 70 – the number still sounds awesome. || If we get to go to MilPhil, we'll be staying at the Marriott Courtyard, across the street from the convention hotel – and we scored \$99 room rates. Now I hope we can afford to be there. || "If It's Tuesday, This Must be Belgium" was originally a very funny **CBS Reports** documentary. I still remember the old duffer scoffing at Monte Carlo: "Chickenfeed next to Vegas!" || I have no idea why Southern cons are "better," except that maybe we feel that way because we know our people and are more comfortable on our home turf. Total subjectivity at work, in other words. However, you

know most of the west coast crowd, too, so ... || I've watched **Gladiator** again: really a shallow film – well-directed, and Crowe *is* a striking presence, but predictable and pedestrian. **Traffic** and **Crouching Tiger** were infinitely more interesting. Hmm ... **Tiger** is up for the Hugo ... we can undo an injustice. || SFPA's old feuds are part of our "culture"? I hope not; they were neurotic personal tiffs that interfered with the joy and purpose of the apa. Of course, part of the "purpose" of any fanac is self-expression, and feudsters *did* vent their innermost insecurities in their sniping, so perhaps you have a point. Speaking personally, I wish they could be forgotten; when B'rer Brown mentioned Joe Staton this mailing I didn't flash on his brilliant artwork or even his abortive OEShip, but on matters long since best abandoned.

Comments 11 | Steve You guys were grand guests at our wedding! So many thanks for coming! Thanks also for the cool cookie jar – which Rosy tells me is Italian and which my own aesthetics says is really spiffy! || That's a cute and colorful little spaceship on your cover. Let's hope they really look like that. || The SFPA webpage is beginning to pique my curiosity. Despite the problems people would have downloading a file with illos, I continue to campaign for *lotsa pitchers* to accompany the text. SFPA's heart has been its text, sure, but its face, its art, has been distinctive, rich in quality and wit. || Perhaps, to mollify Norm, we could call Wells' **Invisible Man** science *fantasy* instead of science fiction. That is, the premise may be impossible, but the plot at least calls upon science. Personally, I don't give a gnat's eyelash: it's a great story, call it SF, fantasy, horror or horse opera. Great last line. || When you wrote of drug seizures, I thought you were describing an O.D. The hideous governmental theft you really were talking about is almost as bad.

Life is a Oneshot | many The photo of Mib with Bear Bear gives me such a chuckle I *have* to name it the Best Bear ... err, *Bit* in this Mailing.

Frequent Flyer | Tom That's rough about Anita's mother's stroke; my best to your lady. || Your DSC report recalls details – and choice ones – that I forgot, such as Rivercon's grand grand grant to the SFC. What superb generosity! I hope Julie Wall trumpets it wildly in the next **Bulletin**. || Speaking

of the 2003 DSC, in Chattanooga, I hope Bolgeo is quick to spread the word when rooms become available. I have no wish to hike down some hot Tennessee street from an overflow hotel on an early Sunday morning to make the SFC meeting ceremonies. It's bad enough that we have to roll downstairs. || Aggh, don't mention NFL stadium-naming rights. Louisiana has been suffering through months of wrangling with the owner of the New Orleans Saints, who wants the state to build a new half-billion-dollar stadium, regulating the Superdome to the world's biggest storage locker. His object? Sell more executive suites to Republican RMFs. So far the state hasn't caved in, but it's only a matter of time. In the meantime our schools suck, our cops and public defenders are woefully underpaid, and our streets have more craters than the surface of the Moon.

Peter, Pan & Merry #36 | Dave A very perceptive point about "faith-based charities" ... if one is allowed, then none can be excluded. The Ku Klux Klan could call itself a church and the government would be forced to accept and advertise its money. That imbecile W has – what a surprise! – painted himself into a corner. Did you see where he'd won the Salvation Army's support for the idea by promising administrative restrictions on gay lawsuits against it? || Maybe first-class postage within the United States is still a bargain, but the new foreign rates are hideous. A copy of **Challenger** cost \$1.30 to send Media Rate inside America. To go to Canada cost \$3.10! That's prohibitive. I don't know what genziners like Lynch and myself can do about it, either. || I don't understand your Luke-Leia-Vader reasoning at all. || Amen – I don't regret reaching this point of my life, but I'll also never regret the green yet golden and goeey days and nights of LASFAPA.

