

## I



Today in Starbucks when I placed my order, I gave the name "Spartacus" as a joke. When they called my name to pick up my order I stood up and yelled, "I am Spartacus!" Everyone turned to look at me. Then an old man sitting in the corner stood up and yelled, "No. I am Spartacus!" Then one by one, everyone in the Starbucks stood up and yelled, "I am Spartacus!"

Today's gonna be a good day.

NBC is planning a new TV version of *Peter Pan*, with Chris Walken as Captain Hook and Amanda Williams as the boy who won't grow up. I'm delighted, of course, but I wonder ... what will they do with Tiger Lily?

### **SPARTACUS no. 4**

**A zine of blather  
opinion  
by**

**Guy H. Lillian III**

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I well remember the Mary Martin television broadcasts of *Peter Pan*, and Sondra Lee's exuberant – and

*blonde*, by the way – performance as the Indian princess, Tiger Lily. It's an easy memory to bring forth, of course, since I just watched it again ... the show is available on YouTube! Take a look at *Peter Pan*. It's a wonderful and vivid reminder of childhood, and you'll get to see the choreography Jerome Robbins was creating a few years before *West Side Story*. Everyone looks a bit ludicrous in it, pirates, parents, Native Americans, but it's a great show, brimful of sensawunda, and it'd be a shame to maim it through political correctness. NBC should leave our *Peter* alone. So to speak.

These thoughts bring forth the silliest controversy to cross the public view in recent months – the efforts to force the management of the Washington Redskins football team to change the name of their franchise. Fifty senators sign a petition. The woman I want to be the next President of the United States chimes in. Marketing licenses are withheld. Other gridiron programs that never had problems dealing with the team discover a social conscience and a deep offense hitherto unknown.

But the owners stood pat. 71% of the people polled back them up – unfortunately, a similar percentage as those who would throw their sons out of the house if they admitted to being homo sapiens but ... I agree.

There are matters involving Native Americans that should concern grown-ups of compassion: illiteracy, crime, public corruption, addiction, illegitimacy, poor health care – but that’s the point. The well-being of a traditionally downtrodden American minority requires serious attention and serious commitment. This silliness is neither. It’s posture. It’s beyond trivial. It’s a petty p.c. power trip that demeans the real needs of real people.

## II

Far less silly is the spectacle we were presented this summer in Murrieta, California. Faced with the temporary presence of illegal immigrants – children – at a federal facility in their town, the good citizens of that desert community met the buses bearing these kids with furious, hate-filled demonstrations, curses and violence. Certain Republicans claimed – with thunder-dwarfing idiocy and/or bilious cynicism – that the kids were carrying Ebola.

I’m sure many of us were reminded of the integration riots of the early ‘60s in Birmingham and Selma – reprobates and racists throwing rocks and threats at children, cheered on by political hyenas. The modern south is ashamed of that past. I hope all of us were ashamed to be fellow citizens of the modern-day manifestation of such abominations.

There are sensible, if a little far-fetched, reasons for worrying about the tsunami of illegal immigration hitting the southwest – I suspect cartels may use the kids as camouflage for the drug poison they insinuate into America over that border. But to use innocents to whip up bigotry and fear for political gain is almost as reprehensible.

I suggest that America’s policy on illegal immigrants be suffused with humanitarianism. The governments of the illegals’ countries must be made to know that we insist on decent treatment for any person returned to their care, especially the underage. (That should be a requirement for further American aid.) Each of those kids should be inoculated against disease before he is returned. Anyone with relations or sponsors legally within the country should be given the chance to contact them. Before any legal action is taken, everyone is given a fair hearing with the full rights we assume for our own citizens. The rights of man, to Americans, should know no borders. And no more thugs throwing rocks.

