

Movies.

Out in the real world flowers are blooming, the howling winds of winter are settling into the balmy breezes of spring. And life is underway in all its astonishing and terrifying and terrible and glorious connections and manifestations.

Life.

In the darkness of the theatre no real flowers bloom, and what winds howl howl only on recording tape. In the theatre Humphrey Bogart and Jack Nicholson share the same degree of life. And art is underway in all its astonishing and terrifying and terrible and glorious connections and manifestations.

Recently I was asked, "How do you get over it? I sleep a lot and read." "It": a shattered love, an ugly turn. A connection and a manifestation of life at its most terrifying...a punch one can roll with and which one does roll with because one has to roll with it."How do you get over it?" I was asked.

I smiled. "I suffer."

Baloney; I do that anyway. What do I do to distract myself from the ache of a temporarily gutted life? I read poetry (Plath, Dickinson, Yeats, Spenser, Joyce, Shakespeare). I go on long walks. I go on trips (hi, Charlotte!). I go to the movies.

Where the surprises of life make thematic sense. Where every story worthy of the name has a resolution, an ending. Life -- the thing out there, rearing and grinding and growing and glowing right on along -- is not drama; its forms are incomprehensible and baffling and painful. Here in the universe of pseudolife hurled upon a stationary screen the questions life itself cannot, will not answer are answered. Life, as presented through art, means something. Acts count. Stories end. I happen to believe that life means something out here in the real world, too ... but makes much less sense.

So that's what I do. I go to the movies. In this issue of Spiritus Mundi, #39, pushed like an empty plate towards the dispos-all of SFFA 77, you and I are going to the flicks. We're going to talk about the movies and enter, however peripherally, that unreal, more-real, reel world. Begun 4/11/77. GHLIII Press Publication #304.

SPIRITUS MUNDI 39

But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in
patterns on a screen;
Would it have been worthwhile
If one, settling a pillow, or throwing
off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say:
"That is not it at all,
That is not what I meant, at all."

B-b-but first ... by way of

PRELIM

Easter holiday was short enough ... merely a long weekend, Friday through Sunday. As a state slave I was given Good Friday, which turned out to be splendid indeed, off, in addition to the usual weekend. I wasn't about to sit around New Orleans and pick lice out of my hair, so I decided to again visit the site of my conception ... Birmingham.

I really like that town, and I really like the people I know there. In fact, I like the folks and the place so much that I took the Ultimate Step.

I flew there.

Of course, I hedged my bets. I winged it only after being as sure as I could be about the wonderfulness of the weather -- glorious, both here in the NOLA area and in B'ham. I arranged for my man Dennis "LFB" Dolbear, in town for a respite prior to his law school finals, to give me a lift both to the airport and out of my nervousness. He did so by regaling me with the incredibly hilarious tale of Pierre and Alphonse, ze boys from Raceland, and by standing by while I tested my blood pressure on an automatic device available for use for 50¢. Seating myself in the chair provided I slipped my left arm into a cuff, positioning it around my measley bicep. The four bits were inserted into the machine, which closed the cuff with surprising and somewhat painful moxie. And kept my arm in its mechanical grip.

It gave no reading. It held me there for a thrilling three minutes, while Dolbear howled and I searched for the hidden Funtish camera. There was a release button on the thing, which I finally used. I never did find out my b.p., though I imagine that it topped 600/50 at the height of my entrapment. To give the machine its due, however, it did return my 50¢.

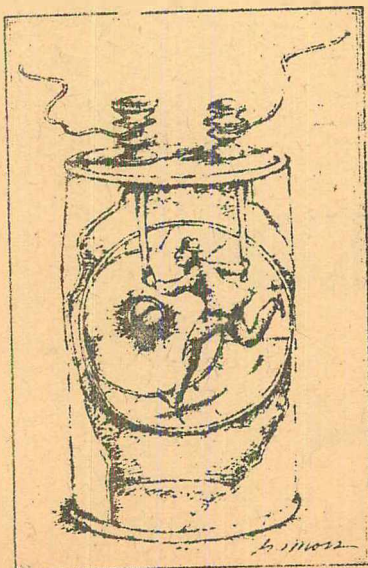
The flight north was as pleasant as sliding along a sunbeam ... or a moonbeam, since it was a night flight. I was terrified. Fortunately, Miss Linda Gooch was on hand. Linda Gooch was a stewardess for Delta. She had a funny dimple on her nose, but was extremely pretty. Once she learned that my request for a snort of hooch was not the usual pushiness, but

rather a sincere expression of terror, she not only brought it to me but sat next to me and talked to me for most of the 50-minute flight. I forget what we spoke about ... I remember her telling me that she had acrophobia and couldn't stand on top of her one-story house's roof, and my remark, as the lights of B'ham were below us, that 'some people didn't like to fly, but I thought they were crazy. Linda Gooch, you one good lady. I think the other angels could take lessons from you. (Oh, listen to the boy.)

Anyway, awaiting me in Birmingham was another angel, Charlotte Proctor, who took me again to her family's home, where in addition to the good Jerry and sigh, nubile Valerie, not to mention Justin, Martin, and Forrest, I found the devil in human form ...

REINHARDT! DREAD LORD ULRIC! THE SLAVERING, SLOBBERING WOLFLORD HISSELF!

The blood in my veins turned to, uh, um, err, ahh...



Well, why protect Hank any longer. The skeletal figure which struggled to its feet to greet me when Charlotte brought me in was a pale spectre compared to the fierce warrior of old. To demonstrate, I found it an easy chore, relative to the past, to force Ulric to hack out his SFPA credit, the Nido which precedes SM in this mailing. Once it took a hundred succulent harem honies, hired at great expense from the SFPA treasury, to lure Reinhardt typerwards. But still a spark of the Reinhardt spirit lingers. For example, I read a superb short story from an anthology the Proctors had on hand ("Come Lady Death", by Peter Beagle), and handed the book to the wolflord, advising him to do the same. "The first word is 'Come'," I told him. "It means the opposite of 'Go'. And the second word is 'Lady'. That means a nice woman."

Hank glanced up, his rheumy eye a'blaze in a semblance of the old fire. "And what's the third word?" he asked. Gulp. I think he knew. In fact, I think he knew the lady in question.

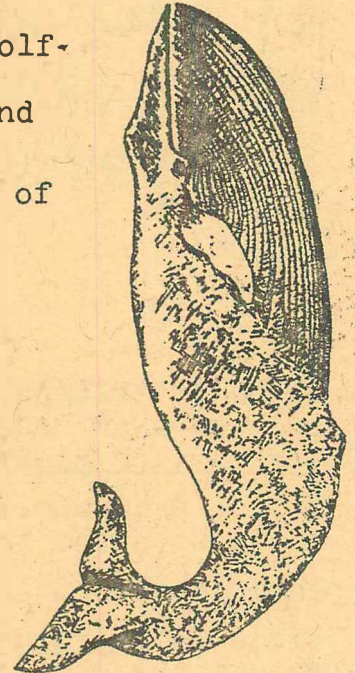
Anyway, I spent the weekend watching Jerry fashion a handsome knife hilt around a blade so sharp it could cut a second and a half off of Secretariat's best time ... swinging on a rope suspended from a tree in the Proctors' front yard ... watching Hank do that once, and the rope popping some strands in protest ... cheering on the Proctors in a spite fight against their senile next door neighbors (involving the bashing in of cans and the erection of enormous crosses over catgraves) ... seeing Rocky for the third time (with Charlotte) ... visiting my grandparents' graves to clean the stones and weed the site (again with Charlotte) ... dropping in on Woodrow Wilson Park with its golden model of the Statue of Liberty and the Zero Milestone from which all distances to Birmingham are based. And looking at the Proctor family album, photos of the kids as real kids ... Hank looked them over and said, "Sometime I'll bring over pictures of me when I was young." "Daguerrotypes?" I asked.

I tried to get in touch with SFPA's most prominent Bumminhamian, now that Hank is back in Atlanta, but there was no sign of Frierson or family all weekend. Should have called Moudry, but didn't think of it till too late.

A nice, quiet, weekend. I shot arrows with Jerry and the SCAers, good folk who put the lie to the obscene example set by the Atlanta crowd in '74. I drove around a lot with Cahrlotte, truly one of the true ones. I talked a lot with this wonderful person and maybe the urge to use my fangs won't be so overpowering now. Starry nights and city lights ... life, sheis not the mad termagant filing her claws on me after all. At least, after I see these good people I figure I can give it one more chance. Or two.

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A note about Hank's zine in this mailing, ~~##@&#~~(cNido (or whatever): it should be emphasized that the zine is, except for the cover, entirely Ulric's work. I touched not one key to that zine. I did ask Hank some of the questions he answered ... but so did Charlotte and Valery. Full 4 page credit should go to the wolflord. The cover is cribbed from an SCA zine called The Hammer, with lettering and gag by GHLLLL. Once again I save the wolflord's behind ... his membership in SFPA. *Whew.* This apa would be ashes without him ... but don't let him know I said that!





OSCAR & ME

a sterling performance

Actually, that should be "Stirling". We'll have your explanation in time, apans ... bear up.

The 1976 Academy Awards did not come and go in a vacuum. This year they were special to me ... for behold, although I was not at the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion, I was at the Prytania Theatre on Prytania Street ... and although I was not on stage lifting the hand of Sylvester

Stallone in triumph, I did meet another movie star ... and so what if I don't have an Oscar to wave to the nationwide TV audience, I did have my Information Please Almanac to flaunt to the viewers of NOLA ...

Yes! Yes! Oscarmania hits its heights! Lillian makes the airwaves with his obsession for the Academy Awards!

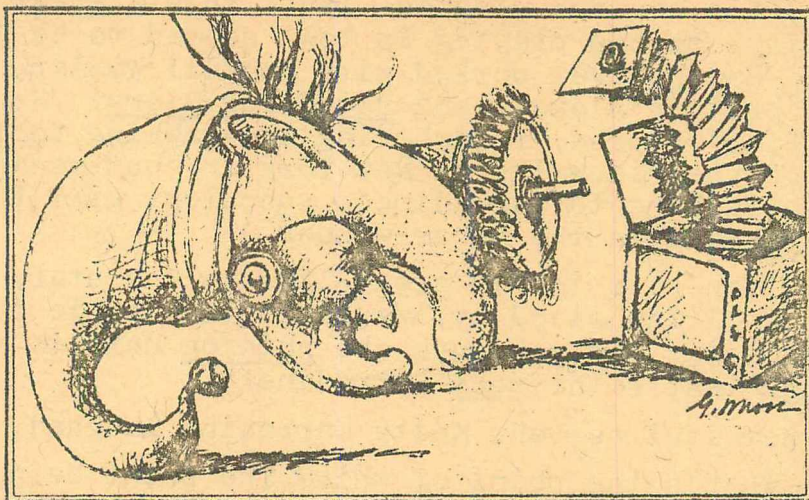
Explanations to follow.

As noted in Spiritus Mundi 38, February 10th, 1977 saw release of the Oscar nominations for 1976 ... a fine group of listings this time, including several truly worthwhile performances. At that time I had not seen Network, one of the frontrunners for the top awards, but the next night remedied that. And though the film itself left a great, great deal to be desired, I absolutely shook in admiration for Peter Finch. He picked up the film and tossed it up in the air and caught it again in his teeth. He joined Carrie's Sissy Spacek as my sentimental favorite ... a necessity for every Oscar competition's enjoyment for GHLLLL.

Journey with me back into the days of yore, to Lillian as a youth, squatting in front of the TV, watching Oscar shows as long ago as 1956. Each year I have had illogical, irrational favorites ... for what spectator event is interesting to watch without someone to root for? Gregory Peck, in To Kill a Mockingbird, 1962 ... I cheered him on at 13 because he was then one of my favorite actors, not because I'd seen the flick. (My folks wanted Jack Lemmon to win for Days of Wine and Roses, and they were probably right; it was a fine performance.) 1964 ... Julie Andrews in Mary Poppins. She won, disgusting my mother. Too bad, maw. I was entranced. Three years later, Rod Steiger took it home for In the Heat of the Night. Lillian, sweating profusely in the TV room of the Berkeley dormitory, yayed him across. Two years, so short a time, later, I actually applauded when John Wayne shambled down the aisle to pick up his True Grit Academy Award, much to the utter dismay of my Barrington Hall colleagues, whom I mocked as "hippy pree-vert pinkos!" Yeah, given someone to cheer for, the Oscar shows can be fun.

This year had its faves, then. You read about them lastish. For best picture, Rocky, by a hair over Taxi Driver. For best actor, Peter Finch, who had gotten up from a lobby couch in a hotel in Beverly Hills on 14 January and become the only posthumous nominee of 1976. For best actress, a doomed nod to Sissy Spacek, even though the award would almost certainly go to Faye Dunaway. I reported the predictions and my favorites to

SFPA. And when an announcement of an Oscar-guessing contest came on the local UHF station, channel 26, well, I just hauled out my trusty Flair fine point and let them know too. I added predictions of Jason Robards for best supporting actor and Jodie Foster for best supporting actress. I mailed it off, and promptly forgot about it. Mardi Gras and what-not were upon me, after all.



Okay, that's prologue.

Since the Carrolton Thetre died, New Orleans has been barren of classic motion pictures. The downtown spots highlight repulsive pornography and sleazy black carnography, with vulgar big-budgetry holding sway at the Joy. It's pretty barren. The Toulouse, a holler and a pschaw from here, used to show dollar movies every night, mostly second run contemporary flicks, but that went under early this year.

But then ... the Prytania. The Prytania, located two or three blocks from the St. Charles streetcar line (and just down the block from De La Salle High School, site of many SFPAns' matriculation), joined the national network of theatres showing not only fine current films, but classic oldies as well ... and heaven was once again shining in the NOLA clouds. Elsewhere I rhapsody on and on about the fabulous movies I've seen there ... but here, let me recount a more human experience ...

Ta-daa! Comes the break between Key Largo and The Petrified Forest during the Prytania's Warner binge in late March. Doug Wirth, with whom I have hit most shows, and I are meandering in the tiny lobby. I'm trying to think of something to say to the girl behind the popcorn counter with the most beautiful nose I've ever seen, and coming up with nothing, when a face at once familiar and unplaceable leans down near to where I stand and scans the list of coming attractions on the wall. Thin face, big eyes, a beard sparse but lengthening ... I think, is this guy an unemployment claimant? Trace of the sinister in him ...

There should have been. Keith Carradine.

Wow! It shouldn't have been any trouble to spot him. After all, he's easy! Hardeharharhar! The son of John, the brother of David, I found Keith to be a friendly guy absolutely ignorant of New Orleans ... which brings me to some background. Y'see, Carradine was in town filming a film of NOLA's fabled Storyville, whoreville supreme, which used to shine only four blocks from here before the Navy tore it down to build a project. He plays George Belloc, who was in real life a hydrocephalic dwarf with a hunchback. Keith is six feet tall and, while retaining a sense of the sinister (genetic, no doubt), is a handsome lad indeed. I asked him how he felt playing such a creature, and was greeted in return with a rather blank smile. This Storyville film is beset with a lawsuit from the author who wrote the book on which it is allegedly based ... he claims that the flick is utterly false to Storyville. All the same to Carradine. He'll play a dwarf on stilts.

But no matter! Carradine was a nice fella, totally unpretentious. We chatted for several minutes. Isn't this a great theatre? Yes ... the only other things playing in town seemed to be Deep Throat and It's Alive. Had he ever worked with Haskell Wexler, behind-the-camera star of his brother's excellent Bound for Glory? Nope. I felt utterly ill at ease, of course, remembering the gawking fool who stared at Woody Allen on the sidewalks of New York ... but managed not to pee in my pants. (Talking to Carradine's succulent girl friend was more disturbing than speaking to the Oscar-winner.)

And Lillian gets in his great line to the star, as you knew he/I would. A less cool fan stood by, waxing enthusiastic over bro David. And behold, Lillian said, "Aw, you guys are nothing next to your father in House of Dracula! That's the real Carradine!"

Thank merciful heaven, Keith Carradine laughed.

And so what's the point of this? The point being that Keith Carradine is more than the guy who banged Lily Tomlin in Nashville. He has won an Academy Award. Young GHLLLL, sitting crosslegged in front of the TV in 1959, reeling under the onslaught of Ben-Hur victories, never dreamed that he would stand in a movie theatre lobby one day and actually talk with someone who had won an Oscar. True, the grown GHLLLL was amused mainly because he remembered those far-off days ... but hell, Oscars, Oscars, Oscars were more and more on my mind as March marched on.

I met Carradine on March 30, which the sharper-witted among you will realize was a Wednesday. The 49th annual Academy Awards had come and ended that Monday. Let us slip back those 48 hours.

And see Lillian, at a very, very few minutes till 9 p.m., the hour the telecast is due to start, pacing back and forth on the foul sidewalk before 631 Dauphine. Linda Karrh, much, much earlier in the evening, had agreed to come fetch me for an Oscar-viewing party at her house. She had pledged with utmost solemnity to be on hand at 8:30, but, well, no doubt someone had called her on the phone tralala ... So finally I decided she'd blown the whole thing off and turned on my own set. (A fellow employee at the Unemployment Office, claiming voodoo powers, had promised to put the whammy on my television; I do not mock these Frenchies! Better men than I have guffawed at a cajun queen and ended up catching flies with their tongues.) Beep! Just as Ann-Margaret began her slinky torch dance to open the 49th annual)scars, Linda pulled up along with Doug Wirth. I quickly gathered together my Oscar-watching materials -- notebook to jot down the winners, almanac, rosary to read for my favorites, though I be a Methodist -- and scampered down to her car. (Karrh's car? Doug's dug it. What's Wirth worth?)

The ride to the fir end of St. Charles Avenue -- to the same block where SFPA saw its best years OE'ed, by the way -- took 20 harrowing minutes. Linda, ticked at both Wirth and myself for some inexplicable female reason, drove like a maniac. This, however, inspired gartitude from GHLLLL, who was terrrified that Oscars were being passed out by the boxcarload without me at set-side to note their passage. Up the steps I flew ... and when I turned the set on discovered that the preliminary bullshit was indeed well past and we were well into the presentation of the Oscars for short subjects. Horrors! I had missed some Oscars!

A call to fellow awards fiend John Guidry produced nothing more than a busy signal. Yes, oh God, Linda did remind me ... Guidry takes the phone off the hook on Oscar night. Who to call to check on what has gone before! Keeping a careful eye on the doings on the set, I rang up the local ABC

affiliate. The guy at the other end of the line was himself watching the awards, he said ... yes, Casanova had won the award for costume design (big deal) and some guy from All the President's Men had won the supporting actor award ...

I was delighted...and not at all surprised that such a heavyweight Oscar had gone so soon. They've been doing that recently. Anyway, I had cheered on Jason Robards from Day One; he gave by far the strongest performance in the splendid Watergate film, and has been a Burbagian force in American acting for years. I was extremely happy with his award ... and wish I could have heard his speech, which included the classic bow to the man whose character he had portrayed: "I want to thank Ben Bradlee for letting me come out and play with him!"

Satisfied, I could now devote myself to frenzied appreciation of the continuing awards. The special effects awards came quickly, great gobbling garbage honors to gross gunks of ghastliness ... Logan's Run, with its tacky miniatures, and the phonybaloney King Kong, with effects so obvious and unspecial that they disgraced the film they were shot on. I could see some justification for the latter award in Kong's face ... but the guys accepting the Oscars didn't even mention Willis O'Brien and Marcel Delgado. Don't blame them; the achievement of 1933 drowns the billion-buck barfola of '76.

The Art Direction award went to All the President's Men, a just award ... recreating the Washington Post newsroom in a Hollywood studio was quite an achievement, and I agreed with the award. Began to wonder if this was a harbinger ...

Next up was the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress, which was wasted, utterly wasted, on Beatrice Straight in Network. I cannot understand this Oscar. Straight did two things in Network: she knitted while watching the TV, and she had a bitchy fit when William Holden (her cinematic hubby) told her he was boffing Faye Dunaway. She had one speech in the whole film. She had one scene. Compare her performance to my choice's ... Jodie Foster's. Taxi Driver was completely neglected by the Academy, and Foster was a flick-stealer in that stunning, terrifying film. Bah ... a bad Oscar leaves a foul taste in your mouth.

But we must move onward ... take heart, Jodie; you're only 14, after all. Oh despair, anyway ... Anyway ...

Rocky won its first Oscar next ... film editing. This is one of those "harbinger" awards that helps to point the way towards the night's big winner ... usually. Last year, though, Barry Lyndon won all the harbingers ... and Cuckoo's Nest took home the biggies. I watched, and tried to come up with some sort of pattern.

