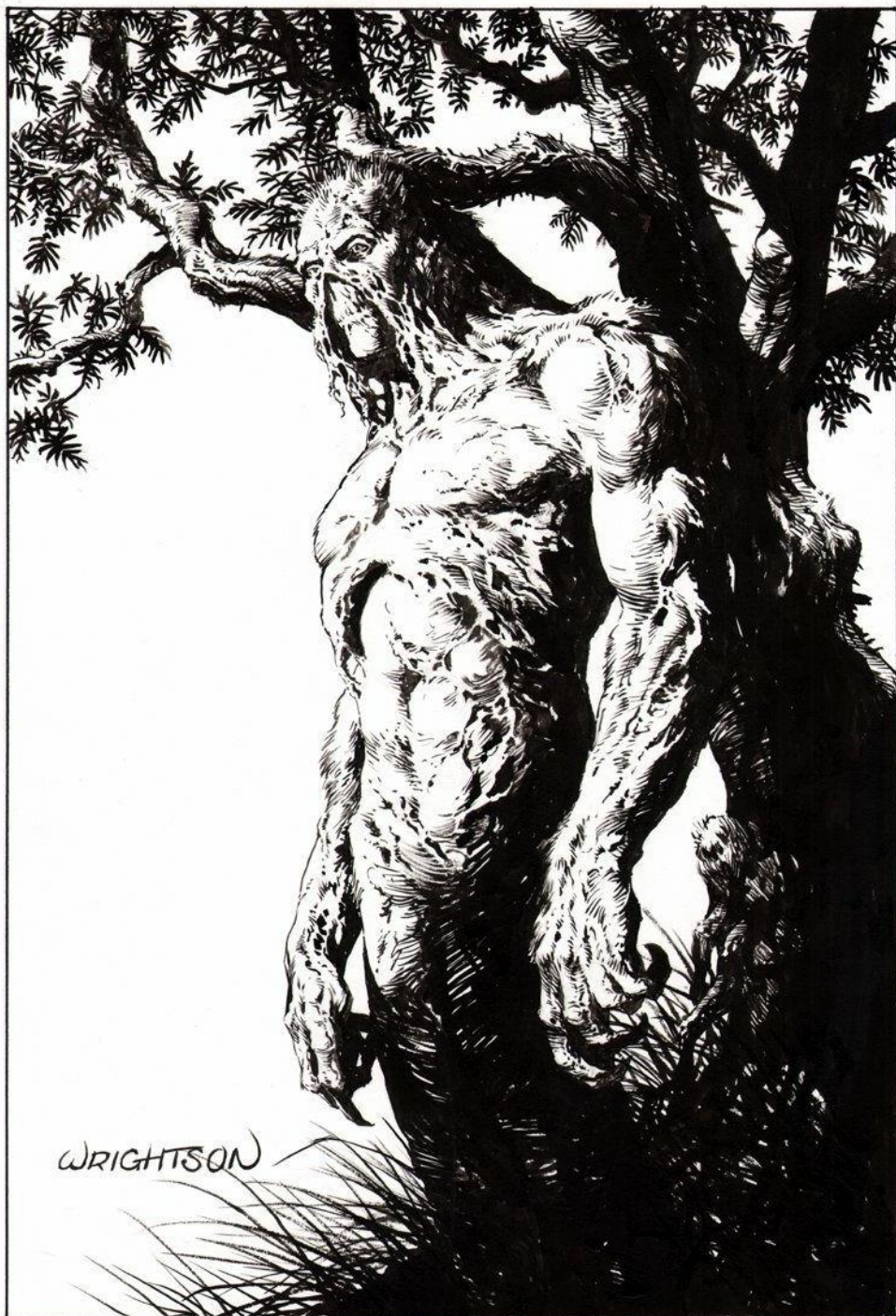


The rocket Rosy and I saw soar from Cape Canaveral on March 18th rose quickly, sporting a long brilliant flame. It carried with it many great souls, among them **Berni Wrightson**, the co-creator and artist of *Swamp Thing*.