## III

Wiscon’s action against editor Jim Frenkel is a fascinating and frustrating study in current fannish mores. I wish I’d been at the worldcon to hear discussion on it, and hopefully learn more details, because what I have heard hasn’t been illuminating. I’ve read some good commentary from Jim Hines on his blog, but even that is incomplete and, as usual when dealing with most complaints like these, vague as fog.

The two specific instances of misconduct that I could find described were more solid, but not much. One young lady accused Frenkel of encouraging an inappropriate conversation about lesbian activity while standing too close, another that the former Tor editor ogled her breasts. She published a photograph of the two of them which she claimed showed his eyes creeping suspiciously southward. His gaze and expression looked harmless to me, but of course I wasn’t – and wouldn’t be – on the receiving end.

Frenkel, whom I’ve never met, was permanently barred from Wiscon on the basis of these charges, and, for perhaps the same reason, separated from his editorial job at Tor Books. Given the aura of capriciousness that surrounds this affair, I think he could sue Wiscon. I hope he doesn’t; a lawsuit would cost plenty and damage everyone – but a neutral magistrate who would sanely evaluate the alleged offenses and just plain figure out what happened would be a blessing. Reliable information is needed. So is a balanced sense of justice. I await and am open to both.

From the Hugo results in the fan categories at Loncon 3, it's obvious that feminism laced with fury is the dominant fashion in SF these days. I think that self-destructive. I keep remembering an alternative suggested by Phil Dick through Timothy Archer in *The Transmigration of*. "Faith moves mountains. Love moves human hearts. If you would conquer us, show us love and not scorn." Wouldn't it be interesting if fannish feminism took that approach?

#### IV

I remember well my two meetings with Frank Robinson. I don't know why he allowed me to escape alive. First was when I was a college boy annoying adult members of the Bay Area's Little Men. Frank – in his yuppie cap – gave us a funny talk about the founding of *Rogue* magazine. In J. Ben Stark's basement bookstore – God, I'd love to traipse through there again! – I found a copy of *The Power* marked at ten cents. "At that price I'll buy it!" I shouted. Its author kindly gave me an autograph with the inscription "After I've been reduced to a dime, what can I say?" Then came a convention years – and *The Glass Tower* – later, I ran into Frank – same cap – and said "Hey Frank! the hotel's on fire. I started it with my POWER!" Only a terrific and patient human being could have resisted mayhem, and this terrific and patient human being did. Great man, great writer, great loss.

#### V

To the tune of "Lollipop, Lollipop"...

## ***LETTERCOL, LETTERCOL, OOH IT'S A LETTERCOL, LETTERCOL! LETTERCOL!***

Yes, my mind is gone.

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Thank you for sending [*Spartacus* #2] along. It's full of food for thought. I like hearing about the justice system from your point of view – you know far more about it than I ever want to.

Speaking of thought, I'll disagree with one statement on your back page. You refer to boycotting *Ender's Game* as a "blacklist to punish thoughtcrime." I don't give a good god-damn what Orson Scott Card *thinks*. He can hold whatever loopy, hate-filled opinions he wants. When those thoughts turn into actions, however – such as serving on the board of an organization dedicated to spending millions of dollars influencing legislation and elections – that's a different matter entirely.

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Edward Snowden released the material to various media outlets. The media outlets are the ones deciding which documents to publish or otherwise disseminate. I certainly regard him as a patriot. He felt that the government were doing things they shouldn't and that the public had

a right to know. Whether he was a coward in not sticking around for the consequences is a different question. In today's paranoid climate, I can't blame him for leaving the country. In an interesting sidelight, the students at the University of Glasgow chose him to be their new rector. I haven't heard whether he accepted the position.

I think the anecdote about Thurgood Marshall might have been an apocryphal story. On the web there is a story about his helping to get the nursing school at the University of Maryland to become integrated. Or maybe you just remembered it wrong.

*You're not the only one to point this out. Question remains, though: was the guy a mere bigot or a crafty benefactor?*



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It's hard to believe that you are no longer in Louisiana. In many places, jobs are dying, and I really believe that employees, or anyone else who provides labour for pay, are treated as liabilities rather than assets. Employers who hire assets are few and far between. May we all be very lucky in our searches in 2014.