Next up was Sound, and Red Skelton gave out the award ... and just plain delighted me. I haven't seen Skelton in years, and he was great. He went on too long, maybe ... but it was so fine to see him again, and to really laugh, that I couldn't have cared less if he'd stayed on all night. He had the look of a retired fire horse, springing to the bell ... and was wonderful. President's Men won the award, which made me wonder if a sneak assault on Oscar wasn't underway from the Redford ranks.

A "who?" award to Pandro Berman, the Thalberg, followed, and was itself followed with a fine award to Haskell Wexler for his Bound for Glory cinematography. I cannot praise Wexler enough ... his Medium Cool is one of the neglected classics of the screen, and every film he shoots has inventive and creative camera work. Bound for Glory looked hot, dusty,

authentic. It was great stuff. It also sounded wonderful, and thus merited its second award, for its adapted musical score, minutes later. In between, Black and White in Color won the foreign film award in an upset over Seven Beauties, a dynamite Italian entry from Lina Wertmüller, and Cousin Cousine, a sappy Frog romance.

The Oscar for original score was a complete disaster. Two great Herrmann (Bernard Herrmann, clod!) scores were up against The Omen, a portentous thuddy groaner of a score by Jerry Goldsmith. I could not imagine the Academy denying Taxi Driver this Oscar, but deny they did. Goldsmith took it home, where I hope it stands with its face turned to the wall in shame.

The documentary awards, coming next, went to items I won't even name, as I know them not. But I did know the lady who presented the awards ... Lillian Hellman. Wow! Where was Oscar coming from, bringing such class to the podium? Hellman, to repeat this fact for the thousandth time, is an old teacher of GHLIII. Lillian, much too lucky for his own good, had sat with 8 other Berkeley farts in a two-month seminar listening to Lillian Hellman, five feet of absolute terror and greatness, tell us what it meant to be a writer. I gloried in his televised presence again, recalling with an awed shudder the laser power in those great lax eyes as they raked you up and down, saying "Your last name is the same as my first name, isn't it?" (Her favorite phrase. To which the only possible answer was a squeak: "Yes'm.")

Earlier, Sylvester Stallone, tielass in Gaza, had come out to give an award, and in the midst of his cue cards been freaked completely out of cool by the appearance sudden and stealthy of Muhammed Ali, unexpected and unannounced, who screamed "You stole my script! You know you based Apollo Creed on me!" and jazzed the star-author of Rocky around the stage in Oscar's best and most spontaneous moment of 1977. (It almost matched the streaker of '74, who had the bad luck to interrupt David Niven, who was equal to the occasion, of course: "Poor fellow is showing off his shortcomings!")

Barbra Streisand, always a toxic presence, won an award for Best Song, for "Evergreen", from the current STAR IS BORN. Fortunately, Paul Williams, a great talent, also won, and his chubby niftiness helped a lot. And thank God Streisand didn't repeat her '68 atrocity by looking down at Oscar and yowling "Hello GORGEOUS!" Yech!

On came the heavyweights ... Norman Mailer, no less, waddling across the stage like a ruptured orang-utan to give out the writing awards. He started out with a dreadful joke about Voltaire and homosexuality that sent a tabgible nervous shock through the bowels of the Academy. One wanted to mutter "Norman ... not here." But then the second of Network's bad Oscars was given out, and embarrassment was overcome with outrage.

Rocky should have won the award for best original screenplay. It had the true touch of reality to it, not so much in the admittedly-fantastic idea of a bum like Balboa getting a bout with the Champ, but in the earlier scenes establishing Rocky's character. He takes a photograph of himself at 7 and studies his face in the mirror, summing up his life so far in making the sad comparison. He tries to talk sense to a neighborhood kid going wrong, he brings a repressed woman into bloom with tenderness and sincere love. Magnificent! Such simple things were Stallone's most masterful achievements, and he deserved that screenplay award far more than did Paddy Chayevsky for his bloated, heavy, preachy, overreaching and overbearing script for Network. Nuts. Oscar had failed again. Why don't they let me give out the awards. I know what's good.

All the President's Men won another deserved harbinger in the adapted screenplay category, but then the most important harbinger award of all came up ... best director. And from then on I really had few doubts ... John G. Avildsen won it, for Rocky. I had expected it ... even though Alan Pakula's direction of President's Men was more skillful, and Sidney Lumet's for Network more garish ... my personal choice, Martin Scorsese for Taxi Driver, wasn't even up. Okay, that moreorless settled it. Best film has followed best director's lead almost solidly all down the line for the past 30 years ... in fact, only about 5 times in that time has the best director not directed the best film.

It was time. The big question was upon us. Actor. Up for the award, five splendid performers ... but only two real contenders. Would Peter Finch's posthumous power overcome the body blows of Stallone?

Yep. I cheered. Peter Finch was the body and soul of Network. When he was on screen the film was blazing brilliant. When he was not ... it was not. His madness was devotion to truth ... his performance was the culmination, in too many ways, to a grand career. It sang with energy and compassion and -- yes -- dignity. Call it sentimentality, but I was very very glad that he won the award.

And you could hear the upper plates falling to the floor all over the country when his beautiful black wife came onto stage to accept the award. Jamaican, a touch of French in her voice ... tears ... it was wonderful. Great Oscar. Great.

And it was Dunaway's turn next. I knew she would win it, and really, she was powerful in Network. Saddled with a stupid love affair with William Holden to handle, she brazened that through, while masterfully handling her good scenes as a beast too horrible to be believed, but all too real ... the modern-day career woman. Gad, has any monster more fearful been Oscar-portrayed since Fredric March in Dr. Jekyll? I would have preferred Sissy Spacek, yes ... but Dunaway is one of the real heavyweights in movie acting today, and it was an overdue award.

Interestingly, this was the 2nd year in a row that both the major acting awards had gone to performers in the same flick. Only one other movie has won 3 Oscars for its actors, too ... and that was A Streetcar Named Desire. And unless I goof, I can't recall Finch nor Dunaway nor Straight ever sharing a single scene with one of their fellow Oscar winners ... only with William Holden, poor slob, who went Oscarless.



And Rocky won best picture. Good. I feel that Taxi Driver was a more important and artful film ... Bound for Glory was probably as interesting ... and who can deny the excellence of All the President's Men? Rocky has been damned as an "easy" film, but that's hooey ... simplicity isn't laziness. Rocky won the Oscar because it touched the dreams of people, because it showed faith in people ... not just in great men, worldbeaters, but in people. Rocky was a bum who became a giant because he had courage and love and a dream. He went the distance against a god, and proved himself and all of us as big as our dreams and our efforts. Rocky is a small film only in budget. It's big as the sky in every other way. It made me feel good about being American and male and human and alive. That's all the distance I think we could ask it to go. No, it's not Chinatown, not Citizen Kane, not La Dolce Vita nor Wild Strawberries ... but it's a terrific movie. And I'm very pleased with its Oscar as best picture of 1976.

And lingering a moment over the boxes of stuff in Linda's hall, home then ... but the Oscar saga of GHLIII in '77 was only beginning.

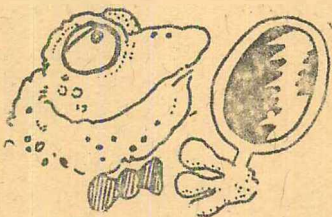
So I wrote the Oscar winners into the empty spaces at the end of the almanac lists and basked for a few days in the Oscar afterglow. Seeing Carradine was part of that. The next day, March 31, I was snoring away like a hibernating bear; it was Thursday afternoon and I always snooze when just home from the UI office. The phone rang me awake. And a voice came ...

Ta-daa! Remember that letter I'd sent Channel 26 predicting the Oscar winners? I had won that contest and now, ta-daa!, was being invited to appear with Stirling Smith on his Critic's Choice movie show.

See why I said "that should be "Stirling"" up there?

Stirling Smith is a NOLA institution -- rather a recent one, true, but like much else about this sodden burg, he is unique. He has been slandered in some pages of this apa as "Stirling Asshole", an appellation which follows from his unfortunate camera attitude, which can be described as ... well, pompous ... uh, portentous ... ah, stilted? Yeeaaaaaaahhhh, but ... Stirling comes through on the screen as he does because he is almost always deadly serious about that which he is talking ... the movies. Off camera he is among the friendliest, loosest fellas I've met (and I've run into him a couple of times before; once at a Shoney's and once -- Wirth and Inzer were there -- in a theatre, where I asked him how he'd recoovered from a rat bite suffered in another theatre, not showing Willard, alas). He's around 5'7", chubby, whitebearded, rather Kris Kingleish in appearance. His speaking voice is light and swift and exactly the opposite of the plodding, maddeningly rhythmic drone of his on-camera lectures. He really is up on the flicks ... flies to Ellay often, features interviews with heavyweights like Lemmon and Peck and hell, you name'em, produced a couple of movies himself. But what dominates Stirling's persona is his accoutrement ... a tuxedo, a wicker chair, a potted plant (its leaves wavering in the air conditioning), a stuffed mouse sent by an admirer after the rat incident, a pretentious pipe infamous for being totally empty of anything.

He knows John Guidry, by the way. It was onto this man's show that I was to go. I whooped my thanks to the gal on the phone and started calling Lillian fans to alert them to this latest triumph. Some reactions:



JOHN GUIDRY: "Well, Guy, into each life some sun must fall!"

ANNIE HEBERT: "Onward and upward! Next a show of your own, then on to network, then a mansion next door to Cher ..."

CAROLYN WEINREB, upon learning that I would be appearing opposite the concluding half of Zefferelli's Jesus of Nazareth on Easter Sunday: "Sorry."

When the show would be playing was not much on my mind over the next few days. When I was to shoot it was the vital thing. I had been told to show up on the 29th floor of NOLA's Internation Trade Mart, the Channel 26 studios, on Monday evening, 4/4/77. I needed a figurative hand to hold. Who do I know at Channel 26? Why, Jan Lewis Schneider, of course. So I rang up Mo and Jan and arranged to have them meet me at the station that Monday night. Because though GHLIII has had network experience (recall The Who What or Where Game, and my zine in SFPA 54 on the show) I knew I'd need a friendly audience to put me at ease. Oh, this stardom. SFPAns, friends, cohorts, feudies, it's hard still to handle this greatness within me ... I've tried everything, even Alka-Seltzer Gold ...

I will allow you the favor of not hearing a moment-by-moment account of my plans and toilet that blustery day, Monday 4/4. However, I will admit that in my own considered opinion I looked tremendous, decked out in turtleneck, sports coat (Heinlein Red Cross heart pin blazing in the lapel), ankle boots, shined within the month, fresh haircut, shave, the trousers on which I'd enjoy a bubblegum stain a few days later. Carrying the busted umbrella I filched from a trash can last fall, I hied myself jauntily over to the ITM Building ... which is at the foot of Canal Street, just across from the corner of the French Quarter. You know where.

Up on the 29th floor I found channel 26 rather busy. The guy at the reception desk told me to have a seat Stirling, looking more and more like a refugee from Macy's at Christmastime, bopped out, having just interviewed David Cuthbert, the editor of a local TV supplement. I was the first of four Oscar winners -- so to speak -- there, so the sexy director told me that I could sit in while Stirling shot another night's show.

It was fascinating -- yeah, that it was, sitting in a director's chair beside the camera, watching the creation of ... *gasp* an episode of Critic's Choice. Before the show, Stirling chatted animatedly with me about John Guidry ("I love John Guidry," he said; I won't have any trouble looking good on this show, thought I); his banter with the director and cameraman, both very young guys, was light and filled with smiling. And then the red light came on. CLICK! Stirling turned to stone.

It was the most amazing transformation I'd ever seen. Of course, it is part of his act, and his director, a most sexy lady operating the taping mechanism out of sight of the high-ceilinged, chilly studio, has tried to sell the robot Stirling to the public with some success. But it's a shame; his Jekyll is a lot more approachable than his Hyde.

End bit, enter Jan and Mo Schneider. Ah, Jan, you'll never change, outwardly at least. Same elastic, sparkling countenance full of expression and spark. Mo, her extraordinarily fortunate husband, is even lankier than before. He's also making a film for his company, about which more later, mayhaps.

Anyway, after Jan took care of some business business, she joined me out by the camera to watch Stirling shoot a long, eight-minute segment for the next night's show. Eight minutes isn't a long time, you may think, but on tape, on TV, it is a veritable eternity. Stirling had no script to read from, just some notes, as he launched into extemporaneous speech. Again the CLICK! as the camera came on, transforming smiling Stirling into pompous stoneface. Jan had to stuff her hand into her mouth to keep from howling.

And this is rather worth spending some time on ... because Stirling could not get those eight minutes right. First he went on too long. Then his tongue got twisted, trying to tell the world what a tragedy the career of Jose Ferrer has been, exploding in hilarious exasperation, finally doing it without too many screw-ups. He was still unhappy with the show after the red light went off, mentioning that he wanted to shoot it yet again if he had time later -- but he didn't. The speech I heard taped was the speech I saw broadcast the next evening.

And then it was my turn. I had my Almanac ... clutching it, I took my place



on the stage.

They'd even brought a special wicker chair up there for me. A mike, not a weber, was tied about my turtleneck. I was surprised that no one applied any makeup to my pasty complexion. Stirling, grinning and reassuring, took his place in his wicker chair, and positioned his stuffed mouse between us. I lay my Almanac on the table beside it.

The red light blinked on.

And what's to say? To no one's surprise, I was magnificent. I enjoyed the next 8 minutes immensely. Stirling queried me about my Oscar addiction and I found that I had no camera shyness at all, that I'm a natural ham, and that I didn't suffer sudden diarrhea ... lessons I had learned for The Who What or Where Game, and which I was happy to see that I had not forgotten. It was done with too soon.

There wasn't time to show me how I'd looked, much as I -- sailing on a hammy high -- wanted to see. Stirling took my number and said that he'd like to have me back on again to talk about the Oscars ... the guy who said that I must have won second prize, two shows with Stirling Smith, may have been right ... and I sailed downstairs along with the Schneiders.

Said Mo, in the prime critique of my performance, "Yeah, you did good, Guy."

I knew it was true.

Let's call this short. Nobody, practically, saw me on the air. I came on -- allegedly right after Dorothy Lamour, although she didn't show up for her interview -- at about 9:40-9:50 on Easter Sunday, right opposite the crucifixion scenes in Zefferelli's Jesus of Nazareth and the exodus from Egypt in The Ten Commandments. Wirth saw me ... a girl at work saw me ... Boutillier saw me, and pronounced me "hammy". Sit on it & twirl, Lester!

I didn't see myself, either. (Recall that I missed my 3W's show, being en route to Greensboro after the DSC.) I was in Birmingham when the segment was on. But no matter. Jan works at 26 ... and so, a week later, I hied myself up there again. Jan was working the Sunday shift, punching buttons to keep Championship Wrestling and the 3 Stooges on the air (imagine having to pay attention to such horrors! I hope she avoids the only fate I could envision for myself in such circumstances: senility before 30), alone (amazingly) but for a projectionist. She hauled out the tape for my show and stuck it on a machine and let me watch to my ego's content.

And it was astonishing. I'm real. Yes, I know you have your doubts, but I don't ... for get this, this was the first time I've ever been able to stand there and watch and listen to myself, see myself really as others see me. And I do twitch, and I can't sit still, but that grin ... my God, how do the girls keep away. My grin is like a galaxy, my grin is like Halley's Comet exploding across blackest space. Yes, I have jowls beginning to develope -- 27 going on 28 going on 60 going on R.I.P. -- but I've got active eyes and an active face and great expressions and a hairline that isn't that obvious, yet ... oh, wow, I looked good. I made Stirling look like another stuffed mouse.

As for what we said, well, I showed him, and the world, my almanac, the Oscar winners marked with a dot to show I've seen them (I made fun of myself for this, even mentioning that I missed The Great Ziegfeld only because of a stomachache, tee-hee). I described myself as a "fiend" for the Oscars ... as a "Jack the Ripper", no less. (And the next day, after the taping, the French Quarter Stabber came into the news, gulp.) I went

into my Oscar choices, given before, especially Sissy Spacek. I admitted with a gleam in my eye that I'd written her down because I loved her, desired her, wanted her ... uhh, because I liked Carrie, that is, Stirling played a promo tape for the terrific dePalma frightflick. I mentioned some of the classic Oscar injustices, Citizen Kane losing to How Green was my Valley, Clockwork Orange being shunned for The French Connection ... praised Chinatown as the best movie of the '70's so far, which it is ... gave Black Sunday a qualified okay, "except for the Batman parts" (how did I avoid mentioning that I'd worked for DC? or seen Nixon in his underwear?). Best Lillian line: comparing Kane to Mt. Rushmore.

I was fabulous. I was knowledgeable, articulate ... there were none of those interminable pauses when I couldn't think of what to say, none of those tongueknotted garbles which are the bane of all public speakers ... I didn't pick my nose on camera (just played with my cuticles) nor did I scratch my nards or fart loud enough to be heard ... Oh yeah. I was great. I gotta get into this performing biz. I'm wasted on the unemployed. A talent like mine belongs to the world.

And so ended the Oscar saga of '76 ... in April, '77. I've figured it out. 49 films have been named the Best of their years by the Academy. I've seen 44 of them. Some twice. Several more than twice. Give each film two hours, and realize that Lawrence of Arabia and Ben-Hur, both Godfathers and GWTW run much longer ... I've spent weeks, literally, watching those movies, sitting there, watching. And that doesn't count the flicks with Academy Award winning performances by actors, actresses, and supporting players, which triple or quadruple that time. Weeks spent in theatres and before the box that could have been spent climbing mountains, writing poetry, swimming San Francisco Bay, chasing girls. Funny, but I don't regret any of that time. Movies can't take the place of real life ... but I think they can take a place in it. And I love their place in mine. Never wanted to climb Everest anyway ... just Shasta. And I might do that yet.

I also want to see The Broadway Melody ... Cavalcade ... Cimarron ... The Great Ziegfeld ... You Can't Take it With You. It's a small Shasta, to have seen all the Oscar winners ... but it'll be my own. See you on the slopes.

+ + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + + +

Several of the pages preceding, and which follow, have been composed in the College Drive Howard Johnson's Motor Inn, Baton Rouge, Louisiana. I am here as part of my training as an Unemployment Interviewer ... and it's deathly dull. I have no wheels and this hotel is a thousand miles from the nearest movie theatre. The training itself is dry, dust-dry, & I know almost everything already. Imagine sitting in a room for six hours listening to bureaucrats talk about unemployment forms. There are hundreds of forms, none interesting in the slightest. Fortunately, I brought my typer (voila) and a fresh quire of these fine A.B. Dick 1150Ds ... and the latest SFPA mailing to me. To that in a moment.

Living in a motel is horrible. It's like being at a con...without the con. They don't even have Coke machines at this stupid motel, just Pepsis, & I'd rather drink mule piss than repeated cans of Pepsi. Gad.

This
is
a three-line poem.

===== O S C A R W I N N E R S =====

Since I've gone on about the Oscars so much -- and since I have this page to fill -- I'm goign to provide SFPA with a list, composed entire-ly from memory, on-stencil, of the winners of the Academy Award for best picture of the year. An * next to the film means that I haven't seen it.

