



SPARTACUS

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As 2015 fades, the insanities in our culture are coming almost too quickly to be written down.

I had my fears about the way we here in the U.S. would respond to the atrocity in Paris, and our great American public didn't let me down. Behaving exactly according to their – our – repellant standard, we chose to pin our fear and anger on the most helpless scapegoats available: Syrian refugees. Ever the panderers, Republican politicians fell all over themselves competing to be the most heartless and the most racist. Chris Christie promised he would turn away even Syrian children seeking shelter from the storm, and he was by no means alone. One couldn't help but flash on the famous photo of a drowned Syrian child – lost in his family's attempt to find a safe shore after escaping the horrors of their benighted homeland. In furious response to the cruel and heartless uproar, I posted that picture on Facebook – then took it down as just too horrible. Cue Auden: *The seas of pity lie / locked and frozen in each eye.*

But Paris was just the beginning. December saw us endure two more massacres, two more terrorist assaults on the innocent.

The Colorado Springs Planned Parenthood attack was an oddity in the atrocities of autumn, in that the issues involved, and the perpetrator, were domestic. It was terrorism of a very different sort; a “lone wolf,” a self-evident psychopath, obviously influenced by right-wing media crap but in concert with no one but the demons in his own head. My disgust extends to the winger politicians and commentators who have used slanders to make Planned Parenthood a locus for sociopathic hatred, not that they assume any responsibility or even express any regret.

The San Bernardino attack was, of course, a different matter. The tactic first suggested, that the woman was a black widow planted here by ISIL through her dopy husband, was very tempting to believe. “He was one sort of person before he met his wife, another sort afterwards.” Aren't we all? Of course both of those lunatics had long been radicalized; the male had openly planned earlier massacres with a manipulable stooge and the wife had expressed jihadist sympathies even before she came here on a fiancé

visa. No one in authority had noticed, and, barring either a Snowden-be-damned increase in NRA snooping or the revelations of an insider, I can't imagine any way the government could possibly learn about a private citizen's private plots.

Certainly one could have problems labeling as a serious political threat maniacs who attack a Christmas party. A serious terrorist – one guided by the desire to cause lasting and significant damage – would go after a more lasting and significant target. But the damage jihadi terrorists wish to cause is not sabotage of industry or America's ability to make war. They're attacking America's innocence. Their target is our peace of mind. Our willingness to accept diversity. Our fundamental social courage.

Their tactics are working. Our public is – in my wife's words – as tight as a tick. How do we fight back? Some suggestions.

First, we overcome our pusillanimity and act, despite the political costs. We *snoop*. There are legal safeguards to restrict the government – I say we find ways to protect rights while protecting society, and do both. Indeed, Snowden-be-damned. We actually show the hair to fight the paranoid gun lobby. Its stooge Congress refuses to forbid gun sales to individuals on the terrorist no-fly list. Congress is an NRA flunky, marked by cowardice and irresponsibility. We elect a Congress that thinks differently. And *we* think differently. We acknowledge what the enemy wants to do, and wants us to do – and we refuse to do it. We do not punish their ethnic group, innocents as well as the guilty. We do not sacrifice our determination to live in trust of one another, and not in fear.

In the midst of all the horror, the outcome in the Peter Gold shooting in New Orleans was almost heartening. Gold is the courageous Tulane medical student who intervened to prevent a woman from being kidnaped on the street. The psychopath responsible, Eunis Cain, plugged him, and only the creep's jammed gun prevented a coup de grace. Gold is recovering; Cain is in jail.

Cynically, I'd be tempted to bet on acquittal when Cain, who is black, comes to trial. Anyone who denies there is such a thing as black racism has but to observe some of the insane verdicts at the Orleans Parish courthouse. Things may have changed since I practiced there, but there was a time when we saw an O.J. obscenity every day of the week.