I think conservative politics and opinions come largely from negative opinions and feelings. Liberal politics come from optimistic and positive ideas. Then I see when many Republican/conservative politicians say in the US, and our Conservative government says here, and I think I am right, and perhaps optimistic when it comes to the right wing parties. Sigh...

*Republicans are relentlessly negative, which is their greatest failing. They need to present affirmative alternative ideas – but we don't hear any.*

I am of two minds when it comes to Edward Snowden, and Bradley Manning, and Julian Assange ... They may have acted illegally according to some set of laws, but they have acted in the name of truth. I am sure many are angry at all of them, for the truths they presented were inconvenient to many senior politicians, and they are willing to sacrifice their freedom in order to present those truths. Yes, American politicians were inconveniences and embarrassed by these revelations, but then, as far as I am concerned, the USA has been espousing policies and activities they used to criticize the Soviet Union and East Germany for doing. I think that's Snowden's/Manning's/Assange's point, too.

My LOC ... I keep seeing more and more American states legalizing same-sex marriage. The latest one ... Utah. I am definitely surprised by that, and I have one Mormon friend who is suffering from a crisis in faith. We both know many people in the local GLBT community, and she is disagreeing with her church when it comes to same-sex marriage. She cannot bear the church's advocacy of GLBTs going to hell, or what they call the indecency of such marriages. I don't envy her struggle. I can imagine her opinions of Orson Scott Card right now.

*Watch out for the Supremes. A federal judge recently upheld Louisiana's anti-gay marriage law, in direct conflict with other jurisdictions. This sends the issue right to Scalia, Alito and company, and I fear another proof of why the 2000 election was a permanent political disaster to America.*

*And here's Lloyd again, on **Spartacus** #3 ...*

I have no qualms about decrying Fred Phelps and the pain and suffering he caused through his so-called church. He must have known the reaction to his church picketing funerals, but didn't care...until the end, I gather. He is dead, and I am sure there is an extra-hot, extra-crispy corner of Hell with his name on it. He did repent somewhat, but his church carried on its legacy of hatred. (I had read that the church

was going to picket the funeral of Maya Angelou, but that a motorcycle gang was going to prevent it. Any further word about that?)

This goes over to similar hatred in politics. Those who trumpet their hyperChristianity the most are the ones who would just as well see the poor, the GLBTQ groups, and any other group that doesn't suit their own morals sink into the Earth, or be consigned to purgatory. The phrases "Love ye one another" and "Judge not lest ye be judged" seem to be foreign to these people. That extra-hot, extra-crispy corner of Hell belong to these people, too. Yet, there are enough voters who feel the way they do to put them in positions of power where they are most dangerous. That right-wing decency only to people you approve of is starting to leak into Canada, and it is definitely not welcome. There is sincere hope that a new election can bring some level of morality and hope into government here, after 8 years of Conservative control and disgust.

I find it amusing that some complain about the level of socialism in other countries making them backward and somehow Godless, and some have targeted Canadian healthcare. Over all, it is pretty good, I have made use of it when it was needed, and I cannot imagine life without it. Obama care is a slightly watered-down version of it, and I am sure that those who decry it as socialism and communism would shut their damned stupid mouths if they signed up for it, and then needed it for a major operation.

Then, there is Donald Sterling, a true buffoon, an entitled racist jackass. He can easily refuse \$2 billion for his share of the LA Clippers to make life a nuisance for the NBA. He signed up knowing that the NBA executives ran the league, and with luck, he will not win whatever court case he may be pursuing with the league, and will be exposed for the idiot he is, and will be consigned to his much-deserved insignificance.