YEAR	FILM	COMMENT
1928	Wings	Only silent winner; Clara Bow starred
*1929	The Broadway Melody	Number of better-known sequels
1930	All Quiet on the Western Front	Masterpiece
*1931	Cimarron	Only western to win the big Oscar
1932	Grand Hotel	Garbo says "I vant to be alone!"
*1933	Cavalcade	The year of <u>King Kong</u> . Sigh.
1934	It Happened One Night	Gable, Colbert won Oscars. Glorious film.
1935	Mutiny on the Bounty	Great, tho probably not the best of year
*1936	The Great Ziegfeld	<u>Almost</u> saw this one once; got gutache
1937	The Life of Emile Zola	Sup. actor Jos. Schildkraut won Oscar
*1938	You Can't Take it With You	With Jimmy Stewart, Spring Byington
1939	Gone With the Wind	What can be said? Leigh <u>steals</u> movie
1940	Rebecca	Only Hitchcock film ever so honored
1941	How Green Was My Valley	Disastrous Oscar; should have been <u>Kane's</u>
1942	Mrs. Miniver	Greer Garson won award; fine propaganda
1943	Casablanca	Play it again and again and again...
1944	Going My Way	Crosby's Oscar; "Swing on a Star" sung
1945	The Lost Weekend	Terrifying Ray Milland masterpiece
1946	The Best Years of Our Lives	Sentimental, powerful, postwar story
1947	Gentlemen's Agreement	Obsolete issue but xlint film on bigotry
1948	Hamlet	Olivier's wow treatment of the bard
1949	All the King's Men	The Kingfish; influenced by <u>Kane</u>
1950	All About Eve	About theatre; stunning final scene
1951	An American in Paris	Best musical to win Oscar; Kelly dances
1952	The Greatest Show on Earth	DeMille's circus story is <u>not</u> , etc.
1953	From Here to Eternity	Sinatra: "I eat Wheaties!"
1954	On the Waterfront	Brando blows the screen apart; splendid.
1955	Marty	His day's Rocky; Borgnine got Oscar too.
1956	Around the World in 80 Days	Big, shallow, fun. With David Niven.
1957	The Bridge on the River Kwai	<u>Great</u> war-futility film. Guinness!
1958	Gigi	Confused musical was pretty and pasty.
1959	Ben-Hur	Spectacle with intelligence & reverence.
1960	The Apartment	Mannered Wilder "comedy". I don't like it.
1961	West Side Story	Really dated now, was sensation back then.
1962	Lawrence of Arabia	<u>Fine</u> . Peter O'Toole is brilliant.
1963	Tom Jones	<u>Funniest</u> Oscar film, original & inspired.
1964	My Fair Lady	Opulent & arrogant -- but it works!
1965	The Sound of Music	Caused more pimples than whipped cream.
1966	A Man for All Seasons	Potent, restrained; Scofeld <u>blazes</u> .
1967	In the Heat of the Night	Small film, good crime drama.
1968	Oliver!	Good musical, finely textured Dickens.
1969	Midnight Cowboy	Raw, disturbing, exceptional slice-o-"life"
1970	Patton	Scott's performance is best thing in film.
1971	The French Connection	Terrific flick, but tsk-tskable Oscar
1972	The Godfather	Best popcorn movie in years; great Brando.
1973	The Sting	Fun film; at least <u>Exorcist</u> didn't win.
1974	The Godfather, Part II	Yes, but what about <u>Chinatown</u> ?
1975	One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest	Nicholson as MacMurphy. Classic.
1976	Rocky	Read thee elsewhere; see it yourself.

And now ... for something completely different

First of all, thanks to Beth for getting the mailing to me on April 11, the day after its collation. The reason for its lateness was well known to me by then, of course, but explained in the first item ...

The Southerner #76/SCOE

Heard about Stven's resignation in almost simultaneous letters from Brown and Inzer, and truly mixed feelings course through me reading this 00. Stv was a good, solid, OE. Until this mailing his disties had been on time, and his reign had been free of hassles. It's a shame to losesuch a steady hand. I disagreed with a couple of his decisions -- my right as a SFPAn, after all -- but by & large I'd rate his the most successful administration, taken as a whole, in many OEs ships. However, I can't help but understand his reasons for letting the responsibility go. Getting sluggish by something so much more important than SFPAC as this sad domestic event is reason enough to reassess one's priorities. More about that in the last mc of this section, that to Intuition 46. +++ Gary is a fine choice as Emergency Officer. I'd written more than one letter encouraging him to run for OE in the past year. I'm confident of a smooth transition period. +++ Don't like the increase in membership, but now that the decision has been made, I'll just wait&see.

The Shadow-SFPA Knows!/Schwarzin-Epke

An "unofficial" inclusion in the regular mailing, hand-delivered to me by Larry. Problem with deadlines here -- setting the deadline for actual, bona fide SFPA members back but one day does not give us time enough to ship overruns to y'all and avoid problems with prior distribution. I'd suggest setting the deadline at least two weeks after the regular SFPA deadline...which of course will make trouble for the waitlisters contributing to Shadow-SFPA ... oh, Lord. Anyway, good luck with this project. It already deserves a better fate than Irvin Koch's attempt under this title some years back.

Mutilated Monkey Meat #1/Morrissey

I never got into letterhacking fan-zines much, certainly not to the extent of LOCing comics. My sadistic (or masochistic, depending on the circumstances) ego simply found zining more satisfying than letterhacking ... especially after I worked at National and found myself filled with comicdom to the saturation point. +++ Love that portrait on the cover to the last NYAPA. "Garden of Pleasures", huh? (Never mind, apa. You'd have to be in NYAPA to appreciate it.)

Dipped and Shot for Stinkin'/GHLIII

Given world enough and time, I would have liked to have done this mczine (formlg. 38) as a regular issue of Spiritus, written as if I was writing it in Nov.-December, '70. Had I my diary down here, I could have done it. Oh well. Notice the improvement in repro between this zine and SM38? What a new silkscreen & mimeotone will do for you ...



++++++

If the mc heading above looks familiar, give yourself a gold cigarillo. I like this one.

MAC
JL
ST
NC
G 76

All This and World War Seven/Brown

And Broertjes, who must have one of the world's oddest-spelled names. Gizmos? Wuzzis Gizmos? If Ralph Alfoso, whose GHLLLL/poopoo portrait appeared in SM29, and who is much missed in NYAPA, digs the group, then they must have something. Like, f'r'instance, cholera. +++ They killed off one of those great twins in the Atomic Knights? They killed one of the twins in the Atomic Knights? #@*+@#%!!?! No. It never happened. +++ Flawless comic stories ... hmm. Actually, most of the Swamp Things pre-Conway would qualify ... that's my all-time favorite comic book, I think, closely followed by Green Lantern/Green Arrow in its original Denny O'Neal Adams form. The "Night of the Bat" classic (which by the way was the worst-selling issue of Swamp Thing until Conway took over, and ruined the book) appeared in issue #7, not #8, by the way. Perfect comic stories aside from these... well, "Beyond the Sinister Barrier", the Spectre's second Showcase (or Brave&Bold, whatever) was for years my favorite all-time comic story. There are others. +++ No, you spell J'onn J'onzz like I just did. His civilization is dead now, of course, which explains why our Martian recon missions have turned up no sign of it (listen to me saying this), but perhaps it wasn't widely spread out -- too localized to cover the whole planet. Therefore Supie could bounce around all day on Mars and see neither green hide nor invisible hair of it. +++ Naw, give me Duo Damsel, for my partner on Blackhawk Island. I've envied Bouncing Boy ever since that marriage. +++ And here I thought I'd given up comics fandom. Damn it, Brown!

In the Works #0/Reed

Apa-Index? Gad! How could one mc the thing?

Icepick #5/Atkins

I remember that London bizness trip of yours...you wrote it up like a good SFPAn. This pub pub is a welcome reminder of those nifty days. Why are you so good at games, Lon? Makes me jealous, and you should hear poor Hank lamenting his inability to whup you at hearts ... though I imagine you have heard him, many times.

The Apa-Ling Waitlister #5/Andruschak

I watched part of a game of Dungeons and Dragons at the Proctors' ... looked like royal fun. Too bad Dr. Shack can't match wits, or halves of same, with Reinhardt and some of the other stars at DSC. Come on down anyway ... who needs another stupid spaceflight? +++ Enjoyed the outline of that "stupid spaceflight" a great deal ... and curse the fates that such as I could never be involved in so glorious an enterprise. Well, maybe the Jovians will need Unemployment Insurance ...

Wilderness #18/Atkins

Grand cover. I wonder what future issues of this fascinating, if incomprehensible, publication will carry, considering the dropouts of recent. Too bad if Wilderness comes to an end ... it has been a most amusing series.

The Best Ducks are off the Wall/ Boutillier & Locke

Whose idea was this? Wacko. Proof that a conspiracy does exist. Paranoids have real enemies. Anyway, this is probably the best such oneshot I've seen of the long-distance sort, containing good talk on New Orleans, earthquakes, etc. However, I would protest that how much more good-looking Linda Thorson was than Rigg (and what a sexist sentiment; Lester, I'm shocked!), Diana's Mrs. Peel had something Tara could never hope to equal. She had soul. Besides, the meat's better closer to the bone.

+++++

The above statement should not be taken as a slur against plump ladies. As George has aptly and correctly said, Thin may be In, but Fat is where it's At.

unreal_reality_106/weber

Not a bad mc section logo. I've done that type of thing before myself, brag boast bleat bleed ... +++ I have no idea what books or stories will win the Nebulas for '79 because I haven't the foggiest notion of what books or stories will be published in '78. The Nebulas for '76 are just being handed out now ... April 30th, in fact, the future for me typing, the past for you reading. +++ Good comments on Korbas -- a name I hope disappears from apa discussion after this. I hope, though, that the poor clod who comes along someday who wants to talk about grasshoppers and nothing but in his SFPazines won't face membership condemnation. As long as a member isn't downright sickeningly insulting -- and nothing else but -- I say, let him write what he wants and more power to him. Of course, I prefer personal natter and faanfic and mc's and con reports and so on, and would say so, but hell, I don't know everything ... +++ Hustler is not the foulest magazine I've ever seen on the stands, but it is the lowest item being generally distributed. No argument, though. Censorship is venal. Diarrhea like Hustler is the price we pay for freedom of speech/press/expression. The alternative is unthinkable. +++ Tom Collins tried to teach me Go. I went. (And I've said that before.) +++ Alan knows who drew the cover to SM37. Other than that admission, pry my lips apart with a crowbar ... you'll get nothing morethan "ouch." +++ Oh, I disagree: the original, one-&-only King Kong will grab a kid of today and squeeze him dry of his excitement-juices; that the flick is in b&w is meaningless, considering that many TVs are still in black and white. Besides, don't sell these kids short; they can see past the surface of things to their true quality. I'll wager that our grandchildren will be able to get a boost from Kong just as much as we do. Greatness lasts. +++ I want to meet Eloise, the Lynda Carter lookalike in your mama's ad agency. Do the honors, weber, and I'll buy seventeen memberships in Attention. +++ Yeah, lomotil ... that's what I took for my mammoth case of der schitz last September. Great stuff. +++ I repeat: Carrie would scare the piss out of a statue. +++ Comments re Bogart later, in flick reviews. +++ Your mc to To the Dead #3 has bested Whitehead at his own game. Gorgeous. Congrats! +++ Yeah, Syl Stallone was in Death Race; played Caesar, the main rival for David Carradine's Frankenstein. Interesting that both actors starred in Oscar nominated pictures this year. +++ Yes, Theodore Bickel is an obvious Meyer, and I for one think Rod Taylor, at the time that he played in Hong Kong, say, would have been a tremendous McGee. They ought to try cinematization of those terrific tomes again sometime ... and has anyone read MacDonald's latest, Condominium? If so, report, report. +++ One nice thing about PIP printing ... the boxes they give you your copies in are just perfect for SFPA mailings. I store all my mailings in'em nowadays. +++ Susan should be annoyed by any misspelling of her last name. Call her "Sue Philips" and somebody with 20/60,000 vision might mistake her for the girl who took my virginity a hundred thousand years ago. And that would be little favor indeed. How does Sue feel about Brian Jones? +++ Good mczine, mike. You took up the slack from the rest of us ably.

No_One_Expected_the_Fannish_Inquisition/weber

This title deserves a bigger zine, but luck to your new sf club, anyhow. I know most of you and if s.f. is mentioned once at meetings I'll be terribly disappointed. +++ I saw Wizards ... for the first time ... just tonight, as it happens, risking the rain in a strange city (Baton Rouge) in a borrowed car. And I was very, very impressed. I'll probably talk about it in some detail later, if this zine goes the way I hope it will. "I got a bit of magic here Ma showed me one day when you weren't around ..."

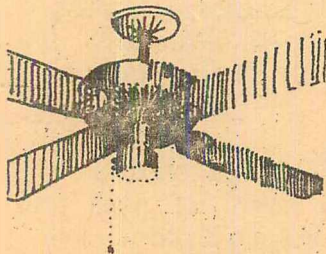
...Look Out the Window, I Can't See the Sky.../weber

I have often shared your despair -- splendidly stated here -- that rock music was dead as a serious statement of feeling. I began to feel this way, as a matter of fact, back when James Taylor made the cover of Time & the coeds were beginning to say "Revolution? How passé." And since Taylor's brand of music has itself been supplanted by plastic disco dreck, at least in the top 40 (for what terribly little that's worth) ... still I think I was wrong. Maybe I'm taking too huge a dose of hope from too small a proof, but Fleetwood Mac just plain bowls me over yet. Now, you may ask, who does Fleetwood Mac scare ... and I reply, me. Rock has found something new -- deep emotion, female emotion, if you will -- and by gum if the power of the music doesn't approach sometimes the heights of rock. Now, nothing will ever equal Let It Bleed or side two of Hot Rocks (if I can be allowed to pick&choose) ... even as I move into the penumbra of that awful shadow, 30hood, it moves me to Mickish rapture. But Mac's ladies can still tear me up. There's life in the old rock yet. +++ Wow! Hank didn't mention sunh a program item to me while I was in Bumminham last ... but I'll go along with it if Markstein will. I'll take the net and trident ... +++ Cat stories, barf. LASFAPA, Andruschak's apa, abounds with them, and I can hardly stand it. Can I recall the limerick I made up to goose them?

The lovers of the beasts known as cats,
Show affection in manners quite bats.
They cut off their fangs
And they lop off their wangs
And murmur "how cute", and that's that's.

Rear-Row Raspberries/weber

You too with a moviezine. Stealing my thunder, huh, weber? +++ More on Wizards later; right now, yes, I see most of your points on the flick as valid. +++ Also Cassandra Crossing. I agree, I agree, I agree. More later. +++ Invasion of the Body Snatchers is one of my favorite films, and I'm glad you mentioned it. It is, of course, a metaphorical film about the death of the individual. Look at when it was made -- the McCarthy era (and not just in terms of its star, magnificent Kevin McCarthy). There's a good argument that that movie is really about Communism! But be that as it may, it is a tremendous thriller, & possessed of one of the most horrifying scenes in film, as Kevin finds that his lady friend has been "absorbed". Lovely. Great film, one of the best s.f. movies ever made. +++ You say there was a pony act at the circus? Straight from the Blue Fox in beautiful downtown Tijuana ... +++ We disagree about Twilight's Last Gleaming. You know what comes next: "More later."



It Comes in the Mail #26/Brooks

The usual fine job. You must never lack for something to read. +++ I note that I'm right there on the front page ... "ineffable" once again. Expect more extra-SFPA mail, Nedsy. +++ Ah, so you did hear from Amorpho P. Titanium! He's written me, too, says he's moving south, having flunked out of school up north. There'll be a COA from Amorpho this time unless I miss my guess. +++ Big jolt reading about Jackie Franke -- I thought you said that she was staying with the Stones at the time her Dilemma 14 came out. Now her daughter, that I could understand ... kid's built like a brick fire-station. +++ It's standard but it's great reading, Ned. I'm about the only SFPA still mcing ICITM; just so you know it's appreciated.

One SLIM Program Book/S&D Con

Excellent work. The combination of the two has always been an entertaining duo -- the whole more than the parts -- and this is a neat zine. I prefer dogs and Coca-Cola, myself. Always vote a split ticket.

Earsplittenloudenboomer/Several

Including me, on page 5. Box scores credit, Ion? Seriously, the writing in this zine is nothing more than the usual oneshot shit, but the artwork, all on stencil, is simply superb. DelMonte is extremely talented; where the hell has he been? (JoAnn Montalbano deserves most of the page credit here, I'd say. By the way, fella ... welcome to SFPA!)

The Daily Quack, Volume 1 Number 1/Carlberg

Buster Holmes' used to be a great restaurant, but after Buster himself retired, the place went to hell. Doesn't even serve real butter anymore. (In fact, I think it's closed.) A round of taps for the best plate o'farts in town ...

The Daily Quack Volume 1 Number 1/Markstein

Those hotel people were rude. Or at best, ignorant.

The Daily Quack, Volume 1 Number 2/Carlberg

That grand costume party bombed out, in my humble. Oh well. I see Janine Montville mentioned here, a delightful person in from Houston for the event.

The Daily Quack Volume 1 Number 2/Markstein

Gorgeous logo, and mention of Marcus Weilage, who singlehandedly provided what program the con had.

Daily Quack/Longo

Pornographic logo! And the following strange phrase: "assorted black and white films taken in the holmes of several fans". You sher?

Quack vol 1 no 54,639/Anon

Morrowkronkelfrazatta! Somebody got hit with a shuffleboard puck!

The Daily Quack Vol 1 No. 2.5/Markstein

Another fine DelMonte drawing. Somebody should have worn that to the costume party.

The Daily Quack Vol. 1 #3/Markstein

Freff was the best thing about that convention ... talking to him was the most fun of all.

The Daily Quack, second in a series totally unnumbered/Longo

Learn to spell "Puerto", Tom.

Yet Another Daily Quack/Anon

Where were those non-members? Got a thing or two to say to Will Eisner ...

The Daily Quack, Volume 1 Number 3/Carlberg

Even more gorgeous logo. Steve Martin on video tape was just hilarious; first time I'd encountered him. I missed Lester's interpretation of the love scene from Cousin Couzint ... thank merciful God!

Quack vol 0 no nothing/Anon

"Quack of Dawn." Oh brother.

The Annish Quack! volume one number eleven/Anon

Ed Gueldner in SFPA for what I do believe is the first time since Doorknobs Forever! back in '72. Be seeing you again in another five years, Ed!

The Nonexistant Quack/

The Illustrated Quack/Anon Realizing that I'm repeating myself, that DelMonte makes one helluva ketchup! Love Alan's cartoon ... and take credit for bitching at the projectionists until they finally showed Kong.

The Lamb of God/Anon Sinner I found a number of these things in the men's room trashcan, and figured some c0ensorship was afoot. Finding this suspicion untrue, I wonder if I should feel good or bad about it. I like the "old-time religion" letter ...

The New Burnt Quackerings/Longo I do indeed feel weak and debilitated after reading this zine, but I also just watched Charlie's Angels and decided that my pillow bore at least some resemblance to Farrah Fawcett-Majors ... hard to type through the hair on my palms ... (Now that I feel calmer, I find that my pillow looks nothing like Farrah, but does have a higher IQ.)

The Exotic Quack/Anon God! Like that Lester limerick ... it's the only one here I haven't heard a thousand times. How about "A French ballerina, Lenore"?

The Last Quack/Montalbano What I said before still goes ... welcome to SFPA! (Fella.)

Up Your Quack/Anon Up your quack, whoever you are!

The Annotated Quack/Smith Well, well, a Kevin Smith fanzine. You're just a tad too late, Kev, to make it back onto the roster ... sorry, but I'm no longer OE. (Hi, bro.)

The 666 Quack/Boutillier Unworthy of being played with, indeed. Longo lives on ...

The 666 Quack/Bestertester Didn't I just read thi- ... ohhhhhhhhhhhhh.

The Quick Quack/Thornhill I called. That wall should be sued for false advertising.

Quack #0/Anon Frat!

The Very Last True Blue Daily Quack/Anon

This is all well & fine, but who are you?

Upon the Wings of Fanac/Boutillier Arrgh! The cover photo comes from a local paper, and shows Laura de Vincent, this town's most obnoxious movie critic, in the hands of Kong. Would that he had squeezed. DeVincent not only phrases things in the most pretentious of manners, often condemning a film merely to hear herself make clever word combinations, but thought Network was a great film. Squeeze her to grease, Kong. +++ What happened to Cara Sherman? I believe the lovely lass is in art school. Gaff told me (excuse me, Carl Gafford told me) that she was doing quite well. I'd like to get in touch with her again, get some more of her nifty artwork. +++ The Second Lieutenant's identity revealed. That was one nickname I wanted to stay secret... Shudder. +++ Rebecca LeDock is an SCAer from Atlanta who was once on the SFPA waitlist, and lived in Castle Confusion with Ida Hutchings. She has waistlength red hair and worked at AAA lasttime I asked. I dedicated SM23 to her, so count on it, she's no hoax. A photo of the lady by yours truly is featured in You and Me at the DSC, mailing 61. +++

That scene when the '76 Hugo winners brought their awards back into the MAC hotel was a classic ... especially when Linda Karrh fondled Ben Bova's Hugo. "For some reason," said the Polack bombshell, "I feel an attraction to this!" +++ I understand Bradbury doesn't attend many cons because he won't fly and can't drive. Who can blame him? His eminent sanity asserts itself anew. +++ Religion is not supposed to "govern conduct". I think religion is "for" explanations, rationales, reasons for living ... and, if you will, ways of life. Not govern conduct ... but guide it. Catch the tremendous Zeffereilli Jesus of Nazareth? The best religious film I have ever seen. This is a filmic issue of SM; I use film to offer an example to counter your complaint.



Blows Against the Empire and More Snow/Lester That's a great title, Lester. +++ Black stations are welcome to "Play that Funky Music, White Boy." Along with "I Believe in Miracles", it sets racial relations in this country back fifty years. +++ Rockzines are one branch of the two hysterias that I've never gotten into, so commentary -- nope.