Revenant #6 | Sheila I like Nashville; never flown into its airport but I've driven there many times. The new landmark is what I call "the Batman building," and I'm sure you know the one with the two Bat-ears (or radio antennae) I mean. Know what I like best about it? ~~The Classic Cat~~ *Fireflies*. I have never seen my fill of lightning bugs, and they just don't make it this far south. You had a nice family weekend there. || Cool DSC report! It was indeed a surprisingly neat little convention, benefitting from our lowered

expectations and fresh – that's the positive side of "green" – committee. That memorable paragraph in praise of Fan GoH Brooks was written by Gary Tesser, one of the immortal SFPAnS, who may no longer ride our roster, but who is forever remembered. || I too hope to finally fly *urk* to Europe for the '05 worldcon, but frankly, I'd rather swim. But if it means not disappointing Rosy, I'll fly ... especially since I want to see England before I get too much older and will never miss another worldcon if I can help it. || I'm envious that you have a loving cat, as the beast Rosy brought to this abode obviously hates my guts.

Tennessee Trash #41 | Gary R. Fun seeking out your distinctive moustache-lined grin in that Taekwondo photo! My brother is a black belt in that discipline, but I never knew its fascinating background until now. If someone says *Dan Kukiwon* to me from now on, I won't start looking around for some fella. "Grosso's Martian Arts," though, sounds like a bad science fiction movie from the fifties. || I always enjoy your *sudamerican* adventures and this issue's are no exception, though you spend so much time describing your flight problems that I feel my aerophobia coming back. I kind of worry about that exotic cocktail you imbibe to help you sleep on airplanes – "a handful of Tylenol, a Dramamine, and a cup of wine" – it sounds dangerous. I hope you clear it with a medic. || I'm a big fan of city maps – they really inspire the imagination of what it's like to live in that burg and *know* those streets. Though my parents loved Brazil and my *figa* is a constant reminder of its qualities, I'll pass on Sao Paulo, though. Isn't it supposed to be one of the biggest cities on Earth? Or would that be "Novo Hamburgo", where Ronaldo McDonaldo is mayor. || Cool meeting with Yes' Rick Wakeman. See? Celebrity encounters can be big fun! || I was unfamiliar with the complexity of **Buffy the Vampire Slayer** until now. Criminy, and I thought **Twin Peaks** was complicated! || "What's the maximum and minimum number of months in a year with five Thursdays?" Is this a trick question? Twelve. There are 12 months in *any* year. Or am I reading you right?

You've Got Mars! | Jeff Maybe I've got Mars, but I haven't got your zine. It was in the mailing, and I even took notes on it, but somewhere twixt hither and yon, it vanished. Could I borrow another copy?

Oblivion No. 134 | Gary B. Really fine color work this issue – check out the old salt on your cover! Whoever this Van Gogh guy is, he has talent. Does he do line art? || Dental problems depress me. Yours sound dreadful. || Your comments about the poor job market in the newspaper biz are also depressing. That's where most of Rosy's job experience lies. || I must have lived a protected life – this is the first time I've ever heard of "Heywood Jablomy"! Rosy tells the tale from her days in the Coast Guard Auxiliary when an officer asked her to page a "Seaman Stanes" over the intercom, and her moments of confusion when her announcement was greeted with crackling guffaws. || Guess you've heard that **The Amazing Adventures of Kavalier & Clay** won the Pulitzer Prize this year. || I have absolutely no problem with Johnny Hart using his comic strip to advocate a political or religious agenda, as long as it's not antagonistic to any other serious point of view. Like I said last time or the time before, after "Dip in Road" I'll forgive him anything. **Dick Tracy** stressed a strict law-&-order theme for decades, **Steve Canyon** lambasted antiwar demonstrators and druggies, and on the other hand, need we mention **Doonesbury**? How is overt Christian evangelism less acceptable than those points of view? || "Be your own action figure." Hell with that! Gimme a Pamela Anderson doll! || I'm toying with the idea of penning Indignant Letters to the Editor to any locale which embraces brainless Zero-Tolerance – draconian responses to harmless childhood acts like using a water pistol, or writing a violent story for a class assignment, or drawing a battle, or having a kitchen knife in your car. When you find such a story, publish the address of the local fishwrapper: I'll scorch their eyebrows. || Better symbols for the South than the Stars & Bars? What is as instantly recognizable? || Your association of '50s TV cowboy heroics with the hippy idealism of the '60s is apt. Boomers were fed a moral diet of loner heroism and acted on the genre's beliefs. Consider an even more obvious example: Davy Crockett. Disney loaded his adventures with indoctrination ... especially that ultimate, shocking moment when *Davy Crockett died ... but for a purpose. For freedom. Did that lesson ever come in handy for our generation, and I imagine it had just as much resonance in Khe Sanh as at People's Park.*