Dave Michelinie, who took over Swampy after Len Wein became an editor at Marvel, knew the depth and challenge of his charge. We'd go to lunch often during my year at DC (1974), and spent many of those hours poring over the classic issues – the ones that Len wrote and Berni drew. We *studied* them. The pacing. The characters. Wein's sense of tragedy. Wrightson's sense of horror. Of course I knew Berni, too – he led the campaign to convince DC to return published artwork to the artist rather than destroy it. "What will you do with your art?" I asked him. "Look at it," he said.

Swamp Thing went on through other artists, including another genius, Nestor Redondo, and other writers, including Alan Moore, who did wonders with him. Wein and Wrightson went on to other triumphs. And now we've lost Berni to the epidemic of

brain cancer caroming through our world of the fantastic. *Swamp Thing's* co-creator has returned to the Clean Earth. Rest in harmony.



Guy Lillian + 1390 Holly Ave. Merritt Island FL 32952 + GHLIII@yahoo.com + 3/17 + GHLIII Press #1211

SPARTANUS ... no. 19

&

That rocket carried with it a slew of great names and great talents. One other was known personally to me – and possibly, to you. **Robert Neagle** was undoubtedly the most important science fiction fan to come forth in the Crescent City in the past 25 years. Robert assembled a strong group of locals into a vibrant and viable social group and convention crew. They put on CrescentCityCon for many years, and it was quite a show. Three main memories of this strong, funny and very able fellow: the resigned devastation he showed when describing the horrors inflicted on his home by Katrina, the look on his face at DeepSouthCon when it dawned on him that he'd won Southern fandom's Rebel Award, and his laughter when I announced, at that same con, that he and I were getting married on June 30, 2001. (So we were ... but me to Rosy, and he to Ann!)

Our depthless sympathies to his Ann and his countless friends, many of whom spoke out on FB. Here's one.

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I have just had the most horrifying news since Trump won the election: My dear friend and fannish dad, [Robert Neagle](#), has been taken from us far too soon by a massive heart attack while at work yesterday. He was 61, only eight years my senior (though somehow I had always thought him much older).

Well do I remember the first time I ever clapped eyes on Robert, when I was a lad of but fifteen summers. It was at what turned out to be the last NutriaCon in New Orleans, at the grand old Hotel Monteleone in the French Quarter, on a Saturday night in November 1979. He was sitting on the floor against a wall that bore a sign in 3-D letters meant to read "ELEVATOR" but which had lost its second E and now read "EL VATOR." He was holding court with a gaggle of fen seated around him (at least one or two being young, female and nubile) and this later became known as "the El Vator party." Somehow I ended up in his orbit, and over the years that followed we became friends. I remember being invited to his old house on Harney Street (and his even older one on St. Roch Ave. before that) many times for parties, meetings, movie screenings and sometimes crash space for one or more nights.

As most friendships do, it had its highs and lows; Robert was famously a bit (shall we say) rough around the edges, and I recall bombing down there once from Kenner in the first and only car I have ever owned myself, a green '78 Dodge Dart, for the sole purpose of ripping him a new one right there in his bedroom, over I can't even remember what now. But he inducted me into the group he founded and ran, the Porno Patrol™ (I still have my satin jacket with the logo I designed for them on the front and my name on back), and commissioned a number of art pieces from me as well as persuading me to work on cons, events and clubs in various capacities over the years. He was my funny-as-all-hell, genially lecherous, hardest-working-man-in-fandom mentor and friend, and I cannot believe he is gone so soon. So many of the friendships I have come through being around him: Joey "The Big Reel" Grillot of blessed memory, [Guy Martin](#), Frank and [Cece Terry](#), [Mark Burdick](#) and his lovely wife [Debbie WhoDat Burdick](#), George Spicuzza, Gus Michel Sr., [Maxy Pertuit](#) and [Gizzy Rivers](#), [John Slade](#), all the Silvertons, Shannon Walgamotte and his wife Lyndah, [Mary R Wismer](#), and the list goes on and on. Though we have been connected on Facebook the last few years and I still got the occasional Patrol e-mail blast from him, we had not actually spoken to one another in years...a fact I now deeply regret.