Gunfighters/Jennings Well, your cover does mc itself ... +++ Having loads of four-hole stencils around, and only a Gestetner to run them on, is one of my nightmares of hell. You have my abject pity. (I thought I was in sorry straits when I had five Dick stencils on hand -- and my Gestetner -- lastish!) +++ "Horns'n Hooves" huh? Who's a fake fan? +++ I run off no more than ten or twelve extras of SM; the hassle isn't so much in the printing as in the collating, a chore I truly loathe and detest. I thought I'd never get through with 5 Years a SFPAN (at 76 pages, my longest zine). +++ The talk about musical personalities reminds me that Mick Jagger's picture is in the new World Book Encyclopedia. Under "Religions". +++ Oh no, I noticed no separation between male and female appreciation of Rocky. The girls I've seen it with have loved it ... though they seem to think more of the seduction scene than the fight, for some reason. +++ No bets on the Supe movie. It's had nothing but trouble from the beginning, and I was there at the beginning, as Bernie Kashdan negotiated with the producers...though none of us knew what that was all about at the time. Wish they'd kept Alfie Bester on as scripter. +++ You're right that the Oscars usually tend to go to films released late in the year. However, some exceptions ... The French Connection ... The Godfather ... The Sting ... The Sound of Mucous. A few. +++ Absolutely right about victimless crimes. The victim really is the society; prostitution will harm no one when the syndicate gets out of it, and I'd place no bets on that eventuality. +++ If I was allowed any part in The Best of SFPAN, I'd like to edit something on faanfic. (Why not break the project down according to theme, not mailings?) Of course, such a volume would be 5/6 Lon Atkins and 1/6 everybody else ... and just as of course, I'd never be allowed to touch the idea. Oh well. +++ Ashamed of reading comics in college, Brown? Fie on thee! I walked miles to buy my comics while at Berkeley -- often through riots and demonstrations (which I often paused to join) -- and strode back with my New Gods displayed with pride. Of course, with my name, I might as well have worn a Supie costume to school ... I must have received a zillion inquiries while at school. "Are you the?" etc. +++ No, I don't think the Ripper escaped to America ... for the simple reason that he was safe in London. The cops were nowhere close to nailing him. Nope, I stick with my belief: he sliced his own throat shortly after Mary

Kelly's. (Examined the photo of her mutilated corpse again recently ... and found, in the ground meat on her pillow, her residual face. It's absolutely ghastly. Whatever happend to Jack the Ripper, he deserved worse. +++ I absolutely agree that the advocates of the Vietnam war could have had noble motives, but everything I read indicates otherwise: The Pentagon Papers and The Best and the Brightest, for instance, show cynical men at work, for anything but noble motives. +++ I not only have seen M, but just after I saw it, Fritz Lang came in and talked to the Berkeley audience. I took a roll of pictures of him ... some pretty good. I asked him a dumb question. I got his autograph. I groveled at his feet. +++ As the man who sparked me into supporting Carter, what did you think of his energy proposals? I was so impressed with his guts and brains that I nearly whooped. Brains! What a change from the sappy drivell presidents have come out with in public speeches in recent years. +++ Who's who on the front of Mrs. Lillian's Sons: Jimmy Connors has the tennis racket. Lance, my brother, is in the Superman shirt with the bayonet (a souvenir brought back from WWII by GHLJr.). That's me with my hands flapping like butterflies in front of my face, and David Eisenhower in the lower right. Aren't you sorry as hell that you asked? +++ AComment on Schwartz and his present comics later. +++ Yes! Let's see your Apa Planning zines! If Pettit comes across with the bound set I'm promised (if he doesn't sell it as part of a larger purchase) I'm going to need these treasures! +++ Terrific zine! I really loved the pulp covers scattered throughout. How green was my electrostenciller!

At the Mountains of Minac!/Moudry, Meade, Me In that Best of SFPA volume of faanfic, this item will definitely not be included. Logo and art-work by Piva, of course.

= = = = =

From The Iron Baron, a personalzine by Jerry Proctor, 8325 7th Avenue South, B'ham, Ala. 35206. Jerry's baron of Hank's old Iron Mountain hold, Sunday editor of the Birmingham News, & an all-round hale fellow.

In the month of April, year of our Lord 1977 (shortly after April Fool's Day) there came unto us Guy Lillian XX....Guy Lillian XVI?Guy Lillian MCDVIII?....I was never good at these numbers after Rome fell. At any rate, we refer to him as "The Trinity" because some folk claim there are three of him. Others call him Guy Lillian the Three-Eye, but I have examined his face and know that he is four-eyed. Be that as it may, he came to us by direst sorcery through the air. I did not think it was a good way to travel -- dealing in the black arts -- and I marked that it made him very nervous. Happily, after a time he recanted and when he departed he returned to him homeland riding a dog. It must have been a very stubborn and headstrong animal, for he said it stopped at every crossroads whether there was a fire hydrant or pole there or not. It must have been a giant dog because he claimed many others rode it also. I gathered there must be many witches and wizards in Guy's homeland, for he spent much time here hanging by a rope, as holy men are said to do in Eastern lands. He also sat crosslegged on the floor and told tales of "SFPA", probably a wizard's incantation. From his stories I gleaned that the SFPA folk do not kill and burn. Most of them do not loot and rape. Some of them do not even steal and finagle. What they do for amusement I cannot imagine. Guy says they sit about listening to tales of "SF", which I also cannot pronounce.

Jerry goes on to tell of Ulric's simultaneous visit to the barony. A kind note and a stamp to the Proctors might earn you a copy of this zine!

The New Port News 48/Brooks

All this response to The Last Words of Dutch Schultz ... and no one says anything about the brilliant content of the zine. Oh tempore! Oh mores! +++ Yes, but Carter wasn't President when I sent through that letter (The Right to Say "Screws"). +++ I "don't look quite as bright as David Eisenhower"!!!!!! This clown plays board games. He likes ACBA baseball. He married one of Nixon's daughters. Australopithecus was brighter than David Eisenhower! Snarl!!!! +++ Thanks for the mention of 'Salem's Lot ... review will occur thataway ... +++ Why don't you get into a feud with somebody, Ned. You don't know what you're missing ... let's see: what have you and Verheiden got to fight about? +++ Yes, Laumer swatted Ali on the leg with his cane at the first Rivercon, as he was getting into an elevator. Ask Freas about it the next time you see him; he was there. +++ And four more pages of books for sale. I wonder if any of these are on that list run in mlg 38? Should check ...

Iris #7/Markstein
damn it!

Missed George, missed George, missed George, God

The Spectator No. 119

Yes, the differences between the city and the country show themselves in many odd ways. I, for instance, typed everything in this mc section up till this page (actually, up till Proctor's paragraph) in Baton Rouge, armpit of Louisiana. The change since I have returned to NOLA is amazing. The skies have cleared up. Yes, truly the difference between rural life and city life is astonishing to behold.

Huitloxopetl Presents Feb. 13/Frierson

Alas, pretty slight stuff from such a gonzo SFPAN. Get back in the swing, swinger. +++ Uhh ... Halfacon in NO had its main function at a meal, true, but the meal itself was merely a necessary evil required for the Reinhardt Roast. (Hank loved it, everybody else ordered Alka-Seltzer deserts.) +++ I read Pumilia's Ripper story in Page's anthology, but wasn't all that wild about it. In fact, I like the yarn I've been sniping at the last several months much better ... SFPAN will see it if it ever gets written, ha ha. +++ A photo of Valerie Proctor as a boxer? Really? Sendit sendit sendit ... +++ To be fair to Adrienne Barbeau, the ish of Hustler mentioned featured no more than a picture of her enormous tits filched from the morgue on Let My People Come's Broadway production. She didn't pose for the magazine. Thank God. +++ Guidry hasn't done an Ignite since the 5 at the first Rivercon, and expresses no interest in doing anymore. Too bad. There goes one of this apa's most ludicrous and vile traditions. We're getting so respectable, with huge memberships and no crudzines ... it's sickening.

Skimming the Clouds of Venus #6/Andruschak

Oh no ... there really is a sequel to Ringworld (which sucked) coming out. I should have murdered Niven at MAC when I had the chance. +++ IASFAPA looks better and better from mailing to mailing. Just completed my third zine for you (a rundown: The Last Words of Dutch Schultz, mimeo; Between Jesus and Jack the Ripper, xerox; The Charles Whitman Sampler, ditto) and look forward to many more. Good apa, and it has brought me a fairer picture of Ellay fandom than any other fanac ever has. +++ Those creeps who hurt your friend at that anti-Vietnam rally are no brothers of mine ... but neither is Calley, moronic animal that he was and for all I know is, any damn brother of mine. The creeps warped as fine a political movement as America has ever seen -- I'd rank the struggle against the war right up there with the IWW. Calley made every American soldier look bad. Worse than bad: obscene. I'd volunteer for that firing squad, I think.

Gimboate vol. 1 pp. 517-541/Steele

Good Freas cover. +++ Your natter about the new TV shows falls on uncomprehending ears here ... I don't think I've bothered to watch any of the new stuff. I restrict myself to Kojak, the Muppets Show, and whatever '50's classics are playing . +++ True, Steele ... I've never seen you with a naked chin. So pardon me if I treat you at DSC this year like I did at DSC in '72 ... ignore you completely until I notice your nametag. ~~They/you/you/you/you/you/you~~ +++ Seriously, I can't envision you without the shrubberyyour eyes are your most outstanding feature (relatively) so, seriously, I'll bet that I know you right away. We'll see! +++ Not that it made any difference, but the illegible zine Stven tossed out of the last mlg was by a waitlister. I imagine much greater latitude is given to zines by us bona fide members. I hope so. +++ Interruption from without: a fool ran the stop sign at the corner of St. Peter and Dauphine Street and, swerving to avoid an oncoming car, pasted a post. He's down there bleeding profusely from the nose and I just now -- 1:23 pm -- called the cops. Let's see when they deign to show up. +++ A lot of people are impossibly vain about having their pictures taken. "oh, "they shout, "but I take such rotten pictures!" "Well," I reply, "I take great pictures, so shut up and watch the birdie." Yes, I apologized too much for the bad repro on SM37, but the zine really did



look terrible; and I didn't want the apa to think I didn't care. Things are much better now, I hope. +++ As Alan has noticed, I get many of my illos from the newspaper ... the Moss stuff from the editorial pages, most of the other items, like the one above, from the Figaro and Courier, local culture-oriented tabloids. The price is right. Back in '74 I stole lots of spot illos from the drawings kids sent DC ... though Mercy van Vlack gave her permission, and I paid her for their use. Basically, I steal all the illos that I use. Donations, artists, accepted with great joy. +++ 1:33. Still no cops. +++ I take very few color shots, though I just took 2 rolls of Gras and the Proctors. (Inzer has seen some pix from those rolls.) The reasons for my preference for b&w are many: it's less expensive; I can develop the film myself at von Turk's and thus pick and choose the prints I want made; I think photography is a matter of form -- and color introduces just too much into the art, detracting from composition and light effects. Of course, it has its uses, but I think they are restrained to experimental and scientific work. And what experimental color photography can come close to matching Clarence Laughlin's work in black and white? +++ I had an idea recently inspired by Rolling Stone's magnificent "The Family" issue ... portraits of SFPA members, taken head on, just as those shots were taken. I'd love to see that ... a visual record of us. What do you think? +++ Candy Clark was the blonde pickup in American Graffiti. She got an Oscar nomination for it. +++ Nope, I was at the Bacchus parade during that Saturday Night. I understand the show sucked. Too bad I didn't stick my head into camera range ... might have improved things ... +++ I've been looking for The Giant Rat of Sumatra, and can find no copy. How about lending me yours? I promise to return it in one (ortwo) piece(s). +++ I admit it. I resold your ticket to the Roast to Phyllis so I could cheat her out of some money. +++ Good zine, Gary! Long enough and for once I managed to read your mcs without getting a headache. Shutter your bug at DSC!

Anthrax No. 746/Reed

There are so many changes going on in the comics industry that I couldn't keep up with them all even if I were still all that interested. Seen the buck comics yet? +++ TV, distribution, and an inability to adapt to the times ... these are what indeed are killing comic books. It's sad ... but it's happening.

Dwerd's Dwelling No. 28/Reed

Yayyyyyy team! What a truly blessed event. My congratulations to you and Beverley on the birth of Melissa are only exceeded by my congratulations to Melissa on having the luck to enter the world in a fannish family. Small zine -- yes, excused. With bells on. +++ What sort of indexes (indicies, rather) are running in Apa-I? Want a guest contrib on the Oscars or the Hugos? +++ I like the mc section's logo. +++ Somebody else guessed the mystery artist on SM37 ... +++ Good zine, Gene. Congrats yet again.

Spiritus Mundi 38/GHLIII

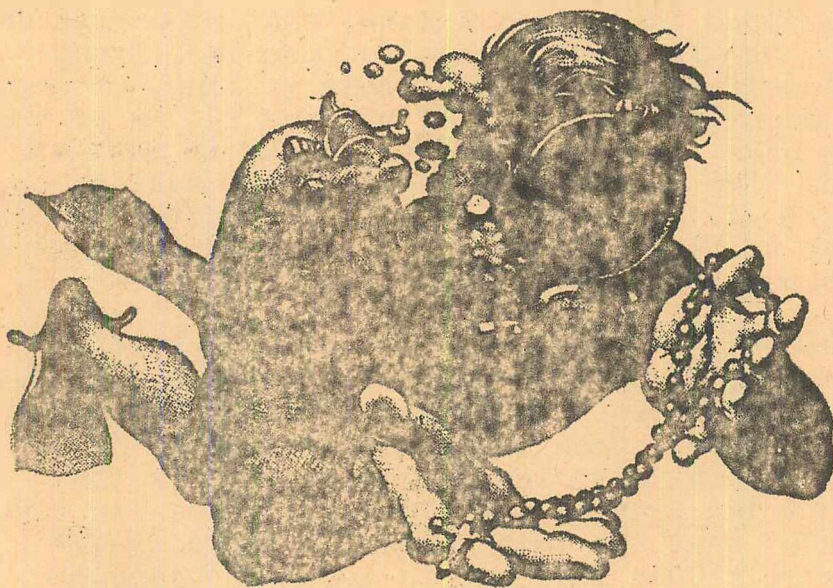
Whew, it was a lot of work coloring all those covers -- less so when I got the basic color scheme I wanted down and only certain small items, like the balloons, required any choice. However, I don't think any two copies are quite the same ... +++ In case anyone hasn't heard, Beth moved in with Markstein, but we're still friends and talk all the time. In fact, I'm due at Para Joe's shortly ... I want to show myself, and I suppose the people I know, that even such an incredible event cannot destroy the feelings I have for people I truly care for. +++ And Lillian's himself again. Later on this mailing, or sometime next, I'm going back and mcing the entirety of mailing 75. As of this present mailing I have been in SFFA for 39 mailings ... which is most of the distributions SFFA has had. I've mced everything in every mailing I've received, except for mlg 75 ... and even though it's an utter foolishness, I'm going back to pick up those pieces. +++ Yeah, that was Mardi Gras, but that's all past. Future's this way. C'mon ...

Shock Suppositories Vol. 25 #1-23/Hutchinson

Love that cover! It's not as great as The Vault of Whore, maybe, but none else but you can come up with anywhere near as funny a gem. +++ I do indeed recall that contest run by Kraft which offered a monstrous space ship, complete with movie projector, working headphones, and whatnot, for the best name for the thing. I sent in an entry: Plutonian Prince. The alternate prize was five grand; I wonder who won? I wonder what the thing actually looked like? +++ Harlan tells the tale of the LeGuin incident in Again, Dangerous Visions, and his introduction to "The Word for World is Forest". It was 1970, Berkeley's Claremont Hotel, the Nebula banquet. Lillian is the official SFFA photographer, taking flash shots of the proceedings ... some of which were published in the SFWA Forum, volume 7, no. 5, whole number 29, April 1970. (I may xerox the pages with my stuff and run them herein ... why didn't I think of that before?) Harlan has just won the Nubble-Bubble (for so Quinn Yarbrow calls the award) for "A Boy and His Dog" On the cover to the '70 Bulletin, in case I do run it, he holds his award, seemingly ready to bash in the late Sid Rogers' head. (That's Bob Bloch behind him.) A few seconds later, Ursula LeGuin won her first Nebula, for The Left Hand of Darkness, and shyly came forward to pick it up. (To thunderous applause, I might add.) She took it back to her table, where, the banquet ended, she was surrounded by fans -- almost all, for some reason, women (I got her autograph on my copy at that point; want to buy that book? got a thousand dollars?). Harlan skipped up, and while Ursula looked away, switched Nebulas. He then pretended to hide her award in his coat and prance away. It was all a gag, of course, Ellison's way of congratulating the splendid Ms. LeGuin. But alas, someone shrieked at him as if it were not a gag. My photo shows Harlan replacing the award, LeGuin glancing at the plaque to see if it is hers, the lower half of Karen Anderson's face, which I'm afraid is frozen in a smirk, and Harlan looking up at Karen, pipe enteethed, a look of absolute astonishment, hurt, and dismay on his puss. I was about six feet away, but I had to rely on what Harlan said later for what words were exchanged -- Harlan I heard say, "Hers is prettier -- hey, it's just a joke"; later, sunk in gloom, he said that Karen

had replied, "You're just jealous because her work was beautiful." The implication being that "A Boy and His Dog" was not ... which is true enough, although I happen to think it an excellent story. Nothing was said about Darkness being a novel, as Harl told it very shortly thereafter, sitting in a corner at the post-banquet party, glooming. +++ 3:19. I just checked for the first time since the last entry -- no cops, no bleeding man, no smashed car, nothing. +++ Yes, you saw the skindiver on page one of SM37 in the newspaper, advertising a TV special, "Treasure". I liked the tones ... which didn't come through at all on my malfunctioning mimeo, Maybe I should try running it again ... see if a new silkscreen

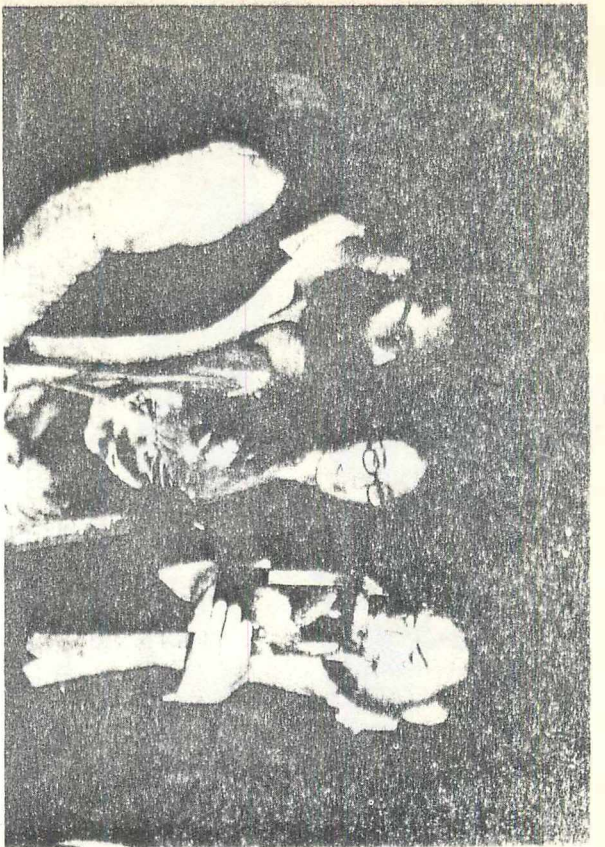
makes any difference. Yeah, maybe I should, someday. +++ I'll try to find a copy of Trivial Annoyances for you. +++ The cover for Nola-zine request dates from a loony time when I believed I might take over the editorship of that zine. NOSFA knew nothing about it. Forget that. However, I will have written you about another project ... +++ I have no idea what Jackie Franke said in Stobcler, & read only one of Locke's zines. I admit to going by prior acquaintanceship with the other parties involved ... hardly fair. I trust that it is All Over Now. +++ Was SM37's Best Bit award your first? Let's see ... Celko won it often ... Wirth a couple of times ... Ulric once, Teri once, Markstein



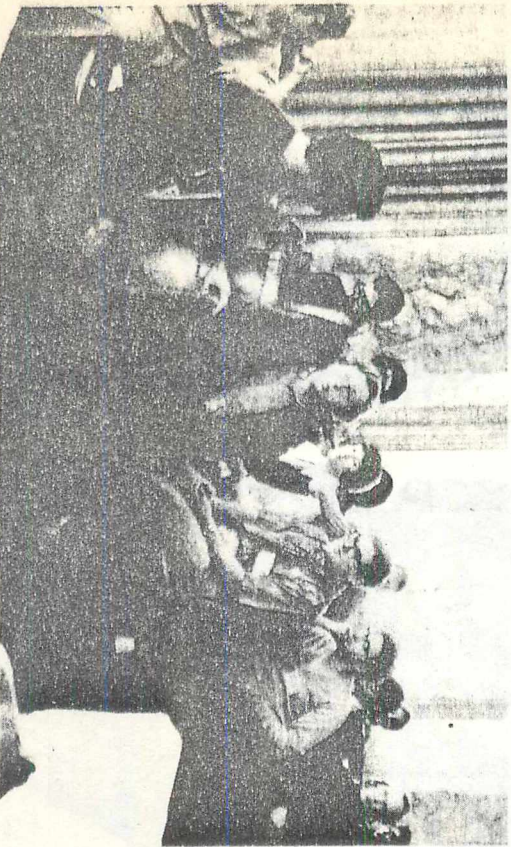
twice that I can think of ... could be you're right. Oh well, a late honor better than none at all. +++ The third Clouseau flick was Inspector Clouseau and starred Alan Arkin. I didn't see it; it bombed. +++ Putting stencils on your doubledrum machine would be a real pain, for the lower drum, anyway. Why not tinker one together, patent it, and get rich? Then give me all your money. +++ "Have some popcorn?" You're insane, Hutchinson. +++ Five bucks to neuter a cat. I'll do it for free. Where're them garden shears ...? (All together now: iiiiicccccckkkkkk...) +++ I hate to say how I clean my glasses. When nobody's watching, I lick'em and wipe'em on my shirt. God help me if a pigeon ever flies over and I don't know what that stuff is on the lenses +++ The usual greatness.