That's beside the point. Gold's decency and Cain's inhumanity make the most vivid contrast possible, but let's hold the good doctor-to-be up as an example to shame other criminals, like the maniacs of Colorado Springs and San Bernardino. It is vital, though difficult, to remember that bad people are the aberration. The reality is in good people, like Peter Gold.



The intercom played "Eye of the Tiger". The scoreboard overhead (we were in a basketball arena) read HOME 20 VISITORS 16; it took me a minute to get it. I was about 20 feet from the woman, I'd guess. I'd seen her in person before, in 1992, when she came to New Orleans. On that occasion she gave the exact same spiel – I mean, down to the word – as Al Gore had delivered two nights before. We in the audience kept glancing at one another in embarrassment. Nevertheless on the handshake line I greeted her with a jaunty "Hi, Beautiful," and she smiled and thanked me and had me beaten half to death by Arkansas state troopers. (Two of those responses really happened. My head still aches when it rains.)

No such encounter this time, and Hillary Clinton's speech on December 2nd in Orlando was relaxed, confident, forceful, and focused. She much made of Puerto Rico (Hispanics being a huge bloc in Florida) and infrastructure (Orlando being a ruin – they should see New Orleans!). She took jabs at Republicans, national and state, and a good time was had by everyone but my feet, which ached like blue bastards after standing in the same place for two hours +.

Hillary remained relaxed through the last Democratic debate of 2015 – down to her uncharacteristically goofy "May the Force be with you!" I thought she and Bernie Sanders handled the data breach scandal very well – on stage. Off stage, Bernie and his people did not behave particularly well, squawking victimization and favoritism because the Democratic National Committee jumped all over them when a staffer snooped into Clinton campaign data he chanced upon. Enough with the

whining: the DNC had every right to be p.o.ed; this is their party's presidential nomination the errant staffer was screwing with. After Bernie fired the fool and pledged to keep a proper eye on his people, all was resolved. I say good riddance -- let this contretemps disappear into the mists of yesterday and keep your *eyes on the prize*.

Hillary, as election year peeks its alligator eyes above the horizon, has rather prematurely raised her sights from the Democratic race. She is already running against the GOP.

A fellow I respect recently complained on Facebook that, in advocating Hillary over a Republican troglodyte like Trump or Cruz, I was presenting him with a poor choice indeed. Even if, for the sake of argument, that's so, it's *still a choice*. This will be an election where *everything* is on the line. Unlike Carter/Ford or even Clinton/Bush, where we had two decent guys running. 2016 will be a contest between experience, competence, and at least the hope of compassion and decency – not to mention a sane grasp of what is and what isn't – vs. irrationality, recklessness, and simple dictatorial psychosis. This one is going to matter – for the three or four SCOTUS seats the new President will fill if for no other reason, and of course there are plenty of other reasons.

One of which is the psychopathic intransigence of the opposition. As Greg Sargent observed in the December 7 Washington *Post*, "*conservatives themselves* don't view these stalemates as resolvable through conventional negotiation, in which each side makes incremental concessions in an effort to meet somewhere in the middle. Such conventional negotiation is the whole problem! The other day Charlie Rose asked Hillary Clinton the big question — how will you work with today's GOP? Clinton observed that one key obstacle is that the GOP's right flank isn't interested in compromise, prompting Rose to chastise this as an 'attack' on the GOP. But ... Clinton was merely observing an obvious reality."

Ah. "Reality." There's a word. A politician or philosopher can argue Truth, but Philip K. Dick's *oeuvre* notwithstanding, you can't argue Reality. Reality is. Republican voters do not believe in reality. Certainly their current leading choice does not.