And then come comments on Edward Snowden. I am inclined to see him more of a hero than a villain, although his story is one of betrayal of his government. I put him in the same boat as Julian Assange, doing the wrong thing for his country, but the right thing for humanity as a whole. The levels of secrecy keep rising, and more and more, I must wonder if these spy agencies are working for the public good, or the government good, and we do live in an era where the two terms are not coincident.

In regard to your comments on Edward Snowden, I'm afraid that I have something in common with the Tea Party clods in that I too don't trust the government; it's just that I distrust different parts of the government than they do. Nothing unusual there; there's been a strain of skepticism in the American government since the founding. When it comes to questions of government surveillance and the right of privacy, my sense of distrust rises proportionate to the seriousness of the issue: we may all assume that this scrutiny is an efficient tool in the war against terrorism, a war that results in fewer deaths in the U.S. than gun violence and traffic deaths. We may assume that some future government will never use the monitoring of our digital communications against the citizenry, that all the NSA employees are morally upright, and that they all possess sufficient intelligence not to make bad judgment calls.

But we might be wrong about all of that. On the last point, when I was in the army I was once investigated by Military Intelligence because I had corresponded with the Sec.-Treas. of FAPA, Dick Ellington well-known subversive and former Military Intelligence officer. My possible future was in the hands of the man interrogating me and I'm not being smarmy in saying that the man was an idiot: he really was stupid and I had to work like hell to get the simplest concepts across to him. Are there people like that in government surveillance? I'd bet money on it.

Is Edward Snowden a despicable traitor? He meets the dictionary definition, but so did Col. Claus von Stauffenberg. But despicable? I think that Snowden did us all a favor by bringing this out in the open, sacrificing his high paying job, a cushy life in Hawaii, and perhaps his own safety by doing so. In fiction



David usually beats Goliath; in real life, David usually gets squashed like a bug. If Snowden bravely came back to face an open trial, he'd be sadly disappointed; anything he might say as to his intentions in the public interest would be ruled inadmissible under the Espionage Act, nor would he be able to say anything about the numerous bills he inspired in Congress to rein in surveillance, or that a U.S. judge recently ruled that the spying he exposed was likely to be unconstitutional. I think he would've been a sap not to run: when it comes to governments, whistleblowers seldom win.

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I definitely agree with you about Fred Phelps and Westboro Baptist Church: it is a cult of devoted believers centered around a charismatic leader. Essentially, that definition of a cult fits most organized religions, but the vast majority of religions aren't as misled as Westboro. This was obviously Phelps' means of spewing his vindictive beliefs as safely as he could, and the Bill of Rights protected his freedom



of speech as well. Now that he is gone the church remains; they're still protesting, but the fangs have been removed from its bite, so to speak. Like you, I am glad that he's gone. Someone with extremist "Christian" views is not welcome in a so-called "Christian" nation. Correct me if I'm wrong, but I don't recall Jesus ever being this mean-spirited just because he wanted to. When He got mad, there was always a very good reason (e.g., chasing the money changers out of the temple).

*Not really glad Phelps is dead – that would require personal hatred – but the sooner his point of view follows him into the tomb, the better.*

You raise some other good topics in this issue as well. Your comment about Hemingway's mother dressing him in girl's clothing reminded me that H.P. Lovecraft likewise was dressed in similar fashion as an infant and toddler, but those were different times and young children's clothing was practically unisex during the late Victorian era. Ernest Hemingway's mother apparently had some issues that may indeed have affected her son. At least he did write some marvelous novels and stories as a result; heck, most of the best creative people are tormented souls, which is a common refrain from biographical criticisms of assorted writers, poets, composers, and artists. This train of thought also explains a bit about you, Guy. After all, you admit to seeing Nixon in his underwear in 1962. Mental trauma, indeed.