Tandstikkerzeitung/Markstein

Issue #10 ... Most admired character in fiction? Hmm ... guess I'd have to say Leopold Bloom, whose reaction to the stresses of life manifested the best things in human beings ... compassion, selflessness, trust, sacrifice, discrimination, courage, imagination. He solved no crimes and he swung through no trees, but he brought the gift of life to other people. Yeah, Bloom. And the book is Ulysses, apa , if you didn't already know.



Randall Garrett examines Chlp's
Nebula Award, while Marilyn
Hacker looks on.

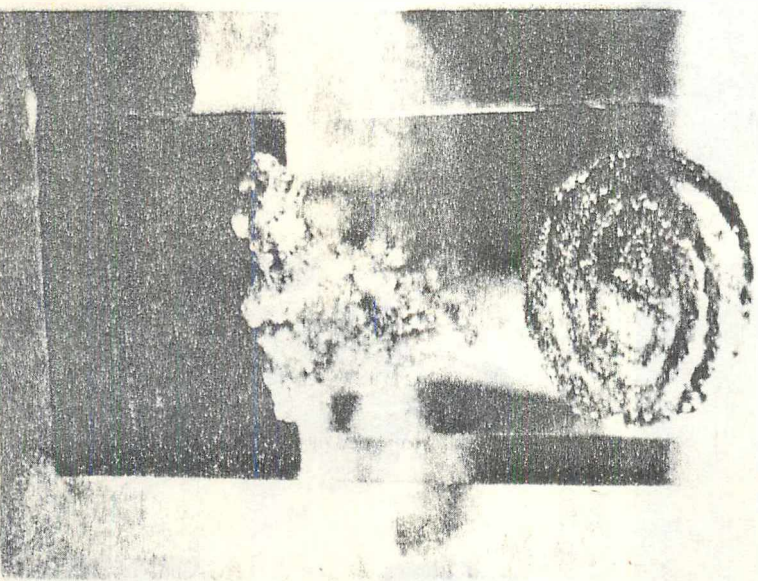


(Left to right): Quinn Yarbro, David Gerrold,
Norman Spinrad, Kathleen Sky and Stephen Goldin

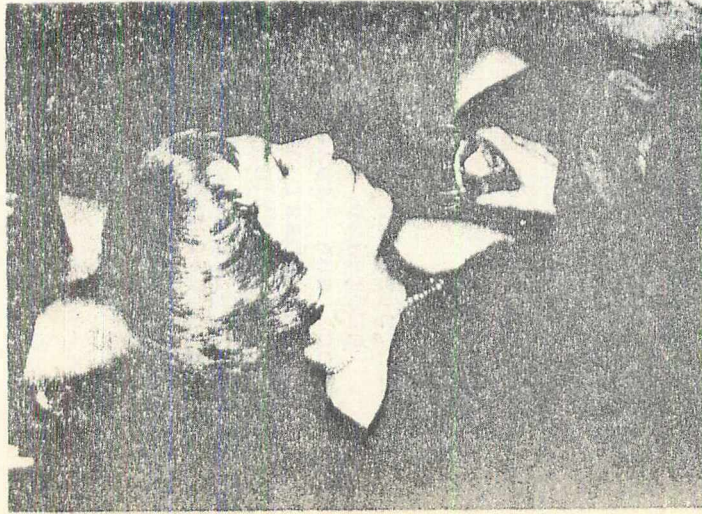


THE BERKELEY BANQUET

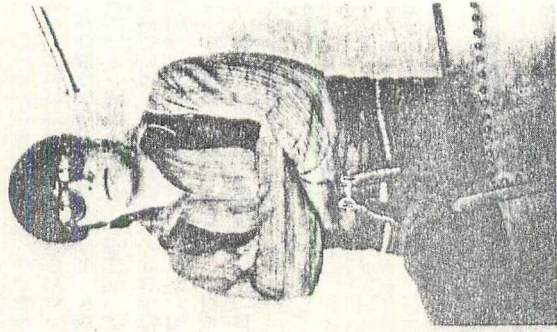
Editor's Note: Due to difficulties with the Post Office, and other complications, the West Coast Banquet report (and the New Orleans) did not come in to the editor in time to be published in this issue. The two missing reports will possibly be published in the next issue of the BULLETIN, or in the FORUM. However, the photos from Berkeley and the accompanying captions make an interesting account of the proceedings. A selection follows.



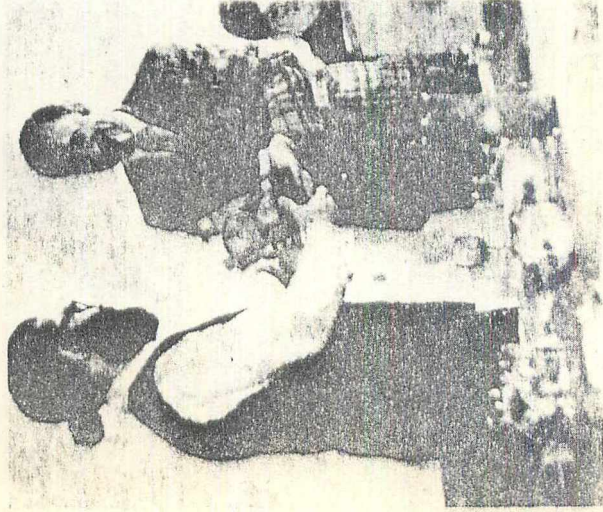
Ursula K. LeGuin's Nebula



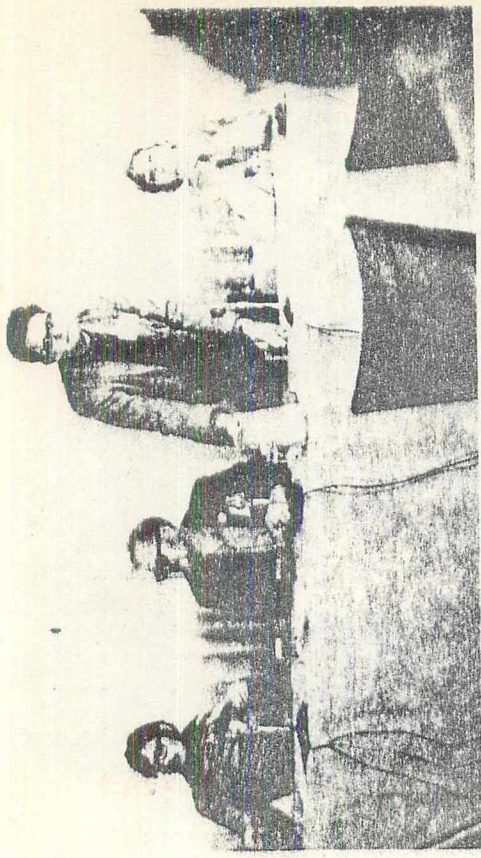
Miss LeGuin. Science Fiction has handsome, handsome ladies.



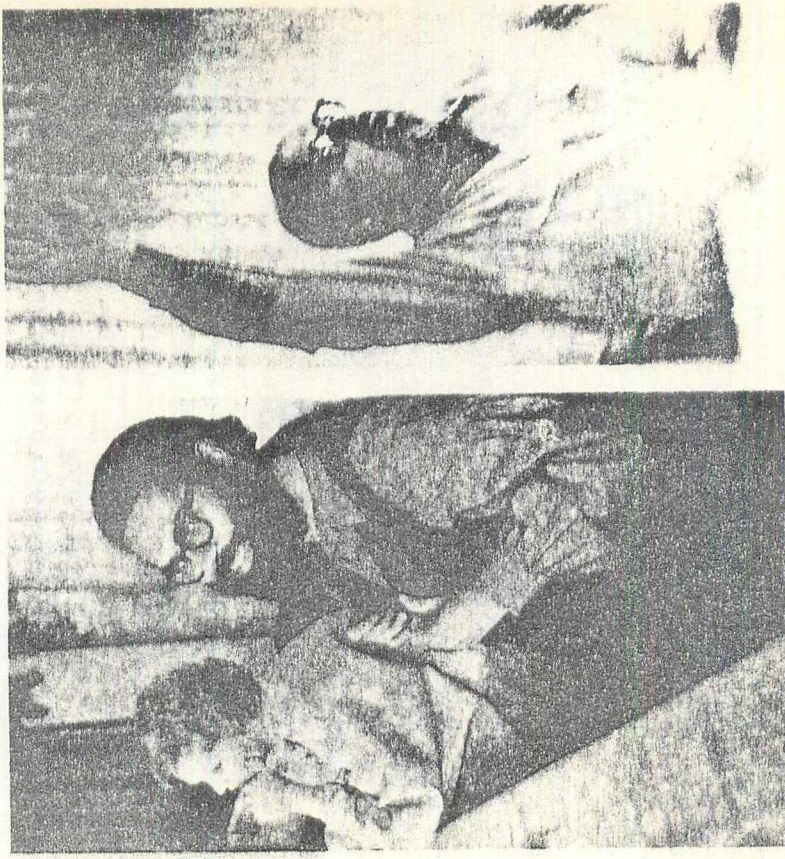
Harlan Ellison



Robert Bloch gives
Chip his Nebula



Conference Committee
Greg Benford, Alva Rogers, Poul Anderson
(keynote speaker), Chelsea Quinn Yarbro



Chip Delany, Quinn Yarbro

Harrison Speaks!

Thin Ice No. 23/Verheiden

John Boy Meets the Texas Chainsaw Killer

sound; like one of your finest projects yet. Pause while I read the script. (Pause.) Read it -- terrific. Could have used a fade-out, and at the risk of looking like a buttinsky, I'm going to suggest it in print:

As the lights go out in the little house on the hill, we hear

VOICE OVER

Good night, John-Boy.

VOICE OVER

Good night, Billy Bob.

Good night, Chainsaw Killer.

The chainsaw revs twice. Silence as the final light goes out. +++ This is another Verheiden epic I must see. Send it to DSC -- bring it yourself! +++ Sounds like Korbas gave Apa-5 a much better chance than he did SFPA. Had he run stuff like that Scientology article here, and ignored the temptation to join in personal insults and rely on them, then he might have pulled it off. As it is, he did not, and I for one don't miss him. +++ I will stand by what I said about Markstein's encounter with the cop, namely, that he acted stupidly. I did not say that it was right for the cop to bust him for hassling him, just that in this society we have in New Orleans, and in America itself for that matter, the cop has the right to interpret, for himself, at the moment, whether or not his official duties had been interefered with. Markstein had his day in court and witnesses spoke (at least one, anyway, and that one Guidry, which must have been amusing) and he was convicted. It's now a matter of fair trial and the question of is-the-law-just. Remembering some of the things I saw cops get away with in Berkeley, and knowing the principal in this case, it's hard for me to work up any indignation. Don, alas, was treating the cop like an underling who failed to hop to his satisfaction. Only afterwards did he come to appreciate what I, in his place, would have known from the beginning: no cop is a patsy; he has power to respond. Yes, power, too much power; I've seen cops use their power to much worse effect than busting some character. I've seen them hurt people. For that reason -- because cops are inherently dangerous people, and can do moreorless what they want to you -- I stand by what I said before. What you say to a cop is "goodbye". If you hassle him, you wait for a better reason than that he's taking longer to give someone a ticket than suits your fancy. +++ Comments on Black Sunday later! How did you like the cover to this Spiritus? You're the only SFPAn I know of who has actually (gasp) touched an Academy Award. You said it was heavy. Oh Lord yes God. +++ Yes, at that price, take your fibretone. It's flimsy stuff, and I much prefer this more expensive mimetone, but the price is very right for the results you get. +++ I have never seen Texas Chainsaw. Next



chance I get ... maybe. Well, I guess it can't do too much to my nerves, not after listening to the saw they use down in Charity's morgue ... +++ Lee Jacobs and Rich Small were both SFPAns at the time of their deaths. You should recall Small yourself. +++ As I see you do. Sorry. +++ Thank you for mentioning video games -- I wanted to work this upcoming boast into the Dedication page of SM38, but forgot, alas. While in Birmingham I stuck a quarter into the Trivia game at the statue of Vulcan and, as Valerie and Charlotte Proctor watched in stunned admiration, scored over 5200 on "Entertainment". I was tripped up by a loaded question:

English Rock Star

- A. Mick Jagger
- B. Rod Stewart
- C. Elton John
- D. All of the above

No way to get it right ... since Elton John is not English. Oh well. Sea Wolf is indeed a fine tilt, but I'm afraid I've got you beat: I've gone over 9000 four times, and my tops is 9400.

I think I'll wander over to Pennyland, which was not, alas, named for Ms. Frierson, and try again later. As for excellent Breakthrough, George Alec Effinger introduced me to the game, and just as I was getting good at it (gotta get a rhythm going, pop it into the corner) Pennyland removed it. SIGH. +++ Read SM24 for my reaction to Trial of Billy Jack. Yes, Mark, I liked it. +++ Great Bakshi interview. Again, Wizards commentary follows my mcs. +++ Superb zine, as ever. You've taken SFPA in a fine new direction ... through the movie theatre doors. Grind away.

Mutilated Monkey Meat #2/Morrissey

Flashman in the Great Game was a

very fine piece of work ... and here I was worried that the crummy Richard Lester film of Royal Flash would warp Fraser's carefulness and enthusiasm. I read the first four Flashmans ... Flashman, Royal Flash, Flash for Freedom and Flashman at the Charge (my favorite) ... one right after the other, in late '74. Such a miserably long wait for the fifth book. And it did not disappoint me. The research is as ever thorough, exhaustive, and entertaining. Humor runs high. But Flashman himself is different ... although he must be snookered into his acts of courage, he does his duty in this book ... and though he might bawl inwardly, he does it damned well. This is a mellowed Flashman, a man who really is courageous ... and pretty liberal, too. The climactic scene with the cannon would have ended far differently if it had been a 20-year-old Flashy tied to the muzzle instead of a 34-year-old. He shows compassion and sees both sides ... hopefully, tho, this is but a momentary lapse into decency for our boy, and by the next book he'll be his old vile self. +++ Love that horribly racist (TSK TSK) "Dipperlomatic Blunder" article. Punch is an amazing magazine ... and has some of the funniest cartoons I've ever seen. Priceless. (You might look into Shadow-SFPA, by the way. I plan on giving Larry and Beth all my overruns when they get this deadline problem worked out.)

Gelko's Home Companion #17/Gelko

Joe, it has been utterly too, too long. That acid wit ... the Brock caricature (I miss Glen, by the way) ... oh, yeah. Of course, shame shame shame for these nasty comments, direct and oblique, against some of our members. All feuds are past in today's SFPA, Joe. Tend thee to thy insane humor and put down thy barbed lance. If I gotta do it, you gotta too. Sad ... since your page on "Porno Busts" is wickedly pointed and the paragraph on S&D Con provoked a spontaneous hee-haw from me. (A mistake, since I was at Papa Joe's and Beth glared. I imagine I was Reported. Oh well.) +++ Your comments on reaching 30 are fabulous. I myself have two years, two months, three weeks, and six days until I must face the big three-oh. I hope I can take it better than thee. +++ "Today is the first day of the rest of my life, and it's Monday morning." A classic line. Yours? +++ There's a company bastard in every

office, I guess. Ours is my immediate supervisor, an incompetant cluck who alienated everyone there, except his supervisor (whom he buttlicks), shortly after being transferred in. The guy knows nothing about unemployment insurance, coming from the agency's placement division, and contented himself with counting seconds taken lunch hours (or half-hours), ripping phones out of the wall so we interviewers couldn't use them (while making all kinds of personal calls from his desk), listening to a radio via earplug, until the six interviewers in the office had had enough and called a conference. There we said "Enough!" and threatened to take our gripe to higher authority -- I wish we'd done so in the first place -- and now we can make phone calls during our breaks, anyway. But the oaf is still incredibly hostile and rude to claimants (a thoroughly unprofessional attitude) and his knowledge of UI is so minimal that I've caught him telling people over the phone that they weren't eligible because they quit their jobs. That's sheerest idiocy. I wish we could get rid of this turd, since he won't change and the manager won't do anything about him, but it looks like we're stuck with a fool for a supe. Oh well. If you need UI in Gretna, see me and not him, apans. +++ Your labels are a great idea. Is Meadetaking advantage? +++ Welcome back, Joe!

The Sam Gastfriend-Guy Lillian-Hank Reinhardt Read-a-Like Contest/Wells

I am being judged unfairly. I still have had no chance to partake of the wonderfulness of Scarm and his Werewolf Vs. the Vampire Woman. I have requested loan of a copy but so far, Wells, your no-doubt just fear of the U.S. Postal Cervix has prevented you from providing this gem for my perusal. Until then my judgment stands: The Clones by P.T.Olemy is the worst science fiction novel ever written. +++ A proposal: this issue will not be settled until the entirety of SFPA can make their preferences known. Therefore, let those fortunates who have copies of these masterworks copy them or otherwise make them available through the mailings. A true poll might then be made. Perhaps a tape could be made of a reader (I volunteer) going through both books, and the tape played at DSC for membership reaction. Let he who suggested that we drop this issue, and all discussion of these books, from our pages get hence and get hip. Ducks got clones, too.

Out of the Woods Volume One, Number Zero point three/Hutto

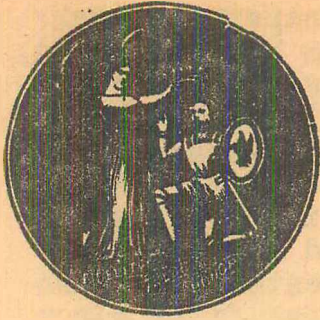
You'll be back in again soon, Ceese. That's good news. +++ I like the first poem a great deal -- it suffers from none of the McKuenism I've regrettably found in much of your romantic verse. It's tough and good. +++ I disagree in several respects about Network, which I just saw again. For one thing, I found Faye Dunaway better and Peter Finch just as good and the script even more tedious (when Finch, Robert Duvall, or Dunaway weren't speaking the lines); whenever William Holden opened his mouth a platitude plopped out and went splat. And I don't think the public is so dumb ... 3 years ago they watched a daytime soap opera serial called The Sam Ervin Show and learned enough to get rid of a despot. That took a bit more chutzpah and courage and savvy than this paragraph on Network credits them with. +++ Other poems don't send me but that one on "Armistice Day" has a good deal of power. Hey, it's premature ... but welcome back.

+++++

This would be a filthy joke if it weren't true.

A local television station showed The House that Dripped Blood.

The spensor was Sta-Free Mini-pads.