Robert was one of those fannish institutions like [Leslie Fish](#) or the late Wilson "Bob" Tucker, who seem to have always been around and you think always will be...until the day comes when they aren't. Nobody did more to build and promote fandom in New Orleans and the region, or did more for me personally, and nobody but NOBODY ever threw better parties. Deepest and most profound sympathies to his now-widowed wife [Ann Neagle](#), and to everyone else coping with his shocking sudden departure. He leaves a very big hole to fill...and I'm not sure it can be filled. Rest easy, old friend; Ghu knows you've earned it. We shall not see your like again - and that's a goddamned shame.

&

Gonzo journalism didn't get its start with Hunter S. Thompson, of course, nor with **Jimmy Breslin**, the quintessential New Yorker who also passed in mid-March, but he was a strong example of the new type of writer who put himself *in front* of his story. I'd put him second, in his era, only to Norman Mailer, with whom he ran a ridiculous campaign for Mayor and Vice-Mayor of New York once upon a long ago. He wrote some righteous journalism and fiction.

I'll leave it to the more musically literate to talk about **Chuck Berry**; all I can say is that since I was a boy, I loved that old time rock'n'roll – all that joy, all that energy, all that promise of unnamable good stuff to come. I think it appropriate to the level of *glorious* that “Johnny B. Goode” rides a record into eternity aboard a Voyager. Dig on it, E.T.

&

Once again, in this past bi-month, P.C. raised its gorgon-like head, the snakes thereon taking the form of college students and hangers-on dedicated to the restriction of freedom of speech. My dismay at this development strikes even me as a bit hypocritical, given my Berserkeley background, but even in the heart of our antiwar fervor, I *never* demonstrated against anyone giving a speech.

Not that Berkeley hasn't had its issues with freedom of speech. The vaunted Free Speech Movement of 1964 was based on demands that students be allowed to engage in political activity. Watching TV coverage convinced me – at 15 – that Cal was the place for me to go. Once at UCB, however, I found that students and locals as well as the administration could put the clamp on free expression. The ideas of Arthur Jensen earned shouts of “No rights for racists.” It could endanger your health to oppose the demands of some for a “Third World College”, although the California governor, a grinning fraud named Reagan, made that choice easier through his savage and violent repression of student thought. It's hard to oppose side A when side B is bombing you with tear gas and chasing you with clubs.

Likewise, of course, it's easy to reject side A when it's threatening you if you don't mimic its thought or actions. My era saw that a lot, unfortunately. And the current campus at Berkeley saw agitation at its worst in the recent riot over Milo Yiannapolos, the flatulent winger invited to speak there.

It's a different world now and university life is different, but I'm not sure it's better. Students demonstrate not for involvement in national affairs but for “safety” – silence. The whole idea is to avoid challenge. Free speech – where ideas might be countered and argument might be unfettered – is to be restricted to “zones.”

I'm with the sentiment expressed by Barney Frank on a recent Bill Maher: the whole purpose of a university is to be such a free speech zone. People should attend *in order* to hear opinions that challenge their own.

Indeed, talking as a Berkeley boomer here. We couldn't wait to get into the world and mix it. I suggest millennials and their successors try it. Safety is vastly overrated.

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In Texas – where else? – a 17-year-old two years into transsexual reassignment was refused permission to wrestle as a boy, since he was born a girl. He has instead, under protest, wrestled girls despite his

legal ingestion of testosterone, a performance-enhancing drug forbidden to every other competitor. Parents of female wrestlers have complained that this gives him an unfair advantage, and indeed he has won all his matches and, I understand, a state championship. Everyone is upset about the situation, and it's easy to see why.

I have a proposal to make, and it's not going to be popular at all – *no sex reassignments for minors*. They should wait until the age of majority.