I'd expect a manic egotist like Donald Trump to believe *L'Etat, c'est moi*. But in fact, he seems to adhere to an even grander concept: *l'verite, c'est Trump*. Muslims should be refused entry into the United States, and registered if they're already here. You defeat ISIL by killing its families. It's a sign of strength to disenfranchise one's critics. It's permissible to sexually insult female reporters and political opponents. (Who knew "schlong" was a verb?) And so on. Any idiotic thing that crosses Trump's mind crosses his lips – and does nothing to diminish his appeal to his base. I am disturbed and a little frightened. The Presidency follows the *imagination* of the American public. This year two candidates have tickled that imagination and excitement – Bernie Sanders and Trump. Mostly Trump. And what disturbs me is why.

Trump's support mainly comes from the disaffected white poor – the only ethnic group in America it is still acceptable to despise. This is neither humane nor particularly smart, but there is no denying the anger, ignorance and vehemence of the attitude they present. These people are not sophisticated. The changes at work in society terrify them. They mistrust all institutions. They are so angry they cannot function. They are open to rank demagoguery. They are lamentably racist. As seen in Colorado Springs, they can be dangerous. And they are *citizens*.

Because they are citizens they are entitled to respect and attention. As citizens ourselves, our duty if we believe we know better is not to despise them but to win them over. These are people in despair – people whose life hopes, as they say, have been blunted by ugly reality. They hear nothing of significance addressed to them from progressives, so hearken to the racist demagoguery they hear from the right. T'was ever thus – but t'is tragic, too. As rational Americans, we must do two things with these people. We must beat them – thwart their political desires – and we must re-enfranchise them.

How do we reach these people? There's a question I wish a commentator would put to Hillary and Bernie: what would you say to the Trump-o-philes to convince them they are part or the mainstream of American life? How do we convince people who have been taught all their lives – as I think most western people have – to *resent down and admire up* that we are all in this struggle together, that the answer isn't a demagogue or a tyrant but the collective good of humanity?



Making a ripple in the national sea this season was SCOTUS Justice Antonin Scalia, who quoted an *amicus* brief from the bench which implied that black kids were better suited to second-rate colleges. As an attorney, albeit one devoid of a practice at the moment, I hesitate to criticize a Supreme – the Nine are the leaders of my profession and demand my respect. But I remember a gentleman I met at Berkeley when I was a student there. This is a picture I took of him at Boalt Hall, Cal’s prestigious law school. (Had my family remained in California, there is where I hoped to go.)



I’m sure you recognize Earl Warren, chairman of the UC’s Sophomore Greeting Committee in the 19teens (he was; I looked it up), and in subsequent years Governor of California, the 1948 Republican candidate for vice president, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court. As governor, he backed the Japanese-American relocation camps – a decision for which he tried to compensate for the rest of his life. (Still, some smug Japanese student braced him about it at Cal – a slight I’m proud to say I countered by challenging the kid to remember *Broad v. Board of Education*.)

Such a man, who can change and grow, and who knows the United States has to change in order to grow, is what we hope for in the Supreme Court – and why I devoutly and deeply insist that a Democrat, (preferably Hillary, but Sanders will do) *must* be elected next November. (True, Warren

was a Republican, appointed by a Republican – but does anyone seriously believe that men like him or Eisenhower would be welcome in the GOP of today?) Scalia is aging and allowing his zeal to overcome his judgment – the sentiment he quoted does not belong anywhere in American government. Ruth Bader Ginsberg pushes 80. Others on the bench are the same. A new court is pending. Can you imagine the creatures a Trump would send to the SCOTUS? They would not be men of such character as the one above.



And where are you when you hitch a ride on the “King” of all Flying Monkeys?

ON WINGS OF KONG *(letters from our Chorus)*

As I needn’t remind my constant readers, I am a cretin, and have demonstrated it recently in two ways. First, I printed a letter from Toni Weisskopf that she did not intend for public consumption. This was an idiotic breach of courtesy on my part and I deeply and sincerely apologize to my long-time and accomplished friend. To put it succinctly: “The piece by Toni Weisskopf was a private correspondence between her and me. She was not aware it was intended by me to be published publically.”

Secondly, I completely missed two of the fine LOCs I’ve received of recent which deserved but were denied timely publication in these pages. Here they be.