Sneakeypete #2/Spanier

Hail Spanier, even so skimpily represented. Look at it this way, Chuck -- you're still trying to find your place in to-day's SFPA -- thus the reticence that kept this zine down from the mountains of magnificence where most Spanyay work shines. Overcome your shyness! Let your curly locks down! Print Lee caricatures as well as his sercon work (this current cover is, however, superb -- Larry is a master of shading; didn't he handle the offset printing on this as well?). Let us see the Spanier wit at work in fan fiction... this apa eats such stuff up like

grits. How do you get into SFPA? Let SFPA get into you. You might even want to let the apa see Weird Faan Fiction... This is a personality apa, and despite the feuds its personalities are rich and entertaining. You let your faaaaaanish personality shine forth and you'll prosper here, perhaps even make a Name for yourself. All you need is chutzpah. Look around you. Are these turkeys all that fearful? Bah. I've known 'em for years. We're a bunch of pussycats. Bum on! +++ I don't mean to put down this zine, though. It's quite good. Yes, NYAPA is definitely my next-fave apa ... and I do believe that I enjoy doing my (much) shorter NYAPAZines just as much as I do smashing out Spiritus. NYAPA is tiny, SFPA is huge. NYAPA is friendly; SFPA occasionally hostile. Both, however, share a GHLLLL commitment to consistent contribution and attention. (Yes, I know I missed the last NYAPA ... but Coonass Conga is already in for the next!) +++ I'm getting into the discussion of whether or not the OO "belongs" to the OE a mailing late, but I definitely think that the credit for any zine belongs to the member who does the work and pays the expense of putting it out. SFPA's treasury does contribute towards the cost of the OO ... but the OE dOEs do all the work. That counts as far as I'm concerned; for box scores credit, I hope Lon gives the OO to the CE, EO, or whoever. It was his OE work that won Lon the race to 1000 pages, after all. +++ Tremendous mc to Phlogiston. +++ I always have to excuse my language when I talk about ethnic groups. It's the old apology, which you may not have heard, being a lifelong yamdankee ... "I know black people and I know niggers, and I'll call a spade a spade!" If an adjective fits, I must use it, even if, alas, it seems to reflect on other people who share skin color or national/racial background. This is utterly lamentable but since I have reasons for not changing, I must keep begging apologies from the people who don't understand. Ah, well. +++ Bah, Polish jokes are nothing next to Coonass jokes; principally the magnificent version of an old saw known as "Pierre and Alphone from Raceland and Pierre's Famous Friends": That one requires the theatrical talent of an Olivier or a Lillian to put over. +++ I paid \$7.25 for these A.B. Dick 1150Ds, with film. Remember good ol' Gem Paper? I'd have gotten 176 stencils for that price in the cave of Ira Gemstein ... +++ Yes, let's see Korbass' '67 artwork. I've never seen the real Korbass. +++ Urk! You win! Ten pages at least in each of the next 6 NYAPA mailings ... you do the same or better for the next six SFPAs. Faaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaanishness, Chuckles! It's the key to life!

#####

I have a little space so I might as well dish out the cover credit for this issue ... Dave Huxen did the Oscar base and Spanyay provided the GHLLLL-as-FDR photo from Seulingcon, '74. Fosco Piva, too long absent from the GHLLLL Press, handled the melding of the two. Here's a trivia question: for what other SFPAs has Piva done covers, & for what zines?

J.A.P.E./Locke

Welcome, welcome, welcome. I have long looked forward to the return of Dave Locke to SFPA's roster. I never knew the original Locke; this current model I know through oneshots here and an occasional Stobclerzine exchanged for Spiritus through the mail. This should be an interesting SFPA -- or an even more interesting one -- with you around. +++ I agree with you about snow. It's lovely out there. In fact, it's nice at about 10 p.m. on a peaceful, quiet evening, piled a foot thick on the streets and sidewalks of Greenwich Village. When one has someplace nice and warm to leave it for, that is. Otherwise, snow sucks. In fact, I called it "cloudshit" once. +++ Ah, another tennis(-watching) enthusiast. I trust you will cast the deciding vote in my great debate with Inzer. Who is the greatest creature God ever made to hold a tennis racket, Jimmy (Le magnifique) Connors or Bjorn (Yumpin' Yiminy) Borg? I imagine we'll be seeing an installment of this discussion at Wimbledon fairly soon. +++ Another hearts player. I hope you didn't read in mlg 73 how I botched the best running hand ever dealt. Reinhardt can fill you in, if in-filling's required. +++ Unicycle? I thought getting a head on the Greyhound between Erie and Pittsburgh, Pa., was something. +++ Interesting "fors" and "againsts". I'd never dare such a list. Too many things would show up in both categories. +++ For boring fan meetings, I take pride in mentioning for your consideration the present New Orleans Science Fiction Association. Or do you like Star Trek? +++ I too like the LASFS minutes Andruschak runs in his zines ... as long as they don't compose the mass of his contributions, that is. Remind me to regale you with the saga of Underground Cinema 12 sometime. +++ Your view of Korbas is probably the right one ... more's the revolting pity. "A deeply disturbed individual ... asking for help"...well, maybe you're right. Maybe we should have leant him the sort of understanding and license long-standing SFPAns enjoy (and we all know whom I mean) ... but I couldn't do it. Now he's gone, and gone for good, and I hope we can forget him, and the ugliness and despair he represented. +++ Ellay bugged me through its natives much of the time I lived in California ... present company excluded (since I regard all of y'all as transplanted Suthun boys), and also most of the fans I know from Ellay (like Milt, Fred, Bruce, Craig Miller, and so 4th), I found most Angeleans to be plastic bores. They sure were a drag at college. As a matter of fact, though, to answer your specific question, no, I certainly wouldn't prefer such a spread-out burg to the intensity of a New York or even a Chicago. Both are much better towns to be young and footloose in, especially if feet and the trains is all youse got. +++ I thought Magnum Force was the most powerful of all the Dirty Harry flicks -- certainly the most violent and (therefore) most vicariously enjoyable. The original, featuring Don Siegel direction, was undoubtedly the best-made, -written, etc., but nothing matches that naked blonde spinning down from the top of that skyscraper for whatever sick thrill creeps like me get from such movies. +++ Hmm. I see we're going to have to watch our step from now on in this apa. Here's a lad who insists on accuracy and does not let bombast and bullshit pass. Well good for you! This apa has skipped along long enough with a quotient of bombast and bullshit that would tax the powers of the Soviet Presidium and U.S. Congress put together ... and it has gone without much challenge, all in the name of apa peace. Mayhaps we could use a little less peace and a little more truth ... hmm, but then again, maybe we can find both. Anyway, your needle is welcome. Too many people in this apa quake in fear of needles, and they're only a way into the heart of things ... +++ How about that? Not two mailings of membership behind you, and already I'm calling you a conscience of SFPA. Ignore me, Locke. Everybody else does. (But do give an mc!) (And welcome again.)

Phlogiston 2/Schwarzin

Cover came out poorly; considering how good the original was, I'm kind of disappointed. Offset would have worked better ... and cost a mere four dollars more than the free this cost. +++ I don't think you ever need to feel left out of anything again. I suppose that's the point. Your zines, though, keep getting better and better ... didn't I tell you they were fun? +++ Strangely enough, keed, I saw Carrie again tonight, with Wirth. I suppose you've seen it by now so I can feel free to mention the sense of tragedy that overwhelmed me as I watched the splendid prom scene, & knew what horror was coming.... as I felt Carrie's new glow warm into me, and knew that in a very few moments that warmth would become hell-heat ... when I knew that the beauty of this new woman would become the terror of a monster ... and when I jumped out of my skin at the final scene, even though I had seen the flick before. Great movie ... a fable for teenagedom. +++ W ... oops. Here I was all set to tell you what W.O.O.F. meant, and I've forgotten. Heh. +++ Understanding? You deserve nothing but the best of everything; you've had the worst. A little understanding is the least I can do out of gratitude for everything you have done for, and meant to, me. And get this: the good stuff lives on. I turn to A Farewell to Arms ... +++ Ah, do come get this garbagebag full of Mardi Gras beads.

The Sphere vol. 47 No. 1/Marktsein

Good issue. What on earth is happening here? +++ Nonsense, her hair is better cut short, a la Rivercon.

Stven and Don's Con/Markstein

The con wasn't quite that good. If Marcus hadn't shown up I'd've had to have spent the whole con buying posters from DelMonte and trying to lure Stven's friend Janine away from her husband ... (Kidding, Carlberg! Kidding!) (Half-kidding, actually.) (Do we hear a ??)

~~Big Bands~~ Woody Woodpecker Festivals Are Coming Back!/Lester

The "Big Bands' are Back" quote may be corny, but it made a fine title for the first collection of Hagar the Horrible strips; that's a very funny book, by the by. +++ Perhaps you weren't obnoxious at 14, and did indeed wait till you turned 21 ... but you've compensated brilliantly for those quiet years ... +++ I'm getting denser in my dotage: I just noticed that this zine mc's mailing 73 ... which already seems like something from the mastodon age. +++ Lester, I want to see the Bastillier coat of arms in print ... but don't feel too proud of having one. Walsh has one too, and I don't mean a coat with sixteen sleeves. +++ Bullshit, I read Deus Irae on August 18-19, 1976, the day I bought it and the day after (which happened to be my Sue-Anniversary), some days before MidAmeriCon. Hmmm! yourself. +++ Joe Moudry is anything but pompous and humorless. Laugh off what seems to patronization, Lester. In fact, a little humor on your side of things would help you out a great deal. +++ The wisdom of hindsight may have shown you the light, but do you now blame Carter for denying that manic black, who made such a small about joining the Plains Baptist Church, that membership? The reverend King (no relation to the real Rev. King) is a certifiably mad-man. I wouldn't want him in my church, either, especially if his only true purpose in trying to join was publicity. +++ 1967. Somehow it doesn't seem ten years ago that I first kissed a girl (hitting her nose and sliding down to her clenched mouth) ... graduated high school ... burned holes in my back cutting weeds all summer long ... started Berkeley. Sgt. Pepper had been out a year, though, hadn't it? Me, I was in Walnut Creek California ... a bedroom town for San Francisco. The next year I would visit my parents in their new home ... New Orleans. Ten years, more than a third of III's life so far ... what a shuddery thought to think of the distance traveled and the things seen and done.

Mr. Tambourine Fan/Lester

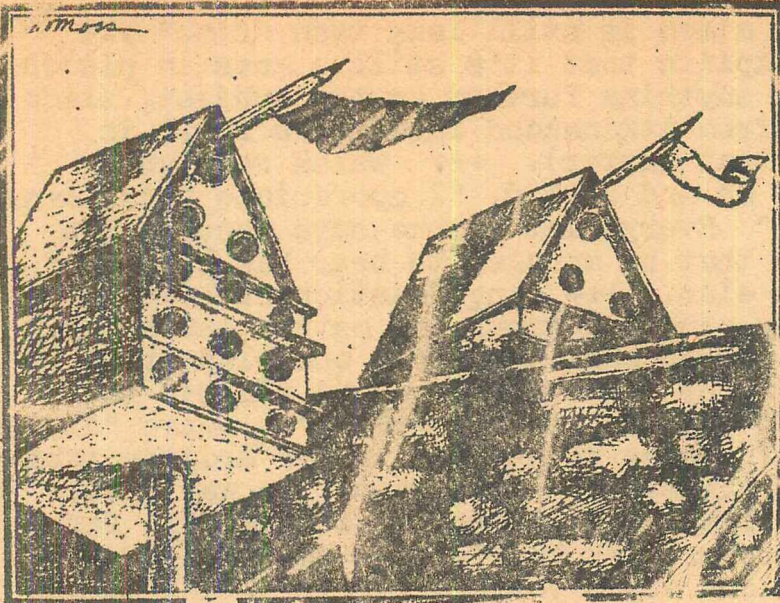
Your mimeo is still less than "fine" yet substantially "okay" ... which implies that it's still a mess in places but legible, anyway. I won't say anything further on the subject, since I too am a long, long, long way from Atkinshood insofar as repro is concerned (or anything else for that matter). +++ Walsh read your spirited defense of him in Ned's mc and choked, "I appreciate this, Lester ... but Brooks does know me!" Everything anyone says about Walsh is true, of course ... it's just that he manages to bear his burden of damnation and foulness with such élan. +++ Any deletion or editing of Huckleberry Finn to please any minority group, no matter how noisy, is an obscenity, and should be opposed nail and tooth and bladder. I still cannot imagine the stupidity of the characters who allowed the book to be censored from required reading lists. +++ I've heard "divers" pronounced "die-verzzzzz". And of course "die-vers", Lloyd Bridges type. +++ I'm afraid Tom and you will not see me in Britain, the way I currently envision things ... unless I'm loving there, it is much too far to go for a worldcon. I will, however, ask you to wire me the Hugo winner news, as Galouye did from Heicon eight years ago. +++ Stick it in your nose. "An hilarious" sounds great to me! (Would you believe, it's optional, according to the OED? How about a typo?) +++ Sorry, Lester, I composed the lyrics to the Turkish version of "The Bump". Not that they're anything to be particularly proud of. I'll sing the vile thing at DSC if cornered and tortured, but will not sully Spiritus with them. +++ I liked Help! and Yellow Submarine ... at least the Beatles songs on each. "Hide Your Love Away" and "It's All Too Much" are great songs. Let It Be suffered from overproduction, Spektor's fault, but even there we have Across the Universe and I Got a Feelin', minor Beatles but fine stuff nonetheless. +++ Perceptive statements on popular music! +++ I think national fandom implies worldcon attendance more than genzine activity, although no one would dispute that a widespread genzine is a terrific ticket to becoming wellknown. As you know, to your regret, LOC-ing receptive prozines is another way to become wellknown. It worked in comicon, snark snark. +++ The Suncon Hugonom ballot allowed only 3 nominations, which was very unfortunate. I named Deus Irae, no surprise, Where Late the Sweet Birds Sang and Lafferty's Not to Mention Camels. I, uh, haven't read Ray's book ... but don't care! +++ I liked your short Gras report and long S&D Con report. Both Kevin and Beth, though, said that Markstein wasn't making jokes at my alleged expense ... but I thought you stated your position on things very sensibly, very well. I frankly am perfectly delighted to be myself. Anyone can speak to me, anyone can talk to me about anything. I delight in this. I don't think I've lost a thing. +++ Stven's letter is carefully worded but the sense of it is repellant. Does he mean to imply that SFPA really does have an untouchable elite, whose opinions and views cannot go unchallenged, unquestioned, unanswered? It reads like that here ... yet, his words are reasonable and he could be giving sincere advice. Up to you to interpret as you will, Boutillier. +++ Zilber's cover ... now that you finally credit it ... is magnificent! Good zine, Lester. But be affirmative towards those members you do not know ... Moudry, weber ... develop humor, and grow.

Rivercon III flyer

Alas, I won't be there. Too bad ... the original con in '75 was one of the best 2 conventions I've ever attended.

Louisville in '79! flyer

Yes, I will definitely vote for this con, & will be there, bells on and banners flapping in the breeze!



Utgard 24/Hulan

Ah, the old Dave is back. Let me tell you how much your condescension and pugnacity have been missed, Dave. Nertz to you. Double, triple, infinite nertz to you. +++ I admit to speaking hyperbolically in my anger and disgust at the murder of Chris Olsen -- whom I still do not know is or isn't my friend from the old days at UC.-- Obviously, my rage should have been directed at the fascist government of Argentina, & so, in truth, it was. That government is obscene in its opposition to human liberty and dedication to vicious

repression of political thought. I refer you, oh fountain of rationality, to Jack Anderson's column of 4-18-77, wherein he documents cases of official terror. No doubt your engineer friend, like the Chileans I met in New York in '74, was a dedicated foe of such Ugandan-tye monstrosity. If the Chris I knew, a brownhaired California girl of sunlight and laughter, a dancer, lover of music, a warm person, a person of more life than you or I, old antagonist ... if she died fighting such men, then hooray for her, says I, and hooray for your buddy if he hates what has happened to his country. I don't want the Chris I knew dead. I don't want the vipers who killed her -- who are worthy of far worse epithets than "spick" -- to get away with it. There's nothing I can do but express my loathing for them. You don't like it, that's your problem. +++ Remember that deal we made, to ignore each other's irritations? I want it known that you broke the deal first. Yeah, the old Hulan is back. I can't tell you how little I missed you. Fortunately, the human Hulan is much more like the genzine-Hulan, the tripreport-Hulan, than this current model. Addressing the current model, and ending a rather tasty mc, I say, stay home and send your alter ego to DSC.

Melikaphkaz #57/Atkins

South Coast Con may be the better alternative this coming year. Don't be surprised if you get more than your own votes at DSC. +++ Management classes. How mundane. Why not spend all that free time typing fanzines instead; finish Green as Grass, why not? Oh well ... begging into the hurricane of mundac is vain exercise ... +++ I don't understand your composite ratings at all. But at least I score highly, anyway. That's all that finally counts. +++ I see my pages/per rating still leads the pack. I had, uh, 32½ pages, take or give a line, in mlg 76 ... already have 4 pages in Brown's hands and am on the 34th stencil of this zine. I should recover some of my lost ground this time. There's life in these old bones yet. +++ We're waiting for that 50-page Mel.

Oblio issue number thirty-one/Brown

The Ibid photocovers xeroxed for this Oblio were marvelous stuff; we get some of the sense of marvel in this (alas) rather crummy copy. Anyone interested in what GHLLLL looked like as a toddler? How about as a 5-year-old in my Superman costume? No? Pffft. Anyway, Ibid 65 is indeed an impressive zine. Bet it captures the monthly K-a poll paws down. +++ Hope you got your raise, and have bought a huge house on the beach for SFPAns to crash at during Suncon. A staff

of about sixty blonde beach bunny masseuses should be sufficient ... for me. Send us snapshots ahead of time, now, Gare. +++ Sending through a non-stapled zine would be nothing new to SFPA; Guidry did it in mlg 38, with NOSFAN #something. DMOE gave each sheet its own mention on the contents. +++ Another SM37 cover guess, another right on. +++ Pat ...gack ... Nixon ... urk ... likes ... aggh ... the ... bluprph ... Stones?!! Tricia didn't mention that when she was with me, Gary ... but then, her mouth was gorged with Y-chromosomed manhood most of the time she was around. +++ \$50 I promised ... what? Did I miss something here? Pause to reread your mc in SM37. End pause. I repeat: \$50? +++ Martin Model was a fine artist who did a lot of work for Classics Illustrated. He did their final #, Faust, which was truly spectacular, and several others. +++ Yes, big tits are wonderful. So are small tits. +++ Hell is a DiscoTrek. +++ I saw a Superboy story recently where he met President Kennedy! Considering that the grown-up Supie met JFK in at least 2 classic stories, "Superman's Mission for President Kennedy" and that marvelous yarn where Kennedy masqueraded as Clark Kent to save Superman's secret identity, there's infinite potential for conflict here. I wonder what Nelson Bridwell thinks of all this?

Wilderness #19/Atkins Don't fear Boutilliersky! He was quite a threat until the FBI reminded him that he was "arrousing" the masses. Blushing furiously, he retired to a cave in western Kentucky and now stays there, taking his mimeograph apart and trying to build a digital watch with the parts.

Wilderness #20/Atkins It has been a fine, entertaining tilt, this SFPA War. You all should be commended and thanked for the laughs the battle has brought the rest of us. Who won?

Cushlamochree #11/Hutchinson Admirable research on this zine ... an obvious labor of love. Run it through Reed's Apa-I, why not? No comment possible ... except that I wish I could read every Barks comic. He's magnificent. As if you didn't know.

Dull Titled #1/Wells I haven't said this yet -- but great, great, just great news that you're getting hitched, George. Someday, someday, someday, I'll meet a girl who (1) thinks I have enough money, and (2) can stand living with me (in what seems to be decreasing importance) and hopefully, hopefully, hopefully, a permanent go of it will be made. Until then, I rejoice in your joy. Yay team. +++ A group called Klaatu, huh? Heavy s.f. reference there. Barada nicto. Or as Guidry says, "Plato Nevada nicotine". +++ A Tank MacNamara strip on the Renee Richards brouhaha caused me to think. (Anything that performs this herculean miracle merits mention.) What happens when Connors and Borg and Nastase and the other studs of modern tennis get up there in age and start to slip? I can see Jimbo borrowing Marjorie Wallace's handmedowns now ... +++ Arthur N. Scarm at the DSC? A special Phoenix to this master(bator) of the printed word! +++ That is a terrible experience to have gone through .. the horrible hazing in the gym, I mean. Sometimes, in bitter frenzies, I think that the Vietnam War was a boon because it rid the world of the sort of creep who would do such things to other people. Or some such creeps, anyway. Then I remember that the war cost my family my cousin Jimmy, and I sink my head, abashed. Still, you have emerged a happy fella, which is the best possible revenge against the filth who tormented you in their ignorance and arrogance and cruelty. +++ I look forward to Brando's Jor-El. I don't worry about him ... he went a dozen years between good films in the '60's and '70's, with the possible exception of Night of

the Following Day. Then, whammo: The Godfather. Last Tango in Paris.
Not to fret. The best American actor is only sleeping. He shall awaken
with the force of Vesuvius.

Galactic Heritage Almanac Sp. 77/Moudry

You really are generous in
your book ratings; don't you ever read a loser? Yes ... I see you did-
n't like the novel version of Carrie. Neither did I ... thought it
missed the possibility of human involvement and tragedy the film so ably
exploited. I rank higher, however, 'Salem's Lot by Stephen King. It is
a truly effective, frightening story, well-written, seductively personal,
and taut with a tangible sense of horror. I gobbled it down ravenously;
it's rich and rapid and scary as the touch of a scorpion in the dark.
Read it. Read it. And shiver in the dark. +++ No, I have the legendary
ream of Granite at hand, although it probably won't see use in this zine.
Saw no file copies of Apac, though. ?? +++ Good zine though short.