New Tools, Old Me | mike] Another sexy

Supergirl cover: Lester Boutillier would have a fit! I saw a photo of Britney Spears today that made me think of Supergirl – and caution my dog. Anyway, great graphics this go-round. || No less an authority than Dirty Harry Callahan agrees with you that a .38 round can bounce off a car windshield. He said so to Tyne Daly in **The Enforcer**. || Helen, a.k.a. "Alice Krige Jr.", killed a scorpion in her room? I'd've fled screaming from the house. Who needs Dirty Harry? || I hadn't heard about Joey Ramone. His music was only familiar here from the divine **Rock'n'Roll High School** (where these days is P.J. Soles?) but his death is a sad loss. || I'm with **The Guardian**: W's "election" is the worst disaster to befall American politics since the multiple horrors of 1968. I can find no rhyme or reason to his presidency besides corporate collusion and radical revisionism, as with his embracing of the anti-missile-missile concept, which is almost certainly technologically impractical and is definitely politically reprehensible. Al, where are you? || Ha! Re: trekkies ... Just today I read my account of Vulcon II from **Spiritus Mundi** 28, a mere 26 years – half my life – ago. In it I described some choice moments, such as a prominent redheaded New Orleanian's comment to a convention attendee, "Waldo, I want you to tell you, that even though I think you're a real *toad*, I just love your nametag!", and a dance in which my eye lighted upon a succulent nubile blonde. To quote myself, "The oafs she bopped and boopboopadooped with were totally unworthy of her ... of course, since they were trekkies, hunchbacked, tusked, peglegged trekkies, ugly, putrid, putrescent trekkies, all favored with the motion of this priceless little creature." "Tusked": I love that. || That quotation from Twain about school boards is destined for my irate letter about Zero Tolerance. || Gotta read that Hans von Hammer comic! Wonder if "Mr. Carl" Tupper still has it on hand ...

Avatar Press 2.15 | Randy Lots to congratulate you about today. Let's get to it. || Indeed, Jeff's e-reminders of the deadline have been helpful here, too. Gotta shake my booty. || Losing nearly thirty pounds in three months is courageous stuff – I hope you didn't worry your health. I've been told that I'm going to lose thirty pounds ... to start. || About falling in love: "Nice to know," you say, "my heart has not yet turned totally to stone at the old age of 35." Trust me. Within 3 weeks in this mailing

period I (1) got married and (2) had my 52nd birthday. The heart may seem to turn to stone with age, but it's a self-defensive illusion. Thank Christ. || A new house! That's a magnificent accomplishment! Where's *my* room going to be? || Leana Grace's fiction is a nice touch this issue. She's clever and can sling a mean word. I identify with Gobble. || The **Challenger** sub-micron art was done by Mark Fults, and appeared on my second issue (and in my "thanks-for-the-nomination" ad in the latest worldcon p.r.) He also did the cover to **Challenger** #5, Mary Ann van Hartesveldt in hoochie-koochie garb. He was planning a calendar populated with mer-people, but I haven't seen his splendid work in several years. || Amen! Next time you come to the Easy, lure Sheila down to join us for a feed!