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I was nosing around Bill Burns' eFanzines site and came across the latest issue (the seventh) of *Spartacus*, wherein you speculate on the next film in the *Alien/Aliens* franchise, and say of *Alien 3* you "can't understand why Sigourney Weaver, who owed her career to *Alien* and *Aliens*, could show such arrogant disregard for her audience," adding that the "only explanation" you have for this "is that she had come to believe that, after scoring an Oscar nod for *Aliens* and two in one year for *Gorillas in the Mist* and *Working Girl*, she was now such a great big movie star that she could discard the role that got her recognition and brush away the ticket-buyers who cheered her on."

I can think of another explanation entirely, and it's right there in the dialogue in the closing scenes of the film, where the Ripley character confronts (or is confronted by – the two are clearly stalking each other by that stage) the alien and tells it "You've been in my life so long, I can't remember anything else." I take this line to indicate that Weaver – listed in the credits as a co-producer on the film, and in consequence likely to have some control over the script – was simply getting tired of the Ripley character, and wanted to kill her off in order to leave herself free to move on to portray other characters in other films, just as other actors do in order to avoid being typecast. In her case, it partially failed; but then she could hardly be expected to know what trajectory her future career would follow over the next quarter-century. In sum, I don't think arrogance had anything to do with her choices.

Current rumor has it that Newt will appear in one of the Alien films in production. Good. RE-BOOT NEWT! And see to it she survives!

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As you say in *Spartacus* #7, *Star Trek* had a tremendous impact on the science fiction field and American culture in general. What had been "Crazy Buck Rogers Stuff" became "Crazy *Star Trek* Stuff." *Star Trek* was what most people thought of when you said science fiction. I've long believed that the essence of science fiction is "Guys in Spaceships Doin' Stuff," and that certainly describes *Star Trek*.

In the beginning, I didn't believe in *Star Trek*. It wasn't that I didn't believe it existed. I just didn't believe it was going anywhere. Science fiction on television? It's got to be awful. After watching a few episodes, I found the series to be adequate science fiction. This made it much better than most SF that had ever been done on television previously.

Star Trek did attract a lot of females into the field. Fred Lerner pointed out to me that Lord of the Rings attracted about as many. Thinking back on it, I think that's true. Of the females who were attracted by *Star Trek*, I tend to remember the ones who were on the unraveled edge of sanity. There was one woman who became known as Ruth the Trekkie around LASFS. You really didn't want to listen to her talk about *Star Trek*. She would obviously become sexually aroused when she talked about *Star Trek*. She also submitted some drawings to Apa-L that showed her in a sado-masochistic encounter with Spock.

Aside from Ruth the Trekkie, there was a woman who attended Loscons for a number of years who had gone to a plastic surgeon to get her ears pointed. The plastic surgeon refused on the grounds it was disfigurement. As you know, fans will debate absolutely anything. I've heard fans debate whether the woman had a right to pointy ears if she wanted pointy ears. Having your ears pointed isn't all that strange when compared to many other cosmetic operations. However, I can understand why the plastic surgeon didn't want to become known for doing that sort of an ear job.

Considering how many stories have been done in the entire course of the *Star Trek* franchise, their quality has been pretty good. The series has maintained a secular humanist outlook on the universe. This doesn't seem too strange most of the time. However, lecturing a carnivorous reptile on the evils of its dietary choices may show a certain narrowness of vision.

So what do you think the next *Star Trek* series should be like?

As much like TOS as possible, because with only a few episodes' exception, the other series were badly-paced, clumsily-populated, obsessively p.c. and frankly, pretty boring. I exclude the first TNG Hugo winner, "The Inner Light", which was terrific, some of the Borg episodes, and anytime 2-of-38 – excuse me: 7-of-9 – appeared on screen. I'll paraquote my brother Lance on the newer shows: "Everyone is nice. The Federation is nice. The Klingons are nice. The Ferengi are nice. I miss Captain Kirk: 'Let's go find a bad guy and shove a photon torpedo up his ass!'"