*It really happened, in 1962 when he was running for governor of California. I walked across the parking lot of the Caravan Inn in Riverside as an aide knocked on Nixon's motel room door. Sleeveless tee and boxers.*

In the letter column, I'm with you and Darrell Schweitzer on the JFK assassination, and Darrell's comments about the "psychology of belief" are spot on and well thought out. In a way this also explains how people like Fred Phelps can command so much authority. People can be so gullible, and it doesn't take much to play into that and milk it to someone's advantage. I have never been one for conspiracy theories, so Darrell's logic is somewhat reassuring to me.

I don't like extreme invective language either (re: comment section #6). It's destructive and hurtful, and has no place in your fucking fanzine. 🙄

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Fanzines showing up more frequently in my mail box again these days, so I guess predictions of the end of the print zine will have to be put off for just a wee bit longer.

Interesting stuff this issue [*of Spartacus*], but what really had me pleased to be on your mailing list was getting this issue with those two paragraphs from Darrell Schweitzer's LOC where he talks about "Why do people believe in..." well, basically, a list of odd things. I think his explanation that at heart these folks are frightened of the idea that there is no real purpose or reason for things, that stuff can simply happen at "random," is what has them believing all that stuff. Best explanation I've run across so far for such things, and until someone comes up with something better, I think I will hang with Darrell on that one. Very well stated.

Sympathies for you and Rosy in the ongoing family caregiving. You do what you have to do, as it is the right thing to do. We had Cindy's dad living with us for the last two years of his life, pretty much keeping an eye on him 24 hours a day, keeping him going, just trying to keep him as comfortable as possible. Before that, five years of trying to do the same for him in his own home, then later when he moved for a while to an assisted living facility, where it still required family being there most of the time if you really wanted to make sure he was okay. We had to forgo a lot of things, but, again, we have to play the hands we are dealt. You are doing the right thing.

Keep on pubbing. Me, I'd better get back to the drawing board, got a couple of projects that need attending to!

## VI

*They tell the story that a man once visited a doctor who was renowned for his ability to treat melancholia.*

*The patient explained that he felt overcome by a terrible sadness, that he saw no point to his existence.*

*The doctor said, "Laughter will cure you completely! You must go to the Covent Garden theatre to see Grimaldi the clown. He is the funniest man in the world!"*

*"Ah, but doctor," the man said sadly, "I am Grimaldi!"*

Back while *Mork & Mindy* was first on the air, a great friend advised me to start watching; the star, she said, was something special. Not just a comic, but a *genius*. So he was.

My favorite Robin Williams film is not a typical one. I'm afraid a typical Robin Williams movie has been, for me, an exercise in schmaltz and forced lovability. I couldn't tolerate his version of *The Bicentennial Man*, for instance, or *Patch Adams* or *What Dreams May Come*. *The Fisher King*, on the other hand, was uncompromising, terrifying, and demanding – and Williams was effing brilliant. As you recall, in the film he plays a man who has seen his beloved wife murdered, and gone mad.

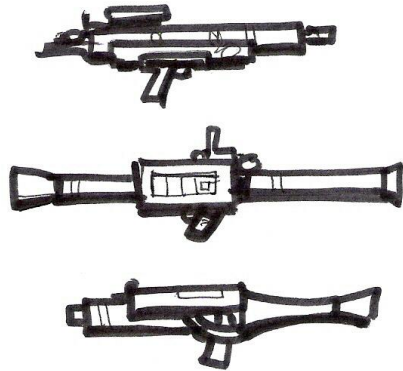


Now Williams, the exuberant artist, is dead, and unlike the other losses in this season – our man James Garner, the incredible Lauren Bacall, the fine character actor Ed Nelson, the wonderfully evial Joan Rivers, and SF's beloved Arlene Martel – Williams' death has an extra tinge of tragedy. He went by his own hand.

The straightforward psychological explanation: a bipolar personality beset with depression, addiction and the onset of Parkinson's. A bipolar sufferer enjoys incredible highs – but stygian lows. You can't have one without the other. And who wouldn't feel a terrible low with Parkinson's coming on?