Thirty Lines for Lilac Lon/Moudry

Get rid of the $\frac{1}{2}$ pages that accrue
on your Box Scores in the future via oneshots. Your credit on At the
Mountains of Minac, for instance, will be fractional ... so you wasted
the effort on this zine. Ha ha ha! (I messed up my format! Pfuil!)

travelin' on/weber

nice to hear from you while you were in town!

49 reasons/Inzer

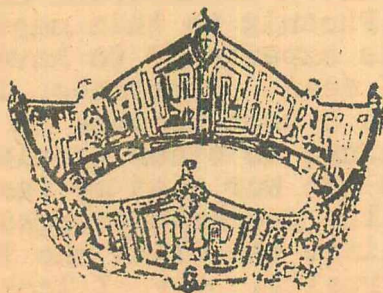
Everybody finds the old apa grind a burden once in
a while ... I sure did last time, which is why I forewent mailing com-
ments in SM38 and contented myself with my Gras report and some natter.
The secret is to keep perspective and let your apac reflect your changing
spirit. Small zines when they're called for. Mc's when you feel like it.
Do nothing because it's Expected. Hell, that's what you're doing ... I
am content to let you work out your questions for yourself. Just so long
as we don't lose you. +++ I hope you can spare a minute or two to drop
by or call while you're in New Orleans.

Intuition #46/Carlberg

I can't imagine you dropping out of SFPA, and
I seriously doubt that you will. So I'll forego any regrets about that,
since it will not, in all likelihood, have happened. I hope you come
through this time well, with your spirit intact. Herein we see a stunning
portrait of Hell. Well, Hell is not bottomless -- I feel qualified to
say that -- and someone with your nerve should be able to rise again. If
I can do it, you can do it. So do it.

+E+N+D++M+C+S++M+A+L+L+I+N+G++7+6+

Best bit: weber's epitaph for Andy Whitehead. Priceless.



FLICK IT IN

Or rather, what's IN THE FLICKS. Here come some reviews of some of the many, many films I've seen this spring. Warning to Stven & other purists ... I'll try not to reveal any plot twists or surprises in these pages, but I can promise nothing. I'm going to talk about whatever comes to mind when considering the flick in question, and in some cases that's bound to involve such matters. I suggest you skip the review if you haven't seen the film AND you intend to. I especially urge you to see The 7 Samurai. Tonight if possible.

So let's see what we have to watch in order to get a decent box of popcorn these days ...

Wizards (I'll bet you're not surprised to see this ~~one~~ first) is one of the most remarkable animated films I have ever seen. Ralph Bakshi is innovative, creative, original, and best of all, improving. Wizards is a technical and imaginative delight. It is rich in design, delightful in humor, fascinating in story ... and alas, lacking in meaning. (I totally discount the trendy preaching about technology being evil ... pfui, how's a screwdriver evil?) The tale of two brothers, one good, one evil, who duel for tens of thousands of years, and their armies of elves on the one hand and the legions of the damned on the other, is the classic stuff of fantasy. Bakshi takes a delightfully lefthanded view of it ... giving it enough serious dedication to allow for some fine action and excitement, sticking his tongue deeply enough into his cheek to add laughter. Some people have expressed a little annoyance with his schizoid style, but I found it charming. And his animation, mixed in styles though it was, simply stunning. Those battle scenes are wowsville, daddy-o, and the backgrounds, especially of Skortch ... pure gold. The figure animation is cartoony, true ... but I found this less of a distracting problem than did other SFPA critics. ✓

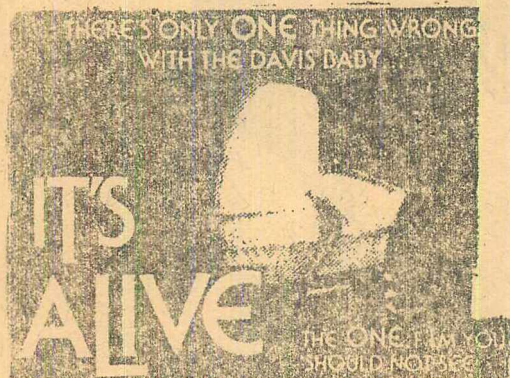
Wizards is not a great movie. Bakshi's Heavy Traffic was far more personally compelling. But this is a fine fantasy. So what if there is nothing here to think about, if one's heart isn't challenged, if there are no deep ideas and advocacies. What string is strummed here is that of wonder and imagination, and if the viewer isn't shaken or moved, he is still enthralled and his spirit is lightened.

We all know what's next for Bakshi. That's a project that will force him to move his viewers and challenge their minds. Okay. From Wizards, I do think he's ready.



Linda Karrh and that incredible New Orleans phenom, Couzint, came over to get me one night, knowing that I was down. Doing me no favor whatsoever, they took me to see It's Alive.

Linda teaches a class of cutups and kooks, at the worst age in human life ... early puberty. Her kids thought It's Alive was "choice". (So, I'm told, did Stirling Smith.) We went to a theatre outside of town which had six shows in one building. Anyway, when we arrived we were told that It's Alive, alas, was sold out. Shit, we said. Oh well, let's duck in and get a coke and plan our next move.



We went in, got cokes. It's Alive was showing at the cinema to our left in the common lobby. "Constant," I said, damn my eyes. "There is no one at the door taking tickets."

So we walked in without paying, and found seats. Ha, sold out. The birth scene had just occurred. The monster's mother was in her stirrups, the doctor and the nurses were in various states of dismemberment on the floor, and gore was everywhere.

We got in for free. We were gyped.

It's Alive is a thoroughly revolting cheapie, free of any quality whatsoever. It blames the genesis of its infant monstrosity on the Pill. It chases the kid through the same sewers made famous in Them!, but the slick excitement of that classic are nowhere in

evidence here. Here there is only waste -- of some fine character actors (Andrew Duggan, for instance) in nothing cameos, of the celestial talent of Bernard Herrmann on a wretched musical score -- and disgrace. This reprehensible flick fits in so neatly with the kid-hatred rampant in most horror films since Rosemary's Baby. I loathed it. Infants, and children, are not seen as proof of a future to our species anymore, but rather as a nuisance and a drag. And, here, as a fanged menace. I love bad monster movies as much as Mark Verheiden, but this one stinks, on the surface, beneath the surface, all through. I've subtly altered the ad reprint above. Take its advice.

Airport '77 is harmless enough, if you like spending your money and getting a few good matte shots of a flying 747. It offers nothing else. It's nice to know that Olivia de Havilland and Joseph Cotton are still alive, and they glow like angels even in this blah environment ... but they're wasted. So are Jack Lemmon and Jimmy Stewart, who should be given something really good to play, since he's really good, and Monte Markham, and Lee Grant (I swear I "knew" a younger Lee Grant in Greensboro, North Carolina, and lived to regret it), and especially Christopher Lee. He meets a totally undeserved fate in the film. He's given as dull a script as ever flopped out of a hack's typer. At the risk of making a bad joke, there's nothing for him to sink his teeth into.

The plot? Oh yeah. Almost forgot. A 747 laden down with all this great art gets hijacked and crashes intact in the Bermuda Triangle, and the Navy comes along and lifts it off the floor of the ocean (it's about 30 feet deep at that point, you see) and rescues all but the nasty people.

Then the plane sinks again, taking with it the only art within a thousand miles.

The Cassandra Crossing is dreary stuff indeed. A terrorist breathes in some germs the fascist United States is developing in Geneva and spreads this peril through a train heading through Europe. Fascist NATO troops close in the train and fascist lackey Burt Lancaster plans to kill everyone on the train to keep word of this atrocity from itself spreading. Richard Harris and Sophia Loren, looking wonderfull, copulate like mad minks and during breathing breaks heal the sick. Everybody sweats (especially Harris, and who can blame him?). They take over the train with the help of goodblackman O.J. Simpson, who has the acting expertise of a tackling dummy, and save most of the people. However, we get to see several carsful of innocent people smashed to death when the rest of the train plummets off the Cassandra Crossing, a rickety, rusty bridge in Poland. (Of course.) The producers thereby give us both the satisfaction of seeing a few hundred bodies smashed to bits and the guilty relief at cheering for the salvation of the people who really count: the stars. It's a pestilence, all right. The Cassandra Double-crossing.

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The Demon Seed really isn't as bad as a lot of people have said it is. It is rather dry, rather dull, and rather trite ... but it does show Julie Christie naked, and that's something. Woo-woo.

Actually, there are some neat bits in this tale of a computer with Robert Vaughn's voice which invades an automated house, kidnaps the lady of the house, and knocks her up. There is a brass appendage of the computer which resembles a series of pyramids folded together that is the most menacing Shape-in-Motion I've seen since Rover on The Prisoner. There are the glorious visuals on the computer's screens. There is the Baby born of IBM and woman, a metallic monster only Joe Celko could love. And there's Julie Christie, who really is a fine actress. She can do next to no wrong.

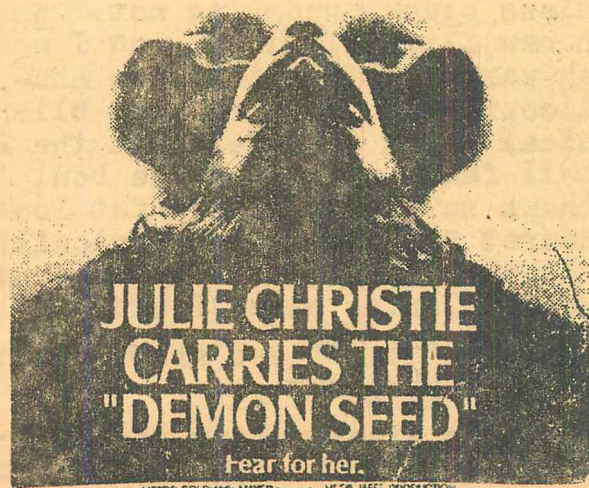
But there is so little new here, in The Demon Seed. There's the ultimate computer with a fascinated contempt for its creators, and a beautiful voice. There's the conflict between the Purity of Research and the Corruption of Business. (The computer even tells a greed-dripping boardmember that it isn't oil deposits he's interested in, it's the seashore and wildlife preserves!) There's Julie Christie naked ... but wait, I like that. It's not as if we were being shown Sarah Miles masturbating, or something equally familiar and dull ...

I wouldn't rule Demon Seed out for a berth in the Hugo nominations next year. Equally mediocre films, Charly for one, have made the short list. But with Star Wars coming up and Wizards already here, it doesn't have any real chance ... and that's good.

S.F. does not prosper through The Demon Seed.

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Room here for a poll of sorts ... which I'll bet no more than 2 SFPAns reply to. What are your favorite s.f. films? Jennings, you reneger, you promised to publish our lists of fave films once, remember? Compensate for your failure to deliver with an answer!





BLACK SUNDAY R

It could be tomorrow!

At MidAmeriCon last year John Ellis told me that he about his role in Black Sunday.

"I get crushed by the Goodyear Blimp!" he said.

He does, too! I watched like a sniper for John Ellis, who appeared as Manhunter at DSC '74, and his moment of glory.

It came ! It came at the climax of the best adventure film I have seen in many months.

Black Sunday lives up to the scam. It is vivid, complex, far-ranging, and big, in terms of length as well as scope. It is also taut as the skin on the Goodyear blimp. Superior performances abound. Robert Shaw burns like the sun. Marthe Keller is simultaneously winning and horrifying as a Black September terrorist. Bruce Dern gives forth with the best, deepest, and most effective in his continuing series of portrayals of psychotics. John Ellis squishes most dramatically.

You can glean the plot easily from the trailer and the newspaper ads. Black September is planning to heist the Goodyear blimp and use it to commit a titanic act of terrorism against the U.S. ... wipe out the Super Bowl. The build-up is fabulous, both in terms of the plot and the characters. It is a testament to this film's artfulness that sympathy for the villains, or at least Dern and Keller, must arise in the viewer, as their victimization by the monstrous political upheavals of the postwar world is made all too clear. At the same time, we become so attached to Shaw, in his weary battle for his nation, that the film becomes a battle for our sympathies. It doesn't take long, though, for our sympathies to turn nervously towards where they're supposed to go.

There are no dull moments in Black Sunday. There are some truly disturbing ones ... just as the terrorists want to "awaken" America to their demands at the Bowl, so this flick awakens us to something we may have forgotten since our golden boys stopped coming home from Vietnam in plastic garbage sacks: that the world is a torn, violent, turbulent place, and people kill each other daily for ideologies, causes, beliefs bigger than themselves. In a way, it's too bad we've grown so comfortable that we've blanked this fundamental fact out of our lives. Hell, you guys, what would you die for?

Faultless Black Sunday is not. While on Stirling Smith's show I was asked which new flicks I liked, and I mentioned Black Sunday. "Except for the Batman parts". This involves Shaw dangling from a cable swung down from a helicopter to the careening blimp. This is just too outlandish. Also, a cynical point is made about the President of the United States, "a great football fan", attending the bowl despite the warnings of disaster. Guess who shows up? Carter, or a fat lookalike. Now, discounting the fact that the Secret Service would physically block any President who wanted to walk into likely death, let's poohpoo some shoddy research on the part of the producers: Carter hates football. He likes stock car races.

But somehow I can't see Arabs nuking such an event. Bugging Bro Billy's beer can, maybe, but ...

You'll enjoy Black Sunday if you leave your cares at the popcorn counter and bring in only an open will to be entertained. Good movie. Good movie.

I'll tell John Ellis that, next time I visit him, still embedded on the fifty-yard-line of the Orange Bowl.

I love John Guidry. Yes, I do. He's a truly unique individual, and I love him. I wish he would do more Ignites.

But he's off his nut in one important department. He liked The Eagle Has Landed.

Which sucks shit through a dirty sweatsock. It's Alive, for all its repulsive amateurishness, succeeds better than this tawdry, pretentious war flick.

Some Germans are going to kidnap Churchill, see. They're commandos, real soldiers, Good Germans, and their distinction from Bad Germans is made early when their leader, Michael Caine, a product of the Disney audioanimatronic studios, valiantly saves or tries to save a helpless Jewess from the nasty Gestapo. Good Germans are as hard to take as Good Indians.

This movie is paced very poorly. It's acted awfully. Caine, normally a gifted actor, staggers through his role like a mannequin on roller skates. Donald Sutherland, grinning like the Joker, hams his way around his role as an Irish quisling, and is thoroughly annoying. Where is the subdued and effective Sutherland of Klute? Robert Duvall should have skipped this payday. Larry Hagman portrays a Georgia desk soldier so anxious to win his battle ribbons that he sends all of his soldiers to their death with a blind braggadocio ... and overplays his hand into childish caricature. Jenny Agutter is supposed to be a feiry Irish redhead, and indeed has a cute upturned nose. That's all that can be said for her. She can't act but she shore is purty. Her character is far from feiry ... she rides a horse just like the cover to a Rosemary Rogers novel, and slaughters the friends of a lifetime at the drop of a hint of a suggestion that they might think a flame of a week might be less than a paragon of Irish manhood. Bah.

And deus ex machina everywhere! A tunnel just happens to run from the church where the good Nazis are trapped to safety. The biggest and most obvious cheat comes at the climax. Which is thoroughly predictable, I might add.

The Eagle Has Landed is bad with a capital B.

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Obsession is a fair flick from '76 which features a neat plot, good acting, and fine Brian de Palma direction. It has been compared to Hitchcock much too much ... it has none of the master's sharpness and magnificent, maddening pace ... but it is a fine enough suspenser that I'll forego comment on the plot. I will say that it shows a good deal of New Orleans, including one of my favorite houses on St. Charles Avenue. The caricatures of Orleanians, however, are really a little much. The second male lead is a walking beignet, covered with too much Suthun sugah. Cliff Robertson and Genivieve Bujold are just fine, though.

And there is a scene of a little girl dancing with her father that broke my heart.

I didn't notice the Herrmann score, which won an Oscar nomination, but other ears than mine have remarked on its excellence. And it was one of the great man's last ...



Ernest Hemingway wrote Islands in the Stream, locked it up in his desk, and then decided to do it right. So he wrote The Old Man and the Sea and forgot all about his self-indulgent, whiny practice run.

Unfortunately, his widow needed money a few years ago, and so with the aid of his former editor, Islands in the Stream was given a fate Papa never desired for it: publication. It is an overlong, tedious, sappy book. And it makes a movie that is, if not overlong, tedious and sappy.

And all too familiar. I swear, the flick is almost a carbon copy of every Hemingway cliché ... marlin fishing, drunken buddy (David Hemmings plays the Walter Brennan "rummy" role) ... George C. Scott sleepwalks through the Bogart/Hemingway character, and my God, that man has a ludicrous nose.

It is being hyped as a really good movie. It isn't. It isn't much of anything.

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Annie Hall is simply superb. Woody Allen has simply never made a better movie.

Basically, the film is a love letter to Diane Keaton, his ex-lover, friend, and costar. It celebrates her, and their relationship, with wit and parodic genius. It is a fully-realized autobiographical comedy, indulgent only in spots (as in a cartoon sequence which is not as irritating as I make it sound), moving in many others, all too familiar in many others ("I think feeling is beginning to come back into my jaw!"). Allen is vulnerable in his manifestation as Alby Singer; he has made a joke out of that vulnerability all down the line, but here he plays it more seriously ... and milks from his tale of star-crossed lovers a motherlode of human feeling and pathos as well as bellylaughs. Of which there are several of a much less slapstick sort than previous Allen vehicles.

Guidry asserts that had another filmmaker made Annie Hall, it would be seriously considered Oscar material. I see no reason why it will not be so considered, anyway ... because no one else could have made this movie but Woody Allen.

I spend much less space on Annie Hall than on several other flicks in this section ... but I think I admire it as much as any others I talk about. It is a funny, sad, absolutely successful motion picture.

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I've bought a car ... at least, I hope so. On Saturday, May 14, Larry Epke and I drove to Metairie Ford and there I gave away \$50 as partial deposit for a Honda Civic. I may well have the car in hand by the time this issue opens before your awestruck, wonderfilled eyes. All depends now on the Louisiana Federal Credit Union, which must grant me a loan for the remaining \$3,102.22. If all goes as hoped, I will show at DSC in my own wheels ... at last. If not, someone pick me up at the Greyhound ...

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WELCOME TO NEW ORLEANS!

George Inzer lives not four blocks from where I sit! Suddenly I find myself no longer the only SFPA in the Vieux Carre. George and his friend Gary Briner moved into town in mid-May and already have an enviable place on Bourbon Street.

Light at last in this dismal city! Welcome to New Orleans, good people!

God bless the Prytania Theatre. There, for the price of \$1.50 a show (which usually includes two flicks, a rarity these days), better movies than the new stuff, by far. Follows an account of some of the glories I've seen there ...

Bogie All Night! In the past six weeks I have seen The Maltese Falcon ... Petrified Forest & Key Largo ... High Sierra, and Treasure of the Sierra Madre ... The Big Sleep and To Have & Have Not. And what can a man say? That's Bogart up there, a legend, the most popular actor of all time. Watching him over a period of weeks, as the Prytania showcaded Warner Brothers wonders, I tried to figure out his peculiar -- which is to say, unique -- appeal.

He was an actor of more versatility than people often give him credit for. Sam Spade is a very different fella than is Philip Marlowe. Bogart's Spade is mean, disgusted with human evil; he sneers vengefully behind Mary Astor's back. Marlowe is less romantic, if you will -- evil rolls off his back ... tearing some skin off with it, but Phil has been through too much to have any illusions about the nature of man. It's almost impossible to disgust him ... he angers. He shoves his villains out through the door to be chopped by henchmen. He has humor, Spade none.

And how different Duke Mantee is from Mad Dog Earle. The Duke, fourth-rated player in the superb Petrified Forest, is a jungle animal, barely articulate, a killer whose emotions are too primitive even to allow him room for doubt; he falls because of a woman, he kills because it seems simplest. Yet he has room in him for understanding another man superficially totally alien to him; thus his bond with Leslie Howard. Mad Dog Earle, trying for decency, corrupts all he touches. Mantee brings dignity to others by acts of horror; Earle turns innocence into ugliness by trying to do the right thing. (I'm referring to Joan Leslie's role, if you're having trouble with my meaning.)