Milt continues his commentary ...

In *Spartacus* #10, your comments on the 2016 presidential campaign reminded me of an old adage "Anything worth doing is worth overdoing." With two months of Christmas every year and year-long election campaigns, we may have reached the point of overdoing overdoing.

It is possible that none of the current candidates will make the final ballot. After a year of campaigning, the public will have accepted that all of the candidates are total swine. Dark horse candidates emerge at the conventions. The dark horse candidates may also be total swine, but the public isn't aware of it. Politicians might decide that year-long campaigns are a bad idea.

Best novel is the only Hugo category I actually care about anymore. I've currently got a list of five potential nominees if I don't come across anything better. *The Dark Forest* is certainly on my list. The more you think about this novel the more there is to think about it. That puts it in the highest rank of SF novels.

Affinities by Robert Charles Wilson. What if you could analyze the human brain to determine what sort of people would have the best chance of successfully interacting with each other. This reads like a mainstream novel since half of it depends on the idea and the other half on its impact on people. Some of the characters react to their Affinities the way I reacted to fandom when I first joined.

Corsair by James L Cambias. Cambias writes fun novels. I really enjoyed *A Darkling Sea* last year. In *Corsair*, his second novel, he comes up with some new twist on an old favorite, space piracy. I don't know whether the ideas in this book would really work, but they sound plausible.

Nemesis Games by James S. A. Corey. This is the fifth volume in the Expanse Series. The aliens in this series may have been dead for a billion years, but they still cause problems. Humans cause even more problems. Lots of action with some good ideas.

Touch by Claire North. Entities that can shift bodies by touch conduct a battle to the death. The idea isn't a new one, but this is a very well-crafted novel.

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Thank for *Spartacus* 10...

The more the GOP candidates open their mouths, I am astonished at the level of prejudice, misinformation or just plain stupidity. I can see where either Democratic candidate would be a good choice. I am just amazed that candidates like Trump, Carson, Rubio or Cruz (we don't want him back) would ever get anyone's vote, with the level of stupid that come rushing out. I guess it's easy to see that I voted for Justin Trudeau for prime minister, and I am very glad that I did. Bernie Sander sounds like a good candidate, but he also sounds like the type that if he did not win the nomination, he would call for Hillary's acclamation, and put his support firmly behind her.

Pope Francis...to be honest, I am amazed he's still alive. He has changed the church so much, and he is showing that decency can shine through any politics of the faith. Still, even with the Kim Davis fiasco, Francis is still making such an impact.

I had no Hugo franchise with Sasquan, and frankly, I am glad. I doubt I'll ever have that franchise again, but should I ever get it again, I hope any slates of candidates to give silver rockets to The Right People™ will not exist. At least, the voters are now ready, and have been warned, there are more slates to come. I hope the voters will tell the assorted Puppies to stuff a rocket somewhere.

I have seen just today the trailer for the third reboot *Star Trek* movie. I have been a lifelong fan of the 4 series, and it was *Trek* that got me into fandom in the first place, close to 40 years ago. I have never had reason to say “Yuck!” to a *Trek* movie...until today. I won’t spoil it for others, but there’s lots of collisions and flying bodies and menacing aliens. I did not like what I saw. I have read that CBS will start up another new *Trek* series...I hope we return to the *TNG* time line, and see what happened after *Voyager*.

More mass murders, Paris and San Bernardino. Guns, guns, guns. Yes, let’s arm everyone, and decimate the population. My apologies, Guy, but it’s things like this that make me not want to cross the border. Canada has become an island of sanity in comparison.

Pol Pot’s Cambodia looks like an island of sanity in comparison to the USA nowadays.