Minors have restricted rights because, according to common law, they have not attained either physical or emotional maturity. They cannot vote. At the age at which this kid began his sex change, they can't even drive. They can't own property. They can't sue. They have restricted freedom of speech. They can't marry. They can't legally have sex. Why on Earth should they be able to legally *change* sex? Or do you trust children to take irreversible actions with their bodies?

I hear the sensible arguments. What about abortion? What about other medical care to which parents might object? What if a child's parents agree to the change the kid, allegedly, wants? What about Billy Douglas' sacred "right to be left alone"? Shouldn't a *family* decision be respected?

I say the possibility of abuse is too great. The change is irrevocable as far as I know (if I'm wrong, educate me). It should be something a person himself/herself wants, and he/she should get it – as an *adult*.

&

Driven mad by the recent closure of our local Barnes & Noble, and having little to read but Darwin's *Voyage of the Beagle* and James Longstreet's *From Manassas to Appomattox* – both extraordinary, but hardly light diversion – I retrieved *One More Sunday* from my father's-in-law's bookshelf and read John D. MacDonald's novel for the first time. It's a later book, from near the end of MacDonald's lamentably truncated career, and deals with a super-church slash business empire and the crimes, crises and crap attendant thereto.

The book is quite enjoyable, and as I found when I reread *A Flash of Green* a few weeks ago, MacDonald's style retains its stranglehold on my attention – in other words, he's compulsively readable. More interestingly, time has underscored his true distinction. He was a poet of his people. His expertise, his perspectives, his weaknesses – how often does he repeat the mantra "Money is how people keep score"? – are 100% Greatest Generation ideas. When I was a kid I used to look at his picture on the back of my dad's paperbacks with a mixture of admiration and trepidation. I thought, *This is what it means to be an adult; this man talks to you*. Is so. To know the Greatest Generation in America, read John D. Beware, though. Like so many of those fabulous, foolish people of that era, he saw their successors on this planet as threats and threats alone. Viz: *The Green Ripper*.

Which is, despite the comic monstrosity of its youthful villains, a righteously fun read.

&

Something tells me I needn't talk about Donald Trump. We're in the thick of it now, and have all seen the cosmic catastrophe he has brought to the United States. He's been a disastrous embarrassment to this country in every respect. *Every*. And every day brings a new example of his incompetence and misfeasance to the fore.

I need only point to the health care and the *pitifully* clumsy Republican attempt to replace the ACA – Obamacare – as an example of Trump's impatience and ineptitude – a clumsiness shared with the Republican House. The GOP's attempt to forestall the investigation into Trump's ties to the dictator of Russia signals an ongoing scandal that shows potential for being historic in scope and tragedy. No American President has ever been caught colluding with a foreign power to gain office. If it's found that Trump did so, for whatever reason – and I'd love to read that Brit spy's "dossier," sexual peccadilloes and all – then I fail to see how an honest government would have any choice but to file impeachment and *get rid of him*.

But that ultimate nightmare for America is now only a fantasy (though Trump stooge Michael Steele has just made a deal for *criminal* immunity, and that says there's Hell to pay; oh, boy). Current reality has been bad enough. Trump has insulted England, offended Germany's Angela Merkel, done his best to torpedo NATO – he's doing the dirty work for Vladimir Putin, who hopes to dominate Europe through crippling the alliances that have hitherto opposed him. Worse, as far as I'm concerned, Trump has insulted Barack Obama by stating he personally wiretapped his campaign – without, of course, a shred, a sprinkle, an iota of evidence. An offense to a decent man is as loathsome as a slander against another country ... even an ally.

They say we're in the post-Truth era now, an era where paranoia, propaganda and cheap impressions rule. A few issues ago I talked about the deadly vibes floating about in the air – well, those vibes have solidified (and the metaphors mix wildly) – and what we have left is insanity.

(Reminding me to order the new edition of Al Gore's *The Assault on Reason*.)