All too true, but, as if understanding the tragedy could come easily, I have my own theory about Robin Williams. *Genius is a heavy load*. It exists within the artist almost parasitically; its demands inspire a constant battery upon one's peace of mind that resists taming. No wonder so many artists burn themselves out with booze or choose this escape. The gift comes with such a price. Is it inevitable? Can't genius allow the basic human message in – *You are not alone*?

## VI



I wrote an article on the subject of police for *Challenger* one time. No less a legend than Earl Kemp honored me by expressing approval of its balanced point of view. After the police shooting of an unarmed black kid in Ferguson MO, many of the incidents, emotions and thoughts I put onto paper there bubbled back into my mind ...

Terrible Berkeley memories of tear gas and mayhem, obscene brutality and wild overreaction, contrasted with the decent cops I knew through my public defender jobs – particularly the young, intelligent and decent guy in LaPlace LA who had shot a psychotic assailant in honest self-defense, and the retired detective whose professionalism and intelligence as a juror prevented a hideous miscarriage of justice in the Harvey Tunnel murder case.

You know the basic tale: on a street in Ferguson a cop told a couple of black kids to get off the road and walk on the sidewalk. Something was said. One black kid, a big guy of around 18, ended up dead on the asphalt.

The boy was no angel; there's video of him strong-arming a shoplift in a convenience store a few minutes before he was shot. Any cop would have had every right – indeed, a duty – to stop and bust him. But once it was revealed that the policeman involved didn't know about the robbery, the video only clouded the relevant issue: what happened when they met? Did the kid run, turn, surrender before being slaughtered? Or did he punch the cop and then run? In other words, had he committed a crime of which the officer was aware? Did he resist enough to bring the cop into danger? Was the shooting justifiable in any way?

I say this is the relevant issue, but the vast brouhaha that's kicked up in Ferguson has come to enwrap a much larger one, itself engulfed in a concern beyond the individuals involved and the specific facts. The overriding questions are: How does the city of Ferguson handle relations between police and public, the latter mostly black, the former almost completely white? Beyond that, does there exist a Cop Culture in America and is it congruent with the nation's best interests and ideals?

A lot of what we've seen says so. A lot of what we've seen, in news and in entertainment, champions wise-guy brutality and contempt for due process as part and parcel of American police tactics. Cops seem enamored of heavy weaponry and militarism, on enforcing order through "shock and awe." Trouble is that "shock and awe" don't work on Americans. We're too crazy and too independent for that. No one is cowed into obeying the law by tanks and M-16s. We know that's not what we're about. *Smart* policing works. And "smart policing" means knowing your city and your people ... and being trusted as one of them. Nevertheless, how many times as a Jefferson Parish public defender did I hear cops describe the

neighborhoods they police as hostile turf? How often did I hear the people there described as “them”? And how all-but-universal is that feeling among police?

Of course, there are creeps who buy into the view of cops as an occupying army, and see social unrest or disaster as an excuse to steal and loot and cause havoc. Saw that in Watts, saw that after Rodney King, saw it after Katrina, seeing it in Ferguson. (Saw it in Berkeley, too, and editorialized against it in my co-op publication.) Crime is never justified and anarchy just plain hurts people. If cops don’t have control, we know who will. Human nature requires police.

But it requires smart cops, and smart policies, and community, and rare is the police force that gets it.

## VIII

George Will has been wildly off base of late, but alas, seems to be right on in one recent respect. Here comes that name again: Richard Nixon.

Will asserts – as a sinister way of attacking Barack Obama, but we’ll ignore that – that Richard Nixon, while the Republican presidential nominee in 1968, sabotaged its attempt to establish a ceasefire with the North. Such action runs counter to law dating back to the foundation of the republic, and Will calls it treason. Many agree. Read the article by Bob Fittrakis and Harvey Wasserman on the site *Common Dreams*.