I like the old *Star Trek*, the original first three *Star Wars* films, but I love the original *Twilight Zone* and the first reboot series. There’s other things I like, but the main thing is that they are not current. They come from my personal Golden Age, the SF I liked and loved, and lived with. Sometime back, I guess I stopped looking towards the future with optimism, and started looking at the past with longing.

I do look forward to one thing...Canada’s future. I think it just got a lot better with the election of Justin Trudeau, the son of former PM Pierre. His short tenure has already been positive, busy, true to his promises and frankly inspiring. I pray for more good things from this young man (well, he’s younger than me), and look forward to a much more shiny future.

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You claim that Hillary Rodham Clinton is so much better than Donald Trump. Really? If you look at *Reason Magazine* at <https://reason.com/blog/2015/12/08/donald-trump-is-an-awful-frontrunner-but> you will see that her much vaunted no-fly list consists of mostly Muslims whose rights already are circumscribed by a system that leaves them little recourse to getting off the list no matter just how innocent they may be. You apparently agree with her that these people should have their rights further curtailed by taking their Second Amendment rights without even so much as a hearing, much less a trial or anything. And to think that you call her critics “smug and vindictive.” Trump would keep potential terrorists and terrorist sympathizers out while Hillary would let them in to treat them like dirt. Would not her policies cause the Muslim refugees who come here to become even more radicalized and more prone to engaging in violence? Or are you so blinded by partisanship that you cannot see her failings?

Hopefully, future issues of *Spartacus* will continue to be at least half as interesting as this one.

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On recent movies: “The best SF movie I saw this year was *Mad Max: Fury Road*, but the Hugo will almost undoubtedly go to *The Martian*.” I hope you’re right – it took a couple of years, but *The Martian* has finally succeeded in washing the foul taste of *Gravity* out of my system. As for *Mad Max*, I’m surprised that you think it’s better than anything else (and I note you’ve written this before the new *Star Wars* movie began its run). I was actually disappointed by the *Mad Max* reboot movie – I don’t think it’s as good as any of the three with Mel Gibson as the star. I believe that the most likely finalists in the “BDP – Long Form” category, besides *The Martian*, are *Ant-Man*, *Star Wars – The Force Awakens*, *Jurassic World*, and *The Avengers – Age of Ultron*. But I wouldn’t be shocked if *Ex Machina* or the *Childhood’s End* miniseries makes it in. As for me, I’m nominating the first season of Syfy’s *12 Monkeys* series. It’s better than the movie.

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Oh, goodie. Politics leads off the issue. In this day and age, that is always a good play, especially when one considers the antics of the GOP. Yes, it certainly appears that Hillary Clinton will be the Democratic nominee next year, although I find myself more in line with Senator Bernie Sanders these days. Calling Sanders the conscience of the Democratic Party is accurate, and I do like how he has eschewed mega-donations, although I am sure he has been the recipient of large single amount contributions. His anti-Wall Street stance is one I strongly agree with, and Secretary Clinton's Wall Street alliances are her big bugaboo (the "email scandal" is only so much hot air spewing from the Right that it's laughable and no longer even worth mentioning outside of parentheses). No matter who gets the DNC nod, that person has my vote. The dangers of installing a Republican in the White House are far too important to ignore.

In fact, I fear for this country. On Facebook I have sometimes commented on finding an ESL teaching position outside of the United States, and yes, I am semi-serious about that. No joke. When polls continue to show Donald Trump – a misogynistic, racist, inconsiderate, loud-mouth braggart whose behavior is like a school yard bully at lunchtime – leading the GOP race, and his rallies are full of practically all white, rabid supporters, then it's time to step back and ask a simple question: What the fuck has happened to America? Where has our rationality flown? Why do so many people still believe in the flat-out falsehoods that Fox News and these candidates spew daily? Yes, I am afraid that the Republican Party Machine will do its damndest to rally around whomever becomes their nominee and get their minions out to the polls to vote. The Democrats and Independents must do the same. This next election is going to shape the USA in ways that nobody has ever dreamed. Unless saner heads prevail next year, there will not be a United States of America by 2050. I hate to say that, but this nation is Balkanizing before our eyes, and that frightens me. Somehow the ship of state has to be pointed back in the right direction, put back on course, and there is no one on the GOP side who is remotely intelligent enough to be put into that position. They have no captains, only first class seamen barely able to swab the deck. They probably don't even know which end of the mop to use.