Despite my disgust with the man and with the foul luck that stuck us with him, will I still make an effort to see Trump in person, as I have the nine Presidents preceding? Of course! My obsessive-compulsive nature – and my determination to top my late boss' record for Presidents seen – will brook nothing else. Rosy and I had tickets to Trump's March rally in Melbourne, Florida and had plans to disguise ourselves with blackened teeth, baseball caps reading LOCK HER UP and stupefied expressions – but we both caught colds and blew it off. I'll catch the Orange behemoth on one of his golfing trips.

&

WHILE WHISHLING THE PETER GUN THEME "...

David Williams

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Well, I did my duty and voted for Hillary, though here in Indiana it was kind of a wasted vote since Trump was overwhelmingly favored to win (if you need any Trump yard signs, there's plenty available here). But it allowed me to vote indirectly against Pence, so there's that.

I went to bed on election night before it was over. I was awakened some hours later by the sound of an agonized cry from far southeast of here, so I knew you were still watching and what the outcome was.

Though I voted for Hillary, I think I may have secretly hoped that Trump would win. There's nothing in the U.S. Constitution or the Holy Scriptures that prevents a Blowhard Ignoramus from serving as President, so why not? I still giggle every time a news anchor says the words "President Trump." What a hoot.

I blame Obama for showing that anyone can become President. A short-term Senator and a black man – that put the idea in Trump's head. Then there's Hillary, the weakest candidate the Dems could nominate, who should have excused herself. But ultimately, I suppose the blame falls on Kleisthenes, who created popular sovereignty in Athens back in the Sixth Century and brought us Cleon and Demosthenes and the death of

Socrates. Our founders were wise in creating the Electoral College to keep ultimate power out of the people's hands. Read your Thucydides and learn the wisdom of the Ancients.

I was too weak with despair to cry on election night. Plenty of times since, though. I take some heart from the spirited – and persistent – opposition of those tougher than I am – like Hillary!

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I've got a couple of your zines right now, but up first is *Spartacus* 18. And, I hate to say it, but the most popular subject matter comes up first...

As I have seen him termed, DT45. He is pugnacious, rude, forgetful, arrogant, a waste of protoplasm, and the biggest liar ever. He has no love for tradition, and he's already golfed more, and spent more money on himself than his predecessor ever did. Lies, lies, lies. He railed against self-interest in his campaign, and is relying on his supporters to look the other way as he breaks law after law. I hope to go to the Detroit area this coming July, and right now, I am not sure if I can cross the border safely without being arrested on a whim, being held against my will, and possibly being physically assaulted by US Customs staff. We have stopped watching the news at night because DT45 is usually the lead story, and what has he said or threatened now? I know you are embarrassed by his actions...I have read that the FBI, CIA and other intelligence services are gathering their intelligence, and will act against DT45 with proof of his treason against the American public. And, the Supreme Court will entertain a motion to nullify the last election. I pray they can gather all the dirt, and make it stick.

The passing of John Glenn happened just before he appeared in the movie *Hidden Figures*. A great movie, and I am pleased to have chosen to see it over the latest *Star Trek* and *Star Wars* movies. Because Yvonne is a huge Harry Potter fan, we enjoyed *Fantastic Beasts and Where to Find Them*.

The lettercol ... John Purcell can rely on our support, but our TAFF votes are in the mail. I hope 2016 will be but a poor memory very soon. Toronto is a sanctuary city, as are Vancouver, Montréal and Calgary. Canada has taken in over 40,000 Syrian refugees, all thoroughly vetted, and most of them are settling into Canadian life, quite happily. Soon, we will be taking in Yazidi refugees. So many refugees are making their way to the border, and surrendering themselves to Canadian authorities, mostly because they know they will be treated gently by arresting Canadian border guards. They are not even sure they will be left alive by a similar US guard in DT45's America.