Nixon’s actions were politically based, of course. He was in a tightening presidential race with Hubert Humphrey with his major advantage being the public’s disgust with the Vietnam War. He claimed to have a secret plan to end it – didn’t work, if it ever existed – and knew that any significant move towards a Vietnam peace would torpedo his chances. So he – and Henry Kissinger, apparently – contacted the South Vietnamese government without knowledge of the current administration and bad-mouthed the proposed accord. Nixon, they were assured, would have no truck with ceasefires and other half-measures. Nixon would help them *win*. The South Vietnamese pulled out of the agreement, the war went on, Nixon was elected, and so on. Thousands of American soldiers died who may possibly not have had to – including my second cousin, Jimmy King.

The tragedy of Richard Nixon apparently has no bottom to its depths. He was always political, but the Nixon of 1968 was a far more cynical man than the Nixon of 1960. Here he put political advantage above the good of the country. Would he have done that before? I believe that the corrupt counsel he received from the right-wing vipers who slithered into his confidence in 1968 released and energized the paranoid sociopath that had always glided beneath the surface of his self. And that destroyed him. What he might have done ... what he might have been ... Waste, waste. The basic yet ultimate treason: to one’s self.

## IX

I want the ISIS/ISIL executioner who beheaded those American journalists to feel our tap on his shoulder. I want the last sight he beholds to be the flash from an American gun muzzle. I want the organization that urged him on to hear our drones in their sleep. This desire is purely visceral; I fear another mideastern ground war as much as anyone. But. Overblown though his declamation may have been, Joe Biden hit it right: dog those who injure our people to the gates of Hell.

Bluster aside, it should be American policy never to tolerate violence against any one of our citizens, and to repay it in the harshest possible fashion. I’d argue that’s been Barack Obama’s attitude and policy all along. Wasn’t one of his earliest foreign policy moves the direct approval of gunfire against the pirates

who kidnaped Captain Phillips? Wasn't the *Zero Dark Thirty* raid against bin Laden, and the multitude of drone attacks on Islamist and Somali militants since, based on that premise?

## X

Other stuff ... Rosy and I remain in Royal Palm Beach, Florida, helping her mother and stepfather in the serious transitions they face. Our mutual dismay at missing Loncon goads me into a vow: I shall get my lady to England, sometime, somehow. And I shall follow Obama on a stroll through Stonehenge. (He's not the only one with a bucket list.)

Speaking of England, and recent news, I agree that Aaron Kosminski is the most likely Jack the Ripper of all the suspects advanced – apparently the London police thought so too; they practically sat on the guy before carting him off to die in Bedlam – but I don't for a minute believe that DNA would survive 127 years on a piece of cloth without degrading. Just saying.

Despite its awful, soap opera title, *Edge of Tomorrow* was really good. Tom Cruise makes good SF. I gouge my flesh in agony, waiting for *Interstellar*. One of its supporting stars, *Chastain*, is having a blindingly splendid year. *Miss Julie*, *Salome*, *Interstellar*, *The Disappearance of Eleanor Rigby: Them* (which sounds like Ms. Rigby was devoured by giant ants \*hahaha\* What do the Beatles have to do with it? \*HAhaha\*). All await our rapt attention.

Enough. More bloviation to come soon, in *Challenger* #38, either in print (if I can afford it) or on **eFanzines.com**. There I hope to run – without immediate commentary or argument – Tim Bolgeo's side of the Archon brouhaha which saw him disinvited from its list of Guests. Responses will run either in the next *Chall* or here, depending on which zine I publish first.

In the meantime, I am still seeking editors for several Sasquan publications, including the convention restaurant guide (you might need to come from the Spokane area to do an adequate job), its twice-daily newszine (whimsical sensayuma needed) and the all-important program/souvenir book. Fame! Fortune! All yours for an e-mail to [GHLIII@yahoo.com](mailto:GHLIII@yahoo.com), or try 318/218-2345 for a cheap thrill.

See you later, Darth Vader ...