I need to get off this subject in a hurry before I run this analogy into a sand bar.

The Sasquan Asterisk thing was, in my humble opinion, stupid. It demeaned the Hugo Awards even further. The analogy to baseball records (Roger Maris hitting 61 home runs in a 162 game season, for example, instead of Babe Ruth's 60 in 154 games) is very well taken. All you are doing is calling attention to the results, not appreciating the efforts of the athletes. No, the whole Hugo Asterisk is almost like renaming all the Hugo nominees Hester Prynne. It really was a demeaning ploy, and all efforts to make it a "funny thing" did not work. At least, not to me it wasn't.

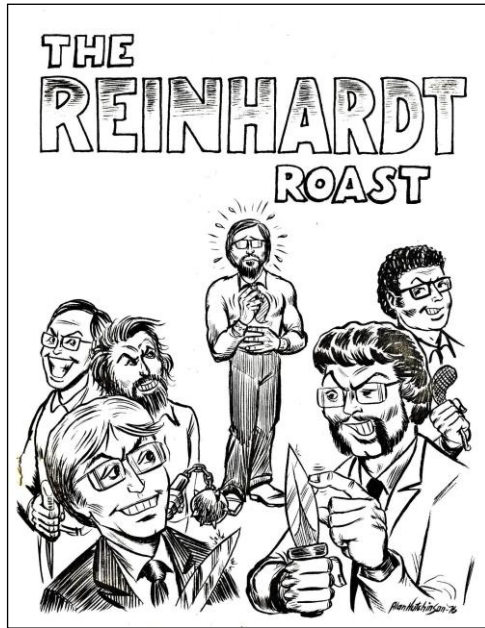
Also, I have tried reading through the voting procedure proposed at the WSFS meeting at Sasquan, and it is very confusing. This is also stupid. I am just going to continue voting for quality work. After all, isn't that what the Hugo is supposed to represent? Excellence in the Field of Science Fiction? Besides, all awards are popularity contests anyway, so trying to revamp the Hugo voting procedure to ensure no voting blocs can affect the outcome is nuts. They might as well be pissing into the wind.

I may have to play "Sad Puppy Blues" at a con someday. Kansas City, mayhaps? We shall see.

Ah, I remember *Playhouse 90* from my childhood. Barely. The era of live television was pretty damned impressive, and it's kind of funny that going "live" these days is considered a "radical and innovative" thing to do on television. Good grief, back in our formative years all we had was live television! It certainly made for interesting viewing, that's for sure.

Thanks for the fanzine, Guy, and I hope you and Rosie can make it to MAC II.

Doubt it, unless a miracle like Sasquan's occurs again.



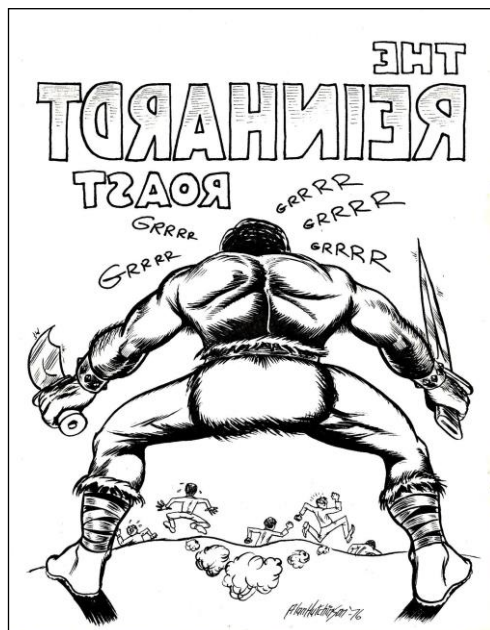
I must switch gears and segue into fandom – we *are* science fiction nuts, after all, and this *is* supposed to be a science fiction fanzine. I must take note, therefore, that December 7, 2015 marked the 40th anniversary of one of the great events in the history of Southern fandom: the **Reinhardt Roast**.