Soon, PBS and the National Endowment for the Arts will be defunded. How many valuable organizations will be defunded and shut down because of his multiple executive orders? The Republicans complained about the few executive orders Obama signed, saying he was ruling by fiat. Yet, their endless hypocrisy carries on the DT45's multiple executive orders, and they encourage his decisive movements. What??

It is not easy to stay positive in this day and age. I want to go to Detroit in July, but some of the news stories I have read makes crossing over a potentially dangerous move. The changes in America have been fast and horrific. I hope something can be done beyond the aim of a well-aimed bullet. There, it's said. Thank you for this issue, and I sincerely hope for better news for us all the next time.

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Whatta Guy,

First, I hope you and La Belle are happy, healthy, and unharmed by the *tsuris* that passes for weather in this country lately... and that Patty is kicking the ass of glioblastoma. (Megan's sister, also named Rose, died of

complications of an astrocytoma, as well as septicemia, back in '89. It's hard to deal with, but your step-in-law seems to be rompin' and a'stompin'.)

Personally, I find myself slightly envious of you getting views as close as you do of the launches from the Cape. (Not enough to give up the prospects of 150% relative humidity and no-see-um bugs, but, hey, Michigan has its own problems.)

The zine: 45 (which is how I prefer to refer to him) has never had a test of reality, as best I can determine from insufficient evidence. I don't believe he and reality are even on nodding acquaintance terms, in fact.

Recently, Robert Reich has stated that, by his count, 45 has given four grounds for impeachment, going for five. After examining his charges against the record, I must agree.

I also agree with him that there is no one in the current House of Representatives who has the nads to sponsor a bill of impeachment, let alone try and gather the support to get it passed.

Former Secretary Reich concludes that we'll have to work like hell to turn out the scoundrels in the 2018 election cycle.

My opinion: **We can't wait that long!**

The losses of Gene Cernan and John Glenn were both tragic, but still reminders of what it meant to us who were there to see what they did, and be inspired to do what we do.

I do not intend to argue with you about what you see as a mistake in *Hidden Figures* and *The Right Stuff*, but in Tom Wolfe's book, there was a statement that the capcom said to John Glenn after tracking verified his orbit, that he was good for at least seven orbits. I suppose Phil Kaufman and the director of *Hidden Figures* were using that as a reference; if there are transcripts of the ground-to-capsule communications, that would be a verifiable source. (Not having been any closer to the Cape than a parochial school in suburban Detroit, I can only go by what I have found.)

As to the Oscars®, many of your choices didn't get picked, including *Arrival*, overshadowed by the Price Waterhouse Coopers screw-up, where Warren Beatty threw Faye Dunaway under the bus for announcing *La La Land* instead of the actual winner, *Moonlight*, and the mistake in the "In Memoriam" segment, showing a person who wasn't actually dead instead of someone who was.

Happy happy joy joy.

As for the Stupor Bowl, neither Megan nor I care much for 'murican football... When my uncle had cable, before we got married, I would watch Aussie rules football occasionally, in the middle of the night, and I still catch the odd Premier League match now and again, if I'm where they have it on the telly. Megan and I mostly confine our sports to figure skating (I *still* haven't figured out the new scoring system), and I watch curling when I can find it. Skimming a forty-two pound stone down a sheet of pebbly ice at a painted set of target rings... *that's* sports.

You get a fairly good selection of LOCs; better than I've seen in a while. Maybe this one won't bring down the average.

(Oh, you want an article about film? What kind of article? The silver halide chemistry vs. the Bayer sampling algorithm for digital? The birth of film piracy before the turn of the 20th Century? Scandals, drug addiction, murder, and allegations of murder? The shifting fortunes of the studio system? The shifting paradigm of independent distribution in the digital age? Pick one, or more. I have lots.)

Shredded paper packaging material!*

*A sideways reference, in case you didn't know, to Stan (The Man) Lee's famous "Excelsior!" After all, isn't shredded paper packaging material known as...?)