"Yngvi" etc. #71 | Toni Lookit that ... For once, Yngvi really *is* a louse! Ain't it great that Sheryl Birkhead has a Hugo nomination at last? || What I especially like about your DSC report is the insight you give into the Rebel winners, Stan Smith and Robert Neagle. Surprising but deserving winners ... each DSC sets its own standards, and the '01 concom was wise and consistent. || "The Alabama Grit Pickers" sounds like a sports team or a Country-Western band, or both. || Charl Proctor's reviews this time remind me of Liz's in the zine to follow: mostly mysteries. I echo her appreciation of **Law & Order**. Only **The Simpsons**, **America's Most Wanted** and **C.S.I.** out-rate it on my TV. Never mind the episodes of **Wild On** and **Howard Stern** which I air nightly; those I watch to decry the decline in social morality. || Charlotte also mentions Peter Sellers' *Chance the Gardener* in **Being There**. Awesome performance. His first walk beyond the confines of the house where he has lived all his life is a moment not only of craft, but of *magic*. And practically Sellars' last acting – he made one more movie, a forgettable **Fu Manchu** parody, before slipping this mortal coil. || Lastly, she takes a fascinating look back at the man who was President when I was born, Harry S-for-nothing Truman. There was a man who grew to fill his office. No one – except FDR – had any idea that he had such strength in him. || A trip to Nepal and India! Glorious! Write it up for **Challenger**!

Home with the Armadillo #47 | Liz Nice flutterbys on your cover; been seeing a lot of them

this summer. || I too have thyroid problems, though I don't think they're connected to pregnancy. I've been searching for a Japanese politician to barf on. || JJ is 11? Gad. || I can understand how a mother could feel "squeamish" about books or movies in which children were put in peril. In fact, if I had the power, I wouldn't *let* some parents I know see **The Sweet Hereafter**, as brilliant a film as it is. || Ha! Timothy Hutton's superb **Nero Wolfe** show is on even as I write. My favorite novel in the series is **Murder by the Book**, my favorite *title* **If Death Ever Slept**. I read some good stuff when I was a teenager. Look at all these mysteries you're perusing. What yearning does that genre satisfy that SF cannot?

The Zine with No Title/This is a SFPA Zine | George Grand conversations with our main man Tesser and my old **Chall** pal Robert Whitaker Sirignano. His wife Giani is one of life's great ladies. It dawns on me from reading about your manifold panel appearances at media cons that contemporary SF TV is a lot like the soap operas of the past – intricate ongoing plots, not just continuing characters. Enjoy, and keep reporting.

The Sphere vol. #192 no. 1 | Don That was indeed too bad about Rich Morrissey, only about the fourth or fifth SFPAn (as far as is known) to have slipped this mortal coil. I'm trying to remember if I met him when I lived in New York, and we were both NYAPAns as well as SFPAns. || Toonopedia is a handsome website; if enough members of the '03 worldcon see it, it'd be a worthy contender for ConJose's special Hugo for that medium.

Spiritus Mundi 183 | me I feared that I'd lost my nearly-complete set of SFPA OOs in the move, but it turned up. By the way, the only reason it's "nearly" complete is because I'm missing a few fractionals, for postmailings. || I visited Angola again recently to speak with the same two killers. One of them cracked me up. Seems that when he was leaving the courtroom after being sentenced to the needle in his last trial, he spotted the district attorney's file sitting on his desk ... and *took it*. I was probably naughty for not confiscating the paperwork then and there, but I was too impressed by his *panache*.

☺☺☺

The Wedding of
Rose-Marie Green Donovan
and
Guy H. Lillian III

June 30, 2001
Porcher House
Cocoa Village, Florida

Standing for the Bride
Ann Green, sister-in-law of the bride

Standing for the Groom
Lance Lillian, brother of the groom

Officiant
Rev. Russell Frahm

The Reception will begin one-half hour following
The Ceremony

Please partake of Wine and Roses in the Interim

A Champagne Toast,
Buffet Dinner, Wedding Cake
and
Dancing will Follow