Rosy and I had a great conversation with Carrie Root at Sasquan about the places in fandom we feel comfortable – “where everybody knows your name.” As it is for many I respect, “Core” fanzine fandom and Corflu is like that for Carrie. Southern fandom is like that for me.

My first SF club was the Little Men in the Bay Area, and I will always be grateful for the generosity and tolerance they showed a loudmouthed 18-year-old. But my next was NOSFA, the New Orleans group, people my own age whose social lives truly revolved around fandom and the club. I became a NOSFAn in spirit and in substance, and my allegiance to New Orleans has never ebbed. Through NOSFA I learned about SFPA, the Southern Fandom Press Alliance, and got involved in the larger community of Southern fandom. It became as it remains, the place where everybody knows your name.

Has it always been a happy place? Of course not. Fannish egos are bound to rub each other raw in a half century of contact. In fact, the Reinhardt Roast was designed in great part to be a moment of reconciliation after a period of intense conflict. The subject of the Roast reflects that. Hank Reinhardt was *the* Southern fan, a fabled anachronut, subject of a thousand faanfictions and legends, Hearts player *par excellence* (so famous that taking 25 points came to be known as “Reinhardting,” ridiculously right-wing opinionated, yet a man who never turned down a friendship. He was the perfect target for a roast, and on December 7, 1975, at the Halfacon in New Orleans, so he was.



It was an unbelievably fun time. People who were barely speaking to one another in the pages of the *apa* trooped to the dais to hail Hank. (I read a poem he had written: “The Night Before Hankmas”.) His response was epic. I taped the Roast and transcribed it around the brilliant fannish illos of Alan Hutchinson. The zine was a big success.

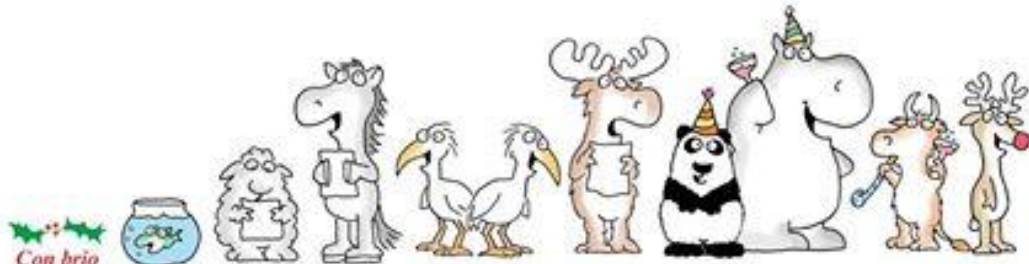
And a bit of a controversy. The turmoil in SFPA could not be completely overcome even by such an awesome event. Mindful of the *apa*’s egoboo poll and the credit an editor received therein for the fanzine selected as the year’s best, some speakers railed against my getting points for reprinting their words. Never mind that I’d organized the Roast, invited the guests, secured the hotel, taped the event, transcribed the tape, published the zine – I was both hailed and hounded for it. Amazing.

Forty years is a long, long time – Hank, George Inzer and Don Markstein are gone, many others retired from fannish pursuits. But the moment survived – and survives yet, remembered well by all who participated: the height of fandom: personality, humor, camaraderie. Us at our best.

And in honor of the season ...

with apologies to Sandra Boynton ...

Wee Fish Ewe a Mare Egrets Moose



Con brio

Wee fish ewe a mare e- grets moose, pan-da hip- po gnu deer!