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Spartacus #18 begins with a picture of good old Richard III as portrayed by Laurence Olivier. Olivier did a great job of conveying the idea that Richard really wasn't a nice guy. I remember one scene in particular. One of

the little prince makes a comment about Richard's back. Richard turns and gives the prince a look that could have removed the paint from a battleship bulkhead. I wouldn't have imagined an actor could have put that much venom in a single glance, but Olivier did it. In the next scene, Richard apparently relaxes and has a conversation with one of his minions about a bud of malmsey in the basement. The audience undoubtedly realizes they aren't going to see the little prince anymore.

I'm still looking around for possible Hugo nominees. *The Nightmare Stacks* by Charles Stross is my favorite novel from last year. It's #7 in the Laundry Files series. Like other Stross novels, it's a great deal of fun and very visual. I really liked the scene where Agent First of Spies and Liars is dancing her way along the shadow road on her mission to subvert our world. Little does she know that she is going to find romance with a vampire mathematician who used to work for a bank. There are many quite good scenes as the Host of Air and Darkness faces British bureaucracy.

I also plan on nominating *The Medusa Chronicles* by Alister Reynolds and Stephen Baxter. I'm having problems getting audio copies of *Babylon's Ashes* by James S A. Corey and *Last Year* by Robert Charles Wilson, but I suspect they are potential nominees.

I agree with your suggestions for best fan artist. In best fanzine, I suspect *File 770* won't do as well as last year. Last year, we had the SFWA Follies and rabid puppies running amok and atwitter all over the place. These things added excitement to every iteration of *File 770*. This year, SFWA hasn't done anything really stupid in months, and the rabid puppies may have finally succumbed to their condition.

I've heard *Arrival* is a really good movie, and I plan on seeing it in the near future. At the moment, the only 2016 fantasy movie that I have seen is *Pride, and Prejudice, and Zombies*. I thought it was quite enjoyable. In the zombie infested England of the early 19th century, young ladies are sent to the Shaolin Temple to complete their martial arts training. In this alternate world, people gasp when they hear the name of Lady Catherine De Bourgh, because she is the most dangerous swordswoman in England. Great stuff.

Game of Thrones is probably the best thing ever done on television. That makes it sort of hard to beat. However, *Westworld* and *The Expanse* both had really superior seasons. Television has been doing much better with SF and fantasy in the last few years.

In the new best series category, I'd go for the Miles Vorkosigan series by Lois McMaster Bujold. This category is set up strangely. After the first couple of years, most of the likely contenders will be eliminated from competition, and we will be left with the cats and the dogs. Maybe that's the idea. The people who devised the category may want to give it to boilerplate fantasy series.

As to categories like best graphic story or best podcast, I don't really care. I don't know anything about either category and have no interest in finding out about them.

Thank you for a letter that doesn't concentrate on politics. Of course, in this time of terror, it's a topic impossible to long avoid, viz:

Our Finest Hour Taral Wayne

Canada has often been guilty of having an inflated view of itself – at least as often as it has been overly humble.

But I think the times have catapulted this country to the fore in an unexpected way: like it or not, we are now the leading liberal nation in the world. Nations like Norway, Sweden, Iceland and the Netherlands are as free and progressive, but are all much smaller nations than Canada. Therefore, we have woken up in 2017 to find ourselves in a position of unprecedented responsibility. At a time when the United States is in the grip of a determined adversary of democracy and equality, we must now resist our old friends at all costs. This will mean defying the bully, the narcissist, the vermin who has come to reside in the White House, regardless what it costs us. Otherwise, Trump and his Brownshirt lackeys will have us rewrite *our* laws to suit *their* ideological views.