And there is Dobbs, one of his best portrayals. For once, Bogie emerges less as persona than as actor ... there is no toughness in Dobbs, only weakness and greed and fear. It is a magnificent performance (in Treasure ... I'm assuming y'all are as up on these flicks as I), matched only by his Queeg in The Caine Mutiny and his Oscar-winning acting in The African Queen. These are not classic Bogie; there is no tough-guy cynicism-cum-romanticism in these parts. However, there is the undeniable touch of a tremendous actor, capable of conveying gut strength, gut weakness, eternal loneliness, eternal courage. He saved another great performance for his last film, The Harder They Fall. In it compassion and courage and savvy combine to sum the man up, role and actor. I've been sloppy & sappy talking about him on this page ... but maybe that's appropriate for an artist whose work encompassed so many contradictory aspects of man.

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I also saw The Charge of the Light Brigade and The Sea Hawk. Flynn is something else again, and again I can't quite put my finger on it. How would you encapsulate Flashman? Because of course, Flynn would be the only Harry Flashman worth watching on the silver screen; so often his brave characters, as in the ludicrous Light Brigade, seem to be the facade of a Flashy. I wouldn't trust him as far as I could throw Gary Brown (hee!) but I sure would like to listen to him bullshit. He'd be better than Don Walsh!

Saw another great Flynn film, which was not a Flynn "vehicle", on the box the other day. Not much mention of it here besides recommending The Edge of Darkness as a terrific WW2 propaganda film. Stirring and terrific.

You could say, big deal, Bogie and Flynn...every college kid has seen everything either or them ever did. Ah yes ... but the Prytania has wonders more rarely beheld.

How about The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, Andalusian Dog, and Nosferatu? That was the triple bill one memorable evening.

I don't have much to say about Nosferatu. It is a great film, but alas, so many of the innovations -- such as fast-motion photography when the vampire moves -- seem comic now. But the film conveys dread better than any other flick I've ever seen, especially when the association is made between the vampire and the plague, as both come in on the same death ship. It is a much better film than Dracula, even if you can't help laughing at it occasionally.

You can't help laughing during Andalusian Dog, either, but only because of perplexity and nervousness. Any film of about twelve minutes in length that begins with the slashing of an eyeball and which includes a woman walking a severed hand around on a leash must have something. Salvador Dali is responsible, at least in part. Hank, get the old fool in your thumbscrews and let's find out just what the fuck that box with the stripes means.

Cabinet of Caligari has the look of a supercheap film, and indeed it was. I believe the budget for it was something like a thousand dollars ... incredibly cheap, anyway. It seems comic and stupid much of the way through, noticeable only because of the crazy sets ... but wait a minute. Those sets have a thematic purpose; the insane story makes thematic sense. No dumb horror story is being told here, we find as the film climaxes, but rather a supremely effective psychological terrortale. Caligari must be seen through to its end to be truly appreciated as a very very good movie. My teacher, Fred Chappell, wrote a poem about it, which appeared in Volume 2, #2 of The Film Journal, by the way, and attendees at DSC who do not move quickly enough risk hearing me recite it. "Always some of us are mad, sometimes / All of us are mad." Great flick, great. If you haven't seen it, ask von Turk to show it nexttime you hit town, He has a print.

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Yeah, yeah, yeah, but what about the best? This is a fanzine dedicated to Academy Awards in particular, movies in genral ... what's the best seen in these last two motnhs.

(Aren't you glad I articulate these questions for you?)

Okay, I'll tell you. The best film I've seen since SM38, which is the period we're dealing with here, is also the best movie I've seen (for the first time) so far in 1977. The Seven Samurai.

I can't do this movie justice. It is too well done. It is exciting, vivid, stirring; its themes are courage and purpose, civilization and society. It is an undeaniable masterpiece beautifully photographed, stunnigly acted, paced like a symphony and filled brimful with grandeur and glory and irony. It is great stuff. To talk about it one would need far more expertise in the language of the cinema than I have; one would have to be a R.H.W. Dillard (author of the superb essay on the horror film in Volume 2, #1 of The Film Journal) to do this masterpiece justice. So I shall talk about it in terms of its American remake, The Magnificent Seven, just to give you a break with the Japanese titan on which the American film was based.

First of all, the producers of the yankee flick had a relatively easy

task ahead of them. They lifted characters, plot, dialog!, and even bits-o'-business that make up the texture of a really fine film from the Japanese classic. I like to think of The Magnificent Seven more as a tribute to The Seven Samurai than as an inferior copy. Inferior it is, true ... there are some things the newer movie could not copy.

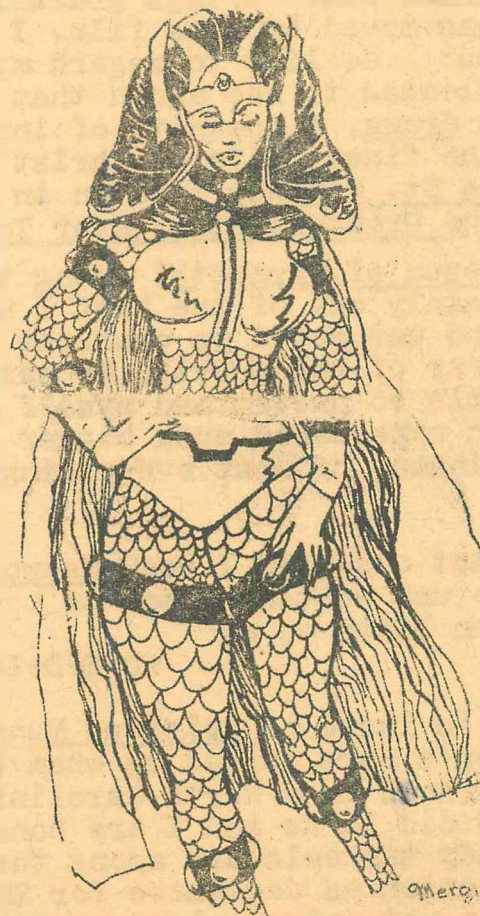
Let's put it simply. Samurai has dignity on its side. The 7 are men of ritual, with centuries of tradition behind them -- and within them. Gun-fighters had their code of the west, but the stance of a samurai in ritual battle carries with it a great deal more than the draw-you-bastard posture of Marshal Dillon.

And take the characters. Well-done as The Magnificent Seven was ... and I like it very much ... here also it cannot compare with the original. The Yul Brynner role in the Japanese film comes to a mature actor whose age and dignity lend him much greater authority over his crew than Yul's. Horst Buchholz took over two parts, the young romantic lead and that of Toshiro Mifune ... and while I have admiration for Buchholz for his work in MS and the tremendous Cagney comedy, One-Two-Three, being asked to match Mifune is like being asked to jump over Fuji. Rotsa ruck. I don't mean to put down our actors, now ... but they were in a bad position to begin with. They did a great deal with their task, but an original is always more, better, richer than a duplicate, no matter how well turned.

The James Coburn character is probably the best in The Magnificent Seven, and it only figures, since the corresponding man in Samurai is one of the towering figures of cinema. Introduced, as is Coburn, in a foolish, forced duel of skills, this is a silent, wonderful, terrifying man, almost priestly in his devotion to the samurai art. The finest scene in the whole film comes when he sits, waiting for the enemy, amidst a field of flowers, and idly, delicately caresses a flower's petals. Six seasons of Kung Fu never conveyed the serenity and terror of Oriental martial disciplines so well. He is a small man, very severe and unsmiling, but dedicated and utterly admirable. The romantic half of the Buchholz character finally has to come up to him, after he has returned from a kill, and say, "I...I...have to tell you. You're great. You're really great," The samurai smiles and goes to sleep.

And such a man really is great. When he dies, victim of a western weapon, his last act is to hurl his sword at his enemy. Just so, Coburn hurled his knife at his. Wow.

Some things I like better about "our" 7. The bandit chieftain, Eli Wallach, is a more anonymous figure in Samurai. The outlandish but still interesting characters of Robert Vaughn & Charles Bronson are unique to Magnificent. The music of Elmer Bernstein is as well-suited to



a western as the fabulous music of Samurai is to an "eastern".

But the fact remains: The Seven Samurai is an original film, vivid and exciting and thoroughly entertaining, a feast for the eye, the ear, the senses and the sensibilities. Entertaining also is The Magnificent Seven. But for all the comparing that I have done here, there is no comparison.

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And the best thing of all was not seen in a theatre. It was on TV. Franco Zeffirelli's magnificent, simple, beautiful Jesus of Nazareth.

First of all, everyone was in it. Peter Ustinov. Olivier. Christopher Plummer, in a great performance as Herod (the second one). Annie Bancroft as Magdalene. Anthony Quinn. Rod Steiger. Olivia Hussey as a glorious Mary. James Farentino as a feiry, angry Simon Peter, almost stealing the show. Michael York as the Baptist, performing the rite in what I'm told (by Carolyn Weinreb) is the correct fashion. And a splendid -- literally -- performance by Robert Powell as a human, angry, suffering Christ. The man is the drama. He brought all human emotions into Christ. Christ became a man before our eyes. Wow.

Zeffirelli knows and believes his testaments. Miracles, exorcisms, are depicted as actual and real, accompanied not by blaring trumpets but by sweat on Jesus' brow and a consistent symbol: light from above. The annunciation scene has no words from any angel ... merely a soft light falling through a window. Christ performs an exorcism, raising his hand and allowing its shadow to fall on a crazed man. His command, "Satan -- leave him!" brings gradual return to life for the afflicted. Wow! I was moved by this film. I was greatly impressed. I'm no fundamentalist but I do like to regard myself as a Christian, and as such I was very pleased to see again that at the foundation of the faith is a story, a drama, a humanity of incredible power and beauty. Undoubtedly this is the finest life of Christ ever put on film. Only The Gospel According to St. Matthew is even in the same league. King of Kings? Vulgar slop. The Greatest Story Ever Told? Wooden sanctimony.

Jesus of Nazareth? Among the best dramatic shows ever broadcast and certainly one of the best I have ever seen. I wrote about it in my journal and was moved to confront my greatest fear that night as well ... the fear of being evil. No saints floated through my window ... but I was able to understand myself a little better. Which makes Jesus of Nazareth an experience much bigger than six hours worth of most television, or cinema, or most everything else.

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What else did I see? Network, again. Rocky, again. Black Sunday, again. No use wasting space on more reviews, then. Let's spend the remaining ten lines on my

+D+E+D+I+C+A+T+I+O+N+!

This issue of Spiritus Mundi owes its physical existence to a tarheel. Lon's ears perked up when (if) he read that ... he knows that a tarheel is a North Carolinian, for Lon went to school in NC for a while. So did I. He and I are honorary tarheel. Sam Ervin is a tarheel. The lady tarheels are among the finest females I have ever met, and raising mention as dedicatee for SM39 is Ms. Martha Blackwelder, tarheel in exile, who not only trained me to do my job at the Louisiana Department of Employment Security, but drove me to the A.B. Dick warehouse to pick up these stencils. Go Greensboro! Tear'em up tarheels!

"Can't ya seee, can't ya seee, what that woman's, been doin' to me

"Can't ya seee, oh! can't ya seee, what that woman's, been doin' to me ..."

All That

JAZZ

The New Orleans Jazzfest on Saturday, April 16. Russ Russell and the Rustlers, at 3 p.m. Red-neck music by Wayland Jennings. Seated on the soggy grass with Larry Epke and a skillion other people out at the New Orleans Fairgrounds. That day was awash in wonderful sound.

From the U.S. Navy Steel Band -- a familiar New Orleans sight and sound -- to a few seconds of the Meters, it was a long long day. Some highlights:

Big Joe Williams, old and huge as the swamps. Earl King rockin' us all off. The Balfa Freres, a traditional Cajun group, yee-hoo! Dancing, in a fashion, with Annie Hebert to the modern Cajun group, Coteau. And the New Leviathan Oriental Foxtrot Orchestra, playing within a huge tent which flapped in time to the wondrous music: "Darktown Strutters Ball", "Old King Tut". The fantastic "Crazy Words, Crazy Tunes". The crowd went utterly apeshit. Wondrous, wonderful, wow. My feet hurt and I had a split in the crotch of my jeans so I couldn't sit crosslegged on the grass. I took a whole roll of film, mostly portraits of girls I recognized. Nobody wore bras. It was hot, it was noisy, it was lovely.

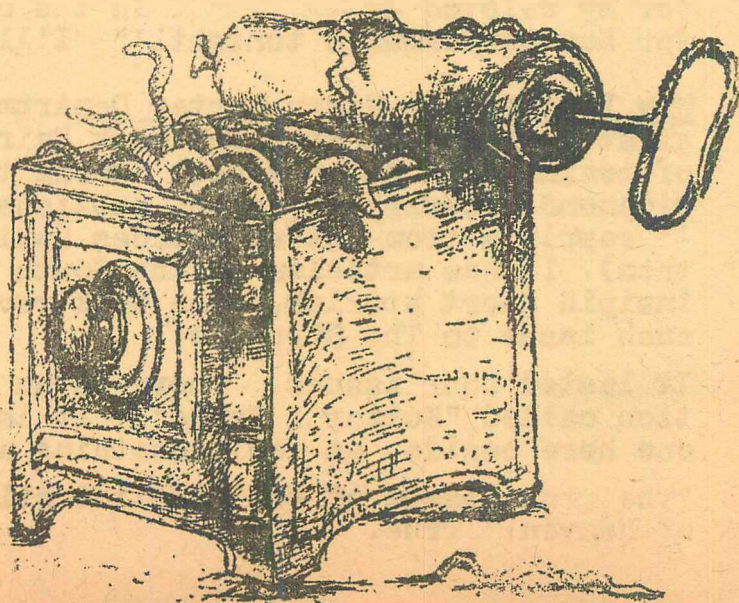
I went back briefly the next Sunday, to hear Lightnin' Hopkins sing "Oh My Baby Take Me Back", and a few minutes of Albert Walters' Preservation Hall band. Remember that I used that jazz, the real stuff, to heal myself at the close of SM29 (a day after carrying a severed leg to the mrgue at Charity, and grooving on the various goodies in that dread place). Ten issues later, at a time of much greater need, I nod again in the direction of American music, specifically that of the South. Yeah, the South ...

Gay Blade Department: In early April, shortly after I taped my Stirling show, the story broke: there was a maniac loose in the Quarter.

The States-Item, hungry for a headline, created a name for this guy, who had butchered four men (they thought) in their apartments, and one man on the street. They called him "The Stabber". Considering my interest in such killers since reading Donald Rumbelow's documentary and what sort of fiendish movie fan I had dubbed myself on Critic's Choice, I was especially interested. "Uh-oh," I thought. "Jack's back."

The Stabber worked the lower 1/2, preying on middleaged homosexuals. Apparently he wormed his way, somehow, up to their apartments, banged them, and then went to work with whatever sharp instrument was around.

On April 6, I was sitting in Johnny Matassa's bar at Dauphine and St. Philip's, talking to a friend of Lifsey's named Naomi. I left at around midnight, turning up Dauphine to go home. Two blocks from



Matassa's, at 901 Governor Nicholls, New Orleans' installment in the continuing saga of Smilin' Jack was cutting a 77-year-old man to pieces. All the time I talked with Naomi, the beautiful model from New York, about Emily Dickinson, trying to impress her by reciting "A narrow fellow in the grass", something very very dark was occurring two blocks away ...

The Quarter was desolate. There was no traffic on the sidewalks. The shutters were closed, and there were no lights.

They caught him, of course. It looks very much like the French Quarter Stabber was a 16-year-old black kid named Warren Harris. I could hear this town begin to breathe again. People came out on the streets again, and there was the sound of laughter again. Maybe the people on the streets weren't Jimmy Carter types, but at least they were people. Jack was back for awhile, and he'll be back again, rely on it ... but the horror and the worm at the heart of night were again forgotten, and the vulgar, basic, eternal dance of the streets went on.

Egoboo Department: I'm SAPS President. Came as a real surprise, but there it is, in SAPS mailing 119 ... I came in first in the 1976 Pillar Poll, by a big 6 points over Meade Frierson, 2nd placer. 163-157. Wow. I won four categories, best regular SAPSzine, mc's, commentability, and "Veep I would like to meet". How about that? Congrats to Meade, by the way, for his reelection as SAPS OE. (And hc ray for me.)

Thanks of a Grateful Lillian to: Charles E. Spanier, for his call of 4-26. Hail the Bum! We talked for forty minutes, and with luck, I talked him into coming to DeepSouthCon like all good SFPAns should. Looking forward to the Bum's Guide, Chuckles. Nice, also, to hear the voice of Mark Verheiden, whom I called while Titanium visited to allow A.P. to clear a visit to Aloha. I pretended to be Gregory Peck, inviting Mark to Ellay to show his chain-saw killer film to the Academy, but Mark didn't buy that ... can't imagine why ... in fact, he even guessed who I was ... given only one hint, I was from The South ... can't imagine why, he's never heard my voice. I didn't know I was so obvious.

Advice to the Lovelorn Department: Everybody's buddy, Don Walsh, blamed my recent romantic troubles on my keeping a diary, or rather, on my insistence on keeping a single, honest volume. He advocated two sets of books. "In one, left in the car, you write about 'oh, how I pine for my beloved so far away'. In the other, 'I'll give Natalie five stars for her performance tonight!'" I'll have to remember that.

Why I Voted for Jimmy Carter Department: Justin Winston scored some great buys at the Symphony Book Fair ... which I missed due to my week of training in Baton Rouge. Among them, a couple of editions of a Richmond literary magazine, published in 1864. The Age of Reason was mostly reprints from other sources (which is what a magazine was, back then). It has articles on the South Seas and heiroglyphics and whatever, insipid short stories, some book reviews, and one or two references in each issue to The Struggle.

It lasted four issues. There is an addendum to the last, under a section called "Editor's Table". It is reprinted on the next page. Anyone here besides me feel something akin to defiant pride, reading it?

"The grand issue of the conflict still lies among the unpublished edicts of Heaven." True.

"The Enemy Move" --

Such is the stirring news that falls from the wires as these last sheets go to press. It is the long-listened-for preliminary of battle-joined in northern Virginia. Before our readers see these lines, the issue may have passed into history. -- What that issue is to be is known only to God. But the Southern army and people stand with hearts confident of success and defiant of defeat. The eyes of all are strained and the ears of all alert to catch the first mute or vocal evidence of victory. A victory, let us hope, which will prostrate our enemy; a victory which shall be the sure forerunner of the dawn whose daybeam shall be peace. Peace with independence! -- not the peace of submissionists, whose hearts are ready for any, the most unspeakable degradation, whose cry of "peace" is a sham and a delusion; whose word "peace" means a galling slavery and unending war.

In the meantime, the South stands, like an athlete, with muscles and sinews only the more compressed and strung, with eyes and ears only the more open and alert, as the magnetic fluid whispers to him: "The enemy move!"

The editors and manager of the Age, title of this magazine, took active part in the battle, they report in a succeeding paragraph. They go on to apologize to their patrons, and admit that they do not know when the next edition will go to press. There were no more. So, somewhere, at some time, the man who wrote the above perished for the cause that he believed in -- that much we can safely assume. And though the cause of the South was doomed, and lives on in history only as testament to the courage of its followers, that rebel spirit is tangible in the above-printed words. I hope I do not forget their message. That message has stood me in good stead. It could very well continue to do so.

I Can't Find My Hat: It's been missing for two months. I last saw it March 8th ... the night Beth left for good ...

I can't live without my hat! Read about in SM13! It was my most precious possession. I searched my apartment. Nowhere. I searched the streets. Nowhere.

So I placed a couple of ads in the Figaro, the local counterculture paper. Got a series of calls in response, all from one fella, named Jim, who called 4-1, 4-3, 4-5, 4-15, and a couple of other times I didn't note. He didn't have my hat, and didn't seem much interested in finding it, either. I was very polite to Jim, and didn't slam the phone down in his ear until he called one morning at 6:45 while I was in the shower trying to get myself awake for work. Then I just hung up after a short explanation that I was soaking wet, goodbye. He hasn't called back, and I hope his next call worked out for him.

I still haven't found my hat. But I'm not that concerned about it now. It was a neat hat and I did some neat things with it on my head. But I still have my head, such as it is, and I still have my me-ness. I'm still amazing; things happen to me; I win contests and appear on local TV shows with Stirling Smith. It's still Lillian who runs into Keith Carradine at the theatre and has something to say to him that brings a smile. Oh yeah, hat or no hat, no matter what I've lost, I've

kept far more. I've kept my desire. Nobody can kill that in me. It cannot be killed. I still desire to live a lively life, interesting life, and I still desire to bring worth to it by using it to create. That remains. That is invincible in me. I go on in my search for events and people and emotions and thoughts that move me and fascinate me. If you were banking on a sad sack act from me, bank again.

Fred Chappell wrote a poem about being a poet in a world which did not understand, respect, or care. You have to live the life you have, he says. And it is best to approach it fearlessly. To take the acts of others as they come. To remember them as they were -- this is Hemingway -- and write them off.

His poem ends: so does Spiritus Mundi 39:

I'll get by without a hat.
I'll get the better of you yet.