If we bow to White House demands, we can forget about abolishing the harmful "war on drugs." We can forget about protecting our environment, or halting the wasteful construction of oil pipelines that are wanted by no one but the oil lobby. We can forget about upholding the rights of those of us who do not

conform to draconian norms. We can forget about the independence of the Press, of Science and of the civil service. We can forget about our cherished health care system, one that has served us so well for so long that the American insurance industry and privately run hospitals have gnashed their teeth in absolute fury that they cannot break into our country and despoil it! We can forget about opening our borders to welcome immigrants to our shores ... in case they rouse the suspicion of our neighbors. We can forget our neutrality in case of a new round of American corporate wars. We will be expected to spend far exceeding our needs for a military build-up that will line the pockets of American arms dealers. We can forget our protected industries and cultural shelters, regardless of what you think of them... because Trump wants it *all* to feed to his mob, and has no wish to leave even a morsel behind for us. We can forget being a privileged, well-educated, progressive and affluent nation, because our very existence is a stench in the nostrils of the creatures whose coup has seized control of the once proud Republic to our south.

We must not give in to the false prophecies of the Conservative Party of Canada – it is clearly flirting with the temptation to follow in the footsteps of the Republican Party, and hand Canada over to the same rapacious interests as have taken over the government of the United States. Individuals like Kellie Leitch and Kevin O'Leary have shown themselves avoid supporters of a right-wing take-over in our nation, and are within reaching distance of the leadership of the Conservative Party. If the Tories cannot come to their senses and repudiate this shift of allegiance to a hostile power, they must be shown at the polls that the will of the Canadian people is against them. This is no time to be give any credence to scum like Leitch and O'Leary. They work actively to undermine our welfare, and do not represent our interests – they aim to be the Quislings and Marshal Petains of this nation, and must be given very short shrift.

I caution – this is bound to cost us money. Trump will do what he can to hurt us if we defy him. He will hurt us anyway, however, even if we *are* obedient, because he wants all we have and does not mean to play fair with his trading partners. He has cheated all his former partners, and will cheat us too. He will bankrupt us if he can, just *because* he can, and because that will appease his supporters at home.

There are going to be tariffs on our goods. Where we will not change our laws to suit American interests, our exports may be boycotted. The movement of our people back and forth over the border will be impeded – many will be denied entry entirely. Telecommunications and airline access could be restricted. So do not fool yourselves that Trump can be placated. If he is resisted *now*, it will be likely we will emerge all the more intact at the end because of it. But if we give in to the Harpers and O'Learys who want us to follow the American lead, we will get no thanks, only more demands, and what we will lose in dignity and autonomy will cost us ten times as much to recover as what we have lost!

&

END NOTES. *Game of Thrones*, new season, 7/16/17 – Rosy says it's (almost) a birthday gift for me.

I was hoping to include comments on the Hugo nominees in this *Spartacus*, and provide some needed science fictional content, but as March lurches to a close and my deadline is upon me – no luck. I make a prediction that SF will rally around Charlie Jane Anders' *All the Birds in the Sky*, which is racking up honor after honor. As long as the book's good, that's fine with me. I also publicly cringe at the Sad Puppies' "satirical" jab at John Scalzi's *Collapsing Empire* as a stupid joke, at best.

The Greenhouse – remember that Rosy and I live with her dad, Joe Green, and his wife Patty – is dealing with Patty's medical treatments (she's just finishing a stint of daily jaunts to Orlando and its ~~klystron frequency modulator~~ proton machine), and Rosy and I are wrestling with legal matters connected to the inheritance left her by her mother. I'm researching a new short story and preparing to start a collection of rejection slips for my last. I was going to use it to fill out *Challenger* no. 41, but a voice that matters told me no. Go for pro print.

Finally, as yet another rocket contrail dissipates in the winds above the Cape, I've been invited to appear at OASIS 29, the Orlando convention scheduled for May 19-21. I have no idea what I'll talk about, but that's never stopped me in the past.

MARDI GRAS #17

No, we couldn't go; too little time or money for a four-day weekend 700 miles away in New Orleans. But some of our favorite people in the world *don't* have to drive 700 miles to get to the festivities – **Annie Winston**, for instance, to our right, abandoning her crimson locks, her husband **Justin**, tripping the light fantastic below, and eschewing masquing, **John Guidry**, to whom *thanks* for these heartbreaking and heart-soaring photos.



*Let
the
goo
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roll!*